

POPERY:

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

BY

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CHAPTER I.

SOMEWHAT more than a century ago, a dignitary of the Anglican Church published a clever and facetious book, entitled *A Tale of a Tub*. Outcries were raised against it as irreverent and profane. Irreverent it certainly was toward the Church of Rome and the Church of Geneva; not profane however. Our gracious queen's ministers, I mean her parliamentary, omitting her ecclesiastical, have profited by the hint of this title, and have lately thrown out a tub to the mighty occupant of the northern and southern seas, which he now is tossing over and over, and certainly will never swallow.

Lord John Russell, in a letter both undignified and unwise, addressed to the Prince-bishop of Durham, protests his indignation against the audacity of the Pope's encroachments. Does any man believe his lordship feels the slightest? Does any man doubt that he is heartily glad at seeing public attention turned toward the Vatican, and aside from his relative at Ceylon, from the torturer and murderer of the Cephalonians he retains and protects in Corfu, and from the jesuit he enthroned at Malta? At any other

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period of our history, from the accession of the fourth Henry to the abdication of the last James, upright men would have been found in parliament to impeach these satraps of high crimes and misdemeanours. Even in the parliament now about to sit, surely the dignity of the nation will somewhat stimulate the slumbering and supine. Our justice ought to be visible to all; our religion is safe in our own bosoms, and the healthier for quiescency and repose. But agitation is necessary, it seems, in a distant quarter; and ministers are of opinion that it is better the wind should blow off-shore. Patronage else would be in danger of diminution by the reclamations of the people against domestic popery; a great and grievous anomaly in the English constitution. Charles II. and his brother James cherished it fondly and consistently. It was a prodigious engine of power in their hands; it was desirable to their patron the French king; it was more desirable to the Roman pontif. No doubt was entertained by them that the English stray sheep could be whistled or barked into the fold again; and proof sufficient had already been afforded that bishops are readier to change their faith than lose their benefices. The Prince of Orange, no friend to the order, deemed it politic to tolerate and maintain it. His ministers bribed their adherents from the spoils of the Roman altar: queen Victoria's do the same. The smoke of this altar is now partially blown away: cardinals' shallow hats are flapping on one side of it, succincter shovels curl up on the other. People are surprised at the resemblance of the features underneath, and will discover when they have stripped them (which they soon will do) that in what lies out of sight they are still more similar.

CHAPTER II.

THE wisest and most important letter that has yet been written on the Popish Question is Sir Benjamin Hall's. Reasonably may we hope and entreat that he will follow up the Archbishop of Canterbury into parliament. In which belief and confidence I beg permission to offer him a few suggestions. Let me ask,

1. Whether a great body, both of the laity and the clergy, have not lost much of their faith and trust in their Episcopal Guides, by the Ecclesiastical Commission, which these Episcopal Guides mainly influenced?

2. Whether, since the establishment of Christianity in England, there is any other instance of such fraudulence, effrontery, and rapacity, as theirs?

3. Whether the queen's ministers did not countenance and support them throughout?

4. Whether, under these Reformers, the Bishop of London has not received from his diocese (being himself a principal one among the said Reformers) much nearer a million than half a million within the last twenty years, after all deductions?

5. Whether the Cardinals of Rome, one with another, receive from their Church one *quarter* of that money?

6. Whether the hierarchs of the Reformed Church in England ought to be endowed, as they are, with *tenfold* the property of what is granted to the hierarchs of any other Reformed Church in Christendom?

7. Whether Parliament has not the same right to diminish the pay of any prelate *now*, as it had lately,

when it divided one see into two, and when it diminished it in some others which were not divided ?

These questions come home to the breasts and (what lie very near the breasts) the pockets of Englishmen. Leaving to English and Irish bishops a *third* more than is enjoyed by the bishops of France, where religion would sit in sad plight without splendour, from the church-lands which belong to the State, and of which the State always has disposed at its good pleasure, enough would remain for the establishment of parochial schools throughout both countries. I disagree with Sir Benjamin Hall, that every clergyman should receive two hundred pounds a-year. In Wales the most efficient preachers have often much less than one : the same in Scotland : but my opinion is, that whoever keeps a curate should be obliged, under forfeiture of his living, to give him at least two hundred, and never less than a third of the benefice, whatever be its amount. In every part of Europe the richest clergymen are usually the least influential over their congregations. On the contrary, there is neither schism nor dissatisfaction where the pastor stands not high above the sympathies. There are no ferments, because there is no leaven, in Protestant Germany, in Protestant Switzerland, in Protestant Denmark, in Protestant Sweden, in Protestant Scotland. Men throughout these countries mind alike their teacher and their business. Exactly in proportion to its distance from popery is a nation industrious, free, and moral.

CHAPTER III.

NAPOLEON said that Papacy was worth fifty thousand men to him : it was so : he might have ruled the world with it : but he never could rest in a soft bed : he grew delirious, threw himself out upon the floor, and could not find his way back again. His nephew, a warier man, stifled under the triple crown the last gasps of Italy, Hungary, and Austria. And now was the time to try the experiment whether any blood or breath was left in the body of England.

Methodism had reclaimed from turbulence and crime the most profligate of the people. The gentle and virtuous Wesley brought about him as great multitudes as ever surrounded the earlier apostles, and worked as great marvels in their hearts. The beneficed clergy set their faces against him ; and angry faces they were ; partly from old prejudices and partly from old port. The nation was divided into high church and low church : the church of Christ is neither : few clergymen know that ; none preach it. In the present day the Papists call themselves *Catholics* : the Protestants in England call themselves the same. Both lie ; and both know they lie ; yet neither will give up the point. If there is a schism, as the Papists insist there is, that very schism is a fraction broken off something : the Protestants, being in a minority, are less Catholic, if *Catholic* means *universal*. Would it not be wiser and better to simplify the matter ? The Protestant may

fairly claim to be a member of the church established by Christ, if *church* it can be called ; a member of that community in which were his disciples and apostles. But there indeed none was greater than another ; so it would not do now. We are off-shoots from the fruit-tree transplanted to Rome ;

“ Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.”

The older the tree the smaller the fruit. The nations which separated themselves from Popery protested against the pontif, but did not pronounce for Christ. Small communities, and only *very* small ones, did ; principally the Moravians. It was much however to protest against the sale of indulgences, the dominion over consciences, the permission of falsehood, and the duty of torturing or of slaying for dissent. Plain enough it appeared that such authority was not of God. Theologians, occupied in their own peculiar studies, had little time or inclination for historical research. There did arise however some few who fancied they perceived a very close affinity between papal and pagan Rome. A learned language veiled their investigation from the people. In another * place I have cited the authors out of which Dr. Conyers Middleton compiled his celebrated letter. Neither he nor Gibbon, neither Voltaire nor Bayle, have enlarged on the prime question. There is the strongest circumstantial evidence that the claims of the Bishop of Rome are founded on forgery and falsehood ; that St. Peter was never bishop there, and never saw the city. I will render these pages valuable, by transcribing into them what is contained on this subject in the *Examiner* of December 28.

* Imag. Convers. Middleton and Magliabecchi.

ST. PETER NEVER AT ROME.

SIR, The Pope is the supreme head or governor in spirituals of a large number of our fellow subjects, who are taught to believe that their condition in a future state is dependent upon their obedience to his behests in this. In pursuance, he says, of his duty to consult for their future bliss, he has done a thing which is most insulting to the feelings of the majority of her Majesty's subjects; and thus his influence over the minds of our Catholic brethren becomes the source of dissension between them and ourselves, a thing which neither they nor we desire. Although there seems to be some difficulty in fixing on the course which it will be best to take in this conjuncture, yet there is one thing which certainly ought to be done. The Queen, acting for the community at large, and peculiarly for her Catholic subjects, is called upon to place before them the state of the facts, on the alleged reality of which the Pope claims from them that obedience which constitutes the strength that he employs to do that which must draw them and ourselves into a quarrel. Now their attention has never been authoritatively called to the facts to which I am about to refer; and such is their character when examined, that it is highly probable the Catholics will clearly perceive that it does not justify him in claiming from them that obedience which he demands and perverts. At all events, as subjects, from whom a divided allegiance is now claimed by a foreign potentate on what he calls spiritual grounds, they are entitled to the most indulgent consideration from their natural sovereign, and to receive every aid from her in the embarrassing situation in which their spiritual sovereign has placed them, towards her and their fellow-subjects. No aid promises to be more useful to them than that which I now suggest. One of the facts,—and this the most important of all, as being that on which the validity of all the other associated facts, were they realities, would depend—on which the Pope grounds his claim to the obedience he has so arrogantly demanded from the English Catholics, can easily be shown to be wholly fictitious. The fact I mean is the affirmed presence at any time whatever of Simon Peter at Rome. There is not a particle of evidence to prove that he was ever there, while there is very strong evidence indeed to prove that he never was there.

The Popes assert that he resided there twenty-five years as bishop, that he had certain peculiar prerogatives—*Regalia*—which he transmitted to his successors, and that they are his successors. The Pope—albeit, one of us poor weak miserable human worms—claims to be, as the successor of Simon Peter, the vicegerent of the Supreme of Beings—the vicar of the Creator of innumerable suns with their planets—the lieutenant of this immeasurable Being—and to be, like Him, infallible.

As to this world in particular, we learn from the Council of Lateran, that he is the prince of it—*Orbis Princeps*—that he is *Rex Regum et Orbis terrarum Monarcha*—the king of all kings, and the monarch of the whole globe : and as to the next world, he is denominated, “*Virum in quo erat potestas supra omnes potestates tam cæli quam terræ,*” the being whose power is above all other powers, whether of heaven or earth. He possesses the power of determining the bliss or torment of his fellow-creatures in the next world : he holds the keys of heaven.

The foundation ought indeed to be sure on which is raised such an immense superstructure as this. Now the keystone of the arch of all this horrible blasphemy is the alleged fact, “that Simon Peter was Bishop of Rome.” I do not propose to invite the Catholics to any polemical or theological controversy, but I do propose that under the authority of a commission from the Queen to some of our greatest lawyers, and two or three historians, like Mr. Grote, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and the Bishop of St. David’s, the whole of the evidence touching the fact of Simon Peter’s alleged presence at Rome, and the counter-evidence, should be collected, analysed, and reported. It will turn out that, while there is just as much evidence to show that St. Peter was at Delhi, Pekin, or Nishni Novgorod, as at Rome—that is to say, just none at all—there is really no evidence to show that he might not have been at any one of the three first cities I have named, although there is very strong evidence to show that he never could have been at Rome. When this report shall be made to her Majesty, it will become her part to lay it particularly before her Catholic subjects, with an exhortation to them not to suffer one whom they must clearly perceive to be a gross impostor to lead them into a quarrel with their fellow-subjects. Her proclamation would draw a clear line between the theology of the Catholics and their actions as members of our community. Her Majesty might say, that under her sceptre all men are permitted to adopt what theological views they like, and that she should not think it a duty on her part to inquire into the reasons why the Catholics believe in transubstantiation, practise Maryolatry, &c., &c., &c.; and that it is by no means her intention now to disturb their belief in, or practice of, those or any other of the distinctive points of their faith or their customs ; but that, finding that the head of their religion by means of the opinion which they entertain, that he is successor to Simon Peter in the bishopric of Rome, works upon them to disturb the civil harmony in which they are living with the rest of her subjects, she had thought it her duty, as their temporal Sovereign, to ascertain for their behoof how the facts stand regarding the successorship in question ; that the investigation clearly shows that the successorship is a fiction, because the fact of Simon Peter’s ever having been at Rome at all turns out to be a fiction. That under these cir-

cumstances, while they will continue to enjoy every protection in the belief and practice of their religion, they must abstain from supporting any action of an impostor like the Pope which shall interfere, nominally or really, with her prerogatives.

The course which I have proposed may at first sight appear to partake of what is ludicrous; and I confess that the idea, when it first suggested itself, made me smile myself. But it has repeatedly recurred to my mind; and each time it has appeared to be more and more susceptible of useful application. It is rather remarkable that the controversies to which the Reformation gave rise, turned entirely on what is called dogma—doctrine—interpretation, &c.; and that no one seems to have clearly perceived, on the Protestant side, that the actual presence of St. Peter at Rome was the key of the Papal position, that it was most easy to carry this position, and that, if that were done, the whole fabric of Papal usurpation and imposition would vanish like an enchanted palace in a fairy tale, when the knight to whom its overthrow is destined comes at last to deliver its long imprisoned and metamorphosed inmates. It is true that Frederick Spanheim denied it in a specific treatise; and others have denied it; but the controversy with the Papal power might far better have been placed on this one issue, when the eye of the world would have necessarily concentrated itself on this, the vital point. It is curious to see how Barrow, in his noble work on the Papal Supremacy, overlooks its importance, unconscious that, had he properly handled it, he might have spared himself the trouble of writing his learned and instructive volume. The truth I imagine to have been that men, when they first broke off from the Papacy, attended wholly to what they thought were its abuses. Laud and the high-Church party had, and continue to have a tenderness for it; and the Puritans arose afterwards and identified it with "Antichrist;" their attention did not turn to the fact of its being a baseless unreality, as their theory rather led them to take its reality for granted. Hence this portion of the foundation of the Papal power has never yet been critically examined.

But the time has fortunately arrived when such an examination is demanded, and when there is strong ground for hoping that its results, authoritatively and irrefragably showing that the tale of St. Peter's ever being at Rome is a pure invention, will produce the most salutary effect throughout Christendom. The papal power is the most monstrous, and by far the most degrading imposition that ever outraged and deformed the human intellect; it must, some day or other, in the order of a benevolent Providence, be destroyed; it has now provoked chastisement—the eye of the world, in breathless expectation, looks for the issue of the contest—and here, close at hand and challenging employment, lies the simple and hitherto neglected instrument which

has power to terminate its evil existence. And the hand of her gracious Majesty would seem to be the one appointed to hurl the pebble that shall destroy the monster, for she is clearly called upon by the Pope's audacious assumption of regal authority in her dominions in virtue of his impostrous heirship of the royal prerogatives—the Regalia—of St. Peter, to cause the minds of her Catholic subjects to be enlightened as to the absolute nullity of that title on which he impiously claims their obedience. I hope, therefore, that her Majesty will be advised to appoint such a commission as I suggest; and I will venture to remark that, as the question “whether Simon Peter was ever in the city of Rome” is not a theological one, the investigation should not be submitted to clergymen, for their decision, as liable to the suspicion of partizanship, would command the less consideration. It should be entrusted to lawyers and men familiar with examinations of evidence and historical research. The question should be kept separate from every collateral point, and thoroughly exhausted; and the results should be laid before the world with that calmness and impartiality that ought to characterise all judicial investigations, without the slightest tinge of partiality and partizanship; and however the conclusions may be disputed by the Catholics in the heat and irritation of the moment, yet in a few years it will probably be difficult to find a Catholic, unless he should either be a priest or a brutified serf of that communion unable to read or to write, who shall believe that the Pope is a whit more the successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome, than he is of Fo in the Foship of China. One word more. Our bishops, by complaining that the Pope “ignores their existence—disallows their Orders—pretends to take possession of England as a spiritual waste—is guilty of schism in the church,” &c., &c., &c.—appear to me very much to strengthen in the eyes of the Catholics the position which he assumes, for this strain involves an admission that he has a general right of some sort in these matters. It tends no less to confuse the mind of the Protestant laity; and it is high time that an authority, superior to that of our bishops in ecclesiastical matters, should extend her protecting shield over the laity, while the Medusæan loveliness of the Truth which she will reveal shall look into eternal stone the wretched impostor who has so long deluded mankind.

ANGLICANUS.

Genius, in the form of Paxton, has erected an edifice of stupendous magnificence and unrivalled beauty, wherein all the nations of the world are invited to exhibit the products of their industry. Nothing so costly

is required for a congress of learned men. Indeed no congress of them is necessary. Twelve or thirteen in England and Germany might be selected to inquire into the Pope's pretensions; and first into the authority he assumes as successor to St. Peter. If we only trim a few boughs, and prune off a branch or two, the sap will rise again the more vigorously and rankly into the same places; strike at the root, strike through it, and down falls the tree. But take heed you do not crush or maim the poor creatures that are basking under it: they are asleep; wake them, and gently.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGLICANUS, in the last chapter, thinks it "curious to see how Barrow overlooks the importance" of the inquiry. Barrow feared that, had he touched the tiara, he might have stuck his finger at the same time through the apostolical succession. A little thorn may tear to rags a loose lawn sleeve. No bishop will ever venture to say all he knows or all he thinks on these matters. The simple-hearted Hooker was also cautious lest his foot offended. As in politics a fault has been called worse than a crime, so in religion is indiscretion held worse than a perjury. All bishops swear that they are unwilling to be bishops; their modesty at last is prevailed on to be frocked; to unfrock it, would make it shudder and scream: the one is courtship, the other is violation.

The most eloquent work in our language, or perhaps in any, is Milton's *Discourse on Prelaty*. Much as he hath said about it, he might have said much more; and

probably he would, if the nation had not already been sickened by the smoking and rancid snuff of those candles which are now relighted. He might have walked straightforward up to Rome, and have emptied into the streets the satchel of forgeries stored in the Vatican. It must now be done by others. Although there is little chance that the world will ever hear again such eloquence, ever be warmed by such fervency, ever guided by such united zeal and wisdom, there are men in existence who will compensate for these deficiencies, by the steadiness of their steps and the clearness of their demonstrations. Let such men come forward, called or uncalled ; the Hallams, the Macaulays, and the Grotes ; Germany will for a while forget her humiliation in the exercise of her sagacity ; the endurance of her own bondage in breaking the bondage of mankind.

CHAPTER V.

THE Church-of-England-man, at the present hour, is seen limping between two lame guides ; one kicking him, the other leaning on him so heavily that he would rather be kicked than bear it. He remembers the cruelties of Popery, and how one bishop feasted his Christianity upon the stake that roasted another. Of these things he has only heard ; but he has seen, with his own eyes, bishops, at the beck of Pitt, taking their seats in our House of Lords, opposite to Marat and Robespierre, on precisely the same level, and voting year after year for war. People will no longer let them sit upon those benches : gouty feet must find other

remedies than blood-baths. Exercise among the needy and afflicted, visits to the hospital and the school, are more healthy, and may tend to prolong their days.

Ferocious as have been many sects of Protestants, they have all, after a while, relaxed their strife. Popery alone marks out and claims her victims : she alone is always the same, and boasts of it. The cities of Rome and Naples bear witness, at this hour, to the validity of her claim. Hundreds are imprisoned, and have been for all the last year, on suspicion of heterodoxy ; some avowedly, others ostensibly, on different charges, but certainly for the same offences. Hundreds more have fled from those cities, knowing what would await them if they staid. At Rome the sun still turns round the earth ; whatever was, is ; whatever is, must be. Civilisation must for ever keep clear of the Holy Office. Both Papists and Protestants, among the ignorant and unreflecting, are persuaded that tortures and burnings are never more to be inflicted on heretics ; and this conclusion they draw from the enlightenment and liberality of the age. What do they mean by enlightenment ; by liberality ; by the age ? Those whom they call enlightened, admit no other light than what they themselves have placed upon the altar, to be kindled or extinguished, as they appoint. The men whom the fools call liberal forbid them imperatively to read those books on which the Christian faith is founded. The age ! In regard to learning, it has rolled far back. Learning was never so highly cultivated in Italy as when Muretus delivered an oration in praise of Catherine de' Medici, in celebration of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. Give the same priests the same power, and nothing will be wanting but Latinity for the oration.

CHAPTER VI.

LET us have cheap bread, whether we have it from our own country or from abroad. Let us have cheap religion, whether it comes from Lambeth or Geneva. The religion of Rome is found to contain more impurities in the barrel; but though it is apt to get into the head, it agrees very well with most stomachs. The great capitalist who sends it over has a prodigious number of customers; he gives long credit, and takes small interest, having a mortgage on every article in the house, from the baby's whistle to the mother's nightcap. His factors must be admitted at all hours, whether of the day or of the night, at the ringing of the bell; so that presently the wife is not the husband's, nor the husband the wife's, nor the children either's. If the flour is to be bolted at all, it must be bolted at such mill as he appoints; and a pretty good quantity of bran is thought to make it wholesomer. However, by paying more, you may be scoured less. At last, the factors in many places grew too numerous for the consumers, and so insolent that they partitioned the land among themselves, and assumed the names and titles of the landlords. The farmers cared not a straw who took the tithes, until it occurred to them that after one party had taken them, another might come and do the same. It had pleased them lately to see the children of their old curates made lords, and sitting in Parliament with black aprons over their knees, as decent and orderly as their good housewives at home. Ultimately they began to grow suspicious that somewhat was in the wind, when

they found candlesticks and candles and artificial flowers on the communion-tables in their parish churches. Stroking their hair forward, and drawing one foot backward, they "made so bold" as to ask the reason of this fashion; and they were informed, by a priest at each end and another in the middle, that it was no communion-table, but an altar. At last a whole detachment in sable was landed upon the coast, and surveyors with long poles began their measurements. Then assembled all classes to consult together what was to be done. Some of the elders took up the *Book of Life*, and examined it attentively. It soon appeared to them, not only that nothing could be found in recommendation of bees-wax as a salve for the soul, or of stone altars to nail their faith to, or of another man's garment wherewithal to cover their nakedness and conceal their uncleanness and unsoundness, but they also found a passage in which it is forbidden to make long prayers, and an ordinance by which only one prayer is sanctioned, and every word of it plainly written down. The ordinance is from the Son of God himself; the prayer is from his own dictation. They then met daily and said that prayer, after which they consulted the best educated, the most moral, the fittest to instruct them in regard to their interests, temporal and eternal. Ere long, the inquiry went so far as into the signification of *lords spiritual*. Again the *Book of Life* was opened; but its oracles here were mute. Nothing of the kind could be found in it from beginning to end; but sundry denunciations to shock the sincere believer, sadly troubled for those who, whether from unbelief or from indifference, took openly to themselves, what had been so solemnly interdicted.

Suddenly there was a great tumult in the country. One body of lords spiritual was tearing to rags the habiliments of other lords spiritual. At this sight the quieter of the old men stood apart, and warned their sons and daughters from going too near the conflict. Some of them called off their dogs, lest they should contract a bad habit of barking inopportunately. When the fighters had torn off the clothes from one another's backs and loins, it was discovered that the linen of the last arrived was generally the finer; the skin of the native, here and there, the cleaner. Contagious diseases had, however, been caught mutually; and it was deemed convenient to place the patients in separate wards of the general hospital.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR century seems to have been split asunder; one half rolling forward, the other half backward; inquiry closed by icebergs; credulity carried to the torrid zone. Oxen no longer speak in the cow-market; but wooden images roll their eyes in the shrine. Even we Englishmen are the fools of fashion. Inigo Jones and Wren and Vanbrugh had built houses fit for gentlemen to inhabit. We could look out of the windows and see the country; we could look at the walls and see the paintings hung against them. Suddenly the plumber and glazier divide the panes equally, and we must mount upon chairs if we would see the other side. Old benches, old tables, old wainscoting, decorate the chambers; old missals and breviaries, opened for the

miniatures, displace Voltaire and Montesquieu. Have these follies been quite without their consequences? I wish I could speak in the affirmative. Here again we find splitting and discrepancy; water-sprinklers and scourges, steam-vessels and railroads; engineers who would carry us rapidly across the globe, and mischievous and malignant idlers who would throw in their rubbish to obstruct the velocity of the train. We must keep the way clear; we must carefully watch the electric wire; we must preserve it unbroken in our country. Protestantism, the assertor no less of civil than of religious rights, has been rooted out from among the nations which first nurtured it. Had violence and perfidy been inactive against it, had the princes of Germany upheld it manfully, had their emperor and the French king never been taught by the ministers of their religion that oaths with heretics were invalid, and ought to be broken for the benefit of the faith, we may fairly calculate that forty millions of Protestants would be now existing where scarcely two millions have been left; such was their industry and prosperity, in France, Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Transylvania, and Poland. The world never sustained so grievous a loss as in Gustavus Adolphus, or so grievous a disgrace as in the empire of Napoleon. He established such schools as were suitable only to the darkest ages, and he restored such a religion as had caused their darkness. The same lust of domination, the same fraudulence and treachery, the same meekness of aspect in conflagrations and murders, as when the olive-yards and vine-yards of the Vaudois and Albigenses were insufficient to supply the faggots for burning the father, the mother, and the babe.

No Popish priest dares hesitate to execute the Pope's commands. The Pope declares in word and deed that his religion is now what it was always. Whoever is desirous of knowing more about it, may be referred to James's *Dark Scenes of History*, and may read the exploits of Simon de Montfort and of Wallenstein. If ever a pope casts his slipper over England, I trust we shall return it him with a full attendance of his own servants in their richest liveries. Christ says, "Ye cannot serve two masters." The Pope says "ye can:" he says more; he says, "whomsoever you serve, unless you serve me in preference, and obey my orders in despite of his; I, who have the power of doing it, will send you to the devil." In Piedemont a refractory bishop was sentenced to a mild punishment for open disobedience of the laws. The Pope threatened to throw the whole nation into disorder because the bishop was not allowed to be disorderly. The weak and dying were to be deprived of life's last comforts and hopes, unless an ovation, or indeed a triumph, were granted to a criminal and a rebel. Yet there are found among us men of learning who would permit their easy chairs to be wheeled round, and who would sit easily and unsuspectingly with any gentlemanly guest who claims relationship. So far no harm is done. But beware, old gentleman, of letting your guest's servants have possession of your servants' hall, make the men drunk, and pump many secrets out of the women, and some in.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is better to wear our own home-woven clothes than to throw over our shoulders those which others have left behind them, unventilated, moth-eaten, and soiled. And yet the wearing of these loose ill-fitting habiliments has made the fortune of many, by giving them a venerable air out of their very mustiness. Even in the works of some wise men there is little which is applicable to our present modes of life, much as there is which keeps us above these modes, and which holds us high and erect amid the conflict of creeds and passions. The brutal part of a man's nature (and there is a brutal part in most men) is usually the stronger for a time. It is exercised the first; it has most ground under it. The head of the Centaur is disproportionate to the body: but there may be in the elevation and aspect of this head so much comeliness and grandor that the inferior parts are overlooked.

The arts and sciences have made wonderful progress within our memory; has moral philosophy made any? Compare the writings, compare the conduct, of those who occupy the highest seats in the Christian synagogue, both at home and abroad, with the writings and conduct of Epictetus and Seneca and Plutarch and Marcus Antoninus. On which side lies Christianity? It lies invariably on the side of those who knew not Christ. No persecution, no strife, no intolerance, on their part; no cessation or remission on the opposite. Not contented with all the body and all the bones of contention which ultramontane bigotry and superstition

had furnished, our pastors come to buffets with each other about a few drops of water; some insisting that an infant on whom they never have been sprinkled has no right or pretence to enter the kingdom of heaven, although the omission of so momentous a duty be no fault of his: others would more kindly give the infant a free ticket, but insist that grown men should be soused over head and ears. Again, so angry are people at what they call innovations in their church, that

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis *floribus* angit.

The Bishop of London thinks there may be a little too much of them at one time upon the altar: his lordship has no objection to a trim discreet posey, but he must look into it, and pick out here and there a constituent. Herb-of-grace, marjoram, fennel, sage, and other useful domestic condiments, may enter and remain. A *rose* bears too near an affinity to a *rosary*: in regard to *rosemary* there are serious doubts lest the multitude should mistake its derivation, and believe it denoted the mother of God. Therefore it is deemed prudent at the present juncture to suspend the rosemary. Similar hesitation I once remember at a dinner in Paris. A gentleman of ancient family, high rank, and distinguished services, was appointed by the lady of the house to superintend the salad. He felt at once the honour and the responsibility, which he avowed, but he manfully undertook the charge. After a *coup d'œil* and a short *reconnoissance*, he placed three plates before him, and then selected the *materiel*, which he threw forward in detachments. Everything went on smoothly and successfully, only there was one little herb that perplexed him, on which hung the key of the position, the success of the operation. He had already mixed up

a small part of it in the bowl, another part much smaller was suspended between his thumb and finger : doubt hung over his brow : at last, with desperate resolution, after detaching a single leaf and tossing aside the residue, he committed that leaf irrevocably to its doom. His heart was now at ease ; he had performed his duty.

In our country, where incense for the present is unused, a few sweet herbs may be innocently and advantageously indulged in. Abroad I have often been in the midst of a desperate conflict between gum and garlic, and have been constrained to fly for protection, as near as possible, to the priest and thuribule. The "*dura messorum ilia*" imparted no strength to my stomach, but tried it cruelly. Historians have not recorded the exact time when the Romans and other Italians ceased to be fond of flowers. Probably it happened in the midst of some epidemic, when the nerves could ill support the odour. Many things are left off unseasonably, and many unseasonably continued. We deem it no sin to decorate our churches on the most festive day of the year, although the decorations are druidical : surely the sin is no greater to decorate them all the year round, with beautiful and fresh and fragrant flowers, as was the custom of that milder paganism from which, with little change, we have received our rites and ceremonies, through our step-mother at Rome. Let the two kings on the Tiber and Thames, cognate as they are, smell at the same nosegay.

We already owe Popery too much : if we are induced to borrow more from her, be it rather what she never makes use of ; what was bequeathed to her by

her brave and frugal ancestors, and not what she holds in common with the brotherhood of the Thugs. If she comes to tickle our ears in order to cut our throats, beyond a doubt it is entirely for our good, and not for her aggrandisement: if she comes to pick our pockets, it is only that nothing may be left in them which could do us harm in falling. She finds in our purses snares fabricated by the devil, and she melts them into indulgences to give him a specimen how two can play at that game. She is loth to spill our blood, unless we are refractory and contumacious; and then it is purely and simply to show others, straying after us, what dangerous paths we misguided sinners have taken. Arminianism is popery, with a leaden thumb-screw instead of an iron one, and with seven wires to the cat instead of nine. Archbishop Laud was the most celebrated of its pontifs: Charles the Martyr was the only one canonised of its saints. He well merited this distinction, for the number of ears and noses with which he tessellated the pavement of Whitehall, and for the number of perjuries with which he consecrated the chapel of St. Stephen. For these the wisdom and virtue of a reformed parliament declared he should be evermore its patron: for these, and these only, he merged the inferior dignities of king and saint, assuming at one step the supreme command in the glorious army of martyrs; which command, as long as he could, he declined; and he acquired it only at the urgent intercession of Cromwell. *Laus Deo.*

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is a proverb which begins, "Between two stools." Our most gracious Queen, if this proverb hold good, may soon be somewhat worse off than merely *genibus minor*, with the thorough-bred Papist on one side of her, and the hybrid on the other.

The Holy Father sets a bad ensample to his children, legitimate and illegitimate. Beyond a question, the impudence of his Holiness exceeds the impudence of any other Holiness that ever wore the Babylonian scarlet. Has the Pope of Rome a better right to exercise authority in the British dominions, than the head of the Anglican church has to exercise it in the Roman? The Queen of England most graciously permits to every Papist the exercise of his religion, not only in private but in public, inasmuch as it interferes not with civic order; while the Pope not only prohibits it even in its last offices at the grave, but forbids in private houses the followers of Jesus Christ to introduce that Gospel which he commanded his apostles to preach openly in all lands. And this gentleman forsooth is delegated by the Prince of Apostles! Nay, he goes beyond, far beyond, this assumption. He not only is Christ's messenger, but Christ's vicegerent. Not only does he come forward under a false name, but he forges title-deeds to a vast estate; which estate never belonged to the pretended owner. St. Peter's patrimony is the name inscribed on the endorsement. Now St. Peter has never been proven, and never pretended, to have possessed an acre of land; no, nor even a bank of bulrushes on the sea of

Galilee. Yet this gentleman lays claim, not only to so vast an estate as no other gentleman on earth possesses, but he pretends to show you the very seal under which it was signed and delivered. He calls it, probably in jest, the *Fisherman's Seal*. Unluckily for the joke, if he intends it as one, in the days of this fisherman no person of his quality and condition had a seal to seal with: none under the rank of knight enjoyed such privilege. This seal-ring is quite as miraculous as that of Gyges: it turns a fisherman into a prince; it can make visible what is invisible; it can make invisible what is clear as day. Children, and other than children, say, *let those laugh who win*. Whatever rights our fisherman may fail in establishing, he has established this. Surely he must have caught Proteus in his drag-net, and have learnt from him all his tricks. There must have been a prodigious shoal of *murices* taken at the same draught, enough of them to dye of the finest purple the dirtiest coats abroad. The fisherman now grown wealthy, although he had not yet taken to the forgery of title-deeds, chose to change his mode of life a little for one easier and more comfortable, and became a shepherd. He soon grew very skillful in shearing, and not only in shearing, but equally in flaying; so that all the butchers round were ready to employ him. Whenever he wanted a piece of mutton for his table, he quarreled with his butcher, and kept the sheep for himself. There was nothing at last to which he would not turn his hand. Nowhere was there a rotten tree, for miles and miles round about, from which he failed to extract a pot of honey, after fuming and paralysing the bees. Several swarms by natural instinct betook themselves elsewhere; but a part

was allured back again by tin kettles, and other loud instruments, into their old hives. If anybody intercepted them, coming or going, it was at his peril. Some who attempted it were poisoned, others were stabbed; and the shepherd-fisherman was often heard to curse heartily the luckier ones he never could reach. He always had about him a great number of noisy fish-women in old-fashioned caps and blood-coloured stockings, who bandied curses and dealt blows wherever he directed them. For a time the constables only laughed; at last they grew serious, and thought it high time to repair the stocks. He has left a large number of natural sons behind him, to enjoy what is called *Peter's patrimony* even unto this day, together with the valuable scents of innumerable medicaments, provocative and sedative, together with others for anointing swords and scenting gloves. In the present age, conjurors must have recourse to novelties in sleight of hand, if they expect success. The swallowing of daggers and live coals, the catching of bullets on the rapier's point, are stale tricks: images of absent friends, in liquid ink in the palm of a boy's hand, are sought no longer. Gulls rise up before us, hatched in the slimy beds of the old shepherd-fisherman, a few miles up the Tiber. Our climate is uncongenial to that particular brood. Many people burst into loud outcries the moment they begin to settle on our shores; and certainly they will be pelted at their first pounce upon our soles and turbot. Already we have plenty, and more than plenty, of the same genus, though of a smaller species, whose maws are proportionally capacious. These however are little more than king-fishers in comparison; yet even these are so noisy and so voracious that we must clip

their wings, confine them within walls, and make them feed simply on grubs, worms, and beetles.

CHAPTER X.

MINISTERS have brought upon the queen and country the greater part, if not the whole, of the Pope's insolence. His priests have been acknowledged under the titles he conferred upon them. If our Protestant bishops had been divested of baronial dignities and seats, nothing of the kind would have been assumed in this country by the papal. There is no reason why either papal or protestant should be called other than *doctor*. Such is the ordinary style and title, and as such the professors of both creeds may be admitted into the presence of royalty. Nobody can suppose that the dignitaries of our religion will be permitted much longer to possess vast principalities. Prince Albert must know many princes in Germany whose revenues fall greatly short of our poorest bishopric. We have the same right to curtail them as we have to reduce our military to half-pay. Indeed it is more just that a bishop's salary should be reduced to a thousand a-year than an admiral's to three hundred. A captain in the army, who has bought his commission, may, after twenty years' service and suffering from infirmities and wounds, receive less than a seventieth part of a bishopric. Let it never more be objected that the property of the church was granted or bequeathed by pious benefactors, lest the Pope seize it; for these pious benefactors left it to his church. Parliament has acted repeatedly on wiser notions, dissolving some bishoprics, annexing others.

It has done it anciently, it has done it lately, it will do it soon again. Ours is not much longer to continue the only unreformed church in Christendom, unreformed in its vital parts, in equity, moderation, and diffusion of knowledge. People are no longer to be blinded, or to have their eyes diverted by the dust thrown into them through the riotous wrestling of overfed ecclesiastics. The patrons of prelaty and pluralities do not affect, as they do most things, indignation at the Pope's audacity. Lord J. Russell, in his letter to the Prince-bishop of Durham, says that anger predominates over all his other feelings on this foreigner's most insolent encroachment. Reasonably in part we may believe him; for his patronage is in jeopardy when an old church is turned into an extinguisher on a newer, which seems moulded on purpose to receive it. Infallibility comes forward with great advantage while our bishops are scuffling in the market-place, and, where dead infants are lying before their feet, are debating which of the poor innocents are to be buried as children, and which as dogs. She sprinkles with salt water those she favors, and straightway they mount into heaven. It is painful to think, with Infallibility, that the others are at best in limbo; and worse to believe, with Infallibility's twin-brother and claimant of her estate, that very probably they are even worse off. Between these two we shall never live peaceably, and perhaps if either should be left alone to have his own way, it would nowise mend the matter.

A strong man was troubled with two fierce mastifs quarreling daily in his court-yard. His own being the stronger and quieter, he looked on with indifference at first, and indeed until the strange dog took to the kitchen and larder. His own only growled at this intrusion:

but when the adversary leaped up against the stable-door and seized a horse's hind-quarter, patience was exhausted, the combat was renewed, and more resolutely than ever before. The master had more confidence in his dog's fierceness than in his fidelity, and began to surmise that he fought only to fill his belly : so, when they were both exhausted, and their tongues were a span-length out of their mouths, he plucked up courage, took each together by the scuff of the neck, and threw them into the stone-quarry from which the mansion was built. Incredible how quiet was the house, how orderly the domestics, after these two quarrelsome beasts were gone. Until then they could never say their prayers without the one barking and the other howling ; and the maids as they knelt fancied the strange dog perpetually at their heels.

CHAPTER XI.

THE new dignitary who comes under orders from the papal court, to supersede the Hierarchy of England, has been graciously pleased to offer the shelter of his wing to the Dissenters.

“ We are accustomed,” says a Dissenter in reply, “ we are accustomed to read the Gospels ; and there we find the blessed Founder of our religion forbidding those around him to call him *Lord*, although the acknowledged Son of God. Among the many reasons which have compelled us to separate ourselves from the main body of our fellow Christians, is the violation of this positive and oral ordinance.” But it now appears that to be a *lord*, is to be too little : we must have a

prince to lead us Godward ; and such a prince as pushes aside all others, even the royal. Our kingdom is minished into parts and parcels smaller than our heptarchies ; but greater men than the heptarchs are come among us from over sea ; stouter and bolder men than Danish and Saxon kings ; men invested with authority by superhuman hands. Cardinals are not only far superior to these chieftains, but distance the Apostles. Festus would not have been with them “ most noble Festus ;” and Cæsar himself, instead of receiving tribute, would have been called upon to pay it.

Emperors and kings are servants of *the* servant. The attendants and disciples of our Saviour were poor fishermen : they would have stared at any gentleman leaping into their boat in a lappeted cap and flounced petticoat ; no preface of “ with your leave, or by your leave ;” first taking the helm, then seizing and dragging the net, simply and solely for his own emolument. They were plain, honest, peaceable men ; but one or other might have had his choler stirred thereby ; and peradventure the intruder might have been fain to find his way back again by fairly swimming for it.

It is not to be dissembled that there are many who rejoice in the conflict of prelate with prelate ; that there are many who think them well matched ; and there are many who care little whether the rat kills the weazel, or the weazel kills the rat ; for in that light they hold them. But as an Englishman, I must declare my opinion that the thieves should be driven out of the house, before we look to see what is missing or damaged. In this inquiry, we may presently find that our own head-servants have wasted much of our substance, and that one or other has left the door open for the depre-

dators. We must have them up, in open court, before those who administer justice.

I hear from several of my neighbours who have travelled in foreign parts, that Popery is injurious to industry ; that among the Germans and Switzers, the naked eye readily distinguishes the line of demarcation between the Papist and the Protestant ; that no country is so ill cultivated, no people so immoral, as where dominates the gentleman who styles himself " God's vicegerent."

There are causes for everything. Now, what and whence are the causes why an intemperate religion, long ago repudiated by the manlier and calmer nations of Europe, for caprices, immoralities, and violences ; for cheating, and swearing, and blaspheming ; for housebreaking, and arson, and assassination ; all clearly proven against it—should be brought home again triumphantly through the streets of our metropolis ? There is a reason—there are many reasons : all of them ought to have been, and might have been, removed. But from the Church of England, as from the mistress of Horace,

Fugit juvenus et verecundus color.

It is painful to find the bishops simmering and seething so long over the coals. The fault is entirely their own: they might have crept out of the hot water while it was somewhat less hot: they now begin to turn red, and some of them are slipping their shells.

The conduct of the prelates on one side, and of the people on the other, may be described, by a slight variation in some verses of Pindar :

One Mortal shall Vain-glory cast
From the good things whereon his heart relies ;
Another let his foe run past
Where he might seize him: but are these the wise ?

After our long and heavy sleep, half broken by a dream of mysterious fountains and magical fingers dripping over them, and of wailing infants transfixed by the horns of devils ; here comes before us a figure in scarlet, with a fine embroidered kerchief in its hand, which, muttering an incantation and a prayer, it dips in chloroform and ties across our noses.

Questions on baptism led the minds of men to questions on apostolical succession. The humane and judicious Gorham says

“ Infants baptised, and dying before actual sin, are certainly saved.

“ As ignorance, if not wilful, is a plea ever admitted in *righteous* human tribunals, so, we are taught, will due weight be allowed to it at the seat of Divine Judgment.”

Alas ! ignorance not wilful is far from admission to the plea at (what are called) righteous human tribunals. And now to the second point of the position. If due weight will be allowed to it at the seat of Divine Justice, surely due weight will also be allowed to the ignorance of the infant, whose parents may have been negligent, or whose death, by the dispensation of that Divine Justice—of that Providence ever merciful—was immature. There are many sound and earnest Christians, who believe that sprinkling a few drops of water on an infant’s face is no more baptism than a sandwich is a dinner, and that such sprinkling has exactly the same effect, here and hereafter, whether the grace is prevenient or not, and whatever the priest may think about the matter. His opinion can nowise alter the destiny of the infant in the dispensations of its Maker. Why not let it pass then for what it is worth, whether much or little ? The creature is saved, that is

clear ; and enjoys thenceforward as much grace, and exercises (let us hope) quite as much discretion, as they who litigate and militate in the church about him, whether under the black ensign, or the white, or the scarlet.

The best tactician can never see with clearness and certainty to what results the first skirmish may lead. Apostolical succession, in all its branches, must be demonstrated or disproved. The earliest authorities quoted by the Papists are quoted falsely. Protestants are no sufferers by the deception : but Roman Catholic gentlemen are deeply interested in a thorough inquiry whether St. Peter ever was at Rome? to whom he gave authority there or elsewhere? what power he had to give it? whether the Holy Spirit, which he is believed by them to have imparted, directed the murderous and incestuous Popes, who, all and equally, claimed their descent from him, and (what he never did) assumed the title and office of God's sole vicegerents. If such rights and privileges can be established, then indeed it will be wiser in our own bishops to touch Pio Nono reverentially ; wiser to let the thread of succession lie broken in two or three places, and to bow their heads before Him alone who, despoiled even of that garment for which two wrangling soldiers are now drawing lots, has left no other heritage than his example.

CHAPTER XII.

FORMERLY the dissenters were clamorous against Popery and prelacy. How happens it that the sour presbyterian is sour no longer, but soft and mealy? Not only is he loyal, but he is courtly. This loyalty and courtliness are suspicious in the eyes of the more petted. Some of them, nearest to royalty, presuming on the favours they have received from her Majesty, have ventured not only to expostulate, but to reprove. The same persons have, both covertly and openly, countenanced the ceremonies of Popery. The oily tongue of Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford, can easily turn itself round in the wards of the privy-closet, while the bishop of London, laden with the treasures torn formerly from the spoliation of his predecessors, kicks at the royal chapel-door and insists upon an audience, talking so loud that people hear it throughout the country. What would queen Elizabeth have said on such an occasion? She who called the bishop of Ely a "proud prelate," and, as manfully as ever her father could have done, swore *by God* she would *unfrock* him. We recommend at the present day no such hasty and intemperate measures: we would not quite unfrock; but it might be "of good ensample" to turn up just as much of the tucks and trimmings as should be necessary in administrating a moderate and lenient castigation.

Rome and London are brought near together by other machinery than railroads and steamers. The fashionable wear of the winter is scarlet, genuine Babylonian, with broad sleeves and broader bustles. Lord John was

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permitted by Lord Peter to call him *insolent*, &c., on the understanding that he should send to him as ministers, in his several dependent states throughout Italy, those who profess his doctrines and acknowledge his supremacy, especially those who abolish from the coinage of the British realm the queen's title, style, and dignity, as *Defender of the Faith*. After this humiliation, we may expect to find in the court calendar of 1851, that the contracting parties have smoothed every difficulty in the union of two persons so close in consanguinity; and that this marriage in high life will be, with permission of Pio Nono who promises to sign it, celebrated by the bishop of London. There is a rumour, the gazettes will say, which we hope we shall soon be able to contradict by authority, that the bride's guardians have embezzled a large part of her property. On the other hand, certain title-deeds are not forthcoming. However, to accomplish so desirable an event, and to silence all other claimants, it is suggested that these irregularities will be overlooked by both parties, and that defalcations on one sheet of the ledger and excrescences on the opposite will be compromised.

All we know at present in regard to the late differences is this: that Lord Minto is declared, on grave authority, to have been cognisant of the Pope's inclinations, and without remonstrance. His instructions from home, and his despatches in return, must have obviated the surprise of Lord John Russell; which surprise must therefore be fictitious; a mask appropriate to the domino. He caught up the pattern of his indignation from the people. If they never had stirred, he would never have pasted on the broad conspicuous shoulders of the Prince-bishop a Manifesto in form of a Letter.

In an English minister, the alternative of two things is requisite ; strict silence or strict veracity. Lord John Russell chose rather to be vociferous ; and, although he writes to a Prince-bishop, he uses sundry expressions which are almost as coarse in their texture as the pieces of common slang which lately have been running from mouth to mouth, and replacing the cigar. His Lordship is more offensive ; the terms of his assumed surprise and deliberate indignation more calculated to "astonish the natives." Never was there written a Letter, whether from a jealous mistress or a detected adulteress, so indecorous or so indiscreet.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now the fox has broken cover and the dogs are in full cry after him, it is curious to see animals so similar as the dog is to the fox, in such hot pursuit and enmity, and passing the other beasts of the field without molesting them.

Prelaty is one and the same in all countries ; and there is just enough of difference in doctrine to keep up excitement and animosity in their partisans. There are thousands in England who have never seen an English bishop ; and there are thousands more who have not seen one since their *confirmation*. Probably their lordships will not make themselves quite so scarce now other candidates are in the field, now the canvas is growing hot, now the rival chairs of St. Peter and St. Paul, decorated with their favours and banderoles, are clashing.

Whatever may be the aggression, whosoever the enemy, and whencesoever the invasion, John Bull is equally angry. He now sees the scarlet opposite to him, rushes blindly with his head down against it, and never suspects that under the flowing robe there is concealed the imperial uniform. While he tramples on the weak audacity of a bewildered priest, a dozen of kings and their ministers are laughing at him, amused at the manakin they have puffed out and protruded into the ring. Heartily glad must be our own Prince-bishops that the public attention is diverted from them. The palace of the Vatican will stand longer than the solidest of theirs. The Pope is consistent in his perfidy: they waver in theirs; and instead of a bold straight-forward lie, repair to the lower and the weaker subterfuge of prevarication.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE are resolved (it appears) to show how far we are removed from the practices of the Papists. Instead of tying a recusant to the stake and surrounding him with fire and faggots, we only pelt him with the putrid offal of the most offensive words. This is principally done from the higher booths, on which gilded ribbons are waving, and where certain lords are sitting just over the winning-post. Meanwhile a crowd of people is bursting into the newly-furnished old house, calling the occupant an intruder, and entreating the Queen's Majesty to kick him out again. Looking round narrowly, I find the stump of the charred stake yet

standing where it stood formerly. We have no fire at hand ; and only just enough of the timber is above-ground to produce a crop of funguses.

Our Church, willing to hold her own, but holding much faster to the broad lands, the prelatical palaces, the baronial benches, the thrones on a level with the royal, than to corroded theories built upon shifting sands and exposed to every gust in every quarter, turned from side to side, entreated, exhorted, expostulated ; at one time meek as a dove, at another erecting her crest and threatening like a basilisk. Lord Peter, a great quoter of latin, whispered in her ear,

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

She simpered, and said nothing in reply. At last she drew nearer and nearer to him, requesting him, however, to keep his hands off, and promising if he would not sit upon her skirts, to hold a correspondence with him secretly and confidentially. This was done with the fingers, but not upon paper. Jack was outrageous at hearing the whisper. He threw the seducer on the ground : the seducer soon got up again, shook his embroidered uniform, replaced his pistols in the holster, and marched off, according to his own report, insulted indeed, but never thrown down ; assailed by a legion of devils, but victorious and triumphant.

The merits of the combatants, the rights of primogeniture, the advantages of the feudal system, the obligations of its serfs to the mitre, may be brought under discussion in open court. We have only to declare at present that what is set apart for the public service is public property. Such is a church, and everything appertaining to a church. The State has a right to alter it, to enlarge it, to contract it, to

demolish it. The State may remove a bishopric as legally as an organ-loft, a bishop as a chorister. It may competently say to either, "I consider your services worth so much to me: if you are discontented with it, go your way and do better for yourself." Many would murmur; few would move. It is difficult for reverend corpulency to rise from a well-padded elbow-chair; and greatly less pleasant for gouty feet to walk between two crutches than between two liverymen in plush and powder.

In the next chapter I shall adduce the authority of a churchman, who has taken a nearer and a more accurate survey of this interesting subject. We may deduce from his arguments and demonstrations that a thread which has long been twisted carries with it when untwisted the tortuosity of its entanglement; that you may indeed pull it straight again; but that, if it is to continue so, it must be pulled fairly out and held tight.

Will what has happened in the present age be credited in the next? Will it ever be believed that the Reformed Parliament, soon after its Reformation, appointed men to be judges in their own cause? Will it be believed that so little was left of Christianity, of equity, of decency, that the bishops of England, who had long enjoyed vast revenues, should vote for themselves the same revenues for life, declaring them to be too much for their successors? They did indeed, however reluctantly, pluck off some little; just as much as a clever cook plucks off a stick of celery, to make it look somewhat handsomer and more eatable. That the people may not turn back their eyes on these enormities, small questions are raised, small offences are taken and made

greater. They know very well that it is only from among the rich and luxurious, who have lived in such society as their own, that Popery shoots and ramifies. It is not with Popery they are angry, it is with the Pope. He claims what they hold, and what they have taken from him ; and he claims only a part of this. It belongs to neither ; it belongs to the people at large ; to the people belong both spirituals and temporals, and to their benefit, and theirs only, must both be, ere long, converted.

As there are many prayers in common with the two prelatich churches, there is also one canticle,

“ If the world is worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.”

The senses of no man can be so seduced from him that he shall admit the supposition of a quarrel on articles of faith.

Hæc prius fuere, nunc recondita
Senent quiete.

It would be the greatest of absurdities to quarrel for an absurdity ; and above all where there are more of them at home with each party than he can manage. There will always be in the Anglican Church, and peculiarly among the occupants of thrones under canopies, many loth to ascend into a purer atmosphere, and to leave behind them

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Doctrines and dogmas are hardly worth our notice. Let the Pope have his own, and all his own ; but let him show his claim. Again I repeat it, if Saint Peter had the power to grant, and did actually grant, under his seal, in the presence of witnesses, the spirituals and temporals which the Bishop of Rome claims, both from

this testamentary and hereditary right, our bishops must hold their tongues. Meanwhile the wiry-haired, long-backed, indefatigable German terriers are questing among the intricate caverns and bramble-covered ruins of Rome, and will unearth and drive the old badger from under the palace of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER XV.

No religion hath ever done so much mischief in the world as that which falsely, among innumerable other falsehoods, calls itself the catholic. It never was the catholic, and, let us trust in the mercies of God, it never will be. There was a time when the Arians outnumbered the papists; and it was only by the exercise of imperial power, by the sword in the balance, that the scale flew up and scattered its contents. Again did imperial power, by similar means, obstruct the progress of the Reformation, when the more civilised and intelligent, not only in Germany and Holland and France, but also in Italy, among those who had no personal interests to consult, and among many who had them, preferred the plain doctrine and pure authority of the Gospel to the glosses and assumptions of the papacy. At the present day the question turns less about the doctrinal points of popery, than about the influence which its ministers again are exercising on the social condition of Europe. France has begun to renew her *dragonnades*, not indeed within her own territories, but within those territories where in right and justice she can pretend to no control. Neither the Pope nor the

King of Naples has displayed more perfidy than the French president. Each of the Italian potentates had kept within his dominions, first cajoling and then oppressing what he was permitted to call his own people. But the other came in the guise of a friend and a protector, and took away all the valuables of the house he entered, leaving his host to be tied up in a surplice and suffocated in the Tiber. The Emperor of Austria has followed, although with unequal paces, the French president; and the Jesuits have trampled out the last vestiges left by Jerome of Prague. Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, had enjoyed in peace the liberty of worship. No zealot proclaimed it unchristian to bend the knee before Christ alone, without his mother, without his followers, near or remote. Schools were not declared to be godless, for no other reason than because the scholars were required to join their classes at lecture and their family at prayer. Nothing is now to be taught, in that part of our dominions where both the people and the priesthood is the most ignorant, but under the eye of the blind and the guidance of the lame. The same ordinances, it seems, are now to be observed in other places. Tell me which of our sovereigns in better times would have endured or have tolerated this? what minister? would even the lesser Pitt? would Fox? would Wyndham? would Burke? Certain I am that neither Walpole nor Chatham, neither Harley nor Bolingbroke, would place the crozier above the sceptre, or across it. Different as are the ministers of Queen Victoria, both in energy and in intellect, from the ministers of Queen Anne, even they, surely even they, never will permit the streets of London and Westminster to be infested by the surpliced linkboys of

popish processions; surely the police will turn the horses' heads in another direction when the Cardinal of Westminster's carriage stops the way. Firmly do I believe that many Roman Catholic gentlemen, both in England and in Ireland, are, as they have been for centuries in France, unfriendly to the inordinate claims of the Pope. Firmly do I believe that, if the Reformation had never been established in these realms, they would have been among the first of the Reformers. What gentleman of either country has exhibited more enlightened zeal in the cause of education, more liberality in every department, than he who so worthily represents our queen at Athens? The oldest and best families of Roman Catholics, both in England and in Ireland, have ever been distinguished for manliness and patriotism. The stem of chivalry is as strong as ever; and if some of the flowers are fallen off, the mule's hoof must not trample them into the earth. The dregs of society, in ferment and commotion, are beginning to foam through the bunghole, and there are certain persons whose bread is to be raised by the yeast. Already they hold the spigot in their hands, and, unless you are prompt and resolute, they can either stop it or let it run waste as they will. There are unholy incantations known and practised by them, which, to their consternation and dismay, shall perhaps evoke the spirit of Nassau, perhaps the more awful one of Cromwell. There is a line which if they cross, other stars will shine above their heads, and other pilots will be required to steer them into port.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE following words are Sydney Smith's :

“The Archbishop of Canterbury, at his consecration, takes a solemn oath that he will maintain the rights and liberties of the Church of Canterbury. He seizes two-thirds of its revenues and abolishes two-thirds of its members.”

Surely the latter part of the sentence is incorrect ; he must mean dignitaries ; not rectors, vicars, and curates. Doubtless, the archbishop did always maintain the rights he swore he would maintain ; and if he has the power of abolishing any offices and of removing any official of the church, Parliament and the supreme head of the church must possess a power quite equal to his Grace's. The dignitary Sydney Smith declares his Grace has taken away what he solemnly swore he would maintain in its place. This sounds oddly to unmitred ears ; but much may depend upon the sounding-board. There are things incomprehensible to the laity which are plain enough to the clergy round about them. Thus for instance the bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude are deposited in the Church of St. Peter's at Rome : the same bodies are likewise deposited in the Church of St. John's at Verona. Heretics may hereupon be captious and incredulous ; true believers can entertain no doubt. Fra Filippo Ferraris tells us expressly that these same bodies may exist contemporaneously in separate places ; and Cardinal Valerio explains most satisfactorily how it may be so : it is by a *pia estensione*.

Now the archbishop does this tangibly. He soars

above the metaphor, and pounces down on his prey like a taloned angel. The *pia estensione* of his talons reminds the learned and factious canon of Virgil's

“*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
(Stultus ego!) huic nostræ similem.*”

If the spiritual city is here to be understood, why the *stultus ego*? The words would be more apposite and appropriate if he thought differently. Reluctant as I am to raise objections to the language and reasoning of a man who generally both reasoned and wrote more admirably than the cleverest (with one exception) of his contemporaries, whose humour flowed genially and gracefully through society, and is never to be dried up, yet, now we are walking the same way, I must take the liberty to join him and to ask him a few questions. And first, what he means by the words “Mezentian oath which binds the Irish to the English Church?” Pray which of them is the living body, and which the dead? Methinks they are both “alive, alive,” otherwise the one could not rob nor the other murder. The rustics at Rathcormac and the moss-troopers on Lambeth-marsh show equal signs of life.

With profound despondency, “Nobody wants more prebendaries!” sighs the Canon. Perhaps we might do without them altogether, and without deans too: but pray, Mr. Canon, leave us the blessing of bishops. If you are resolved to show us how naughty they are, we must shut our eyes.

“I must express my surprise,” says he, “that nothing is said of the duties of bishops; a bishop is not now forced by law to be in his diocese.” He should be; and be fined severely for absence. Remove him first from the House of Lords.

After comments on several, no little to their disadvantage, he says :

“Another bishop, who not only never entered his palace, but turned his horses into the garden, &c.”

There is a radical cure for this evil. Give him no palace, and contract his garden within the same dimensions as his next neighbour's.

“The real disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, and not in the defence.”

In both, if Christ's word is to be taken. He forbids *strife* ; and one alone, in this sense of the word, cannot strive.

“Are they (videlicet canons, &c.) to submit to a spoliation so gross, accompanied by ignominy and degradation, and to bear all this in submissive silence?”

Ay, certainly, if they are followers of Christ and mind the gospel ; glad moreover of such an opportunity. Abundance of texts I would cite to prove it, were I not afraid of the pugnacity of the priesthood, and too prudent in such a crisis to bring on a general engagement. They are as angry at having Christ's word taken out of their mouths, as Mammon's purse out of their pockets.

“In *common seasons* they (videlicet canons, &c.) would willingly obey” (Q. E. D.) “but in this matter have tarnished their dignity, &c.”

Then wipe them gently and clean them ; but never tear a hole in the exergue of the pantaloon because they have been sitting in a dirty place. In the very commencement of this expostulation, so early as in the third page, the Canon says,

“Of *seven* communications made to the Commission by cathedrals, and involving many serious representations respecting high interests, *six* were totally disregarded.”

Neither Laud nor Wolsey ever acted with such prelati- cal pride, such utter disregard to justice, honesty, and decency. If Parliament does not pass a vote of censure on this conduct, with a declaration that the Ecclesiastical Commission has neglected its duty, it should be dissolved. In the very same page the Canon says,

“I would not have operated so tamely on an old and (I fear) a decay- ing building, &c.”

And says Milton,

“Experience doth attain
To somewhat of prophetic strain.”

He tells us in the next page that the odium of great riches is removed from the rector of a parish where there are eight or more thousand people. Does he mean communicants? If so, there ought to be no such number under any one clergyman. “There,” says the Canon, “he works for his wealth.”

No, no; the wealth has already made him too fat and idle for work. He finds a curate who labours under no such incommodity. He proceeds to remark that,

“The great object was to remove the *causes of hatred* from the church, by lessening such incomes as those of Canterbury, Durham, and London, *exorbitantly and absurdly great*, by making idleness work.”

Surely such a chimera was never entertained by any reformer, moderate or immoderate. Idleness will never work better from inanition than fulness; and the habit here has already been induced by the locality and the posture. The “great object” was, or ought to have been, to reduce the inordinate riches of the higher clergy, applying it, as best might be, to the promotion of religion and morality, of which the accompaniments are content and peace. Property held at present, after

all pretended sacrifices, under the sees of Canterburys London, Winchester, and Durham, would sell for about three millions.

My voice, I am afraid, will be lost in the clamour of opponents. But I am determined to maintain the character of *Conservative*, under which title I ordered to be printed, but never advertised, "Letters," many years ago. Again I say it, let there be bishops: let them be of apostolic institutions, not of papal; let them *overlook*, guide, correct; not persecute, not dominate. Let there be more of them, if more are called for; let their authority be greater in their dioceses; let them be witnesses and advisers when necessary, never voters at any time, in what concerns the interests of religion. Let them be located where they are most wanted, not age after age in one place; which place may have become a desert, while another, at some distance, has many populous towns. Gatton and Old Sarum are fallen, and have lost their representatives in the Lower House; Wells stands mitred in the Upper. Four bishops are sufficient for what is left of the Reformed Church in Ireland; two for Wales; one for Scotland. Most important of all is it that they be chosen (as anciently) by the clergy, and from among the natives of the country where they abide and rule. Every question, or nearly every one, in the Various Lectures of Euripides and Aristophanes is now settled; so that we may turn our horses' heads, and beat about for bishops elsewhere than among Greek roots and spinosities, through which a young mendicant German would have guided us for a thaler.

Idleness and high food have made our prelates restless and pugnacious, and, like game-cocks, they crow the louder by feeling the corn-stack under them.

It were more prudent in their Lordships had they leaned on their clouded gold-headed canes, walking straight onward in the smooth and verdant path before them, and had abstained from dipping it wantonly in the still waters of a mephitic pool, and thus discovering as many weeds and as much mud in the northern extremity as in the southern. Farmers' friends and protectionists as they are, let them look about them: they have a rate to pay which, being an uncustomary, they may call a heavy one. The only bread that is not reasonably cheap at present is "the bread of life." Let its factors and speculators be admonished that our people will not permit it much longer to continue at its enormous price.

The vast dormitory of our baronial prelates is not to be disinfected by sprinkling a little sugar on the warming-pan, as their old women would fain set about it; but by something more searching, and sharp and antiseptic.

Having in this chapter selected a few plain and sensible words from a clergyman and dignitary of the Anglican Church as by law established, from a man whose wisdom was equal to his wit, and whose good-nature was collateral to both; I shall, in my next and last, be usher to one of higher power and authority. The voice of Milton is about to be heard above all the clamour and discord of conflicting priesthoods. It is improbable that they will listen to him: even the more moderate talk only of Jeremy Taylor, of whose writings they seem to remember little, and of whose conduct nothing at all. Taylor caught a genial glow from the setting sun of Milton. There were dapples and streaks of mild light along the melting clouds; there was

somewhat of warmth, temperate but not enervating; and there was largely spread a fertilising dew over the quiescent scene, which announced a fair day on the morrow. But the morrow disappointed the prognostics. Ever since his departure, our bishops and their partisans have been quarreling one with another incessantly, and calling reciprocally for pains and penalties. May nothing of the kind befall the worst and most vindictive of these unchristian priests! Only cool them with frugal and salutary diet, reminding them that the premises of many a pyrotech have been blown up into the air, together with his crackers and serpents, and wheels and rockets, and stores of loose powder on coarse paper. Animosities at the present day are carried on principally by the very parties whose bounden duty and salaried office it is to allay and to remove them. Genealogists now declare that Roman Popery and Anglican Prelaty are twin-brothers. The neighbourhood is scandalised at the quarrel of such near relatives about a chest of old clothes and candles, contemning their father's last injunction, setting his will aside, mimicking his voice and manner, and appointing as the place of contention and of combat the inclosure of his grave. Similar dissensions, similar denunciations, similar graspings at undue wealth, twelve centuries ago, attracted a swarm from Arabia which fattened upon their blood; God's avengers of hypocrisy and unbelief.

CHAPTER XVII.

“*For modes of faith let angry zealots fight,*” said a quieter and more rational Catholic than any now squaring his elbows for the contest. And fight they certainly will before long. Already there is betting on black against scarlet, and the odds are in favour of black. Black’s horse is the strongest, but scarlet is the best jockey. One of our most wealthy and active bishops invited the parties to a trial of strength and skill, waving his hand, cracking his whip, and clearing the ground of intruders. He began by a preachment on baptism, but he soon gave signs of having eaten too much wild honey, and left the path he had trodden in extremely bad odour and unfit to follow. From another quarter, not quite opposite, comes forward the Cardinal of Westminster. He proclaims his advent from the church of St. Pudentia in the city of Rome, informing us also that, according to report and belief, the father of St. Pudentia was an Englishman. Possibly he was; but there is little reason, looking at Pio Nono, either from what the French have lately taught us to call his *antecedents*, or from his present demeanour in regard to England, for entertaining the belief that any particle of the *Pudent* blood is running in the Holy Father’s veins. Disinterested then as well as complimentary is this appointment of the patroness. However, it is within the range of possibility that our gracious Queen, although her Majesty has no reason to be jealous of any lady upon earth, may be jealous of the defunct Pudentia. The shadow is often more

terrible than the substance. And when this shadow is entering the keyhole, such entrance may show the way to come into the room and rifle it. If there is not a struggle in the passage, there will certainly be a struggle in the chamber. It is now about a quarter of a century since we began again to build houses in the old fashion, as I remarked in a former chapter, and so much lead about the narrow panes that little is to be seen if we could. The furniture seems of the same description. In order to be consistent, we recur to old churches and old ceremonies. I trust it is only the fashion of the day, having seen the same enthusiasm for Calvinism. A few persons of high birth and high fashion took it up; others followed in the train: for of all people upon earth those of the present century are the most obsequious. Calvinism lost its hold on them when a countess or two dropped off. Catholicism has stronger attractions and a firmer grasp. Gin palaces open into other palaces, where there is as much intoxication and more splendour, and where both cost nothing. Men and women who are prohibited from visiting their friends on a Sunday, and from enjoying any kind of innocent amusement, may now enter a licensed opera-house and enjoy the best music. Furthermore, they may have a quarter's credit for any favourite sin, and the heaviest weight is taken off their shoulders, and borne to any distance on another's, for a few shillings, which few shillings may be paid after their death. The deuce is in it if such a religion as this can fail of proselytes. If it should be thought advisable by our governors to counteract its influence, there is no better or surer way of doing it than by allowing to the people the same freedom of innocent enjoyment as under our

first Protestant rulers. If the stern self-willed Elizabeth, if the quibbling theologian James, permitted them to consider the Sabbath-day not as a day of fierce moroseness or of sullen idleness, but, after due worship, a day of friendly intercourse and harmless recreation, why should our parliament or our church at the present time be more restrictive and more severe. If the authority of these two potentates, who have been deemed both wise and religious, is insufficient, they have before them a much higher, the authority of Charles the Martyr, their own martyr, the sole martyr of the Anglican church as by law established. Not only did he sanction it, but he practised it; the martyr was present at plays acted on a Sunday in his own palace. Instead of counter-poisons, let us more distinctly exhibit the homœopathic remedies. Counter-poisons very often serve only to protract the sufferings of the patient. Here is an instance. A learned nosologist of Pisa, now about forty years ago, tried to counteract the venom of a mad dog by the venom of a viper, on the principle that one causes death by inflammation, the other by torpor of the heart. The patient suffered equally under both, and died.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is only of late that the public attention has been drawn to the worst nuisances of the community; pestilential sewers, intramural burying-grounds, and lastly, to what is deemed by many to be no less important, the collapse and splitting of the English church. Two

of these evils are brought down on the country by the clergy. Honest and sincere as are the greater part of these functionaries, there are others, whether false in doctrine I presume not to decide, but certainly false in practice, false to their oaths and to their trust. Prelaty gave a tacit sanction to their backslidings, modestly closed her eyes before their simperings and genuflexions, and condescended to the ancillary office of decorating their toilette. It was only when her own house was in danger, from the sparks blown upward out of neighbour Ucalegon's, that she sent after the churchwarden, and directed him where to place the fire-engine. She then was willing to dismiss the posture-master, well remembering what a sturdy parson of the old school had told her ; that a steady setter works best in the field without a couple or more to back him.

It is time however for all of us to be serious. Such is the dispensation of Providence, that not only the misfortunes of men, but often their crimes, ferment and mingle in the elements to the benefit of the species. Institutions which have long borne heavily on society, institutions founded on fraudulence and maintained by injustice, have suddenly given way ; not from any power that wisdom has brought into activity against them, but under the sloth and negligence of those most interested in repairing them. Quarrels in the house of Him who proclaimed upon earth peace and good-will toward men, were, and are still, most violent and outrageous among those who have occupied the highest offices under Him. Neither argument nor conscience could coerce their malignant passions.

Christianity, very contrary to the intention of its blessed Founder, has almost from the beginning been

the smelting-house of discords and animosities. The tall chimneys of the church, instead of conducting the smoke above the habitations of the people, serve only to concentrate it into the most acrid and corrosive crystallisations: foul weather beats down again what had escaped: the breath of the people is contaminated by it, and they will endure the pest no longer. Pride has blinded those who should have been, by their special appointment, overseers and guides. When their quieter friends would have kept them to their houses, they would sally forth tumultuously, and let no man rest within his own. The most patient at last rose against them. In the reign of James and his son, many serious and religious, and many of deep research, both jurists and divines, wrote in condemnation of prelaty: Milton stamped the warrant. Loth am I that anything of antiquity should be so utterly swept away as to leave no vestige. It would grieve me to foresee a day when our cathedrals and our churches shall be demolished or desecrated; when the tones of the organ, when the symphonies of Handel, no longer swell and reverberate along the groined roof and dim windows. But let old superstitions crumble into dust; let Faith, Hope, and Charity, be simple in their attire; let few and solemn words be spoken before Him "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known." Principalities and powers belong not to the service of the Crucified; and religion can never be pure, never "of good report," among those who usurp or covet them.

Desirous that whatever I write should stand or fall by its own weight, I have seldom in any of my works quoted another man's authority. On the subject which now occupies me, so much eloquence, so much wisdom,

so much virtue and religion, have been displayed by Milton, that it behoves me to close my slender book, and to intreat my reader to take up his instead; by which his heart will be strengthened, his soul purified, to such a degree that, if duly reverential, he may stand unabashed in the presence of the most commanding genius that ever God appointed for the governance of the human intellect. Those, and those only, who are intimately conversant with the grand and perfect models of antiquity, can rightly estimate his qualities. They, on examination, will find in him a much greater variety, with more than an equal intensity, of power. No poetry, not even his own, is richer in thought, in imagery, or in harmony; yet to vulgar eyes the glories of his prose appear to have been absorbed in that vast central light. Will it be credited that such merits should either have been unknown or suppressed by a writer who lays claim to eloquence, liberality, and learning? Wherever there is a multitude, a noisy demagogue is seen running out of breath at their heels, and urging them on to turbulence and mischief. Intruding on the court in the last reign, he forgot that William had left the mess-room and had entered the council-chamber. Whatever is uppermost he clings to, always tearing the coat-skirt that has helped him to clamber so high.

Not only men light and versatile have taken the scorner's chair to sit in judgment on our instructor and defender. A very large sect, perhaps the most numerous sect of all, and composed from almost every other, believes that religion is to be secured by malignity and falsehood. Johnson threw down among them his unwieldy distempered mind, and frowned like a drunken

man against the high serenity of Milton. He would have fared better with Johnson had he been a sycophant; better with the other had he been a demagogue. He indulges in no pranks and vagaries to captivate the vulgar mind; he leads by the light of his countenance, never stooping to grasp a coarse hand to obtain its suffrages. In his language he neither has nor ever can have an imitator. Such an attempt would display at once the boldest presumption and the weakest affectation. His gravity is unsuitable to the age we live in. The cedars and palms of his Paradise have disappeared: we see the earth before us in an altered form: we see dense and dwarf plants upon it everywhere: we see it scratched by a succession of squatters, who rear a thin crop and leave the place dry and barren. Constancy and perseverance are among Milton's characteristics, with contempt of everything mean and sordid. Indifference to celebrity, disdain for popularity, unobtrusive wisdom, sedate grandor, energy kept in its high and spacious armory until the signal of action sounded, until the enemy was to be driven from his intrenchment, these are above the comprehension, above the gaze, of noisy drummers in their caps and tassels. Milton stood conspicuous over the mines of fuel he accumulated for that vast lighthouse, founded on a solitary rock, which threw forth its radiance to Europe from amid the darkness and storminess of the British sea. In his eyes, before they closed for ever, all shades of difference in sectarians had disappeared: but Prelaty was necessary to despotism; and they met again. With weaker adversaries he had abstained from futile fencings, in which the button is too easily broken off the foil, and he sat down with the grave

and pensive who united love of God with love of country. The enemies of the Independents could never wrench away their tenets, could overwhelm them only by numbers, and, when they were vanquished, could not deny that they were the manliest of mankind. Milton's voice, more potent and more pervading than any human voice before or since, inspired by those heavenly Powers with whom we may believe he now exists in completer union, warned nations against the fragment of Popery impending over them from a carious old rock, of which carious old rock Simon-Peter knew no more than of the carious old house which, as the Pope tells the faithful, God's angels brought through the air and deposited in the village of Loreto.

CHAPTER XIX.

RELIGION and freedom, and all things appertaining to them, are seen at the present hour, more rapidly than ever in the history of mankind,

In pejus ruere et retro sublapsa referri.

Nothing but abuses, nothing but what ought to have been long ago swept off, is left standing and unchanged. Unchanged! no indeed. Buttresses at a vast expenditure are built up against crumbling old walls: palaces, not only in cities but also in country-places, are purchased and enlarged for the accommodation of bishops and their enlarged and enlarging coffers. And now comes in, duty-free, a vast importation of trumpery,

collected in the Catholic Ghetto, from every country where idols ever were worshipped; from Egypt and Syria mostly. In the time of Augustus the fashionable world knelt before the mysteries of Isis: yet the rude little gods of earthenware, the Lares and Penates, maintained their places against the wall, none the worse for the smoke of the chimney. The same precedence and subordination are still maintained. But the generous old Romans, instead of insisting under pain of death and eternal torments that other nations should adore their gods, took to themselves for adoration those they found in the temples of the conquered. And by these, without the same liberality, the Papal rulers at Rome continue to profit. Although they scarcely have a force sufficient to drive a drove of buffaloes, they issue as loud commands as when the trumpets sounded to the legions, and Caius Marius and Caius Julius marched under the eagles through the Alps.

We Englishmen have little to win, little to resist, much to remove, much to recover. The people by their own efforts will sweep away the gross inequalities now obstructing the church-path; will sweep away from amidst the habitations of the industrious the moral cemeteries, the noisome markets around the house of God, whatever be the selfish interests that stubbornly resist the operation. Lord John Russell, the slowest to move in any reform, would have stood quietly by. He saw the billows rising high about him. Reluctant at first, and then desperate, he seized the forelock of the nearest wave, which, while he is carried on it, the stupider think he carries. The people, as he reaches the shore on knees and elbows, wipe the foam off his mouth, the weeds and slime off his neck and shoulders,

rub him, if not clean yet dry again, and conduct him to a seat between Doctor Titus Oates and Doctor Henry Sacheverel.

Unlikely is such a character to submit to the Queen's Majesty the wise proposition of Anglicanus ; the question whereon the Pope's supremacy rests. For it will be hinted to him that the same hinges which support one half of the folding-door support also the other half.

At the moment of concluding my last chapter, I found in the *Examiner* a Remonstrance to Anglicanus, from a proselyte to the Church of Rome, in which Remonstrance Saint Ignatius is triumphantly quoted. Saint Ignatius was indeed an honest zealot and a brave martyr : but what is to be thought of that man's information and authority, who was ignorant how long Jesus Christ lived and preached, and who mis-stated the time almost half the years ? Is it probable that he, who knew so little of his master, should know better the habitats of Simon-Peter ?

THE END.

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