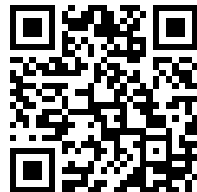
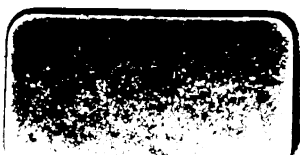

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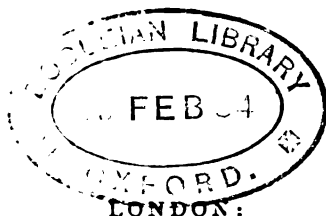
A Catholic Magazine and Review.

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(.1/oc. xxii. 2.)

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CONTENTS.

No. 223.—JANUARY.

	PAGE
1. The Future of the Primary Schools. By His Eminence Cardinal Manning	1
2. Madagascar. By Lady Herbert of Lea	5
3. False Belief and its Consequences. By the Editor	24
4. The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey. By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson	39
5. The Streamlet's Song. By A. M. Healy	53
6. The French Republic under Dynamite. By George Goldie	55
7. The Rose of Mount Atlas. By Mrs. Mulhall	70
8. A Husband's Story. Chapters I.—III.	77
9. Torpedoes. By a Reviewer	92
10. The Catholic Poets of the Elizabethan Age. By John Leyland	103
11. The Russian Church and Unionist Hopes. By the Rev. Thomas Harper	115
Reviews—	
1. Nature and Thought. By Professor Mivart	127
2. Conferences on the Blessed Trinity. By Dr. O'Connell	131
3. Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty. By S. Hubert Burke	132
4. Ceremonial for the use of the Catholic Churches of the United States of America	134
5. Fasti Apostolici. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.	137
6. True Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert	138
7. In a Day. By Augusta Webster	140
8. Uncle Pat's Cabin. By W. C. Upton	141
9. Sterne. By H. D. Traill	143
10. In the Land of Misfortune. By Lady Florence Dixie	147
Literary Record—	
1.—Books and Pamphlets	149
11.—Magazines	151

No. 224.—FEBRUARY.

1. Léon Gambetta. By the Rev. William Loughnan	153
2. Catholic Positivism. By Professor Mivart	170
3. The Glory and Fall of Yima. By the Rev. L. C. Casartelli	182
4. The Province of Pleasure in Education. By A. F. Marshall	185
5. A Catholic Saint and an Agnostic Idol. By the Rev. Albany J. Christie	194
6. Some Personal Recollections of Bishop Wilberforce. By the Editor	200
7. State Directed Emigration. Part the First. By J. F. Boyd	210

	PAGE
8. Mistress Anne Boleyn and her Victims. By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson	227
9. English Relics. VII. The Bergholt and Foxcote Relics of the Passion. By the Rev. John Morris	245
10. Some of Ireland's Resources. By Richard J. Kelly	250
11. A Husband's Story. Chapters IV., V.	271
Reviews—	
1. The Life and Times of St. Anselm. By Martin Rule, M.A.	283
2. Church and State in England. By T. W. Mossman, B.A.	285
3. Schools. By Lieut.-Colonel Chichester	287
4. Four Essays on Spinoza	289
5. Dissertationes Selectæ in Historiam Ecclesiasticam. Auctore Bernardo Jungmann	291
6. The Holy Man of Tours. By E. H. Thompson, M.A.	292
7. Through Thorny Paths. By Frances Noble	295
Literary Record—	
I.—Books and Pamphlets	297
II.—Magazines	302

No. 225.—MARCH.

1. The Catholic Doctrine of Lying and Equivocation. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, M.A., Professor of Ethics at the Seminary, Stonyhurst	306
2. With the British Army in Egypt. By a French Missionary	315
3. Who Painted the Flowers? By the Rev. John Gerard	320
4. Some Natural Advantages of True Belief. By the Editor	338
5. State Directed Emigration. Part the Second. By J. F. Boyd	354
6. St. Chad, Hermit and Saint. By A. R. Cohen	371
7. Animal Intelligence. By Martial Klein	376
8. A Plea for the Children	392
9. A Husband's Story. Chapters VI., VII.	394
10. A Christian Soldier of the French Republic. By the Rev. William Loughnan	402
Reviews—	
1. Life of St. Dominic. By Père Lacordaire	424
2. Decreta Authentica S. Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præpositæ	427
3. The Works of Orestes A. Brownson. Vol. I.	429
4. The Public Life of our Lord. Vol. VI. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge	431
5. Many Voices	434
6. The Chair of Peter. By J. N. Murphy	436
7. The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics. By J. B. Stallo	439
8. A Phonetic Shorthand Dictionary. By Isaac Pitman	442
9. The Hibbert Lectures, 1882	445
10. Rachel's Fate, and other Tales. By W. Seton	449
Literary Record—	
I.—Books and Pamphlets	451
II.—Magazines	454

No. 226.—APRIL.

PAGE

1. The last Scientific Voyage of H.M.S. "Fawn." By the Rev. Walter Sidgreaves	457
2. Colour-Blindness. By Andrew T. Sibbald	483
3. Sighting Cyprus. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon	496
4. Gerges, the Catholic Copt. By J. C. Earle	499
5. Some Gifts of Truth to the Children of Truth. By the Editor	510
6. The Rise and Fall of Irish Legislative Independence. By John Benner	523
7. The Origin of the Royal Supremacy. By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson	531
8. Natural Science and the Real Presence. By J. R. Gasquet, M.D.	544
9. Poetry and Culture. By the Rev. C. Cowley Clarke	554
10. A Husband's Story. Chapters VIII., IX.	564
Reviews—	
1. Institutiones Juris Publici Ecclesiastici, quas in Scholis Pontificii Seminarii Romani tradidit Can. Felix Cavagnis. Vol. I.	580
2. The Life of Mary Ward. By M. C. E. Chambers. Edited by Father Coleridge	583
3. Four Years of Irish History (1845—1849). A Sequel to Young Ireland. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.	585
4. Vice Versâ ; or a Lesson to Fathers. By F. Anstey	589
5. A Catholic Priest and Scientists. By the Rev. T. W. Vahey, Pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, Elkhorn, Wisconsin	592
6. Etude sur les Forces Morales de la Société Contemporaine. Par Louis de Besson	594
Literary Record—	
I.—Books and Pamphlets	597
II.—Magazines	600

The Future of the Primary Schools.

THE Future of the Primary Schools is really the future of the people of England. Such as is the education of the children such will be the men of the next generation. I confine what I say to England, for the state both of Ireland and of Scotland is widely different from the state of the English people.

We hear much of our national character. What is it? Is it a fixed, intellectual, and moral type, which reproduces itself by a natural law, or is it a result of certain conditions, such as the influence of homes, the training of childhood, the controlling force of public opinion, of political institutions, and of religious teaching? If it depends on all these things, and in truth it does; and if all these have been and are continually changing, then their result must have proportionably changed, and the national character of to-day is not the national character of fifty years ago. One proof is enough. For six hundred years Parliament, which is the chief index of our national character, has known how to govern itself without closures and surgical appliances for keeping order. The national character was calm, grave, and deliberate. Order was its normal state; disorder abnormal. Our national character has been steadily though imperceptibly changing, and the House of Commons has lost the gravity of self-control which made it the wonder of foreign Chambers and Parliaments. What has this to do with our Primary Schools? Everything. It is Parliament that frames our Education Acts and fashions our Primary Schools at its will.

Till 1870 the Primary Education of England was voluntary and Christian. Since 1870 one half of the population of England is under a system which is neither Christian nor voluntary, but secular and compulsory.

Can two systems so diametrically opposite in kind and efficacy produce one and the same result? The national

character was chiefly formed in its Christian schools. What character will be formed in schools without Christianity ?

Already this is proved in the United States. The Common School system is bearing its fruits. And it will be even more perceptible among us in England because the education of our voluntary schools was, until 1870, chiefly religious. Its secular teaching was less precisely and sedulously cared for than its Christian teaching and discipline. This was turned to our reproach. Our condition at present is this. The Board Schools instruct a million of children in secular matter, but exclude all Christian doctrine. The Voluntary Schools are reduced during the school day to Secular Schools. No Christian doctrine can be taught in them except out of hours. They are subject to the fierce competition of Board Schools supported out of inexhaustible rates ; taught by teachers receiving salaries double in amount compared with those of Voluntary Schools ; armed with the attractions of costly buildings and ample playgrounds, and all that public money can provide. In ten years they have drawn to themselves a million of children—nearly half the number gathered by the Voluntary Schools in fifty years. Can it be doubted that, in this unequal race, the system which is promoted by public law, paid for by public money, will not only check and outstrip, but starve and crush the system which lives only by private zeal and private self-denial ; or, in other words, that the Primary Education of Christian England will, in a generation or two, be no longer in Christian Schools but in Secular Schools. We cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. A Christian people can never spring from secular schools, and neither private zeal nor home education will suffice to supply the Christian teaching and formation which is excluded from the Secular Schools of the State.

The advocates of the Secular Schools were chiefly Nonconformists, who asserted that religion would be sufficiently taught at home and in Sunday Schools. Already we hear some of themselves declaring that Sunday Schools reach only the few that voluntarily attend, but do not reach the majority. Already we are told that the sons of Nonconformist homes are departing from the religion of their forefathers. But the poor of England are not Nonconformists. The Nonconformists are for the most part above the poor. They are the middle class. The Nonconformists are hardly to be found in poor schools. And the Board Schools are therefore being managed especially under their influ-

ence. The Primary Schools of England are chiefly filled by the children of the Established Church, of the Catholic Church, and of the Wesleyans. These three bodies are the religious educators of the English people, and it is especially their voluntary schools that are now oppressed by the unequal favour shown by the Act of 1870 to the schools of the minority.

Let us never lose sight of the inheritance which is now at stake. Two systems are at this time in conflict.

On one side is the system of secular education, which as yet is only partially developed in England. It contains, nevertheless, in itself the principles fully developed in France, namely—

1. That education primarily and properly belongs to the State.

2. That the schools belong to the State.

3. That the children belong to the State.

4. That the State has no religion.

5. That the formation of the national character belongs to the State.

6. That the formation of the teachers of the people belongs to the State.

7. That no one shall teach the people except by patent of the State.

In a word, we are being stealthily drawn into a pass where these principles are foregone conclusions already embodied in the law of the land ; and irresistible in their future application.

On the other side is the traditional Christian education of the English people which rests upon the following principles :

1. That the children of a Christian people have a right by Divine law to Christian education.

2. That Christian parents have a twofold right and duty both natural and supernatural to guard this inheritance of their children.

3. That Christian children are in no sense the children of a State that has no religion.

4. That their teaching and training, or formation as Christians, is of higher moment than all secular instruction, and may not be postponed to it, or risked to obtain it.

5. That in the selection of teachers to whom their children shall be intrusted Christian parents have a right and a duty which excludes all other human authority.

6. That to deprive the poor of this right and liberty which is claimed by and yielded to the rich is a flagrant injustice.

Let no one be deceived by thinking that these two systems can be reconciled or mingled with each other. They are mutually exclusive. We have to choose between them. The sooner we make up our mind the safer for us. Every year we are losing ground. Every year the antagonist system, fraught with antagonistic principles, is penetrating the legislation and structure of the commonwealth, and tainting the brain and blood of the governing classes. It has already reduced the National Universities to schools of secular science and secular literature. It is throwing off Christianity from the public life of the State, and relegating it to the private life of men. If the primary schools of England shall cease to be Christian schools, there may still be Christians in England, but the traditions of the English people will exist no longer. It will be Christian England only as it is Catholic France, by accident of numbers, or rather, by the compassion of God upon individuals, and not by its public law, or faith, or fidelity to God.

It is in this crisis of our country that God has once more restored to the Catholic Church both liberty and power. We are debtors above all men and to all men, to preserve inviolate, at all costs and at all privations the unbroken and unimpaired tradition of Christian education in the whole circle of our Colleges and Schools, from the majestic and venerable Colleges of Stonyhurst and Ushaw to the primary schools of our humble missions in the green villages and in the busy towns of England.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

Madagascar.

LITTLE or nothing is known in England of the beautiful island of Madagascar, so called by Marco Polo, situated in the Indian Ocean, and only separated from the south-east coast of Africa by the Mozambique Channel. Lately, it is true, public attention has been turned towards this island in consequence of the rival pretensions of the English and French Governments. But the articles in the English morning journals being mostly copied from the *Natal Colonist*, and other equally untrustworthy sources of information, give a very imperfect idea of the Malagasy people, and still more of their religious position; upon which latter subject we hope to throw some light.

It is less than twenty years since the island of Madagascar, so long inaccessible to the preaching of the Gospel, was at last thrown open to the zeal of European missionaries. It is true that the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, who always strove, while extending their own power, to spread also the knowledge of Jesus Christ, had introduced two Jesuit Fathers in the first European establishment formed by them in this country, who obtained leave to preach and baptize; but their success among the natives excited the jealousy of the authorities; a persecution arose, and both priests and people were martyred. A century later, the "Eastern Company" was formed in France under the direction of Richelieu, and by letters patent on June 24, 1642, Louis the Thirteenth charged his agents to take possession of the island in his name, and establish colonies in all its principal sea-ports. But at the same time he did not wish to neglect the spiritual wants of the people; and so the Apostolic Nuncio, Cardinal Bagni, addressed himself to St. Vincent of Paul, who was then alive, and who at once chose two of his best subjects, FF. Charles Nacquart and Nicholas Gondrée, for this heroic missionary work.¹

¹ The letter of St. Vincent of Paul to Father Charles Nacquart on this occasion is published in *St. Vincent's Life* by the Abbé Maynard, and is one of the most beautiful exhortations possible on the duties and graces of the foreign missionary life.

They landed in Madagascar on May 21, 1648, and established themselves in the Fort Dauphin, where they first devoted themselves to learning the language, and speedily won the confidence of the Malagasy population. But the efforts of these noble missionaries were counteracted by the behaviour of the French officials, whose conduct was such that the people rose against them and finally drove them out of the country. The following one hundred and fifty years afford a melancholy record of perpetual attempts on the part of the French to colonise the country, but in vain. In 1815 Europe, by the treaties of Paris and Vienna, recognised the rights of France to its possession of the island, and fresh colonies were formed at Tamatavo, and other points on the sea-coast; while, in 1840, the islands of Nossi-Bé and Mayotta were ceded to them by the Sakalavs, who accepted their Protectorate and admitted their missionaries. From these islands and from Port St. Mary on the south east, the Jesuit Fathers had for a long time been watching their opportunity to penetrate into Madagascar, which they did now and then under various disguises, though always at the risk of their lives. FF. Jouen and Finaz once even reached the capital of Antananarivo, as medical attendants to envoys from the French Government. But such venturous expeditions never produced any permanent result; and a frightful persecution arising in 1849, all who called themselves Christians were barbarously put to death or sold into slavery.² It was not till the death of Ranavalooa, the cruel tyrant Queen, and the accession of Radama the Second that the island became really accessible to Europeans, and that trade was re-opened with the inhabitants of the Mauritius and of the African coast. The Catholic missionaries entered into this fresh field with all their usual energy; and in a short time over thirty churches and chapels were erected, four of them being in the capital, where they still flourish. The number of their converts soon became considerable, and their adherents numberless. But at the same time the agents of the Protestant societies came in, and especially the members of the "London Missionary Society," with large funds at their disposal, collected in every village in England. The objects of these missionaries were three-fold—religious, mercantile and political—and each prevailed in turn, according to circum-

² The Rev. W. Ellis, in his *Three Visits to Madagascar*, published by Messrs. Murray in 1858, gives a fearful account of the sufferings of these martyrs in March, 1849 (See page 426, 427, 428).

stances. In other countries, where Europeans abound, and where there exists some sort of civilization and public opinion, such agents are compelled to observe a certain standard of morality and of justice in dealing with others, and are obliged to be careful about the means they employ. But unhappily in an island like Madagascar (just as on the African coast where such lamentable revelations have lately been made public of the cruelty practised on the natives by men who have gained their influence as Protestant missionaries), no such considerations or scruples stood in their way.

During the empire of Napoleon the Third a Frenchman, M. Lambert, had become the friend and councillor of Radama the Second, and with the help of another Frenchman, M. Laborde, who had been for some time settled at Tananarivo, obtained from the King in 1862 a charter giving the French a right to colonise the most fertile portions of the island. But then came a revolution. The Hovas, one of the principal tribes, instigated, it is said, by the Protestant missionaries, rose in open rebellion, forced the doors of the Palace and strangled the King with thirty of his favourites. When M. Lambert arrived the next day, he was simply told by the Prime Minister that the King was "gone," and that the treaty made with him was therefore cancelled. The widow of the murdered King succeeded to the throne under the title of Ranaivalo the Second; and the Hovas tribe, of which she is the actual head, have ever since been in the ascendant, and gradually extended their power and territory over the largest half of the island.

Very soon the Court and the Government of Antananarivo found themselves in a difficulty, and sorely pressed to decide between the rival actions of the Catholic and Protestant missionaries. At last, the Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony, who, under the name of the Queen, is in reality the absolute master of the island, felt himself driven to the necessity of embracing one form or the other of Christianity, the "Ingliss" or the "Fransay," by which two names the natives designate Protestantism and Catholicity. His study of the question led him to form certain ideas which, on the part of a shrewd and intelligent barbarian, were deeply significant, and may be considered as his verdict on the merits of the two religions. The following is the substance of his speech to his Council :

"Catholicity is a system of obedience. If we become Catholics we must obey the Priests, who obey the Bishops, who obey the Pope, who obeys Jesus Christ, and is inspired by the Holy

Ghost. Under that system, the last of my slaves may be a saint, which I am not, and his conduct may be a direct condemnation of mine. He may thus cover me with shame, and I might, very likely, be the worst and the last among Catholics."

"Now Protestantism is the very reverse of all this; there is no obedience in their teaching at all. If we embrace it, we shall have the Gospel and the whole system in our hands, and it will enable us to become spiritual as well as temporal rulers. In this form of Christianity, we are the masters; in the other, we could be but subjects."

In consequence of this astute reasoning, a solemn proclamation was soon after issued, making it known to all the people that Protestantism, or "Ingliss" Christianity, was to be the religion of the Queen and of the Court, in fact, the religion of the State. On December 16, 1868, the Province of Imerina was divided into nine dioceses, each diocese being supposed to be administered by an agent or pupil of the London Missionary Society. But even they were not independent of the State Church, which was governed by an oligarchy called the "Church of the Palace." Accordingly each of these missionary agents was obliged to apply for certain papers issued by the Malagasy Government to show that the nomination was approved of by the Queen. Without her leave, therefore, or rather that of her ministers and the State Church, no one could teach or preach in any district. But this was not all. In 1877 the royal supremacy in religious matters was still further extended by the appointment of ten or twelve of the best scholars in the seminary which the Independents had founded near the palace, giving them absolute control over the different districts. These appointments were made by the Prime Minister himself, who insisted that they should be responsible solely to him, and that they should send in their reports direct to the Government.

The Protestant missionary, the Rev. Louis Street, complaining of this proceeding, writes: "By this arbitrary act, the Prime Minister has trenched on the rights of the London Missionary Society, and taken spiritual affairs entirely into his own hands. The State Church in Madagascar is in reality less tolerant than that of Turkey. Our whole teaching is so entirely under Government control that I cannot understand anybody having the courage to deny it. We are expected to preach not the Gospel after the New Testament, but the gospel after the Prime Minister," &c.

These State officers (for they were nothing else) were called *Mpitandrina*, or Bishops; and thus the Prime Minister made himself in reality (as he had wished to be) the supreme head of the Church, and turned against the Protestant missionaries the very principles he had learned from them. Not only did he make himself independent of them, but he reduced these missionaries to the position of being the simple servants and tools of the State Church, and their subserviency to him is the condition not only of their success, but of their very existence in the island.

But to return to the Malagasys themselves. How were they affected by the Government proclamation? We must begin by saying a few words on the nature of these people. They are intelligent and affectionate, but, as a general rule, weak-minded, and thoroughly sensual and material. Of course there are great and noble exceptions, as we have already seen in the many martyrs and confessors for the faith. But we are speaking of the characteristics of the race as a whole. "For twopence a Malagasy will become a Catholic; and for twopence more will pass over to the Protestants," exclaimed a schoolmaster not long ago, who was the son of one of the principal native Protestant teachers. This may, perhaps, be a slight exaggeration, but it is founded upon truth. Now the attractions of Protestantism to the Malagasy nature is threefold.

1st. Its being now the religion of the State, and therefore of the Queen and of the Court, so that it is a sure road to favour and promotion, and, in fact, the fashion of the world.

2nd. Its easiness. There are literally no restrictions but one, and that is not to become a Catholic or attend a Catholic school.

3rd. The Malagasy is above everything loquacious and fond of hearing himself talk—he is, in fact, a ranter. Now Protestantism gives free scope to this infatuation and love of talking; he may even speak in the House of Prayer; and nothing flatters his vanity or pleases him to such a degree as that.

The consequence of all this was, that when the proclamation was made known, many and great were the defections among the followers of what is called by the natives "The Catholic Prayer." The Superior of the convent at Tananarivo said that she knew upwards of five hundred young women among the best families of the capital who abandoned their faith, although

many of them did so with great sorrow, and owing only to the strong pressure put upon them by their relations. These poor girls would come secretly to visit the convent, and to pour out their grief to the sisters, but they did not dare disobey the royal decree.

Yet many there were who resisted even unto death; and marvellous to relate that, in spite of all, the Catholic population still amounts to between fifty and sixty thousand, although almost all have been sorely tried and are real confessors for the faith. In fact, it was difficult for any one with average intelligence to put up with the teaching of the State Bishops, and to believe in their Divine authority. The following anecdote is a fact well known to both Protestants and Catholics in this island. A Pagan priest of the idol called Kelimalaza came one day to the Catholic mission of his village and spoke to the priest as follows :

"The Queen has ordered that the idols shall be burnt and that we are to worship one God alone. I wish then to hasten and learn the 'Catholic Prayer,' and will come on Sunday to church." The next day arrived an express from the great officers of Tananarivo, who came to his house and said : "Listen to the words of the great Queen. Have a Protestant temple built in your village and then you will be made its *Mpitandrina*" (bishop). The old Pagan was overjoyed—the temple was forthwith built, and he who did not even know the name of Jesus Christ was created Bishop! One of the agents of the London Missionary Society, in an official report of 1871, writes :

In each of the large villages there is a chief who is responsible to the Government alone, called a *Mpitandrina*.³ One of these men,

³ An amusing description is given of these *Mpitandrina* (bishops) by another writer. "On Sunday you see a man dressed as a European going to the Protestant Church. This is the *Mpitandrina*. He preaches, he gives Communion, he is, in fact, the Minister of Public Worship. On Monday this same man passes again, less richly dressed than before. He is then the overseer of the place and makes the people carry bricks and stones for public works: he is now a civil functionary. On Tuesday behold him turned into an officer, with military cap and sword, trousers with a band of gold down the sides, and thirteen decorations on his breast. To-day there is a review of the Malagasy army, and he is the commander-in-chief! Wednesday comes; and now our good man turns schoolmaster. The children are driven into the school with whips and sticks, and he teaches them out of books chosen and often printed by himself. Truly a wonderful man is a *Mpitandrina*!"

As a specimen of the books which issue from the Methodist press in the Malagasy language, we will only quote a few sentences from one of them: "Listen, O Malagasys! Catholics are idolaters, for they worship the Virgin and images. Catholics obey the Pope; so if you become Catholics you will no longer be your own masters,

who has five or six hundred persons in his congregation, has three wives and the vaguest possible idea of Christianity. He loves to show his authority, however, and the people, being forced to obey him, submit without much resistance.

Another missionary of the same Society writes, in the province of Betsileo :

These poor people are dragged to the Government schools and are forced to build churches which they do not want, and beaten if they are not willing to do so. They are brought into the Church on Sundays by main force by these chiefs, like so many sheep.

A third, speaking of a province in the south, adds :

I go to church with the Governor, the soldiers marching before us bearing swords and lances. It is, in fact, the conquerors going to church with the conquered.

These Protestant missionaries speak only of the treatment they themselves have received from the agents of the State Church ; but they ignore altogether the sufferings of such of the natives as have had sufficient courage to keep to their faith, or who desire instruction from the Catholic priest. The following is only one of many facts recorded by the devoted Jesuit Fathers who are labouring in that island : " One Sunday, in a village about two leagues from Tananarivo, I was quietly teaching the catechism in a Malagasy house to about one hundred natives, when suddenly a panic seized my audience, and springing to their feet they dashed out of the windows and doors, leaving me alone with one or two of the students who had accompanied me from the capital. Before I could find an explanation for this extraordinary proceeding, a man entered, followed by fourteen or fifteen attendants, who turned out to be the chief of the State Church. Advancing to a column in the middle of the room and turning round to me with ill-concealed anger he exclaimed : ' Sir, you have come here without any right or authority. The proprietor of this house never asked our consent before he gave you leave to do so. I desire you, therefore, to depart, and I give

but the Pope will take your land. Do you know what a Pope is? The Pope is a wild beast, who has strangled men without number, so that the bones and ashes of his victims fill a whole valley (*sic*). Look at this picture, which represents this monster chained and powerless." The picture referred to was introduced into a magic lantern, and the book in question is warmly recommended in the Independent papers as being " one which should be widely spread in the schools and given to all Christians." (*Resaka*, a monthly publication, March, 1882.)

notice that to-morrow this house shall be destroyed as belonging to a criminal.'

"If this man dared thus to speak to a European protected by a treaty, what fate was reserved for the unhappy Malagasy, who was entirely at his mercy?"

But to understand the extent of the persecution going on at this moment we must turn to another subject—that of the schools.

In the year 1876 the Independent missionaries memorialized the Government to obtain a law of *compulsory education*. This suited the views of the Prime Minister, and therefore a decree was issued to that effect, coupled with the order that all the names of the children attending school in the different towns should be inscribed in a register, which was to be afterwards sent to the Government.

At first the Catholics hoped that this was only a statistical measure and sent in their register with the rest. But the Independents and the agents of the State Church took a totally different view of the subject. They made out lists of *all* the children, very often without the parents' knowledge, and even made those lists retrospective. For, according to a clause they had taken care to have inserted: "*No scholar once inscribed in a register could go to any other school than the one in which his name was entered.*"

Therefore, when these lists appeared, almost all the Catholic children were included in the Protestant registers, and in vain did the poor Catholic parents protest! The answer of the *Mpitandrina* always was: "Your children are inscribed on our registers. These registers are before the eyes of the Queen. We cannot allow them, therefore, to go to any other school. If you send them elsewhere, we shall take them back by force."⁴

This enrolment in a mass of all the children in the island under the banner of Protestantism under the pretext of "education" aroused, as may be supposed, the most bitter feeling among the people. Petitions of various kinds were drawn up to be submitted to the Queen, some of the most touching nature, claiming the right to educate their children in their own faith,

⁴ The poor parents complain bitterly of the education given. One came to us the other day and said: "What a miserable thing it is to be compelled to send one's boy to the Independent School! Mine has been there for two years, and has learned literally nothing, while his baby-brother, who has been with the Christian Brothers, can already read and write, though he has only been there a few months. But, alas! the eldest is *inscribed*, and he would be beaten to death if we took him away."

according to the law of the land ; but these petitions were never allowed to reach her.⁵ We will give our readers some extracts from letters recently received from Madagascar, from an authority which is incontestable, and which will show the working of this decree of compulsory education on the Catholic scholars and converts in the island :

Tananarivo, August 8, 1881.

For the last three years the Catholics have been enduring a terrible persecution from the English Independent schoolmasters. In the province of Betsiléos especially, there have been incredible outrages ; but the guilty have always escaped punishment.

With an audacity which is simply marvellous, the executioners have given themselves out as victims, and the newspapers in England, America, and France have repeated the calumnies of which the *Natal Colonist* and other papers of the like kind have made themselves the echo. "The French missionaries," they write, "are in open hostility with the Protestant. They destroy their schools, cause the pupils and professors to be flogged, interrupt the Divine Offices and commit other acts of intolerance" (extract from the *Cerneen* of Mauritius, on February 1, 1880). Now if you will be good enough simply to reverse these propositions and put the word "Protestant" for "French" missionaries, and *vice versa*, you will arrive at the exact truth and would know which were the executioners and which the victims !

Two horrible events have lately occurred which will probably be represented in the English papers with equal veracity, so that I think it my duty to enlighten the public by the simple recital of facts.

On the 5th of last July a young man named Rafitrahana, a pupil of the Catholic school, was returning from a funeral with his brother, when, all of a sudden, he was seized by four men and carried by force into the Protestant church of the town. There, by the order of the schoolmaster of the Independents, a man named Rakotovar, he was thrown down and overwhelmed with blows by two great strong youths, who succeeded one another in this barbarous unprovoked cruelty. The witnesses were numerous, and amongst them were several police officers. "Do not kill him ! do not kill him !" they cried out to Rakotovar, who, by-the-bye, is honoured by the Independents with the title of "Evan-

⁵ In 1880 the people of Ambohibeloma wrote as follows : "Madam ! You know that no one divides what God has made one. In the markets the cow is not separated from her calf, nor the slave from the child at her breast. We are fathers and mothers and the good God has given us children ; but when we go to church now, we are alone : not one of our children is allowed to go with us. It is as if we had all been struck with barrenness. We intreat your Majesty not to allow your faithful subjects to be treated worse than the slaves and the animals sold in the public markets. Deign to allow us to educate our children as we wish, and grant us the favour to take our children with us to church to pray to the God who has given them to us." Alas ! the poor mothers of Ambohibeloma still go alone to Mass !

gelist." "What I am doing," he coldly replied, "I am doing by order and with full permission." The hail-storm of blows only ceased when the young man had fainted, while foam and blood issued from his mouth and nose. Hearing of this barbarous act, the Catholic missionary hastened to the spot. When he came to the door of the church, he found the poor fellow in this condition, stretched on the ground, and tried to go in and tend him, but Rakotovar barred the way. This was at five o'clock in the evening. The poor parents at last were permitted to remove him to their home; but he did not recover the use of his senses till late at night, and was watched all the time by Rakotovar himself. Now, what was the crime of this young man? No one would believe it, but it is the exact truth. His crime was solely having left the Protestant school eight or ten months before, and gone to study with the Catholics. Ever since that time Rakotovar had tried, in all sorts of ways, to get him into his power; and to escape his implacable fury the poor lad had had to leave his native town and take refuge first at Tananarivo, and then in a missionary's house a few miles off. About the middle of June, an assurance having been given him from high quarters that he might continue his studies with the Catholics and that no one would do him any harm, he made up his mind that he would go back and see his family, especially as one of them had lately died and he wished to attend the funeral. And this was the result. When he chose to become a Catholic, was there any law to forbid it? *None*. Every one by the law of the land is declared to have liberty of conscience and a right to study where he pleases. How that liberty is respected is another question—all I wish to lay stress upon is, that Rafitrahana had infringed no law whatever.

Now what was the result of the complaints brought against Rakotovar? I will not weary you by going into all the details of this pretended trial, but will simply state that, in the first instance, Rafitrahana was condemned to return to the Protestant College to finish his studies, and that when the storm raised by this iniquitous sentence became too serious to be altogether ignored, it was modified in this manner: that Rafitrahana was to study neither with Catholics nor Protestants, but hold himself in readiness to do any work required by the Government.

Such is religious liberty in Madagascar, and thus justice is carried out. No punishment whatever was awarded to Rakotovar, and no compensation to his victim. This is the way Catholics persecute Protestants!

The second fact I will relate to you is stranger still, and the details are taken from the Official Report and Complaint addressed by the Catholics to the Government.

There were two other pupils of the Catholic school who had been inscribed on the Protestant registers, although without their knowledge. One day, as they were leaving school, a certain number of Protestants seized them and dragged them into the chapel, where they began

beating them with all their might. Others encouraged the executioners, crying out: "Only leave them their lives; but flog them so that they shall only be able to crawl on all fours." A third exclaimed: "If you won't attend the Protestant school, you will be thrown into prison." Amongst the crowd was a policeman who called out: "Don't beat him so, or you will have blood on your heads." "What business is that of yours?" the Protestant schoolmaster replied. "Put him in chains!" One of the village chiefs then interposed, and said: "You have no right to put any man in prison or to make such a scene in the house of prayer." Upon which the enraged Protestants turned upon him, and nearly murdered him likewise. Yet all these assaults were condoned by the Government and none of their authors received the smallest punishment.

I hope now I shall have sufficiently proved who are the persecutors and who are the persecuted.

Another very eminent person writes as follows:

I hope some day one or other of our Madagascar friends will find time to write a book entitled *Confessors for the Faith among the Betsileos*. In the meantime I will give you one or two facts which are unquestioned by either Protestants or Catholics.

Last year two young men arrived at Tananarivo after an eight days' journey, to complain to the authorities of the way they had been beaten by the "Independent" scholars for not attending their school, and begged to know whether they were really forbidden to go to the Catholic school? They were admitted to the Palace and had an audience of the officials. The answer they received was *that they were at liberty to study where they would*; but, nevertheless, no compensation was given for the injuries they had received.

A little later arrived another young Betsileo, who had hovered between life and death for nearly a fortnight in consequence of the cruel treatment he had undergone at the hands of the Protestants. We have the written statement of his case before us: it is as follows:

I have complained to the Governor of Betsileo and now come to bring the account of our sufferings before the Prime Minister. Our lives are not safe—the scholars of the Protestant schools beat all who attempt to practise the Catholic religion. There are certain young women with child who have been so cruelly treated that their children have been killed in the womb. As for myself, I was one day going down from the palace of the Governor of Fianarantsoa, when I was seized by a body of Independents, one of whom took my arms, another seized me by the neck, another dragged off my scarf and shirt with the scapular and rosary I had round my neck. Then they began striking me with sticks and with their fists, whilst others kicked me till I lost all consciousness. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Presently some one went to fetch Mr. Baron, the Independent English missionary.

When I came to myself he asked me : "Where are you studying?" I replied, "When I was a child I used to go to Mr. Richardson's school (Independent), but when the Queen Ranavalona came here and declared publicly that every one could go and learn and pray where they would, I went to the Catholics. For the last five years I have studied in their College, and I belong to them, for I have been presented to the Queen as a Catholic schoolmaster."

The only answer made by Baron was : "Bind his hands and legs, for he is our scholar."

Then came some of the officials and asked me : "Are your legs broken? Are your hands injured? Have they plucked out your eyes or broken your teeth?"

I replied "No; but my body is black with blows and wounds, and I do not know whether I shall not die to-day or to-morrow!"

Then they went and fetched a long cord with which they bound my hands and feet. I struggled as hard as I could and exclaimed : "I have committed no crime, why do you treat me thus?" But they would not listen to me. One seized me by the neck; others gagged my mouth with my sash. At last the agony was so great that I fainted away again, and this dead faint lasted from Wednesday evening at five o'clock till Thursday at four. And when I recovered consciousness my chest and throat were all swollen, and blood flowed from my mouth and nose and ears. I thought I must have died. But God had mercy upon me and gave me strength to come and ask redress of you, O Prime Minister!"

An enquiry was set on foot accordingly, and every word was proved to be true. But what was the result to the poor Betsileo? He was informed *that he was free to teach or to study wherever he would.* But as to the treatment he had received, he certainly has all the merit of it before God : for no reparation was made by men, and Mr. Baron and his emissaries remain unpunished. Nay, more, this very Baron has been promoted and is now at Tananarivo.⁶

⁶ The following letter, addressed to a petty Governor of the Betsileos by Mr. Baron will show the spirit which actuates him :

Fianarantsoa,

December 3, 1878.

Sir,—I hear that certain of our scholars have passed to the Catholic school, although they are inscribed on our registers.

I declare to you that it is your duty to keep these children in the Queen's school, and that you are guilty if you let them go the Catholics.

This is not all. I hear that you will do nothing to help our schoolmasters to enforce the law. Therefore, if you do not use all your efforts to gather all the children in your district into our schools, I shall not fail to accuse you to the Government.

In addition to this, if you do not prevent your brother from going against the words of the Queen and receiving a salary (from the Catholics) I shall certainly report you to the authorities.

This is what I have to say to you. Therefore take care and beware, for these are the words of a white man who does not lie and who does not threaten in vain.

R. BARON

(Evangelical Missionary).

Remember that it is to the Prime Minister that I shall accuse you.

We should only weary our readers with any more evidence of this cruel persecution ; but lest any one should imagine that such a state of things no longer exists, we will quote one more letter received by us while this very article was being written :

In this same province of Betsileos, two children had been confided by their parents to Father de Villèle, that they might be brought up at the Catholic school. On three or four occasions the Protestant schoolmaster had dragged them by force into his school, so that at last the parents went before the Malagasy Commandant, and asked for a categorical answer to the question "Whether they might or might not bring up their children in their own faith?" Now the Commandant was a bitter Protestant. Yet he did not dare go against the letter of the law, the Queen having repeatedly declared that she gave full liberty of conscience to all, so he contented himself with giving an evasive answer. At last Father de Villèle determined to have the question brought before the judges in open court. There was a numerous assembly—the parents of the children, the Catholic schoolmaster, and a mass of Protestants being present. Father de Villèle brought the question forward. Addressing the Commandant, he said : "Is there, or is there not, an order from the Queen to forbid the children to study in a Catholic school, and to allow this Protestant master to take them by force into his own?"

The Commandant replied only : "I do not alter the orders of the Queen."

In vain Father de Villèle pressed him for an answer "Yes" or "No;" but he always replied in the same terms.

"Very well," at last exclaimed Father de Villèle. "In accordance with the Queen's orders, parents are free to choose for their children whichever school they wish. These children have been confided to me by them, and they will therefore henceforth study in my school only."

So saying, the Father bowed to the judges and to the assembly and went out, followed by the two children and their parents, the poor little things clinging to his cassock for fear. Alas ! it was too well founded. Hardly had they left the palace, than the Protestant schoolmaster, Rainihova Adrianarosy (called "The Evangelist"), with a numerous band, threw himself upon the Father, overwhelming him with blows and dragging one of the children from him by main force. The Father took the little one in his arms, flew into his house (which was happily close by), and, leaving him in safety, rushed back to save the elder one. Then the blows fell on him like a hail-storm, some on his head till he was nearly blinded, others seized his legs to make him fall ; but he thought of nothing but of saving the child. Adrianarosy, the Evangelist, then seized him in his arms and, crushing him almost to suffocation, cried out : "He may die—but you shall never have him !" At

last the Father rushed to the Commandant and exclaimed : " You were on the threshold of your palace and you saw the assault made on me by the Protestants, and yet you never interfered, and by your presence you encouraged these persecutors ! " The Commandant was himself alarmed at this treatment of an European, and a formal complaint was made to the Governor General of the Province, who had a careful inquiry made into all the circumstances of the case, which resulted in a condemnation of the Protestants and especially of Adrianarosy. But although thus declared guilty, what punishment was awarded to them ? The Governor simply proposed *a severe admonition*. This was more than the Father Superior would stand, and the matter was referred to high quarters. In October last judgment was still delayed !

We hope we have said enough to convince our readers of the groundless accusations so freely brought against the Catholic priests in the English Press. They have been silent under their wrongs, and have borne the most unmerited misrepresentations without a word. But when it comes to the question of defending the rights of their converts, who are powerless to protect themselves, they feel it is time that the truth should be known. Liberty of conscience under the present rulers of Madagascar is almost as much a dead letter as the law abolishing slavery. There is not one slave the less in the island, and the abolition was simply a diplomatic ruse to throw dust in the eyes of foreigners.

Let us turn now to a pleasanter subject, and that is to the progress actually made by the Catholic missionaries in the island in spite of the cruel persecution to which they are exposed.

The following is a statistical table drawn up by the Vicar-Apostolic of Madagascar of the state of his diocese, and of the progress which has been made from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882.

STATISTICS OF THE MADAGASCAR MISSION.

From July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882.

Baptisms.	Adults	1,611
Do.	Children	2,882
Catholics	23,490
Catechumens not yet baptised	57,415
Confessions	55,406
Ordinary Communion	45,466
First Communion	580
Paschal Communion (about)	4,000
Confirmations	860

Marriages	196
Extreme Unctions	52
Stations	316
Churches built	52
Do. building	11
Chapels built	118
Do. building	43
Institutions. For Men	346
Do. For Women	184
Education—	
Number of scholars. Boys	9,134
Do. do. Girls	9,964
Lepers' Hospital, containing 100 sick entirely supported by the Mission	1
Dispensary and Pharmacy	2

N.B.—At Atananarivo the number of sick people who come for treatment is between 140 and 150 a day.

There are 48 Missionary Priests ; 21 Brother Coadjutors ; 8 Brothers of the Christian Schools ; 20 Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny ; also 3 novices and 3 native postulants.

(Signed) MGR. CAZET, S.J.,

Vicar-Apostolic of Madagascar.

To explain the success of the Catholic schools in spite of the persecution to which they are exposed, we must remind our readers that although the Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony, chose the Protestant religion for himself and the Court from political motives, and to make himself the head of the State Church, he is personally full of admiration for the Catholic missionaries and even for their tenets.⁷ He only finds them too inflexible for his purpose ; but for his daughter-in-law, Victoria, who is the most fervent of practising Catholics, he has the most unbounded esteem and veneration ; and on a recent occasion gave public testimony to his admiration for her virtue, declaring that the island should be proud of possessing such a woman.⁸ The Jesuit Fathers have also found a warm friend in the English Consul, Mr. Pakenham, who makes no secret of his appreciation

⁷ We cannot help suspecting that one of the principal motives for the countenance given to the Independents by the Malagasy Government is, the money they receive from that source. One of the Reports of that sect (May, 1874) mentions the sum awarded for the Madagascar Mission by the "London Missionary Society," which amounts for that year to the enormous sum of £23,356. We have not before us the official report of later years ; but we understand that this grant has been greatly increased. The question is : *What is done with it ?*

⁸ The history of this lady, who is a real confessor of the faith, has been published by Mr. Washbourne in the second volume of *Wayside Tales*.

of them. Their persecutors are confined to the Methodists of whom we have spoken, and who are unfortunately for the present in the ascendant. The Catholic missionaries know very well that under English protection and English rule the excesses we have mentioned would not have occurred; but unhappily they have little or no support from their French fellow-countrymen. Nothing can be said in defence of the doings of the French political agents in the island; or of the class of French people, as a whole, who inhabit Madagascar, although, of course, there are some bright exceptions. The Jesuit Fathers have had so much to suffer from them that we are the more surprised at a leading article in a morning journal, a week or two ago, which associates them together; although it might have occurred to the writer that any agents of the actual Government in France, with their strong atheistical and anti-Christian principles, could not but be hostile to men who have no political objects in view, but whose only aim is to extend the Kingdom of God, and to fight the battles of His Church all over the world. Neither can we agree with this journalist that—

The Malagasy nation have not taken kindly to the ornate rites of the priests; they are a simple race and prefer a simple creed.

Now, the very reverse is the fact. At every function and procession the crowd of natives who attend and who show the deepest reverence for the services, is so great that it is often difficult for the Fathers to move. At Christmas and Easter, on Corpus Christi, and all other solemn festivals, the devotion of the Malagasy people is most edifying. In the *Resaka* of this year, a little monthly publication in Malagasy and French, a most interesting description is given of the Christmas services and of the crowds who knelt by the crib, and to whom this almost living representation of the Incarnation was explained to each successive group of worshippers, till the good Fathers were almost exhausted with the fatigue. Equally beautiful is the account of the Corpus Christi procession last June, which, in their picturesque language, the people call *fivavahana mandeha* (the prayer that walks), and where the crowd was so great that it was with great difficulty that a narrow passage could be kept for the priest who bore the Blessed Sacrament. Another very consoling circumstance this year was the invitation of the Queen to all the schools at Tananarivo to present themselves at the Palace. The officials drew lots as to which of the different rites

should go first; and the Catholics were accordingly chosen second. On arriving at the north door the Catholic children sang some hymns which pleased the Queen very much; and not one of them was wanting in any of the points of etiquette required by the Court, which also surprised and charmed her. She gave to each presents of food and money, and desired that they should be shown all over the Palace. There were upwards of five thousand children present, of whom rather more than a third were Catholics. The next day she received with equal kindness the Catholic children of Mahamasina, and was delighted both with their singing and their respectful manner, which was remarked upon both by the Queen and the Prime Minister. The result of this encouragement, and of the favourable impression they had made, was a great increase in the number of scholars; and was a well deserved consolation to the devoted Christian Brothers and Sisters, who had toiled so long in this arduous work.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the physical beauties of Madagascar, which yet deserve more than a passing notice. The soil is most fertile, producing rice, manioc, sugarcane, pepper, cotton, indigo, tobacco, and a variety of medicinal plants. A range of fine mountains divide the island into numerous well watered valleys. But the great glory of Madagascar is her magnificent forests, stretching over two thousand miles, and containing the most beautiful and valuable trees, on which grow creepers and orchids of the rarest kinds. Among the trees are the pandanus, the acacia, the sago, and the cocoa-palm; but the most remarkable one that has been discovered in Madagascar is the *ravinala*, or traveller's tree (*urania speciosa*), which cover large tracts of the forest. The Rev. W. Ellis, speaking of this tree, says:

It rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem like that of the plaintain, and it sends out, from the centre of the stem, long broad leaves like those of the plaintain only less fragile; and rising, not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that as the leaves increase and the lower ones extend horizontally, the tree presents the appearance of a large open fan. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more. These bright green gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, and present the most magnificent specimen of vegetation that can be conceived.

But it is not only for beauty that this tree is so remarkable. It is used for almost everything (like the palm to the Arabs in the desert), but it is most valuable from its containing, even in the driest season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying any want of wells or springs to the traveller. There is a kind of natural cavern or cistern at the base of the stalk of each of the leaves, above its union with the stem, and on piercing this a stream of pure clear water gushes out, which is cool and perfectly sweet. The leaves of this tree form the thatch of the native houses, while the hard outside bark is used for flooring. These leaves are sold in all the markets and are used as plates, dishes, table cloths, wrappers for packages, and even when folded into certain shapes, as spoons and drinking cups.

Bees swarm in these forests ; the natives call them *reny tantely*, literally "Mother of honey," just as the Church does in the Office of Holy Saturday ; so that honey and wax abound in the island. The language of the Malagasys is very rich and figurative ; and their expressions are in the highest degree poetical. For instance they call the sun *masa andra*, "eye of the day." When children give their mothers a piece of money they call it *Fofon damosina*, literally "fragrance of the back," as a sort of grateful remembrance and acknowledgment of their mothers' love when they as infants were carried on their backs. The multiplication of words for varying shades of meaning, and the facility of forming many compound words from a single root, add to the richness of the language, which often combines conciseness with great precision of meaning. Thus *mody* is "to go home ;" *tampody*, "to go out and return the same day." *Hatsarana* is an attribute of God—His essential goodness ; *fahatsarana* is His goodness in action—the benevolence He exercises. There is no doubt that the Malagasy language is nearly identical with the Polynesian ; and that this language extends over the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, thus reaching—chiefly within the tropics—over two hundred degrees of longitude, or twenty degrees more than half the circumference of the globe. Till within the last forty years it was an unwritten language. Public speaking is frequently practised and real eloquence highly appreciated. No native literature exists, but songs and proverbs are numerous, the latter often pointed and forcible.

As to the natives themselves, they are a fine tall race, with high foreheads indicating intellectual capacity, and olive com-

plexions not darker, especially among the Hovas, than many of the inhabitants of southern Europe. Mr. Ellis speaks of the strong affection which unites the different members of the family to each other; and says that the sons, even when grown up to be young men, cherish the greatest love for their mothers, and treat them with marked affection and respect. We fear that as much cannot be said of their conduct as husbands. Indissolubility does not enter into their conception of matrimony and their immorality is proverbial. They have a great idea of cleanliness and tidiness in the arrangement of their homes, though the furniture is, of course of the scantiest description. Before the Europeans imported clocks, and even at this moment throughout the greater portion of the island they have their own method of computing time. They divide their day by the cock's crow, the peep of day, the "smile" of the sun, the fall of the dew-drops from the leaves, and the time when the cow lows for her calf. Noon is when the sun is perpendicular, or when the shadow of the leaves touches the foot of the hut (for every hut has its opening to the west, nothing being so much dreaded by the natives as the south-east wind) or when the sun touches the middle of the hut which supports the roof, and when it touches the opposite wall. In that way they arrive at a very fair computation of time. The Malagasys are remarkable as being the only Polynesian race with any idea of military organization or of a standing army; but the profession of a soldier is very unpopular among the natives, and dreaded worse than slavery itself.

The climate towards the coast is very unhealthy, and both natives and Europeans suffer terribly from fever; but the interior is healthy, and the heat is tempered by cool breezes from the mountains. Iron of excellent quality abounds in the central provinces, and so rich is the ore in one of the mountains that it is called *Ambolimiangavo*, or "the iron mountain." But gold, silver, copper, and lead are also found, and large coal mines have lately been discovered. In fact, nothing but a good and Christian Government is needed to make the inhabitants of this beautiful island both prosperous and happy. God grant that the toils and prayers of the Catholic missionaries may win this grace from Almighty God.

False Belief and its Consequences.

ONE of the mysteries insoluble to human intelligence is whether any, and, if any, what, amount of guilt attaches to those who are adherents of a false religion. Is there always some personal act or habit of disobedience to conscience, that prevents them from bursting their bonds and soaring aloft into the region of Truth? is there always some chain of sin past or present, that keeps them fast bound in the servitude of their prison-house? Or is religious error often, and in fact generally, inculpable, the result of early education, of prejudice grown strong from the intellectual persuasion of a lifetime, of ignorance which has no opportunity of being instructed, or, if it be instructed, has struck down its roots so deep that it cannot now be torn up and cast away? This question must present itself to every thoughtful mind, and the solution of it is not only in itself most interesting, but of the greatest practical importance. If men are, as a rule, plunged in error through no fault of their own, we may indulge a good hope that those outside the visible Church of God are, in general, not only in good faith, but not in any way to blame for their heresy, and the comfortable thought will affect our attitude towards them not a little. If, on the other hand, they are for the most part blameworthy with a serious blame for the fact of their position, then a sort of consternation seizes upon our souls when we think of them going down without hope into the grave, punished for deliberate sin against God by being deprived of that Divine Light which alone can guide the wanderer into the harbour of salvation.

I imagine that very few in the present day would take such a black view as this of error in religion. Few would condemn wholesale schismatic Greeks, Lutherans, Anglicans, Nonconformists, and other members of those religious bodies which still claim the name of Christian and profess a belief in the only-begotten Son of God. Few also would condemn at one fell swoop Unitarians, Mohammedans, Jews, Buddhists, Parsees, and

Pagans generally, or regard them as utterly hopeless, because they did not worship a Christ of whom they had never heard, or belong to a Church of the existence of which they were ignorant. To say that if they had obeyed their consciences God would have provided some means or other by which they should be led to embrace the true Faith, is a gratuitous, presumptuous, and indirectly a most uncharitable assertion. Nay, we believe that charity would go farther still, and would not exclude necessarily from the invisible Church of Christ, consisting of those united to Almighty God by supernatural love of Him, even those who fall down before dumb idols and pay homage to the work of their own hands, so long as they do not ultimately adore the brute matter before which they kneel, or any demon therein indwelling, but a Supreme Being, of whom they regarded the idol as an imperfect representation. The Roman who offered sacrifice to Jupiter Capitolinus may have been in thought reaching up to one whom he believed to be the Omnipotent King of Heaven, and performing that act of complete and entire submission, that recognition of dependence, in which the highest act of religion consists. If this is so, there is no idolater whom we can condemn as such, because he may not be an idolater after all, any more than the Catholic who prostrates himself in adoration before the Cross, or offers up his prayers before the image of our Blessed Lady or of his Patron Saint.

Religious error then may be, and in thousands and millions of cases is, partially or wholly excusable. It stands to reason that it should be so. If a child is trained up from infancy to adore the greatness of Allah and to recognize in continual acts of prayer that Mohammed is a true prophet, if he has been taught to abhor the infidel and to spurn the Cross as a sign of barbarous and debased religion, are we to condemn him because he grows up a fervent Mohammedan, regular in his devotions, conscientious in his fasts, faithful at perhaps great personal inconvenience to the injunctions of the false prophet? In the Koran there is such a mixture of good with evil, so much that is pure and of good report, that we can scarcely doubt that a man of goodwill who, by reason of his goodwill, seizes on the good and passes by the evil, may remain to the end of his life faithful to the traditions of his childhood, without ever committing a serious sin against Almighty God. The Evangelical Protestant, sedulously taught to regard the Church of Rome as

a corrupt caricature of Christianity, believing in all sincerity that Divine honour is paid to Mary, that Indulgences can be bought for money, that priests and monks are either deluded fanatics or conscious impostors, that the Second Commandment is omitted from Catholic prayer-books because it condemns image worship, and a thousand similar absurdities, cannot with any justice be blamed because he takes refuge in his own illogical creed from the alternative of Rome. What he hates is not the Catholic Church or the See of Rome as it really exists, but as it exists in his own imagination, and he is quite right in hating it.

He is under a mistake, a misconception, a delusion, if you like; but have we any right to assume that God has given him over to a strong delusion, that he should believe a lie, in consequence of his own disobedience to the law of God? Is the modern Jew, living in Paris or London or Berlin or Vienna, seeing all the abominations of cities which profess to be Christian, and contrasting the practice of the Christians around him with the strict observance and obedience to the Law of the little community of Jews, to be excluded from the fold of Christ because he rejects as an impostor the Lord whom his immoral, irreligious companions in office or house of business profess to worship and are supposed to imitate? Is not error such as this very often deserving of pity, indeed, but not of blame? Must we suppose that it necessarily implies some vice in the heart of him who clings to it all his life through, and shows no sign of forsaking it even in death? Most certainly not.

At the same time we must continually bear in mind that the more virtuous, humble, obedient, the life of men and women, the more they will be fitted for Truth, and the more they will be inclined to revolt from error. They will have an instinctive appreciation of what is good and true, and their hearts will leap towards it as soon as it is set before them. They will have an instinctive repugnance to what is evil and false, and their hearts will turn away from it as soon as it presents itself. They will have an innate sense of the fitness of things, which will cause all that is untrue to jar upon their delicate sensitiveness to truth. The false system will never thoroughly master their intelligence. If they cannot escape from it, and adhere to it with an honest and lifelong adherence, they will be reconciled to their acquiescence in it only by the fact that they manage to see its good side and to leave out of sight its unsatisfactory aspect. Some-

times their very excellence, and that too the highest kind of excellence, helps to tie them down to their false creed. In their humility they submit their own opinion to those whom they are taught to regard as their spiritual guides and directors, and accept with the purest desire to please God, false doctrines enunciated by some wolf in sheep's clothing. How many a searcher after Truth has been precluded from his quest by the warning of one whom he in his ignorance regarded as a priest of God, who told him that to doubt of the truth of his false and untenable hypothesis was a deadly sin!

Yet in spite of this, it remains true that in minds of a high moral excellence, there is always a jarring of the false notes that the ill-tuned instrument of error gives forth. There is not that perfect repose which the possession of truth imparts, that delicious sense of satisfaction that makes the well-ordered and Heaven-led soul bask in the light of God. For this reason, without supposing any special interference of a supernatural or miraculous kind, the soul which has reached an advanced stage on the road of perfection, while still encircled with error, will be so alive to the discordant notes which sound in its ear, will be so pained, without knowing why, by the want of harmony in the teaching of the false guides, that it will not be satisfied till it has gone forth to seek its rightful King, and to hear the sweet strains which no instrument can sound unless the sweet music which sweeps over its strings results from the breath of Him who alone can guide into all Truth. But this is not the case with ordinary mortals, even with those who on the whole serve God faithfully and with a good conscience. Their duller ears often mistake the mixture of truth and error for the perfect harmony of God. They live, and to all appearance they die, most sincere, God-fearing adherents of the form of error in which they have been brought up, and from which they have had no sufficient opportunity of escaping.

But here the thought arises—If this is the case, what advantage in being an adherent of truth instead of error? If the sincere belief in the creed in which a man has been brought up clears him from incurring any responsibility by reason of his non-acceptance of the true religion that he unwittingly rejects, why not leave him in his good faith? If he whose beliefs are partly true and partly false is not thereby hindered from reaching the Kingdom of Heaven, supposing that he makes a

good use of the elements of truth which lie imbedded in the surrounding error, why not leave him where God or circumstances have placed him, to work out the end for which he was created ? It is well within his reach. In spite of the inculpable error which disfigures his creed, it is his own fault if the poisonous elements of the atmosphere around make their way into his system and cause death. It is true his life may not be so vigorous as it would otherwise be, but no disease can strike him down, induced by the partial unhealthiness of the air he breathes, as long as he does his part towards the maintenance of his health, and does not commit a sort of voluntary suicide by offending against the sanitary regulations laid down for him. If he does what he can, God will supply him with all that is required to enable him to live a life of healthy virtue, and so to attain the end of his being, his false beliefs notwithstanding. If he fails of doing so, he will not be able to throw the blame on any error that he inculpably entertained ; he will confess that he and he alone was to blame ; that he was treated not only with justice but with much more than justice ; that he had light enough and more than enough to see the path to Heaven and to Truth, and only turned away from it by reason of his own perverse will and spirit of rebellion. And if this is so, why not allow things to take their own natural course ? Why attempt to convert the heathen ? Why compass sea and land to make one proselyte if you are conferring upon him a very doubtful benefit, even if it be a benefit at all ?

Besides, there is another thing that may be urged in favour of leaving men alone in erroneous beliefs. The light of truth, however great a benefit, is a conditional benefit. If it is an advantage almost without limit to him who in every respect uses it aright, it is very far from an advantage to him who fails to employ it as he might. Inspired lips said of Him who is the Truth itself that He was to be a source of falling into lower depths to some, as well as of rising to unapproachable heights of sanctity to others. He Himself says of those who refused to listen to Him, that if they had not known Him they would not have had on their consciences the sin of rejecting Him, but now they have incurred the guilt of blind hatred of Him who had come and done among them His wondrous works. And what is true of the King of all Truth respecting Himself is true of the Divine Teacher of Truth that He left behind Him as His Representative. It is always better to have been a stranger to

her teaching than to have known it and rejected it. The more light, the greater responsibility, and those who might have acted up to the light they possess as long as that light was dim, may and often do refuse to come up to that higher standard which the brighter, clearer light places before their eyes. A man might be an excellent sign-painter, and yet fail utterly if some well-intentioned artist were to place him in his studio and urge him to higher and nobler works of art. A boy whom some friendly patron raises above his position, and educates in humane letters among the sons of a class altogether above his own, turns out a worthless scoundrel, whereas he might have been an honest working man if he had been left to follow his father's trade. Thus, if the pouring in of fresh light, the teaching of fresh truth, necessarily points to a higher ideal of life and morality, yet the additional responsibilities it entails, the additional claims it makes on the virtue and self-denial of him who is thus illumined may indirectly be his ruin if he refuses them. It is his own fault,—yes,—but at the same time it cannot be denied that if the light had not come the ruin would not have come after it. The light was the occasion, if the man's own folly was the cause of his ruin.

These objections are so plausible that, at first sight, even zealous advocates of dogmatic Truth are inclined to admit, within certain limits, the easy-going theories of Liberalism, and to take a comfortable and consoling view of the progress of error in the world. They call to mind the fewness of the stripes inflicted on him who knew not, or knew very imperfectly, the will of His Lord. They know that men will be judged according to that which they have, not according to that which they have not, and there is a danger of their accepting in practice not only the subjective theory of moral and religious responsibility—and this they are quite right in doing—but also the subjective theory of moral and religious Truth. If it matters comparatively little whether men cling *mordicus* to a certain definite body of religious dogmas, or substitute for them another set to which they cling with greater or less fidelity, then the infinite preciousness of Truth is in danger of fading out of sight altogether. If the advice, "Live up to the light you possess and all will be well," is to mean that it matters but little whether you have the clear light of day or a dim light mingled with darkness, then we should necessarily drift away little by little from our position as dogmatists, as we see so many doing in the present day. We

should leave every man in his good faith, and the Catholic priest would be but wasting his time in inviting those outside the Catholic Church to enter her sacred portals. He would in fact be almost doing a wrong in implanting doubts where doubts did not exist before, and subverting beliefs, even though erroneous, which were held in perfect good faith.

If, then, the evil of adherence to a false religion consisted merely in the guilt of rejecting wilfully and deliberately certain Truths of Revelation, it might be much better to leave undisturbed those who cling to one of the illogical forms of Christianity—to Judaism, to Mohammedanism, to Buddhism. In countries where Catholics are few in number, or are scarcely to be found at all, the most devoted adherent of the Church would not condemn the heretic and schismatic for non-adherence to a Faith of which he has never heard, or which he knows only under some gross form of caricature. No Catholic is so unfair, for instance, as to find fault with the ordinary English Protestant, nursed in the belief that the Church of Rome is alluded to in the Apocalypse under titles the most uncomplimentary, because he remains outside the visible Church of Christ. No sober-minded Christian would condemn the young Jew, trained to look for a Messiah still to come, because he does not recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the King of kings and Lord of lords. It is most unfair to pass a sweeping sentence of guiltiness on Pagan Greece and Rome because they did not recognize in their worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob. We have no reason to suppose that God gives special inspirations, revealing to those in error the fact of their error, and the consequent duty of abandoning it. *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* does not mean that there is no salvation outside the Visible Church for those who have not had a fair opportunity of ascertaining her real nature and appreciating the beauty of her Divine teaching. It means that there is no hope of salvation for those who have deliberately and wilfully put themselves or kept themselves outside of her, knowing that there is incumbent on them the duty either of seeking admission into her pale, or of investigating her claims, or of removing out of the way some obstacle the existence of which bars their way into the Fold. But it would be utterly unjust to apply it to the sincere Protestant or Mohammedan or Buddhist, who only remains outside the Church by reason of invincible ignorance or prejudice.

But there is another important consideration which we have

hitherto omitted to notice, and which changes the whole aspect of the question. The miseries consequent on false opinions in matters of religion do not begin and end with the rejection of certain dogmatic and Divine truths. It is the direct consequences of this rejection which furnish the justification of what men call the intolerance and bigotry of the dogmatist. The loss of light is in itself a grievous thing, but the blind man can spend a very useful and happy life. But if he has to find his way along a dangerous and difficult road, abounding in hidden perils, pitfalls, and precipices at almost every step, and frequented by deadly enemies on the watch to surprise and slay the traveller, then blindness is not merely a grievous thing in itself but a misfortune the intensity of which can never be over-estimated. If the blindness involved no further misery beyond the loss of sight, those who threw some blinding poison in the eyes of their fellow men might be more easily tolerated. But when it deprives them of their most powerful means of protection from the enemies around them; when it exposes them to perils the most deadly and to dangers which it is difficult and sometimes almost impossible for them to avoid; when it involves them (whether through their own fault or not) in diseases which sap and undermine their strength and health and happiness; when it robs them of the potent medicines by which these diseases are sometimes resisted altogether, checked in their incipient steps, and cured at any stage, even the most advanced;—when all this is true, what penalty is heavy enough for the miscreants who fling abroad the sight-destroying poison among the ignorant and unwary crowd, who pour it into the eyes of little children, who bribe the poor to take it and destroy their sight withal, who seek to persuade their poor dupes that the blinding mixture is a health-giving and strengthening lotion?

This exactly represents the working consequences of religious error. Amid the snares of the world, the temptations of the flesh, the cunning onsets of the devil, the traveller through this world has to thread his perilous way. Each one, it is true, has light enough to guide his steps safely, even though he be born in heathendom, nursed in ignorance, and trained in error. But he who holds a mixed belief—partly true and partly false—is like a purblind traveller, like one surrounded by a thick fog, and who, under these unfavourable circumstances, has to pick his way amid pitfalls and precipices, where one false step taken in deliberate self-will or pride may cast him into the gulf below.

He is like one whose armour is indeed sufficient to protect him if he never fail to use his weapons with all diligence and care, but who may at any moment receive a deadly wound if he is tempted, by some attractive pleasure on his path, to give his enemy an advantage against him. And here it is that we have the primary importance of the possession of truth brought out in clear relief, and the almost unlimited disadvantage of a false belief. Truth and truth alone furnishes the clear light which makes every peril distinctly visible. Truth and truth alone furnishes safeguards and invaluable means of protection to the traveller on his way. Truth and truth alone infuses vigour into his limbs and gives him a keen eye for coming dangers. Truth and truth alone has ways and means of meeting every enemy, and of putting him to speedy flight. Or, to drop the language of metaphor, truth alone has sufficient safeguards for childish innocence and youthful purity. Truth alone gives a keen appreciation of right and wrong. Truth alone furnishes a defence against all temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Truth alone puts upon the young warrior the whole armour of God, and sends him out, except through his own grievous fault, invulnerable. Once mix up error with truth, and all these inestimable benefits diminish or disappear, innocence loses its safeguards, temptations find the tempted comparatively powerless, the armour has a thousand flaws, if it does not fall to pieces altogether.

If we look for the reason of all this, we find it in the single fact that truth and truth alone teaches efficiently and practically the necessity of humility and submission. Every form of error, and especially those which spring out of a direct revolt against existing authority, bear on their forefront in some shape or other a spirit of independence, of reliance on self instead of reliance on God, and consequently, as systems, they forfeit those aids which God gives to those who make Him alone the source of their strength and confidence. To individuals indeed, in reward for and in proportion to their individual virtue, God gives supernatural assistances, supplying their weakness, but not through or by means of the system to which they belong. They do not belong to a regiment the members of which as such have any sort of claim to the favour of the King. On the contrary, the flag is one of rebellion and revolt. How then can they expect to have put into their hands the weapons which are in the exclusive possession of the loyal portion of His army? Even if

they are loyal at heart, still they belong to a treacherous horde, unrecognized by their monarch. Over their head waves the banner of disaffection. Falsehood mingles with truth in their declaration of their relation to their King, His generals, officers, and other constituted authorities. They refuse to submit to those who are their lawful superiors, and thus, having forfeited truth, they forfeit all that follows from the possession of truth. Even when they fight loyally for what they believe to be true, they fight at an unspeakable disadvantage. When they wage war in their regiment of error, according to the best of their ability, in the cause of the God of Truth, they have a weak point in their armour which leaves them almost at the mercy of their enemies. When they attempt to crush out the monsters around them and within them—pride, luxury, intemperance, hatred, covetousness—they find that they are waging an unequal warfare, that their arm is palsied, and their strength, unaided by the might of their lawful mother, too often breaks down in the hardship and difficulty of the struggle.

But this is not the only misery of false belief. If it cannot guide the traveller aright, much less can it lead him back into the path when he has wandered into the tangled thorny mazes around. If it can furnish the soldier with no sufficient armour, much less can it heal the wounds he may from time to time receive, through his own fault, from the foe. If it cannot defend innocence, protect virtue, furnish means of walking in safety amid temptation and danger, much less can it raise the fallen and bring back the sinner into the way of virtue. The poor traveller, as he gropes his way along amid the fog, has taken one false step of deliberate pride or malice, has wilfully broken the law which God writes within the hearts of all, and this false step has cast him down a hundred feet on to the rocks below, and, as he lies bleeding there, what power has false belief to restore to the shattered and dislocated limbs their strength, and to send him once more rejoicing on his way, battered indeed and scarred by the fall, but still full of happy confidence and hope that he will not fall again? The soldier has, through his own fault, received a deadly wound, curable indeed if the proper remedies be applied, but without them destined to gangrene and mortify. What power has false belief to supply the remedy which is needed?

False belief denounces the very house where the good physician lives as a home of imposture and quackery. The

sacred tribunal of Penance, where God works His healing wonders through the instrumentality of His appointed ministers, is decried as an unhealthy means of satisfying clerical love of influence, and feminine loquacity, or love of dependence, and therefore as unworthy of manly, honest, independent, free men, even if worse motives be not assigned to the presence of the confessional in every Catholic church. The necessity of a frequent recurrence to the sacraments of the Church by those who desire to conquer long-indulged faults or vices, is at least ignored by false beliefs, and perhaps branded with a charge of "fetishism." Resort to the advocacy of our Lady and the intercession of the Saints is considered by them as leading to superstition and creature worship, even if they do not denounce it as dishonouring, forsooth, to Him from whom alone the saints derive all their power to aid their earthly clients. Penance and bodily mortification in testimony of sorrow for sin, and as a means of gaining strength to avoid it, is regarded by all false beliefs as at best a silly fanaticism, akin to that of the Hindoo who throws himself under the wheels of Juggernaut's car. Pilgrimages, novenas, scapulars, holy water, Agnus Deis, guilds, confraternities, all the countless means by which the Catholic Church fosters the devotion of the faithful and helps the fallen to recover from the deadly wound of sin, are relegated to the absurdities of an uncritical age, from which the clearer light of the present day has happily set us free.

Look for a moment at the practical working of the confessional and the gap which is left by the want of it among the institutions sanctioned by false beliefs. Nearly every one at some time or other is conscious of having grievously offended against the law written in his heart, and therefore against the Legislator who has enacted that law. There is a weight upon his soul, a feeling of uneasiness amounting often to black misery, a burden which weighs him down, a self-reproach which is of all human woes the worst, inasmuch as it is the foretaste of the eternal self-reproach which is the consequence of a wilful separation from God for ever. How is he to be rid of this nightmare which haunts him through the livelong day? this ghost which sits in Banquo's chair, and brings confusion into every attempt after peace or pleasure? What means can false belief offer to lay the spectre? It is helpless, utterly helpless in presence of the evil. It leaves despondency to ripen into despair, or else it mocks the sinner by a caricature of true penance, to which it

gives the name of "laying hold of Christ," or "finding Christ," or assurance, or a consciousness of being "saved," or some other phantom by which it seeks to hide from the sinner's eyes the guilt which still lurks within his soul. It gives no practical means for making a fresh start, turning over a new leaf and beginning a new life.

Now it is just this means of making a fresh start which is practically supplied by the confessional. Even if it had not the enormous graces which accompany it, the wonderful supernatural helps of which every Catholic is conscious, it is merely as a natural turning-point in life of inestimable value. It gives a kind, considerate friend and counsellor, unselfish in his motives, carefully trained to guide the fallen back to virtue, intensely conscious of his responsibility, officially set aside for his task; and this guide and counsellor devotes himself, while he listens to the tale of sorrow and of sin, to this single thought, How can I best help back this poor soul into the way of virtue? Can such an advantage as this be reckoned too highly, even putting out of sight the supernatural accompaniments of the confessional, the graces given to the priest, the graces given to the penitent, the official grace which theologians tell us is given *ex opere operato*, apart, that is to say, from the amount of virtue in the priest or sorrow in the penitent, and belonging to the sacrament itself, so long as he who receives it has some sort of true sorrow for the sin committed? And if the Sacrament of Penance is of such value as giving a fresh start, at the hour of death what facilities it affords for that necessary act of submission which so often decides the fate of the departing soul for eternity! How often the entrance of the priest and his kind words of persuasion, educe from the dying the humble confession of sin and hearty sorrow which would not have been made, if it had not been for the recognized, official, authorized proceeding which is compatible only with true belief. What can the minister of a false belief do for the dying sinner? Says a few kind words—talks comfortably about trust in God—talks about the Saviour of mankind in the peculiar language of his sect—offers him perhaps the symbols of bread and wine—reads him a chapter in the Bible—asks him whether he puts his whole trust in Christ—and leaves him much as he found him: often conscious that he is *homo inefficax*, that he has had no message of salvation entrusted to him to carry to the dying sinner, and so very naturally has not delivered it.

Or let us suppose that no priest, no minister of religion, is at hand. The dying man has to shift for himself as best he can. Once more, what an incalculable disadvantage befalls the professor of a false belief! What is he to do, to say, to think, in that crisis of his destiny? Weak, and perhaps in an agony of pain, he is helpless in the presence of the remorse which gathers over him and the fiends who gather round him, or else he is stupidly unaware that his eternity depends on the humble act of sorrow or submission. What a contrast to one who from childhood was trained to the familiar act of contrition, which, coming from the heart, contains all that God requires as the conditions of forgiveness, and rises naturally to the lips of one who has been trained during childhood in the happy school of Truth. Quite apart from its supernatural power, it has a sort of natural efficacy in that it formulates in simple words the habit of mind necessary to the sinner who desires to be reconciled to God ere it be too late.¹ Not that the sinner is necessarily excluded from the chance of forgiveness by reason of inculpable error. But his chances are diminished to an almost unlimited degree. In the one case there is a strong hand impelling him in the direction of the open door, which entering in he will obtain forgiveness, and in the other he has to grope his way painfully and with difficulty, and discouragement and temptation may easily cause him to make a false step and fail of the means of safety.

I am not here going to dwell on what is perhaps the greatest of all the evils of false belief. By reason of its falsity, it necessarily contains elements contradictory of each other, and a rigorous logic compels it to confess this element of death within. The result of this is that the most intellectually active of its adherents are sure to forsake it, generally for some form or other of unbelief, or, at all events, for one in which the contradiction

¹ Perhaps I may illustrate my meaning by an incident which came to my knowledge not many months since. A poor Catholic girl at the age of eighteen was dying in some den of infamy. Aware that life was fast ebbing, she called a companion, and begged her to fetch a priest. The search was a fruitless one, and the poor child had to die alone. But the Catholic instinct within her at once suggested the lessons happily taught her in her innocent childhood. "I suppose then," she said, "I must make an act of contrition by myself." And she began in humble penitence the well known words, "O my God, I am heartily sorry that I have offended Thee," &c. Scarce was the act of sorrow concluded, when she turned round to the wall and breathed her last. No one could reasonably doubt of her final salvation. But if she had been reared in any false belief, what hope in all human probability would she have had?

is less prominent and the inconsistency more hidden. The adherent of Truth can alone afford the most intense intellectual activity, and has full scope for the exercise of the most vigorous mental faculties, simply because the closer his insight into the system, the more his instinctive appreciation of Truth finds repose in it. No man ever forsook the Catholic Church on purely intellectual grounds, unless indeed his brain were already softening. It is true that men of vigour and of genius have forsaken her. Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau, cannot be denied the possession of surpassing and extraordinary ability. But in all such cases the intellect had been already debauched by the corrupt will. Generally the private life of those who have thus fallen away gives a simple and obvious explanation of their defection, and if here and there pride hides itself more cunningly than is possible for its grosser companion and ally, yet a closer investigation will also exhibit the fair plant of belief fading because the worm of pride, with its twin-brother for the most part hard by, is gnawing at its root.

But from false beliefs men are driven out in one direction or another by the sheer force of logic. Out they must, either to the perfect Truth, proof in all its Divine consistency against the acutest criticism and the sharpest logic, or to some less dogmatic creed, where the acid of criticism finds not so much solid matter which it may eat away. How many men of power and honesty of mind have gone forth from one or other of the homes of untenable dogmatism, some few to the only dogmatism which will bear inquiry, the rest to the great misty swamp of "free inquiry" and "suspended judgment" and "natural religion" and "subjective truth," and to the dark prison-house of absolute unbelief and sheer materialism, and the still darker dungeon of aggressive atheism, hating the very name of God.

If, then, the lovers of Truth are zealous against all false beliefs, it is because of the deep dark abysses which they do but imperfectly conceal, and into which their unhappy adherents are ever in peril of falling headlong. If they oppose with eagerness and determination, with unwearied activity and uncompromising hatred, nay, with what men call fierce intolerance, all who introduce any element of error into human belief, it is because they know the fatal results which will befall hundreds and thousands by reason of the loss of the perfect Truth. For the authors of false beliefs are like miscreants who not only blind their victims, but put them into the way of

complete destruction as the result of their blindness. They rob them of the means of safety, and of recovering themselves if they have fallen. They do their best to make them rebels during life, and effectually to hinder their act of submission at death. They drive men by the force of logic to open infidelity. Are we not right, then, in regarding them as bitter enemies of their fellow men, mischievous with infernal mischief, venomous with a venom far more deadly than that of the most venomous of Indian serpents, foes of the human race, criminals whose crimes are far more deeply dyed than those at which the world cries shame, murderers of the souls of men, worthy children of him whose existence is devoted to an implacable and never-dying hostility and rebellion against his Creator and his God.

R. F. C.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THE attitude assumed by Campeggio from the day of his arrival in England until the day on which he left it surprised Henry and Anne Boleyn. It disappointed them and made them angry, for it disconcerted the plans which they had formed and the illusions in which they had indulged up to that period. Campeggio's nomination to act as Papal Legate in injunction with Wolsey, when they first heard of it, had afforded them great satisfaction; for Henry assumed (not unreasonably, perhaps according to his experience) that the Cardinal Bishop of Salisbury would listen with obsequious deference to the suggestions of the King of England, especially when that Sovereign spoke within the limits of his own dominions. The arrival of the Legate, therefore, was anxiously expected. It was believed on all sides that he had come to pronounce the sentence of divorce, and thus to give the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff to the happy union of the impatient lovers.¹

Campeggio, as I have said, disappointed these expectations.² He was sent to act as a judge, and he never forgot that he came in that capacity, and in no other. He was deaf to the persuasions of Henry, to the arguments of Wolsey, the threats of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the winning blandishments of Anne Boleyn. His line of action had been settled before he left Rome, and he did not permit himself to be diverted from it. His mission was to adjudicate, by way of compromise, in a legal question of admitted difficulty, the decision of which involved not only the happiness of two crowned heads, but the future

¹ Henry was weak enough to imagine that Campeggio on his arrival in England would seek a personal interview with Anne (See Love Letters, n. 17, Dodd, i. 357).

² The Bishop of Bayonne, writing from London to Admiral Bryon, July 22, 1529, remarks that Henry's friends are exceedingly troubled, finding Campeggio not so favourable as they expected (Brewer, 5789).

interests, and probably the succession, of one of the most important States in Europe. We can understand, then, that the Legate should be careful to act warily, and we respect him for the prudence and reserve with which he conducted his difficult and delicate undertaking.

In order to understand that mission, it is necessary to understand the powers with which he was invested. They were limited from the outset, for he was bound down to one clearly defined line of action. It was never intended that he should pronounce any final sentence of divorce, and had he done so his act would have been irregular. He came with the hope that he might be able to induce Henry to remove the scandal which had blackened his reputation in every Court in Europe; and that by abandoning his connection with a woman of questionable character and returning to the society of the wife whom he desired to renounce, he might recover the character which he had all but lost, and save himself and others from the lower degradation to which they were tending.³

In the accomplishment of these objects Campeggio was signally disappointed. Henry was deaf to argument, remonstrance, and entreaty. Anne retained her ascendancy, despite Cardinal and Pope, until Henry's passions having been satisfied, he tired of the partner of his shame, and the sentence of divorce between the guilty couple was pronounced by the executioner. Shortly after his arrival in England, the Legate saw that his mission was doomed to be a failure, and he might have returned to Rome long before he took his departure from Dover. But the time which he spent in England was of no small value to the Pope in his future dealings with Henry. The report made by Campeggio on his return enabled the authorities of the Vatican to estimate at their true value the habitual misstatements of Henry and his agents; and to the influence of the Legate we may venture to attribute the firmness with which the cause was revoked from London and the final sentence reserved for the decision of the Pope himself.

³ Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador in England, thus sums up the condition of affairs in a letter which he addressed to Charles on September 21, 1529. "As far as I can hear and judge, the King's obstinacy and his passion for the lady are such that there is no chance of recalling him by mildness or fair words to a sense of his duty. Things having come to such a pitch, there can be no security or repose for the Queen unless the case be tried and decided at Rome, and the sooner the better, for many reasons and political considerations. I am convinced that the opposite party will not leave things as they are, but intend proceeding in the case." (*Span. Cal.* n. 160).

The mission of Cardinal Campeggio now loses its interest, as far at least as its immediate object is concerned. The insults which attended the last session which he held in London, and those to which he was exposed on his departure from England, are incidents at once interesting and picturesque; but as they relate to the general history of England, they have no special claim upon our attention at the present moment. We may therefore dismiss them, and proceed to consider the events which immediately followed upon the revocation of the "King's great matter" to Rome for its final decision.⁴

As it has already been mentioned, this event had been a heavy blow and a grievous disappointment as well to Anne Boleyn as to the King himself, and Henry was not wont to conceal his anger when he had nothing to gain by further concealment. Upon the present occasion he lost no time in making Wolsey acquainted with his sentiments.⁵ Gardiner, on his return from Rome, was appointed Chief Secretary of State, an office which had been filled for many years with marked success by the disgraced Cardinal, and all business of any importance was carried on through the new favourite. The King held no intercourse with Wolsey either personally or by writing, and when upon one occasion the latter sought for an interview, the request was declined by his Majesty. It was clear to all men that the ruin of the great Cardinal was not far distant, and that his fall was to be ascribed to the influence of Anne Boleyn.

But why should Anne Boleyn seek the ruin of Cardinal Wolsey? It is not difficult to find an answer. Anne had many causes of complaint against him. He had prevented her union with Percy, heir to the earldom of Northumberland, and thus had hindered her from securing a position in which, as her conscience told her, she would have been happier than in pursuing a dangerous intrigue with the King. She knew that Wolsey had dissuaded Henry from marrying her, and that in

⁴ On July 15, 1529, Casalis announces that the Pope had revoked the King's cause to Rome (Brewer, 5777). He and Henry's other agents were eloquent with His Holiness in attempting to prevent this decision, which they declared would produce the ruin of the Church and the loss of England and France. They suggested that when the copy of the sentence should arrive in England, it might be intercepted at the harbour (*Id.* 5780).

⁵ Katherine informed Mendoza that, in her opinion, all the King's anger at his ill-success in the Legatine Court at London would fall on Wolsey; and her knowledge of Henry's temper was founded upon a long experience (Brewer, 5803).

his last embassy to France he had urged a union with one of the Princesses of that kingdom. She believed that he had been lukewarm in forwarding the divorce, when he might have effected it in conjunction with Campeggio, and that the avocation of the cause to Rome was to be attributed, if not to his treachery, at least to his indifference. And if there be any truth in the surmise that Sir Francis Bryan—Anne's relative—when at Rome had possessed himself of a letter written by Wolsey,⁶ in which he objected to the King's divorce from Katherine, then the measure of the Cardinal's iniquities was full; and if she failed to have her revenge, by force or by fraud, she was not the woman contemporaneous history has represented her to have been.

But Henry seems still to have retained something of his earlier regard for his tried Councillor, whose wonderful insight into the complicated politics of Europe had so often stood England in good stead. In this feeling Anne saw danger, and dreaded the possibility of a reconciliation between her royal admirer and his late Minister. In order to prevent such a possibility the King, accompanied by Anne, left Greenwich early in August, 1530, and the couple took up their abode at Woodstock. The relation in which they stood towards each other was no longer a secret. Henry had now commanded the Queen to be removed out of the Court. The management of the affairs of State had passed into the hands of Gardiner, who, it must be admitted, conducted them with sufficient skill to avoid the commission of any serious blunder. From Woodstock the Court removed to Grafton, in Northamptonshire, and there, on the 19th of September, occurred the final interview between the King and Cardinal Wolsey. The incident is sufficiently striking to merit a detailed notice, and Cavendish furnishes us with the incidents from which I have drawn the following narrative :

Campeggio, being about to leave England, had obtained permission to take leave of Henry, and with this object set out for Grafton, accompanied by his fellow-Cardinal. They lodged the first night at a town in Bedfordshire, called Leighton Buzzard (September 18), in the prebendal house there, belonging to Dr. Chambers, the King's physician; and they

⁶ Possibly this was the letter which Henry plucked out of his bosom and showed the Cardinal at Grafton, with the words, "How can that be? Is not this your own hand?" Brewer, however, here remarks, "What the letter or paper was to which the King referred is, and must remain, a mystery" (Cavendish, p. 576).

arrived at Grafton on the morning of Sunday (the 19th of September). On alighting they found that, although a lodging had been prepared for Campeggio, no arrangements had been made for the reception of Wolsey, who when he "shifted his riding apparel," was indebted to the courtesy of Sir Henry Norris for the use of his chamber. The Cardinals were then ushered into the presence of his Majesty, who "with as amiable a cheer as ever he did, called Wolsey aside, and led him to a great window, where he talked with him and caused him to be covered."⁷

When the conversation had ended the King departed, and dined that same day with Mistress Anne Boleyn, in her chamber, who kept there an estate more like a Queen than a simple maid.

Cavendish gives us an account of the conversation which passed at table between them, as he heard it reported by the attendants that waited at dinner. He tells us, upon their authority, that the lady was much offended, as far as she durst, that the King did so gently entertain my Lord Cardinal,⁸ saying, as she sat with the King at dinner, "Sir," quoth she, "is it not a marvellous thing to see what debt and danger he hath brought you in with all your subjects?" "How so, sweetheart?" quoth the King. "Forsooth," quoth she, "there is not a man within your realm worth five pounds but he hath indebted you to him"—meaning a loan which the King had of his subjects. "Well," quoth the King, "as for that, there was in him no blame; for I know that matter better than you, or any other." "Nay, sir," quoth she; "besides that, what things hath he wrought within this realm to your great slander? There is never a nobleman, but if he had done half so much as he (Wolsey) hath done, he were well worthy to lose his head. Yea, if my Lord of Norfolk, my Lord of Suffolk, my Lord my father, or any other nobleman within your realm, had done much less than he hath done, they should have lost their heads ere this." "Then, I perceive," quoth the King, "you are not the Cardinal's friend." "Why, sir," said she, "I have no cause, nor any that loveth you; no more has your Grace, if ye consider well his doings."

⁷ P. 572.

⁸ Chapuys, writing to Charles the Fifth, on February 6, 1530 says: "It is generally believed here (in London) that the King has no hatred to the Cardinal; if there has been any ill-will it has been against the wealth and property which he has amassed" (*Span. Cal.* 257).

By that time the waiters took up the table, and so ended their communication. Now you may perceive (remarks Cavendish) how the old malice began to kindle and to be set on fire, which was as much provoked by his ancient enemies as of herself.

After dinner the King had another conversation with the Cardinal, the apparent kindliness of which "blanked his enemies very sore, and made them to stir coals. And being in doubt," continues this interesting narrative, "they had no other refuge but Mistress Anne, in whom was all their whole trust and affiance to the accomplishing of their enterprise; for without her they doubted all their purpose was but frustrate."

It has been already noticed that no apartment had been prepared for Wolsey at Grafton; he was compelled, therefore, to seek one elsewhere, which he found under the roof of Mr. Empson, whose house was about three miles distant from Grafton. Before parting with the Cardinal that evening, his Majesty expressed a wish to see him early next morning, in order to renew the conversation which had been interrupted.

Betimes on the following day Wolsey was at Grafton, "at whose coming, early as it was, the King was ready to ride, and said he would not tarry with him, commanding my Lord to return again with Cardinal Campeggio, who had already taken his leave of the King. Upon which occasion my Lord was constrained to take his leave of the King also, with whom the King departed amiably in the sight of all men. This sudden departing in the morning was by the especial labour of Mistress Anne, who rode with him, only to lead him away, because he should not return until the departure of the Cardinals, the which returned after dinner to the Moore. The King rode that morning to view a place and ground to make a new park, which was afterwards, and is at this day, called Harewell Park,⁹ where Mistress Anne had provided a place for his Grace to dine, fearing his return ere the Cardinals were gone.

Thus parted, for the last time, the King of England and his great Prime Minister. Wolsey knew his master too well to be misled by his pleasant manner and kindly words, and he knew too well the woman who rode by his side to hope that she would rest until she had stripped him of all that he had to lose, and made him feel what it was to brave the wrath of an angry woman.

⁹ Harewell, or Hartwell, not far from Grafton.

Wolsey's anticipations of coming evil were speedily realized. During the course of the following month he was commanded by the King to surrender the great seal and to retire to Esher, a house belonging to him as Bishop of Winchester. He was deprived of his houses and their costly furniture,¹⁰ and now had not the means of meeting his daily expenses. But, as his residence at Esher brought him into dangerous proximity to Hampton Court, his enemies obtained a royal warrant, by which he was directed to sequestrate himself to York, of which he was allowed to retain the archbishopric. The time which elapsed between the issuing of this order and its execution was spent by our Cardinal in preparing for the further trials which he knew to be awaiting him. The details of his daily life at this period are duly chronicled by his faithful gentleman usher, from whose biography of his master the following particulars are derived, upon the general accuracy of which dependence may be placed.

In the beginning of Lent, 1530, Wolsey took up his abode near the Carthusians of Richmond, to whom he resorted daily; and in the afternoon he would sit in contemplation with one of the most ancient Fathers of the house in his cell. These holy men taught him to despise the vain glory of the world, and gave him shirts of hair to wear, one of which was found on him next his body after his death. Early in the month of April, he set out from Richmond on his journey towards York. He still retained some of his former love of magnificence, for even now his train consisted of one hundred and sixty persons, and he was accompanied by twenty-two carts, which were necessary for the carriage of his furniture. He spent Holy Week and Eastertide at Peterburgh, to the great edification of the monks of that

¹⁰ Cavendish, who speaks from personal knowledge, thus describes the surrender of some of the Cardinal's treasures: "In his gallery were set divers tables, whereupon lay a great number of goodly rich stuffs; as whole pieces of silk of all colours, velvet, satin, damask, taffeta, grograin, sarcenet, and other things not now in remembrance. Also there lay on these tables a thousand pieces of fine holland cloth, whereof (as he reported after) there was five hundred of the said pieces of cloth stolen. Also he hanged all the walls of the gallery on the one side with cloth of gold, cloth of tissue, cloth of silver, and with rich cloth of bodkin of divers colours. Also on the other side were hanged the richest suit of copes of his own provision, made for his Colleges of Oxford and Ipswich, that ever I saw in England. In the Gilt Chamber were set out upon the table nothing but gilt plate; and upon a cupboard, and in a window, was set no plate, but all gold very rich. And in the Council Chamber was all white, and paned gold plate." That these statements are not exaggerated may be proved by a comparison with the original inventory of the Cardinal's furniture, tapestry, &c., in the Harleian MS. 599, of which a full abstract may be seen in Brewer, 6184, 6186.

grand Benedictine Abbey.¹¹ On Palm Sunday he carried his palm, and walked in procession with the community, setting forth the Divine Service right honourably. On the Thursday he made his Maundy in the chapel of our Lady, where he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, thereby signifying his own age. On Easter Day, April 17, 1530, he went in procession in his Cardinal's vesture, having his hat on his head, and sang the High Mass very solemnly. Resuming his journey, he reached Southwell, where he spent the greater part of the summer, and at last came to the decision that he would be installed in his Cathedral of York as its Archbishop, on Monday, the 7th day of December.

During this period the Cardinal had gained the affections of the men of Yorkshire by the various estimable qualities which he exhibited in his intercourse with them. His misfortunes had taught him many useful lessons, and he profited by them and put them into practice. Of this several examples are recorded by his biographer, who accompanied him throughout his northern expedition. Most commonly, as we are told by Cavendish, every Sunday (if the weather did serve) he would travel into some poor parish church near where he resided, and there would say his Divine Service (his office) and either say or hear Mass, and caused one of his chaplains to preach the Word of God unto the people. And that done, he would dine in some honest house in the town, where should be distributed to the people a great alms of meat and drink ; or of money to supply the want of meat, if the number of the poor did so exceed in necessity.

Being at Nostell, he confirmed children in the church from the hour of eight until twelve of the clock at noon. Making a short dinner he resorted thither again soon after one of the clock, and for weariness at the last was constrained to call for a chair ; and there confirmed more children from the said hour unto six of the clock towards night. That done he went to supper, and rested him there all that night. Next morning, or ever he went on his journey, he confirmed almost an hundred children more, and then rode on his way from thence. And in his journey, at a plain green a little beyond Ferry-bridge, there were assembled, at a great cross made of stone, a number of about five hundred children, where he was fain

¹¹ Peterborough did not become an episcopal see until 1541, and at the time when it was visited by Wolsey was an abbey within the diocese of Lincoln.

to alight, and from thence never removed until he had fully confirmed them every one. Then he took his mule and rode to Cawood where he lay long after with much honour and love of the country, both of the worshipful and of the simple, doing of good deeds of charity, and held there an honourable and plentiful household for all comers. His noble and gentle behaviour caused him to have much love in the country of all kind of people. He kept there a noble house, where was both plenty of meat and drink for all comers, and also much alms given at the gate to the poor of the town and country. Lest Cavendish's report should be accused of undue partiality to the memory of his late master, I quote in confirmation of it a passage from a work which, having been issued by the King's printer in 1536, cannot be open to such a charge.¹² The author, whoever he may have been, writes thus: "Who was less beloved in the north than my lord Cardinal (God have his soul!) before he was amongst them? Who better beloved after he had been there a while? We hate oftentimes where we have good cause to love. It is a wonder to see how they were turned; how of utter enemies they became his dear friends. He gave bishops a right good example how they might win men's hearts. There was few holidays, but he would ride five or six miles from his house, now to this parish church, now to that, and there cause one or other of his doctors to make a sermon unto the people. He sat amongst them and said Mass before all the parish. He saw why churches were made, and began to restore them to their right and proper use. He brought his dinner with him, and bade divers to it. He enquired whether there was any debate or grudge between any of them. If there were, after dinner he sent for the parties to the church and made all one. Men say well that do well."

Such a result as this had not been anticipated by Wolsey's enemies when they caused him to take up his residence at York, and they viewed his growing popularity with apprehension. They were aware that Henry still retained some lingering kindness, or at least some admiration, for his late Councillor, who, if the opportunity were afforded him, might even yet recover his former ascendancy. They thought, says Cavendish, that the King might call him home again; and then if he

¹² The title of the work here quoted (from Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. i. p. 622, Ed. 1853) is *A Remedy for Sedition*. The passage given in the text is to be found on sig. E. 2.

did so, they supposed that he would rather imagine vengeance than to remit and forget their cruelty which they had wrought against him. Wherefore they compassed in their heads either by some means to despatch him by accusation of treason, or to bring him in the King's high indignation. This was daily their study and consultation, having for their espial as many vigilant eyes attendant upon him as the poet feigned Argus to have; so that he could neither work nor do anything but that his enemies had knowledge thereof shortly after. They succeeded so far as to move the King to great displeasure, who thereupon thought it good that the Cardinal should come up to London and stand to his trial; and orders accordingly were given by his Majesty that Wolsey should be arrested by the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Walter Walche upon the charge of high treason.

The definite form in which this accusation was drawn up had been so framed as best to excite the suspicions and arouse the anger of the King. In support of the charge, Wolsey was accused of having corresponded with the Pope through the medium of certain friends in the Court of France. This charge, utterly fictitious in itself, rested upon a certain basis of truth which gave it the appearance of being credible. Some months previously, about the time when he first discovered his danger, Wolsey had asked Francis to intercede for him with Henry, a request which was neither unnatural nor unlawful. But Wolsey entrusted the management of this affair to one of his attendants, an Italian physician named Agostino degli Agostinis, by whom he was betrayed. Francis made the matter known to the Cardinal's enemies in the English Court, and Agostino was induced to affirm that his master still carried on a correspondence with the Pope which was unfavourable to the King's divorce. Henry's wrath was thus excited; the physician returned to the service of his employer, where we shall again meet him, and all who knew the King's temper were convinced that the final ruin of the Cardinal was now only a matter of time.

On Friday, November 4, 1530, Cardinal Wolsey, being then at Cawood, was arrested upon this charge of high treason. Dr. Agostino, his physician, was seized at the same time and sent off to London, "with divers persons to conduct him, which was bound unto his horse like a traitor;" a measure plainly meant to divert suspicion from him. The arrange-

ments for the Cardinal's removal could not be completed until the following Sunday afternoon, somewhat near night. Among the persons whom his captors appointed to wait upon him was Cavendish, his gentleman usher, from whose charming narrative the particulars of the last days of his master are derived. After a touching farewell to his servants he was met at the gate by a number of people (above three thousand, says Cavendish), who, when they had a sight of him, cried with a loud voice, "God save your Grace, God save your Grace, the foul evil take them that have thus taken you from us! We pray God that every vengeance may light upon them!" The same demonstrations of affectionate regard were shown to him at Doncaster, where, although it was dark, the people had assembled in expectation of his arrival. Running before him with candles in their hands, they cried, "God save your Grace, my good lord Cardinal," lamenting his misfortune and cursing his accusers. The next day brought him to Sheffield Park, where he remained for eighteen days.¹³ During this time he had the first attack of the sickness, whatever it may have been, which in the end proved fatal. A further trouble here awaited him in the arrival of Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, who had been sent by the King, to take the Cardinal under his own immediate charge and to conduct him to London.

Wolsey knew too well the meaning of the King's order; it was the assurance that he was to be committed to the Tower as a prisoner of State, and as such to be arraigned for high treason. His courage failed him, and he exclaimed, in answer to the encouraging words of his host the Earl of Shrewsbury, "Well, well, then, I perceive more than ye can imagine, or do know. Experience of old hath taught me." Kingston, on

¹³ Namely, from Sunday, November 6, until Thursday 24th, when he went to Hardwick.

While Wolsey was at Sheffield De Vaux wrote a letter to Montmorency, from which the following passage is an extract. "I have delayed this despatch to learn more about the poor Cardinal; concerning whom the King and the Lords of his Council have assured me with oaths that they have not the slightest suspicion of me, but have every good opinion, and hold me as a dear servant. Norfolk and Suffolk have begged me firmly to believe it; but as to the poor Cardinal I fear it cannot go well with him. They say they have many important charges and many grave opinions against him, and the King has told me that among these charges is one to the effect that the Cardinal has plotted against his Majesty both in and out of the kingdom, and has told me where and how; and that one, and perhaps more of his servants, have discovered this and accused him. Old matters aggravate the new in regard to the Cardinal, for whose fall I am exceedingly sorry" (Le Grand, iii. 529; Brewer, 6,720).

being brought into Wolsey's presence, thus explained the object of his commission: "The King commanded me to say to you that you should assure yourself that he beareth unto you as much good will and favour as ever he did; and he willeth you to be of good cheer. And for the ministration of justice he can do no less than send for you to your trial; mistrusting nothing your trust and wisdom, but that ye shall be able to requite yourself of all complaints and accusations exhibited against you." But Wolsey's convictions of coming evil were not to be shaken. "Mr. Kingston," said he, "all the comfortable words which ye have spoken unto me be spoken but for a purpose, to bring me into a fool's paradise. I know what is provided for me. Notwithstanding, I thank you for your good will and pains taken about me, and I shall with all speed make me ready to ride with you to-morrow."

During the night the disease under which the Cardinal laboured gave him no quiet, and in the morning it was clear to all but himself that he was utterly unfit to travel. A day's rest, however, had so far recruited his strength that he insisted upon continuing his journey. Hardwick Hall and Nottingham were the next halting places, at each of which he spent a night, "very evil at ease." Next day he rode to Leicester Abbey, and by the way he waxed so sick that he had almost fallen from his mule. At the gate the Abbot with all his convent met him with lighted torches, to whom he said, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you." He did not alight from his mule until he came to the stairs of his chamber, and then Master Kingston took him by the arm and led him up the stairs. (Kingston afterwards told Cavendish that he never felt so heavy a burden in all his life.) And as soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed very sick. This was upon Saturday at night (November 26), and then continued he, sicker and sicker. It was obvious now to all that the end could not be far distant.

We have no record of what occurred upon the Sunday. On Monday the dying man was disturbed by Kingston, who interrogated him respecting the disposal of a sum of money of which the King expected to obtain possession. This was done by virtue of letters which Kingston had received that morning from Henry. The supposition that he was charged with fraud and peculation was very painful to the Cardinal, and he thought himself compelled to enter into details respecting his money

affairs which taxed beyond their strength the fast failing powers of both his mind and his body.

During the night the Cardinal waxed very sick, and often swooned, and Cavendish thought that he drew on fast to his end. About four o'clock in the morning, however, he so far rallied as to take a little food, "for I intend this day," said he, "to make me strong to the intent that I may occupy myself in confession, and make me ready to God." His intellect and memory were still unimpaired. After he had eaten a spoonful or two of the nourishment which was brought to him he inquired wherof it was made, and finding that it was chicken broth he refused to take any more, remarking that it was a fasting day, namely, the vigil of St. Andrew the Apostle. He then began his confession, which lasted about an hour. It was made to one Doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chaplain and ghostly Father. No sooner was this duty ended than he was again assailed by Kingston, who did his best, but ineffectually, to persuade the dying penitent that he had been too heedful to his condition, and that it would be wise in him were he to cast aside all thoughts of his approaching dissolution. During the progress of this conversation occurred that remark made by Wolsey with which all are so familiar. "If I had served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But such is the just reward which I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure." His last words were an entreaty to Henry to preserve England in the unity of that faith in which they had both been born and educated. And even with these words, proceeds his faithful attendant, he began to draw his speech at length and his tongue to fail, his eyes being presently set in his head, and their sight failed him. "Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's Passion, and sent for the Abbot of the house to anoye him, who made all the speed he could and came to his departure, and so said certain prayers before the breath was fully out of his body.

It was thought good that he should be buried the next day following, and that the Mayor of Leicester and his brethren should be sent for, to see him personally dead, to avoid the false rumours of persons that might happen to say that he was still alive. In the meantime the body was taken out of the bed where he lay dead. He had upon him a shirt of hair, besides his other shirt, which was of very fine holand ; which was not

known to any of his servants, being continually about him in his chamber, saving to his ghostly father. These shirts were laid in a coffin made for him of boards; having upon his dead corpse all such ornaments as he was professed in when he was made bishop and archbishop, as mitre, cross, ring, and pall, with all other things due to his order and dignity. And thus lying all day in his coffin, open and barefaced, every man that would might see him there dead.

Lying thus until four or five of the clock at night, he was carried down into the church with great solemnity by the Abbot, and conducted with much torchlight and service song due for such funerals. Being in the church, the corpse was set in our Lady's Chapel, with diverse tapers of wax and diverse poor men sitting about the same, holding torches in their hands, who watched about the corpse all night, while the canons sang *Dirige* and other devout oraisons. And about four of the clock in the morning Mr. Kingston and the Cardinal's servants came into the church, and there tarried they, executing of diverse ceremonies in such cases used about the corpse of a bishop. Then went they to Mass, at which Mass the Abbot and diverse other did offer; and that done they went about to bury the corpse in the midst of the said chapel, where was made for him a grave. And by the time he was buried and all ceremonies ended, it was six of the clock in the morning.

So ends the history of Henry's great Minister and England's great Cardinal. I have lingered over it, won partly by the beauty and the truthfulness of the narrative from which I have quoted so largely; won even more by the magnificence of the story which it unfolds and the value of the lessons which it teaches. If I have thought it my duty to write down, as I have done in a former chapter, the faults, the weaknesses, and the sins of Wolsey's earlier life, I think it still more a duty to recount the steps by which he endeavoured to atone for them, and showed his desire to make his peace with God. The character of Wolsey, taken as a whole, is a noble character, noble even in the lower order; very noble in his humility and his faith. Whatever may have been his other sins, it cannot be said that he ever swerved from the truth, and his last thoughts were occupied and his last breath spent in the vindication of the unity of the Catholic Church.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

The Streamlet's Song.

As on its course the mountain stream
Unto the valley sped,
The echoes listened, wondering,
To what its murmurs said.
Deep in that mystic solitude
Singing, it passed along ;
Around was silence, hushed repose ;
This was the streamlet's song :
" Ever, ever, flowing onwards, neither rest nor sleep for me ;
Tho' my course be smooth or rugged, onwards, onwards, to the
sea.

" I sing beside the peasant's cot,
Beside the castle keep,
Mid forest gloom, neath sunshine bright,
And where the weary sleep,
Thro' meads where flowers of varied hue
Around their perfume shed,
Thro' rocky gorge and arid plain,
On to my ocean bed.
Ever, ever, flowing onwards, neither rest nor sleep for me ;
Tho' my course be smooth or rugged, onwards, onwards, to the
sea.

" On, on, the scorching air to cool,
The earth to fertilize,
Of hunted stag the thirst to slake
Ere yet he quivering dies.
On, to refresh the warrior pale
Who, couched on blood-stained sod,
Cries, ' Water from yon streamlet give,
One drop for love of God.'
Ever, ever, flowing onwards, neither rest nor sleep for me ;
Tho' my course be smooth or rugged, onwards, onwards, to the
sea.

The Streamlet's Song.

“The type am I of human life,
As down the course of years
It onward flows, mid laughter now,
Anon mid bitter tears,
Mid reckless mirth, mid breaking hearts,
On, till the sands are run,
On, till is gained the tideless sea,
On, till the goal is won.
Ever, ever, flowing onwards, neither rest nor sleep for me ;
Tho' my course be smooth or rugged, onwards, onwards, to the
sea.”

A. M. H.

The French Republic under Dynamite.

THERE can be no manner of doubt to any observer of foreign news, that the march of events in France is such as shadows forth, with only too precise an outline, a rapidly approaching storm, one of those portentous political-religious storms which have already swept with awful destruction over that fair but ill-fated land. Newspapers of every shade, from the organs of legitimacy to those of the lowest depths of democracy, feel that there is thunder in the air. *Le Mouvement Révolutionnaire* has taken its place among the daily papers; and the crash of dynamite, and the flutter of the baleful crimson flag, are the harbingers of what is coming. Under such circumstances, it can hardly be uninteresting to note certain events which have lately occurred, and especially those in which religious interests are involved.

It is a subject of curious interest to read the events of to-day side by side with the history of the "Great" Revolution of 1788-1793, as told us in M. Taine's work, *Les origines de la France contemporaine*, a book which cannot be too highly praised for its historical value, and its courageous plain speaking.

We have said that the French press of every shade is sensible of a threatening state of things in the body politic. From a number of citations to this effect three or four will show how far this fully exists. "No one knows how to command, and no one will any longer obey," says the opportunist organ of Gambetta, *La République Française*, making an ominous confession of a house divided. "The chaos, internal and external, in which Republican France is helplessly struggling, cannot go on for a much longer time. There is something rotten in this our country. A slow decay is undermining our political existence, which is falling away bit by bit," writes the Republican *National*. "The country is worn out and discouraged, the Republic is stricken with sterility, the well spring of all authority is dried up," sadly exclaims the Bonapartist *Pays*, whilst one of the ultra-Radical journals declares that "the

existing Republic is a rule of corruption, of baseness, and imbecility, so that nothing is left but that France, in an excess of immense disgust, shall vomit it forth."

We do not propose to trace back to the origin of the Third Republic the cause of this state of decomposition and "universal disgust." Certain it is, that step by step the Republic has been descending those nether depths, which no less an authority than M. Thiers said would "end in blood or in imbecility." Notwithstanding the "enlightened progress," the "casting off of old world prejudices and superstitions," and so on through the stock phrases of self-laudation in which the modern Republican, like his ancestors, rejoice, it is patent that the governing power of France is become a "very tower of Babel, so entire is the confusion of tongues." It was only to be expected that in this existing state of things, after having been indoctrinated for years past in the teachings of Democracy, Radicalism, Rebellion, Atheism, Anarchy, and Communism, by a certain press unequalled in its infamy and its impunity, and by the unchecked, open expression of all these subversive teachings, such doctrines should have taken root, and that every day for the past five months has brought news of their fruits in social disorder, attacks upon life and property, and the most ferocious menaces against persons and society in general. As in 1792 so in 1882, a large class exists in France which has come to believe that the clergy, as representing religion, the police, as representing order, and private property and its possessors, are absolutely obnoxious, and must be done away with, root and branch.

It must not be forgotten that these ideas were propagated more or less directly by the very men who have climbed into place and wealth upon the shoulders of those who not illogically have enlarged upon them. M. Gambetta proclaimed at Romans that "the enemy was clericalism;" M. Ferry and M. de Freycinet broke into the houses of monks and religious, and drove them forth, and sealed up the doors of their chapels; M. Herold tore down the images of Christ crucified and His Blessed Mother, and his successor, M. Oustry, carries on the war against the Cross, whilst M. Grevy himself assisted in the pillage of the palace of the Archbishop of Paris (February 14, 1831). All these and many more acts hardly consistent with either "liberty, equality, or fraternity," have been wrought before the people, and as the

people perceive "an unlimited field of licence open before them in which flourish such noxious weeds as hate of religion, greed, rapine, and effusion of blood, they will hesitate at no obstacle, they will break down all that comes in their way," as in the Jacobine outbursts of 1790, and all this "under the lovely name of *Patriotism*, prostituted by their inflamed imagination as the cloak for the basest and most atrocious crimes."

How the flood-gates are opening to the escape of the worst passions is illustrated by the proceedings of those Congresses held in the Department of the Loire early last October, viz., the Socialist Working Men's Congress at Saint Etienne; the National Socialist Working Men's Congress at Roanne; and the Working Miner's Congress at Saint Etienne. Nothing was too extravagant, too monstrous, to be brought forward by the improvised "orators" who, one after another, "mounted to the tribunes" of these eccentric assemblies to scream forth their "ideas," illustrating once more what Mirabeau called, writing of the revolutionists of his time, "*Notre nation de singes à larynx de perroquets.*" Abolition of all taxes, immediate and complete arming of the people, the working day to be reduced to six hours, wages to be regulated by law, suppression of the ecclesiastical budget, cession of all ecclesiastical buildings to the nation, are some of the proposals for ameliorating society, and rendering the French working-man happy. But these proposals were not considered by any means either sufficient or efficient. Citizen Champoulie declared that his desire was the abolition of every description of government, so as to have no more masters, "and wherever one appeared, he, for his part, would shoot him down." Citizen Guesde was decidedly of opinion "that never should the gun be laid aside till the last *bourgeois* shall have disappeared with the last holder of property." "What active part," asked Citizen Deynaud, "does the owner of a coal mine take in production? None at all. He puts the profits in his strong box, and leaves the work to his miners and servants—he must be abolished by the social revolution. Railway companies are in the same position; the shareholders know nothing of their practical working, they only handle the money. If this money," continues this Radical philosopher, "was distributed amongst us, would it not be infinitely more profitable to the working men?" But these sagacious theories were not in every case accepted without dissent, and at Saint Etienne a courageous citizen had

the audacity to protest against the cry of *À bas les bourgeois !* Despite the cry of the irate socialists, he clambered into the tribune and announced his name as Cordé, his business as an apprentice barber, and his right to speak as "a working man," for "I work fourteen hours a day, and I defy you, who interrupt me, to say as much for yourselves. I protest against the stupidities which the socialists have uttered in this place for the last eight days, and against the assumption of authority which would have every one who does not share your ideas put out of doors." After a fresh outbreak of insult and uproar, but encouraged by some faint expressions of approval here and there in the dense crowd gathered before him, Cordé continued : "You talk of nothing else but of putting down, massacring, shooting every one who does not go with your set. I tell you plainly, that your task will not be so easy, and that there are a good many of us who do not intend to submit to be shorn like lambs as it may please you."—The "little sheep" gathered courage at this bold speech, and the orator was saluted this time by "enthusiastic bravos."—"I have listened for a long time without uttering a word, but my indignation has at last run over. I tell you, you defenders of the Commune, that in 1871, I was sergeant in the army which saved Paris, that I did my duty as a soldier, and I am proud of it." "Frantic applause," and counter cries of "*À bas les Versaillais !*" rent the air at this avowal, and at last "President" Bordat solemnly called on his fellow citizens to listen to "this soldier who dares to boast of the massacres which he has upon his conscience!" but Cordé was not to be arrested by this most inappropriate appeal to conscience on the part of a *Communard*. "I say it again, I did my duty, I defended France and the Republic, and I am proud that I did so." Upon this, and in a new whirlwind of cries, a Citizen Clément, ex-member of the Commune, and distinguished as having made the most violent and blood-thirsty motions whilst a member of that tragico-comic institution, thus apostrophised Cordé : "You were lucky not to have been face to face with me in the battle, or you would not be here." "I have a strong belief," retorted the martial barber, "that you kept yourself out of danger on that occasion ; however, if you are one of the fighting men, and if you begin that iniquity again, we will shoot you again as we shot you down before!"

We have given this scene at length, as it affords a striking, and too rare example, in France, of what one man, bold in the

right, can dare to do, and how he may turn the tide of feeling, even in the meetings of such maniacs. Amongst themselves, the "universal fraternity" that might be presumed to reign did not always exist, for these meetings generally wound up with fierce encounters, in which no more lethal weapons than walking sticks or umbrellas were employed. The unhesitating conviction which induced the revolutionists of 1789 to "believe themselves to be capable of framing codes of laws, of repairing all the faults of past times, remedying all the errors of human judgment, and assuring the happiness of ages to come," is as deeply impressed on Frenchmen of to-day as Taine shows it to have been in the eighteenth century. "Doubt holds no place in their ideas, and infallibility presides amidst their most contradictory decrees." Strangely enough these working men's congresses, though they could only lead to the most fatal results, "violence against society, spoliation, and assassination not only of the more favoured, but of the laborious and honest classes, and ultimate civil war," have been left perfectly free and unpunished by the authorities. Well might one of the constitutional and Conservative organs of France, *Le Soleil*, ask: "Is it purely in a personal and private interest that the Government is invested with public power? Or do they hold this authority only to serve their individual passions, and does their strength lie in the force of the 'existing laws' for thrusting the monk from his monastery, for driving the nun from the school, where for time immemorial she has devoted herself to the education of the children of the people? And yet France never more needed safeguards within and without than at this moment, and how can she expect these with a Government which daring all against religion, dares nothing against the Revolution." That the interests of the State are secondary considerations to personal interests, shameful as may be the accusation, is but too true. It was to retain their portfolios and their salaries that the then Ministers, with President Grevy at their head, and to retain their seats and their pay that the Deputies of the Centre voted the amnesty of the Communists, one of the most unstatesmanlike of acts, to say the least, and which is now recoiling upon the Government of the Republic.

The doctrines professed at these democratic and socialist meetings are not mere empty and discordant utterances, but lead to terrible action, as has been proved by the outbreaks at Monceau-les-Mines, and the alarms at Lyons, &c., which

have absorbed public attention of late in France. Monceau and the well known Creusot, both centres of important metallurgic production and manufacture, in the Department of the Saône et Loire, have for some time since been known as centres also of socialistic movement. The police had information of midnight meetings in the forests and quarries, and occasionally in certain taverns of the Commune, of a secret society known as *La Bande Noire*, an ominous title and a tradition of the "Great" Revolution. Numerous isolated attacks upon property, threats against persons, by anonymous letters, and manuscript bills stuck upon conspicuous places, had produced a feeling of intense alarm in the neighbourhood for some time past, and though it was later established before the public courts that the statutes of this secret and subversive society had been in the hands of a M. Hendlé, prefect of the district, a year previously, this typical prefect, notorious for his activity in attacking religious houses and expelling nuns from schools, had never taken any kind of action in the matter. Last August, encouraged by this impunity, a band of about twenty of these "citizens" commenced operations on a larger scale by overthrowing and breaking into pieces a mission cross at a village named Bois-Duverne, near Monceau. This first outbreak of hate against the Cross of Christ occurred on the 6th, and on the 12th another mission cross at Alouettes, in the same Commune, was demolished. On the 13th the violent explosion of a dynamite cartridge formed the signal for an outrage of the true revolutionary type. The heads of *La Bande* were assembled that night in a low *cabaret* of the locality, and several "brothers" had been enrolled. They marched in a body to the attack of the chapel of Bois-Duverne, and armed with hatchets and crow-bars at once attacked and broke down the door. For the space of an hour, and amidst shrieks of blasphemy and brutality and howls of obscene and revolutionary songs, axe and bar and loaded ropes were plied, till every sacred object was destroyed and every religious feature effaced, altar, statues, communion rails, stained glass, all utterly ruined. By a Providential absence the chaplain escaped with his life in the attack upon the presbytery which followed, though his death was loudly called for. Disappointed in this direction, the rioters attacked the schools which are under the care of Religious. In a few moments the schools were sacked, and the Sisters, assembled in their little oratory on an upper floor,

prepared for death. Happily the arrival of the *gendarmes* saved them from massacre, or a worse fate, for as M. Taine says, men, "under revolutionary excitement became absolute savages, with the instincts of beasts."

At a later hour on this same night, having attacked the houses of various peaceful and honest workers in the mines, and broken into a gunsmith's shop for arms, and collected numerous recruits, many of them by fear and under threats of death, the troop, now numbering some hundred and fifty, returned to the ruined chapel. Under the orders of the chief of the band, the broken chairs, alms boxes, altars, priestly vestments, and sacristy fittings were heaped up in the nave, and whilst the lugubrious sound of the tocsin was pealed out upon the night by the rioters, as if in mockery, fire was applied, and soon the whole chapel was wrapped in flames to the cries of "*Vive la Révolution sociale! vive '93! Mort aux bourgeois!*" With astounding audacity, counting upon the fanatic hate of religion in every form, which blinds the common intelligence of his readers, M. Gambetta, in the *République Française*, has dared to assert that this outbreak was in reality traceable to the "clericals!" It is lamentable enough to observe that certain respectable English journals allowed themselves to repeat a statement only more false than it is stupid. As we continue the history of the event, as far as its details have been unfolded in a court of justice, our readers will see that we have ample warrant for our words.

The wide-spread alarm in the district demanded a speedy repression of these disorders, and the Government was at last compelled to act. Twenty-two members of the *Bande noire* were shortly after apprehended, though there is no doubt many of the leading actors or instigators of the movement escaped the hand of justice. We have said above it has been alleged that the "clerical" party was at the bottom of the revolutionary outbreak, in which the devastation and burning of a church, the sacking of a school, and an attack on the priest and nuns of the place were hardly circumstances establishing "clerical" action. It would be waste of our reader's time to combat such a palpable and miserable invention, but it is worth while inquiring what were the causes of the outbreak, and a careful perusal of the *acte d'accusation* clearly establishes that it was the application of the socialistic revolutionary doctrine of the propagation "*by action*"

of the destruction of the property of the *bourgeois*, and of the *bourgeois* themselves! It displayed itself in the first instance in an attack upon the chapel of Bois-Duverne, because the instincts of the party are primarily anti-religious, and because they calculated, partly, on their immunity in such an act under the existing rulers of France, and partly on the panic which such an audacious act would produce, both as regards the authorities, and the peaceful portion of the population. That they should have attacked the presbytery and convent was perfectly logical; the highest authorities of Republican France, persons in tall hats and primrose-coloured gloves, had done precisely the same acts, and then priests and nuns were not formidable opponents, and do not carry revolvers or employ dynamite. That the band did not commit further outrages on this occasion was because their plans were upset by the arrival of a couple of *gendarmes*. They were to have seized the director of the mine, M. Chagot, and M. Jeannin, the mayor of Monceau, as hostages, and then stopped the works.

The subsequent programme was set forth in their organ—for the *Bande noire* had its organ—*L'Etendard Révolutionnaire*. "Small groups were to seize by surprise detached villages where there were no troops. Closing in, they were to approach the larger towns, and in combined bands and aided by the local mobs, to pillage and destroy everything. The arm of the insurrection was to be placed at the service of the sovereign people, and to fulfil their demands." We have mentioned the name of the director of the mines of Blanzky and the mayor of Monceau; a summary of their evidence on the 17th of October, the second day of the trial, in the Court-house of Monceau, before M. Musson, the Presiding Judge, will be found interesting from different points of view, and tend still further to show how incautiously English newspapers took up M. Gambetta's mendacious statements. M. Chagot, as director, has in his employ five thousand workmen, and a large staff of officers. He had in every instance, in the interests of his workmen, forestalled the demands of the miners in other districts. Eight hours work a day, a system of pensions, a benevolent fund of which half is subscribed by the company, a provision for the married men, who become owners of a property of the value of three thousand francs after a service of ten years, on the condition of paying an ordinary rental, and finally, a share of profits with their employers to the amount of some

four hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand francs added to their wages were amongst the ameliorations of recent introduction. Notwithstanding this liberality, a certain number of the miners had allowed themselves to be duped by the fallacious theories of the *Bande noire*, the practical result of which would be, as was stated by the director, to give each man once for all a sum of three thousand francs, in place of a regular pay, and a retiring pension of from four hundred and fifty to six hundred francs a year. M. Chagot declared his own strong religious convictions as a Catholic, and it was from these convictions that sprung the sense of duty which had led him to treat his workmen rather with the feeling of a father to his children than as a task-master. At the same time he had never insisted on their adopting his religious views, or interfered with them if they adopted contrary opinions, though he would never permit any public manifestations either anti-religious or anti-social.

Such irreligious manifestations had taken place on the occasion of a Catholic funeral, the chaplain had complained, and four or five men had been dismissed, but they were afterwards permitted to return to the works at the request of the priest himself. Originating from the same revolutionary sources, certain "crimes" had been alleged against M. Chagot, such as the payment of wages at the pit-mouth in place of in the public-houses on the Sunday, which had displeased the *cabaretiers*; and his having provided sewing and knitting-machines in proper work-rooms, to occupy the young girls, children of the miners; and finally, that he had attended the Catholic Congress at Autun, his object, as he stated, having been to study what further ameliorations he could introduce in favour of his workmen. The absolute truthfulness of the evidence of this gentleman was amply confirmed by subsequent witnesses, not by any means of his views, and yet it was in the face of such evidence, that it has been again declared that "clericalism is the enemy" which had provoked rebellion. In remarkable contrast to the last witness is M. Jeannin, the mayor of Monceau-les-Mines, a perfect type of the magistrate of the Third Republic. His first anxiety was to proclaim his entire dissent from the religious views of M. Chagot, and then, "with an expression of regret," he was "obliged to agree" with the President that the cause of the annoyances he had had to bear from the citizens of the *Bande noire* was that he repré-

sented "authority." When asked by the court how he accounted for the outrages which had occurred in August, the response of this model functionary of the "Amiable Republic," must be quoted verbatim to be appreciated. "The answer to your question is not an easy one. There has been some talk of what were, perhaps, religious exaggerations which have occurred at Monceau. For example, the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial." But said the Judge very naturally, "Paray is not Monceau."—"Yes, just so; but there were pilgrimages organized at Monceau."—"Surely the workingmen were not obliged to take part in them?"—"No, but possibly they were encouraged to favour them.

There was also some talk about the nuns. Thus, Rochut, a mason, having had a dispute with Pounet, head of the station at Monceau, and having threatened to strike him on the head with his trowel, the latter almost felled him with a loaded stick."—"What have either the *curé* or the nuns to do with all this?" was the not unnatural exclamation of the Judge, at the conclusion of this bewildering "evidence."—"You are right; still there were *other* circumstances which annoyed the population. There was the religious retreat, at which the women-sorters were obliged to attend, and to which they were marched in file." Here M. Chagot interrupted the involved magistrate to state that *no one* was *obliged* to "attend," but that those who chose to do so had been allowed to leave their work earlier. In answer to the question, "if any complaints were made of the clergy?" M. Jeannin was obliged to own he "did not know of any," but "people said a young girl had left her parents to join the nuns," and this portentous fact was the sum of the evidence as to the causes which, according to M. le Maire de Monceau had produced the "internationalist, collectivist, nihilist, and anarchist" outbreak in his commune! M. l'Abbé Gauthier, Curé of Bois-Duverne, gave evidence of the insults to which he had been exposed on account of his having performed Christian rites of sepulture at the request of the father of a workman who had been a member of the *Bande noire*. Generally the witnesses gave their evidence with the utmost reluctance, and under pressure of the dread of vengeance, whilst the attitude of the accused became more unbecoming and insolent every day, and the panic attacked even the jury. What direct evidence was obtained, however, was of the most damning nature, and no kind of doubt existed of the outrages having been committed by the prisoners.

On the fourth sitting of the court the President read a letter signed "Jacques Bonhomme," posted at Lyons to his address, written in the sanguinary tone of the Jacobins of '98, and informing the Judge that if in his summing up he leant too heavily on "our friends of Monceau, he should be attacked through his dearest family affections, and should be burnt at a slow fire . . . for the greater glory of the social revolution, one and indivisible." The same day, news of the discovery of dynamite cartridges at Chalons, and an explosion at Saint-Valier, added to the gathering feeling of public alarm. The condemnation to death of the jury by the secret tribunal of the "executive revolutionary committee" brought matters to a crisis, and utterly overborne and overwhelmed by the "social terror," the President of the French Republic yielded to the President of the *Bande noire*, and the trial was suspended.

Simultaneously with this astounding exhibition of feebleness on the part of the Government, an irruption of inflammatory placards broke out in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Creuzot, Privas, &c. Round about the Church of the Sacré Cœur at Montmartre were stuck bills with these words, "the Church of the Sacred Heart of the bigots, which is an insult to the Republicans of the Commune, is condemned by the people-judge. On the day fixed by the tribunal of the Revolution it will be blown up." At Lyons, the Church of our Lady of Fourvières bore placards of a similar tone. At Marseilles the following was to be read upon the walls of the dock-yard: "President, Ministers, and Prefects of the Republic, capitalists, and *bourgeois*, we will destroy you all, bit by bit, with steel, fire, poison, and every possible means of destruction." By a sudden impulse of energy a few well-known leaders of the anarchists were arrested, and the next day, in a revulsion of cowardice, released; amongst their papers, were found printed on red paper, and to the number of some thousands of copies, the most detailed instructions as to the use of explosives, "dynamite, fulmi-cotton, litho-fracteur," &c.

On the very day when the trial at Monceau was suspended (Monday, October the 23rd), several acts of abominable impiety and ruthless wickedness occurred at various points in France. At Tours a priest was standing at the altar, when a man, wearing his hat, snatched the chalice from his hands, and hurled it to the ground, exclaiming, "Enough of this comedy, there must be an end of it." At St. Martin's at Amiens, five men sacked the

church, scattering the sacred vessels and the Consecrated Host upon the floor, tearing down and trampling all under foot. On the early morning of the 23rd of October, a *café* at Lyons, when filled with people, was blown up by a bomb filled with dynamite or compressed powder, and fragments of iron, and four persons were grievously wounded (one since dead), the establishment itself being utterly ruined. On the 24th, a cartouche of dynamite was exploded in the Bureau de Recrutement Militaire in the same city. Happily, material damage only resulted. The panic was such, that all the cellar-openings in the Bourse, the Prefecture, and the Archbishop's Palace, were built up, and strong bodies of military drafted into these and others of the public buildings. A secret manufacture of dynamite was discovered, and several deposits of cartouches were happily secured.

It is needless to continue this recital of deeds of destructive savagery and impiety, which are repetitions of all previous outbreaks of lava from the social volcano of revolution in France. Enough has been written to show that it is a movement of fearful weight and importance, and such as the Government which exists is utterly unable and unfit to cope with. For the past month or six weeks there has been a lull, but it would be the height of optimism to suppose it is to be taken as a forecast of permanent calm in the political atmosphere of the Republic of France. Deep in the body politic the ferment of social and political disturbance is unceasingly at work, and if, as we have said, there is a lull for the moment, the muttering thunder of revolutionary teachings, and the flash of dynamite, still break every now and then upon the ear and eye of the observer. Only the other day down in the heart of Catholic Vendée, one of the most esteemed and leading proprietors in that department, M. Paul de La Roche Saint-André, narrowly escaped with his life from a dynamite bomb, hurled through the window of his bedroom, but which, with extraordinary presence of mind, he picked up and threw into the garden before the burning match reached the deadly charge. He had been warned of the judgment passed upon his life by a letter emanating from the *bande anarchiste des mineurs*, headed *Vive le drapeau rouge ! Ni Dieu ni maître ! Vive la Commune !*

Revolutionary placards have reappeared at Morrielles upon the columns of the Bourse, and at Armentières in the North : threats of death and incendiary warnings have been sent

through the post or stuck on the establishments of several large employers of labour. In the latter instance the honest and industrious workmen of this important manufacturing town threatened to take the law into their own hands, and warned the "cowards, who dishonour the noble title of workmen, and whose only idea is to live by sloth, robbery, and pillage, that the moment they dare to show themselves they will see arise before them a body of men, resolute and energetic, and prepared for the struggle. Dynamite will find men who will not be afraid to face it, and woe to those who are taken in the act of using it. No quarter to assassins!" The "assassins" are likely to leave the honest workmen of Armentières in peace.

Strikes in every branch of industry continue to abound in every direction to the ruin of trade, encouraged and sustained by the socialistic faction. The abominable criminals, most worthy offspring of the Revolution, who combine hatred of God with love of plunder, and devote their energies to the plunder and desecration of the churches, have not rested. As recently as the first days of December two examples of this crime occurred, one at Fontenay-sous-Bois, and the other at Asnières, both in the environs of Paris. Happily in both cases the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, and the sacred vessels were in safe keeping, but with characteristic devilish hate the thieves had defiled the altar of the former place. The destruction of crosses is carried on, three more having been cast down in the neighbourhood of Monceau-les-Mines amongst others, and, as we have said above, the example is set by the chief magistrate of Paris, M. Oustry, who has obtained a grant from the Municipal Council of the cost involved by this anti-Christian vandalism.

Meanwhile the Radical citizens who occupy the benches of the Left in the Chamber of the Representatives of France, have undertaken to establish the absolute innocence of the rioters of Monceau, and to prove that the real criminals are to be found elsewhere (priests and nuns of course). But probably they know that a Parliamentary inquiry would only do more harm than good to the cause of their "friends and brothers," and they have wisely dropped the subject. On the other hand the Government is timidly approaching the second trial of these innocent iconoclasts. The *venu* is moved to Riom from Monceau, and we read of extensive precautions

in the way of a subterraneous passage from the prison to the court, along which the culprits will be led to the dock, and a complete modification of the court itself, in order to admit the numerous witnesses, functionaries, and police, and to reduce to a minimum the space reserved for the public. The trial will commence immediately, and will in all probability be concluded ere another week has passed. Meanwhile at Lyons the assizes of the beginning of December have been occupied by the trial of the radical editor of the *Standard Révolutionnaire*, one of those "poisoners of the wells" of France. For the crime of tampering with the duty of the military, and encouraging them to revolt, he has got off with a year's imprisonment and a fine of £120. Other criminals on the same occasion, convicted of preaching murder, pillage, incendiarism, and civil war, were condemned to the quite insufficient penalty of two years detention and a fine. We are not treating of the acts of the present Government of France, or the utterances of its representatives, and we therefore will say nothing of the scandals, and denials of justice, of which they have been, and constantly are, guilty before God and man.

It is worth while, before we bring this paper to a close, to ascertain what is the organization of the Revolutionary party in France—the *dynamitards*, as their progress in the art of destruction over the *petroleurs* of 1872 entitles them to be styled. A well-informed journal of the more moderate Republican party, *Paris*, has recently published some details on this subject which we will borrow. For many months past the most complete organization exists of the anarchical party. Groups of young men, from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, have been formed in all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the most important manufacturing centres of France. The selection of these groups is made with the utmost care, and the instructions transmitted to them from the central body are by word of mouth, all written orders being prohibited. To conceal the objects of these revolutionary groups they adopt the legal title of "Syndical Chambers," which profess to be occupied with the industrial interests of the working-men of the district. The outbreak of Monceau was, as it appeared in evidence, entirely directed by the so-called "Syndical Chamber" of the miners of that place. These "chambers" are linked together by a "federation" bearing the name of the department in which it exists, and each of these

"federations" has its seal and stamp, and sometimes a secret emblem. The federates act as intermediates between the local groups, and the "groups of execution," scattered throughout the communes, and are under the "directing committee." From amongst the federates are elected the delegates of the "secret committee," which is at the head of the league of rebellion, the head-quarters of which are established across the frontier, at Geneva. It is in Geneva that the Prince Kraptkine, the well-known Russian Nihilist, has collected the scattered revolutionary elements of the Parisian Commune which had been dispersed by the death of Backonnine and other causes. The Nihilist chief has had a large part in the foundation of the revolutionary centres at Lyons, St. Etienne, &c., the objects of which it is needless to say are the abolition of property, and the entire overthrow of existing social order. In Paris, which Danton called "the first sentinel of the nation," and where meet the extremes of virtue and vice, of all that is heroic and generous and all that is base and vile, the same system exists, and the journal from which we have borrowed the above information, tells us that the active revolutionary strength of the anarchist party in the capital consists of one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine members, composed as follows—sixteen members of the central committee, fifty-eight heads of groups, and one thousand one hundred and fifty-five members of groups. These are the men of whom Taine has written, that "in their own eyes they are kings;" "the sovereignty is given into their hands," as Billaud-Varennnes told the assassins of September, 1792, "their powers are without bounds." And being impressed with these facts they, either as fanatics or rogues, preach the same doctrines to the people."

As in 1793 and 1872, so in 1882, the numbers on the side of violence and outrage are probably comparatively small, but as M. Taine says, "Strength does not depend on numbers; they (the Revolutionists) are a compact body in a loose crowd, a crowd at once disorganized and inert, whilst the combined few are resolved to penetrate whatever stands in their way, as an iron wedge penetrates a disjointed wall built up of rubbish." "Three hundred thousand Jacobins ruled with a despotism more absolute than that of an Oriental Sovereign the France of twenty-six millions of men" in '93, and in our day of luxurious habits, utter selfishness, entire indifference to the public weal,

and absorbing love of gain, we may well dread that the coming struggle will be but faintly sustained with the demon of Revolution.

What, we may well ask, after what we have read, will save France? According to an "old Republican," and a well-known man of letters, Etienne Vacherot, "it must be a Government which shall be the result of panic, and in which all parties shall at once combine to put down the 'common enemy,' anarchy, and the scourge of dynamite!" Such a Government he believes might be formed by MM. Gambetta and Ferry. How little real confidence he has in these two men, as the saviours of France, is shown by his fear that they will continue in their beaten war-paths against the Church, the clergy, and religious education, and he says that the words of M. Gambetta, the deeds of M. Ferry, and the tenacious hatred of the clergy on the part of the Republican majority, allow of no doubt as to the result. Hoping against hope, he adjures them, however, to form a *gouvernement réparateur* which "shall put things and people in their places, shall give back to the religious their rights as citizens; to the fathers of families the free training of their children; to the magistrates, shamefully driven from their seats, the position of which they have been the ornament, and security and dignity to those who still occupy the bench." But "have Gambetta and Ferry the power and the will to do those things?" he asks. And we may confidently answer, No! God alone—the God who, as an ignoble Municipal Councillor of Paris, a certain Citizen Catteaux, told the little children, "does not exist"—can save France. How, in His infinite mercy and goodness He will do this, is beyond the ken of man, whether he be a Monarchist, Imperialist, or Republican. But we have the most profound confidence that the France which was the scene of the stupendous act of grace to the exposition of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, of the vision of the Immaculate Mary at Lourdes, which has founded on its soil the vast work of the Propagation of the Faith, where has grown up the sublime heroism of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, and the Little Sisters of the Poor, is not doomed to disappear, either by the dynamite of the Revolution, or by the devilish hate of the Church of MM. Gambetta and Ferry.

GEORGE GOLDIE.

The Rose of Mount Atlas.

ALTHOUGH the season was mid-winter it was a delightful morning when we took our seats in the train at Oran to set out for the foot of Mount Atlas. The sun shone upon the towers, minarets and synagogues of the city, and looking seaward we could see the white sails on the Mediterranean, amid which a steamer with its tail of blue smoke was visible in the offing. The air was sharp and crisp, as if charged with the snowy atmosphere of the Atlas range, for the breeze blew from the land. The scene at the railway station was the most animated that could be imagined. The mixture of nationalities, tongues and costumes formed a kind of Babel. We found the passengers in our carriage very sociable and communicative, especially the natives. In the suburbs there were some fine market-gardens on either side of the railway, which soon gave room to wheat fields. At a place called Valmy we came upon the great salt lake of Sebkka, which is thirty miles long, and has an elevation of two hundred and sixty feet over sea level. If this lake were drained, as it is proposed, it might bring to light the remains of some old Roman city, since it was close to here that Chevalier MacCarthy discovered the famous pillar of Diana, so much admired in the museum of Algiers. Having passed the lake we found the country more open and less cultivated than near Oran. Strings of camels occurred at intervals; the animals had a weather-beaten look and seemed to have known more of the desert than the camels I had seen in zoological gardens or in illustrated books by distinguished travellers.

We heard from one of the farmers that these animals will travel about forty miles a day, carrying a weight of five hundred pounds. They are very docile, and constitute the chief wealth of the Arabs, being worth about £12 sterling or upwards. They are fit to work at five years old, and rarely live beyond forty; as their strength begins to decline at five and twenty it often happens that they are then fatted for the butcher, their flesh

being like beef, and the hump the choicest "morceau." The Arabs have a superior breed of camels called Mehari, which readily go a hundred miles a day for several days in succession, with a single meal at nightfall, of grass, wheat, barley, or dates, according to the locality. It is disputed whether these animals are of much utility in warfare, although Napoleon conveyed a body of one thousand five hundred infantry on camels from Cairo to St. Jean d'Acre across the desert.

At Ougasse we saw an Arab funeral of the humblest kind ; the waggon on which the coffin lay was covered with green branches, and about fifty Arabs surrounded it at the gate of the cemetery. The next station was Oued-Malah, where a fair was going on, and hundreds of white robed natives thronged the wooden booths of the merchants. Some Arab peasants from the fair got into our carriage, and one who took a seat in front of us had a pair of Morocco shoes in his hand. He told us he had just bought them for his wife, and added, "she will not sleep to-night being so pleased for getting the shoes." He afterwards confessed to my husband that he had two wives, whereupon he asked him why he had not bought two pairs of shoes for them? "Oh, no!" he replied; one of them already had a pair, and it was in order to restore harmony in his "menage" that he now desired to put his second wife on an equal footing. He was a pleasant looking fellow, only twenty-seven years of age, though seeming much older, and full of harmless humour. On our remarking that his wife (No. 2) must have small feet to judge by the shoes, he said she was only fifteen years old and very fond of him, and that he had paid three francs for the shoes. We asked him if his countrymen had generally two wives, to which he replied that some had more. "In fact," said he, "I have been sometime thinking of a third wife, but that they are so expensive." But for his turban and burnous he might have passed for a Frenchman.

Oued-Sly is a strategic position near one of the contre-forts of the Atlas range, the Sly being one of the tributaries that fall into the Chelif valley; and here we saw an encampment of Spahis, this being the limit between the provinces of Algiers and Oran. Dykes have been made by the farmers to irrigate the neighbouring country with the waters of the Sly. These dykes are termed "barrages," and one of the most important works of this kind is at St. Denis du Sig, where the Government has expended £20,000 sterling on a breakwater fifty feet high, close

to the railway. An area of five thousand acres of land is in this manner made to yield abundant crops of cotton and tobacco. I forgot to mention that near Arbal we passed the model farm of M. Dupré, established more than twenty years, on lands granted him by Government, covering nearly ten square miles, on which he has expended fully a million francs. He has more than one hundred persons in this little colony, which comprises workshops, chapel, school, windmill, brewery, tile factory, gardens, &c. There are, however, other farms of much greater extent in this part of Algeria; for example Messrs. Debrouse and Cohen have obtained a concession of one hundred square miles between the station of Perregaux and the Mediterranean, in return for an outlay of £160,000 sterling on the Habra irrigation works, by which they have turned so much desert land into fields of sugar-cane and plantations of Australian gum-tree. The principal breakwater erected by them is five hundred yards long, one hundred and thirty feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet thick; it contains fourteen million tons of water, yet the sluice can be opened by one man. From here the mountains of Maskara run down to the sea.

Speaking of the climate and soil of these valleys between the Atlas range and the seaboard, the Arabs say, "No rain means healthy weather and bad crops; but if it rains then we shall have good crops and unhealthy season."

Orleansville is a flourishing, well-fortified town, with good hotels, and the traveller may conveniently stop here for the night, or at Affreville. The former place is surrounded by dense plantations of Australian gum (*eucalyptus*).

We continued our route to Blidah, at the foot of Mount Atlas, and reached our destination by moonlight.

I shall never forget the delightful view that burst upon us in all its grandeur as we pushed aside the jalousies of our window in the hotel at Blidah. The sun had just risen and the mantle of snow on Mount Atlas shone like burnished gold, while the woods that covered the slopes lent an aspect of tropical luxuriance that recalled to our mind the forests of Brazil and orange groves of Paraguay. Small white cottages studded the mountain side, some at such a height as to appear inaccessible, and all of them protected by dense woods. Lower down the eye rested on country-houses surrounded by gardens, in which orange trees laden with their golden fruit made one forget that it was the season of mid-winter; and lastly the minarets and

towers of Blidah completed a picture of Oriental beauty which justifies the title of "Rose of Mount Atlas," conferred on it by Arab poets.

The air was sharp as we took our morning walk through the shady avenues and boulevards. Turcos and Spahis formed a large portion of the inhabitants, and the market waggons of French farmers were coming into town, driven by men in blouses, armed with long whips, some having five or six horses yoked tandem. Arabs with their donkeys had smaller loads of market wares, chiefly firewood and vegetables. The square or Place d'Armes was shaded by double rows of plane trees, and an arcade on its four sides contained the principal shops, coffee-houses, and public offices. An elderly Englishman was sitting on a bench; he comes every winter to Blidah, the air of this place being much dryer than Algiers, and admirably suited for elderly or consumptive people.

Although it was not a Sunday or holiday we saw several women coming from church, and many of them gave a copper to a poor decrepit Mussulman, who begged alms at the foot of the steps of the building. This was only the first of a hundred instances that afterwards came under our notice of the kindly feeling between French and Arabs. One cannot be surprised at the affection which the people of Alsace displayed during the late war towards the French name (although speaking a different language), when one sees how much the French Government and people respect the feelings of these poor Arabs. There is no outward assumption of superiority over a conquered race, no wish to hurt the susceptibilities of the Mussulman. Equality before the law, freedom of worship, protection for life and property, schools of French and Arabic, and the same courteous treatment as if they were born Frenchmen; these are fully enjoyed by the poorest Arab that drives a donkey, and many of them are wise enough to see that if they have lost their independence they have still the best government ever enjoyed in Algeria.

Shaw, an English traveller of the last century, described Blidah as a city surrounded by gardens, the perfume of whose fruit was borne on the wind before the place was yet in sight. Yussuf the Marabout called it "the perfumed abode of delights." But a terrible calamity subsequently befell the place, for the earthquake of March, 1825, buried seven thousand of its inhabitants beneath the ruins of its mosques, synagogues, and

houses. It was in great part rebuilt when the French seized it in 1839, and since that time it has progressed so notably that it counts at present fifteen thousand souls. A second earthquake in 1867 inflicted only a passing injury, but there is too much reason to fear that Blidah "the beautiful" will one day fall a victim to volcanic changes.

The Chiffa gorge, about two miles from here, is one of the finest points of scenery in Algeria. We hired a carriage with an Arab driver who spoke French, and left the city by the Babel-Kebir gate, which led towards the railway station. The city is surrounded by a strong wall with six gates. Crossing the "field of manœuvres," where we saw a corps of Spahis at exercise, our road led through a zone of gardens and orange groves. There are, it is said, one hundred thousand orange trees, some of which give one thousand oranges yearly, and as they are considered the best in Algiers they are in great demand in the Paris market. Passing a French mill and an Arab inn or caravanseray we began to ascend the mountain; the panorama was lovely in the extreme. Numbers of Arabs with their inevitable donkeys were coming towards the town. In the lowland we could see them ploughing in various places, their long white robes giving them such a mysterious look as to make one fancy the days of Abraham were come again.

A vast amount of labour has been expended on the road through the Chiffa gorge, which is carried along on terraces and abutments over terrific precipices just as you see in the Simplon pass. Vineyards of dwarf vines, similar to those on the Rhine, descend to the bank of the rivulet, now nearly dry, which gives its names to the defile. Overlooking a sharp turn of the road is an Arab cottage, where some natives are sitting cross-legged in the sun, and as we greet them with "Naharrig Sahed," they respond with the customary "Salaam," putting their right hand to their forehead. Houses are fewer as we get into the mountain region; the next is a French cottage, where a woman is feeding poultry. The road is too narrow to allow more than one carriage, and a wall two feet high runs along the edge of the abyss. At every turn the coachman sounds his horn, to advise any carriage coming downwards to halt at one of the lobbies cut out of the rock, for the purpose of allowing two vehicles to pass.

Precipitous cliffs on both sides now seem to meet and bar our further progress. The coachman bids us alight to visit a

remarkable grotto in the face of the rock beneath the gallery which forms our road. A flight of eighty steps from the wall of the precipice allows an easy descent to the grotto, and the rock is not here so steep as to cause any feeling of giddiness in going down its side. At the mouth of the cavern we heard the noise of dripping water, and with the aid of a torch we penetrated some yards, at the risk of falling into one or other of the pools formed by the dropping from the stalactites. We had to give up the idea of exploring its inmost recesses and return to the light of day. Some of the ferns in this grotto were very beautiful.

Further on we met three mounted gendarmes escorting five prisoners, one of whom was a woman, on horseback. This was a French woman of a farm in the interior, who had become insane. The others were two French deserters in faded uniforms, and two Arabs chained to each other by the arm, taken up for robbery.

Ruisseau des Singes is near the highest point of the gorge that can be reached in a carriage, and here there is a comfortable wayside inn, from which a winding path leads to the summit of the mountain. The place derives its name from the abundance of monkeys. The landlady of the inn offered me some for fifteen francs each; they have very intelligent faces, and like Manx cats have no tails. On the walls of the little sitting-room are some funny frescoes, especially one in which a monkey with a big cocked hat is conferring a medal upon another of the same family. Columns of smoke at several points of the mountain over the waterfall showed where the French wood-cutters and charcoal burners were pursuing their solitary life.

In our descent to Blidah we turned off at the foot of the mountain to enter the town by another road. We passed a Frenchman's tile factory where Arab workmen were making as fine tile and bricks as can be desired. Then we crossed an iron bridge of about six hundred yards wide, and as we approached Blidah we saw a hundred men or so in prison uniform, with a kind of military cap, who proved to be soldiers suffering penal servitude for crimes or offences, engaged in constructing a new road up the mountain.

M. MULHALL.

A Husband's Story.

PROLOGUE.

THERE are scenes in everybody's past life the recalling of which is not always distressful or accompanied with those sharp pangs or stabs which the "sense of loss" occasions. The best substitute surely for what is lost is the recalling thereof, and after due interval, both the figure and the scenes about it rise in a sort of softened light, akin to the faint but tender glow of a yellow sunset on some sea-shore, suffusing the strand. Most welcome, too, often comes the dream, in which with a strange vividness and vitality revives the face, the brighter smile, the features, the familiar laugh, the roguish glance: though the awaking is attended with a sudden pang or chill. Mr. Boswell discourses in a very touching way of these little visions which he seems to say were a sort of return to earth, or a visit of comfort. In this sense the following pages are presented, full no doubt of what may be accounted trivialities, yet, I fancy, not without dramatic interest, for all is true and faithful.

Indeed it may be found to have further interest as an experiment, whether a simple narrative of family interest and family incidents, may not offer as much of romance as an artfully devised work of fiction would do. Many a household could furnish stories full of excitement, and abundant studies of character: but the chronicle must be set out with judgment. Nor is this story presented on the "all fish to the net" principle: the art of a pen somewhat practised has been used in selecting or discarding the incidents. I fancy—or it may be flattering oneself—the reader will follow with interest this "ower true" narrative, and as he reads will perhaps wish to learn more of the engaging, tender, and loveable person whose story is here told.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUTH newly enlarged from College, somewhat "raw," not over-studious, though fond of reading, and looking on the life, now opening before him, as a pleasant champaign country, to be ridden over in boundless enjoyment, and with no grave sense of responsibility. Such do I see myself, seated one summer's evening on the outstretching pier of a seaside place, lazily watching the company promenading to and fro. The pier stretched its arm into the sea for nearly a mile. Far off on the shore rose the little town itself, in a sort of amphitheatre, while the packets lay at their berths, the smoke from their funnels curling up languidly in the tranquil air. The days were then too short for all that was done, and yet there was nothing done. At this age all youths are Epicurean: the open air, the sea, the walk, is enjoyment enough. The world is the oyster, exquisitely flavoured, which all are longing to open with sword or pen, or by any instrument. Nor did I care much at that moment to look beyond the present hour. Official cares, duties, and responsibilities were all delegated to those whom it concerned. The theory then is, that life is for the young, and for those beginning life.

The pretty harbour was filled with yachts of various sizes. The evening gun had been fired, and every pennant had glided down from the masthead with due precision. Now one of these tiny craft came drifting in, after her day's pleasure in the bay, towed ingloriously by her own crew in front. Seated on a well-trimmed block of granite, I was watching this varied scene, turning occasionally, as I said, to survey the promenaders passing and re-passing, when I was attracted by a little patch of scarlet that drew nearer and yet nearer.

It came on rapidly, and proved to be a little girl, mounted on a donkey, and galloping fast, a couple of donkey-women, stricken in years, panting on behind. Though the little scene has now receded some twenty years, it comes before me still in its most minute outlines and colours. The little girl's face—she seemed thirteen or fourteen—as she flew by seemed lit up with a roguish and unbounded delight, as she encouraged her donkey in his unwonted speed. Her fair hair floated on her back, and

you could hear her musical laugh of enjoyment. The face was one of those delicately refined children's faces to be seen in Lawrence's family pictures, when the lips are partly open, the outline almost oval, the skin delicately tinted. There was even a shade of almost enjoyable anxiety, for the adventurous donkey had got dangerously close to the edge, and there was a sense of comedy in the situation, which she was old enough to relish, from the trouble and inconvenience suffered by the two veteran drivers, who were toiling on behind. All this I had time to note, and did so with a strange interest, which even now comes back on me. For our watering-place was but of a prosy cast; its belles and beauties were but second-rate, and came but for the earthy end of enjoying the sea. There was little dress or display: hence this little dainty vision, which came and went in a flash, excited all the interest of the place. We soon learned that she was the daughter of Lady V——, and was staying for a few days with her grandmamma. All agreed she was a charming little creature, not after the common pattern, and that she would grow up into a perfect beauty, though a little delicate. As it fell out, she was seen no more at the watering-place; but we often spoke of her.

Now, when she had ridden away into space, and the little red cloak had vanished, if any familiar had drawn close to the boy as he sat on his granite block, and whispered in this fashion:

"You saw that little vision. What do you think of her?"

"Bright, lovely, infinitely charming."

"What do you suppose will become of her?"

"Her people are rich and important personages. I suppose she will grow up beautiful, and will make some great alliance."

"One day she will be your wife!"

I say had this been whispered me, I should have started or smiled at anything so improbable. A younger son, with his fortune to make—and that under serious difficulty—different religions—each belonging to different regions, and far apart—each moving in a different hemisphere: nothing more wildly improbable could have been conceived.

Yet so it was to prove. I had then for the first time seen, as in a magician's glass, the person that was to be my wife. It was but for an instant; years were to elapse before I saw her again, and years again after that, before the event came about.

In a few days "little Red Cloak," as I called her, had passed away from my thoughts, to be dismissed into her own sphere,

as I was into mine. We were not likely to cross each other again. The season at the watering-place ended, and we returned to the familiar town and to the regular duties of life.

CHAPTER II.

Now all this may seem an ordinary matter enough, and scarcely worth the chronicling with so much particularity and circumstance. Yet it has a sort of fascination and piquancy for me, and it has again and again recurred to my fancy. Even now, as I write, I see that fair young face, with the pretty half-opened mouth, the tossing curly hair, and eyes dancing so merrily.

Next followed some years of busy action—the Bar and its humdrum routine of probation, the weary expectancy and waiting for briefs. Not so weary, however, for I combined with equal diligence other tastes, more enjoyable, being an assiduous frequenter of balls and such entertainments. The business of the battle of life did not press very severely, neither did time. Youth can afford to wait. By-and-bye one could apply seriously to labour. In this fashion an interval of some nine or ten years may be supposed to have elapsed, as they say in the playbills. And this brings me to the Christmas of the year 1860, a season of enjoyment and festivity, when some friends asked me down to their place in the North for a merry-making, shooting, &c.

Now these friends—as though it were destined that all connected with this episode was to have a romantic flavour—were themselves figures in a sort of romantic history. A non-practising barrister on a younger son's provision, “struggling against a large family,” as the countryman said, and struggling ineffectually, our friend had one day awaked to find himself not famous, but rich, “beyond all dreams of avarice.” A person to whom he was but distantly connected had died, leaving him a superb estate, place and ancestral castle, and an income of £50,000 a year. My friends were people of the simplest tastes, to whom this overflow of wealth was almost an embarrassment. A thousand a year would have seemed a principality. They were truly good-natured, and were scarcely established in their castle when they had bidden their old friends to come down and share their new magnificence and enjoyment.

It was a day's journey from our town, and I set off the day after Christmas Day, full of a keen sense of anticipated enjoyment. On these occasions, at Christmas-tide, the country seems more noble and inviting, the demesne more stately, the castle more dignified. The lord and ladies of the castle seem to have a gentler and more cordial tone when set off by such conditions. As we swept under the grand baronial gateway, with the great arch and battlements—itsself a fitting residence—the wide-spreading demesne, with its solemn trees stretched out around, and prepared us suitably for the large mansion presently to come in view. As I was set down at the door, it was about three o'clock, by the chime of the castle clock, and I found that all, save our hostess, were out, either driving, or riding, or shooting, or engrossed in that “business of pleasure” which becomes a serious and even laborious duty in a country house. I was soon welcomed in the drawing-room, a great chamber, with its broad windows opening on the lawn, and the atmosphere of which was heavily charged with the scent of flowers, which literally filled every corner of it. Indeed, both within and without, flowers reigned : for this was a passion with our hostess. Seated before her, I heard the usual tale of gossip from this always *mauvais quart d'heure*—who was in the house, who was expected. Then the guest retailed his stock of town news. Suddenly was heard the sound of laughing voices drawing nearer and nearer. Figures flew past the window. “Oh, they are coming in at last,” said my hostess. “That is Miss St. A——.” The name had a familiar sound ; but before I could think further of it, the cheery voices were at hand, the door opened, and some figures came running in ; the foremost her arms filled with flowers, her cheeks aglow with a beautiful colour, her hair escaped from her light straw hat, her eyes dancing. Who could it be ? She checked herself timidly, on seeing a stranger. Then the hostess :

“Miss St. A——, this is Mr. ——.”

I see her making her grave curtsy, ever so little old-fashioned. I see, indeed, the whole—the light which grew strong at that instant, and seemed to ~~top~~ ^{rest} upon the flowers and upon her, and her brilliant face—herself the choicest flower of them all. It was indeed the little girl who had cantered by on the pier, now grown into an elegant young creature of twenty : elegant, fair, but delicate, with one of those faces that Chalon has so often painted, and which now seem to be out of

fashion, as it were, or are not forthcoming. I had seen many an attractive face in the years previous, but none of this pattern. On the spot I was made her captive, and I fancy she knew it, for, though true as steel, and loyal, where she had given her heart, she delighted in such little conquests and triumphs. I felt myself like David Copperfield when he was first introduced to his Dora, whom indeed she strongly resembled. The scene itself of the meeting was exactly like that in the novel. The brightness of the day, the flowers, the smile of that little figure, as she tried to be serious : the whole has never left my memory. Again, I say, if some familiar had now whispered, "She is to be your wife," how incredulously would I have scoffed at such an idea ! Yet here was this vision again. It was impossible not to be attracted as she stood there in the light, her hands filled with flowers, overflowing with a delighted excitement. There had been some "Tom-boy" chase or gambol, attended by some awkward but thoroughly enjoyable incidents, which she almost crowed with delight as she recounted. At times there would come a sudden gravity, almost with a cast of melancholy, a little seriousness, as from the restraint of a stranger. I noted, too, her elegantly shaped dainty head, no less elegantly set upon her neck, which unconsciously bent and waved like the stalk of a flower in the gentle breeze. She was *petite*, but delicately modelled, and full of little nervous starts of sudden energy.

Such was Doreen, the Hon. Doreen St. A——, whose sudden reappearance before the visitor made him reflective. I had seen many others worthy enough of admiration, but she seemed of a new and altogether different pattern.

There was a large and varied party in the castle, of the unmarried, the couple of married pairs, the two useful working young ladies, sisters, the stray young fellow, the three young sons of the house, who ranged from twenty-one to seventeen. One of these, Charley, the second in order, was a wild, rollicking, good-natured fellow, full of the heartiest spirits, ready for a practical joke or a sleighing match on the road. He could shoot, fish, or ride a scarcely broken horse ; but he lacked "finish," and was very plain ; and, if good-natured, was sadly rough in his manner. It did not take long to see that honest Charley was as Miss Doreen's own faithful terrier, following her everywhere with his honest eyes, and "winning her smiles," as it is called, and pleasant laughter by his curious pranks and "sprees." A merrier, wilder pair, acting and re-acting on each

other, it was impossible to find. They were ever in consultation, devising something for the entertainment of all: something that would fall under the denomination of "fun." Even now they had planned charades, into which little of talk and more of what is called horseplay entered—Charley's highest ideal of comic effect being the dressing up of a man as a woman, or *vice versa*. To array our host, a timid, retiring little man, as an old lady, was the triumph of Swiftian humour. The two Miss Mainwarings were agreeable, plain, lively, amiable, and accommodating, what is termed "such nice girls to have in a house;" for their voices were low and musical, and they were sympathetic, and were all things to all indiscriminately: a useful, self-denying virtue, a sort of "natural selection" is since too often practised, to the throwing over of the general public.

I must say a word of our hosts, truly amiable folk, and quite unspoiled by their unexpected and trying advance to fortune. He would indeed, I always fancied, have preferred being with his old briefs, meagre though they were, in the little cramped house in — Street. She was more ambitious, and was for making good her footing in the most fashionable society, to which indeed she was well entitled. There was a calm air about her that nothing could discompose, a kind of innocent suffering or indifference to the world, but under which I believe was a fixed purpose and determination of gaining a tableland yet higher.

Now I must mention that as the elegant and fascinating Doreen had grown up from those donkey-riding days, so had I too been speeding on my road, and I fancy there must have been an interval of some seven or eight years between us. Near her I felt myself a rather grave, solemn personage. I had not, though I envied, the obstreperous humour of "Charley," and that amiable absence of appreciation which made him do his best, and in the best way, when called upon. Some years before, I had found that I had no fancy for the Bar, or, as I was pleased to put it, that the Bar had no fancy for me, and I had discovered, by a sort of accident, that my "turn" lay in the direction of "writing." By these days I had certainly written some successful books, and had acquired among my friends that mysterious and elastic title of "author." On the principle of the "one eyed," being king to his fellows, a person enjoying this prestige among an acquaintance of an ordinary pattern, finds himself regarded with a certain respect and interest t

which he is probably not at all entitled—no doubt, a compliment to letters—and I soon saw that this feeling was shared by Miss Doreen. Now having hastily thus sketched in imperfectly some of the figures and the background, I will go on more regularly.

CHAPTER III.

I RECALL all through these scenes those wonderfully speaking and jocund eyes of our heroine, and with which you seemed to hold a communication. Such was her charming vivacity of expression, that, if one were surprised looking at her, she could not help, by a sort of instinct, breaking into wreathed smiles of sympathy. So does the friendly dog when addressed in kindly tones, show his appreciation by a quiet wagging of his tail. Before the day was over we had established our intimacy, though at first she showed a *little awe* of the stranger, and felt herself bound to affect a little gravity as he drew near. But we soon passed out of that stage, and I see us all that night busy with the impromptu charades, carried out in the most recklessly boisterous style.

Every night we had this form of pastime or some other. I confess to attempting to impart a certain formal regularity to the proceedings by rehearsal and a more fixed plan, seeing that the pretty Doreen might be thus set off to far more advantage. For in her generous loyalty to the cause she did not scruple, nay, was eager, to disfigure herself almost with all sorts of unpleasant disguises, provided she forwarded the "fun." Hence we set about devising something that would show her to more advantage, and there was a Louis the Fourteenth scene arranged, with powdered hair, &c., and a *minuet de la cour*. But as we were displaying the steps of this graceful measure, the irrepressible Charley introduced himself on the floor, indulging in the wildest antics and burlesquing the whole. After this attempt we altogether gave up being serious.

All these days appear, at this distance of time, like scenes in an opera. The figures flit like players before a glittering background. The ordinary incidents of the country house life, which recur in a due and prosaic fashion, appear under a chastened mellow glow. Each day, however, I found myself more interested in this attractive young creature. Her own castle was

but a mile or two away, separated by the river, and she found something piquant in this "going on a visit" to a place almost within sight of her home. In a day or two arrived her mother, Lady St. V——, whom I found in the afternoon sitting busy with her "worsted work," as if in her own drawing-room.

This lady still was a person of a very marked character and originality, the most singular part of which lay in the contrast to that of her child. In her day she had been "a great beauty," as it is called, and had been married for her beauty. She was one of those plain speaking, "spade-calling" persons in appearance, but in truth revelled in what she thought were her powers of *finesse* and diplomacy. With this there was a keen sense of humour and jocularity, and, above all, an exceedingly good and generous heart. Yet this odd mixture of qualities was tempered and overborne by an impulsive temper, which led her into all sorts of extravagant proceedings. She was violent in her dislikes, and almost reckless in carrying out her various plans. But, as I said, she had a thoroughly *good heart*, was beloved by the poor, whose "ways" and humour no one could have so thoroughly relished or sympathized with. There was much of what is called "a character" about her, and she delighted in "managing" her household, husband, everybody that came within her influence. When playing the "beauty" in a garrison, she had captured her husband, in spite of all opposition, being one of those adventurous girls whose face was her fortune.

She received me with a cordial, friendly nod. "You're an author," she said, "and I hear they're all afraid of you in the house. But don't put me in one of your books." Then turning to our hostess, "I recollect, my dear, that Mr. ——, the great author, one time at the castle for a month, and years after a good friend showed us his new book, in which there we all were—your father, myself, and even Doreen. They said it was a shame. Bless you! I didn't care a bit!" Then she passed to other topics: the worsted comforter or stocking she was busy with being a sort of link of continuity which kept the ravelled narrative together. It was impossible not to have what is called "a sort of liking" for her, and though there was nothing very stable in her friendship, still for the time it was of a practical if rather fitful kind. But she was serviceable in another way—in bringing out, by contrast, the character of Doreen. This little maid believed her mother to be the very incarnation and

perfection of human wisdom. She believed in her, as a faithful dog does in his master, and it was pleasant to see her tripping after her, in the most perfect confidence that she was leading her right, and quoting what "mamma says," as though it were the conclusion of a syllogism. Yet nothing could be more opposed than the pair. You saw, close behind her, the demure little maid—elegance itself—her delicate neck rising from the daintiest of frillings, her dress fitting to her shape; while before, her feet, like Sir J. Suckling's mice, "ran in and out," exquisitely shaped, too. A little touch in her was interesting in its way. This faith in her mother reached even to the adoption, or apparent adoption, of certain strange theories and sentiments which our heroine approved smilingly and joyously, "because they were mamma's." I fancy, however, without comprehending much beyond this, the "mamma" had some odd legends, which she would relate before her worshipping child, whom I would see smiling, as if in keen enjoyment, though it was only because "mamma" smiled and enjoyed.

With this arrival, and that of other dignitaries, "state banquets" of a formal cast became the order of the day. These at a country house, or castle, are welcome, as they relieve the prose of the ordinary life, and are to it as the country house visit to common life. Here all the old plate and grand state was set out. A Bishop came: also Doreen's father, a tall, courtly looking gentleman, whom she clung round, putting her arms about his waist, her little head reaching but to his watch chain, the small face upturned to his with infinite delight. This greeting was after only a day or two's absence. From the Viscount she drew, it was plain, all that was refined about her. He was a genuine nobleman, esteemed by all, the soul of honour, though perhaps, from loving a peaceful life over-much, placidly accepting his lady's rule without the faintest protest. Looking up to him from the end of the dinner-table, he was a stately and dignified portrait, with his grey moustache and his star and ribbon.

Doreen was taken in by some elderly but dignified "swell," as became her condition, and it was pleasant to note how, when the occasion called, she comported herself with almost haughty state and grace. By a happy chance, as it seemed to me, I was drifted up beside her for the first time, and I fear the matron I had charge of was from that moment treated with a neglect that reached almost to rudeness, though occasionally I was

bound to help her to scraps of conversation, much as the servants standing round helped me to the stray *entrées*. Doreen was full of spirits and excitement, as indeed she ever was when any event more than common occurred. She rose in a graduated scale, like the mercury in a thermometer. Her little nerves seem to grow exhilarated. Charley, the state of whose feelings was notorious to the whole household, sat afar off, at the bottom—having “taken himself” in, as it is called—looking up now and again, with all the ruefulness of banishment. The unhappy youth had confided to me, in his unsophisticated way, the secret and progress of his passion—what great hopes he had, and what encouragement he had received. They had been brought up together from children. “I know her as well as my own sister,” added the poor fellow, looking wistfully into my eyes, and little thinking that this fact alone made his case hopeless. “Isn’t she nice,” he would say; “Oh, I love her so.” It did not occur to him that his treacherous confidant was already undermining him. Alas! there is no honour, no faith, in such cases—all is fair.

I do not think Doreen cared much for her honest, but rather uncouth admirer. His school-boy air, high cheek bones, and tumbled hair, and rude speech, were not recommendations; nor could these be redeemed by prowess in the field and “witching horsemanship.” I fancy, however, that, as in all such cases, she was flattered, and if her mother had set herself to the business, might have been persuaded into it in time. But who could think seriously of “poor Charley!”

On the day of the banquet, I saw him come to her with a carefully chosen bouquet, after which he approached me mysteriously.

“I say,” he said, “you’re to sit near Doreen to-day, up near the top. Don’t she look nice. Look at her little head! Ain’t it pretty? And—see! she’s got my flowers.”

“Well,” said his traitorous friend, “all going on well, I hope. You’re the one, eh, Charley?”

“Well, I *think* so,” he answered; “though at times I don’t. You see, she likes me too well. She’s *too* good-natured. Oh, I wish I was as clever as you. I know she thinks you are very clever.”

“But you hunt and break horses, and jump, and do all sorts of things that I can’t. That’s what girls really admire.”

“You think so,” he answered, wistfully. “Really? Well, I

tell you what," he added, eagerly, "you might help me a little to-day. *You might talk to her about me?* Eh?"

"Yes, I might do that."

"Tell her that I told you I was awfully fond of her—that I think of nothing but her."

"Leave it to me," I said, with a treacherous cordiality, and an air of the heartiest goodwill and sympathy. "I'll manage it."

And so all during the dinner I saw the honest face turned towards me, fancying, I really believe, that we were all the time busy with *him*! Sometimes he succeeded in catching her eye, when he signalled vigorously, which was returned with becks and smiles. "She is pleased," he no doubt thought, "with all he is telling her—good fellow." And what were we saying?

"I am lucky to-day. I didn't think this morning this good fortune was in store for me."

With what delight she laughed and enjoyed this rather primitive form of compliment. The Bishop from that moment seemed, I fancy, to suffer from the same neglect that my other neighbour did. But I doubt if he cared much—he was *very* busy with his dinner. She became confidential, and told me the first day "she was so dreadfully afraid of me."

"But she wasn't now?" I hoped.

"Well, not so much."

"By-and-bye," I hoped, "when this had *quite* worn off, then a better and nicer feeling would take its place. Instead of disliking me, she might like me!"

"Oh, I *don't* dislike you, and, you know, how wrong of you to say such things."

"You do," I repeated, "and you will more so, when you hear what I am going to do."

"What is it—*do* tell me."

"I am beginning a story," I went on, with great deliberation, "and I have been looking out for a heroine. You can't get on without a suitable heroine, and I was going to ask you——"

"Yes? yes?" she said, quite letting me see she knew what was coming. "You would only be wasting your——"

"Well, do you think the second of those Miss Mainwarings would——"

"Oh," she said, with unconcealed vexation. "Now don't—you shouldn't—you don't mean that."

"Why," said I, "I declare. I'm sure you fancied I was

going to say *you*. Well, I did. I *was* going to say so, only I was afraid."

How she laughed! almost clapping her hands. Then we discussed my heroine. I artfully described her, investing her with all Doreen's charms. She could no more help being pleased than a bird could singing.

Poor Charley! I caught his eye at that moment, and felt some compunction. I *must* acquit myself; but mark, how.

"Those are Charley's flowers, I say!"

"Oh, yes," she said, a little impatiently; "he gets them for me every day."

"Indeed," I said, "that *is* devotion. What a good fellow he is!"

"Oh, no better," she said, eagerly. "So fond of sport."

"Yes," I said. "I wonder what he is to be."

"Oh, mamma says they ought to send him to Australia, to sheep farm."

"That would suit him capitally. Poor Charley! A fine disposition."

"Yes. Poor Charley."

Call you that serving your friend!

After dinner he came to me eagerly. "I saw you were talking of me. What did she say when you said all that—I mean——"

"When I said?—oh, yes. Oh, she said you were so good, and a fine fellow."

His face fell; but he pressed for more. "Yes, yes?"

"Well—she praised you greatly, and she—oh, yes! she said you gave her flowers every day."

"Ah, yes; she remembered that. Well?"

"Well," I said, "she went on *in that way*, praising you generally."

We went up to "join the ladies," and I was not sorry to be released.

But I own what was a very just and fitting nemesis was to overtake me for this treachery. Doreen was as coquettish and wayward as she was an impulsive little person, and when she saw the impression she had made, soon began to put in practice some of her many little arts. However this was, I found that two days before the end of my visit, a curious change came over her. Her pretty face turned to me of a sudden, with a scornful, if not hostile, expression. She became reserved—"stand off,"

as it is called—and turned away with short answers when I spoke to her, her lip curling. This might seem the mere waywardness of a young girl, and only to be smiled at ; but with her it was a genuine expression and represented what she felt. I recall how vainly I tried to mollify her ; but she maintained her attitude resolutely. I confess to being somewhat sore and mortified at this treatment, more particularly as it was conspicuous to all. To say the truth, I had taken a serious liking to this interesting being, which even this unfriendly behaviour could not weaken. However, with proper dignity, I desisted from attempting a reconciliation when I found it was idle.

One of the Mainwaring young ladies was “intellectual” and highly cultivated, and one afternoon engaged in a discussion on some poet, which had to be settled by a reference to his works. I went to the library to fetch them, and returning with it, proceeded to hunt up the lines, assisted by my new ally. We were both searching the volume eagerly, when I heard a rustle, and saw Doreen standing surveying the situation with an air half-amused, half scornful ; then quitted the room. There was one, however, who saw this change with unconcealed pleasure. I am afraid my friend Charley had by this time been shrewd enough to see that he had foolishly misplaced his confidence, and that his agent had been playing for his own hand. His hearty, boisterous manner had become a little constrained. Now, however, I saw in his honest eyes that he was overjoyed. The departure, too, of his “friend” was imminent, for on the morrow I was to leave, and the pleasant visit to close.

On the day of departure, a raw, dark morning (and one feels a little dismal on leaving a cheerful country house, especially if you leave the other guests behind you) I felt somewhat rueful, and was more annoyed than I liked to own to myself, at having to part from this perplexing and piquant little heroine, and, curious to say, to the last she maintained this demeanour. At breakfast I was sitting opposite to her, and made various attempts to soften her. But nothing would do. Every approach was met by a sort of mocking smile. A worthy widow who sat beside her, who was my friend, felt a sort of sympathy for me under all this, and I could see interfered in a good-natured way, repeating something I had said. I recall the contemptuous toss of the pretty head with which this interference was greeted.

The carriages were now waiting. Some of the guests were taking leave, some remained. Doreen said good-bye in the

same careless fashion. We rolled away down the long sinuous avenue, the pleasant demesne spreading away, receding fast, having quite a different tone and look from the inviting one it had on the first day. Now it seemed to have a sort of staid solemnity. I understood at that moment the theory of Corot and the French Impressionist painters. We passed under the archway, and were again on the hard highroad of life, as it seemed to me. That closed the pleasant episode—the curtain had come down.

Alone in the early train, I had to entertain myself rather dismally. But I was sorely perplexed and annoyed at the sudden destruction of the pleasant little castle I had been building, and which proved such a barley-sugar temple. So wanton and unreasonable of her! No matter. I would return to work now, and the incident would be a wholesome warning, not to be thus beguiled by froward, wayward “young things,” who would thus amuse themselves at your expense.

Years after I learned the reason of this odd treatment—not a matter of high importance, but it may be recorded. Delicate, sensitive, impressionable to suggestions, a hard-featured, hard-souled dame, who had been noticing our proceedings, had craftily told her that I was simply studying her “to put her in a book”—that I was making her play for me, as one pulls the strings of a puppet for this purpose, and that I was “clever”—that I was making her exhibit herself, as I had done many others—that I was, in short, “laughing at her.” There seemed something malignant in these suggestions, which, however, at once had their effect. It will be recollected that the same notion had been suggested to her by myself directly, but *then* it bore quite a different complexion, being a piece of rather flattering homage. The idea of her thus being made a study of for practical purposes, roused her indignation, and perhaps mortification and disappointment. She could show “*she was not to be treated as a child*” by a so-called, or self-imagined, “man of the world.” Of this, however, I knew nothing then.

However, there it was—all at an end. So I thought as I entered my study that evening, and resumed my labours. In process of time the image of the amiable but wilful Doreen faded into the background, though I always thought of her with a feeling compounded of pleasure, interest, and perhaps a little annoyance.

Torpedoes.

A LOVE of horrors is unquestionably unwholesome, whether it develops itself in a fondness for executions or in a liking for books that describe refined methods of destroying human life, but it would be difficult to read the chapter on torpedoes in Sir Thomas Brassey's great work on *The British Navy* without interest. Both reviewers and ordinary readers who have met with this wonderful book can vouch for its attractions as a whole, as well as for those of the special chapter to which allusion has already been made. The greater part of the following remarks have been suggested to my mind by the chapter in question. My other sources of information regarding the subject to which they refer need not be specified.

The simplest of all torpedoes are submarine mines. These may not unfairly be termed the parents of all other torpedoes of every kind and description. In the year 1839, the famous but unfortunate line-of-battle ship, *The Royal George*, which had lain at the bottom of the sea for more than half-a-century, was blown up by means of a submarine mine, ignited by electricity. At the time, this experiment was looked upon as an encouraging example of the peaceful purposes for which destructive explosives might be used. People little knew of what terrible things it was the precursor. Three years afterwards Colonel Colt, the inventor of "Colt's revolver," publicly exploded a submarine mine by galvanism, from a considerable distance, under an old gunboat in New York Harbour. Subaqueous explosives of the modern type were used for the first time in actual warfare during the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, but it does not appear that they were of any great service. The mine cases were tubs made water-tight with pitch and tar, and placed in india-rubber bags. One of them was picked up after having been twenty-five years under water, and the contents were found to be in perfect preservation. During the Crimean War, submarine mines were used both in the Baltic and in the Black

Seas. Some of these mines were anchored at a depth of seven feet below the surface of the water, and were so arranged that a touch from the hull of a ship should cause them to explode instantly. Others were laid at the bottom of the sea in shallow places, and could be fired from the shore by electricity conveyed through wires. The Russian submarine mines, however, scarcely hindered the action of the allied navies in any way. To the astonishment of the Russians, the English and French, whenever their fleets approached the coasts, sent boats in advance to fish up the submerged mines. Explosions did occur beneath two of our ships, but comparatively little damage was done to either of them.

In the war of 1859, the Austrians used submarine mines in the Gulf of Venice. An ingenious contrivance was resorted to for the purpose. An official was posted in a camera obscura overlooking the entrance to the Malamocco. Before him was an electrical machine, on which was a keyboard like that of a pianoforte. Beyond it was a glass plate, on which the image of the space of sea to be defended was reflected as in a picture. Wherever he saw the reflection of his boats laying down a mine, he drew a circle over the space on his glass plate, and the workmen who laid down the mine at once brought a wire attached to the explosive to the electrical machine in the camera obscura. The official then connected this wire with one of the keys on his keyboard, and inscribed the same number both on the circle over the mine and on the corresponding key. When all the mines were laid and his circles and keys numbered, his apparatus was complete. When the war began, all he had to do was to sit in his camera obscura and watch the glass plate. Whenever he saw the reflection of a ship over one of the circles, his only duty was to look at the number on the circle and to put one finger on the key inscribed with the same number, when he would immediately have the satisfaction of seeing the ship blown up. Like many other "dodgey" things, this clever contrivance was found to be practically useless, for at the times it was most wanted, such as dark nights, when firing was going on, or when there was a mist, it was not efficient.

Hitherto, although submarine explosives had caused considerable apprehensions, they had not proved very dangerous to seamen. In the American war of secession, however, it soon became apparent that torpedoes were something more than mere scientific playthings; for in the course of the war, seven

monitors and eleven wooden vessels were totally destroyed by them, while several other ships were temporarily disabled. In the war, again, between Brazil and her allies and the Republic of Paraguay in 1866, torpedoes were used with terrible purpose. A Brazilian ironclad, that struck against a submerged mine, was blown up in a boiling whirlpool, and sank immediately. Her crew consisted of one hundred and fifteen men, of whom fifty-three were killed by the explosion, while others were drowned, or shot in the water by the enemy. During the war between France and Germany in 1870 many torpedoes were prepared on both sides, but happily no opportunities were afforded of trying them. In the Turco-Russian war of 1877, torpedoes were used with very fatal effects. During the war between Chili and Peru, again, torpedoes were brought into active service. On one occasion a Chilian torpedo boat was blown up, together with its Peruvian antagonist, by the force of its own torpedo, and both vessels were destroyed.

Having taken a rapid survey of the history of actual torpedo warfare, it may be well to attempt some description of torpedoes themselves. Submarine explosives may be roughly divided into two classes, namely, fixed torpedoes and moveable torpedoes. The first may be contained in any kind of case, from a water-proofed beer barrel to an elaborate arrangement of metal and wood, or of both combined with earthenware. They are generally either connected with the shore by wires, so that they may be fired by electricity, or else they are fitted with a contrivance which causes them to explode when a ship comes in contact with them. The usual method of arranging those torpedoes that ignite on contact with a ship, is to place over the bursting charge a fragile glass tube filled with acid. When a ship strikes the torpedo, the shock, even if slight, breaks the glass, and the acid, falling on fulminating powder, produces ignition. Contact torpedoes have hitherto proved more efficacious than those that are fired by electricity, but they have their disadvantages. In the first place, there is considerable danger in sinking them. Secondly, the glass primers, or tubes, are difficult to regulate, for if they are primed to go off too easily, very light bodies, as well as ships, may make them act, and if they are not primed so as to ignite easily enough, a ship coming in contact with them slowly will not have any effect upon them. Another objection to them is that when once they are laid, they cannot be removed until they are exploded. Perhaps the best kind of stationary torpedo is

the electro-contact torpedo, which is connected by wires with a battery on shore. This can be made inoffensive by a disconnection of the wires, but so long as the wires are connected with the battery an instantaneous explosion will occur on contact with a ship, as the only interruption in the electric circuit is in the torpedo itself, and when anything strikes the torpedo it closes the circuit, and the electric current ignites the fuse. The bursting charge usually consists of either gunpowder, guncotton, or dynamite. Although all these explosives are used more or less in torpedoes, there are objections to both the first and the last named. Gunpowder is liable to suffer from wet, and an explosion of dynamite will often set off other torpedoes sunk within a certain radius.

The moveable torpedoes already in use consist of spar torpedoes, fish torpedoes, and torpedoes that are towed. Spar torpedoes are generally fastened to the end of a spar or outrigger between thirty and forty feet long, projecting from the side of a boat, and the object of the attacking party is to touch the side of the enemy's vessel with the torpedo and blow a hole in it, while their own boat is at the spar's length—thirty or forty feet—from the explosion, and thus presumably safe from its effects. The chief objection to this kind of torpedo is that it involves the necessity of bringing the boat that carries it close to the enemy's ship, which exposes it to serious risks of discovery, and to destruction from machine guns, while there is not a little danger of the torpedo boat itself being swamped, if it succeeds in destroying its foe.

Fish torpedoes can be despatched at a moderate distance from the enemy. The best known are the Whitehead torpedoes, which are constructed at Fiume, in Austria, by Mr. Whitehead, an Englishman, who has supplied every great Power in Europe with these weapons. Torpedoes of much the same construction are also made at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. In shape they are not unlike cigars finely pointed at each end. Their length is usually from twelve to nineteen feet, and their diameter is from fourteen and a half to sixteen and a half inches in their thickest part. Their bursting charge consists of from forty pounds to sixty pounds of guncotton, inclosed in a steel covering one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. A very slight graze causes them to explode, and the charge is sufficient to make a hole of forty-four square feet in the double bottom of the strongest ironclad afloat. Their in-

teriors are divided into three compartments. The first contains the bursting charge, which is fired by a roughened pin being forced into a cap of fulminate; the second is fitted with the adjusting machinery; and the third, or tail, contains the motive power, consisting of an engine, set in motion by compressed air, which turns screws something like those of a ship. It may surprise some readers to find how many things this torpedo may be made to do by different adjustments of the machinery in the second compartment, which is a cylinder about sixteen inches in diameter and about seventeen or eighteen inches long. It can either be set to run near the surface or considerably below it; to run by a series of curves above and below the line of its course; to ascend to the surface at the end of its run, so that it may be recovered, which is convenient when it is unloaded in time of peace; to sink to the bottom at the end of its run if it misses its mark, which is desirable in time of war; or to rise to the surface and displace its igniting arrangement when it gets there, so that it shall become harmless, which might be convenient under certain circumstances in either war or peace. Moreover, to prevent accidents, Whitehead torpedoes are so arranged that they cannot explode until a trigger is drawn back and two safety pins are removed. One safety pin is removed just before the torpedo is started, and the trigger is drawn back by a catch as it is shot out of its tube, or "torpedo gun," by air pressure; but the second safety pin remains in its place until the torpedo has got well away from its own boat, when it pulls the pin out itself and becomes ready for explosion. The machinery may also be so set that the torpedo will explode after it has gone a certain distance, whether it hits anything or not. There is yet another thing which a torpedo has been known to do. It has been known to run a short distance, and then to turn back and strike the boat from which it was ejected instead of that of the enemy, a proceeding which its fondest admirers would do well to guard against.

The Lay torpedo is another automatic torpedo. In shape it is not unlike a spindle. It is much larger than the Whitehead torpedo, being about twenty-eight feet in length. In this torpedo there are four compartments. The first contains the explosive. The second contains the motive power, consisting of gas generated by pouring ammonia on a carbonate. In the third compartment there is a reel, round which is rolled ten miles of insulated wire, which keeps up a connection between the torpedo

and an electrical apparatus on the torpedo boat. By means of this wire it can be guided and directed on its course at the will of the operator. In the fourth and last compartment is the engine, which turns two screws, as in the Whitehead torpedo. By means of the electrical communication it can be made to do even more wonderful things than the Whitehead torpedo, but it is exceedingly complicated, and therefore apt to get out of order. It is also very expensive, being said to cost from £4,000 to £5,000.

The Ericsson torpedo is made out of a solid block of pine wood. A cavity is cut in the head to hold the explosive charge ; another is cut in the stern to hold the engine and steering gear, and near the centre is a reel round which is rolled a hollow cable connected with a steam air-pump on the torpedo vessel. The air sent through this cable into the engine of the torpedo is the propelling power that drives it towards the object of its attack. If the torpedo misses its mark, it can be hauled back to its boat by means of the hollow cable.

The best known of "towing torpedoes" is the Harvey torpedo. It is towed at the end of a long line from a projecting spar, and it is so arranged that it shall not follow directly in the wake of the torpedo boat. The outer case is made of wood one and a half inch thick, and the inner case is of sheet copper, filled with gunpowder or guncotton. The French navy supplies towing torpedoes to all its ships, but although they are manœuvred in much the same manner as the Harvey torpedoes, they are of a somewhat different construction. Experiments have lately been made by Captain Ericsson in using gunpowder as the motive power for torpedoes. He has been expelling cigar-shaped torpedoes from a smooth-bore gun of large calibre by means of a very small charge of powder. Whether any satisfactory results are likely to follow from these experiments time alone can show.

A very important element in torpedo warfare is the torpedo boat. The craft used for the purpose of expelling torpedoes vary considerably, but they may be conveniently divided into three classes, sea-going torpedo vessels, harbour and coast defence vessels, and boats which can be carried on ships' decks. The *Polyphemus* will be a fine example of the first named class. She is two hundred and forty feet long between perpendiculars, and forty feet in her extreme breadth, with a load draught of twenty feet, and her displacement is two thousand six hundred

and forty tons. She is cigar shaped, and not unlike an immense and rather fat fish torpedo. She has a convex armoured deck, and, when properly adjusted, very little of her will appear above the water. Her cabins and the accommodation for her crew are all beneath the armoured deck, and they will be ventilated artificially, and lighted by the electric light. Instead of having a keel, she has a groove three feet deep underneath her. When she goes into action, this groove will be filled with nearly three hundred tons of iron ballast, amounting to nearly a ninth of her entire weight. This ballast, being divided into pieces, can be dropped, either wholly, or in part, if, through injury, the vessel should require greater buoyancy. She will carry a powerful torpedo battery, and she has a strong ram bow, which tapers to a point. Although her armoured deck is only four feet six inches above the water, she is constructed to carry a light hurricane deck. With the exception of a few light shell guns and machine guns for repelling the attacks of other torpedo boats, her only weapons will be her ram and her Whitehead torpedoes. The *Polyphemus* will be one of the finest torpedo boats, properly so called, but it must be understood that large ships are often armed with torpedoes as well as guns. For instance, the immense *Italia*, a ship belonging to the Italian Government, with a displacement at load draught of thirteen thousand four hundred and eighty tons, and carrying four one hundred ton guns, besides eighteen others, has four ports provided for the purpose of ejecting Whitehead torpedoes.

The English Government has a good many torpedo boats intended for harbour and roadstead defence. A dozen of these have been built by Messrs. Thornycroft, the latest of which has a displacement of thirty tons, and has attained the tremendous speed of twenty-two knots. It is built of Bessemer steel, galvanized. The very deck is steel, covered in places with cement to afford a foothold. The total cost of such boats as these is £8,000, the hull and engines costing £6,000, and the torpedo gear £2,000. This may seem a large sum, but it must be remembered that some gunboats now cost £35,000, while the cost of certain large ships is estimated at £766,900, exclusive of their armament.

The torpedo boats intended to be carried by large ships of war are usually about sixty feet long, with a displacement of something like twelve tons. Although not so fast as the type of torpedo last described, they can go at a very high rate of speed,

making from sixteen to seventeen and a half knots. They cost £2,800, of which £2,500 are spent on the hull and engines, and £300 on the torpedo gear. Several of our large iron-clads carry two of these torpedo boats apiece. One ship, specially set apart for torpedo service, carries six torpedo boats, besides being herself fitted with the most improved means for discharging Whitehead torpedoes. This is the *Hecla*, a ship with a displacement of six thousand tons.

The chief difficulties in making torpedo boats are to avoid the tell-tale appearance of smoke and sparks from their funnels, and to enable them to be accurately steered at the very high rate of speed at which they travel. To meet the first difficulty, on some torpedo boats, the smoke is discharged into side ports, but this can only be done in fine weather, and moveable funnels have to be ready in case of emergency. Coke fires are always used in torpedo boats at night, and the engines are made as noiseless as possible. In order to regulate the steering, some torpedo boats have a rudder at the bow in addition to the rudder aft, both being worked simultaneously by the same steering-gear. In a torpedo boat lately built at Rhode Island for the English Government, the rudder is placed below the bottom of the boat, but close to the stern, and is so mounted that it is free to turn backwards or forwards in any direction. "When the boat is going ahead, the preponderating side of the rudder is towards the stern, as usual, but, when going astern, the rudder is allowed to swing completely round, so as to bring the preponderating part towards the bow. Under these circumstances the steering when going astern is as easy as when going ahead."¹

In consequence of the necessary lightness of torpedo boats, they are easily pierced by rifle bullets, the steel plates with which their hulls are covered, being from one-eighth to one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Yet so long as they are pierced by rifle bullets only, they can often keep afloat while they are going quickly, for in their rapid progress they seem to draw a skin of water with them which acts as a plug in resisting the pressure of the outer body of water beyond it. Yet if a torpedo boat were to remain stationary when riddled with bullets below the water line, it would soon sink. Shots from larger guns would doubtless be more dangerous, but it is believed that a continued and rapid movement might prevent a torpedo boat from sinking after being pierced by several shots from machine

¹ *The British Navy.*

guns loaded with small projectiles. One of the most dangerous machine guns to torpedo boats is the Hotchkiss revolving cannon, which is largely used in the French navy. It fires explosive shells of from one pound to four pounds, or steel shots from one and a half pounds upwards, according to its pattern, at the rate of about sixty a minute, and its shots will penetrate the steel plates of a torpedo boat at 2,700 yards, when hitting direct. Thornycroft steam torpedo boats are said to have been completely perforated by shells or shots from these guns at ranges within five hundred and forty yards. At seven hundred and fifty yards one of their steel shots is asserted not only to have passed through the side of a torpedo vessel, but also to have perforated the boiler. The Nordenfelt machine gun is another dangerous enemy to torpedo boats. In a trial, it completely riddled a torpedo boat, five of its steel shots hitting the piston rods. Nor is a Gatling gun a very pleasant neighbour to a torpedo boat, since it is capable of firing seven hundred bullets a minute with comfort, and one thousand if it is hurried ; while in some recent practice it is said to have delivered itself at the rate of forty-four in a second.

Machine guns are not the only protections against torpedoes. Torpedo nets, composed of bars and chains, are arranged round ships in places where attacks are feared from these deadly weapons. Crinoline frames, consisting of spars and other obstructions, are also used. Flexible wire matting is considered by some authorities to be the best of all protections against torpedoes. The electric light, so arranged that it shall cast a beam in any required direction is the most effective method of discovering torpedo boats on dark nights ; but, unfortunately, it also affords the best of all marks to the enemy.

Stationary torpedoes may be raised at night by divers in submarine armour. Diving is not the pleasantest of occupations at the best of times, but to grope about at the bottom of the sea among torpedoes that will explode on the slightest provocation, sounds one of the least attractive of all imaginable pursuits. The firing of counter-mines, in the shape of dynamite torpedoes, is a very effective method of exploding contact torpedoes. Counter-mines are also useful in destroying the apparatus connecting electric torpedoes with their batteries on shore, even when they do not explode the torpedoes themselves. The same result may be obtained by firing a projectile, with a grapnel and long line attached to it, from a mortar. The grapnel may

then be safely worked as a "creeper," tearing the wires that connect the torpedoes with the electrical machines. Countermines may be floated into a mined channel or roadstead by the tide, or they may be dropped by a steam launch without a crew, but steered and controlled by electricity, like a Lay torpedo.

In an Austrian naval periodical that rejoices in the name of the *Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens*, the experiences of torpedo warfare acquired during the Turco-Russian War have been epitomized by a Russian officer. Torpedo attacks should be made by a group of torpedo boats, and an attack by a single boat should never be attempted except as a last resource. Spar and Whitehead torpedoes are the most effective, and towing torpedoes are but seldom useful. Constant practice with dummy torpedoes in times of peace is of the utmost importance. Where it is possible, a torpedo flotilla should consist of eleven boats, each of which should confine itself to its own special duty. Four boats should act as pioneers, to clear away the obstructions which are always to be expected around a ship in a position open to torpedo attack. Four other boats should be employed to make the attack; two boats should be held in reserve to render help or to fill up casualties, and one boat should be assigned to the officer commanding the division. It may surprise some people to learn that the question whether it is best to make a torpedo attack by night or in broad daylight is considered by many competent judges to be an open one. It is maintained by certain men of experience that a single ship even in the daytime can scarcely be defended against a well organized flotilla of eleven torpedo boats.

A torpedo flotilla should steam as long as possible at the highest speed of the slowest boat. The four pioneer boats and the four attacking boats should proceed in double column, the reserve, with the boat containing the commanding officer, following astern. When within a moderate distance of the enemy, the engines should be slowed, and when about five and twenty yards from him they should be put at half speed. The attack should be made at the same moment from several points. When a large ship is sunk, the expedition must be considered a success, even if six out of eleven torpedo boats are lost, together with their crews. Hitherto, however, the loss in torpedo attacks has been comparatively small. In an article in the *Revue Maritime*, Lieutenant Chabaud-Arnault states that out of sixteen torpedo boats that attacked enemy's ships during the Turco-Russian

War and the American Civil War only two were destroyed. Moreover, he calculates on the experience obtained of late torpedo warfare up to 1879, that out of every three attacks one has been successful, a "ship manned by hundreds of men, and the cost of which can be counted by hundreds of thousands," being destroyed in each instance. Since the two articles here mentioned were written, the power of machine guns has been enormously increased. Indeed, some authorities consider that no torpedo attack could succeed under fire of the Hotchkiss guns. On the other hand, constant improvements are being made in torpedo boats, and the torpedo itself is still quite in its infancy.

While it is admitted that the subject of torpedoes is a very horrible one, it can scarcely be doubted that fish torpedoes are the most wonderful mechanical toys ever yet invented. Nor must it be forgotten that although the idea of a number of men being blown into the air, or sunk to the bottom of the sea, without warning, when sleeping comfortably in their berths, is quite foreign to all old-fashioned ideas of warfare, yet an open attack by a flotilla of torpedo boats on a large ship must be one of the most exciting of all imaginable kinds of battles to all parties concerned in it. Into the question whether inventions of destructive engines of war are a curse to mankind on account of the prodigal loss of human life they entail, or whether they are in reality merciful, as shortening wars, it is not my province to enter on this occasion.

I will conclude by hoping that none of my readers may ever have the misfortune to be on board a ship, when a torpedo—whether Whitehead, Lay, Spar, or otherwise—explodes beneath it, and by recommending them to read Sir Thomas Brassey's noble work on *The British Navy*.

BY A REVIEWER.

The Catholic Poets of the Elizabethan Age.

THE fifteenth century was a time of great mental activity throughout Europe. It was one of those periods in the history of humanity when old ideals are abandoned or changed, and the intellect of man finds new fields for its enterprise. The *Renaissance* spirit, to which it gave birth, was the natural outcome of the age that had preceded it; for it was the soft voice of the *trouvère*, singing sweetly of love and beauty, and the freshness of out-door life, that breathed into Italian learning, then deep in classic lore, the vivifying inspiration that was to bring about a change so momentous in the literary and art aspect of the world. The language that had been rendered, by the genius of the immortal Dante, a pure and flexible medium of poetic expression, was made now by Petrarch, Pulci, and Ariosto, to speak of romantic adventures and enchantments, of love and joy, despair and death, with new-born power and majesty. The literature of the Italians, taught by masters such as these, increased in volume and sweetness; and, though there was already within it the germ of decay, yet it was an inspiration to the rest of Europe, and a moving power wherever it went. It did not, indeed, affect the body of the people so generally in any country as in Italy, where in the sixteenth century the poets of the new learning were numbered by many hundreds, but there was no place where its influence was not felt.

But the *Renaissance* feeling, born in the land of light and melody, being directly opposed to the stern teachings of the reformers, prospered little with them; and, if it flourished in England in the gay courts of Elizabeth and James, it fell at length beneath the literary and artistic blight of the Puritanism that followed. Its effect had been fully apparent with us in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but it did not culminate until the "Augustan" age that succeeded, when Shakespeare, incomparably the greatest light of the new learning, was its repre-

sentative. Without the *Renaissance*, Shakespeare could never have been ; but he was, notwithstanding, above all an English poet, for great minds have a spontaneous individuality under what influences soever they work.

There was a surprising versatility and originality in the writers of the Elizabethan age. The drama received from them the reality and form which it still retains, depicting henceforth with magnificent power the passions that actuate in joy and sorrow the human soul ; while the lighter poets, entering with keen enjoyment into the business of life, drank often with mad exhilaration the cup of its pleasure, but sounding also at times the deepest of its excesses and misery. Yet, whether they shared the gaiety of it like Sidney, or drank the bitterness of it like Southwell, they were ever true to both its reality and its sentiment. Sometimes they revelled in the brightness of the sunshine, the song of the birds, and the beauty of the field-flower ; and sometimes they flashed with verbal wit and classic diction, for classicism was fashionable then, and most Elizabethan poets were above all things fashionable.

While, however, the gay poets sang thus lightly, a great struggle was stirring the people. Even when Sidney was languishing in praise of his *Stella*, and his courtly friends were occupied with conceits as dainty, even then the professors of the old religion were being persecuted to the death. The practice of the Catholic religion was prohibited in England then, and its professors were prevented from holding any public office, and were subjected to every kind of cruelty and exaction. Ofttimes their priests were put to the torture, were drawn on hurdles to Tyburn, hanged, subjected to nameless mutilation, and their bodies exposed to the terrified multitude. Many of the laity, too, suffered a like fate, or were cast into loathsome and filthy dungeons. Great, indeed, is the contrast between the gaiety of the "courtly-makers" and the sad record of religious persecution. But, though the Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth suffered dire persecution, they nevertheless bore their part in the brilliance of England's Augustan age ; and we propose here to take a brief glance at the more prominent of them and their poetic works. We shall not include Shakespeare in this account, though we firmly believe him to have been a Catholic, firstly because there may be some who differ from us in this, and secondly because his works and genius need no description here ;

but we shall confine ourselves to the mention of such poets as are known to have been of the Catholic faith.

First, then, to be noticed in such a review is John Heywood, the merry interlude writer, who is said to have been born at North Mims, near St. Albans, about 1506, though doubt is felt of this. Certain it is, however, that he was educated at Oxford, but settled not down to the steady life of a student, being addicted more to minstrelsy and the merry life of the stage. Fortune favoured him in the friendship and protection of Sir Thomas More, who introduced him at Court, where Henry the Eighth gave him livery as a virginal-player, for his mad wit made him a favourite with the bluff King. Queen Mary, however, was a greater friend of his, and often his cheerful song solaced her saddest hours; and, if report be trusted, his stories beguiled even her last illness. With the advent of her successor evil hap befell Heywood, as it did many another with whom religion was more than a vesture that might be changed at will. Indeed our poet was forward in his zeal, proclaiming loudly his dissent from the new doctrines, to such length that he became obnoxious at Court, and so, prudence counselling, withdrew beyond the seas, and lived and died at Mechlin. His plays are chiefly to be noted for the share they bore in producing the drama of real life from the mystery plays of the middle ages, the most ordinary and familiar of the circumstances and surroundings of every-day existence being in them for the first time put upon the stage. The first of them, *The Play of Love*, was published in 1533, and the last, *The Play called the Foure P's*, in 1569: the *Spider and the Flie*, 1556, was an allegory of the religious disputes of the times, now very rare and costly. Heywood's muse was brimful of humour and jollity, and, through all his reverses, he retained the natural joviality of his disposition. Thus he laughs loudly at worldly care:

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert:
The happy man's without a shirt,
And never comes to maim or hurt;
Be merry, friends!

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
Be merry, friends!

And again he sings how that "welcome is the best dish ;" for

In all our fare, in all our cheer,
Of dainty meats sought far and near,
Most fine, most costly to appear,
What for all this, if all this gear
Lack this welcome ?

John Heywood does not show much fineness or delicacy of feeling, but his muse is varied, picturesque, and true to life ; and his songs are the outcome of his jovial disposition. His works are, moreover, comparatively free from the coarseness that characterized many of the poetical effusions of the period.

His two sons, Ellis and Jasper, became famous for their classical learning. The former, after travelling much in France and Italy, remained under the patronage of Cardinal Pole for some time at Florence, and then, entering the Society of Jesus, settled at Louvain, where he died. He was the author of the Italian work called *Il Moro*, published at Florence in 1556. His brother, Jasper Heywood, also a Jesuit, was educated at Merton and All Souls Colleges, Oxford ; and, after residing abroad, was sent by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth as a missionary to England, where he remained some time as Provincial of his Order, being compelled, however, in the end, to withdraw to Italy. He translated three of the plays of Seneca, viz., *Thyestes*, *Hercules Furens*, and *Troas*, and some fugitive pieces of his poetry have been found, all marked with study and culture, smooth, resting in quietude, and rarely impassioned.

Thomas Lodge, whom we next shall notice, was a celebrated dramatist before Shakespeare became known. Descended from a good Lincolnshire family, he was born in 1556, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and studied medicine at Avignon, where he obtained a diploma. He is said to have been very successful in his profession, having a large practice amongst the Catholic gentry of Elizabeth's reign. Lodge led a prosperous and uneventful life, and died in 1625, being carried off, as some say, by the plague of that year. His chief dramatic work is *The Wounds of Civill War, lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, in blank verse, published in 1594, in which the characters are forcibly drawn, though the verse is somewhat monotonous. In conjunction with Greene he wrote a singular drama, called *A Looking-Glasse for London and England*, in which he upholds the dignity of the stage against the Puritans, applying the Scriptural history of Niniveh to London. Mr.

Collier thinks it "wearisomely dull," but others have found great merits in it. It was from Lodge's *Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy, found in his cell at Silixedra*, that Shakespeare obtained the plot of his *As You Like It*; and Collier, in his *History of the Dramatic Poets*, declares that "our admiration of many portions of it will not be diminished by a comparison with the work of our great dramatist." Lodge's poetical pieces are dispersed in his dramatic and other works, and some may be seen in the volume called *England's Helicon*. Our poet was one of the most successful imitators of Lilly's "Euphuism," which he did not carry to the absurd extreme of some of his contemporaries. His verse is very quaint, ingenious, and smooth, with much imagination, betraying the man of education; and it is strongly tinctured with the classic feeling of the age. The following from *Euphues' Golden Legacy* is characteristic of his style:

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found.

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If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am, there will he be;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The god from coyness waxeth kind
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue!
For why, than Love I am more true;
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

Palgrave says that Lodge's conception of Rosalind is "a gorgeous Vision of Beauty, equally sublime and pure in its paradisiacal naturalness." If the following extract from his *Fig for Momus* may be trusted, the poet was but indifferently satisfied with his literary labours, but he did not nevertheless abandon them:

I'll cease to ravel out my wits in rhyme,
For such who make so base account of art;
And since my wit there is no means to chink,
I'll hold the plough awhile, and ply the cart,
And if my muse to wonted course return,
I'll write and judge, peruse, commend, and burn.

Different far from Heywood and Lodge, and nobler much, was Robert Southwell, the Jesuit ; a poet about whose memory there lingers such an odour of sweetness and sanctity as the whole of literature has scarce the like of. His early connection with religion, the fortitude and calmness of the life he devoted thereto, and its sad and painful, but withal most glorious ending, have enshrined his memory in the hearts of Catholics ; and the truth and power of the productions of his muse have placed his name amongst the greatest of the poets of England's Augustan age. Southwell was born in 1560 at Horsham St. Faith's, near Norwich, of an ancient family, and was sent when yet a youth to the English College at Douai ; whence he presently passed to Paris, under the care of Father Darbyshire. Before his eighteenth year he was admitted to the Society of Jesus at Rome, was ordained priest, six years later, in 1584, and was made Prefect of Studies in the English College at Rome. Shortly after, he came to England along with Father Garnet, to carry the consolations of his religion to the country where it was proscribed, and on this mission he remained until his death, being some time chaplain to the Countess of Arundel. Speaking of the condition of things at that time, his Protestant biographer says : "It was a CRIME to be a Catholic : it was proof of high-treason to be a Priest : it was to invite 'hunting' as of a wild beast to be a Jesuit." Hunting of this sort was for some years the lot of Southwell, but he was captured in July, 1592, and was cast into a noisome and filthy dungeon, where for three years he lingered, being ten times tortured therein. At length he begged to be put upon his trial, to which the unfeeling Cecil replied that if he was in such haste to be hanged he should quickly have his desire ; and so he was arraigned at the King's Bench on February 20th, 1595, and, confessing that he was a Jesuit, he declared his mission, and was straightway condemned to death. Thus fell at Tyburn, at the age of thirty-three, the noblest, perhaps, of that band of martyrs, whom the Elizabethan Government sacrificed for a religion it had not the power to make them abjure.

Southwell's poems are notable for their moral beauty, and for a simplicity not common at that age. Great indeed is the contrast between their sweet ingenuity and deep import, and the florid and often purposeless elaboration of the verse of the "courtly makers." There is a tone of deep sorrow, of fixed melancholy about them, engendered of the sadness of their

author's career ; and if he speaks of earthly things, of love or joy, it is ever with warning voice, as when he tells of "Love's Servile Lot :"

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely ;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.
Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain ;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

But it is not of themes like this that Southwell sings : he looks forward not to happiness or joy in this world, but to peace in the world to come ; has no share in the surging of passion, no pleasure in the pursuits of men : for the hand of man truly is raised against him. And yet, like all true souls, he is dissatisfied with himself, he feels that he does not fully comprehend the weight of the change to which he looks forward :

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find ;
And yet, alas ! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.
I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been ;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

Nevertheless, it is in the future life that Southwell lives : thus he addresses his soul :

Fair soul ! how long shall veils thy graces shroud ?
How long shall this exile withhold thy right ?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,
And give thy glories scope to blaze their light ?
Oh that a star, more fit for angels' eyes,
Should pine on earth, not shine above the skies !

For the soul is the reflection of heavenly beauty, the type of the Godhead, fitted only for its celestial home :

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might :
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light ;

To frame God's image as his worth required,
His might, his skill, his word, and will conspired.

So sings Southwell, one of the greatest and best of Catholic poets, a brave man and a true. Our poet's chief works are, *St. Peter's Complaint*, 1593, a poem of one hundred and thirty-two stanzas, written in prison; and *Mæoniæ*, 1594; but he is the author of many more, including an *Epistle of Comfort to the Reverend Priests and others of the lay sort restrained in durance for the Catholike fayth*.

Henry Constable's muse differed greatly from Southwell's, being of the lighter kind, and filled with "conceits" such as characterize the poetry of Elizabeth and James. He was born about 1555 in Yorkshire, of an ancient family that held firmly to the Catholic faith; and he seems to have been somehow connected with the Bacons. After having passed some time at Oxford, he went to Cambridge, to St. John's College, and graduated in 1579. It becoming known that he was a recusant, he was compelled in 1595 to withdraw from England. Exile, however, weighed upon him; and, being unable to obtain permission to return to his country, he came by stealth, was discovered, and cast into the Tower, where he remained until the accession of James the First. Bolton says of him: "Noble Henry Constable was a great master of the English tongue; nor had any gentleman of our time a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceits," which expresses well the character of his poetry. His works are not numerous, but he was a great writer of sonnets, which are very elegant, ingenious, and fanciful, and flow in easy measure. Sometimes in the lightest of his works the influence of religion is felt in a singular manner, as in the sonnet *To His Lady's Hand*:

Sweet hand! the sweet yet cruel bow thou art
From whence at me five ivory arrows fly;
So with five wounds at once I wounded lie,
Bearing in breast the print of every dart.
Saint Francis had the like—yet felt no smart,
Where I in living torments never die:
His wounds were in his hands and feet, where I
All these same helpless wounds feel in my heart.
Now as Saint Francis (if a saint) am I:
The bow that shot these shafts a relique is,
I mean the hand—which is the reason why
So many for devotion thee would kiss:
And I thy glove kiss as a thing divine—
Thy arrows' quiver, and thy reliques' shrine.

Constable was one of the most ingenious and pleasing of the pedantic poets of his time, and his religious sonnets are very graceful and tender. His works were collected by Hazlitt in 1859.

The last of the great Elizabethan dramatists was James Shirley, who carried down to the time of Charles the First the tradition of Shakespeare's age. He was born about 1596, of a good Sussex family, studied at Oxford, took a degree at Cambridge, and entered orders in the Church of England. He had scarcely been appointed to a small vicarage near St. Alban's, when he lost faith in the religion he professed, and, resigning his living, became a Catholic. Necessity now compelled him to teach a school in the same vicinity, a labour wherein he succeeded little, or not at all; for he abandoned it and came to London, where for a long time he was a writer for the stage, to little profit pecuniarily. During the Civil War, Shirley was with the Royal army, but he returned to London about 1646. From this time forward troubles fell thickly upon him, and he was poorer than ever: sadder still, his plays were interdicted during the Commonwealth; and, saddest of all, the Fire of London deprived him of his possessions, mishap so grievous that neither he nor his wife recovered therefrom, dying, if report speak true, within twenty-four hours of the event. Shirley is the author of some forty tragedies and comedies, of which the majority are in verse. They are generally skilfully contrived, and the plots are naturally unfolded: their author was a vigorous and graceful writer, with much purity of feeling, and a lively imagination; so that it may be said that the old drama expired with him, for his successors had little of his richness and power. The songs interspersed in his dramas are varied greatly in metre and sentiment, pastoral, conceitful, tragic, and comic, they nearly all have conspicuous merit. Take the lightsome spirit of his *Cupid's search for his Mother* in the *Arcadia*:

Tell me tidings of my mother,
Shepherds, and be Cupid's brother:
Down from Heaven we came together.
With swan's speed came she not hither?
But what lady have I spied?
Just so was my mother eyed,
Such her smiles wherein I dwelt,
In those lips have I been felt,
Those the pillows of her breast,
Which gave Cupid so much rest:

'Tis she, 'tis she! make holiday,
 Shepherds, carol, dance, and play!
 'Tis Venus! it can be no other:
 Cupid now has found his mother.

How varied was the muse of Shirley, the following verse from *Cupid and Death* will afford contrast enough to show:

Victorious men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;
 Though you bind in every shore,
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

The family of William Habington was deeply involved in the political and religious troubles of Elizabeth's reign. His uncle was executed for the share he took in the Babington conspiracy; and his father was condemned to death on the same ground, but interest procured his pardon. Our poet was born in Worcestershire in 1605, and was educated at St. Omer's and Paris, whereby his taste for polite learning was developed and trained. His knowledge and accomplishments recommended him to Charles the First, but though he enjoyed kingly favour, he continued to lead the quiet and contemplative life he loved; and, unlike most poets, he married the lady to whom his poems are addressed, Lucia, daughter of William Herbert, Lord Powis. The volume of poems, called *Castara*, in which he celebrates her charms, was published in 1634, and has many graceful as well as quaint and conceitful works in it. He wrote one play, a tragedy, the *Queen of Aragon*, which is but a moderate work, and he was the author of a *History of Edward the Fourth*, written at the request of Charles the First. Habington is a truthful and ardent writer, of both sentiment and reflection, and when he pretends to be otherwise the mood sits ill upon him. Take the verses opening with the words:

Fine young folly, though you were
 That fair beauty I did swear,
 Yet you ne'er could touch my heart;
 For we courtiers learn at school
 Only with your sex to fool—
 You're not worth the serious part.

But this is not his genuine strain, for he sings in many ways the charms of his *Castara*, comparing her in one poem to the

violet in her retirement and modesty, and extolling her obedience and wit. He loves silence, and a peaceful and courtly life, and if he stirs himself with politics he cries out,

O busy folly! why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain
Or quick designs of France?

But, though fate he says conducts him to the shade, where he has no thought of glory other than that of being famed for virtuous love, yet he would have his friend bear a more active part in life :

Yet wish I thee, guided by the better stars,
To purchase unsafe honour in the wars,
Or envied smiles at court ; for thy great race
And merits, well may challenge the highest place.
Yet know, what busy path soe'er you tread
To greatness, you must sleep among the dead.

At the risk of repeating that wherewith our readers are familiar, we cannot forbear reprinting a portion of Habington's *Nox nocti indicat scientiam*, wherein he rises almost to the sublime :

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,
My soul has wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

.
It tells the conqueror
That far-stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour ;
That from the furthest North
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

.
Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life confute ;
For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

These are the chief of the Catholic poets who marked the age of Elizabeth and James, men who walked in courtly circles and were concerned in great events, some of them ; others who passed their days in obscurity, adversity, and pain. The records that hand down to us the literary activity of our ancestors of those days are of particular interest, because they express the tone of thought and feeling at a period most dangerous to all whose religious opinions made them conspicuous. We have endeavoured to give above such poetic extracts from the works of these remarkable men as might make apparent the personal feelings of the authors ; and in so doing we have seen how some could float lightly, and even cheerfully, on the surface of the stream, while others, like Southwell, who felt deeply and sang more truly, were whirled beneath its troublous and stormy waters. Crashaw, the last of the great Catholics poets of the seventeenth century, whose lifetime falls without the period we have selected, may fitly close our enumeration of them ; for, though the sweetness of his predecessors remained fully with him, yet their vigour and freshness were departed ; and so with this graceful and imaginative writer terminated the Catholic poetry of the Elizabethan age.

JOHN LEYLAND.

*The Russian Church and Unionist Hopes.*¹

IT is now some years since a movement was set on foot, within the limits of the Anglican communion, towards promoting the future union of Christendom. To a Catholic nothing could be more praiseworthy or of happier augury than such a movement ; however much he may be obliged to differ from its promoters touching the nature and conditions of union. If, however, we look upon this religious endeavour from the stand-point of those who founded and of those who now constitute the Society established for this purpose, (and it is only just so to estimate it and its adherents) ; we must own that it is a sincere practical effort in a right direction. If the gates of hell have prevailed against the Church for hundreds of years, for at the very least a third part of her existence,—if she has long lost that unity which is one of the Divinely constituted notes of her presence,—if she has been broken up into three rival communions in mutual opposition,—in a word, if what is commonly called the *branch-theory* be true ; nothing can be more plain than that strict duty will oblige every member of each branch, for the sake of the world as well as of the defeated Church, to do all that lies in his power towards the restoration of primitive intercommunion and ecclesiastical unity. It is furthermore a most hopeful sign of the movement, that its main weapon is prayer. Who can doubt that such prayers will be answered by Him who is Love, although the answer may not correspond with the conscious ideas and intentions of the petitioners ?

We may go a step further. Putting ourselves, as far as possible, in the intellectual and theological position of the Anglicans in question, it is easy to understand how desirable in every way it would be for them, if their Communion could be acknowledged by either of those two Churches which, according

¹ *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in 1841.* By William Palmer. Kegan Paul and Co.

to the *branch* theory, together with themselves constitute the Catholic Church. Nor is there any one who could justly condemn them, while honestly holding to their present convictions, for making the effort. But it is surely a vital point for them to determine, what are their chances of success. And here the question has been considerably narrowed by the inexorable logic of facts. Forlorn as must have been for them from the outset any hope of corporate reunion with the Catholic or Western Church on any conditions such as they could approve and accept in their present mind ; the definition of the Papal Supremacy by the Vatican Council has now once and for ever removed this dream beyond the range of possibilities. Unconditional surrender is a simple corollary of the said doctrine. But there is still the Oriental Church and that part of it which, in virtue of its political connection and numerical extension, is the *antesignanus* of the Greek communion,—the Russian Church. Is there any chance for the Anglican Unionists in this direction ? If what has been whispered from time to time be true, it would seem that tangible efforts have been made by individual Anglicans towards such a consummation, and that in one or two instances an unaccountable success has attended these efforts so far as the individuals are concerned, while leaving the point of *corporate* inter-communion in the same unpromising state as heretofore. Nay, it would appear that in the non-juror period an effort was made by the Scotch “bishops” of the reformed communion to attain this end ; but it failed. Is there any hope for the Anglican Unionists in the pliability of the Russian Church ?

A complete answer to the above question is to be found in the interesting work which is the subject of the present notice. Mr. William Palmer, the Notes of whose visit to Russia have been presented to the public under the editorship of his Eminence Cardinal Newman to whom he had in his will confided all his papers, was himself a sanguine pioneer in the endeavour to obtain a corporate union of the Anglican communion with the Russian Church. Our great Cardinal bears his testimony to Mr. Palmer's ethical fitness for the task. He assures us of this gentleman's “unselfishness, his gentleness and patience, his singular meekness, his zeal for the truth, and his honesty whether in seeking or defending it ;” and he takes care to tell us that what to unsympathetic or hostile visitors might seem a paradox or conceit “was, whether a truth

or an error, the deep sentiment and belief of a soul set upon realities and actuated by a severe conscientiousness." His intellectual qualifications for his task are sufficiently attested by the list of his successes at Oxford and of his appointments to tutorships in Oxford and Durham, given in a postscript to the Introduction. His recorded conversations evince throughout how deeply his whole soul was mastered by the branch theory, and how pertinaciously he combated in its defence. He took his journey to Russia supported by the best introductions, and was thus enabled to make his way into the very heart of the Russian Church. He may, therefore, be safely trusted as to the truth of the evidence which he affords us.

Now, the first question which suggests itself from an Anglican point of view,—and it is exclusively in this way that we are now considering this project of corporate reunion,—is: Does the actual condition of the Russian Church offer any hopes that the recognition of the Anglican body by this Church will prove of practical service? The Unionists and other Anglicans like-minded have been ever smarting under the Erastianism of the religious body to which they belong. But the Erastianism of the Russian Church is more pronounced; because it is not modified by free political institutions and by the influence of public opinion. In Mr. Palmer's interview with Lord Clanricarde, then Ambassador at the Russian Court, his Excellency remarked: "You will be surprised to see a General of Hussars in his uniform, an *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor, presiding in the Synod, directing the Bishops, and governing the Church." And Mr. Palmer continues: "Later, when I was in Russia, I heard a story of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Emperor, while conversing with some officers of his suite, on the approach of the Count Pratasoff, saying 'Here comes our Patriarch.'"² Now, Count Pratasoff was the officer of Hussars to whom Lord Clanricarde referred, and was High Procurator of the most holy Governing Synod. Mr. Palmer stayed some time at the monastery of St. Sergius,—one of the three *Lavras*, or first-class monasteries, of Russia. One of the monks remarked to him: "Ah! what we want is a Patriarch. As it is now, Pratasoff is our Patriarch, though a soldier, as he represents the Emperor."³ This is worse than the case of the much abused Lord Penzance. Mr. Palmer gives us in another place an account of the constitution of the Holy Synod, over which the General of Hussars at that time presided.

² Pp. 14, 15.

³ P. 221.

The Metropolitan of Novgorod and Petersburg, Seraphim, is now the presiding member or "First Member" of the Synod, not by any right of his see but *by ukase of the Emperor*. According to present custom the three Metropolitans of Novgorod and Petersburg, of Moscow, and of Kieff, and two Archbishops, viz., the Emperor's Confessor and the High Almoner of the Army and Fleet, are permanent members of the Synod. Three more members are called to sit for two or three years perhaps at a time, from among the bishops. Besides these eight there are certain assessors without votes, *but all this depends absolutely on the will of the Emperor* (pp. 62, 63).

Thus it would appear that the poor Russian Church stands in need itself of deliverance from the absolute tyranny of the civil power, and is in no condition to afford any help to the Anglican body in this respect, even if the majority of members of this latter cared for the deliverance.

There is one point about which Anglicans, with very few exceptions, are laudably most sensitive. We refer to the indissoluble sanctity of the marriage vow. What will they think of the following piece of ecclesiastical legislation? "If a man is banished to Siberia for life, his wife after three years may marry again."⁴

We may pass by the uneducated state of the great mass of the population, and the all but universal humble origin of the Russian priesthood; because, though both are a serious disadvantage, they are adventitious to the Russian Church as such. But there is one most pregnant fact, which is not adventitious but naturally springs from this Church's bondage under the State or civil power,—the laxity of opinion, apparently too common among the clergy as well as the laymen, touching the unity of the Church and of dogma. It would seem from Mr. Palmer's journal, that there is a very Broad Church party there, as there is in the English Establishment. For instance: Mr. Skreepitsin, who seems to have been a sort of colleague⁵ of Court Pratasoff, the High Procurator of the Synod, addressed this observation to Mr. Palmer:

Our Church has, and we have, one good point; that is its *tolerance*. We are not like Rome, which anathematizes all others; we have our own rite, but can be at peace with others, for they are all essentially one. The same Christ is worshipped by us all, and all things else are matters of comparative indifference (pp. 372, 373).

⁴ P. 324.

⁵ See note, p. 229.

Again : a priest addresses Mr. Palmer thus :

Tell me, what do you think ? It seems to me that the great thing for all men is to fear God and do what is right according to their knowledge ; if they do this, they may be saved, whatever be their external rite or opinion (pp. 537, 538).

This observation may be explained in a perfectly legitimate sense ; but, as it came from the priest, it does not seem to have edified Mr. Palmer. The most startling specimen of this laxity of opinion is to be found in the conversation of the Princess Meshchersky with the author of this journal, recorded in the hundred and sixteenth, hundred and seventeenth, and hundred and eighteenth chapters.

I believe [says the Princess] in the inner or essential Church, which is agreeable to the Bible, and as for particular outward Churches, none of them are perfect (pp. 498).

And again :

I think external unity impossible, and though, while believing an essential and invisible unity to subsist under divided parts, and looking for it there, I cannot stop short at the bounds of the Apostolic Hierarchy, divided into dioceses, which you insist upon, but feel obliged to take in more or less the sects also, not defending, however, their errors.

After this, one would be inclined to think that the Broad Church party would have a better chance of getting a hearing among the educated classes in Russia than the Unionists.

But there is a yet more important element in the actual status of the Russian Church, which has to be taken into account by those Anglicans who are yearning after corporate union. They must take things as they are. So practical and momentous a step as the union of two religious communions, if it is to be effected at all, must be based on present facts, not on distant probabilities. Now, by reason of what has been termed the comprehensiveness of the English Establishment, (which Unionists would be the last to deprecate, since they see that it is their best security against expulsion), there actually exists within it a not inconsiderable section, to which the tenets no less than the practices of the Roman Catholic Church are superstitious, idolatrous, anti-Christian. Dr. Pusey evidently was influenced by this fact, when he pleaded with Rome for a compromise. Would the Unionists fare better with the Russian Church ? Let us produce some further extracts from Mr. Palmer's notes.

"He"—that is to say a priest of the name of Vassili—"spoke besides of the Russians holding seven sacraments, as against the Protestants."⁶ The Archpriest Koutnevich remarked of the doctrine of transubstantiation, "on the whole, we agree with Rome on this point."⁷ The Protopresbyter of the Assumption Sobor adds his testimony. "One may say that there are but two points of difference between the Churches, the Procession and the Papal Headship; concerning the Procession, the Fathers disputed sharply in old times, but they did not for a long while break the unity of the Church, notwithstanding. Ah! charity is all in all."⁸ Further: it is evident from the testimony of Mr. Palmer, that the veneration of pictures, images, relics, invocation of saints, pre-eminent devotion to our Lady, the belief in modern miracles, the habitual use of the sign of the cross, fastings, compulsory confession at least once a year, the existence of monks, &c., &c., are as prominent in the actual Russian, as in the Catholic system; while, on the other hand, there is confessedly no more conspicuous characteristic of the Greek Church than its conservatism and immobility of mould. Throughout the whole of Mr. Palmer's journal we have been unable to discover one hint of a possible concession from Russian authorities either ecclesiastical or civil.

We now proceed to consider the attitude of the Russian authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, with whom Mr. Palmer was brought into contact. No one will venture to deny that they were eminently representative of the Russian communion; since they included the most exalted personages in Church and State and both orders of the clergy. Well, how did these stand affected towards the idea of union with the Anglican body? Let us see.

First of all, they animadverted in the strongest manner on the disunion existing among Anglicans. Thus, for instance, Count Pratasoff—after having received from Mr. Palmer an account of his High Church belief—puts this pregnant question:

If such are really the doctrines of the Anglicans, how is it that you do not teach them to the people? Or how is it that the English here, if they have not a minister or pastor of their own, will go anywhere, especially to the church of the Calvinists, who do not believe even in the Divinity of our Lord [*i.e.*, the Calvinists in Russia]. Whereas *we* should think that about the same thing as to go and pray with the Mohammedans. . . . Do you mean to tell me that the *bishops* in

⁶ P. 90.⁷ P. 148.⁸ P. 438.

England hold and teach such doctrine as you have now been professing? I will not ask if there are any among them who are heretics or heretically inclined. I know you must have such; we have such, even here (pp. 118, 120).

Again: The Protopope Pafsky says to Mr. Palmer:

Koutnevich (High Almoner of the Army and the Fleet) is pleased with his conversations with you. He does not see any difference worth mentioning between the doctrine of your Dissertation (Introduction to the Thirty-Nine Articles) and that of our own Church. But I should like to know how far the English agree with you, and you with the doctrines of your Church (pp. 272, 273.)

M. Mouravieff, well known as the author of a work on the history of the Russian Church, and a kind of colleague of Count Pratasoff, observes:

With you everything needs explanations and apologies. One of you sees a thing in one light, another in another, no two of you agree. There are your xxxix Articles, which any one may subscribe, and be a thorough-going Protestant. You, in your Dissertation, allow some things to us, and do not allow others; you amalgamate and reconcile and eclecticize, that Protestants you may not be. But if you were to dare to preach or to avow openly your anonymous Dissertation, they would call you a Papist, or a Greek, or I know not what (p. 365).

The Princess Dolgorouky remarks to Mr. Palmer:

What strikes me is the vast diversity of opinions, and upon the most important points, which I find within the English Church and in English authors (p. 376).

Against the Thirty-Nine Articles the common judgment of the Russian authorities appears to have been uncompromisingly severe. The Metropolitan of Moscow exclaims:

How happy is our Church which has preserved unaltered the Liturgies of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom! How do you like them? Your own Church could not adopt one of them consistently with these Thirty-Nine Articles. . . . There are in them many erroneous propositions, such as could not be allowed with us (p. 395; see p. 334).

Again: It is very interesting and important to know what the authorities of the Russian Church thought touching the branch-Church theory as fully explained to them by Mr. Palmer. It is plain that they did not take to it kindly. Mr. Palmer had explained to the Metropolitan of Moscow, that the Anglican Body had never excommunicated the Latin Churches of the

Continent, but only the Romanists in England, &c. The Archbishop replies :

This is what I cannot in the least understand ; they are all the same with the Latins of the Continent ; communion depends on unity of belief. If they are fit to be communicated with abroad, they ought to be one with you at home ; if they are to be excommunicated at home they are to be excommunicated everywhere.

Count Pratasoff said in the same conversation :

On that principle you would be an Universalist, changing your religion with your dwelling-place, as often as you crossed the frontier from country to country (pp. 552, 353).

Once more : Count Pratasoff

Seemed to be staggered at the idea of one visible Catholic Church being made up of three communions, differing in doctrines and rites, and two of them at least condemning and anathematizing the others (p. 276).

These prevalent notions concerning the branch theory, the symbolism, worship, and status of the Anglican communion, which were then rife, and we have no reason for supposing to be otherwise than rife now in the Russian Church, do not lend much probability to the idea of an intimate union between the two bodies on the lines which alone could be acceptable to English Unionists. Nevertheless, as the project was tentatively submitted to the Russian authorities, it is profitable to realize from their own words in what light the project was regarded by them. It is evident from Mr. Palmer's journal that they regarded it under two aspects,—viz. the possibility of the union of individual Anglicans with their Church and the possibility of corporate union ; and that they judged the former to be far more feasible than the latter. As an insight has been given us into their idea of the manner in which each must necessarily be conducted ; it will be well to see what that idea was in relation to each hypothesis.

As to the union of individuals, the Protopope Pafsky said to Mr. Palmer :

We make no kind of distinction between the Ruskolniks [dissenters from the Russian Church] at home and members of a foreign Church. We require both the one and the other to be reconciled as proselytes, and conform to our doctrines and customs in all things (p. 273).

On another occasion, Mr. Palmer, as if for the purpose of leading up to a mitigation of this condition, said to the Protopope Sidonsky,

Practically you *must* distinguish between essentials and non-essentials; you have in course of time changed what is of primitive usage yourselves.

The Protopope replied,

I admit the distinction, but we at present have no notion of making it (*Ibidem.*)

It is thus plain that, according to the mind of the orthodox Russians, individual union with their Church is equivalent to unqualified submission.

On the question of corporate union between the two communions their expressed opinion is still more unpromising. They express the conviction that for them to entertain the idea of recognizing the Anglican body, as a means of restoring unity to divided Christendom, would be to begin at the wrong end. M. Mouravieff observes :

We do not say that the Latins are in all respects heretics, only in some points, as on the Procession, and in giving only half the Sacrament of Holy Communion to the laity. And, if we were to admit any others to be part of the true Church besides ourselves, it would certainly be rather the Roman Church than yours; for there is comparatively but a slight difference between us and them.

Mr. Palmer replies :

We by no means deny them either, any more than we deny you, in their legitimate dioceses.

M. Mouravieff answers to this,

But you manifestly fell away from them, and it is of no avail now to try to explain things away, and to change all our convictions as to your past history (p. 367).

So, on another occasion the same eminent functionary thus, plainly opens his mind on the same question :

The Pope had acquired a right of jurisdiction. The Latin Church had taken that Gothic form and constitution, and your separation was made by secular violence. If I had been an Englishman then, I should have adhered to the Pope (p. 380).

The Princess Eudoxia Galitzen puts to Mr. Palmer the following startling question :

How can you pretend that your religion is the same as ours when you have not the same sacraments or altars in your churches? You came out of the Catholic Church at the Reformation (p. 389).

Once more: M. Mouravieff becomes still more explicit:

We know you only as heretics. You separated from the Latin Church three hundred years ago, as the Latins had before that fallen away from the Greeks. We think even the Latin Church heretical; but you are an apostasy from an apostasy; a progression from bad to worse. . . . You were part of the Pope's patriarchate, and you rebelled against him (p. 229).

With such views of the position of the Anglican body relatively to the Western Patriarchate and of the at least *comparative* innocency of the Latin, or Catholic Church, we are prepared for the following open and somewhat brusque declaration of M. Mouravieff:

If we had any communication with your Church, it must be through the Pope, and the Church of Rome, nor can we recognize you otherwise. Reconcile yourself to your own patriarch first, and then come and talk to us, if you think you have anything to say to us (p. 230).

Mr. Palmer had never pretended, but had always strenuously denied, that he was in any way commissioned to treat with the Russian authorities concerning a union of the two Communions, or that the motive of his visit to Russia was other than to make himself acquainted with the condition, belief, ritual, popular devotions, observances, &c., of the Russian Church. Yet there seems to have been a more or less prevalent suspicion that he was an unofficial agent of the unionist section, supposing such a section to have then existed. And this suspicion gave rise to a declaration of the vanity of *individual* efforts, which is valuable as serving to complete the judgment of the Russian authorities touching corporate union. The Sergiefsky monks said to Mr. Palmer,

You are only an individual; the thing necessary is to know what are the sentiments of your Church. . . . What is the opinion of your bishops on these matters? (p. 216).

In a like manner, the priest, Fortunatoff, with whom Mr. Palmer boarded for some time, says to his guest;

Discussions between individuals under authority are of little use; the Churches themselves should confer together and make mutual explanations (p. 328).

We have now before us the complete Russian answer to the question of corporate union between the two communions ; and it is as follows : Individual efforts are fruitless. If such a work is ever to be accomplished, it must be the result of synodal action on the part of the two Churches. To this end your bishops must entertain the opinions which you have represented as your own. The Church of England must be collectively tractarian, and maintain the principles which you have laid down for the interpretation of the Thirty-Nine Articles. But these Articles you must give up. We can have nothing to say to them ; for they are full of error, and condemn important doctrines embodied in our ritual and our creed. But, even supposing that the "Church of England" should be prepared to make such sacrifices and should ever find itself in the necessary dispositions ; *immediate* union between our Church and yourselves will be as far off as ever. You must remember that our *raison d'être* is the Divine constitution of the Church under the patriarchial form of government. It follows that we know nothing of you save as a small section under the Latin Patriarchate ; and we know that, through the agency of secular violence you apostatized some three hundred years ago from the lawful authority of your Patriarch. The first thing, therefore, that you must do, is to become reconciled with the Roman Pontiff. We can only consent to have diplomatic relations with you through him. If, after your reconciliation and submission you have anything to say to us, we shall be prepared to listen.

The above is the substance of what the Russian authorities said to Mr. Palmer, only they expressed it in far stronger terms. Now if, in spite of the invariable kindness evinced towards Mr. Palmer and the interest they manifestly took in his journey of inquiry, these authorities felt bound to convey a message to the Anglicans that desired intercommunion with them, which was rather characterized by its plainness than by its courtesy ; and if those political considerations which they ingenuously revealed to Mr. Palmer exist now as then,—of which there can be little or no doubt ; if Oriental conservatism and stationariness should now as then forbid any the slightest variations in belief and ritual ; surely the most ardent Unionists will be ready to own that they must look elsewhere than to Russian *Capholics* ⁹

⁹ It is curious that the Russians are generally in the habit of calling those who are in communion with the See of Rome *Catholics* ; while they have invented for themselves the meaningless name of *Capholics* (See pp. 122, 235, 273, 274, 310, 479, etc.).

for efficient help in realizing their Christian desires. There is one part of the advice given by the Russians, which we should unfeignedly rejoice if the Unionists could see their way to accept. If they should ever realize the necessity of submitting to "their Patriarch," the Vicar of Christ; they would indeed have a word to say to the Russian Church, though not precisely in the way supposed. For if that increasing section of the Anglican body,—distinguished by its hold on so many of our nobles and gentry as well as on the young of both sexes, so zealous and laborious, so self-denying in most cases, so attached to the worship of God as they understand it, so careful of God's poor, so near the Church in their instincts and aspirations as we cannot help believing them to be,—should lead the way towards the restoration of our beloved country to Catholic unity; the aspirations of the Unionists, thus hallowed and transformed by a new life and adding fresh strength to the prayers and aims of the visible Head of the Church, would of a truth convey a silent message to the separated Church in Russia, which it would (especially in its actual condition) do ill to ignore. It would be a bright jewel in the crown of England if, as De Maistre half predicted, though not in the way perhaps which he supposed, the Anglican Communion should become an instrument in the hands of our good God for restoring by its example unity to Christendom. Stranger things have happened; let us be content to wait and pray.

The serious thoughts suggested by Mr. Palmer's notes have left but little room for a notice of the work itself. The fact, however, that Cardinal Newman has edited it and has written a characteristically affectionate introduction, will of itself (if we mistake not) prove a sufficient commendation in the eyes of the English public. We cannot, however, help adding a word. While from the nature of the notes it is plain that the main burden of them is ecclesiastical; it must not be supposed that they have no interest for the general reader. Any one who wishes to inform himself of the social habits of Russia will find in this little volume abundant and trustworthy information. There is to be found in it likewise much that is valuable and useful touching the history, political condition and changes, topography, institutions, of this large Empire. There is a charm of simple truthfulness in its pages, which makes it difficult to lay it aside when once opened.

THOMAS HARPER.

Reviews.

I.—NATURE AND THOUGHT.¹

PROFESSOR MIVART has the singular advantage of being one of the most distinguished men of science in England, and at the same time of having supplemented his scientific knowledge by a study of Catholic philosophy. His acquaintance with this latter not only gives him the means of drawing the line sharp and clear between the *a priori* laws of thought and the *a posteriori* laws of the material world, but also guards him against the too frequent impatience of scientific men, which induces them to put forward what is but a brilliant hypothesis as an established fact, and to set aside what is fundamentally true because at first sight their new hypothesis seems to contradict its teaching. This gives to Professor Mivart a superiority even in the department of science to those whose unfettered liberty of thought is but a liberty to err, while in the domain of philosophy it enables him to speak with an authority wholly absent in the vague guesses, and false inferences, and self-contradictory principle of those who have no guide for their steps in philosophic speculation.

The fact of this double advantage comes out with very telling force in the volume before us, in which the conclusions from *a priori* principles and the inferences from observed facts meet together, not in antagonism, as is necessarily the case in every false system, but in the pleasant harmony of mutual support and confirmation of each other. Professor Mivart may thus be said to combine the old and the new learning. He is familiar not only with the latest discoveries of science, but also with the latest theories and the latest vagaries of modern "thought." He is no scholastic metaphysician, unintelligible to the readers of Mill and Bain, but he has carefully studied, and is perfectly familiar with the philosophizing—for we cannot call

¹ *Nature and Thought*. An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. By St. George Mivart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

it philosophy—of the present day. He knows where the central weakness of each modern system lies, and points it out with admirable clearness, and explaining where its error arises, and whither it leads. His book might be termed a defence of the first principles of true philosophy against modern attack.

His first two chapters discuss the basis of our belief in the fact of the inner and outer world respectively. In the next chapter he sums up admirably the distinctive faculties which man possesses and the brutes do not (pp. 129, 130), and his account of the source of our notions of causation is so well expressed that we must perforce quote a short extract from it.

M. "Cause" is one of those intellectual ideas (like "unity," "number," "existence," "possibility," &c.) which the intellect spontaneously gains through the incidence of sense impressions, and which is conveyed to it by, though it is never contained in, them; it travels as an outside passenger. But though your senses can take no cognizance of this inflow of influence, wherein causation exists, there is, nevertheless, one phenomenon of consciousness wherein this inflow and action are actually perceptible to us.

F. Indeed! I should much like to know what it is. I have never even heard of the existence of such a direct perception of causation.

M. The perception I refer to is our perception of the inflow of the influence of motives upon our will. When I resolve from a certain motive to perform any act, I am conscious not merely of the existence of a certain antecedent state of things, which is named a motive, and of a certain consequent, which is my act of resolve, but I am conscious of the antecedent as a motive—that is, as something moving me. I know and feel that it is active, and is exerting an influence upon me; that it emits, as it were, a force which is stirring my will.

From causation he passes to conscience, which according to a modern school is but "an accumulation of traditional feelings of utility," just as morality is, as it were, the congealed experience of the human race. In opposition to this view he asserts very rightly the fundamental distinction between virtue and utility. We are inclined to think that he goes a little too far in allowing any real opposition to exist between virtue and a far-sighted utility, and that even when preaching self-denial a secret instinct whispers that if the present pleasure is sacrificed, it is for a far greater pleasure in the future.

Professor Mivart's criticism of the evolution theory and of agnosticism are admirable. Very weighty is the dictum of a man so thoroughly versed in anthropology that "the Darwinian theory not only does not repose upon reason, but it is the absolute

negation of reason " (p. 168), while of the agnostic he pertinently remarks that "every agnostic who speaks of truth and falsehood commits intellectual suicide" (p. 171).

The last chapter, which is a very important one, treats of the argument for an Intelligent Immaterial First Cause as the Author of the Universe. The remarks, favourable or unfavourable, which are passed on Mr. Herbert Spencer are especially happy, as, for instance, on the theory of natural selection as the source of morality (p. 208). Morality naturally leads to the freedom of the will, and here the determinist objections are well refuted, though limits of space prevent very full discussion of this most difficult question. The concluding portion of the book consists of an examination of the difficulty raised against the Divine Goodness and the doctrine of Creation by reason of the existence of evil, and of a general summary of the conclusions arrived at as the result of the dialogue.

The interest of the book is well sustained throughout, and when we consider the difficulty of the subjects treated, and the conciseness of their treatment, the task could not have been accomplished without great literary power. The objections, too, are well put and well answered.

At the same time we must confess that the form of a dialogue does not seem to us well suited to subjects such as these. The objections put into the mouth of the non-orthodox interlocutor may not represent the current which the reader's thoughts would naturally take if he dissented from the arguments used, and so they are prone to lose their interest for him, or he excogitates others which are left untouched, or else they suggest to him difficulties that he would not have thought of himself. Besides this, there is introduced just enough of incident to break the philosophic character of the dialogue, without any dramatic reality being given to the persons, and the fact of one of the friends being in love, and his guardian objecting to the marriage, is not sufficiently *a propos* to the subject. It breaks the line of thought, it does not relieve it.

In one or two points of detail we are inclined to differ from Professor Mivart. Thus when he says that "the dog *is* a soul" (p. 189), rather than that "the dog *has* a soul," we think he makes too much of the vital principle of animals. The soul of animals is, according to a very probable opinion, evolved from the potentialities of matter. Even if it be a substantial, though incomplete entity, yet it is so entirely dependent on the

body that we should hesitate before we gave to it the primary position in the animal nature.

Again, in speaking of the difficulties which beset the existence of evil, we find the following paragraph—

All theologians assert that God can do nothing absurd or self-contradictory, and the range of objective contradiction may be much more extensive than is commonly supposed. There may be inherent absurdity and contradiction in the notions that the plenitude of human virtue could have been called forth without the help of suffering, and that for the existence of sensuous pleasure, some sensuous pain was not an objectively necessary condition (p. 243.)

This possible contradiction seems to us a rather gratuitous hypothesis, and we must confess we do not believe it is true. If it were, Adam and Eve would have been incapable of the "plenitude of human virtue" if they had remained in Paradise. Putting aside the theological doctrine of original sin and its consequences (which Professor Mivart very properly avoids), as an explanation of human suffering, we should rather say that God had offered a magnificent prize as the guerdon of a comparatively minute sacrifice, and that the aspect of life as a momentary preparation for an eternal reward is the true explanation of the difficulty. God offers man terms not only just, but generous, and simply magnificent in their generosity, and we have no sort of right to say that they ought to be more generous still, or that the reward ought to be given without any payment on our part. God wants no excuse of possible impossibility to account for his not having given us Heaven gratis. Such a theory is a concession to optimism.

But there are spots in the sun, and such minor points, in which we differ from him, do not detract from the essential value of Professor Mivart's book. He has done good service by his clear exposition of the teaching of Catholic philosophy on many points where educated men are floundering about in a most unfortunate ignorance. His book ought to be read by every one who desires to obtain a knowledge of the position which intelligent orthodoxy occupies in the face of modern science, and the perfect harmony which exists between them. Would that we had many distinguished scientists like Professor Mivart to meet the effrontery of those who, scientists though they be, are at the same time sciolists in philosophy, and like all sciolists, know just enough to go hopelessly astray.

2.—CONFERENCES ON THE BLESSED TRINITY.

In a small volume, entitled *Conferences on the Blessed Trinity*, Dr. O'Connell covers a vast extent of ground. The book consists of eight Conferences into which the author contrives to introduce the proofs of God's existence, a description of the Divine Perfections, the arguments in favour of the Divinity of the Son, and of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, and then ends his task with the doctrines of Creation and the Real Presence. Those who have been accustomed to the slow and measured tread of the scholastic theologian will wonder at the speed which enables Dr. O'Connell to travel through subjects so vast in so short a space.

But we have every desire to praise these Conferences. There is much excellent matter in them, clearly and simply expressed, still we should like to see the arguments more fully developed. It is not easy for the ordinary reader to grasp a subject so difficult if condensed into so short a space.

Dr. O'Connell states boldly in the first Conference the great truth defined by the Council of the Vatican that the existence of God can be known with certainty from created things. The Council speaks with the prudence that is from above. It is not defined that every man does actually know God (for many unfortunately are ignorant of Him), but that a knowledge of God, freed from all shadow of doubt and therefore certain, can be obtained from the things that are made. The Council, by the very words it employs, leans on the argument from causation. It quotes St. Paul's famous verse,¹ "The invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." St. Paul speaks of this knowledge of God as clear (*φανερόν*). It must then come from the light of reason and not from revelation. For the truths of revelation are the object of faith, and faith is not said to be clear, at least as far as regards the person who reveals, although it may be as far as the truth that is revealed. The antithesis in the original declares St. Paul's meaning in the boldest possible language *τὰ ἀόρατα καθορᾶται*. Dr. O'Connell also brings forward the evidence of God's existence from revelation, from the creed of every country, and from the universal consent of mankind embodied in the maxim *securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

He next gives a summary of the Catholic doctrine respect-

¹ Rom. i. 20.

ing the Divinity of the Son. Christ our Lord is, in the language of the Athanasian Symbol, perfect God and perfect man. He is perfect God, because necessarily and eternally begotten of the Father, perfect man because born in time of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was not born in nature's course, no human being was His father. He was conceived through the supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost. And since Mary was His Mother, her virginal flesh formed the flesh of the Son of God. Christ was, therefore, a man with a human soul, intellect, and will ; like us in all things save sin, with human affections and a human heart, who felt the joys of hope and the anguish of fear.

Besides the Father and the Son there is also the Holy Ghost. The Third Person of the Blessed Trinity is the mutual love of the Father and the Son, proceeding from both as from one principle. As the Son proceeds by the intellect, so does the Holy Ghost proceed by the will. He is God with all Divine Perfections like the Father and the Son. The Holy Ghost has the same nature as the Father and the Son. The Divine nature is communicated in its fulness without multiplying itself, because infinity cannot be multiplied (p. 154).

Thus does Dr. O'Connell explain concisely but clearly the distinction of the Three Divine Persons who are at the same time really distinct in their personality and distinctly identical in their essence. He explains to his readers the important truth that a mystery is not a contradiction. It is a confusion between them which has proved one of the chief sources of infidelity in the present day.

Our only regret is that the necessity of handling subjects so many and so tremendous in a short space should have precluded him of necessity from entering more at length into these and many similar points.

3.—HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY.¹

The great object of this work, as the author himself informs us, is to remove the false impressions which have been made for many years upon the English reader by sectarian and party writers, and to place before the world an honest record of the

¹ *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. Hubert Burke. Vol. iii.

deeds of the public men of the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth. Such a design, if executed with learning and honesty, must of necessity make us acquainted with some startling revelations, and accordingly we find that Mr. Burke deals some heavy blows upon certain personages whom the great Protestant tradition of England has for long been pleased to honour. We have an examination of the chief events in which Archbishop Cranmer appears on the pages of history ; the "Clerics of the New Learning" pass in review before us ; the Marian bishops have tardy justice done to them for the patient courage with which they endured the persecution to which they were subjected by reason of their steady adherence to the faith which they had pledged themselves to preserve inviolate ; while, in telling contrast, the venality, the cowardice, and the avarice of the intruders into the sees thus made vacant, are depicted in their true colours.

Mr. Burke does not profess to deal with his subject according to any scientific plan, nor does he throw his materials into a connected narrative. He aims rather at grouping together under certain heads the curious information which he has collected from many out-of-the-way authorities ; in consequence of which system, or neglect of system, his volumes read as a kind of historical commonplace book, and may possess a certain amount of attraction from this very circumstance. But they will spare a large amount of labour to future enquirers into the history of the Tudor period, and no one who is occupied in enquiring into the true character of the English Reformation can fail to consult with advantage the stores which Mr. Burke here places at his disposal.

Mr. Burke gives us some anecdotes which have the merit of novelty. Here is one, which is worth notice. "It is traditionally believed that Sir Henry Lee, K.G., had the King (Henry the Eighth) for his father, though of course he was the reputed son of old Sir Anthony Lee, of Quorrender, who had married the young and beautiful Margaret Wyatt. Anyhow, since that time all the Lee baronets, and all the Lees, Earls of Lichfield, save the last, were named 'Harry,' a custom which came down in the family into the present generation" (p. 208).

Another illustration of the times which will probably be new to most of our readers, is especially appropriate at the present season. Mr. Burke tells us that "Throughout Cranmer's career he rigidly enforced the rules concerning abstinence from meat on

the days commanded by the Church. Bishop Bonner, once the personal friend of Cranmer, gave an annual fish entertainment to King Henry and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The banquet cost about £6 10. On one occasion, it being a very cold winter day, the host had a plentiful supply of hot drink for the King and the other guests. The 'hot drink was composed of milk, eggs, and Irish whiskey.' Thomdate, who was one of the party, states that the jovial monarch was much pleased with the liquor and the savoury 'belly cheer,' provided by his 'friend Ned,' the King's pet name for Bonner" (p. 19). It is gratifying to know that egg flip can boast of such a respectable antiquity.

The fourth and concluding volume of this work will be issued during the course of next month. We reserve until its appearance some observations which we have to make upon the sources whence Mr. Burke has derived his varied and interesting information.

4.—CEREMONIAL.¹

This is, in our opinion, the best book on ceremonies in the English language. Hitherto we have been dependent on translations of Baldeschi, who certainly was very good in his way, but Baldeschi has long been superseded by the best and most learned Master of Ceremonies of modern times, Mgr. Martinucci. Baldeschi, who was Master of Ceremonies to the Chapter of St. Peter's, wrote for Rome, and therefore his book contains no directions for a Bishop in his own diocese. Martinucci, the late Prefect of the Pope's Masters of Ceremonies, has written his book for the use of all the world, and it is recommended for general use by Pope Pius the Ninth, in an Apostolic Letter prefixed to the work. We are very glad to see that the author of this American Ceremonial follows implicitly the guidance of Mgr. Martinucci. He has done better than simply translate that writer's voluminous work. He has written such a book as he saw was needed for the Churches of the United States, and in all cases of divergency of opinion, he has, as he expressly says, deferred to the authority of Mgr. Martinucci.

In this book there is but one little chapter, as far as we can see, that interferes with its adoption in England or Ireland. In the directions given for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the

¹ *Ceremonial for the use of the Catholic Churches of the United States of America.* Fifth revised edition. Baltimore: Piet and Co.

American author has not followed the *Ritus servandus*, which in these countries is made obligatory by the authority of the Provincial Councils of Westminster and Thurles. Thus for America all the genuflections to be made by the priest who exposes and takes down the Blessed Sacrament are with one knee only, while according to our *Ritus*, there are several that are to be made on both knees. Again, the celebrant in America is not told to put on an amice over his surplice, when he does not wear the alb and girdle, but the *Ritus* makes the use of the amice at that time obligatory for us. We should certainly not have thought it right for the celebrant at Benediction to wear the amice in this manner, unless our *Ritus* prescribed it; but surely the authority of the *Ritus* is conclusive on the point. We were therefore a little surprised at an answer given not long ago in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* which settled the question in the negative, without reference to our local authoritative regulation.

One omission strikes us in this book. It gives, in addition to all that can be needed for Mass and Vespers, even Confirmation, Visitation, and Synods, but we see no mention of Compline. Surely this beautiful little Office is not quite unknown in the United States, and certainly some directions for it are needed; as for instance that the priest, preceded by the acolytes, enters first, followed by the choir in inverse order, and again that the *Confiteor* is sung in monotone and not according to the notes by which the deacon sings it at High Mass.

The American author in his Preface gives some useful answers lately received, though informally, from Propaganda, and as some of our readers may be glad to see them, we transcribe them here.

I. The Missal may be left on the altar beforehand at a Low Mass, where such is the custom; though the rubrics require that the server should carry it to the altar when accompanying the celebrant.

II. When the sacristy is behind the altar of the church, the celebrant enters the sanctuary by the Epistle and leaves by the Gospel side.

III. The salutations prescribed in the *Cæremoniale*, and elsewhere, need not be made to mere sanctuary boys.

IV. When the Blessed Sacrament is not kept at the altar where Mass is celebrated, the server on arriving, or when passing before the middle of the altar, should not genuflect, but bow profoundly.

The Propaganda at the same time said that though the Missal prescribes that in a *Missa cantata* a lector in surplice

should sing the Epistle, where that Rubric cannot be observed, the celebrant may *read* it. This provision is in accordance with recent decrees of the Congregation of Rites which forbid the priest to *sing* it.

We are glad to see that neither in the print which shows how the altar is to be incensed, nor in the text, is any favour shown to the curls with the thurible which some priests make over the altar. They have, we believe, no authority, and their origin is a misunderstanding of the arrows drawn on the print of the altar in Baldeschi, which were only intended to indicate the direction of the movement of the priest while he incenses the altar.

We see with interest that the server at a Low Mass is instructed in America to kneel during the *Credo*. England is probably the only country in the world where by very ancient custom all stand. The General Rubric of the Missal directs all who are hearing Mass to kneel, excepting at the Gospel. We speak under correction on so delicate a point as the value of a custom, but it would appear that our local habit of standing at the *Credo* has the qualities necessary to make such a custom lawful.

We observe that the deacon and sub-deacon are directed to bow only and not to genuflect before going up to recite the *Gloria* and *Credo* with the celebrant. This was Baldeschi's direction also, but another usage has been introduced in this country by a footnote in which the translator of Baldeschi suggested that a genuflection should then be made if the Blessed Sacrament was in the Tabernacle at the Altar. The American author makes no such suggestion, as far as we can see.

And now, leaving the ceremonies, we pass to a verbal criticism or two. We notice that the word "censer" is employed almost always for what we call the "thurible," and "censer-bearer" for our "thurifer." The word "sprinkle" is used as a substantive, avowedly on the authority of Worcester's Dictionary, who quotes Spenser for its use as "a utensil to sprinkle with." This is better than the frightful word given in the same Dictionary, *Aspergeoire*, a corruption of the French *aspersoir* and *asperges*, which latter word is suggestive of, but unconnected with, *asparagus* of Persian origin. A "sprinkle" might be usefully introduced here, as we have no term but a "holy water brush;" but "thurible" and "thurifer" work very well. Our own old-fashioned term "holy water vat" for the vessel that holds holy water is preferable to the "vase," as the American

writer calls it. The word "vat" comes from the Anglo-Saxon, meaning literally, according to Skeat, "that which contains." There seems to us no advantage in calling a Bishop's *mozetta* "a cape," or a *cappa magna*, "a pontifical mantle."

With some regret we see that the American Ceremonial authorizes the wretched spelling of "Maunday" for "Maundy" Thursday. Skeat gives it, evidently rightly, as Middle English *maundee*, the equivalent of the Old French *mandé*, "that which is commanded," from the Latin *mandatum*. The washing of the feet on Maundy Thursday is called the *mandatum* from the words of the Gospel sung at that ceremony.

Speaking of these ecclesiastical words we may add that Skeat emphatically rejects the statement that *Whitsunday* is *Whitsun* or *Whitson Day*. He says it is "literally *White Sunday*, as is perfectly certain from the Anglo-Saxon *Hwita sunnan-dæg*." He adds "*Whitsun-week* short for *Whitsunday's week*, *Whitsun-tide* short for *Whitsunday-tide*." If this be so, and the authority of Skeat is of the highest, then the modern abbreviated form *Whit-week*, though an innovation, is not the barbarism it has been thought to be.

5.—FASTI APOSTOLICI.¹

Many of us have often wished to have, in a convenient form, a reliable summary of the chief events in the after lives of the Apostles, subsequent to our Lord's Ascension. It is natural that we should have to wait for a work involving no small amount of patient toil. In addition to a knowledge of the various traditions scattered up and down the writings of the early Fathers and Apologists, there is the labour of examining and comparing the works of men like Baronius and Cornelius à Lapide, to say nothing of the facts and fancies contained in the learned works published in our own day. It is no easy task to weigh with accuracy the value of traditions thus preserved to us, and the sifting of the simplest facts often necessitates an amount of labour out of all apparent proportion to the results obtained.

This laborious work Father Anderdon has undertaken and executed with scholarly taste and precision. Although pro-

¹ *Fasti Apostolici*: a Chronology of the years between the Ascension of our Lord and the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1882.

fessedly only an outline, the *Fasti Apostolici* present us with a terse continuous narrative, embodying the principal events of the thirty-six years immediately following the Ascension, which can be set down with any historical certainty. The value of this compilation is by no means adequately represented by the value of the text alone. The notes appended to each page are especially valuable. They supply vouchers for each statement in the text, and they afford an amount of what may be termed collateral information, not easily accessible to the general reader, drawn from all sources and made to converge upon points either contained in the text or suggested by it. Notices, historical and traditional, of persons mentioned, antiquarian explanations, elucidations of words in the original text of the New Testament, apposite citations from writers Pagan and Christian, the geographical situation and noticeable features of towns and cities, accounts of some less well-authenticated traditions, all find their appropriate places in these very useful notes. And their value and utility is very much increased by references being given for every citation.

These *Fasti Apostolici* will be a most useful addition to small libraries. They should be especially welcome in this country, as they contain authentic information, not easily found elsewhere, on many matters which are frequently the subject of discussion between ourselves and our Protestant fellow-countrymen. It is to be hoped that this chronology will be as widely known and appreciated as it deserves to be.

6.—TRUE WAYSIDE TALES.¹

Men tell us that truth is stranger than fiction; but after reading these beautiful little stories we would beg leave to remodel the familiar proverb, and to say that truth is more interesting than fiction. It is only natural that it should be so. We care more for the living men and women around us than for the heroes of romance. Yet somehow it is hard to persuade mankind that a true story will always, if equally well told, beat the invention of the ablest of fiction-makers. Even those who keep most closely to nature cannot exclude the half-stagey aspect of their characters. There is not the reality about their pictures that we recognize in the photographs of real life, and the

¹ *True Wayside Tales.* By Lady Herbert. Washbourne.

sensitive readers whose tears fall over the miseries and sufferings of the hero of fiction are half ashamed of throwing away their sympathy on what they know is a man of straw dressed up to please them in the flesh and bones and garments of actual life.

For this reason stories like those in the present volume have a charm unknown to those numerous stories for the young, moral tales, pious fictions which prolific authors and authoresses write to instruct, amuse, edify, and improve Catholic boys and girls. These are real, true stories, of men and women who actually lived, and of events which actually happened. But they are much more than this: they are stories full of touching incidents, which will wake a string of sympathy and emotion in every Catholic heart. They tell simply and without attempt at effect some of those wonderful facts of the providence of God and His dealings with the children of men which surpass in picturesque beauty anything that man can invent, and are far more really improving than any of those improving stories made up with the best intentions, but often full of sickly sentimentality or pious unreality and prone to do more harm than good by the feeble and enervated sort of religion they promulgate.

But Lady Herbert's stories have all the freshness and invigorating force of truth, and of no ordinary truth, since they deal with those supernatural truths which are folly to the world, but to the Catholic are the wisdom of God and the power of God. Of the manner in which they are told we need say nothing. Lady Herbert's name is sufficient guarantee for the graceful elegance of their style and of the unaffected simplicity which is one of their chief attractions. As a New Year's present for children, no better book could be found. In school libraries and lending libraries it will be found equally suited to children in years and to those children of an older growth, men and women though they are in age, who yet turn with pleasure from worldly cares and mundane interests to the unadorned narrative of the wonderful workings of the supernatural providence of God.

We will not attempt to give any account of the various stories. Our readers had better find them out for themselves. It is enough to say that they are stories from every part of the world. The two first were related to Lady Herbert by Jesuit missionaries: the rest carry us from London to South Wales, and from South Wales to Ireland, and from Ireland to America, and from America to Madagascar. Each story has

its own useful lesson. We think no one can read this little book without deriving benefit from its perusal and being grateful to the accomplished narrator for her pious work.

7.—IN A DAY.¹

It would be unreasonable to demand that all dramas should be tested by representation, for very many are written only to be read ; yet the reading of a drama must be always a hard task for the critic who is desirous to do it justice. An epic poem cannot be said to need recitation ; if the descriptions are bold and the language exalted, the effect of the narrative is only deepened by the skilful and intelligent rendering of one who tells the tale to those who listen. But a drama draws its very life from hearts that beat and lips that move, from voice and gesture, from the flashing of the eye, from the cloud that is seen to be gathering on the brow. It must reveal the living soul or it fails to achieve its purpose.

Thus it happens, that the reader often overlooks what would be most effective in representation, that he misses the slyness of retort or the suddenness of passion. On the other hand, Mrs. Webster's lines are for the most part precious in themselves, and too rich in meaning to be heard once and then forgotten. Such are the words of Olymnios, Myron's slave.

What is a slave, Euphranor?
I, since my manhood, never was but free ;
More free than Myron ; maybe more than thou.
I am the master of my will ; I rule ;
He but obeys himself and all desires.
Each who incarnates his desires controls him ;
Ease, splendour, graciousness, the eye's delights,
Now love—and that's Klydone, called his slave,
Who schools him with a look, and he kneels to her.
I tell thee none can make me slave or free,
None save myself.

The lovers of the story are both children of nature, uncontrolled as undefiled ; but in the drawing of the characters the woman is undoubtedly something nobler than the man. Klydone, with all her ardour of belief and lightness of heart, can still show a certain shrewdness in refusing to make a conspirator of Myron, lest other longings should divide his love ; and the bitterness of her avowal that she has shrunk from torture and said the word that is to bring him sentence of death, is precisely what is best and most truthful in the poem. But Myron with his heart a very toy and his love of life, is throughout as helpless as he is

¹ *In a Day.* A Drama. By Augusta Webster.

honest. Olymnios is the one man of strength, and his contempt for the youthful pair is not displeasing to the reader.

The old dramatists not having succeeded in forming up our taste to a stage littered with corpses, writers of to-day are forced to veil whatever is repulsive. If nauseous drugs have to be taken, let them be buried in capsules ; if skeletons are to appear in public, have a care that they be well dressed. The three chief characters of Mrs. Webster's dramas have to die, and to die gracefully. Grief conquers Olymnios ; his iron-pent heart breaks with the swell of sorrow, and he is heard to fall. Klydone wedded already by death is carried in to Myron, who prepares himself to breathe his last beside her within the flower-decked alcove of a banquet hall, while moonlight streams in from a casement and a slave-boy sings from behind a screen of the tears that are made by "joy that's half too keen and true."

The moral of the piece seems to be pointed at in the title. It is a melancholy fact that the brightest hopes are often doomed to disappointment, that the plans and promises of early morn may be marred and blighted before set of sun, and that human life is much as this opening and closing of a day. But let us not lose all heart ; there is more than this. A day is short and fleeting : adversity belongs to an imperfect state which passes while it comes. Myron has blissful anticipations of his wakening at dawn. He is to be loved by Klydone there, whither they go. He has heard from Olymnios of the better after-hope.

For perfectness must be, since we conceive it,
And, not being here, 'tis in some second life.

To Olymnios, with his stern morality and "high pitched creed," the after-happiness might well represent itself as a reward rather than a necessity. There is a want of distinctness in the doctrine that nature balked in its effort now is sure to realize its every longing in *some* second life, and that *some* heaven must inevitably open wide its gates to any two self-willed young people who lucklessly get poisoned just when they ought to be getting wed. The pathos of tragedy is apt to fail, where aspiration springs from no firmer ground.

8.—UNCLE PAT'S CABIN.¹

Much has been done in our day towards remedying class grievances and social wrong. With regard to Ireland in par-

¹ *Uncle Pat's Cabin* ; or, Life among the Agricultural Labourers of Ireland. By W. C. Upton. Dublin : Gill and Son.

ticular, it is at least some consolation to Englishmen that genuine efforts are being made to repair centuries of injustice. Yet we must not be surprised if the good results are slow to appear. Harm that has been done cannot be quickly undone. Any one who wishes to see how deep and far reaching the mischief has been cannot do better than read *Uncle Pat's Cabin*. As a literary effort these pages do not take a very high rank; there is no powerful description, little attempt at drawing character; the style is not remarkable. There is a large proportion of unamiable characters in the book, and the few attractive personages of the story fare so ill, that the general outcome is a very sad one. The political effusions will not meet with much favour in England; but the reader is warned of what is coming by the dedication to Michael Davitt: "Noble felon, with the fire of past events yet burning, and my pen dipped into the bosom of that spirit of which you are the embodiment," &c.

The object of the work is to bring into notice the wretched state of the Irish agricultural labourer. The author knows that it is only by pushing facts of this nature before the eyes of the public that there will be any chance of remedies being applied, and he wishes by this story to do what he can towards this end. So far all will sympathize with him. The more the hopeless state of poverty of this large class is forced into notice the more chance there will be of a cure, and it is well that people should know how much remains to be done before Ireland can reasonably be contented. In some respects one cannot but hope that this picture is overdrawn. For the villains of the book, whose action is necessary for bringing into proper relief the sufferings of the labourer, are not the landlords, but the small farmers, the class for whom such efforts are now being made. No doubt the author would answer, that the first movement comes from above, and that landlord and agent are ultimately to blame. Still, if the picture drawn be at all true to life, it does not seem as if the labourer would be much benefited by the security of the small farmer; and if the farmer be adverse, what can legislation do that will ultimately prove of any avail to the labourer? Farmers can hardly be expected to provide housing and labour they do not need; yet this seems to be the only solution that is proposed by Mr. Upton. However, in whatever shape the remedy is to come, it will be a great gain if the public can be brought to understand the terrible

suffering, the hopeless, unavoidable poverty that is crushing so large a class of noble-hearted, willing men.

Whether the facts of the story have been treated in a way to make them most effective with the public at large may well be open to doubt. Tom Cassidy, the land grabber, seems unnecessarily wicked, and other small farmers are not much better, and the charge (p. 84) of deliberately poisoning the inmates of the workhouse to relieve the rates is one of those outrageous statements that cannot but do harm. Again, we may notice what is, perhaps, a sign of the times ; but if so, a very sad sign to Catholics—the very slight allusions to religious feeling throughout the book. Father Fitz, indeed, comes in often enough as a man rather than as a priest, but religion as a motive and a support is hardly mentioned, and comparisons between Catholics and Protestants are to the credit of the latter.

Still, with all its defects, we cannot but feel sympathy with the object of this book, and hope it may help to find out a remedy for real evils, and not rather make men think too lightly of heinous, inexcusable crimes. We could wish that the chapter on the intended murder of the land grabber by Johnny had been omitted. But the generosity of the poor labourer, "Uncle Pat," in undertaking to keep his brother's family when the latter, ejected from his farm for non-payment of rent, goes over to the States, where he is killed in the war ; the long struggle of the poor man to support the charge he has undertaken, and his final death from starvation, are incidents enough for a touching tale ; and unhappily, as we all know, but too near the sad truth of the history of many an Irish peasant.

9.—STERNE.¹

Laurence Sterne, born 1713, was the son of a subaltern in one of the English regiments serving at that time in Flanders. He was one of a very numerous family of weak and ailing children, only three of whom survived their infancy, the others apparently only being brought into the world in order that they might be consigned to the grave. This was perhaps owing to the fatigues and hardships undergone by both mother and children in following the movements of a regiment on the march, one, too, which was incessantly changing its quarters. Sterne's early years were uneventful. The principal incident

¹ *Sterne*. By H. D. Traill. London : Macmillan and Co.

he records—or invents—is a prediction of future greatness for himself by the master of his school, on occasion of the scape-grace lad receiving chastisement for defacing the newly white-washed ceiling of the schoolroom by daubing thereon his own name in huge letters. At the age of nineteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he remained for the normal period of residence, without betraying any unusual ability or proficiency in his studies. After taking his degree, he went to York, and was taken under the patronage of his uncle—a typical clerical pluralist of his day—who obtained a living for him on his ordination in 1738.

Of how Sterne passed his days in his Yorkshire vicarage for the next twenty years, nothing is known save what he himself has jotted down. His superabundant unoccupied time was spent in extensive reading, and in flirting, one of his love affairs ending in an ill-assorted and unhappy marriage. What was the impulse that led him, at the age of forty-six, to appear as an author? First and foremost a want of money—and then a longing to give free play to a spirit of bravado, which had already induced him to shock the prejudices and scandalize the proprieties of his more strait-laced neighbours. When once Sterne took up his pen, whatever may have been his original design, it grew and developed rapidly as fresh artistic possibilities crowded into the mind of the writer. The two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* created a perfect *furor*. The Rabelaisian license of incident and allusion gave offence to some; but if the fun was often unsavoury, and the burlesque not always edifying, the sins against decorum were overlooked on account of the skilful mixture of banter and reasoning, the amusing ridicule of society, the humour and irony combined with shrewd judgments of men and things, the vivacious and easy style, which gained for the book speedy and immense popularity. Sterne went up to London to enjoy the delights of celebrity. We are told that

Within twenty-four hours after his arrival, his lodgings in Pall Mall were besieged by a crowd of fashionable visitors, and in a few weeks he had probably made the acquaintance of “everybody who was anybody” in the London society of that day. . . . Seldom has any lion so suddenly discovered been pursued so eagerly and by so distinguished a crowd of hunters. “The honours paid me,” he writes, “were the greatest ever known from the great” (p. 50).

One would have imagined that the contrast between the unbounded licence of the book and the grave profession of the

writer would have drawn down on him the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors; far from this being the case, the Bishops smiled on him: even the formidable Warburton gave him great encouragement, and, though he afterwards termed him "an irrevocable scoundrel," he accepted a volume of the homilies which Sterne thought advisable to publish under the title of *Sermons of Mr. Yorick*, hoping that the "undeniable piquancy, the semi-scandalous incongruity of listening to the Word of Life from the lips of this loose-tongued droll" would take with the public. But even in those days of laxity, prolonged absenteeism was not permitted; three distinct flocks awaited the ministrations of their exemplary pastor, and Sterne was compelled to quit the capital. On his return to Yorkshire he thus writes:

I rejoice you are in London, rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet. I wish myself back again, as you told me I should, but not because a thin, death-doing, pestiferous north-east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy Castle turret fresh on me in this cuckoldly retreat (for I value the N.E. wind and all its powers not a straw), but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent. . . . I have not managed my miseries like a wise man, and if God for my consolation had not poured forth the spirit of Shandyism unto me, which will not suffer me to think two moments on any grave subject, I should else just now lay down and die (p. 63).

His discomfort was increased by conjugal disagreeables, and on the failure of his health he determined to seek relief in foreign travel. In Paris he met with a reception so warm that his head was fairly turned, and, forgetting the object of his journey, he gave himself up to gaieties with unclerical abandon, until a change of climate becoming imperatively necessary, he departed for Toulouse, where his wife—notwithstanding their estrangement—joined him with their daughter. The second and third volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were received as cordially as the former ones, but by the time the fifth and sixth appeared the eccentricities and buffooneries, which amused at first, began to pall on the public. The three subsequent volumes too, notwithstanding some spirited scenes of Continental travel, and the charming narrative of Captain Shandy's love affair, were somewhat coldly received; nevertheless they supplied him with funds to make what was afterwards to be known as the *Sentimental Journey*.

In the spring of 1766 we find Sterne again in London—in

a wretched state of health, sighing at the feet of a fascinating widow, and complaining of the pains and sorrows of life. The following year he published the *Sentimental Journey*, his last work, and a complete success: it alone of all he wrote acquired an European reputation. The account of his death—*forlorn and solitary*—is a melancholy end to the excited gaiety of his life in London.

Sterne has been compared to Cervantes, but in truth the only apparent point of similarity between the two is that they both possessed an ample fund of humour. Otherwise it would be difficult to find a greater contrast to the pure, high-minded Spaniard, who—genius as his immortal works prove him to be—cheerfully endured a life of constant misfortune, poverty, and neglect, without a murmur against Providence or a sneer at his fellow-men, than the gay English divine, unable to appreciate noble sentiments or believe in generous motives, feasted and flattered by wits, courtiers, and politicians, than whom few writers have made a more sudden social triumph, although his biographer says of him:

Sterne is of all writers the most permeated and penetrated with impurity of thought and of suggestion; in no other writer is its latent presence more constantly felt, even if there be any in whom it is more often openly obtruded. The unclean spirit pursues him everywhere, disfiguring his scenes of humour, demoralizing his passages of serious reflection, debasing even his sentimental interludes (p. 148).

Mr. Traill deserves thanks for having written a very readable little book with but scanty materials, and with not a very pleasing character for his subject. On laying the book down one is, however, inclined to ask: To what does Sterne owe his literary fame? Of his impurity enough has been said; of his style we are told that its eccentricity and irregularity were its most marked features, that it is sometimes "a marvel of literary slipshod;" of his pathetic passages, that they are mostly "forced and a failure;" whilst he has been convicted not only of having imitated other authors unblushingly, borrowing thoughts and phrases which he passed off as original, but even transferring whole passages *verbatim* from their pages to his without any acknowledgment. What then has gained for him his place in literature? It is his creative and dramatic power, and especially one creation, Captain Toby, which gives him immortality. Sterne did not live long enough to write himself out; the popularity of his writings—with the exception of the

Sentimental Journey—was evanescent, contemporary rather than posthumous. His sermons are little more than very mundane reflections, and exhibit the singularly bitter anti-Catholic spirit by which indifferentism was marked even in those days.

10.—IN THE LAND OF MISFORTUNE.

The tarry-at-home travellers who followed Lady Florence Dixie on her adventurous ride across Patagonia, who laughed at the amusing incidents she records, and shuddered at the risks she ran and the hardships she endured, will welcome another volume of travels from the same agreeable pen. On this occasion, Lady Dixie tells us in the first chapter, it was her primary intention to visit the ice-bound plains of North America, and spend the winter on the mystic Arctic shores of far-off Tuski Land, but at the last moment the expedition was given up, and her footsteps turned in a very different direction. It was with a double object and interest that Lady Dixie decided to proceed to the then seat of war in South Africa; she was to fill the two-fold capacity of correspondent to the *Morning Post* and of sister of charity to the wounded soldier on the battlefield. But in neither of these capacities was her skill to be exercised. The voyage was over, and her party had nearly reached Natal, when, to their disappointment and mortification, they heard of the peace—without honour—which had just been concluded. However, the momentary gloom occasioned by this “disgraceful news” was soon dispelled by the sunshine, not only of “Afric’s sunny shores,” but her own happy temperament, and six months were spent pleasantly enough in galloping over the waving plains of fair Natal and stalking the hartbeest of the Veldt; trekking in the Transvaal, and exploring the fairy nooks and sunny slopes of Pretoria; crossing far-stretching mountains, fertile valleys, and mighty rivers; visiting the dismal expanses of the Orange Free State and the wild, uncivilized tracts of Griqualand; and finally marching with a regiment of hussars through Zululand, inspecting scenes of interest and roaming about battlefields, where blanching bones, empty cartridges, and pieces of burst shells, showed that not long since a terrible drama had been enacted there.

¹ *In the Land of Misfortune.* By Lady Florence Dixie. London: Bentley and Son.

To one who, like Lady Dixie, realized the horrible injustice of the Zulu war, the memories connected with some of the localities she visited were bitter and humiliating. We give the account of her visit to the spot where the Prince Imperial met his death.

A gradually inclining plain now stretched away in front of us, and at its base, and between a quarter and half mile distant from where we were riding we could perceive the white marble cross erected on the spot where the Prince fell. Slowly and sadly we rode across the intervening space which separated us from it. Few there were present who had not known the young Prince, and even those might almost have been said to have known him by the stainless reputation, the fair bright fame, which had followed him throughout an all too brief existence, and now burnt its pure bright flame upon the grave. Even as we approached the cross, a break in the clouds let forth a few bright rays from the hidden sun, and they, as though allured to that spot, hallowed by the memory of courage and gallantry, seemed to play about the marble, and caress that ground sacred to the memory of him who thereon had fallen. As we approached, several Zulus rose from the ground close to the cross, where they had been seated. They were recognized as the inhabitants of a village of kraals hard by, and two of them proved to belong to that party who had killed the Prince. By them his memory is recalled with veneration and regret—to use their own words, “the courageous young lion with whom they fought is not, and never will be, forgotten”—for the noble savage can appreciate courage as well as, aye, and better than, the white man of civilization, and these men, in their description of past events, knew well how to evince admiration and respect for the gallant life that struggled so valiantly that day, even as, in the same breath, they condemned with scorn and contempt the cowards who fled and deserted it (p. 361).

Pleasantly as the days sped by in the land of the honest Kaffirs and hospitable Zulus—and pleasure seems to have been the sole object of the travellers—it must not be supposed that Lady Dixie's experiences were invariably of an agreeable nature. Her pages tell of hairbreadth escapes from death, of sufferings from hunger and thirst, of arduous climbs over rugged crags and weary tramps across burning plains, which only ladies gifted with such wonderful strength and such rare pluck and daring as herself could undergo, and which occasionally taxed the courage even of one so inured to fatigue and heedless of discomfort. On the whole, she seems thoroughly to have enjoyed roughing it with the troops she accompanied, and bore all sorts of hardships and privations with unflagging energy and unfailing good temper.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE are glad to see that as the number of Catholics in America continually increases, the number of books of devotion and piety published there increases *pari passu*. We have lately received from Mr. J. B. Piet, of Baltimore, a new manual of devotion,¹ excellently got up, and printed in large legible type, and bearing the imprimatur and approval of the Archbishop of Baltimore. The same publisher has issued, under similar sanction, a most curious and interesting little book, entitled, *Wonders of the Heart of St. Teresa*² from the Italian of Mgr. Vaccari. The title has no symbolical, but a literal meaning. A minute description of the Saint's heart, which is preserved in the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelites at Alba de Tormes, Salamanca, is given as it now exists, incorrupt, and still bearing the mark of the seraph's sword that pierced it. We have no space to give in detail the wonders carefully examined into and attested, connected with this heart. We will only say that fifteen little thorns have made their appearance growing from its side. Whether they are natural, or supernatural, the reader will find discussed in a critical and scientific spirit, and withal most reverently by the author, Mgr. Vaccari. Mr. Piet has also issued a useful Catechism of American History,³ and a simple common sense English Grammar.⁴

Messrs. Burns and Oates are continuing their most useful Reading Books. Their *Primer*,⁵ beginning with the alphabet, and containing only words of one syllable, is a marvel of cheap-

¹ *The Catholic Companion*. J. B. Piet, 174, W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

² *The Wonders of the Heart of St. Teresa of Jesus*. Originally published in Italian. By Mgr. Vaccari. Ditto.

³ *Kenny's Catechism of the United States History from 1492 to 1882*. Do.

⁴ *An Elementary Grammar of the English Language*. By H. E. Shepherd, M.A. Do.

⁵ *Standard Reading Books*. The Primer, price 2d. Burns and Oates.

ness, and has excellent little engravings at the head of every page. Their *Infant Reader*⁶ deserves equal praise.

From Mr. Hodges we have received two little volumes of Protestant Sermons. Mr. Headlam's sermons⁷ have the merit of being short. It is better, says St. Francis de Sales, for a sermon to be too short than too long. But we fear that St. Francis would not discover in these discourses any other feature worthy of praise, while he would discover many things deserving of severest censure. The author denies the inspiration of the Bible, and the doctrines of everlasting punishment. He says every good book is inspired in the same manner, though not of course in the same degree as the Bible is (p. 84). The Catholic Church teaches that the Bible is the Word of God, pure and simple; and that the Holy Ghost is the Author of the sacred volume. The eternity of Hell is also denied plainly and flatly in p. 85. It is sad to think of the havoc worked among souls by such false doctrines as these.

The other volume consists of sermons preached at Newcastle by Mr. Symes.⁸ They are very similar to those of which we have just spoken. The English is good, and the style attractive, but they are scarcely Christian. The author pointedly refuses to discuss whether there exists a personal devil, and whether evil suggestions could appeal to Christ's sinless nature (pp. 13, 14). His theology is, as one might expect, somewhat of a wild description, and his view of the monastic life such an one as we should expect from a man of his views (p. 87).

The Catholic Guilds procession at Preston, in September last, has given occasion to a very useful little pamphlet⁹ indicating the means to the better organization of the procession hereafter; though we must confess that, having ourselves witnessed it, we should have thought that the arrangements left nothing to desire. Still it seems that questions of precedence have to be settled, and one of the priests of the town has done the good work of printing a set of rules and regulations which will prevent any future difficulty, and of discussing and settling one or two moot points.

A most beautiful New Year's present comes from the press

⁶ *Standard Reading Books.* The *Infant Reader*. Price 4d.

⁷ *Priestcraft and Progress.* By Rev. Stewart Headlam. Hodges, 13, Soho Square.

⁸ *Newcastle Sermons on Theology and Life.* By Rev. J. E. Symes, M.A. Do.

⁹ *Catholic Guilds Procession.* The Book of Rules. Preston: H. Thomson.

of Messrs. Benziger.¹⁰ It consists of a tiny volume consisting of the New Year's greetings of St. Francis of Sales, translated into English, and elegantly bound.

We must also notice a very handsome book of Christmas stories¹¹ for children, well told, and full of stirring incident and interest. They have the advantage of not being in any sense "goody," but at the same time they are thoroughly Catholic in tone. Some of the engravings are finished with elaborate care and skill. The paper and binding are first-rate, and constitute the book an *édition de luxe* which will delight and instruct every child who has the good fortune to receive it as a Christmas or New Year's present.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the *Katholik* for November the series of articles on moral consciousness is brought to a close. The theories of Professor Hartmann in particular have been weighed and found wanting. It has been shown how the bulwarks with which the Berlin philosopher proposes to prop up social morality would crumble away before the blast of temptation, the motives afforded by Christianity alone forming a solid basis on which the structure of society can rest. His direct attacks against Christian ethics are considered and refuted in the concluding article. Tertiaries of St. Francis will be interested in two pastoral letters issued by the Holy Father before his accession to the Chair of Peter, manifesting the singular devotion he always entertained for the Third Order, of which he forms the most illustrious living member, and the value he attaches to it as a means of social regeneration. The speech is also given which he made when, as Cardinal Pecci, he was nominated Protector of the Third Order. The publication of Father Ballerini's practical instructions for inexperienced confessors gives occasion for an interesting article, wherein the course of conduct to be pursued in the case of certain penitents, and the duty of the priest in granting, withholding, or deferring absolution is briefly and simply stated. The grounds whereon his method is based and the objections

¹⁰ *New Year's Greetings*. St. Francis de Sales. Benziger Brothers, New York Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

¹¹ *Uncle Ned's Stories for Boys and Girls*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

brought against it are given : directed primarily against the later Jansenists, it is shown to be endorsed by the authority of saints and theologians, and to be in strict accordance with the rules of the Roman Catechism.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (780), in remarking upon the vague platitudes of which the recent speech from the throne consists, draws attention to the steady spread of anti-monarchical as well as anti-religious feeling in Italy. The vaunted Liberal constitution is rapidly degenerating into an oppressive despotism ; the Government is getting into the hands of a Ministry whose loyalty is more than doubtful ; and if the King wishes to preserve his crown and his dynasty, the *Civiltà* would have him heed the lessons of history and seek to avert the approaching danger—which the result of the recent elections has augmented—not by political and military so-called reforms, but by gaining the loyal support of millions of his Catholic subjects who demand justice and liberty at his hands. Despite the rising tide of unbelief, however, the faith still lives and is active in the hearts of the Italian people ; in proof of which the *Civiltà* points with glad thankfulness to the manner in which the double festival of St. Francis and St. Teresa was celebrated throughout Italy ; the month of October having been marked by splendid functions, abundant almsgiving, numerous pilgrimages, and, best of all, a vast increase in the number of those who approached the sacraments. Professor De Gubernatis, who may be said to be the head of the positivist school in Naples, has presented the Italian world with what is supposed to be a new system of “sociology ;” but the *Civiltà* clearly demonstrates that he in reality gives us nothing but the old Pagan worship of the State tricked out in new habiliments.

Léon Gambetta.

Le voilà donc mort, ce grand ministre, cette homme si considérable, qui tenait une si grande place, dont le *moi*, comme dit M. Nicole, était si étendu ; qui était le centre de tant de choses. Que d'affaires, que de desseins, que de projets, que de secrets, que d'intérêts à démêler, que de guerres commencées, que d'intrigues ; que de beaux coups d'échecs à faire et à conduire ! Ah ! mon Dieu, donnez-moi un peu de temps, je voudrais bien donner un échec au Duc de Savoie, un mat au Prince d'Orange : non, non, vous n'aurez pas un seul, un seul moment.—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ (*Lettre à Bussy* 33).

THE last expiring minutes of the old year were the last moments on earth of one of the most striking figures and important factors in European politics. Léon Gambetta may not have been a great Minister, as Louvois was, still less a great or even a good man, but he was at any rate a personage to whom Madame de Sévigné's neat little epithet of "considérable" is particularly applicable, all the more perhaps because of its very vagueness. The central point for twelve years of a tangled skein of schemes, secrets, and intrigues that it will now be the business of history to endeavour to unravel, he figured as a political leader of great capacity and rare eloquence, whose vigorous and dazzling personality has exerted exceptional power for good or for evil both at home and abroad. It is the proud boast of Frenchmen that their country has always exercised a preponderating influence on the affairs and destinies of Europe. After the fall of the Second Empire France became once again a Republic ; and at least since, if not before the death of M. Thiers, M. Gambetta has been the Republic, as the Emperor was the Empire. Politicians at home of every shade of opinion, and statesmen abroad in their dealings with foreign States, have had willy nilly to take into serious account the undeniably great power of the great French tribune. His opponents might think and speak disparagingly of the extraordinary man, whose brief and astonishing career has just closed so unexpectedly and so prematurely ; they might laugh

at him for a raving madman, depreciate even his oratory, and call his very patriotism in question, but they could not afford to leave him out of their reckoning. Those—they cannot have been many—who chose to forget the manly sentiment contained in Voltaire's noble line,

Qui sert bien son pays n'a besoin d'aïeux,

might affect to sneer at the somewhat *bourgeois* manners of the grocer's son of Cahors, but they could not ignore, still less despise, the influence of the young and unknown advocate who had sprung suddenly into fame, and who at the time of his death was the acknowledged leader, the real heart and soul, if not the official head, of the Republic. Those even, against whom his power was brought to bear with the most pernicious and disastrous effect, who have the least reason to respect the man and the strongest to anathematize his godless policy, will nevertheless be amongst the first to admit and to admire in him a rare combination of wonderful qualities and endowments—his brilliant imagination and persuasive oratory, his power of command, his magical insight into and deep sympathy with the thoughts, aspirations, and even the fears of vast multitudes of men, civil and military, his unswerving fidelity to friends and large-hearted generosity to foes, his indomitable pluck, his proud spirit, his immeasurable energy and boundless self-reliance—by which he drew the hearts of whole classes to him, and raised himself from obscurity to be the foremost of his countrymen, the typical Frenchman of his day.

What was the secret of his power, what the arts by which he conjured so cleverly and so successfully?

Speaking at the funeral of his friend, or rather, writing afterwards in the quiet of his cabinet the words his emotion had prevented him from giving utterance to at the grave side, M. Paul Bert winds up his adieux in a peroration to the effect that Gambetta had been in his lifetime not only a great man, but also a man loving and to be loved. It may be fairly questioned whether, with not a few of the elements in his character which go to make up greatness, the late Dictator can in any true sense of the word be said to have deserved the name of "great," but it is undeniable that, both as a friend in private life and in his official dealings, his great natural amiability won for him a corresponding attachment from his fellow-men. He was, if ever a man was, pre-eminently what the French call

"sympathique" and the Italians "simpatico," a word for which we have no exact equivalent in English that I know of, for the reason, perhaps, that we are ourselves a trifle wanting in the quality expressed by it. There was a goodness of heart in him, a charm of attraction about him, which drew and won men over to him. Thoroughly kind-hearted and good-natured, as truly a "bon garçon" as Lord Palmerston was a "good fellow," like the latter he had raised almost to a principle of government what has come to be termed "*le bon garçonisme*." We have space for two only of many stories, which might be multiplied almost indefinitely, in illustration of his "*bonhomie*." Once, when he had received with open arms, and the smile habitual to his frank handsome face, a man whom he had not seen for a long time, a friend remonstrating asked him, how he could show so much friendliness to a person who had injured him very deeply. "Bah!" was the characteristic answer, "*À qui n'ai-je pas eu à pardonner depuis dix ans ?*"

Public men in England do not ordinarily carry their political rivalry into the relations of private life. This, we all know, is not the case in France. M. Gambetta, however, seems to have been of our way of thinking. Stumbling one day by accident on a man who from a friend had become a bitter opponent, he greeted him with his usual warmth of manner, and when his sometime friend sought to throw the blame of their long separation on the different lines in politics, which had divided the head of the republican majority from the editor of a newspaper unceasingly and unsparingly hostile to him, Gambetta interrupted him with an impatient shrug and the query: "*Est ce que cela regarde deux vieux amis ? Toutes les opinions sont libres.*" His enemies maintain that he was wanting in sincerity, and that his friendliness was more apparent than real, little better, in short, than political finessing for a purpose. Possibly so upon occasion, but the habitual acting of a part is irreconcilable with other familiar features of his character—brusque, headlong, imperious, and impatient of control as it undoubtedly was.

There was, nevertheless, something of smallness in a great nature even on this side of his character. His power of sympathy was limited ; it had holes in it. He understood part of the French character, without ever quite understanding the whole of it. He could feel with unerring instinct the pulse of the multitude he was addressing, but he failed more than once to read the

mind or divine the temper of the nation. Its refusal to continue the struggle against Germany took him by surprise, maddened, and for the time utterly disheartened him. Did not his obstinate adherence to the *scrutin de liste* point in the same direction?

He could be generous to his opponents, but, as a contemporary remarks, he could not be equally fair to all alike—to Bonapartists as to Orleanists, to Legitimists as to Radicals. He welcomed the Pontifical Zouaves, after the capture of Rome, gave them arms and munitions, and sent them to the front; but he put aside General d'Aurelles de Paladines, not for incompetence—he had gained one out of the few unmistakable French victories of the war—but, as it was believed at the time, because he was a Legitimist and a devout Catholic, who was even said to have allowed his soldiers to kneel and to have knelt himself a moment before a statue of our Lady by the roadside, to beg a blessing on his way into battle. Gambetta evidently did not share the opinion of de Larochejaquelein, who, when his poor Breton followers halted a moment to perform a similar act of piety, and a friend objected to this loss of precious moments, answered: "Let them alone, my friend; they will fight none the worse for a little prayer." The quick eye of the Dictator readily discerned the merit and military capacity of M. de Charette, the heroic chief of the Pontifical Zouaves. He accordingly promoted him from colonel to the rank of general, and even decorated him with the Legion of Honour. But, much as Gambetta appreciated the services of Charette, he turned a deaf ear to the suggestion made him by Chanzy, that an important territorial command should be given to the Breton general.

If there ever was a time when differences of political and religious creed should have been buried in oblivion, it was the hour when France was struggling heroically in all but her death agony, and the fact that Gambetta could remember them at that solemn moment is a blot upon his patriotism, even if it does not lend colour to the allegations of his enemies that he was a Republican first and a Frenchman after, and that he fought quite as much for his party as for his country, to make himself a name as to save the honour of France.

But it was mainly by his great oratorical gifts that Gambetta achieved and maintained the wonderful ascendancy he so long exercised over his fellow-countrymen. And yet even this power of oratory, incontestable as it would seem to be, has been

questioned. There are writers, few in number, it is true, who suffering their spirit of partisanship to outrun their better judgment and blind them even to the natural gifts of the man they detested, have asserted that his eloquence was mere frothy declamation. The statement is its own refutation; it is an attempt to prove too much. Rant, bubble, and verbiage would never have won for him with the French people, who, fastidious even to a fault, are deservedly reckoned no mean judges of true eloquence, the reputation of an orator of a high, if not the highest order. This is not to imply that he always rose to the height of the occasion, or that he never degenerated into platitude and bombast. The men who soar highest in oratory, as in poetry, are just the men to bedraggle their wings by an occasional fall to the ground, and Frenchmen, perhaps, more than others, have a knack, like Victor Hugo, of getting very near indeed to the sublime, and then because of their irrepressible exuberance toppling suddenly over into the ridiculous. It may even be doubted whether, if fortune had not come to his rescue in the nick of time, and he had been left to work his way up at the bar, he would ever have risen to renown. Occasional flashes there must have been, but he lacked an essential element of permanent success in this as in other professions. His mercurial temperament could not brook the slow torture of drudgery, or tie itself down to the patient labour of the desk. He could not reckon among his gifts, many and various as they were, that power of application—he is said to have hated the sight of a “dossier”—without which few men, be their natural genius what it may, can hope to attain eminence in any sphere of life.

Fortunately for his reputation as an orator, Gambetta's lot was cast in times exactly suited to his genius. An accident brought him to the surface on the eve of a general upheaval, national calamity, and prolonged political disturbance. His was never the task to argue knotty points of law or talk juries over to his side under the cold keen eye of the judge and in the presence of watchful adversaries, but in altogether exceptional times, at one moment to raise the drooping spirits of his countrymen, overwhelmed by disaster, and rouse them by the magic spell of his voice to instant energetic action, or at another to control and coerce by superior intelligence, greater strength of will, and energy of character, the motley “groupes” of a turbulent assembly when heated to white heat by political

passion. Here he was in his element, in his appropriate sphere of action. For purposes such as these he was as naturally fitted as were Danton and Mirabeau in times analogous to his own, and under the peculiar circumstances of the hour, whilst his varied gifts, and they were great gifts, of head and heart and outward form, had full scope, his alleged want of solid knowledge, deficiencies of education, and lack of regular training, were little felt, if felt at all.

The French tribune was, besides, endowed by nature with more than a fair share of external advantages. His head and face, brought into yet bolder relief by premature greyness, were strikingly handsome. The growing corpulence of later years, instead of detracting from, seems only to have lent additional dignity to, an already commanding presence. He had an eye of piercing brilliance. His voice was full and sonorous in quantity, in quality rich, musical, and of singular flexibility. When we remember, too, that these outward adjuncts were after all no more than the material instruments of his art in the hands of a man of great intellectual capacity, a master of commanding phrase, never at a loss for apposite illustration, telling hit, and quick retort, and abounding in words of bewitching spontaneity, we shall cease to wonder that the orator, coming as he came in stirring times with the world-wide reputation of an ardent patriot, who to his gift of speech added a personal charm which won him love as well as admiration, disarmed the anger of his enemies, and made him the idol of his friends, we shall cease, I say, to wonder that the most persuasive of demagogues should have exercised the spell of a very magician upon his hearers, swayed their minds by the impress of his own intense conviction, set their hearts ablaze by the fire burning in his own breast, and carried them away with him whithersoever he pleased in the torrent of his own masterful vehemence.

Like M. Thiers, Gambetta was skilled in the art of inventing axiomatic phrases which strike the mind and tell upon the masses. He had a happy knack of clothing on the spur of the moment with felicitous expression his own thought, which was also the thought lurking in an embryo state in the minds of his hearers, and of setting his stamp upon it in a few choice, crisp, epigrammatic, and often alliterative words, which in a people so easily moved and excited by a clever catch-word as the witty French people, soon passed current among them to indicate a political programme, or mark the passing phase of the

hour, or stigmatize a party in the State. It is at the same time noteworthy and significant of the man and his aims that these utterances were nearly always words of defiance, resistance, and opposition, shadowing forth a subversive, never a constructive, policy. Thus it was that in the closing days of the Empire he had proclaimed himself and his party "les Irréconciliables." After the war he branded a Conservative ministry as "le Gouvernement des curés," and uttered his discordant cry against the Catholics: "Le Cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi." He grouped the famous "363" together under the metaphorical expression of "les nouvelles couches," and, when in 1875 he sought to rally the shattered ranks of the Left, he invented the formula conveyed in the single word "opportunisme." He posed Marshal MacMahon, after the crisis of May 16, with the humiliating alternative of submission or resignation, proudly telling the head of the Republic that "quand la France aura fait entendre sa voix souveraine, croyez-le bien, il faudra se *soumettre* ou se *démettre*;" and when emerging victorious from the struggle he returned to the Chamber as its President, and in his wake the "363," he pointed to rocks ahead in the warning words: "L'heure des dangers est passée, l'ère des difficultés commence," a prophecy he was destined to fulfil in his own person buried under the ruins of the much-vaunted, long looked for "Grand Ministère." Lastly, not to weary the reader with an endless repetition of familiar *mots*, only a few short months before his untimely death he fired off a last shot, when he said contemptuously of his successors: "Cela se décolle." Was he looking forward to one more chance of building up again his stricken fortunes, or do the words contain another prediction, and did he by giving them in his heart of hearts a wider application mean to forecast the crumbling to pieces of the entire Republican edifice itself?

But Léon Gambetta was a great deal more than a powerful talker, he was also an indefatigable doer. Imperious in character, headstrong in temper, combative by nature, powerful rather in resistance and opposition than in talent for government and skill in organization, he must nevertheless be credited with many of the greatest qualities which go to make up a leader of men. The fact that a man by no means possessed of statesmanlike ability of the first order should spring suddenly from obscurity to the very front rank, take up his position and keep it, in spite of repeated failure, as the leader of a great

nation, though less of an enigma in the case of the French people, always ready to follow the leadership of a politician endowed with large sympathies and a great gift of speech, would be utterly inexplicable and unintelligible anywhere in a man who had only a ready wit, a sympathetic heart, and a clever tongue to rely upon, and not some also of the more solid, but less showy, qualifications of a ruler. Explain it, however, as we may, the fact remains that the rise of Léon Gambetta to power and the remarkable supremacy he held in his country, have scarcely their parallel in history. Call to mind the political career of the young advocate made suddenly famous at the age of thirty by the Baudin episode in 1868, think of his stupendous funeral the other day in Paris—terribly significant, it is true, as a popular demonstration against the living God, but none the less surprising as a national demonstration of sympathy with the dead man—and then pronounce, whether they are wrong who aver, that because he was from first to last not only the leader of the Republican party, but the very embodiment of the Republic itself, now that he is gone by whose life it lived, the Republic lies buried in his coffin, a headless trunk, a body without a soul, an inert mass of poor *disjecta membra*?

Some such thought or fear as this seems to be even now lurking in the minds of the followers and survivors of the great Republican leader. If not, why do they go out of their way to utter platitudes about the indefectibility of the Republic? Why are they never tired of reiterating the statement that no man is indispensable to it, for that it is as imperishable as the glory of Gambetta himself? Why does any the faintest whisper or insinuation of the contrary from the lips of a speaker instantly provoke from his hearers a perfect storm of indignant protest? Well, this at any rate has been made clear by his death, that if not a leader of such transcendent power and importance as to have represented in himself the entire Republic, he yet personified in his single self his party in the State, which now and henceforth will have no head to think for it, no hand to direct it, no voice to cheer and rally it in defeat. There is not a man of the party able to take his place, not one of his followers but is immeasurably distanced by their chief, dwarfed by his superior greatness, lost in the shadow of his more commanding figure.

But if Gambetta was great as the leader of a political party, his career as a statesman was from first to last an astonishing

failure. From amongst the elements which constitute greatness, the writer of an article in a recent number of the *Saturday Review* singles out two especially as belonging to all great men, intensity and moderation.

If this principle is true of men in general, it must hold good of statesmen in particular. Now, whilst it is surprising to find a writer claiming for M. Gambetta the quality of moderation, of intensity no one can hesitate to say that he had enough and to spare. He it was who, escaping from Paris in a balloon to organize the national defence, got himself invested with the powers of Minister of the Interior, of War, and of Finance, negotiated a loan of ten millions sterling with English capitalists, and, backed as he was by the goodwill and enthusiasm of his countrymen, ready and willing to make every sacrifice, however great, to repel the invader from the soil of France, created, fed, clothed, drilled, and sent whole armies forth to battle. During all this harassing period he summed up in his single self the government of France, carried a load of labour on his shoulders enough to crush a man of less astonishing endurance, bore the brunt of every difficulty, confronted every danger, and incurred the blame justly attaching as well to the blunders of incapable subordinates, committed with the sanction of his name, as to errors committed by himself.

For disastrous errors Gambetta did undoubtedly commit. If he saved the honour of France, it was quite as much by his blindness to the ruin he invoked, as by his ardour, his command over men, and his indefatigable activity, and it would have gone harder still with France if she had not had the superior good sense and moderation of M. Thiers to fall back upon. His country permitted the Dictator unlimited power, of which he sometimes made a despotic, a reckless, and even an unpatriotic use. He dissolved the Councils-General in the teeth of protests from all quarters, manipulated a decree convoking the electors, so as to render ineligible whole categories of citizens who had formerly served the Empire, and when, after the armistice, the Government of National Defence reversed this high-handed measure of his, he resisted its authority with so much obstinacy that Jules Simon was at one time on the point of ordering his arrest. He stigmatized the capitulation of Paris as "*une coupable légèreté*." But was he himself never guilty of levity? Did he never trifle with men at home and abroad by mendacious or ridiculous bulletins, magnifying skirmishes into battles, and

metamorphosing defeat into victory—he who, on one occasion in particular, confounding one village near Paris with another of the same name in the neighbourhood of Orleans, gravely announced to the world that the blockade of the capital had been raised? Was there no “*légèreté*,” nothing puerile, in the conduct of the young advocate posing as strategist, and playing the part of generalissimo in the presence of Moltke, lightly superseding generals such as d’Aurelles de Paladines, the victor of Coulmiers, peremptorily issuing his own orders to generals of division, or countermanding—without his knowledge and over his head—those of Chanzy himself, one of the few contemporaneous generals capable, in old Moltke’s opinion, of handling two hundred thousand men without the risk of losing his head?

And as for the policy itself of prolonging the struggle, was it not a blunder, a “*légèreté*,” nay, worse, a crime? Was it not as wanton as it was cruel to conqueror and conquered alike, to send batch upon batch of raw peasants and beardless boys to wholesale slaughter? What good turn did all this terrible expenditure of noble blood and heroic but hopeless courage serve? Did it save one inch of French territory, or lessen the huge war indemnity by a single sou? Was it not, on the contrary, an aggravation of the woes of France, and was it not therefore deservedly branded by M. Thiers as “*une politique de fou furieux*?” With the loud wail of grief, real or affected, which has gone up from Europe over the remains of the “illustrious dead” still fresh in our ears, it may seem the height of presumption in a writer of no account to call in question the one virtue, most persistently attributed to him by his admirers, raise a doubt concerning the genuineness of his patriotism, and impeach the sincerity of his love for France. And yet one cannot but remember that it was his intense but ill-timed opposition to the Empire, and the factiousness of men like himself, which precipitated the Franco-German War, that it was his first thought, with the Prussian at the gates of France, to upset the established Government, and that he raised his powerful voice, when the wounds of mutilated France were still freshly bleeding, to utter the cry of disunion, dissension, and discord, amongst his fellow-countrymen: *Le cléricalisme c’est l’ennemi*.” A man need not, therefore, be thought to have taken leave of his senses, if, with facts of this kind before his mind, he declines to take on faith, or at least without a very big pinch of salt indeed,

all the high-sounding eulogies bestowed upon the patriotism of the "great citizen," which, if it was full of heart and intensity, was at least wanting in head, judgment, moderation, wisdom, and sagacity.

Of M. Gambetta's intensity, however, there can be no question. But how about his moderation? Did not his very intensity occupy so large a space in his composition as to have left little or no room for the presence of that other equally important quality, if he is to show valid claims to be considered a great statesman? Undoubtedly. And yet moderation of an inferior kind and in a lesser degree he as certainly possessed. He showed more than once that he could, in spite of his ardent temperament, restless nature, and want of ballast, efface himself, be patient under defeat and wait, make friends and disarm enemies; in other words pursue a line of conduct which exactly sums up his theory and practice of "opportunisme." But his moderation went no further than this. The virtue stopped short in him at the point, which distinguishes the statesman from politicians of second or third rate ability. His opinions were often hastily adopted, and as hastily laid aside. He had no definiteness of aim, no settled policy, no approved principle of conduct. He acted more from the impulse of the moment than under the guidance of reason. His policy, if he can be said to have had a policy, was tentative and empirical. Destitute of political training he never knew how to supply the want of it, and never learned by experience. He understood the multitude, but could not read the characters of individual men. He had not studied the conditions which could make a Republic or Democracy possible in France, nor discovered the boundary line which separates liberty from license, power from tyranny. But in nothing, to sum up all in a word, was this absence of great statesmanlike qualities so conspicuous, in nothing was his lack of moderation, want of calmness of judgment, clearness of vision, superior wisdom and sagacity, so fatally felt as in the wanton recklessness with which he excited the passions by wounding the religious susceptibilities of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, when he deliberately assumed an attitude of uncompromising hostility to the Catholic Church.

This is a matter in which I am endeavouring to sink my feelings as a Catholic, a priest, and a Jesuit, and to consider it for a moment from the man's own stand-point. Is it not plain that viewed even in this light the ecclesiastical policy of M.

Gambetta was from first to last a great blunder, if it was not a heinous crime? How can that politician set up for a statesman, who poses as the determined enemy of Catholicism in a country so profoundly religious as France, where even if all her sons are not devout, the great majority are, to put the matter on its lowest footing, at least conforming members of the State Church? He knew, or ought to have known, that besides her illustrious clergy and countless religious, male and female, a very large, perhaps the very largest proportion of all that is most sincere, honourable, and disinterested in the population of France is made up of men and women, who, in every walk of life from the highest to the lowest, believe in, love, and serve the God he chose to reject and scorn. He knew, therefore, or ought to have known, that to betray the cause of religion was to betray the cause of the clergy, of the magistracy, of the army, and of all that constitutes the truest, noblest, and most enduring elements of stability in the country, and to sow the seeds of the bitterest and most disastrous of all civil dissensions—religious strife. Say I have exaggerated, that it is mere rhetorical flourish to talk of France as a great Christian people, for that now-a-days religion is there confined to women and children. Is France the only country in which wives and mothers and daughters have no influence for good or for evil? Let the Catholic party be as insignificant as you will, ought it not to have been the policy of a man with pretensions to the name of statesman, to conciliate and win it over to the Republic, not to sour it, worry it by petty persecution, and drive it in spite of itself into the arms of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists? Either then M. Gambetta did know all this, and much more than I have space to set down, or he did not. If he did and still persisted notwithstanding in ruling that civil freedom and liberty of conscience should be for freethinkers, but not for Catholics, who must be sacrificed at any cost of peace and union in the State, what becomes of his patriotism? If he did not know this and did not realize that his anti-religious policy would wound France to the heart, stir up hatred against the Republic, and sow dissension in the country, when most in need of peace and union and breathing time to pull herself together again, how can he lay claim to the prudence, wisdom, and sagacity of a great statesman?

But Gambetta did know that religious strife was one of the direst evils to which his country, shattered by the blows of the

invader, could be exposed, and to that evil, nevertheless, he with his eyes open deliberately exposed her. He knew that Clericalism is *not* the enemy, that the Church which has suffered persecution at the hands of the Bourbons, Bonapartists, and Orleanists, as well as at those of the Republic, is neither Legitimist, nor Bonapartist, nor Orleanist, nor Republican, because, being above all parties in the State, she is content loyally to pursue her mission of peace and beneficence under any and every form of government; but though he knew all this, to war, nevertheless, he went with Clericalism and the Church. He knew that the Church is still a power in France, and that hostility to her was a bad platform on which to take his stand, because, not likely in the long run to raise up anything but useless, and even dangerous, irritation on the part of those attacked; on that platform, nevertheless, he deliberately took his stand, and endeavoured to build upon hostility to the Church an alliance with the Extreme Left, which in the end slipped hopelessly away from him. He, moreover, and he alone is accountable for a policy, unwise as it was unpatriotic. For although actually in office no more than two short months, virtually he was all along as much Dictator of the Republic, when he pulled the secret wires in Paris and controlled prefecture, magistracy, army, and Assembly, as in the days when he organized the National Defence from Bordeaux and Tours in the provinces. Why, a few years back, was the English press, in particular, so urgent with M. Gambetta to take the reins of government into his own hands, but because the writers for it knew that no ministry could stand except by obedience to his will; and why again did it insist so strongly that Mr. Gladstone should return to the Premiership after the great victory of the Liberal party at the elections of 1880, but because, with the example of M. Gambetta before their eyes, men were reasonably unwilling that the English statesman, like the French tribune, should have all the power and none of the responsibility of office?

No, whatever else he may have been, M. Gambetta was certainly no statesman. If he contributed more than any other man to the foundation of the Republic, he did more also by his ecclesiastical policy to render its continued existence in France a difficulty, perhaps even an impossibility. That his hostility to religion was at least a blunder, if not worse, men were beginning to perceive both in and out of France, even

before the death of M. Gambetta. The exaggerated admiration expressed for him as a public man by English journalism, and the loud-mouthed chorus of praise, which has gone up from our midst over the remains of the "great citizen and great patriot," are facts not altogether creditable to our judgment as a fair, equitable, and impartial people. This burst of enthusiasm, out of all proportion with its object, but in which many will see only fresh proof of our liberality and our power of sympathy with the true, the noble, and the great, was, there can be little doubt of it, an implicit approval of that very policy I have ventured to question, and was elicited, so foreigners at any rate will say, by that hatred, conscious or unconscious, which still animates the bulk of an otherwise high-minded and generous people towards the Catholic Church. But there were even here not a few notable exceptions. All were not blinded by prejudice, nor dazzled by the glitter of a false brilliance. There were many thoughtful men amongst us, who knowing France better than the majority of Englishmen, and seeing the unwisdom of the course he was pursuing, were never weary, not from any love of religion, for which they cared little or not at all, but because they wished well to France and were sincerely anxious that the Republic should have a fair chance, of cautioning Gambetta against burning his fingers with the religious question, and of warning him to keep his hands off the Church.

As for France, a reaction has already set in in the Assembly itself, and in the very ranks of the late tribune's staunchest supporters and adherents. The speech delivered at Charbonnières, near Lyons, within eight days of Gambetta's death, by M. Andrieux, formerly Prefect of Police in Paris when the March Decrees were enforced against the Religious Orders, has a double significance both as emphasizing the repudiation of an anti-religious policy he had made in the Chamber, when the untimely death of his chief was far from men's thoughts, and also in the inauguration of a new kind of parliamentary campaign, by which he seeks to gather to his side as large a number of adherents as possible in a policy of peace and conciliation. Careful to weigh his words so that they shall not outstrip his meaning and reveal all at once too bold a change of front, he nevertheless announces his adoption of a new political faith in tones too emphatic to be mistaken. I am not concerned to explain or defend the logical consistency of M. Andrieux. It is enough for my purpose to note a partial return at least to wiser thoughts, which all men

of judgment and moderation will hail with gladness as a hopeful sign for his country. It is indeed a happy augury for the future internal peace of France that a politician, with the antecedents of the late Prefect of Police, should venture to appear before a constituency of decidedly advanced opinions in the character of a champion of liberty of conscience, even if, as was only to be expected, he does so under certain reservations. There is surely a better time dawning for our neighbours, when, with the body of the late Dictator, who set on foot the anti-religious movement, scarcely laid in the grave, his *ci-devant Chef de décrocheurs* can make bold to tell his hearers, without eliciting from them signs either of hostility or even of disapproval, that he declines to govern in the interest of freethinkers only, and will have no hand in persecuting the majority for the benefit of the minority of his countrymen, branding with folly the turbulent democrats who would impose upon men's minds the dogmas of a *soi-disant vraie philosophie*, and laying it down as a first principle, that if the Republic is not to be restricted within the narrow limits of a party, but is to be made to embrace the whole nation, so desirable a goal can be reached by none but men of a peaceful and conciliatory spirit treading the beaten paths of prudence, wisdom, and moderation.

But to conclude. Now that all is over, that his career is ended, and his dream of ambition has faded away, what has the great tribune left behind him to show as the work of the extraordinary life, which for fourteen years has held uninterruptedly so large a space in men's minds? His star has disappeared below the horizon as suddenly as it had shot out upon the world. Nameless he came out of obscurity, and empty-handed he goes back into it. His loss will be long, keenly, and sincerely felt by a wide circle of intimates, who were familiar with his many amiable and attractive qualities as a man, and to whom he proved himself always loving, gentle, and true; but the mass of mankind, who knew and judged him only by his public acts, will soon wipe away their tears, real or feigned, and, his interment over, there will be little left but the memory of a dazzling name and the recollection of his astounding failure. He set himself from the outset of his career in opposition to God, and his work from first to last has been stricken with sterility. He has succeeded in no one thing to which he ever put his hand. He never won a battle, or secured an alliance, or elaborated a policy for his country, and he is gone with the great dream of

his life unfulfilled. To all outward appearance, and so far at least as the action of Gambetta is concerned, the *revanche* belongs as much to the remote future at this hour as on the day when he first conceived his great passion of revenge. Like Louvois dying, as Madame de Sévigné imagines him, full of plans for checking the Duke of Savoy, or mating the Prince of Orange in the great game of war, Gambetta expires without having discharged one farthing of the enormous debt of vengeance due from fallen France to the terrible Chancellor of victorious Germany. A failure as a politician and a statesman, it may be doubted, whether he will long remain famous even as an orator. The reputation to be got of oratory is from the very nature of the case essentially evanescent, and of no orator can this be predicated more truly than of one, who owed so largely as M. Gambetta to charm of voice, grace of action, and personal bearing.

That a man who rejects the claims of God to his allegiance should speedily degenerate into a *gourmet* and a sensualist is sad but not surprising, since rebellion against his Maker has from time immemorial been punished by the revolt in man himself of his lower appetites against his higher nature. But the lapses of the man may well be left to God. They are no affairs of ours except in so far as they bear upon his public character. Gambetta was notoriously both a Freethinker, to whose mind "the existence of God was not scientifically and experimentally demonstrated," and a Freemason. Freemasonry in this country is not usually looked upon as sinful, or even with suspicion, by any but Catholics, who know it to be for very sufficient reasons under the ban of the Church. The generality of Englishmen are with difficulty roused, even for a brief space, from their belief in the craft as a harmless association for philanthropic purposes by the Bowie-knife and the pistol of a ruffianly Fenianism, and the late Lord Beaconsfield is said to have been the only public man, who ever dared in this country to raise his voice against the lodges abroad as centres of anarchy set up for the spread of revolt, the overthrow of religion, and the destruction of all social order. To what extent Gambetta—whom the Freemasons of Germany presented with the drinking-glass of Martin Luther, in token of their sympathy—was indebted for his influence and long continuance in power, in spite of repeated failure, to the support of Freemasonry, and how far he was an obedient instrument in its hands, when he threw the

Church as a sop to the Cerberus of the Revolution, are points which history will one day perhaps clear up for us. In the meantime we can only most devoutly hope that as he lay on his bed at the little house at Ville-d'Avray, and faith revived and conscience awoke, the dying man may have had the grace to breathe a sigh, when a sigh would still avail, for mercy at that Tribunal, before which he was about to appear for approval or disapproval, where the judgments of men, both favourable and adverse, are not seldom reversed, and absolute justice is unerringly, impartially, and irrevocably dispensed alike to good and evil-doers.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

Catholic Positivism.

It is a frequent and on the whole just subject of congratulation amongst those of us who are lovers of or adepts in physical science, that our favourite study is one which is marked by stable and continuous progress. With it at least, we are accustomed to protest, no comparison with the web of Penelope can be aptly made. The strong fabric woven from the web of induction and the woof of experimental verification, when once formed can never again be undone. It would be a great mistake indeed to suppose that this security and permanence belong to widely accepted physical theories, such as the atomic constitution of bodies, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, the undulatory theory of light, &c. Such notions, valuable as they may be to serve as working hypotheses, are hypotheses merely, probably untrue, and certainly unproven. Nevertheless, the fabric of demonstrated physical truths is secure enough, and may be compared with a pyramid the lowest stratum of which reposes on solid earth, and so affords its builders the firmest foundation, on which tier upon tier can be raised, each tier being laid in the most stable equilibrium, and affording the best possible support for that which is to succeed it.

Physical science unfolds a multitude of facts and laws which no one dreams of disputing, and which are assented to with absolute and justifiable confidence and certainty. No reasonable persons doubt, or ever will doubt, about the rotundity of the earth, the reality of its diurnal and annual revolutions, the complex nature of atmospheric air, the definiteness of crystalline forms, the past existence of huge marine reptiles, or the truths of the assertion that animals generally pass through a series of changes of form during their process of development. About all these matters, and very many others like them, men of science are with justice absolutely certain.

As to the existence of absolute certainty in physical science then there can at least be no uncertainty. Now the obvious

method by which this progress has been made, and these unquestionable certainties arrived at, is the careful and patient use of the senses in observation and experiment.

This circumstance has not unnaturally led many persons whose knowledge, if extensive, is rather wide than deep, to lay more and more stress upon, and repose more and more confidence in, this method, till it has come to be regarded and spoken of as if it was the one and only method. The system of thought which favours this delusion most is known as "Positivism." This system declares that we can know nothing but phenomena, and denies the existence of all knowledge other than sensuous knowledge. On this account it may fairly be called "Agnostic Positivism," since as to this doctrine our popular agnostics and the orthodox followers of Auguste Comte are at one. Professor Tyndall, who may be taken as an accomplished and competent expounder of this view, plainly teaches that sensuous knowledge is our only ultimate test, since he declares that to be inconceivable which cannot be "mentally visualized."

This system is indeed a fatal one—its fatality is indisputable. Nevertheless, it is necessarily and above all fatal to itself. It is not of course here contended that physical science cannot be successfully prosecuted, and laws of the coexistences and sequences of phenomena discovered, without distinct and express advertence to the fundamental truths it is the object of this paper to vindicate. But it is here contended that those truths must be implicitly, if not explicitly, accepted by us if we would gain physical knowledge, and it is also here maintained that the express denial of certainty as to such truths carries with it as its inevitable logical consequence the loss of all certainty whatever in physics equally as in metaphysics. This agnostic positivism is so fundamentally inconsistent that it is absolutely self-destructive, and can only continue to be held by thoughtful persons who voluntarily, or from the effect of an invincible prejudice, close their eyes to its self-refutation.

If, therefore, this system were likely to receive from the majority of those persons who come under its influence a really thorough and patient examination, we should have little cause to dread its propagation. As it is, however, its eloquent advocacy by popular teachers, who have just claims to esteem on other grounds, has one consequence which is very hurtful. This hurtful consequence is the spread of a vague, un-reasoned-

out tendency to doubt—a passive, hesitating attitude of mind. It is this mental tendency which is to be dreaded quite as much as an acceptance of the distinctly formulated dogmas of the agnostics.

I propose, then, first to consider this widely diffused, vague sentiment of doubt, and afterwards to address myself directly to the fundamental inconsistency of agnostic positivism. I hope thus to be able to show that a *truly* positive system, which gives a firm support to all the truths of physical science, is and must be at the same time, a system which also gives a firm support to all other rational truths, while it lays the groundwork for the truths of revelation.

But some persons who begin to read this article may be inclined to think that with such a purpose, it must have rather a speculative, than any really practical interest. But so to think is to be greatly mistaken. For an habitual disposition of mind favouring uncertainty and doubt, has a singularly paralyzing effect on the will and tends directly to diminish force of character. Its effects are particularly obvious and exceptionally hurtful in moments of temptation, when the insidious effects of uncertainty concerning such questions as “Can we know anything?” “Is there such a thing as certainty?” &c., may make themselves disastrously evident. But if the question as to “certainty” has thus a value in the eyes of the mere moralist, it should be of vital importance in the eyes of every thoughtful Catholic. Amongst the temptations which such Catholics have to be watchful about—for others if not for themselves—are temptations against faith, and such temptations tend to be much augmented by the presence of hazy views as to the grounds of all belief, and by a lurking, inarticulate prepossession in favour of a generally doubtful attitude of mind as being one especially rational and philosophic. In point of fact, however, this vague, general doubtfulness is a particularly foolish mental condition. Not but that a state of “suspended judgment” is very rational, or the only rational, position to assume with respect to a multitude of questions—all those in fact with regard to which we have insufficient evidence. But it is one thing to refuse to conclude without good reason about some particular fact or problem, and quite another thing to be in a disposition to be undecided about all problems, and even undecided as to whether there is or is not such a thing as rational decision about anything. The latter is simply a

diseased condition of mind, as will be made plain in considering the system of agnostic positivism.

Any person, however, who is so unfortunate as to have become a victim to this intellectual falling sickness, may be asked in the first place to remark that he and all other men have at least a practical certainty as to many ordinary events in their daily lives. As, for example, that they have, or have not, got out of bed, or that their relation or friend is sitting at breakfast with his head on and not with it off. They may also be called to remark the many certainties of physical science.

The best remedy for a generally doubtful state of mind, and one of the most useful exercises in the present chaotic condition of English cultured mental life, is the acquisition of clear ideas as to what is the ground of *all* certainty and as to what common character, if any, is possessed by everything as to which we may be unhesitatingly certain. The examination of the self-refutation of agnostic positivism may, it is hoped, afford such a useful exercise.

This positivism, then, affirms that we can know nothing certainly save phenomena, and that our senses are the beginning and end of all our certain knowledge. They are at once the only test and criterion of truth.

But let us suppose that such a positivist has determined the chemical composition of some substance, partly by experiment and partly by deductions from known chemical laws. How does he know that his deductions have been correctly drawn? He may experiment as to the *results*, but not as to the *processes* of reasoning. Obviously in this he must trust to the validity of the laws of logic, and can trust to nothing else. If while he is experimenting, a sceptical doubt as to the reality of what he is doing and as to the existence of the feelings he feels occurs to him, how can he settle such a doubt? Certainly by no experiments, but by observing the declarations of his own consciousness. Again, if during the process he should doubt as to the result of one of his experiments, and therefore repeat it and find the same results follow, how does he know it *is* the same result and not a different one, unless he can depend on his certainty that nothing can at the same time both be and not be? As to this last point all experiment is necessarily vain, for if such a doubt be entertained in one case, it can obviously be entertained in every case!

It is very certain, then, that if we had no power beyond that

of sense perception, we could not perceive the actions of our senses. If we had really no power of learning more than phenomena, we should not have the power of learning phenomena themselves.

In order to know phenomena, we must not only know the validity of logic and of our perceptions of axiomatic truth, but also our continued substantial existence, and therefore the veracity of memory, and the truthfulness of memory can be no more established by observation and experiment, than can the existence of our own consciousness.

We must rely on it, as we rely on our present consciousness, on its own authority. Manifestly we cannot accept the truth of memory, on account of considerations the authority of which depends entirely upon memory's truth. Yet, marvellous to relate, it has been said: "The general trustworthiness of memory" is "of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions drawn from" it "are always *verified by experience!*" The author of this saying would appeal to "experience" to vouch for the veracity of memory! But how can you have "experience" if you do not already trust that faculty? Particular acts of memory may of course be confirmed by experience if the faculty of memory be already confided in. But a man must trust his memory in every such instance. How can he know he ever had an experience except by trusting his memory? The author just quoted would trust his present act of memory because in past instances its truth has been experimentally confirmed, while he can only know that it has been so confirmed by trusting his present memory. Evidently if we cannot trust our present memory, all past history is a dream, and the whole body of physical science is nothing better. Our absolute certainties as to the past and as to present experiences (beyond feelings actually being at the moment felt) rest upon the same basis, and if we may trust, as we must trust, our reflective consciousness at all, we must also trust our faculty of memory, upon the veracity of which the very use of our reflective consciousness depends.

This clear and distinct consciousness as to both the past and present is a primary and also an ultimate ground, motive, and test of certainty. It is "primary" because it is that which actually first makes us certain as to anything, and it is "ultimate" because when we analyze our reasons for any

conviction we have, it is to our consciousness that our last appeal must be made.

To say, then, that we can know nothing but phenomena is to say that we can have no knowledge whatever. It is, in fact, to affirm scepticism systematically, and systematic scepticism is idiocy. For if we ask such a sceptic whether he is certain that he doubts, and if he replies that he is, he thereby absolutely denies his system and affirms the certainty of his state of doubt. If he replies that he does not know whether he doubts, and follows this up by replies to the effect that he does not know he has any one asking him questions, or that there are such things as questions, or that anything is or is not anything, he thereby makes his idiocy manifest. The remedy for such a state is obviously not argument, but change of air or physic of some kind. A sceptic who affirms that he does know for certain his own state of doubt but nothing else, cannot of course be refuted so long as he affirms nothing more. But such a man cannot propound his scepticism as a system applicable and true for other men without self-refutation, as a moment's consideration will show. If we saw a man seated high up on the branch of a tree busily engaged in sawing it across where it sprang from the tree's trunk, we should not think much of his wisdom. Yet that is just the position of a sceptic who defends his own system. For if we can know nothing certainly, if nothing is certainly true, and cannot therefore be positively affirmed and defended, then neither can his sceptical system be affirmed and defended, and by his own act he has cut away the logical support from beneath himself. Such a system cannot really be believed, since to believe anything is mentally to affirm it to be really true, and the system forbids any such affirmation. But a man who affirms what his system forbids him to affirm, and declares that he believes what he also declares to be unbelievable, can hardly complain if he is called foolish. It is well to dwell on this point, because all arguments which necessarily result in such conclusions must be false, since nothing can be true which logically results in an absurdity. Scepticism, then, is a very shallow and very foolish system, and every position which necessarily leads to it must be rejected as essentially unreasonable.

And phenomenalism (*i.e.* the system which affirms we can know nothing but phenomena) does lead to it. That system is essentially sceptical implicitly, though its implications may

be veiled from the eyes of those to whom it is recommended or even from those of the advocate himself.

What rational system are we then to oppose to this silly prate about phenomena being the only things which the human mind is capable of learning? To discover such a rational system let us begin by supposing a case in which some physical inquirer is seriously and honestly doubtful as to some matter he is examining into. For example, as to the chemical composition of some complex mineral. How would a positivist man of science proceed to try and settle his doubt? As any other man of science would do; by careful observation and experiment! Not by this alone, however, but also by a consideration of like substances and known laws concerning them. Evidently, then, his process of investigation is not entirely sensuous, but, as we have seen already, is partly a process of reasoning. Evidently, also, if there is certainty in the experimental result arrived at, there must be certainty in the reasoning process by which that result is attained. But every process of reasoning must stop somewhere. Everything cannot be proved, nor will particular facts of sensible experience serve our turn without the help of some general principles with which they may be connected. To show experimentally that oxygen and hydrogen may be united to form water will prove nothing if we do not admit not only the certainty of our sense perceptions, but also the certainty that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. Otherwise we could have no certainty that while they did form water, they also did not form it. Neither could the measuring of a man's head enable a hatter to be certain as to the right size of the hat he has to make, but for the truth of the axiom, "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." Thus though the wonderful and admirable powers of our senses should in no way be depreciated, and though our senses are both a test and cause of certainty, yet they are not *the* test of it. In the last resort, when we have done our observing and experimenting, how do we know we have obtained such results as we may have obtained? Certainly not by our senses, but by our *intellect*! When different sense impressions appear at first to give conflicting evidence, how do we judge between the competing claims of such sensations? Again by the intellect. Therefore, while nothing could be more foolish than to undervalue the testimony of the senses, yet, *certainty* belongs not to sensation but to thought,

and to thought only. It is not "sense," but self-conscious, reflective thought which is our ultimate and absolute criterion. Without thought we might feel, but we could not know that we felt or know ourselves in feeling.

We have, then, not only the certainty which we attain in sense perception, but the certainty which comes through a clearly seen process of reasoning when we feel the full force of the word "therefore" making anything evident to us. We have also the certainty that we have, or have not, attained evidence about anything, which certainty is that of consciousness, and we have that other kind of certainty by which we apprehend axioms and such plain truths as that before mentioned, that if our friend's head is on his shoulders it cannot at the same time be off them. What, if any, common ground is there for these various different kinds of certainty?

What do we say when we see clearly that some consequence flows inevitably from some given premisses, as that this figure, being a circle, and all circles having each equal radii, this figure also must have equal radii? We say that such a conclusion is evident. It is evident, and there is no more to be said. So if, when we are tasting the sweetness of an orange, we are asked, how do we know it is sweet, we say it is evidently sweet to us, and that there is no more to be said. If we are asked, how do we know that it is *we* who are tasting the orange, we reply that consciousness¹ makes it evident to us, and that there is nothing more to be said. Finally, if we are asked how do we know that if we are tasting it we are not at the very same time *not* tasting it, we reply that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time; and if we are further asked, how do we know that? we reply once more that it is evident to us, and that there is no more to be said.

It seems, then, that all these different kinds of certainty have "evidence" for their common character. The certainty of the assent which we give and should give to propositions of all these different kinds depends upon their self-evidence. But we might be sure beforehand that such self-evidence must be the character of ultimate truths: for since, as before said, everything cannot be proved, and the process of proof must stop somewhere, the truths which are at the bottom of every

¹ As to the supreme certainty of our own existence, see an article by the present author, entitled "A Danger from Diffidence," in the number of *THE MONTH* for March, 1882, p. 333.

reasoning process must plainly, if they have evidence at all, possess *self-evidence*.

It may, nevertheless, be the case that one or more of our readers may have an uncomfortable feeling at the foregoing statement of the ultimate ground of all certainty. Everything may seem to them to be thus made to depend upon a mere individual confident sentiment or persuasion, while misplaced confidence is a continually recurring phenomenon. But the "evidence" which is possessed by a rational deduction, a presentation of sense, a dictum of consciousness or a perception of necessary axiomatic truths, is not purely individual or, as it is called, "subjective;" it has also an evidence in itself which is really independent of the individual; it has "objective" evidence also.

A well-reasoned deduction is good for others² as well as for ourselves, and we naturally and properly, in the case of any exceptional sense presentation, seek for the concurrent testimony of other men that their several organs are affected in the same way that we feel our own to be. The declarations of consciousness are necessarily individual, but we may endorse its declarations in our own case by the appropriations of others that the dicta of their consciousness (as to their substantial existence) is similar to our own, and in the same way may be fortified our perceptions of necessary axiomatic truth.

This concurrence between objective and subjective evidence is implied in every proposition which we make about external things. Thus, if we say that an emerald is green, we thereby affirm that a conformity exists between the external thing we call an emerald and the external quality "greenness." At the same time we also really affirm that there is a conformity between these two external entities and our two corresponding internal concepts; that is to say, we affirm that there is really an external thing corresponding to the term "emerald" and an external quality corresponding to the term "green." Besides these two affirmations, we also implicitly make a third; for, in point of fact, we also affirm that a correspondence or conformity exists between our subjective judgment and the objective co-existences "emerald" and "greenness." We may term these

² It is impossible here to enter upon the question of "idealism." The reader is assumed to accept the common belief as to real independent existence of the various objects in the universe about him. For a proof of the profound rationality of such acceptance and for a refutation of idealism the reader is referred to *Nature and Thought* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), chap. iii. p. 69.

objective qualities a condition of things which thus correspond with our thoughts, "objective concepts," and it is convenient to do so, since they are the really existing things in the external world to which our corresponding "subjective concepts" answer. They are that in an object which corresponds with an abstract idea.

If there were not objective concepts thus corresponding with our subjective concepts, not only physical science, but even all reasoning between men, and all intellectual intercourse must come to an end. We recognize this correspondence every time we see external things according to our judgments of their actions or utility, and it is brought home to us by the fulfilment of every expectation, and especially every scientific prediction, and by our perfect confidence that evident truths will practically answer when relied upon.

The principle that "whatever is evident is true" is, then, itself a proposition, the truth of which is self-evident, since no rational being can deny that everything which is at the same time both evident to our minds and in itself also, is and must be true. Nevertheless, though evidence has its objective side and really exists in things no less than in certain of our perceptions respecting them, we can only know that there is this external confirmation of our internal perceptions—by internal or subjective certainty—and therefore this internal subjective certainty is, for us, practically supreme. But it is absolutely impossible that this could be otherwise. For suppose God had provided some external criterion of certainty infinitely more perfect than anything we know or can conceive, it is nevertheless plain that we could only make use of it through a subjective knowledge that it had this character. Moreover, the mind would have to be certain as to the very existence of the supposed criterion, and it could only know this through the evidence of it in the mind itself. It is plain, then, that nothing external—no common consent of mankind or any testimony—could ever supply the place of an ultimate criterion of knowledge, since our mind must be the judge as to the existence and value of any such criterion. The principle of evidence, then, is one which is really ultimate, and must be accepted under pain of complete intellectual paralysis. It is incapable of demonstration, since it depends on nothing else. It is constantly assumed unconsciously, and is acted on confidently by every one who reasons. We conform to it without thinking about it, but if we

reflect on it we men see three good reasons for assenting to it : (1) The spontaneous and natural tendency of all men constantly to conform to it ; (2) the destruction of all knowledge and the impossibility of thinking logically at all if we do not admit, practically if not expressly, the legitimacy of the criterion ; and (3) the fact that by admitting it, we have a foundation for all science, and an orderly universe of external existences—harmonizing with each other and with our perceptions and thoughts—takes the place of a chaos. By accepting it we can advance in science and successfully predict.

Those persons, on the other hand, who deny that what is simply evident is true and profess to rely only upon the phenomenal experience of the senses are in a singularly suicidal position intellectually, and this in a twofold manner. They declare some things to be doubtful for reasons which, if they were valid, would prove the truth of the things they profess to doubt ; for they declare our continuous mental being to be doubtful on account of physical considerations, which considerations depend on that very mental being for the possibility of their recognition. They also declare things to be true for reasons which, if they were valid, would prove that the things they declare to be true were in reality false ; for they declare physical existences to be real existences, while all their reasoning rests on the alleged ground that we can know nothing, and therefore have no ground for believing in the existence of anything but mere feelings, appearances, or phenomena.

But if scientific agnostic positivists really do believe (as in their capacity of men of science they must believe) in "material objects" and "physical states" as *realities*, then they can only attain this belief (in their principles) by an act of blind and unreasoning credulity—superstition thus taking the place of reason.

But the distinct recognition of the true ground and motive of certainty—that it is not "sense impression," but the "intellectual apprehension of evidence"—gives a firm, self-consistent, and rational basis for all physical science. At the very same time it does far more ; it also affords a secure foundation for those principles which form the basis of morality and natural religion, which principles have the very same evidence as have those ultimate truths upon which all physical science depends. By the acceptance of the similarly evidenced truths of all these orders, the way is proposed for the acceptance of revelation also.

This system of positive, rational, and self-consistent affirmation may be securely opposed to that negative teaching, the self-destructiveness of which it has been here attempted to show. Such a system, as one affording us not only well-grounded certainty in all fields of intellectual activity, but also certainty as to the criterion of certainty itself, and as a positively and confidently affirmative system of universal range, may be not unaptly called "CATHOLIC POSITIVISM."

As "grace supposes nature," as revelation admirably corresponds with those natural faculties and that human nature to which it is addressed, so are our intellectual powers and nature admirably adjusted to that sensitive organism in which they have their being. By accepting that natural certainty and reverencing that self-evidence to which we are mercifully enabled to attain, we may come to possess mental harmony and a well-ordered knowledge, which, though limited, is yet complete in all its sides. On the other hand, by carping at that admirable reason with which we are graciously endowed (which the unsophisticated man unhesitatingly trusts), and by seeking to obtain a sensuous certainty for that which is beyond senses, degradation of the intellect and self-stultification follow as an inevitable Nemesis. The pursuit of true wisdom is the noblest occupation that man can follow; but to those who would pursue it along the misleading bye-path here criticized, the words of the Apostle are but too applicable, "Seeking to be wise, they become fools."

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

The Glory and Fall of Yima.

YIMA Kshaêta, Yima the King—the Jemshid of later Persian poets—was an important mythological hero of the earliest Eranian traditions. In one aspect, he is the first man, or the first king, under whom the world enjoyed a gold age, which was brought to an end only by his falling into the sin of falsehood, that

Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

In this, he is the hero of traditions about the primeval happiness of man and his fall. Herein, too, he corresponds to the Indian Yama, son of the god Vivasvant, and the first man; as the Vedas expressly state (cf. *Rig Veda*, x. 14, 1). In another aspect, he is the Noah of Eranian mythology, who gathers and preserves from the general destruction—not indeed in an ark, but in an enclosed place—the germs of all just men and birds and beasts and cattle. The present fragment from the *Avesta* (*Ycsht*, xix. 30—38) narrates the former part of his history.

Yima the King for many long years ruled,
A mighty prince; and glorious majesty
Waited upon him. For a seven-fold realm
He swayed: the realm of divs,¹ of mortal men,
Of Yatus, Pairikas,² and races three
Of evil genii.

And victorious aye,
He carried off the wealth of those foul divs,
Their crops and flocks, and all their goodly store
Of food and fame. Whilst mankind 'neath his sway
With joy did eat both kinds of food; whereby

¹ Demons, the “deevs” of our *Arabian Nights*.

² Female demons. The “Peris” of the *Arabian Nights*, and one of whom “at the gate of Heaven stood disconsolate” in Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*.

Nor beasts nor men grew old, nor ever died ;
Nor waters dried up from the thirsty plants.
Yea, in his reign, extremes of cold and heat
Were not ; nor yet old age, nor death,
Nor envy, by the divs created ;—for as yet
Deceit and untruth were not : not until
That time when Yima spake a lying word
Against the truth, to please his wayward will.

But lo ! when once he spake that lying word
Against the truth, to please his wayward will,—
Then all his glory, visible till now,
Fled from him in the figure of a bird.

Yima the King, all blind to glory now,
The lord of many flocks, alack ! he fell.
Yima, no longer happy, with dark heart,
A ruined man, he fell down, down to earth.

Then his first glory went and fled away,
Fled from King Yima, Vivanhão's son,
In form like to a bird with quivering tail.
And that first glory Mithra³ carried off,
Who rules o'er vasty fields, whose ears are keen,
Whose eyes are thousand.

And his second glory
Fled from King Yima, Vivanhão's son,
In form like to a bird with quivering tail.
And this his second glory, Thraetôna,⁴
Son of the clan of Athwya, mighty clan,
Did bear away : the greatest victor he
Of mortal victors, all but Zarathustra ;⁵
For that he smote the snake three-headed, Dahaka
The thousand-limbed.

³ Genius of the luminous ether, of physical light, and of intellectual light or truth.

⁴ An ancient hero, the Feridun of later Persian poets.

⁵ Zoroaster.

And his third glory fled
And went from Yima, Vivanhão's son,
In form like to a bird with quivering tail.
And this third glory, Kereçaçpa⁶ seized,
The manly-hearted : mightiest man was he
Of mighty men,—of all but Zarathustra ;
For that he slew the dragon Çruvara
The bane of beasts and men.

L. C. CASARTELLI.

⁶ An ancient hero, the Sâm, of Firdusi and the later poets.

The Province of Pleasure in Education.

IF "a people is known by its pleasures," we can hardly form an exalted idea of the appreciative faculty of Englishmen. It should seem extraordinary that the most "enlightened" of peoples—at least, so our journalists describe us—cannot initiate some higher order of pleasures than such as we see advertised in the newspapers. With one exception only—that of music—it must be confessed that our popular entertainments do not reflect credit on our tastes. In regard to concerts, they are unquestionably admirable; even our promenade concerts are very good; and the taste for high-class music is so increasing in England that we may pride ourselves on this one national progress. And it is just this one progress which justifies the conclusion that we might, if we took the trouble, make other progresses. If the people are capable of being taught to like good music, to prefer it, and even to insist upon it at "popular" concerts, it is obvious that they might be taught, in every department of entertainment, to prefer what is high to what is low. The same mind which admits of culture in the one groove will equally admit of culture in any other groove. The education of the taste is just as easy in regard to pleasures as it is easy in regard to literature or the fine arts; the bent of mind, the predilection, is soon refined; all that is needed is the cultivation of habit, which is the same thing with the cultivation of taste. It is only necessary to provide what is good, and to rigidly withhold what is bad, and in the course of a brief time you have formed the public taste, or at the very least have improved it in great degree. Bad taste and bad habit are both mainly attributable to the opportunities of their easy indulgence; you have only to substitute good opportunities for bad, and you quickly change habit and taste. For this reason I hold it to be inexcusable that bad habit, bad taste, should be cherished. The blame, it is certain, lies somewhere. I shall presently try to show where it lies.

But first I would insist a moment longer on the theory, that "a people can be educated in its pleasures," so as to bring out more conclusively the reasonableness of the suggestions which I shall offer on particular points. I will assume that, for the formation of any habit, a certain degree of moral force must be conceded ; and I will assume that, for the habit of wise pleasuring, the people have a sufficient moral force. I will justify this last assumption by one proof. The immense progress which has been made of late years in the converting of the masses to temperate habits proves beyond question that, as to natural fortitude, the masses have enough of it for all purposes. If hundreds of thousands of even thoroughly worldly persons, who are swayed far more by self-interest than by religious principle, can sacrifice an enjoyment which they have long loved, it is manifest that, as to the people's magnanimity, there is sufficient of it to change the people's habits. And the very fact that we are now bent on taking away from the masses a solace which they have long ardently cherished is a sound reason for providing for the masses a correspondingly high standard of pleasures. We say to them : "We take away your indulgence ; we leave you rest of your cup of inebriety." Ought we not to say to them : "We give you, in exchange, a refined and intelligent order of entertainments?" The converted inebriates certainly deserve this. They have proved that they can use their moral force. They have shown that they can aspire to a better tone, and make a severe sacrifice to attain to it. They have left us no excuse for not recognizing their capability of both appreciating and practising what is lofty. We are wanting in reasonableness if we do not reward their proved merit by supplying them with intelligent pleasures. And since, thus far, I think that I have justified two premisses—first, that the people *have* moral force ; and next, that they desire to *use* it well—I may pass on to consider how are we to remove hurtful pleasures, and how are we to substitute pleasures which are educating.

I need say nothing as to any home entertainments, for they must depend upon domestic relations. Home is so different in different families, and so many families can hardly be said to have a home, that it would be impossible to even touch upon domestic pleasures : they must be left to each one to privately cherish. It is of public places of amusement that I am writing ; and these places are crowded nightly with young people. We have to recognize the fact that hundreds of thousands of young

people frequent some place of entertainment, say once a week. I am not saying anything as to whether they *should* frequent such places ; I say that they *do*, and that they *will* do so. More than this, hundreds of thousands of young people would frequent some place of amusement every night were it not for the impossibility of the outlay, or for some impediment either personal or domestic. These hundreds of thousands of young people belong chiefly to the working classes, or to the lower middle, the trading, or small-shop classes ; their ages vary, say, from fifteen to twenty-five ; for it is noticeable that, in the commoner places of entertainment, the audiences consist chiefly of young people ; and that the lower the entertainment the more juvenile is the audience ; because, as a rule, low entertainments are cheap. A sixpenny seat in a gallery, or a shilling seat in a pit, attracts both the young and the poor ; so that low prices, unfortunately, are synonymous with low pleasures ; and the very audience which should be most "educated" is most corrupted. Now it is just here that I ask the question, Who is responsible for that corruption which is substituted, in low places, for education ? Who is responsible for the buffooneries in certain pleasure-houses ; for the vulgar songs, suggestive pleasantries, hideous grimaces ; or for that preference of what is low to what is high, in the whole character of a popular entertainment ? And, first, let it be answered that the fault is not the managers' ; it is not the proprietors' nor the artists', male or female. Persons who have to cater for the public taste have first to make sure that they can pay their way ; and artists who have to gain an honest living must "stoop to folly" to make sure of an engagement. It is visionary, it is too high-flown, to imagine that a proprietor should voluntarily court bankruptcy, or even loss, for the sake of setting an example which he knows will not be followed, or providing pleasures which he knows will empty his house. In the same spirit, to cast the blame on a poor artist, who has to support, perhaps, a wife and a large family, because he makes an idiot of himself in public, or does things which he simply abhors with all his heart, is to apply a severe standard of judgments to one profession in particular, which standard is not applied to other professions. The merchant, the tradesman, even the higher professional gentleman, have their tricks for catching the public to their own advantage ; and if we do not require of *them* an heroic sacrifice,—a superb preference of others' interests to their own,—why should we require it of that

one class which is the most uncertain in its bread-winning, and which depends solely on the caprices of the British public? It is unnecessary to remark here that I am not instituting such comparisons from a religious or from a "moral theology" point of view I leave all such graver aspects to competent authority, and do not touch upon a science beyond my sphere ; but solely from the standpoint of the "man of the world," who takes a common-sense view of public affairs. And I say that it is inconsistent in "the man of the world" to expect managers, or to expect poor struggling artists, to adopt a magnificently chivalrous standard of edification, while he, "the man of the world," winks at the thousand ignoble tricks, the selfish tactics, the moral frauds, which "success" has happily veiled from the public eye.

The fault, then, I take to be about equally divided between the following five sections of the community. First, it lies with the superior classes, who take no interest in the entertainments, the pleasures, the solaces of the people ; and even very often patronize what they know to be deteriorating, for the sake of a little "fun" or dissipation. Secondly, that large class which is engaged in educating the young—school-masters and professors of every grade—is not careful to impart to them high ideas upon *taste*, but only to teach them book knowledge, or to "cram" them. Thirdly, the numerous societies which are called philanthropic do not include within their compass any section or any committee which is designed to improve the public pleasures. There are associations for providing innocent recreations, but there are none for improving such as are equivocal. Fourthly, the proprietors, the managers, the directors of what are known as public places of amusement, are at least to blame in this one grave particular : that they do not form a league among themselves ; and by agreeing, one and all, to forbid everything which is vulgarizing, protect each other from a rivalry in wrong. Fifthly, the Government, which approves a censorship of plays, has never established any Committee of Taste ; has never attempted to eliminate the vulgar element in public pleasures, or to reward aspiring managers with their support.

Now considering that, among the lower orders (I do not say the "humbler" orders ; for our humbler orders are very often as refined and as aspiring as are Court-nurtured people of the highest tone), there is a total absence of that instinct we call

"taste;" and considering further that the School Board ignores "taste" in education as completely as it ignores Hebrew or hydrostatics, I ask, ought not the Government—even if it must instruct the School Board to banish dogma, to try to refine the people's minds through their pleasures? I put the case in this way: our lower orders—pray do not confuse them with our "humbler" orders—are unquestionably the least appreciative class of bipeds which is to be found among pretenders to the human form. They not only have not good taste, they have no taste. Nor is any attempt made to educate this class of persons in the most elementary ideas upon refinement. Now it is principally for this class that I would plead in my suggestions for the reasonable reformation of the people's pleasures. You cannot get at this class in their houses or in the streets; as a rule, they do not frequent any institutions for their improvement; their literature consists chiefly of some Sunday newspaper of rabid tendency, and their home amusements are the pipe and broad jests. Yet this class, old and young, but especially the young men, crowd nightly the cheap seats of the pleasure houses; and such is their force of demonstration, either for *placet* or *non placet*, that no manager dares despise their blunt criticism. It is for their sake, it might be urged upon the high responsible authorities, that they should consider what can be done for their education. And since they *can* be taught in pleasure-houses, and *are* taught every night, for good or for evil—sometimes for evil—let the pleasure-houses be reformed, in such measure and in such spirit, as shall bear their fruit in the coming generation. What an instrument of good, of most substantial education, might even a common music-hall be made, if instead of "breakdowns," or "gingles," or "wrigglings," or coarse mimicry, a really high-toned entertainment were given. If good music were insisted on, with, say, illustrated art and science, or such exhibitions as are at once educating and fascinating, what an untold amount of good would be wrought upon the lower orders, intellectually, morally, and therefore religiously.

It may be true that the faculty of administration—or call it direction, management, or what you will—is a very rare, one of the very rarest of gifts; for even men of high attainment are generally utterly incompetent to unite the intellectual with the diverting. Witness that sad failure of the "Polytechnic;" which ought to have been the grandest of successes, and which, from

every point of view, should have brought to the proprietors as much profit in satisfaction as in money. Yet when we visited that place, and did all that we were asked to do, we felt equal pain and surprise that, with such appliances, such a huge field for fascination, there was no one mind to make the whole thing what it should be. The truth is that to find a man who is competent to administrate—a man of education and big brains, and with that happy grasp of all “the unities” which makes him master of the arts of captivation, exhilaration, *plus* instruction—is one of the most difficult of discoveries ; and the more so from the accident that, as a rule, such gifted men are above business and do not want occupation. And it is because of this proved difficulty of administration, that it might be well to institute a Committee of Public Pleasures, to be enrolled by the Government, and to be permanent ; and to have its duties and its salaries wisely apportioned, with a view to the widest sphere of practical good. Let this Committee, composed of gentlemen of high tone, men who thoroughly understand human nature—what it requires, what it ought to have, what it will have—put their heads together for the space of six months, on the grave question of educating by pleasures. When they have arrived at their conclusions as to what the reformation ought to be—with due admixture of enjoyment and of improvement ; with the largest compass of exhilaration and brain-feeding—let them submit their conclusions to Parliament ; and afterwards let public pleasures be subjected to such ordering as shall secure the carrying out of the new idea. A few thousands a year would suffice for the expenses ; and considering what Government now spends on education, such a fraction would not be worth the considering. The Government might have, for a while, to grant subventions ; or perhaps to reward the best productions with marks of merit. Why not ? Public pleasures are an important means of education ; in some senses they are the most important of all ; for every night, so it is computed, more than half a million of young people frequent places of amusement in our large towns ; most of the number belonging to those errant classes whom the Government affects to wish to educate. They *are* educated every night, for good or for evil ; they imbibe certain principles through their pleasures ; their whole character becomes impregnated, perhaps for life, by the mental and the moral tone of the performance ; yet no one cares a pin, Government does not lift a hand, to utilize this vast

instrument of education, or so much as to provide that positively deteriorating influences are not brought to bear upon the masses. There is supposed to be a censorship of plays: on that point, however, I will say nothing. But there is certainly no censorship of those hybrid places of pleasure, which are approved, not by the managers, but by the "galleries." The masses are left to be educated, whether they will it or no, in whatever is most fatuous or even degrading, because the young people in the galleries, or in the cheaper parts of the house, naturally shout their loudest at what is "broad." And thus, in 1882, when we are assumed to be so progressive, and when education is noised about so boastfully, one of the most important—I am not sure that it is not the most important—of the engines of educating public taste is utterly wasted from want of a wise supervision.

Every one concedes the principle, which it were idle even to question, that public pleasures must be first of all "entertaining." Young people *will* be "jolly"—that word exactly expresses the youthful tone—and to try to make young people grave, profound, thoughtful, or philosophical, is about as ridiculous as to try to make old people play at marbles. I do not know anything more objectionable than a pretentious youth, a sort of youth who affects to be very old, and who will ask you, over dinner, whether you think that mutton cutlets, or whatever may constitute the repast, should be regarded as matter or as energy, in their capacity of protoplasms of conversation. We do not want youths to be members of the British Association, nor to be ponderous in their ideas upon pleasure. We do not want to make pleasure-houses "forcing houses." What we want in public pleasures is the reasonable combination of the brightest possible gaiety with instruction. We educate the mind when we accustom it to feel "jolly" under the influence of whatever is improving. And to say that, in these days, we cannot create such public pleasures as shall be delightful in the proportion of their superiority, is to plead guilty to a sterility of invention which is simply disgraceful and childish. The whole field of the delectable is before us. Like the novelist, the "enterprising manager" can pick his materials from where he will; but he meets with this difficulty at starting, that to "educate" necessarily takes time. If for ten years you have accustomed the public to find their pleasure in being insulted as idiots, you

cannot expect to educate them in one evening to find their pleasure in being complimented as judicious. And it is for this reason—that education takes time—I think the authorities ought to grant every encouragement to such managers as are thoroughly in earnest. The manager of a London music-hall told me, five years ago, that he had tried the experiment of making the first half of his entertainment as “exquisite” as refinement could suggest. In one month he had emptied his house. So he returned to whatever was “popular,” to avoid the necessity of being bankrupt. His brother-managers were offering low pabulum, to catch the “groundlings,” the “gods,” the “tender juvenals;” so his attempts to begin the people’s education were resented as a fantastic innovation. Now if *all* the London managers, on the very same evening, had begun the experiment of refined pleasures, the London public must have either abandoned all pleasures, or have been content to put up with high tone. Yet it is not in regard only to existing pleasure-houses that I would plead for the introduction of high tone. Is there no one of sufficient initiative power to create a new class of entertainments? Just consider, for one moment, a London evening. About six or seven o’clock, when business places are closed, an immense population of wearied youths who have no homes—or such homes as are completely without attractions—is poured into the streets to “pass the evening.” Do many of my readers know what is the computed number of those youths who have no parents, no relations, in London; yet who have their liberty after seven in the evening, and can spend, say, five hours, where they choose? Well, it is a number which is sufficient to fill a dozen public halls, each hall holding two thousand persons. And this is one class *alone*. It is a fraction of the pleasure-seeking population. You may say, perhaps, “Why don’t they read; why don’t they spend their pocket-money in buying books, and sit at home, instead of idling or dissipating?” The answer is: “What would *you* do, if you were young, if you were wearied with ten hours of business; and if you had no home but an uncomfortable lodging, or a common room, with half a dozen fellow-clerks, each bent on his particular avocation?” Well, you would probably do exactly what others do. And is it not reasonable that the authorities should be “paternal,” not only as to removing injurious pleasures, but as to substituting pleasures which are educating?

An objection will of course be offered that such suggestions

are hardly practical ; that since no one will take the initiative in reforming public pleasures, it is useless to argue about the principles or about the methods. Yet the same objection might have been made against most of the reformations which have been effected, step by step, and in long time. "Solvitur ambulando" is a good motto for all schemes which at first appear unpractical or too big. Twenty or thirty years hence it may appear incredible to our countrymen that *we* should have done nothing to improve our pleasures, that we should not have seen that "popular education" might be assisted and largely extended by the machinery of our evening-entertainments. And again, there is another objection which will be offered. It will be urged that, in discussing such a subject, there is the drawback that the prevailing tone of the national authorities is in the direction of non-Catholic sympathies. And this is, undoubtedly, a disadvantage. We cannot hope to witness such a "flavour" in public pleasure-houses as we should wish to see pervading, even dominant ; we cannot look for the complete sovereignty of Catholic sentiment, which in the middle ages was often the charm of national pleasures. Are we, on this account, to forego all reformation ? It would be a "short-sighted policy" to act so. The improvement of national tone, in the domain of national pleasures, would be a step in the direction of Catholic instincts. At the very least it would be the removal of an antagonism. If we cannot have all we want, let us have what we can get ; and let us work with those who are willing to work with us. We have done this very largely in the cause of temperance. Why not do it in the cause of popular pleasures ?

A. F. M.

A Catholic Saint and an Agnostic Idol.

THE canonization of Blessed Benedict Labre may give occasion to a curious question in the minds of Catholics. It appears that the holy man was an object of squalor: it is certain that holy men are patterns for Catholics to follow: it might seem then that Catholics ought to be squalid. No such thing! Catholics ought to be clean, and, if I take my daily sponge bath or its equivalent, I am not to give it up after reading the biography of Benedict Labre. Here are apparent contradictions: how are they to be reconciled?

Physical science may be consulted with a view to the solution of the difficulty. I well remember a conversation I once had with a scientific man, during which he at once surprised me and amused me with his views about things which offended me as being dirty. He spoke gravely and scientifically of the various gases and other simple substances, which went to constitute the various and, to me, objectionable compounds. He wrote out formulas in which the letters C, H, O, N were conspicuous, standing for carbon and hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, and I could not but confess that the scientific formulæ which stood for the fragrant cedar-wood or a delicious cake looked very much like the formulas which represented rotting wood or filthy sewerage. My friend was superior to the vulgar prejudices which made men shrink from the contact of nastiness and he gloried in a freedom which set him perfectly at his ease in the midst of such surroundings as to us, ordinary mortals, are unconquerably repulsive. If, with Professor Mivart, he could caress the domestic cat and take delight in its physiology: if, with Dr. Carpenter, he could dwell with admiration on the physiology of man and enjoy the society of his fellows: if, with Professor Barff, he could give you the account of animal fibre and describe the means of preventing its scientific formula from being changed into one expressive of decomposition; he could with equal zest expatiate on the physiology of the louse and, at

least in words, praise the goodness of a bad egg. If, he argued, all material things around us are but the same simple substances, isolated or compounded, what is there against our treating them all alike? Why should I object to thrusting my hand into so-called filth, when I make no difficulty about grasping the hand of a friend? In this view, the only one worthy of an intelligent man, no one physical object is, by rights, matter for disgust: it is only our own unscientific squeamishness that makes a physical compound offensive and disagreeable. While we were talking together, I took occasion to remind him of an action of St. Francis Xavier: how he, in order to overcome his loathing in the service of charity, applied his lips to an abscess: and St. Francis Xavier was at once hailed and claimed as a fellow-thinker. Poetry and theology were invoked on behalf of the same opinion. The scientific man was compared to the orb of heaven, which shines upon offal with impunity, and while it lights up carrion, shines upon it with no worse effect to itself than when it is reflected from a crystal fountain: nay, an appeal was made to higher considerations, and it was argued that all physical things, be they pleasant to our senses or offensive, proceed from the Creative Hand of Him who is Consummate Purity.

So then, in the reason of the thing, it would seem that science would have us indifferent about the supposed objectionableness of dirt. The medical man indeed might interfere if bad drains produced fever in a neighbourhood, and he would recommend us to get them examined and cleaned for the preservation of our own health,—and common sense would approve; but, even here, if we cling to our formulas, it might be affirmed that a sound and an unhealthy body are only varied combinations of the same primitive gases and simple substances, and that, therefore, it is a lamentable want of the scientific character, to prefer a healthy body to a diseased one.

But this balance between certain physical compounds and certain other physical compounds is not the main question. It bears upon it, and is introductory to it. It bears upon it, because it plainly leads us to admit that squalor and its contradictory have, in their own nature, nothing to do with virtue and vice. The fragrance of a lily is not virtuous: the fetor of a drain is not vicious: a lovely woman, perfumed with the sweetest cosmetics, may be offensive in the nostrils of her Guardian Angel; and a poor beggar, eaten up with cancer—

so fetid as to require the use of the strongest antiseptics to enable his nurse to approach him—may be a sweet savour to God. Squalor is not sin: and cleanness is not goodness. The physical is in a different order from the moral and the religious. Unhappily, cleanness is only too often associated with uncharitableness and impiety: Pharisees may wash their hands often, and yet they may be hypocrites. On the other hand, squalor is perfectly compatible with goodness: not indeed squalor occasioned by moral fault, but then it is to be condemned not because it is squalor, but in consequence of the moral laziness or delinquency connected with it. The martyr, Father Southwell, was shut up in a filthy dungeon and covered with filth and vermin, and all the while he was a saint: and One greater than Father Southwell was covered with spittle, and all the while angels adored Him.

Is, then, dirt to be recommended? By no means! Nor do I believe that Benedict Labre would have recommended anything but cleanness. He never indulged in squalor, that is, he never indulged in it in any other sense than that in which a saint may be said to indulge in fasting or penitential discipline. For some purpose or other, whatever it might be, he submitted to it. He submitted to it in his own particular case because, to use his favourite expression, *Dieu le veut*, it was the will of God. When he took up the vagrant and mendicant life, after fruitless efforts to gain admission into some religious order, men found fault with his vagrancy and mendicancy; and his answer was, *Dieu le veut*—"It is the will of God;" and had similar objections been made to his squalor, his answer would have been the same, *Dieu le veut*—"It is the will of God." If any ordinary member of an educated society had proposed taking up the same kind of life, he would have said, *Dieu ne le veut pas*—"It is not God's will;" so, you need not be afraid.

But why, in Benedict Labre's own case, should it have been the will of God? I answer, To pull down one of the idols of the world; or rather, to secure Catholics from being seduced by one of the most subtle temptations that the world offers. Temptation is bad enough in whatever form it comes: it is then most dangerous when it comes under the appearance of good. What harm can there be in cleanness? Well, there is no sin in cleanness, but the malice of the world has managed to mix it up with danger.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," is a proverb perfectly

Catholic so long as godliness is allowed to keep its own, *i.e.*, the first place : but the proverb is gradually assuming the meaning, "cleanliness is godliness;" or rather, "cleanliness can do without godliness!" It is indeed true to say that God would have all Catholics—all His children—clean : but cleanliness is so far from being godliness or being a substitute for godliness, that God would have one who—during his earthly course—should be raised to the highest degrees of sanctity, and yet be squalid. God willed that Benedict Labre should be an exception as regards material squalor, in order that he might save cleanness from the disgrace of being raised into an idol.

Can any man doubt the necessity of such a protest? If it be true that the world is in its immorality returning to the habits of classical times, we may call to mind the baths of old Rome. No doubt, Christianity was a protest against the immoralities connected with the public baths ; and it is equally certain that in consequence of such protest, Christianity was travestied into a religion of squalor. The greater the irreligious civilization, the more abundant were the means of luxuriousness in the bath. The baths were the hot-houses of the uncleanness of the soul, while they were means for the luxurious treatment of the body. The same substitution of bodily cleanness for purity of soul prevailed among the contemporaries and compatriots of our Blessed Lord : Pharisees, hypocrites as they were, made much of external washings, and condemned our Lord for His non-conformity with their practice : and yet His esteem and approval of bodily cleanliness is plain enough from His remonstrance with His host. "Thou gavest Me no water for my feet;" and from His words at the Last Supper after He had washed the feet of His disciples. We have made much progress during these last years towards the Pagan idolatry of impure cleanness. As purity goes out, impure cleanness comes in. It would seem that this idolatry of impure cleanness under Paganism was followed during the ages of faith by the practice of cleanness associated with the true worship of God : then Protestantism impaired cleanness both in body and soul : and now Protestantism, in its legitimate development, is restoring impure cleanness to the idolatry paid to it in Pagan times. Alas, that purity of soul and cleanliness of body should be dissociated ! that the spiritual grace and the bodily figure should be so sadly divorced, and that the praise of bodily cleanness should sometimes become a mask for maliciousness and impurity.

While asserting the Divine wisdom exercised through the Catholic Church in presenting to mankind for veneration, the exceptional instance of Benedict Labre as a protest against washen impurity, we may refer to the recommendation of the same Catholic Church as to her children in general. It has been proved that the ages of faith were clean; that Protestantism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was less clean; and that Protestantism, changing into renewed Paganism, is in its Augustan age rivalling heathen antiquity in its impure cleanness. There have been, of course, under Catholic influence, individual penitents who, in the spirit of penance for past overdelicacy, may have in a degree resembled Benedict Labre and exposed themselves to the grievous mortification of a soiled skin, but exceptional cases I put aside.

Take, for instance, a perfectly unintentional testimony in a rollicking vacation song of a student emancipated for a time from hard work, which Father Bridgett quotes. It tells a truth about the cleanliness of our Catholic forefathers. Notker, a student of St. Gall about the ninth century, alleges as his three delights—

Nothing but play ;
Bathing away ;
Drinking all day ;

If the "drinking all day" may wound our ideas of decorum, we cannot escape the conclusion that the bath is put on a level with the drinking-cup in its attractiveness.

The use of baths during the middle ages, in the same way as we commonly take them now, was very common. There were public baths, with all the necessary accessories for the toilet; in larger houses there were bath-rooms set apart near the bed-rooms, and it was only in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that baths became less common. Under Protestant ascendancy they became more and more confined to the wealthier classes. The practice of warm bathing prevailed very generally in all classes in mediæval time, and it is frequently alluded to in stories and romances. It was a common practice to bathe immediately after rising in the morning, or after dinner, or before retiring to rest at night. It was also a usual thing to provide a bath for a guest on his arrival.

God's Church makes much of the bath as the means of keeping the body clean: but the bath may become a mere luxury. Pope Gregory the Great alludes to this distinction in

his defence of Sunday bathing: "I have been told," he says, "that there are some people who most unreasonably object to the practice of bathing on Sunday. Now, the bath may be taken as an ablution or as a luxury. As a mere luxury, I would not recommend it on any day; but as an ablution I would have it used on any day, and not have it forbidden on Sunday. Were it a sin to wash the entire body, it would be a sin surely to wash the face: no one forbids the latter, why then forbid the former?" The multitude of Holy Wells in Catholic times points in the same direction: bathing was associated with religion. It was counted a penance to be deprived of the bath: and it was only in the severest form of canonical penance that the bath was forbidden, and even then exception was made for cases of necessity.

There is mention of the baths at Monte Casino and St. Benedict's Abbey at Capua in the tenth century: St. Benedict ordered his monks to bathe, but not too frequently; if they were ill, they might bathe as often as their health required it. St. Augustine and, after him, the Rule of the Dominicans and other orders, ordered the monks and nuns to bathe once a month, and as often as the doctor prescribed. St. Bernard never tired of saying, "Poverty I like, but not dirt."

The Catholic Church recommends purity of soul, and cleanness of body as a type of it. When cleanness of body sets up for itself, and dissociates itself from purity of soul, God's Church denounces the lie so strongly—and the more strongly as it is so specious—that she presents for the veneration of her children a Saint, whose example should prove that squalor is not sin, and should be a protest against the modern refinement which may co-exist with a filthy and corrupt heart. Venus in the bath is an abomination in the sight of God: Benedict Labre in his cilice is the admiration of the angels, and his terrible penance is now rewarded with the aureola of glory. The crying sin of the idolators of cleanness apart from purity is—hypocrisy.

ALBANY JAMES CHRISTIE.

Some Personal Recollections of Bishop Wilberforce.

I CANNOT enter on the few personal recollections which I have gathered into this paper out of my memories of the past without assuring my readers beforehand that my personal recollections shall not be personalities. No suggestion of base or inferior motives, no piquant anecdotes tending to the disparagement of their subject, no ill-founded or partially-founded charges of worldly ambition or dishonesty or hypocrisy shall disfigure the pages of the MONTH. It bodes ill for the healthy tone of English literature if hinted scandals and covert allusions and a spice of eager animosity against one or other section of the various parties in the State, or the State Church, be requisite for the success of modern biography. Painful revelations may sometimes be necessary for the vindication of truth or the clearing of honest men from unjust aspersions, but they should ever be as few as possible, even though we speak of those as widely separated from us in religious belief as was Bishop Wilberforce from the writer of these lines.

My first knowledge of Bishop Wilberforce dates from the nursery. It was an indirect, not a direct acquaintance with him. His name was familiar to me as the author of a little book of which the sweet music still rings in my ears. Of all Sunday books, illustrated or otherwise attractive, *Agathos* was the favourite of our childish circle. I still have vividly before me (though it is thirty years and more since I have seen it) the frontispiece of the mailed warrior walking to and fro before his tent, clad in the full panoply of his heavenly armour. The *Rocky Island* was little less attractive than *Agathos*, and various Scripture stories told in simple picturesque language have stamped upon my memory the account of St. Peter's deliverance from prison, and Elias' daily meal dropped into his lap by the heaven-sent ravens, and other scenes from Holy Scripture. I used to think in my childish days what happy children they

must be whose father could tell them such beautiful stories, and if I remember aright, the thought was suggested by the title of the book: *Agathos, or Sunday Stories for my Children*. I remember, too, how my interest was heightened in *Agathos* and its writer by the touching account that one of my relatives, who had stayed at various times at Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, used to give of the young Rector and the almost ideal happiness of his domestic life, and of the devoted activity of Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce in their little parish, and their visits to rich and poor alike, which seemed to pour a double ray of sunshine wherever they went, cheering the down-hearted, consoling the afflicted, relieving with gentle and delicate charity the poor and the infirm.

It was during my schoolboy days that Bishop Wilberforce first came prominently forward into public life. The Evangelical school in the Church of England, of which his father had been the chief promoter, looked with suspicion on the son, as having fallen away from what they termed the purity of the Gospel. Many of them regarded him as allied in sympathy and opinion with the followers of Pusey, and as held back only by prudential and "Jesuitical" considerations from declaring himself more openly. But the prejudice had but little chance with those who had once fallen under the spell of his honeyed tongue and the indescribable charm of his ever ready and winning words. I still remember how a very distinctly Evangelical family, who used to spend part of the year in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and were wont to abuse not a little all Tractarians, Puseyites, and others of Romanizing tendencies, used nevertheless to change their tone respecting Bishop Wilberforce after he had paid them his accustomed visit of courtesy, and though the effect died away gradually, yet his power to charm was sufficiently evident from the long-lingering traces it left behind.

My chief reminiscences of Bishop Wilberforce while I was in residence at Oxford as an undergraduate was in connection with the sermons at St. Mary's. As every University man knows, the Colleges at Oxford are very strictly extra-parochial, and as far removed from any episcopal jurisdiction as if they were a hundred miles away. An Oxford undergraduate may easily reside for his three or four years without ever even seeing the Bishop, unless he happens to be a regular frequenter of University sermons or parochial churches. But the Bishop is sure to have the compliment paid him from time to time of

being appointed University preacher, and it was in the University pulpit that I think I first heard Bishop Wilberforce. He was even then the most prominent of the English Bishops, and every bench in St. Mary's was crowded when his name appeared on the buttery hatches. His earnest, weighty, deliberate eloquence was certainly most impressive. He was not at his best when preaching before the University. Among the graduates his audience was not a sympathising one, and he seemed to be conscious of it. He belonged to the parochial and not the academic Oxford, and then as now there was a wide gulf between the two. Academic Oxford had a jealous feeling that the interests of the University were often sacrificed to the prejudices of men who happened to be living within the regulation distance from Carfax and thence derived an unfair right to vote on matters purely academic of which they knew little or nothing, except that their leader summoned them to vote *non placet*.

This created a prejudice against all things parochial, and to some extent against the Bishop, as the official patron of the parochial clergy. But this did not interfere with his attractiveness to the undergraduates of Oxford. The best proof of this was the wonderful success of the Lenten Sermons on Wednesdays and Fridays, which were started some twenty-five years ago by him. They were always preached in the evening, when Oxford men are not prone to church-going. They were sanctioned, but scarcely countenanced by the University. Yet they were crowded; the audience being mainly undergraduates, who listened most attentively, and joined in the Litany and hymns with most edifying devotion. The hymn was always the same at the beginning; and the roar of manly voices singing with hearty earnestness—

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Saviour Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

shows what the strength of the religious spirit in England is among a class whom we should scarcely expect to be prone to piety. The preachers were chosen among the best of the Anglican bishops and clergy, and they were chosen with great impartiality as regards religious views. Dr. Pusey on the one hand, and Bishop M'Gee on the other, figured in the list. Liberalism was I think excluded if it was of a pronounced

nature, but even here there was a considerable latitude allowed in the case of a really eloquent man. I look upon these Lenten Sermons as one of Bishop Wilberforce's best works. I am sure they must have done good—the sacrifice entailed by attendance, the devout piety of those present, the earnest, eloquent, practical sermons to which they listened, the chorus of prayer and praise arising from hundreds of young men in the tempting vigour of early manhood, cannot fail to have earned blessings and won graces for many out of that crowd of assembled youths, as well as for him to whose energy and influence they were due.

But Bishop Wilberforce's gifts of oratory were of a very multiform character. He was almost unequalled as an "emergency preacher;" put him into the pulpit at a moment's notice, and he would leave on the majority of his audience the impression that he had carefully prepared, if not written the sermon. Not that he trusted to what has been justly called a fatal fluency. Any one who wishes to recognize his care in preparing his more elaborate discourses, as well as to judge of his thoughtful, suggestive, sober style, will do well to read his *Addresses to Candidates for ordination*. Making every allowance for their necessary doctrinal and other shortcomings, they are excellent and practical, and have proved very useful to many a young Anglican minister. They did not, however, allow of his giving free vent to that sort of impressive sentiment—I was going to say sentimentality, but I think the word is scarcely a fair one—which used to rivet his young hearers when he addressed them on their Confirmation. I heard one of these addresses when I was a Master at Radley College in 1861. It was practical and touching, and my impression of it is that it was well calculated to move his boyish hearers to the fear of God and the love of virtue. I have heard the Bishop tell a story which illustrates his power to speak to the hearts of his audience. He was once preaching at some factory town in Yorkshire, and in the course of his sermon asked the common rhetorical question, "Is there any one here whose conscience tells him," &c. Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when from his seat in the gallery up jumped a rough, honest looking fellow, and stretching out his hand towards the Bishop, called out in all simplicity, "Yes, that be I." He had imagined that the Bishop's question called for an immediate answer from any hearer who felt that it was applicable to himself.

I hope it will not be considered any disparagement to Bishop Wilberforce as a preacher if I adjudge him to have excelled above all in a different branch of rhetoric. It is as an after-dinner speaker that I think he was quite unequalled. He had quite an exquisite tact in introducing the topic of the occasion, and in turning some delicate compliment for his host or hostess. His whole figure was at such times that of a man eminently contented and pleased with all around him; and this sort of satisfaction is always contagious. He used positively to beam around him as he took his audience into his confidence and proved to them by some playfully convincing argument that never before had so pleasing a task fallen to his lot as that of having to speak on the occasion before him and to the hearers then listening to him. Not that he always chose to be so communicative—at one of the great city dinners when the chief members of the Government were present, I remember being sadly disappointed when he responded to the toast of the Bishops and Clergy by one short sentence. Some point of etiquette neglected was the unfortunate cause which cut short the Bishop's wonted eloquence.

But my strictly personal acquaintance with Bishop Wilberforce was almost entirely limited to the two occasions when, as holder of a Clerical Fellowship, I resorted to him for "Ordination." On the first occasion the examination took place at Cuddesdon and the ceremony in the Cathedral of Christ Church. I have a pleasant, half-humorous recollection of the four days spent in the Bishop's Palace. He entertained us with generous hospitality and did his best to make the time an agreeable one. On our arrival, after we had been drafted off to our rooms, we had to assemble in the library to commence our examination. The Bishop, after greeting us all with hearty warmth, made us a little speech respecting our "Christian responsibility" in regard to the examination we were then commencing. In my simplicity I scarcely understood what he meant, until the Bishop having departed and some worthy archdeacon having been left to supervise us, my *vis-à-vis* at the examination table whipped out of his pocket a Pinnock's *Church History*, and having refreshed his memory with the facts therein recorded, and by its help answered satisfactorily what he regarded as a sufficient number of the questions on Church history that had been set us, went on to show his further sense of his "Christian responsibility" by the act of charity of handing on the useful little book

to the friend who sat next him. Similar proceedings at succeeding papers explained to me clearly enough the poor Bishop's opening speech, and by means of this mutual charity all the candidates passed save one. As far as I remember, the one who failed was a virtuous little man who refused all dishonest help, and was plucked for his pains.

Every one of the candidates had a personal and private interview with the Bishop, and now and then a sharp struggle on the Bishop's part was needed to elicit from some young Oxford "Fellow" a sufficient amount of orthodoxy to satisfy the Bishop's conscience. My own difficulties lay at that time in a different direction. The fierce denunciation of "Romish" doctrine in the Thirty-nine Articles was even then becoming painful to me, and I mentioned my difficulty to the Bishop. "Yes," he answered slowly and ponderously, *but the Reformers knew what Rome was!*" This did not altogether satisfy me, and I ventured on another means of escape. "Am I bound, my lord, to each and every one of the countless doctrinal propositions contained in the Articles?" "No," answered the Bishop, *"all that is required of you is a general assent."* This answer was one which I certainly did not expect. It was a new light to me in the search after truth. It cut at the root of dogmatic Anglicanism, and gave the widest liberty of interpretation to the individual Anglican. What else could it mean but that I was free to believe what I liked, and reject what I did not like? I think it was the best answer the Bishop could give under the circumstances. It stripped away all that could justify Liberal and other difficulties. *A general assent!* No more beautifully elastic expression was ever invented to give a semblance of orthodoxy to opinions the most opposed. Who would not be willing to give a *general assent* to a collection of dogmatic and negative propositions of which a large proportion were undeniably true, even though some of them were false or objectionable? Who, if indeed he accepts the Bishop's explanation, can after this claim for the Thirty-nine Articles any efficiency as a dogmatic weapon except when directed against members of the Catholic Church?

But to return for a moment to the Bishop's claim for the Reformers of a knowledge of "what Rome was," that is, of the internal corruptions which justified their strong language respecting her. What the Bishop claimed for the Reformers was just what he himself was curiously ignorant of—happily

ignorant of, I think I may say—because his ignorance excused words otherwise inexcusable and a position in itself quite untenable. The language recorded in the Bishop's published life respecting the Church and See of Rome, his speeches in Parliament, his assertion of the countless priests driven by the exigencies of their creed to throw off the yoke and find a precarious subsistence as cab-drivers in Paris, various passages in his printed sermons, all show an utter and complete misconception of the Catholic Church. I remember a story he told in illustration of the hopeless ignorance of the Irish peasantry which is an example of his curious prejudice. One summer towards the close of his life he was travelling in Ireland, and meeting a peasant upon the road (I think it was in Connemara), inquired of him if he knew the names of the Blessed Trinity? "Sure your honour, and are they not Jesus, Mary, and Joseph?" was the reply which he received, either from an irresistible impulse to mystify the Saxon, or because the poor man in his reverence thought the question asked would be less absurd if it referred to the three persons whom Catholics join together under the name of the earthly Trinity. At all events it confirmed the Bishop in his pre-conceived notions of the degradation of the Catholic poor.

But if he did not admire the knowledge of Irish Catholics, he had the candour to speak very plainly on the same occasion of his experience of the morality of the Irish Protestants in the north. They have only one dogma, he said, and that is that the Pope is in Hell; and one only particle of practice—to follow him thither to the best of their ability. As in Ireland so in England, Bishop Wilberforce was always in the difficult position of a moderate or *via media* man, and consequently was distrusted by both of the extreme factions of the Establishment. A curious instance of this occurred in his manner of dealing with a certain Mr. Poole, who dabbled in confessions before the Confessional was recognized as a Puseyite institution, and was taken to task for doing so. The Bishop tried to be conciliatory, and firmly refused to take proceedings against Mr. Poole. This raised against him a storm of Protestant ill-feeling. The fact is fixed on my own memory by an amusing cartoon which appeared in *Punch* at the time. Probably it is familiar to many of my readers. Bishop Wilberforce is represented as a shepherd, crook in hand, engaged in very friendly talk with a lady whose pastoral hat is made something after the fashion of a Roman ecclesiastic's.

Meanwhile the sheep he is supposed to be guarding are escaping from the fold and hurrying off in a direction indicated by a handpost which points "To Rome." The Bishop, however, is far too much absorbed in his "Flirtation with the Scarlet Lady" to be able to keep his flock safe. A humorous poem explains the picture, of which the first verse runs as follows :

Sam Soapy stood at his palace door
Promotion hoping to find, Sir ;
His apron it hung down before
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir.
A lady so painted and smart
Cried, Pardon my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart,
Pray what do you think of Confession ?

I do not remember the rest, but the last two lines describe the Bishop's supposed disappointment at not becoming Primate.

Lo ! an archiepiscopal vacancy
And Sam is not made an Archbishop !

I have no doubt the Bishop himself laughed heartily over the picture and the poem.

I do not believe that the disrespectful title of Soapy Sam ever annoyed him in the least. He was once asked by an American lady : "Bishop, wherever I go I always hear you called *Soapy Sam* : do tell me why they give you such an absurd name." "Madam," was the Bishop's witty rejoinder, "it is because I am always getting into hot water, and always come out with my hands clean !"

This story is I fear rather an old one, but another in which the Bishop got worsted is I think new as well as true. A certain foxhunting parson of the old type who had a small living near Oxford had been reported to the Bishop as too fond of the pleasures of the field. On the occasion of a Visitation the Bishop gently took him to task. "Well, my lord," was the reply, "I am told that you are often present at balls, and I do not see why there is anything less clerical in being present in the hunting-field than in the ball-room." "My dear Sir," said the Bishop solemnly, but rather eager to justify himself from the charge, "I can assure you that I am never in the same room with the dancers." "And I, my lord," was the cool rejoinder, "am never in the same field with the hounds."

I have no doubt that the Bishop was the first to enjoy the humour of this reply. His genial kindness won his clergy as it

won all who knew him. He was a good friend to those whom his quick discernment picked out as men likely to prove useful in positions of authority. I could mention more than one Anglican Colonial Bishop who was brought to the front by him. He kept his watchful eye on all the men of talent in his diocese, encouraged their activity, said a kind word for them when he had an opportunity, wrote them a few words of well-expressed praise if they came forward to defend what he regarded as the truth. A High Church clergyman in his diocese made at some Church Congress a speech which pleased the Bishop. The next day he received a note from him, written (as his letters were often written) in the railroad and beginning with some wonderful hieroglyphics which for a long time he tried in vain to decipher. At last the light dawned upon him. *Rem acu tetigisti* was the somewhat unexpected opening of the letter of congratulation.

The very simple device by which he gained a knowledge of all the young Anglican clergymen whom he ordained is worth recording. Whilst they were undergoing their examination he used to have each of them in turn to sit next him at meals, and used to lay himself out to please and attract them. In the short half hour of breakfast he would somehow create the impression on the mind of the favoured candidate for Ordination that he, the candidate in question, was one of the Bishop's nearest and dearest friends, a most valuable acquisition to the diocese, and a man of whom great things were expected. Yet there was no unreal flattery or fulsome compliment; the Bishop simply talked easily, naturally, and apparently on any topic which happened to present itself. Yet somehow the impression was made.

But it is time to bring these random notes to a close. The last time I saw the Bishop was on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone being ousted from Oxford. I was sitting in the Convocation House where the votes were taken when he came in to proffer his votes for Gladstone. The Conservative agent gently interposed. "I suppose your lordship is aware that by a resolution of the House of Commons a Peer is disqualified from voting." "I am perfectly aware of that resolution," answered the Bishop in his accustomed stately and deliberate tone, "I vote for Mr. Gladstone." How warm a friend he was of the Liberal Premier the reader of his published *Memoir* is already well aware.

How are we to sum up the Bishop's work and character?

No one can deny the undying energy and perseverance with which he sought to promote what he regarded as the cause of God. Men may call him ambitious, but there is a good as well as an evil ambition. The entries in his Diary may sometimes display a little animosity, but we must remember that an Anglican Bishop is a political personage, appointed by the State, and naturally takes a political side. His enemies have accused him of being insincere, but I never myself saw cause for the harsh epithet. Perhaps his manner was a little more friendly than is common with us matter-of-fact Englishmen, but it was a fault on the right side. One thing all must allow, that he laboured with unflagging energy, earnest zeal, self-denying devotion, and ever watchful activity, to further the cause of what he believed to be the Church of God.

R. F. C.

State Directed Emigration.

I.

ACCORDING to the economist Say, "it may be laid down as a general maxim that the population of a State is always proportionate to the sum of its production in every kind."

He goes on to assert that "nothing can permanently increase population except the encouragement and advance of production." These are crude generalisations marked with the stamp of the doctrinaire theorist. The fact is, there are countries, as China, Hindostan, Italy, Germany, the United Kingdom, whose inhabitants have multiplied to an extent disproportionate, under existing circumstances, to the sum of their production; there are others, for instance Russia, Brazil, that are notoriously capable of maintaining populations larger than those finding subsistence to-day upon their respective soils.

The truth M. Say rather pompously laboured but failed to announce, can be succinctly stated thus: The inhabitants of a State must, in the long run, subsist upon the total sum of products, in every kind, of their labour exercised within its boundaries. Mark, in the long run; because they might for a time, even a long time, borrow from their neighbours to live on credit, or occasionally plunder them in successful war.

Thus the Japanese people (because they must) contrive to live upon the total of Japanese productions in every kind. Every one can understand this; the case looks simple, the staple productions being few as compared with the multifarious items that make up our own sum total, and there being no complication connected with investments by Japanese in foreign securities, no foreign banking operations worth mentioning, no shipping, little foreign trade, and few manufactures, to puzzle an inquirer. The soil of Japan would not yield more than it does now if the emigration of her sons were rigorously prohibited, and immigration of coolies inaugurated on a grand scale. There are limits to productiveness everywhere, and they have probably

been reached in the islands of Japan. To make the Japanese people richer it would be wise to transport such of them as would go, to Réunion or elsewhere. New manufactories would not enrich them unless foreign buyers could be ensured for the new products. Neither could Communism mend matters in Japan. The levelling down on one side and up on the other would bring about a state of things wherein the great majority would quickly accustom themselves to spend and therefore *require* more than they manage to get through life on as it is.

In new or thinly peopled countries production can increase relatively to a rising census because every fresh pair of arms extracts from the ground under one form or another a fresh factor of value ; something additional to be worn, consumed, or exchanged ; more textiles, grain, meat, minerals, or latent force.

We are, happily, still far from Communism, the capabilities of mother earth have appointed limits, while man's luxury, selfishness, and aggressiveness, are practically without any, human habits are hard to alter, individual opportunities and abilities are widely different ; in brief, the necessities or supposed necessities of peoples vary *ad infinitum* with circumstances and social customs ; hence it is not wonderful that, turn where we will in the old world, we find immense numbers of fellow-beings whose lot in life is seemingly hopeless misery, a lot usually traceable to disproportion between population and production.¹

This being so it has, unhappily, come to be thought expedient in densely peopled States possessing ancient civilizations and corruptions, wherein production is thoroughly developed, to impede in some way natural fulfilment of the primary Divine law—"increase and multiply"—whence scandals of Asiatic infanticide and European challenges of the wisdom and providence of God ; vicious attempts to preserve by violent means the due proportions, seeking always justification or excuse in the teachings of experience that nature has set limits to production.

Crime and, finally, catastrophe, unfailingly scourge the com-

¹ Consideration of final causes must of course be omitted from an inquiry which aims at the immediately practical. It is unnecessary to discuss the abstract question whether, under wholly different conditions to those actually moulding the careers and lives of the inhabitants of Great Britain, the resources placed at their disposal by the bounty of Providence are after all adequate to their needs. That may be admitted, together with the weighty truth that, for temporal evils moral and spiritual causes are in strictness, and in the last resort, assignable.

munity whose governors neglect or forget the most serious business of rulers, which is, to provide, not politics but, bread and butter for their people. Though the Birmingham school may scoff at this proposition, its certainty is established by all history. Familiar proofs of its truth are those terrible famines in China, India, and Ireland which within forty years have swept away, by the most painful of deaths, probably as many human beings as are counted to-day in Great Britain. Not as commonly known is the appalling fact that the proportion deaths bear to births is about twenty-five per cent. higher in Ireland than in England; a ratio of mortality among a healthy, vigorous race attributable solely to the "perennial destitution, accentuated by seasons of famine," that afflicts the lives of multitudes patriotism insists upon fastening with chains of steel upon the barren stones whereon they were born. Yet, surely, this is to despise or forget the second precept imposed in the beginning upon man. The world is wide, fertile; it is made for him, not man for it; he ought to fill it, to subdue it physically, socially, morally, spiritually; obeying his Creator he reaps the blessing wrapped up in promise under the idiom of the primeval law—he prospers.

One great English Liberal statesman recently recognized the doctrine affirmed in the first sentence of the preceding paragraph. Early in December, 1882, the Marquis of Ripon, in the course of a tour, received at Lucknow the *talookdars*, great landholders, of the province of Oude. The Viceroy reminded them that each held his land from the Imperial Government on the condition "that he shall, so far as is in his power, promote the agricultural prosperity of his estate. The primary and essential condition of agricultural prosperity is the well-being of the cultivators of the soil. To the promotion of that well-being the Government attaches importance of the highest kind. . . . THE STATE IS BOUND TO PROVIDE FOR THE WELL-BEING OF ALL CLASSES OF ITS SUBJECTS."² After M. de Freycinet last took office he read a declaration embodying the political programme of the new Cabinet to the Chamber of Deputies, on January 31, 1882. This Liberal French Prime Minister promised that "the efforts of the Cabinet would be directed towards giving an impetus to labour: the moral, intellectual, and material improvement of the people would hold the first place in the thoughts of the Government, and the Cabinet would give an attentive study

² *St. James' Gazette*, December 11, 1882.

to social problems. Nations did not live by politics but by business and material interests."

When he dogmatically declared "that nothing can permanently increase population except the encouragement and advance of production," meaning within the national territory, M. Say was seemingly unaware that production has bounds beyond which man's skill and industry cannot induce it to pass. And he lost sight altogether of the diversity of modes of social existence. He forgot the influence climates, tastes, acquired habits, religion, the opinions of an epoch, have upon cost of living, which is far from being a fixed quantity. What might be true of China would be untrue of France, and *vice versa*. Were Frenchmen ready to live like Chinamen, the actual sum of production within the Gallic Republic might be made to maintain twice thirty-seven millions; nor is it likely the efforts of the additional thirty-seven millions would appreciably augment that unknown "sum" a thrifty, industrious race can now show as the upshot of various modes of well ordered energy. But Frenchmen could not be persuaded to adopt barbarian habits. Again, the practice of child murder in the swarming heathen Empire could no more be stopped by setting millions of heads and hands to work at what the great Mandarins regard as the futility of replacing canals by iron roads, than the children's parents could be in the end enriched by largely developing native manufactures already sufficient for internal needs. A production capable of ensuring either result must be, not a process which on close scrutiny appears a mere transfer of existing goods from A to B, nor the creation of what can be dispensed with, of a new luxury, a telephonic system; nor, worse still, the destruction of that which is. It must be something that will extract additional store of food from the soil, or at least, the evoking something which was not (otherwise than latent or in germ), and is essentially valuable, useful, necessary, or effects positive economy in consumption.

Keeping in mind these leading principles one can easily understand that a pauper industrious peasant landing in the New World adds £200 to American wealth, while at the same time his departure with wife and children from crowded, sterile Kerry, as things are, might, by the cessation of their drafts upon the sum of Irish products for the wherewithal to live, effectively add fully as much or more to the sum of wealth in Ireland, which they help to consume if they stay, and to which their labour can add nothing.

In the same way the unemployed London labourer will be an acquisition to a country where there is plenty of room for him, his wife, two children, and infirm father. Yet they can be spared from Whitechapel by the employed labourer who lives in the next room, and by the ratepayers of that parish who will have so many fewer loaves, so much less meat and coal to provide weekly from the day the party step on board the steamer at Millwall. Charitable organizers have pretended the man is out of work because he is an idle vagabond, but their confutation is easy, for were the assertion true it would follow that the men who are employed cannot do the work that must be done, and in that case wages would be rising week after week, employers would be refusing orders. Yet the Trades Unions have these twenty years past chiefly occupied themselves in devising means of shortening the workman's daily task in order to distribute fairly the aggregate of work, which does not (relatively) increase, between ever increasing numbers of men. The practical minds who control these Unions know that there is not enough for everybody; they know, too, that if "a fair day's work" were done there must be many more in the ranks of the unemployed than can be counted now. In spite of their artificial devices, well understood and ably seconded by those they lead, to raise or maintain at a respectable level the payment for a given task, it is impossible to provide steady regular employment for everybody. This can be obtained now in very few trades, certainly not by the labourer. An average of from four to five days per week all the year round is the rule. The enlightened employer feels this is disadvantageous to his class, since idleness demoralizes and repeated failures take the spirit out of the working man—whose interests do not really conflict with those of the employing class.

Had we approximately ascertained the normal value of the sum of British production in every kind, demonstration would be easy that under actual social exigencies, real or artificial, it has ceased to bear reasonable proportion to the population, which stood at twenty-two millions in 1855 and at thirty millions in 1881.

Unfortunately, sound data are not forthcoming, the authorities differ. Our principal source of production being the land, the total agricultural annual yield of the United Kingdom has, by eminent writers, been valued at six hundred million pounds sterling, and at three hundred : at = £17 per head, and at =

£8 10s. Whoever may be right there is less of it now than there used to be; the land has become less productive we are told by Sir James Caird.³

The use of guanos, superphosphates, &c., &c., may have impoverished the earth whereon so many millions of tons of inorganic matter have been deposited, or the weather may be in fault. Moreover, diseases have carried havoc and devastation through our herds. Deficient harvests caused by "want of sun" inflicted a loss for three consecutive years, 1878—1880, estimated by three distinguished authorities in three following months at one hundred million pounds (Mr. A.), at two hundred million pounds (Mr. B.), at three hundred million pounds (Mr. C.); so far apart are the doctors in their calculations.⁴

As regards our internal industry for the home consumption, there is no disputing this has wonderfully developed during the quarter-century starting from the epoch of the second French

³ Address to the Statistical Society on November 15, 1881.

⁴ "A lately published letter from Mr. Bright estimates the actual national loss occasioned since 1878 by 'the reduction in the produce of the soil' at two hundred millions sterling. Of course these are not random figures, they can be justified by proper data. If so, the actual loss of a sum equal to one fourth of our National Debt ought not to be passed over quietly. A political notice of the fact is not enough. A national effort surely ought to be made to repair the great calamity. Not to dwell upon this, let me contrast the estimate of, say, sixty-five millions positive annual (mean) loss arising from deficient crops of food which manifestly was wanted for the subsistence of our population, and therefore *must have been replaced by an average annual importation of food from abroad, equal in value*, with the assertion made on the 12th of August last by Mr. Chamberlain, that, 'it was not a matter for regret the imports should largely exceed the exports. The increase in the balance of trade was partly freight, which was almost wholly *profit* to this country, but the greater portion was, the nett *profit* of our external commercial transactions.' Here are two contradictory declarations. The adverse 'balance of trade' during each of these last three years would, according to Mr. Bright, necessarily have been sixty-five millions sterling less than it really amounts to, if British land had not suffered from want of sun. But, according to Mr. Chamberlain, our 'profits' would in that case, have necessarily been nearly as much less! Without more closely scrutinising these antagonistic statements, one may safely conclude that the President of the Board of Trade will, now that they are noticed, confer with the right hon. gentleman who is so certain we have lost two hundred millions sterling in consequence of being obliged to buy from foreign countries food that has been consumed, owing to our own deficient harvests, although he does not say whether the whole nor how much of this prodigious sum was paid out of the pockets of farmers. For, should it turn out that Mr. Bright is mainly accurate, Mr. Chamberlain will, in that case, find that he could not possibly have taken the right side in the House of Commons in the controversy concerning our exports and imports" (Letter to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in *St. James' Gazette* of September 22, 1881). Since then Mr. Goschen, who, as an economical authority, is quite equal to Mr. Chamberlain, deplored the fact that the imports largely exceed the exports! On this subject there is contradiction all round.

Empire and the Crimean War. Nevertheless, the increase in production under this head, while materially contributing to support our people, has scarcely added to our available wealth. Much of it can be accounted for by the needs in respect of housing, warming, and clothing the additional eight millions of human beings. Growing luxury diffused through all classes accounts for more of it. Expenditure of a sort unknown in former times when locomotion was difficult, dear, and people stayed at home, spending comparatively nothing upon a slow and costly press, accounts for a good deal more. Undoubtedly part of all this extra production is useful and necessary under the circumstances, but my aim is to make it plain that very little of it added to national wealth; most of it having been consumed forthwith.

An enormous rise in "values" of real and leasehold property, while apparently creating numerous great, perhaps fragile fortunes, has not really added to the sum of absolute wealth, and, obviously, this increment is not "production," since its effect has been simply to transfer, to promote circulation if you will. This increment of value is not a creation, is not intrinsic, is accidental, often fictitious, always precarious. Much of the rise in cost of what has been constructed within the free trade period is readily traceable to waste, and represents so much lost not gained. Thus you build a house that your father could have built for £1,000, at a cost of £1,500, and the tenant's income is accordingly diminished by £25 at least for the necessary additional rent. The £500 have been absorbed in higher wages to the workmen who built the house, and who found themselves forced to insist on being better paid than were their predecessors, because the spirit of the age imbued them with desires that could only be gratified by expenditure. If a labourer in Rotherhithe be paid six shillings per diem for discharging timber cargoes, instead of four shillings, for the reason that he is accustomed to spend two shillings more than need be, the timber must be charged so much more to the consumer.

The man who makes two stalks of wheat grow in place of one, adds to production and wealth, while his neighbour who finds two applicants for the empty house where there used to be one, and is thus able to exact twice the former rent for it, adds nothing. The latter impoverishes one family, or at any rate takes from them what they will if possible take from somebody else, and if he spends the acquired increment of rent by

importing cigars, champagne, turtle, and pine-apple for himself, or more expensive silk dresses for his wife, society is worse off; if, on the other hand, he is wise enough rightly to distribute it, society does not necessarily gain anything.

Specious inferences are drawn from the enormous rise, since 1855, in the gross amount of the annual value of property and profits assessed to the income tax. To analyze these returns would be to write a volume; but, obviously, what is said in the last three paragraphs, and what is hinted at earlier, disposes of many such sanguine inferences. Moreover, Messrs. Alexander Collie and Co., the shareholders in Overend Gurney and Co., Limited, and in the Glasgow City Bank—types of a numerous class—helped to produce the rise in question.

The exports of British and Irish produce during the fifteen years, 1866—1880, cannot be said to have grown. In the first named year they were represented by the declared value of one hundred and eighty-nine million pounds sterling. The yearly averages are—

For the quinquennial period ending 1870,	188 million pds. stg.
" " " 1875,	239½ "
" " " 1880,	201½ "
For the two years, 1881—2	237¾ "
And for the two years, 1871—2	239¾ "

Mr. Gladstone at Leeds in October, 1881, tried hard to attenuate the force of the disagreeable fact he had to admit, namely, that our exports of British manufactures are now seriously diminishing. He did this first by lumping together exports to foreign countries (which have largely fallen off) with exports for our own colonists who naturally prefer English goods (which exports have largely increased; they are nearly double the declared value in 1855, thus teaching the importance of promoting colonial development and growth of colonial populations); second, by telling his audience that a reduction in values of exports amounting to one hundred and sixty million pounds only signifies that the *profit* upon that sum, arbitrarily estimated by him at ten per cent., or sixteen million pounds, has not been earned by British traders. Mr. Gladstone overlooked the truth that the value of all manufactures is (theoretically) the sum of the labour expended in obtaining and manipulating raw material in itself valueless. Were the goods our customers did not buy from us such as must have been extracted from British soil, then not less than one hundred and sixty million pounds are lost to

British pockets. Manufacturers, workmen, tradesmen, carriers, middlemen, are poorer by that stupendous total, enough to ruin a third rate nation, to impoverish sensibly and severely try us.

The census declines to remain stationary in deference to this blow, so cruelly reinforcing the other blows that farmers and landlords have received. Half a million souls per annum of increased population, with such inflictions and prospects, do not lighten the load upon the land.

As to pauperism in England and Wales, since 1849 the number of in-door paupers has increased more than one-half. There are certainly fewer individuals now receiving out-door relief, but the total sum annually raised under poor-rates and expended in actual relief of the poor has increased by about two millions of pounds sterling per annum—enough to pay the interest upon an emigration loan of seventy millions sterling.

Against all this gloomy pessimism will, however, be arrayed the innumerable army of writers and orators who never tire of trumpeting far and wide the glory, grandeur, and ceaseless progress, the fabulously growing wealth of the wonderful cosmopolitan Empire, whose latest symbol⁵ is a woman seated upon, and as it were ruling, like one imperially arrayed in purple, the waters that serve obediently to carry her flag and her unrivalled fleet⁶ into many a harbour under every sky; to the sagacious enterprise of whose traders they proudly boast it is due that, not her children only, but all nations, the merchants of the earth are waxed rich beyond intelligent conception.

Unfortunately, these public instructors tread in a well beaten track; they were, most or all of them, trained in the same school; the subject scarcely invites independent research, nor is it very easily mastered. Then how easy to follow a safe lead, to echo a popular and pleasing cry. Still, some flagrant examples have been given that first rate authorities can differ gravely and

⁵ It is the official Imperial symbol peculiar to the nineteenth century, having been first impressed upon the British coinage bearing date 1797 A.D. And throughout the nineteenth century British supremacy, either in arms, finance, commerce, applied science, or arts, has overshadowed the globe, giving a marked tone to the spirit of the age. In all these departments of the material domain a restless pushing people has reigned, and in some still reigns over the kings of the earth, the centre whence proceeds such singular predominance being the great city concerning which Lord Beaconsfield told the House of Peers in his last speech—"the key of India is London."

⁶ The total of British shipping tonnage is considerably more than that of all the other nations of the world added together, being eight and a half million tons against eight and a quarter million tons (See the speech of Sir John Lubbock at the annual meeting of the British Association in 1881).

flatly contradict each other, and two will suffice to show that the costly and tedious preparation of elaborate statistics, however imposing the result may look, offers not the slightest guarantee of their careful handling and sound analysis.⁷

It will not quickly be forgotten by specialists that Mr. Robert Giffen, an eminent public officer, occupying a high and responsible position at the Board of Trade, now President of the Statistical Society, presumed a learned and acute body, carried out a calculation of average freight upon many millions of tons of goods as fifteen instead of one hundred and fifty shillings per cent., and thereupon built an argument (vitiated by no less an error than cutting off nine-tenths of the correct rate), to inform a select audience collected to hear him read a lengthy paper filled with figures framed and grouped to support familiar and foregone conclusions. This mistake would no doubt have passed muster had it not been that a naval officer, opposed to those conclusions, happened to be present and to catch the word which his practical business knowledge told him instantly was wrong.⁸ My second

⁷ The cases cited recall to mind an observation made many years ago by a bank manager who had been made a tool in some enterprising commercial transactions, which inflicted a loss of some £50,000 upon the banking company, and who was asked how he could possibly at his mature age have behaved so foolishly. His reply was to the effect that men in his position are daily and hourly dealing with such stupendous totals in pen and ink that the figures cease to convey to their minds those fitting and intrinsic ideas as symbols of value properly belonging to them.

⁸ "Captain Halford Thompson asked Mr. Giffen if he considered 15s. per cent. a fair average per-centage for freight on the whole import trade of the world.

"Mr. Giffen replied that that was what the figures appeared to show.

"Captain Thompson said that Mr. Giffen was hard upon those who thought they 'could handle figures' without previous education to the trade—an education which he evidently thought could not be complete unless it had been carried out under the supervision of the Cobden Club. (Laughter.) Mr. Giffen's primary object was to raise the bogey that there were so many deductions and allowances to be made from statistics of import and export trade that no ordinary observer could make safe use of argument based upon them. It was curious that, while denying this, he should base pages of argument and piles of figures taken in different years from returns based upon utterly different principles. Referring to Mr. Giffen's main point about the excess of imports over exports as due to the greater carrying power of the nation, every one knew that imports must always have a per-centage taken off, because imports included freight and exports did not. But while admitting that allowances must be made, it left them a long way off admitting the accuracy of the figures which Mr. Giffen had built up as to the trade of the world. What Mr. Giffen wanted to prove was that the £162,000,000 which his table showed as the excess of imports over exports in the trade of the world represented approximately the cost of conveyance after deducting a sum of £32,000,000 for miscellaneous charges and commission, which brought the amount down to £130,000,000. To prove that that was not an excessive amount Mr. Giffen informed them that that sum only amounted to a charge of 15s. per cent. on the total imports of the world. Now, so far from the result of the calculation

case in point has until now been known to two or three individuals only, one a personage of eminence who put into my hands in October, 1878, an optimist pamphlet, or rather paper, by the late Mr. Wm. Newmarch, F.R.S., an esteemed member of the Statistical Society, manager of a department in the Bank of Messrs. Glyn and Co., and a distinguished authority in trade and currency questions. This paper is entitled "The Progress of the Foreign Trade of the United Kingdom 1856—1877," and is to be found in vol. 41 of the Statistical Society's Journal. Table XV. on page 221 gives the following abstract

Total Imports during the twenty-two years	. 6196 million pounds.
„ Exports „ „ „ „ „	. 3900
Apparent Excess of Imports	2296

Mr. Newmarch next reduces this enormous excess by

Sundry purely arbitrary allowances amounting to 686

Thereby bringing down the figures to . 1610 million pounds.

He then proceeds as follows upon page 222:—"From this total of one thousand six hundred and ten million pounds sterling we may take away one hundred for excess of imports of bullion, leaving one thousand five hundred and ten million pounds sterling as the excess of imports of merchandise; and when the whole subject is considered the wonder will be, not that in twenty-two years there has been a total excess of one thousand five hundred and ten million pounds sterling, but that it has not been greater"! Here is simply an assumption, but so calmly made that nobody is likely to stop and examine it.

justifying Mr. Giffen in saying that it only showed a charge of 15s., it really showed £7 7s. per cent. for cost of conveyance.

"Mr. Giffen—I find it should be £7 10s. per cent., not 15s. (Loud laughter.)

"Captain Thompson remarked that there was another gross miscalculation in the next paragraph, where Mr. Giffen said that the figures £130,000,000 showed a gross earning of £8 per ton on the total tonnage of the world, sailing and steam together. In his tables he had put the total tonnage at 28,000,000, and on that amount the gross earnings would be £4 11s. per ton instead of £8.

"Mr. Giffen—I think that 28,000,000 is reduced to equivalents in sailing tons.

"Captain Thompson said he thought not; and added that if Mr. Giffen's other calculations were as little to be relied upon as those he had now quoted his voluminous paper would not be of much use" (*Morning Post* report of the adjourned discussion on Mr. Giffen's paper, entitled "The use of Import and Export Statistics," held at the rooms of the Statistical Society on April 4, 1882). In the month of June following, Mr. Giffen was elected President of this Society.

However what I desire to point out is that Mr. Newmarch distinctly says, and rightly, there were only one hundred millions of bullion effectively imported into the country during the twenty-two years. Pass on to page 231 and read the following statement: "Prior to 1849 the annual supplies of gold available for all the purposes of coinage, bullion, reserves, and commerce had been about four millions sterling, an amount barely sufficient to meet the wear and tear of the gold coins in circulation. In 1850 the supply was raised to nine millions; in 1851 to fourteen millions; in 1852 to twenty-seven millions; and in 1856 to thirty-two million pounds sterling; a revolution far surpassing any economic change within record. The figures below show that there has been a gradual decline to a supply of twenty-one million pounds sterling for about the last sixteen years, say 1861—1877; that is to say, the pre-discovery supply of four million pounds sterling per annum has been raised to a post-discovery supply for the ten years, 1851—1860, of about twenty-eight million pounds sterling, and for the following sixteen years, 1861—1876, of about twenty-one million pounds sterling yearly." Here Mr. Newmarch contradicts what he had correctly stated on page 222, that only one hundred million pounds sterling had been received and retained, 1856—1877. *He forgot, when he came to page 231, to deduct the exports of bullion from the imports of bullion.* This is the simple explanation, and with it goes by the board root and branch the whole of the optimist argument in the second quoted passage. But the conclusion upon page 222 turns out to be equally false and misleading.

The first line of Table XV. shows the total imports of every kind of merchandise during the twenty-two years. Some of this foreign merchandise is after landing and (sometimes) manipulation re-shipped abroad; the official returns give in two adjoining columns the exports of British and Irish produce or manufacture, and those of foreign and colonial produce so re-shipped, separately. Mr. Newmarch added up the first column correctly as three thousand nine hundred millions pounds sterling, *but he quite overlooked the second.* The totals in that column are in round numbers one thousand millions of pounds sterling, which of course should have been deducted from the two thousand two hundred and ninety-six millions. This being done the difference or "balance of trade" is *bonâ fide* reduced to about one thousand three hundred millions of pounds sterling (the exact figures are £1,316,304,011 sterling), before any of Mr. Newmarch's arbitrary

allowances, amounting together to six hundred and eighty-six millions, are reckoned at all! What then becomes of his preposterous assertion that the wonder is, "not that in twenty-two years there has been a total excess of one thousand five hundred and ten million pounds sterling, but that it has not been greater"? Mr. Newmarch forgot to deduct what exceeds by one fourth the whole funded debt of this country, the colossal omission passed undetected, and is now publicly noticed for the first time. A favourite argument of this gentleman had best be given in his own words, written in October, 1878. "The only real gauge of the state of foreign trade is the Foreign Exchange, and during the last twenty years the Foreign Exchange has been steadily in favour of this country." Compare this peremptory ruling with actual fact as related in the money article of the *Morning Post*, for May 24, 1882: "On the foreign exchange bills were generally in demand, and in consequence of the continual low rate of money here almost all the rates of exchange were unfavourable to this country."

One more proof of reckless and ignorant treatment of these subjects by persons to whom the uninformed general public naturally look for light regarding them. In "City Notes" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for January 8, 1881, occurs this comment upon the Board of Trade returns for the year 1880. "The disparity between the value of our imports and exports, which of late years had become so great as to alarm some dabblers in political economy, has been considerably reduced. Our imports, however, still exceed our exports by one hundred and eighty-seven million pounds, an adverse balance of trade which after all is more apparent than real," &c., &c. Now, in the first place, the adverse balance had really never been so high as in 1880 (it was but one hundred and fourteen millions in 1879), and in the second place it had not even then attained the frightful amount named, or anything like it, being one hundred and forty millions, not one hundred and eighty-seven millions. The *Times*, published twelve hours earlier the same day, had shown it, with sufficient approximate correctness, as one hundred and twenty-seven millions.

Such marvellous mistakes and self-contradictions go unnoticed partly on account of the bewildering mass of numerals very few are able or care to understand, partly inasmuch as it is nobody's affair to spy them out; rather are powerful interests deeply concerned in endorsing the wrong conclusions drawn

from them ; to support which, the figures are often put together. Nor must the Mutual Admiration Society be forgotten.⁹

The writer's matured conviction is that we are rapidly drifting towards an unexampled national catastrophe, a conviction based upon independent examination of published facts and figures, undertaken without prepossession. The conclusions ultimately reached, and laid before Mr. Gladstone in a convenient, original form on November 24, 1880, had been submitted a few days after prorogation, viz., on August 15, 1877, to Lord Beaconsfield, then her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State.¹⁰

What influence these representations exercised over the imagination and judgment of the Prime Minister can be gathered from the following extract from chapter i. of *Endymion*, published three years subsequently—

"Well," said his companion musingly, "it may be fancy, but I cannot resist the feeling that this country, and the world generally, are on the eve of a great change." * * * *

"I see no reason why there should be any great change ; certainly not in this country," said Mr. Ferrars. "Here we have changed everything that was required." * * * *

"The whole affair rests on too contracted a basis," said his companion. "We are habituated to its exclusiveness, and, no doubt, custom in England is a power ; but let some event suddenly occur which makes a nation feel or think, and the whole thing might vanish like a dream."

"What can happen? Such affairs as the Luddites do not occur twice in a century, and as for the Spafield riots, they are impossible now with Peel's new police. The country is employed and prosperous, and were it not so, the landed interest would always keep things straight."

⁹ The very remarkable national confusion of thought upon these questions is exemplified in the Blue-books, where, since 1855, a Table has kept its ground giving the proportion of imports and exports (added together) per head of population in the United Kingdom. The *raison d'être* of this extraordinary calculation being a curious notion that outgoings are gain, and incomings must be gain too, because "consuming power" and real wealth cannot but be equivalent terms. The imports per head have doubled in a quarter of a century (it is hardly necessary to say why, after what has been adduced), and this elasticity, notwithstanding the census always went on rising, is officially set down as manifest proof of wealth. The more a man spends the richer he must be ! So, in the opinion of the country lad coming to town, all that glitters is gold.

¹⁰ "In the midst of all this physical prosperity, one fine day in August, Parliament having just been prorogued, an unknown dealer in potatoes wrote to the Secretary of State, and informed him that he had reason to think that a murrain had fallen over the whole of the potato crops in England, and that, if * * * , the most serious consequences must ensue. This mysterious but universal sickness of a single root changed the history of the world" (*Endymion*, chap. lxxii.).

"It is powerful, and has been powerful for a long time ; but there are other interests besides the landed interest now."

"Well, there is the colonial interest, and the shipping interest," said Mr. Ferrars, "and both of them thoroughly with us."

"I was not thinking of them," said his companion. "It is the increase of population, and of a population not employed in the cultivation of the soil, and all the consequences of such circumstances that were passing over my mind."

"Don't you be too doctrinaire, my dear Sydney ; you and I are practical men. We must deal with the existing, the urgent ; and there is nothing more pressing at this moment than the formation of a new Government."

The closing sentence is characteristic. While political partisanship engrosses the thoughts and time of those on whom rest the duties of Government, the material treasure of the country yearly decreases,¹¹ pauperism and profligacy, born and nourished of overcrowding and corruptions now part and parcel of urban and industrial surroundings, increase. There is but one human practicable method of stemming a current that bears us on faster and faster towards an abyss ; one so imperatively, urgently wanted, so obviously effective, that it would be inconceivable why statesmen do not unitedly proclaim its value, why the people themselves do not clamorously insist upon its adoption, unless we knew, from the history of the Deluge and the Ark, that it is not enough either to forewarn, or to point out the sole way of escape even from stupendous and certain and imminent destruction.

Shortly before the inauguration of free trade, on April 16, 1843, Mr. Charles Buller, in the House of Commons, proposed the following motion—"that an humble address be presented to her Majesty praying that she will take into her most gracious consideration the means by which extensive and systematic colonization may be most effectually rendered available for augmenting the resources of her Majesty's Empire ; giving additional employment to capital and labour, both in the United Kingdom and in the colonies, and thereby bettering the condition of her people." Nothing came of this enlightened

¹¹ The golden tide that had as a rule flowed towards these shores down to 1878 inclusive, then began to ebb, and from our store of gold and silver bullion and specie ten millions of pounds sterling have since gone abroad. If fifteen millions be added to them to represent loss, waste, depreciation, wear and tear of coinage in circulation in 1879—1882, we see a total reduction of twenty-five million pounds sterling in the stock of precious metals in the country at the end of 1878, when the census was considerably lower than at the end of 1882.

initiative. The predominant economical teaching then and since has been that emigration is exclusively the concern of individuals. But this is a mistake. For, those who would be best away cannot go for want of cash, and were such helped to leave there would be a better chance of livelihood here for others who have a little money they would prefer employing where they were born, if only pressure of competition, the struggle for life, could be moderated. Besides, State directed emigration is a logical corollary of free trade. That system continually deprives bodies of British workmen of employment, in the interest, it is contended, of the community. Economy attained by employing foreign workmen who will take less wages, can scarcely be effective, so far as the community is concerned, unless the burden of supporting those who have been dismissed and their dependents is removed by transplanting such as cannot go unaided, to fresh fields of labour. Failing that supplemental operation, what happens is, two sets of hands are supported instead of one set. This can be made plain by an example.

London consumes coal sea-borne from Northumberland and Durham in value about two millions sterling annually, the whole of which, except a fraction of royalty paid to the lords of the soil, who spend that fraction falling to them in keeping up establishments to the profit of the community, is paid as "wages" to colliers, engineers, labourers, railway men, sailors, brokers, clerks, carriers, foremen, merchants. Upon the two million pounds all these people and their families (perhaps fifty thousand souls) live. To enable them to live the coal is sold at (say) twelve shillings per ton f.o.b. Thames. In the Pas de Calais there are coal formations. Next week an enormous vein fifty feet thick lying close to ground is tapped, and France finds she can supply all London with profit to herself at eight shillings per ton. The result of opening this door "as widely as possible" (to quote Mr. Bright) must be *chômage* of the considerable home population who derive their livelihood from the extraction and sale of the North country coal, henceforward to be left in the pit. Such few among them as possess means to do so may emigrate *with their capital* to France or America. The bulk must perforce stay here, and, as they could not be killed out of the way, the cost of maintaining them would have to be added to the sum paid by Londoners for French coal before it could be ascertained whether Great Britain gained by the revolution. Who can doubt that

when this should be done it would appear that though London consumers paid less than before for their coal, Great Britain suffered serious damage? The discovery made Parliament would quickly either impose a protectionist duty to shut out French coal, or pass an emigration bill to remove the surplus population elsewhere.

Fair trade offers certain methods of adjusting the difficulty we have been considering. Mr. Ecroyd has lucidly stated and exhaustively exposed all the most telling and useful facts and arguments of the new economical school. It is enough to observe in their regard that the methods suggested, even did the country at once close with these doctrines, must take long years to put into practice, while, in the meantime, trade and social difficulties thicken, and the Registrar General will continue to report such and such weekly excesses of births over deaths. What is wanted is something that can be done without delay.

The free trade policy cannot be reversed in a hurry, and if it could be, difficulties of a fresh, very perplexing class would have to be faced; but systematic migration of superabundant mouths from this portion to another portion of the Queen's dominions, might be organized and begun this Session. The work can evidently only be undertaken on any effectual scale by the State, for the very phrase "surplus population" implies not surplus capital but surplus labour. Those whom it is desirable to remove are such as are willing to go, who would usually be persons without resources beyond their industry, without settled occupation at home, which in itself inclines a man to stay and let well alone. To remove such people would benefit them, but it would be losing time to argue from that point of view. The principal motive for State intervention is that the State would be greatly benefited, and this result would follow, first, from the departure of persons who, whether there is or is not work for them must, according to law, be maintained, and are in fact maintained by the rest of the community; second, by selecting a British colony as their home; lastly, by securing there without cost a valuable source of revenue that cannot fail to alleviate the burdens borne by British taxpayers. Clearly, the Colony must be chosen, at all events for inaugurating the system, which, possessing social and climatic requisites, is nearest, and so accessible at least expense, viz., the Dominion of Canada.

J. F. BOYD.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER VII.

MISTRESS ANNE AND HER VICTIMS.

THE overthrow of Wolsey produced a marked revolution in English politics. So long as the chief administration of Henry's affairs had remained in the hands of that great statesman, they had been conducted with consummate skill, prudence, and courage, and had been attended by a corresponding degree of success. Had Wolsey continued in office, and retained the influence which he once possessed over Henry, he would probably have won for his master a yet higher position in the history of his age than any to which the ambition of that King had yet aspired; and the reign of Henry the Eighth might have been the type of all that is noble and prosperous, as it is now the record of all that is undignified and disgraceful. The bright beginning had a gloomy ending, and the period of the change dates from the day when he yielded to the fascinations of Anne Boleyn. From the moment of her appearance upon the stage the character of Henry changes for the worse. He becomes sensual, degraded, and brutal, the slave of lust and cruelty, treachery and avarice. The authority of the Holy See is questioned, mocked, and rejected; and the person of the Sovereign Pontiff is scorned and insulted. In him the unity of the faith is broken, and the tradition of the Church is interrupted and disregarded. Doctrines and rites which had descended from the time of the Apostles were cast aside as unclean things, and their place was usurped by the inventions of men. The change, long impending, culminated in the supremacy of Anne Boleyn, and her supremacy dates from the overthrow of Cardinal Wolsey.

It is important to trace the steps by which this great revolution in the religion of England was effected. Of course it was gradual; the overthrow of a system which had been in

operation from the time when our ancestors first heard of Christianity was not to be accomplished in a day. The Catholicism of England seemed to possess every element of security. It was interwoven with the national constitution, and the laws of the land were based upon it. It lay deep in the affections of the people, for it appealed to sympathies which dated from their childhood, and which death itself could not silence. It seemed to stand firm and secure as a tower of strength against every enemy; and its children within its walls proclaimed, in their confidence, that no weapon formed against it should ever prevail. Yet the wisdom of God permitted that, for a time, each of these bulwarks should be assailed and overthrown; and in order that the warning might be all the more impressive, He allowed the work of destruction to be done by a licentious man and a profligate woman.

Hitherto the investigation of the inquiry into the private history of the Protestant Reformation has been difficult, for bigotry and prejudice have conspired to bar the progress of accurate investigation. Englishmen have been invited to believe cunningly devised fables which rest upon no firm historical basis, and they have accepted the fiction with unquestioning faith. Thanks, however, to the facilities which have been afforded of late for a more critical investigation, we are now permitted to trace, step by step, the measures which were adopted by Henry and his paramour for the overthrow of truth and the establishment of error. Each successive stage of the inquiry shows us more and more clearly that the so-called Reformation has its beginning in the unholy lives of Henry and the companion of his sin. For its gratification the King was content to sacrifice everything. Wolsey stood in his way, and Wolsey perished. If we seek to fathom the secret history of the period which elapsed between the disgrace of Wolsey and the death of Anne Boleyn, the opportunity of doing so is now afforded us. The letters addressed by Eustace Chapuys¹ to the Emperor Charles the Fifth are before us, and now, for the first time, are made available for historical purposes. They have every claim upon our respectful attention. They are written by a man of unquestionable ability and integrity, whose position in the English Court as the Imperial Ambassador is

¹ The originals of these despatches are at Vienna; the abstracts of which I have here availed myself are contained in the Calendar of Spanish State Papers so ably edited by Pascual de Gayangos.

the best guarantee for the accuracy of his statements. • He knew what he was writing about. His official position admitted him to frequent interviews with Henry, and he possessed the entire confidence of the Queen. Hitherto the little which we have known about that unfortunate woman has been derived from the reports of agents who were her avowed enemies, men whose interest it was either to pervert the truth, as far as she was concerned, or entirely to suppress it. In all that relates to the affairs of Queen Katherine these Spanish despatches are of the highest value. After the lapse of three centuries and a half of misrepresentation, the true history of the origin of the English Reformation at last is gradually making itself known to us ; and the cumulative testimony of each succeeding witness enables us to trace with increasing certainty the movement back to the disgraceful amour of a married man with his wife's domestic attendant. Chapuys comes forward with his contribution to the sacred cause of truth, and helps us to raise it from the grave in which it has been too long entombed. It becomes the duty of all who love the truth for the truth's sake to aid in the inquiry to cast aside the trammels of prejudice, and to look upon Anne Boleyn and Henry Tudor as they are recorded in the writings of men who knew them, men who had witnessed their actions and fathomed their motives. The inquiry is not a pleasant one, but it is forced upon us by the necessity of the case ; and if it leads us into bad company we must be content to follow, not from sympathy, but because the subject demands it.

We propose then, in the first place, to trace the manner in which Henry and Anne Boleyn conducted themselves during the period which elapsed between the overthrow of Wolsey and his death, a period of something more than one year. He had been a hindrance to their enjoyment of each other's company, at least they thought so, and now that he was gone they resolved to make the most of their freedom. The correspondence of the Imperial Ambassador is here at once instructive and amusing. It furnishes us with many anecdotes which are of very great value as helping us to understand the position in which these lovers stood in regard to each other and to the outer world in general. The accidental manner in which these details come before us, scattered, as it were at random, through the official despatches of Chapuys to the Emperor, gave them their especial value, and invest them with a charm

which perhaps would be wanting had we found them chronicled by the more dignified historian.

When Chapuys reached London about the end of August, 1529, Henry was absent, having gone upon one of his frequent excursions into the country. The first piece of intelligence which the Ambassador had to communicate to his master had reference to Wolsey. The affairs of the Cardinal were daily going from bad to worse, and his downfall seemed to be inevitable.² He had lost the King's favour, and (what was more to be dreaded) he had provoked the anger of the King's mistress, who imagined, apparently with reason, that her old enemy had opposed the divorce, a measure which, if carried, would have enabled Henry to make her his wife. The world knew that she was not his wife, and her own conscience told her the same bitter truth. She knew that she was leading an evil life, and believed that Wolsey was hindering her from becoming an honest woman. Rightly or wrongly, she attributed to Wolsey the failure of Campeggio's mission, from which she had at first anticipated an easy victory over Queen Katherine and the clerical party, with whom Katherine's interests were identified. The Cardinal's enemies had for long been on the watch for some such opportunity as this, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it when now at last it presented itself to them. The leaders of the opposition to Wolsey were the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Lord Rochfort and the lady Anne Boleyn, who, said Chapuys, echoing the general impression of the Court, "if she pleases, can easily effect his dismissal." That she would do so was very generally believed, for, continues the letter, "she happens to be the person in all this kingdom who hates him the most bitterly, and who has spoken and acted most openly against him. Formerly no one dared to say a word in his disfavour, but now his name is in the mouth of everyone for evil, and he forms the subject of libellous writings." Towards the conclusion of the letter occurs this sentence, ominous of coming evil: "The King's affection for Boleyn increases daily. Just now it is so great that it can hardly be greater, such is the

² It may be useful to note the date of the chief events connected with the Cardinal's disgrace in 1529:

September 12. Henry refuses to grant him an interview (Brewer, 5,936).

October 19. He is deprived of the Great Seal (*Id.* 6,018, 6,025, 6,026).

October 22. He admits that he has incurred the *Præmunire* (*Id.* 6017).

December 1. Articles (44) preferred against him (*Id.* 6,075).

intimacy and familiarity in which they are living at present. May God remedy it all!"³

Upon the 14th of September Chapuys had his first interview with Henry. The reception with which he met was most gracious, for Henry well knew how to assume a smiling countenance, and the Ambassador seems to have formed a high opinion of the intelligence and acquirements of the English Sovereign. As usual, Henry at once plunged into the great subject of the divorce, with the legal questions involved in which he seemed to be perfectly familiar. He expressed himself with some bitterness against Charles for having refused to entrust him with the original Brief of Dispensation, an act which he held to be not only unfriendly but unjust. The Ambassador endeavoured to divert the conversation into some channel which was less exciting, but the King held steadily to his first intention. He insisted upon discussing the whole subject in all its aspects, and during the entire conference he showed a considerable amount of legal knowledge, proved by the way in which he stated his case, as well as by the skill with which he maintained it. It was evident that he had been carefully instructed in the whole question, and that he had taken pains to master its many intricacies and difficulties.

This interview with Henry led to no result. When it had ended, the Ambassador was conducted, by the King's permission, into the apartments of Queen Katherine. His visit was simply a matter of official ceremony. In her conversation with him she touched lightly upon the objects of his mission into England, avoiding all subjects which were in dispute. She did wisely, for she was surrounded by a crowd of listeners, in the presence of whom she knew that it was prudent to set a watch upon her lips. She found the opportunity, however, of privately asking Chapuys to visit Campeggio, at that time upon the eve of his departure from England; "and thank him," said she, "in my name, and in that of the Emperor also, for his honest and rightful behaviour, and for the trouble which he has taken in this affair of mine. As for me, so grateful am I for what he has done, that I should hardly know how to repay his services;" an important testimony to his honesty of purpose and the integrity of his conduct. At the same time she advised the Ambassador to delay calling upon Wolsey until it should be known how fortune was likely to deal with him, for at that

³ *Spanish Calendar*, 132, 135.

moment his fall seemed inevitable. And thus ended the conference.⁴

Short as the time was that the Ambassador had spent in England he had picked up some few interesting pieces of information connected with the leading incidents of the period, and he hastened to make the Emperor acquainted with them. Some of them illustrate the subject in which we are more immediately concerned, and therefore have a claim upon our notice. We learn, for instance, that the two Cardinals had no little difficulty in obtaining the King's permission to visit him at Grafton; and that he marked his displeasure at the course which they had adopted in the matter of the divorce by limiting the ceremonial which they were in the habit of displaying in their journeys. He ordered that they should come, if they came at all, without their legatine crosses preceding them, and without that bravery of retainers which they were wont to show in public. Instead of the long cavalcade by which they were generally attended, their retinue was limited at most to ten or twelve servants each.

Chapuys soon saw the result to which things were tending, and the headlong action of the King speedily confirmed the accuracy of his anticipations. He shows us how ripe the Lollardism of England was for revolt against the Holy See, and how active was the party by which it was represented and fostered at Court. To illustrate his meaning, the Ambassador repeats to his master the insolent remark which had been made by the Duke of Suffolk, in the presence of Campeggio and Wolsey, to the effect that never at any time did a Papal Legate do anything to the profit of England, but that they ever have been, and ever would continue to be, a calamity and a sore to this country. Suffolk uttered these words in a public meeting; and although his manner was as offensive as his language, no rebuke or expostulation seems to have reached him from the King. But the remark was not misunderstood or disregarded by Chapuys. If these sentiments of the Duke gain ground with the King and the people of this country, said he, "there will be a door wide open for the Lutheran heresy to creep into England. This is the very self-same threat which was used by the English Ambassador at Rome when the Pope was pleased to grant the avocation. I firmly believe that if the people here had nothing to dread but the excommunication of his Holiness and his maledic-

⁴ *Id.* 152, 160.

tion, there is among them a countless multitude who would follow the Duke's advice, and out of the King and the Bishops would manufacture an equal number of Popes."

In every letter which he wrote to Clement, in every embassy which he sent to the Vatican, Henry insisted with vehemence that in seeking for a divorce he was simply following the voice of his conscience. Let the Pope convince him that he was wrong and he would be satisfied, but not till then. Was Henry sincere? His disgraceful connection with Anne Boleyn is the best answer to the question, but at the same time it is interesting to hear the comment made upon it by Queen Katherine. Through Chapuys she cautioned His Holiness against giving credence to any such assertion. The idea of the divorce, according to her, originated entirely in his own iniquity and malice. "And as far as I can hear and judge," continues the Ambassador, "the King's obstinacy and his passion for the lady are such that there is no chance of recalling him to a sense of his duty by fair words or gentle treatment. Things have come to such a pass that there can be no security or repose for the Queen, unless the cause be tried and decided at Rome; and the sooner this is done the better."

The Ambassador's letters of this time furnish a running commentary upon the history of Wolsey's overthrow, an event which, as Chapuys was well aware, was sure to excite the curiosity of his imperial correspondent. From this source we learn that the fallen Minister was compelled to draw up a most minute inventory of his entire moveable property; and Henry further insisted that this document should be in Wolsey's own handwriting, in order that nothing might be forgotten, and that its damning evidence might be quoted against him if any questions should happen hereafter to arise respecting the extent or value of the forfeited goods and chattels.⁵

On the 24th October Henry came by water from Greenwich to London to view the Cardinal's effects, and upon this interesting occasion he brought with him his lady friend, her mother, and one gentleman of his chamber. The King was much gratified; for he found that the Cardinal's property was much

⁵ The splendid vestments and other church ornaments which he had given to his college at Oxford had already been forwarded to London, where Chapuys had the opportunity of seeing them. Opposite to him lived an embroiderer, to whom they had been sent in order that the Cardinal's coat of arms might be removed from them. They were worth fully forty thousand angelots, and these were but a quarter of what he possessed elsewhere (See *Span. Cal.* 228).

more valuable than he had expected. "People are saying execrable things against Wolsey," remarks Chapuys, "and more still will come to light before next Parliament, for the persons who have raised the storm against him will not rest until they have entirely ruined him." They were not long in doing so. On the 27th of October he was judicially declared to be a rebel and a traitor; all his property, moveable and immoveable, was adjudicated to the Crown, and he himself was sentenced to be shut up in one of the royal prisons until his Majesty should decide upon his final destiny.

We gain an insight into the condition of Henry's domestic life from an account given us by Chapuys of some incidents which occurred to his Majesty on St. Andrew's day. On that occasion he dined with his wife, as it was his habit to do on great festivals,⁶ in order to keep up appearances, and to make the outer world believe that he had not ceased to treat her with due respect and affection. Upon this occasion the meeting was not a happy one. When Katherine expostulated with him as to the life he was leading, and complained of his conduct towards her, he attempted to silence her by retorting that as she was mistress in her own household so was he master in his. He explained his absence from her society by remarking that the Cardinal had left the affairs of the Government in such extreme confusion that he was compelled to work day and night to bring them into order. Then he became aggressive and cruel. If she thought, continued he, that he would ever resume his former matrimonial relations with her, she was much mistaken, for she ought to know by this time that he was not her lawful husband. He was about to forward to Rome the opinions of many learned men upon this point; and if the Pope failed to declare their marriage null and void from the beginning, then he, the speaker, after denouncing Clement as a heretic, would marry whom he pleased.

Having planted this double wound in the bosom of Katherine, having shocked her as a Catholic and insulted her as a woman, this man of the tender conscience, this saintly Defender of the Faith, sought consolation in the company of his mistress. Anne had already heard that Henry had been so weak as to venture into Katherine's presence, she had heard of the discussion which had taken place between them, and she revenged herself upon her paramour by taunting him with his defeat. "Did not I tell you," said this terrible woman, "that whenever you dispute with

⁶ See Chapuys to Charles V. May 14, 1531 (Brewer, 238).

the Queen she is sure to gain the victory over you? Why do you venture to engage in a controversy in which you know you will certainly be defeated? I see what will come of it. Some day she will drive you into such a strait by her arguments that you will cast me off. You have acted unfairly towards me. You have kept me waiting for a long time; a time during which I might have contracted a happy marriage and been the mother of children, which I count to be the greatest consolation which the world can offer. All this might have been mine, but for you. But alas! I am spending my youth to no purpose, and I have gained nothing by the sacrifices which I have made for you."⁷

So besotted was Henry that even such exhibitions of temper as this (and it was probably only one out of many) did not make him anxious to free himself from the degrading bondage in which she held him. Her influence remained unshaken, and he habitually broke out into insolent threats against the Pope and the clergy. On the 7th of December the Imperial Ambassador took supper with the Duke of Norfolk, Anne's uncle. After the usual amount of flattery and arrogance, the Duke introduced the subject of the divorce. His remarks were directed to prove to Chapuys that Charles would act wisely were he to withdraw from further opposition to the inevitable, and quietly submit to what he could not prevent. "The King's scruples of conscience," said Anne's ducal advocate, "instead of subsiding are on the increase; and so resolute is he in this matter that there is no one in the world capable of turning the current of his passion." Of course the Ambassador had his answer, and it is so obvious that there is no need to repeat it here; but the comments which he makes upon what he had heard are worthy of our attention. He frankly tells Charles that he fears the King will bring the question of the divorce before the Parliament, and will ask them to decide it for him. If he does so the result may be foreseen; for the majority of the members have been bribed by the King. So bent was he upon this unfortunate connection that nobody dares to remonstrate with him, still less to contradict him. In order to show the Emperor how the tide was running, he mentions one or two incidents which had recently occurred. The King, in his anxiety to give a little dignity to the intended alliance, had bestowed an earldom upon the father of the royal favourite. In a great entertainment given by the city of London the lady Anne had taken precedence, not only of the two Duchesses of Norfolk, but also of the Queen Dowager

⁷ *Id.* 224.

of France, Henry's sister, and had assumed the place of honour next to the King, being the position usually assigned to a crowned queen. After dinner there was dancing and carousing of a nature which appears to have shocked the gravity of the Ambassador; for he remarks that nothing seemed to be wanting but the priest to give the ring and pronounce the nuptial blessing. During these festivities poor Queen Katherine was left to her solitude and tears, and in her own accustomed fashion she celebrated the great festival of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady.

In the same despatch Chapuys has a few words to say about the deposed Cardinal. His report confirms the more detailed account which has already been given us by Cavendish. We are told that Wolsey was now leading a very retired life and a very devout life, saying his Mass daily, and thanking God for having given him the opportunity of acknowledging his past errors, and endeavouring to atone for them.

In the meantime, as the confidence of Henry and his lady-love increased, so in proportion did that of Katherine desert her. She was filled with fears and anxieties, and the persecution to which she had been so long exposed, was now doing its work upon her. Her health failed her, and her spirits sank to the lowest point. Perhaps she exaggerated her difficulties, but she had grave cause for anxiety. Some of those in whom she had trusted abandoned her and passed over into the camp of the enemy. It seemed to her that her nephew was becoming indifferent to her sufferings, and she was haunted by the fear that the Holy Father himself might be so far deluded by the misstatements of Henry's agents as to pronounce the sentence which should declare to the world that she had never been the wedded wife of the man whom for twenty years she had called her husband. Henry's position remained unchanged; the nature of his connection with Anne Boleyn was no longer a secret, and yet he gave no sign of an awakened conscience. He had told his wife that he would disregard the Pope's sentence, whatever it might be, and that he could obtain, within his own kingdom, a satisfactory solution of all his doubts and scruples. He had come to the conclusion, he said, that he was bound to prize and value the Church of Canterbury as much as the people across the channel had been taught to value the Church of Rome. One by one he was adopting the old heresies of Wyclif, and thus preparing the way for that act of rebellion which should separate

England from the Holy See, and involve his reluctant subjects in the sins of schism and heresy.

The Emperor Charles had by this time formed a clear opinion of the evil which he saw looming in the distance. Writing confidentially to his brother Ferdinand, upon January 11, 1530, he thus expresses himself: "Respecting the King of England it is said that he considers his mistress as if she were actually his wife, and he threatens that he will marry her whether the Pope will give his consent or not. He says that he does not care a straw for the Pope, whom he calls next door to a heretic, and proclaims that on this account he ought to be deposed. I cannot tell you how this affair will end, but of one thing I am certain, namely, that the King will commit this act of folly and marry the lady, whether His Holiness likes it or not. I need not point out to you that this will be a great evil, and will be a sufficient cause for a new war."⁸

As Henry sank lower and lower in the scale of morality, so in a corresponding degree increased his dislike to the company of his wife. We have seen that he attempted to explain his long absence from her by pleading the necessity of attending to the public business of the realm, which had been thrown, he said, into disorder by the carelessness of Wolsey. Upon another occasion his pitiful cowardice and meanness of heart are illustrated by the way in which he treated her. He told her that he had not come to see her at Richmond because he had heard that the plague had broken out there; yet he allowed her to reside where he himself had not the courage to pay her even a passing visit. Early in the year 1530 Chapuys had it from the King's own lips that his determination in the matter of the divorce was unalterable. No man living, he said, could ever persuade him to change his opinion, or to return to the Queen, even if this resolution of his should cost him everything which he possessed in the world. If the Pope and the Emperor were wise men they would withdraw their opposition, and retire from a conflict in which he knew they would be defeated. Subsequent events proved that in this cruel determination Henry was terribly in earnest.

In our progress through the correspondence of the Spanish Ambassador we linger willingly over any notice which reveals to us some incident, however trifling, connected with the closing scenes of the life of the great Cardinal. We do not learn much from these despatches, yet what we learn has the charm of

⁸ *Id.* 232, 245.

novelty ; and we are pleased when we meet Wolsey now and then in nooks and corners where we should scarce have expected to encounter him. Thus, in a letter from Gio. Joachimo to King Francis the First (written in London towards the end of March, 1530),⁹ we have a satisfactory confirmation of the account given us by Cavendish respecting the life of penance which the Cardinal had led while yet he lingered at Richmond before setting out on his journey to the north. Joachimo tells us that at Wolsey's earnest request he paid him a visit. He found him domesticated in the Carthusian convent, of which he had been an inmate for the previous three weeks. Evidently he was keeping his Lent with the Fathers of that ascetic establishment, to the rules of which he conformed himself. "I found him completely resigned," continues our informant, "and so armed was he with patience that there was hardly any need for me to recommend to him the exercise of that virtue. He thanked your Majesty for the pity you had shown him in the midst of his misfortunes as well as for your kind and affectionate interference in his behalf."

Scraps of gossip reach us from time to time through this correspondence of Chapuys which, though perhaps of no great moment in themselves, mark the current of public opinion, straws which show the way in which the wind was blowing. Thus as early as May, 1530, scandal had begun to make free with the reputation of Anne Boleyn. It had been remarked that the Duke of Suffolk had been absent from the Court for a considerable time, and people busied themselves in speculating as to the cause. Some of the courtiers accounted for it by saying that the Duke had informed the King of a criminal intercourse which Anne was carrying on with a gentleman of the royal household.¹⁰ This same individual had already been dismissed from the court upon a suspicion of a similar nature. Upon the present occasion he had been sent away at the request of the lady herself, who, to screen her own profligacy, pretended to be very angry with her gallant ; and now the hoodwinked King had interceded for his return. True or false the charge led to

⁹ There is something curious about this letter. How did it come into the Spanish correspondence ? From what source is it printed ? Upon these points the editor is silent (*Id.* 279).

¹⁰ Anne did not forget to take her revenge. About a year afterwards (in July, 1531) Chapuys writes thus : "To avenge herself on the Duke of Suffolk, who had heretofore made some charge against her honour, the same lady has accused him. . . ." It is well to leave the sentence unfinished. The charge returned upon the wretched woman herself, and Suffolk was one of those who found her guilty of it (See Brewer, 342).

no diminution in Henry's favour, and of this he gave a speedy proof to his subjects in a way which all could see and understand. When the royal party was returning from Windsor to London, the King accomplished the journey on horseback in the company of this female favourite, who was seated on a pillion behind his Majesty. The spectacle was most unusual in England, and it occasioned much comment and more ridicule. Preceding sovereigns had not always been strictly moral, but they had never paraded their immorality. The people looked on with ill-disguised contempt; but the King knew of a prompt method of checking their unfavourable criticism. He sent two of them to prison, and the others were silent.

Conscious of the strength of her position in the Court, Anne seized every opportunity of proving to the world how complete was the ascendancy which she had gained over her besotted admirer. That she did not bear her honours meekly is proved by many significant anecdotes which were chronicled by the Imperial Ambassador for the instruction and amusement of the Emperor. He tells us, for instance, that Master Russell, having ventured to say a few words to Henry in favour of the banished Cardinal, the lady was so much offended that she marked her displeasure by not speaking to him for nearly a month. Nor did the presence of the King himself afford any protection to the culprit who was so unfortunate as to provoke her indignation. It happened that upon one occasion Henry—in order to maintain the appearance of being on good terms with his wife—sent her some cloth, with the homely request that she would make it into shirts for him, a cheap and easy way of keeping his victim in good humour. But if the request pleased her, it was gall and wormwood to mistress Anne, whose jealous eye watched every action of her lover. She sent for the person who had carried the cloth to the Queen (he was one of the principal gentlemen of the bedchamber), and although the King frankly admitted that the cloth had been sent to his wife by his own direct order, the lady threatened that she would have him punished for his misconduct. Chapuys goes on to mention several other instances in which officers of the royal household, ladies as well as gentlemen, had been dismissed from the Court to gratify the caprice and the spite of this female tyrant. Already had Henry begun to taste something of the miseries which sooner or later dog the steps of the sinner; yet upon his soul there was that delusion which made him believe a lie and hindered him from seeing the

truth. Neither the voice of his own conscience, nor the entreaties of his wife, nor the unbridled temper of the vulgar and shrill-tongued scold with whom he was living, nor all collectively, were strong enough to drive out the evil spirits of pride, lust, and self-will to which this royal profligate had abandoned his soul.

Returning to the subject of Wolsey, who was now on his way to York, Chapuys has a revelation to make about him which excites our curiosity. It seems that the deposed favourite opened a correspondence with the Spanish Ambassador resident in London, the professed object of which was to forward the interests of Queen Katherine. There is nothing incredible in the thing itself, for the disgraced Cardinal was now in a position in which he could afford to follow the dictates of his unbiassed judgment and awakened conscience. Yet the information reaches us from a source which cannot but raise our suspicion ; it comes through a letter written by the traitor Agostino de Agostinis. We know that this man was in the Cardinal's household and possessed his entire confidence, which, beyond all doubt, he betrayed for money to his master's enemies. We now find him writing to Chapuys to the effect that Wolsey, feeling that the step was necessary to his repose, his happiness, and his honour, considered himself bound to give the Queen the benefit of his advice as to the future management of her defence in the matter of the divorce. Such is the statement of Agostino, but had he his master's authority to write in these terms? Was not he already in the service of Norfolk, and therefore of Anne? Was not this letter a link in the process by which he had undertaken to complete Wolsey's ruin, and to consign him to the Tower of London and the scaffold? It is impossible to decide, yet it is impossible not to doubt. It should be remarked however that Chapuys accepted the intelligence without hesitation, and forwarded it to his master without a word of caution.¹¹

Continuing the subject, we now touch the point which leads us to speak of the arrest and death of the disgraced Cardinal, a subject upon which some new light is thrown by the Spanish correspondence. Chapuys had heard many several reasons

¹¹ This letter was written on June 15th, and on the 27th of the same month Wolsey is said to have sent a message to Chapuys urging increased activity in the prosecution of the Queen's suit. The same statement was repeated on August 20th (See *Span. Cal.* 366, 411). If this transaction was genuine, information of it would probably reach Norfolk from Agostino ; if false, it certainly would.

assigned for his arrest, but all of them seemed to him to be mere conjectures. Report said that a chamber had already been prepared for him in the Tower, the same as that which had been occupied by the Duke of Buckingham, in 1521, an omen of evil to the Cardinal. The activity of Anne and the party which she represented had been stimulated by some words which Henry was said to have spoken in praise of the skill and activity of his former Minister. From this time, Anne gave the King no rest. She wept and wailed; she regretted her lost time and ruined honour, and she threatened that she would leave him. The weak fool believed that she was in earnest. He begged and entreated her most affectionately, even with tears in his eyes, not to forsake him; but nothing would satisfy the lady short of the Cardinal's arrest by the Constable of the Tower. The pretext for this extreme measure was that he had written to the Pope asking to be reinstated in his ecclesiastical dignities, and had solicited Francis to intercede with Henry in his favour. "This last accusation," continues the Spanish Ambassador, "they may perhaps prove, since they have got his physician (Agostino) into their hands; for I hear that the day after he came to London he was taken to the house of the Duke of Norfolk, and was there treated and entertained like a prince. This clearly shows that Agostino has been singing the right tune, just as the Cardinal's enemies wished." The physician made still further communications about Wolsey, as to the truth or falsehood of which I do not venture to express an opinion. He told the Venetian Ambassador that the Cardinal had urged the Pope to excommunicate Henry and to lay an interdict on his kingdom, unless he immediately dismissed the lady Anne from Court and treated the Queen with proper respect. This may or may not be true, and at least it is credible. But when he adds that Wolsey hoped again to be able to seize the reins of government, and that he would attempt to do so in the midst of the general insurrection which would ensue upon the publication of the Papal sentence, few will be inclined to give credit to his statement. On this occasion Chapuys seems to have half expected that his correspondence with Agostino would have come to light, but no allusion was made to it by the traitor during the examinations which he underwent. Yet the passage is curious as showing that some such correspondence as that above referred to actually took place between them.¹²

¹² *Id.* 509.

The account given by Chapuys of the last illness and death of Cardinal Wolsey is, perhaps, somewhat less interesting than what might have been expected; but such as it is, it is well worthy of our notice. He informs Charles of the death of his great political rival, which happened, he adds, at a place where the last King Richard was defeated and killed. Both of them, the King and the Cardinal, lie buried in the same church, which the people have already begun to call "the tyrants' grave." Many reports were current as to the cause of his death. Some said that for several days after his arrest he would partake of no nourishment whatever, and that then he either took something to hasten his end, or that something was given to him for that purpose. On Monday arrived the captain of the guard to conduct him to London, and both supped together cheerfully enough. Soon afterwards, however, the Cardinal was taken suddenly and violently ill, so much so, that it was thought he could not live through the night. He lingered on, however, till Wednesday, and on that day he died like a good Christian, protesting at the time of receiving the Holy Sacrament, that he had never undertaken anything against his master, the King.¹³

The question has often been asked: Did Wolsey die by poison? It has often been asked, but it never has been answered with any degree of precision. Such questions seldom are, for it is not easy to penetrate into the depths of secrets like this. Even among his contemporaries there were some who thought that he had committed suicide, a theory which to me seems exceedingly improbable. It is opposed to all that we know of the last days of Wolsey's life, and it is utterly inconsistent with the minute details with which Cavendish has furnished us so abundantly and with such candour. It is a mere conjecture, unsupported by a single fact, and as such it may be dismissed without further comment.

But when it is suggested that Wolsey was poisoned, and poisoned by his physician, Agostino de Agostinis, the inquiry assumes a graver aspect, and demands a more careful investigation. Agostino was a traitor of the deepest dye, and yet at the same time he was a man of education who had contrived to ingratiate himself with Wolsey, and had gained a position in his family. He accompanied the Cardinal in his journey to the north, and was admitted into his confidence. He used this

¹³ *Id.* 522.

confidence for the purpose of betraying his master to the powerful enemies whom he had left behind him in the English Court, of whom the most influential was Norfolk, and the most bitterly hostile was Anne Boleyn. Believing Agostino to be all that he professed to be, Wolsey employed him to write to the French Court in the hope of inducing Francis to intercede with Henry in his favour. Upon this correspondence, which might be innocent in itself, the physician is supposed to have engrafted certain additions of a treasonable character, which were interpreted as meaning that his master was hostile to the divorce, and that he advised the Pope to revoke the cause to Rome. We have seen that the physician was employed in a somewhat similar correspondence with Chapuys. Either with or without Agostino's connivance this treasonable matter was made known to Henry, and as a matter of course to his ladylove. It was the sentence of death to Wolsey. Henry ordered the Cardinal's arrest by Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, preparatory to his public trial; but Anne preferred to employ the more secret and the safer services of the poisoner. The Cardinal was suddenly attacked by a violent illness, and died while on his way to London as a prisoner.

Such is the theory which asserts that Wolsey was poisoned, and assumes that the murder was committed by Agostino. There are certain facts which give it a certain degree of probability, and of these I will briefly mention the principal.

Beyond all doubt this Italian was a traitor; he betrayed his master's confidence and supplied his enemies with information, which, true or false, would in due course of time have led to his deeper disgrace and ruin, and probably to his public execution as a traitor to his Sovereign. He was needy and unscrupulous. After Wolsey's death he passed into the service of the Duke of Norfolk, the Cardinal's great enemy, in whose house "he lived like a prince." The Duke lent him a hundred pounds, which he was bound to return if he did not keep secret "all such matter as is contained in a book written with his own hand concerning the late Cardinal." In other words, he had received a hundred pounds from Norfolk for holding his tongue. When he left the Duke's service and returned to the Continent he still kept up a correspondence with Henry's agents in England, and when he asks for money, which he does very frequently, he does so in the tone of a man who knows that

he has earned it. A more direct application might have led to the enforcement of this mysterious bond.¹⁴

On the other hand, it must be pleaded in vindication of the innocence of Agostino that he was not with Wolsey at the time of his death, nor indeed for several days before his fatal illness showed itself. He was hurried off to London immediately upon his master's arrest by the Earl of Northumberland at Cawood. The poison could not have been administered by the Italian before his departure. As far as I am aware there is no poison which would lie latent in the human system for so many days, and then show its presence with such formidable activity as was manifested in the attack which carried Wolsey to the grave. This consideration is a powerful argument in Agostino's favour, and it is one which cannot be overlooked in the examination of the problem.

During the progress of the events which have occupied our attention for the last few pages, Henry looked on with the easy indifference of an unconcerned spectator. It was no business of his ; it concerned only Mistress Anne and her victim. Henry might have saved his former Minister and friend if he would, but then he would have offended his mistress, and he chose the easier alternative. Henry had no personal quarrel with Wolsey. Wolsey had always been obedient, even subservient. Wolsey had joined with Henry in bearding the Pope, and seemed to be ready to go hand in hand with him in proceeding to even greater extremities. He had surrendered to his Majesty without a murmur or a word of protest all the wealth which he had accumulated during his long years of prosperity ; and in silence he had retired from the Court of which he had been the brightest ornament. He had not offended the jealous pride of his Majesty by questioning any of his innovations in law, or philosophy, or divinity, as More and Fisher had done. Thus Henry had no special grievance against the disgraced favourite ; he was simply indifferent, and he left him to his fate. When Anne, like her forerunner in the Gospel history, asked for his head, Henry, like Herod, thought it easier to say Yes than No. Anne had her way, and Wolsey was the first of her victims—but not the last.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

¹⁴ See Brewer 6763. This bond is dated December 11, 1530 (less than a fortnight after the Cardinal's death), and is in the hand of Wriothesley, afterwards Lord Chancellor.

English Relics.

VII.—THE BERGHOLT AND FOXCOTE RELICS OF THE PASSION.

THE Autobiography of Father John Gerard gives a charming account¹ of the conversion of Sir Oliver Manners, son of John fourth Earl of Rutland, and brother of Roger, Francis, and George, who each in turn succeeded to the title. It probably was unknown to the historians of the Ducal family of Belvoir that one who, if he had lived, would have succeeded to the family honours, had not only been a fervent Catholic in the times of persecution but had been ordained priest at Rome by no less a man than Cardinal Bellarmine.

The same narrative² introduces us to Grace Manners, granddaughter of Thomas the first Earl of Rutland, and aunt of John the eighth Earl, who also became a Catholic after her marriage to Sir Francis Fortescue of Salden, the head of a devoted Catholic family.

We have now come upon a third member of the Manners family, who in the dangerous days of Queen Elizabeth became a Catholic. This is Roger Manners, third son of Thomas first Earl of Rutland, who, Collins tells us in his Peerage, was "seated at Uffington in Lincolnshire, and was one of the Esquires of the Body to the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. He died in 1587, and was buried in the Church of Uffington. He gave a scholarship to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was a great benefactor to the chapel"—but this may well have been before his conversion.

The relic of the Holy Cross, which he has been the means of preserving to our time, became the property of the English Benedictine Nuns of Brussels, now of East Bergholt, through Lady Mary Vavasour,³ their third Abbess. Dame Mary was

¹ *The Life of Father John Gerard*, p. 369.

² *Ibid.* p. 338.

³ The title of *Lady Mary* is due to her Religious rank, as it is customary among the Benedictinesses so to distinguish their Abbesses.

professed at Brussels at the age of seventeen in the year 1616, and she was elected Abbess in 1652. Her father, William Vavasour of Hazlewood, sent the relic to her at Brussels on the 10th of February, 1627, with a letter of which we have a French translation. This it is not necessary for us to give, as Lady Mary embodied the purport of it in the following paper, which we give in its original spelling from her own handwriting.

TESTIMONY OF THE HOLY CROSSE.

In y^e reigne of Queen Elizabeth, this Relique of y^e holy Crosse, (being then as large againe as now it is) was kept emongst some principall treasures of y^e said Queen. The sacred Wood was fixed vpon a plaite of silver wher vpon was ingraven this Inscription. *This is a peece of y^e holy Crosse, sent by a Pope, to a Kinge of England.* This plaite of silver wth y^e holy Crosse theron, was placed in a silver standish, from whence my Mothers vncl^e S^r Roger Mañers tooke y^e holy wood, but left there y^e silver plaite wth y^e inscription. For w^{ch} plaite my Father after wards vsed great indeavours but was informed y^t after y^e Scotts came in wth Kinge James, y^t plaite together wth much other treasures was pilfered away by them.

My Uncle when he tooke y^e holy Crosse was not Catholique but soon after y^s devout stealth he was converted : he sett y^e holy woode in gowld, and ware it privaitly about his neck : and for y^e great Love he bare my Father he shewed him this his treasure, and at his death bestowed y^e same vpon my Father, who wth high veneration greatly esteemed & Reverenced y^s sacred Relique, & dayly spent many howers in prayer before y^e same. This holy Relique was generally placed vpon y^e Alter in Our Chappell wher dayly Masses wear cælibrated, & many came of devotion to Visitt & adore this pretious treasure, Reverenced & honoured by all as part of y^e holy Crosse wher vpon our Blessed Saviour voutsafed to dye to save us all. And my Father's devotion was so great therunto, y^t he esteemed it to bring all happiness to his howse and Famuly, as did the Arke of God to y^e howse of Obededon.

Wth much instance and many petitions at last I obtayned this greatest favour, y^t my Father voutsafed to bestowe vpon me y^e half of this most sacred treasure, w^{ch} wth approbation of my Lord Arch-Bishop of Meckline hath bin now many years honoured wth publik veneration in o^r Monastery. The other half of this sacred Wood my Father would never part wth till his death, and yⁿ bequethed y^e same as a most pretious Legacy to my Nephew his Heire S^r Walter Vavasour, alwise to be kept in his howse and famuly.

My Vncl^e's fault of over great scrupulosity in leaving y^e silver plait wth y^e Inscription, I wish wear possible to be repaired, but y^t not being now in o^r power, at least serves for a testimony of y^e integrity of his good conscience ; & inded all who knew him, loved & esteemed y^e uprightnes of his life and proseedings, in all occasions ; & it was

generally beleaved his word meritted creditt of all. perticularly my Lady Mary Percy Our Abbesse of happy memory, would often affirm her confidence to be assured, of y^e truth of y^e Relique of y^e holy Crosse, being taken out of y^e Queenes treasures, by Sr Roger Mañers whom her La^y knew very well, and said she would as soone take his word, and beleeve y^e truth of his relation as any mans oath she knew, she was so well assured of his honesty & sincearity. He was greatly favoured of y^e Queen & did many good Offices for Catholiques ; he lived and dyed vnmariied, & was alwaise esteemed a most just sincear good man.

Some Latine Cronicles of England doe make mention of a Peece of y^e holy Crosse sent by Pope Martine y^e 2^d unto Kinge Alured King of England Anno 886.

This is y^e truth of what I have vnderstood concerning this Relique of y^e holy Crosse, from my worthy dear Father, Sweet Jesus make me heir of his vertues & love to suffer for God Afflic & y^t y^e honour & love of y^e Crosse may ever live in me.

MARY VAVASOUR. .

Lady Mary's mother, the niece as she tells us of Sir Roger Manners, was Anne the daughter of Sir Thomas, the fourth son of the first Earl ; and Sir Walter Vavasour, to whom descended the portion of the relic his grandfather had retained in his own possession, was the second baronet of the name.

There is fortunately no need to go quite so far back for a King and a Pope as "Martine y^e 2^d" and "Alured King of England," for the forgotten inscription seems to have survived among the Fortescues, and one of Sir Francis' brothers wrote the following useful little note.

Thes For Dame Marie Vauasour.

All y^e record my brother can remember for y^e relique of y^e Holy Cross my uncle Roger Manners tooke out of Queene Elisebeths closet, is y^t Pope Clement y^e 7th sent it to King Henry y^e 8th. This is all j am able to serve you in this particular, but j humbly desir you in anything freely to command,

Madam,

Your cosen and most humble servant,

E. FORTESCUE.

In 1774 the relic was placed in a new and more beautiful reliquary. On this occasion another document was drawn up, and after rehearsing the previous history of the relic—in which, by the way, Lady Mary Vavasour's father is wrongly called Sir Walter—it continues thus :

When the piece of the Holy Cross was to be changed in place, and transferred into a more elegant reliquary, we whose names are written

hereafter, on the 17th of June of the present year 1774, waited on his Excellence my Lord Archbishop of Mechlin, John Henry of Franckenberg. His Excellence having heard what has been before related of the piece of the Holy Cross, and seen the letters which we had to shew, most bountifully granted that the holy wood should be still exposed, as before, to the public veneration, but, as there was no Bishop's seal to the old Reliquary, he did not judge it necessary to set his own to the new one. In testimony of which we have signed our names to this.

PETER JOSEPH RIVERS,

Confessor of the said Convent.

JOHN TURBERVILLE NEEDHAM,

Director of the Imperial and Royal
Academy of Sciences and Belles
Lettres at Brussels.

At Brussels the 18th of Sept. 1774.

Vidi, JOANN. HENR. Archiep. Mechlin.

Datum Mechlin. die 22 Sept. 1774.

I may end my account of the principal Relics of the Passion connected with England by a short description of the reliquaries in the possession of P. C. Howard, Esq., of Foxcote.

These interesting reliquaries are almost precisely similar, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. high by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. broad, both wrought in silver-gilt. In shape they are oval, each oval resting on a pedestal, the relics being enclosed in the ovals between two plates of rough crystal. The ovals are surrounded by a border of the Stafford knots.

1. The first contains a large fragment of the true Cross, a holy thorn, and a large piece of the holy reed. Each of these is fixed in a small holdfast, which in turn is inserted into a pedestal common to all, not quite 2 in. in length and 1 in. in breadth. This pedestal bears the inscription, arranged so as to correspond with each of the relics.

2. The contents of this reliquary are a large solid thick piece of bone, rather more than an inch in length. There is no other clue to the nature of this relic than a piece of vellum detached from the case, but which most probably belongs to it, with the inscription—*Martir de Treuc.*

As regards the history of these reliquaries, it is certain that they belonged to Lady Mary Stafford, the wife of William Lord Viscount Stafford, so created on his marriage about 1639-40, who was executed, or rather martyred, Dec. 29, 1680. This lady was great great grand-daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.

Each reliquary bears the following inscription on its pedestal—*Domina Maria Stafford Soror et Heres Henrici Baronis Stafford et uxor Gulielmi Vice Comitis de Stafford.* Each pedestal bears also the Stafford arms.

Nothing is known as to how the relics came into Lady Stafford's possession. They were subsequently at Greystoke, and from Greystoke, on the apostacy of the family there, passed into the hands of Mr. Howard of Corby.

There is also at Foxcote, having been brought there from Corby, a portion of the shirt in which William Viscount Stafford was executed. The marks of blood upon it are still visible. This also was brought from Greystoke.

Besides these, there is an interesting little reliquary—a crystal cylinder fixed transversely on a pedestal—containing a large piece of the bone of St. Ubald. There is also a small glass vial containing a relic of St. Mary of Oignies.

Some of Ireland's Resources.

THE unfortunate reappearance of severe distress in Ireland this year reminds all thoughtful and reflective persons of the circumstances and condition of this country, and makes any investigation into the question of its industrial resources more interesting than otherwise probably such a subject might be considered. In England particularly the problem naturally suggests itself whether Ireland is not fated ever to exist in a chronic state of wretchedness and misery, languishing "in ingrained idleness by the shores of its melancholy ocean," and never destined to be permanently benefited by any legislative measures, however great, curative, and substantial. With the thought of all the time that has been spent over Irish matters in Parliament and in the public press, will come to many minds not acquainted with the real state of affairs here, a deepening doubt as to whether any legislative efforts can lift up a nation so prostrate with the weakness of inherent misery, so feeble with the wasting sickness of deep-rooted poverty. Those who hold these despairing views of Ireland's economic regeneration, and in my opinion they form the great bulk of the English people, unfortunately know nothing of the illimitable natural resources of this country. With the "honest-souled and well-intentioned" politicians of the Liberal party who really desire to see Ireland prosperous, there is also a feeling of uneasy dissatisfaction at the apparent ill-success of recent measures to effect all the good expected from them. But all these measures of just and necessary reform, good as they were, and creditable as they are to the genius and spirit of him who has designed and carried them out, can have but little substantial and abiding beneficial consequences if not followed up, strengthened, and solidified by practical economic measures of aid and encouragement towards the development of the vast resources of the country. A tenantry may be made secure in the possession of their holdings. Such a situation is undoubtedly an incentive to industry. But the duty of Govern-

ment does not stop there. Its obligations extend further, and oblige it to see that the community so conditioned by its laws is provided by its instrumentality with the ways and means of best utilising these advantages. If from causes which the power and credit of a State alone can deal with, and because of difficulties which only an organized authority can effectually remove, the internal communications of a country are found to be defective, centres of populations isolated for all commercial or trading purposes, harbours unsafe, agriculture languishing, manufacturing industries, few and feeble as they are, getting less and weaker, the bone and sinew of the country idle or emigrating, and all the while the cost of Imperial and local taxation year by year mounting up, if from legislative incumbrances no fiscal reform can be carried out, if roads and railways are unmade owing to administrative difficulties, an inept and antiquated system of Executive control, combined with the constitutional inability of the people so placed of themselves to remedy this disastrous condition of affairs, surely it is the necessity and duty of the Government to provide for these wants. Rich though India may be in its resources and wealth, yet the gigantic railway enterprises and irrigation works there carried out had to be supported by the State and under State control, and what was done in any of those Eastern presidencies is required as essentially, as pressingly, and as urgently in Ireland. Otherwise she must remain in comparative wretchedness and want, a source of continual worry to her "bigger neighbour," a country tortured with ever-recurring discontent and distress.

Were there not vast possibilities of industrial wealth in existence, capable of such easy and cheap utilization all our patriotic hopes and regrets would be vain and idle, and the sooner the inevitable were accepted the better for all parties concerned. But when it can be shown how well grounded and substantial are our complaints, at least the merit of their being reasonable must be accorded them. The range of my subject is so extensive, its nature so complex, that I can but touch upon the leading and prominent heads of the great general question. Were I to go into it in any detail the utmost limits of this review would be too narrow. I can only cursorily refer to some of the main characteristic points, as they occur to me, so it must not be understood that I presume or attempt to exhaustively deal with the whole subject. To enable my readers.

to understand and grasp the prominent features of the several sub-sections, I shall treat them under distinct paragraphs, and amid the mass of statistics before me strive only to concern myself with those most specially important.

Perhaps the first and most obvious consideration that will strike a stranger is whether the Irish soil and climate favour agriculture. A few passing words upon that point may not therefore be out of place.

THE CLIMATE AND SOIL OF IRELAND.

It is many long years since that erratic Welshman, Giraldus Cambrensis, wrote of Ireland thus: "*Terra terrarum temperatissima, nec cancri calor exæstuans compellit ad umbras nec ad focos capricorni rigor invitat aeris amoenitate temperieque tempora fere cuncta tepescunt.*" I shall suffice myself with his quaint testimony, as true of to-day as it was when written, and proceed to quote a few authorities as to the properties of the Irish soil. "Its exuberant fertility," said Mr. Curwen in 1837, "enables the husbandman to proceed in a manner which, if pursued in England, would long ago have made there a garden of a desert." In the "Statistical Account of the British Empire," MacCulloch writes: "A large proportion of the surface of Ireland is covered with bogs and mountains (seven-eighths reclaimable) but notwithstanding this deduction it contains a great deal of most excellent land. The luxuriance of the pastures and the heavy crops of oats which are everywhere raised even with the most wretched cultivation, attest its extraordinary fertility." Mr. Wakefield, an English agriculturist of great experience, wrote: "A great portion of the soil of Ireland throws out luxuriant herbage, springing from a calcareous sub-soil without any considerable depth. Places exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up with a plough." And going back to that great observer of men and things, Arthur Young, I will give a few words from him: "It is the richest soil I ever saw and such as is applicable to every wish. It will fatten the largest bullock and at the same do equally well for sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans, and in a word for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry. You must examine into the soil before you can believe that a country which has so beggarly an appearance can be so rich and fertile." Further confirmation of the superior fertility of the soil may be derived from many agricultural authorities; principally from

Messrs. Johnson and Law's Report in 1843, and M. Moreau de Jonnes's interesting record, in which among other curious facts he showed by careful statistics that the mean average yield in Ireland for wheat, rye, barley, oats, &c., exceeded that of England or Scotland. Sir Robert Kane, speaking of the uncultivated land, said: "The uncultivated land includes bogs and mountains. It has been shown that the area of bog is 2,833,000 acres, of which all is capable of reclamation and of being adapted to productive husbandry, if not required as repositories of fuel. Of the mountainous land also, comparatively little is beyond the domain of agricultural enterprise. The average elevation of Ireland above the sea-level is not more than 387 feet; very little ground indeed lies above the elevation of 600 feet. In fact there is no district in Ireland sufficiently elevated to thereby present serious impediments to cultivation, and scarcely an acre to which the name of incapable of cultivation can be applied. It has been calculated that of the land at present waste, 4,600,000 acres are really available for agriculture, and from my own investigations I am inclined to consider that estimate as certainly not exaggerated."

Here it is in place to give a few significant statistics taken from the latest agricultural returns of 1882, as to the extent of land at present under crops, and the amount capable of improvement. The total area of Ireland is 20,328,753 acres: of which only 15,541,478 acres are cultivated, and 4,787,275 waste (over twenty-three per cent.), and mainly cultivable. Within the last ten years the extent of arable land has *decreased* by 403,000 acres, owing to defective drainage, and those other preventable causes which a liberal system of public loans would at once remedy and rectify. Reclamation could be most easily and economically encouraged, and would prove a source of remunerative outlay.

As to the distribution of land among the inhabitants, we are constantly hearing complaints of the country being over populated and the consequent necessity of emigration. Now taking the agricultural holdings at the figure they are shown by the late Census to reach, that is, 577,739, and dividing the total area of the island amongst them, it results from a simple arithmetical calculation that there could be allocated to each tenant a farm of over thirty-five statute acres. And in a remarkable essay once published by Mr. Blacker, and entitled "Ireland as it ought to be," I find these remarks: "As to the question of a super-

abundant population, the most satisfactory answer to the question will be arrived at by facts and calculations, for if the county of Armagh (which, for illustration's sake, he took as a standard), containing 212,755 acres, gives a population of 220,653, 17,190,726 acres, the entire contents of cultivated land in the kingdom, ought to support a population of 17,828,888 in place of 7,839,469," which was the number of people in the country then. Since, however, the population has been pressed down to 5,174,836, at at which figure it stands to-day. This writer shows further that if a proper system of cultivation were adopted in Armagh its produce could be trebled and the population doubled, which increase being taken as the basis of the calculation and applying it to the whole of Ireland, "would make it adequate to the support of better than *thirty-five* millions of souls." And he added, "when therefore it is considered what unexhausted, I might say unexplored, resources remain for the maintenance of any increase of inhabitants that can be expected in any definite period, it must, I think, be evident to every reflecting person that all fears as to a surplus population are perfectly ideal, and that it is its unequal distribution, and not its aggregate amount, which is to be deplored." Were that writer now dealing with a population as we are to-day, *two* million less, and were he conversant with the great chemical inventions and agricultural improvements introduced since 1843, when he wrote, how much more convinced of the truth of his remarks and the force of his conclusions would he be? And yet it is firmly believed that Ireland, with an area of over twenty million acres, and a population including soldiery, police, *et hoc genus omne*, of about five and a quarter millions is dangerously overcrowded. A stranger illusion, a more unreasonable belief, a more unfounded opinion, was never held.

We may suffer from an unnatural congestion of population in two of the Western counties upon over-cropped, worn-out patches, but were the vast reclaimable tracts that surround their homesteads by some State machinery handed to these people, or allotments given of land but half productive as it is, not a family would be found in relievable and excusable misery. That the potato is the chief crop raised and depended upon as a means of subsistence in Ireland is a well known fact, yet notwithstanding its consequent vital importance, and the necessity of accurate information being imparted as to its proper care, selection, and cultivation, the recommendations of a Select

Committee of the House of Commons two years ago, suggesting that experiments should be made into the relative growths and disease-resisting qualities of the several seeds, have been practically neglected and unminded. We are now suffering from unfortunate neglect of those wise suggestions, for during the autumn that food had largely failed, and is the cause and origin of present distress. In this instance can be seen the evil and inconvenience of that over-centralized system of government which so often hinders the carrying out of salutary measures. To the ordinary English mind the failure or success of a single crop means a slight indeterminable loss. Let that crop be the potato in Ireland, and the loss means famine. As Dr. Bicheno wrote : " The potato is the only produce the cottier reserves for himself. All the rest—cattle, corn, butter, pigs, poultry, and eggs—go to the landlord. They thrive upon it, and with plenty of ventilation, enjoy good health, and have the cleanest skins in the world. But if the crop fail, or the weather should prove unfavourable for preserving it, the months of April and May are trying seasons—then it is they are driven to subsist on weeds, fevers spread, and the utmost distress prevails." I cannot pass from this subject without noticing how much good could be effected if through the instrumentality of State agricultural schools or model farms, the cultivation of beet root, the more general growth of flax, the rearing of the tobacco plant, and other cognate pursuits were encouraged and taught the people as an alternative agricultural resource. A development of these several industries would alone double the agricultural wealth of the country and almost eliminate the possibility of famine being, as it now unfortunately is, a sure resultant from the failure of a particular crop. The example of France as regards the beet cultivation is well deserving of imitation in Ireland, while as regards flax, nothing in the nature of things prevents its universal cultivation in the other provinces as extensively and successfully as it is grown in the North. The vast tracts of bog now useless, might be planted, and even if the little hardy melic plant were cultivated in some of them, a very useful and profitable material for paper-making would be produced. A judicious aid from an administrative department under the control of a responsible Minister of Agriculture would at little cost effect all those advisable changes so necessary to lift Irish farming industry from its present dull level of uniform and precarious mediocrity.

WATER POWER.

Despite the advantages of a railway as a means of expeditious and cheap communication and traffic, we see in the examples of the Manchester Ship Canal, and the similar enterprise projected in France, that water power, wherever its use is found to be practicable, is superior and more economical. In respect of this natural advantage, Ireland is peculiarly favoured, as she possesses the finest navigable rivers of any country in Europe. The great Irish central limestone region may be considered as sending its waters to the sea by the splendid channels of the Shannon (whose basin is 4,544 square miles), the Suir, Nore, Loughs Corrib and Mask, the Moy, Blackwater, Boyne, Liffey, Dodder, and Tolka. The eastern flank of the Wicklow and Wexford mountains is drained principally by the Slaney, Avonmore, and Avoca. The southern counties of Munster discharge into the ocean by means of the Blackwater, Lec, and Bandon. The principal northern outlets are Lough Erne, the Bann and Foyle, while the littoral counties pour into the sea a number of fine rivers of short courses. The advantages of all these grand natural powers, if utilized, may be gleaned from this one significant fact that between Killaloe and Limerick on the Shannon there is an average available force of water of 33,950 horse power for the 97 feet of fall in continuous action day and night, while between Limerick and Lough Allen it may be computed to be 38,667 horse power supposed to be in constant action. The average elevation of the country being 387 feet, the water which flows in our rivers to the sea has an average fall of 129 yards. From calculations too abstruse to be here inserted, it is found that there is a water power in Ireland capable of acting day and night without interruption from beginning to end of the year (91,061,216 cubic yards, weighing 68,467,100 tons) estimated at 3,227 horse power per foot fall, or for the entire average fall of 387 feet, amounting to 1,248,849 horse power. The geographical distribution of this grand force and its cheap and easy applicability to manufacturing or other purposes present a mine of mechanical wealth of priceless value, if utilized. And yet it must be added, as a sad commentary upon "things as they are" that unhappily all that splendid water power runs on idly and wasted.

FISHERY RESOURCES.

Next in consideration are the Irish fisheries. Ireland possesses 14 harbours for the largest ships, 14 for frigates, from 30 to 40 for medium sized merchant vessels, upwards of 24 good summer roadsteads, and a very large number of harbours for fishing smacks or small sailing craft. Yet with one or two exceptions where, chiefly for defence purposes, harbour works were put up, comparatively little has been done to render them safe, and as a consequence, fishing pursuits are carried on at exceptional risk and danger to the imperilled lives of those unfortunate Irishmen "who go down to sea in ships." This element of constant danger, combined with the want of any encouragement or kindly aid, has brought our fishery affairs to the lowest ebb, and although the coast abounds with shoals of fish, Manx, French, and Scotch boats carry away all these priceless prizes of the sea. The following extract from a semi-official report will show a sad condition of things. "Exclusively of edible fish, properly so called, Ireland possesses oyster banks which yield valuable returns where properly fished, and the lobster fishery would form a most lucrative branch of industry; but it is not efficiently worked. Lobsters exist in great plenty on various points of the coast, yet the English markets derive their principal supply from abroad, while in the Irish markets they are scarce, dear, and often not to be had. The sunfish is also to be found in Irish waters, &c. The herring abounds in them; mackerel, cod, haddock, whiting, &c., swim in the seas in countless myriads." The salmon fisheries employ 11,000 men, and their annual value is estimated by the inspectors of fisheries at £400,000. The herring fisheries employ 2,000 vessels, and realize £100,000 annually. In 1880 the number of men and boys employed in the deep sea and coasting fisheries was 24,548, and the exports valued at £976,765. But all these are capable of great expansion and development. The poor Irish fishermen are unprovided with proper gear, have bad nets, small unfitted boats, and work their precarious calling under every disadvantage that could afflict labour. The subject of aiding and encouraging so fruitful a source of industry was early recognized, and in 1764 grants were made out of the Irish Exchequer, but the Union saw an end to this liberal policy, Year after year since the matter was brought before Parliament until at length the grant of £5,000 a year was obtained from

the Treasury to support a national and most important enterprise! But while each successive Government vied with its predecessor in passing over this subject with sad neglect, the poor fishermen were each year decreasing in numbers. The number of the fishing craft has now run down to half its muster, and is dwindling so rapidly as to give promise that in another century not an Irish smack will sail in Irish waters. Side by side with that remarkable decrease is an increased demand for fish in all the great centres of population and trade in England, so brisk a call for the commodity that it would require very little preliminary provision or cost to raise the Irish industry to a most flourishing standard, and by that means throw back upon the Irish shores an amount of wealth now turned to Canada and the States for the questionable tinned stuff that has to satisfy the British craving for edible fish. But unless the redress comes very soon, it will come too late. The evil of the policy of neglect may be realized when it is impossible to correct it; when the industry has died out, its death may be lamented; when the present hardy race have perished by hunger or drowning, it will then be felt what a useful, enterprising, and daring class was permitted to disappear when so little would have saved the race and preserved their occupation.

COAL AND MINERALS.

The stock objection to any demand for the encouragement of Irish manufactures is usually said to be the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining a supply of available fuel, chiefly coal, in the country. Yet it may not be generally known that there are seven extensive coal districts in the island. As coal is one of the most important and essential ingredients to manufacturing industry, I shall describe, as briefly as I can, some of the principal coal beds in Ireland. It may be necessary to premise that the geological situation of the coal is upon the limestone rock, which in Ireland is more developed than any other portions of the geological series. In England it is often called the "mountain limestone," but such description cannot apply to our stone. Its extent may be fairly imagined, when I state that a direct line of 120 miles from east to west, from Dublin to Galway, touches no other formation, and from north to south, although its markings are not so clearly definable, its mean breadth is about 100 miles. I shall now

venture to describe our most remarkable beds. In LEINSTER there is splendid deposit, taking up the greater part of Kilkenny, Queen's County, and Carlow, bounded on the east by the Nore and Barrow, and ending at the Colliery Hills. This tract forms a vast mineral basin. "The strata consist of beds of slate clay, containing abundant thin veins and nodules of ironstone, compact sandstone, and sandstone slate; with these are interposed beds of fire-clay and the coal beds." Dr. Kane thus summarizes the formation of the Leinster coal beds: "(1) The Rossmore foot coal, (2) the first bed of slate coal, (3) the second bed of slate coal, (4) the four-foot coal, (5) the second-foot coal or Drummagh coal, (6) the first three-foot coal, (7) the double seam, (8) the second three-foot coal." The upper part of the four-foot coal is composed of 5 ft. 5 in. of slaty coal, under which there are 3 ft. of hard coal containing sulphur pyrites, then a bed of black slate clay 6 in. thick, and then a foot of coal. Mr. Griffith estimated its area at 5,000 Irish acres, and its specific gravity at 1.591, and the total quantity of pure coal there may thus be calculated at more than 63,000,000 tons. The coal lies about 140 yards from the surface, on a general average. This description of one of the Leinster formations is sufficient to show the great fuel resources of that province.

Now turning to the MUNSTER coal fields, I shall just notice the Tipperary tract, separated by a neck of limestone from the Kilkenny territory, already described. This extends from Cashel to Freshford about twenty miles, is six miles at its broadest point, and the general nature of the strata may be taken as similar to the neighbouring Leinster formation. But the most extensive coal development in the British isles has yet to spoken of. This occupies considerably four large counties, namely, Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. In these there are six layers of coal, according to recent investigations. The coal, from the physical features of the country, lies in a series of troughs, the hills usually striking from east to west, and the strata dipping on either side, north and south, at considerable angles, often perpendicular. This vast tract is completely unworked. The beds of culm present themselves in several places on the west coast of Clare and along the estuary of the Shannon. As to the ULSTER coal-fields, a brief description must suffice. In Tyrone a small, but highly interesting, coal tract occurs. The country around it is described as resembling

a geological museum, as it contains rocks of every description from the granite to the tertiary clays. The Dungannon district is divided into the Coal-island and Anahone districts (the first six miles by two ; area 7,000 acres; second only 320 acres, a mile in length, one half in breadth). North of Antrim is a small coal district, chiefly noticeable for its contiguity to the great basaltic region of the Causeway. Like St. Etienne in France it rests on mica slate and not underlying lime-stone. In Monaghan there is also a limited coal territory. The hills which surround Lough Allen form the CONNAUGHT coal fields, and they occupy large parts of four counties, namely, Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim, and Cavan (in Ulster). The greatest length of the district, as ably described by an eminent geologist, is sixteen miles, which is also its greatest breadth. The total area is about 114,000 Irish acres. The rocks are similar to those of other coal fields, consisting of sandstone, sandstone slate, slate clay, clay ironstone, and fine fire-clay. The strata are very regularly arranged, conformably to the limestone on which they rest and contrary to the declivity of the hill. The three-foot coal, as described, examined, and tested by the celebrated geologist Kirwan, is the best for smelting purposes in the Empire. According to his analysis 100 grains are composed of 71·42 carbon, 23·27 mixture of asphalt and maltha, 5·21 grey ashes ; specific gravity 1·351. The thickness of the coal is rarely less than 3 feet. One division of it contains 1,200 acres, added to 2,800 of southern division, make 4,000 acres, which at the rate of 7,840 tons per acre will leave upwards of 30,000,000 of tons as the probable output (deducting impurities and waste) of the southern and eastern divisions. The Anghabehy coal-field, near the late Arigna iron-works, was estimated by Mr. Twigg, an English surveyor, at 80 to 100 acres. But were I to go into the figures respecting lesser formations I would outstretch any reasonable limits, so the above facts must suffice and satisfy for the present.

As to Ireland's mineral resources generally, a cursory review must answer my purpose. The clay district of Lough Neagh is similar to the potter's clay district in Devonshire ; a same kind occurs in Tipperary, and many years ago considerable quantities of clay were raised and exported from Ireland to England, yet no advantage is now drawn from the material. Except the chaste workings turned out from Belleek there exists no manufactory of delf, china, or earthenware. Belleek, unquestionably,

has proved what rich resources are lying fallow in the Irish soil for the purposes of this manufacture, and what exquisite things can be wrought in it by skilful Irish hands. But the great field of common-place delf and crockery to all practical intent has been left untouched in Ireland. The vast trade which this is, is utterly a cypher to this country. How vast that trade is I cannot say. I know that in Staffordshire alone upwards of a hundred thousand persons are constantly employed in the potteries, and I know that in Dublin alone more than £30,000 are paid away every year for English earthenware goods. This valuable testimony is borne out by no less an authority than the *Pottery Gazette*, an influential organ of the trade. In a recent number we find an article headed, "China Clay in Ireland," from which the following are extracts: "The proprietors of some works have been fortunate enough to find in the county Roscommon, on the shores of the Shannon, a most valuable deposit of kaolin, which the boats carrying goods from the works bring back as ballast on their return journey. Kaolin is a white porcelain, composed of silica and alumina, from decomposed felspar, or, as it is called, feldspath. It is a refractory fire-proof material. Its coarser portions are made into white fire-bricks and gas-retorts, which, being fully equal to any that can be imported, are supplied from these works to the Alliance Gas Company, Dublin, and to the gas companies in Limerick and other towns. Blocks are also made from it for the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. The finest portions of the kaolin are made into glazed sewage-pipes, and could also be worked into the finest pottery and porcelain, but this has never yet been attempted in Ireland." Vesuvian has been found at Kilranlagh; Grenalite occurs in the lead-mines of Wicklow; Cronebane has been found in the mountains of Wicklow and Dublin; Andalusite occurs in the micaceous schist of Djouce Mountain, in Wicklow. A mineral nearly allied to it has been found in great abundance in Killiney. A crystallized mineral of characters very similar to those of indurated talc accompanies the Andalusite. Hollow spar, pitchstone, granular sulphate of barytes, iron pyrites, wavellite, jaspers, amethysts, transparent crystals (commonly known as Kerry diamonds) occur in profusion. Gold was for several years obtained in Wicklow. Silver was got in great quantities previous to the Carlist wars of the seventeenth century. Copper is found in several places. Lead occurs in ten counties. Iron

ores are also plentiful in various parts of Ireland, and in the seventeenth century they were largely and successfully worked until the timber for smelting was exhausted. Along with granite, and many slate quarries, there exists in large quantities the primary limestone. These limestone beds produce beautiful varieties of crystalline marbles of various tints, as white, rose, and dove colour, and in Galway a valuable kind of serpentine striped and mottled, white and green. Blocks of large dimensions of the latter have been raised, and when polished, they are most artistic and chaste. Still, with comparatively few exceptions, we only know by scientific inquiry and not practical utilisation, of the existence of these valuable quarries, for they remain unopened, neglected, and unworked. In the Connaught region also could be obtained an inexhaustible supply of granite suitable for paving streets, but for want of the necessary capital to quarry and supply these stones, even the Corporation of Dublin lately had to have recourse to the Welsh quarries. Although copper and lead-mines exist in several counties, rich in ore, and capable of economic working, but an odd one here and there, with primitive appliances, is open. Along the coast, if but a little sum were expended judiciously by some State agency, a most important industry in the manufacture of iodine from the kelp could be encouraged. This possible source of wealth remains useless for want of that nurturing aid. Professor Galloway recently pointed out in the leading mining journal of England to what a great extent such an enterprise could be pushed by the expenditure of a little money, and showed that all the material and labour abounded, and only waited profitable employment. This industry could be brought to a high degree of perfection, and I know of nothing that would prove more advantageous to the people living in the wild districts of Connemara. It is lamentable to think how little would raise that unfortunate class from a state of chronic misery to one of comfort, and to find that little out of their reach.

With respect to metallic mining, we have first the range of mines of the Avoca, raising but little at present of actual copper ore, but since 1840 productive of very telling amounts of slightly cupriferous iron pyrites, only of late overshadowed by the gigantic importation of a very similar mineral from the south of Spain and Portugal. The south and south-west of Ireland contain large areas remarkable for the occurrence of this

metal. Knockmahon in the county Waterford, and Berehaven in the county Cork, have "proved themselves two of the most profitable mines of the century," according to the account written of them by Mr. Warrington Smith, F.R.S., and "although in the first case several of the lodes have been worked down into very poor ground, and in the second a depth of more than 250 fathoms has been attained, there are reasons for expecting continued prosperity." Moreover, the slaty regions, ranging from Cork down to Mizen Head and farther north, including the stripe of the Berehaven beds themselves, are remarkable for an exhibition of very many different points of beautiful ores of high percentage (particularly bornite or "horse flesh" ore and copper glance). No great measure of success has yet attended the workings at most of the localities in West Cork, but with such an example as Berehaven, and the perseverance which at Ballycumish has carried on workings down to 222 fathoms, the temptation when a good price rewards the efforts of the copper miner, to re-open and systematically to extend some of these mines, should induce further enterprise.

As *granite* is a most useful stone for building purposes, I may say a few words upon the particular kind found in the chief districts in Ireland. Some granites are ternary compounds, but more generally they are quaternary and even quinary, consisting of silica, two varieties of felspar, and two varieties of mica. But in the specimens found in Donegal and Galway, when two felspars are present, they consist of orthoclase and oligoclase. Granite is generally highly silicated, varies much in hardness, and is of such weight that a cubic yard weighs about two tons. It contains about two gallons of water, and is capable of absorbing a gallon more on being immersed in pure water for a short time. Its power to resist crushing forces differs much, but I may mention that Mr. Mallett, C.E., found cubes of one inch of granite which he obtained in Ireland capable of resisting a pressure varying from 2,310 up to 13,400 lbs.

The granite districts of Ireland are Galway, Wicklow, Down, and Donegal. The stone of the Wicklow range is of a greyish tint, and has been extensively quarried both at Kingstown, Newry, and Castlewellsan. Donegal shows a beautiful red granite, equal in beauty to that of Peterhead, and capable of receiving a high polish. I refer to granite, because it stands by

prestige and pre-eminence first among building stones, but although I could write much upon the superior character of the limestone, sandstone, of various kinds, to be found in Ireland, I think such an inquiry would be too lengthened. In 1860 certain statistics were published, from which I learn that the number of quarries in Ireland was then 667, but the returns were not full or accurate, and little reliance can be placed upon them in this particular, but as regards England and Wales the table is as exhaustive as it is valuable.

OTHER FUEL RESOURCES.

I have already spoken of the extent of the coal measure in Ireland, so that it is unnecessary to recapitulate or reiterate these facts. Another equally useful but more common fuel remains to be dealt with—the turf. This offers a rare resource, but the chief objection to its use is its want of density. The specific gravity of the light surface and ordinary turf is about 400 (water being 1,000), and from this it increases in compactness of structure until it attains nearly the hardness of coal. That this porosity and bulkiness is an objection may be gleaned from the significant fact that while a cubic yard of coal weighs about a ton, a cubic yard of turf weighs only nine hundred pounds. Turf also contains less nitrogen, and its calorific power is about half that of coal. But if improved machinery were introduced for compressing the turf, its size could be considerably reduced, and its fuel value proportionately increased.

Turf was formerly used in mills, distilleries, and factories, but this custom has gone into desuetude. But as a fuel resource for the country it is positively invaluable. The subject of bog-fuel affects all Ireland, and possesses a degree of economical interest of which the inhabitants of coal countries can form little conception. It is capable of immense extension and development. At present it is only on the outskirts of the bogs that turf is cut, owing to their internal wetness, but were they reclaimed, or drained, the supply might be profitably increased a thousand-fold. The soft vegetable peat mould is largely coming into use in London for the purposes of bedding for horses, &c., being found cleaner, cheaper, and more healthy (from its powerful antiseptic properties) than straw, &c., and annually increasing consignments are received from the Continent. A few months ago the director of the Zoological

Gardens, Regent's Park, wrote to the *Times* explaining the adaptability of this material for such purposes, and how advantageous it would be found for use in the kennels, stables, &c, but expressed a not unnatural wonder that Ireland, which abounded with such an inexhaustible quantity of the article, was not found able or willing to undertake the work of supply. The want of enterprise arises from causes which might easily be remedied. Turf can be carbonized as wood, and the charcoal, being light and friable, is peculiarly well fitted for many manufacturing purposes.

FARMERS AND RAILWAYS.

The agriculture of Ireland is capable of great improvement and incalculable development. By the judicious use of improved means of cultivation and machinery the land could be rendered more productive than it is under the present relatively primitive system. This want of progress is entirely due to the instability of tenure that had hitherto prevailed ; and also to the deplorable want of capital. The illiberal conduct of the banks has a great deal to do with this backwardness, as their plan of business, by renewable bills at short and inconvenient terms, cripples enterprise. Besides, being mainly directed by unpatriotic Irishmen, their principal policy is to put out at interest in any questionable foreign securities the money deposited with them, and which they might have used to good profit in the country they live by, and are supposed to benefit. This however is more particularly felt in regard to the few little manufactures that have struggled to exist. A more enlightened banking policy is one of the imperative reforms of the future. Dairy farming could be brought to a degree of great perfection, and from the prosperous example of the farmers of several southern counties we can form a fair idea of the possibility of the extension of this industry throughout the rest of Ireland, as equally well adapted to the purpose. The price commanded by Irish butter in the London markets is a proof of the superiority of the article produced. If schools or institutions were to be established for the training of girls in the art of making up butter, a great amount of good would result. The experiment made in that desirable direction in the South where the Cork model agricultural school was so utilized has been attended with the most gratifying success, and should encourage an extension

and enlargement of the system to the other provinces. If by the same educational machinery the principles of house-feeding for cattle were made "understood of the people," a great deal more money would be made than there is by the present wasteful plan of half starving the unfortunate beasts in winter and allowing herds and flocks to be subject, without shelter and sustenance, during all that dreary time to the rigours and inclemencies of the weather. Were loans given to small farmers to encourage them to build, in connection with their dwellings, outhouses for their cattle, their portion of profit upon them would be considerably increased. What farmers most suffer from is a want of sufficient, efficient and economical means of transport for cattle and produce to a centre of trade and market. The Irish railways are, as a rule, unequally distributed, and cannot be credited with any liberal notions as to moderate rates of traffic. A general overhauling of their constitution, and an entire enforced change in their conceptions of duty to the public are certain and necessary reforms of the near future. Nothing at present hinders the natural development of agricultural industry more than the narrow-minded and foolish policy of these carriers who have monopolized the public highways. Their diverse and divergent management injures their own as well as Ireland's interests. There is an absence of cordial relations between one neighbouring line and another, and the entire want of competition keeps them at a damaging level of changeless, unprogressive rest. As they were twenty years since many of them, with a conservatism worthy of a better cause, have remained to-day, and to do them justice, show a holy determination to continue consistent. Of course this want of enterprise in so important a factor is against the industrial progress of a country. Under no principle of justice or economy should it be tolerated, and as the boards of directors show an indifference to public censure, such as it is, the only efficient way of dealing with these official anachronisms is by legislative means, compulsorily amalgamating all smaller lines under one supreme control, and appointing a body more useful and efficient than the Railway Commissioners to guide and direct the general policy, determine rates of traffic, train service, and accommodation, upon some basis in consonance with the exigent wants of the time. That for about two thousand three hundred and seventy miles of line (nearly all single) the services of five hundred directors should

be considered necessary is absurd. Yet such is the actual fact. As the Report of the Royal Commission of 1868 stated: "The traffic of Ireland requires special stimulus and development, both for goods and passengers, as except in the case of tourists travelling for pleasure it is entirely of local character from town to town. We are therefore of opinion that the reduction, to have its full beneficial effect, must be on 'short' and 'long' traffic equally, and that the reductions in goods and cattle charges should be arranged on the principle of a uniform rate for all distances." The quickest and most effectual way of settling this difficulty would be for the State to purchase the Irish railways—a project recommendable as much upon grounds of political expediency as for the public interests. Were this done, that the enterprise would be highly remunerative there is no doubt, while an impetus would thereby be given to agriculture that would prove incalculably beneficial. Many important Irish towns are without railway accommodation, owing to the tremendously heavy expense of procuring a Bill in Parliament, and purchasing the necessary land at the extravagant figure which is demanded. The grasping, selfish policy of circumjacent railways dogs every such effort with a thousand expensive obstacles which should be swept away by one general act of the legislature. I would suggest that it be made the duty of a company in the neighbourhood of a town without a railway, and proved by impartial opinion to require one, to provide such upon its own credit, when the wants of the place are deemed sufficient to warrant and recoup the outlay. This compulsory power would at once bridge over little inconvenient gaps that at present cause so much trouble, annoyance, and cost. Such anomalies as no rail junction between two such important adjoining counties as Galway and Mayo—while only twelve miles of iron would connect them—would not exist, as unfortunately they do at present.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

The population of Ireland in 1881 stood at 5,174,836, showing a decrease in ten years of 237,541. The percentage of town population was 24 per cent. for all Ireland, and the agricultural classes comprised 42 per cent., Connaught having the largest, viz., 60 per cent. The domestic class number 21 per cent. in Leinster and Munster, and 14 in Ulster, and the commercial class range from 5 per cent. in Leinster to 1 per cent. in Connaught, and the professional class at 5 per cent. in Ulster are

there at their lowest ebb. As regards the state of education, the percentage of those able to read and write has increased since 1871 from 43·4 to 52·7. The amount of local taxation was £3,292,541. Industrial education is supplied by 59 schools—42 for girls, and 16 for boys, and the number of children therein confined is 11,412. There are 10 reformatory schools—5 for boys and 5 for girls—having in training 1,149 inmates. As to poor law relief, last February 112,968 were relieved, or including asylums, hospitals, &c., 115,595 at a cost of £1,251,600. These statistics I give because they are deeply significant and suggestive. To-day the only remedy for Irish misery that finds favour with so-called economists is emigration. Ireland, we are told, is over-populated. This was said in the time of Dean Swift in 1727, when the population was barely 2,000,000 and to meet and gratify that objection he humorously proposed to relieve the “surplus numbers” by cultivating a taste for roasted babies and bringing to the shambles a yearly supply of 100,000 Irish infants. I am not going into the merits of the emigration argument now, but I assert that such a wholesale and indiscriminate exodus, such a thorough depletion of the population as is now projected by some who profess to be well-wishers to Ireland is as disastrous as it is unjust, as far from meeting the real evil as any measure could possibly be. As was remarked by an eminent economist, “No matter how sparse the population, no matter what the natural resources, are not pauperism and starvation necessary consequences in a land where the producers of wealth are compelled to work under conditions which deprive them of hope, of self-respect, of energy, of thrift; where absentee landlords drain away without return at least a fourth of the net produce of the soil. The famines of Ireland can no more be credited to over-population than the famines of sparsely populated Brazil, and the vice and misery that come of want can no more be attributed to the niggardliness of Nature than can the six millions slain by the sword of Genghis Khan.” This section of my subject may be deemed foreign to the question I discuss, but indirectly it throws in such light upon the whole matter, that at once its appropriateness and applicability are evident.

Into the general question of the present condition of agriculture, the extent of land under tillage and cultivated, I do not propose to enter. An inquiry into the value of the live stock of the country would also be too elaborate and extensive at

this stage to undertake. I therefore, in the foregoing remarks, endeavoured to confine my attention rather to the undeveloped possibilities of industrial wealth than to touch upon any actual industries. I could say a great deal upon the increased manufacture of woollen goods which this year has seen spring up, but that I consider such a branch of trade so fairly on its way to a respectable degree of prosperity that it would ill assort with the languishing and lost industries I have alone spoken of. The splendid capacities of the country I have but briefly and baldly portrayed. I tried to show what immense and incalculable natural forces we possess in our idle and wasted water-power. I hinted, here and there, at administrative reforms urgently needed to help on our up-hill struggle towards a wished-for industrial revival. All these changes and improvements cannot be effected by the people themselves, and are, as things are at present regulated, the proper and appropriate duties of Parliament. I admit that it would be a feat of human skill and energy greater than that Assembly seems qualified to undertake were it to remedy all these damaging defects arising out of the past and present system of Government in Ireland. But it is within its power, if it ever became its pleasure, to appoint a number of independent men of its own body as a Commission to regulate these matters. A Select Committee of Inquiry is generally a useless, time-wasting, and abortive plan of settlement. It should be an acting, active authority.

I have not referred to the great drain upon the resources of Ireland in the presence of the cancerous evil of absenteeism—an evil which has afflicted the country for the past eighty-two years, and to which more of the bloodshed in recent agrarian troubles, and most of the lives unhappily sacrificed, are attributable. It was apparently the opinion of such a rigid Tory as the Duke of Wellington, that the absentee landlords were to blame for the poverty, distress, and discontent of the Irish people, for on one occasion he remarked, “if persons of estate and property in Ireland would live there, and spend their incomes in it, they would do more to tranquilize the country than all the measures which her Majesty’s Government could adopt.” I have not dwelt upon this phase of the Irish question, as I believe it impracticable to-day to propose the only efficient check upon absenteeism—a check which Grattan once suggested, but which will find little favour now with any school of economists, and that is a tax upon their rent-rolls. Prior, in 1730, spoke strongly of that burden upon the country,

and in 1797 Mr. Vandaleur, in proposing a resolution to tax the absentee landlords, declared "that all the disturbances which had taken place in the country which had disgraced its character and checked its growth, have been found on the lands of absentees." A "truth true of all time." One of the worst features of this vicarious system of ownership is that it occurs usually in the poorest parts of the country. This is most remarkably evidenced in the county of Mayo, where all the principal owners of land in it are absentees. In Galway the same cause of trouble and source of misery operates. But further into this and cognate subjects I could not venture, so it must suffice just to allude to these mainsprings of misery that deter industry, hamper trade, and maintain a condition of comparative wretchedness and want. I, on the other hand, have concerned myself chiefly with the main sources of natural wealth, undeveloped and unutilized, and tried to show by inference that if the State lent the security of its credit to such enterprises as would utilize and develop them, an incalculable amount of material good would be the result. The Irish people are willing and anxious to labour, if but the opportunities of employment are afforded them, and were these given we could look with comfort and complacency upon a happy and prosperous people, a country busy with active industrial life, and utilizing those great powers Nature has dowered her with, her grand streams turning thousands of manufacturing mills, her vast mineral wealth unearthed and useful, her fertile pastures freed of the water which now rots them, her extensive bogs rich with verdant reclamations, the hardy fir and towering elm growing where but a sour rank vegetation pre-existed, her iron highways replete with a teeming traffic, and in the midst of that changed scene her people of every class and creed living in brotherly amity and cordial friendship, society untarnished by crime, and progressing under the genial influences of religion and education until that possible condition of affairs were reached most aptly described in the following eloquent words of Milton, with which I shall close my remarks: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

RICHARD J. KELLY.

A Husband's Story.

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR and more had passed away. One night at a ball, I was coming away from the supper-table, when I saw passing through the room a sight that made me start with surprise. On the arm of a tall gentleman, in a star and ribbon, there leaned a little lady—Doreen, in short, who seemed to enjoy that protection of her sire more than if she had some grand gallant to take care of her. As I had often noted, her eyes were turning quickly from side to side, half shyly, half in curiosity—it was *her* way of looking at the world—while the smile was on her lips. She gave me a timid glance of recognition—I fancied crying *peccavi*—and indeed I was welcomed with the old cordiality. They told me news. They had “taken a house for the season.” She was to be “brought out,” that is, with more regularity and energy than hitherto. I was glad to find that I was restored to favour: though the restoration was as puzzling as the deprivation. In a few days came an invitation to dinner.

Her ladyship was also in town, having, I heard from a friend, been good to remark “that I was an agreeable, sensible man, whom it was improving for Doreen to be with. I don’t say,” she was fond of laying down, “that my girl Doreen is a miracle of sense herself; but no one, I will say, appreciates it more in others. She has the highest respect for a sensible man.”

This dinner was a friendly one, and I only recall of it the pretty picture of Doreen’s manifestation of affection for her amiable father, whom—he had only just come up from the country—she embraced in the tenderly affectionate way I had before described. Indeed, I could see that this impulsive affection was her whole nature; with that, everything was or could be transformed. It was her eyes and her ears, her mind and her soul. It is different seeing a person in a country house

and in the fitful fashion which life in town involves. There are long intervals, and the sense of contiguity itself, and that you can "always go and see the——'s," is in the way of much intimacy.

One of the most characteristic incidents connected with Doreen's new life was on one occasion when, her father and mother being out of town, she found herself at a ball under the due chaperonage of Lady —— . With much spirit she announced she was giving a supper at her own house to a few friends, when accordingly at about two in the morning we repaired, about seven or eight in number, to her house, where the little lady set out and presided at a banquet. After which we all returned to the ball. I recollect it "hung fire" a little, for the responsibility was rather too much for our young hostess, who seemed a little awed by the unwonted situation. She was accustomed to be approached and sought, not to approach and seek others.

All this is long ago. So that I have only glimpses, as it were, of her during this period of two or three months. She flits before me, at parties chiefly, where I see her dressed, as she had a fancy for dressing always, in muslin and laces, with an Eastern fondness for golden armlets and earrings and jewels. She then returned to her castle which she so loved, where she lived among flowers which she adored, and her dogs which she petted. Very soon I received an invitation to go down and see them. They—or she, rather—were "getting up" theatricals. This, I suspect, was a prompting of my own, not in the line of this quiet and domestic family. For her father was of a serious and religious turn: but the wish of the daughter of the house was a command. I had prepared a little drama, being myself fond of such things, and having rather a taste for the stage, which has since borne fruit in a good many dramas performed on the public boards. I confess to having somewhat artfully and perhaps with a view to my own selfish interests, compounded a little piece, and so cast the characters, as to forward certain views of my own. But of this more anon. All the real scenes that are now to follow have for me a strange interest and fascination. For the lights were now again to be raised and play on the softened colours of the scene.

I took the same road as before, for it will be remembered V—— Castle was neighbour, as it were, of the other castle at which I had passed my last visit. It was situated in North-

umberland, in a fine old demesne, and had an antique flavour. This was a genuine old keep, which had stood a siege in the Parliament wars, and indeed the ancestor of the present lord had won his viscounty for services to the State in those time. It stood in a little town, which clustered round its great gate, a great heavy tower with a descending and much rusted portcullis, and commanded from within by a curious mound, on which, as the tradition went, cannon had been mounted and used against "the rebels." There was always a piquancy in thinking of our heroine, with her aristocratic airs, as the descendant of a fierce Cromwellian, though at heart I fancy she sympathized with "the mob."

The castle itself was a heavy, scattered, clumsy pile, with a huge coat of arms and armorial emblazonments spreading up to the roof from over the door, while its white flank, with the long sweep of the drawing-room, swept along a pretty river which coursed through the demesne. There were old-fashioned gardens, oak rooms, and dark chambers in towers. Altogether a suitable and pleasant framework for our heroine. I recall the curious effect on arrival of finding the large hall blocked up with a rude stage which the village carpenters were busy setting up under the direction of Doreen and her sisters, and to the surprise of her father and mother, who had been away on a visit and returned almost at the time when I arrived. There were but a few guests staying in the house. One was rather a pedantic young officer, named Wilks (or whom I may thus re-name), one of those well-informed, self-instructing youths we sometimes meet; Mr. Livingston, a dark-eyed, black-haired squire, well off, but who had a curiously sad and retiring manner, which at first I could not account for. With these there was a worthy fellow enough, who seemed to be free of the place, and came and went as it suited him, and called Dick. He was, I found, a *persona grata* to my lord, as having highly serious tastes. In fact, he visited cottages and "worked in the East End," as he told us. I shall not forget my surprise when, on some allusion at dinner to the pronunciation of a Scripture proper name, he instantly pulled a Testament from his dress coat pocket—bound flexibly for convenience of carriage—and instantly referred to a passage supporting his view. He never for a minute, he told us, went without this volume, not so much for reverence as for the satisfaction of instantly settling controversies, and levelling an opponent flat, with a text. In this society, however, he received

no quarter, and I never saw a man so roughly treated, baited, and badgered, or take it so good-humouredly. But for this he would certainly not have been in harmony with the place; but he supplied entertainment, for nothing could repress him. As when at lunch he might announce that he had spent a "most comforting hour," he would be undisturbed by the indecorous roar of laughter that would greet the information. We, and he too, might read on the prettily malicious face of Doreen, for what purpose the question had been put.

"I tell you what I think of you, Mr. Dick," Lady V—— would say.

"What, my lady?" he would say, casting his eyes down, modestly.

"I think your piety is next door to humbug. 'Comforting,' forsooth! I beg you won't talk to me in that style."

"It's an affront to the company," Doreen would strike in. "Why should you be comforted more than other people? You pretend to be superior to me, for instance. It's boasting."

"I don't mean it so. I am a weak, poor, unworthy creature, as indeed we all are."

"Impertinent!"

"I'm surprised at you!"

"I'm not in the least surprised!"

"Apologize!"

A sort of amiable *émeute* would then break out, which Mr. Dick would humbly deprecate, culminating in shrieks of laughter, as through the clatter his voice was heard:

"I know, my lady, I am the meanest of the Lord's creatures!"

On which there was a unanimous cry of "You are! you are!" Then my lord would usually interpose for his favourite.

Such were the attacks that overwhelmed him. I believe he was pleased all the time. Such characters, however, furnish a deal of dramatic incident in a country house.

I should have mentioned there was a sister of Doreen's, Rose, a girl of practical mind and much good sense, but opposed to Doreen in having little romance in her disposition. On which she might congratulate herself, after the manner of Mrs. Siddons' aspiration, who "wished her nerves were made of cart-ropes."

There is yet another character whom I must now introduce. Such a nature as was Doreen's must have its "female friend" to lean upon, and to confide in, and that by a necessary law.

This "bosom" companion was Amy Jones, daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, a placid, tranquil being, amiable, and good-natured. But I firmly believe that far more of the love and friendship passed from Doreen to her than from her to Doreen, and that the latter found all the benefits of this confiding intimacy. On such a great occasion as this, happiness would be incomplete and halting without Amy Jones, who was invariably fetched over by express, and took her place in the household. She was gentle, soft, and compliant, and fell without effort into the category of "a nice girl." This, I think, completed our party.

Now we set to work busily with our rehearsals, for in a day or two we found it was not to be a "theatrical promenade," but a very serious business—the neighbours being invited for many miles round. No levity or jocosities would now be tolerated. The thing was being talked of among rustics, who had seen or heard of the mysterious platform. "T' hall be all tourned topsy tourvey-like." The entertainment consisted of a sort of burlesque called, I think,

MA'RS AND THE MAMMAS, OR THE GAY GODS,

which was in rhyme, "interspersed" with facetious songs, villanous doggerel, "the whole to conclude" with what I intended should be the strong point of the entertainment, a farce called

THE BADGERLY JUNCTION,

an extravagant piece of buffoonery, but yet very artfully concocted, as I have said, and having a sort of serious interest as regards the two leading characters, myself and Miss Doreen. By-the-bye, it will be asked—I only think of him at this moment, Where was "poor Charley," was he not missed? And at such a festivity was he not essential? On inquiry I found—for otherwise I should not have known—that it had been felt that it was high time "something should be done with Charley." He could not be left "idling about the place," breaking in horses, &c. So he had been sent to learn farming under a Scotchman. No one, however, suggested the sending for him, or lamented his absence. It was simply accepted as it was, and allowed to stand. Doreen's mamma, however, on his name being mentioned—I could now play the "generous rival:" he was "such a *thoroughly* good fellow"—gave one of her queer

sighs, and pushing her "front" straight, exclaimed, actually with a smile to me :

"You know, he was desperately in love with Dory ; you know he proposed for Dory ?"

Dory—an ugly pet name—here cried, "O mamma !" but a comical smile of enjoyment played about her mouth.

"You know you're a born flirt. I wish I could tell you all the men that have proposed for her. Their name is legion." Then, nodding and still winking at me slyly : "I think there'll be an addition to the killed and wounded before long."

This was an enigma to me. But I should not have to wait long for the *mot*. Lady V——, as it will be guessed, had the strangest powers of confidency. When it came to anything affecting the superior knowledge or cleverness of herself or her family, she knew no restraint. If it were the merest stranger in a railway carriage, or a person met on the roadside, any tittle of sympathy or cordiality was certain to draw from her something about her family secrets. So, too, did she adopt bosom, life-long friends, who had been known but a day or two. I always delighted in seeing the action of the mother's curious disposition on her daughter, and the complete insensibility there was in the latter to what were certainly oddities. This I could study pleasantly on one day when her ladyship went out to pay visits in a curious one-horse phaeton, drawn by a safe old horse, which she herself drove ; Doreen beside her, and I sitting in the "dickey" behind. I confess I looked on the vehicle and its ancient horse with a feeling far beyond that of respect. It became glorified, as it were, and I felt a pride in being elected to my "dickey." I have often since thought of David Copperfield and his drive. Her ladyship handled her ribbons with serenity, and we set off. It was during this excursion that she, as it were, opened her heart and discoursed of her child (in her own presence), with a perfect unconcern, which Doreen from custom and respect accepted as proper. Thus, when we spoke of Mr. Livingston, and I remarked how shy and retiring he was :

"Oh, he has good reason. Ask Dory here about him. Make her tell you. That man's been dying in love for her these two years ——"

Doreen, making some faint protest, but enjoying it all the time, laughed.

"Ah, don't tell me, miss. Don't you know it's true.

Didn't he come to me last year in the study, and say 'Lady V——.'

"O mamma, mamma ; it's not fair, you know."

"Poor man," I said, "I wonder he comes here."

"Oh, there's reason in that," said her ladyship, touching up the old horse. "It does not always do to call a hoe a hoe," and she smiled at me with an extraordinary wealth of meaning. "There's a way of keeping a door open and shut at the same time. He's on and off. Moreover, it would be sheer cruelty. You know, Dory, the man's in a hopeless state about you."

"Oh, indeed," I said. "I knew nothing of this."

"No! she's too sly to tell. I could give you a list of her admirers and proposers that would astonish you—old, young, middle aged. Oh, the way she's gone on! It's the air she breathes. Oh, you're a born flirt, Dory."

"It's such fun!" said Doreen, laughing. "I'm sure *I* don't want them to come and pay me attentions. But they will."

"How painful for them," I said.

"Not a bit," said Lady V——

"Besides, it's good that a girl should have plenty of proposals."

"But still, mamma," she said, gravely, "it's not fair to tell names."

"D'ye think I would, miss. No, I always say there's honour to be kept. Do you remember when old Lord Kirkby went on his knees——"

"Now, now, mamma! It was not that at all. You know, he was not quite sober, and he does it to every lady he meets."

"Still it counts," said her mother. "See here, Mr. ——, I don't care who the man is—rich or poor, titled or not—all's fish, you know. If he's poor, he may be clever, and that's a feather. If he's stupid, he may be rich, that's another feather. D'ye see?"

I *did* begin to see a little.

We passed from that to many other subjects. But I delighted in hearing Doreen talk, when she was allowed to do so. Sometimes—our drive extending to many miles—Lady V—— went in and left her daughter and myself in the glorified vehicle, when we were highly confidential. Sometimes we all three went in together to pay a visit. But it was a pleasant drive, which I looked back to often. There was the delightful background of the unfamiliar country—the open fields, the woods, the road winding like a ribbon.

Then we had our rehearsals, in which the author of the piece had the agreeable task of instructing his leading performer. She was to make an extraordinary success, he would tell her, and on "us two" was to depend the glories of the night. In order to ensure efficiency of rehearsal, I found it was necessary to instruct my fair pupil apart from the noise and confusion of the other performers. I remember the unblushing gravity with which I used to insist on the necessity of this private instruction, and the smiling awe with which she used to accept the fiction. I see master and pupil in the large drawing-room, declaiming away. No wonder that under such a system she made rapid progress. And these lessons—in which I was not too strict a pedagogue, you may be sure—recurred with frequency. Long after she confessed, in her pretty way, that "she felt, some how, as if she *must* obey—something mysterious, in short." She was full of these little romantic touches, and delighted in them.

CHAPTER V.

HERE was the important day at hand—my last one, too, for business called me away in the morning. Yet there was something in ending thus in a sparkling display of fireworks and Catharine wheels. Trivial as these little events are, at the time they are pleasant and exciting. We have the eyes, if not of Europe, at least of the whole county on us. Every one is full of affectionate feeling and sympathy to his neighbour, but claims as much, if not more, for himself. There is a gentle agitation abroad. It is a very serious business: yet not to be resigned for the world.

The evening was ushered in by a grand banquet to various distinguished persons of the neighbourhood, who came attracted by the rumours of the entertainment. The yards were full of carriages, which had driven from a distance, while a strain was put on the resources of the stables. There were gay dresses and jewels, and the ancestral silver-gilt service brought out in honour of the occasion. Some of the family even dined at a side table, which gave an *al fresco* air. It was very enjoyable, and our pretty Doreen looked brilliant indeed. Then the hour of performance was at hand, and our host led the way to what

by courtesy was termed "the theatre." While dressing, I heard some strange and terrible sounds of noise and braying, which had a faint and distant affinity to music. One of the sons of the family came to me with glee to say "it was the Band—the Dunbury Band," which had come specially, and were playing their best and their best tunes. Considering that these artists were accustomed to the open air, and brought their large drum, ophicleides, &c., not abating in proportion to the inclosed space, but, as I said, "playing their best," to do honour to "my lord," the effect was literally *enormous*. But there was no help, and any appeal might offend, as being a slur on their playing. I recall looking down from the stage on the faces of these rustics, who were seated in rows below, with an air of stolid astonishment, for they were not used to theatrical exhibitions.

There was no Prologue. Our good-natured host, a man with a great taste for writing verses, had come to us with great humility, producing a prologue, conceived in the school of Pope, of a solemn didactic turn, and which extended to a vast length. He was nervously anxious it should be spoken, and it was cordially accepted, as was only becoming. But who could commit to memory such a performance: and indeed the mixed audience would scarcely have grasped its meaning. It was "put off," and shifted from one to the other, even to the last day, when he modestly asked to hear it spoken by way of rehearsal. "We were welcome to a few hints, if we would let him give them." He was again put off with an excuse "it would be all right at night." When night came, it was nobody's business, and I never shall forget the resigned good humour with which he bore his being put aside in so unceremonious a way.

Our first piece went off, as it is called, very well. Indeed it is little that these bucolic audiences don't relish, down to the "candle ends" of the drama. In *Ma's and the Manmas*, we were all gods and goddesses, and I had the duty of fitting doggerel to popular tunes. I have the old Bill before me now:

THEATRE V— CASTLE.

BLAZE OF TALENT!

TERRIFIC COMBINATION OF ATTRACTIONS!!

The Manager begs to announce that he has
succeeded in engaging Stars
scarcely inferior to

MR. IRVING!

MADAME RISTORI!

The Performance will commence with

MA'RS AND THE MAMMAS ;

or the Minstrel cutting his Styx !

PLTUO (a blazing King Coal) . . .	MR. WILKS.
PROSERPINE (a pining queen) . . .	MISS ROSE.
ORPHEUS (an organic minstrel) . . .	MR. —.
CERBERUS (a dogged biped) . . .	MASTER —.

To conclude with

THE BADGERLY JUNCTION.

Between the acts, an ingenious soldier, with a turn for conjuring, came on the boards ; borrowed half-crowns, which he passed through hats, and produced a vase of gold out of a cloth, to the delight of all. He good-naturedly performed "against time," turning after each trick to those behind, with a *sotto voce* "Are you ready? Shall I give 'em another?"

At this moment appeared Doreen, looking perfectly bewitching as the fair milliner of the piece, her pretty head peeping from a new and a fashionable bonnet of that high peaked kind which was then the mode. With her dainty dress and daintier feet, she looked like a delicate Dresden figure. She enjoyed her own satisfactory appearance as much as any one else, and laughed with delight as she surprised any one surveying her. Looking at *The Badgerly Junction*, now before me, it seems not to be a bad piece. I found it, not long since, treasured up in a little cabinet, with her own character neatly written out, and charged with the perfume of her own favourite scent. Perfume is a great reminder. From its fumes the necromancer can call up the past. Every one knows its mysterious power.

The scene was at a railway station, and it turned on the adventures of a pretty milliner (Doreen), who was pursued with an impudent audacity by an admirer. Her sister Rose was the lady of the refreshment bar, judiciously made to be admired by "Inspector Buffles," portrayed by our friend Wilks. To this rôle he had no objection, so we were all suited. Moreover, there were characters for the *hoi polloi*, as I may call them without disrespect, suited to what they could do—porters, passengers, &c., and one of the "hits" of the night was little Algernon, æt. 9, who was a newsboy, and came in with the well-known treble chant, "*Times, Morning Post*," &c. So unexpected was this, and so genuine the appearance, that whenever there was a tendency to flag, I instantly sent on our little newsboy, who was

nothing loath to repeat his cry. I may add that I was not wholly prompted by the interests of the drama. Algy, a little bright eyed, black haired lad, was Doreen's "pet." Of all her brothers, she treated him as if he was her little child. She had an almost tender interest in him, which it was pretty to note, and it strengthened and grew with their growth. I fancy she was grateful to the artful manager, who had contrived this triumph for her favourite. All was keenly relished by our audience, and I must own "little Wilks," as he was called, and Miss Rose made a good deal of their situation.

But now came our turn. When the fair Doreen came on, what a roar shook the old rafters, and she performed it all through with a piquancy and absence of affectation that was charming. I myself, having a good deal of experience in such things, rattled through my part with fair effect. I had spiced it with "local allusions," making a pun on the local station (which was close to a cemetery), literally convulsing the local doctor, who laughed to tears. I heard several below me: "Don't you see? The Station—*Done. Bury!* Capital!" But I must confess to a piece of audacity, which must have amused or puzzled our audience according to their knowledge. This was nothing short of an audacious "love-making"—all within the lines of the character, *bien entendu*—which was almost scandalous. This took the shape of confidences and "asides" to the audience: "She's really a most fascinating creature;" "Isn't she—I appeal to any unprejudiced person or persons who may be present—if she isn't irresistible: *too* irresistible." I had also the pleasing duty of prompting her. And it was indeed a night delightful to think of. I look back to it now, through a cold grey mist, and see in the suffused golden light in which the figures moved, the bright happy faces, the jocund voices, the merry laugh. Yet it is like a sad walk through a churchyard, for nearly all concerned, save he who looks back though the mist, are gone!

After all was over and the audience had dispersed, I was taken aside and solemnly assured that the Leader of the band—a person who had once played at the Adelphi Theatre Royal "under Mellon," for whom Doreen's brothers, frantic musicians to a man, had a perfect veneration—that "Dobbinson said, and *he knew*, that it was a first-rate performance." Would I mind being introduced to him? Dobbinson proved to be actually listening to this request, so I consented in the hand-

somest way, when he gravely assured me "that it was really a most fust-class performance, and that I reminded him of Buckstone." He had played for many years "under Mellon," &c. I recall the pride and glistening eyes of the two musical young fellows standing by, and I am confidant that this testimonial from Dobbinson gained for me their goodwill and wishes in the thorny difficulties that were later to follow.

The rest of the night is a sort of glittering and confused maze. There was a supper and dancing, a crowded flitting to and fro of faces; but all seemed gilded over by that one glory. Little Wilks, who had been busy with the champagne, and was in overflowing spirits, came up in a sort of affectionate protest and said before the rest, "Wasn't it a shame of me to be taking advantage of my position and to be making such outrageous love upon the stage?"

As they were leaving the room, and standing at the door—it was at the very smallest hours of the morning—as they were going, I said to her, "I shan't see you again," when she gave a curious light laugh and tossed her head.

That laugh, so light and capricious, was still a bit of nature. I understood it later.

Up betimes next morning—at a cold, bluish grey hour—I came down to find a servant or two up. It was strange to see the sort of careless wreck presented by the scenes of last night—the crowded and disordered chairs, the stage in confusion, the tired menials thinking of going to work. There was something chilling and dispiriting. Doreen at that moment was steeped in a weary sleep. None of the party would be afoot for a couple of hours. So I took my way, walking, to the station, which was actually in sight. Often I found myself looking back at the castle. That last curious, volatile laugh rang in my ears. Thus the curtain came down.

Reviews.

I.—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. ANSELM.¹

IN order to produce a satisfactory biography of any individual three conditions are necessary. The personage whose history is given should be one who can command our respect and excite our interest; the materials for his biography should be abundant and trustworthy; and they should be put together by a writer who possesses sufficient artistic skill to make them into a narrative which shall be pleasant reading. These three conditions are united in Mr. Rule's *Life of St. Anselm*, and the work which he has produced is worthy of our high approbation.

The hero of the story is one who in every respect was a great and holy man. The history of his life, from his boyhood at Aosta until his death at Canterbury, shows us that whatever he undertook was undertaken from a high motive, and pursued with energy, patience, and resolution. As a student at Bec, as a teacher of youth in a monastic school, as a ruler set in authority over a large community of men, whom it was not always easy to hold in control, as the opponent of what he thought to be unjust and the supporter of what he knew to be the truth, the character of St. Anselm commands our esteem and our sympathy. In every relation of life, whether in his submission to authority or in enforcing it, whether in success or disappointment, whether as the novice at Bec or the Primate of all England, he pursued the even tenor of his way with a watchful care over himself which seems never to have deserted him. Of the depth of his intellect it is scarcely necessary to speak, for it is admitted even by those persons who venture to express their opinion with less than due respect to the creed which he held and the discipline which he enforced. Mr. Rule thus sums up his character: "There have been many blameless men in the course of the world's history, and there have been many heroic men; but there are few indeed on record who have been both heroic and blameless, and of these few Anselm stands second to none."²

¹ *The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.* By Martin Rule, M.A. In two volumes. London, 1883. 8vo.

² Vol. ii. p. 402.

The materials which exist for a *Life of St. Anselm* are abundant, and of the highest value; there are few among the Fathers who have been so highly favoured as he in this respect.

First in importance stand the Archbishop's letters, of which no less than four hundred and forty-seven have come down to us, of these a fairly executed edition by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Maur has frequently been printed. They are divided into four books, of which the first contains those which he wrote before he became Abbot of Bec; the second such as were written when he held that position; the third includes such as refer to the time when he held the see of Canterbury—that is, from December 5, 1093, to April 21, 1109. The fourth is a supplement to the first and second. The series furnishes a firm basis upon which must be constructed all that we can know of the Archbishop's biography. Very important additional notices of the highest interest may be gleaned from the other writings of this great Prelate.

St. Anselm was fortunate in having won the affection and secured the service of an able writer, named Eadmer, to whom we are indebted for much that we know about the Archbishop. Eadmer was a monk of Canterbury, and, as such, was brought into close intercourse with the Prelate, but closer still from the fact that he accompanied him during his exile from England, and not only was an eye-witness of many of the leading incidents of his eventful history, but learned from his own lips many facts of which, but for him, we should probably have been ignorant. He wrote a *Life* of his friend the Archbishop, as also a history of his own times, in which Anselm occupies the foremost place. From what has been here mentioned it will be obvious that they are works of the highest value, and that they admirably serve as commentaries to the details given in the four books of the epistles. We are glad to learn that Mr. Rule is at the present time employed, under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, in preparing a new edition of these two works of Eadmer; the necessity of which may be inferred when we remark that the latest edition of the *Life of St. Anselm* is dated in 1721, and that nothing has been done for the text of the *Historia Novorum* since Selden published it in 1623. We venture to express our belief that Mr. Rule will do his work for Eadmer with no relaxation of the care and the critical skill which he has exhibited in his *Life of St. Anselm*.

2.—CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND.¹

This little pamphlet, which is written in a tone of calm conviction and in dispassionate language, is a curious fact in the history of Anglicanism. A beneficed clergyman, a man of mature years, who has thought much and studied much, writes and prints a letter to Mr. Gladstone, in which he declares the constitution of the Church of England, as she at present exists, both theoretically and in her practical working, to be essentially Erastian. She is Erastian in her origin, since the clergy, assembled in Convocation in the reign of Henry the Eighth, handed over their legislative and executive functions once and for ever to the monarch, and that without any sort of saving proviso, such as *quantum per legem Christi liceat*. Here are their very words :

“We, your most humble subjects, daily orators and beadsmen of your clergy of England . . . do offer and promise in *verbo sacerdotii* here unto your Highness, submitting ourselves humbly to the same, that *we will never from henceforth enact, put in use, promulge, or execute any new canons, or constitutions provincial, or any other new ordinances, provincial or synodal, in our convocations, or synods, in time coming*, which convocation is, always hath been, and must be assembled only by your high commandment of writ; only your Highness, by your royal assent, shall license us to assemble our convocation, and to make, promulge, and execute such constitutions and ordinances as shall be made in the same, and thereto give your royal assent and authority” (p. 14).

She is Erastian now, for the condition of affairs established under Henry the Eighth has continued till now.

The Church of England cannot, as an endowed and established Church, claim as of right to be now in a better position than she was placed in by the action of her own representatives in the sixteenth century. Is it possible to deny that that position is one in which a kingdom of this world is supreme over the kingdom of God? . . . Few things have surprised me more than the attempts, which have been made within the last three or four years, on the part of one section of the High Church School to deny the *fact* of this State supremacy. I believe no such attempt has been made before for three centuries. Except that the attempt has been made, I should not have supposed it possible that it could be made. There is not one single *fact* in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation, which does not tell against this denial of her subject condition (p. 19).

¹ *The Relations which at present exist between Church and State in England.* By T. W. Mossman, B.A., Rector of Torrington. London : John Hodges.

In bondage, then, the Church of England is, on Mr. Mossman's showing, in all her legislative functions. Nor is she in better case in her administrative functions, which were, in spite of the protest of all the "representative spirituality of England," defined and decreed for her by Act of Parliament at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in accordance with those legislative functions which Convocation had already handed over to the Crown. After describing the way in which this Elizabethan statute was passed, and quoting its provisions, Mr. Mossman expresses as follows his opinion as to its present effect :

Taking this Act of Uniformity of the first of Elizabeth, passed under the circumstances I have described, in connection with that other Act which restored the supremacy exercised by Henry the Eighth to the Crown of England, would any one be kind enough to show what the State *could* have done more than it actually did do, to place the Church of England for the time to come upon a purely Erastian or Parliamentary foundation? For my own part, I cannot imagine what could possibly have been conceived, or invented by the wit of man more effectual for making the Church of England, as to her *corporate* life, thenceforward the creature and absolute bond-slave of the State (p. 25).

He then goes into some detail respecting Mr. Green's imprisonment, and the false and untenable position taken up by him in his resistance to the secular power, of which as a beneficed clergyman he has legally made himself the subject, and his resistance to which, however conscientious, is utterly illogical and inconsistent. The various Ritualistic claims for liberty are discussed and set aside, and the willingness of the High Church section to accept the fact of the Royal Supremacy is deplored in tones strange indeed from one who still wears the livery and accepts the pay of the Anglican Establishment :

We have eaten the bitter bread of servitude until it has become sweet and agreeable to our palate. Our exile on "Babylon's strand" of five times seventy years has been prolonged until we have forgotten our dear native country, Jerusalem which is above, which is free, and the Mother of us all. The Lotophagi of fable find their counterpart in the actual life of the clergy of the Church of England (p. 37).

Of course his own hope is in Disestablishment and Disendowment, but if these were obtained (and we imagine that come they must sooner or later), how would Mr. Mossman and his friends be better off? Freed from the yoke of the State, would they find true liberty by the change, or be willing to accept, as

of supreme and final authority, the decisions of the Convocation of Canterbury and York, or recognize their dogmatic decrees as the infallible Truth of God? We scarcely think it. On the contrary, they would soon find themselves worse off than ever—members of a body without a Head, subject to the varying opinions of a wrangling assembly of men of every shade of religious belief and unbelief, compelled to accept doctrinal decisions far more unpalatable than those enforced under the mild yoke of Lord Penzance. They are strangely deluding themselves if they fancy that they will ever find peace and content save under the shadow of that Tree planted by the hand of God, which, in their journey over the desert, they so strangely pass by unnoticed.

3.—SCHOOLS.¹

Many attempts have been made of late to show the real nature and tendency of that supervision which forms a distinctive feature of the Catholic system of education. The not unfrequent result of a controversy is that each of the contending parties is more firmly persuaded than he was before of the truth of his original opinion, and this seems to be the result of the controversy about supervision in schools.

Colonel Chichester therefore deserves our best thanks for undertaking the task of setting before us a dispassionate summary of some possible, and probable, results which flow from the opposite methods of managing boys adopted respectively by Catholics and Protestants. Given the Protestant system, Colonel Chichester contends that in the playground, in the dormitory and elsewhere, boys are *necessarily* exposed to the danger of being bullied and ill treated, and that there is sufficient evidence attainable to prove that physical pain is not the worst evil which is likely to fall to the lot of the ordinary school boy. These dangers are not ignored, but the system makes no provision to guard against them, there is no apparent effort made to prevent boys becoming acquainted with evil at an age when they cannot be expected to have either natural strength of will or acquired habits sufficiently confirmed to enable them to resist bad example. On the other hand, the supervision practised in Catholic Colleges very materially diminishes if it

¹ *Schools.* By Lieut.-Colonel C. Raleigh Chichester. London: Burns and Oates, 1882.

does not quite extinguish opportunities for bullying ; in the dormitory boys are *sure* of a quiet night's rest, and other evils are guarded against as far as human prudence can guard against them. The general result is that instead of premature exposure, boys are guarded against evil until by their age and the habits they have formed, they are to some extent armed, and are comparatively more able to fight successfully against it.

Colonel Chichester is certainly doing good service in pointing out the manifest advantages of this latter system. The means, however, which he has employed in forming his opinions present many vulnerable points for adverse criticism. There are not many men who have been at what may legitimately rank as public schools (Protestant) who would admit that a namby pamby book like *Eric* gives a fair general aspect of an ordinary boy's life at a public school, and it would take the combined experiences of boys in different "sets" to produce a school life like *Tom Brown's*. It might be argued that it was scarcely fair to take a couple of novels, supplemented by some newspaper paragraphs, and some damaging evidence given before a Parliamentary Committee to balance this *partial* and hearsay evidence against actual experience, to weigh the dark side of one system against the light side of the other. Would he not have written differently if he had spent a few days at Harrow or Eton or Rugby?

Of course we share Colonel Chichester's estimate of the relative value of the two systems, but as a matter of opinion, we very much question the advisability of accepting the hospitality of any public institution about which one intends to write impartially. Judging *à priori*, the kindness and geniality of one's reception is calculated to dull the edge of the keenest critical faculty, or at the very least make it quite impossible for a man of gentlemanly feeling to say things which, however true, are calculated to pain and even injure a kindly host. The ordinary effect one would expect from a few days' residence in a College would be an inevitable bridling of the critics liberty of speech, a natural tendency to say all that was good and to be somewhat silent about the rest, to give to the world in fact something "little better than an enlarged prospectus." Hence the author of *Schools* must not complain if some of his readers are inclined to look upon his lights as somewhat highly coloured and his shadows correspondingly softened down. Moreover, the real influences at work in any College are not necessarily visible

—the influence for example of the spiritual Father—during a short stay. A school system is necessarily made up of minute details, and with these it is impossible to become acquainted in the course of a few days' visit.

Colonel Chichester gives at the end of his pamphlet an excellent summary of the conclusions at which he has arrived. But his subject appears to us too difficult an one to be treated in the rather offhand manner with which it is dealt with in *Schools*.

4.—FOUR ESSAYS ON SPINOZA.¹

Cui bono? was the first thought suggested to our minds after a careful perusal of this somewhat lean volume. The carte of the intellectual banquet gave sufficient promise—a lecture by a Professor of Philosophy at Leyden, another by a Professor of Philosophy at Berlin, an oration by a Doctor Van Vloten, another by the well-known Ernest Renan,—all connected with the bicentenary of the death of Spinoza. The occasion was a remarkable one, the speakers doubtless eminently qualified for the task. There have been found among our fellow-countrymen such as have had the perseverance to translate these documents; and the translations have been printed with a taste which does credit to the enterprising spirit of the publishers. And what is the outcome? There is nothing which has not been already revealed to us, whether touching the life or the philosophical opinions of Spinoza, in a happier style and with greater fulness by Mr. Pollock and Dr. Martineau. The first essay, which with its notes occupies nearly half the volume, is about the dullest reading we have met with in the range of even modern philosophy. The notes are a mere makeweight thrown in as ballast—literary padding, if one may be permitted to change the metaphor. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, mathematical symbols, ancient and modern philosophers in long line, Rabbinical and Buddhist quotations, authors without end, bear down upon you in one fell swoop, all to illustrate a lecture of forty-five pages. We are instinctively reminded of the merry lines of the Irish poet :

If you have seen all this and more ;
God bless me ! what a deal you've seen.

¹ *Spinoza* ; Four Essays, by Land, Kuno Fischer, J. Van Vloten, and Ernest Renan. Edited by Professor Knight. Williams and Norgate.

The second lecture is, to our mind, the best contribution to the collection. It is methodical; and divides up the life and the ethical habits of Spinoza into sections and subsections. A similar treatment has been adopted in some modern lives of saints; and doubtless it may have its advantages. But one thing it cannot do. It cannot give one a living photograph of the man. The prismatic colours lie side by side; but the mind has not rotatory force enough to reduce them to any unity of light.

Of the third piece in the volume—an oration delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of Spinoza's statue—we will give the heading and a passage from the peroration. They speak for themselves; all comment, therefore, may be spared:

Spinoza: The glad Herald to mankind of the good news of its majority.

Towards the close, Dr. Van Vloten gives order for the unveiling of the statue: "And now let the statue be unveiled. . . . Convinced of the reasonable principle that a slovenly and neglected outer man testifies rather against any individual than in his favour, he was accustomed to dress himself carefully when he went out, *and he is, therefore, to appear well-attired in the eyes of posterity.* . . . Fortunate community, who have long seen within your walls the *pedestrian* and the *equestrian* statue of that noble beggar-prince and *insurgent*, which *does not*" (the pedestrian and the equestrian statue are evidently one and the same) "cease to speak to you of independent public spirit and united patriotism! and now, see added to them the statue of the sage, who preaches to you *the message of human culture, and of elevation above all narrow religious partisanship and social prejudice.*"

Mr. Renan's address on the same occasion right worthily brings this bicentenary effort to an end. It is the cenotaph of these mortuary rejoicings, for it has nothing in it; while in its external trappings it reminds one forcibly of the funeral of M. Gambetta. The flowers follow behind in carts, affording no relief to the dismal pageantry.

Again we are compelled to put the question: *Cui bono?* For whose benefit can this brochure have been published? The motto of the publishers—*e pur si muove*—looks like a quiet satire stamped upon the title-page. There is nothing in the work to arrest attention or to afford fresh food for thought; and, as the mind travels wearily from page to page, an oppres-

sive sense of the unreality of the whole thing is a continual temptation to read no more and leave the task unfinished. Can it be, that we have before us the partial result of an effort to inoculate public opinion in England with "the message of human culture"—whatever this may mean—and with the "elevation above all narrow religious partisanship and social prejudice," supposed to be embodied in Spinozism? If it be so, we more than doubt the success of the experiment.

5.—HISTORICAL DISSERTATIONS.¹

Those who are acquainted with Dr. Jungmann's *Manuals of Theology* know them to be remarkable for their clearness, comprehensiveness, and soundness of doctrine. His *Historical Dissertations*, of which we are now presented with the third volume, show the same characteristics. The period here dealt with being the eighth and ninth centuries, the matters treated of are very useful to the student, as well for other reasons, as especially for their bearing on the authority of the Holy See. In the East the nature of Papal power is brought out by the Iconoclast heresy and by the schism of Photius, two great uprisings, which prepared the way for the final severance of the New Rome from the Old in religious concerns. Then, in the West, we are brought across the earliest germs of the Pope's temporal domain, which are various donations of land and other *bona immobilia*. Ultimately these beginnings are completed by the acts of Pepin and Charles the Great. The instructive cases that gather round the name of Hincmar of Rheims are treated at large, and by the side of them are placed the controversies on the Holy Eucharist and on Predestination.

Of course the whole of this period would be inadequately discussed without a full consideration of the pseudo-Isidorian Decretals, and accordingly it is abundantly proved, by the author, that the indefensible compilation did not originate with the Pope, and could not have substantially founded a power which, in all its essential elements, had existed for centuries before. At most the forgery, ultimately accepted in good faith, lent some accidental aid to the enforcement of the Papal claims.

A connected view of the Pope's action in Christendom, with

¹ *Dissertationes Selectæ in Historiam Ecclesiasticam*. Auctore Bernardo Jungmann. Tom III. 1882. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci, et Cincinnati: Sumptibus, Chartis, et Typis Friderici Pustet.

the documents inserted in their proper context, adds enormously to a student's grasp of such questions as he finds handled in the theological treatises, *De Ecclesia et De Romano Pontifice*. There the facts, or the citations, are necessarily isolated; they are less intelligible, and create a far weaker impression. But, when these stock-in-trade arguments are seen with the life infused into them by continuous history, then they display all the contrast that there is between fact and theory.

6.—THE HOLY MAN OF TOURS.¹

The name of M. Dupont will not be unfamiliar to our readers, a sketch of the life of this eminent servant of God having been given a short time since in the pages of THE MONTH. But on the appearance of the biography recently published by Mr. Healy Thompson, we feel that a further notice of this "pattern layman" is called for, not only to give us an opportunity of expressing our satisfaction at the appearance of an English Life of the Holy Man of Tours, but also to recall to our readers the wonderful gifts and graces of which he was the recipient, and to draw attention to the work of reparation and the devotion to the Holy Face of our Lord which it was the object of his life to propagate. But this is best expressed in Mr. Healy Thompson's own words.

The holy man, whose life we have undertaken to record, must be regarded from two points of view: first as the Providential instrument of propagating the work of reparation for the blasphemy and impiety which are provoking the anger of God against this generation, and in particular, of establishing the devotion to the Holy Face, which is so intimately connected with that of reparation; secondly, as an example in his own person of the most exalted perfection. Living in and mixing with the world, he was not of the world, and yet this separation was not marked by any outward singularity of behaviour or austere reserve. He is thus placed more naturally within the sphere of imitation. Surpassing in degree what an ordinary Christian might feel able to propose to himself as his aim, the character of M. Dupont's sanctity furnishes a type the consideration of which cannot fail to be profitable to those whose vocation is to remain in the world, but whose aspirations rise above the mere desire of saving their souls (p. xi.).

In this age of unbelief and irreligion, of luxury and extravagance, it cannot be otherwise than edifying and encouraging

¹ *The Life of L'hou Papin Dupont*, the holy man of Tours. By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Burns and Oates.

to read of the simple, holy, retired life of a French gentleman, whose whole time was devoted to assiduous prayer, union with God, and the service of his fellow-men, and a large portion of whose means were devoted to works of mercy and practical benevolence. Bound by no vows, independent of all external control, he early renounced the worldly pleasures and social amusements in which his natural tastes and inclinations led him to indulge; when once grace had obtained the mastery of his heart, his impetuous nature, which did not permit him to do anything by halves, turned all its energies to the service of the Master he had chosen with single-hearted devotion. How impulsive that nature was is shown by an incident which occurred when grace had first commenced to hold sway in the young man's heart, while he was still in Martinique, the place of his birth, whither he had returned after his studies in Paris.

One Sunday at High Mass in the parish church of Lamentin, a coloured woman, dressed in all her holiday finery, was playing off her coquettish airs and graces to attract the attention of her neighbours. At last Léon could no longer restrain his indignation, and during the preface, when it was the custom at Martinique to stand, the offender being within reach, he stretched out his arm and administered to her a sound box on the ear, which kept her quiet during the remainder of the Mass (p. 23).

The early death of his wife, after five years of married life, was the first of the trials which detached him from this world. It led him two years later to leave Martinique, and seek in France a home for himself, his mother—now for the second time a widow—and his little daughter. He settled at Tours, in order to confide the education of his darling Henriette to the care of the Superioress of the Ursuline School, in accordance with the wish expressed by his wife on her death-bed. Thus was determined his residence at a place which was afterwards to be the scene of so many wonders. We cannot here follow M. Dupont in the gradual development of his Christian character, or enumerate the various good works of a corporal and spiritual nature in which his fervent piety took so much delight, and which formed so courageous a protest against the time-serving indifference of the day. His frequent pilgrimages, the active part he took in the work of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and the Little Sisters of the Poor, his restoration of the ruined basilica of St. Martin, the commencement of the

nocturnal adoration, the institution through his instrumentality of the archconfraternity for the reparation of blasphemy and the profanation of Sunday, were all forerunners of the great work of his life—the establishment of the cultus of the Holy Face. After the death of his daughter—the one cherished flower in his garden, whom God removed at the early age of fifteen, ere contact with the world could tarnish the innocency and beauty of her soul—the life of M. Dupont was one of increased fervour, more exalted perfection, and more complete seclusion from the world. The special object which occupied his mind was the idea of reparation (as indicated by our Lord to a Carmelite nun), by the worship of His adorable Face, outraged in the Passion. This idea grew upon him more and more, and at last absorbed and dominated his whole life, making him the initiator and leader of a work the supernatural origin of which was attested by miracles and prodigies innumerable. It was not until 1851 that M. Dupont took the first step towards giving visible form to the idea which had long filled his mind. He hung up in his room a picture of St. Veronica's veil, and before it he burned a lamp; and the oil from that lamp quickly became celebrated far and wide by the cures and conversions worked by its unction. The crowd of pilgrims and visitors at M. Dupont's house was enormous. His days were spent in prayer, reception of the sick, and correspondence. In fact from that time forward his life was one of continual sacrifice. "Opposed as it was to his natural temperament and active habits, it was extremely detrimental to his health, which began to fail. He saw this, he felt it, and resigned himself to it. God rewarded him by a great increase of secret grace, and by that abundance of miracles in which he was the active cooperator, not to say the direct instrument." And when, at the advanced age of seventy-nine, the holy man departed to the realm of endless joy, among the concourse of people who flocked to do him honour, there was but one general feeling, that he was a Saint. It is to be hoped that this pious belief may prove anticipatory of the judgment of the Church, and that at no very distant day, M. Dupont may be raised to our altars. In fact preliminary steps are already being taken for the introduction of his cause; a consistorial advocate having been appointed for the purpose of preparing materials for the process of diocesan inquest, the first necessary proceeding in causes of the kind.

Mr. Healy Thompson has not, as he tells us in the Preface to

the work before us, made it his object to reproduce the life of the holy man of Tours as it was written by M. Janvier. He has preferred to present it in a smaller compass and more popular form, in view of rendering it suitable to the needs and conditions of English readers. In this he has succeeded admirably, and the volume forms a valuable addition to the library of religious biography for which we are already indebted to his practised and graceful pen.

7.—THROUGH THORNY PATHS.¹

This story, which is attractive in its simplicity and the admirable principles it inculcates, will prove a most valuable addition to the lending libraries of Guilds and Sodalities, as well as an excellent gift to place in the hands of young women who are entering on the thorny paths of life. It is the history of a wayward and wilful girl, the daughter of a well-to-do mill-owner in a manufacturing town, who by her personal beauty won the affection of a young man far above her in station, the last scion of an old county family which prided itself alike on its ancient pedigree and hatred of the Catholic faith. To poor Marion Stuart Leigh appears an Apollo, the hero of her most romantic dreams and hopes; she allows herself to be drawn into a clandestine engagement, and rather than lose him renounces sweet home ties, deceives her parents, rejects the love of a noble-hearted youth, and virtually apostatizes from the faith. The consequences of this fatal step are brought out clearly enough in the history of Marion's thorny paths. Bitter were the tortures of conscience she endured whilst living in the gilded slavery of the house of her aristocratic father-in-law, condemned alike for her plebeian birth and obnoxious creed; but she had given herself up body and soul to do the bidding of her earthly idol, and his love was her reward. She refused the gentle warning sent her in mercy by the death of her baby, and it was not till Providence opened her eyes as to her husband's real character that she returned to the God she had abandoned, but who had not forgotten His erring child. Perhaps it was the unwearied prayers of those who loved her which won for her the grace to cast herself in her despair and desolation in sincere repentance before God. She took out a long-unused pair of Rosary beads:

¹ *Through Thorny Paths, or Marion's History.* By Frances Noble. London Burns and Oates.

Another minute and she was on her knees by the bed, with her face buried upon it, while in obedience to the suggestion of grace, she said the sweet prayer of the sinner to the pure Mother of God, the long-forgotten *Memorare*, the first prayer Marion had said for long, long months, which was not merely a wild, unrepentant, presumptuous petition that God would not wholly abandon her, but save her in the end. Then, the very prayer seeming to bring with it a strengthening calm, she began the Rosary, trying to say it quietly and simply, without agitation or distraction, trying to think of nothing but that she was asking by the old sweet monotonous repetition, the help of the Mother of God on her way back to Him. . . . For the next three hours she lay down again on the bed, fighting out the still bitter, though less stormy struggle with the devil and her own poor human nature, trembling for her own weakness, trying to keep her mind fixed on the work God's grace could alone enable her to accomplish. It was a terrible, cruel ordeal; but alas! Marion had little deserved that her return to God should be made too sweet and easy, that it should be accomplished without a long, hard struggle (p. 255).

We cannot follow the story in all its details; suffice it to say that Marion made her peace with God and resolved upon repairing her former negligence; only consenting to remain with the husband to whom she was still bound—although no longer by the adoring love and blind trust of earlier days—on condition that he allowed her liberty to practise her religion. All difficulties on this score were, however, solved in an unexpected manner (for which we refer our readers to the book itself), and Marion at length escaped from thorny paths. She was taken back—now no longer an inexperienced, wilful girl, but a childless widow, a worldly-wise, humiliated woman—to her father's roof, which she had left two years ago, in her sin and folly. Her return is feelingly described.

"Mamma!" she said in a broken voice, "is it really, really home, not a dream, like I have had so often! I feel as if I should awake and find it all gone again!" Then the sobs stopped her utterance, and she wept for a minute or two on her mother's breast. Not for longer, for as though she could not bear to pain them by sobs even of relief and joy, Marion checked herself, and looked up with something of the old smile amid her tears, as she knelt down in the old familiar attitude on the hearth-rug. She looked so young, so girlish still, even in the heavy widow's mourning, with the old peculiar grace clinging more than ever to every movement, a softer, gentler dignity being added to it now, that for the next moment or two, emotion kept them all silent as they gazed at her. . . .

They made her sit, quite naturally in her old accustomed seat, so

long vacant, so long one of the daily reminders of their sorrow and disgrace, but latterly appealing to them with a sweet, comforting hope for the dear lost one soon to come back and fill the empty place again. For a minute, as she sat down and took the cup of tea from her mother's loving hands, Marion felt, in the weakness which clung to her still, as if she must break down, as she found herself again at last in the sweet home circle, at peace once more after the stormy restless interval, after the changeful scenes she had witnessed and shared in 'since that last evening when she had sat like this at tea. . . . But with a strong effort she controlled the almost overpowering emotion, and thanked her mother with a smile and only a tear standing in the dark eyes (p. 333).

The story is throughout very true to nature, the characters are well drawn, and the interest ably sustained. There are many useful lessons inculcated besides the all-important one, viz., the misery which must inevitably result from preferring the creature to the Creator, and we can heartily recommend the tale. Girls must be amused, and unless pure, Catholic-minded literature of a kind calculated to entertain and interest them is supplied, they are apt to slake their thirst from poisoned wells. One thing must be mentioned as forming a drawback to the volume before us, namely, the smallness of the type. We think it would have been better to have made two volumes of the whole, rather than produce it in a form which renders it difficult of perusal for those who are not gifted with a first rate pair of eyes.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Celtic language, in its two main dialects, the Gaelic and the Cymric,¹ may claim to rank as one of the most ancient of living languages. From the beginning of this century the Gaelic has been dying out more or less rapidly both in Ireland and in the Scottish Highlands. The Gaelic Union has for some years past set itself to rescue from final extinction Ireland's native language. The success of its efforts is sufficiently attested by the contents of the two first numbers of the *Gaelic Journal*. The contributions are partly Gaelic and partly English—the latter ingredient, however, is intended to be a

¹ *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge*, "*The Gaelic Journal*," Nos. 1 and 2, November and December, 1882. Dublin: T. Dollard, Dame Street.

vanishing quantity. We have read with special interest Mr. J. Fleming's earnest appeal to his fellow-countrymen in behalf of their native tongue. Mr. O'Neill Russell deals with the hopeful prospects of the Gaelic in that "larger Ireland" planted in the heart of the great Transatlantic Republic. His protests against the slovenly printing and get-up of too many Gaelic publications will, we trust, be duly attended to. The closing glories of Brian Boromhe's eventful reign are presented in dramatic form by Father J. J. O'Carroll, S.J., whose English dissertation on the Ossianic Poems gives promise of closing the vexed question of their true origin; while Canon U. J. Bourke contributes the opening chapters of the Irish life of the Archbishop of Tuam. Besides these *pièces de résistance*, we have short poems *de circonstance* in Gaelic, among which the Elegy and the Lament for the great Archbishop of Tuam deserve special mention. The English portion of these two numbers calls for no special notice; we are, however, glad to hear that the opinions of the British press are, on the whole, favourable to the movement of which the *Gaelic Journal* is the organ. But it is to Irish patriotism, whether at home or abroad, that the *Gaelic Journal* must chiefly look for the support which it can justly claim.

The mark of a really valuable book is not rapid sale, but continuous demand. The little book published some years since by Mr. Allnatt on the early Testimony for the Prerogatives of the Popes has now reached a third edition,² in which many corrections have been made, and fresh notes added, as well as an Appendix consisting of extracts relating to the Supremacy of the Popes from the four first General Councils and the Council of Sardica. This last Council was a sort of supplement to Nicæa, and must certainly be regarded as Œcumenical. The testimony it bears to the finality of Rome's decisions is most important, and Mr. Allnatt has done well in drawing notice to its decrees. Of course every compilation like Mr. Allnatt's admits of further perfection, but his present edition seems to us remarkably complete. We feel sure it will take its well-earned place as a "classical" work on the subject of the Papacy, and as a most valuable guide to the Catholic controversialist, or to the Anglican who has any difficulties about the early Supremacy of the Popes.

² *Cathedra Petri, or the Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter and of his See and Successors.* By C. F. B. Allnatt. London: Burns and Oates.

To say that a book, however unpretending in external appearance, comes from the accomplished pen which wrote *The Ritual of the New Testament, Our Lady's Dowry*, and the *History of the Holy Eucharist in England*, is in itself a recommendation more than sufficient to ensure it a wide circulation amongst us. In a short preface to a second edition of his little volume of some hundred short pages, entitled, *A Retreat for Men*,³ Father Bridgett disclaims for it any pretence to novelty of matter or special elegance of form. He has, however, contrived to put together in a very narrow compass, and in an interesting and attractive dress, some very pregnant thoughts on the duties and dangers of Catholic men at the present day in the shape of Instructions on the homely subjects of Faith, the Commandments, and all that is involved by our renunciation at Baptism of the devil and all his works. The reader will find in these pages spiritual reading of a kind at once so useful and agreeable as to whet his appetite for more such wholesome food from the same source.

No true Catholic ever feels the slightest apprehension lest science, properly so called, should be able some day to detect a flaw in our faith, or establish the faintest shadow of a real contradiction between itself and the dogmas of religion. But staunch as we are in our belief, we are not all always equally careful of that other duty of charity, namely, which imposes upon us the obligation of qualifying ourselves, according to our opportunities, to give an intelligent account of "the faith that is in us" to others not so blessed as ourselves. The translator, therefore, of the Abbé Riche's little work, *Agreement of Science and Faith upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus*⁴ has done us a real service by adding one at least to the books we already possess, which endeavour "to elucidate the two-fold harmony which exists" on this and kindred subjects "between physiology and psychology on the one hand, and between psychology and theology on the other." We heartily join in the hope expressed by the Translator that "the publication in English of this present work may tend to promote in this country, as it has

³ *A Retreat for Men*, Preached to the Confraternity of the Holy Family, Limerick. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. Second Edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street, 1882.

⁴ *Agreement of Science and Faith upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. By the Abbé Riche, of the Congregation of the Priests of St. Sulpice. Translated by E. Raymond-Barker, with special permission of the Author. R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London, 1883.

promoted elsewhere, the interests of Christian science, and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

We have received the second volume of Mr. Westlake's work on the History of Painted Glass.⁵ It shows a thorough acquaintance with his subject, as well as the devotion of the true lover of art. The drawings are carefully and beautifully finished, and the labour and research that it must have entailed are probably known only to its author. It is a book that ought to be in the library of the antiquarian and in the hands of the modern designer. We do not advocate the blind imitation of the antique, but a careful study of it is necessary to any who desire not to degenerate into the quaint comicalities or the gross and unideal conceptions which disfigure the works of some modern artists.

The second part of the touching Memoir of Father Law has just appeared.⁶ It breathes throughout the hearty straightforward manly religion of a brave sailor whose one idea was duty, forgetfulness of self, and humility. But God intended the plucky young lieutenant for a higher service, and not long after Father Law's conversion, the call to the priesthood made him leave all to follow Christ. Of his conversion we do not hear much; it seems to have been a simple matter. When the truth was once put before him and explained to him, the appeal was irresistible to a man of such guileless nature and simple piety as Augustus Law.

The fourth and concluding volume of the English translation of the *Catechism of Perseverance*⁷ has just appeared. It treats of the external worship of the Church—her ceremonies and feasts, and above all, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The book is a treasure of universal information and pious suggestions, and is interspersed with a number of illustrative stories and anecdotes which add much to its interest and attractiveness. We have received at the same time a Translation of the Abridgment of the Catechism, which gives in a handy little volume a well-digested summary of the larger work.

Most of us have seen at some time or other a sample of that curious compilation of "epistolary documents" which goes by

⁵ *History of Design in Painted Glass*. By N. H. Westlake. James Parker, London and Oxford.

⁶ *A Memoir of Father Augustus H. Law*. Part II. Burns and Oates.

⁷ *The Catechism of Perseverance*. By Mgr. Gaume. Translated from the French. Tenth edition. Vol. iv. Dublin: M. H. Gill.

The Catechism of Perseverance Abridged. Ditto.

the name of the Complete Letter Writer. Intended to supply the uneducated with models of letters suitable for all possible occasions, they are generally stilted and wanting in ease or grace, and often are positively vulgar. Still some sort of guide to the young letter writer is needed. We are glad to see that an Ursuline nun has employed her literary ability in putting together a book of useful hints and excellent counsel on letter writing, inserting a number of model letters, many of them by literary men of mark, not as models to copy, but as models to imitate.⁸ Her little book will be useful to all the young, and to many who are not young, but yet find their correspondence sometimes rather embarrassing.

Miss Ames, who is already known as a Catholic authoress has published a little group of pretty stories, of which the first and principal one in the book shows what children may do for God by loyalty to conscience, while the other two inculcate in attractive narrative the two other theological virtues.⁹

St. Francis de Sales is an universally popular Saint, as a saint of sweetness must needs be. The little volume of his maxims and counsels for daily use deserves to share the popularity of the Saint.¹⁰ We notice especially its constant and most consoling reflection on the sweetness of suffering when taken aright.

We welcome with pleasure the appearance of a new cheap Catholic Series under the name of *The Penny Library*.¹¹ The first number contains a Lecture by Father Ignatius Grant, *Popery in the First Century*, a reprint of an account by Bishop Geddes of *The position of Scottish Catholics after Culloden*, and a paper about Jesuit Martyrs in England drawn apparently from Brother Foley's *Records of the English Province S.J.*

Illustrated books for little children are never amiss, and every means of making them fond of hearing Holy Mass is to be commended. The coloured pictures in the Children's Mass-Books¹² are an excellent idea. But there is room for improve-

⁸ *Links with the Absent, or Chapters on Correspondence.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community. Washbourne.

⁹ *Little Hinges to Great Doors, and other Tales.* By F. D. Ames. Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *Maxims of St. Francis de Sales for every day in the year.* New York: Benziger Bros.

¹¹ *The Penny Library.* No. 1. *Popery in the First Century.* By Rev. Father Ignatius Grant, S.J. No. 2. *The Position of Scottish Catholics after Culloden.* By Bishop Geddes. No. 3. *Jesuit Martyrs in England.* By John Oldcastle. London Burns and Oates.

¹² *The Child's Mass and Prayer-book, with Hymns.* Dublin: M. H. Gill.

ment in the colouring both as to choice of colours and the way in which they are laid on.

Leo (a shortened form for Leonora) is a domestic little story of various incidents in the life of the child whose name it bears, ending with her pious death.¹³

The *Legend of St. Christopher*, by Mr. Manning, is a spirited rendering of the old story in good telling blank verse.¹⁴

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Dublin Review* justifies its title by the connection of three of its chief articles with Ireland. The opening article, by Father Morris, the author of the well-known *Life of St. Patrick*, treats chiefly of the Saint's relations with St. Martin, under whom he lived and studied at Marmoutier, and whom in many respects he resembled. Father Morris's exact historical study and description of the characters of the two great Saints, and of the miracles that grace wrought in them, cannot fail to attract all lovers of sanctity as well as all lovers of Ireland. Father Vaughan's criticism of Bishop Clifford's theory of the days of creation is outspoken, and we think just. He has carefully read the articles in foreign reviews in which it has been discussed, and his conclusion, like that of most other critics, is unfavourable to its truth, or even to its possibility. "Catholicism in Egypt" is a well-timed and well-written account of the progress of the faith in that country. We are glad to see that the English Catholic soldiers were edifying in their attention to their religious duties, and thereby astonishing the French priests who witnessed it. We miss in the *Dublin* the philosophical element of former days, but in other respects it contains excellent matter. The Science Notes are well worth reading, and we wish they were something a little more extended than notes.

The Centenary of St. Francis celebrated last October, and more especially the Encyclical letter of the Holy Father on that occasion has drawn universal attention to the Third Order of St. Francis, which now forms so wide-spread and important a congregation. The *Katholik* for December gives the Constitutions as they came from the hand of St. Francis, and received

¹³ *Leo*. A Tale. By M. J. H. Dublin: M. H. Gill.

¹⁴ *The Legend of St. Christopher*. By William Manning. London: Burns and Oates, 1883.

the approval of Pope Nicholas the Fourth in 1289. This rule still remains in force, with certain mitigations to meet the exigencies of the times. It was confirmed and richly endowed with indulgences by subsequent Popes, who regarded it not only as a means of sanctification to individuals, but a leaven to preserve from corruption society at large.

A short time since several articles in the *Katholik* were devoted to an examination of the ritual of the Mass, as it was celebrated at Milan before and after the reforms instituted by St. Ambrose. The liturgy of St. Basil, which became the rule for use throughout the East, is now taken under consideration. It is one that, in all essential points the ceremonial of the Mass was and is always the same, yet the Bishops were authorised to make alterations on minor points for the use of their diocese. St. Basil, we are told, as St. Chrysostom before him, found it necessary to curtail the length of the Mass, the number of the prayers rendering it wearisome to those present, when the early fervour of Christians grew cold. Dr. Kayser's article does not contain much that is new about the theology of the ancient Egyptians. His principal point is to prove that the remnant of primary revelation retained by that people was for a long period monotheistic, but gradually degenerated into polytheism, owing to the influence of the Greeks, who implanted their whole pantheon on to the soil of Egyptian mythology.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (781) attacks as ill-founded the reputation for learning enjoyed by Prof. de Gubernatis. His recent writings, we are told, will be found to consist of ill-digested matter, his statements are hasty and without proof, and his conclusions illogical. The position he holds in the College of Higher Studies in Florence gives him an influence with the students which is more mischievous, because although an avowed admirer of Renan, he is not like him a declared enemy to religion. But his works—especially those on mythology—teem with insinuations against and sneers at Catholicism. He does not openly attack beliefs which he implies are mythical, and ceremonies which he asserts are a remnant of Paganism. The *Civiltà* expresses, as a New Year's greeting to its readers, the hearty wish that a brighter day may dawn on their unhappy country. *Fiat lux!* and let hunted Italy—the Moloch to which everything is sacrificed—be recognised for what it really is. *Ecce quam colitis!* What are the fruits the tree of liberty has produced after twenty-three years' growth in Italian soil? Misery, corruption, discord, shame. Pretended liberty proves

to be cruel bondage; the system of modern civilization, to invoke utter estrangement from God, the deification of the creature, to be a synonym for disorder, anarchy, and revolt. *Fiat lux!* let all see that no half-measures will avail, no compromise can be made between good and evil. Another article on the intellectual decadence of Italy expresses similar views. The degeneration consequent on the struggle for independence of authority is painfully evident, even as science, philosophy, and politics. There is considerable sameness in the articles which appear in every number of the *Civiltà* on this sad subject: the lamentable result on a nation of its divorce from God. It is to be hoped that by unwearied reiteration the voice of protestation may in time gain a hearing among those who now seem all hastening headlong to destruction.

Father Lehmkuhl contributes to the January number of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* an excellent article suggested by the recent agitations in Parliament concerning Mr. Bradlaugh, on the value and necessity of the oath. He shows that society could not exist without the basis of truthfulness and mutual reliance, and that an oath for confirmation has been in use among all nations and in all times to prevent deception and avoid the possibility of change. The fact that from the earliest ages men have called upon God to witness to the truth of an assertion or a promise, proves how ancient and deeply rooted is the belief in and recognition of a Supreme Deity, just and unchangeable, who takes cognisance of human actions, and awards punishment and recompense. Father Dressel calls attention to the vast caverns recently discovered in the rocky solitudes of South America, which apparently were the homes of Indian tribes at a period previous to the landing of the Spaniards, four hundred years ago. These cliff-dwellings exhibit great skill and advanced civilization in their construction, some of the houses being three stories high and divided into numerous chambers. Father Baumgartner, who has lived in Holland since the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, has collected much interesting and instructive matter concerning the land of his exile, which he gives in lively and pleasing style. It is to be hoped the "Sketches" before us may be the precursor of many others. The conclusion of "Christmas in Provence" introduces the reader to some of the quaint Christmas ballads in which Provençal literature seems peculiarly rich, as well as to some curious local customs. The account of the *Vêpres en musique* on Christmas Eve is very amusing.

The Catholic Doctrine of Lying & Equivocation.

THERE is a question often put, and probably never answered in the negative: "Can you keep a secret?" No woman certainly ever avowed that she could not. We all profess to know how to keep secrets; we all profess likewise to speak the truth; yet, how to keep a secret in the face of an impertinent questioner, and still tell no lie to put him off, is a delicate moral operation, that baffles many people's skill. There is one rough way of doing it, which I suppose is the common way. It begins by assuming that the essence of a lie consists in a violation of the hearer's right to the truth. Then the consequence is drawn, that where an inquirer has no right to know the truth about which he inquires, and an untruth is necessary to keep the truth from him, there an untruth may be told, which will be no lie. "If all killing be not murder," demands Milton, "nor all taking of another man's property stealing, why should all untruths be lies?" I will not call this doctrine un-Catholic, held as it is by many loyal children of the Church, but I submit that it is unphilosophical, and may be brought to bear bitter fruit in theology. For if truthfulness is a matter of strict justice and the hearer's right, and we have, as the best theologians teach, no strict rights against our Creator, where is the guarantee of the truthfulness of God in revelation?

Another way, amusingly described by Cardinal Newman, is the way of those who will have it through thick and thin, that all lies and untruths, and all manner of equivocation and lack of sincerity in speech are radically wrong, extremely wrong and shameful: still that a man would not be man, if he did not tell a lie now and then at a hard pinch, and that the best thing he can do is to come out with the lie, and have done with it, and forget it, and rail louder than before against casuists and Jesuits, lying lips, and all who speak leasing.

Both these ways are objectionable. We must not lie to keep

a secret, neither may we tell an untruth, for all formal untruth is lying. Are we then to use equivocation? Equivocation is a word formed from the Latin *aequivocatio*. Many good theologians writing in Latin have advocated what they call *aequivocatio*. English Catholic authors, treading in their footsteps, and literally translating their words, have argued in favour of equivocation as being in case of need a lawful means for preserving what ought to be preserved secret. But English is unfortunately not the language of a Catholic people. Words mean not what we would have them mean, not what the corresponding word means in the language of the Church, but their meaning is that which they commonly bear in educated English society. Now the ordinary educated Englishman takes equivocation to denote a practice which is certainly wrong, and carries all the guilt of lying. As, if being asked whether Antony is in the house, I privately press my foot on the ground, and say, "No, he is not here," meaning, he is not in the cellar, or if I deny that I have any Spanish letters about me, understanding that such letters are not in my pockets, but in my portmanteau, which is lying beside me on the pavement, the answer *No* in these cases may be a lie, or it may not, but it is not saved from being a lie by such subterfuges as these, which are purely mental and confined to the mind of the speaker.

What ordinary Englishmen call equivocation, corresponds to that which Catholic divines know as *pure mental reservation*, and that is a cowardly fashion of lying. Where *aequivocatio* is mentioned with approval in a page of Latin casuistry, the word ought to be translated, *broad mental reservation*. To render it *equivocation*, is to create confusion, just as much as if one should render the canonical appeal, *peto apostolos*, "I ask for the apostles," or the old French, *entre chien et loup*, "between a dog and a wolf." On this understanding I venture to assert that the Catholic doctrine condemns absolutely and under all circumstances, all lying and all equivocation.

And likewise all mental reservation? No, not all mental reservation. One form of that is lawful, when it is necessary to baffle an impertinent inquirer and keep a secret.

Mental reservation is an act of the mind, limiting the spoken phrase that it may not bear the full sense which at first hearing it seems to bear. The reservation, or limitation of the spoken sense, is said to be *broad* or *pure*, according as it is, or is not, indicated externally. A *pure mental reservation*, where the

speaker uses words in a limited meaning, without giving any outward clue to the limitation, is, as I have said already, in nothing different from a lie, and is wrong as a lie is always wrong. Is then a broad mental reservation always right? May we amuse ourselves, trying the quickness of our friends' perceptions, meaning less than we seem to say, and leaving them to guess the "economy of truth" by some delicate hint thrown out thereof? Such sharp practice is by no means to be permitted promiscuously. Mental reservation, even on the *broad* gauge, is permissible only as a last resource, when no other means are available for the preservation of some secret, which one has a duty to others, or a right to oneself, to keep.

Here I must explain the Catholic doctrine concerning secrets. We distinguish *natural* secrets, secrets of *promise* (*secretum promissum*), and secrets of *trust* (*secretum commissum*). A natural secret is all a man's own private history, which he would not have made public, as also all that he discovers of the private history of his neighbours by his own lawful observation without being told, supposing the thing discovered to be one that requires concealment. If I find out something about my neighbour, and after I have found it out for myself, he gets me to promise not to publish it, that is a secret of promise. Lastly, if one man comes to another, as to a lawyer, or a surgeon, for professional advice, or simply to a friend, for moral counsel, and in order thereto imparts to him some of his natural secrets, those secrets, as they are received and held by the person consulted, are called secrets of trust. This latter kind of secret is privileged above the other two. A natural secret, and also a secret of promise, must be delivered up on the demand of an authority empowered to inquire in the department in which the secret lies. A counsel cross-examining a witness would not be put off with the answer, "I promised not to tell." But a secret of trust is to be given up to no inquirer. Such a secret is to be kept against all who seek to come by it, except where the matter bodes mischief and wrong to a third party, or to the community, and where at the same time the owner of the secret cannot be persuaded to desist from the wrong. In particular cases it is often extremely difficult to decide whether this exception holds or not. But some cases are plain. If Father Garnet had known of the Gunpowder Plot under a secret of trust—and not under the seal of confession, which makes a secret supernatural, and absolutely inviolable—he ought certainly either to have turned

the conspirators from their purpose, or, failing that, to have given information to the Government.¹

Therefore a secret of promise is to be kept against all inquiries other than official. A secret of trust is to be kept even against official inquiries, under the limitations that I have laid down. The keeping of a secret of promise is an obligation at least of fidelity: that of a secret of trust is matter of strict justice. Both are obligations binding under sin. It is a sin to lie, no doubt: but it is a greater sin, usually, to divulge your neighbour's secret.

The difficulty now comes round again, how to keep a secret against an impertinent questioner, without lying. The main art of keeping a secret is not to talk about it. If a man is asked an awkward question, and sees no alternative but to let out or lie, it is usually his own fault for having encouraged the questioner up to that point. A wise man lets drop in time topics of conversation which he is unwilling to have pressed. He is never the first to introduce such topics. It is said of the ploughman in Ecclesiasticus, that his story is of the sons of bulls—*enarratio ejus in filiis taurorum*. After all, cattle have no secrets, but men and women have. Of that class of persons whose profession lies in the way of hearing them, doctors, lawyers, priests, none would altogether like to hear it said of him: His stories are of his penitents, his clients, or his patients.

But there are unconscionable people, *avaideis*, who will not be put off, and who either out of malice or out of stupidity, ply you with questions against all rules of good breeding. This direct assault may sometimes be retaliated, and a rude question met by a rough answer. But such a reply is not always prudent, and would not unfrequently convey the very information required. Silence would serve no better, for silence gives consent, and is eloquent at times. There is nothing left for it in such cases but to lock your secret up, as it were, in a separate compartment of your breast, and answer according to the remainder of your information, which is not secret, private, and confidential. This looks very much like lying, but it is not lying, it is speaking the truth under a broad mental reservation.

¹ Hence it appears that, apart from the base artifice by which it was found out that Garnet had known of the Plot beforehand, his condemnation was justifiable by the law of a Protestant country, which allows no higher sacredness to the seal of confession than to the professional knowledge of a lawyer about his client's acts and intentions. Here is a case where the Catholic Church must suffer wrong for want of being borne out by a Catholic State.

"What news, my lord, from France?" some one asked of a Cabinet Minister. "I don't know," was the reply, "I have not read the papers." The story is Cardinal Newman's. Here the sense of the *I don't know* is restricted and reserved, internally in the mind of the speaker, and externally, by the words added about the newspapers. It is a mental reservation of the broadest, such as no Pharisee could call a lie. Now suppose the reference to the papers omitted. It would still be very hard to call the *don't know* a lie. The reservation of official knowledge is still sufficiently apparent; no sensible man would expect that to be communicated by way of ordinary chit-chat. Above all, when a topic has been forced upon one, and questions put that admit of no evasion by an inquirer who has no right to ask, then surely any denial or disclaimer that may be elicited, however direct the form of words, must be qualified by the outward circumstances in which it is spoken. This qualification, unspoken but not unsignified, will be, "secrets apart."

Indeed this qualification may be said to go along with all human utterances. But in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the facts of the position indicate that the value of the qualification comes to zero: there can or ought to be no secrets about the matter. "Porter, what time does the night-mail leave for Paris?" "At a quarter to nine." "You mean, of course, *secrets apart*?" "Well, I do, but who dreams of secrets about the train-service?" On my way to Paris, I come across a garrulous Frenchman, who pesters me with politics when I want to sleep. I conclude there are no political secrets in that man's brain: if there are, he has no business to be so free with his tongue. But as I show a resolute unwillingness to talk politics, the reserve of *secrets apart* has an appreciable value in the *yes's* and *no's* which he contrives to wring out of me: how does he know that he has not to do with a confidential diplomatic agent? This at least he ought to know, that a man who is honoured with the confidence of the Government, will not part with it to the first puppy who sets upon him to worry him, but will either hold his peace, or when that cannot be, will return an answer for which his interrogator shall be none the wiser. In other words, he will answer out of his communicable, and not out of his incommunicable knowledge. The qualification, *secrets apart*, should be borne in mind by persons who are in the habit of asking indiscreet and unwarrantable questions.

But also it must be borne in mind that a question which would be unwarrantable, put by equal to equal, may be perfectly fair and proper in the mouth of a parent, or of a cross-examining counsel who has the support of a court of law. There are few secrets that one has a right to hold against every inquirer. Knowledge that is incommunicable here is communicable there: absolutely incommunicable knowledge is a rare possession.

Mental reservation is allowable only when we are driven into a corner by captious questions about a matter which we have a grave reason and a right to keep secret, and where we have no other escape. This doctrine will not justify the setting of false or equivocal statements afloat, where no one has questioned you. It will not justify the practice of lying to children as such. But of course, in meeting their demands, we may present the information in a childish dress, so that they may learn only that which a good and reasonable child would wish to know. In replying to a sick person, I suppose a piece of news highly dangerous for him to hear might be treated as a natural secret. But I cannot comprehend the morality, nor indeed the wisdom, of inventing gratuitous fictions for the comfort of the sick. As for lies in jest, they remain lies, unless it be tolerably manifest that we are "drawing the long bow." Words may be explained away by looks or other outward circumstances, sometimes by the very grotesqueness or absurdity of the statement itself. Friend addressing friend does not mean all he says to be taken *au pied de la lettre*: it is part of knowing a man to understand his jokes.

It will add very much to clearness of notions in all this matter, to define wherein the essential wrongness of lying consists. What is there cleaving to a lie that makes it always wrong, so that one must never lie, no, not for worlds? A lie is made up of two elements, one in the utterer and one in the hearer. There is the deception begotten in the mind of the hearer, and in the speaker there is the discord between what he says and what he thinks to be true,—not necessarily, be it observed, between what he says and what is true. Both these elements are evil; the former, the deception, obviously so. Human society cannot go on, if men are to be allowed promiscuously to deceive one another. Then no one likes to be deceived, and we are not to do to our neighbour what we would not have done to ourselves. The laws of good fellowship require that we should speak the truth to one another in ordinary

circumstances, as they likewise require that in ordinary circumstances we should respect the life and property of our fellow-men. But to take life and to seize upon property is lawful in certain emergencies, in self-defence and for self-preservation, or with the sanction of authority. These exceptions stand very well with the well-being of society, or rather are required by it; the lives of brigands and assassins must not be sacrosanct as the lives of other men. No man is reasonably unwilling that, if taken red-handed, he may himself be slain. The law against deceiving our neighbour, so far as it is founded on the prejudice done to society and the annoyance of the person deceived, seems to admit of similar exceptions. Whoever has no reasonable objection to have life and property taken from him in certain circumstances, cannot reasonably complain for any hurt or inconvenience that he may suffer in being sometimes deceived. There is a well-known story told by the younger Pliny of the Roman matron Arria, who, having lost her son by sickness, and all but lost her husband, used to tell the latter in his convalescence, when he inquired about the boy, "Oh, he has slept well: he has had quite an appetite." Then she would rush out of the room to conceal her tears. I will not vouch for the objective morality of these replies: they may or may not be justified as broad mental reservations. But they are much more easily justified, if the whole harm of lying consists in the hearer's unwillingness to be deceived, by saying that the sick man was not unwilling to suffer a deception rendered necessary by his state of health. The same doctrine would justify other speeches of a much more objectionable character. It would, in fact, contain the re-affirmation of the old Greek position, that deceit is a medicine and a drug, and may be administered, *ἐν φαρμάκῳ εἶδει*, especially by persons in authority, wherever they judge that it will work a wholesome effect, and wherever the person deceived is not unwilling, or at least ought not to be surprised or complain, considering the circumstances. But this would be to throw the door open wide to the whole crowd of official, officious, and jocose lies. Untruths told for a purpose to enemies, to children, to subjects, to servants: pleasant fictions to gratify a friend: hoaxes unlimited, where we think the victim ought not much to mind: these will be withdrawn from the category of lying, or will be registered as white lies and lawful.

Worst of all, if the whole harm of lying is in the unpleasant

effect wrought upon the deceived hearer, or in the scandal and bad consequences to society at large, it is not clear that lying is impossible to God; and our faith, based on the Divine veracity, is shaken to the foundation. God, as Master, might bid the deceived listener bear the mortification and shame of being duped. He might by His providence prevent any scandal or general bad consequences to society; or, as Sovereign, He might impose or permit such consequences, as He sends or permits a pestilence. The Lord of life and death who commanded Isaac to be slain, and who daily "taketh away the spirit of princes," is not to be restrained from being a deceiver by the mere reluctance of His creatures, unless there be some element in the Divine nature itself which makes it utterly impossible for God to deceive and speak false.

Undoubtedly there is such an element. It lies even at the root of the sanctity of God. God is holy in that, being by essence the fulness of all Being and all Goodness, He is ever true to Himself in every act of His understanding, of His will, and of His power. By His understanding He abidingly covers, grasps, and comprehends His whole Being. With His will He loves Himself supremely. His power is exercised entirely for His glory—entirely, but not exclusively, for God's last and best external glory is in the consummated happiness of His creatures. Whatever God makes, He makes in His own likeness, more or less so according to the degree of being which He imparts to the creature. And as whatever God does is like Him, and whatever God makes is like Him, so whatever God says is like Him: His spoken word answers to His inward word and thought. It holds of God as of every being who has a thought to think and a word to utter:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

God's sanctity is in His being true to Himself. His veracity is a part of His sanctity. He cannot in His speech, or revelation of Himself, contradict what He really has in His mind, without ceasing to be holy and being no longer God.

But the sanctity of intellectual creatures must be, like their every other attribute and perfection, modelled on the corresponding perfection of their Maker. Holiness must mean truthfulness in man, for it means truthfulness in God. God's words cannot be at variance with His thought, for God is essential

holiness. 'Nor can man speak otherwise than as he thinks without marring the attribute of holiness in himself, that is, without doing wrong. And this is the real, intrinsic, primary, and inseparable reason, why lying, or speech in contradiction with the thought of the speaker, is everywhere and always wrong.

This is the simple reason assigned by St. Thomas of Aquin :

A lie is wrong in its kind, for it is an act falling on undue matter. For whereas words are naturally signs of thoughts, it is unnatural and undue that any one should signify by word that which he has not in his mind.

He admits as a secondary reason of the evil of lying, that :

Because man is a social animal, naturally one man owes another that without which human society could not be preserved. But men could not mutually dwell together, unless they mutually trusted one another as mutually declaring to each other the truth.

But when he faces the objection, that "the lesser evil is to be chosen for the avoidance of the greater ; but it is less harm that one should engender a false opinion in the mind of another than that a man should slay or be slain : therefore a man may lawfully lie to keep one party from committing murder and to save another's blood : " in face of this objection he falls back upon the main argument already alleged, and replies :

A lie is a sin, not merely for the damage done thereby to a neighbour, but for its own inordinateness, as has been explained. But it is not lawful to use any unlawful inordinateness to hinder the harm and prejudice of others. And therefore it is not lawful to tell a lie for the purpose of delivering another from any danger whatsoever. It is lawful however to hide the truth prudently under some dissembling.

I believe that this doctrine of the Angel of the Schools has never been departed from without danger to theology and to morality, to the one in the matter of the Divine veracity, and to the other in the matter of officious lying. Never must any intellectual being, not even the highest and most exalted of all, be permitted to use signs in contradiction to his thought whereof they are signs. If for the keeping of a secret, and under sore pressure, a man may speak by his communicable knowledge alone, and ignore what he has of incommunicable

knowledge, circumstances must outwardly suggest that reservation to a prudent listener. The whole man speaks, the situation speaks ; the words must not be considered by themselves and in the abstract ; they are a text to be taken in conjunction with the note and comment which accompany them. This annotated text, so to speak, answers to the thought of the author : there is then no clash of sign and thing signified, there is no lie. What is required is that the comment and reservation be not all inscribed within the mind of the speaker, but be legible outwardly ; likewise, that the modifying clause be not resorted to without reason. The reservation must not be needless, and it must be *broad*, not *pure*. Thus are we to take St. Thomas's hint : "It is lawful to hide the truth prudently under some dissembling."²

JOSEPH RICKABY.

² See *Summa Theologiae*, p. 2-2. q. 109, art. 3, ad 1 ; and q. 110, art. 3, corp. and ad 4. See too q. 110, art. 1, corp., where lying is accurately defined.

With the British Army in Egypt.

A LETTER FROM A FRENCH MISSIONARY.

Cairo, January, 1883.

THE course of events during the Egyptian campaign showed clearly enough that the Providence of God watched over the English army in Egypt; and it is only fair to add that the army did not forget God. Five Catholic priests were appointed to act as chaplains there, and five Protestant clergymen belonging to the Established Church, besides two Presbyterian ministers. A fourth, possibly a third part of the troops, were Catholics, including among their number three or four colonels and a brigadier general. Even in the Indian division, composed for the most part of Mussulmans, there were three or four hundred Catholics, belonging chiefly to the Madras Regiment of Sappers.

The Catholic chaplains were, as far as my observation went, all men of education and piety, and most zealous in their devotion to the men. One day when I was dining with one of them, I noticed that he drank no wine. "I do so," he said, "because wine and spirits form the most dangerous temptation of my Catholic soldiers. I can only preserve them from drunkenness and its consequences by persuading them to become total abstainers. It appeared to me the wisest plan to practise myself what I preach to them."

These chaplains wear officers' uniform, the only difference being that the two gold stars are embroidered on the collar instead of upon the shoulders of the coat. They rank as captains, and mess with the officers. More than once they have assured me that the conversation of these young officers, the greater number of whom are Protestants, is kept within the strictest limits of propriety, and that they have never been obliged to listen to anything painful or unsuitable for the ears of

a priest, but have invariably been treated with the utmost consideration and most sincere respect.

I hardly think the Protestant ministers are as much thought of by the soldiers as the Catholic chaplains, so, at least, the following fact appears to indicate. A Protestant colonel, who was much beloved by his regiment, having fallen sick at Ismailia, politely declined the proffered services of the minister. After his death the officers clubbed together in order to raise to his memory a tombstone, surmounted by a cross of white marble; and it was the Catholic chaplain whom they commissioned to see that the design for the stone was duly executed at Cairo, and afterwards placed over the grave. People say, though I should not myself like to institute any invidious comparisons, that the Protestant ministers did not display when under fire, a zeal or self-sacrifice at all comparable to that exhibited by the Catholic chaplains in ministering to the wounded and dying. One of the latter was wounded in the foot during an engagement, and compelled to return to England.

The intercourse was, however, of the most friendly kind on both sides. In fact I heard of one minister borrowing a book of instructions from a Catholic chaplain to help him in preparing his sermons. And there was so little distinction made between them, that a worthy hotel keeper whom I knew was quite surprised when I went to call on one of the Catholic chaplains who was boarding in his house. He had not noticed that there was any difference made between him and the Protestant ministers who sat at the same table with him.

The English forces are now reduced to twelve thousand men, of whom from seven to eight thousand are at Cairo, and two thousand at Alexandria. Only three Catholic chaplains are left with the troops; two at Cairo and one at Alexandria.

I do not mean to assert that our good chaplains meet with nothing painful in the discharge of their duties, for if I did so, no one would believe me. What most often causes them a heartfelt pang is when, on going their rounds in the hospital, they are obliged to pass the bed of some dying man without venturing to say a word to him, because, although his name proclaims him to be Irish, the words "Church of England" stand above it. All the priest can do under the circumstances is to offer a silent prayer, recommending to the mercy of God the unhappy man who—probably for some temporal advantage—has forsaken the faith of his forefathers, and who, now that his last

hour has come, would perhaps fain return to it were the opportunity of doing so offered him.

Both Protestant ministers and Catholic priests were excluded from a share in the military rewards distributed by the Khedive, on account of having protested against the English troops being present at the ceremony of the departure of the caravan conveying the sacred carpet to Mecca.

Almost all the Catholic soldiers wear the scapular, and the majority of them went to confession and received Holy Communion before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. After that battle, one of the chaplains heard some cavalry soldiers relating how, having surrounded an Egyptian soldier, they had fired their revolvers at him without the least effect, and cut at him in vain with their sabres, so great was the agility he displayed in eluding them. The conclusion they finally came to was that he was a sorcerer. Some time later on, the priest who was my informant, when visiting an ambulance, heard the other side of the story from the lips of the very Egyptian soldier who had thus wonderfully escaped. He was a Greek by birth, and at the close of his story the man showed him a medal of our Lady which he wore round his neck, saying: It is to her I owe my escape from the revolvers and the sabres; I was alone, on foot, and almost without arms, against six or seven men on horseback and well armed.

There were a good many Catholic soldiers in the army of occupation, and the example they set to their co-religionists here was admirable. The regularity of their attendance at Mass on Sundays, and their behaviour in church was most edifying; and every week, several of them, undeterred by human respect, might be seen approaching the Holy Table. A good many too were present at the Benediction, given by the chaplain every evening in the new church of St. Joseph, in the Ismailian quarter of the town.

When the soldiers met us in the street, they never failed to salute us as they would officers of the highest rank. The other day the two Scotch sentries on guard before the Khedive's palace presented arms to me as I passed, and the sentries in the camp at Gesireh used to bring their muskets to the front, holding them in both hands, as was customary in saluting a superior officer. Indeed when it was a question of showing honour to their faith, the good fellows far exceeded the rules laid down, and the officers never interfered with them.

That which attracted the most attention in the early days of the occupation were the Scotch regiments, with their kilts, and a very peculiar ornament which hangs down in front, namely, a wide lappet of long white hair, on which two tufts of black horsehair are prominent, the whole being surmounted by a crescent formed of leather. It is called the sporach. The bands of these regiments consist solely of bag-pipes, in the midst of which is a huge drum, which seems to play the principal part. A soldier wearing an apron of tiger-skin beats it in a very matter-of-fact manner, like a man who is merely doing his duty.

The Indian regiments excited no less curiosity; the native soldier looks as if he were walking on stilts, so extremely slender are his legs; his head is crowned with an enormous turban, adorned with a grey tuft. He smiles whenever he catches your eye, and it is impossible to look at him without laughing; you may fancy him to be highly amused at the impression he makes on you, but I am disposed to believe it is rather your appearance which makes him smile. Among the cavalry regiments we may mention the Bengal Lancers, dressed in blue, with splendid turbans, the ends of which are striped with yellow and hang down on the shoulder; the Paónas, in green jackets and nankeen trousers; the Nepaulese, all in yellow, and the natives of the Deccan, clad in blue, with turbans of a ruby red. Among the infantry, the Madras Sappers, also in blue, the Beloochees, with red breeches like those worn by Zouaves, &c., &c. Around these regiments a crowd of Indians may be seen jogging along, their garments consisting in a large turban, an old waistcoat, and a towel. These are the soldiers' servants, for every Indian soldier has his own servant, who carries water for him, cooks for him, mends his clothes, &c. The regiment is followed by the litters employed in the transport of the sick and wounded; each litter consists of a hammock of grey cloth slung from a bamboo, the ends of which are carried by two natives. These litters are said to be very well arranged.

Over and over again have I been saluted most affectionately in the street by groups of Indian soldiers, who were no doubt Catholics. How I regretted my inability to address a word to them! Many of their number were probably the spiritual children of our missionaries in Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. They used to come and ask the Franciscan Fathers who were

acting as parish priests for rosaries and pictures ; bowing to the earth in presence of the priest, they were at a loss for terms to express their gratitude.

As for the Mohammedans and heathen, every one knows how tenaciously they cling to the strange observances prescribed by their religion. This did not however prevent the former from fighting against their co-religionists in Egypt. I was told that part of the provisions belonging to an Indian regiment having been rendered utterly useless during the passage of the Red Sea, the poor creatures obstinately refused to partake of food of another description which was offered them, but which was not in conformity with their law, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest this scruple should cause the death of a good many of them. All these splendid Indian regiments have now left, and there remain only the English troops, the glaring and discordant colours of whose dress strike the eye in a singularly unpleasing manner in this lonely country, where all the hues of the landscape are in such perfect harmony. I recently had an opportunity of seeing the Egyptian troops and the English regiments side by side in full uniform. The English soldier is much better made, the cut of his clothes superior, the cavalry horses are finer and more powerful ; but how far more pleasing is the appearance of the Egyptian troops ! Their blue uniforms with orange-coloured facings are absolutely unsoiled ; the cavalry soldiers wearing smoke-colour with white pipings, or greyish-blue with ornaments of bright red, whilst their Arab steeds are almost all light grey. One feels that they thoroughly belong to the country, and harmonize with the scenery of the Nile or the Desert.

But of what practical use is all this outward beauty, harmonious and pleasing though it be ! The Englishman is there in his calm strength, to remind us of the sentence of doom written in the Book of Ezechiel. Unhappy sons of Egypt ! "They shall be there a low kingdom"—*Et erunt ibi in regnum humile*.¹ "There shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt"—*Et dux de terra Egypti non erit amplius*.²

¹ Ezech. xxix. 14.

² *Ibid.* xxx. 13.

Who Painted the Flowers ?

IT may, I suppose, be without question assumed that flowers are beautiful. Whatever else the caprice of taste may command us or forbid us to admire, there is one fashion which, though every season repeated, is yet found to be ever fresh, the fashion of the violet and the rose ; and there is no truth to which the common observation and the common-sense of mankind have given a readier assent, than they have to the declaration that the most splendid of monarchs in all his glory was not arrayed as are the lilies of the field.

So far there is agreement. But in these days of ours it will not do to rest satisfied with the fact : it must needs be asked how the fact came to be. That these beautiful flowers were made beautiful simply as they are, that their grace came to them as it comes to a copy of themselves on a Christmas card or in an artificial bouquet, directly from the hand of an artist, is not the sort of explanation of which contemporary science will take account. But as the fact has to be somehow explained, science is ready to explain it, and that particular school of science for which there are no puzzles, for which the making of an apple is an operation no wise more mysterious than the making of an apple dumpling, is here, as everywhere, ready with a full, true, and particular account of the process of adornment and of every step and stage in the same. As usual, too, the explanation offered is not likely to err through any morbid deference to the ideas of previous generations. It has hitherto been supposed that flowers were not only the most beautiful but also the least utilitarian of the products of the earth ; that their chief function was not in any way to toil or to spin, but to adorn our fields and woods with the brightness of their hues and the fragrance of their breath, and that in the need of some such adornment to save the face of nature from too dull a monotony, was somehow to be sought the reason of their being.

This, we now learn, is all wrong. The colours on the petals

of a rose are no more to be attributed to a purely artistic motive than those on the sign-board of an enterprising publican ; flowers are in fact like nothing so much as sign-boards, which let the passing insect know where good cheer, in the shape of honey, is to be had ; and the blossoms which we see at the present day are what they are simply because they have managed their advertising business better than others, which they have consequently trampled out of the world in the keen competition for existence.

This is no overstatement of the theory in vogue. Flowers, it is said, need the service of insects to assist in their propagation, and therefore must attract insects, and those which have best succeeded in so doing have best succeeded in the race of life. And consequently the various hues and their various arrangements which we see on blossoms have come to be there because their casual presence helped in the great work of attraction, and by that attraction was, by natural selection, "developed." Hear Sir John Lubbock :¹ "To them (bees and other insects) we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them flowers are indebted for their scent and colour ; nay, for their very existence, in its present form. Not only have the present shape and outlines, the brilliant colours, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers, been gradually developed through the unconscious selection exercised by insects ; but the very arrangement of the colours, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, the relative situations of the stamen and pistil, are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to ensure the grand object which these visits are destined to effect."

The expression "unconscious selection" here employed suggests a question which Sir John Lubbock does not explicitly propose, and which, though I do not purpose to treat it, should at least be indicated. Of course the selection, whatever it be, exercised by insects must, so far as they are concerned, be "unconscious." But when that is allowed the question of design remains in its entirety. Are these unconscious workers, or are they not, the instruments of conscious intelligence ? Many, especially among the lesser lights, of the modern school are very peremptory in their denial of any consciousness, or intelligence, or æsthetic intention, anywhere in the process of evolution.

¹ *British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects*, p. 45.

Mr. Grant Allen, for example, tells us² that "the whole loveliness of flowers is . . . dependent upon all kinds of *accidental* causes—causes, that is to say, into which the deliberate design of the production of beautiful effects did not enter as a distinct factor." The question so raised I do not now wish to treat. It appears to me that to institute an argument on this point would be very like insisting that we could not get a finished picture of the Venetian school by shaking a kaleidoscope, or that we could not produce a poem of the Laureate's, say the *In Memoriam*, from the letters which designate the divisions of our police by arranging the men who compose the force along Regent Street, according to their height or their weight or their length of service. It is true that an eminent leader of fashionable thought³ finds the existence of a Providence a less satisfactory and scientific explanation of the phenomena we observe than an "unconscious effort to the good and the true which exists in the universe, and throws a cast of the dice through each of us." But such phrases are at least to the majority of minds, to say nothing of their authors, simply phrases, and mean nothing. "Some people," says Dr. Asa Gray,⁴ "conceive of unconscious purpose. This to most minds seems like conceiving of white blackness." It must needs be a hyper-metaphysical disquisition which has such a concept for a theme, and I wish to deal not with speculative, but with observed fact. Supposing the production of beauty to be like everything else in nature, the result of law,⁵ I wish to ask how far the facts that we can see bear out the theory that insects have been even the sole instruments for the production of beauty in our gardens and our fields. This is a pure question of natural science, which can be discussed without any *a priori* prepossessions. To allow the insects all that is claimed for them would not be to deny that there is a law; it would be to make the law inconceivably more wonderful. The checks and counter-checks of the system must be indeed of marvellous complexity if insects working directly for food, and indirectly serving to the propagation of species, and being allured by colour as an indication of food, and so serving yet more indirectly to propagate colour,—should under

² *Evolutionist at Large*, p. 205.

³ M. Renan, *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*.

⁴ *Contemporary Review*, April, 1882, p. 609.

⁵ "Lawless, or really random variation, would be a strange anomaly in this world of law, and a singular conclusion to be reached by those who insist upon the universality of natural law" (Dr. Asa Gray, *loc. cit.*).

the guidance of one unvarying taste have produced, in respect of colour, such bewildering variety, and through all variety have in every direction hit upon the beautiful: wonderful indeed would it be that not only they should have dyed different blossoms with all the different colours of the rainbow, but that they should have managed these different materials with such exquisite diversity; spotting the foxglove, and streaking the geranium, and yet refraining from painting the lily,—while yet in each case the result has been such that we can conceive none fitter.

As a plain matter of fact, then, how does the observation which is within the reach of all bear out the assertion that all which there is in flowers is “arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to ensure the grand object which these visits are destined to effect?”⁶

The theory, I repeat, is that every variation which has been perpetuated has been so perpetuated because it served to attract insects, which have in their turn served to propagate the variety. But, in the first place, if this be true of colour, how about *form*? This is a most important factor in the beauty of flowers. “Everybody knows,” writes Mr. Grant Allen,⁷ “that flowers are rendered beautiful by their shapes, by their perfumes, and above all by their colours.” And Sir John Lubbock, in the passage already cited, includes “the shape and outlines” among the features which have been developed through the selection of insects. But how can the form conduce, or be imagined to conduce, to the advertisement of honey-stores within? In a broad way certain shapes of blossoms may help a bee or a butterfly to find where the honey is more readily, or to get at it more easily. But, to say nothing of such fantastic growths as the butterfly-orchis or the monk’s-hood, how can the artistic finish of the edge of a petal or the curve of grace and beauty introduced in the outline of a cup do anything to allure honey-seekers? Or, letting the flowers alone, how can this agency account for the graceful shapes of leaves?

Moreover, there is a large class of plants which admittedly are nothing to insects—the *anemophilous* or wind-fertilized flowers, and the large order of *cryptogams*,—ferns, mosses, and the like. It is generally assumed on the utilitarian hypothesis

⁶ Dr. Asa Gray pertinently remarks that all writers have to agree in speaking of “arrangements,” “adaptations,” “contrivances,” and the like, in this connexion.

⁷ *The Colours of Flowers*, p. 1.

that where colour can do no positive good it cannot exist, and that its absence, in the case of the plants indicated, is a proof of the general theory. But firstly, it is by no means true that colour is absent. The hues of our autumnal fungi are at least as vivid as those of any spring or summer blossoms, and in the large wind-fertilized tribe of the grasses there is great variety and great beauty of colouring, as any one may see in any meadow in May or June. But beyond that, and granting for the sake of argument the absence of colour, who can deny the exceeding great beauty of the fronds of a maiden-hair fern or the head of a feather-grass? Mr. Ruskin's exquisite little engraving of "foreground leafage" in *Modern Painters* fills many with wonder and delight, and yet, as he himself tells us, it represents only what any one may see who chooses to lie down on his face in any field in summer; while in any square yard of vegetation there are more delicate variations on the same theme than any artist but the sun could faithfully reproduce.

Here then is, at the outset, a difficulty which seems fatal to the theory under examination; for if there be undoubted facts which the agency of insects can no wise have affected, how can it be assumed that such agency is the only possible explanation of other facts analogous to these?

Leaving this question suggested by the shape, I come to the colour itself. How far is the theory of insect agency supported by a mere examination of this element of flower beauty, pre-scinding from aught else? That insects, bees especially, can produce very marked variegation in the colour of blossoms, no one will deny who has seen the growth of a zebra-like variety of garden nasturtium⁸ after the bees have been busily working alternately at a bed of maroon-brown and of sulphur-yellow flowers. But how far are we justified in assuming that this has been the sole means of producing the colours that we see? Those who defend such a position assert, as is indeed necessary for their case, that all flowers with conspicuous petals must depend on insects for their well-being, otherwise they would but waste so much of their vital energy on an unremunerative product. So assured are they of this that Mr. Grant Allen, relying on an *a priori* method of reasoning which would seem rather out of harmony with modern scientific canons, unhesitatingly pronounces on the past history of plants from this feature alone. There is, for instance, a well-known plant, the

⁸ *Tropaeolum majus*.

ribwort plantain,⁹ with which children play at soldiers—if indeed there still be children who care to play games which cost no money. It is wind-fertilized and unvisited by insects. At the same time it has a perfectly-formed corolla—inconspicuous indeed, dark-coloured and dry, but as symmetrical in form as a corolla need be. A wind-fertilized plant has no need of a corolla at all, and can gain nothing by turning out on every one of its flower-heads a multitude of these shapely little cups. *Therefore*, says Mr. Allen, the plantain is a degraded plant; it was once fertilized by insects, but has for some reason or other reverted to the “older and more wasteful process” of wind-fertilization, retaining, however, in its little corolla a testimony against itself. “Once upon a time it was a sort of distant cousin to the speedwell. But these particular speedwells gave up devoting themselves to insects, and became adapted to wind-fertilization. . . . Thus every plant bears upon its very face the history of its whole previous development.”¹⁰ We are accordingly asked to take it for granted with the same authority,¹¹ that the bright pigments of flowers have for their main, if not their only function, the attraction of insects—from which it would follow that a bright flower with no honey, or a bright flower at which, from any circumstance, insects could not get, would be a monstrosity in nature, and would as such be necessarily and speedily trampled out. It is at least remarkable that what is probably the most conspicuously-coloured of English flowers, the poppy, secretes no honey at all, although it is true that its abundant pollen offers some reward to the bees which take the trouble to visit it, which special source of attraction will suggest another question presently. But a far more puzzling problem is presented by Wordsworth’s pet flower, the little celandine.¹² Appearing in early spring, when insects have hardly begun to stir, this little plant indulges in a luxuriance of blossomhood not inferior to that of its cousins, the summer buttercups. That from a decorative and æsthetic point of view such display is worth making, no one will deny who looks forward, as one of the chief charms of spring, to see the celandines “take March winds with beauty.” But as a mere matter of business, where does the plant find its account for all this expenditure? Not certainly in its fertilization by insects, which is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that celandines are seldom fertilized at all.

⁹ *Plantago Canceolata*.

¹⁰ *Evolutionist at Large*, pp. 137—141.

¹¹ *Colours of Flowers*, p. 7.

¹² *Ranunculus ficaria*.

The examination of a whole field after flowering will hardly result in the discovery of a single ripened head. Yet the celandine contrives to increase and multiply, and that by a process which not only emphasizes the difficulty already started, but seems to strike a blow at the very root of the whole insect theory.

The main principle on which the need of insect agency is supposed to rest is the necessity for *cross-fertilization*. The ovules of a plant, it is said, should for full development be impregnated by pollen from another plant of the same species, and insects afford the surest means of securing this. Now, without doubt, cross-fertilization is often highly advantageous. But is it universally, or quasi-universally, necessary? To judge by the utterances of some men of science, we should suppose so. "Nature," says Mr. Darwin, "abhors perpetual self-fertilization."¹³ "I will not enter," says Sir J. Lubbock,¹⁴ "into the large question why cross-fertilization should be an advantage, but that it is so has been clearly proved." And the whole gist of the literature on this side of the question is summed up by Dr. Asa Gray¹⁵ in the proposition "that all the various adaptations of flowers to insects are in view of intercrossing." It is assumed, in fact, that by a timely deference to nature's "abhorrence," those plants which have secured cross-fertilization have produced a vigorous progeny which has stamped out the effete rivals which failed to avoid a contradiction of the fundamental law. "No continuously self-fertilized species would continue to exist" is an aphorism of the school. But the celandine is a vigorous growth, making fields yellow with its useless cups, and with no mark of approaching extinction upon it. And how, failing its blossoms, does it contrive to propagate? Simply thus. In the axils of its leaves there form little proliferous bulbs, which in due season dropping off, become the parents of new plants. This is the very contrary of crossing. For a cross, such as is postulated, two distinct plants should contribute to produce a new one, and here there is not the contribution even of two distinct organs. And this is by no means a solitary case: propagation on the same principle is adopted by very large classes of plants. Sometimes it is by runners rooting at the joints (of which the strawberry affords a familiar instance), sometimes by suckers, sometimes by buds, or by slips and shoots.

¹³ Quoted by Asa Gray, l. c. p. 600.

¹⁴ *Flowers and Insects*, p. 6.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* p. 600.

And such plants are propagated in endless abundance. It has, for example, been said that all the weeping-willows in the world have probably been produced by slips from one common ancestor, for the willow is *diœcious* (bearing stamens and pistils on different trees), and there is no staminate weeping willow known, and consequently the tree never fruits ; while, as is well known, all our cultivated apples are propagated by grafting, each variety carrying on through all its members the life of one individual ancestor. Some of these varieties (for instance, the Herefordshire "red streak" and "fox whelp") are known to have existed for nearly three centuries. Indeed, so far from being unduly handicapped in the race by their utter neglect of the fundamental law, these self-propagating plants are precisely the most rampant and aggressive of all, and the most difficult to get rid of.

For instance, the creeping buttercup¹⁶ is designated "a troublesome weed" *because* it increases by creeping roots or *scions*, which take root wherever a leaf is produced. The colts-foot¹⁷ is almost ineradicable, *because* any fragment of its long and brittle roots serves to produce a new plant, and a variety of the lady's smock¹⁸ merits the designation "remarkably prolific" *because*, while its flowers become incapable of fertilization, owing to doubling, the leaflets as they come to the ground produce fresh plants.

There seem therefore to be facts, on the very threshold of the inquiry, which may at least justify us in pausing before we accept the doctrine which is so unhesitatingly enunciated.

But the most interesting portion of my task will consist in an examination of the case made out by the advocates for the insects. Before undertaking such examination of some facts of this case, which will raise some new points as well as some of those already noticed, it will be well to state precisely once again what is my contention. I do not at all wish to deny that insects are of service to flowers, nor, this being so, that there are many "arrangements" on both sides to secure that the service be effectually rendered. But given a fact, many modern writers are far too prone to found on it an hypothesis which depends far more on an *a priori* conception of the fitness of things than on the fact with which it is thought to square. The hypothesis once stated is then far too often itself treated as a fact, and it is sought to make out a case for it by quoting other facts which

¹⁶ *Ranunculus repens*.

¹⁷ *Tussilago farfara*.

¹⁸ *Cardamine pratensis*.

seem to bear it out. The making out of such a case is not difficult, and is apt, quite unintentionally, to become a mere piece of special-pleading. It is very easy to collect all the instances that tell one way, and to forget those which tell the other way: it is easy for a man who has too hastily assumed the truth of his hypothesis to see all facts through its medium, and to make them mean something which on more critical examination would be seen not to be their meaning. It seems to me that a conspicuous example of such a process is afforded here, when from the undoubted usefulness of insects to some flowers it has been inferred that all flowers have been entirely modified by insects in all those respects which bring them into connexion. It seems also that even so earnest and so painstaking an investigator as Sir J. Lubbock has not escaped the danger above indicated, and has in many instances seen his facts with pre-determined eyes.

In his work, *British Wild Flowers in their Relation to Insects*,¹⁹ from which I have already quoted the general conclusion which he seeks to draw, he runs through the whole British flora, and endeavours in the case of each family to establish the truth of his hypothesis. It seems truer to say that we need go no further than his book to find convincing proof that insects can *not* do all that is claimed for them. It is not easy to arrange in very logical order the points which arise from the examination of many separate examples. Having indicated my general drift, I shall consider it enough to arrange my strictures very much in the order which his work suggests.

He tells us,²⁰ with regard to *anemophilous*, or wind-fertilized flowers, "it is an advantage to these plants to flower before the leaves are out, because the latter would greatly interfere with the access of the pollen to the female flower." Now it is true that hazels, poplars, and the like flower before the leaves appear, and that they are wind-fertilized; but no less so do the wild cherry and other *entomophilous*, or insect-fertilized, trees. Again, the large class of the *coniferae*, the fir tribe, are *evergreen*, with one exception—the larch. The larch is also the one which is not wind-fertilized. In the case of all the others—Scotch fir, yew, &c., the flowers cannot possibly appear before the foliage.

"Again," says Sir John, "in such (wind-fertilized) flowers the filaments of the stamens are generally long;" but again, I

¹⁹ *Nature Series*. Macmillan and Co.

²⁰ *Ibid.* p. 8.

would remark, in the Scotch fir and the yew there are no filaments at all.

On the following page some woodcuts are given to show how the stigma²¹ in wind-fertilized flowers is more branched and hairy than in those fertilized by insects. No doubt, it is obvious that such an arrangement is but natural and to be expected; but it is dangerous to deduce general rules from particular facts, and if the examples were somewhat differently selected, the conclusion would not be so clear. If, for example, the apple or the water-plantain²² were chosen to represent the entomophilous, and the ash the anemophilous plants, it might seem that the rule was reversed.

But these are minor matters, and are valuable only as showing how easy and how unsafe it is to generalize. To come now to the main point at issue, which resolves itself into two questions. (1) How far does it appear proved that the sole function of colour in flowers is to attract insects? (2) How far, that the service of insects is the main advantage to plants in the struggle for existence?

As to the first question, Sir J. Lubbock implies²³ that even in the case of two species of the same genus, the larger or more showy flower will attract the more numerous insects. But how does the theory so implied agree with the fact that many of the most insect-frequented flowers are the least conspicuous? Mignonette, for example: it is hard to conceive a flower offering less in the way of show, and certainly none is a greater favourite with bees. Again, many people of intelligence might be in the habit of seeing trees all their lives, and yet never advert to the fact that the sycamore and the lime trees bear flowers at all—so unobtrusive are they. Yet these flowers are prime favourites with bees. If it is said that the size of the trees renders coloration unnecessary, how, I would ask, can such a position be maintained? Amid so many other trees which produce no honey, surely a guiding mark ought to be as essential as in the case of blossoms in a field. How, again, account for the fact that so many large trees do produce conspicuous flowers—for example, the horse-chestnut and the hawthorn? Again, though it be true that the lime and the

²¹ The summit of the pistil on which pollen from the stamens has to be deposited for fertilization.

²² *Alisma*.

²³ P. 41.

mignonette bear sweet-smelling flowers, yet the sycamore, whose flowers are the least conspicuous, is without scent, while the lily, for example, and the violet, are both showy and odorous.

Moreover, as there are colourless flowers that attract insects, so there are brilliant flowers which contain no honey. An instance has been already quoted, namely, the poppy; which, however, we are told insects visit for the sake of the pollen. But how, in such a case, can their visits produce *cross* fertilization? Either in such a flower the stamen and the pistil mature simultaneously, or they do not. If simultaneously, the flower can fertilize itself, and an insect visiting it is as likely to dust the stigma with pollen from its own stamens as with that from others. If, on the other hand, the stamens are mature when the pistil is closed, insects will visit the flowers (seeking the pollen of the stamens) only when the pistil is incapable of fertilization.

But Sir J. Lubbock tells us that in some such instances the colours serve as a sort of *ignis fatuus* to lure insects on a bootless errand. Thus, of the St. John's Worts²⁴ he says: "They secrete no honey, but are frequently visited by insects, partly for the sake of the pollen, partly, perhaps, *in a vain search for honey.*" And of the Restharrow, "*Ononis* (Restharrow) does not secrete honey, . . . it is exclusively fertilized by bees, and H. Müller has repeatedly seen male bees visiting this species *in a vain search for honey.*"²⁵

Now on development principles this should not be. Not only have flowers been so modified as to get the best service from bees, but bees have in their turn been made fit to drive the best possible bargain with flowers. "If flowers," says Sir J. Lubbock,²⁶ "have been modified with reference to the visits of insects, insects also have in some cases been gradually modified, so as to profit by their visits to flowers. This is specially the case with reference to bees and butterflies." And Mr. Grant Allen²⁷ lays down that "the eyes of the bees are so developed" as to be attracted by the colour which flowers display. But if they are so developed, it surely should follow that they have by this time come to know the colours which signify "no honey" as well as those which give token of much. The *ononis*, for example, is a flower of very peculiar hue, one that can be distinguished by a human eye at a considerable distance. Bees

²⁴ *Hypericum*, p. 69.

²⁵ *Ononis*, p. 84.

²⁶ P. 12.

²⁷ *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 86.

should have by this time learnt that this particular colour means "Honey-seekers, apply elsewhere!"

But not satisfied with the general assertion that colour serves only to advertise and attract, Sir John Lubbock goes to declare that the actual disposition of the colours is obviously regulated by the same conditions: "the very arrangement of the colours, the circular bands and radiating lines . . . are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects." In other words, we are asked to believe that the varieties of colour are always and only nature's finger-posts indicating to the visitor where is the store of which he is in quest.

But how can such an explanation meet the case of colours on the *outside* of a flower? And many flowers are painted on the back of their petals as well as on the face, while some, as the apple-blossom, are painted on the back and *not* on the front. Mr. Grant Allen gets out of this last difficulty by quietly remarking that the colour has not yet developed to the other side.²⁸ But if it is useless where it is, how does it survive to develope at all?

Again, the same author points out that it is *irregular* flowers which are variegated,²⁹ while regular forms are (in the case, at least, of wild flowers) almost always of uniform hue. But if honey-clues were necessary in the case of any flowers, it would be precisely in these latter, and not in the former. The difference between a regular and an irregular blossom is that between a saucer and a cream-jug. In the first there might be some possible difficulty in finding a patch of honey, but in the latter the shape tells the story; it must be at the bottom. As Sir J. Lubbock himself says,³⁰ "The advantage of the irregularity (of shape) is that it compels the insects to visit the nectary in one particular manner." An insect which does not know that it has to crawl down a foxglove-bell to get what it wants is hardly likely to be conducted to it by an observation of the faint and irregular spots which are scattered beneath its feet. It should be noted, too, that in some flowers (as in the pinks) the colour-bands run transversely to the course of a honey-seeker, and so can do nothing in the way of guidance, while in others, as in milkwort,³¹ where the sepals are the conspicuous part, and are quite as clearly veined as the petals of a geranium, a pursuit of the colour indications would lead to the place where the honey is *not*.

²⁸ *Colours of Flowers*, p. 25.

²⁹ P. 61.

³⁰ P. 80.

³¹ *Polygala*.

With regard to these honey-clues, has the experiment ever been tried of painting false ones on a flower? If so, has any insect ever been misled? If not, does any observer conceive that there would be the smallest hope of misleading it? For it must ever be remembered that insects show in the plainest manner that they are dependent on no such adventitious guidance. In many cases (as, for example, columbine, tufted-vetch, and oxlip),³² bees find it most convenient to get at the honey by biting a hole through the corolla from the outside, without troubling themselves to thrust their trunks down the tube. Now, if they can thus tell the position of the store when an opaque veil intervenes, what possible reason is there for supposing they need the guidance of spots and lines when advancing down a tube?

So much for the idea that the colours of flowers are designed solely for the allurements and guidance of insects. Next, how far does their service, even when secured, appear to be the great benefit which it is assumed to be? Here, again, I limit myself to facts for which Sir J. Lubbock speaks.

In the first place, the great order of the cruciferae, a remarkably vigorous and thriving order of plants, is thus described by him:³³ "But although the colour, honey, and scent of the cruciferae have evident reference to the visits of insects, this order does not offer so many special and specific adaptations as we shall meet with in other groups; *and the majority of species, at any rate, appear to have retained the power of self-fertilization;*" whence it appears that the retention of such power is, after all, no great hindrance in the struggle for life.

Again, the lime-tree, as I have said, is a prime favourite with bees. Yet what is the result? Sir J. Lubbock³⁴ again tells us: "The visits of insects are numerous, and yet in this country the lime seldom produces ripe seed." What argument do we therefore find to warrant us in declaring that the only object of all its pomp of blossom is to attract visitors which benefit it nothing?

Finally, not to multiply instances, I take the case of the violet. This produces two kinds of flowers. One, in spring, the well-known odoriferous and handsome blossom which is visited by bees, the other in late summer, minute, inconspicuous, with neither scent nor show, and unvisited by insects. Yet it is the latter kind and not the former which produces the bulk of seed;

³² *Aquilegia*, *Vicia crana*, and *Primula elatior*. ³³ P. 58. ³⁴ P. 71.

"in fact," says Sir J. Lubbock, "the pansy is the only one of our English species (out of five) in which the showy flowers generally produce seed." The fact speaks for itself. Sir John can only suggest that the showy flowers are useful "in securing an occasional cross."

Such theoretical suggestions are one thing : the laying down of a dogmatic proposition, like that quoted at starting, is quite another, and enough has, I think, been by this time said to show that the facts in our possession do not by any means warrant such dogmatism.

If this be so, and if even so careful and observant an author has allowed himself to be hurried too fast by the exigencies of theory, it is scarcely necessary to dwell on the more extreme views of less scientific writers. Mr. Grant Allen, for instance, draws out a chromatic scale of the likings of bees. Their favourite colour, he tells us³⁵ is blue. "Blue flowers are, as a rule, specialized for fertilization by bees, and bees therefore prefer this colour; while conversely the flowers have at the same time become blue because that was the colour which the bees prefer." This, if it means anything, means that blue flowers contain more honey than others; otherwise the bees would be credited with a taste in colours for their own sake, which would at once destroy the utilitarian theory and bring the colouration question back to the ground of æstheticism. Can it then be said that blue flowers are pre-eminently honey-bearing? It would be hard to know what blue flowers could be meant. In a rolling sea of blue hyacinths we shall not find as many bees at work as in the inconspicuous green tassels of the sycamore overhead; while the heather and mignonette will certainly compare not unfavourably with the speedwell and harebell, and even with the sage and other labiates, "perhaps the most specialized of any flowers so far as regards insect fertilization."³⁶

In view of these instances, therefore, and of many others such as these, I maintain that the insect theory is, to say the

³⁵ *Colours of Flowers*, p. 19.

³⁶ It is remarkable to what lengths the imperious demands of theory will go, and how far one theory will prove inconvenient to another. In his essay on the colour of flowers, wherein he traces the process of development according to this indication alone, or at any rate chiefly, Mr. Allen comes to the conclusion (p. 32) that the *Ranunculaceæ*, or buttercup family, are the most primitive of all dicotyledons and "perhaps best of all, preserve for us the original features of the early dicotyledonous flowers." Yet it is precisely the *Ranunculaceæ* which botanists who judge by structure have unanimously set down as the most developed of all dicotyledons, that is as the furthest removed from monocotyledons.

least, not proven. Yet this theory it is now fashionable to assume as though it were demonstrated. And if we turn to some considerations of a more general nature, its position will certainly not be improved.

In the first place, even supposing, for the sake of argument, that all development in flowers of colour and form and nectaries has been produced by the agency of insects, yet for development we need the thing to be developed: and whence came that? Granted that the bees painted the flowers, who supplied the paints? A pink blush, it is said, appearing on the petal of a rose made it more attractive than it was when pure white, and so the pink blush was gradually developed to crimson. But whence the pink blush? The bees did not make *that*. And whence its power of developing to crimson? All the bees in the world could not develop an agate into a ruby. And therefore there must be something for which they are not responsible, and that something the most important of all. As Dr. Asa Gray well says,³⁷ "The origination is the essential thing. . . . To be a scientific explanation (the theory) should show, or enable us to conceive, how insect-visitation operates or in any way tends to develop colours, and originate apparatus. . . . Thus far it does not appear how the visits of bees to a blossom can make one hair white or black. For all that yet appears, we may be indebted to bees for the beauty of our gardens and the sweetness of our fields, much as we are indebted to the postman for our letters. Correspondence would flag and fail without him; but the instrument is not the author of the correspondence."

It seems obvious, then, that if flowers have been developed by bees, it is because it was their nature to be so developed: and that nature was theirs before the bees came. What development there has been must have been along lines already laid down when the flowers were made. The beauty which has resulted cannot be attributed to the labourers who educated it, unless we are prepared to credit the masons and carpenters with the artistic merit of a cathedral.

Another question which suggests itself refers to the doctrine of development itself upon which the whole argument depends. With regard to that doctrine, I must for my own part say that in the observation of facts within reach I meet with more, apparently insoluble difficulties than with fragments of proof.

³⁷ *Contemporary Review*, *ut supra*, p. 606.

It is generally assumed that the alternative to the development theory, the supposition, namely, that all members of one species are descended from one common ancestor originally created in that form, is too violent to be entertained, and that on development principles the difficulty disappears. But, I would ask, must not developists suppose that all these individuals are descended from one common ancestor originally *developed* to this form? Otherwise, if there have been independent developments, how account for the marvellous identity of results? How, at least without allowing the reality of an energetic law which would put accident out of the question? Take, for example, so familiar a weed as the common dandelion.³⁸ This is a composite flower, and as such must have been much developed. Its individuals, as in the case of all species, agree one with another in a number of most delicate particulars, as all may see by reading the description I append.³⁹ Is it to be said that all the dandelions now growing are descended from one original that had chanced into the present form? If so, the difficulty is practically as great as under the non-development supposition. If not,—if different lines of individuals have all developed into agreement in all these particulars, the difficulty seems much greater: and greatest of all on the insect theory. The dandelion has an enormous geographical range: it is found in the Arctic regions, in all north temperate regions, and, moreover, in the temperate regions of the southern hemisphere. The insect visitors in Greenland, in China, in Italy, and in Patagonia can hardly be alike; how, then, is there such complete, I will not say similarity, but identity of result? How indeed, except by allowing that the insects were, at the very most, but instruments, and that the dandelion, as we see it, was designed from the beginning?

Another remarkable point in the same connexion is, that flowers nearly allied often differ very much in some one particular. Thus Sir J. Lubbock tells us,⁴⁰ with regard to two equally common species of mallow: "In *malva sylvestris*, where

³⁸ *Taraxacum officinale*.

³⁹ *Taraxacum officinale*. "Glabrous or cottony at the crown and involucre. Root, long, stout, black. Leaves, oblong-obovate or spatulate, lobes usually toothed. Scapes, one or more ascending or erect. Head $\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 in. broad, bud erect; involucre campanulate, outer bracts more or less recurved, inner erect. Corollas, bright yellow, outer florets often brown on the back. Fruit, brown with a beak of equal length" (Sir J. Hooker, *Student's Flora*, p. 215).

⁴⁰ P. 41.

the branches of the stigma are so arranged that the plant cannot fertilize itself, the petals are large and conspicuous, so that the plant is visited by numerous insects; while in *malva rotundifolia*, the flowers of which are comparatively small⁴¹ and rarely visited by insects, the branches of the stigma are elongated and twine themselves among the stamens, so that the flower can hardly fail to fertilize itself."

Here, then, are two species which have both contrived to develop into mallowhood, which are constructed so exactly alike that in any systematic catalogue they must stand side by side, and yet which differ in the one particular which we are told rules all development. Insects have worked for generations at the one, and have done nothing for the other, and yet they have both arrived at the same point, and both agree exactly in their complex generic peculiarities.⁴² And here again it is not in one or two individuals that this strange diversity and stranger agreement are found. These two mallows are each distributed over Europe, North Africa, Siberia, and Western Asia, even as far as India. Such development in all the varying circumstances of this area would certainly seem to be beset by unsurmountable difficulties.

It seems, then, that our knowledge of the mystery of flower life is still far from sufficient to justify us in undertaking to explain the secrets of their inner history, and that the explanation which we have seen offered is insufficient. As already said, nothing is so dangerous as to champion theories when they are but theories, and to allow our natural sympathy for the offspring of our own brain to mislead us as to facts. That our knowledge on the subject of flowers is insufficient, Sir John Lubbock appears in one passage frankly to avow. He says:⁴³

⁴¹ The requirements of theory here appear to influence the significance attached to facts. The flowers of *M. rotundifolia* ($\frac{3}{4}$ - 1 inches diam.) are, it is true, somewhat smaller than those of *M. sylvestris* (1 - 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), but none the less they are showy and handsome flowers, more conspicuous than very many which appeal to insects. Even *Geranium sylvaticum*, which is quoted as a prime instance of an entomophilous flower, is only $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and it is far more conspicuous than most wild flowers. It is also worthy of note that the two mallows, one insect fertilized, the other self-fertilized, are "nearly equally common."

⁴² How complex these are may be judged from Sir J. Hooker's description of the genus: "Leaves, angled, lobed or cut. Flowers axillary. Calyx 5-fid, 3-bracteolate. Staminal column long, filaments free at its top; anthers reniform, 2-celled in bud, 2-valved dehiscent along the convex side; pollen globose, hispid. Ovary many-celled; styles stigmatose on the inner surface. Fruit a whorl of indehiscent 1-celled carpels, separating from a short conical axis. Seed ascending, albumen scanty mucilaginous" (*Student's Flora*, p. 71).

⁴³ P. 98.

"Our knowledge of the subject is as yet in its infancy. . . . Most elementary treatises, unfortunately, though perhaps unavoidably, give the impression that our knowledge is far more complete and exact than really is the case. . . . Few, I believe, of those who are not specially devoted to zoology and botany have any idea how much still remains to be ascertained with reference to even the commonest and most abundant species."

But although incomplete and insufficient for full explanation, the knowledge gained through observation may well suffice to point in one direction, and I shall be much surprised if, on calm consideration, that direction is found to be the blind and fortuitous work of unreasoning agents. As Sir John, in yet another passage, parenthetically remarks,⁴⁴ "It is difficult to account for the relation which exists between flowers and insects by the hypothesis of a mere blind instinct on the part of the latter."

J. G.

⁴⁴ P. 19.

Some Natural Advantages of True Belief.

I THINK I am stating a fact which Protestants as well as Catholics will allow to be true, when I lay it down as a general, if not an universal rule, that the world at large expects a higher standard from Catholics than from the members of any other religion upon the face of the earth. Explain it as you will, the fact is undeniable that ordinary intelligent, educated men of the world look for a greater devotion to religion and a superior tone of morality in those who acknowledge the supremacy of St. Peter's See than in Anglican, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, Jew, Turk, or Infidel. I have heard a thoughtful, intellectual Protestant confess that he regarded the Catholic Church as superior to all else in the rule of life it prescribes, though he was not willing to concede the claim of authority which it asserts. I have again and again heard expressions of surprise from the mouths of those outside the Church on account of the ill-doing of some professing Catholic, when I am quite certain that they would have taken his actions quite as a matter of course if he had professed any other form of religion. In the priesthood above all men look for something more than ordinary holiness; they scrutinize every word, watch every action of priests, not in any unkind or carping spirit, but simply because they somehow instinctively demand of them that they should be more charitable, temperate, self-denying than the ministers of any other creed.

What is the cause of this? It cannot be any "natural selection" which places the men of superior morality in the ranks of the Church and her clergy; still less can it be chance. There must be some deeply-rooted conviction of a scarce acknowledged cause which produces the acknowledged result. If, given the same materials, or often materials naturally inferior, a better article is on the average turned out; if the world is surprised when the article produced is misshapen, or crooked, or otherwise disfigured, there must be some persuasion on the part

of thinking men that the manufactory which produces these superior articles can confer certain advantages that other manufactories cannot; that it has means at its disposal which, with similar workmen and similar materials to begin with, can finish off its wares as no other manufactory can; can turn out its average wares of a better quality, and in its best specimens cannot be even approached by any of its rivals.

In addition to this higher moral and religious standard expected of Catholics, men also expect a higher intellectual standard. This is the more surprising because all the world knows the intellectual disadvantages under which Catholics labour in England. The loss of university training is intellectually irreparable; the traditions of persecuting times have deadened intellectual interests. Catholics have been bereft of the stimulus of public school competition for scholarships and prizes, and though they in the present day meet with every consideration and have access to all the means of cultivation where religious objections do not of necessity banish them, yet long years must pass before they can run a perfectly fair and even race. Yet in spite of this the Catholic, and especially the Catholic priest, is expected to be armed *cap-à-pie* against all comers, and to be able to hold his own against all assailants on the prominent topics of the day, on evolution, the inspiration of Scripture, the credibility of miracles, questions of Church history and ecclesiastical law, on the constitution of bodies, the nature of the soul, the future punishment of the wicked, the moral character of the Popes. On matters of logic, ethics, and natural theology, a definite opinion is looked for, and a reasonable defence of that opinion; and it must be confessed that men will accept his statements, even his dogmatic statements, with a readiness which is surprising, and attribute to them a weight they do not always deserve. Why else is this, but that in their secret souls they half unconsciously allow to the Catholic Church an intellectual superiority to which the pigmies around her have no pretence or claim; or, if I may state the case plainly, that they believe her to have laid up in her storehouse a treasure of dogmatic truth which cannot be produced from any other source?

In my last article I treated the negative side of this superiority of Catholic belief over false belief. I tried to show that those even who are in good faith are at a necessary disadvantage by reason of their exclusion from the visible Church, and how to

fall away from Truth even inculpably is to forfeit unspeakable benefits which are Truth's sole promise. I now propose to turn to the positive aspect of the matter, and to mark down one or two of the most striking benefits to which the possession of Truth gives a claim, whether in the natural or supernatural order.

And first of all I will take what I believe to be the foundation of intellectual vantage-ground which Protestants unconsciously seem to concede to the Catholic theologian or disputant. I do not say that they would themselves allow it, or that they even in thought suspect with any but the most dim and distant suspicion that he occupies the citadel which commands their unstable defences. Few men realize one half of what they in practice admit; no man at all holds explicitly a hundredth part of what he implicitly acknowledges. They hold premisses, but are not in possession of the conclusion, except in so far as the acceptance of the premisses virtually entails the acceptance of the conclusion. Hence it is that most men (perhaps especially Englishmen) are so inconsistent. Englishmen sometimes even pride themselves on being illogical. Their somewhat slow and sluggish intellect finds a sort of suicidal pleasure in refusing to bring face to face their various accepted opinions, fearing that the discovered contradiction between them may be so flagrant that even they must relinquish one or the other, unless they fly to that broken reed of intellectual obstinacy which asserts that it is not fair that logic should override common sense. So the average Englishman, while he fully believes that the Catholic accepts many doctrines childish, superstitious, destitute of sufficient foundation, nay, even God-dishonouring and blasphemous, yet at the same time concedes to his opponent a mysterious, almost a magical consistency of belief, and not only consistency (for he would tell you that a false hypothesis may be consistent) but a firmness and solidity of belief which he feels that he does not himself possess. Hence his whole process of argument seems to show, not that any other form of belief is true, but that Catholicity has weak points, which justify him in rejecting it. He plays round it and assails it, first from one side then from another, as if seeking for at least one vulnerable point in its armour, and discharges his weapons, now here, now there, with the hope that out of a thousand shots at a venture one must by the very law of chances pierce the coat of mail, and so destroy the enemy that he in spite of

himself respects and dreads. At one time it is the condemnation of Galileo, at another the anathemas levelled at Pope Honorius, at another the intrinsic impossibility of Transubstantiation, at another the "blasphemous" doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, at another the idolatry of image worship, at another the dishonour done to God by Mariolatry. Manifold and varied are the weapons he discharges when he fancies he desires a crack, or a rent, or a seam, in the intellectual or moral armour of the Church; or, if I may be allowed a bold metaphor, just as the vulnerable heel was left by which his mother held Achilles when she dipped him in the wound-averting river, so the assailant of the Church fancies some weak point must remain in the Spouse of Christ when He dipped her in His own life-giving Blood. One such weak point, and the victory would be his. He knows that one contradiction in Catholic teaching, one *ex cathedra* Papal decision directly opposed to another, one dogma inconsistent with reason, clearly and plainly established, and the castle of Rome would fall to the ground and crumble into dust. In this way he pays the highest possible compliment to the Church. He recognizes her position as claiming to be the Teacher of the absolute and perfect Truth.

This it is which is the root, the basis, the foundation of the Church's power, of her dominion, of her attractiveness to men of goodwill, of the hatred felt towards her by those who shun the light and hate the truth. As her Divine Founder proclaimed to Pilate, so she proclaims aloud to all the world, "For this cause was I born, and for this end have I come into the world, that I should bear testimony to the Truth. He that is of the Truth hears My voice." And as man is born for God, he is also born for truth. He cannot help himself; he gravitates towards Truth; in Truth is freedom, and he loves to be free; in Truth is joy and peace, and joy and peace are man's greatest treasure. Truth gives a consciousness of power. Truth brings man's best energies into active exercise. Truth is the harbour of the storm tost, the pearl of great price, the key of heaven, the light of the soul, God manifesting Himself to man. How can we be surprised if the Catholic Church, in virtue of her possession of Truth, has a superiority over all her rivals, which, apart from all else, and on purely natural grounds, ensures her final victory. In the end Truth *must* prevail against falsehood. Truth may be hated, insulted, mocked, spit upon,

crucified between two thieves, and buried in the tomb, but, nevertheless It must, from the very force of its inherent Divinity, rise again victorious, crush its foes beneath its feet, and rule supreme as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The Church may be robbed, persecuted, trampled upon, but the Truth which is always with her, even to the consummation of the world, which was taught her by the Spirit which dwells in, must bring her out a conqueror and more than a conqueror over all her enemies.

This Divine gift of Truth she imparts to each of her children. They too possess, not actually and explicitly, but virtually and implicitly, the perfect Truth. The individual Catholic may be ill-instructed, he may even ignorantly believe to be true much that is false, he may hold and assert doctrines which are inconsistent and self-contradictory, but in virtue of his loyal allegiance to the Church he shares her possession of the infallible Truth. If he is wrong, he at the same time holds his false opinion with the implied proviso that it does not contradict any portion of the Church's teaching; if he ignorantly disputes any of her dogmas, he has only to recognize that it *is* one of her dogmas, to throw aside his preconceived opinions and joyfully accept the Truth from her. He has always the stronghold of Truth to fall back upon, and as he comes out of the contest vigorous and strong by reason of her teaching, so if in his human frailty he is driven in on his reserves, he knows he is always safe as soon as he takes refuge in her sacred portals. This it is which gives to the Catholic theologian and philosopher such a calm feeling of happy repose. The mind of man is made for truth, and when truth comes before it, it recognizes it, loves it, finds repose in it, basks in it, revels in it, and like children in the presence of a loving mother, runs innocent riot in the peaceful consciousness of its ready protection. As the feeble swimmer who fears that at any moment his powers may fail, is troubled and afraid as long as he cleaves his anxious way through the deep waters, but gambols and splashes merrily when he knows that at any moment his feet can rest on the ground beneath, so the intellect of man, even the most powerful of intellects, cannot fail to entertain a secret misgiving as long as it must trust to its unaided powers, but strikes out boldly under the happy consciousness of the solid footing of Truth being ready at hand for his failing powers. In matters intellectual as in every other circumstance of life, the man who is true to human nature rejoices in his dependence, is strengthened

by it, feels security in it, runs on his way with more calm step and surer tread because he wears the easy yoke of Truth and carries her light burden.

A necessary consequence of this possession of Truth is the perfect reasonableness of the Catholic Church. We can never sufficiently insist on this as a never-failing test of Truth, as a Divine prerogative that error can never filch away. The Church does not and cannot enjoin upon her children anything contrary to reason ; nay, more than this, she does not and cannot enjoin upon her children anything which is not approved by reason, and which cannot directly or indirectly be proved by reason to be true. It is too common a mistake among Catholics (and a very fatal one it is) to suppose that loyalty to the Church compels us to accept even that which goes against reason ; that she may require us to swallow a contradiction, and that we must obey in blind obedience. She may indeed, and she does, require of us that we accept many things that are above reason, but nothing that is against reason. She does require us to accept dogmas which we in our ignorance cannot grasp or comprehend, but never one of which we can rightly and reasonably say that it is inconsistent with any other dogma which we know to be true ; she does require of us to believe her teaching when it contradicts the evidence of our senses, as in the Blessed Eucharist, but never does she teach that which contradicts the dictates of reason. One such case (if it were possible), and the Church would cease to be a Teacher of Truth, and would be a teacher of lies. In a word she teaches mysteries often, contradictions never.

It has sometimes occurred to me, that it is a sufficient proof of the Divinity of the Catholic Church, that among all the dogmas she has defined clearly, sharply, and in no ambiguous terms, amid all the definitions she has promulgated during the eighteen hundred years of her existence, her severest, bitterest enemies have never yet detected one single contradiction or inconsistency. What cunning, what ingenuity, what superhuman acuteness, could ever have escaped during all these centuries the assertion of a single proposition opposed to some other proposition already contained in her teaching ? We might understand it if she were satisfied with the "general assent" which Anglican dignitaries regard as a sufficient test of orthodox adherence to the formularies of Anglicanism ; we could understand it if there were an oracular obscurity about her dogmas ;

but she requires an individual assent to every jot and tittle of decrees which speak with no doubtful voice and leave no room for ingenious evasion or pious interpretation. It seems to me strange that under circumstances such as these, men should attribute her minute consistency to anything except a Divine influence guiding into all truth. Considering what human fallibility is, how could it be possible that the long series of Popes and General Councils should never once contradict each other, never once be at variance with Holy Scripture, never once demand of the intellect of men anything which human reason is unable to accept.

This appeal of the Catholic Church to man's innate perception of Truth is one of the chief motive powers that has drawn so many educated men out of false beliefs into the one true belief. They had some opportunity of testing the intellectual value of the teaching of the Church, and they could not help confessing that she was right and her doctrine was true. It coincided with the judgment they had already formed on other grounds and from a different aspect of the question. They had inquired respecting her teaching on some point of philosophy or theology, and it appealed to their reason as so essentially reasonable. They had set it side by side with the teaching of some other religious body, and the contrast was a very remarkable one. On the one side faltering utterances, uncertain formularies, obscure, foggy, indefinite assertions, often inconsistent statements, and doctrines that could only be reconciled by not only explaining them, but explaining them away. On the other, utterances clear as the day, formularies clear and plain and unmistakeable in their meaning, assertions of dogma sharply cut and definite, about which it was impossible to haggle, and which no man could explain away, do what he will; and all perfectly in unison, no shadow of inconsistency, no jarring note, all fitted together in one harmonious and continuous whole.

Take, for instance, the Catholic as opposed to the Calvinist theory of predestination, or the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation as opposed to the Lutheran Consubstantiation, or the Anglican theory of the Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament (if indeed it can be said to have any theory of its own, except a denial of the Catholic dogma)—take these or a hundred others, Indulgences, Devotion to our Lady, Penance, Invocation of Saints, anything you please, and I do not hesitate to say that any educated man, free from prejudice, will at once

recognize in the Catholic doctrine, if clearly explained to him, something which satisfies his instinctive love of Truth, and will reject all else, even though he may have no sort of leaning to Catholicism, and may be an adherent of some religion or irreligion utterly opposed to the teaching of the Church. Truth, then, intellectual Truth, is the stay, support, basis, and foundation of the Catholic Church; and educated men not a few have been forced by the sheer love of Truth, by the impossibility of committing mental and moral suicide by a wilful rejection of it, to give in their adherence to the Catholic Church. Not that the mere conviction is enough, but *Facientibus quod in se est, Deus non denegat gratiam*—if a man is willing to give up all to become a Catholic, because he knows that Catholicity is the Truth, God will not fail to supply that supernatural impulse which is the complement of and is never denied to the intellectual conviction which recognizes Truth, and to the goodwill which is ready at any cost to give in its submission to it.

But it would be a very serious hardship on the mass of men if the truth of Catholic teaching, and her consequent appeal to the intellect, were her only claim to superiority and the only means of invitation that she puts before them. Another superiority there is in true belief which appeals to all, and founds its appeal on a faculty more universally developed than the intellectual recognition of Truth wherever it be found. In all men, educated or uneducated, of intellect acute or dull, learned or ignorant, of minds logical or perverse, there is a faculty which, for want of a better name, I shall call the faculty of perceiving fitness and proportion in whatever is presented to it. Why is it that we feel almost a sensation of pain if we see a vulgar woman dressed with queenly magnificence, or if we hear in a sermon some familiar expression or too homely anecdote which would be admirably suited for the dinner-table but not at all for the pulpit, or if we see a book badly printed, and containing very inferior matter, bound in some elaborate and expensive binding? Why is it that a pronunciation which passes unnoticed in the garret, makes us shudder when we hear it in the drawing-room? Why is it that a magnificence which we admire in a regal palace, disgusts us in the newly acquired mansion of the parvenu? In each of these cases it is our sense of *fitness* that is shocked. There is a want of moral proportion and harmony in what we witness, and it is this that revolts us. It is this sense

of fitness which is one of the strongholds of the Catholic Church. She never departs by one hair's-breadth from the laws of perfect harmony. She appeals to good taste in her every action, her every movement, her every arrangement. She is never vulgar, awkward, ungainly, ridiculous. It has been said, and I believe with perfect truth, that whatever else Jesus Christ was accused of, no one ever accused Him of being ridiculous. When Herod and his soldiers mocked Him, they had to dress Him up in a fool's garment, and even then there was nothing ridiculous about Him. When He was presented to the people, torn, wounded, bleeding, crowned with thorns, scarce recognizable in His degradation, still there was a quiet dignity about Him that was irresistible. It was the Pharisees who were ridiculous, not their Divine Victim. He ever retained in His every look, gesture, movement, that due proportion and harmony that is the secret of true dignity. He always appeals to our sense of fitness in every word and work, and that is why even sceptics admire Jesus Christ.

This proportion, harmony, dignity, good taste, sense of fitness, the Catholic Church inherits, while all other religious bodies separated from her, have irrevocably forfeited it. An educated Protestant witnessing a High Mass is puzzled by all the motions, genuflections, gestures. He cannot understand them, but somehow they are never ridiculous. But take him to a Ritualist church, show him three honest Anglicans in chasuble and dalmatic, and at once he is inclined to laugh. Or if he directs his attention, not so much to the service, as to the worshippers in a Catholic church, their profound homage and devout adoration are never absurd; they make the sign of the Cross and kiss their little crucifix, they tell their beads or kneel before altar or statue, but nothing of all this is ridiculous. But the gestures of the devout faithful in a Protestant church of advanced tendencies somehow tickle the fancy of the cultivated outsider. There is something incongruous about them, an unaccountable want of consistency. Some years ago I remember a *Daily Telegraph* article on some Ritualistic *Tenebræ*. I do not recollect the words, but the description of the service was most humorous. Every now and then, said the writer, a happy thought seemed to strike a tall young man in cassock and cotta, and he seized an extinguisher and went and put out a candle, and then quietly returned to his place, apparently well-satisfied with his exploit. Now I do not believe that even a

purveyor for the *Daily Telegraph* would have described in language so irreverent any part of a Catholic service. The Office of *Tenebræ* has been sung in Catholic churches in England from time immemorial. *Daily Telegraph* and other correspondents have assisted at them, reported their magnificence, given an account of the ceremonies of the Church; but I do not believe that it ever occurred to any of them to view them under a ridiculous aspect, or to speak of them disrespectfully, as did the above-cited writer of the Anglican *Tenebræ*. The reason is that each detail of Catholic ceremonial is in its proper place, and is in harmony with the rest, each an appropriate element in a beauteous whole, and only in that place, and from its relation to the whole, does it call for our admiration. Transplant it elsewhere, and we must not be surprised if men cry out against it and ridicule it. It looks awkward in the uncongenial surroundings, like a rose or lily transplanted from the flower-beds amid the vulgar plants of the kitchen garden.

But it is not merely fitness, consistency, harmony, that men recognize in the Catholic Church; it is not merely as a perfect "system" of discipline and doctrine, worked out in its fulness, with elaborate perseverance and skill. There may be fitness and consistency (though scarcely harmony) in what appears to us unattractive and repulsive. A system compact and well arranged may still be false. In the Catholic system not only is there a perfect proportion between all the parts, but the whole which they compose is intensely, exquisitely, immeasurably beautiful. The beauty of the Catholic Church, its unapproachable, surpassing, Divine beauty, would be sufficient of itself as a ground for our adherence to it. "I saw the New Jerusalem," says he who saw the glories of Paradise while he still sojourned in this land of exile, "the Church and Spouse of Jesus Christ, descend from Heaven like a bride prepared for her husband," decked in the queenlike majesty of one who was espoused to the King of kings, adorned with the Divine Beauty which renders her worthy to be the Bride of the King of Heaven. What St. John saw clearly we see dimly and faintly, nay, every thinking, educated man, who is not pre-occupied with some invincible prejudice, recognizes to some extent, and at least in some particular, this heavenly beauty of the Catholic Church. As one who has obtained by inheritance or conquest some palace of magnificence, delights in the countless scenes of

beauty that present themselves in hall and court and chamber, in the rich tapestry and rare oak carvings and marble pillars; as he gazes with fond and proud satisfaction on the long vista of woodland and avenue and crystal lake and varied forest-land that inclose it, and rejoices in the thought that instead of a barren land and untenable habitation, he is the owner of a royal mansion of unexampled magnificence and lying in a garden of delights—so the discerning Catholic rejoices, delights, almost revels in the beauty of the Catholic Church, her majesty and glory. Whatever else men may say of her, they cannot deny that no moral beauty can be found elsewhere which approaches the moral beauty of her chosen sons and daughters, no patience like the patience of her martyrs, no self-sacrificing charity like the self-sacrificing charity of her saints, no holiness like the holiness of those whom she has raised to her altars. What false belief can put forward heroes of humanity such as are the pride and glory of the Catholic Church? or boast itself of saints and martyrs like her saints and martyrs? Ask any of them to produce their noblest specimens, and there is a consentient voice on the part of the common sense of mankind that they are but a feeble imitation, an almost absurd caricature of those with whom they vainly seek to vie. Where shall we find the wide world over the rivals of those majestic figures that have forced themselves by their intrinsic beauty on the reluctant appreciative recognition of those who hate the Church which is their mother? I am not speaking of their supernatural, but of their natural beauty, of what the world can appreciate, not of that which is to it a sealed book, and I ask where else can be found their generosity, gentleness, purity, magnanimity, courage, self-sacrifice, patience? You cannot attribute it to their personal characters, because it is found in proportion to, and only in conjunction with their devotion to the mother from whose chaste breasts they have sucked the milk of their astounding and superhuman virtues. They are, they must be allowed even by their bitterest adversaries to be, the moral aristocracy of the world, the giants by whose side all else are ugly dwarfs—the characters of ideal beauty of which none but the humblest and faintest copies were ever fashioned elsewhere but in the Church's holy precincts? What other religion has ever produced men like St. Paul, and St. John the Divine, and the golden-tongued St. John Chrysostom, and St. Louis of France, and St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Ignatius

of Loyola, and St. Francis Xavier, and St. Vincent de Paul, and St. Agnes, and St. Theresa, and ten thousand more who owe their godlike beauty and their heroic virtues, and their place in the history of the world, to that Catholic Church who was their mother and their nurse, who had borne them and reared them and trained them to their exalted virtue, whose devoted servants it was their boast to be, and from whom they derived their power to move the world and leave their impress on all after-time?

Whence arises this truth, consistency, harmony, beauty of the Catholic Church? The answer to this question reveals the last advantage which I shall speak of in the present paper as the exclusive property of true belief. It is because the Catholic Church, and it alone, places man in his proper relation to his Creator. Now if there is a Creator and we are His creatures, if we live and move and have our being in Him, if He is our King, our Lawgiver, our Master, our only Benefactor, our Friend, if we belong to Him and not to ourselves, if we depend on Him for every good gift and every perfect gift, if to serve Him is to reign, and to disobey Him is to be a miserable slave, if He is our first beginning and our last end, if our success in life and our happiness to all eternity depends simply and solely on our recognizing in practice our due relation to Him, if our glory in Heaven or our misery in Hell will be exactly in proportion to our willing submission to Him and voluntary acknowledgment of His Divine sovereignty, if the one thing necessary is to sit at His feet and hear His word with humility and obedience—if all this is true, what greater benefit can we receive from any teacher or guide than the unspeakable, inconceivable advantage of being taught by every possible means to submit to Him, to acquiesce in and to love dependence on Him, to place ourselves in humble subjection beneath His footstool? Now this it is which is from first to last the spirit which breathes in the Catholic Church, in her ritual, in her dogmas, in her practical rule of life, in the precepts she imposes and the counsel that she inculcates. From first to last, her Divine harmony is tuned to the single note of submission. And as in the nature of God all perfections are present in each, and all are infinite, and yet they are all but one Infinite Perfection, in which no variety or multiplicity is to be found, so the Catholic Church, amid the infinite variety of the virtues that she inculcates, teaches one virtue, and one virtue only, the virtue of

submission, of obedience, of humility, of subjection, of dependence—call it what you will—since all of these are but different names for that practical recognition of our relation to our Creator which is the secret of holiness, the key of Heaven, the ladder by which the saints have ever climbed to their lofty thrones in the Paradise of God.

This lesson of perfect submission is perhaps more incontestably and confessedly her peculiar and exclusive appanage than anything else. Those outside the Church envy and seek to copy all else within her. They seek to imitate the beauty of her ritual, the virtues of her children. They would fain possess themselves of her wonder-working power, of her apostolic zeal, of her indefectibility, of her influence over the hearts of men. But they all of them repel and reject her lesson of submission, of dependence. This it is, and this alone, which holds back hundreds and thousands from uniting themselves to the See of Rome. It is not her devotions or doctrines they object to, save this one doctrine of unconditional submission; it is not money, friends, comforts, which they fear to lose; it is that they will not forfeit the dearly loved but fatal privilege of having the last word in religious opinions and religious obedience—the fatal privilege of private judgment and of the liberty of independent action. *They will not submit.*

When the Church's enemies attack her, they always begin by seeking to undermine this habit of submission. They banish the religious orders, who are the embodiment of more or less perfect submission. They fasten upon the teaching of the young, knowing that if they can only prevent the rising generation being trained to submission, their battle will be half won. They stir up national feeling, dislike of "Vaticanism" and of subjection to a foreign ecclesiastic; seek to foster what they call honest pride and manly independence, knowing that this due relation of man to his God once abolished by the spirit of revolt and by the hatred of submission, they will have little difficulty in bringing in those companions of revolt who come trooping after their captain (like camp-followers and harlots in the train of a successful usurper), worldliness, and fleshly lust, and ambition, and intemperance, and forgetfulness, and dislike of God.

It is not difficult to discover the reason why the Church, and the Church alone, has this faculty of setting men right with God, of breathing into him the spirit of submis-

sion to Him, which is not only invaluable as a guide through life, as a preservative for virtue, as a source of peace and happiness and content, but is absolutely necessary if this life is to be the stepping-stone to a happy eternity. For the obedience, dependence, submission due to God from His creatures, differs from all other obedience, submission, dependence, in that it is absolute, unconditioned, without limit or measure, with which nothing can interfere and which nothing else can supersede. If any counteracting duty seems to clash with it, that duty is a duty in appearance and not in reality; if the full acceptance of it is thought to be slavery, he who entertains the opinion puts darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, since to be *servus servorum Dei*, the humblest and lowliest of the servants of God, is the truest, highest, noblest liberty. He who would escape from the sweet yoke of God, and who shrieks the shriek of liberty, cries to all discerning ears that his boasted longing for liberty is but a desire to make himself free of God that he may put on another and very different yoke. He is going to be, nay, is already to some extent, a slave of passion or of pride, and it is his new tyrant who is urging him to this impatience of the self-restraint that he must need exercise in his Father's house. There is some degrading lust or self-exalting ambition that makes the gentle yoke seem harsh, and the light burden appear heavy and galling. To serve God is to reign, to desert His service is to become a slave of slaves. He who dislikes the yoke, frets against it, and seeks to minimise its claims upon him, is no lover of true freedom. He is but a bastard son of liberty who does not rejoice in the universal, absolute, unlimited, ever-present claim of Almighty God on his obedience in every detail of life, in things small as well as in things great, in thoughts alike, and words, and works, by night and day, in darkness and in light, from the day when reason dawns to the moment when the lamp of life flickers and expires.

Now since it is thus all-important to man to learn this lesson, any one who will teach it him, and train him to it, is his greatest possible benefactor, his best friend, his guide who points out to him the road to Heaven, and leads his footsteps thither. Now this it is which is the office of the Catholic Church. No other authority, however legitimate, no other ruling power, God appointed though it be, can do this work which is done by the Catholic Church. No monarch, legislator, ruler, or teacher of men, can train men to this absolute submission.

It is not that they have no power to command, or that they do not speak with authority from God ; it is not that they cannot claim obedience and submission. But all other powers and potentates save the Catholic Church have a limited and restricted authority, which a higher power and a superior authority may from time to time set aside ; all others issue decrees which are reversible ; all others may transgress their limits, so that the individual is not only justified in disobedience, but sometimes even bound to disobey. The civil government of my country consists of fallible men, who issue fallible decrees, and though I should always lean to the side of obedience, yet from time to time I may be bound to disobey. I may be ordered to throw a grain of incense on Minerva's altar, or to sign an Arian formula, or to promise that I will regard the King as the Supreme Head of the Church of God on earth. Hence the civil ruler is not God's representative to such an extent that he has a right to expect an unquestioning submission. He does not teach me the lesson of absolute obedience.

But if the civil government fails in training the minds of men to this necessary lesson of unlimited submission, much less have the various religious bodies outside the Church any power to inculcate it. They all are founded on revolt, and by their example teach their children the lesson which lies at their very root. If they owe their existence to a dislike of absolute submission, they necessarily hand on this dislike to their constituent members. They may exert a certain amount of authority and power, they must exert so much as is required as a condition of their temporary existence, they must have conditions of membership, but their laws, precepts, dogmas, all contain the corroding element of their own rebellion. Crumble away they must, sooner or later ; or if, like the Russian Church, they show no immediate signs of dissolution, it is because they are in a condition of suspended animation, and sleep on in slavery to some earthly power. But with this element of death inherent in them I am only concerned as affording the reason why they never can put their members in the way of making that act of submission to God which is a *sine qua non* of entering the Kingdom of Heaven. They all teach as their doctrine (implicitly if not explicitly) a "divided allegiance," a conditional submission, an obedience necessarily limited, and such an allegiance as this God will not accept, such a submission is no submission at all, such an obedience is but a veiled disobedience. God hates compromises. His law of life is, all or none. If any

man shall do the whole law, and offend in one point, he is guilty of all. All religious bodies save one are the offspring of a compromise between submission and revolt, and therefore God will have none of them. The doctrine they teach is a doctrine of compromise, and therefore they train their sons not only to an imperfect obedience, but to no obedience at all.

Look at them: look even at those who call themselves Catholic, and see whether they deserve the name. Look at their attitude to those whom they profess to recognize as their spiritual lords, their ecclesiastical superiors. See in what spirit they discuss the action of their bishops if those bishops attempt to exercise over them any authority which requires submission of their will and judgment. Listen to their abusive language in newspapers which assume the name of Catholic, and in the mouths of those who profess to regard the Anglican Episcopate as successors of the Apostles, and you will have no difficulty in discerning that inborn, essential spirit of rebellion which is the very air they breathe, the life by which they live, the foundation on which the Establishment to which they belong rests its unstable existence. It is the House built upon a Rock, informed by the Spirit of Truth, speaking as the mouthpiece of God, illumined by the Holy Ghost, and conveying to men the Divine will without fear or danger of any sort of error, that has on earth the exclusive possession of the function of enforcing and enjoining that absolute, unlimited, unrestrained submission which God claims from all His creatures.

The Catholic Church, then, possesses herself, and imparts to her members, these three incomparable, irrefragable advantages.

(1) She alone offers to her children perfect truth, perfect logical consistency, perfect satisfaction to the rational man.

(2) She alone of all religions offers that harmony which never jars on our taste, and places before us a beauty and majesty which attract and draw towards her all the lovers of ideal beauty.

(3) She alone can enjoin absolute, unquestioning, unrestricted obedience, since she alone is preserved by God Himself from ever enjoining anything contrary to His law.

All these we may term her natural advantages, all important as they are, but secondary, as I hope to show in my next paper, to another set of benefits that she confers upon her happy children.

R. F. C.

State Directed Emigration.

II.

ENOUGH has, perhaps, been said by way of demonstrating necessity for a safety-valve that prescient statesmanship would have set at work forty years ago, thereby preventing evils that can hardly be cured. I contend that—(1) the British people must, like the Japanese, in the long run subsist upon the total sum of products, in every kind, of labour exercised, and savings, within their islands. (2) Our unparalleled population has far outstripped the inherent powers to sustain, of the small territory known as Great Britain. (3) Consequently, in lieu of getting richer, as platitudinarians suppose, the nation grows poorer, while the situation is aggravated by the addition of now nearly half a million souls annually. (4) Other countries, ceasing to be our debtors, become creditors for supplies we are compelled to take from them, and which it is fallacious to say are taken as a matter of choice in exchange for this, that, or the other. Certain party leaders and literary men may, indeed, yearly judge our position as they would that of the mechanic going to market to lay out his week's earnings, who, if he spends more than he spent last Saturday must, somehow, have acquired greater purchasing power ;—but the operations of the import trade are not conducted in this primitive fashion. (5) While agricultural production goes down, our exports, or “exchanges,” far from rising *pari passu* with the census, likewise fall off. (6) For the common weal, State intervention in a rare emergency is a plain duty, the adversaries of paternal government notwithstanding. (7) The form it must take is the organization of a gigantic system, for which I devised the title heading this page—partly to distinguish it from mere assistance, which could do little good, partly because “directing,” in the sense of administering and executing, a vast work of colonization, is an appropriate task for rulers of an Empire whereon the sun sets not.

My ideas as to the method of alleviating impending

calamities, first stated generally to the Premier of the day in August, 1877, took a distinct embodiment in a SCHEME¹ submitted to Mr. Gladstone in three letters, dated November 26, 28, and 29, 1880. If this "comprehensive scheme of emigration,"² as it is called in the official acknowledgment from 10, Downing Street, dated December 6, 1880, could be adopted and put into operation upon the lines laid down, that colony which is the largest and has the finest immediate future, would have, within a decade, added to its present census about twelve millions souls; the figures by which the population of the United States increased between 1871 and 1881. A new kingdom, with a greater superficies than that of the Great Republic, would be firmly consolidated, while a number of individuals equal to one third of our actual home population would be rescued from wretchedness or ruin. The other two-thirds appear to be fully as many (at the outside) as the resources of our soil can maintain, under present conditions, in tolerable comfort, and those who remained must, accordingly, be benefited to a degree not easily exaggerated.

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone and some who surround him, regard the project with sympathy and favour; but it is certain there are other politicians, members either of the ministry or the party, who stand irrecoverably committed to contrary views. For instance, Mr. Bright—who, fortunately for its prospects, has now retired from any active interference in matters like this, was always an enemy of what he called the "nostrum and panacea of emigration." Mr. Bright naturally wished to protect the large employers whose interests may seem bound up with surplusage in the labour market. Yet do we not see greater prosperity, more freedom from competition in trades where workpeople are well paid than in others where they are badly paid? However this may be, on November 16, 1881, at the Town Hall, Rochdale, Mr. Bright (see the *Daily News*) expressed himself thus: "No class in this country has gained so much as the working classes have gained during the last forty years by the adoption of the new free-trade policy. In . . (1840) it was the commonest thing in the world for country

¹ Printed in its latest, finally revised form, at the end.

² The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., at Richmond (Yorkshire), on January 29, 1883, said that "the emigration which he recommended was, not the driving out of the able-bodied, leaving the aged, or young, or helpless; but a *comprehensive and State-directed scheme*, which should enable whole families to be simultaneously but not compulsorily emigrated" (from Ireland to Canada).

gentlemen, and some members of the House of Peers, and the public-minded folk of their day, to say . . . what the Government should do is to establish colonies abroad, and take the people abroad ; there is not employment enough for them here either in agriculture or manufactures." Such persons "wanted a general system of emigration, under which families by the thousand might be taken away to countries of which they knew nothing, to scenes to which they were unaccustomed, to hardships and dangers and misfortunes of which they had no accurate conception. All that was to be done. Well, the people have stayed at home. The law was altered so that the bread for them was brought here, and trade extended. You have added in Great Britain alone more than ten millions to your population in forty years. Now you find continually that if you have a good harvest trade will be good, there will be great scarcity of goods, wages will further advance ; but I have no doubt some of those people who, forty years ago, wanted to send *you* (?) all abroad, will have some other nostrum and panacea of emigration equally absurd and impossible."

These observations were addressed to a popular audience, the majority being mechanics and their wives ; yet a statesman should not have represented, even to such persons, the cases of England in 1840 and in 1881 as alike, nor have left out of sight the reasons for promoting emigration that did not apply then, do apply now, and are summarized in par. 2. of my Scheme. Mr. Bright mentioned modestly that the bread for the people has been brought to them here (thanks to him, Mr. Cobden, and the League). He remembered the fine flour and wheat, but forgot the beasts and sheep ; the butter, cheese, eggs, fish, fowl, oil, wine, fruit, pork, mutton, and beef. He did not say a word about steamships fitted with refrigerators for conveying frozen meat from the Antipodes ; nor tell his unsophisticated listeners whole fleets are employed exclusively in carrying hither from Denmark, Germany, Holland, Portugal, Spain, Africa, Canada ; North, aye, South, American States, live oxen and sheep—a portentous fact, quite unique in its way.

The Right Hon. gentleman kept to himself the startling circumstance that *very considerably more than* what is wanted for feeding the additional ten millions has to be brought hundreds and thousands of miles, often literally from the ends of the earth, at prodigious cost, not that consumers may live more

cheaply, but that they may not starve, for starve they must were these supplies cut off; as they might be during a great war on either continent, or must be during seasons of scarcity on the American, sure to happen at some time. A true economist must perceive the simpler cheaper plan, and the best for England ultimately, would be to *send the people to sources of the food supplies*. Mr. Bright did not notice that the census grew slowly, or not at all, in 1840, while it grows now at the rate of over a thousand per day, any more than did he suggest how the fresh mouths so fast arriving are to be fed in the years to come. When he has disposed of these matters satisfactorily, it will be soon enough to ridicule observers gifted with farther sight than himself, not less disinterested, and certainly more impartial judges, because not pledged to uphold through thick and thin opinions that might appear superficial were the need for systematic migration under State direction acknowledged. It has not, perhaps, occurred to him that the Western world has yet to be adequately covered by civilized peoples, though it ought to strike him development of her resources might greatly advantage English manufacturers if they wisely look ahead and retain a fair share thereof under the prudent management of their own Government. In a Note³ will be found an unanswered answer to Mr. Bright's Rochdale attack. Upon fact No. 4. in this letter, it is well to observe our exports of B. and I. produce, to foreigners, are represented by a declared value in 1866 of £135,000,000, being nearly the same as the yearly average for the quinquennial period 1876—1880, which average is £20,000,000 under the yearly average for 1866—1870.

³ "As I cannot suppose your remarks at Rochdale condemnatory of 'a general system of emigration under which Government should establish colonies,' were levelled at the opinions of Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., who has been dead so many years, or at the men of his day who shared his views, I am bound to conclude they were meant for a censure of my scheme of State-directed emigration to which such wide publicity has been given by the press. Allow me, therefore, to call your attention to these few facts so easy of apprehension. (1) The census of Great Britain forty years, or even thirty years, ago, grew but slowly, or not at all, whereas it grows now at the rate of nearly half a million souls annually. (2) The positive loss sustained by the nation during the last three years owing to want of sun was estimated in September, 1881, by yourself at two hundred millions sterling; by the Prime Minister, a month subsequently, at rather more than half that enormous sum. (3) Mr. James Caird, at the meeting of the Statistical Society on the 15th instant, declared that 'the land in this country within the last ten years has become less productive.' (4) The average annual value of the exports of British and Irish produce has not increased since 1866: thus, without mentioning other notorious reasons, there is here good basis for the belief that they cannot reasonably be expected to increase.

The circumstance that within one single quarter of the century food imports tripled in value is passed over as unimportant by the framers of fantastic calculations of freights, "almost wholly profit to this country"; once so high that all that had ships in the sea were made rich by the homeward traffic; and who ignore on the one hand that these cargoes promptly disappear down British throats, on the other that there are heavy sets-off against such gains; called seamen's wages, stores, foreign port dues, losses, repairs, depreciation, interest on capital, invested or borrowed (a serious item when steamers are, as usually happens, heavily mortgaged), often by or from foreign capitalists, though the ships may sail under our flag. But, having decided that the tradition of England's wealth must hold good for all time, the opinion is to be maintained in spite of a consensus of impartial opinion, backed by observation and experience, that it has ceased to be true; and in defiance of evidence that while this country is one of the very smallest, it is the most densely peopled, of all civilized States, and contains by far the largest, and an unprecedented, percentage of useless mouths, reckoning as "useless" from the point of view of the political economist, paupers (adults and children), halt, blind, sick, mentally afflicted, habitual gamblers, criminals, vicious men and women; dogs, animals; producing nothing: whose maintenance must in the end be found by producers or toilers.

The only solutions or palliatives for the difficulties that have been sketched, which are propounded by opponents of "the cruel and reckless one of emigration," may be enumerated as Crime, Spade husbandry, Potatoo or Wheat cultivation, and Nationalization of the Land. The last could not help any class, unless confiscation and re-partition are intended, when many

Yet during these fifteen years of stationary exports and diminished yield from the land the population of Great Britain has grown by six millions. That of Ireland has diminished nearly one million, and Ireland accordingly is more prosperous. I beg then to ask whether it is not plain (A.) that Great Britain to-day, with a population of thirty millions, is worse off than in 1866 with twenty-four millions? (B.) That the yield of agricultural products, of manufactures and materials produced for foreign markets even remaining next year and the year after what they are now, while the census of the United Kingdom shall be allowed to rise to thirty-six millions—the nation must be poorer at the close of 1883 than at the end of next month? (C.) And, whatever may have been the true state of matters in 1840—1843, with regard to the problems of population, production, and emigration, how, taking a candid review of all the facts and prospects, can it be possible at this epoch to provide for the fresh mouths we know must be fed in the years to come, otherwise than by reducing the numbers of the people under some 'comprehensive scheme of emigration'?" (Letter to the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., November 19, 1881).

would be utterly ruined in order that a multitude might, in the nineteenth century, for a short time try what can be done, without capital or credit, with three or four acres of ground. This notion is a barbarian dream. We do not import potatoes to an extent worth mentioning, and it is doubtful if the English people would live on them even if ordered by Act of Parliament. As to growing, instead of importing, wheat, Mr. Bright and the farmers understand that matter better than the writer.

Leaving pretty fictions, vain fancies, and painful facts, let us proceed to study a remedy for multiplied ills, designed for the whole of the United Kingdom, not for a minor part of it.

To reduce our census to reasonable proportions, as many individuals as are now *added* to it yearly ought to leave the country, or "over a thousand per day;" *plus* half a million more per annum. But the highest authorities, after mature deliberation, think it would be difficult and dangerous to inaugurate State directed colonization of the Canadian North West upon this stupendous scale. Once sufficient means of transport, and colonization "centres" (see par. 10. of Scheme) are created, all requisite development from small beginnings could follow.

Moreover, it is suggested to me by one who has profoundly studied the whole subject, Government is not called upon to do the whole work of reconstructing. Much may properly be left to private initiative, which is sure to complement in a variety of ways what Government must do, namely, deal with the helpless class of the population, and lay the groundwork of colonization proper—that is, of course, the tilling of the soil.

Whence it has come to pass the Scheme as now drawn is very much smaller than our national exigencies require. But it is easy to extend each year as circumstances may demand or allow, nor is there any reason why what can be begun this year in our possessions on the American, should not be adapted next year likewise to those on the African, and the Australian continent, and in Tasmania.

The Imperial Emigration and Colonization Commission (see par. 8. of Scheme) would be a permanent State department, charged with all such business as the title implies. There is, furthermore, this advantage in starting upon moderate lines, that no objection can be overtly urged to the proposal from any responsible quarter, since every sensible man is now conscious something ought promptly to be done.

Many and mighty are the interests this project would

favourably affect. Financial corporations, bankers, railway shareholders, here and in Canada, steamship owners, all these, besides the labouring classes, are directly and immediately interested. Brokers, merchants, manufacturers of many British staples are, not so immediately but, indirectly and vitally concerned in promoting it. Heads of large families, with sons before whom at present no future lies, have every conceivable reason for favouring it. Clergymen and philanthropists, who are acquainted with the dangers, miseries, and evil associations that beset the poor and the young in our populous towns, even in our villages where the beershop (excluded from the Canadian North-West) is daily and nightly open; apostles of the temperance, total abstinence, and local option crusades; all these zealous gentlemen and ladies ought to comprehend that the stone of Sisyphus will roll into the sea if the goal of Canada with local option everywhere, except in the North-West, and total prohibition there, can be reached; and a radical cure for intolerable social maladies be applied.

In view of the possible prize of an emigration "pass," and peasant proprietorship in the New World, a condition for which is a good character (see par. 4. of Scheme), what a general amelioration of manners and morals, what a spreading habit of steady work will be developed among those who will never win it. The people would be taught by their instructors all over the country to aim at that prize. Employers of labour would soon find such a change come over the behaviour of the "hand" as to more than compensate for any possible scarcity occasioned by this movement. But a rise in wages is the chief bugbear. It is a visionary fear. The foundation of the proposal is the notorious existence of *surplus* labour, that is of persons who cannot get full work or any work. Remove them, and those who are left, instead of working four days, will find employment six days in the week. While each man earns more, the pay-sheet total will remain the same.

Experience contradicts the hypothesis that labour must be intrinsically cheap because it is superabundant. Does not Mr. Bright, amid the present glut, boast that the working man to-day is better paid and works shorter time than his father? Wages are higher here than elsewhere, partly because, owing to over-population, rents, meat, and vegetables have doubled in price. Until the workman can live cheaply our natural manufacturing advantages are neutralized; thus a vast emigration

is calculated to largely reduce *prime cost of all productions*. Besides, what the great and the small manufacturers of England ask for before aught else is, not cheaper labour, but, new markets. Here is the crying commercial want of our time. Our modernized machinery and factories can produce full fifty per cent. more goods than are turned out, with very few, if any, more hands. Now, the rapid utilization of our colonial lands on the system traced, means an equally rapid creation of fresh customers.

The landed proprietor and the farmer may imagine all this can do nothing for them. As it is, they find good farm hands too scarce, and in the summer of 1882 attention was called in the *Times'* correspondence columns to the draining away of labourers from hamlet and village to towns and cities, that has seriously inconvenienced country gentlemen and farmers, who are, accordingly, afraid to encourage emigration from the town slums lest it should intensify the evil. My Scheme is not open to this objection. The instituting TRAINING FARMS, (see par. 18. of Scheme) which would be recruited not alone from the various sources indicated, but from the family of almost every artisan and labourer in the kingdom, urged as these classes would find themselves by public opinion, throughout their own body, and by a natural wish to let their children have a chance of qualifying for the Emigration prize, could not fail to reverse the current, and restore the agricultural calling in popular estimation. There would be a rush back to the land, and to country pursuits, from all quarters, with, as a most speedy result, abundance of skilled well conducted hands. This is too obvious to need elaboration.

I have been told the emigrant once in Canada, not troubling himself to fulfil engagements contracted with the Colonization Commission, would, as men always do, study his interest ; and so make tracks for the best paid employment he could get. This is a short-sighted view. The majority of men in any station of life naturally try to fulfil engagements when they can do so, and there is no over-whelming inducement to the contrary ; speaking, be it understood, of the classes who work. At all events, it will be conceded that men do as a rule fulfil feasible engagements when irresistibly compelled, and the existing law in Canada would compel execution by the colonist of the engagement contracted by him in the Indentures mentioned in paragraph 11. of my Scheme, the wording of which must be large and stringent enough to bind him as thoroughly as words can bind. Two

Acts of Parliament of 35 Vict. Cap. xxviii. and Cap. xxix. passed by the Dominion Legislature, that received the Royal assent on June 14, 1872, provide that "if any contract be made, or any bond or note given by an emigrant before leaving Europe for Canada, to repay in Canada any sum of money advanced to him or her for or towards defraying his passage money, or towards defraying any other expense attending his emigration, such sum shall be recoverable from the Immigrant in Canada, *according to the terms of such instrument*" (refusal or neglect to fulfil the engagement being punishable by fine and by imprisonment) and that "any emigrant . . . may . . . execute an instrument . . . binding himself . . . to accept employment of the kind to be therein stated from any named person . . . and to allow such person to deduct from his or her wages . . . such sum or sums of money as shall be also therein designated." To supplement the comprehensive powers directly expressed in these two Acts, as against the emigrant who might seek to evade fulfilment of the instrument he had voluntarily signed, there could be inserted in the Indentures a clause under which the emigrant should consent to and authorize deduction from his or her wages, by any person who might employ him before he had satisfied his engagements to the Colonization Commission, of all monies accruing to him, in respect of such employment, over and above twelve shillings per week; until his liability to the Commissioners should be liquidated. The Canadian Government (strongly interested in securing faithful execution of these contracts) would have ample means of tracking defaulters in their thinly peopled territory; but defaulters would be few. Interest would lie in fulfilling the bond, and so ensuring possession of a freehold farm upon the easiest imaginable terms, while default would mean for nearly all loss of character, social branding, imprisonment, and deprivation of what the attempted evasion sought to secure.

The religious and educational privileges with which Canada is endowed not only surpass our own, but are greater than those enjoyed in any European country.

The Irish poor, numbering perhaps one million, who dwell as aliens in the slums of London and other British cities and towns, are deeply concerned in the execution of this project. They supply recruits for our gaols, orphanages, and workhouses. Competitors with native labour, they are usually unpopular with the working classes among whom they sojourn. Their English

neighbours would, doubtless, be well pleased could an Exodus be brought about that must largely reduce police and poor rates. Contingents of Irish labourers arrive here continually, who, after futile efforts to "get work," that is to deprive somebody else of it, sink into the pauper or semi-criminal residuum.

Bishops and clergymen ought to favour this movement, if only for the sake of performing something substantial and efficacious permanently to relieve an enormous mass of penury, destitution, and sickness, that swells "the numerical strength" of their flocks possibly, but likewise daily sends larger numbers over to the Enemy; nor is it reasonable to suppose the voice of ecclesiastical authority and advice will fail to be loudly heard in advocacy of a magnificent work of charity.

Let any impartial thinker ponder the multifarious aspects of the Scheme, and he will end by regarding it as the sole practicable and a truly all-healing material cure, for most, perhaps all, of the complicated and terrifying mischiefs that beset our civilization and avenge our corrupting habits of living. It would transport multitudes who must otherwise untimely perish, from foul air, close alleys, squalid rooms, bad companions, to the quiet pastoral and agricultural scenes and ways so congenial to the great majority in all the generations of men. Children who must miserably die here would, in the pure bracing North-West, become healthy, robust, and happy parents of a posterity countless as the sands on the sea-shore.

Such considerations weigh as nothing with natural adversaries of what would deprive the agitator, the social reconstructor, the dreamer who is bent on pulling everything down, of their professional stock-in-trade. Those friends of the working man find a hearing because the times are bad. If this or anything else would mend them, agitation could not live. Then, the bare sound of State Directed Emigration offends the ears of theorists who have been reared upon idle stale doctrines of self-help and non-interference.

Argument is useless with opponents like these. Fortunately they are a minority now, and it is likewise true that this idea of a national colonization of Canada by means of the unemployed poor sympathetically attracts and charms most minds. The emigration note vibrates in the air, and thrills the hearts of our people who have had convincing demonstration during these last ten years while party struggles have principally absorbed the energies of their public men, that the grandest of modern States, the

most flourishing, the most peaceful and peaceable, has attained its astonishing prosperity, has acquired its incredible riches, mainly through emigration; and that—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand—voluntary emigration of the poor.

This Paper and the amended Scheme were completed on the date printed at the end. Next morning I called upon the High Commissioner for Canada, who kindly advised me to read a work by the late Mr. E. Gibbon Wakefield, which I first heard of in August, 1881, when an acquaintance showed me in it the Parliamentary motion of Mr. Buller already referred to. I glanced over the pages then, but did not notice anything special in them. Having now consulted this book (entitled, *A View of the Art of Colonization*, London, Parker, 1849), I have been much struck by the prefatory quotation on page 1, from a writer whose words carry weight with Mr. Bright—"There need be no hesitation in affirming that colonization, in the present state of the world, is the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage" (*John Stuart Mill*).

There is a great deal of highly interesting elaborate argument in Mr. Wakefield's book, generally corroborating much I have advanced, but the ultimate outcome appears to reduce itself to recommendations that Government should sell colonial lands to capitalists, and assist unemployed labourers by paying their passage money out of the proceeds of such sales. Mr. Buller's very valuable speech, given in full, concludes even more lamely as follows—"It is not my purpose to propose any specific measure to the House. . . . I only ask it to perfect the details of the system now in force." At Sion College, where I read this, another book was shown me, called *Lectures on Colonization and Colonies*, by Herman Merivale, Professor of Political Economy (London, Longmans, 1861), and, having run through it too, I am more than ever persuaded my own project is original, practical, and unique.

With a confidence, then, resting on solid grounds, I ask all with influence to support it: while to all in power I boldly say—adopt this Scheme quickly, execute it vigorously, courageously, and you shall find its bearing *vis-à-vis* of disturbing, menacing forces now urging a ruthless disruption of English society, will be that of an efficacious MESSAGE OF PEACE.

SCHEME OF STATE-DIRECTED EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

1. The necessity for a large national system of emigration is found in the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is excessive, and increases at a prodigious rate : hence widely spread distress, much crime and drunkenness (usually allied to misery), and unreasonable competition—evils for which the only practicable ready remedy, if a general upheaval of social foundations is to be avoided, will be found to be national emigration.

2. It is well known that unless new markets are called into being our foreign trade is likely to decrease steadily ; because (a) protective duties hamper us everywhere, and (b) most countries yearly manufacture more of the sorts of goods they used to buy from us. A “new channel” is also indispensable because there has been such great activity during the last quarter-century in building and reconstructing stupendous public works, railways, machinery, manufactories, and maritime tonnage, of a total value impossible to state, but as to which some notion may be gathered from the knowledge that on railways alone four hundred millions sterling have been expended—all affording means of living for myriads—that little remains to be demolished, erected, or remodelled. Yet the population has increased by eight millions, and the agricultural produce of the soil has probably diminished. Such a new channel would be created by systematically colonizing Canada, whose unoccupied virgin lands are capable of maintaining perhaps a number equal to the total population of Europe.

3. I propose that the organization be entirely a State one, adequate for removal annually of 200,000 individuals (of all ages) from the United Kingdom, and their settlement in Canada and the North-West territory of the Dominion, where sufficient land is offered free by the Dominion Government. The poor who are without, or have next to no resources, are those who would be (on their voluntary application, and on approval) selected : the system to be one of family emigration ; and, since five can be reckoned as the average number in a family, 150,000 at least out of the whole number would be composed of aged persons, women, and babes—very few among them bread-winners. Thus the country could lose nothing by the departure of people no small proportion of whom are now partly maintained at the cost of ratepayers and of the benevolent, while all are what is currently (although not technically) called “paupers.” Certainly we can easily spare, say, 50,000 able-bodied men and youths every year, and their dependents.

4. The emigrants proper to be men (with their families) acquainted with the cultivation of the soil. A slight knowledge might suffice ; nor can it be disputed that the poor quarters in our cities and towns would supply large contingents of men, born and reared in the country, accustomed to farm work. Only men of good character, not convicted of crime, nor more than twice of drunkenness, under forty-six years old, and with not exceeding five accompanying members of family. to be eligible ; single women to be ineligible ; the taking single men to be discountenanced ; and young people to be encouraged to marry, in order to become eligible.

5. A State inspection to be organized in order to “pass” applicants. There could be an authorized official in every town ; the superior superintendence of this department to be confided to selected persons among the trade-union leaders, appointed for the purpose by Government as permanent officers. Their special knowledge of the labour-market would be useful in order that surplusage only might be drawn away.

6. For transport, many of the Government steam transports would no doubt be available : other large steamships to be purchased, so as to supply a fleet capable of providing a departure of a steamer carrying, say, one thousand emigrants daily during the seven suitable months, the departures to be from Glasgow (once), Liverpool (twice), Milford (once), and Southampton (thrice) weekly.

7. The first step of arranging with the Canadian Government being taken, the second, after Parliamentary sanction, would be to send out an adequate staff of artisans and labourers, with their families, under agreements for five years at present trades rate of wage, in order to erect huts or cottages, houses, stores, &c., before the first batch of emigrants arrive, from two to three months later. These mechanics would be under Government supervision, and must move from place to place as required.

8. The control of the whole organization and the funds to be vested in a board, or Imperial Emigration and Colonization Commission, consisting of five capable and adequately paid gentlemen prepared to make this the business of their lives—two to be Canadians : head-quarters, of course, in London ; a head Canadian office at Ottawa, with one Canadian and one English Commissioner ; local commissioners with sufficient subordinates to be quartered at the various settlements.

9. The average cost of transport, upon the scale and, as indicated, from railway station here to destination in Canada, need not much, if at all, exceed £5 per head of all ages ; because special emigration rates would be obtainable from the railways on both sides of the Atlantic, the steamers, specially fitted and carrying no cargo, being worked at prime cost.

10. A due number of "centres" being selected in the Dominion, each to have a nucleus-settlement of four thousand souls, the emigrants on reaching Quebec or Halifax, would be there furnished with a destination, and at once sent on by the daily through trains. There would be also appointed through emigrant trains on this side to the various ports of embarkation.

11. Prior to embarking, each head of a family to sign articles of indenture binding himself to repay to the Emigration Commission all moneys advanced to him or his family. Should passage be repaid ? I think not, but am open to correction on this difficult point.

12. The lands to be brought under cultivation will not maintain a family for several months, or even for a year after cultivation begins. How then are the people to live ? Thus :—The Canadian Government must cooperate in this work by agreeing to convey to the Emigration Commission the one hundred and sixty acres they at present offer free for every separate family to be settled. Eighty acres to be absolutely reserved by the Commission as "B. Government lands : " and upon the remaining eighty (or fifty wherever only one hundred acres are obtained) the head of the family to be set to work, under official superintendence, to clear, sow, make roads, &c., all for a fixed weekly wage, being the amount upon which he could live with reasonable carefulness. I estimate this wage at 12s. for a single man, 16s. for a married couple, 20s. for the same with two children, and so on. All such payments as wages to be carried to the debit of the person receiving them, in books kept like the millions of separate Post Office savings-bank accounts for far smaller sums. Copies would be sent from the settlements to Ottawa ; and thence they might even be sent to London ; so that at the head office here the exact state of the accounts in each settlement would be known under an organization like the Post Office Savings Bank system.

13. Whenever the parcel of land upon which a family had been domi-

ciled should be, in the judgment of the local inspector, fit to maintain them without further official "nursing"—then, but not sooner, a conveyance of the ground to be executed to the peasant who had been working upon it, chargeable, by way of mortgage, with the total standing to his debit for wages, seed, stocking, &c., including passage-money (should it be considered right the cost of it be also reimbursed). This total, in the case of a family of five, would not be likely, even including passage-money, to exceed £100. In the case of a couple without children it would be much less. In this way, assuming only fifty acres were conveyed to each settler, and the average mortgage amounted to £100, the man would obtain in a year or so after leaving home fifty acres of freehold land saddled with £100 mortgage at six per cent. per annum, equal to a yearly rent of 2s. 6d. per acre for very fertile land. He would become by independent effort, thanks to judicious help, a peasant proprietor at a cost which he would have been able to regulate himself to a certain important extent. The transaction once completed, there would be no difficulty experienced by the Commission in selling the mortgage bond to private persons or financial corporations to be formed hereafter for the purpose of dealing in these securities, and thus all money advanced would be recouped. Redemption of the bonds might easily be effected within ten years from issue. No doubt there might be difficulty in selling the bonds, or obtaining repayment of the funds expended which they would represent, if the settlements were few, scattered far apart, and thinly peopled. There would be none if the chief features of the scheme be adhered to—namely, its magnitude and continuity.

14. In the case of the head of a family dying before his allotment were ready for conveyance, his family might be allowed to name somebody to take his place and liabilities: to the local Commissioner being reserved a right of veto. Should it be exercised, then the land to lapse into the category of "B. Government lands." The cost of the labour actually expended upon such lapsed land would, as a rule, have added to its intrinsic value not less than the total amount of such expenditure. And real loss arising from death, accident, or sickness could be provided for by a special system of insurance at trifling cost.

15. Another resource for reimbursement and profit would be the "British Government lands." These would be at least equal in acreage to "allotted lands." They would be cultivated for the ultimate benefit of the British Government, representing the taxpayers here, by day-labourers specially engaged here or taken from such among the emigrants as could not well be trusted to farm for themselves; or by volunteer labourers presenting themselves on the spot. These lands could be leased or sold. While they were farmed the crops derived from them would be disposed of for the Commission through usual trade channels.

16. If any man at the first blush should doubt whether returns of this kind could be adequate to outlay, let him reflect that all cities—London itself—and all civilized countries were once virgin land without value. Their incalculable money value and the enormous revenues they yield now have been brought about precisely in the way I propose to render valuable the valueless North-West Territory—namely, by the exercise upon their territory of human labour. The objection, then, is idle, upon the two indispensable conditions that the settlements be on a large scale, and that there be skilled responsible supervision and, as part of it, rules and discipline.

17. Crime and waste are already guarded against by laws specially passed in the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments whereby local option

prevails in every part of Canada, except the North-West Territory, wherein it is forbidden to introduce alcoholic or vinous stimulants. This beneficent provision was intended to protect the Indians, of whom about one hundred thousand still remain. Removal to Canada would consequently mean rescue and redemption for numbers of our people who would gladly quit present surroundings, associations, and temptations, had they the chance.

18. In order to make good the drain on our agricultural population, an essential part of the scheme must be the formation, under some proper system, of large or small training-farms at suitable points throughout the three kingdoms. To these places might be drafted all lads from orphanages, street youths from our great cities, men who hang about the streets picking up a precarious livelihood, and the like, to learn farm-work—the natural occupation of a great majority of mankind.

19. Parliamentary powers would have to be asked to enable the Government of the day to borrow, when required, sums not exceeding twenty millions sterling in all, by creating a new Emigration Stock to bear interest at the rate of three per cent. During the first two years about five millions sterling would be wanted; the interest upon which sum, to be borne by the taxpayers, is only £150,000 sterling per annum. The funds raised in this manner to be employed in England and Canada for the general purposes indicated, under proper control and audit in the customary way—the expenses of official staff to come out of these funds, and a percentage to be charged upon the allotted land to defray those expenses. All moneys received by the Emigration Commission as reimbursement of loans, sales of mortgage bonds, of produce raised on "Government lands," or of such lands themselves, to be paid over *per contra* to the National Debt Commissioners in order to purchase and extinguish Consols. I think it fair to expect that, before the power to raise twenty millions had been fully used, returns would flow back to us; that the twenty millions sterling, if called up, would be all reimbursed before expiry of ten years; and that, far from any loss of capital resulting from these transactions, there might be immense profits.

20. To attain the ends I have described, a country like ours, which threw away, for the sake of a policy of the moment, one hundred millions sterling in the Crimea, might sacrifice much. But I cannot see that any sacrifice whatever is needed. For, supposing 200,000 men, women, and children left our shores in the first year, and that £10 yearly per head be put as the average cost of maintaining them here, then surely society is benefited to the extent of two millions pounds sterling for that one year alone—to say nothing about the future—by their departure. The food they consume, if they remain, ceases to be imported.

21. If it should be objected a point will be reached when the exodus will cease to be a benefit to us, I answer it can be stayed at that point, for it would be the duty of the Emigration Commission to keep State advantage in view, such being the *raison d'être* of their office.

22. But the foundation of a new populous and wealthy society, on the other side of the Atlantic, must benefit this country in another way. They will purchase our manufactures from us, thus adding to our wealth, instead of consuming it, as they do while here. For, of course, every individual in Great Britain, be the population twenty millions or thirty millions, has to be fed somehow. And owing to this necessity we are rapidly sinking into national and personal poverty because nothing is done or attempted, by legislators and statesmen, in order to preserve a reasonable proportion between the people and the land they live on. Had we no colonies it would

be another matter. The truth of the controversy respecting imports and exports lies here. We import a greater excess year by year, and thus grow poorer instead of richer, simply because we have more mouths to feed each year. While this goes on, vast territories belonging to the Empire remain deserts, and others are given away.

23. The existence of great fleets of steamers of vast size which could not have been had a few years ago, the political difficulties and pressing yearly increasing distress in England, the wish of the Dominion Government to settle the North-West territory which was owned by an exclusive private corporation only twelve years ago, the certainty of a German and probability of a Chinese immigration thither⁴ unless we utilize it ourselves instead of abandoning it to the wolf and the jackal, are all considerations favouring the realization of my scheme.

24. Although the settling may proceed during as many years as there remains unoccupied land, the principal trouble will be during the first two or three years. Once the rudiments of hamlets, towns, and cities are formed, there will be little trouble and not nearly so much expense.

25. The scheme would be greatly helped by the approaching construction or completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will traverse the territory to be settled in order to unite the two oceans, and will provide work for large numbers of labourers. Primarily designed though it is for the poor who have no resources, the fact need not preclude our attracting (by the offer of assistance in the colony) a limited number among classes possessing some small but insufficient capital. Such people would provide employment for labouring peasants whose mental qualifications did not offer sufficient inducement to trust them with land of their own. In short, the whole management requires the exercise of skill and judgment. Many farmers would be well qualified to act as superintendents of some of the departments, and, doubtless, be glad to accept such positions.

26. Upon some collateral aspects of this many-sided scheme it is well to lay stress. This would not be a haphazard fitful business—now well, now badly done. The emigrants are not to be turned loose on the prairie to do as they please: protection, direction, control, are essential elements in the scheme, which, before all things, is to be entered upon for State advantage. A considerable organization of skilled educated minds is therefore indispensable. Upon this side of the ocean there will be the *personnel* devoted to selection, transport and shipment: clerks who must keep the accounts, storekeepers, and so forth. Then come the commanders, officers, engineers, besides crews, of the steamships. To conduct the service with efficiency not fewer than thirty vessels must compose the fleet. On the other side there will be employes who must receive and distribute through the territory the continual arrivals. There will be surveyors and civil engineers, architects and builders, farming superintendents and overseers, resident local commissioners, travelling inspectors, and a respectable battalion of clerks of various grades, some of whom could be chosen from those already in the Govern-

⁴ The prevision expressed in 1880 has become accomplished fact. "From Victoria, Vancouver's Island, we have reports that ships and steamers are constantly arriving with many Chinese on board. The immigrants are immediately forwarded to the main land of British Columbia, chiefly for railway work. Twenty-four thousand are expected by August, when the Chinese in the province will amount to thirty-two thousand, outnumbering the whites. Fears are expressed that the Province will be Mongolianized." (*Times*, May 11, 1882.)

ment service here. There must also be warehouse-keepers, as well as men accustomed to trade operations: since the Colonization Commission will have crops and produce and lands to dispose of, seeds and stock and implements to buy—the last-named from England. Most of these numerous officials would naturally be drawn from the ranks of the middle classes. Then comes the supreme direction, the posts in which will doubtless be filled from the upper class. It is impossible to catalogue with exactness all the positions that will be necessarily created, and must be filled—greatly to the advantage of the mother-country considered as one community, and to separate families whose heads are nowadays in so many instances thoroughly perplexed to know what is to be done with their young men. My rapid sketch, however, shows that this system of colonization will find legitimate permanent occupation for much more than mere bone and sinew. Brains are indispensable. Education and natural ability of very diverse kinds and orders could thus obtain a field of exercise hitherto undreamed of; and the widely spread mental, technical, and scientific training that has distinguished the England of the past dozen years will not have been fruitless after all, as many latterly began to fear it might prove to be. But for this training, indeed, it is questionable whether there would be, as there now certainly is, the proper material available to constitute the large body of superintendents and functionaries that is necessary; while, had the Scheme been broached in 1870, every one would at once have pronounced it to be impracticable on the scale I propose—if only because the large steamers now built were not even projected; while the cost of “sailing” the smaller boats then in vogue was probably about double what the march of invention has made it to-day, and sea-risks were also greater.

27. The climate of Mexico, or even a large portion of the United States, scarcely suits Englishmen or Scotchmen, and a serious mortality might result from shipping hosts of old and very young persons to torrid regions.

28. It must be remembered the “new channel” discovered and opened by the Stephensons, the Brasseys, the Hudsons, who have gone, is filled and developed to about its utmost extent. We want another. By opening this prolific channel, of far greater intrinsic worth than all the El Dorados ever dreamed about, we should feed the poor, the middle class, and the class above, who are alike crying for bread—in one sense or another.

29. Not only so, but we can justly inscribe upon our emigration and colonization flag the motto which was once made to ring in the ears of the whole world, “For the interests of England.” Her political interests are so manifestly to be promoted by planting her sons and daughters in homes where they shall prosper and be happy, and doubtless be loyal, that it is needless to say anything on that head. Is it not almost as plain that, if Canada, with her present population of four millions, can import British merchandise worth eight millions of pounds sterling (besides merchandise from the United States worth nine), she will be enabled and bound to import incalculably more when we shall have raised her population?

30. Furthermore, a great settlement of Canadian territory will inevitably call for numerous public works (new railways among them) of great magnitude over there, for new banks, insurance companies, &c. The capital may, argely, be raised here, and fresh, *sound* openings for investors be created.

J. F. BOYD

London, Feb. 14, 1883.

St. Chad, Hermit and Saint.

THE traveller on the London and North-Western Railway as he hurries along the valley of the Trent sees a short distance off the triple spires of that beautiful cathedral which is dedicated to our Saint, and which rises very close to the spot where St. Chad passed his life successively as solitary and prelate.

Although his sanctity is recorded and his memory preserved in so splendid a memorial, and although his fame still lingers round the scene of his earthly labours, other saints besides him have here lived and died. And before we enter into particulars concerning the pious Chad, we must recall those whose bones whitening on the ground gave to the place its very name. As Lychgate signifies the gate at the entrance to the churchyard where the priest received the dead coming for Christian burial, so Lichfield means field of the dead. These dead, tradition says, were Christians and martyrs: Christians, converted by Amphibalus during his brief rest at Etocetum; martyrs under the fierce persecutions, which, in the fourth century, swept the Roman Empire to its furthestmost boundaries. History is silent as to their nationality or as to the mode and manner of their death, but that they were many in number is certain.

Amphibalus was the friend to prolong whose life St. Alban had accepted martyrdom. When he fled from Verulam he seems to have passed along the imperial highway which went by the name of Watling Street as far as Etocetum, and there have halted for awhile.

Etocetum (now a mere hamlet called Wall from a few standing remains of antiquity) was then a Roman station of some importance, situated as it was at the junction of two great roads at the spot where the Watling Street intersected the Icknield Street. The latter, so called from the Iceni through whose lands it passed, can be traced from the Tyne up in the North by Derby (Derventis) to Etocetum, and thence on

by Edgbaston and Droitwich into South Wales; and doubtless Amphibalus found within the walls of his temporary shelter ample scope for his pious work, for its inhabitants must have included members of many tribes and nations and travellers from all parts of the country. How large a number of followers he gathered and for how long he remained unmolested we know not. Dark times followed, and all record of those he won by precept and example is lost. But their fame did not perish, and some centuries later the ancient seal of Lichfield was quartered in their remembrance—"A field proper, covered with bodies." Tradition says their bodies in great number lay unburied on the ground.

Years passed on. The Roman was recalled to his sunny south to sink into enervation and meet with disaster, and the Saxon came, a barbarian invader who swept Britain with havoc and warfare, and devastated the fair country from end to end. With the departure of the Romans intercourse with the civilized world ceased. Their villas were destroyed, their works obliterated, and the channel, whence the light of Christianity had dawned to our isles, was closed. Darkness, slaughter, internecine struggle settled down upon the land. The skulls, which are literally stacked in heaps in Hythe Church crypt, are attributed to this epoch, and tell their own tale of reckless bloodshed.

When, nearly two centuries later, St. Augustine landed on the Kentish coast, he came as a true apostle, to preach peace, to recover lands once so richly sown in former times, and to renew amidst our forefathers the light of the Truth, and of communication and communion with the rest of the faithful. How rapidly the truth spread we all know, how foundation after foundation arose, and how monarch after monarch was won to the cause, is chronicled in the annals of those times. The final knell of Paganism sounded when Coife, High Priest of the Druids, along with Edwin, King of Northumbria, received baptism from the hands of Paulinus. The days of Edwin bring us very near to those of St. Chad. Edwin was constantly engaged in warfare with his neighbour the powerful Penda, King of Mercia, and though he fell in battle before the contest was decided, Oswy, second from him and seventh Bretwalda, slew their mighty foe in the year 655, and seized on his dominions.

Mercia was the central kingdom of the heptarchy, and one

of the most extensive. It stretched from sea to sea. The Dee washed its north-west shores, Wales bounded it on the west, Wessex on the south, Essex and East Anglia on the east, and it included Gains and Lindsay in the north-east. Oswy was a zealous Christian, and his first act was to establish the true faith throughout his new domains, and at Lichfield, which lay in the very heart of Mercia, he founded and endowed a bishopric, which he confided to Dwina, who proved an able prelate, ruling his diocese with prudence and wisdom. Fourth from Dwina was our Saint, the holy Chad.

Chad, or Ceadda as his name is variously spelt, was a native of these parts, and very early had displayed fervent piety. He embraced the religious habit and for many years passed the life of a recluse at Stowe hard by, in a small cell where he subsisted chiefly on herbs and the milk of a white hind, and whither many were drawn by the fame of his sanctity to receive instruction and direction at his feet.

Amongst these were the two young sons of the reigning monarch, though accident and not intention in the first instance had led these princes to his door, and thence later on to a violent death and martyrdom. The Christian and beneficent Oswy was long since dead. Mercia had regained her independence from Northumbria, and Wulphere, a ferocious Pagan, occupied the throne, and ruled with a rod of iron. Wulpad and Rufen, his sons, while engaged in the chase, observed and pursued the white doe belonging to Chad. Pressed hard by the royal youths the animal escaped from their missiles, and miraculously disappeared into the cell of her master. Struck with astonishment, the brothers sought out the holy man, the first link in a long chain was riveted, and very soon the youths received baptism at his hands. On learning this their unnatural father grew mad with rage, seized his unfortunate sons and caused each of them to be put to a cruel death. Though we have no particulars of the tragedy, it is certain that Rufen suffered at Stone, Wulpad three miles away, at Burston. No sooner was the deed accomplished than the miserable father realised that he was sonless, repented his violent severity, and wild with vain remorse and spent with useless cries to the dead to return, hurried to Chad to beseech of him comfort and pardon.

Chad did not speak in vain. Wulphere was converted to the very faith he had persecuted, and by penance and munificence

endeavoured to wipe away his crime. Influenced by his queen, Erminhilda, already a convert, and Werburge, their saintly daughter, he endowed Lichfield very largely, and invested Chad with the bishopric when the see became vacant.

Chad carried from his cell to the dignity of the mitre, wisdom and humility. He collected some seven or eight brethren around him, built a house for their convenience, and passed much of his time in preaching, and by his saintly example gained many souls to Holy Church. It is said that on the approach of his death, troops of angels were heard singing over head, and no sooner was he buried than miracles at his tomb confirmed the holiness of his life. Among others, a poor lunatic, who had escaped from his custodians, passed the whole night on the new made grave, and with morning the light of reason returned to the perplexed brain and the man was healed.

Chad died in the year of our Lord 673. He was canonized some time later, and his feast occurs on the second day of March. Very shortly after his death a costly shrine covered his remains, and vast concourses of pilgrims journeyed thither attracted by his fame. Lichfield at this time was a very large diocese, extending over the whole of Mercia; and Winfrid, the Saint's immediate successor, was deprived of his see for resisting the sub-division thereof with Lincoln.

The old Mercian Cathedral then stood surrounded with forests and marshes. Hopwas Wood was the resort of bears and wolves, Cannock Chase was a region for wayfarers to be wary of. To this day every evening at nightfall a bell rings out from the cathedral, and tradition says it has so pealed ever since the days when it was rung to call the labourer and the wanderer home from the chase, and to warn the traveller to seek a timely shelter. In early days this solitude was its protection. As the centuries passed on, it was by reason of its central position that Lichfield escaped many of the fiery ordeals of invasion and rapine that befell less favoured spots, and Chad's holy remains rested undisturbed, the fame of his sanctity ever spreading far and wide and bringing great numbers of pilgrims to his shrine. The old Mercian erection which contained the Saint's tomb was removed, and replaced in the eleventh century, under Bishop Clinton, by a finer structure. In the thirteenth century Bishop Walter Langton, treasurer to King Edward the First, and a prelate of great energy and munificence, raised the present

beautiful edifice, and gave to Chad a new shrine of "uncommon costliness" and great splendour, and spent much time and labour in rendering his building as perfect a sanctuary as possible.

At the Reformation, although the cathedral churches did not suffer to the same extent as the religious houses, they were more or less despoiled, the altars were left desolate, the shrines rifled and violated, and that of Chad did not escape the general doom. No trace was left, of the costly and loving handiwork of a former pious generation, for greed does its work well, and what the minions of one Cromwell spared, a little later on the troopers of another Cromwell finally demolished. That any of the saintly relics at all were saved, was owing to the devotion of certain Catholics, who rescued and preserved the same, and these now lie within a few miles from the place where in life Chad taught by the precept of example, in the midst of busy Birmingham, one of England's most active centres of industry, within the cathedral there called by his name. Not only did the fanatical soldiery of the Commonwealth assail shrines, but they attacked the very stonework itself with axes and hatchets, and everywhere beauty of detail was mutilated and defaced, and the very safety of the building itself jeopardised by these wanton iconoclasts.

It is not a little curious amid all this to remark how strong a hold tradition has on the minds of men, and how the memory of St. Chad still clung round his cell and his church. With shrine destroyed, with his feast abolished, he was still remembered by his fellow-countrymen; and all through the celebrated siege, to his interference was attributed by the contending forces each successive advantage or defeat. When dumb "Dyot," the royalist commoner, shot from the cathedral roof the rebel Lord Brooke, as he stood below, the skill of the former as a marksman was traced to our Saint, and in the present century Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion*, records the popular feeling of the times in his lines:

Fanatic Brooke
The fair cathedral stormed and took,
But thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.

A. R. COHEN.

Animal Intelligence.

FROM the earliest times the attention of men has been attracted by the ways and habits of animals. Remarking that many of their actions were evidently performed in view of a certain end, and performed very much as a man would perform them, ancient philosophers, such as Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Celsus, and others, did not hesitate to attribute to animals the intellectual faculties which they recognized in man. With the moderns, who refuse to see more than a difference of degree between human reason and animal intelligence, as the phrase goes, the tendency has always been not so much to affirm of animals the human faculties, as to deny to man faculties essentially superior to those of animals.

The question, it must be admitted, is one of peculiar complexity. For its solution it is not sufficient that the psychologist should be well acquainted with the phenomena of the human mind; he also requires an accurate knowledge of the facts of animal psychology. And here a great difficulty confronts him: he cannot, of course, make a personal investigation of all the facts, but has to rely mainly on the testimony of various persons. Few indeed are the cases reported, to which, from some quarter, objections may not be raised. And even supposing the facts to be so clear and certain that nothing remains but to try and explain them, there will still be room for endless discussions, for we are here considering mental processes the mechanism of which is little, if at all, known to us. Any one who has seriously set to work to analyse his own mental processes, so as to distinguish between the various physiological and psychological elements that go to make up either a single sensation or the simplest syllogism, knows what a hard task it is. But how much more complex does not the problem become, when we undertake the analysis of what appears to be an analogous process in a creature not of our own kind, and when, in thus judging from analogy, we have to take into account those

very differences of organization the exact nature of which scientific men, without excessive modesty, confess that they understand, indeed, very little !

We sincerely trust these reflections will not be interpreted by our readers as savouring of scepticism. Difficult as these problems are, yet we do not believe them to be wholly insoluble, at least in all their parts, and we feel thankful to those men of science who, by their accurate observations and persevering efforts, have of late years so much increased our knowledge respecting the mental faculties of animals. Thus is also increased our admiration of the works of nature, and our sense of reverence and love towards the Mind of which these works are the manifest expression.

But our object in thus enumerating the difficulties that surround such questions is, in some measure, to repel an unjust accusation often now-a-days formulated against Catholic philosophers and theologians by some modern scientists. They speak as if Catholics refused to be impressed by the facts that are brought forward, merely because they are tied in their own investigations by dogmas which, even at the sacrifice of evident truth, must be defended. Now, it is perfectly right to say that a Catholic philosopher, engaged in the study of physics or biology, does not accept at once any conclusions that may happen to enjoy present popularity, when they seem to be opposed to other conclusions of whose certainty he has already full and independent evidence ; but it would be a great mistake to think that in such questions as, for instance, in this question of animal intelligence, Catholic men of science are only experiencing theological difficulties. Such difficulties they indeed have, but they have also genuine scientific difficulties for a solution of which they have so far looked in vain in the books of their learned opponents.

Among these, Dr. Romanes, the author of a recent work on *Animal Intelligence*,¹ occupies an honourable place. He has attempted in the volume bearing this title to condense all that immense bulk of evidence which we now possess on animal psychology.

"This book," the author himself tells us,² "while complete in itself as a statement of the facts of comparative psychology,

¹ *Animal Intelligence*. By George J. Romanes, F.R.S. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1882.

² Preface, p. vii.

has for its more ultimate purpose the laying of a firm foundation for my future treatise on mental evolution."

This is therefore a book of facts, got together from many sources, and evidently with great discriminative power, in this sense, that those facts have especially been selected for which an exercise of human-like reason seems alone sufficient to account, whilst comparatively few cases are given in which animals are exhibited in their common and ordinary modes of life, as acting in ways that do not appear to imply the possession of reasoning powers.

In spite, however, of the partiality which seems here and there to have attended the selection of the cases, and which particularly distinguishes Dr. Romanes's correspondents (many of them ladies giving accounts of their pets), we will not be so unfair as to pass a judgment on what he himself calls "a ground work on which the picture is eventually to be painted."

If the present work [he adds] is read without reference to its ultimate object of supplying facts for the subsequent deduction of principles, it may well seem but a small improvement upon the works of the anecdote-mongers. But if it is remembered that my object in these pages is the mapping out of animal psychology for the purposes of subsequent synthesis, I may fairly claim to receive credit for a sound scientific intention, even when the only methods at my disposal may incidentally seem to minister to a mere love of anecdote.

Leaving then these facts as they stand, we may perhaps be permitted briefly to pass in review some of his arguments to which we take exception, not merely, as we already said, on theological grounds, but also on grounds purely scientific and philosophical.

This rapid recapitulation of our position will, in some measure, prepare us for the "subsequent synthesis" with which we are threatened.

We observe in most animals two distinct kinds of operations: one kind simply follows upon modifications of the senses not necessarily attended by any consciousness; the other takes place when the modifications of the senses are not merely experienced in the organism, but are also subjectively apprehended with more or less definite consciousness by the animal.

These two kinds of operations are well known to us from what we experience within ourselves. Those phenomena which

are consequent upon modifications of sense, often without any consciousness, and thus producing movements of an adaptive, though not of an intentional kind, are due to non-mental neuro-muscular adjustments in the system, well known under the name of reflex action.² These phenomena are common alike to animals and to man.

In the other kind of operations, characterized by the element of consciousness, a distinction is required. The response of the animal to sense-stimulus may be antecedent to all individual experience, without knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained, but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species. This is instinct.

Or, on the other hand, the response of the same animal to sense-stimulus may be subsequent to individual experience, with an apprehension of the immediate connection between two or more sensible objects, but without its being necessarily common, under nearly similar circumstances, to all the individuals of the same species. This is the highest mental operation in brutes. It is quite distinct from what we call instinct, and indeed instinct itself, without such a faculty, would be quite inexplicable. This faculty had been more or less clearly discerned by ancient philosophers. The scholastics designated it by the name of *vis æstiativa*, "the estimative faculty," if such a rendering may be allowed. The same faculty is also present in man, though, of course, necessarily modified and elevated in its operations by the presence of another and supreme faculty we are about to notice. For in man we meet with a form of cognition essentially irreducible to that "estimative faculty" which we acknowledge to be common (with due reservation) both to man and beast. That "estimative faculty," we may, if we like, call "animal intelligence." But whatever name be given to it, we assert it to be essentially distinct from, and irreducible to, "human reason."

Dr. Romanes³ considers that reason, "besides involving a mental constituent, and besides being concerned in adaptive action, is always subsequent to individual experience, never acts but upon a definite and often laboriously acquired knowledge of the relation between means and ends, and is very far

² Here and elsewhere, we purposely follow as closely as possible the phraseology of the author of *Animal Intelligence*, in order to avoid all misunderstanding as far as we can.

³ Introduction, p. 16.

from being always similarly performed under the same appropriate circumstances by all the individuals of the same species."

Unfortunately for his definition, it leaves out undefined that very point on which the whole difficulty turns. Reason, he says, involves a mental constituent. That is true enough, but what sort of a mental constituent does it involve? That is the question. Is it a process originating in certain nervous centres, and terminating in some others, or is it a process implying of necessity the existence of a principle to which, indeed, those same nervous centres must act as ministers, but whose operations they cannot by any means themselves perform? In the same way, a definition of "manual work" which said nothing about "hands" would be considered somewhat inadequate.

What then is reason, and how is it that, whilst admitting an *animal intelligence* (in the sense above explained), we refuse to recognize an *animal reason*? By reason, strictly speaking, we understand the faculty in ourselves by which we are enabled to pass from one understood truth to the understanding of another. Thus we can obtain a knowledge of those truths which present to our minds no immediate evidence, provided they have a logical connection with other truths already known to us.

Reason, therefore, taken strictly, is not formally the same thing as intelligence. Reason and intelligence constitute, indeed, one faculty, and they are not separable from each other in man, but we recognize a formal act of intelligence in that mental state in which a truth becomes known either by simple apprehension, or by an immediate judgment not reached through the logical process we have just described in speaking of reason.

If therefore reason is a distinctly human faculty, so will intelligence be, for it implies, as we shall see, the same substantial principle. We may then, if we choose to use words in a twofold sense, which logicians do not recommend, talk of an *animal intelligence* and of a *human intelligence*, meaning by the former what we call the estimative faculty, and by the latter one aspect of man's intellectual endowment, but we are not inclined to admit the loose phraseology which Dr. Romanes makes use of, in common with other writers of his own school, in his Introduction. Here is the passage we allude to:

This faculty of balancing relations, drawing inferences, and so of forecasting probabilities, admits of numberless degrees; and as in the designation of its lower manifestations, it sounds somewhat unusual to employ the word reason, I shall in these cases frequently substitute the

word intelligence. When we find, for instance, that an oyster profits by individual experience, or is able to perceive new relations, and suitably to act upon the result of its perceptions, I think it sounds less unusual to speak of the oyster as displaying intelligence than as displaying reason.³ On this account I shall use the former term to signify the lower degrees of the ratiocinative faculty, and thus in my usage it will be opposed to such terms as instinct, reflex action, etc., in the same manner as the term reason is so opposed (p. 14).

Dr. Romanes, therefore, although intelligence and reason are both opposed in their meaning to such terms as instinct, reflex action, and the like, inasmuch as they both connote "the faculty of deducing inferences from a perceived equivalency of relations," nevertheless takes intelligence to signify, at least in common usage, a lower aspect of reason, so that our nerves are able to stand such a phrase as "The oyster is intelligent;" but our author feels (whether by using his intelligence or his reason, we know not), that this phrase "the oyster is reasonable" might prove too much for the majority of his readers. Yet, we do not see why those readers should be so easily scandalized who agree to any extent with the author's doctrines. For, either the terms intelligence and reason connote the same identical faculty, or they do not. If they do not, they ought simply to decline following Dr. Romanes in his phraseology, for then intelligence and reason are not, as he says, opposed in the same manner to instinct, reflex action, etc. If, on the contrary they are so opposed, as connoting one and the same faculty, why not say at once boldly that "an

³ It is foreign to our purpose in these pages to enter into a full discussion of facts bearing upon the present question, but the case here brought forward as an instance is so characteristic of the spirit in which such facts are gathered by observers with preconceived ideas, that we cannot resist the desire of quoting it for the edification of our readers. The case is thus given, chap. ii. p. 25 :

Even the headless oyster seems to profit from experience, for Dicquemase (*Journal de Physique*, vol. xxviii. p. 247) asserts that oysters taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, open their shells, lose the water within and perish; but oysters taken from the same place and depth if kept in reservoirs, where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time, and are otherwise incommoded, learn to keep their shells shut, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of water.

We confess our inability to see how an intellectual operation even of the lowest kind can be shown with any degree of probability in this case. We cannot even see in it an exercise of the estimative faculty. The mechanism of reflex action is certainly capable, under the repetition of new conditions, of self-adaptations such as are presented here by the oyster. That the case is not so clear should be acknowledged by Dr. Romanes himself, for he wisely says in another place of his Introduction :

In view of such non-mental nervous adjustment leading to movements which are only in appearance intentional, it clearly becomes a matter of great difficulty to say in the case of the lower animals whether any action which appears to indicate intelligent choice is not really action of the reflex kind.

Precisely.

oyster is reasonable?" According to the old axiom *Plus et minus non mutant speciem*; an act of lower reason remains essentially an act of reason.

To speak seriously, in thus giving an entirely new meaning to a term already fixed by long philosophical usage, the author of *Animal Intelligence* does not seem altogether justified.

Intelligence, far from signifying in common philosophical language a lower stage of reason, has been, on the contrary, made to express a more perfect aspect of that sublime faculty in man. Indeed, that operation of our mind by which without effort and progressive labour we attain to the knowledge of first principles, and are able by a sort of direct intuition to form immediate judgments about facts or ideas, suggests a notion of pure intellectual power, of quiet spiritual strength, which the complex, laborious process of reasoning from premisses to conclusions hardly presents.

This distinction is a very ancient one. Boetius, in whom Greek philosophy faithfully reflects itself, gives poetical expression to it, when he says: *Intellectus comparatur ad rationem sicut æternitas ad tempus*,⁴ thus associating, on one hand, the changeableness of time with the vicissitudes of human reasoning, and on the other, the steady, enduring power of intellectual vision with the absolute quietude of eternity.

Having then said what we signify by "reason," and disengaged the word "intelligence" from the possible confusion into which a modern use of the term might lead, it remains for us briefly to state what it is that, consistently with Christian philosophy, makes a man a reasonable being, and what it is that obliges us to deny to animals this same prerogative.

To ask what it is that makes a man a reasonable being, is to ask what the possession of reason implies in man. That we can only learn, if left to our own natural powers, by means of an attentive analysis of those phenomena of which we become subjectively conscious in the exercise of the reasoning faculty itself.

We said a moment ago that reason was that faculty in ourselves by which we were enabled to pass from one understood truth to the understanding of another. Clearly it is not from particular truths that we can thus attain to the understanding of other truths. General ideas are required for any real and conclusive reasoning to be instituted. If then we show that general

⁴ Boetius, *De Con. Phil.* lib. 5, prosa 4.

ideas are essentially distinct from all the forms of cognition that sensation, however modified or transformed, can supply, we shall have proved at the same time that the formation of general ideas, and reason itself, cannot possibly be a property of the material organism wherein all sense-knowledge is elaborated. Let us clearly see the difference between a sensation and an idea. With my hand I acquire some knowledge of this stone, but that knowledge, obtained through the sense of touch, says nothing to me of a stone, independently of that which causes this particular stone to be such a stone and no other. Again, my eyes refer to me that tree yonder, but if I carefully note my sensation, I well discern that nothing further about trees in general is attested to me by my eyes. Sensation then is our first form of knowledge ; it takes place through material organs ; it testifies of material things, and taken by itself, it asserts nothing in a generic or specific line, but merely as singular. Leaving out the refinements to which sense rises in man, this remains true, that material surroundings affect my senses very much as they may affect our "intelligent" friend, the gaping oyster above mentioned. Just as I see that tree, my dog sees it, and if I limit, for the sake of analysis, the operation of my sense to the vision of *that* tree, possibly my dog sees it much more distinctly than I do myself, however humbled I may feel by the admission.

But if this be sensation, what are those notions which seem to arise after a sensation within myself? When I compare these notions with their parallel sensations, they appear to have such opposite characters, that I find nothing common between them, except the representation (each in its own fashion) of a common object. Let us try and see this clearly by means of a definite example : Here is a circle more or less accurately drawn upon the blackboard. My eyes convey to certain nervous centres an image of this circle, and thus by a vital, though an organic process, I am able to form before my imagination a sensible representation of it. Upon this arises in me a concept which I evidently owe to the sensible representation ; yet, strange to say, I see well that my concept is not necessarily bound up with *this* representation. You trace another circle upon the blackboard, and I remark that, although the circle is larger, nevertheless my concept remains the same. I compare my concept or idea with my two sensible representations : one exhibits a circle of one foot in diameter, the other a circle of one yard in diameter ;

but my idea of either of them, I find, will suit any number of circles with any diameters. This idea is one, fixed, necessary. My mind does not see it in this or that circle, but it simply contemplates *the* circle in an order of realities to which material organisms do minister, but to which their operations can never rise. The representation of my imagination is vague, confused, or, at best, it is (until corrected afterwards by the idea) no more accurate than the figure on the blackboard, which is not, and cannot, be expected to represent an exact circle. The idea in my mind, on the contrary, exhibits a perfect circle with all its geometrical properties, and the imperfect image of sense will indeed help my intellect to consider those properties, but its own imperfection can in no way alter my notion of a true circle. I have traced on the blackboard a ridiculously irregular figure, but it matters not; I am not appealing in my demonstration to this absurd figure, but to the true idea of a circle which I know you have formed as I have myself, and it is this common idea, not the figure on the blackboard, that enables us really to commune intellectually together.

But, if all this be true, is it possible that this idea of a circle should be merely a remembrance of the sensation, or a sensation transformed, as Condillac asserted, or the result of any process beginning and ending in the material organism in which the sensation had its birth, and, as long as it lasts, must have its home? This is one of the difficulties which Catholic philosophers, not to mention others, have always met with, not on account of any theological prejudice, but on account of the intrinsic contradiction which they discern in such an admission. No amount of facts about animal intelligence, no anatomical dissections, no physiological vivisections will solve this difficulty. The mind must face it, and no one, we believe, who fully understands its terms can long resist the conviction that this idea introduces him into another sphere of realities where alone truth assumes that immaterial garb which is the condition of its universality. Endeavour to abstract from all the individual notes of your sensation, yet you will not cease to have as clear and distinct an idea of that which both sensation and idea, in their fashion, represent, as you ever had. You will have rendered the sensible representation impossible by such an abstraction: you have not in the least affected the idea itself. Hence no possible identity between them. Hence, also, no possible identity between the substances whose modifications

they are. For how could an idea that suits all circles equally exist in a substance that can only represent circles with certain dimensions and not otherwise? My idea of a circle is true *hic et nunc* of an infinity of circles; could the organic faculty represent *hic et nunc* such a figure? It can no more do it than it could *hic et nunc* represent an infinity of circles. Try any process of composition, of elimination, of transformation, it must always supply you with some particular circle, otherwise your imagination will be unable to represent it; yet all this time the notion of a circle, independently of any definite dimension, is persistently haunting your mind, without your being able, in any way, to account for it.

In the course of this argument, we have confined ourselves to the consideration of a geometrical figure, because of its own nature it readily lends itself to sensible representation; but it is clear to every one that the same argument *a fortiori* proves our position in the case of those notions which are incapable of being, as such, apprehended by the senses, for they cannot be the proper object of any of them.

Having, therefore, established that ideas, being intrinsically free from material conditions, do not subsist in an organic faculty, we ask ourselves, In what then do they subsist? It must be in some sort of substance of which they are accidents. It must be in a substance not liable to the same objections as the organic faculty, and therefore not material, for between material and immaterial substances no intermediate substance can be found.

And besides, independently of the difficulties already mentioned, material substances are open to another difficulty, founded on the daily testimony of our conscience, which we may not leave here unnoticed.

Whatever unity be attributed to the final particles, atoms, or other elements which make up our bodies, at least it must be admitted that no real physical unity belongs to those bodies, if we simply consider them as constituted by the more or less intimate aggregation of so many distinct elements. Whence then arises that unity within me to which my conscience is a constant witness? In the midst of those numberless ideas, affections, fears, and desires, of which I am the subject, what is that mysterious agent which remembers them, combines them, desires or rejects them, that thing which I have named as well as language allows, when I have said, "I?" My thought

of to-day is not my thought of yesterday; yet who doubts but that the "I" who thought yesterday and the "I" who thinks now are one and identical? If there is not in me an element of permanence presenting in itself that unity which cannot be attributed to the ever-changing elements of my bodily frame, the consciousness of this "I" in me is a simple impossibility. This element of permanence, the subject of so many accidental phenomena, intellectual and moral, must be a substance; it must also be an immaterial substance, for otherwise (to omit many other reasons), instead of giving unity to the whole, it would itself labour under the defect of unity which characterizes all agglomerations of material elements. Here other arguments might easily be adduced, based on the analysis of an act of reflection, but space does not permit us to dwell longer on this point. There is then a principle within me, a substantial, immaterial element of permanence in the midst of so many subjective modifications of my being, wherein alone can dwell the pure, universal concepts that people my mind. This principle is the human soul. To it we are thus compelled by philosophy, not less than by theology, to attribute our human unity and personality, our human freedom, our human reason. Such a principle the Divine gift of intelligence implies in man.

We have dwelt so much on this side of the question before us because of the absolute necessity there is, as it seems to us, to have clear notions on what the rational faculty in man really is and implies, before transferring the debate to the other side—the animal. We shall now briefly consider some of the motives which induce us to differ so emphatically from Dr. Romanes, and the school to which he belongs, on the subject of "Animal Intelligence."

Whatever may have been in the course of ages the conclusions of philosophers concerning the mental faculties of brutes, at least the general sense, not to say the common sense, of mankind taken as a whole has never wavered on this point. We find man, at all periods of the world's history, subduing the animal creation, making it subservient to his wants, and asserting always and everywhere his intellectual superiority over those creatures, some of them so much above him in point of size and physical strength and even skill. We assume that animals could hardly have been treated as they have been generally at all times and by all races, if man had clearly discerned in his "dumb friends" a spark of that which he felt

proudly conscious of carrying within himself. For he would have been necessarily led on to see in them moral attributes also which must have altered his attitude and conduct towards them.

When our Aryan ancestors, after surveying the natural objects that surrounded them, entering into themselves, searched for a name by which to indicate that which distinguished themselves from all that struck their eyes, *Manu* was the word that rose to their lips. *Manu* meant for them the Measurer, the Thinker.⁵ It was the term which to them seemed to express most characteristically their own nature. It was the worthy discovery of that human family which peopled Hellas with its children, and counts the noblest thinkers the world has yet known among its kinsmen.

There is much profound philosophy in this, and it plainly testifies to a general sense of men in regard to animals, which it would hardly be wise to despise and altogether disregard. Nor is it necessary to remind us that in some places animals have been treated as intelligent beings and even as gods. This was the effect of local, not of universal superstitions, and in nearly every case about which we know anything at all, we find that it was not the animal, as such, which was worshipped, but the animal as being the incarnation or representation of some superior being or mysterious principle. Again, in connection with this question, we often hear a good deal about animals and very young children standing practically on the same intellectual level. But to this I answer with Professor Max Müller, whose mind is not generally supposed to be tainted with theological prejudice,

Animals and infants that are without language are alike without reason, the great difference between animal and infant being that the infant possesses the healthy germs of speech and reason, only not yet developed into actual speech and actual reason, whereas the animal has no such germs or faculties capable of development in its present state of existence.⁶

Here it might not be out of place to enumerate the many absurd consequences which logically follow, if we attribute reason in any degree to brutes. But, to be brief, we shall mention one only, of great philosophical importance. Dr.

⁵ From this word was derived the old High German *mennisc*, the modern German *mensch*, and our English *man*.

⁶ *Lectures on the Science of Language*. Second series, Lect. ii.

Romanes, as we have seen, somewhat shrinks from saying that the oyster exhibits reason. Would he not shrink also from saying that the oyster (and other animals) exhibits free-will? Yet this, to be logical, he must also assert, for free-will necessarily follows upon the possession of intellectual powers.

It may not be useless to say briefly how this consequence is arrived at. To the gift of intelligence we owe our general ideas; the idea of good is, of course, one of them; and good, or at least its shadow, is the proper object of the appetitive faculty. Now this faculty in a rational creature is not irresistibly solicited by this or that particular preponderating good, but by the notion of universal absolute goodness, its only adequate object. The reason is clear: absolute goodness, by exhausting the capacity of the faculty, necessarily destroys any freedom it may possess. But no particular limited good that this world can show (and it can show no other) will effect this, because no such good bears any proportion to a faculty that tends, in virtue of that intellectual form of cognition which is special to man, towards absolute goodness as towards its sole adequate object. The rational creature, in presence of any particular good, remains free to embrace or reject it, unless it be the only means to obtain that supreme good towards which it tends necessarily. Hence it follows that the determination of the appetitive faculty in such a case must proceed from the faculty itself, if it is to be determined at all in favour of the particular good in question: *Stat pro ratione voluntas*.

It is therefore very illogical to give a creature reason and at the same time to deny it free-will. But, conversely, we who are unable to discover any trace of free-will in animals, are thereby justified in denying to them reason.

Before bringing this article to a close, it will be well for us to say a few more words about the estimative faculty which we have mentioned as being the highest operation of sense in animals. We believe that the position of Catholic philosophers in respect to "Animal Intelligence" has been supposed by many to be untenable in presence of modern science, chiefly because they either ignored or misunderstood the exact extent granted to the operations of sense by Catholic philosophy even before the times of Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas.

In denying to animals the gift of reason, Catholic philosophers do not for all that shut their eyes to the fact that animals are guided in some of their actions by a knowledge

which their five external senses cannot possibly supply when any sensible object affects them. This was well expressed by the old Scholastics in their definition of the estimative faculty, borrowed, I believe, from the Arabic philosopher Algazel: *Æstimativa est virtus apprehendens de sensato quod non est sensatum.*

This faculty which some have confounded with instinct is, on the contrary, presupposed by instinct. It accounts for many facts in the individual which instinct in the species does not explain, and supplies that limited, though undoubted, capacity for perfectibility which we observe in animals placed under new and favourable conditions. In the dog, this has perhaps been more remarkably verified than in any other animal.

It will be objected that we choose to create in animals this convenient faculty in order to explain their many intelligent actions without disturbing the hard and fast line we are pleased to draw between them and man. But we believe that even independently of the intrinsic arguments, already given above, the very irregular distribution of "intelligence" in the animal kingdom, the great contradictions which occur in the observed facts, and the sensible nature of the phenomena more constantly observable, would warrant the maintenance of our distinction. Nor will it avail to say that, by granting to all animals some kind of judgment (as is indeed implied in the notion of the estimative faculty), we have granted all that our opponents desired. For all judgments are not necessarily intellectual judgments; many, on the contrary, are quite within the scope of sense. We may perhaps be permitted to show this in a few words.

Our finite nature does not allow of our obtaining an adequate notion of anything by a simple act of mental apprehension. We must apprehend separately the component elements of an object and, according to fixed laws of our intellectual being, recompose those elements, and give a mental expression to the object so elaborated within ourselves, after due comparison of the same elements. But all judgments do not thus proceed by way of comparison. We often find ourselves uniting mental elements without any previous formal comparison of them with each other.

Their intrinsic connection or opposition flashes, as it were, before our eyes, and carries us away before any antecedent intellectual operation. Hence also the liability to frequent

mistakes in persons given to act by impulse rather than by reason—for appearances are proverbially deceptive. It is easy to give an example of such “instinctive” judgments, as the Scholastics called them. I am talking with you of So-and-So, and, as not unfrequently happens, just as we are engaged in this conversation, So-and-So turns the corner. “Here he is,” I exclaim. Had my intellect any part in this judgment? The dog of the same gentleman with us at the time, having lost his master. As soon as he turns the corner, the dog seeing him gives a loud bark and runs after his master. Evidently the dog’s joyful barking was an equivalent to my exclamation “Here he is,” and certainly the barking was not an intellectual act. A mere instinctive identification of a visual sensation once received with a similar sensation now obtained was spontaneously realized and that is all. To any one who admits the existence of general ideas, this conclusion can present no difficulty. For he must admit that no singular fact is, of itself, a proper object of our intellect. The intellect may consider “man” as a universal notion, but “this man” who is just now walking in the street is *per se* no proper object of it. Therefore the kind of predication which directly took place when I exclaimed “Here he is,” could not possibly be the effect of an intellectual act, since neither of the terms, as they stand, could constitute intellectual apprehensions.

Of course, when we say that the intellect cannot operate directly on singular notions, we do not mean to deny that the intellect does often formulate judgments about singulars. But such judgments differ essentially from the spontaneous judgments just described in this, that the predicate which here is attributed to the singular subject is considered by the intellect not as a concrete fact, but as an abstract notion.

We wish further to remark, that the negation of real intelligence in animals does not in any way prevent us from receiving what there is of proved truth in the remarkable investigations of modern biology. On the contrary, our recognition of the estimative faculty as the basis of all instinct, as well as of all its modifications, enables us to welcome, without any prejudice to our philosophical principles, any facts which might demonstrate clearly a progressive development of sense-cognition along the whole line of animal life, in proportion as the general perfection of the organism and gradually increasing differentiations of the nervous system rendered also

sensations more perfect, sensible representations more definite, and their combinations in the imagination more numerous and complex.

Catholic psychology has nothing to fear from modern discoveries ; it rests on principles which secure it against substantial errors without denying to it due scope for legitimate development. We may therefore expect without any fear the "Synthesis" which Dr. Romanes has reserved for a future volume: it will contain no scientific truth, no proved fact that cannot find its proper place in the Catholic system of psychology ; but we know also that its conclusions will ever be powerless to remove that impassable barrier which was raised from the beginning, between man and all other living beings by the soul-creating breath of their common Maker.

MARTIAL L. KLEIN.

A Plea for the Children.

SAVE our children ! Save our children !
O listen, listen in the silence
How their cries break thro'.
Save them, friends ; 'twas but a while since
We all were children too.
Teach the hearts on God to lean
That God hath made so pure,
Teach the hearts in a world unclean
To yearn for something more.
This something more ! Oh, children dear,
To think that in your ignorance
You do not know that God is near,
And smiles down on your innocence.
Oh, sad and pure hearts of our children !
God marks them looking down,
And takes them in His arms supernal
To sob against His own.
And so He soothes their weeping wild,
Leaning against His breast,
And from those lips that little child
A sweet smile learns ; but best
To leap with sudden sense of right
To Christ's grand love, and hold it fast.

O children, O our children ! There is no night
On earth if we love God *first* not last.
O children desolate, O children dear !

The souls God gave are yet too pure
For your childish eyes to see or fear
A wrong done. The stars are fewer
Than our children. Ah, my God !
Here with breath drawn quick against the sod,
I pray Thee bless our children. Oh, Cherub !
Ere while with deep sad eyes that wondered looking up,
Christ-taught they leap with sudden light.
Yea, God sees thee, little one, above the height
Of stars, and loves thee as His own.
Oh, God ! To see the holy light within that face,
And its rush of smiling, as when we place
A sudden hand down thro' the waves
At night and they to glory break.
Ah, Sweet ! Your pure heart clings anear Him,
Just as the scent of a fragrant flower
Clings to that flower's lip.
Save our children ! Save our children !
They go unheeded as they weep
With the thick tears on their faces,
Yet we mark the stars that leap
With their music from their places.

B. M. A.

A Husband's Story.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a few months had passed away, when I heard that Doreen was in town, staying with some friends. No one was more sought or fondled by her friends, and there was a set of good-natured honest folk who were always eager to "put her up." At some of these "selections" one might wonder a little ; but she was trusting, and any little kindness gained her, and being once gained, she never deserted or changed. It was extraordinary indeed the fashion in which she was treated, the almost tender indulgence with which she was regarded. She seemed born to smile, laugh, and look pretty : to be petted by her own family, who obediently complied with her wishes—"whims" they could not be called—while strangers and acquaintances were drawn irresistibly to the elegant little lady. For her life was surely to be all sunshine—the blasts it might be expected were to be fenced off. She seemed too frail, her nerves too finely strung for trouble or even inconvenience : sorrow or suffering was incompatible with her nature. And yet it almost seemed as though, when the curtain fell that night, it was to shut out the pageants and the scenes of fairy-land with which she had been familiar. And this cruel change was now at hand.

Hearing that she was to be that night at a party at a strange house where I had not been bidden, I made interest to secure an invitation. I looked round to see what would have been so welcome to me—the smiling face striving to send cordial greeting from behind the screen of great dowagers and matrons. For she generally got thus to be enclosed, to the prejudice of her night's engagements, but this she ever bore cheerfully. But in vain I sought her. She had not come, and would not come, for it was late. A good-natured friend, who knew well how things stood, came up to me with concern in her face :

"Didn't you hear?" she said. "There has been a dreadful accident. Lord V—— thrown from his horse, on his head: his skull fractured. Miss V—— has gone down by the five o'clock train, just caught it, and had not time to pack up even. She met the surgeon there, who was telegraphed for."

Here was a shock indeed. I pictured the poor little soul through that cold and dismal night journey, her heart fluttering as against the wires of a cage. It was found that by midnight, where the train stopped, they could find no other, and would have to post through the night until three in the morning. So it fell out, and at that hour she stepped upon the steps of her ancestral home, being met by ghostly footfalls and gliding, weeping figures, and was drawn in, trembling, to the dismal chamber where lay the father she so idolized, maimed and senseless.

I learned afterwards of the dreadful days and nights that followed—the gloomy all night watchings, the hoping where there was no hope, at the end of a week or so the final restoring to consciousness, to take leave of his despairing family, when, as she often recalled with a shudder, "an ashy coloured grey" tone seemed to spread over his face. Then this loving child was left without the father she so dearly loved.

This sad casualty made a material difference in the life and fortune of my little heroine. Indeed, now she was to set out on an entirely new life: it was beginning again. In every particular there was to be a violent change. The old castle and its loved flowers abandoned and given up to the eldest son, the widow and the children sent out on the world, well provided of course. It seems a hard thing that the keen sense of loss should always be made more bitter by this addition.

To myself it almost seemed like a family affliction, and there was also a sort of disappointment. For in my case the little castle in the air I had been so diligently building up, had been laid in ruins by this unexpected event.

Six months or so passed away, when I was once more bidden to the northern castle of my friend the barrister, and repaired thither, perhaps drawn by something of the old association. There was plenty of festivity, but it had not the old air, nor the old softened light. A shadow seemed to be projected from the other castle across the river. One day, however, it was mentioned at table that Doreen and her sister had arrived

there for a short time, and that our hostess and her daughters were going over to see her. An irresistible impulse seized on me, and without considering the propriety, or perhaps impropriety, of visiting under such conditions, I determined to be of the party. Our hostess, who felt that it was a matter of private condolence, could only make a faint objection. What a change in the poor girl, when she came into the long drawing-room, in her gloomy black and crapes, her face pale and sharpened, her figure more frail: she had the air of having suffered some violent shock, from the very thought of which she seemed to shrink. As she glided in there was a look of helplessness, of unspeakable sadness, as though she were alone in the world now.

That little vision was before me long. It took many long and weary months before she began to rally. There then arose the usual bustle and excitement of "arranging the affairs," in itself a distraction from the interests concerned, and the necessity of giving undivided attention. Lady V—— was left handsomely off, as became a peeress; her daughters had each a substantial portion of £10,000. Here their mother showed herself in that sort of irresistible comedy light which always had an attraction for me, and soon got absorbed into a whirl of "proceedings" at law, and otherwise, which completely took off her thoughts. She was ever talking of "the assets" or "my assets;" and her solicitors I fancy found that their client was a tremendous one to manage or direct. She, indeed, was directing them. Often passing the street where they lived, I have seen her family coach waiting, and re-passing after many hours, saw it still there. She consulted everybody, and anybody, particularly the latest, newest acquaintance—always "a most sensible man"—on her proceedings, and would unfold to such the story of her particular wrongs. There were infinite touches of comedy, as I said before, in all this, highly entertaining. I recall her expatiating one night on certain heavy insurances which fell into "the assets," all mixed up with lamentations and grief for her lost husband; in the midst of which she recalled how the company received only one premium in payment when they had to pay this great sum. An expression of enjoyment came into her face, and a very palpable wink emphasized her satisfaction at the way in which the company had been "hit." More strange still, on turning to Doreen—who was as sympathetic as some electrical instrument showing delicate atmospheric changes—she had on her face a

smile of satisfaction! This was truly natural: for mamma was always right. When mamma laughed, she was to smile. She had a keen sense, too, of broad humour, and the situation of the great Company in this position, struck her as ludicrously gratifying.

By-and-bye all these matters were composed. A house was taken in town. A year or two passed by, and I noticed Doreen was beginning to recover from this utter depression. She was two mercurial and gallant not to rally. But there was no doubt her delicate system had received a shock. She was no longer the sprightly, volatile child. I often noted—and it is common in too highly strung natures—that after laughing or smiling, her face suddenly seemed to spring back, as it were, and without effort, into a sad gravity. Her health, too, had grown delicate, and there were expeditions to the Continent, and other places, and she lived abroad a good deal. All this time I was engrossed with many serious matters, but followed her and her movements with interest. I heard of stray admirers who appeared above the horizon, but soon sank again. In this fashion I suppose some five years passed away, and I come to the year 18—, destined to close one act at least of this little drama.

CHAPTER VII.

SETTING out on my own summer tour, in the month of July, and thinking of visiting Homburg, then in all its glory, frequented by kings and princes, the gambling-tables flourishing—"hell" was the ill-bred, old-fashioned name—I learned that "my Doreen"—so I always in my own private council-chamber called her—was living there with her mother, and would be there during the gay season. I had never seen that lively haunt, and felt an irresistible call to take the opportunity. There are certain unpretending expeditions which we look back to with pleasure, and which have a singular fascination. We put them in the museum of our memory, as it were. This year was certainly the pleasantest of a pleasant life. Everything was "going well" and happily, the carriage was rolling along the smoothest of highroads, the sun was shining all the time. Every one will recall seasons when he has thus set forth jocundly and full of a sense of universal enjoyment, betide him what it may.

I see myself at the end of the sultry months at a cosy seaport town, with the ships at the wharves, and the quaint buildings on the quays. Here the circuit to which I belonged had its last sitting, and when it closed I would embark direct at this very quay, instead of returning home. There was one good augury of good omen to send me on my way rejoicing. While lying half asleep betimes of the summer morning at the hotel, a knock came to the door, and a crown official, entering abruptly, literally tumbled down on the bed—and never was there a more welcome or ecstatic a visitation, a snowy shower—a whole bagful of briefs. The senior had been detained by illness. These were his briefs. I was next, and they were my lawful prey. I suppose there were twenty of these stout and apoplectic gentry. With a delightful excitement, I bounded on to the floor, blessing the solicitors, dressed in a flurry, snatching glimpses at the “*Queen v. John Stock: burglarious entry,*” for these were criminal prosecutions. They were to come on that day, so there was no time for preparation; still the excitement was agreeable, and the few days spent under this delightful sense of responsibility and profit, makes an almost romantic recollection.

Then it comes to a tranquil summer's evening, without a breath stirring, when I go on board the steamer, the sun just setting, the cheerful quay lined with careless walkers, the smoke curling upwards into the calm sky. Then the gliding away on into the open sea. I brought no cares with me. I was, as it were, going to seek my fortune. A placid night. And in the morning by six a fiercely hot sun glistening on a cobalt sea, an unfamiliar and little used port, with hills rising round. The population asleep. An old inn was at hand, where it was the custom to provide breakfast for all the passengers, at a sort of *table d'hôte*. The place was a watering-place, but had failed. There appeared to be nobody in it. There was a little short train of three or four carriages, that went at no very particular hour. I wandered about, and stared at the deserted houses, and returned to our breakfast, where we were all friendly and comrades, as having passed through the ocean's risks together.

By noon we were in London. It was one of those fiercely tropical days, that now seem to come so rarely, and which to one arriving as I did, seems always to give it the air of a foreign town. That night I was on the sea again. The next day at Ostend.

Ostend was then the old Ostend, of the gamboge-tinted walls, the muddy ditches, and old brick fortifications, which lent it a quaintness. It was fenced in all round, and your cab rumbled over a drawbridge to reach the "Digue." Now it is all transformed. These things are swept away. Yet I look back to these days with fondness. The place seems associated with what was beyond and about to arrive. There was a dreamy brilliance about it then, nor was it so invaded with vulgar crowds as it was now. Then there was not the flaunting, stupendous Kursaal, with its "10,000 chairs," but a little modest greenhouse, running along the pier, and open to the sea, and thought to be a very stately thing. Near the town was the old casino, with its handsome old ball-room, where there was dancing every night. There were the tranquil evenings by the sea, when towards nine the evening packet was seen gliding away gently towards England, and causing a flutter and pointing of parasols in the serried ranks, listening to the music. There were friends there, and their yacht, and we made a charming expedition to a Dutch port, which I enjoyed more than anything. But I must proceed on my journey.

A pleasant day at Brussels, a dinner in the open air, on the Place de la Monnaie, a night at the Alcazar, when the popular *Geneviève de Brabant* had just come out and was drawing all the world, and then a pleasant moonlight stroll to the station, where the night express was just starting for Cologne. This system makes travelling very agreeable, instead of being the *peine forte et dure*, which it is so often made. Next day the silvery Rhine was glistening beside us, running its race with the train, while on each side were the dark fields and vines and hills of that attractive region. Towards evening Frankfort came into view. Later the rich dark woods and sylvan heights and glades of Homburg. Homburg in these times was, as I said before, a delightfully attractive place. Every one found their way thither. It had a glitter it has since lost, a sheen of dresses, and gold and silver. Nothing was more inviting than the first entry into the hilly street, set down as it were among the woods and hills, and where you are in strange contrast to the scene, a group of Britons sauntering slowly along, but quite at home. The hotels, with their brilliant façades and inscriptions and rows of orange-trees, succeed each other up the street in inviting order. Then we reach the copper coloured gambling-house, an imposing palace enough, with its

grand gardens and terraces behind. The air blew down fresh, inspiring, and invigorating from Great Taunus yonder.

I secured a pleasant little apartment in the main street, at one Ketteler's—he was a wine merchant, too, and sold good wine—a bright cozy chamber, to which my eyes have since often turned back.

On the next day I made my way down the Kieselsteg Street, to the handsome flower-adorned mansion where Doreen was installed. Now the old little romance was, in all probability, to be resumed. Here at least were the fitting elements—a long journey: the meeting after long absence: and a sort of holiday season. The reader may speculate as to how it was to end.

In these handsome rooms I now found myself. As I entered there were the sounds of music. The brothers, as I have mentioned, were enthusiastic musicians, one a violinist of no mean capacity. He was busy now with German performers out of the orchestra of the place.

I was duly welcomed, and in a moment entered Doreen, whom I had not seen for some months. With a curious waywardness, she showed not the least surprise at what I had complacently fancied would be a surprise; but with a light and airy toss of her head, exclaimed, "Oh, are you here?"

This, however, though I did not know it then, was part of her little armoury, and, as she confided to me later, was "put on" to disguise her real feeling, which was of pleasure. At the time I was somewhat put out by such a cool reception, contrasting it with the eagerness that brought me so long a journey.

With this background, the place full of friends and familiar faces, a general freedom and good-humour and friendliness prevailing, a perpetual "junketing" and enjoyment, which was quite captivating—it was no wonder the days sped by too rapidly. Not a single one passed without seeing Doreen. It was one of the "good Homburg years." The "Duke"—our Duke—was to be seen on the walks with his faithful *aide*, and every day had his select dinner-party at "Chevet's," in the wing of the Kursaal. There were innumerable London faces, the now well-known Baron of the Exchequer, then so remarkable for his devotion to the noble and the titled; there were duchesses, and other persons of title, wit, and letters, and every day these were "getting up," as it is called, all sorts of diversion. Lawn tennis then was not. The days were indeed too short.

A prettier scene than morning at the springs could not be

conceived—the green background, the mountains, and the gaily dressed figures walking up and down, clustered in a crowd, descending and ascending the steps of the amphitheatre where the water was given out, while the band from the grove discoursed melodiously. It was all sunshine and breeze, and for excitement were there not the shaded, gilded halls of the gambling-rooms, where those terribly absorbing rites went on, and where the winning of a few florins after breakfast put you in spirits for the day, while at a loss of that amount black despair gnawed at your heart for twenty-four hours.

Doreen, though delicate, was in all her old spirits, alternating however, as usual, with a little cast of seriousness. It was now I put into her hand a sort of present which I had brought with me, and which was indeed of an artful though rather flattering kind. This was a three volume novel. Not much of a *cadeau*, it will be said. But in this story was set out her own history, subject of course to certain limitations. The admirer, or hero, might have stood for a living person, who could thus say many things which it would not do to utter in real life. I fancy this was an original and ingenious mode of winning a young maiden, already hesitating, and I believe it was an effectual one. She took it, and had read to the last page within an inconceivable short space of time. I fancy her ladyship was not altogether pleased at the apparition. She had a shrewd instinct that “no good” to her would come of it, and felt that she would have to do serious battle to keep her child. It had often been suggested, in the olden days when she was *châtelaine*, by her husband to ask me down, but she had always found excuses. She was wise enough in her generation : for there was a slow, steady perseverance in the advances of her enemy that might give her genuine alarm. There were many natural reasons why she should not favour this business. She had magnificent ideas of a grand alliance with one that was wealthy and titled, though these were Utopian enough, for the reason that she took no practical means of putting her plans in execution. There was “time enough” she thought, though time was slipping away. On the other hand, I was but a younger son, of another religion, to which the family was all most fiercely opposed. Doreen had a portion of £10,000, besides an annuity from a relative of over £200, which came later. So besides her pretty face and other graces, she was not indifferently fitted out for a

girl. But with all these feelings, her ladyship was too adroit to give me anything but a cordial welcome: I must stay to lunch, or dine, &c.

What pleasant days were those! A dream, or series of dreams, they appear now. What meetings, rencontres, accidental and otherwise, and every one a novelty—what pastures ever new! Doreen assumed a new aspect under these new conditions. In these scenes she seemed like a pastoral maiden. I see her flitting through the bright streets of the little place—herself congenially bright and brightening—gliding past so demurely and quakeress-like: and some curious fate used invariably to put me in her way. Nor was her mother slow to note this in the very early stage of our proceedings. Thus one evening I was sitting with the family. We were half in the balcony, half in the room, Doreen in a pretty attitude, resting on her mother's knees. The conversation turned, I remember, on the favourite topic of Doreen's "lovers" innumerable, whose proceedings—I being now on the footing of a confidential friend—were revealed, with an amazing candour and abundance of detail; Doreen listening, as usual, half reluctant, but half in pride. One of the rejected gentlemen was of a different religion, on which, Lady V—— spoke with emphasis and meaning—I fancy "to my address," as the French put it:

"If Doreen," she said, "chose to take a fancy to any man of your religion, I should never give my consent. I never will agree to it. Not that I have any objection, my dear sir, to it—it is a good and a blessed religion—of its kind. But I set my face against mixed marriages—as ever shall I do against everything mixed."

She spoke so warmly, that all her auditors laughed heartily, which only made her repeat it, only more warmly.

I have been told by a professor that one of the arts in what is called flirtation is the talking in a sort of allegorical fashion, veiling your own meaning and purposes under figure—much as I had done in the novel. I fear I made profuse use of these repeated opportunities, and it was not very difficult, nor did it require any "arts," to gain this simple, straightforward, honest, and engaging little maid. It will sound strange if I confess that all this time I had no immediate views in the matter. The thing having gone on now so long—nine years—it seemed to hold in itself the possibility of going on for many more years. It was, in short, the old "lotus eating" of so many

years back. The old lotus eating was, we assumed, to go on still.

There now came round one of the balls "offered by the administration" to its subscribers, one of those ridiculous cheap presents announced with a flourish, but which brought them profit. Their beautiful rooms, however, were lit up, and fine music played—the only regulation being as to costume; it being expected that the ladies should appear in "a hat of luxury," and the gentlemen in either "black pantaloons or white, or of a *tender and united colour*," which certainly left a wide range of choice. What entertainment we found in these things! Hither came Doreen, not indeed in a "hat of luxury," but in her own hair, of which she had no "wealth," as the novelists have it, her prettily shaped head resting on its own merits. A ball is often a suitable background for a romance. The flashing lights, the brilliant dresses, the flowers, the whirl and excitement: above all the music aloft, rising and sinking in "dying falls," alternated with the brazen crashing of the instruments, striking in frantically after some pathetic and tender strain of the waltz: the youth and beauty now reigning supreme in their own domain, all lift it somehow far out of the sober prose of daily life. Into so brilliant a scene I saw Doreen enter, with that demure, half-childish look of interest which was one of her charms. I often turn back to that night, which seems a dream. The music of what has been called "a throbbing waltz" wound out lazily and slowly from the gallery, and seemed to "accompany" Doreen as in an opera. Thinking of her mother's speeches, I was cynical and bitter, and told her that "all was at an end, and I was so glad it was over." Doreen's nature was like some delicate instrument, the slightest breath in which gave some tone. It was cruel, playing on her, for she always showed what she felt by her eye and the delicately cut lip, which quivered and fluttered rather. Late that night I see myself walking up and down on the pretty terrace outside, the flitting shadows projected on the long tall windows, while every now and again the winding song of the last waltz, the "Beautiful blue Danube"—then driving people wild—was borne out to me. These sort of pictures lie in the memory, and are pleasant to take out and gaze on.

After that night I found myself hurried on rapidly in these pleasant paths. In the delightful glades and suburbs, near the flower gardens, in the gay bright streets, I would meet her

constantly, tripping along merrily by herself or with her maid. It was on one of these little expeditions that it first occurred to me that the matter was growing serious. The truth was, we met morning, noon, and night, and the gossips had begun to talk. I noticed, too, that Lady — began to be "dry," if not hostile. One night in the gardens of the Kursaal a little scene occurred which showed how things stood and opening my eyes.

The music was playing in the kiosk, the gardens were crowded, the lamps were twinkling through the trees. On the terrace the coffee and beer drinkers were at work. I saw Doreen arrive accompanied by her family: mother, sister, brothers in strong force, and who had come to guard their treasure. She, I saw, was in a strange excitement, with traces of tears in her eyes. The family walked on in front. Doreen, with a curious half shy look that added to her attractions, fell behind, and to my wondering ears threw out little hints of some "scene" and suffering that had passed. They wished her to go away to Munich, and this she refused, and from her curious manner she seemed to hint that I was concerned in this business. There was something charming and irresistible in her little heroine-like ways and excitement, and I shall not forget her dancing eyes. But she was presently called on to join the ranks, which closed up on her.

I recall one hot afternoon when I came on her as she was tripping along the street, her maid following, on her way to some gardens outside the place, to purchase flowers, which she literally adored and lived for. I went with her, a pleasant walk it may be conceived. By this time we had lost that tone of gay careless talk and laughing at all things. A certain seriousness had supervened, as though issues more momentous were at hand. I found myself saying to her of the novel: "If I but considered myself like the hero, I could be content indeed," at which she smiled, and, as I wrote in a little hasty diary I kept, "that delightful walk in the sun, when it first positively occurred to me and took shape, when I found myself looking down at her — she was very *petite*, like a Dresden figure — and saying, '*You know what I have always thought of you?*'" She answering in a hesitating fashion, 'N—no?' and waiting for me to go on."

But the plunge was too serious. With a touch of the bridle the too impulsive steed is turned away. Yet an irresistible impulse kept inviting me on, to this thin ice. Was there not the mortification, I put it, of being rejected? Who could make up

his mind to *that*? I artfully added the case of one of the "lovers" whom her mother had spoken of. It might reasonably tempt a man to enlist. I well remember her charming shy, half pleased, half inviting look as she said: "He must be very dull not to find out the difference when he is really liked, or is merely looked on as a friend."

And yet with this encouragement, a sort of perverseness drew me back and drew me on. Matters began to assume a serious aspect. The enormous difficulties, the tide of embarrassments, certain to rise up, the opposition from all sides—my own as well as hers; and then the "trifling," as it is called, with this faithful, never-changing, true and loyal little heart, threw me into a state of irresolution. How the sudden change in her admirer, so devoted up to that time, must have chilled her! The whole colony was now cognisant of the affair. Weeks had flown by as days, the season was "on the turn," my time was nearly up, and they were now setting off for London. She was anxious that I should go, part of the way at least, with them. One night at the brilliant, garish rooms, where the gambling was in full course, the tables crowded, I see Doreen seated looking on, arrayed in her, *i.e.* my, favourite dress. She had brought down her two or three five-franc pieces, which I was to play for her, not through any longing to win, but it was something towards a community of purpose.

"You said you *wished* that you had gone a week ago?" she asked, with her confident smile.

This I put aside in rather a cold fashion, nay, even with jesting. I see her now, poor little soul! working nervously at her glove, and the look of mortification that settled on her gentle face. But that night there came retribution for this neglect, for I spent it in much trouble and with something like remorse, pursued by the image of that wounded face. I was eager for the morning. Going down the sunny street, I saw her in the large balcony, busy watering the luxuriant flowers. She was alone; but there was a sad seriousness over her, as though the gaiety of romance was at an end. I could not but feel there was a strange reversal of our positions, for in the early days all seemed depending on her, now it appeared to rest with *me*. However, being deeply repentant, I find "I made it all up with her in the balcony, and begged forgiveness. On which she became quite happy again, and the pale face brightened." This, our last morning, was a very happy one, though in both there

was a sense of something that was not to be alluded to. Yet this could not be, I felt, for I was determined not to be hasty, or take any step without due reflection. And yet I did not think how sad and mortifying was the position in which she was left, the railing and reproaching of her family at having been played with—in a gossiping place of the kind where we had been together the whole day long for weeks. Yet in those last few moments I see myself carried away beyond the lines I had settled upon, incoherently assuring her that later on I would tell her all I thought—that there were infinite difficulties *now*. Long after she told me all this mystified her amazingly. But she was ever full of trust, and with her an assurance was as good as a fact. That night we had our last walk, and at the door of her house we said good-bye. I took her little hand into both mine. Then she walked slowly back into the house, through the trees.

Next morning, at five, I set off betimes in the cold, clear, blue of early day, with a dismalness at heart superadded to the light natural depression of departure at such hours. As the pretty, sylvan, and enticing place was left behind, what a change, I thought, from the holiday vein in which I had entered it, as upon a brilliantly lit up scene. Now it seemed that the lights were gone out: all had changed to serious business. It seemed as if the scene had closed, and the little play was over. "No play at all," the Thackerayan again will say: an ordinary, trite piece of business, repeating itself every hour of the day since the world began. Yet were there not troubles left behind—the sense of desertion, of having been trifled with, the reproaches or jests of others? These things did not affect me because they never occurred to me for an instant.

There was a long wait at Frankfort, still in the early hours, when there was a breakfast under the trees. Yet it also seemed somewhat changed, as indeed perhaps every place does appear changed, on departing from, altogether different from the approach.

That long day was dismal enough, but it brightened: the changing objects and changing scenes distracted. With me travelled her picture—which I often took out to consult—the delicately nervous face, so elegantly cut, with its smile of sympathy, its wistful, anxious look, the thoughtful, unselfish, and unconscious expression. It was pleasant to have it for company. By evening we had completed the journey, and I

was walking up the little theatrical and yet pastoral street of Spa, with its leafy walls rising high as a background, and the twinkling lights and the sounds of music. Here there were friends and relations to greet, and new distractions; and after a day or two one had settled down, as it is called.

TO DOREEN.

From the Redoute, Spa.

My dear Miss St. A——,—From this unholy spot, with the money clinking away in the next room, I must write you a few lines, for the purely selfish object of gratifying myself. I hope they will find you established in London, and not in the least tired after your long journey. I got it over fairly, but felt horribly dismal, as indeed I knew I should in the early hours; and at one time really thought of turning back, only I was ashamed. I thought of the Frankfort expedition, and the pleasant day that might have been. All here are in great spirits. It is only now and again that I get “dull” and severe. They make great allowance; but I am not in awe of them, Miss Doreen St. A——. No.

I find this place a great change. It is full of people, and very gay. With all sorts of attractions, domestic and others, what can be wanting? Yet there does seem to be something. There is only a sort of shed in the middle of the down for the waters; no “Brünnen,” where one can wander off about three o'clock and meet one's friends *accidentally*. There is a library; but it don't seem like the same as the one opposite the Kurhaus at Homburg, and I have lost all taste for helping people to choose books. No more “cakes and ale” for me, that is, coffee and Chartreuse.

I like the little picture immensely, though the face is not what it should be; but the attitude, white dress, &c., are great reminders. I wonder what a family in the railway carriage thought of the gentleman opposite, who was taking it out for a private view every now and again. They must have thought it was his own, he regarded it with such satisfaction.

There is a wicked old lady looking at me savagely all this time, who wants to write at this table, otherwise I could fill another sheet; but I must gratify her, and go. A line from town will be very welcome: even if it be as short as some of the old ones preserved among my archives, *i.e.*, “Dear Mr. ——,—Many thanks for your letter, &c.” I hope you have forgiven me for saying that you were cross: which indeed you never were in your life.

DOREEN'S REPLY.

Cadogan Place, London.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that we arrived safely, though we had a very rough passage: even mamma, who has not suffered at

sea for nearly twenty years, was ill. I escaped, so I suppose your good prayers availed me. I wish you had been with us at Frankfort. We went to the fair, and bought all kinds of things, besides pipes *en masse* for our gardeners, grooms, and *gamins* at home. When we arrived, your landlady, with the *rural cognomen*, said to our great annoyance (for we liked her face and your character of her) that our friend had taken other apartments, and she, with nice feeling, had sent on mamma's letter to her to *our* landlady. I wish, Mr. —, you had a better amusement in the train than looking at the picture, for I think it is stupid-looking, which every one says the original decidedly is not. We had a very affecting farewell at the train, consisting of flowers, tears, and kisses—what fascinating people we must all be !

D.

A Christian Soldier of the French Republic.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

If the Republic has lost a great tribune by the premature death of Léon Gambetta, all France has to deplore in the no less untimely demise of General Chanzy the loss of a great captain, a distinguished politician, and a sincere Christian. If during his lifetime his countrymen relied upon the civilian as the bulwark of the Republic in the immediate present, their eyes turned wistfully at critical moments to the soldier in whose tried capacity as a general, intelligence as a statesman, and integrity as a man, they discerned the strength of France itself in difficult times to come. The simultaneous removal, therefore, of two such important personages cannot fail to excite a powerful influence on the well-being of the Republic, possibly also on its very existence, and even on the destinies of the nation which has been plunged into mourning by their sudden and unlooked-for decease. It is, perhaps, idle to speculate, now that both are gone, and can never toil for their country any more, which was the greater man, which rendered most substantial service, and which, therefore, is the most irreparable loss to France. But honour to whom honour is due. By what strange irony of fate is it, that whilst a national and well-nigh European importance has been attached to the disappearance of the brilliant but restless demagogue and avowed atheist, whose remains were consigned to the grave the other day with a funeral pomp, which, if decidedly pagan in character, was yet grandiose in splendour almost beyond the honours paid in monarchical times to the Kings of France themselves, the death, more startlingly sudden still, followed by the modest, but soldierly and religious, burial of the great Christian captain, has passed comparatively unnoticed and unheeded?

That the death of Gambetta, apart from the popular manifestations to which it has given occasion, is of more immediate

importance to his country than the removal of Chanzy is evident and intelligible. He had been for fourteen consecutive years uninterruptedly to the front. He was, as his countrymen express it, always *en évidence*. He had his place to fill every day in Parliament, and an active duty to discharge as the conspicuous leader of the most considerable party in the State. There were troops of sympathetic friends to advise, and an obedient political following to direct. Whether he was in office or out of it, his influence, seen or unseen, was always felt. The mode in which he exercised his supremacy might vary, but it was in one shape or another constantly present to lead or to control. When, therefore, a chief so all-powerful disappears from the arena, it is inevitable that difficult problems should arise and press for immediate solution. The survivors cannot help asking themselves questions, for example, as to the probable fate of the party deprived of his guidance who led it to battle; whether its members, now that the strong hand which once controlled them has been withdrawn, will continue united, or whether they will fall away from one another going off, some to the Extreme Left, others to a comparatively moderate section of the Republic; and the atmosphere must necessarily be charged with conjectures as to the effect of such a death on the various opposing forces of Parliament, on the shifting majority of the Chamber, and on the relations of the Ministry to the numerous "groups" of the Assembly. When a catastrophe of the nature just described occurs, it is but natural, I repeat, that all-absorbing questions, such as these, should for the moment engross public attention to the exclusion of subjects, equally important it may be, but of less immediate interest.

The case is otherwise with Chanzy. Ever since the war, and more particularly after the advent of M. Gambetta to office, he had led a life of comparative retirement and obscurity. But though out of sight, he was never altogether out of mind. Though his name had never been encircled by the prestige of brilliant successes in war, but it had been, on the contrary, his misfortune to be placed in high military command when the hour for relieving the fortunes of France had gone by, his countrymen never could forget his title to a species of distinction truer, and more ennobling than that of mere success. For the great merit of Chanzy as a military man lies, as all the world knows, in the skill and fortitude with which he conducted an all but

hopeless contest with the invaders of his country, and at the head of demoralized troops or hastily improvised levies, offered, in spite of the obstacles more than once thrown in his path by the meddlesomeness of dictatorial lay chiefs, totally ignorant of the military art, a masterly, sustained, and not altogether unsuccessful resistance to the disciplined armies of Germany, flushed with unparalleled successes. As in war so in peace. The same high qualities, which had made it possible for him to fight with honour to himself and his country an uphill battle against fearful odds, enabled him subsequently to play with dignity, calmness, and self-possession a waiting, watchful game in politics. Not, however, that by the attitude of reserve he had assumed he so far effaced himself, as to hide his sterling worth and great abilities from the eyes either of his own countrymen or of foreigners. His tact as Ambassador to the Court of Russia, and the dignity of his bearing in the various journeys he made in Europe, had created for him diplomatic and social relations, both at St. Petersburg and even at Berlin, of such a character that foreign politicians had begun to speculate about his chances for the Presidency, and to speak of him as a man with whom, if ever he rose to be the official head of the Republic, statesmen might hope to treat in a sober, rational, and business-like manner.

Nor was his capacity, for all his abstention, less valued in France than out of it. On the contrary, his very moderation, in forcible contrast with the deplorable absence of calmness in other more prominent statesmen, went far even to enhance his merit in the eyes of those of his countrymen, who were anxious above all things for peace, quiet, union, and stability in the State. To the majority of Republicans, Gambetta was undoubtedly the most desirable future candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, though there were not a few, even amongst the staunchest of these, whose minds misgave them, to whom the restless demagogue was not altogether a *grata persona*, and in whose thinking his probable election to the highest office in the State would be fraught with serious danger to the country. But in the tried military capacity of Chanzy, in his undoubted patriotism as a Frenchman, and unswerving loyalty to the Republic, men of all parties had discerned a possible reserve force full of promise for the future. By all the most thoughtful of his countrymen he had come to be looked upon, in spite, perhaps even because, of the strict reserve he had imposed

upon himself, as a living guarantee of wise and moderate counsels, of a pacific policy abroad, and of union, harmony, and steadfastness at home. All these hopes are now, alas, buried in the little grave-yard at Buzancy. As unlike in life as any two men could well be, and resembling each other in no one point, save only in the terrible suddenness of their departure, they have been followed to the tomb, Gambetta by the shallow, and in some cases simulated,*sorrow of a great popular ovation, Chanzy, simple and soldier-like to the end, by the profound grief, sincere regrets, and well-merited esteem of all the best, weightiest, and most honourable of his fellow-countrymen.

Lord Clyde's brave old brother-in-arms, General Vinoy, once remarked to a friend: *Chanzy me rapelle militairement un peu le général Moreau*—no inconsiderable praise, if we call to mind the implied compliment of Napoleon's well-known jealousy of his great Republican rival. Chanzy, in fact, made it manifest, by his masterly conduct of the last terrible campaign of the Franco-German War, that he possessed in a remarkable degree not a few of those great military qualities, which distinguished the conqueror of Hohenlinden. If he had neither the vehement genius, nor what has been termed the eagle glance of Napoleon, he was at any rate more judicious and circumspect. He had the stubbornness of purpose, the scrupulous attention to the minutest details, the salutary habit of leaving nothing to chance, which have in all times characterized the consummate general. He possessed the rare faculty of raising armies, and the still rarer of knowing how to use them when raised. Cautious without indecision, bold without rashness, he never staked the fate of a campaign and his own reputation on the hazard of a single battle. Powerful as an organizer, he could restore as if by magic the spirit of an army crushed by accumulated disaster, and in the skilful conduct of a difficult retreat he was unrivalled. Capable of handling effectively vast numbers of troops, laying his plans with consummate ability, calculating with equal precision the probabilities of victory or defeat, imperturbably cool in the presence of danger, and quick to discern at a glance the shifting chances of the field, he was eminently qualified to achieve success or avert disaster, and if he failed, through no fault of his, to accomplish the former, it was as certainly due to his genius that the army he commanded never incurred the latter.

These statements are not mere phrases, but are abundantly

borne out by the history of the protracted campaign, so full of misery and suffering to both French and Germans, which is too fresh in the reader's memory to need more than the most cursory recapitulation. Landing fresh from Africa, where he had been left at the beginning of the war, and appointed first to the command of a division, then soon after to that of the sixteenth corps, and finally to the command-in-chief of the Army of the Loire, Chanzy was not slow in showing the world the solid stuff of which he was made. The man who, on the morrow of the second defeat at Orleans, his soldiers thoroughly demoralized, and his divisions broken up into fragments, could find means to rally his troops together again, infuse fresh spirit into them, take up his position on the lines of Josne, and there hold out for five long days of tough continuous fighting against an enemy flushed with victory, angered by unexpected opposition, and hourly increasing in numbers, must assuredly have been a man of no ordinary mettle, a soldier of quite exceptional capacity. The captain who, forced at length to retreat, retired disputing every inch of ground, and maintaining perfect freedom of movement, to fight as stubbornly again at Vendôme and yet again at Le Mans—such a man was undoubtedly a consummate general, who might be unfortunate but could not be crushed, whose spirit was never broken, whose skill was never at fault, whose resources were never exhausted. The general who could sustain such a contest under difficulties so overwhelming, hampered as he was by the senseless interference at critical moments of the Republican Cabinet, and yet, in spite of all, never once fail in courage, or lose either his head or his temper, exhibited the sterling character of a hero, who nerves himself to the hopeless task before him by the strongest sense of duty, the purest patriotism, and the most exalted fortitude.

Subsequently to the war the Cabinet of Tours took credit to itself, with how little reason every one knows, for having inspired the genius of Chanzy with those strategical plans which have rendered his campaign on the Loire for ever memorable. That these suddenly improvised and self-constituted lay strategists did impose upon the general of their own choosing a plan of the campaign other than the one devised by himself, is as undeniable as that, on the last day of the fighting at Josne, Chanzy found himself at a critical moment, and when he thought victory for once at least within easy reach, unexpectedly deprived by an order emanating direct from the Minister of War—who, however,

never communicated his intentions to the commander-in-chief—of an entire division on which the latter relied for the maintenance of his position against the enemy. No, indeed, all the help which Chanzy ever received in his arduous work came not from his government but from himself. Scarcely less hampered than even Wellington in the Peninsular War by incompetent Juntas and impatient critics at home, Chanzy was heavily handicapped rather than backed up by a Government, which, by constantly setting aside his plans in favour of some one else's—Gambetta's possibly or De Freycinet's—pursued a kind of strategy the least calculated to lead to conspicuous success. The proofs he gave of his genius while commanding on the Loire are consequently all the more remarkable, because they were given under the greatest possible discouragements. Chanzy was not, as he again and again reminded the committee appointed to inquire into the acts of the Government of the National Defence, responsible for the conduct of the campaign, and nothing more clearly establishes the consummate skill of his disposition than the fact, that he was able to effect so much under conditions so utterly disheartening.

But the truth is—and the mention of it will lead us naturally to the subject of Chanzy's position in his country as a politician—that at the root of the difficulties, constantly recurring between the general and his self-constituted advisers, there lay an essential difference in the very first principles which guided them respectively. For whereas the Government wanted to fight for the Republic as well as for France, Chanzy as steadily maintained that, if anything was to be done with the army, it must be made clear to it that it was fighting in defence of France, and not for the maintenance of this or that form of government. Hence, too, it was that whilst Gambetta incited his countrymen to resistance in the name of the Republic, quite as often as in that of his country, Chanzy, on the contrary, in all his despatches and orders of the day, constantly and uniformly appealed to his soldiers in the name of France, the common mother of them all. Of other politicians, his contemporaries, men might, as they did, assert with no little show of reason, that they were truer to their party than to their country—ardent Republicans rather than devoted Frenchmen, in whose eyes the existence of the Republic was of scarcely less vital importance than the safety of France itself; but all men knew and acknowledged that, staunch Republican as he was, Chanzy was before

and above all else a patriotic Frenchman. His sincerity as a Republican many will no doubt think the less open to suspicion, because he believed in a democratic form of government not as an absolute, but as a relative, good ; because he judged it to be under the circumstances the most practicable, if not the best possible, for his country ; and because, with the instinct of true patriotism, he set no more store by the interests of his party than they deserved, but, viewing the connection as a means to an end, laboured with it for the general welfare of the commonwealth. To Chanzy, therefore, who was a Republican from the conscientious conviction that as such he could best advance the interests of his country, the words spoken of Brutus are applicable, more perhaps than to any other of the Republican leaders, that he

In a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

If Chanzy took any part at all in politics, this arose from a sense of duty rather than from inclination. He knew that, under the Republic, the soldier who confines himself within the limits of strict professional duty is inevitably left out in the cold. So, with no sacrifice of self-respect, and without the least condescension to the paltry intriguing he daily witnessed around him, he resolved to add another string to his bow, or, to speak of a soldier in soldierly phrase, to tie another knot to the hilt of his sword, and become a politician. Into this to him new art he imported many of the qualities which had distinguished him as a soldier—the same close attention to detail, the same carefulness never to stake his all on the hazard of a single throw, and the same consummate skill in securing the means of an honourable retreat. If he resembled Moreau in war, he resembled him even more in peace. The inborn modesty of Moreau, his occasional indecision of mind, and his retiring habits rendered him unfit to cope with the energy and ambition of Napoleon. A sincere Republican, he disdained to accept elevation at the price of public freedom, and he therefore sank before the audacity of his younger and less scrupulous rival. A trifle irresolute in politics, like Moreau, Chanzy is said to have been inclined to take two steps backwards for one in advance. Whilst others, his equals or inferiors in military standing, threw themselves heart and soul into the Republic, to the extent even of burning their ships behind them, Chanzy, careful not to commit himself irrevocably to any party, was content to draw daily further away from

M. Gambetta, to speak warily at moments of exceptional interest, to record an occasional silent vote with the less uncompromising sections of the Republic, and, as formerly at the lines of Josne, to wait patiently upon events from behind the cover of his intrenchments.

The precise cause of the rupture which took place in politics between M. Gambetta and General Chanzy is a question more easily asked than answered. This much, however, is matter of general knowledge, that incompatibility of character and temper, and misunderstandings dating from the war in 1870-71, were the occasion more than once of considerable friction between the two men. Become head of the Left Centre "group" in 1872, and appointed Governor-General of Algeria in 1875, Chanzy is thought to have wounded the susceptibilities of the Gambettist party by setting his face resolutely from the outset against certain crotchets and whims in the matter of colonial reform, which were afterwards to have effect under the purely civilian *régime* of M. Albert Grévy.

But the chief cause of the final rupture between the two politicians must be sought deeper down than mere personal disagreements on side issues, or even than the offence said to have been given by some unfavourable judgments passed by Chanzy on the political conduct of M. Gambetta. The fact is, that the republicanism of the soldier, whose political creed was pretty nearly summed up in fidelity to the law and respect for the liberties of the subject, was not that of the tribune. There had always been in his republican principles a strong element of conservatism. When therefore he loyally accepted the Republic, as the only form of government practicable or possible under the peculiar circumstances of his times, he accepted it as it had been planned, made, fashioned, understood, and worked by M. Thiers. It was, at that time, a salient feature in the character of the man, that though every inch a soldier, in the best sense of the word, he never imported into the political arena the rigidity of the barrack-yard, but found a way of allying his military instincts to the liberal ideas of a sagacious statesman. But if his conservatism was far from being a stiff, stand-still, unbending, unyielding, and fanatical conservatism, he had and could have no sympathy at all with any but a steady, regular, orderly, law-abiding Government, one, in a word, which should be conservative so far at least as to respect the feelings, the rights, and the liberties of all parties in the State. As a

politician, therefore, he never advocated reforms which are only another name for a revolutionary and subversive policy; as a soldier he chafed at the constant tampering of reckless civilians with the military law; and as a devout practical Catholic he heartily reprobated the systematic persecution, unwise as it was unpatriotic, by which the more advanced Republicans sought to subjugate the Church.

But the sympathies of Chanzy were finally alienated from the home Government, and his opposition to its revolutionary tendencies confirmed, when in his capacity of Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, it was given him to see with his own eyes the injury done to the good name and moral influence of his country by a policy, of which he was the official representative but which his reason condemned, and by ideas it shocked his feelings of honourable pride as a Frenchman to be called upon to defend in the presence of foreigners. Matters at last came to a head with the triumph of the Gambettist party, and the advent of Gambetta himself to power afforded Chanzy at St. Petersburg, no less than the Count de Saint-Vallier at Berlin, a favourable opportunity for the open declaration of a divergence in political views he had been at no pains to conceal from the Republican tribune. Chanzy never gave a surer proof of his faithful adherence to wise and moderate counsels, than when, by the resignation of his post as Ambassador, he made a solemn profession of being of another way of thinking, and of holding to a different political creed from the new Premier. This loyal, disinterested, and unostentatious method of proclaiming his opinions had the immediate effect of still further increasing the confidence reposed in his integrity by all classes of his fellow-countrymen, and the weighty speech he shortly afterwards delivered in the Senate in defence of the army against the attacks of a certain Major Labordère, though confined to purely professional matters and totally free from political allusions, served, nevertheless, in one of those moments of excitement when the least word tells, vividly to recall his past services, to give prominence to his present high aims, and mark him out as a future candidate for the Presidency of the Republic.

Few things can be more unlikely than that, had he lived, M. Gambetta would not have exerted his great influence to save the Republic from drifting into the undignified position in which it now finds itself placed with regard to the Princes of the Royal House of France. But for the premature demise of the great

Republican leader, Prince Napoleon, at any rate, would scarcely have found an opportunity for playing off one more of those "mauvaises plaisanteries," by which in this case he has contrived to tumble all the fat into the fire. But on the supposition that they had both lived to be witnesses of the systematic annoyance the Princes are at present suffering at the hands of the Republic, not for their misdeeds, but for the names they bear—a paltry treatment of them, which recalls Glos'ter's obvious retort to the reason assigned him by his brother Clarence, why the King was sending him to prison :

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your godfathers :

it will not be uninteresting, as likely to throw additional light on their political characters, to try and conjecture what, under the circumstances, would in all probability have been the respective attitudes of General Chanzy and M. Gambetta. Fortunately there are materials at hand which will enable us to make something better than a mere guess in the matter.

It will be enough for this purpose to remind the reader that on December 22, 1870, the Prince de Joinville presented himself at the French head-quarters, for permission to serve in the army then acting under the orders of General Chanzy. The Prince pleaded his case with so much frankness and good feeling, promising at the same time to maintain a strict incognito, and offering his services as a simple volunteer, that the General at once granted him the favour he asked. But to obviate possible misunderstanding in the future it was agreed between them, that Chanzy had better take official steps to procure the further sanction of the Government at Bordeaux. Here is a translation of the letters, which passed between General Chanzy and the French Minister of War on the subject. They do not appear to need any comment, as they speak for themselves, and are a confirmation of the hint thrown out by more than one writer, to the effect that, whilst love of his country was the all-absorbing passion of the soldier, devotion to the Republic was considered a paramount duty by the civilian.

Chanzy's letter, written on December 23rd, runs as follows :

Monsieur le Ministre,—The Prince de Joinville having yesterday made application to General Jaurès for permission to follow the army, that officer presented him to me this morning.

Known in France under the assumed name of Colonel Lutherod, the Prince has recently taken part with the 15th Corps in the several actions before Orleans, fighting in one of the batteries served by the sailors, and only abandoning the city with the very last of our soldiers.

He now asks to be allowed to follow the operations conducted by myself, promising to maintain the most rigid reserve and to make himself known to no one.

As I can see in him only a soldier and a man of heart, who loving France frankly undertakes to set aside every other thought than that of devoting his energies to her service, I have not found it in me to refuse him a favour extended by the Government of the Republic to all Frenchmen.

It is my duty to inform you of what I have done and to await your orders.

Hitherto a total stranger to politics and firmly resolved to continue absorbed in the work confided to me by the Government, I am at the same time anxious that there should be no mistake about the sentiments which have guided me in the matter.

I therefore await such instructions as you shall be pleased to give me on this head, and you may rest assured that I shall carry them out to the letter.

Pray accept, &c.,

CHANZY.

That is the letter of a gentleman no less than, to quote M. Gambetta's own words, of an honourable and loyal servant of the State. The reply to it is—well, no matter—here subjoined :

Lyons, Dec. 27, 1870.

My dear General,—Your letter concerning the presence of the Prince de Joinville in your army is the letter of an honourable man and of a loyal servant of the Government of France, and I thank you for it.

You ask me for my instructions on this grave subject with a view to following them implicitly. They are as follows :—

The Prince cannot be permitted, under any pretext whatever, to remain in France even in an assumed name. He has committed a grievous fault by stealing into French territory (*en pénétrant sur le territoire subrepticement*), and by joining the army, where he might, if his presence were discovered, become an element of disturbance to the public peace and a brand to kindle civil war in the country at large. Moreover, the question raised by the presence of the Prince is no new question. It was raised the very day after the Revolution of September 4, when the Government of Paris were of one mind to order all such ill-advised persons as had passed the frontier to be re-conducted across it. More recently still, the views of the Govern-

ment have been made known afresh. The conduct of the Prince de Joinville is, therefore, altogether reprehensible (*coupable*). As a Republican and as a member of the Government I am bound to see the law respected. Colonel Lutherod must be immediately taken to a place of safety.

These are my instructions and I beg you to see them executed.

Pray accept, &c.,

L. GAMBETTA.

The short but feeling answer which the Prince de Joinville wrote to General Chanzy, when the adverse determination of the Republican Government was made known to him, will fitly close this subject.

Le Mans, December 29, 1870.

General,—I cannot depart without thanking you for what you have done for me. As a soldier you realized in the loyalty of your soul, how a man can desire to serve his country solely because of his love for it, and you have therefore sympathized with the sorrow of one, who, having won a sword, finds himself condemned to inaction in the terrible crisis through which we are passing. My best wishes will follow you and your army.

Believe in the sentiments of gratitude with which, &c.,

FR. D'ORLÉANS.

It rarely happens that in speaking about the worthies of the Third Republic, any more than about their predecessors of the First and Second, a writer has occasion to mention the subject of religion, unless, indeed, it be to deplore in some their indifference, in others their open hostility to the God who made them. General Chanzy was a notable exception to this unfortunately all but general rule. As sincere a Catholic as he was steadfast Republican and ardent patriot, his demeanour as a practical Christian gave the lie direct to those of his countrymen who were never weary of asserting, that Republicanism and Catholicism are incompatible, and that a man cannot be at once a loyal citizen and a faithful son of the Church. Speaking at Vouziers, one short year before his own untimely death, by the open grave of a friend, he praised him as a man of honour, "who, having always done his duty, had preserved intact in his heart that creed, which has made France the glorious home of faith, the nursing-mother of noble and generous thoughts." And again, only three days before his death, he reaffirmed these sentiments, when he asserted his belief that "religion is the source of true patriotism," and that "without

religion no man's nature is complete." He was not probably aware that he was in these words painting his own portrait and satisfactorily accounting for the domestic virtues of his private life, for the thoroughness of his devotion to duty as a soldier on the battle-field, and for the purity of his motives, the loftiness of his aims, and the integrity of his conduct as a statesman on the political arena.

It is almost needless to add, in the case of a man so true and thorough as Chanzy, that his practice was invariably in keeping with his theory. Even when overwhelmed with hard work in the thick of that terrible campaign on the Loire, he generally found time on Sundays to assist with all his staff at Mass, in some village church, and in the more peaceful but scarcely less laborious days of his command of the 6th Corps on the frontier, no sight was more familiar to regular church-goers than the soldierly figure of the Commander-in-Chief. His piety, like that of all right-minded Catholics, descended to the minutest details, and was besides as simple and unaffected as a child's. Producing one day a couple of blessed medals he wore constantly next to his heart; "These," he remarked smilingly to a friend, "are both presents, one from my wife, the other from myself." Closely allied to his piety, and indeed one of its chief results, was his deep devotion to his family. He was an excellent husband, an admirable father. Men recalled with emotion after his death how, when his two little girls presented themselves to the Bishop to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, tears started unbidden to the tough old soldier's eyes, and how the man, who had faced death a hundred times without blinking an eye, turned pale with nervous anxiety lest his children should fail to answer the questions put to them by the Bishop in their catechism. There is no real virtue without self-denial. Chanzy's natural powers of endurance were no doubt exceptionally great, and enabled him, like General Gallifet, more than once to dispense with sustenance for an incredible length of time. But that he could go against nature, without as with her help, is shown by a trait, which, trifling in itself, is significant of the mastery he had acquired over himself, and is too characteristic of the man to be omitted. Abstemious as an Arab as to meat and drink, he smoked tobacco like a Turk. It was the one indulgence he allowed himself, and this to excess. Indeed, a cigar or a cigarette was rarely out of his mouth, until a medical friend happening one day to remark in his presence, that he thought the habit

injuriously to him ; "Are you sure of it?" asked the General in his characteristically sharp, quick way. "Perfectly certain," was the reply, and the cigar was instantly thrown away, never to be resumed.

In conclusion, then, it must be allowed that the French nation has good reason to be proud of this glorious son of hers, and much cause to deplore in him the loss of one, who if he was not a commanding genius, was a man perfect at all points, a devout Catholic, a great soldier, and a distinguished statesman and diplomatist. The grief occasioned by his death may have been less noisy and demonstrative, but it was certainly more genuine and sincere than the tears so ostentatiously shed over the remains of M. Gambetta. That the universal esteem in which he was held at home was by no means confined to his own countrymen, but that his character and conduct impressed foreigners as favourably, may be inferred from the intimate friendship with which he was honoured by both the late and the present Emperor of Russia. Taking a decoration which lay on the breast of his father's corpse, Alexander the Third handed it to Chanzy with the words: "You were my father's best friend; no man is worthier to wear it than yourself." Foreign statesmen will miss in him a high-minded politician, about whom they used to feel that in dealing with him they had to do, not with a mere party man of selfish aims and shifting policy, but with a man of spotless honour who, uniting sound principles to lofty aspirations, worthily represented his country, the chivalrous France of historical times.

In the land of his birth, for which he fought so bravely and worked so manfully, his death has left a void it will be hard to fill, not so much perhaps because the sun of a great glory has gone down, as because the star of a bright hope has been extinguished. He was the man on whom the eyes of the Conservative party were fixed as the most desirable candidate for the Presidency in succession to M. Grévy. He had already scored a very fair proportion of votes in the elections, which resulted in the appointment of the present head of the Republic, and it was thought that in the course of time the Royalist party itself might work round and rally to his side. That he constantly maintained an attitude of prudent reserve, so as to be able the better to meet contingencies hidden in the future, whether as head of the army in the case of war, or as President of the Republic itself, is as indubitable as that he would have pledged himself

irrevocably to no party, and would have had no hand in the violence of a lawless *coup d'état*. There are times, however, when events proceed, so to speak, of themselves, and then, if, as the instrument of a lawful, honourable, and salutary reaction, he had ever come to play the part of Monk and restore the monarchy, this, we may be sure, would have been, not because he loved the Republic less, but because, as the whole tenour of his life, military and political, unanswerably shows, he loved France incomparably more.

But however this may be, and to end where I began, I may perhaps venture to hope that the reader will not find I have altogether failed to make good the statement implied in the line from Shakespeare and set at the head of this paper, to the effect that the Third Republic has produced no nobler man, no more loyal citizen, honourable politician, and valiant soldier than the late General Chanzy.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.¹

A LIFE of St. Dominic written by so able and eloquent a son of his Order as Father Lacordaire cannot fail of attracting many readers. Its general merits could not well be more justly or pointedly expressed than in the words pronouncing the authoritative approbation of the work and describing it as "Marked by great purity of style, correctness of thought, and by the golden eloquence and grace so characteristic of the writer." Nor have the dramatic power and literary excellence of the book at all suffered at the hands of its very successful translator. Although desirous in his biography to distinguish between the personal life of St. Dominic and the history of his Order, and to confine himself to the portrayal, with lingering and loving hand, of the virtues and labours of the Saint, Father Lacordaire has given us a highly wrought picture of the troubled times and scenes in the midst of which he lived, full of the most varied interest. The opening chapter, on the situation of the Church at the end of the twelfth century, and the fifth, which treats of the general character of the Albigensian war, show equal skill of arrangement and power of description; the latter chapter being especially useful as giving the true history and character of a struggle so constantly referred to and so grossly misrepresented by Protestants of a certain school.

It was towards the close of the year 1203 and when passing through Languedoc in the company of Don Diégo de Azévêdo, Bishop of Osma, that Dominic first became acquainted with the excesses of the Albigenses. On finding that their host at Toulouse was a heretic, in his desire to be of service to the poor man, he spent the whole night in converse with him, and succeeded in winning him back to the faith ere the dawn of

¹ *Life of St. Dominic.* By the Rev. Père H. D. Lacordaire, of the Order of St. Dominic, and Member of the French Academy. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland. London: Burns and Oates.

day. This victory, together with the mode in which it had been achieved, was an epoch in the Saint's life, for it first suggested to him the idea of founding an Order in defence of the Church, the mission of which should consist in preaching. Another motive for carrying out the same great work and by the same means was given to St. Dominic in the result of his interview at Montpellier with the three Apostolic Legates sent by Innocent the Third into the provinces of Aix, Arles, and Narbonne to withstand the advance of heresy, though up to that time without any good effect. Don Diégo, contrasting their stern reliance on the authority of their position, on the dignity of their office, and the stately retinue which they maintained, with the smooth-tongued persuasiveness, earnest preaching, and exterior show of sanctity employed by the heretics, induced them to change their method of proceeding, and while he retained St. Dominic near his person, he himself remained, that both might labour to gain souls in the spirit of gentleness and humility, combined with fervour in preaching and genuine sanctity of life. The Bishop of Osma died in 1245, when his Apostolic work suddenly collapsed, although miracles were wrought at his tomb, and of this holy man in connection with St. Dominic Lacordaire writes :

Adequate justice has not been done to his memory. France had but a passing glimpse of him ; Spain saw him only for a short time ; ere his work was consummated, death summoned him away. Destined by God to be only the forerunner of one more holy and more extraordinary than himself—no easy task this, and one which pre-supposes a perfectly unselfish heart—Azévédo fulfilled this task with the same simplicity that prompted him to cross the Pyrenees on foot. He never thought of himself ; but the posterity of Dominic evinces for him an esteem proportioned to the greatness of his humility, and I take my leave of him with an emotion of a son who has just closed the eyes of a departed father.

One of the three Legates above referred to was foully murdered by the heretics when the invited guest of the Count of Toulouse, and this act proved the signal for the outburst of a war, which St. Dominic took no part in but bitterly deprecated, though the events of his life were interwoven with its course. The uniformity of his life during so stirring an epoch draws a marked contrast between the Saint and the military hero of the war, Simon de Montfort.

United by a sincere friendship and a common aim, their characters were nevertheless as dissimilar as the knight's armour and the monk's

habit. The sun of history illumines the cuirass of the warrior, revealing brilliant lights and deep shadows; hardly a ray falls on the garb of Dominic, but that so pure and holy that the absence of a greater brilliancy is in itself a striking homage. Dominic is in obscurity, because he has withdrawn from tumult and from bloodshed, because, faithful to his mission, he has opened his lips but to bless, his heart but to pray, and his hands but for deeds of mercy, and because virtue, when hidden from man, is invisible to all, save God.

Having drawn this contrast, it is well for us to narrate further, in the words of Lacordaire, the truly Catholic death of him who wielded the material sword in the struggle between truth and heresy:

Very early in the morning of June 25, 1218, Simon de Montfort was told that the foe was in ambush in the castle moat of Toulouse. He called for his arms, and having equipped himself went to hear Mass. When it was already commenced they came to tell him that the engines of war were assailed and in danger of destruction. "Leave me," he rejoined, "that I may behold the Sacrament of our Redemption." Then another messenger arrived with the tidings that their troops could no longer resist. "I will not depart," he replied, "until I have seen my Saviour." Then when the priest had elevated the Sacred Host, Montfort, kneeling on the ground, with hands upraised to Heaven, uttered the words, "Nunc Dimittis," and set out. His presence on the field made the enemy retreat to the fosses surrounding the town; but this victory was his last. He was hit on the head by a stone, and striking his breast and recommending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, he fell down dead.

We must conclude our quotations with Father Lacordaire's record of one other friendship which united two saintly souls together:

Almost at the same instant that Dominic was laying the foundation of his Order at Notre-Dame-de-Prouille, at the foot of the Pyrenees, Francis of Assisi was laying the foundation of his at Notre-Dame-des-Angeles, at the foot of the Apennines. An ancient sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, was the sweet and lowly corner-stone of both these edifices. Although both were at Rome during the Fourth Lateran Council, it does not appear that they had ever heard of each other. One night, when Dominic was praying, he beheld Jesus Christ filled with wrath against the world, and His Blessed Mother presenting to Him two men, in order to appease Him. He recognized himself as one, but did not know the other, whom he regarded so attentively that the face was ever present to him. On the morrow, in a church—we know not which—he beheld, in the dress of a mendicant, the face seen by him the preceding night, and running to the poor man,

embraced him with holy effusion, uttering these words: "You are my companion; you will walk with me; let us keep together, and none shall prevail against us." He then related his vision, and thus were their hearts blended in one. The kiss of Dominic and Francis has been transmitted from generation to generation on the lips of their posterity.

2.—DECREES OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF RELICS.¹

The title-page of this book sufficiently indicates that we have here an official publication. Prefixed to the book is a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, which states that the Collection is taken from its archives by command of our Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth, by the officials of the Secretariate of the Congregation. These Decrees have therefore a special right to the title of "Authentic."

This may, in some sort, be considered a second edition of the Decrees of this Sacred Congregation, for, years ago, Mgr. Prinzivalli, one of the Officials, published a thick volume containing most of the Decrees that are here. The new volume naturally brings down the Decrees to a later date. Mgr. Prinzivalli's volume, however, will always be useful, for it contains the lists of Indulgences of many Religious Orders, which are not reproduced here. The present volume, however, atones for this by the insertion of nearly a hundred pages of such Papal documents as are referred to in the Decrees. It is much to be regretted that, while the editing of the rest of the book seems all that could be desired, this Appendix is left without any list or table of contents, and without any notice whatever in the General Index. The Index to the Decrees is very full, and as in each case the sense of the Decree referred to is complete, the Index is in reality a summary of the whole, where the Decrees relating to each subject are gathered together and arranged in alphabetical order. This Index would therefore make a good handbook by itself.

The work of this Congregation is, as its title indicates, divided into two branches, Indulgences and Relics. On both these subjects the Congregation sometimes, though somewhat rarely, issues General Decrees of universal interest and obliga-

¹ *Decreta Authentica S. Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præposita ab anno 1668 ad annum 1882*, Edita jussu et auctoritate Sanctissimi D. N. Leonis, PP. XIII. Ratisbonæ: Pustet, 1883.

tion ; but more usually, its decrees, like those of the other Sacred Congregations, are answers to particular questions that have been addressed to it. To give a few specimens of these will not be like taking a few bricks as samples of a house, for each Decree has an individual interest, which is more than can be said for a brick. We will therefore quote a few Decrees of this kind, adding to each simply the year in which it was issued.

First then of holy Relics. His Holiness the present Pope has absolutely forbidden the buying and selling of Relics either in or out of Rome, even under pretext of redeeming them, and this though they be in Reliquaries properly sealed (1878). The Relics that were taken from their cases in 1793 in the French Revolution, and were subsequently collected and preserved by the Bishop of Dijon, when sealed up but unaccompanied by any document, may be judged by the Bishop with the advice of his Chapter to be authentic, and they may be kept in the Cathedral or elsewhere with the title *Reliquiæ sanctorum* (1847). By the Council of Trent every Bishop may authenticate Relics of any kind in his own diocese, and he may also if he thinks proper reject and confiscate Relics which have the approbation of an Italian Bishop in due form (1749). A Bishop may of his own authority translate the bodies of the Saints to more precious shrines in the same Church, but to alienate them or transfer them beyond the diocese requires the Pope's permission (1676). Relics of the Holy Cross are to be separated from Relics of the Saints (1847). This general rule has its exception in a Bishop's pectoral Cross.

We add a few extracts respecting Indulgences. The prayer *En ego*, to which a Plenary Indulgence is attached when it is said before any image or picture of the Crucifixion, originally needed no additional prayers for the Pope's intention (1841), but a later Decree renders it necessary to pray for some space of time for the intentions of His Holiness (1858). This prayer may be said in any language (1858), and by reciting it a Plenary Indulgence may be gained after each Communion that follows the weekly confession (1838).

The last blessing with its Plenary Indulgence *in articulo mortis* cannot be repeated in the same danger of death, however long that danger lasts (1775), not even though it were received in mortal sin, nor on account of relapse into sin (1836) ; nor can the sick person receive it from various priests (1841), nor in

virtue of various confraternities (1855), because the Indulgence is received in the true and not in the presumed article of death (1675). It can be given only in the form approved by Benedict the Fourteenth (1879), and the *Confiteor* is to be said, except in case of necessity, even though it has been said in the preceding Confession, Viaticum and Extreme Unction (1841).

It is needless to say that there are many more subjects that we could quote with advantage, but we must refrain. There are six pages of the Index devoted to Privileged Altars, five to the Via Crucis, two to Scapulars, five to Confraternities, &c., so that it is clear that the Collection of the Decrees of this Sacred Congregation is a treasure house of authentic instruction on the subjects on which it legislates.

3.—BROWNSON'S WORKS.¹

America cannot be accused of neglecting her own distinguished writers, and she shows an evident desire, as years flow on, to collect a national literature which shall compete with that of the Old World. On the roll of her recent authors the name of Dr. Brownson will go down to posterity as entitled to the praise of indefatigable industry, of vigorous intelligence, and, above all, of singular honesty in the search after truth. He began far from the goal which he at last reached; but his efforts mark a continual progress in the right direction. Hence his successive changes of view have upon the reader a very different effect from that depressing influence, which comes upon us as we read those writers who profess to deal in the vague or the self-contradictory, and who make no pretence to reach a clearer atmosphere. America is at present saying a good deal of another of her famous men, who certainly had great power, but whose ability should never blind us to one radical defect. We cannot imagine Dr. Brownson ever penning such words as appear in a letter from Emerson to Carlyle: "Here I sit and read and write with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Dr. Brownson believed better of God and nature than to doubt that truth was one consistent whole, and that

¹ *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* Collected and arranged by H. F. Brownson. Vol. I. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, 1882.

this truth was sufficiently discoverable even here below, if man would adequately bend his several energies to the task. Between Brownson, therefore, and Emerson, there is all the difference that lies between wholesome and unwholesome authorship. Still our high appreciation of Dr. Brownson must not blind us to certain points on which we are bound to dissent from him. We can do this all the more easily as he himself abandoned some of the positions taken up in his earlier essays; and it is the earlier essays that chiefly make up the volume under review.

Foremost we would mention a theory of free-will that is certainly untenable. It is said that free-will is the power to act; that to be free is to be the cause of one's own actions, and that we cannot conceive causality without freedom. This opinion conflicts both with other truths, and with the doctrine enforced in the condemnation of the thirty-ninth proposition of Baius: *Quod voluntarie fit, etiamsi necessario fit, libere fit*. Indeed, in a later essay, we find Dr. Brownson expressly distinguishing between *voluntarium* and *liberum*, and in subsequent volumes we may expect a yet clearer correction.

Next, we would just mention our dissent from even the mitigated system of ontologism which Dr. Brownson adopted. Disbelieving that we can rise from the sensible to the intelligible, and from the finite to the infinite, by the process commonly defended in the schools, he maintains that the Divine Reason intuitively communicates itself to us, in a way which he is careful to guard from the charge of pantheism, as well as from that of being identical with the mode of the Beatific Vision. It is true that some passages from the Fathers may seem to lend a colour to the ontologistic view; but the whole patristic doctrine really condemns ontologism, as is shown by Cardinal Franzelin in his treatise *De Deo Uno*, Theses X. and XI. The arguments from reason, too, are against Dr. Brownson. A third point calling for brief notice is Dr. Brownson's tendency to reject distinctions, which are at least permissible, and often necessary. That we cannot have an universal science, taking account of all aspects of a case together, is our misfortune. Here our finite faculties are at fault, not the objective condition of things which are the matters of the several sciences. God, if we may use the expression, has a single science which is all-inclusive. But we cannot have the philosophy which Dr. Brownson desiderates, and which "should know really and

truly the nature of everything from God down to the veriest monad." Our philosophy must be speculative and abstract, and not immediately applicable to concrete cases. Our metaphysics cannot be directly available for physical research. Again, in his frequent assertions that our faculties do not operate separately; that it is the whole man that feels, knows, wills, and acts, Dr. Brownson utters what is in part true; but he rather overshoots the mark. In support of what we say we would refer especially to a certain confusion in which he involves himself, in the three several papers that treat of a question raised by Père Gratry. The point in dispute is whether love should take the lead, or intelligence, in the search after truth. At least the point must be so discussed as not to run counter to the plain axiom *ignoti nulla cupido*, and the equally plain truth that love must be, not blind, but rational. Dr. Brownson, however, does not seem to keep consistently throughout one clear line of treatment.

But in indicating these weak points in Dr. Brownson's philosophy, which are the result of his being a self-taught man, we do not forget or undervalue his many virtues, intellectual and moral, and his rare and able championship of the cause of truth. The Church of Christ is his debtor, not only in America, but throughout the world.

4.—THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.¹

Those who have learnt to look forward with pleasure to each addition to Father Coleridge's great work on the Public Life of our Lord, will find their hopes abundantly satisfied in the present volume. We are inclined to think that it surpasses all its predecessors. The preparation of his materials has been to Father Coleridge a lifelong labour. That he should have been able to do so much for his favourite undertaking amid the many calls on his time, is itself a proof of his devotion to his life's ambition. He has set himself to a careful study of what the Fathers, the great preachers, and learned commentators have done to elucidate the Gospel narrative and to draw from our Lord's words the full lessons they were meant to convey. The labours of modern critics have not been neglected, in so far as there was

¹ *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. VI. *The Training of the Apostles.* Part II. Burns and Oates.

anything of value in them ; and from this mass of learning, made his own by long meditation, the author is producing a work on the Life of our Lord which, we think, has never been surpassed. To Catholics it has not merely a literary or scientific value, for his treatment of this, the noblest subject which could fall to an author's care, is thoroughly practical, thoroughly adapted to the wants of our own day. A reader rises from the perusal of these pages with a deeper conviction than he had before that our Lord's words and teaching were not for His own time only, but have in them the full remedy for the crying evils of our own age.

Father Coleridge's work is a remarkable contrast to books on the same subject which have appeared of late years. Not to speak of the mis-spent labours of rationalists, the showy, descriptive sketches of our Lord's Life or of the labours of His Apostles, which have been popular in England, are shallow and flimsy indeed beside this careful reproduction of the loving labours of the great teachers of the Catholic Church. Here we find in due place the beautiful doctrine evolved by Catholic theology from our Lord's words ; here again the great moral precepts which the Catholic teachers of every age have dwelt on and illustrated, are put vividly before the reader ; while the meditations of the saints and ascetical writers of holy Church are here used to picture to us the working of Divine Love.

If we might venture to choose out one point of teaching in this volume for special notice, it would be the tracing of God's loving Providence over men, to which the reader is constantly brought back. This line of thought is especially dwelt on in the chapter on the Precept of Charity, in commenting on our Lord's promise that we shall thereby be "sons of the Highest." There it is shown how God loves His enemies, and waits patiently for the sinner's conversion.

All the time that the sinner is running his course of rebellion, his most loving God is waiting for him, contriving means for his repentance and restoration, and loading him with a continual shower of temporal benefits, often giving him the good things of the world to which he has no right, because He foresees that He cannot hereafter give him the good things of the next life (p. 131).

The succeeding pages put before us God's predilection for mercy, His magnificence in rewarding, His slowness to punish, the easy terms on which He forgives. How full of encouragement is such a passage as the following :

It is the doctrine of Scripture and of the Church that God rewards intentions, designs, desires of doing Him service, as if they had actually been accomplished. . . . This is a part of His Mercy as well as of His Magnificence, for the reason why so many good intentions and designs for the glory of God do not reach their accomplishment is to be found in the weakness and instability of human powers. . . . It is a real act of compassion to take the will for the deed, and thus to remedy the feebleness of our poor nature out of the boundless resources of the goodness of God (p. 143).

The credentials of the Catholic Church, which it is most necessary for us to keep before our minds in this age and country, are often recurred to in these pages. Protestants are very much in the same position with regard to her as the Jews were with regard to our Blessed Lord; hence the commenting on His reception by His own people gives ample scope for showing forth the claims of the Church and men's duty in her regard :

The truth of our Lord's Mission, and especially the truth of His Divine Personality, which was most clearly and continually claimed by Himself, may be most fairly and cogently urged on those who already admit Him to have the evidences of Divine Mission . . . because it is impossible to believe that God would so accredit a person who could speak the slightest untruth concerning Himself. And this is, in the same way, to be taught concerning the Catholic Church, that she after all is the witness to her own prerogatives, and what she claims to herself as to her position in the world and as to the obedience which is due to her, in whatever order, must be a true claim.

We cannot refrain from calling attention to what, we believe, will be one of the great uses of this work of Father Coleridge's, viz., that it will gain many hearts to the faith. Earnest religious men, whose misfortune rather than fault it is, that they are outside the Church's fold, would certainly be pleased with this commentary on the Life of our Lord if it were put in their hands, and gradually, without exciting those feelings of hostility which controversy is so apt to rouse, the true position of the Church in the world would dawn upon them, and old prejudices insensibly melt away. Many of the points on which Protestants are often most averse to the truth are treated incidentally with such beauty and force, shown to be so admirably in unison with all our Lord's teaching and ways, that the heart would be at once gained and intellectual difficulties slip away unconsciously :

We are here led to think of that most merciful provision which has been made in the Church for the remission of that part of what is owing

to God's justice which can be remitted in the next world, that is to the debt due to His justice by way of satisfaction, by the application of the treasures of the merits of our Lord and the Saints by way of Indulgences. . . . When [the merits and satisfactions of the saints] are made fruitful to us in the way of forgiveness of our debt to Him, He regards them as they are in His own faithful remembrance, and it is true to say that the pardon which we obtain is granted by Him for the sake of that one of His servants whom it pleases Him thus to honour by the remission of pain for his sake. In this sense we may compare the treasure of the Church which is applied to us in this way to some very magnificent cathedral, the work of successive generations of devout Christians who have gone before us in the faith (p. 150).

But we must not take away from the interest of reading the work itself by quoting the development of this comparison. In the following pages the mercy of God in appointing for us a place of temporal punishment in Purgatory is excellently illustrated. Very similar in tone is the exposition of the reasonableness and blessing of sacramental confession (p. 345). Father Coleridge's tenderness for those outside the Church who are laboriously groping their way to the truth, often comes out in these pages, and would certainly help on many a poor hesitating soul, and prove that the strong picture elsewhere drawn (p. 323) of the miseries of heresy betokens no lack of sympathy, but rather a most lively interest for the poor wanderers.

There will always be souls in such a stage of spiritual progress as not yet to have been ripened for the full sacrifice of conversion, under circumstances where conversion implies great material losses and strong social persecution; and others again in whom the intellectual process of laying aside the prejudices and false teaching of generations is slow in attaining its completion. . . . Providence is very tender with such souls, so long as they retain their simplicity and good faith, and the tenderness of Providence in their regard is the method chosen by infinite Wisdom for their final salvation or perfection (p. 248).

We have already exceeded the limits of a short review, and must close with an earnest hope that the *Life of our Life* may make steady and continuous progress to its completion.

5.—MANY VOICES.¹

The idea of collecting in chronological order specimens of the noblest sayings which have fallen from the lips of the greatest men of Christian times is certainly a happy one.

¹ *Many Voices*. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

From the days of St. Clement and St. Polycarp a long line of illustrious men, great characters always if not always great writers, have drawn their deepest and their tenderest inspirations from the doctrines and the practices of Christianity. Not the Christianity which so many now interpret to mean a vague notion of being generally philanthropic and considerate towards all, a notion which can be entertained and put in practice by men who dread a dogma as they dread a scene, but the Christianity of the Catacombs and of the Vatican, which fasts and afflicts the body and believes in Church authority.

With the embarrassment of riches furnished by the long list of Saints and writers to choose from, the selections made must naturally depend very much on the individual bent of the compiler, and in *Many Voices* the extracts are made with fair taste and judgment. The short biographical notices which follow each set of quotations, give in a few words a sufficient idea of the character and position of the writer from whose works the quotations are made, and add very considerably to the life and interest of the whole.

But there is a good deal in this book which jars upon Catholic sensibilities. The great Protestant principle of private judgment has induced the compiler to give to many "devout" men brevet rank among the Fathers of the Christian Church to which they have no claim whatever. Wycliffe is indeed a sorry companion for St. Anselm or Venerable Bede, and an arch-heretic like John Huss comes strangely between St. Vincent Ferrer and Thomas à Kempis.

Still more objectionable are the inuendos and the carping directed against practices which are distinctively Catholic.

The compiler seems on the alert to bring in any little fact which, properly isolated, may be inferred to support the thesis that the doctrines and practices of the Christian Church have always been conspicuously Anglican. St. Jerome's translation of the Old Testament, we are told ostentatiously, "was commenced without ecclesiastical sanction," from which we are to draw the inference that the inferior clergy of the fifth century treated their ecclesiastical superiors much as the inferior Anglican clergy treat their bishops now. The more important fact that the Pope St. Damasus was so pleased with St. Jerome's work that he *insisted* upon his revising the New Testament also, *novum opus me facere cogis*, writes St. Jerome to Damasus in his Preface to the Gospels, is omitted.

Lanfranc, it is stated, incidentally "refused to press celibacy on the clergy," thus artlessly bringing out the conformity of the practice of the Anglican clergy to the ideas of Lanfranc. But the truth is poor Lanfranc found the British clergy very debased, *agrestes et illiterati*, he calls them, and though he succeeded in making the Canons Regular live in celibacy, as they were bound to do, among the rural clergy he was for the time being *unwillingly* obliged to put up with some things which he had no means of immediately remedying.

Such looking at the facts of history through tinted spectacles is of course to be expected in books written by Protestants. Catholics have need to be cautioned against much that is apparently fair and candid in the writings of Anglicans, because this apparent fairness and candour is only a new and dangerous form in which the persistent hostility to the Church is now showing itself.

6.—THE CHAIR OF PETER.¹

The difficulty which a Catholic most commonly experiences in holding to any good purpose a friendly argument with his Protestant fellow-countryman, is the tendency of the latter to run off the high-road away from the one question decisive of the controversy—the question, namely, of the Papal Supremacy—into some such by-way or side issue as the doctrine of Purgatory and Indulgences, or the honour paid by Catholics to the Saints and the Queen of all the Saints, or Mass and the Real Presence, and the practice of auricular confession, and what not. This cardinal point, therefore, by which every other must stand or fall, cannot be too explicitly or even too broadly stated, or too steadily kept in view as the main point at issue, to which all else is subsidiary, and of quite secondary importance. In fact, either the Pope really is what he proclaims himself, and what millions of Catholics throughout the world acknowledge him to be, or he is not; that is the real question in dispute. Either the Bishop of Rome is indeed the Divinely-appointed Vicar of Jesus Christ, and as such incapable of leading us into error in matters of faith and morals, or, to put it plainly, the

¹ *The Chair of Peter*: or the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for Eighteen Centuries it has conferred on Mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, Author of *Terra Incognita*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

world has never known an imposture so monstrous, and at the same time so successful, as the Papacy, since none but the Popes have ever claimed to impose upon the minds of men a creed in many respects necessarily out of the reach of the human mind to grasp, and on their wills a code of laws above the strength of mere unaided nature to observe. In a word, either the present feeble old man at the Vatican, no less than his two hundred and fifty and more predecessors, is in truth the mouthpiece of God to man, to tell him what to believe and what to do that he may have life eternal, or—there seems to be no other alternative—he is really what, alas, too many Protestants have been taught to consider him—Antichrist. In the eyes of those who differ from us the Pope is the very head and front of our offending. Protestantism had not existed a day but, with an instinctive knowledge of the vital question at issue between itself and Catholicism, it dubbed the latter “Popery,” and its adherents “Papists.” The names are not euphonious, but the instinct which bestowed them was a true instinct. “Popery” is the very essence of Catholicism, and the difference between an indifferent and a thorough Catholic lies precisely in this, that the former is a half-hearted, the latter an uncompromising “Papist.” Advanced Ritualists may adopt our doctrines and our practices, one after the other, believe in the Mass, the Blessed Virgin, and Purgatory, have High Celebrations, practise confession, burn candles and incense, genuflect, and bow, and cross themselves, as we do, but so long as they reject the authority of the Pope, they are no more “Catholics” than a dead body, out of which the soul is gone, is a man.

All this is by way of introduction to a very excellent work on the institution, development, and organization of the Papacy, which has been recently published by Mr. Murphy, already favourably known to the public as the author of *Terra Incognita*. Several treatises in English have been written on particular branches of this great subject. To mention only two; Archbishop Kenrick's *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, a very valuable work, deals with the whole subject, but having been written thirty-seven years ago, it does not contain the important events of this and the last generation; and Mr. Allies' well-known, deservedly esteemed, and most exhaustive work, confines itself with an accuracy and thoroughness worthy of a trained theologian, to the arguments from Scripture and Tradition for the Primacy and Supremacy, and is, perhaps, from its very learning,

better adapted for the use of the more limited class of professional students, than for the information of the general public. It is the scope of Mr. Murphy's book, whilst setting forth "a clear and explicit statement of the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy of St. Peter and his Successors, and of the grounds on which that doctrine is based," to treat also, from a Catholic stand-point, of the Papacy in its development and organization, and to give a condensed history of the Temporal Power of the Popes—all brought down to our own times. This plan the reader will find has been executed by the author in a very thorough and most attractive manner. Besides a great deal of valuable information very fully supplied on the growth of the Temporal Power and the relations of the Pope to the civil power, the work before us contains chapters on historical subjects so important and interesting as the reign of St. Gregory the Seventh, the Great Schism of the West, Luther and the Protestant Secession, and in more modern times the Pontificates of Pius the Sixth, Pius the Seventh, and Pius the Ninth.

The author has been at much pains to avoid uttering a word calculated to wound the feelings of those whose religious tenets differ from his own, a praiseworthy endeavour in which we think it will be found that he has fully succeeded. He has quoted largely from Protestant authors—in every case writers of learning and weight—of whom he speaks invariably with the respect they deserve. The chapter on the "Benefits of the Papacy" is built up almost entirely on the evidence furnished by non-Catholic writers, such as Leibnitz, Guizot, Ancillon, Lord Stair, Dugald Stewart, and even Voltaire. Another very pleasing feature of this excellent work, and one which adds immensely to its usefulness, is, besides a copious index, and some excellent tables of statistics, its very numerous, comprehensive, and valuable notes. To the name of each author, when first quoted, for example, a brief biographical account is appended, which will enable the reader, if previously unacquainted with his history, to form his own opinion of the value of the testimony adduced. This alone will give a very fair idea of the care and completeness with which the author has discharged his task.

So far as the arrangement of the work is concerned, we cannot help thinking that the chapter on Infallibility would have come better in closer proximity to the arguments from Scripture and Tradition for the Supremacy, instead of being, as

it is, relegated to the end of the book. The author will not, we feel certain, take it amiss if we challenge one little expression occurring in the chapter just alluded to. It is scarcely accurate to say that "until defined by the Vatican Council of 1870, Papal Infallibility was an open question for discussion." No doubt a man might, before the definition, impugn that doctrine without "making shipwreck of his faith," and cutting himself off from Catholic communion, but he could not, particularly since the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had dealt its death-blow to Gallicanism, deny what was *proximate to*, if not actually *of*, faith, without incurring the gravest censure.

In conclusion, we heartily commend the *Chair of Peter* both to Catholics, as a valuable, full, and yet compendious addition to the literature we already possess on the important subject it treats, and to those of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, who, desiring in these days of the unceasing warfare of unbelief against Christianity to make common cause with us against a common enemy, are sincerely anxious to grant us a hearing, and, instead of misapprehending, "loyally to accept our own account of the faith that is in us."

7.—THE CONCEPTS AND THEORIES OF MODERN PHYSICS.¹

This book forms the forty-second volume of the International Scientific Series. It was designed, according to its author's avowal, "as a contribution, not to physics, nor, certainly, to metaphysics, but to the theory of cognition." And a very interesting contribution it is, though we may be permitted to doubt whether it will help the particular theory of cognition advocated by Mr. Stallo. He, being a professed relativist, with some Hegelian excesses of his past life to atone for, is down upon metaphysic. It is a perpetual irritation to him to observe how persistently and insidiously the metaphysical spirit intrudes itself into the meditations of the man of science, and thwarts his efforts to reduce the real data of experience without having recourse to realistic assumptions. And the feeling of irritation gives place to a more active demonstration of zeal, upon the discovery that a large portion of the concepts and theories of modern physics are thoroughly unsound, owing to the ineradicable tendency of the human mind to forget the essential

¹ *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.* By J. B. Stallo.

relativity of its objects. Accordingly he rushes to the rescue and charges vigorously against the mechanical theories of nature, these being for the moment the most prominent objects of attack, as, apparently, they are the most manifestly vitiated by the metaphysical virus.

Metaphysic has long been to the rank and file, nay, even to some of the more noisy leaders, of the army of science, what Popery used to be to certain sections of Protestants and Non-conformists. Recent events have perhaps to some extent stripped both spectres of their fancied terrors. Still there is enough left of the metaphysical scarecrow in the imaginations of scientists to give interest to the experiment of a revelation such as Mr. Stallo's book contains. Imagine the pious horror of the orthodox belauders of experiment and observation, when their eyes are opened by him to see that so much of the physics of the day is vitiated by metaphysical assumptions ; that atomic and dynamic theories alike "identify concepts with real sensible objects, and confuse abstractions with things ;" that "matter" and "motion," "energy" and "force," of the existence of which they have fondly thought they had direct sense-experience, are as indubitably figments of the mind, as were the abstractions of the schoolmen ! We are afraid we cannot offer them any consolation. The truth will have to be faced with the best grace possible. From the standpoint of the relativist not only the mechanical theory, but *every scientific theory*, is liable to the damning charge of being metaphysical. Science deals with universals, that is, with general types of being. To the relativist these will seem to be "partial, ideal, or even conventional groups of attributes having no realities corresponding to them ;" but to deny them all reality is to deny the objective validity of science itself. Mr. Stallo therefore has made no new discovery, though he evidently thinks that he has, and though the point which he makes may strike most of his readers as new. The fatal blow which nominalism gives to science, and, indeed, to knowledge of whatever kind, was familiar to the philosophers of Greece. The difficulty presses upon nominalists and conceptualists alike ; and it has been possible in these days to ignore it, only because we have been content to frame abstract theories of cognition, and have abandoned, as regards the reflective sciences, the wholesome methods of observation and induction which have been used to such good purpose elsewhere.

Mr. Stallo is quite within the mark, on the supposition that

one form of realism is as untenable as another, when he says that—

The mechanical theory, in common with all metaphysical theories, hypostasizes partial, ideal, and it may be conventional groups of attributes, or single attributes, and treats them as varieties of objective reality. Its basis, therefore, is essentially metaphysical. The mechanical theory is, in fact, a survival of mediæval realism. Its substantial elements are legitimate logical descendants of the *universalia ante rem* and *in re* of the scholastics, differing from them, at most, in this, that they are summits of abstraction reached by ascents along gradations of sensible properties ascertained by observation and experiment, and not by escalades of the misty heights of traditional predicables (? predicaments) representing early, crude, and vague fancies of the human intellect.

But let it once be seen that the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is incompatible with the attribution of reality, not only to science directly and formally, *i.e.* to the whole body of scientific propositions, expressive of the laws of the constitution and activity of existing things, but also to the typical natures or modes of being, actual or potential, whose properties it is the business of science to investigate and determine; then the doctrine of relativity will lose its hold upon the minds of men. Apart from the exaggerated realism attributed to Plato, and from the Scotist doctrines, which seem to involve it, the only alternatives are the guarded realism of the best school of scholasticism on the one side, or some form of universal scepticism on the other. There can be no objective value, as it is called, for science of any order, metaphysical, physical or moral, except in so far as reality belongs to its formal subject, that is, in the language of the relativist, to the attribute or group of attributes constituting the particular *aspect* of things with which each science is concerned. It is obvious, of course, that an aspect under which individual things are viewed cannot itself be an individual thing; that in an army, for example, the ranks and functions of the various grades from the general downwards are not so many “men” over and above the numbers on the muster-roll. But are they therefore unrealities? Rather, could there be a real army without them? Mere concepts indeed! Why not charge a commander-in-chief with metaphysic, because he thinks that the discipline and confidence and habits of obedience and content and other “partial and ideal attributes” of his men may count for something in the rough work of battle? The

fact is that the doctrine of relativity is a mere theory, and a very shallow theory too. It will not stand the test of application to the commonest experiences to be gained by reflection. It ignores whatever there is of order and intelligibility in the universe, and absurdly denies to these all reality, because, forsooth, they are not the material upon which they are impressed.

It is our confidence that the common sense of men will be quite competent to grasp this, when fairly put before them, that makes us welcome the *Theories and Concepts of Modern Physics*. Though written in downright hostility to the views we entertain, the book will serve to clear away the misconceptions which stand in our way. "It will be seen at once," says Mr. Stallo, "upon a most cursory glance at any one of the chapters of this little book, that it is in no wise intended as an open or covert advocacy of a return to metaphysical methods and aims; but that on the contrary its tendency is throughout to eliminate from science its latent metaphysical elements, to foster and not to repress the spirit of experimental investigation, and to accredit instead of discrediting the great endeavor of scientific research to gain a sure foothold on solid empirical ground, where the real data of experience may be reduced without ontological prepossessions." If only the line opened out in this book be followed with patient study, we believe that the effect will be the very reverse of what the author intends. Relativism would never survive a serious encounter in the open field with the "old metaphysical spirit" still lingering in modern science.

8.—PHONETIC SHORTHAND DICTIONARY.¹

In 1742 John Byrom, M.A. Cantab., F.R.S., obtained an Act of Parliament to secure to himself the right of teaching his system of shorthand. His terms were five guineas for each pupil and a pledge that the pupil should not impart his knowledge to another. "The father of rational shorthand," as he has been called, would no doubt be shocked to see how cheap Mr. Pitman has made his own phonography, immeasurably superior as it is not only to Byrom's but to all its more recent rivals. Here we have some sixty thousand words—four times as many as are contained in Shakespeare's immense vocabulary—

¹ *A Phonetic Shorthand and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language* By Isaac Pitman. Fifth Edition. London and Bath, 1883.

beautifully engraved in a well-bound crown octavo, for four shillings. This fifth edition is a completely new departure. All unnecessary matter is swept away to make room for the insertion of past tenses and participles, which frequently alter the shorthand outline, and for a copious list of proper names. To the uninitiated, therefore, this dictionary is nothing but a list of words with the accents marked. But to those that can read phonography, it is both a pronouncing dictionary and a model of shorthand forms.

However, is not a shorthand dictionary a confession of failure? If phonography represents each sound by a distinctive character, ought we not to be able to write *on principle* without turning to a book for the shape of each individual word? And, if we have to consult a dictionary, must not the labour of learning the art be interminable? Undoubtedly, one's skill in shorthand is indefinitely perfectible. It's like playing the violin. Absolute perfection is unattainable, and the good shorthand writer improves till his fingers become palsied with age; but in the act of improving, after the first groundwork, there is no labour. Nor is a shorthand dictionary indispensable to even the best verbatim reporter. Only it is a great convenience: for it shows just which of several abbreviating principles has been found most serviceable in each case.

We will even go so far as to say that no system of shorthand has established its reputation so long as it has not been applied to a tolerably complete vocabulary of the language. This is a crucial test which tries to their utmost the capabilities of any scheme based on geometrical lines. If, in a considerable number of words, the consonants can with difficulty be joined or form unsightly outlines, the system stands self-condemned. This is the fifth time that Mr. Isaac Pitman has stood this test, and each time with growing success. Well nigh forty-six years have elapsed since he first attempted to improve on previous shorthand inventors, and he has been steadily improving ever since. In 1857 and 1858 he fought a battle royal with many English and most American phonographers, because he was determined to alter the vowel-scale and thus upset the positions of multitudes of words, while his opponents held fast to their dearly-bought habits of writing. Then, when the Americans saw that the change was a great advance, they took to improving too, and, not being hampered by scruples about copyright, they have gone on for the last twenty years tinkering at Mr. Pitman's

invention and hunting many a stenographic principle to death. Meanwhile the patriarch of phonography works away with the ardour of youth and the maturity of age, introduces only such improvements as are suited to the practical requirements of shorthand, and is now beating the Americans in their own country.

The framework of his phonography was completed about nine years ago ; but one or two minor tricks of the art have been introduced since then, and even in this new dictionary we observe some slight improvement such as the new *thl* in *Bethlehem*, faulty outlines corrected as in *hexahedron*, and the introduction of difficult forms hitherto omitted, such as *physicist* and *joviality*. We still desiderate some words in which two prefixes immediately follow one another, as *intercommunion* and *self-conquest*. The praiseworthy features of this edition are especially the great number of technical expressions so convenient for reporters of scientific lectures, the amended pronunciation of whole classes of words, and the addition of proper names, many of which are foreign to the genius of the language, and therefore severely test an English shorthand. However, owing to the antiquated and unnecessary distinction which Mr. Pitman makes between the vowels in *fir* and *fur*, while he uses for *fir* and *err* the same vowel-sign as in *met*, we cannot tell whether he pronounces the first vowel in *erring* like the *e* in *herring* or like the *e* in *err*. We may also be allowed to express the hope that the new edition of this excellent dictionary will contain a still greater number of words—why not make it as complete as Webster's or the Imperial Dictionary?—together with those comparatives and superlatives which change the outline of their positives.

Men of leisure and of an inventive turn are at liberty to seek "pastures new" in the shorthand field ; but he would be a very unpractical man who should take up with some untried system, when he has within reach this most perfect expression of a system that has been weighed in the balance of experiment by two generations of men in English-speaking countries all over the globe, and has not been found wanting. No other shorthand has had anything like the ever-increasing popularity which attends Mr. Pitman's invention. With his weekly journal of 14,000 copies, with a score of shorthand magazines under different editors following his system, and with a couple of million text-books scattered broadcast over the world, he can

afford to rest from his labours. But we know he will not rest. We expect a still more complete edition of his dictionary before long.

9.—THE HIBBERT LECTURES, 1882.¹

The Hibbert Lectures are not an institution that date back very far in the history of theology, but already they are sufficient in number to show that the tendency of the whole series will not be to much that is positive in the way of Christianity. Their founder did not indeed specifically will that these lectures should be given ; but he did, in general terms, charge the trustees to adopt such schemes as should seem to them "most conducive to the spread of Christianity on its most simple and intelligible form, and to the unfettered exercise of private judgment in matters of religion." Professor Kuenen fully comes up to the freedom of speculation which the bequest wishes to further. He gives a naturalistic account of the three religions called "universalistic," and if out of the three he prefers Christianity, as minimised by himself, it is only because such Christianity seems to him the religion most adapted to the common wants of the race. The general thesis of the book is thus laid down : "The connexion of the universal with the national religions furnishes the measure and the explanation of their universalism." This point to be proved is successfully dealt with in Islamism, Christianity, and Buddhism, the chronological order being reversed.

I. And first as to Islam. The author, while allowing that Mohammed may have had some predecessors, denies that these could be said to represent a national tendency. Hence Mohammed's was peculiarly a "personal" work. He set himself up against the polytheism, the idolatry, and the superstition of his country, and largely succeeded in overcoming them. Also he succeeded in giving a certain capacity of universalism to his creed, but this in an inferior degree ; for he left, unsatisfied and, on his system, unsatisfiable, higher spiritual cravings that must arise in the more developed races. Moreover, as a fact, with the exception of the first converts, the mass of those who embraced Islam are declared by Professor Kuenen to have been actuated by unworthy motives. "It was the prospect of plunder

¹ *The Hibbert Lectures, 1882.* By A. Kuenen, LL.D., D.D. London : Williams and Norgate, 1882.

and conquest—a prospect which could be realized only if all the tribes united under one banner—that made them accept Islam.” And the religion so adopted was often little more than a sort of outer garment over the old superstitions ; it did not take up the elements with which it came in contact, so as to dominate them and assimilate them to itself as parts of an organic whole. Such are some of the leading views of our lecturer concerning Islam, and he recapitulates his whole theory in two sentences :

Islam, reared by the genius of one man, out of materials imported from elsewhere, enters the world as a founded system, seems at first completely to answer the wants of these to the level of whose capacity it was framed, shows itself even afterwards and up to the present time suited to the peoples and the individuals who have not risen above the standpoint of legalism, but misses the power so to transform itself as to meet the requirements of a higher type of life, which in its present form it cannot satisfy. At a given period it becomes a hindrance to that development of the spirit which it must actually choke, if it be not strong enough to cast it off.

In which appreciation of Islam the sole standard of success is determined by certain assumed needs of man's spiritual nature, and the power to gratify these needs even in the higher stages of culture. Mohammed is allowed to enter upon the task of founding a religion with the same rights as Jesus Christ ; the only thing is that in a fair field Christ is proved to have outstripped his rival. But as for the idea that Christ was the God-Man, with the sole commission from his Father to found the one universal supernatural religion, such a notion would apparently be scouted by the Hibbert Lecturer as narrow, and not to be tolerated in science, “in the age of Darwin, when we can recognize no impossible barriers between the several species and genera.”

II. Dr. Kuenen enters upon the subject of Christianity and its antecedent Judaism in the same naturalistic spirit that he brings to the discussion of Islam. Every particle of the supernatural disappears. The sacred writers are like other annalists, and as to the prophets it is a conjecture,—

With strong probabilities on its side, that the phenomena of inspiration and ecstasy, which had been native to the worship of the Canaanite deities, passed over to the worshippers of the Yahweh [Jehovah] likewise. . . . Taken as a whole the prophets cannot have stood much above the soothsayers and wizards amongst other ancient peoples.

Yet noble exceptions are admitted. Then Professor Kuenen quite changes old ideas as to the chronology and the sequence of the several books in the Bible. He places the beginnings of Hebrew literature in the eight century B.C. or a little earlier, that is, about a century after the schism between Juda and Israel. With all the licence of a man grown accustomed to arbitrary theorizing, whose whole trade is to construct history according to his own fancy, he says with the calmest assurance,

The songs which were originally passed from mouth to mouth were now written down, collected, and provided with historical notes. From these beginnings historical writing presently developed itself. Experience had shown that such compositions must have met with a favourable reception. . . . Thus arose, presumably in the priestly circles, the earliest collections of laws and moral exhortations, one of which we possess in the book of the Covenant.

We wonder whether the lecturer is accustomed to hear his views called in question ; whether he has much practice, orally, in trying to prove and defend them against disputants possessed of knowledge and power to use it. He advertises himself as "Professor of Theology at Leyden ;" and we can assure him that if the studies were conducted there as they are in our Catholic seminaries, he would receive a regular bombardment of "difficulties" from students who would attack what must seem to intelligent listeners very unwarrantable innovations on old doctrine. The professor would be asked, for instance, how he manages to get over all the objections against putting the date of Deuteronomy so long after the time of Moses, and against placing the priestly law after the return from exile. Nor would it be sufficient to say that by so doing we avoid having to account for that apparent non-observance of the ordinances which has to be accounted for, if Moses were their author. This is escaping one difficulty by running into a far greater, where even such allies as Dr. Wellhausen and Dr. Robertson Smith will not prove effectual. A very barefaced, palpable, and stupid system of lying has to be charged upon the authors or subsequent redactors of the several books of the Bible, if Dr. Kuenen's theory is to hold good. Than so to accuse the sacred writers, surely it is easier to suppose that the Mosaic laws may have been culpably or through ignorance neglected ; that some of them were not absolute or did not come into force at once ; and that they may have met with

more obedience than our scanty records suffice to attest. At any rate it is better to confess our ignorance than to set about rearranging the order of Bible documents against the reiterated testimony of the Bible itself, and simply in conformity with our views of what is a rational sequence of events.

After what we have said it stands to reason that Dr. Kuenen's theory as to how a universalistic religion, Christianity, was developed out of the originally national religion of "Yahwism" is for us no true account. He admits the personal influence of the Man Jesus Christ in helping to an issue the tendency that had previously set in among the Jewish people; he admits that Christ, and not St. Paul, is the real author of universalism in Christianity; and he admits that neither to Hellenism nor to Buddhism do we owe the origins of Christianity. But all these admissions, though true as far as they go, are mixed up with such gross errors, that we have little to be thankful for on the whole, but much to protest against. It is no satisfaction to us to find the Scripture promises of a universal religion twisted into make-believe proofs that Judaism was gradually evolving Christianity by a natural process. Nor, now that Christianity is founded, can we join with Dr. Kuenen in his praise of Rothe's dictum, "Christianity is the most mutable of all things; that is its special glory." Consequently, we utterly dissent from the admiring comment:

Christianity entered the world without being rounded off or closed as a system. No religious founder ever left more for his followers to do than Jesus. It was his to utter the great principles and to reveal them in his life and death. It was theirs to seek the formula of the Christian life of faith. . . . It need hardly be said men have gone countless times astray. . . . Yet the mutability of Christianity remains an inestimable blessing.

Such is the Christianity of the Hibbert Lectures, but it certainly is not the Christianity that Christ founded; that is to be sought among the legitimate heirs of Christ's legacy, in the Church that is made up of the divinely commissioned teachers and the flocks of which they are the shepherds. Only by disregarding all that Christ said, and nearly all that history says of Christ, can Professor Kuenen force a way to his portentous conclusions.

III. What our author has to say of Buddhism is of less concern to us. The subject is sufficiently vague to allow of different theories. What chiefly calls for notice in Professor

Kuenen's lecture is the fact that he ranges himself on the opposite side to the school represented in this country by Max Müller and Monier Williams, who look upon Buddhism as a sort of revolt against Brahmanism. On the contrary, Dr. Kuenen adopts the theory that there is a close alliance between Buddhism and Brahmanism. This is a harmless field for speculation; and if little good comes of the discussion, not much harm is to be feared. What we do fear is that a course of lectures like the present should help gradually to deceive a portion of the English people in taking it for granted, that there is nothing specifically different in Christianity, and that it is a natural phenomenon on a par with Buddhism, though some degrees higher in the perfection of its kind.

10.—RACHEL'S FATE.¹

These stories, most, if not all, of which have already appeared in the pages of the *Catholic World*, cannot fail to please every reader. They are very far above the average in merit, both as regards the narratives themselves and the manner in which they are related; a clever combination of humour and pathos renders them singularly attractive, and throughout the volume there is not one tale which the most fastidious critic could call either pointless and dull or far-fetched and unnatural. Those which at the commencement appear to be simple love-stories soon develop some feature of thrilling incident or startling adventure which, though perfectly true to nature, raises the actors out of the sphere of every-day life, and keeps the spectator in anxious suspense, eager to see how the drama will end.

The scenes of the stories are laid in different places, some being illustrations of German life and manners. The *Wraith of the Achensee* is an amusing narrative of what befell two simple and brave art-students in Munich, who, although inseparable friends, always appeared alone in the studio and at the Kneipe, because owing to their poverty, they possessed only a single suit of clothes between them, worn by each on alternate days. *Conrad and Walburga* is a charming romance, full of true feeling and generous sentiment, which in the hands of a less able

¹ *Rachel's Fate; and other Tales.* By William Seton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

author, might easily have degenerated into sentimentalism. The majority are tales of early and revolutionary times in New England and New York, full of stirring incident, and introducing names well known in the military annals of the Western Continent. Where all are so good it is difficult to select, but the *Old Stone Jug* may be taken a fair specimen of the others. The Old Stone Jug was a tavern near Boston, kept, at the commencement of the struggle for Independence, by a cunning old man, who strove to stand well with both parties, so as to get custom from both and also to make sure, whatever the issue of events in those critical times, of being on the winning side. His daughter Martha, a handsome and attractive girl, applied her father's principles to her conduct towards her lovers, though she sometimes dissuaded him from his own double-dealing.

"Take one side or the other," said Martha, shaking her head. "I'd rather be fair and open, even if we made less money."

"Humph! We'd be in a pretty fix if I did that, child—a pretty fix. Why this tavern would not stand a week, except for my double-faced sign-board; whereas now George Washington might be entertained here and depart highly edified, and so might King George. The only unpleasantness would be if they both happened to come at the same time. So, child, you ought not to be finding fault." Then, after pausing long enough to take a chew of tobacco, "And besides," he went on, "'tis not easy in this world always to see the clear path we ought to follow. Why you yourself are in a fix; and I don't wonder at it, for in this township I can't name two honester, jollier, more manly fellows than Elisha Williams and Harry Valentine. And if I were a girl with those two boys for sparks, I believe I'd jump into East Chester Creek, so that neither of them might be disappointed."

Here Martha's merry laugh rang through the house; then taking Elisha's bouquet in one hand and Harry's magnolia in the other, she stretched forth her arms and stood exactly half-way between the two love-gifts, and said: "Well yes, I am in a fix . . . I must decide one of these days."

"Don't be in a hurry, child. Wait; have patience. If we are beaten and forced to remain colonies, marry Harry Valentine; if we secure our independence, then marry 'Lisha, for 'twill go hard with the party that is beaten, their land will be confiscated."

"I'll give my hand to the bravest, father, no matter what side he is on. And it is because they are both so good and brave that I hesitate" (p. 393).

We will refer the reader to the book itself for the tragic results which followed from poor Martha's hesitation and the policy she had inherited from her father. Enough to say that

her life's happiness was destroyed by it, while her father's double-dealing was equally unfortunate.

The story which gives its name to the volume, besides one or two others, are tales of sea-faring life, and certainly do not yield the palm to any in spirit and interest. Mr. Seton's racy and vigorous style of writing corresponds well with the subjects he has chosen, and his simple, natural way of introducing the religious element, bringing religion forward as a matter of everyday life without ever obtruding it, cannot be too highly commended. He has the art of placing the scenes he depicts before the reader's vision almost as plainly as if they were being acted on the boards of a theatre, and the powerful situations, pointed dialogues, and sudden changes of his tales suggest the idea that very little manipulation would be needed to make capital plays of them. And it would be well for the play-going public were modern dramas half as healthful in their tone, and at the same time of such absorbing interest as the stories in this entertaining volume.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE aim of Mgr. O'Brien's pamphlet¹ seems to be to counteract the force of custom whereby even many Catholics might grow reconciled to the state of subjection, to which they have now for twelve years seen the Papacy reduced. From a consideration of who the Pope is, it is shown that every condition of dependence on the Civil State, and especially such condition of dependence as actually exists at present, must constitute the Sovereign Pontiff a prisoner; and that no fine phrases can alter that ugly fact. In face of this injustice the duty of all Catholics is, as the author points out, to be strenuous in their assertion of the right, and to neglect no lawful means of furthering a settlement which we may trust the good Providence of God for ultimately working out. What that settlement will be is at present hidden from us, but will be seen in God's good time.

¹ *Is the Pope a Prisoner?* A common-sense view of the Roman Question. By Mgr. H. H. O'Brien, D.D. London: Burns and Oates; Liverpool: Catholic Publishing Depot, 50, Manchester Street. 1883.

Catholics trying to lead good lives are often troubled with the thought that they can do so little good to those around them. They would wish to help on the good cause, but what can they do in their weakness? The beautiful organization of the Apostleship of Prayer opens to all a means of joining heartily in the work of the Church in every land; while its rules and observances, though so light, are yet sufficient to keep its members alive to the great works in which they are called upon to take a part. The little manual before us² gives in an admirable form the objects, motives, and practices of the Holy League, the Indulgences attached to it, and other items of advice and encouragement. All members of the League should expend fourpence on a copy; and those who are not members should with all the more reason do likewise, and they will not long remain outside its ranks.

Every one who has experienced it knows, and often knows painfully and after much suffering, the difficulties which accompany a woman's path through the various stages of life's journey, the many difficulties of girlhood, the increasing difficulties of the wife and mother, and perhaps the hardest difficulties of all which beset the life of one who is not called by God to the religious or to the married state. Such an one has to fight her way alone, a position of dependence and poverty often aggravating her sufferings, and perhaps ill-health and family troubles as well. To all such Father O'Reilly's *Mirror of True Womanhood*³ will be an invaluable guide. Admirable rules and hints are given to the girl entering on life, to the young wife and mother, to the matron who has charge of a household, to the governess and companion, whose lot is often such a hard one. The book is a consoling and instructive one, not full of countless warnings of danger, but encouraging and full of hope. It builds up instead of pulling down, and every one who reads it will find in it strengthening and comforting food, whatever their path or lot may be. It has already passed through thirteen editions in America, and we hope that the first edition published in Europe will not be the last.

At the present time, when the Holy Father has recommended so strongly to the faithful the Third Order of St.

² *The Little Handbook of the Holy League of the Heart of Jesus.* St. Joseph's Library, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

³ *The Mirror of True Womanhood.* By Rev. B. O'Reilly. Dublin: M. H. Gill.

Francis, a book of hymns⁴ published for their use, as well as for general circulation, is very appropriate. Everything connected with the Seraphic Saint has a charm about it, and this little hymn-book is thoroughly in accord with the spirit that he desired to impart to his children.

Objections are sometimes raised against meditation books, on the ground of their being too elaborate for practical purposes. This objection cannot be raised against the *Short Meditations*,⁵ or rather the short points for meditations, published by Messrs. Richardson. The materials for a meditation are provided, a train of thought is suggested, together with some resolutions which flow naturally from it, leaving the meditation properly so called to be made by the exercitant. Points in this form are often preferred by persons who have some familiarity with the practice of meditation, and to such these inexpensive monthly publications will be especially welcome.

The late F. Vercruysse's short summary of Conferences on the Immaculate Conception⁶ gives in a few words an answer to some of the common objections which are made against this dogma, and the power of the Church to define it. The narrow limits of his summary necessarily make the treatment of the subject slight; but slight as it is, it allows of his giving much matter for thought, while at the same time indicating the manner in which similar objections may be fittingly dealt with.

We are not very remarkable for the variety of our cuisine in this country, and perhaps Lent is of all times the season of the year when this want of variety is apt to make itself prominent. The short and clear directions and hints for improving and diversifying our maigre dinners which are contained in *The Continental Fish Cook*⁷ come at a time when they will be found very acceptable in many households and communities.

Mr. Sweetman's fifteen pages on Emigration⁸ tell their tale with plain-spoken honesty and quiet humour. Reporting on the doings of the "Irish-American Colonization Company," he confesses to failure in securing repayment of passage-money,

⁴ *Hymns for the use of Christians, Convent Schools, and Franciscan Tertiaries.* John Chisholm, London and Edinburgh.

⁵ *Short Meditations for every day in the Year.* J. Richardson and Son, London.

⁶ *The Immaculate Conception. Summary of Conferences,* by F. Bruno Vercruysse, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill, 1883.

⁷ *The Continental Fish Cook.* R. Washbourne. London, 1883.

⁸ *Recent Experiences in the Emigration of Irish Families.* By John Sweetman. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

and in keeping to their farms destitute emigrants for whom too much had been done in the way of "spoon-feeding." It appears that many an emigrant will send back a part of his earnings to his relatives in Ireland simply because he would lose caste if he did not, and yet will neglect the claims of justice and gratitude on the part of those who paid his passage or set him up on his Western farm. Hard-working farmers, who want to bring up their children in a Catholic atmosphere far from city vices, must for the future have £100 in cash after passage paid, if they wish to secure a farm of eighty acres with buildings and implements.

*Our Esther*⁹ is a little story well suited to school and guild libraries. It tells of a good Catholic girl and all the work she did for God in an unpretending, unobtrusive way, and the sore trials through which she had to pass to her home in Heaven. It is nicely written, natural and instructive.

The Gamekeeper's Little Son, and the stories which follow it,¹⁰ will delight children. They are sensational and full of tragic interest. The first has rather a sad ending, but the others are more cheerful in the *dénouement*. They would be very useful to a teacher or mistress who has a number of little children to amuse and interest and who finds it hard to keep them employed.

II.—MAGAZINES.

It has long been a reproach cast against Catholicism in Germany that in recent times it has never produced a single poet of more than third or fourth rate merit, the stream of genius always having flowed in Protestant channels. Now, however, in these adverse times, when the Church has a hard struggle for existence, fertility seems to have revisited Catholic soil. The *Katholik* mentions in terms of high praise several volumes of poetry which have lately appeared and cannot fail to take high rank in contemporary literature; amongst which are mentioned the lyrics of H. Baumhauer, the *Song of the Swan*, by Brill, an epic which attracts by the originality of the plot as well as the vigour of the rhythm, the poems of Weber, *Pleasure and Pain* by Steinhauer, &c., Father Baumgartner's

⁹ *Our Esther*. By M. F. S. R. Washbourne.

¹⁰ *The Gamekeeper's Little Son*, and other Stories for Children. R. Washbourne.

translation of Calderon is also highly commended as well as the writings of the late Father Diel, S.J., which have just been published.

An investigation of the archives of the free city of Bremen affords proof that persecution and oppression of Catholics is no new thing; ever since the reformed faith became the religion of the city, records are found of complaints on the part of the Catholic inhabitants and appeals to the Emperor by them, on account of the privileges and rights of citizenship being denied them, *odio religionis*, of their exclusion from guilds and corporations, besides countless annoyances and injustice, such as imposition of fines, marriage prohibitions, &c. Another article in the same number of the *Katholik*, has for its subject the vexed question of the conduct of Galileo, and the treatment he received from the Roman Inquisition. Although so much had been written and said concerning him, an impartial and authentic account of his trial had not hitherto been published. Dr. Grisar, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Innsbrück, has now supplied the want, and many unfounded accusations brought against the Church, much false compassion bestowed on the illustrious astronomer—whose misfortune was to be in astronomical science in advance of his generation—will disappear before the strong light of the truth brought to bear on them. The main points of the first part of the work, taking the historico-juristic view of the question, is given in an interesting and concise form; the latter part, containing the theological view, is to be considered in a following number.

The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for February draws attention to a recent work on the year 1683 and the Turkish War immediately following, which will prove of great service to the historian as well as of great interest to the general reader. Father Bauer, in the able sketch he gives of the work, shows how many doubtful and obscure portions of history are thereby elucidated, and the intricate intrigues of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth disclosed, not apparently much to the credit of the Grand Monarque, who instigated and encouraged the Islam invasion in view of obtaining for himself the Imperial Crown of Germany. We should recommend any one who is desirous to acquaint himself with the many and manifold uses to which electricity may be applied—unlimited and endless as they appear—to read Father Kolberg's article on the subject, wherein

he gives a great deal of information in a concise and simple, but by no means dry form. He passes in review the different electrical exhibitions of Paris, London, and Munich, promising in the next number to tell more of this wonderful force, whose extent and adaptability to practical purposes it has been reserved for the present age to discover. Father Schneemann contributes an article on the modern school-system, whose laws have now been long enough in force for their effects to be duly felt, and their pernicious result upon the bodily and mental health of the children is creating no small discontent throughout Germany. The Catholic laity have expostulated, parents have complained, but the stereotyped bureaucratic answer was always the same refusal to listen. Now the voice of Nature is heard to protest, and medical authorities have taken up the matter, and laid before Parliament a petition urging the necessity of reducing the school hours, and limiting the number and extent of the studies, on the plea that injury to the rising generation is injury to the State. The result of Father Beissel's reading and researches given in his paper on the emblematic signification of the lion, cannot fail to please the readers of the *Stimmen*. This animal is constantly used as a symbol of strength in pagan art, of courage and vigilance in Christian images; it is met with in ancient fables and the pages of Holy Writ as an emblem of one or more of its most prominent characteristics. A short biographical sketch of Paul von Dessander, by Father Baumgartner, places before us a simple and pious Swiss artist, who devoted himself to the service of religion too exclusively to attain the celebrity which might otherwise have been his. During the space of forty years he is said to have painted two thousand religious pictures, almost all of which he sold at a most unremunerative price for the decoration of poor churches.

The last Scientific Voyage of H.M.S. "Fawn."

WHY should I head my short narrative a "Voyage of the *Fawn*?" It was in the Mail Steamer *Kinfauns Castle* that we set out from England on the 29th of August, and arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on September 21, 1882. The *Kinfauns Castle* therefore appears to claim a right to a share in the title of my story, inasmuch as in it we completed the greater part of our journey to Madagascar. But the length of a voyage by sea is more correctly measured by days than by miles: for the sea is the sea all the world over, and were it not for the power which knowledge gives to the imagination, it would be as easy now on the equator in the Atlantic to imagine oneself on the same parallel in the Indian Ocean. Day upon day passes away as quickly at sea as on land, and all the day long one seems to be in the same place, vainly struggling to reach and get beyond that ever distant horizon line. Now the time we were attached to the *Fawn* far exceeded the time we spent on the *Kinfauns Castle*. Again, the *Fawn* took us to the site of our observatory, for our last chance of watching the planet Venus crossing the sun's disc. The *Fawn* protected us while there from all molestation by savages. The *Fawn* provided us with all the comforts of life during our stay. The officers and men of the *Fawn* built our observatories and pitched our tents for us. The *Fawn*, her captain, officers, and men will ever remain in the grateful memory of the members of the Madagascar expedition. A memory which will not die with the destruction of the fine old ship which is now making her last voyage home, a thousand and odd miles astern of us.

After the last adieu to friends on shore, and a sufficient time to recover from a saddening sympathy with unknown mourners whose embraces were clearly last farewells, we steamed merrily enough down the Thames and were soon out into the chops of the Channel. These made little im-

pression on the big ship, and with few exceptions all were able to appreciate the improvement in sky and air as we increased our distance from London. We spent the afternoon in lame attempts to break through the fences of unacquaintanceship and get at home with fellow-passengers. The apprehension of sea-sickness, trade-cares, and the first wrenches of old home ties strengthened the barriers: they were not all like ourselves on the way to return. So we gave up the attempt and left it to time: time succeeds where efforts fail. Night drew on and no one seemed anxious about his safety. Did any one realize the truth that the first night was fraught with more dangers than could be met with during all the voyage? Some sailors think that all passengers up and down Channel should keep themselves ready-made for the ship's colliding and going down with the shortest warning. All, however, went well: and we made Dartmouth harbour about eleven o'clock on the following morning. Nothing could be prettier than the appearance of this beautiful little English fairyland as we steamed up the mouth of the River Dart. She had all that earth and sea and sky could do for her to deck her out in gayest splendour.

The next morning all was changed. Nature seemed to read us the lesson that there is no beauty where heaven's light does not shine. The land and sea were there, but the sky was covered with a dense black fog, and it would be hard to imagine anything more dismal than those eight and twenty hours of thick mist and unceasing rain during which we waited and longed for the hour of getting out to sea in hopes of finding more cheery weather. At noon on the 1st of September we steamed away, and soon left fog and rain behind us to mark the position of England for home-bound ships.

The change to better weather made all faces more cheery than is usual at the beginning of a voyage. But the ship gradually lapsed into the ordinary condition of the first days. The ladies looked very quiet, and gentlemen grew serious as the hours went on. The deck thinned as usual, and the number of empty chairs at dinner was about the proper figure. The following morning breakfast was a nominal ceremony, except for the favoured few: and after this the revival began. By ones and twos new faces appeared at each meal, and were welcomed by the rest as newly "come on board." But before all the seats were filled, we had passed the dreaded Bay and had

arrived at Madeira. Here we found everything the same as on a previous voyage south: the same sized urchins ready-made in their little boats for diving after sixpences, and wise enough to let the coppers go; the same scrambling of boats about the ship; the same number of the same made basket-chairs on the tops of the same looking heads swarming up the gangway; the same distinction between the old and new traveller in bargaining for chairs. The old hand offers his price and says no more about it, but steadily reads his paper or his novel without attending to the long list of reasons why master should give double of what he has offered. Time wins the victory. Just before the ship sails, the bronzy face appears again and modestly puts the chair down for half a crown. As soon as practicable we made for the shore, and avoided the coaling dust by getting into the heat of the little town Funchal. There was no time for more than a stroll through a flower garden, a visit to the market-place, and a climb up and down some streets, so steep that wheels are of no advantage. Instead of wheels we found sleighs were employed drawn by bullocks, which had evidently been in training to reduce their weight. The streets are paved with small smooth shingle stones, and are carefully levelled so that the irons run along smoothly almost as on ice. One has to be very careful on foot both up and down to avoid going either the wrong way, or the right one too quickly.

Coaling finished, passengers on board again, and decks cleared of bizarre stalls, the engines began again their heavy thumping, to continue without a rest until they had pushed us on to Table Bay. New faces still appeared from time to time at table: and by degrees slow enough, even for Englishmen, we became acquainted with one another, and ourselves found some friends we hope to meet again. Our line of passage through the Canary Islands was fortunate. We passed quite near to Teneriffe, and found favour with the sullen clouds which were lolling over the hills screening peak and base from view as we approached. Just as we reached our nearest to the island, the clouds lifted and opened out as fine a view of its singularly beautiful and often described shape, as one could look for in a lifetime at sea. This piece of good fortune, highly prized by us, because on a former voyage we had only seen it in the dim distance some thirty miles away, furnished matter of chat with different circles on deck for the rest of

the day, till we came across the R.M.S. *Warwick Castle* home bound; whose behaviour in declining our advances by putting off from us as we endeavoured to near her, afforded a new topic, and this time for an agreeable difference of opinion. Some thought our neighbour captain might have been a little bolder and with it shown more civility; others admired his prudent caution in keeping clear of moving rocks.

We were now enjoying the warmth of pleasant weather, and the deck often presented the agreeable and homely appearance of a summer drawing-room. The newly purchased basket-chairs were gathered in different circles. The ladies were at work embroidering, the children looking on and helping. The gentlemen sauntered about, smoking or chatting, or both. And it was not easy to imagine oneself at sea. If voyaging were always thus, the most timid would become travellers. It was soon found necessary to interfere with the monotony of waiting for dinner, and the more active spirits set about devising a series of entertainments. Evening concerts, dances, a theatrical performance, and a scientific lecture were arranged for, and the evenings announced. The grand saloon was easily converted into a dancing hall, and made an admirable theatre. It may be added, to the credit of the passengers, that the dances drew the least and the lecture the largest attendance. The lecture was given by the Rev. Father Perry, F.R.S., of Stonyhurst College, chief of the expedition to Madagascar. His subject was his previous expedition to Kerguelan Land in 1874 to observe the transit of Venus across the sun, and the bearing of that year's experience upon his present expedition to Madagascar to repeat the observations. He was listened to with the greatest attention for an hour and a half by probably the greatest number of persons ever brought together in the saloon of the *Kinfauns Castle*. The daylight hours were also thought of. A handsome subscription for prizes to be awarded to the victors in a series of athletic contests was raised amongst the saloon passengers. A committee arranged the sports, and allotted the prizes. Two days were fixed near the end of the voyage for the contests. This provided a continuous round of healthy experimental exercises for many days before the time. The quarter-deck became a training gymnasium on all the afternoons which had not been set aside for the young Englishman's everywhere companion, cricket. This was played

three times a week. We have never seen so much life on a cricket-field as on this cricket-deck.

Amongst the athletic contests one afforded much amusement. It is peculiar to the sea. It was the gentlemen's water race. The length was from the wheel to the forecastle: but the course was impeded by a large sail drawn athwart-ships by the foremast and folded so as to form a deep river too wide and too high to be cleared by a leap. This was kept full of water by the fire-engine, diligently attended by two bluejackets. We hardly need add that this contest was not practised beforehand; and consequently those who had run it before had the advantage of knowing how to tumble in and out of the water with the least loss of time. After the race was over the spectators were further amused by a hair-brained fellow of the steerage, who took it into his small head to repeatedly tumble into and flounder about in the water. The general opinion was that he might as well have taken off his hat and coat first. Of the smaller sports the children's potato race will not be forgotten. For this a number of potato-slices had been arranged at equal distances on either side of a plate, into which the slices were to be placed single: the winner being the one who first cleared his row of pieces into the plate. The race was opened between Rilda and Harry—sister and brother. Of course Harry won. But when the spectators attempted to console Rilda for her loss, she answered at once: "Oh, but *Harry* won!"

With so much life on board, we expected some ceremony to commemorate the crossing of the line. There was the usual talk about it before and after, but no one appeared to think of it at the time; and we crossed without disturbing the waters either for the amusement or annoyance of first liners. It is said that the death blow to the barbarous practices of former days was given by an apparently meek English gentleman, who having patiently submitted to being robbed of his beard and otherwise maltreated, sued the company for damages and realized a comfortable fortune. Nature, however, made up for our neglect, and gave us one of those wonderful sea sights which may not be witnessed in a long lifetime on the ocean. It was just after crossing the line that we met with one of the most marvellous displays of phosphorescent sea light that was perhaps ever witnessed. For some nights before, we had generally remarked upon the brilliancy of the stream of light about the ship's

friction in the sea and in her track astern. This was increasing each night, and was our first attention on coming on to deck after dinner, till we came up with the thickest display about midnight on the 12th of September. We had noticed a bright line of light on the horizon before the ship, extending many degrees of the circle on both sides. In about fifteen minutes the ship was in the midst of what had seemed a mere line, and we found ourselves surrounded by a sea of large and most brilliant stars. It would not be correct to call it a sea of fire. The appearance was not that of fire but of a cold starry light, which shone with doubled brilliancy from the contrast of the deep darkness of the intervening spaces. No friction seemed needed to produce the light; for the sea was calm and had scarcely a broken wave out of the ship's track. Thick clusters of these stars were as numerous in all directions as the spaces of single brilliants. And where the ship had lashed them up together, there appeared a foaming rushing light which lit up the sides of the ship as if by a powerful electrical machine. In a short half-hour we had passed through the silvery sea, and all became as remarkably dark as the brightness had been surprising; and from that moment till we anchored in Table Bay we saw no more of phosphorescent sea light. The other sights usually looked for in a south-Atlantic voyage were not wanting: some whales, perhaps a shark, many porpoises, which are interesting only when they are near enough to show their graceful movements *in* as well as above water, and numberless flying-fish which dart from the bows of the ship as rapidly as sparks from an electrical wheel. These become common and are only looked for by fresh travellers.

The first stage of our journey was now nearly ended. Passengers were again at their portmanteaus. We were speculating upon the chances of "fetching" the shelter of Table Bay before the threatening south-east gale should be upon us. This delayed and reserved itself for the benefit of some of our fellow-passengers going further east, and to saturate the rest with dust on the sand soil of Cape Town. We arrived and anchored in Table Bay about half an hour before noon on the 21st of September. We spent the afternoon in watching the numerous funerals on shore passing from the town to an apparently new cemetery outside, and in wondering what authorities on land meant to do with us, or allow us to do. Before evening it became known that we were not to enter dock, nor communicate

with the shore until the Natal passengers had been transferred to the *Melrose*, a small coasting steamer, lying not far away. This was necessary in order to save them from an irksome quarantine in one of the most disagreeable knock-about bays in the world. The small-pox was now at its height among the Malay population of Cape Town. The neighbouring colony, Natal, was still free from the epidemic, and imposed the strictest quarantine law upon all ships that had touched the Cape Colony.

On the same evening we heard from the captain of the *Melrose* of the wonderful fire to be seen in the sky at early morning. Having decided not to leave the ship till she went into dock, I told the night-quartermaster to pass the word to call me at half-past four in the morning, that I might be in time to watch the great comet rise above those uniquely beautiful hills to the east of Table Bay. Punctually to the moment a stalwart seaman roused me. I asked: "How about the weather?" "Fine breeze, sir," was his answer. "Well, I don't mind about the breeze, but what about the sky? are the stars to be seen?" "Oh, yes, sir, any number of them, sir." I was soon out on to the east side of the ship, and was well repaid for the early rouse. The broad, deep orange-coloured flame-like fantail was just projecting over the hills, and had the appearance of a gigantic smokeless fire. I returned at once to rouse the purser of the ship: a smart young man who particularly objected to early rising; knowing this to be the shortest way to wake up the rest of the passengers. On my way I met the double-sized quartermaster, and asked him had he seen the comet. "The what, sir? the comet, the ——?" "Oh, I see you don't know what a comet is; come along with me," and I showed him the stranger. The deck was soon alive with varied morning costumes, after Mr. O'Flaherty had become fully conscious that he was up before day-dawn, and no one continued to scold his disturber. Some cabins had been approached with caution, making sure that boots and other offensive weapons were out of reach. Amongst the comments of the observers I overheard the quartermaster explaining to his mates that the big fire over the hill was what philosophers called a comet.

As soon as our Natal friends and their baggage had been transshipped we went into dock and bade good-bye to the *Kinfauns Castle*. A kind invitation from the Imperial Observatory took us out of the hot-bed of small-pox, and we spent a pleasant ten days with [Dr. and Mrs. Gill, whose hospitality and

friendship will ever be remembered as amongst the kindest we have met with. We took leave of them on the 2nd of October, and went to Simon's Bay to join our new shipmates on board the *Fawn*.

We had hardly set foot upon the ship which was to be our home for three months, when we felt as if we belonged to the ship. The captain, Commander Aldrich, and all his officers made us feel so completely at home, and showed so much interest in the work before us, that it seemed to us that we had already been attached to the ship for months, and had just returned, from a temporary absence, to old friends. There is a wide difference between a voyage on one of Her Majesty's ships and one on board a mail steamer. On the latter it takes days, and may take weeks, before one gets at home with all the passengers; on the former we were made so almost before reaching our cabin doors. We spent the next day in preparing for sea. This consisted in unpacking portmanteaus and arranging cabins, and securing all things, that nothing might knock about on the lively ship in the unquiet sea we were to make for. It is quite surprising how many weak points in such arrangements, made even by old seamen, are discovered by the practical test of a heavy sea. It appears to be a well-understood thing with the cabin servants of a man-of-war, that at the beginning of a voyage as soon as the ship begins to kick, they go to their masters' cabins after every unusual lurch to see what has given way, and what things may have proved to be loose when all was thought to be tight.

The *Fawn* is practically a sailing ship. She has an auxiliary screw, but no great steam power; not enough to hold her ground against a gale of wind. She was built in 1853 for service in the Pacific Ocean, and she then was a full-rigged ship. She has since been altered to meet the service of a surveying ship. A poop has been raised over the afterpart of the quarter-deck; her masts and yards have been shortened, her royals and skysails removed, and she is now barkrigged. The space under the poop provides a superior captain's cabin for the class of ship, and an excellent working chart-room. The chart-room on this occasion was partly dismantled, and divided into two cabins and the master's office. My own share of this was about the size of a small studio. Captain Aldrich kindly divided his after-cabin between Father Perry and himself, and gave us all the free use of his fore-cabin for reading, writing, and

"rithmetic." His privilege of private mess in his cabin he set aside for the time, and paid us the well-appreciated compliment of messing with us in the ward-room. In a word, Captain Aldrich and his officers left nothing undone which might help to make sea life both comfortable and agreeable to land lovers. We never spent a happier sea time than on board the *Fawn*.

All being ready on the 4th of October, we steamed slowly out of Simon's Bay between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, swung ship at the bay entrance, and soon spread sail to a fair wind with fine weather; keeping land in sight in order to avoid the outer adverse current we made a prosperous sail to Port Natal in six days. Here we anchored at 5 p.m. on the 10th of October. It was a part of our programme to wait here five days, in order to rate and time the chronometers with the aid of the telegraph line between Durban and the Cape Observatory. We shall remember Port Natal: five days' incessant rolling as if in a gale of wind, in strictest quarantine without an invalid on board, no communication with the land except by semaphore, no friendly service volunteered, not even a newspaper flung over the side of the ship to us. When we were able to shake off the water of Durban roads from the ship's sides, and get away to sea, we left with the impression that the only civil fellow connected with Durban Harbour was the signalman. The inside of another week brought us within sight of the little island which had been chosen by Captain Aldrich and Father Perry for our temporary observatory. The second part of the voyage had been as prosperous as the first, and we were running fast with a fair wind up the Straits of Mozambique, when we met with the only exciting incident of the voyage. Standing on the poop before breakfast on the Sunday morning, the 22nd of October, I heard the cry: "Fire in the bread-room!" It appeared to me unnoticed by others near me, and for a moment I hoped I was mistaken. Another instant and the head appeared again through the pantry skylight and repeated the cry, and immediately the firebell rang. It was a fine spectacle, but one I hope to never see again. No word was heard; but every man was at work. At first to me all seemed a wild but wordless confusion. Men appeared to be tumbling about in all directions and over one another; when the scene suddenly changed like a dissolving view to one of perfect stillness, every hose ready, and every man at his place waiting for the order. The captain was on the poop half-shaven; the

first lieutenant at the fire half-dressed; the second on the poop in command of the fire brigade; the chief engineer at the engines. The first order had been given to close hatchways, a second preparatory to putting about the ship to run before the wind, and a head again appeared above the skylight to cry "Fire out!" Serious faces smiled again, and I breathed again. All began and ended within three minutes. It was blowing hard at the time, and the ship was rolling freely, and the coast was unapproachable. The fire was but a small affair, but one which might have become a great one. Thoughtless men are everywhere to be found, and one of these had left an open lamp to take care of its own balance in the bread-room. This capsized and started the fire which had frightened me, and afforded a good test to Captain Aldrich of the efficiency of his fire drill. In the afternoon of the same day we rounded the little island Nos Vey by the west of it, and coming up to within a proper distance of a French trader bark, dropped our anchor to the north-east of the land.

We had had many descriptions of the natives of these shores, amongst whom we were to live, both from books old and new, and from recently published pamphlets sent us by the missionaries who had visited the tribes within the last few years. All agreed in condemning them as thieves and liars, and cunning in the extreme. The appearance on shore on this Sunday afternoon did not confirm the opinion thus formed for us. The English and French flags floating over large merchant yards surrounded by thinly-built stockades, the bark lying at anchor by us, and the small fleet of canoes and cutters by the shore spoke only of security and trade. On the following morning Captain Aldrich and Father Perry paid a visit to the merchants, and selected sites for the observatories and tents. The merchants confirmed all the evil we had read about the Sakalaves. They were greatly rejoiced to see us, and said that our arrival was a providential protection to them. They informed us of the murders perpetrated some miles inland in the previous month, and seemed anxious about their own safety. From all that we could gather from these men, and from some Norwegian missionaries from the mainland, we concluded that the unfortunate Frenchman and American had fallen amongst a gang of thieves, to whom murder was a trifle when booty could be gained by it. But it must be acknowledged that there were signs of something more. There was an appearance of

vengeance in the circumstances attending the murder of the Frenchman. His arms had been torn out and nailed to a tree. The Norwegian missionary, Mr. Rosvig, stationed at Tullea, a native village on the mainland not far from us, believed that the attack was one of pure hostility to the Europeans. Which ever be the cause, the traders generally seemed to be of opinion that they would have to run for it unless something were done soon to punish the outrage. They advised us to show ourselves armed on land as well as on sea, and added that with this precaution and with the *Fawn* near, we should not be troubled by them in any way. And so Captain Aldrich decided to adhere to his first intention of giving us an armed detachment of bluejackets for body guard and sentry duties. Some advised us to carry revolvers while at night work in the observatories, which were some distance from the sentry's beat. This we never did, and certainly never found the need of them. Only once I was startled by the sudden appearance of a face above the canvas wall of my observing hut, and was glad to find it was not a black one. We were soon confirmed in the opinion that the precautions of the captain were wise. A third-rate chief in the neighbourhood, or head man as he called himself, came soon after our arrival to pay a sort of official visit to the ship. He was a remarkable looking fellow. His countenance had something of the European type about it, and he was particularly distinguishable from his grinning followers by a more than English severe seriousness. This man was of good service to us in one way, and promised to be a valuable help all round. He spoke English sufficiently, and was willing, perhaps anxious, to remain on board as an official representative of the King and Royal Princes. After gently disposing of his claim to live in the ward-room, Captain Aldrich agreed to allow him to stay on board as interpreter and agent with the tribes. The one good turn he was able to do us before leaving was that of tabooing the portion of the island occupied by our tents and observatories. At the request of Captain Aldrich, he made this known to the native tribes, and when asked what should be done if the order were transgressed, the answer was at once "Shoot him!" I don't think there is a recklessness of human life amongst these tribes; their respect for their own lives and their fear of the sharp retributive vengeance by the relatives of a murdered man, keep their hands clean. But the answer of the head man shows that when there is no danger to self little thought is given to the

danger of a neighbour. Whether due to this man's order or to the dread which, we afterwards learnt, our arrival had inspired into all the tribes about, we were never afterwards troubled by curious visitors. This was the only service this man was able to render us. After two days he came to the captain with a longer face than usual to say that he had been *warned*. This meant that if he did not at once quit the ship, bigger men would do for him. He was a loss to us, and we regretted his leaving. According to the missionaries he was the only honest man on the coast. His departure was soon followed by the decampment of a small village near our quarter. We never learnt the history of this. They had disappeared bag and baggage during the night, and we never heard or saw anything of them more. Perhaps they too had received a *warning*. This is probable, for they could hardly have failed to learn, during the course of the seven weeks we lived upon the island, that we meant no harm. But they never returned, and for the rest of the time the island was occupied solely by ourselves, by the merchants, and their native servants. We were not altogether cut by the natives. Every day we had visitors to the island for fishing and trading purposes. But none ventured to remain during the night longer than was needed to wait for the tide to help them over the coral reef which surrounded Nos Vey.

It was not long before we gained further information about the dispositions of the natives towards us from more direct acquaintance with them. As soon as all the instruments were mounted, tents pitched, and the new little village set in living motion, Captain Aldrich commenced the work he had set himself to accomplish during the ship's delay. This was a careful survey of a reach of the mainland coast north and south of our position. It occupied himself and officers during the remainder of the time, and was just completed before the work of repacking began. Boats were daily sailing between the ship and the mainland. Many times a boat's crew and officers remained out two or more nights, and one expedition was away for nearly two weeks. Coloured flags appeared on various elevated positions to serve as bearings—points. Sunlight flashes were continually exchanged between these stations and the primary one near the time observatory. And sometimes gunpowder explosions were used for sound signals. All these made the natives wonder. They found the officers and men of the ship moving about amongst them quite indifferent to their

presence, curiosity, or threats, and yet showing no signs of hostility. They were puzzled. A large meeting was held by one of the princes, to which Mr. Rosvig, the Norwegian missionary at Tullear, was summoned. Being questioned about the intentions of the war-ship, Mr. Rosvig made no attempt to re-assure the assembly or to explain the meaning of what was being done. He knew the crafty nature of the prince, and that any attempt to explain would only expose himself to be treated as an ally of his enemies. He told the prince that the captain of the English man-of-war was like himself a smaller king under a greater one ; that he himself was but a humble citizen like the prince's followers, and could not dare to question the English King about his intentions ; that the only one who could do this was the prince himself. The answer was received with loud applause by the assembly, and the prince was left to make up his mind to venture a visit on board the *Fawn*. This was beyond his courage. He threatened to tear down the flags, but his followers refused to assist him. He repeated his threat, but the flags remained to the end.

From this incident and from the frequent contact of the surveying parties with the tribes, we soon came to know that they were more afraid of us than we needed to be on guard against them. But their supposed treacherous nature prevented our captain from relaxing anything of the strict watchfulness he had instituted at the commencement. The story of the previous month's tragedy served as a warning. According to all the accounts we had received of this, the unfortunate travellers had been treated with kindness and led to believe that they could journey on without fear, by men who immediately after turned upon them and shot them down when off their guard. Will it ever be discovered whether this was perpetrated according to orders of one or other of the princes, the King's sons, or was the work of highway robbers? It seems very unlike the willing work of the natives as a class. These have always appeared to us a merry, peaceful, indolent, inoffensive race. And we have been led to believe that all that is dangerous in them is due to these princes, and there are eight of them, who trade upon the universal superstitious awe in which they are held by their father's subjects. It is believed all over the coast that some terrible calamity would befall any one who should raise his hand against any one of these ; and so there is no law to restrain their rapacity. The visit of a king's son is like a plague. It works

destruction all round. Whatever he wants he takes, and he does not hesitate to reduce to poverty any one who happens to be the owner of a large number of oxen, if it suits him to want them. During our stay one of the better-to-do-men of the neighbourhood was thus stripped of his property. The example spreads contagion, and for the time survival of the fittest is the undoubted law. Shortly before we left, one of these ruffians had the effrontery to select Mr. Rosvig's house to recover from a drunken fit. He lay for six hours on the floor of the central room; and when he came round demanded his dinner with the threat of burning down the house if not treated properly. We all wished we had the commission to treat him properly. It would have been a service to the tribes if we could have carried him off to Natal, to show them that these men could be resisted without the island's sinking in the sea. Occasionally the traders are visited by these princes, and not unwillingly give them a part of their demand as a tax upon their trade. But the traders are in a position to draw the line at a fixed amount. The natives know the advantages they gain by the big ships, and the last argument always prevails: we go away and the ships never return. It requires nerve to stand by the argument. On one occasion the French trader had to assist its eloquence by the display of his revolver, which he assured them would kill five of them before they could kill him. But generally it needs no help. Some years ago it saved an Italian ship-wrecked crew from a miserable captivity. They had been surrounded by natives and carried off as slaves. Capt. M—— hearing of it put off in his schooner, and threatened to leave the island with ships and all his goods if they did not at once hand them over to him one and all. This was effective and the astonished captives must have felt some gratitude to their deliverer.

Slavery on this coast seems to be very general, but it is a peculiar form of servitude. According to accounts given of it by the Europeans, the slave appears to be better off than the master in many ways, and better provided for than the master's children in all respects. Those we have seen appear contented and merry enough. A number of them are in the employ of the French and English traders. They are not their slaves. They belong to masters living in the mainland, and have been sent or allowed to go to work in the yards on Nos Vey. They are bound to give their earnings to their masters, which they

probably do ; for they are always paid in calico stuffs which cannot easily be stowed away for their own advantage. But they get all they care for, and never receive ill-treatment. They have a powerful protection, strange to say, in the unscrupulous rapacity of the King's sons. If discontented with his master, a slave has only to make an accusation against him to one of these, and, true or false, this affords a reason satisfactory to the prince for imposing a fine on the master and selling his slave to another. Thus the slave may be said to be more the owner of his master than the owner is master of his slave. Practically Sakalave slavery amounts to this. The master feeds his slave and has to be civil to him ; and the slave works for him either at home or as a hack, which he will continue to do until he wants a change.

We have laid the heavy charge against the King's sons of being the great obstacle in the way of improving the condition of the Sakalave tribes in the south-west coast of Madagascar. But a heavier accusation remains against some members of the civilized world ; not against the companies whose servants they are, for it is well known that these strictly forbid the sale of rum to the natives. But the companies' authority is unable to control the actions of their servants ; and some of these use this moral poison freely to purchase goods at a cheaper rate. And the unscrupulous use of it as an article of barter by some independent smaller traders forces its employment by the rest. An honest Bourbon agent, in answer to the expostulations of Mr. Rosvig on the subject, answered "I never use it nor allow it to be used as barter, or gift, except when that American comes about ; and then no other money is of value in the market.

The attempts of the Norwegian Missionary Society to instil some religion into these unhappy tribes appears to have failed completely. Mr. Rosvig, who frequently came over from Tullear to visit us, has been eight years amongst them, and acknowledges that he has not succeeded in making the smallest impression upon them. He appears to us to be devoted to his work, disheartening as it is. He is well versed in the Malgash tongue, and spends his time in teaching a school and combating the notion of parents that he ought to pay them for allowing their children to go to school. The attendance varies between nothing and thirty. He frankly owned that he was waiting for the remainder of his ten years' service to expire, and looking forward to the time when he should be able to shake from his feet the

sand of the south-west Madagascar coast. There are many more of his countrymen engaged in the same attempt; but none have better success.

There is a great admixture of foreign blood amongst the tribes we met with. An African, mostly Kaffir element, was introduced through the Zanzibar trade, politely called immigration, which has since been put down. The true blood Sakalava may be distinguished from the descendents of the African importation by their straight hair. It is not easy to detect this, because all, both men and women, knot their hair into detached stumps which hide both the straight quality of the one and the woolliness of the other. They are a good-looking race. The men are finely built but look stronger than they are. The women have a pleasing appearance and seem gentle and good-natured. They are not black but of a copper colour, varying in shade between the fairer sort of the tint of a new penny, and the more common lot as dark as an old but well polished copper coin. They clothe well; the men being well wrapped about with their long lamba. Only when at work or out of the way they are satisfied with the minimum needful. The women are completely covered, except when at work, when their costume somewhat resembles the European miscalled evening full dress. We have sometimes met them in the heat of the day going to work, and have noticed that they drew their lamba over their shoulders as soon as they observed us in the distance.

Of the natural history of the south-west coast of Madagascar we have nothing to say. We were too far from the interior to make collection of either animals, insects, reptiles, or plants. We occasionally picked up a pretty shell on the sands. But of these there were none exclusively peculiar to Madagascar. All that we saw are to be found on the coast of Ceylon and elsewhere. Some land tortoises, sea and river turtles, a few specimens of the one kind of harmless serpent on Nos Vey, some lizards, a chameleon, a Madagascar cat, and a couple of moths blown over from the mainland were about all we were able to collect in the interests of natural science.

To return to ourselves and Nos Vey. Nos Vey is the name given to a small island on the south-west coast of Madagascar, about two miles from the nearest point on the mainland, and in most maps of Africa marked by a dot to the southward of St. Augustine's Bay. It is a mere coral reef sand hill about three

quarters of a mile long, and a quarter broad. A coarse grass has overgrown the greater part of it, and in some places a few stumpy bush trees, said to be the coral trees, have sprung up. From time unknown it remained no more than a sand hill, visited only by fishermen. A singular superstition about it kept it clear of anything like a human habitation until a few years since, when Capt. M——, of the Bourbon firm of trade, selected the island for his *dépôt* of merchandise. He was forced to look about for some more favourable situation than Tullear on the mainland, by the great inconveniences he suffered from the too close proximity of the native tribes on the coast. The island has no water on it, and he wisely concluded that the natives could never settle there for any length of time, nor gather together upon it in large numbers for a short time. He met with great opposition from the headmen of the tribes, who assured him that the island would sink as soon as the first house was built upon it. Nevertheless a neat reed house with a suitable veranda, several store-houses, and offices quickly rose up. A large water tank was built under ground, and a powder magazine beside it; and the whole surrounded by a light stockade. A watch tower was raised within the enclosure, which overlooked the entire island, and small cannons were mounted both about the yard and at commanding positions on the island. The natives soon grew accustomed to the accomplished facts and forgot their superstition. Some begged permission to live on the island to work in the yard. Other traders followed the French example, and Nos Vey is now the centre of the commercial activity of the savage tribes of south-west Madagascar. We sometimes had as many as two schooners and a bark besides the *Fawn* riding at anchor under the lee of the reef, beside the water-cutters, and the many native canoes; which gave the place the appearance of a busy little port. The want of water, while in the main the safeguard of the traders, is also their vulnerable point. The weakness is greatly remedied by the store of water in the tanks; but the natives have the power, and sometimes use it, of cutting off the supply. They have only to persevere, and the traders must either come in to their terms, or go home. But there is little fear of this, and no apprehension of violence any longer exists. The cannon mounted on the island and round the stockade have been removed, and now the only appearance of defence is the old brass muzzle loader gaping at the entrance gate. The

parched island has other great advantages which make up for the dearth of water. It is free from fever. There are no mosquitos nor any other of the plagues which usually infect hot countries. These immunities we prized greatly. We were told the mosquitos on the mainland were as big as rats; on Nos Vey there were none. We had no inconveniences to bear with during our sojourn on this little sanatorium of the traders. The heat, although great, was never distressing. The Fahr. thermometer usually stood between 80° and 90° during the day, and occasionally reached 93°. But we were seldom, and never for long, without a breeze. The nights were cool, the thermometer never being higher than 76°. They were often damp with heavy dews, and sometimes so wetting that our clothes were as saturated with the moisture as they might be if exposed for hours to a Scotch mist. On one occasion I have wrung the water from my hair while observing under a clear sky, as I had done in the morning on coming out of the sea.

On the morning after our arrival all hands were at work getting up the heavy gear and boating it to shore. For this it was necessary to take the tides at the right hours; for at less than half-tide the boats were obliged to remain outside the reef. All went well without damage to men or instruments. Only once a boat was capsized by rollers heavier than usual. But the instruments had been landed, and the men did not object to the wetting. The day had been hot and the men had worked hard. A sea-bath was the right finish to the day. It took the best part of an hour fighting with the rollers, to right the boat, and keep her so, and get her off into safe water. Seeing these men at work on the island under a tropical sun of any heat, and still more their officers breaking stones, mixing cement, and digging deep holes in the sand has produced an impression on our minds, which has confirmed an old one: that the officers and men of the Royal Navy are amongst the hardiest of Englishmen, and are deservedly the pride of their country. A Norwegian servant of the English establishment told us he had never seen men work like them under such a sun before; and maintained that it would kill any other set of Europeans.

We were disappointed with the nature of the ground we had to build upon. We had hoped to find the hard coral reef without labour to rest the foundations on, but the sand was very deep. After sinking 9 feet without any sign of rock we were forced to be content with a rough stone concrete pillar

built up in the sandhole, and rising above ground in finer stone concrete to the height of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This carried the altazimuth instrument on which all the other observations depended for time¹ and geographical position. The site was selected so as to serve the double purpose of the transit expedition and of the surveying party. It was visible from all positions on the mainland coast. Two telescopes carrying 6-inch object-glasses were mounted at no great distance from the time observatory. The sites near to one another were chosen to the east of a long stretch of grass-grown land, in order to diminish the boiling effect on the air caused by the heat of the sun upon the sand.¹ The foundations of the telescopes were sunk 4 feet in the sand. Each instrument was covered with a canvas hut. And paths were cut through the grass to connect the observatories with one another and with the open sand plot or square on which the house tents were pitched. These were three: a sleeping tent, a mess tent, and a guard room tent. The kitchen was in the open air. A moveable screen was all that was needed to protect the cook and the fire from the strong winds. One of the bluejackets was told off to be cook, and proved to be a very good one. True to his nature as a sailor, he never found any difficulty in doing anything. If a sudden need occurred for an extra provision at table to supply the wants of unexpected guests, he was ready to catch, kill, pluck, and cook a couple of chickens in time for the usual dinner hour. Two other seamen were chosen for observatory helps, and about half a dozen more for the defence of the new village against any possible assault. It had risen quickly. It had sprung from nothing within a week. By the 1st of November the ordinary work of an astronomical observatory had become a routine, and the equatorial telescopes were ready for timing the occultations of any stars which might be crossed by the moon during the first lunation, which began on the 10th of November. This was not a part of our commission. But it had been agreed on between ourselves and the observers of the expedition to New Zealand, and with the Astronomer Royal at Cape Town, to observe all the stars occulted by the moon during the first half of the lunation. These observations may not be required; but

¹ The sun would be in the west at the time of the transit of the planet Venus, and it was hoped that the grass between the telescopes and the sun's position would save us from this disturbance, which might be fatal to the observation. We have reason to believe that we owe much to the grass.

should any doubt be thrown upon the determination of the longitudes by other methods, they will be of great value in clearing the uncertainty.

The constant round of work both by day and night having now set in, time slipped by more quickly with us than with those of the ship's crew, who were not engaged in survey work. Unfortunately, there was little shooting and less fishing. Now and then an excursion round the little island brought the officers across a few quails which were an agreeable variety on the table: and sometimes a fresh fish appeared on the board which was not agreeable. What fishes there may be in the waters about Madagascar experience has not taught us.² Perhaps only those remain to be caught by men which have been refused by the sharks. There are any number of these monsters about, and so there must be food for them. The absence of game as a practice for shots was supplied for by the target and rifle drill. The sharp crack of the ball on the metal bull's eye afforded an instance of the deception of sound as a guide to the distance or direction of its origin. Wherever one was on the island the ring on the metal seemed close to the ear.

Monotony was disturbed on the morning of the 6th of November by a fire on the island. A working gang had come on shore early in the morning, and one of them dropped a lighted match or some burning tobacco amongst the dried-up grass. This blazed up readily, and was soon beyond the control of the gang. All hands from our village were at once on the spot with coal bags and whatever else could be picked up, to beat down the flames. The wind carried them on with a hot crackling roar with a rapidity which baffled the best efforts. The smoke was soon discovered by the ship, and all who could be spared were quickly on shore with every variety of water-carrying instrument. These were soon abandoned when the nature of the conflagration was seen. Another short attempt was made to arrest its progress, during which one of the natives showed more sagacity than many Englishmen. He took his sack to the sea and soaked it well. This did more work than ten others. Still it was soon clear that the attempt was useless, and the whole force, under the command of the first lieutenant of the ship, was turned to clearing wide paths between the fire and the observatories. It is well the wind did not drive that way. It is doubtful whether a wide enough clearance of the

² The few which came before us were of the poorest quality.

grass could have been made time enough to effect more than a temporary check in the fire's course. Sparks carried over by the wind would have created a fresh blaze, and no one could have faced the heat to stamp out new beginnings. But the chances of success were worth the effort, and the danger of the wind suddenly shifting at this time of the morning to its usual direction, right on to the observatory huts, was so well known to all, that every man worked with a will at pulling up the grass to leeward of the flames. Had the wind been as usual from the S.W. instead of the N.E., the two equatorial telescopes would probably have lost their object-glasses in the heat of the passing flames, and the work of the expedition would have come to an untimely end almost before it was begun. We profited by the warning, and in a short time a large circle round each observing hut was cleared of the grass fuel.

On the 26th of November the sun rose on a mourning scene at Nos Vey. The English and French colours on the ships at anchor and over the shanties on shore were flying at half-mast. A long procession of all the Europeans on the island, followed by a double line of native men and women clothed in every variety of colours, were slowly moving from the French quarter, bearing a coffin covered with a suitable black pall, to the large mess tent. This had been fitted out as a chapel, draped in black with all things ready for a mortuary Mass. On arriving, the coffin on its bier was placed in the centre of the chapel, the Europeans, including two of the officers of the *Fawn* in full dress uniform, entered and gathered round the sides of the bier, and the native attendants stood by outside the tent door, while the Rev. Father Perry celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for the poor but favoured departed soul. After Mass the funeral service was read, and the procession re-formed and marched to the burial ground, which was situated under the shelter of four coral trees, and surrounded by a small stockade. Here the coffin was laid in a deep cutting in the sand, and a short funeral oration was given by Father Perry in French. It was an imposing sight on that barren little island. The Frenchman who had died, and whom we have called poor and yet favoured, was a servant of the Bourbon trading house. It was well known that his constitution had been shattered by his habit of drinking, and on the first attack of sickness, three days before he died, all who knew him knew also that his end was near. Father Perry attended him during his illness. And the poor man was

glad to find a priest in that desert corner of the world, and one too who could talk to him in his native tongue. Who can tell what a blessing it was for that soul that the last sickness should have come at this time? Who can say how much the salvation of this soul was a part of the design of Providence in selecting this station for us?

As time advanced and the planet Venus still shone brightly long after the sun had set in the evenings, the bluejackets looked with doubt on the whole expedition. They maintained she could never fetch up by the 6th of December. But before the beginning of the month they saw she was making a spurt, and their spirits revived. We had had a continuous round of fine days and nights, with one exception, since the third day after our arrival till the 2nd of December. A great change then came over the sky. Heavy clouds hung overhead and all around the hills. Lightning at night played all over the mainland, and thunder was heard from time to time both night and day. Occasional showers added to the threats of an approaching rain season. The 5th of December was a succession of thunder storms and heavy rains, which struggled to penetrate our canvas roofs. The night was dry, but the sky was more densely covered with unmoving clouds than during the day. One star struggled into sight for a moment, and the faithful sentry called me according to orders. It was a melancholy sight. All remained unchanged at sunrise on the 6th, except that the wind had shifted, and this gave us certainty of a fine afternoon. All things were ready. Our experience of the climate and acquaintance with our telescopes had induced us to apply to the English trader for some of the native house-wall matting, in order to build up a higher and wider shelter for them against the S.W. winds than was afforded by the canvas walls. We had learned that if we were to see the sun at all, it must be with a brisk S.W. wind. Fortunately, Mr. Oman, the English agent, had a large stock of the matting ready dressed for fixing up; and in two days, while the wind was blowing from N.E., the screen walls were raised to shelter the instruments on the S.W. side. The labour was not in vain. By one o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th the wind wheeled round to its fine side, the sky cleared, and the remainder of the day was bright, cloudless, and windy. Between three and four o'clock all the officers who could leave the ship came on shore provided with what small astronomical arms they had been able to pick up, to watch the rare phenomenon.

Captain Aldrich had the use of a 4-inch object-glass, tube, and eye-pieces, brought out from the Stonyhurst College Observatory, which he had mounted equatorially on a rough but firm wooden stand. His observations will be a valuable addition to our own. A strange silence pervaded the astronomical village during the half hour while the planet was entering on the sun's disc. This was followed by a general buzz of mutual congratulations as soon as it was clear that all was over and the internal contact had been satisfactorily observed by the three telescopes. All faces became as bright as the sky. The thought of going home without success had for four days cast the gloom of the weather over the minds of philosophers, officers, and men.

The night remained fine throughout, and all the observations needed for fixing the local time were obtained. The following morning dawn saw the busy working gang again on shore to undo and repack. By the afternoon of the 8th all the instruments and tents were packed and shipped except the altazimuth, which remained standing for the last night's work. This was to time the chronometers for the return measure of the meridian distance between Nos Vey and Durban. After an early dinner on board we returned to shore to wait for any chance after sunset of a break in the newly gathered clouds, to gain our last observations. We were most fortunate. Father Perry caught two stars during a temporary opening which covered over again immediately. We then exchanged flash signals with the ship to connect the chronometers on board with the observatory clock. Another break in the clouds enabled me to get another pair of stars, and the sky finally closed. We began the last packing about half-past ten o'clock, and after waiting for the tide till one in the morning, put off from shore with our last load, and reached the ship about two o'clock. At six we weighed anchor and steamed away from Nos Vey, leaving two Norwegian friends on the shore waving their last farewell. They felt our leaving greatly. It produced a wide desert gap on the island, and they must for many days have felt the loss of the merry life around them which the constant to and fro of our light-hearted bluejackets gave to the place.

We made a prosperous, uneventful voyage across to Durban, where we experienced the same discomfort as before from the incessant rollers in that unquiet bay. But, no longer being in quarantine, we met with all civility. We were soon in communication with the new director of the Durban Observatory, Mr.

Neison, to arrange for time signals by telegraph from the Cape Observatory to be forwarded by light flashes to the ship. And on the following night, we woke up the population to a sense of imagined danger by the sharp blast of our small guns, the flashes of which were to be timed both at the Observatory and on board. It was said that many on shore were persuaded that Cetewayo had got loose and was upon them. We got away to sea again on the 18th, and made a good fair wind passage, keeping well in the strong Agulhas current until we met with a gale of wind in our teeth off Cape Agulhas. This knocked us about in a heavy sea for three days, and put us back on our course about thirty miles. All attempts at work with one's papers during this time proved useless. It required more hands than two to keep them on the table, and more legs than two to keep oneself in the chair. So papers, pens, and books were stowed away, and the study of circles gave place to a study of cords. These strained and stretched under the weight of port-manteaus, boxes, tables, clothes-chests, and what not. Servants were busy tightening and strengthening, and we in looking on. In spite of our study and the servants' care, it was laughable to see how many things broke loose when the ship went round on to the other tack. In the height of the gale her canvas was reduced to close-reefed main topsail and storm stay-sail, and the *Fawn* leapt and plunged and rolled over the waves with an activity worthy of her name. Often we watched her dive into the sea, thinking it impossible she could rise again without an unbroken sea over her bows, and wondered to see her come up again as dry as if she were in dock. Only occasionally she would lash the rollers as if in anger, and send up the spray to her foretop-mast yard. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve I heard the pipe, "Hands make sail." This surprised me, for the sea was still as big as ever, and the wind was howling loud through the rigging. I went up on to the poop to look at the weather and watch the operations. The reefs were shaken out of the main-topsail, the mainsail, and all the other square sails were set, and I wondered the more. I ventured the modest remark to Captain Aldrich that it was still very squally, and the sea was running high. He smiled, and reserved his answer for the evening. While sitting together in his cabin after dinner, the wind and sea having now quietened notably, he reminded me of my remark, and added that he should never have done what he did had he nothing but the sea and sky to guide him ; but he was

quite sure the barometer would not deceive him. He then narrated to me the following account of preparation for a gale of wind in this sea on his first voyage round the Cape. It may serve to show the advantages gained by fellow-men from the careful record of meteorological phenomena. He had carefully read all that he could find touching the winds and currents and other things of interest to navigators in the Cape seas. Amongst the sailing directions he found this warning: you may be rounding the Cape westward with a fair breeze on a pleasant sea, and with a bright clear sky above. If it be in the winter season, and you see a bank of cloud in the west or a straggler scudding from the west, look out for a flash of lightning and listen for a peal of distant thunder. If you see the one or hear the other, make all haste to shorten sail and prepare for a gale of wind in your teeth. This was a timely warning for Captain Aldrich on his first voyage round the Cape. It was in the winter, and on a day such as just described. He saw the light passing scud and heard the peal of the thunder. He quickly turned up all hands to shorten sail, and as the last rope was laid a fierce gale was on the ship, which but for the timely warning would have taken her a-back and sent her down.

Owing to the delay caused by our adverse luck off Cape Agulhas, we had to eat our Christmas dinners on board. We were not unprovided for the chance. Numerous turkeys, geese, and chickens had been procured at Nos Vey through the help of the merchants. These were cheap and large, but did not improve on the voyage. I have heard different prices quoted for a turkey, from 9d. to 4s. But I know that the bluejackets on shore bought chickens from the natives at 3d. a-piece. Necessity developed the artistic talent of the wardroom steward, and it was surprising to see how gay the table looked when we sat down to dinner at half-past eight, after dropping anchor in Simon's Bay.

On the following day it was blowing too strongly to allow us to leave the ship. We could have done so, but at the cost of a wetting to ourselves and to the contents of our portmanteaus. So we willingly lived another day on the ship, which had become a home to us. On the 27th of December we were able to go away dry, and return to the Cape Observatory, where we met with the same kind hospitality we had experienced on our first arrival. We took our passage home in the *Drummond Castle*, and, after a last farewell visit to the *Fawn* and friends at Simon's

Bay, moved out of Cape Town Dock at 4 p.m. on January 9, 1883. There is nothing to tell of the home voyage. It is said that the home-bound passengers from the Cape are always as quiet and tame as the out-bound ones are noisy and wild. It was during a calm and quick passage to Madeira without a break in the monotonous sky and water, save one sleepy bark whose hands were too lazy to hoist her colours, that this narrative has been written, partly at the suggestion of a friend, partly to kill the *ennui* of a three weeks' voyage, and partly to satisfy the importunity of home friends who find interest in every little incident of our voyages. It was an afterthought, and the writer has been obliged to trust to an unaided memory. He had never thought of writing an account of the expedition during its course, and so made neither notes nor inquiries which might have helped to gather information for the interest of general readers.

The *Drummond Castle* has rolled over the mountains of the Bay of Biscay in a manner worthy of a good ocean steamer. The rising wind helped her as she struggled to get home. No land could be seen when the coast should have been in sight; but the air smelt of old England, and the ship seemed to know it. The rain soon reassured us that she had found her way rightly. At five in the afternoon of the 28th of January she rounded the breakwater at Plymouth in the same sullen wet fog we had left hanging over Dartmouth Harbour just five months ago.

WALTER SIDGREAVES.

Colour-Blindness.

I.—ITS DANGERS AND INCONVENIENCES.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS is a source of great danger to others as well as a personal inconvenience to its possessors, while it appears to be advantageous to only one class of persons, namely, engravers, who are engaged in rendering coloured pictures into shades of black and white. A large number of individuals have been examined in this and other countries, with the result that about one in every twenty-five males has proved to be more or less colour-blind, while among females the defect is of rare occurrence, being as low as one in four thousand. The occupations which colour-blindness most seriously disqualifies are those of railway servants and sailors, who stake the lives of many human beings on their power to discriminate between the red and green signal lamps and flags, by which railway and maritime traffic is regulated. Dr. Jeffries states that on some American railways red lamps alone are used for signaling; but after much consideration of the subject in all its bearings, by Professor Holmgren and others, it has been found impossible to dispense with the green light or flag, or substitute another colour for it; and it is necessary, therefore, to eliminate all red and green-blind persons from the railway and marine services. It has been found, indeed, that persons who are quite unable to distinguish between red and green as colours, are often able to distinguish between red and green signal lamps by the difference in their illumination. To the red-blind the green lamps appear brighter than the red, while to the green-blind the red lamps are the brighter of the two, and so long as the signals are near the observer, and are visible at the same time to admit of comparison, mistakes are not so liable to occur; but if the distance is great, or variable, and only one light is exhibited, mistakes are inevitable. The difficulty is still greater at sea, as the green

light marking the starboard, and the red light on the port side of a ship, are arranged so that they can only be seen at the same time when the vessel is directly ahead, and the one or the other light disappears immediately the ship deviates to the right or to the left of the observer, thus precluding all possibility of comparison and judgment of the respective luminosity of the signal lights, and consequently of the direction in which the ship is sailing.

Another disadvantage of the use of red and green lights—the signals of danger and caution—arises from their being what are called complementary colours, and from the fact that their accidental combination by overlapping of the coloured rays emanating from each of them will produce white light—the signal of safety. To the normal eye a combination of this kind could rarely be in the proper proportion of green and red light, and an excess of one or the other would be perceptible, while to the colour-blind person the result would be a question of greater or less luminosity. The difficulty which colour-blind railway servants must constantly experience in reading the signals, and the minor mistakes which they must commit, leading their employers to consider them careless or inefficient servants, must eliminate a considerable number of the worst cases, but nevertheless, recent examinations on Continental railways have shown that from 3·5 to 4·0 per cent. of the employés are more or less colour-blind, and there can be little doubt that some of the numerous accidents and wrecks are due to this cause, although they have been rarely traced to it on account of the other circumstances connected with such events, and because the pointsmen, guards, and engine-drivers are not examined as to their knowledge of colours. The following case recorded by Dr. Minder of an intelligent young engineer who was red-blind, but who was not aware of it, will illustrate the dangers of this defect.

He held the position first of fireman, and then of engine-driver, on one of the Swiss railways. He was hardly at work before his defect troubled him. Thinking it was due to the spirit he drank, he stopped this for a while; but, the trouble continuing, he became convinced that “something was wrong with him about ‘the colours,’” and left the distinguishing the signals to his normal-eyed stoker. When another man took this assistant’s place—who also seems to have been colour-blind—the work began to be “uncomfortable.” As our red-blind engineer now had no control by his side, and very frequently was

mistaken in his decision, there occurred a series of mistakes, fortunately only while manœuvring in the stations, which brought him occasional fines and other disagreeable consequences. The red signal-lantern gave him the most trouble, because, as he said, he could only distinguish it when so near with his engine as not to be able to stop, and hence ran by it. He did better with the green signal; and, when asked why, replied, "Because it was brighter." To the question how, then, could he tell the green signal from white, he, in a roundabout way, compared green to weak white; and stated that, with a lantern of white glass, he could, by screwing up and down the wick, and thereby changing the amount of light, himself imitate the usual railroad signals. Very bright light was white; very weak light, red; medium intensity, green.

The dangers of colour-blindness are chiefly confined to the mere carrying services, while its personal disadvantages and inconveniences range over the whole field of the arts and manufactures of the country. When we remember how many of these are concerned with the use of colours, and how largely success in any of them depends on a fine sense of their differences, accusations, and combinations, we can easily judge how helpless are the sufferers from colour-blindness, and indeed, what blurring, deformity, and confusion their defect must produce in everything they touch.

It might be thought that colour-blind persons would abstain from following arts and occupations which require the discrimination of colours, or that they would quickly be ousted by the mistakes they made; but this is rarely the case, as few of them are conscious of their defect, or if conscious of some difference of opinion about colours with their friends, they think it is simply one of names and not of sensations. Indeed, they are not without a sense of colour, but live as it were in a different atmosphere of chromatic combinations—an atmosphere in which they were born and have always lived, and believe to be the natural condition of the outer world. It is not a little remarkable that many colour-blind persons are great lovers of the fine arts, and are often skilful draughtsmen. Professor Wilson records the case of a gentleman who was led in early life to discover his inability to arrange his own palette, and was accustomed to rely upon a relative to select his colours, whilst he had no difficulty in graduating their shades. In the rainbow he distinguished blue, yellow, and orange. Green he could not see, and he was very uncertain as to red. On one

occasion he betrayed his peculiarity of vision by his inability to distinguish between the scarlet berries and the green leaves of the mountain ash, and on another occasion he was surprised to find on returning home from a journey, that a letter which he had sent home during his absence was one half in black and the other in red ink. An admiral in the British service writes :

A younger brother of mine, long since dead, was fond of drawing ; yet once he painted a red tree in a landscape without being aware he had done so. I myself, though fond of drawing, never attempt to colour, as I should have done the same, unless the cake of colour had been properly marked. Bright scarlet is unmistakable to me ; but I once chose a pair of green trousers thinking they were brown.

This last mistake is matched by another case of a naval officer who purchased a pair of red breeches to match his blue uniform. An architect had to dismiss a pupil in consequence of finding him copy a brown house in bluish-green paint, the sky rose colour, and roses blue. A carver and gilder, who was colour-blind, had a son who painted a head with the face muddy green, which he conceived to be vermilion. A brother of this person, an artist by profession, knew no difference by gaslight between the variously coloured bottles in a druggist's window, and could not distinguish the red from the green signal light at a railway station. That the colour-blind lose many of the charms of nature is obvious from the case of a lady who could see no difference between the yellow, red, and brown tints of autumn, and the bright green shades of the trees in spring. Numerous instances of errors in other walks of life might be given, for the lower we go in the education scale the more prevalent is colour-blindness. The State probably loses much by mistakes made by letter-sorters, as postage stamps are distinguished more by the colour than the inscription, and the pale green half-penny stamp will be confused with the dull greys and browns of higher value. It is satisfactory to learn from the following statement of an engraver given by Professor Wilson, that colour-blindness is not an unmixed evil :

Strange as it may appear, my defective vision is, to a certain extent, a useful and valuable quality. Thus : an engraver has two negative colours to deal with, *i.e.*, white and black. Now when I look at a picture, I see it only in white and black, or light and shade ; and any want of harmony in the colouring of a picture is immediately made manifest by a corresponding discord in the arrangement of its light and shade, or, as artists term it, the *effect* : I find at times many of my

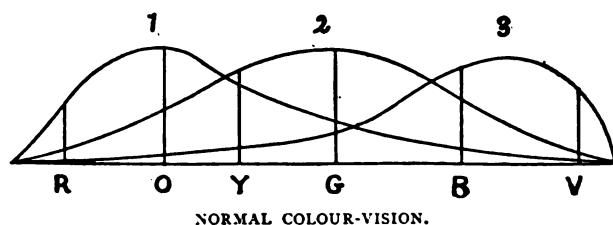
brother engravers in doubt how to translate certain colours of pictures, which to me are matters of decided certainty and ease. Thus to me the defect is valuable. . . . I cannot distinguish between pink and pale blue, reds and yellows, blues and greens, reds and greens; but the appreciation of the various shades of colours (or the weight of the colours, as I may term it) is exceedingly nice and critical.

II.—ITS NATURE. THE YOUNG-HELMHOLTZ THEORY.

In addition to the red-blindness and the green-blindness already mentioned, there is a third kind known as violet-blindness which is of comparatively rare occurrence; and a fourth kind of still greater rarity, which shows itself in the form of complete blindness to colours of all descriptions, making them all mere shades of black, grey, and white. Moreover, the colour-sense is very differently developed in different individuals: while some persons are able to distinguish the minutest tints, others have great difficulty in doing so, and some seem only able to make a broad distinction between dark and bright shades of colours. The line drawn between an average sense of colour and colour-blindness must be deemed arbitrary. For ordinary purposes a person who cannot distinguish between the various *shades* of red, or of green, or who does not distinguish between blue and violet colours, cannot be called colour-blind, as such a want of discrimination is often due to carelessness or ignorance; our colour-blindness can only be said to exist when green, red, or grey and brown colours, cannot be separated, or when decidedly blue or violet colours, are confused with yellow and grey. Those persons who cannot distinguish between greens, greys, and browns, but who can match purple shades (magenta, rose-colour, pink,) correctly, are classed as *imperfectly* colour-blind, in contradistinction to the red, green, and violet blind, who confuse purple with blue, violet, blue, green (peacock blue), yellow, and grey, who are deemed to be *completely* colour-blind in one of its three forms.

Colour-blindness is explained by the Young-Helmholtz theory of colour vision—a theory which is now generally accepted by scientific men who have given their attention to the subject. “According to the celebrated Thomas Young, each minute elementary portion of the retina is capable of receiving and transmitting three different sensations; or we may say that each elementary portion of its surface is supplied with three nerve fibrils, adapted for the reception of three sensations.

One set of these nerves is strongly acted on by long waves of light, and produces the sensation we call red; another set responds most powerfully to waves of medium length producing the sensation which we call green; and finally, the third set is strongly stimulated by short waves, and generates the sensation known as violet. The red of the spectrum, then, acts powerfully on the first set of nerves, but according to Young's theory, it also acts on the two other sets, but with less energy. The same is true of the green and violet rays of the spectrum: they each act on all three sets of nerves, but most powerfully on those especially designed for their reception. All this will be better understood by the aid of the accompanying diagram, which places the colours of the spectrum properly arranged, and the curves above them indicate the degree to which the three kinds of nerves are acted on by these colours.



We see that the nerves of the first kind are powerfully stimulated by red light, are much less affected by yellow, still less by green, and very little by violet light. Nerves of the second kind are much affected by green light, less by yellow and blue, and still less by red and violet. The third kind of nerves answer readily to violet light, and are successively less affected by other kinds of light in the following order: blue, green, yellow, orange, red. The next point in the theory is that, if all the three sets of nerves are simultaneously stimulated to about the same degree, the sensation which we call white will be produced.¹ From this theory it follows that the three fundamental sensations of colour are red, green, and violet, and what are called the three primary colours, correspond to these sensations. It was formerly supposed, and is still popularly believed, that the primary colours were red, yellow,

¹ This clear and popular account of Young's theory is taken from *Modern Chromatics*, by O. N. Rood (International Scientific Series), to which work and to Helmholtz's *Physiological Optics* the reader is referred for a fuller discussion of the subject. I have adopted Holmgren's diagram in preference to Helmholtz's, as more suitable for representing the varieties of colour-blindness.

and *blue*, but yellow is now known to be a compound of red and green, and blue of green and violet light. According to the Young-Helmholtz theory, colour-blindness is due to a congenital absence or paralysis of one of the three nerve elements of the retina which is sensitive to coloured light, or to waves of light of different lengths, and we have therefore three kinds of colour-blindness corresponding to the three sensations. All the phenomena of colour-blindness are explicable by this theory, and on the other hand they serve to confirm this theory.

The normal eye can perceive three primary colours and their combinations (with the addition of black and white) to the extent of about a thousand tints, but the colour-blind can perceive only two of the primary colours, and their much more limited combinations, the missing colour in each case being confounded with one of the other colours which are present or represented by a shade of grey, or entirely lost. Moreover, the sensation of white, which to the normal eye is the result of the combination of the three primary colours, consists of only two in the case of colour-blind persons. Thus, our blue-green (or so-called peacock blue) is the white of the red-blind, yellow is the white of the violet-blind, and purple (magenta) of the green-blind. All these colours are intermediate between the two colour-sensations possessed by the colour-blind, but as they are deficient in luminosity they are confounded with our greys, and only the lightest shades are mistaken for our pure white.

Any one who has had experience in the mixture of coloured light (not pigments), by means of lanterns or revolving discs of coloured paper, would be able to diagnose the colour sensations of the colour-blind from the curves of the above diagram, but we have some interesting records of the actual experience of colour-blind persons as to the appearance which our colours present to them. Mr. Pole, who is red-blind, tells us that he sees black and white and their intermediate compounds, provided they are free from all alloy with other colours, precisely as we do, and he also sees yellow and blue, if unalloyed, in a normal manner, but these are the only colours of which he has any sensation.

It may naturally be asked [he says], Do we *see* objects of other colours, such as roses, grass, violets, oranges, and so on? And if we do see them, what do they look like? The answer is, that we do see all

such things, but that they do not give us the colour-sensations correctly belonging to them; their colours appear to us varieties of the other colour-sensations which we are able to receive. This will be best explained by an example. Take first the colour red. A soldier's coat, or a stick of red sealing-wax, conveys to me a very positive sensation of colour, by which I am perfectly able to identify in a given number of instances bodies of this hue. . . . But when I examine more closely what I really do see, I am obliged to come to the conclusion that the sensation is not one that I can identify separately, but is simply a modification of one of my other sensations namely, *yellow*. It is, in fact, a yellow, shaded with black or grey—a darkened yellow, or what I may call yellow brown. . . . I obtain a further proof of this by the change of sensation when the hue of red is altered. I find that as the colour approaches crimson, the yellow element becomes fainter, and the darkening shade more powerful, until very soon the yellow disappears, and nothing but a grey or colourless hue is presented to my eye, although the colour is still a positive and powerful red to the normal eye; so that there is a hue of red, which, as a colour, is absolutely invisible to the colour-blind. If I go beyond this point, and take reds that pass from crimson towards the hue called lake, I see my other colour come in, a faint blue, which increases till violet is reached, when it becomes more decided. A similar observation will apply to orange, a combination of red and yellow—in which the yellow only is perceived.

The appearance of green to the colour-blind corresponds exactly to that of red. Green, in its true aspect, is invisible to them, and consequently, when neutral—*i.e.*, unmixed with other colours—it presents to the eye the colour of grey. When, however, it is mixed with yellow (and most of the greens in nature are yellow-greens), they see the yellow only, but diluted or darkened by the invisible green element; and in less frequent cases, when the green is mixed with blue, they see the blue element only in like manner.

Professor Holmgren has recently recorded two cases of colour-blindness in which one eye was normal and the other colour-blind, one was red-blind and the other violet-blind; and he has compared the colour-sense of the abnormal with that of the normal eye in each case with the following result: "The principal colours in the spectrum of a *violet-blind* person are, as to their fundamental tone, *red* and *green*. Towards the red end his spectrum has quite the same extension as that of a normal-eyed person, and is thus, in comparison with the latter, 'unshortened.' Reckoned from the red end, his first fundamental colour stretches over that part of the spectrum which is generally seen as *red*, *orange*, and *yellow*. First in the yellowish-green (a little on the other side of Fraunhofer's line D), he sees a

narrow, uncoloured 'paper white' belt, from which his other colour, *green*, commences, and is continued with at first more and more saturation, and afterwards darker and darker shades, over the place where we see *green*, greenish-blue, *cyan-blue*, and *indigo* to the commencement of the violet, where his spectrum absolutely ends with a sharp limit (about Fraunhofer's line G). His spectrum is thus at this end considerably shortened. The fact that violet-blind persons confuse the pigment colours, such as *green* and blue, *purple* and red, orange and yellow, *violet* and yellowish-green and grey is thus explained of itself.

"The two principal colours in the spectrum of the *red-blind* are, as to fundamental tone, *yellow* and *blue*. The yellow commences a little later, reckoned from the end, than the red of the normal-eyed (about Fraunhofer's line C), and stretches over the rest of the *red*, *orange*, *yellow*, *yellowish-green*, and ends in the blue-green (between Fraunhofer's lines b and F, nearer the latter), where a narrow, neutral, colourless belt forms the limit against the other principal colour, *blue*, which stretches through the remaining part of the spectrum, corresponding with the *cyan-blue*, indigo, and violet. At this end there is no 'shortening.' The red-blind person's confusing of pigment colours *green* and yellow, orange and red, *purple* and blue and violet, red and blue-green and grey, is equally well explained by this."

Unfortunately no similar record exists of the colour-perception of the green-blind, but according to the theory, the principal colours in the spectrum of a green-blind person are, as to fundamental tone, *red* and *violet* or blue. The red commences with the *red*, and includes the *orange* and the *yellow*. Green, with its shades of yellow and blue, are represented by a neutral belt of grey, and from this the *violet* stretches through the remainder of the spectrum. Red and green are perceived by the green-blind in exactly the same way, and are therefore the same colour. Purple (a combination of red and violet) is the white of the green-blind, and is confused with greys and greens.

III.—METHODS OF DETECTING COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

There are several methods of detecting the existence of colour-blindness, but all of them are based on the principle of comparing one coloured object with another. Some of these methods are rather complicated, and require some technical skill in the examiner; others are simple, and easily effected by

persons of ordinary intelligence. These latter are more generally employed, and it is some of them I propose to describe. It must be distinctly borne in mind at the outset that no decisive results can be obtained by asking persons the names of colours. Many persons whose colour perception is good are ignorant of the names of many colours, and some colours are popularly known by different names, as, for instance, orange, which is sometimes called red and sometimes yellow, and purple (magenta), which is often called red, while violet is as often misnamed purple. On the other hand, colour-blind persons often learn the true names of colours by some other quality or circumstance than the colour sensation. Mr. Pole has told us that he knew the colour of a soldier's coat and a stick of red sealing-wax were red, but when he examined his sensations, he found they presented to his mind the same colour as the spring foliage of trees, both shades of yellow. All the methods of detecting the existence of colour-blindness recognize this important fact, and are intended to be carried out without mentioning the colour-names.

Pieces of coloured glass, coloured paper, and skeins of Berlin wool, are used for testing the colour sense, but the latter, for various reasons, have been found most useful, and are now generally adopted. Any one who has read my former papers will see that the chromatic systems of the colour-blind are as distinct and definite for each kind of defect as the ordinary system is to the possessors of normal vision, and it would therefore be possible to arrange a series of coloured wools in such an order that they would appear to be of only one colour, or of different shades of one colour, to colour-blind persons. Thus, if we were to place together different shades of purple (magenta), blue, and violet, a person who is blind to red would say that they were all of one colour, though differing in shade—*i.e.*, some being lighter or darker than others; if he gave the colour a name he would call it blue—the purple equally with the others, because he could not perceive the red, which is a constituent of that colour. Again, if we were to place with this same purple bluish greens and greys, a person who is blind to green would declare them to be of one colour, or different shades of one colour, and if he gave the colour a name he would say grey or white, because the purple and green form the neutral belts between his two fundamental colours, red and violet. On the same principle that the red-blind cannot see the red which

enters into the formation of purple, the violet-blind cannot see the violet which enters into the formation of that colour, and he therefore confuses it with red, while yellowish-green is confused with grey, because it forms the neutral belt or white of his fundamental colours, red and green. Violet, yellowish-green, and grey are consequently all of one colour to a violet-blind person.

Taking advantage of these facts, Dr. Daae, of Kragerö, has constructed a table of wools in which the colours are arranged in rows in the order in which colour-blind persons confound them, two rows, consisting of red and of green in different shades, being added for normal-sighted persons. The manner of using this table is very simple. It is placed before the candidate, and he is told that some of the rows of wools contain colours of one kind in different shades, and that other rows contain different colours, and he is made to go carefully over all the rows and point out which are of the same colour and which are of different colours. His answer shows, not only whether he is colour-blind or not, by the rows he declares are of the same colour, but also the nature of his chromatic defect, if it exists. If he declares the row of greens and the row of reds are each of one colour, and all the others are mixed, he is not colour-blind; but if, in addition to the red and the green rows, he says any of the other rows are of one colour in different shades, he is colour-blind. All the rows of wools are numbered, so that it is only necessary to know the combinations of wools by their numbers to diagnose the nature of the colour-blindness. To check any error which may arise in this way the opposite process of examination is adopted. A colour, say purple, is pointed out, and the candidate is told to point out all the other shades of the same colour which are distributed over the table.¹

Dr. Stilling has proposed a method of testing for colour-blindness which is in some sense a modification of the above. In accordance with the laws of colour-blindness, he has had letters in colours printed on a coloured ground, which the colour-blind fail to see, because there is no contrast between the letter and the ground. The difficulty of obtaining the proper shade of the coloured letter and the ground colour for all

¹ I have reproduced Dr. Daae's table and translated his instructions, but have also added a row of colours consisting of light green, browns, and greys, as a test for simple colour-blindness, or imperfect colour sense. The book has been prepared for the use of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and is published for the Committee by Mr. Bogue, St. Martin's Place.

degrees of chromatic defect, stands in the way of the adoption of this simple method, which, however, has been mentioned by the International Ophthalmic Committee as a ready and simple method of separating, roughly, the colour-blind from the normal-sighted on railways and ships.

The method, however, which has received most favour is the employment of a large number of different coloured wools, first used by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, and since perfected by Professor Holmgren of Upsala. At a still earlier period, Seebech of Germany used coloured paper in a similar manner. Holmgren's plan is to employ about one hundred and fifty skeins of different coloured wools, and he chooses from them three skeins as test colours, for reasons which will easily be understood from what has gone before. These test colours are a light shade of pure *green*, a *purple* (magenta), of a colour midway between the lightest and darkest shades of that colour, and a vivid *red*, corresponding to the red flag or signal lantern of a railway. The pile of mixed colours is placed before the candidate for examination, and he is told to pick out the skeins which match the light green test. If he picks out unhesitatingly the four or five other shades of pure green and no others, his colour-sense is good ; but if, in addition to some of the shades of green, he picks out light or dark shades of grey, brown, tan-colour, and even red, or if he shows a decided disposition to make mistakes of this kind, he is colour-blind, or he possesses an imperfect colour-sense. In order to ascertain the specific character of his colour-blindness, the purple test skein is given to him. If he has failed with the green test, but matches the purple correctly with other purples and pinks, he is *incompletely* colour-blind, but if, in addition to purples, he picks out blue and violet skeins, he is *red-blind*, or if he select bluish greens and greys he is *green-blind*. *Violet blindness* is characterised by confounding the purple test with red and orange, because a person blind to violet cannot see that colour in the purple of which it forms part. The red test colour is only intended to demonstrate to persons ignorant of the methods of testing the colour-sense, that red and green-blind persons are unfit for railway and maritime duties. With this test the red-blind associate green and brown shades, as well as other reds, which to the normal eye seem *darker* than the test. On the other hand, the green-blind select opposite shades which appear *lighter* than the red. The great advantage of Holmgren's method is

that it enables us to judge by the action of the person under examination his quickness or slowness of colour-perception. On the other hand, it is necessary that the examiner should be possessed of a good colour-sense himself, and that he should bear in mind all the mistakes which colour-blind persons make. By using Dr. Daae's table as a "key," however, he may dispense with a knowledge of the theory on which the method is based. Sets of Holmgren's wools, which require to be carefully selected, can be obtained of some of the optical instrument makers, especially those connected with ophthalmic institutions and charities.

A. T. S.

Sighting Cyprus.

ACTS xxi. 3.

ON the rough deck he stood, where merchant-bales
Lay cumbrous, pil'd for marts in far-off Tyre ;
An idol-form, Poseidon, or the Twins,
The vessel's figure-head, swift cleaves the brine
As eastward plough they, o'er the midland sea.
Unmeet surroundings for a man of God,
Whose potent word still aims to assail strong holds
Of Mammon, Belial, and the siren power
Worshipp'd within the portals of that fane
At Paphos, now emerging from the waves
Upon their sight—his, and the comrade's true
Who leaves him not, till his chain clanks in Rome :
Luke, the physician from Troy's classic shore.

Ag'd is he ; more by sufferings, more by toil
Than time—yet sixty years are well-nigh sped
Since he saw light in Tarsus : that great year
When Yule stars melted into Bethlem's dawn,
When the first martyr wail'd his infant cry.

Still in the full-blown sail the west wind sings ;
Paphos is sinking ; he, the cross-nail'd man,
Not bound, as once Ulysses to the mast,

But nail'd unto the sweet Cross of his Lord,
Mourns o'er his fellow-men, siren-beguiled,
Whom Paphian rites toward Acheron have sped.

To loving memory rise, ere Cyprus pass,
Comrade and friend of unforgotten years !
Thus Paul, to the companion at his side :
“ Luke, ere I found and gain'd thee unto Christ,
From yonder open beach we launch'd our keel,
He, ‘son of consolation,’ and myself—
Our Cyprian labours o'er, for Perga bound.
Throughout yon island had we borne His Name
Who gracious call'd us to the truth and word :
Some men had listened, ponder'd some, or scoff'd ;
Deem'd us their nation's gods, or howl'd us down—
There the false Elymas strove, but all in vain ;
While the Proconsul bow'd his thoughtful head.
From Salamis e'en to Paphos, such the tale.
Now, in that Salamis we may not view
While we steer southward, Barnabas yet lives,
Prelate, Apostle ; more—a prayerful Saint :
And my soul yearns to greet him once again.
Why parted we ? Though Mark, the sister's son,
Shrank from his Lord's work on the first essay,
And nature's voice pleaded o'er much, methought,
With Barnabas, to have Mark forth of Antioch
And see their isle once more—did I then err ?
My strong desire for labourers like-minded,
Ever at home, because in exile ever,
Was it too scantily steep'd in such calm thought
And self-renouncement, as must temper zeal ?
Some touch, perchance, was there, o' the former Saul,
Of him, who toward Damascus—”

“ Father, nay,”

Luke reverent answer'd—"other guise I read
That difference, half forgot : great loss it were
Ye both had journeyed on one mission path—"

"The Zeus and Hermes of the Lystrans' fable!"
Broke-in a youthful neophyte, swift of speech,
Who laugh'd amidships, at the dolphins' play,
Nor fear'd the great Evangelist to dumb—
(For youth is confident)—yet half abash'd
'Neath the grey mildness of Paul's steadfast eye :

"Great loss 'twere," Luke resum'd, "while far and near
Waves the wide harvest, had ye reap'd abreast ;
John Mark in Cyprus gathers, doubt it not,
And I, perchance, had ne'er accosted thee !
So the Lord bade, that Cephas ask no more
What future waited him He lov'd ; bade each
Follow his call—separate, yet ne'er disjoin'd,
Full soon to meet, where all in Him are one."

Thus while they commune, from the sheltering isle
More widely steers the bark ; Cilicia's heights
Blow them hoarse hail, as Cyprus melts from view ;
Till, where Olympus¹ tower'd, is ocean tumult ;
And many a wine-dark billow's foaming strength
With typhon-howlings of Euroclydon
Buffets the merchant-ship, ere Tyre they see,
Or their firm footsteps dint the Pœnic sand.

W. H. A.

¹ The classic mountain in Thessaly was one of several bearing the same name. Mount Olympus in Cyprus runs east and west through the greater part of the island, and must have formed the northern boundary of the journey of SS. Paul and Barnabas from Salamis to Paphos.

Gerges, the Catholic Copt.

I WAS lately on a visit to a friend who had just returned from Cairo, and I heard many interesting particulars from him respecting Egyptian life. He carried in his memory images of all he had seen, from a heron fishing on a sand-point to the great Pyramid and the Cataracts of the Nile. But besides my friend and host, I found in the house another object of interest wholly unexpected. It was about two o'clock when I arrived there, and when some luncheon was served for me I was waited on by a young man who, from his very dark complexion, rather flat forehead, and woolly hair, seemed a variety of the negro type. Though dressed in other respects like an English servant, he wore a black turban, and I suspected at once that my host had brought him from Africa. In answer to my inquiries I learned that his name was Gerges (George); his master had first met with him in a café in Cairo, was pleased with his expression of countenance and still more with his conversation. He was a Copt, and of the native Egyptian stock, but not a Mahometan. He bore a good character, and a priest who officiated in the Coptic Catholic church spoke well of him from personal knowledge. "But I think," said my friend, "you had better learn the story of his life from himself when you have been with us a few days and know him better. He will show you the way, if you do not know it, to the Catholic church to-morrow morning. He never misses Mass there on Sundays."

A few days only had elapsed before I asked Gerges how he liked England, by way of finding an entrance into his inner mind. "Only so so, sir," he replied. "It is foggy and wet and cold and unbeautiful for me. It is not Egypt. Egypt for me is the garden of the world."

"A man's native land," I answered, "is always so, if he is good for anything. But what is it particularly that makes you so fond of yours? You are not a Mahometan."

"No," said Gerges, "and I never have been: nor were my

fathers before me. We are Copts. I have never entered a mosque for worship. The water of baptism laved me when I was a child, and my father took me to Mass when I was so young that I remember nothing about it but sitting cross-legged on a straw mat and hearing the large cymbals beat."

"Have not the Coptic Christians cut themselves off from the Holy See, Gerges?"

"Not all of them," said the African. "There are many who hold communion with the Pope of Rome, and who frequent churches in which the ritual is approved by proper authority. To these my father belonged, but in a general way we lived at peace with our neighbours, whether Monophysites or Moslems. I will not say that no bitterness ever broke out between us, but it was rare. My father took every opportunity he could of being present at the Liturgy, and often, when he could not stay for both, he would attend the Prayer at the Offering of the Morning Incense, which is generally offered before the Liturgy. He was a good man and I honour his memory. Shall I show you, sir, the mark he left upon me?"

As he said this, Gerges turned up the coat sleeve of his right arm, and then his shirt sleeve also, showing me a blue cross tattooed indelibly on his skin. I was pleased to see the youth exhibit so many signs of sincerity and express himself in such appropriate language. But he was called away, and I had no more talk with him that day.

Seeing him one afternoon sitting in the hall with a small book in his hand, I asked what he was reading. He told me it was the Gospels in Coptic, at which I looked surprised, for I knew that Coptic was a dead language and there were not above half a dozen men at Oxford who could read it in my time.

"In Coptic!" I exclaimed. "You have had a good schooling then, Gerges?"

"Not so very good, sir," he returned. "And what little I know, I learned chiefly by myself."

"How was this? Tell me all about it: I should like to know."

"You see, sir," said the youth, "my parents, when I was born, lived at Girgeh in Upper Egypt, which is, they say, the seat of the oldest Catholic establishment in the country. But before I could speak we had removed to the outskirts of Cairo, between it and the pyramids of Gizeh. My father had taken to

act as guide to travellers and had a great knowledge of the antiquities and other objects of interest. I well remember our humble abode, though there was little to admire in it. It had but one story, and you saw nothing outside but a bare grey wall of unburnt bricks and a few small air holes. The light came from the courtyard within. It had a text from the Koran over the entrance, for it had belonged to Moslems, and a stuffed crocodile to turn away the evil eye. I should have liked, when I was older, to put our Lady with the infant Jesus in her arms instead! Not far from our house there was a Latin monastery with two Fathers and several Brothers. They had a small but pretty church, very well served, though one of the Fathers was a great invalid. The other, who had in fact almost entire charge of the church, was a venerable old man, and having been educated in Rome, he could do what few priests in Egypt can do, say Mass either in Coptic or Latin. He had a long silvery beard, and I was never tired of looking at him. But perhaps I am tiring you with these particulars."

I assured Gerges that they were exactly what I wished to hear ; and he continued.

"Father Nubar was very poor, but we often took him little presents and carried messages and did commissions for him in town and country. The consequence was that he felt under a sort of obligation to my father, and offered to give me an hour three or four times a week in the evening to teach me Coptic. He knew that I had learned my Arabic letters and could read a little and do some easy sums. He had taught me to serve Mass and I had for some months been an acolyte in his church. But he knew also that my schooling was very irregular and that I was often wanted at home, and often was many days together absent with my father accompanying travellers from place to place, driving donkeys or carrying wraps or picnic baskets or making myself useful in all sorts of odd ways. In this manner I picked up a smattering of many languages, and there is, I fancy, no country more favourable to this than Egypt, especially if one has to do with visitors from other lands. I felt a great pleasure in snatching up bits and scraps of English, Italian, French, and German, and when I went to the beautiful Franciscan Church in the all-alive Bazaar Street of Cairo, I confess it was partly because I heard sermons in one or other of these foreign languages, besides Arabic, which of course I understood, it being my native tongue. Thus, talking in the desert or on the Nile

and listening in the city, I was always making almost insensibly a little progress without grammar or dictionary and with endless barbarous and ridiculous blunders. But Father Nubar thought he could make something of me and he wished—good old man—to do us a kindness. Now Coptic, in which the native Catholics and Christians hear Mass, is, as you know a dead language, and requires study as Latin does in the West. I dearly loved the sound of it and the few phrases which I could not help learning when I officiated as minister, though but a little boy, in an alb without a girdle. One day, when I had followed the priest into the sacristy, I exclaimed : ‘How I should like to be able to read Coptic.’ Father Nubar did not forget my words, and——”

Here Gerges was again called away ; but the next morning he went with me to my sea bath and carried a small carpet bag which I required. After my bath I had to walk briskly up and down the sands, and in the half-hour thus passed I renewed my conversation with the interesting Egyptian.

“Gerges,” I said, “you were going to tell me about the lessons you had from Father Nubar. How did you begin ?”

“With the Four Gospels,” replied Gerges, “of which he had a translation made expressly for circulation in Egypt. The letters were soon learnt, and by following him, verse after verse, I caught the right mode of reading and pronouncing. The Gospels for the day are read in the Mass in Arabic, just as in England they are read on Sundays in English. This helped me to understand the book which Father Nubar used, and a copy of which you have seen in my hand. I know it now almost by heart. It is very precious to me, and has enabled me to follow the Liturgy in our churches, where all is in the ancient Coptic except a few passages in Greek and a few in the tongue spoken by us all.”

“Did you never think, Gerges, of training for the priesthood ?”

“Well, sir,” he answered ; “I won’t say I never thought of it : but I had many things to do, and life was opening before me in bright colours. Besides, if I had ever formed such a wish, it would have been entirely balked by a dreadful misfortune which happened to me when I was about twelve years old. At that time I drove a thriving business in a small way. I hired myself as servant or cicerone, and could make myself generally useful, having partially learned several industries, such as boring pipe-

stems, and making cheap articles in basket-work from the fresh twigs of the date-palm. A friend of mine named Ismail and myself had made an agreement with a family about to take a voyage up the Nile. He was a year or two older than I, and we were to interpret and to render all sorts of service to our employers. They were kind and pleasant people—all Americans—and they did not treat us as slaves. They had hired a *dahabiyeh*, that is, a vessel with a cabin. It was a pleasure to help their servants put the things on board, and they wanted no end of provisions and boxes, besides cooking and eating utensils. Then we made them an awning of rugs, wrappers, and spare sails, and protected them against the rays of the sun as we glided on day after day between those steep banks, the violet hills in the distance, the evergreen surface of the watered valley, and the high lands studded with towns, villages, and palm groves. We explained to them as well as we could all the striking features of the unique scenery of the Nile, and pointed out the vultures and ravens feeding on pieces of stranded carrion, and sometimes a crocodile sunning himself on the bank. If there was anything of which I did not know the name, Ismail could tell, and the interest they took in all they saw made us proud of our country. Was there any river in the world so wonderful and beautiful as this river Nile? How sweet were the songs of the rowers by moonlight, and how we strove to amuse the ladies if the vessel struck on a sand-bank and we were compelled to wait till the boatmen could heave her off! It is kind in you to let me ramble on in this way, as if I were never coming to an end."

I smiled, and Gerges continued: "All this time Ismail and I were the best friends, and we had eaten bread and salt together often enough to prevent our ever falling out. But unhappily this was not to last. Sometimes we quitted the boat, and made our way towards mountains along the narrow field paths or right across the fields with donkeys, asses, camels, horses, and mules, taking a siesta when the sun was high, and resting on carpets spread out in open galleries in the inn at nightfall. On one of these excursions we reached some of the famous antiquities. Quarrels often arise from trifles lighter than foam. Ismail liked to be first, and was jealous whenever he saw me preferred, as he thought, before himself. Of course there was no preference in the case. Then I could make myself understood in one or two languages of which he knew nothing, and this also vexed him.

One day a storm brewing in his mind burst forth, because I was carrying some defences against sun and wind which, he said, had been entrusted to him. In an instant he was on fire. He poured upon me a heap of abuse. 'You mongrel!' he cried; 'You infidel! You Christian dog!' and he finished up with 'You worship a crucified slave.' And all this from my friend! I might perhaps have borne it, knowing he was in a rage, an Arab's 'rage. But the insult hurled at my Lord and Master—that I could not endure. Oh, that I had left vengeance to Him who needed no defence of mine! Swift as lightning I drew my pocketknife, unclasped it, and lodged it in his side. He fell backward immediately, struck the back of his head against the sharp edge of a statue of polished granite, fractured his skull, and died on the spot. My horror was unbounded. I drew the knife from his side, but though the wound bled, it was very slight. But it was easy for any one to say that I had stabbed Ismail to death. I knelt by him in an agony, kissed his forehead, and passionately implored him not to die. But he was dead already. His cheeks and forehead grew whiter and whiter. His hands got cold. His pulse had ceased to beat. His heart was a stone. I wept and moaned, and at last fainted with the awful emotion. Several of the boat's crew had come with the party on their expedition, and when I came to myself, one of them was sprinkling my face and bathing and rubbing my hands and chest. They had laid me against an acacia tree, and there were many date-palms, tamarisks, and sycamore-figs around. But what was the beauty of the spot to me then? 'Where is Ismail?' I asked in a phrenzy. 'Where is Ismail? What have you done with him? Why are my hands bound? Let me go to him and weep away my eyesight over his precious corpse.' 'Be quiet,' they returned with stern and angry voices. 'Ismail must be buried in the sand, and you must go back with us to the ship, and will have to answer for his life. The captain will, no doubt, deliver you up to the *gendarmérie* at the nearest town.' I entreated them to release me, and promised not to attempt an escape. 'I am content,' I said, 'to suffer for having wounded him and caused his death, and you must know that I should not escape, for I should be taken for a runaway slave or die of want and the beasts of the night.' It was all in vain. They marked the spot where they had scooped a grave for Ismail, and brought me back a prisoner to the boat on the Nile. I was ashamed to move about on deck with my hands bound, so I crouched in one

spot the picture of wretchedness. But it was of my friend I thought far more than of myself. I was soon given up to the police and tried. The relations of Ismail howled at me as a murderer, though the judge admitted that he did not die of his wound but of the sudden and violent fall that broke his skull. Yet I in my passion had been the cause. 'Bring the cord!' he cried, and two of the armed police came, tied my legs with a bandage they had ready, laid me flat on my face on the floor of the court, and, while two pieces of wood kept my ankles together, beat me unmercifully on the soles of my feet with terrible strokes of hippopotamus scourges. I hoped that this would be the end, but in addition I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment—two dismal years, from which all comfort and enjoyment were utterly banished. I was tortured incessantly with the company of the wicked, and my eyes and ears were assailed from morning till night with the most hideous forms of vice. My inmost soul was contaminated by it, and I often despaired of ever recovering myself, and being respectable again.

"And now I must tell you that the pain of imprisonment was greatly increased by the fact that, young as I was, I had been already betrothed. Marriages, as you know, are contracted in my country very early in life, and betrothals are frequent at an age somewhat premature. But an eastern sun ripens us fast in mind and body, for good or ill. I had loved my Zara long before I saw her face, but I watched her on her way to church, and again on her return, and I knew her place in the women's gallery, where she looked from beneath her veil on the altar, the screen and pictures of the saints, and at last on me. The thought of that dear devout child, who was a little above my own age, kindled my imagination to the utmost, and I conceived of her as of a model Christian and a typical beauty. I found means to speak to her occasionally and to drop little notes into her hand, which she answered by means of a Coptic Scribe whom she happened to know. The very restrictions put on the intercourse of the sexes in Egypt excites the feeling of affection in young people. My letters, full to overflowing of lovers' fancies, fed the fire in my own breast and I have no doubt nourished in an equal degree the flame which I had kindled in hers. But during my imprisonment I was wholly unable to communicate with her. I could not so much as send her a crimson oleander or a sprig from a rose-tree. But the moment I had obtained

my release and had learned how every member of my family fared, I inquired for Zara, and was told that Zara was no more! My heart felt like snow, and the tide of my returning happiness was hurled back with sudden rebound. I hastened to Father Nubar, for I was in duty bound to pay him the earliest possible visit, and also that I might learn more particulars of Zara's end. He received me with the utmost kindness and sympathy. He spoke not a word of reproach, for he knew how I had suffered in consequence of my fiery temper and most unfortunate, not to say guilty, action. He handed to me a letter which Zara had written not long before her death, and entrusted to him for me. I always carry it about with me, and if you have no objection I will read it, for it had much to do with forming in me a desire which I will presently explain." Gerges then read fluently in English, translating from the Arabic as he went along:

My only Love,—They tell me that I must die, and that means I shall never see your dear face again, never again hear your voice, sweeter to me than all music or the songs of birds. The will of God be done: I lay my weary head on the bosom of His blessed will. May He be pleased to unite us—Gerges and me—in the Heart of Jesus and the Kingdom of the Saints. May He bring thee safely, my beloved, through the trials of life to the rest awaiting the people of God. You too have known trouble early. I have heard how you knelt by Ismail's side in an agony, and kissed his forehead, and passionately implored him not to die when he was already dead, and how you wept and moaned and at last fainted with the intense emotion. I have been told it all by one who saw it; and I have thought—O how often!—of the horrors of your prison. Before you are released I expect I shall be gone. Your imprisonment makes no change in my love for you. I have heard hard things said of you, but I know you did it in haste. I know you were provoked and did not intend what happened. Farewell, dearest Love, I am fading away like a flower worm-eaten at the core. So young, so young! Yet I must not complain. Follow the Lamb, my best beloved, that you may enter the gates of Heaven, and there, if such grace be given us, may meet again

Your betrothed and faithful

ZARA.

Gerges allowed me another day to write down this touching epistle at his dictation. He told us how he had wept over it and vowed, if it were possible, to devote himself to God as a Coptic priest. At that time he was too young, and he did not venture to mention the subject even to Father Nubar. He felt the necessity of expiating, by some years of quiet

and orderly conduct, the scandal he had given by his fierce act and by the imprisonment to which the law of his country had condemned him. There was at that time a large mansion in Cairo which the Jesuit Fathers had converted into a Coptic seminary for the education of native priests, and they had begun with a dozen in-door and no less than fifty out-door scholars. But not even to this seminary did Gerges aspire. He desired, if such were the will of God, to attain to the priesthood in some country of Europe, so that, on his return to Egypt, the unhappy event of his early offence against the law might be more completely forgotten. He had no inclination to return to the desert in his former capacity, to explore the Pyramids or follow again the windings of the Nile. He had memories connected with them too bitter, and he preferred confining himself to Cairo, where he found plenty of occupation as a guide and abundant means of self-improvement, which he was anxious not to neglect. Travellers were surprised to find him so well-informed in regard to the monuments; and those who felt interested in the Christian institutions of Egypt had only to refer to Gerges to obtain an account of them all. He could tell all the stations, churches, monasteries, schools, missions in the land, whether in Upper or Lower Egypt, whether held by the Copts united to the Church, Schismatic Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, or Protestants. He knew many of the most cultured priests of his own faith, and they often gave him information which he was glad to be able to impart to others. The majority of travellers cared for none of these things, but they found Gerges a highly competent and satisfactory guide. He spoke with no bitterness of Mahometan institutions, and even the relations of Ismail cooled down in their hatred of him. His behaviour when he found that his comrade was really dead had been talked of among them, and they were inclined to believe he had been sincere in his protestations of the bitterest regret. Thus Gerges was, in his limited sphere, acquiring a good name and blotting out the records of the past, though unfortunately they were tinged with blood. He often expressed great desire for the good of his countrymen of all classes and creeds, and declared his conviction that nothing but that civilization which is the direct result of Christianity can ameliorate the condition of the people and set them free from the heavy oppression and extortion under which the Fellah groans.

One day, when he was tired with having acted as cicerone for many hours, and the sun was going down, he took refuge in a *café* for refreshment and rest. It proved to be a turning point in his life. An Englishman travelling in the East came and sat by his side, and some accidental remark led on to a conversation. The traveller soon found, to his surprise and delight, that the Egyptian beside him was intimately acquainted with the very subject in which he himself was particularly interested, namely, the Christian institutions of the land, and, having learnt his occupation, engaged him to be his guide through Cairo. Led by him, my host, for the traveller was none else than he, visited some parts of the city, and noticed many objects, which strangers in general care little about. He saw, of course, the bazaars, mosques, palaces, gardens, tombs of the Khalifs, quarries, and the museum at Bûlâk; but he turned with a specially lively interest to such institutions as revealed to him the inner life and habits of the inhabitants. He went over the hospitals, the military school, slave market, the interior of a Moslem and a Christian home, mausoleums, burial places, churches, monastic establishments, and a College directed by School Brothers, from the terraces on the flat roof of which could be enjoyed an extensive view of the city and the country beyond, stretching away as far as the great Pyramids. Here seven hundred boys of all nations and religions were instructed by more than thirty Brothers, and eight languages, of which Arabic, French, and Italian were essential, together with mathematics, music, and singing were taught, while religious instruction formed the basis of the entire education. With the same admirable guide my host visited the Missionary Institute for Central Africa, the Jesuit Coptic Seminary, the Sisters of St. Francis and of the Good Shepherd, and the Ladies of the Legion of Honour of the Holy Mother of God. He entered the churches of St. Mary, St. George, and St. Shenouti, in Cairo, and was struck by the peculiar arrangement of the old Egyptian churches, quite different from those of either the Latins or the Greeks. Gerges showed him some rough plans of them which he had made on the spot, and an expression let fall accidentally made him aware that his guide could read the ancient prayers and liturgy of the dead and classical Coptic used in these sacred edifices. This led him into a fresh subject of conversation affecting studies which he had been pursuing some years. To him also Gerges at length confided the fact that he hoped one day to be a priest, and that he

now only awaited some providential opportunity of preparing for holy orders in some country of Europe, and acquiring a competent knowledge of Latin. All this I learned, partly from Gerges himself, and partly from my host, who had taken him into his service, brought him to England, and being more and more satisfied with his integrity of purpose, requested of me that I should negotiate with an ecclesiastic for his admission into an episcopal seminary with a view to the priesthood.

Thus his prayers are heard, and his loyalty to the ancient faith is rewarded. In due time, it is confidently hoped and believed, he will return to the land of his birth to preach the Gospel of Christ and minister the sacraments of His grace. He will find himself again in the very spot once hallowed by the presence of the Holy Family, where Joseph and Mary took refuge with their Inestimable Treasure from the persecution of Herod. He will be where Moses looked on the affliction of his people and brought them forth with a strong hand and a mighty arm. He will labour where he too, like Moses, sinned by over haste, and, with the Divine help he will, by a life of zeal and devotion, obey the behests of his once beloved and never-forgotten Zara. The religion of the False Prophet still retains a firm hold of the bulk of the population, and the larger part of those who bear the Christian name are infected with the error of the Monophysites, but he will be supported in his mission by the blessing of the Apostolic See and will hear behind him always the words of the Chief Shepherd, who Himself wore His first garment in Egypt, there spoke His first word and there trod His first step.

J. C. E.

Some Gifts of Truth to the Children of Truth.

IN my last article I tried to bring out into prominence what I may call, for distinction's sake, the natural advantages which accrue to members of the Catholic Church in virtue of her exclusive possession of Divine Truth. She alone is perfectly consistent, never enunciates a contradiction, exacts of her children an assent to no proposition which does not of itself and in itself, ultimately, and when carefully examined in all its bearings, recommend itself to right reason. Her children, and her children alone, have their feet planted upon a solid rock, against which the waves of error break harmlessly, but on which they never have made and never will make any sort of inroad or any successful attack. This consistency of Truth in the intellectual order is necessarily accompanied by harmony and Beauty in the moral order: there is no jarring note in her dogma, no element of bad taste in her ritual, no confusion in her methods of discipline. Moral and intellectual beauty alike are the result of her essential doctrine of absolute unconditional submission, since this alone puts man in his proper and normal relation as a creature to his Creator, and as this relation is the source of happiness, virtue, and success, so it is a *sine quâ non* for all who would enter Heaven. She who alone has the power to teach it upon earth is the Benefactress and Saviour of her children, as well as their Mistress and their Queen.

If these advantages, or indeed any of them, were the sole boon conferred by the Catholic Church upon mankind, it would be enough to establish her claim to universal dominion; but they are only a portion of the treasures she dispenses to those who own her sway. I am now going to pass on to her more direct and supernatural gifts, some of the choice favours from God's storehouse of grace which He entrusts to her, and which she only has the right to bestow upon the children of men.

The Catholic Church, like a wise and good mother, asserts from the very first her exclusive claim to all who come into

existence. All indeed are born scarred by the sin they have inherited from their sires, but all have a magnificent destiny before them, ransomed at the costly price of the sufferings and death of the Son of God, and in virtue of the payment of this price entitled to certain privileges, gifts, and graces which He purchased for them. Every child born into this world has a claim, a right, to attain to the end for which it was created. It had forfeited that right in the founders of its race, but had recovered it when Christ paid the penalty of sin. Should it attain to the full age of reason, nothing can rob it of that right save its own folly and deliberate rebellion; even should it die ere reason dawns, and lose its inheritance because of the stain of sin remaining upon its soul unwashed away, it is not through any defect in the ransom paid that it falls short of its high destiny, but because the sins of its parents or ancestors have deprived it of the means which God has provided for restoring to it its forfeited gift of original justice. It was the will of Christ that every little child born into the world should see His face in Heaven, and for this end he instituted the Sacrament of Baptism, and ordered that every little child should be dipped in its healing waters. As He commanded His Apostles to teach all nations, so He commanded them to baptize all nations. As Christ died for all, as He established an universal monarchy, as He desired that all the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdom of God and of His Christ, so He desired that His Kingdom should include not only those who should be its rational subjects, but every little infant whose life can be reckoned only by days or hours. If man's perverse will had not frustrated His Divine intention, there would not be an island in the Pacific, or a village in the central regions of Africa or on Asia's boundless steppes, where the life-giving water would not be poured upon the head of the new-born child by the priest of God. All without exception would have had Heaven's door unlocked for them, and their admission secured, as long as they remained in their baptismal innocence.

This priceless boon, bought at a price above all price, was placed by Him who had purchased it, in the hands of the Catholic Church to be dispensed to all the world. She has the sole right to baptize. She appoints the ministers who are to perform the rite, and none can perform it save in her name and by her authority. Her Founder has entrusted it to her as her exclusive privilege. No little child dying before the age of

reason can see the face of God in Heaven unless it receive Baptism from one who is authorized to baptize by the Catholic and Roman Church, by the Church which owns as its visible Head on earth him who sits in Peter's Chair. No such little child can attain to the Beatific Vision unless it is itself a member of the Catholic and Roman Church, a subject, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, of the Pope, ere the breath passes from its feeble little body.

If we could imagine, *per impossibile*, that the Catholic Church were blotted out from the earth, and that some generation in the distant future knew nothing of its existence or its authority, the rite of Baptism, though administered in all external things as now, with the same words and the same triple washing, would avail nothing, if he who poured the water and said the words had not the intention of doing what the Catholic Church had done before she disappeared from the earth, and had no permission, explicit or implicit, from her to act as her representative. It is the Apostles who were commanded to baptize all nations, and it is only those to whom they handed on their commission who can work the wondrous change which takes place in the soul of the child when it is baptized. It is Peter alone and Peter's successors who have the key which unlocks Heaven to infants as well as to full-grown men, and it is from Peter or Peter's successors in the See of Rome that the authorization must proceed. Moreover, it is into the fold of Peter that the child is admitted by Baptism, and in this fold it remains unless in later life, culpably or inculpably, it deserts the Church of its Baptism, the Church of Rome. It is from the fold of Peter that it must pass to the fold of God, from the visible Church on earth into the Church in Heaven.

It is of the more importance to bear in mind this monopoly secured to the Church by her Divine Founder, because the validity of heretical Baptism is sometimes liable to obscure it. Because the Protestant minister, if his intention be to do what the Church of God intends to do, is the instrument of the saving change, men are prone to forget that, Protestant though he is, he is acting as the minister of the Church of Rome, is invested by her with authority to baptize, performs the rite in her name and as her appointed functionary. It is not his own sect that commissions him to baptize; how can the offspring of revolt empower him to handle the supernatural gifts of God, and to be the instrument of conferring them upon others? It is the

Catholic Church that gives him the authority to admit, by the act that he performs, the helpless little one, not into his own "persuasion," but into membership with her. In order that she may extend her life-giving powers as widely as possible, and open the door of Heaven to the greatest possible proportion of mankind and secure supernatural graces to as many as possible even of heretics and schismatics from their earliest childhood, she allows all mankind to baptize. Laymen, Protestants, heretics—nay, Jews and infidels—may validly baptize as long as they have the intention of doing the Church's work : nay, women may in case of necessity baptize ; children may baptize, and their baptism is valid if they are old enough to have the requisite intention to do the work of the Church's Founder, Jesus Christ.

This very liberality exercised by the Church in accordance with the will of her Founder and Spouse, is liable to make men forget that Baptism is her exclusive privilege, that all men who are validly baptized are baptized alike *by* her and *into* her. When heretical ministers attempt to hold converts back from re-entering her fold by an appeal to them "not to forsake the Church of their Baptism," they are simply talking nonsense. The Church of Rome, and none else, is for every one, be he Greek, Anglican, Presbyterian, anything, the Church of his Baptism. As long as he does not submit to her authority, he is, through his own fault or through his own ignorance, a deserter from the Church of his Baptism. As a baptized Christian, he is *de jure* the subject of the Pope to his life's end, and he is *de facto* the subject of the Pope until such time as he shall culpably or inculpably, by some act of schism or heresy, cut himself off from communion with Rome. But during his early years, while he is too young to perform such an act, he is as truly a little Papist as if he were taught by a pious Catholic mother to bless himself ere he could speak, and to recite the Hail Mary ere his baby lips could distinctly enunciate the words.

This, then, is the earliest of those spiritual gifts which the Catholic Church, as the Spouse of Christ and the Temple of the Holy Ghost, bestows upon her children. She makes her own all baptized infants, and opens for them the Kingdom of Heaven should they die ere reason dawns. From the moment that she admits them within her fold, they are secure of their inheritance, unless they themselves wilfully and deliberately forfeit

it. If they pass away with no sin upon their young souls, they go straight to Heaven. But if they live on till the age of temptation and of trial, if they have to encounter the storms of passion and to steer their way amid the perilous quicksands of worldly pleasure and ambition, if the haven is only to be reached after a voyage beset with a thousand dangers, then in virtue of this earliest gift of the Church to her children, they set sail under favourable conditions, with means of safety, resources in danger, aids in time of distress, which not only diminish the perils of the voyage, but render those who possess them utterly inexcusable if they are shipwrecked. They have, over and above the light of reason, and the assistance ready for all in the contest with evil, weapons that none else possess, a shield belonging exclusively to those who have received this first boon from the Church's hands. They start at a vantage: they are already in a state of grace. When the first serious temptation presents itself they find themselves provided, not only with the means of defence common to all, but with additional resources which give them more strength to fight or to resist. They have the prestige of one who has already been delivered from the foe, instead of being still subject to him. They have all the advantages of him who attacks a tyrant from some hostile camp, as compared with one who is still in his power and who desires to be freed from the galling yoke. If they are defeated they are far less excusable than they would have been had they not thus been admitted in the dawn of life into the service of their King. If they turn traitors their guilt is far greater than if they had never been bound to Him by the cords of supernatural charity. All indeed are children of their Heavenly Father, but they are children whom He regards with peculiar love. For all Christ shed His precious Blood, but to them that Blood has been applied in the laver of their regeneration: they are already in possession of the priceless boon that He died to purchase for men. All He seeks to draw to Himself by the sweet attractiveness of Divine grace, but for them it has an enticing power over and above that which it possesses for others, because it has already entered into their nature and begun to do its transforming work. Concupiscence remains in them, but it has a remedy not only sufficient, but more than sufficient, to quell its flaming darts. The devil may storm against them (as fiercely and sometimes more fiercely than against those whom he already reckons as his own), but the

angels that guard them are not only potent to turn him to flight if their own goodwill place the conditions requisite, but are there in greater numbers and armed with more effective weapons than those who protect those whose inheritance has been forfeited for them and not yet regained. God Himself regards them with a very different glance of love from that which He extends to those who are still outside the fold, separated alike from the Church visible and the Church invisible. They are, in virtue of their Baptism, exceeding beautiful in God's sight by reason of their being cleansed from the stain of sin and endowed with that supernatural charity which renders them like to God and unites them to Jesus Christ.

But we will suppose that time goes on, and the age of reason draws nigh, and the devil is sharpening his weapons and preparing for the onset which he knows is near at hand. The child, baptized or unbaptized, Catholic or heretic, born of Christian or heathen parents, has at some time or other after reason bears full sway, to take his deliberate choice between good and evil. Gradually for years the devil has been seeking to gain some advantages over the little one, urging it to acts which were not sins by reason of its undeveloped powers, or at best were only trifling and venial sins, but yet were the preparation for sin, and served to render smooth the road to some serious sin. Little acts of disobedience, petty thefts of what sweetly enticed the childish palate, ill-temper or passion indulged, self-will resisting the commands or wishes of mother or of nurse—here begin the wounds by which the Evil One has sought to enfeeble the young warrior ere he was clad in his armour or the battle had fairly begun. And, on the other hand, the sweet influence of Divine grace has already been at work, inclining him to virtue. Perhaps pious parents have already taught him to lisp the childish prayer, have trained him to a love of things Divine, of the services of the Church, have already implanted a regular habit of prayer, and made him fond of the symbols that recall God and His saints, of the crucifix, the pious picture, the statues of Mary and of Joseph. Or it may be that he has been robbed of all human aid and has been at the sad disadvantage of one who knows not the name of Christ or of His saints, or who has been bred in heresy and schism, or perhaps in absolute ignorance and forgetfulness of God. For all the struggle comes at last. The occasion presents itself when the child in its advancing boyhood or girlhood is tempted

to some mortal sin. How different the struggle for the baptized Catholic and for all else! How are the latter handicapped by the loss of all the advantages I have already mentioned? How comparatively rare the instances where they gain the victory, even though victory is well within the reach of all!

But letting this pass, we will turn to the time when this first struggle is over. If victory is on the side of God, then the boy or girl, whatever his religious beliefs, is confirmed in, or then and there for the first time acquires, that friendship with God which is called a state of grace. If unbaptized, he nevertheless obtains implicitly all that Baptism confers. His act of obedience is a quasi-baptism. He becomes an heir of Heaven and a friend of God, and as such he has a right to the supernatural aids specially reserved for the friends of God. For the Church in her clemency extends to him the privileges of her children. Not that he has the same aids or equal graces with those that are reserved for the Catholic in a state of grace, but he has at least internal inspirations and promptings of the Holy Spirit, and God's grace cooperating with him, and the love of God in his heart, and he is in that attitude of submission to God's holy will in which all true piety consists. Yet he is always from first to last at a disadvantage as compared with the Catholic—far more liable to fall, far less secure against the assaults of the crafty foe; if he has the substantials of charity, yet its accidentals are wanting; if he has the internal assistance of the Holy Spirit, it necessarily flows less freely into his soul, where the channels of grace are wanting; he walks along a narrow plank, and though it is his own fault if his feet slide and he fall into the abyss, yet the very narrowness of the plank renders his progress slow and makes his feet to totter as they go. Even if he safely reaches the shore of salvation, how different his course from one who has the sure, safe footing which the Church affords her children, and the guiding-posts on the right hand and the left, and the rail which guards them from the abyss, and the light which directs their path!

But in the other case, if the young boy or girl suffer defeat in the first onset, then how much more clearly shines out the privilege of him who is a child of the Catholic Church! If as time goes on, and the devil renews his assaults and plies the youthful combatant now on one side now on another, he at last succeeds in alluring the servant of God from his allegiance and enlisting him in the service of sin, then how different the

prospect for the subject of Rome and for the alien to her sacred Fold. For both recovery is possible, but for the one how easy, for the other how difficult! For the one has the *secunda tabula*, the second plank by which he may regain the road to Heaven after he has fallen from the first. He has not only been trained to make an act of perfect contrition, but he dwells in an atmosphere of contrition. For the confessional in every Catholic church is in itself an invitation to repentance. I have already spoken of it under its natural aspect—as a natural and convenient turning-point for him who has been travelling along the road of sin, as providing for the sinner a kind, indulgent, devoted friend, who will never reproach him, but ever extend the helping hand of charity. But it is with the supernatural aid afforded by the confessional that I am now concerned. If I had no other proof of the Truth of the Catholic Church, I think that the wondrous spectacle of God's grace working in the sacred Tribunal of Penance would be sufficient. How there hangs over it a bright cloud of grace, like the fiery cloud hanging over the Tabernacle and evidencing the presence of God within! How it is full of supernatural light, lighting up the soul alike of priest and penitent, putting words of wisdom and prudence into the mouth of the one, contrition and a resolution of amendment into the heart of the other! How wonderful the change in the guilty soul, which enters desponding, hardened, degraded, debased, the home of evil spirits, the enemy of God, and that departs full of joyful sorrow and happy contrition, softened, hopeful, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the friend of God, clean like the soul of a little child.

The language of outsiders respecting the confessional is one of the clearest marks of its Heaven-bestowed efficacy. The enemies of God hate and detest it. The rebel and the apostate whom pride or fleshly lust has seduced from the sweet yoke of Christ, indulges alike his love for what is false and his hankering after what is unclean by the loathsome inventions of *The Confessional Unmasked*. The well-meaning Protestant, full of prejudice against Rome, nevertheless erects a sorry substitute for the outpouring of the sacred tribunal, in the "experiences" of a Wesleyan or a Revivalist meeting. The Protestant of another temper actually sets up in his temple an unconsecrated tribunal, invites the faithful to come to him or "some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word," and unburden their conscience and seek for "godly" advice and counsel. Ignore it

they cannot : and they are bound either to revile it, or in some way or other to copy it, or at least to acknowledge their admiration for this Divine instrument for the salvation of souls.

But I am speaking in my present article of those aids to sanctity which are the exclusive property of the Catholic Church, and it is important for us to remember that the confessional exists within her sacred pale, and nowhere else. Outside of her there is no Tribunal of Penance, no ministry of reconciliation, no Heaven-sent graces promised to the contrite sinner who pours out his tale of sin ; no sprinkling of the Blood of Jesus, purifying the soul in virtue of the sacrament ; no words of absolution ratified in Heaven ; no supernatural guidance for him who sits in the seat of judgment ; no echo of that promise of Him from whom alone forgiveness comes, " Whose sins you remit they are remitted to them, and whose sins you retain they are retained." There is but an unauthorized, self-appointed judge, intruding himself into an office reserved by God for the exclusive possession of the priests of His Church. How can such a judge expect the graces so necessary, so indispensable for the work of souls ? Does he imagine that his own common sense will enable him to solve difficult cases of moral theology, or to guide the wandering into the way of justice ? Does he fancy that his own prudence will enable him to draw the line, the narrow line, between serious sin and the liberty of the sons of God ? Does he think that those hands which the sacred unguent has never consecrated to the service of God can avail to convey to the penitent blessing or forgiveness, that he on whom the Holy Spirit has never descended with His sevenfold gifts, can dispense those gifts to men ? Does he flatter himself that he will be able, high-minded, honourable English gentleman though he is, to keep inviolate the secret of the confessional, when he has no seal from the Holy Ghost to fasten his lips and lock his tongue ? He must expect—and experience proves my assertion—to give advice misleading and thoroughly mischievous, to forbid what is lawful and to counsel what is in itself sinful. He must expect to find his ministrations a failure, or, if perchance the sinner forsakes his sin, it is by reason of his own act of contrition, not through any empty words which are spoken or any mocking rite undergone. He must expect, above all, to find that his good intentions of respecting the secrets entrusted to him are not proof against a woman's wit, or against the carelessness of ordinary conversa-

tion, or against his desire to enforce his religious opinions by some telling anecdote. No other safeguard save the grace, attached by God to the Sacrament of Penance, and therefore the exclusive possession of the Church of Christ, can ever give to the penitent that absolute security without which no prudent man or woman would ever unburden their whole soul to a fallible fellow-creature.

But as time goes on and childhood passes into early youth, fresh dangers thicken around the young warrior and temptation assaults him with keener force. He needs indeed all help that can be given him. The grace of Baptism, it is true, is strong within him, but perhaps he has been weakened by many venial faults, or even by mortal sin. The grace of the confessional has enabled him to rise again when he has fallen, but even the grace of the confessional does not blot out that proneness to evil which is innate in our corrupt nature and has been increased by frequent falls. How is the youthful combatant to be strengthened as the enemies ply fresh and deadlier darts against his fragile virtue? The Church, his watchful mother, has not forgotten him in his necessities, and has a fresh gift that none but she can bestow, one, too, which is more exclusively hers even than the gifts of Baptism and of Penance. For Baptism she entrusts not to her priests alone, but in case of necessity to all. Heretics and infidels can validly baptize. Penance, it is true, she limits to priests who have received authority from their Ordinary to administer it, but as regards the most essential effects of the sacrament, such as the blotting out of the guilt of sin, the individual sinner can, by a perfect act of contrition, obtain from God forgiveness, supposing always that he has the intention, explicit or implicit, of obeying the Church's law and presenting himself at the tribunal of penance when she requires it of her children. But this third gift can never be had outside the Church. No one outside her sacred fold can be the instrument of its bestowal. No one outside her sacred fold can hope to receive it: nay, no simple priest can bestow it; none can be its appointed minister save a Bishop, or one whom the Holy See shall invest with Episcopal powers.

This gift is the fulness of the Holy Spirit, the completion of the baptismal grace, which is given in the Sacrament of Confirmation. Confirmation is administered for the most part at an age when the child is first exposed to attacks upon his faith: at an age when he is deprived of the sheltering care of a Christian

home, and has to confess his faith before men : at an age when human respect is strongest and the blush mantles the cheek of the young soldier who is scoffed and laughed at for his religion : at an age, too, when evil companionship is most prone to contaminate and passions begin to develope with increasing force. Then it is that our holy mother the Church pours into his soul in fuller measure the seven-fold gifts of the Spirit, buckles on fresh armour, places new weapons in his hands, sends him forth no longer a beginner in sanctity, but a perfect Christian ; no longer with an initial supply of supernatural aid, but with the plenitude of Divine grace. As the wrestler is anointed before the struggle with the oil which prevents his enemy from obtaining any firm hold, and even if he has grasped him enables him to slip from his grasp, so the sacred chrism of Confirmation is the sign of that internal unction of the Holy Spirit which prevents the evil one from laying hold on that young soul, or if, through his own fault, Satan has some hold over him, furnishes him with means of escape. Thus he enters on the contest with fresh strength, confirmed, strengthened in grace, full of courage and fortitude for the fray. Where but in the Catholic Church is this privilege to be obtained ? Money cannot purchase it. Natural virtues cannot earn it. Even acts of supernatural virtue, even prayer and acts of charity and mortification cannot win for the most part that special grace which belongs to Confirmation, and which is therefore the exclusive gift and is the sole possession of the Catholic Church. How can we wonder if unbelief and indifference and moral corruption and intellectual pride play sad havoc with those who dwell not under the sheltering care of her, with whom, and with whom alone, the Holy Ghost abides for ever.

But, after all, what are these gifts, priceless though they are, compared with that gift above all price, infinite in its costly magnificence, incredible in its royal generosity, which the Church is deputed to bestow upon her faithful children by her Divine Founder—that gift of which the Apostle says that after He had loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to such an extremity of love that He could not persuade Himself to tear Himself altogether from them, even when the time had come when He must return to His Eternal Father—that gift more precious than ten thousand worlds, that gift denied to the angels, but dispensed by the Church to us mortal men ? What gift is there, even amid the most precious jewels

of the sacred treasure-house of the Church, which can be compared to the gift in which she gives to every one of her children Christ Himself whole and undivided, His Sacred Humanity, His Divinity, His Body and Soul, His Flesh and Blood—Christ Himself, Very God of Very God, consubstantial with the Father, whom the Seraphim adore with perpetual adoration, before whom they veil their faces, on whom they scarce dare to look, but yet who is given by the Catholic Church to her sinful sons and daughters to be received by them, eaten by them, made one with them, to dwell in that charnel-house of sin which we call our mortal body—Christ Himself, whom we have outraged so basely, treated so ungratefully, used so unkindly, and yet who in His love for His Church puts Himself, so to speak, completely in her hands, and says to her, Give Me to whom you please, dispense Me to whom you like: I will not refuse Myself to the tepid, to the half-hearted, to the sinner: nay, I will not even refuse Myself to those in mortal sin, to rebels and enemies, lest I seem to hold anything back in that gift which I bestow through you upon your sons and daughters. What gift can even the Church give equal to this gift of gifts, in which she gives to her children God Himself?

I cannot attempt here to sketch the benefits that flow from Holy Communion to the children of the Catholic Church, how it is a strength against temptation, a remedy against sin, how it blots out the offences of the past, and saves the sinner from the punishment that was their due, how it lights up within the soul the love of God, how it implants within the soul all the virtues and nourishes them when they are planted there, how it is the Bread of life, the Bread of Angels, the Bread that comes down from Heaven, the food of immortality, the Bread which takes men safely on their journey to the Mount of God; how it is the Wine that inebriates God's chosen ones, the Wine that extinguishes passion, the Wine that produces saints and virgins, the Wine that nourishes purity, humility, obedience, meekness, gentleness, faith, hope, patience; how it is a fire which kindles charity within the soul, lighting up the embers of our love to God into a fervent flame, transforming all else into its own nature, so that He who receives it, literally and truly glows with the fire within Him, and is not only the temple of the Holy Ghost but is actually made to partake of the nature of the God he

has received, so that it is strictly and accurately true that it is no more he that lives but Christ that lives in him.

This gift, the other crowning gift, is like the rest, the exclusive property of the Catholic Church. It is true that among the schismatic Greeks there still remains a true Priesthood, so that Christ still reigns reluctantly upon their altars, still is ministered by their profane hands, but this fatal power of consecration no more belongs to them than the gold that he has pillaged to the robber in whose hands it is, or than Rome belongs to the Italian Government. But we are not concerned with them. By God's mercy in England the Priesthood did not descend on the rebels and apostates of the sixteenth century, and the Protestant minister says but the empty words over the bread and wine before him. Protestantism has no altars, no power of consecration. Happily for them they are spared this guilt of sacrilege, and none save a handful of deluded men dispute to the Catholic Church her exclusive presence of the true Body and Blood of Christ our Lord. It is this presence which, apart from all else, differentiates the Catholic Church from the sects around. It is this round which all else centres. It is this which gives the Church her Divine Beauty. It is this which makes her ceremonial so magnificent in its appropriate harmony, and makes every imitation of it unseemly and ridiculous. It is this which calls down from Heaven the varied gifts of the Holy Ghost. It is this which qualifies her to the exclusive possession of perfect Truth; it is this which is the secret of her children's sanctity; it is this miracle of miracles that make all other miracles seem ordinary and commonplace; it is this, calling as it does for undoubted faith and humble submission and reverent devotion from all who bear the name of Catholic, that alone places him and them in their due relation to God their Creator; it is this, the Food of immortality, the Bread of angels, which prepares the faithful Christian for the life immortal, and to take his place among the angelic hosts; for "It is the Bread that came down from Heaven, that if any man eat of It, he may not die. He that eats It abides in Christ and Christ in him."⁴ He has the promise of a joyful resurrection and of eternal life.

R. F. C.

⁴ St. John vi. 50, 54, 55.

The Rise and Fall of Irish Legislative Independence.

THE year 1782 was a memorable one in Irish history, and from recent events it would seem that the year 1882 will have been no less so. No effort was spared during the past year to arouse the national spirit and make the centenary of Irish Independence memorable in history. The Exhibition in Dublin got up expressly for the purpose of reviving Irish manufactures, and if possible to resuscitate the national spirit, together with the unveiling of the O'Connell monument, attracted the attention of many (who otherwise might have passed it by in silence) to the fact, that just one hundred years ago a separate Legislature was granted to Ireland, and that the sister isles continued for a short time to be two separate kingdoms ruled by one monarch. The rise and fall of Irish Independence is a subject abounding in interest to all, and we purpose to briefly trace its history together with that of the Legislature with which it is inseparably bound up.

Whatever may be the prevailing opinion now, the existence of two Parliaments in the British Isles under one Crown was not in the past considered injurious to the interests of the nation. As far back as the fourteenth century we find that a Parliament, consisting of "principal nobility and gentry," met at Kilkenny; and that it continued to sit, and gradually assumed power to itself, we may conclude from the fact of the English Parliament passing, in 1495, an Act forbidding the Irish Parliament to assemble without the sanction of the King, and enacting that all Bills, &c., should be first submitted to him before being introduced. Of course this rendered it practically useless as a Legislature, but in 1719 to make it still more so, another law was passed, entitled, "An Act for the better securing the dependency of Ireland on the Crown of Great Britain," which enabled the English Parliament "to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people

of the kingdom of Ireland." It would appear that being afraid or adverse to abolishing the Irish Parliament altogether, they resolved on going as near it as possible, and while leaving the shadow did away with the substance.

Such was its position when George the Third ascended the throne; during whose reign some of Ireland's greatest sons were on the scene; a period in which she gained for herself a Constitution and lost it. The condition of the country was very low; when £300,000 was attempted to be borrowed to meet a deficiency, it could not be got. This was attributed to the restrictions on trade, and an amendment to the Lord Lieutenant's address (1779), "that it was not by temporary expedients but by a *free trade* alone that this nation (Ireland) is now to be saved from impending ruin," was carried unanimously.¹ Numerous meetings were held throughout the country advocating the use of Irish goods only, and resolutions to this effect were passed by grand juries, corporations, town councils, volunteers, &c. In fact, to use a word common enough of late but not then in existence, English goods were "boycotted" in Ireland. The Government became alarmed, and Lord North immediately brought in Bills removing the restrictions complained of. The sequence tastes more of fiction than fact. What satisfied the Irish nation displeased the English traders, their interests were of more importance than the "sister" isle's requirements, they protested loudly against any concession to Irish demands, and forced Lord North—who was endeavouring to serve two masters—to intimate that these mere acts of justice *were boons resumable at pleasure!* Rash words these at a time when a voice from over the sea was heard, when liberty roared across the ocean, and Ireland, never slow to learn, took the example to heart and strove to emulate it. The Irish Parliament having beheld the result of their labours, having tasted the "sweet waters," resolved that they should not be boons depending on the good wishes of any person or body. They were fearfully aware of the hollow ground on which they stood, but the knowledge only made them the more determined. Firmly resolved that such imminent dangers should be averted, they as one man joined both against the threat and lure. Their course was decided

¹ By the term *free trade* is meant the removal of the restrictions which had been placed on exports, and not the entire abolition of tariffs which is the latter day meaning of it.

on, the way marked out. Thenceforth all their energies were exerted to obtain an independent Legislature.

The determination to obtain independence was not confined to the Parliament; it spread itself over the land. We find Grattan at the head of the patriot members, and aided by the volunteers who now numbered about seventy-five thousand men, devoting all his energy to the cause. The volunteers had now been in existence for about four years. In 1778, when the northern coast was threatened by American privateers, application was made to the Government for aid, but to no purpose; they said the extra expense could not be defrayed by the country. Thus thrown upon their own resources the northern counties provided self-protection and poured forth many thousands of armed citizens. Their example was followed by the other provinces. Thus called into being to protect their country from a foreign enemy they soon lent a willing ear to the cry of their countrymen, supported it with all the force at their disposal, and it may with safety be said that it was their action which directly attracted the attention of the Government and brought matters to an issue. A meeting of delegates was held at Dungannon on February 15, 1782, at which representatives from one hundred and forty-three corps attended. Several of them were of high rank, and all persons of property. Resolutions were come to declaring that while "disposed to be loyal" they were "determined to be free," and, "that a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland to make laws to bind this kingdom is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance." These echoed but the voice of the country and were endorsed at similar meetings held in the other provinces. A most favourable circumstance happened immediately after. Lord North's Ministry, which had brought about the rupture with the American colonies, and for a long time had pursued with impunity its headlong policy which ended in disaster and disgrace, was compelled to resign and a new Ministry, under Lord Rockingham, was formed, which was favourable to Ireland, and, as the event proved, both willing and able to serve her. On April 16, 1782, two days after his arrival, the Lord Lieutenant (Duke of Portland) advised the Parliament to take into consideration the state of things prevailing in the country with a view to their adjustment. Taking advantage of the moment, Mr. Grattan moved an address to the King, praying for independence, which was carried unanimously. The Houses

adjourned to allow time for consideration by the British Parliament, and shortly after the Lord Lieutenant announced that the King had acceded to their request, and granted that which has been the aim of all civilized communities, an INDEPENDENT LEGISLATURE.

We now enter as it were a new era. A strange light dawned upon the Irish, the light of independence, that which it may well be said :

Exiles and patriots longed for and fought but never gained.

The address to the King was, as we have said, carried unanimously, and it is to be regretted that this unanimity did not continue. Before testing what they had got, some fiery spirits, foremost among whom was Flood, determined on obtaining more, and would stop at nothing short of separation. Thus were the prospects of a prosperous career marred by rivalry and enmity between two such patriots as Grattan and Flood.

The Volunteers who supported Flood not only aimed at separation, but also strongly urged reform in the Parliamentary representation. It sadly required it, and to its condition—for despite all efforts both in and out of Parliament to modify it, it was left as it was—we believe that the Act of Union may be chiefly ascribed. It in no way was the representative of Irish opinion. The House of Commons consisted of three hundred members, but of these popular choice influenced only the sixty-four county members, and about the same number for the principal cities and towns ; the remainder sat for “close boroughs,” the nominees of patrons or the Crown. Little could be expected from a body so constituted, and the continual Government majorities are thus easily accounted for. The Volunteers, with the confidence of armed men, endeavoured to alter it in an offhand, peremptory manner, but their conduct disgusted their Parliamentary friends, alienated most of their supporters, and not only dissipated the prospects of a change but also proved the immediate forerunner of their own disruption.

The prosperity of the country went ahead with great strides. Freed from ruinous tariffs, manufactures increased, a new life was implanted in the country, and owing to that self-confidence which a self-governed people must always have, a brighter cast spread itself over the land.

We will not here delay to note at any length the agitation for Catholic Emancipation. Although always striving for

equality with their Protestant countrymen, the leading Roman Catholics as a rule were not disloyal and abstained from seditious enterprises. They gave strong support to the Executive, and the Government at one time removed several disabilities which, considering the social relations of the age, were not so slight as might now appear. It was supposed, and we think with good reason, that but for the tendency of many of the lower orders to applaud French principles, then thrusting themselves upon the attention of Europe, entire Emancipation would have been granted.

The history of the Parliament is almost entirely composed of annual motions on reform, and the recognition of Catholic claims, the consideration of the finances and pensions (the former of which show an ever-decreasing deficit, while, strange to say, the latter were on the increase), together with an occasional Bill; little regard being had to the internal welfare of the island in the way of practical legislation. The flower of Irish eloquence was poured forth by Grattan, Flood, and Curran, but was wasted on the air, bringing forth no response from the statue-like representatives who filled the Government benches. By degrees it lost the confidence of the people, and public interest in its proceedings melted away.

We will here anticipate a noteworthy incident which occurred later on. Roused to indignation at the state of anarchy prevailing, and incensed at his being unable to move the Government to change their policy, early in 1797, when referring to some alleged cruelties of the soldiers in the north, Grattan concluded his speech thus: "We have offered you our measure, you will reject it; we deprecate yours; you will persevere; having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty to ourselves and to our country, we shall trouble you no more, and from this day shall not attend the House of Commons."

Outside agitation, for the purpose of obtaining that which the Parliament would not grant was resorted to, but summarily stopped, and thus, free expression of opinions being hindered, secret societies—no strangers to Irish soil—sprung up. In Armagh, owing to the immigration of Catholic tenants, feuds sprang up between them and their Protestant neighbours, who were called, from their mode of aggression, "Peep of Day Boys," while the former, from the same cause, were nicknamed "Defenders." The "Peep of Day Boys" afterwards developed

into the latter day association of Orangemen. In addition to these and other similar societies, "clubs," imitated from the French, were started (1792) for the ostensible purpose of obtaining civil freedom, parliamentary reform, and Catholic emancipation, but really to promote and strengthen sedition and insurrection. Sympathizing with the announced objects, many were led to join who disclaimed all treasonable intentions or any connection therewith. The Government took the alarm, and proposed stringent measures, conferring upon magistrates power to search for arms, arrest suspicious persons, prevent meetings, tumults, riots, &c. There was strong reason for these measures, for, as announced in the House of Commons, two committees of "United Irishmen" had been seized with their papers in Belfast, from which it was clear that an alarming conspiracy to overthrow the Government existed. Martial law was established in Ulster, which, strange to say, was the seat of the insurrectionary movement.

From a writer of this period we gather the following in reference to the organization of the "United Irishmen," which may prove interesting.

The Association consisted of a number of societies linked closely together, and ascending in gradation to a common point of union. The lowest societies consisted of twelve men each, subject to the inspection of one another. An assembly of five secretaries (who also acted as commanders), elected by five simple societies, had the immediate superintendence of them, and formed a lower baronial committee. Ten delegates (each a captain of sixty men), elected one from each lower, composed an upper baronial committee, which in like manner directed the business of these ten lower committees. Again, delegates (each a colonel of six hundred men) from the upper baronial formed district committees, and the same from these latter composed provincial (one for each province) committees. The supreme command was intrusted to an executive directory of five persons, unknown to all (being elected by ballot) except the four secretaries of the provincial committees. The mandates of the directory were conveyed by one member only to the secretaries of the provincial committees, and thus through the secretaries to the simple societies. All the members were ordered to furnish themselves with guns or pikes, according to their means, and, for the purpose of defraying expenses, to pay a monthly subscription according to their circumstances.

This plan could scarcely be excelled for secrecy, exactness, and preparation. All were ready at a call, and in order to strengthen their hands the executive opened negotiations with

the French Directory for men, arms, and money. Assistance was promised, but, as already well known, the French expeditions turned out miserable failures.

Preparations for a rising went forward, the people were arming, and every day saw affairs drawing nearer a crisis. But the Government—with whom was now connected as Chief Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, a nobleman whose name, to-day a by-word, has been since indicative to the Irish of all that is unpalatable in English rule, and who, though perhaps unconsciously, has done more than any other man to estrange the Irish from their rulers—were supplied with information by an informer, and arrested several leaders. The vacancies, however, were rapidly filled up, and so complete was the system that the plans were not disturbed. The actual insurrection commenced on May 23, 1798, when the mail coaches were stopped, and several skirmishes took place between the soldiers and rebels. But we need not follow the bloody event through its various stages. The means of communication between the rebels were deficient, they lacked experienced leaders, and the authorities were so well informed that the troops posted here and there proved quite equal to the occasion. In Wexford only—where least expected—were the rebels, headed by a Roman Catholic clergyman named Murphy, in any degree victorious ; but although twenty thousand strong, when before Arklow they saw their leader, who had declared himself bullet-proof, fall, they retreated precipitately. In little more than a month, that rebellion with which so much pains had been taken, and for the sake of which so many (estimated at thirty thousand) shed their blood, was crushed. Its failure must be almost entirely attributed to want of leaders, combination, and resources.

Looking at it from an Irishman's point of view, this rebellion was fatal to Ireland's best interests. It afforded a ready pretext to the Government—one for which they had long been waiting—to raise the cry for "Union." In fact, since Independence was granted, the whole course of events was tending to this climax. At the very outset the incompatibility of two separate Parliaments was manifest, and more especially so when the question of the Regency sprung up, which we will not stop to relate, as happily any unpleasant circumstances were avoided by the recovery of the King. The Lord Lieutenant's speech to the Parliament, January 22, 1799, contained the following passage : "The unremitting industry with which our enemies persevere in

their avowed design of endeavouring to effect a separation of this kingdom from Great Britain, must have engaged your attention, and his Majesty commands me to express his anxious hope that this consideration, joined to the sentiment of mutual affection and common interest, may dispose the Parliaments in both kingdoms to provide the most effectual means of maintaining and improving a connection essential to their common security, and of consolidating, as far as possible, into one firm and lasting fabric, the strength, the power, and the resources of the British Empire."

Immediately the "Union" which had been in the air for some time previous assumed a definite shape, and at once became a national question; classes, parties, and creeds for the time became extinct, and every man ranged himself under one of the two banners—Unionist or Anti-Unionist. The inhabitants of Dublin were, as might be expected, entirely opposed to the Union; the Parliament leaving them would draw away a large trade, and it was feared as not improbable that the city would decay. Large districts, principally in Leinster, were also against it, but it cannot be maintained that the dislike was universal, for we find that in common with a large majority of the landed interest, the city of Cork and several other commercial towns were friendly to the scheme.

The Session of 1800 opened amid great excitement. The intentions of the Government were now fully known. Mr. Grattan took a seat, hoping he might be able to save his country from what he considered her ruin, but to no purpose. The Government had the means at their disposal: they used them and won the day. The Act of Union, although strongly contested at every point, passed both Houses, and having received the approval of the English Parliament, the Royal assent was given on August 1, 1800. On the 2nd, the Lord Lieutenant dissolved the Parliament, and with it Ireland's Independence practically terminated. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland was formally announced by proclamation in London and Dublin on January 1, 1801.

JOHN BENNER.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.

IF before yielding himself to the counsels of Anne Boleyn and the party of the Reformation of which she was the representative, Henry had calmly reconsidered his position as he must have seen it at the time of the death of Wolsey, he might have escaped much misery and avoided much sin. He well knew that the one supreme lawgiver of the Christian world had pronounced, by a deliberate judicial sentence, that Katherine was his wife: and that the same authority had forbidden him, under pain of excommunication, to remarry until after the decision of the case, and had warned him, that if he did so all his issue from such a union would be illegitimate.¹ On Clement's part there was no symptom of wavering, no token of weakness, or indecision, or fear. It might have been well indeed if he had acted with greater firmness and less delay at the beginning. But now, at last, availing himself of one of the undoubted privileges of the Holy See, he had revoked the final sentence to himself; and he did so upon the indisputable plea that the question of the divorce could not be concluded with any equity in the English court, where Henry exercised an influence which placed the Queen at such an obvious disadvantage as practically barred the administration of justice.

To the earnest appeals and exhortations of Clement, Henry opposed no new arguments. He contented himself for the time with the repetition of the statements which he had advanced, with tedious monotony, from the beginning of his great cause. But his private letters to His Holiness gradually increased in the bitterness of their language and the violence of their sentiments; and at last he had the audacity to assure the Papal Nuncio with his own lips that he would take the management of his own cause into his own hands, let the Pope do what he pleased and say what he liked. He cared nothing for his excommuni-

¹ Pocock, ii. 104. Brewer, 25, dated January 5, 1531.

cations.² Blinded by passion and goaded on by the persuasions of the evil woman to whom he had sold himself, the King set about devising and maintaining that novel system of Church government which, with certain modifications, has prevailed among us to the present time. Some such code of legislation was necessary for the changes which he contemplated. Without it the Reformation could not have been successful, nor indeed would it have ever been attempted. The Royal Supremacy had its origin in the profligate intercourse of Henry with Anne Boleyn. It becomes necessary for us, therefore, to trace the process by which this measure was accomplished, and here we can follow in confidence the safe guidance of the State Papers.

We must revert for a moment to one of the steps in the process by which Henry had effected the ruin of the late Cardinal. It was laid to his charge as an act of treason that he had offended against the Statute of Provisors by the exercise of his Legatine authority,³ a charge which was utterly untenable, for by his own warrant the King had permitted the Cardinal to accept and exercise that authority, and had yielded to his jurisdiction by appearing in court before him. Wolsey, however, had considered it the wisest course to offer no opposition to the will of his unreasoning master; he suffered judgment to go against him by default and threw himself on the royal mercy. This piece of legal machinery, having already proved itself so useful to the King, was again put into requisition by him against the whole body of the English clergy. As they had formerly submitted to Wolsey's authority in obedience to the King's warrant, so now they were charged by the Attorney-General with having identified themselves with the crime of which Wolsey had been found guilty. They and he were in the same condemnation, and they had involved themselves in his sentence. Every single individual among them discovered that he had incurred the dreaded penalties of the *Præmunire*; in other words, forfeiture of property and imprisonment for life. Knowing as they did the King's temper, they were awake to the danger of their position; but knowing

² Brewer, 148. Things had come to such a length in the English Court, that in January, 1531, when the Earl of Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father, gave a supper to the French Ambassador, for his amusement was played a farce of the going of the Cardinal to Hell. The Ambassador blamed the Earl and still more the Duke of Norfolk, who had commanded it to be printed (*ib.* 63).

³ The Twenty-eighth Article of Indictment (Collier, ii. 43) declares expressly that he had the King's licence to exercise his Legatine authority. "Thus [continues the same historian] the King made the privilege of his letters patent a crime; sued against his own licence; and brought the Cardinal under a severe forfeiture for making use of the royal authority" (See Lord Herbert, 413).

also his inordinate love of gold, they imagined that they might purchase their indemnity by a bribe. Accordingly, in January, 1531, Convocation offered to his offended Majesty the present of £100,000 in exchange for a free pardon for the crime into which they had thus unwittingly fallen.⁴

Terrified already at having incurred the displeasure of their "most dread Sovereign," their alarm was yet further increased by finding that their proffered gift, liberal as it was, did not satisfy his Majesty. They were informed that not only was it too little in itself, but further, that it was not worth his Majesty's acceptance unless it were accompanied by the admission that he, and he alone, was the protector and Supreme Head of the Church of England. The clergy were alarmed, and endeavoured to change the King's intention. In this they were encouraged by the Papal Nuncio, who, seeing the hidden danger concealed in the demand, strongly advised them to resist it by supporting the immunities of the Church; and he offered to intercede with the monarch on their behalf. We learn the result from Chapuys. When the Nuncio entered Convocation the assembled clergy refused to hear him speak, and begged him to leave them in peace, because they had not obtained permission from his Majesty to confer with him.⁵ Such men were not likely to offer any resolute opposition to such an opponent as Henry. Two only of their number, Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and Archbishop Warham, protested against the adoption of this suicidal measure, but their protests appear to have been disregarded. The only concession which they could wring from Henry was the insertion of the clause which declared that the King was "the only and supreme lord and also (*as far as is allowed by the law of Christ*) the Supreme Head." Chapuys was at no loss to estimate the reservation at its true value.⁶ Henry, too, was equally well aware of the weakness of the limitation, and how irresistible was the power which this concession gave him; but he concealed his satisfaction. With his usual calm insolence he told the Nuncio that he had no wish to infringe the authority of the Pope

⁴ According to Parker (*Antiq. Brit.* p. 325), the authors of this device were said to have been Cranmer and Cromwell. The supposition is credible.

⁵ Chapuys to Charles the Fifth, January 23, 1531. Brewer, 62.

⁶ Writing to Charles on the 14th of February, he says: "The clergy have been compelled, under pain of the law of *Præmunire*, to accept the King as head of the Church, which implies in effect as much as if they had declared him Pope of England. It is true that the clergy have added to this declaration that they have done so only as far as they are permitted by the law of God. But that is all the same, as far as the King is concerned, as if they had made no reservation; for no one now will be so bold to contest with his lord the importance of this reservation" (Frewer, 105).

provided His Holiness would pay due regard to him in the matter of the divorce, otherwise he knew what he would do.⁷ The clergy seem to have been paralyzed with terror. Notwithstanding their apprehensions of coming evil, this obnoxious concession by which they stripped themselves of their inheritance, was unanimously signed by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury on March 22, and by that of York on May 4, 1531.

The practical operation of the act by which the two Houses of Convocation had abandoned their birthright and with which they had now invested the King made him "Supreme Head of the Church and clergy of England" in the fullest sense of the words. They had given him authority to regulate and control their deliberations. They had given him a negative voice in all their proceedings. They had given him power to abrogate and take away such constitutions, ordinances or canons, provincial or synodal, as he might think and determine not to stand with God's laws and the laws of his realm. Thus, we repeat, the Convocation of the Clergy, by their deliberate and unanimous official act surrendered all their spiritual jurisdiction into the hands of the secular prince; and this they did so effectually as even to deprive themselves of the power of accepting any decree of a General Council without having previously obtained the permission of the Supreme Governor.

The position in which it pleased Henry to entrench himself at this time was so novel that it seems to demand a few words of explanation.

He proclaimed emphatically and repeatedly that he had no quarrel with the Pope, for whose person and office he frequently and publicly was pleased to profess all dutiful allegiance. It suited his purpose indeed to have no overt quarrel, for he knew that peace with Rome was better than war. The Papacy was still a mighty political power in the world, with which he would gladly have continued upon terms of amity. But this amity could be preserved, upon his side, only by the Pope complying with certain conditions which Henry claimed to specify. Of these the chief was the subordination of the spiritual to the temporal in certain points which affected himself, and which were to be defined by himself. To repudiate Katherine, to marry Anne, here were his terms. Let his Holiness make this easy concession and Henry would continue to be the most faithful of his subjects. The great question of the divorce must be settled, not in Rome but in England. It was an English question and

⁷ Brewer, 113.

⁸ Wilkins, *Conc.* i. 742, 745; Brewer, 149, 225.

should be decided upon English soil. That point once conceded, the ancient landmarks might remain undisturbed. Henry preferred that other things should continue as they were; yet he had considered the question from the other side. If he were defrauded of his prescriptive rights and thwarted in the exercise of his hereditary privileges, he must of necessity seek for a remedy. The alternative might be painful, but it would be unavoidable. If he could not find justice at Rome, he would look for it elsewhere. Canterbury was within an easy distance of London, and the loyal clergy of that province had shown him that they were open to argument. The remedy was at hand; it was easy, cheap, and effectual. Did Clement mean to compel him to employ it?

While Henry thus personally insulted the Holy Father by his letters and his agents, the condition of the Church in England presented no outward token of the mighty change which was impending. The intercourse which was necessary for the ordinary transaction of official business with the Vatican remained undisturbed. The spiritual supremacy of the Pope was still admitted, his name still preceded that of the King in the public prayers of the Church, and the bishops still continued to receive their institutions from Rome as heretofore. Sacraments and services were ministered as usual to the faithful. The clergy, having showed their subserviency to the King's pleasure, were again received into favour, and were kept quiet by the hope that the liberties which they had surrendered would ere long be restored to them.⁹ Henry even tried to conciliate public opinion, which had long been scandalized by the unblushing immorality of his conduct. He pretended that he was about to put away the partner of his sin, and it was given out that with this intention he was furnishing for her a private house with which he had presented her some time previously. He caused a statement to be made by the Chancellor to the effect that he pursued the divorce simply and solely in discharge of his conscience, the tenderness of which was aggrieved by his living with the Queen.¹⁰ He continued to dine with his wife, as he hitherto had done, upon most of the greater festivals, and he showed her in public such unwonted kindness that she was deceived by it into the belief that she might possibly even yet recover his affection.¹¹ And to crown the fraud the Papal Nuncio,

⁹ Brewer, 70. ¹⁰ *Id.* 171.

¹¹ Yet he did not deny himself the pleasure of insulting her in private. After one of these State dinners, which had passed off very amicably, poor Katherine, misled

when he had occasion to transact some public business with his Majesty, "was never better received nor feasted at Court by the King." Among other agreeable speeches Henry told him that there was no intention on his part of doing anything against His Holiness, whose authority he had always vindicated, and which he intended still to maintain, provided the Pope did not give him occasion to act otherwise.¹²

On the part of Rome there was no change of attitude. Henry threatened, promised, and flattered in vain. The Pope heard and was silent. He had at last taken his position, and knowing that it was impregnable, he had refused to abandon it.¹³ Aware that the cause on which he was called to adjudicate could not be heard in England with the remotest prospect of justice to the weaker of the litigants, he insisted that the final sentence should be pronounced in Rome. Thus stood the two antagonists in the great dispute which was to decide the future Catholicity of England when an event occurred which gave Henry a mighty advantage, of which he was not long in availing himself. William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died on August 23, 1532, and the appointment of his successor was in the hands of the English Sovereign.

Henry's new theories of ecclesiastical supremacy were as yet undeveloped, for their practical application demanded an exponent whom as yet he had not succeeded in finding, and whom indeed it was not easy to find. He needed an individual, not a body of men, however devoted they might seem to be to his cause; not the bench of Bishops, nor the House of Lords, nor the Convocation of the Clergy. Among such assemblies as these, however zealous their profession of obedience, there would be sure soon to spring up diversities of opinion, rival interests, and conflicting theories. It is easier to rule the one than the many. Henry, therefore, sought a man of pliant will and placid temper, one whose conscience should not be easily startled, who would rise above the unmeaning traditions of the past and show himself superior to the fast waning theories of the schoolmen. He found such a

by her husband's gracious speeches, ventured to ask him for permission to see the Princess Mary, their daughter, from whom she had been separated. He rebuffed her very rudely, and said she might go and see the Princess if she wished, and also stop there (*Id.* 238). On the New Year's Day of 1532 he refused to accept the present of a cup of gold which she sent him "with honourable and humble words," and returned it to her. He sent no corresponding gift either to her or to the ladies of her Court, and forbade the Council and others to do so, as had been usual (*Id.* 696).

¹² *Id.* 105.

¹³ *Id.* 27, 30, 31.

treasure in Thomas Cranmer, and he made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury.

But for Cranmer, or such a man as Cranmer (if there ever was his equal), the completeness of the Royal Supremacy over the Church could never have become the law of England. He showed what manner of man he was at the very first, and it is interesting to trace his archiepiscopal career from the beginning. At the time when he was nominated by Henry to the see of Canterbury the connection between England and Rome had not yet been broken, and the usual manner of appointing bishops still continued. That the person who had been elected should take the usual oath of obedience to the Pope was still a necessary act to be performed at least upon three several occasions before he could be put in legal possession of the archiepiscopal dignity with its privileges and emoluments. How to secure these emoluments and this dignity without the accustomed oath to the Pope was the first problem which Henry's nominee set himself to solve; and he fell upon a device which must have proved to his Majesty that in Cranmer he had found an Archbishop after his own heart. He gave proof of what might be expected of him during his career by the manner in which he entered upon it. He tried to evade the objectionable oath of allegiance to the Holy See which was required of him at his consecration by the following device. On the morning of that solemnity, accompanied by a notary and four witnesses, the future primate retired into a private chapel and there protested that he never intended, by the oath which he had authorized his proctor to take for him at Rome, to be bound to anything contrary to any other oath taken, or to be taken, by himself to the King of England. And further, that he did not now mean to bind himself to anything contrary to the law of God, or to the law of the King or Commonwealth of England, or to the reformation of religion, or to the prerogatives of the Crown, by the oaths which he was at this present time about to take; which, he added, were taken merely for the sake of form and not through any higher obligation, as if they were necessary previous to his consecration. Acting thus fraudulently, this pattern Archbishop, the first of the new dynasty, took the accustomed oaths of obedience to the Holy See, and so entered upon the duties of his office with a lie in his right hand.¹⁴

¹⁴ Collier, vol. ii. App. p. 14.

Having thus found in Cranmer an agent so excellently suited for his purposes, the King without delay set about putting them into execution. But the first step in the entire process required that Cranmer himself should know the ground upon which he stood, and should be made aware that he was only the agent and the tool of a higher authority. Henry accordingly informed him that he, the Archbishop's King and Sovereign, recognizes no superior on earth, but only God, and is not subject to the laws of any other earthly creature; and that in the Archbishop of Canterbury he, the Sovereign, sees nothing more than the principal minister of his spiritual jurisdiction.¹⁵ Cranmer submitted, and others have been found equally pliant. From that time to the present this is the estimate in which the occupant of Lambeth Palace is held by the occupant of the Palace of St James's.

Thus instructed by his imperious master, Cranmer proceeded in turn to indoctrinate the clergy. As might have been expected from what they had already done, they yielded a ready obedience to his dictates. They busied themselves in removing every token of their former subjection to the Sovereign Pontiff. Annates and appeals to Rome were forbidden. The payment of Peter-pence, fees, and pensions, the suing out of licences, dispensations and bulls were now strictly prohibited under the terrors of a *præmunire*, and a new process was introduced which regulated the consecration of bishops. All this was the work of the civil power. It does not appear that the advice or the assent of Convocation was either asked or granted. Nor can it be said that the bishops accepted these measures by giving a silent vote in Parliament, for out of twenty-one bishops seven only appeared in the House during the entire session. Cranmer and Clerk were always present, Gardiner generally, Stokesley seldom. The others were systematically absent, and by their absence justified the conclusion that they disapproved, as far as they dared, the measures which they had not the courage openly to oppose. The Reformation thus begun to

¹⁵ Nor can it be urged in reply that the will of the Sovereign for the time being is the rule to which obedience must be paid. When the Emperor Constantine the Second, at the instigation of Paul, the Patriarch of Constantinople, issued an objectionable dogmatic edict called the Type, the orthodox party refused to accept it and appealed to Pope Martin the First for protection. He summoned a Council, at which were present one hundred and five bishops, in which the Type and its authors were condemned. The Catholic clergy in the time of Henry the Eighth might here have found a precedent (See Harduin, *Conc.* iii. 626; Hefele, *Hist. Conc.* iii. 189.)

Henry's satisfaction was not permitted to linger in its progress. Parliament declared that the King, his heirs and successors, shall be taken as the only Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England; and that he and they shall have full power and authority from time to time to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all errors, heresies, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities, whatsoever they be. Thus by giving him, as it did, all the jurisdiction which belonged to the Supreme Head of the Church, it gave him the entire authority which ever at any time had been exercised by the Pope in England. It further invested him with the power of regulating the clergy in the exercise of their sacred ministry, of superintending their teaching in church and out of it, and controlling the way in which they should administer the sacraments. Having thus possessed himself of this supremacy of power over ecclesiastical persons and things, let us see how he exercised it.

Henry was not long in discovering that the cares and duties which necessarily sprung from his new position as the inheritor of the Papal Power in England were likely to interfere with his amusements and his pleasures. Fettered with such obligations, had he attempted to discharge them, how could he find leisure for his hunting the stag, his shooting at the butts, his dancing with the ladies of the Court, or his dalliance with Anne Boleyn? He sought relief from the daily anxieties of his new supremacy which soon become irksome to him, and he found it necessary to transfer the responsibility of them to a subordinate officer. It might naturally have been supposed that this delegate would be the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. No such thing: the individual whom he selected was probably the most obnoxious whom he could find in the whole of England, no other man than Thomas Cromwell, a man whose opinions were hostile to the last degree, not only to the English clergy but to religion in general. He had been a soldier of fortune, a moneylender, and a usurer; and at the time when the King took him into his service he was in the habit of receiving bribes with unblushing frequency. Henry invested this man with powers of exceptional magnitude. Cromwell could not only exercise all jurisdiction which appertained to the King himself over the Church and churchmen, but further could appoint others as his delegates to execute the same under him. He and his commissioners could visit

all dioceses and churches, and summon before them all ecclesiastical persons, even archbishops and bishops; could inquire into their manner of life and conduct; could punish them with spiritual censures; could issue injunctions; could summon synods, chapters, and convocations, and preside in them; could excommunicate such persons as were disobedient and unruly; could accept resignations; could confirm and annul elections; and in short could exercise all the functions of any ecclesiastical court whatever.¹⁶

Henry's Vicar General, for so he was styled, soon thought fit to give the clergy of the Church of England a practical illustration of the slavery into which they had reduced themselves. As the representative of royalty he took the highest place in Convocation, and his name stands first as having subscribed the resolutions before that of the Archbishop. And this he did not only in Convocation but also in Parliament, for it was decreed by an Act of that august body that "the King's vicegerent for the good administration of justice in causes ecclesiastical, and for the godly reformation of all errors, heresies, and abuses in the Church, and that every person having the said office of grant from his Majesty or his heirs, should have place on the same form with, but above, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and should have voice to assent or dissent as others the lords of Parliament." Thus then Henry's nominee took precedence over every peer, both spiritual and temporal, whatever might be his dignity or position in Church or State. These men had been invited to free themselves from the intolerable tyranny of the Pope of Rome, and one would like to know what they thought of the tyranny of their new master the Pope of London.

It was hardly to be expected that Articles of Faith should be permitted to escape the manipulation of the theologian who professed to be its Defender. Accordingly, he was not long in taking them under his immediate protection. His subjects were required to believe, obey, and observe all declarations, definitions, and ordinances which should be set forth by his advice and confirmed by his letters patent. Every step in the process which regulated the national Creed now depended upon the pleasure of a profligate who had abandoned his wife and was living in adultery with another woman. The ecclesiastical commissioners were nominated by him, their proceedings were

¹⁶ Collier, ii. App. n. xxx. p. 20; Wilkins, iii. p. 784.

directed by him, their decisions were reviewed by him. Any new theory, any passing caprice of the moment, might thus become the doctrine of the Church of England; and every man was bound to believe these new Articles of Faith, or be adjudged a heretic and suffer the pains of death by burning for refusing to do so.

It was not to be expected that a theologian so pronounced and so venturous as Henry should neglect the golden opportunities to distinguish himself which were afforded him by his new position. According to the authority of the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, we find that among "these works where one may trace the last departure of that darkness which had so long obscured the genuine form of Christianity," several practical proofs of Henry's care for the spiritual welfare of his people. A prominent place must here be assigned to a work of his Majesty entitled certain "Articles devised by the King's Highness to stablish Christian quietness and unity among us and to avoid contentious opinions." We are further given to understand by their author that "these Articles be also approved by the consent and determination of the whole clergy of this realm." In the Preface we are told how far these Articles were the work of the King, how far the work of his clergy. He does not forget to tell his subjects how, in his own person, he "at many times had taken great pains, study, labours, and travails," in the preparation of the same work, that then they had the assent of Convocation, and finally he writes: "Wherefore we will and require you to accept the same after such sort as we have here prescribed them to you, and to conform yourselves obediently unto the same." Every successive Article as it is propounded, is introduced by the significant words, "We will that all bishops and preachers shall instruct and teach our people, by us committed to their spiritual charge," and then follows the Article itself as it is stated by his Majesty. This document is signed first by Thomas Cromwell, the two Archbishops then follow, and they are succeeded by sixteen bishops and a long list of members of both Houses of Convocation.¹⁷ Thus completely did the lay element predominate over the ecclesiastical in the State Church of England.

In the following year, 1537, the clergy understood yet more distinctly what was required of them by their master. In obedience to his directions, the two Archbishops and all other

¹⁷ *Formularies of Faith put forth by Authority.* Oxford, 1825. 8vo.

the bishops, prelates, and archdeacons of this his realm, "set forth a plain and sincere doctrine concerning the whole sum of such things which appertain unto the profession of a Christian man." It might have been thought that the two Houses of Convocation could have been entrusted with the preparation of a Manual containing the simple rudiments of the Christian faith; but they did not dare to do so. They thought it wiser to lay it at the feet of their Supreme Head. "We do most humbly submit it," say they, "to the most excellent wisdom and exact judgment of your Majesty, to be recognized, overseen, and corrected, if your Grace shall find any word or sentence in it meet to be changed, qualified, or further expounded."¹⁸ Henry accepted it, corrected it, and gave it his approval, and then, but not till then, it was allowed to pass into the hands of the Catholic population of England.

With certain modifications, chiefly in regard to the penalties to be inflicted, the system invented by Cromwell and sanctioned by Henry is still the system under which the Established Church of England continues to exist. The Sovereign for the time being still exercises over it the authority granted by the clergy who betrayed their trust in the Convocation and Parliament of which we have spoken. These men were traitors because they alienated, against all right and all justice, the jurisdiction with which they had been invested. To them had been entrusted the authority to determine controversies in pure matters of religion and (when doubts arise) to decide what is Divine truth and what is human error. Joined with this, and as a necessary consequence from it, they had authority to teach these truths when so decided, and to make them known to the people with the spiritual care of whom they were entrusted. Within these limits they stood independent of all purely civil authority, which could not claim over them any jurisdiction to which they were bound to obey. For along with the office with which they had been invested by their Divine Master, they had received a command to execute the same to the end of the world, together with a threat that He would hold them answerable for the way in which they executed their trust for the good of the community, from the Sovereign to the labourer. And these penalties they incurred when they bound themselves to the secular governor never to teach as truth or condemn as error any decision at which they might arrive in the furtherance of matters of faith or worship, or in condemnation of error or heresy, without

¹⁸ *Formularies of Faith*, p. 26.

the consent of that secular governor, even though such governor may happen to be a heretic, a schismatic, or an unbeliever.

It may be well, however, to guard against misapprehension at this point by endeavouring to mark the line of separation which distinguishes between the jurisdiction of the Church and that of the State.

It may safely be granted that within certain limits the Sovereign of a Christian State has a certain recognized voice in the ecclesiastical arrangements of that State, and further, that the lawful and proper exercise of this voice is for the benefit alike of the State and the Church. It was the fault and the misfortune of Henry that he overstepped the limits which until his time had been observed by his predecessors, and involved the two independent jurisdictions in the unhappy confusion in which they still exist. He succeeded in disturbing the harmony which the Divine Lawgiver had established from the beginning; and not satisfied with claiming, as was his due, the things of Cæsar, he laid his sacrilegious hands upon the things which belonged to God. This innovation in the government of Christ's Church has brought with it into the world a long series of difficulties and dangers from which earlier ages were exempt, and from which they were mercifully preserved by the purer faith and firmer zeal by which they were animated.¹⁹ It was reserved for Henry the Eighth to make this breach in the unity of the faith once delivered to the Saints. Satan tempted him and he fell, and the price which he paid for the gratification of his lusts was the ruin of his own soul and the sacrifice of the liberties of the Church. No more expressive memorial of his sin with the degraded Anne Boleyn exists among us at the present time than the arrangement which we call the Royal Supremacy, the supremacy of the State over the Church in matters ecclesiastical. The continuance of the claim and the submission to it are alike the progeny of this illicit union; and we rejoice to think that among our predecessors in the faith which we hold there have never been wanting men who would far rather meet death in its most ghastly form than bend the knee to this modern Baal.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

¹⁹ Writing to the Emperor Valentinian in A.D. 386, St. Ambrose asks: "Quando audisti in causa fidei laicos de episcopo judicasse? Si docendus est episcopus de laico, quid sequeretur? Laicus ergo disputet et episcopus audiat, episcopus discat a laico" (Epist. i. xxi. Opp. Migne xvi. 1003).

Natural Science and the Real Presence.

EVERY one who has read Father Dalgairns' work on the Holy Communion will have admired the earnest piety, the sound knowledge of Catholic philosophy, and the clearness and exactness of statement, with which he discusses his difficult and mysterious subject. I should be bold indeed were I to follow him upon ground which he has made his own. If I trench upon it at any point it will be because I believe that, in the twenty years which have passed since his book was published, both natural science and philosophy have changed their point of view for one more distinctly favourable to the Catholic doctrine. It will be remembered, too, that he dwelt almost entirely on the philosophical, or metaphysical, relations of the dogma of the Real Presence, and only referred in passing to its bearings on natural science. It is these latter, on the other hand, that I propose chiefly to consider, though I shall inevitably have to recur to those metaphysical principles which—tacitly or explicitly, rightly or wrongly—must be assumed by all natural philosophers.

I may best begin by inquiring what objections can be fairly urged, from the side of physical science, against the Catholic doctrine. With this object I have examined the most likely works of Protestant controversy ; but I meet with this difficulty, that although there is some amount of general statement, there is no definite objection raised, so far as I can discover, by those who do not believe this mystery. They all seem to be contented with asserting that Transubstantiation is inconsistent with science, and do not go into details and tell us where the inconsistency is to be found.

One writer only, as far as I know, has ever pointed out the department of science where it is to be looked for ; but he condescends to no further particulars. Mr. Froude, in a review

of Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, which was characterized by more than even his usual recklessness, told us that the progress of chemistry has disproved the possibility of Transubstantiation. I may say without irony that it would have been instructive to know what, not Mr. Froude, but some competent man of science, might feel to be a real difficulty in the way of his believing our Lord to be really present in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. In the absence of any specific objection, I am led to suggest the following, as the only one I can suppose ; though it may perhaps not be the one in the mind of our opponents. I can imagine they would say, if they gave expression to their thoughts (which in the minds of most unscientific people are vague enough), that chemistry makes known to us, not the external appearances only, but the internal nature and constitution of bodies. They would expect, then, that every substantial change would be discoverable by chemical analysis ; and they doubt not that this would reveal the chemical characteristics of bread and wine, in the Sacred Host and Chalice, after as well as before consecration. I am confirmed in my belief that such is the objection latent in the Protestant mind, by having remarked that intelligent Catholics, particularly if their training has been exclusively scientific, will sometimes deny the minor of this syllogism, and maintain that, if the Sacred Host and Chalice were to be analyzed after consecration they would have the chemical properties of flesh and blood. They are unable, that is, to conceive of any other change as a real one ; because they imagine that chemistry makes known to us the essence, and not the mere external accidents, of bodies.

Now I need hardly say that neither chemistry, nor any other natural science, ever seriously put forward such absurd pretensions. If we exclude its practical applications, which are of such invaluable service to us on almost every occasion of life, we find the scope of chemistry to be very well defined. Its aim is to discover the ultimate structure of matter, by studying its properties and qualities. It proceeds for this purpose by observation and experiment, which carry us, indeed, far beyond what the unaided senses will reach, but can no more transcend their sphere than the microscope or telescope can. If we conceive chemistry to be carried to its utmost possible perfection, it will always be concerned with matter clothed in extension and endowed with properties ; and this extension and these qualities will be its

proper object of study. It has already succeeded in showing great probability for the hypothesis that all ponderable matter is discontinuous, being made up of separate portions which have a definite size and shape. We shall presently inquire further into the nature of these; meanwhile, no great force of imagination is needed to suppose that chemical, aided by mathematical, analysis, will one day discover what this shape and size are, and connect therewith all the physical properties of nature. Such a result would be of the highest interest and importance; but how would it exceed in *kind* that which might be obtained by some conceivably great magnifying power? We should still be contemplating the objects of sense—call them by what name you please, *phenomena*, accidents; and be no nearer any direct acquaintance with *noumena* or substances. It is hardly necessary to appeal to any authority in support of this statement, but an unexceptionable one is fortunately at hand. The only philosopher whom I have noticed as dealing with this question, is Professor Wundt, of Leipzig, whose eminence as a physiologist as well as a philosopher is a sufficient guarantee that he would not disregard the just claims of science. "Chemical elements," he says, "are merely objects endowed with sensible properties, the substratum of which cannot be directly apprehended; and chemistry, therefore, cannot transcend the concept of object given by ordinary experience (*das Dingbegriff der gemeinen Erfahrung*)."

I can only be excused for dwelling upon what is so plain, because students of physical science are so apt to ignore the obvious distinction. The objection with which I have been dealing is but one instance out of many in which physical science has unconsciously intruded upon philosophy; an error as gross logically, and more disastrous in its results, than the converse fault, which we are in no danger of forgetting, of adulterating physics with ethics or metaphysics. To say that chemistry can ever give us the last word as to the nature of the material world around us, is at least as bad as was the mistake of those unhappy Aristotelians, who have been pilloried for saying that the sun was a perfect body, and therefore could have no spots on its surface.

After this, it will seem flagrantly inconsistent for me to affirm that physical science, and chemistry in particular, is distinctly favourable to the Catholic doctrine—and yet this, I believe, can be established. For, although natural science

is not to be heard when it goes out of its province, it yet has a very distinct connection with philosophy. Whether they have been aware of it or not, students of physical science have had to go to metaphysics for the fundamental hypotheses which are to direct their investigations into what would otherwise be the hopeless tangle of the phenomena presented by the external world. Some of these have been found to answer their purpose, and have become established; while many more have been abandoned, as unsuitable guides to observation and experiment. It does not seem to have been sufficiently remarked, that many philosophical principles might thus be tested by their indirect results; and that so metaphysics might derive the same advantage from natural science, as the Thomist philosophy has so strikingly gained from its close contact with theology.

Now there are two philosophical principles of primary importance in their bearing on the dogma of the Real Presence. In the first place, we have to assume that, in the objects around us there is some unchanging reality, something permanent, underlying the varying appearances which the senses make known to us. I have just remarked that no natural science affords us any help towards recognizing the existence or nature of this basis of the phenomena around us, which we call substance. It is well, therefore, that on this head philosophers of the most opposite schools have expressed themselves with little short of perfect unanimity. Even Hume in his saner moments confessed, that we have no other idea of any object than as "an aggregate of particular qualities, inhering in an unknown something"; and the tendency of philosophy, since his time, has been to accentuate more strongly the difference between these qualities and their substratum. If any one doubts this, it may be sufficient to remind him, if he be acquainted with philosophy, that the two chief streams of original thought in this century—Kantianism and Positivism—made the distinction a cardinal point in their teaching. And even though we may consider their conception of substance inadequate, we may, all the more, accept their testimony to its existence. This, indeed, is questioned by none, save the idealists, who would deny all objective reality, and some of Bain's school, who look upon external objects as a collection of qualities, of which the most important is termed substance. It would take me too far from my province to examine either

of these positions, of which the latter, indeed, hardly needs refuting.¹

To quote once more Professor Wundt's very clear statements, the idea of substance is a necessary hypothesis, that something exists, inaccessible to the senses, yet required to make the experience of those senses intelligible. But when this is granted, a further question remains behind. All our perceptions of external objects run up into, and are dependent upon, their extension; so that we only have any objective knowledge, by sense, of bodies, in so far as they are extended. It was therefore, not an unnatural error, when Descartes supposed that such an universal property of matter was also an essential one; so that the idea of extension could not be distinguished, even in thought, from that of substance. It would occupy too much space to show how difficult it is to reconcile this opinion with Transubstantiation. The difficulty is well known to theologians, and has been noted by historians of philosophy, such as Sir W. Hamilton. Now we have here a point to which we can apply the indirect test of physical science, to which I alluded above. The Cartesian assumption, that the concepts of material substance and extension are inseparable, was introduced by Descartes into physical science: and it is interesting to remark that it has proved no less embarrassing to physicists than to theologians. It may be well for me to quote a few authorities, to show how decidedly it has been rejected. M. E. Naville, in a recent account of "The Philosophical Consequences of Modern Physics," says: "It is certain that indefinite indivisibility, which is an undoubted character of the concept of extension, is not applicable to elementary bodies, considered as units. The confusion, introduced by Descartes, between the idea of extension and that of matter, was the source of some of his errors."² M. Wurtz, in his recent work on *The Atomic Theory*, expresses himself in the same manner, in spite of his general admiration for Descartes' physics.

¹ Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer are reckoned as such great authorities that it may be worth while to mention their opinions separately. The former denied altogether the evidence for the existence of external reality, but was driven, by the phenomena of memory and hope, to admit the substantial existence of the perceiving mind. Mr. Spencer's view is more difficult to follow, being as usual made up of mutually destructive statements; on the one hand, he affirms that reality is nothing more than persistence in consciousness; on the other, that sense-perceptions are "vivid manifestations of the Unknowable." This latter statement concedes all that is necessary for our purpose.

² *Revue Philosophique*, 1881, vol. ii. p. 52.

A still higher authority, Professor Clerk Maxwell, is even more explicit. He says: "I have referred to this opinion of Descartes to show the importance of sound views in elementary dynamics. His original confusion of matter with space . . . runs through every part of Descartes' great work, and it forms one of the ultimate foundations of the system of Spinoza . . . We shall find it more conducive to scientific progress, to recognize, with Newton, the ideas of time and space as distinct, at least in thought, from that of the material system whose relations these ideas serve to coordinate."³

In the same way, the fundamental hypothesis assumed by chemists has been gradually modified, so that it is now much more in accordance with sound philosophy. In order to explain the fact, that bodies always combine in certain definite proportions, or in multiples thereof, Dalton suggested that they were made up of indivisible ultimate particles, of definite size and weight, which he termed atoms. I suppose there is no doubt that, as originally propounded by him, this *Atomic Theory* was derived from Epicurus and Democritus; that it considered the shape and weight of these atoms as essential to their nature, and was therefore difficult to reconcile with the possibility of Transubstantiation. At the present day, however, many chemists are disposed to look upon it as a merely provisional hypothesis, which has greatly assisted the progress of chemistry, but has now nearly served its purpose, and will have to be abandoned. Even those who accept it—and they are the majority—do so with qualifications which considerably alter its meaning. The gradual advance in our knowledge of the constitution of elementary bodies leads us to look upon an atom as the smallest portion of matter into which any body can be divided by chemical means, as distinguished from a molecule, which is the smallest portion into which we can suppose physical means could resolve it. For instance, Hoffmann's definition, now generally accepted, is: "An atom is the smallest proportional weight of a body which is capable of existing in chemical combination; while a molecule of an elementary body is the smallest proportional weight thereof which is capable of existing in the free or uncombined state."

It is only what we should expect on the principles of St. Thomas' philosophy, that this "minimum divisibile" should always be the same in shape and size for each kind of

³ *Matter and Motion*, p. 18.

substance. Aristotle laid down on several occasions, and St. Thomas accepted, as decisively as any philosopher has ever done, the doctrine that "*unicuique substantiæ determinatur sua quantitas, sicut et cætera accidentia*;" that is to say, that every substance, organic or inorganic, has a certain minimum limit beyond which it cannot be divided, and that this limit is always the same for each kind of substance. It seems to me that they provided, by this, an hypothesis sufficient for all the needs of chemistry; while, by drawing a clear distinction between the essence of a body and its extension, they were relieved from all those difficulties as to the infinite divisibility of matter, which seemed insoluble even to the powerful mind of Kant. The philosophy of Aristotle and St. Thomas maintains that, on the one hand, a substance and its extension are distinct, on the other, that every substance specifically determines the limits and form of its extension. Because it insists on both these truths, it is superior to other philosophical systems, which ignore either of them, and is more perfectly in harmony with the general principles of modern science.

In saying all this I may seem to have been digressing; but it is to be remembered that, intimate as is the connection between every part of the scholastic philosophy and theology, it is nowhere closer than where the latter deals with the mystery of the Real Presence. So much is this the case, that it is difficult even to state the Catholic doctrine in any but scholastic language, just as (to borrow an illustration from physics) the facts of the "interference" of light cannot be stated according to any other theory than the undulatory. It seems to me, therefore, both important and to the point, to establish that, at least on these two heads, the philosophy of St. Thomas harmonizes completely with modern science.

I may further remark that chemistry demonstrates most strikingly that many, if not all, bodies are completely independent of all those external properties which the untrained mind so closely connects with them. I bring this forward with some hesitation, lest I should seem to be returning to that error of exaggerating the province of chemistry which I set out by opposing. We can only expect to learn from any natural science that some at least of the qualities of matter are separable from it, not that all are so. But, if duly guarded, the illustration seems likely to be useful, in reaching such minds as are moved

more readily by physical than by philosophical arguments, and in disposing them to listen to a fuller statement of the case.

The phenomena to which I refer are well known to chemists under the names of *allotropism* and *polymorphism*. They have long recognized that two objects may differ in almost every one of their external properties, and yet be proved to be identical in their chemical characters. A few examples will best illustrate my meaning. What could seem more improbable, at first sight, than that the diamond, lamp-black, and black lead should prove to be only varying forms of the same chemical element? and yet, ever since Davy showed that the product of combustion of the diamond is the same as that of the other two, this has been known to be the case. I need not dwell upon their external characters; every one knows that nothing could contrast more strongly with the brilliant, transparent, and hard diamond than the black opaque powder we call lamp-black. But their less obvious characters would seem more important to any man of science. Lamp-black and charcoal present no trace of any crystalline structure, which is distinct enough in the other two; yet in this they also differ, for while the crystals of the diamond are octahedral, those of plumbago are hexagonal scales. Their specific gravity varies, being more than double in the diamond what it is in charcoal: so, too, does their specific heat, a property of more importance in scientific eyes. Finally, the energy of their chemical affinities is very different, charcoal and lamp-black combining with oxygen (burning) very readily, while the diamond only does so at a high temperature. Or take the instance of sulphur. This element exists in at least three forms, being either an amorphous ductile body, or crystallized; and the crystals, again, may belong to either of two systems, which are incompatible, oblique prisms with rhombic bases or rectangular octahedra. These have different specific gravities and points of fusion; their electrical relations are different, octahedral sulphur being electro-negative, and the amorphous variety electro-positive. Some at least of their chemical characters are different, and yet it is easy to show that they are only varieties of the same substance.

Phosphorus is another well-known example of allotropism. In its usual condition it is not crystallized, but has the appearance of bees-wax; by special treatment it can be crystallized in octahedra or dodecahedra, and by prolonged heating it is converted into a red amorphous substance. This (known to

every one as the coating on the "safety" match-boxes) differs in the following respects, besides its external appearances, from ordinary phosphorus; instead of being poisonous, it is inert; it is not phosphorescent; does not dissolve in certain chemical compounds (carbon bisulphide and boiling solution of potash); and instead of being highly inflammable does not take fire when heated until a high temperature is reached, when it is first reconverted into ordinary phosphorus.

These examples might be greatly multiplied; indeed, it is generally believed by chemists that every substance is capable of existing in two or more allotropic forms.

The converse of allotropism, which is termed "isomerism," equally shows how completely the external appearances of bodies may be dissociated from their inner chemical nature. It is not uncommon to find two organic bodies—for example, ethyl-formiate and methyl-acetate—having the same chemical composition, but differing in all their physical properties, never resolved into each other, and if decomposed resulting in totally different products.

I do not know that chemists have explicitly stated the explanation of the cause of these singular phenomena. But according to that form of the atomic theory now most generally recognized, they would doubtless say allotropism was due to a different grouping of the ultimate atoms of each element into molecules. Thus, each molecule of crystalline sulphur is looked upon as consisting of two atoms, while one of amorphous sulphur is considered to contain six, probably combined in two groups of three atoms each. One molecule, again, of ordinary oxygen is believed to be made up of two atoms, and one of allotropic oxygen (ozone) of three.

If we attempt to express this in scholastic language, following the view I have already suggested, in allotropism the *quantitas determinata* of the substance is unchanged, while the other accidents vary. Chemistry is, however, at present in such a state of transition, as far as its ultimate hypotheses go, that it would be useless to dwell on this. I merely mention it to insist once more on the importance of not using these or any other physical phenomena for more than simple illustrations of the separability of an object from many of those external properties which seem at first sight most closely connected with it. It is more interesting to remark that allotropism is only one instance out of many which point to the conclusion that all the physical properties

of bodies are dependent on the shape and size of their molecules. This would be another coincidence with St. Thomas' doctrine, based on metaphysical principles, that all the other accidents depend upon quantity. It will be remembered by theologians that he used the hypothesis to explain the manner in which the accidents of bread and wine persist after consecration.

I have travelled, within my short space, over so much ground, that I had better sum up briefly the chief points on which I desire to insist. Neither chemistry nor any other natural science can directly prove or disprove the possibility of Transubstantiation, since they deal only with the external accidents, and not with the intimate nature of objects. Indirectly, however, they confer this important service on Catholic truth, that they insist upon the distinction between substance and extension, which was ignored by Descartes, and which has such an important bearing on this mystery. I further wish to suggest, with as much reserve as the provisional state of science renders necessary, that the current views of chemical science as to the ultimate constitution of bodies are in perfect accord with the scholastic philosophy, and consequently with that explanation of the mystery of the Real Presence, which comes to us with the highest authority.

J. R. G.

Poetry and Culture.

TWO facts are forced upon the attention of all who care to study the tendencies and characteristics of their own days. The first and perhaps the more striking of the two is the extraordinary interest, activity, and laborious zeal that pervades all classes with respect to education. Brief reference to the number, variety, and excellence of the educational works which are now annually, almost daily, pouring from the press, would be alone sufficient to give some notion of the marvellous development which has been attained in this direction during the past thirty years. The second fact to which I allude is the no less unmistakeable preponderance which positive or scientific branches of knowledge are gradually but rapidly gaining as elements in education over acquirements purely literary. All the signs point the same way : we are becoming more material, more utilitarian—more sordid and earthly in our lives and in our aspirations. The voices of Mr. Matthew Arnold and many others are lifted up in this modern wilderness to protest against the vandalism that would still further narrow the limits of literature in education, the arms of many who have themselves received the priceless boon of a liberal education, are raised to endeavour to stem the approaching tide of science, which threatens to swallow up schools, universities, and examining boards alike, at least by engrossing their energies. As with Catholics the truth of what they believe is not a matter of opinion but of knowledge and of faith, the certainty of which is above all merely human knowledge, so those whose minds and powers have been trained by literature do not merely *think*, but they *know*, that no amount of science and mathematics can possibly supply the deficiency of an education that is in great part at least literary. Just as that indescribable air of refinement, the nameless charm of a perfect manner, is never attained under any conditions by those who, neither bred or born gentlemen, have never mixed

in good society when young, so it has been abundantly proved that that peculiar character of mind, thought, and feeling which we instinctively associate with the idea of a well-educated man, is not to be attained by the most devoted, exclusive attention to the 'ologies.

In the face, however, of these two facts of the day, the universal thirst for knowledge, and the encroaching, nay, almost hostile, attitude to letters assumed by science, perhaps the partisans of the old classical and literary training cannot employ themselves more usefully than by endeavouring to investigate still further the relations between literature and culture. Even if there be nothing absolutely new to say on the subject, we may perchance be doing good service by an attempt to put some old trite truths in a new form, or even by mere repetition.

"It seems to me," writes Mr. M. Arnold,¹ "that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account—the constitution of human nature." Now it has long been admitted that this human nature of which Mr. M. Arnold writes, may, for educational purposes, be considered as made up of two parts. There is the *intellectual* and the *emotional* side of human nature; the judgment and the understanding, and the feeling and imagination. If it can be shown that the study of geometry and logic and physiology braces the intellectual muscles and strengthens all the reasoning and judicial powers a man possesses, it is no less susceptible of strict demonstration that attention to poetry and all the language akin to poetry, such as fiction without verse, to humane letters as they are justly called, in a word, that attention to literature is the chief means provided by Providence for developing and giving power to the nerves and fibres of the feelings and the imagination. The argument is in each case strictly empirical. Appeal is made to no *à priori* method, but simply to experience and fact. We see that since science and letters have been it is so; and we may each of us, if we choose, compare the different effects produced upon our own minds by a page of Euclid and a page of Keats.

But here the difficulty begins, because as if the burden of proof lay with us rather than our adversaries, they ask us:

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1882, "Art, Literature, and Science."

Why is it that letters produce one effect on the mind of a boy or a man, and science another? or putting precisely the same question in another way, they require to know *how* it is that poetry and eloquence come to have the power which science has not, of calling out the emotions? and again, *how* do they exercise this power? A fool, we know very well, may ask a question which a wise man can't answer. And Mr. M. Arnold, who in matters of culture at least is proverbially a wise man, would appear to think that not impossibly we may have here an instance of the saying's truth. "This," he says, "is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: 'Though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet he shall not be able to find it.' Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, 'patience is a virtue,' and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer: *τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν*—'for an enduring heart have the Fates appointed to the children of men'?"

Whether it be possible or not to analyze the workings of a man's mind so as perfectly to solve the problem we may well leave to the metaphysicians; or perchance the mental physiologists of the day may later on succeed in throwing some light on an obscure subject by careful examination of our cerebral convolutions. I venture to hope that at least some difficulties may be cleared away and the ground prepared for future research by diligent investigation of the essential and eternal relations between literature and the emotional side of our nature. By literature I mean in the first place poetry, and secondly all language akin to poetry, such as is to be found in books of fiction and art, as opposed to such as treat of fact, historical or scientific.

What is poetry? Never perhaps has a question been more often asked, more variously and less satisfactorily answered. And no wonder. The very idea of poetry is of its very nature so subtle and refined, so various in form, so changeable in colour, that any attempt to define its essential constituents except by their effects may well seem hopeless. Proteus-like, it ever eludes our mental grasp, like the chameleon its hues seem hardly the same one hour and the next.

One valuable result, however, of the criticism of the day has been to establish on a firm and solid basis a truth with regard to

poetry—not indeed new, but lost sight of in that age of prose, the eighteenth century—the truth that whatever else poetry may be, its first and most essential characteristic is that it appeals not to the reason but to the imagination. “Poetry,” says Mr. Mark Pattison in his valuable review of Milton’s poems² in Mr. Ward’s edition of *The English Poets*, “poetry must be a vehicle of emotion. Poetry is an address to the feelings and imagination, not to the judgment and the understanding. The world and its cosmical processes, or nature and natural scenery, are in themselves only objects of science. They become matter for the poet only after they have been impregnated with the joys and distresses, the hopes and fears of man.” Hence, “the doctrine that human action and passion are the only material of poetic fiction was the first theorem of Greek æsthetic.”

To illustrate the same truth from the views of Mr. M. Arnold. Why is it that he and others of his school of criticism boldly refuse the title of poetry to the writings, didactic and descriptive, of men whose names stand so high as those of Dryden and Pope, whilst they unhesitatingly award the meed of true poetic merit to Keats and even Gray? Why, but because, as has been most truly said, the verses of Pope are conceived and elaborated in the *wits* of their author and not in his *soul*. “The difference,” writes Arnold, “between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul. The difference between the two kinds of poetry is immense. They differ profoundly in their modes of language, they differ profoundly in their modes of evolution. The poetic language of our eighteenth century in general is the language of men composing *without their eye on the object*, as Wordsworth excellently said of Dryden; language merely recalling the object as the common language of prose does, and then dressing it out with a certain smartness and brilliancy for the fancy and understanding. This is called ‘splendid diction.’ The evolution of the poetry of our eighteenth century is likewise intellectual; it proceeds by ratiocination, antithesis, ingenious turns, and conceits. This poetry is often eloquent, and always, in the hands of such masters as Dryden and Pope, clever; but it does not take us much below the surface of things, it does not give us the emotion of seeing things in their truth and

² *The English Poets*, vol. ii. Edited by T. H. Ward.

beauty. The language of genuine poetry, on the other hand, is the language of one composing with his eye on the object ; its evolution is that of a thing which has been plunged in the poet's soul until it comes forth naturally and necessarily."³

Elsewhere the same critic tells us that "we are to regard Dryden as the puissant and glorious founder, Pope as the splendid high-priest, of our age of prose and reason, of our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century."

Mr. Mark Pattison, too, writing of the same classics, says they wanted "inspiration, lofty sentiment, the heroic soul, chivalrous devotion, the inner eye of faith—above all—love and sympathy. They could not mean greatly. But such meaning as they had they laboured to express in the neatest, most terse, and pointed form which our language is capable of. If not poets they were literary artists."

I have thought it worth my while to make here these somewhat lengthy extracts from the writings of two distinguished literary critics, because they appear to me to suggest a really good answer to the question we started with : What is Poetry ? If the view of Mr. Arnold and his school is the true one, this at least is clear, that poetry is above all things a genuine appeal to the emotions. The very essence, the very innermost being of all true poetry is its power of calling out the emotions. Alliteration rhyme, even rhythm itself, is an accident of poetry, not the substance of poetry in its true and widest sense. The one thing poetry cannot be without, the one quality which makes poetry what it is, is that inherent power it has of playing upon the feelings, the imagination, the emotions.

Here, too, is found its specific difference to prose. The whole, or at least the characteristic, scope of the latter lies precisely in this, that leaving the feelings to look after themselves, it addresses itself alone to the judgment, reason, and intellect of its audience. Now if this be the case, it further follows—a deduction indeed most pertinent to our subject—that poetry, whether in verse or not, is opposed to prose in exactly the same way that fiction is opposed to fact. And how is this ? Not surely in that fact is truth and fiction falsehood, for this would be tantamount to saying that fact is beauty and fiction all that is loathsome and ugly. How then ? In this way, that fact is what may be called objective or historic truth, and fiction is ideal or philosophic truth. Both are true,

³ *The English Poets*, Gray, vol. iii. p. 314.

only the truth of fiction is of a higher and more sublime order than the truth of fact. Poetry, I say then, and prose are similarly opposed. The latter possesses as its own the truth and beauty which are inseparable from all honest and genuine appeals to right reason; but poetry, using the term always in its wide sense, claims a higher truth and a more perfect beauty of its own, for it is its own peculiar boast to address itself alone to that higher and more elevated portion of man's nature, his whole moral being, his feelings, his sympathies, his affections, his passions, his love of all that is high and good and pure and true. Hence again flows a second very important corollary, and that is, that poetry is ideally at least *the* language of fiction, as prose is of fact.

Here, however, I would guard myself from a double misapprehension. And first when I say that poetic language is the language of fiction, I by no means imply that fiction is necessarily true poetry, that the two are identical. Far from it; fiction may be as worthless as what pretends to be historical truth or fact. Fiction may be merely not fact, without any of the positive good qualities that it ought to possess, that is to say, without appealing in the least to the imagination, the emotions of its readers, or what is far worse, appealing indeed to our passions but in a spurious, degenerate way. Fiction is not necessarily poetry or akin to poetry, any more, surely, than much of the so-called history or "Special Correspondent" news of the day is fact or akin to fact. But in spite of this it still remains true that fiction ought to be poetry, or at least akin to it, and poetic language recognized as such, whether by the rhythm or the words and phrases employed, is fiction's most becoming attire, its full dress. It never appears to such advantage, and displays all its charms so effectively, as when thus arrayed. Thus the connection between poetry and fiction is apparent—they are not identical or even inseparable, at least as far as spurious fiction is concerned, but they naturally go hand in hand. We see, then, that all fiction is not poetry, but only the best. And this leads us to consider the further and no less interesting question, whether poetry itself is necessarily *exclusive* of fact or historic truth. At first sight it might appear as if what has been said would imply this too; but a little thought will show the case to stand very differently. Genuine poetry no more excludes historic truth for its foundation than a genuine house prefers

stone to the exclusion of bricks. Poetry, as such, neither includes or excludes fact; but holds itself perfectly indifferent to its presence or absence. To poetry, as such, historic truth is neither a disfigurement nor an ornament.

Hence we have Shakspeare's historic plays as well as *Othello* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; hence we have *Kenilworth* and the *Heart of Midlothian*, as well as the *Abbot* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*; hence we constantly have true fiction founded on fact. But though Richard may be personally more interesting to us, because the poet has taken much from More's *Life* and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and in fact built the entire plot upon these foundations, yet the question whether Richard's nephews were by his order murdered in the Tower or not, whether Richard is answerable for the death of Clarence or not is beside the point,—it in no way affects the value of the play as a dramatic poem. Merely as a poem *Richard the Third* would be quite as noble a monument of Shakspeare's genius if Edward had never had any children and Bosworth had never been. Thus, again, to criticise Shakspeare unfavourably, because he makes the gentle dew to drop from heaven, is simple ignorance of the difference between scientific and poetic truth and beauty—a very fair specimen of *ignoratio elenchi*. The question whether dew really drops from heaven or not, is not worth considering here for a moment, all that we have to look to is whether the idea is poetically true or false. To take one more example from the only English poet who ever rivalled Shakspeare, and from the most exquisite, the most sublime of Milton's masterpieces, *Lycidas*. On the lines:

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his westering wheel,

Keightley remarks: "The evening star appears, not rises, and it is never anywhere but *on* heaven's descent."

Quite so. But is this any reason why Milton should not make Hesperus to rise and set? Surely none. The scientific description of astronomical phenomena is not poetry, and as long as it is not poetically an unsound idea to represent the evening star as rising, we need trouble ourselves about nothing else. Naturalistic or scientific solecism counts for nothing in Milton or Shakspeare.

And now to retrace our steps. We started with the assumption that the moral or emotional side of human nature was

at least as deserving of culture and education or training as the reasoning faculties are. I have endeavoured to point out how it is of the very essence of literature or poetry, taken in its widest and truest sense, to address itself primarily and above all things to the imagination, to call out the emotions. Hence the doctrine that human action or passion is the only subject of poetry; for human action or passion alone of themselves can evoke these emotions, and if other subjects appear to do so, the extent and feeling they excite is really caused only by their reference to man. Moreover, I have tried to establish the relations between fiction and poetry, historic fact and prose.

It remains for us now to put two and two together, and ask ourselves, Is not Mr. Matthew Arnold right when he finds that "those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account—the constitution of human nature?" If one half of our nature, and the better half, is, as far as mere books are concerned, to be trained and educated by works of the imagination, and, if the entire scope of the literature of fiction is what we have seen it to be, this would certainly appear to be the case. And then, what is to become of a man who resolutely refuses to sully himself even with a smattering of letters? His understanding and judgment may indeed be developed, but the development will be abnormal, he will be an intellectual monstrosity, there will be no balance of power, and the entire man will be a one-sided being. Of course there always remains the hope and the chance that exceptionally favourable external circumstances may, in great measure, remedy the deficiencies of education. But neither are natural or even supernatural virtues, nor again are domestic sympathies and ties either capable or designed by Providence to supply altogether the place of education and the mental culture to be gained by application and study. Books and living books or masters may be said to be an integral and indispensable factor in the training of a man's mind.

Culture, therefore, requires something more than even virtue, natural or supernatural, to make it what it is—and that something is literature. "The aim of culture," writes Mr. Mallock in a very fine passage, "the aim of culture is indeed to make the soul a musical instrument, which may yield music either to itself or to others, at any appeal from without; and the more

elaborate a man's culture is, the richer and more composite can this music be. The minds of some men are like a simple pastoral reed. Only single melodies, and these unaccompanied, can be played upon them, glad or sad; whilst the minds of others, who look at things from countless points of view, and realize, as Shakspeare did, their comparative nature, their minds become, as Shakspeare's was, like a great orchestra . . . or sometimes when he is a mere *passive* observer of things, letting impressions from without move him as they will. I would compare the man of culture to an Æolian harp, which the winds at will play through,—a beautiful face, a rainbow, a ruined temple, a death-bed, or a line of poetry wandering in like a breath of air amidst the chords of his soul, touching note after note into soft music, and at last gently dying away into silence."

Here, then, is the man of culture, presented to us, as well perhaps as any words can paint him. Whether it be desirable or not to be so cultivated we need not inquire, but only ask ourselves now, how is such a man likely to be formed? *Poeta nascitur non fit*, you answer. True no doubt, but even of a poet not all the truth; for as old Ben Jonson wrote:

For though the poet's matter nature be
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muse's anvil, turn the same
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's *made as well as born*.

And, if this is true of the poet, how much more true will it be of the man of culture!

Mr. Darwin, we are told, felt the need in his existence neither of poetry nor of religion—science and the domestic affections were enough for him. "But then," as Mr. Arnold naively adds, "Darwins are very rare." And perhaps as the great naturalist could do without religion, in this world at least, as well as without poetry, which is not so indispensable after all, because we need not all be men of culture, this rarity is rather a merciful dispensation of Providence. The sentiment, however, naturally suggests one word, and only one, because the subject is a long one, as to the part played by religion in education, considered from a purely human point of view. Here, then, as we have been treating of poetry and culture,

it will be sufficient to say that though the educational functions of religion and literature are to some extent analogous, both dealing with man's higher and moral nature, they are not identical, nor can religion, much less the domestic affections, pretend utterly to supersede letters. A man may well be a saint without a tincture of purely natural mental cultivation.

I conclude, then, with one more striking extract from Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, and I adopt his words in preference to my own, and all others, because they seem to me to express and sum up the views I have been trying to advocate as well as words can.

"Here we come to our friends the books again. Not, however, to such books as histories, but to books of art, to poetry, and books akin to poetry. The former do but enlarge our common experience. The latter are an experience in themselves, and an experience that interprets all former experience. The mind, to borrow an illustration, is a sensitized plate, always ready to receive the images made by experience on it. Poetry is the developing solution, which first makes these images visible. Or, to put it in another way, if some books are the telescopes with which we look at distant facts, poetry—I use the word in its widest sense—is a magic mirror which shows us the facts about us reflected in it as no telescope or microscope could show them to us. Let a person of experience look into this, and experience then becomes culture. For in that magic mirror we see our life surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye. We see it compassed about with chariots of fire and with horses of fire. Then we know the real aspect of our joys and sorrows. We see the lineaments, we look into the eyes of thoughts (compare Wordsworth's "writing with the eye on the object"), and desires and associations, which had been before unseen and scarcely suspected presences—dim swarms clustering around our every action. Then how all kinds of objects and of feelings begin to cling together in our minds! A single sense or a single memory is touched, and a thrill runs through countless others. The smell of autumn woods, the colour of dying ferns, may turn by a subtle transubstantiation into pleasures and faces that will never come again—a red sunset and a windy scashore into a last farewell and the regret of a life-time."

C. COWLEY CLARKE.

A Husband's Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE the bright life of the pleasant pastoral watering-place went forward—the gambling, dancing, walking in the groves, or up the *bosquets* to “Annette and Lubin,”—a little summer-house perched aloft like an eyrie. Of these things I wrote gaily and jocosely to my favourite correspondent.

It was a great disappointment when I heard of your having left only on Monday last. We had to stay on in this place, or “hole” as some think it. Yet it is prettier than Homburg, and gayer: a ball every night. But a “hole” it is, literally. I am always quoting Homburg to the natives.

I have another book which I send you. I really think I ought to divide profits with the person entitled to the credit of this success. It is very good of you to take these things in. Talking of walks, the little book I stole—I fear it can be called nothing else—is now beside me, dressed by a Spa binder.

Rattling on in this jaunty strain, it will be seen that I seemed to accept it as established; all things were to be seen by her in the same fashion, and accepted in that light strain. I journeyed home, found invitations to country houses, and accepted them. At one of them this reached me:

Very many thanks for the book, which arrived here yesterday.

Sincerely yours,

DOREEN ST. A——.

Somewhat hurt, or nettled, at this *douche*—not undeserved, yet how unreasonable!—I wrote back:

“Very many thanks”—that is the current model—for *your* short note: the hint which I can take. And I promise to amend in future. But in this most agreeable house one can reconcile oneself almost to anything.

This petulant production, from one who was really the offender—a capital touch of *man's* human nature—had, however, its effect on that tender soul.

I wonder [she wrote gently] you have time in such an agreeable house to be angry with me, which you have no right to be. *This* house is anything but pleasant now, as we are all in an unsettled condition, breaking up—some of us going east, others north, and some south.

Graciously soothed by this tone, I fell back into my old strain, announcing gaily,

I have returned to the old roostree at last. Not very important news, you will say. When are we to see you in town? I hear of you on a round of visits—at pleasant houses. It seems like a year since I said “Good-bye” that night. After seeing you three times a day for a whole month, it is hard to adapt oneself to a new state of things. I suppose I have no business to be writing; but you must be indulgent, and please don't snub

Yours always,

Here was again this light and airy mode of touching matters, and which indeed seemed to reduce matters to a sort of frivolousness, the very indefinitiveness of devotion. Yet this was only thoughtlessness on my side. To her it was serious, and the light tone must have seemed inexpressibly disheartening in proportion to the tone of compliment and devotion assumed. Presently arrived the following :

It was really not my fault, writing such brief thanks ; but one of my relations told me to-night not to keep up any correspondence without showing it to mamma.

D.

This was simple, direct, and dignified. Though I accepted this sort of rebuke with a sort of “don't care” manner, somehow I gradually began to feel a discomfort and self-reproach. After all, it was hardly fair thus to hope, to hunt with hare and run with hounds: to carry on matters in this agreeable fashion, going so far and no further than one pleased, with power reserved of drawing back when it so suited, or of taking offence if the other drew back and availed themselves of the same liberty. In the distance the image of this interesting little being rose more invitingly. I felt that one should, at least, make the offer which was indeed due. Yet it must be confessed in all candour, it seemed “a plunge,” as Mr. Dickens

speaks of the opposite step, namely, "separation," the embarking on a great sea indeed. It was clear, too, matters could not be left in this suspended state. So I came, at last, to a resolve. An opportunity presented itself.

I write a line to say I hope you are coming to town on Monday, as I wish to speak to you. But if you have been obliged to change your intention of coming to town, I should like to go down and pay you a visit in the morning.

An answer came speedily. She was coming to town, on the day fixed, and would be at home on a particular morning. People have talked and written of the nervous task of "proposing," as it is called; but for myself personally I can recall the strange lightness with which the duty sat on me. There are many, however, who cannot bear to "make a business" of anything: that is, to have it hanging over them, drawing near and nearer with a growing weight. It is this *accumulation* that magnifies. Perhaps there would be no forward anxieties in life, if the great issues came without anticipation—even to a tooth being drawn. The art, therefore, of being able to dismiss the coming disagreeable till it comes, is a precious one. This, however, tends to abolish feeling in a measure, which is fostered by dwelling on the particular event.

But, indeed, this was carrying the *cœur léger* to the extent of recklessness. I recall being very busy writing a "paper" on some interesting subject, and growing actually so absorbed—and there are few things so absorbing as writing in the vein—as to find myself actually surprised by the momentous hour. Yet I might have known that with the other contracting party it was all in all, and with everything staked. And yet—shall I confess—there was some reason for this tone, or "note." The difficulties in the business were so certain and assured, that already there was an air of unreality, and I almost felt it was playing out a little comedy. There was the insuperable element of opposed "religions"—the arrangements and sacrifices which it was evident one or other must make, and it was certain the Catholic could make no compoundings. On the other side, an orthodox Protestant family—with whom their faith was a matter of almost social caste—was certain to be as unbending. The formal consent and acceptance must be first gained, and then, almost as soon as the debate was opened, these difficulties would present themselves. To them these

did not present themselves : it was assumed that the acceptance of a Catholic was abundant concession in itself.

On what passed at this interview I will not dwell ; but I shall not forget her demure, pleasantly old-fashioned acceptance of the proposals, made, I must own, in a very business-like style. I had thought of hinting at these "terms," which my religious convictions necessitated, and which had the air of a sort of clumsiness, of qualification, which it was to be seen puzzled her not a little.

"I have always had a great regard for you," was her answer, "and I am sure you will make me happy."

It was settled I should "see mamma" that evening, who, I recollect, was cordial enough, but groaned a little as I detailed that younger son's portion with which I was indifferently equipped. Then, with a sigh :

"Well, I suppose you will both be beggars, with starving children, and the rest of it !"

This suggested the great *crux*.

"Of course, as you are of different religions, they must be half and half. That's the way it's always settled."

"That," I said, "was impossible. Our Church, &c."

"Well, then," she said, "we must refer it to her guardian. I will go by what he says. That will be the best way. He lives in Paris ; but I'll write to-night, and will have an answer in a couple of days."

There was an alacrity and cordiality about all this which surprised me a little, and this sudden introduction of the guardian, who had never interfered and whose interference in other matters would have been openly flouted, was curious. It suggested Jorkins, Mr. Spenlow's partner, in Dickens' novel—as mild a married man as ever sat at a desk—who was thus put forward by his friend.

A day or two later, however, we had a more serious discussion on the matter, in which she evidently spoke from love of her child :

"I must be firm about this," she said. "I have indeed a little money to leave at my death. Though," she added, "I declare I only see the poor-house for you both."

The days that followed offered a curious season of suspense. The amiable, gentle Doreen, who looked towards her busy mother as a trusty dog does to its owner, and seemed to hold all that was laid down by her family as something irrefragable

and eternal, accepted this arbitration of the guardian as though it were not a foregone conclusion, and waited a little feverishly for his decision. Nay, I myself believed a good deal in this invisible judge, and indeed felt so certain he would decide for us, that I was filled with uneasiness as to those thorny religious questions which were now to be debated. For there was another point—the religious ceremony. Was it likely that a family of this sort would consent to waive their own religious rites? No concession could be made on my side. It was to be seen, however, that such difficulties did not seem even intelligible to Doreen, who clearly thought that all was comprised in the acceptance of a Catholic.

However, during these few days of expectancy, all went on after an agreeable though curious fashion. The whole family were in town. I see them coming in and out, while I came in and went out, and seemed to be of the little community. In the centre our fair Doreen, not attempting the airs of a heroine, her sweet “New Testament simplicity” and manners carrying her through. It was this unaffectedness that was ever her charm, and prevented that insipidity which so often characterizes agreeable and interesting persons, who yet have to exert themselves to entertain others. At times, however, I noted a sort of shade of sad thoughtfulness, which however was dissipated by the ever-ready smile. Lady V——, as usual, continued to seem even busier than she was. But somehow, on the third day or so, it was clear to me that we were all in a fool's paradise, and that nothing would come of it; or, if it went on, nothing but serious trouble and embarrassment. At last it came.

On the Sunday morning after breakfast a note was laid on my table, which contained the issue.

LADY V—— TO ——.

I wish [it ran] I was not obliged to write to you so unpleasant a letter. I have just heard from Doreen's guardian: it would do no good to send his letter. He objects, as I do, altogether to what you propose, and painful as it is to me to tell you, for whom I have so great a regard, yet I must do so, that I never will consent to any child of mine marrying one of your faith, unless on perfectly equal terms. Most truly do I hope that this decision, which I am bound to make, will not interrupt the long friendship that has existed between us all, and you may rest assured that all that has passed will be considered strictly private. And wishing you every blessing, believe me,

Yours always,

A. V——.

Here was a blow ; but, as I said, not unanticipated. Nay, it did not fall like a blow. Somehow news of this kind in the morning, a bright morning too, does not tell so strongly. There is even a certain relief, if we look into our "heart of heart," in so clear cut a decision. The instant before there was a wide-spreading perspective of troubles, trials, embarrassments, almost certain to lead to this very issue. Here all was closed, cut off sharp as with a knife. But such a feeling of relief does not by any means represent the true feeling, for it is merely an instinct. Though, indeed, what pure feeling *is* genuine, or is in truth worthy of consideration as genuine or otherwise? Principle is the only working material or stuff to be depended on. But as the Sunday wore on, and the dark November evening wore on, the uneasiness of the reaction began to make itself felt. There is a sense of blankness in "all being at an end." It was like catching at a straw, but, not wishing all to be closed in this rude abrupt style, I wrote the following :

MYSELF TO LADY V——.

Dear Lady V——,—I have received your letter, the latter part of which seems to say that all must be considered at an end. But you say nothing of Miss St. A——. As it was to her I spoke originally, I may fairly ask, "Does she join in this?"

Late on that gloomy night a note was brought to me from Doreen herself.

DOREEN TO MYSELF.

I fear I should not delay writing to you, but I am sadly perplexed between so many difficulties and my own feelings: my mother's and guardian's great opposition, my own religious scruples. What can I do? Were I to act contrary to mamma's desires, I never could be happy. You will feel for me, in being obliged to give up my own wishes.

Ever sincerely yours,

DOREEN.

Is there not in this a charming simplicity and nature worthy of Steele? The reader will see that nothing more natural or more appropriate could have been written, and as a bit of unconscious art and unaffected power, I have again and again admired it. It spoke, too, exactly as she felt, and showed her nature. Another would have shown more diplomacy or reserve: here she was loyal, as ever, and did not care for herself.

That was a blank and rather desolate night. The feeling,

"*all is at an end*," the "incident closed," ever leaves a rawness. Next morning I was as I was before or seemed to be. There was the old routine—the very thing to soothe myself, setting all this in the most engaging light. What was like a free, unencumbered literary life! The peck of troubles before entering on wedded life, the facing the world, &c. Again, was not all this very unceremonious treatment? The fabric of ten years' work, undone, unravelled, in a moment! Begin again! This topic would not do. I wandered about rather vacantly, and could not settle to anything. In this way I found my way into the streets, and with a rather noisy friend was affecting a joviality I did not feel, when at Waterloo House, in Pall Mall, I came full on Lady V—— descending from a carriage. Before she saw me I noted her air of placid good-humour and content. She was leaving town that day, having won in the little game we had played together. Her face assumed an almost beneficent expression as she put out her hand, and a twinkle of humour played about her eyes.

"Well," she said, "there you are! But it's all for the best. After a little time, you must come and see us, and you'll be the best friends in the world. Mind, Doreen was never really in love with you; but *I own* she has a great esteem for you, a *very* great esteem."

In answer to this, instead of assuming the "dejected 'haviour of the visage," as Hamlet calls it, and which would have truly represented my own feelings, I put on a jaunty air, and said "I would try and forget the matter," a not very judicious speech, as it was duly reported.

As, however, the day wore the reaction established itself, and a kind of gloom settled on me. Many have experienced this impression and the sense of some overpowering calamity having occurred, when in reality there has been only some serious disappointment. "Nothing but these black, dark mornings," I write to myself, "quite congenial and suitable to one's spirits. Such a sense of blank and desertion, as if something had finished for ever. The pleasant scenes at the watering-place, bright as if on the stage—the contrast truly depressing." It is vain in these cases to reason—call on yourself "to be a man"—it is about as easy to shake off a fever as to order the "black dog" away. It is you who are the black dog, changed into him for the nonce. "These violent delights have violent endings," as the friar said, and this had been abrupt enough.

Nor had my heroine been without *her* trials. All that Sunday she had passed through a sore, troublous probation. Every pressure, joint and several, had been used. She was a frail, tender creature : and who can resist numbers ?

After a few days of this temperament, I was wandering through the streets hard by one of the great railways, when I met a friendly relation of hers, who told me—for we were still on the most cordial footing—that Doreen was being taken to the country that day, and at the moment was at the station. I found myself there in a minute, drawn by an irresistible impulse. Coming up the steps I came full on her, following her mamma demurely as ever. The latter greeted me with an affected cordiality, though with a constrained smile. But she need have had no fears.

What was this change in the pretty Doreen ! She was very pale, and had a “worried” look ; but she drew herself up haughtily, and had a curious air of pretty scorn as she listened to some not very connected speeches of mine. “I would wait as long as she liked,” &c.

Lady V—— looked back meaningly. Then Doreen, with a little scoffing laugh and toss of the head :

“Well, it was all your religious scruples. You said you must forget it all.”

I had scribbled hastily a little note, which I gave her, and this she put into her muff. There was the old tenderness ; but she asserted her new *rôle* and, with a cold “Good bye !” hurried on.

I found myself smiling as scornfully in the street. “Such a ridiculous scene to expose oneself to.” Before them all too ! Yet it was not difficult to interpret. It had struck her that while she had been willing to go through so much, I was declining to yield anything for her, and standing “on my rights,” as it were. This might seem not a little mortifying, and was naturally suggested to her. Her delicate nature could be thus readily played on. On the same day came a letter from her, beginning :

You ask me to wait, saying that time softens opposition. If you had *really* liked me [thus it spoke] you would have removed the objections of my family, as I am not ignorant that your Church can dispense, and has dispensed, according to the case, with all law except the direct law of God.

Ever sincerely yours,

D.

"Ever sincerely *yours!*" This might tempt me into a scornful laugh. However—*that* settled it all. And now it might end *for ever*. And yet even in this tone of bitter reproach, one might have read something "between the lines," as it were. I fancy that to the reader there is something dramatic and not without interest in these shiftings of character.

The days went by, till nearly two months had passed away. It was difficult, after all, to dismiss a little romance "for ever" which had been growing and flourishing for nearly ten years, and it was more difficult gallantly to shake off all depression. However, by the end of that there was an improvement. I began to think I would make an exertion, and shut out all these distressing images. I began to do so with a little success. But now another unexpected incident.

One night it came to my ears that there was a concert being given at St. James' Hall, and being *fanatico per la musica*, I determined to go. There was to be played that lovely "Song of Destiny" by Brahms, and which always seems to whisper something mournfully from another world, certainly from the past. As the chords rise and fall, the Shades seem to glide past us, the softened voices to whisper appealingly from above.

Sitting in the middle of the hall, under the lights, with the sad strains of the rich, full orchestra :

O ye are walking in the light—
Yonder in the distant land.

A group of late arrivals entered, making for their seats. I started. There was Doreen—Doreen of the dancing eyes—attended by many friends! Here was a surprise. There was something in the scene that suggested the inevitable—the light, the dresses and flowers, and the music too. The heavy folds of the dark heavy curtain that had been "down" over the last few weeks, now seemed to rise again slowly, disclosing the new-old scenes. What a strange charm this apparition had on me. She was seated at the end of the open lane or gangway, and when the music stopped I got up and walked up slowly to her. She saw me approaching. A curious flutter took possession of her, and she could hardly speak. There was a vacant seat beside her, belonging to a gentleman of the party, who had gone out. I sat down beside her. A few moments, and all the barriers and obstacles so laboriously and carefully built up had tumbled down! The past was forgotten: the "cruel relatives"

who were in a fancied security that all was at an end. Her visible agitation—half-laughing, she scarcely knew what she was saying—was delightful to see. Her pretty face, lit up with the old smiles. It was like a dream from beginning to end. The friends looked on wondering. The gentleman came back to his place, but prudently took another.

We said and whispered all through Brahms and his music. By the time we had gone out to the carriage, all was as before—restored and repaired—not formally, but in perfect understanding. As we went out to the carriage her little hand rested on my arm, and she was as happy as a child.

CHAPTER IX.

YET, in this new turn, nothing had been settled. We were, as her mamma said, to meet as the best of friends. She was staying in town, and when I went to see her next day she had resumed her thoughtful gravity. It was like walking across a stage in the daylight after the brilliant fairy transformation scene of the night before. It was almost cruel not to have left things as they were, for a renewal must only lead to a serious crisis, and a struggle to which all that had gone before was mere child's play. How well I hear her gentle voice now, her accents of tender, gravest reproach: "*You should not have made me like you.*" Then we came back to the old difficulty.

During that long day, what alternations! I see her now up at our house, sitting in the drawing-room, irresolute, her delicate frail nature naturally shrinking from playing a stake, taking a serious step which would involve her in a serious conflict. Then she had her own religious scruples, against which were to be set her inclinations. Several hours thus went by in this piteous uncertainty, until evening drew on. She was to go down—"go home"—by the night train, and it was now past four. I had gone out for an hour, and returning found her in the shadow, seated on a sofa, with the tears fast falling. There was something truly touching in this distress. Who would not have tried every means to soothe this interesting little sufferer? One moment more—in answer to a little appeal—she had flung all hesitation to the winds, had forgotten the crisis, the dangers—had yielded an irrevocable consent, and had become a heroine, ready to face persecution, cruelty, all, for what she had engaged

herself. Once she had crossed the line, she was full of courage, eager for the contest, and to show how resolute she could be. As she got into the carriage to go to the railway—and it was a cold, dark November night, for a long, even midnight, journey by herself—she was quite fervent and full of resolution. She would not wait: she would tell her secret at once, and commence her battle.

We had not long to wait. Next day the first cannon-shot came screaming through the air—a letter from Lady V——, couched in these terms:

Dear Mr. ——,—On my daughter's return here she told me of what took place at your house. You must not be angry with me for saying now what I said to you before, that *I never will consent to my daughter marrying a person of your religion*—unless on the fair conditions I have named. Of course, I cannot prevent my daughter marrying whom she pleases. But I can and will, should she do so, withhold my consent, revoke the deed I made in her favour, which power I find I have. I would do this, as I think it is what my sainted husband would have done.

But with this came something soothing from that anxious, fluttering little heart:

I have just heard that mamma wrote to you by the early post. But I hope she said nothing to vex you in her letter, as I know she sometimes writes hastily. I told her of our engagement this morning, but I fear she is determined on one point. My head aches so, I hardly know what I am writing.

Here again is revealed that sweet "New Testament simplicity," almost antique in its style and directness—the wish to reassure and give comfort, with, at the same time, a gentle, delicate plea for indulgence to her mother.

Six months followed, for one portion of which time the struggle was carried on, and for the remaining one matters were in a state of exceeding tension. Doreen's position was a sore one indeed. She strove hard to *adoucir* the two parties to the struggle, both of whom she loved.

Mamma [she pleads in her gentle fashion] showed me your letter to her. I do think if you could see her, and speak to her, it would be better than writing; for her sad and restless face *pains me deeply*, far more than her angry one: and she has always been so fond of me, that you cannot imagine how I feel in thus grieving her. When my father was dying, he gave her into my charge, and hitherto she has always been my first care. So I feel it all doubly.

Here again was that delicate, sensitive nature fluttered, like some sheltered pond, by even the faintest breath of air. And again :

It is so hard to see mamma annoyed with me ; and I cannot do as she wishes now, for I *do* believe in you, and I feel you like me well enough not to give me up. She has been always so fond of me, that this estrangement, though I trust it may be only a temporary one, grieves me very much. One of my Evangelical relations said that "*she would only felicitate, not congratulate me.*" Do not imagine, however, that any one can come before you in my thoughts now, or shake my trust in you.

I fancy there are few touches of this kind in Fielding, in Richardson, and other romance writers. *Their* heroines are ready to defy all the world, angry parents and relatives, and cast their lot with their lovers—"giving up all the world," as it is called. But there was here a truer note, in this clinging to those she loved at home, and whom she could not bring herself to cast off.

Lady V—— was a proud woman, fond of having things her own way, and I believe the whole of this now useless opposition was based on the disinclination to acknowledge defeat. It was hard, however, to think of the wearing struggle which our little heroine had to sustain, which was seriously trying her health and spirit. Not the least unpleasant side was the form of pressure used. Lady V—— had a way of opening her heart and her grievances to all-comers, seeking sympathy and support, as it were. On this occasion she sought the counsel of various important persons, who, somewhat flattered by the appeals, generally responded favourably. These documents were accordingly held before Doreen's eyes, with a "See what Sir —— says." Nor were there wanting elements of comedy, as when a hot and strong Evangelical clergyman was introduced, and who thereupon knelt down to offer up a fervent prayer, that her "heart might be turned,"—Doreen declining to join, and listening with a pretty disdain. Severe old ladies came from a distance to lecture her. And all this on the ground of "religion." This wearing sort of trial went on for some weeks.

I have been thinking *very* very seriously [she wrote] over everything, and this morning in my prayers, with your name came the thought, "what shall I do if he were to cease to care for me?" You know I do not want to pain you, for I trust in you fully, and I am sure

that you will be patient with me when I am cross and disagreeable. It would break my heart if you were to change towards me. It is such a serious thing, "for ever and ever." I am getting quite nervous thinking of it.

Somewhat fretted, she at last felt that things should come to a crisis, and she wrote :

It is far better to let mamma see and feel that it is arranged between us. So I told her you had written to me, and wished to see me to-morrow, and of course it must be in London. After a very painful scene of crying and reproaches, mamma has agreed. So come to-morrow at twelve o'clock. I really cannot bear these scenes. You must *speaK firmly but gently to mamma*. I hardly know what I am writing, the reception I met with was so trying ; but believe me,

Always yours,

D.

Accordingly they came to town, and after a rather painful scene of tears, some reproaches, &c., Lady V—— honourably struck her colours, and declared that in presence of *force majeure* she would not longer oppose, but that cordial cooperation was, however, not to be looked for. Yet such was her curiously mercurial temperament, within ten minutes she was jesting with me.

It would take long to describe the incidents of the months that followed, and which sometimes offered a sort of comedy flavour. Things did not by any means go smoothly. As in a treaty between nations recently hostile, every incident and discussion gave rise to difficulties, and often all was on the point of being "broken off for ever." Poor Lady V——, though she repeatedly announced that "she had washed her hands of us all," somehow made those hands felt at every turn. And in the innumerable matters of domestic economy—in taking a house, buying furniture—this occult obstruction was perceptible. Occasionally ever Doreen's gentle nature was impressed, wax-like, by these iterated objections. All her hopes, however, were founded on the grand "settlement question," and her ladyship, who fancied herself nothing if not a born diplomatist, here calculated that a shipwreck might be brought about. Our Doreen, in addition to being pretty and intelligent and well born, possessed a very pretty little fortune, on which alone a prudent pair might do fairly, viz., £600 a year. To this was to be joined my younger son's portion and what I earned yearly, some two or

three hundred a year. This seemed simple enough, but here there was much struggling. Mr. —, the excellent solicitor of the family, exerted himself amazingly in the direction of what is called "*tying up*," to strict separate uses, and the rest. He was equally severe in looking into my title-deeds, &c., and Lady V— revelled in all this, and I fancied hoped I would join issue with her, as she said, "You must let us have our own way in *something*!" But I assented with cheerfulness to all that they proposed, and to the strictest "*tying up*" conceivable.

Looking lately over some old papers connected with these days, I came upon Mr. —'s bill of costs for "settlement," to the tune of over one hundred pounds, and even over its hard, grim folds Doreen's gentle nature had spread its charm. On one particular point there had been a mistake or misapprehension, which excited the wrath of Lady V—, who had declared that she would "break off" on it. This was really my fault. There were scenes in reference to it, and poor Doreen had her troubles in consequence. Turning over my bill of costs, and looking at the various items, I come on the following :

Received letter from Miss St. A —, saying *she was quite satisfied with Mr. —'s statements*, and to proceed with the matter. 13s. 4d.

As Doreen was interesting herself, so she contrived to impart some, at least, of that interest to those with whom she was connected. She had many brothers, of different ages, somewhat rough, but good-hearted fellows in the main, who had pet names for her such as "Dory" or "Deeny." The youngest, "Bertie"—a handsome, rather delicate, youth, feminine in look but full of spirit, was several years younger than his sister. A most extraordinary attachment existed between them, and Doreen seemed to have constituted herself his second mother, guardian, and adviser. They were the two confidants of the family. Bertie took her side: she his. This arrangement was perfectly accepted. There was something very pleasing in this alliance: the almost fervid, serious, responsibility on her part, the sense of duty: and this was maintained until the alliance was dissolved by death. As the coming event was a sort of party question in the family, he of course took part with her, though as a matter of support this adhesion was of but little value. But, as I said, this patronage of hers was quite a part of her character. He was *dimidium animæ*. She had something kindred, for he was like her—about the same

size, and had the same impulsiveness, though not the same endurance. He was going into the army, and was indeed destined to a short career,—short as her own.

Another tremendous business was the securing of a house. This had to be done; for Lady V—— again and again solemnly declared that she had registered a vow, if not an oath, that “no child of hers” should ever quit her home save to enter another of her own, her child’s. Failing this step, she said, I might put it off as long as I pleased, or omit it altogether. What dreary and weary work that repairing to town to begin my quest; that “taking of a house,” or rather the looking for one, was a gruesome business. No one unaccustomed to such things can conceive the helplessness, the hopelessness of the task: the vast bewildering country that lies open before one. Where were you to begin? when begin? how was it to be brought to an issue? Nothing was more amusing than the contrast between the preparing—the putting to sea, as it were—and the confusion and difficulties of selection, in which one presently found oneself. The despairing result ever seemed to be that *there were no houses* to be had, with the more despairing conviction still, that there was not the least likelihood of anything to be got. The invariable pattern was—a charming “beejew residence” that would “just do,” with “seven years of the lease to run”—only £140 per annum, and a trifle of £1,500 for the unexpired balance of the lease. The furniture to be taken at a valuation. It was hopeless. I seemed to get a glimmer of the feelings of the Danaids as they filled and refilled their colanders. Some ill-luck or fatality seemed to pursue me. A friend travelling abroad had left his house on the books. Here was the very thing at last: cheap, roomy, healthy situation, and no premium for unexpired term. We closed with him at once, and off I went home rejoicing. It was over. But after a few weeks a telegram came; the friend was going to be married, and required his house—he had, indeed, not authorized the letting. It was no use contending. So the weary search had to begin again.

Lady V—— looked on with many a shrug and smile of meaning.

“I hope you’ll get through the world,” she would say, “but this does not augur well. If you have this work in getting servants, ordering your dinner at the butcher’s, and cooking, or in your clothes and furniture—why, Heaven help you! But this

is fixed, is fate : no child of mine goes from my house without having another ready for her to walk into."

The "child of hers," accepting this as if it were something as immutable as the tides, said "it must be very worrying for me ; but wouldn't it be better to get the house as quick as possible, and please mamma ?"

However, from this difficulty we were finally extricated by a suitable mansion which the house agent described, in the glowing imagery of his profession, as "suited to a nobleman, gentleman, or bachelor of position," the opposition of which qualifications always amused me. Then there was the furniture to be selected and collected. At last all difficulties were surmounted, and, after seven months, the appointed day drew nearer.

Reviews.

I.—PUBLIC ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.¹

YEARS ago, when the students of the English College at Rome frequented the Schools of the Roman Seminary at St. Apollinare, there was, during one year of the course of Theology, a daily lecture on Canon Law. Judging by the preface to the work before us, a great change has been introduced in this respect by the late and the present Pope. The course of Ecclesiastical Law in the Seminary now occupies three years. The first year is devoted to Public Law and the Principles (*Institutiones*) of Canon Law. In the second and third year there are two schools a day, in which the text of the Canon Law is expounded, and side by side with it the Civil Law is studied, the one being carried down to the Pontifical Law of our time, and the other compared with modern legislation. The Chair of Public Law was founded by Pope Leo the Thirteenth, and its present Professor, Canon Cavagnis, has published the first volume of his own text-book. In its favour it is a pleasure to be able to say that it contains a very detailed Summary of Contents, extending to over fifty pages. This counterbalances to some extent the dreadful defect of Roman books, that have no running titles to their pages, and that give no facilities for finding chapters and their subdivisions.

Professor Cavagnis' book has the advantage of being what it claims to be, and nothing else. He remarks that similar works, when intended for laymen, begin by laying such foundations as the possibility and utility of revelation, and the Divine origin, qualities and notes of the Catholic Church. His students have finished their philosophical and theological studies, and therefore all such fundamental points are assumed in his

¹ *Institutiones Juris Publici Ecclesiastici*, quas in Scholis Pontificii Seminarii Romani tradidit Can. Felix Cavagnis. Vol. i. Typis Societatis Catholicæ Instructivæ, 1882.

lectures. It is disappointing when opening a book that professes to treat of law, to find a large portion of it more properly belonging to a Theological treatise.

The Prolegomena give the definition and description of Public Ecclesiastical Law, the division of Ecclesiastical Law into Private and Public being traced to Father Anthony Schmid, S.J., in the last century. By Private Ecclesiastical Law is understood the Canon Law of the Church, and by Public the system of laws which determine the rights and duties of the Church as a perfect society. Our author's subject therefore relates to the political working of the Church, and its interest is such, especially in our day, that it is not to be wondered at that His Holiness should have founded a Professorship by which it might be systematically explained and defended.

The first chapter is on the organization and attributes of a perfect society, especially its legislative, judicial and coercive powers, which are fully examined and discussed. The second chapter describes the juridical perfection of the Church, both from her own nature and from the positive will of her Founder, and in particular her punitive powers and her right to use force. The third chapter deals with the juridical relations between the Church and Civil Society; the fourth and fifth take the relations of the Church with other Religious Societies, and of a Catholic State with dissenting sects; and the last chapter is on Concordats.

Our readers will see what a large number of interesting subjects must be touched upon in the methodical treatment of these various heads. For instance the inquiry into the right of the Church to punish by temporal as well as spiritual means, enters into many instructive details. The author lays down that the punishments of the Church cannot be purely vindictive, punishing for punishment's sake, but they must be for the amendment of the delinquent or the benefit of others. Her *pœnæ* are called *salubres* in the condemnation of the Synod of Pistoia by Pius the Sixth, and St. Gregory the Great writing to St. Augustine of Canterbury, after telling him that some persons might be punished for sacrilegious theft by fines, some by stripes, says that when punishment is more severe, he must take care that it be administered in charity and not in anger, "for it is meant to save from hell." To this the author adds the particular question whether the Church possesses the right of capital punishment, which he decides in the negative; and then he

passes to a dissertation on the Inquisition, beginning with the Roman and ending with the Spanish, winding up with the statement that the latter was Royal and political rather than Ecclesiastical and Papal, and that Sixtus the Fourth broke off diplomatic relations with the King of Spain on this account. This is followed by an inquiry whether the Church has the right to bear arms.

The examination into the relations between the Church and State and between a Catholic State and various religious bodies include necessarily such points as the right to liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of worship, indifferentism and liberalism. Under the last heading come the subdivisions, absolute liberalism, which denies the supernatural entirely, moderate liberalism, which would keep Church and State quite distinct, and Catholic liberalism, which exalts into a universal theory that partial separation which in some particular case may be expedient. Of this form of liberalism the author says that it practically declares that our Lord has instituted a Church which cannot exist in the concrete in that way in which He intended and ordained it.

One of the most interesting parts of the book seems to us to be the chapter on Concordats. The definition of Concordats given by the author is that they are mutual agreements between Popes and princes, by which the Church remits something of the exercise of her rights in favour of the State, with the promise of help or at least of liberty in return for her concessions. Such a definition is almost sufficient by itself to bring to a conclusion the famous controversy that was raised by the Vicomte Maurice de Bonald in his work *Deux questions sur le Concordat de 1801*, which maintained that Concordats are mere concessions and privileges granted by the Church and liable to be retracted at will. Our author maintains that Concordats are bilateral contracts, not precisely in the sense of modern jurists who require equality between the contracting parties and that each should give something that he was not bound to give, but in the larger and more ancient sense of a contract or agreement made with the intention of binding both sides. In such contracts there is necessarily the unexpressed condition that the contract shall cease if it become hurtful to souls, for this is required by the law of nature and the positive law of God. When the Pope, to whom the care of souls is entrusted by our Lord, sees this to have come to pass, the Concordat necessarily

ends, and the right of forming this judgment is inalienable. No Pontiff could give it up or deprive his successors of it ; and this consideration fully meets the objections to the binding form of a Concordat alleged by Vicomte de Bonald.

It will be seen that this book treats of some very delicate questions, many of which well deserve to be called "burning." They seem to us to be treated with great clearness and with much breadth of handling. The subjects will naturally attract readers, at least of the class to whom fluent pleasant Latin is an attraction.

One objection we should like to make. It is to the spelling of the word *systhema* systematically repeated, which has fidgetted us as we have found it on one page after another.

2.—THE LIFE OF MARY WARD.¹

The convent at Micklegate Bar, York,² is the oldest in the United Kingdom, dating from 1686. How it has weathered the many storms that have threatened its existence would be an interesting story, and would bring before us more than one famous name, that among others of Laurence Sterne, who at one time almost succeeded in causing its ruin. But the convent has other interest for Catholics besides its external history, in the many holy souls that have lived within its walls in days when the faith seemed almost stamped out in England, and in the fact that it belongs to an entirely English congregation. Spite of the dangers which surrounded the attempt, the Catholic women of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would not be defrauded of the happiness of religious life, and hence numbers poured across the Channel to seek in Flanders and the neighbouring districts that liberty to serve God in seclusion which was denied to them at home. The difficulty of finding suitable homes in the existing convents gave rise to many exclusively English houses for the reception of those chosen souls. One of these, the Convent of the Poor Clares at Gravelines, owed its foundation to the zeal and devotion of the devoted woman whose life is now before us. But her own vocation was not to dwell within its quiet walls ; she was called to more active

¹ *The Life of Mary Ward* (1585—1645). By M. C. E. Chambers, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by Father Coleridge. Vol. i. (Quarterly Series, vol. xxxv.)

² It appears as "Josk" in Migne's *Encyclopædia*, "Ordres Religieux."

work for the good of her countrymen, and she ambitioned to found an institute which should adopt, as far as possible for women, the spirit and rules of the Society of Jesus. This was the first attempt to employ nuns in active work outside their convent walls; so that to Mary Ward is due the credit of having first seen the necessity of thus providing for the needs of the poor, and the suffering, and helpless children by the labours of those devoted women who are now to be seen in every city of Christendom. Her idea was countenanced and supported by some of the English Fathers of the Society, who were conscious of the good that might be done by such a body of active workers, especially in the all-important matter of Catholic education; and we are told by Father Morris in his *Life of Father John Gerard* (p. 490, third edition) that the Father was withdrawn by his superiors from Liege, "because they wished him no longer to give an active support to the new Institute."

The details of the early life of Mary Ward, her religious vocation and the first beginnings of her congregation are contained in the volume before us. There is a great deal of most interesting matter in it, for it tells much of the efforts of our forefathers in defence of their faith, and of the trials they had to undergo. Moreover we cannot but feel special pleasure in reading of the early days of a congregation peculiarly English, and which is showing such vitality in our own days. For besides their schools in England, the congregation has now fifteen houses in Ireland, offshoots from the great convent, Loretto Abbey at Rathfarnham, the work of Mrs. Ball; and houses exist also in several colonies.³ The congregation has not escaped its share of troubles during its days of exile; for to say nothing of confiscations and persecutions, it narrowly escaped suppression with a congregation of "Jesuitesses" by Benedict the Fourteenth. The Bull published by this Pope in 1749, *Quamvis justo Dei judicio*, gives many details of the history and troubles of the Institute.

To collect materials for the *Life of Mary Ward*, of which the first volume is now published, has evidently been a labour of love for her children. All traditions, all scraps of information have been carefully gathered up; and the reader is perhaps inclined to complain of some excess in the number of trivial details, family genealogies and the like, which might have been relegated to the notes or appendices. But some latitude must be allowed

³ See "Terra Incognita," chapter xx.

to the praiseworthy enthusiasm of the writer, and it was high time for a life of Mary Ward to appear in English. The foreign lands to which she was driven by the tyranny of those days, and especially Catholic Bavaria where her daughters have so long dwelt, have long ago recorded her deeds. Her English biographer has done her best to make amends for the delay by publishing a very handsome volume. The two portraits which adorn it are very well executed. The curious story attaching to the second will interest the reader. Father Coleridge's Introduction gives all the necessary information about the materials for the biography and the circumstances which led to many of Mary Ward's troubles.

3.—FOUR YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY.¹

This is a continuation of the author's former work entitled *Young Ireland*, and fully sustains, and even more than sustains, the interest which its predecessor evoked. It deals with the most eventful years of modern Irish history—"four years" full of stirring incident and sad misfortune. Commencing in 1845, it brings before us in a clear and lucid style the state of affairs just after O'Connell's release from Richmond Gaol ; his gradual decrease of power ; details in graphic style the rise and fall of that ill-fated party "Young Ireland," with which the author himself was so prominently connected, and pictures in all its awful horror and desolation the famine of '47.

At the very commencement we have the contributors to the *Nation* newspaper—Duffy's literary and political companions, men who have made their mark in history—vividly brought before us, including Meagher, Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, McGee, and Denis McCarthy (the poet). Their aims are tersely summed up as "Conciliation and Education," not "Conspiracy and Arms." In the chapter entitled "An Editor's Room" this is more fully set out. From it we gather that their objects and intentions were pure, honest, reasonable, and constitutional, having for their object to elevate the masses from the depths of ignorance and degradation in which they had been sunk in the past, and by this means prepare them for national independence and prosperity. As a practical instance of this we are told that

¹ *Four Years of Irish History* (1845-1849). A Sequel to *Young Ireland*. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.

their next aim after the *Nation* (whose circulation was called a "permanent monster meeting") was the founding of the *Library of Ireland*. Several special works were projected, such as *Constitutional History of the Irish Parliament*, by Gray, *Williamite Wars and Orators of the Irish Parliament*, by Meagher, *The Military History of '98*, by Barry, and the *History of Irish Law and Lawyers*, by Sir Colman O'Loughlen. We are of opinion that our author has not, in this part of his work, presented a complete view of his companions' designs. This is evident from their after career. Whether he does so intentionally or not, we cannot say. Perhaps he did not then know their ultimate intentions, or it may be that they did not harbour such until they found time running on and things not improving.

The split between O'Connell and the Young Irelanders, to which great space is devoted, and which is now for the first time publicly explained, will ever possess a most intense interest for students of Irish history. O'Connell had made up his mind to make a new Whig Alliance ("the motives for which," as the author remarks, "must always remain a subject of conjecture"). The Young Ireland party, or rather its mouthpiece the *Nation*, opposed his doing so, and O'Connell, thus confronted, determined to bring it to submission, or failing that, to crush it. But his opponents were as determined as himself. Though recognizing O'Connell's authority, and "not insane enough," as the *Nation* put it, "to think of deposing him from the leadership of the Irish people," they were bent on opposing any alliance with an English party. When, after the compact, O'Connell proposed at a meeting of the Repeal Association his famous Peace Resolutions, they publicly opposed them, and, although outvoted, from that time forth they sought to overthrow him.

Following close upon the Secession came the Famine; but being more directly concerned at present in political events, we need not revert to that terrible period, with all its heartrending and terrible details so vividly brought before us. But troubles never come alone. Soon after, in May, 1847, Ireland, and in fact the whole world, was stirred by the announcement of O'Connell's death. Mr. Duffy's panegyric on his late political antagonist is very beautiful, and we venture to say it will ever be considered as a touching and grateful tribute to the memory of Ireland's great leader, breathing forth a spirit of fervour and conviction, and will have an enduring interest.

But while devoting most of his attention to the "Education "

writers, the author no longer hesitates to bring before us the "Conspiracy" advocates, and gives us their sentiments and ideas expressed both in public and private. Such men as Lalor and Mitchell will ever be men who, entering with the professed intention of using lawful and peaceable means, soon grow weary of well-doing, and, leaving the slow but sure, fling themselves into a violent course. Mitchell proposed the non-payment of the Poor Rate, but Duffy would not listen to it. Fired by ambitious hopes, Mitchell seceded, and started a paper of his own called *The United Irishman*, which soon came to be recognized as the organ of force. The folly of his action is well shown:—

In Mitchell's case it (the idea of independence by force) was founded on complete ignorance of the agencies on which he relied. He had never been in Munster; he had not seen the men on whom he counted to fight, and they had not seen him. The peasantry of the south, at that time unfamiliar with arms, and accustomed to rely chiefly on their shillelaghs, he represented to himself Calabrians or Tyrolese, with rifles always in their hands and ammunition in their pouches. But, little as he understood them, they understood him still less.

Meagher said "that the people of Munster know as little of Mitchell as of Mahomet!" His outspoken opinions and advice could not go on with impunity, and tried under the Treason Felony Act he obtained the distinction of being its first victim and being sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

The violent course once entered, is not easily abandoned. Undeterred by Mitchell's conviction, Smith O'Brien now takes up his mantle. But not only were the guilty implicated; the innocent also, as is usual in such cases, came into collision with the Government. The author himself, who certainly was far from advocating violent means, and others of the same type were also arrested and imprisoned. The *Nation* was seized. The clubs were suppressed. O'Brien's "Cabbage Garden" insurrection followed. As far as Ireland was concerned, it ended in a bottle of smoke, but not so for the leaders. John Martin was sentenced to ten years' transportation, Smith O'Brien, M'Manus, O'Donohue, and Meagher were sentenced to death, but the sentences were afterwards commuted. The author's own trial, or rather five trials, are taken up last, and exceed in fact what would be looked for in fiction. A sigh of relief almost involuntarily escapes when we read, that once again

after ten months' imprisonment awaiting trial, he walks forth a free man to breathe the fresh air of heaven.

We cannot refrain here from quoting two short paragraphs, which are applicable at all times and well worth remembering. In commencing the author says :

I have revived in my memory the circumstances of that era (*Young Ireland*) with acute pain. It is for the most part a story of hopes disappointed, of sacrifices made in vain, of great power fatally squandered, of horrible calamity and suffering. But there is no part of our annals more essential to be studied, if the main object with which history is read be to gather examples and warnings for the future. There were no mistakes committed in that day which are not liable to occur again and again, because they are mistakes to which the Celtic race is prone ; and to exhibit them is like setting up a storm-bell on a rock where shipwrecks have been common.

And again, just at the close :

The Young Irelanders for the most part ended as they began. Some who were mesmerised into enthusiasm by sudden hopes and opportunities had not patience for the protracted vigils of a defeated party, and fell off, and a few honestly modified their opinions ; but with rare exceptions they lived and died in their original convictions. We can now perceive that their first work was their wisest and best, and that Irish nationality would have fared better if there had never been a French Revolution of 1848. That transaction arrested a work which was a necessary preliminary to social or political independence ; the education of a people long depressed by poverty or injustice, in fair play, public spirit, and manliness. All that had been accomplished up to that time was swallowed up by famine, emigration, and unsuccessful insurrection. And if the Irish race, instead of being Anglicised or Americanised, are to be developed in harmony with their nature, it is a work which must be begun anew by another generation.

To the students of Irish history the author has given information the value of which cannot be over-estimated ; it is only when we read it that we can appreciate on the one hand his services, on the other the blank that would be left in Irish history if such a work as this had not been published. As one proceeds it becomes more and more evident that we have here the right man in the right place, and we feel bound to say that among the living or dead no one is more competent for such a work than Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

4.—A LESSON TO FATHERS.¹

We are all of us very apt to say more than we mean, and to utter rash and random wishes, which we should deeply deplore and hasten to recall, were they to take effect and be forthwith accomplished. Well it is for us that a kind Providence forbears from taking us too strictly at our word, and discriminating between the idle and transient whim and the real deliberate act of the will, suffers the former to pass unheeded. But were such an instance as the one which forms the theme of the amusing volume before us to come under our notice, either in our own experience or that of a friend, it would serve as a lesson for our lifetime, and teach us to be more guarded with our tongue. Of course the circumstance on which the story turns is an impossibility, but it is told so well and with such an air of reality and *vraisemblance* as to disarm incredulity and silence objectors. A magic wishing-stone, endowed with the virtue of granting the first wish uttered by any one holding it in his hand, gets into the possession of a respectable elderly city merchant, who, whilst lecturing his boy on the reluctance he exhibits to return to school, in an unwary moment declares he wishes he could be a boy again, like his son. The garudâ-stone, of whose powers he is unaware, happens to be in his hand at the time, and suddenly he sees that the mirror before him reflects not his own portly presence, but a duplicate of the juvenile figure of his son. The dismay and fury of the unhappy man are admirably depicted in a domestic scene, as well as the mischievous glee of the boy, who, guessing the spell, takes the stone, and instead of releasing his father from his predicament, wishes himself to be a man like he was, and is accordingly transformed. Each retains his own identity and remains his original self, as the change only affects the outer man; and the perplexities, misapprehensions, and miseries consequent upon this double metamorphosis—the secret of which is known only to the two actors in it—during eight days, spent by the wretched father at his son's school, and by the unscrupulous son in the indulgence of every freak, are given with spirit and humour.

Before leaving the railway station, the *pseudo*-Dick makes enemies of both schoolfellows and schoolmaster, exasperating the former by repelling their advances with haughty coolness,

¹ *Vice Versâ*; or, *A Lesson to Fathers*. By F. Anstey. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

and offending the latter—who had come to meet his pupils—by what appeared an unwarrantable assumption of equality. Although resolved to disclose his secret and prove that he was not what he seemed, fortune favoured him with no opportunity for unbosoming himself with any hope of obtaining credence for his strange tale. At one time he fancied that by acting and speaking in his ordinary manner, so inconsistent with his present appearance, the Doctor would penetrate the disguise, and the dreaded scene of explanation be avoided, but he only involved himself in further difficulties. And when the critical moment came he was overwhelmed with an unaccountable nervousness.

“Dr. Grimstone,” he began, “before retiring, I—I must insist—I mean I must request—What I wish to say is——”

“I see,” said the Doctor, catching him up sharply, “you wish to apologize for your extraordinary behaviour in the railway carriage? Well, an apology is very right and proper. Say no more about it.”

“It’s not that,” said Paul, hopelessly; “I wanted to explain——”

“Your conduct with regard to the bread and butter? If it *was* simply want of appetite, of course there is no more to be said. But I have an abhorrence of——”

“Quite right,” said Paul, recovering himself; “I hate waste myself; but there is something I must tell you before——”

“If it concerns that disgraceful conduct of Coker’s,” said the Doctor, “you may speak on. . . . You have found some other boy with sweetmeats in his possession?”

“Good heavens, sir!” said Mr. Bultitude, losing his temper; “I haven’t been searching the whole school for sweetmeats! I have other things to occupy my mind, sir. And once for all, I demand to be heard. Dr. Grimstone, there are—ahem!—domestic secrets that *can* only be alluded to in strictest privacy. Cannot we go where there *will* be less risk of interruption? You have a study, I suppose?”

“Yes, sir,” said the Doctor, with terrible grimness, “I have a study—and I have a cane. I can convince you of both facts, if you wish it. If you insult me again with this brazen buffoonery, I will! Be off to your dormitory, sir, before you provoke me to punish you. Not another word! Go!”

And incredible as it may appear to all, Mr. Bultitude went. It *was* treachery to his true self, but his courage gave way and he crawled up the bare, uncarpeted stairs without further protest (p. 81).

The incessant persecutions the unfortunate man endured at the hands of his bewildered and enraged schoolfellows are most amusingly described and very true to life. Expected to know all his son knew and do all he did, he fared little better in the

schoolroom than in the playground. One of the most terrible public ordeals was the dancing-lesson, a few incidents in which we cannot refrain from giving.

Mr. Bultitude shuffled along somehow after the rest, with rebellion at his heart and a deep sense of degradation. "If my clerks were to see me now!" he thought.

Presently the master directed sets to be formed, and paired him off, as one of his most promising pupils, with an angular young lady, who, with her governess and sister, was present at the lesson.

"I suppose," thought Paul, as he led the way, "if Dick were ever to hear of this, he'd think it *funny*. Oh, if I ever get the upper hand of him again! How much longer, I wonder, shall I have to play the fool to this infernal fiddle!"

But if this was bad, worse was to come.

There was another pause, in which Mr. Burdekin said blandly: "I wonder now if we have forgotten our Scotch hornpipe. Perhaps Master Bultitude will prove the contrary; if I remember right, he used to perform it with singular correctness. Come, sir, oblige me by dancing it alone."

It was not to be supposed that Mr. Bultitude would lower his dignity in such a preposterous manner. Besides, he did not know how to dance the hornpipe. So he said: "I shall do nothing of the sort. I've had quite enough of this—ah!—tomfoolery."

"That is a very impolite manner of declining, Master Bultitude; highly discourteous and unpolished. I must insist now—really—upon your going through the sailor's hornpipe. Come, you won't make a scene, I'm sure."

"I tell you I can't," said Mr. Bultitude, sullenly. "I never did such a thing in my life; it would be enough to kill me at my age."

"That is untrue, sir. Do you mean to say you will not dance the hornpipe?"

"No," said Paul, "I'll be d——d if I do!"

There was, unfortunately, no possible doubt about the nature of the word used; he said it so very distinctly. The governess screamed and called her charges to her: some of the boys tittered; Mr. Burdekin turned pink (p. 122).

Mr. Anstey takes care not to weary the reader by dwelling too long on his hero's miseries. On the eighth day we find him threatened with expulsion, condemned to be flogged and wrought to exasperation by a letter from his daughter, telling how everything is turned upside down at home. He resolves upon flight, and after having been baffled again and again, at last succeeds in eluding the Doctor's vigilance. Ensnconed under the seat of a first-class carriage on his way homewards,

he hears two gentleman describe their visit to a merchant's counting-house.

"The clerk who showed me in said: 'You'll find him a good deal changed, if you knew him, sir. We are very uneasy about him here.' I went into a sort of inner room. There he was in his shirt-sleeves, busy over some abomination he was cooking at the stove, with the office-boy helping him! I never was so taken aback in my life. I said something about calling, but Bultitude——"

Paul groaned. It was as he had feared then; they were speaking of him.

Bultitude says, just like a great awkward schoolboy, 'What's your name? How d'ye do? Have some hardbake, it's just done?' Fancy finding a man in his position cooking toffee in the middle of the day, and offering it to a perfect stranger!"

"Softening of the brain—must be," said the other.

"I fear so. . . . He actually said he never did any business now, except sign his name where his clerks told him. . . . Business was, I understood him to say, all rot. It is a pitiful affair altogether."

Paul writhed under his seat with shame. How could he, even if he succeeding in ousting Dick, and getting back his old self, how could he ever hold up his head again after this" (p. 296).

How he did oust Dick and recover his former self, and how he profited by the severe lesson he had learnt, we leave the reader to discover for himself. No one who has taken up this ingenious and clever little book—which well deserves the success it has achieved—will lay it down without having had many a hearty laugh.

5.—A CATHOLIC PRIEST AND SCIENTISTS.¹

The formal discussion of religious topics between two champions of different creeds, or, it may be, between an upholder of dogma and an infidel, sceptic, or atheist, has rather gone out of fashion in England, but is popular enough still on the other side of the Atlantic. Even the Archbishop of Cincinnati, Dr. Purcell, engaged in this way Mr. Campbell of Bethany in Virginia, and the Pastor of St. Lawrence's Church in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, withdrew from the contest, which he had before entered on with some scientific men in Milwaukee, only because Dr. Henni, the late Archbishop of the diocese, thought that little

¹ *A Catholic Priest and Scientists.* By the Rev. T. W. Vahey, Pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

good came from controversy with men who denied the authority of revelation. However, the "scientists" gave themselves such airs on Father Vahey's withdrawal, which they took for a confession of defeat, that he made them this fair offer, lest weaker brethren might suffer scandal—he would meet them as first arranged on condition that two reporters should always be present to record the proceedings. But his opponents somewhat naively excused themselves on the plea that the time had not yet come for giving their arguments to the world.

Father Vahey thereupon, having no such horror of publicity, delivered some lectures on what should have been the topics in debate, and inserted a synopsis of them in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, in case his scientific friends might care to reply. But they seem to have held their peace, and left the Catholic champion in sole possession of the field. His lectures were afterwards collected by request, and prepared for publication in the shape of a book. They form the chapters of an octavo volume—*A Catholic Priest and Scientists*—issued with the approbation of the present Archbishop of Milwaukee.

The objection originally made to a discussion by Archbishop Henni sufficiently describes to us the character of the men who sought it, and prepares us to find treated in this volume subjects which lie round the roots of all religion whatsoever. The first chapter discusses the eternity of matter and the existence of God, from which we pass on to the Mosaic account of creation in the second (Father Vahey interpreting the days to be undefined periods of time), and the possibility of miracles in the third; Adam's fall is treated next, its effect on his descendants, and free-will. The doctrines of the Incarnation, the Blessed Trinity, the Blessed Eucharist, Devotion to our Blessed Lady, the Marks of the Church, Purgatory, Catholic Ceremonial, &c., follow in order, and by the time they are finished with, the reader has been taken nearly the round of all Catholic theology and may turn from speculation and ritual to history—the true version of Galileo's confinement, and of the St. Bartholomew Massacre. An epilogue concludes the book with an earnest appeal to all outside the Catholic Church to give an equitable, calm consideration to the claims of revealed religion.

It is plain that so many subjects cannot be treated in fulness within the compass of a book of some 270 pages. The writer cannot hope to do more than to give in outline the answers to the leading or more obvious difficulties, and he must be satisfied

with reflecting that he has at all events put inquirers upon the right path and shown them where to look for the supply of details which were necessarily beyond his own scope.

Father Vahey seems to us to have done this with judgment. When he has brought out to view the irrelevancy, or shallowness or incoherence of charges made against Catholic doctrine, his manner is to set forth that doctrine after approved authors. If his language is in places perhaps more rhetorical than we should wish form written controversy, it is his subject which warms and elevates him, and we must not forget that what we now read was originally prepared for oral delivery. The chapter on the Church is at once the longest, and to our thinking the best in the book. The supposed conference between the ministers of rival sects, somewhat on the plan of the Comedy of Convocation, is lively, and quite to the point. In these days of ours, when theology is talked in trains and omnibuses, and every one must know the latest thing in irreligion, as in literature and art, we much need in English a library of popular Catholic theology, and we have not got it yet. Such a book as this of Father Vahey's is a contribution towards it, and we wish it every success.

6.—ÉTUDE SUR LES FORCES MORALES.¹

It is with profound sympathy for the author that we must read M. de Besson's work. Devotedly Christian himself, he sees an anti-Christian movement threatening the ruin of his country; and thereupon he is seized with the desire to write something that shall help to recall his compatriots to the principles of happier and better times. Distinguishing two parties of the Revolution, one bent on removing real abuses, the other bent on what in the upshot, must mean anarchy, he regrets that the worse cause has so largely triumphed. Hence the sad summary of recent French history:

Dans quel pays la liberté est-elle plus précaire, l'autorité plus chancelante, la loi moins respectée, la paix plus souvent troublée au dedans et plus gravement menacée au dehors? En vingt ans les rues de notre capitale ont été ensanglantées par deux insurrections furieuses. Depuis soixante ans, nous avons changé sept fois de gouvernement et deux invasions nous ont contraints à subir chez nous la dure loi de l'étranger vainqueur.

¹ *Etude sur les Forces Morales de la Société Contemporaine.* Par Louis de Besson. Paris: E. Plon et Cie., 10, Rue Garancière. 1883.

Such in plain prose has been the substitute for that Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, in the name of which an intoxicated people, nearly a hundred years ago, cast off authority, human and Divine, and set up to be each man his own master, in reliance on the principle that human nature, if left to its own free course, would work out for itself a happy destiny !

The present volume is the first of three, and is entitled, *La Religion et L'Église* ; the other two will be named respectively, *La Science et l'École*, and *La Famille et le Foyer*. The author begins with showing how religion, both in time and place, has been a universal fact. It has been a moral force in the world, and a force acting for the good of mankind. Especially has this been true of the Christian religion, as indeed may be proved from the nature of things. With a view to developing this argument, M. de Besson examines the Church's constitution, its worship, priesthood, intellectual and moral life, and its actual results in the matter of sanctity. Then he considers the relations that now exist between the Church and modern society, having special regard to his own country.

The whole book is written in a style that any intellectual reader may easily follow, without being versed in the technology of the schools. And that which the layman has to gain from the perusal of such a work is a deepened appreciation of what it is to live in a thoroughly Christian society, and a consequent horror of all movements that tend to de-Christianize our institutions. Take, for example, a question of the day, the abolition of the oath as a Parliamentary test. Even the pagans, who admitted a moral Ruler of the Universe, were strongly impressed with His character as the Supreme Witness to truth and untruth, and as the Vindicator of the one against the other, especially when solemnly invoked thereto by the oaths of men. Hence with the Greeks Zeus was styled *ῥρκιος, πίστιος, δικαιόσυνος, ἀλάστωρ*. He it was that had a concern in all interests of the State ; he was called *πολιεύς*. But a modern school would have the State a purely human institution, and hence they would have those who guide its destinies bound by a purely human obligation. And, by a sad blindness, some who call themselves religious men, can see no difficulty in completely severing politics from religion. No so does our Christian author speak.

Ce n'est pas assez du respect de la loi et de la déférence à l'autorité. Pour assurer les services que les hommes associés doivent se rendre sans cesse les uns aux autres, il faut des engagements durables, et,

pour que ces engagements puissent se former et s'exécutent, il faut la confiance réciproque et la fidélité mutuelle. Mais par quels moyens assurer cette confiance ? Comment garantir cette fidélité ? L'esprit de l'homme varie, son intérêt change, ses besoins se modifient, ses sentiments se transforment. La promesse, aisée à faire, sera peut-être difficile à tenir. Comment sera-t-elle acceptée, comment plus tard sera-t-elle accomplie, si elle n'est fortifiée, par l'intervention d'un garant dont la pensée, dont la volonté, dont l'intérêt soient immuables ? Ce garant, la religion le donne ; c'est Dieu, présent aujourd' hui, présent demain, présent toujours ; Dieu pris à témoin, Dieu s'engageant avec celui qui promet et donnant créance, à sa parole, Dieu recevant la promesse avec celui à qui elle est faite et intéressé comme lui à son accomplissement. Ainsi la foi donnée à l'homme est sacrée parce que c'est en même temps la foi jurée à Dieu. Le serment, cet acte essentiellement religieux est la condition première de la sécurité sociale. C'est par le serment des époux que le mariage se contracte, et que la famille se fonde. C'est par le serment du magistrat et de citoyen, par le serment du juge, de l'avocat et du témoin, par le serment du général et du soldat que sont constitués à l'origine le gouvernement, la justice, et l'armée. C'est enfin par le serment que se nouent de peuple à peuple les alliances qui préviennent les guerres, et les traités qui les terminent.

It is no argument against all this to say that an oath may be violated ; for a true principle will stand time in spite of the individuals that offend against it.

We might give other instances of what the Christian ideal is, how, for example, it regards the Sunday, or what it takes as its standard of saintliness ; but we leave the reader to make his own acquaintance with M. Besson's truly Christian pages. We may, however, mention some of the hopes he holds out for the future of France. The Concordat yet exists, and Catholicity is yet, in some way, the national religion. There is a large and exemplary clergy under the guidance of good bishops. The priests number over 40,000. As to religious orders, the men are 30,000, and the women are 128,000. Here indeed is an army to fight in God's cause ; and not without reason does the author sound his more cheerful note.

Malgré les périls de l'heure présent, lorsque je passe en revue les deux armées en présence et que je considère les forces dont elles se composent, les ressources qui leur sont assurées, l'esprit qui les anime et les chefs qui les conduisent, j'ai peine à retenir sur mes lèvres, un cri de triomphante espérance. Jamais sans doute l'Eglise n'a été plus bassement haïe, ni plus perfidement attaquée : mais jamais non plus, elle n'a été plus ardemment aimée, plus fidèlement servie, plus sagement gouvernée, plus intrepidement défendue.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE play before us,¹ although originally written for the centenary of the great Spanish poet (May, 1881), is of no mere passing interest, since it brings together within a short compass the principal characteristics of Calderon's poetry. The learned Spanish philosopher, Don Manuel Orti y Lara, has himself translated it into the language of his famous countryman, and has prefaced it with a few words of earnest commendation. The eager enthusiasm with which Calderon's centenary was celebrated in Germany, proceeded from no true appreciation of Calderon's character and place in either religious or poetical literature, but merely from admiration of his eminent talents. Of the three judges appointed at Berlin to decide which was the best poem on Calderon written for the occasion, two were Jews and the third was a Protestant. The chief merit of Father Baumgartner's play consists in bringing out the striking contrast between Calderon, the poet of scholastic theology, the champion of the Catholic faith, the brother of Dante, and the unbelievers who are the heroes of modern thought.

Our manuals and catechisms for the young wisely lay the utmost stress on the duties owed by children to their parents, but sometimes they leave a little too much in the background the duties of parents to their children. An American priest has lately issued in an English dress the *Christian Father* of the Rev. W. Cramer,² and the Bishop of Buffalo, in a short introduction, recommends it to the faithful as "equally admirable for its practical good sense, winning sympathy, and deeply religious lessons." We hope that the good Bishop's words will receive the attention they deserve, and that the advice, the warnings, the suggestions contained in this little volume will aid to produce many Christian fathers among English-speaking Catholics all over the world.

¹ *Calderon. Festspiel. Mit einer Einleitung über Calderon's Leben und Werke.* By Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. Freiburg, 1881.

² *The Christian Father, what he should be and what he should do.* By Rev. L. A. Lambert, St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, N.Y. Benziger, Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Another volume of the Meditations entitled *Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord* from the French of the Abbé de Brandt³ has been opportunely issued for the present season, for it begins with meditations for the second week after Easter. Like the two previous volumes, the one which has just appeared is excellently suited for the use of those who desire to give a short time each morning to some pious thoughts which may guide and support them during the day. The meditations are simple and practical, short, and easy to follow.

Several pamphlets have lately appeared on the Affirmation Bill. Among them is one by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, who attacks the Bill as opposed to natural religion.⁴ Mr. de Lisle lays down the following argument in proof of the baneful consequences of the Bill: "To abolish the Parliamentary oath is to divorce religion from morality. To divorce religion from morality is to sap the foundations of society. To sap the foundations of society is to prepare the downfall of England."

A Catechism of First Communion has long been wanted, and we are glad to see that Father Richards, the energetic Diocesan Inspector of Schools,⁵ has supplied the want in cheap and handy form.

It is satisfactory to see that the literary activity of English Catholics is now sufficiently developed to render it possible to start a new shilling literary and artistic magazine, a sort of Catholic *Macmillan*, treating literature and art from the standpoint of Catholic tradition. The title of the magazine is to be *Merry England*, and the list of contributors contains many distinguished names, including Cardinal Manning, Colonel Butler, Mrs. Haweis, Mr. Kegan Paul, Dr. Tuke, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, &c.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Katholik* for February gives a review of the second portion of Dr. Grisar's recent work on Galileo, in which the theological and far most important view of the question is brought under the notice of the reader. There is here the same careful study and accurate statement of facts as in the historical portion, and it is shown how Galileo—far from being the martyr he is sometimes represented to have been, silenced in ignorant and arbitrary haste by a Church ever opposed to

³ *Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord*. Meditations. Vol. iii. Burns and Oates.

⁴ *The Parliamentary Oath*. By Edwin de Lisle. Allen and Co., Waterloo Place.

⁵ *A Catechism of First Communion, with Preparation and Thanksgiving*. By Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D. Price 1d.

progress—was not compelled to give in his adhesion to a system he considered false (though it was the received opinion of theologians and *savants* in his day), but only commanded to refrain from publishing that of Copernicus. The decree—a revocable one—of the Congregation of the Index had denounced the latter as contrary to Scripture, and rendering him who held it *suspectus de fide*, or *suspectus de hæresi*. The submission of the great astronomer was moreover willing, no recantation of his theories being wrung, as has often been asserted, from his reluctant lips. It would be well if this book, which deserves the highest praise, were more widely known. The first volume of Stacke's *German History* having been favourably noticed by some Catholic periodicals, on account of its professed impartiality and external attractions, the *Katholik* warns its readers against placing it in the hands of the young, since, in the second volume, the author appears in his real colours of antagonism to the Church and ignorance of the truth. When he comes to the times of Luther, the common Protestant figments are put forward, and if on other subjects his leaning to the wrong side is less apparent, the evil influence is all the more subtle and insidious when concealed under the mask of impartiality.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 785) has an article on the position of the Papacy in Rome and the jealous attitude of the Italian Government in regard to it. The principle on which the latter has acted throughout is *mors tua vita mea*. Its aim has been to build up the secular power on the crumbling ruins of the spiritual dominion, to place the Vicar of Christ on a par with the other Princes whose sovereignty has been merged in that of United Italy. But after twelve years a reaction has set in; and the conviction forces itself on the Revolutionists themselves that their attempt is a failure; the diplomatic relations of the Papacy with the other States are improving, its moral ascendancy is felt to be necessary for the maintenance of peace and order throughout Europe, whilst the inward corruption and outward humiliation of the secular Government is deplored by its warmest adherents. The downfall of the proud city of Tyre affords matter for an interesting historical paper. The "Queen of the Seas" exulted at the overthrow of Jerusalem, her rival in power and riches, but soon the triumphant armies of Nabuchodonosor laid siege to her walls, and after two years reduced her to servitude. During this siege the prophecies of Ezechiel met with a remarkable fulfilment, for the King of Babylon constructed a monster dyke, or mole, across an arm of the sea in

order to connect Tyre with the mainland ; the hard labours of the soldiers in carrying the earth and stones for this purpose causing wounds upon their shoulders, whilst their heads became bald through constantly wearing the helmet, according to the prediction : "Nabuchodonosor hath made his army to undergo hard service against Tyre ; every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled."¹ The ancient glory of Tyre was partially revived under Persian rule ; its final destruction being the work of Alexander the Great, who reduced it to ruins : a poverty-stricken village now marks its site. Much has been written upon the subject of primitive religions, and will be written while modern philosophers and rationalists endeavour to place the one supernatural, divinely-revealed religion on a par with the fables of the past and the polytheistic mythical creeds of ancient nations, and even to give precedence in point of antiquity to the latter. The erroneous nature of such theories is touched on in an article forming part of the series on the present state of linguistic study contained in the *Civiltà*.

We have before us several numbers of the *Réforme Sociale*, conducted by M. Edmond Demolins, who, with a courage that cannot be too highly commended, is not ashamed or afraid to lift up his voice on behalf of social order and moral justice. In these days when the shriek for liberty and licence is heard on all sides, many persons think themselves compelled to keep silence, and await better days, rather than attempt to stem the tide of anarchy and unbelief ; it is therefore satisfactory to find one who will not be overpowered by the clamour, and will not truckle to popular opinion, but is a consistent and energetic champion of all that is right and true. The *Réforme Sociale*, which is conducted with great ability and possesses considerable literary merit, speaks with no uncertain voice, and while it discusses with judgment and candour the questions and topics of the day, bearing on social economy, the condition of the labouring classes, the situation of political parties, popular institutions, the laws of trade and commerce, reforms affecting the State and the family, the nation and the individual, &c., it also contains much interesting matter of a general nature, including articles upon the institutions and customs of various countries, of nations past and present, &c. We wish M. Demolins God speed, and desire that the *Réforme Sociale* may have the widespread circulation it most certainly deserves, and be the means of effecting much good in Catholic France.

¹ Ezechiel xxix. 18.



