

B. I. C.

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THE
SPIRIT AND GENIUS
OF
ST. PHILIP NERI,
Founder of the Oratory.

LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE ORATORY,
KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

BY
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THE following Lectures were delivered in the London Oratory, in the Triduo preceding the transferred Feast of St. Philip during this year; and have been published at the request of some who heard them.

F. W. F.

The Oratory, London.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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THE
SPIRIT AND GENIUS OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

LECTURE FIRST.

ST. PHILIP A PORTRAIT OF JESUS.

A YEAR has gone round, my dear Brethren, since St. Philip first began to teach, to preach, to give spiritual graces, and to make his home here. You have connected yourselves with him; you have let yourselves be drawn within the sphere of his influence; you have gladly drunk of his peculiar spirit; you are conscious to yourselves of many secret favours which you have received through him; in a word, you have of your own accord made yourselves his children, and St. Philip has lovingly adopted you. In asking you then to set aside these three days as a solemn preparation for his feast, I am only asking what you will be forward to grant; and in speaking to you about St. Philip, I may speak to you, not as strangers, but as children of our dear and holy Patriarch, who will not harshly criticise what may seem the affectionate exaggerations of an Oratorian. I cannot of course say to you in three Lectures all I think or feel about St. Philip; like other Saints who have left the impress of their character upon the Church of God, he may be looked at

from many points of view. I wish, if he will please to help me, to put one view of him before you in this Triduo, so that you may be able to have a true idea of St. Philip, and his peculiar spirit and genius, and therefore of the work which he comes to do in England at this present day.

The fact with which we start is this :—Here in a Protestant country, the genius of whose nationality may be said to be most eminently Protestant, a number of men, thoroughly English in education, ways, habits, feelings, and tone of thought, some in one place, some in another, some for one reason, some for another, have been mercifully drawn by the power of grace to abjure their false religion and save their souls in the Church of God. The Church receives them, and vouchsafes to use whatever they may have of energy or usefulness for her own purposes. In remarkable ways (which it would be out of place to detail here), not only without forethought, but quite contrary to it, and without being agreed among themselves, a Roman Saint, but little known in England, and with a very special genius of his own, attracts them to himself. They are drawn almost without knowing it, some abroad, others at home, some earlier, others later, some attracted by one feature of the Saint, others by another, and some with little or no distinct perception of what it was which was so palpably alluring them. The Vicar of Christ, the holy Father at Rome, gives not a bare but a cordial approval to their deed. They become the children of St. Philip, embrace his Institute, and place themselves beneath the yoke of his rule. Experience shews them it was no blind leading which guided them to the Apostle of Rome; they find his Institute as if it had been expressly made for them and their peculiar circumstances; it fulfils more than words can tell every desire of their

hearts, they find in it all they need, and more than they expected; and what seems stranger still, its ideas, sympathies, tastes, instincts, yearnings, seem to be a simple intellectual expression of their own. When you consider the varieties of character and disposition, of education, taste, circumstances and wants, of a score of men, you will admit that there is something remarkable in this fact.

Furthermore, St. Philip's Institute has a characteristic which distinguishes it from all other Orders and Congregations, so far as I know. Take, for instance, the Society of Jesus, which was founded about the same time as the Oratory, and whose members have ever been in all lands the kindest and most generous friends of St. Philip's children. St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Aloysius, Bellarmine—these are all so many different types of sanctity on which their spiritual descendants may form themselves, according to their circumstances or leanings. No one ever supposes that every Jesuit Father is to aim at reproducing in himself a miniature portrait of St. Ignatius; it is to their Rule, to their Constitutions, to their system, to their traditions, that they have to look; the whole breadth of Christian activity and heroism is theirs; the missions of heathen lands, the schools of little children, the chairs of great universities, the preaching of retreats, the retirement of study, the care of hospitals and asylums, the confessionals in town and country, the scientific observatory, the formation of seminaries, the spiritual paradise of the novitiate, the religious silence of the professed house—all these things are opened to them; obedience puts each one upon his line; and to a Jesuit there is no line for which his own wonderful Society cannot furnish him

with a patron Saint from its own canonized or beatified members. The same may be said, with the remarkable exception of the different families of the Franciscans, of all other religious Orders and Congregations. But it is very different in the Oratory: there every one has but one work to do—rigidly, exclusively one—to imitate St. Philip, to copy him, naturally and without affectation, in all his ways, to reproduce in himself a more or less imperfect likeness of his father. We have to look rather to an individual example than a system, more to St. Philip's manners and sayings than to a rule. Indeed he left no rule; the brief code of laws by which, under apostolical authority, the Oratory is now governed, was drawn up by his favourite disciple, F. Pietro Consolini, after the Saint's death, and is simply an application in detail of St. Philip's spirit to the regulations of community life, and more particularly of that especial form of community life which it was the holy Father's will should be lived by his children in the Congregation. It remains true that the prominent object of the Oratorian is to become an affectionately servile copy of St. Philip, and that his whole spiritual life is to lead that way. That inexhaustible and exciting variety, that world of work, into which the energy of a Jesuit is turned loose, is not allowed to the Oratorian. St. Philip is close at hand, and is watching him jealously; he is constantly repeating, almost to weariness, cautions against variety of work, against adding to the three objects of the Institute, prayer, preaching, sacraments. He is ever inspiring the Superiors of his houses to mortify the energies and zeal of their subjects, to nip in the bud promising schemes of usefulness, and to wither with unsympathetic coldness or startling severity all influence or success which seem to lie

beyond the narrow sphere of the modest Institute. It would not be easy to conceive a completer or more jealously exacted sacrifice than that which the Institute of the Oratory demands of those who are postulants for it: it simply requires that the whole man should be assimilated to itself. Nay, it is not only of the blessed Sebastian Valfrè that it was true, that the features of St. Philip, the look of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, the lines of his face, passed into the countenances of his children; and does not all this shew most clearly that the end of the Institute was to copy an individual pattern which God had given to His Church, and in various climes and distant ages to reproduce mimic representations of St. Philip, filled according to their capacity with his spirit and his life? Look into the life of St. Ignatius, and see how different is the relative position of that blessed Founder, and his heaven-sent Rule, from what it is in the Oratory. The Franciscans alone resemble the Oratory in this respect; and every one knows the secret sympathy and mutual understanding there has ever been between the children of St. Francis and St. Philip.

Now this characteristic of St. Philip's Institute, that it is a perpetual reproduction of an individual pattern, makes it all the more remarkable that a various body of converts and strangers in the Church should find themselves first of all so irresistibly drawn to St. Philip, and then so astonishingly satisfied with what they found in him and in his Institute. It shews plainly that St. Philip represents something, is a type of something, embodies something; that he represented more than himself, and did not live for himself; that there was an Idea in him which God meant the Church to take up and

fulfil; and lastly, that what St. Philip represented, whatever it might be, was a whole, a thoroughly finished and harmonious whole, in keeping with itself in all its parts and bearings, equipped with armour of its own, and with the same instincts circulating through it, so that it could know itself and understand its work, and others could recognise it, understand it, and even predict its future conduct, when they looked carefully upon it. It must have been all this, or else how could it have drawn to itself in so strange a manner men of opposite tastes, of different talents, and of varying dispositions? But our proof of this does not rest precariously on one instance; though I think it will be admitted that the instance is a remarkable one, and well suited for a test.

Persons external to the Oratory often find great difficulties in the peculiarities of the Institute. They say, "How can you all have the same spirit, when you are not a religious order? Your houses are distinct; you have no general noviciate; no recognised system of training, modelled on one uniform pattern or mother-house; no single fountain of unbroken tradition; Oratories start up here and there, like springs through the surface of the earth; what can you be but a collection of different Institutes, with the unreal and fallacious unity of a single designation?" And yet, when they look abroad, to their astonishment they find everywhere that Oratorians are as like each other as the religious of any order that can be named. When we look at the portraits of the great Jesuit Theologians and spiritual writers in the folio editions of their works, we cannot help smiling at the family likeness of the faces; so it is with pictures of Oratorians: look even at the severe face of our dear Baronius; no one would dream of taking him for a

Jesuit. In Italy or Spain, Poland, or Mexico, or Ceylon, or the newly founded nursery of St. Philip in England, one Oratorian is just like another; they have all the same ways, manners, style, spirit, sympathies, instinct, genius. The very observation has been made by people external to the Institute. They have borne witness to the fact, and at the same time have made no secret of their surprise. Does not this then shew how true it is that St. Philip represents some one consistent idea, that he takes up into himself and gives forth from himself a certain spirit and temper, which is from God, because the Church has blessed it and fostered it, and which has a certain definite work to do for God in the Church? The facts refuse to be explained in any other way.

This then is what we start with. St. Philip represents an idea; the love of that idea, conscious or unconscious, is the vocation of his children, the realization of it their work; the mode whereby they realize it is the close imitation of the Saint himself, within the limits of a form of life of peculiar observances and unvowed obedience, framed by the mighty Mother of God, and by her revealed to St. Philip. So that an Oratorian, obediently discharging the tasks of his Institute, is living a life (he has no less a guarantee than St. Philip's own word for this sustaining faith) which it was the sweet will of the Most Holy and Exalted Mother of God should be lived in the Church of her Son during these Modern Times.

Now you see, my dear Brethren, how I have at last brought you to the subject of our Triduo—the Spirit and Genius of St. Philip. What is the idea which he represents? How must we look at him to get a clear notion of his place in the Church of God? Let us begin then to speak of him; and let us ask his leave and Benedicite

at our beginning. We who are children of St. Philip cannot speak of him as of a Saint far away in Heaven; such a view of him is not natural to our minds. To say the truth, we dare not so speak of him. In his own house he teaches us otherwise; he lets us know for certain, in ways of his own, that he is amongst us. We are inmates of his house; we live upon his sayings; our eyes are never off his ways; and so at last, as Baronius says he felt when the Saint was gone, we too feel that he is still among us, ready to correct and chasten us when we turn aside from his modest way, loving us very tenderly, yet never telling us so, but seeming as though he only just contrived to bear with us in his house and no more. We almost expect to meet him in the passages, or to hear his voice in our solitude or recreations; we cannot look at his picture without emotion, and sometimes its gaze almost startles us, as if it had life in it; you would think it quite childish if I was to tell you how keen this feeling is, and in what little things he makes us obedient to some chance word of his, dropped centuries ago, at random, as it seemed, in the streets of Rome, or amid the pleasant vineyards, in the populous Banchi, or by the church door of St. Girolamo over against the English College, or on Mont' Onofrio, and recorded in his life. Will you let me say it? I can fancy the disciples of our Blessed Lord feeling thus, when He had withdrawn His visible presence from them and had ascended into Heaven. So, I repeat, let us ask the Father's leave and Benedicite at our beginning.

As the Christian life is simply a supernatural continuation of the life of Christ, it is not to be wondered at that they who are accustomed to the study of the Lives of the Saints should discover that each Saint represents in a special way some portion of the sweet mystery of the

Incarnation. The Catholic Saints carry on, after the Incarnation, what the typical characters of the Old Testament did for our Lord before His coming. Some of His gifts and graces shone forth in each, His own work in them, so that all put together, if we subtract time and place, form in their whole a bright shadow of Him, who was to come, and for whose coming they were looking; and the Catholic Saints now in like manner catch the reflection of the Ascended Lord from on high, just as the mountain tops glow with roseate hues from the sun they still behold, though he is long since set to those who dwell upon the level plain. Now, when we look at St. Philip, it seems difficult at first sight to say what portion of our Blessed Lord's glory and beauty grace causes him to represent; but I suppose the more attentively we study his life, the more true it will seem to us to say—Surely, among all the Saints, Philip is one of the most eminently supernatural! Supernatural is just the very word that expresses him; it is not that he is supernatural in any one respect more than in another; but that the whole man, and the life of him, is unvaryingly supernatural. The Congregation of Rites says of him, that none was ever like him for the gift of prophecy. St. Richard of Chichester, our English thaumaturgus, St. Francis of Paula, and St. Philip's devotee, St. Joseph of Cupertino, may have wrought numerically as many miracles as he; yet none seems to have made so little effort, or been so much at his ease about it, going up and down the streets of Rome a fountain of hourly energizing miraculous powers. Look at the prudence of St. Alphonso, that blessed Saint, who was trained in St. Philip's Oratorium Parvum at Naples, what a much more earthly-looking thing it is than St. Philip's. Many Saints have had the gift of seeing things absent, and read-

ing the secrets of men's hearts ; but with St. Philip it seems to have been his habitual normal state ; it appeared as if he never had to get information like other people ; he is quite *awful* in this respect. St. Ignatius had wonderful ecstasies at Mass, and was so exhausted by them, that he sometimes could only say Mass every other day ; St. Philip's ecstasies were longer and still more wonderful, yet he seemed annealed to bear the fires as though he were already of another world, and had learned the secret which the Prophet inquired after, how to dwell with the everlasting burnings of the Most Holy Trinity. Even the Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi cannot compare with him in this respect. He not only raised the dead, but, when he had raised them, he gave them their choice of living or of dying again ; and in one instance he commanded a person to die, and the command was instantly obeyed ; just—what can I say short of this ? — as if he was God, and the issues of life and death were in Philip's hands. It is not then in this or that particular grace or gift, but altogether, that our Holy Father may justly be named Philip the Supernatural. It expresses him more exactly than any other name can do. I wish I had time to draw it out more at length for you.

It is then quite in accordance with this *supernaturalness* of St. Philip, that, when we come to inquire what portion of the mystery of the Incarnation it is, which by the varied working of grace is specially represented in St. Philip, we are obliged to acknowledge it to have been, what cannot indeed be reiterated, for it is no less than a consequence of the Hypostatic Union, but what was astonishingly shadowed forth and reflected in St. Philip— that double state of the Incarnate Word, who was at the same moment a Viator and a Comprehensor, at once a journeyer

on earth, yet one who had arrived at His journey's end in Heaven already. St. Philip seemed to have two lives, to live in two worlds. His five hours' Mass was all ecstasy; he was ever passing into ecstasy at other times; he conversed on familiar terms with Jesus and Mary; people actually heard him talking out loud with the Mother of God a whole night through: he saw spirits; his life was physically a miracle, because of his side rent and riven by that dilated heart where the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity vouchsafed to dwell in some unusual way. Of the twenty-four hours of St. Philip's day well nigh as much was spent in seeing and hearing, and tasting and touching, and smelling the things and the fragrance of Heaven, as in seeing and hearing, and tasting and touching, and smelling the things of earth. I do not know any other Saint of whom this can be said. To put every thing else aside, only consider for a moment that sweet wonder which once was upon earth — St. Philip's Mass! I see before me now the little room where it was wont to be; how little did I, a Protestant stranger in that room years ago, dream I should ever be of the Saint's family, or that the Oratorian Father who shewed it me should in a few years be appointed by the Pope the novice-master of the English Oratorians! I remember how, when he kissed the glass of the case in which St. Philip's little bed is kept as a relic, he apologized to me as a Protestant, lest I should be scandalized, and told me with a smile how tenderly St. Philip's children loved their Father. I was not scandalized with his relic-worship then, but I can understand better now what he said about the love, the child-like love wherewith St. Philip inspired his sons. If any one had told me then that in seven short years I should wear the same habit, and the same white collar in the streets of

London, and be preaching a triduo in honour of Rome's apostle, I should have wondered how any one could dream so wild a dream. But the wise man said long ago, "The steps of man are guided by the Lord, but who is the man that can understand his own way?" Yes! I see before me the little room, it looks across the Tyber, upon whose barred and bolted door the server used, on retiring for hours, to leave the strange notice—"Silence! the Father is saying Mass!" When the superaltare faded away and the Crucifix seemed to lose itself in light, and the walls of the room to melt from before him, and Paradise, its peace, its beauty, its ravishing order, broke upon his sight, who can tell what things he saw in God, or how much of the future, his own future, his children's future, might then be made plain to him? Who can say that we ourselves, his English children, his last and least, born out of time, and unworthy of his name, did not pass before his spirit, and that our doings did not mingle with those overpowering thoughts which made his heart leap up, and the predella of the altar tremble beneath his feet? During those long hours, in that dim upstairs chapel, with its windows barred, how wonderfully and intimately earth met heaven, and heaven earth! Who can calculate the amount of work that was done for the Church at that time, nay, or the graces that were perhaps impetrated for our very selves, while the common daylight struggled through the chinks in the shutters, and fell upon the Lamb of God lying still upon the corporal, patiently abiding till His servant had had time to let the flames of his excessive love escape in tears and sighs which might be an angel's envy!

Thus then, so far as a mere creature could do so, St. Philip did in a very remarkable way image that double life of Viator and Comprehensor which in its reality could

belong alone to the theandrical existence of the Incarnate Word. But here you will object, and very justly, that this was not a representation of any gift or grace or special beauty of our most dear Lord, but rather an awful similitude which He vouchsafed to permit between Himself and one of His servants; and that it is therefore no answer whatever to the inquiry—what part of our Lord's character St. Philip, as a Saint, especially represents; for though the double state of our Blessed Lord was most intimately a portion of the mystery of the Incarnation, flowing immediately out of the Hypostatic Union, it is not of things of this sort that we venture to speak when we talk of the reflections of our Saviour's light and grace in His Saints. This is most true, and brings us a step nearer to the idea of St. Philip. There is no one grace more than another pre-eminent in him; there is no miraculous gift in which he so specially shone forth as thereby to eclipse his greatness in other ways; there is no one of the attractive characteristics of Jesus which was in Philip disproportioned to the others. In his measure and degree there is a supernatural harmony and equality in his graces, which again casts our thoughts, whether we will or not, upon Him who deigned to be the pattern of all holiness, and who was Himself the Eternal and the Holy One. When men looked back upon St. Francis of Assisi, who, born at the close of the twelfth century, was the light of the thirteenth, they could not see his special grace; they could not name the one virtue whereby St. Francis might be known and called; it was a galaxy of such equal lustre that distinction and separation were impossible. Then, when they beheld how, by the dispositions of Divine Providence, even the external life of the Patriarch of Assisi was visibly conformed to that of Jesus,

they adored the goodness of God who had given, not so much a pattern of one heroic virtue, not so much a Saint, as a Christ-like seraph to the Church; and Francis grew before their eyes no longer as the son of Pietro and Picca Bernardone, but as Jesus upon earth once more. This is the very idea of St. Francis in the Church; that he is a full-length portrait of our Lord upon earth. Men have gone so far as to write learned books to prove that it was so. They would have said, if they could, that his enamoured passion for poverty was his distinguishing grace; but they saw it was not poverty in any narrow or special sense with which he was in love, but that universal poverty, outward and inward, involuntary, voluntary, and self-sought, which was the substratum of the blessed life of Jesus upon earth; just as when we try to make St. Philip's love of humiliations his particular grace, we remember that it is but another name for St. Francis's poverty, that celestial temper, instinct and affection which was the underlying of all the human graces and beauty of the Incarnate Word. St. Philip and St. Francis have a specialty of their own. They stand together: we cannot help thinking of them together: we name them in one breath. We love one if we love the other. We wonder at them as such marvellously faithful copies of Jesus; and we understand the unbroken love and quick sympathy of well-nigh three hundred years which have existed between the Oratorians and Franciscans.

This then seems to be the true idea of St. Philip. At almost all periods of the history of the Church God is pleased to raise up for us martyrs, doctors, confessors, virgins, as we need them: they come to die for a truth which needs martyrdom to illustrate it, as St. John Nepomucene, or they come to found new religious orders,

as St. Dominic, or to revive the life of old orders, as St. Theresa, or to meet the emergencies of a crisis, as St. Ignatius, or to animate by practice new forms and modes, as St. Charles Borromeo did for the Council of Trent, or to protest against abuses, as St. Bernard, or to gain a battle by losing it, as St. Gregory VII., or to teach, as St. Thomas Aquinas, or to reform the clergy, as St. Alfonso, or to break in pieces secular tyranny, as St. Thomas of Canterbury, or to propagate the faith, as St. Francis Xavier, or to catechise children, as St. Joseph Calasanctius, or to be the father of the fatherless, as St. Jerome Emilian, or to minister to the sick, as St. Camillus of Lellis, or to redeem captives, as St. John Matha, or to christianize a luxurious capital, as St. Vincent of Paul, or to pray upon the mountain-tops, as the seven Blessed Founders of the Servites, or to sit upon the throne of St. Peter, as St. Pius V. and the Ven. Innocent XI. Each comes with his work to do, or with his pain to suffer, or with his lesson to teach. They come when they are wanted; they are unknown, or mistaken, while they are alive; they are known, and understood, and worshipped, when they are dead. They do not come by chance. Grace knows no capriciousness, though it so often looks as if it did. God sends them, and they fit their times. Perhaps, if we had spiritual discernment to find it out, there may be something of a general law in the successive and various appearances of Saints along the line of the Church's History. Certainly Saints seem to reproduce their like in a very remarkable way, and as it were by law, under the control of special devotions. The crowd of Beatified Franciscan Lay-brothers is a remarkable instance of this.

As God has given these Saints with their special work

or distinct lesson to His Church from time to time, each reflecting some gift or grace which was in Him who is the Source of grace; so has He twice vouchsafed to give to His Church full-length portraits of Jesus, Saints who should seem to represent Him entire, so far as their lowness would permit. As, in the Middle Ages, St. Francis was recognised as the shadow of Jesus upon earth, so for Modern Times we may venture to say the same of St. Philip. Twice, I say, God has mercifully vouchsafed to do this: from 1182 to 1226, for five and forty years St. Francis was given to the Church; and during the whole course of the sixteenth century, except its first fifteen and its last five years, St. Philip was granted to Christendom, and was the Apostle of its capital, a new successor of St. Peter and St. Paul by a supernatural and extraordinary succession. As I am speaking to Catholics, I need not fear lest I should seem irreverent in doing for St. Philip what so many generations of our Catholic ancestors have done for St. Francis—in venturing to compare him with our Blessed Lord. Of course we do not for one moment forget that He is God and they are His creatures; that what they have and are allowed to be is all of Him; but I am sure that nothing short of this comparison will enable us to understand St. Philip aright, just as our forefathers felt that nothing short of this was the true expression of St. Francis. So it is that they stand apart in a circle separate from other Saints; and this is their *differentia*. I repeat then that the true idea of St. Philip is, that God gave him to the Church as a full portrait of Jesus, to be a singular significant type for Modern Times, just as St. Francis was a singularly significant type for the Middle Ages.

Now it is not any mere external picturesque likeness

to our Blessed Lord's earthly life and ministry that I am referring to; but to a similitude of a much deeper kind. I will illustrate what I mean by an example. Shortly after the middle of the fourteenth century, the city of Siena, in Tuscany, even yet a strange mediæval-looking place, seen far and wide with its uneven cluster of top-heavy towers, sent forth into Italy, by a providential banishment, a little band of exiles, drawn in great measure from the middle classes. They were headed by the Blessed John Colombini. All they wanted was to be like Jesus; they were called Gesuati, from His Name. The Blessed John went over hill and dale with his followers; they preached in the fields and in the streets; their sermons, as we read them in the pure old Italian at this day, were full of the unearthly sweetness and savoury unction of the discourses of our Lord. When they came to a town they cried out, "Viva Gesù!" and when the startled inhabitants came out to look at these strange heralds, they preached repentance and the sweetness of Jesus. They were the poorest of earth's poor, yet kinder to the poor than the rich or the noble were. When driven out of one city they betook them to another. Siena was their Nazareth, and Arezzo their Capharnaum; and they had their Bethany, and their Bethphage, and their Bethsaida and the rest, in Lucca and in Pisa, in Pistoja and in Florence, in Corneto and in Viterbo. And so they wandered on: their only passion was to be like Jesus. They were taken up as heretics; but the Cardinal of Marseilles and the Inquisitor acquitted them of the charge. Then Pope Urban favoured them, and gave them a habit, and made them a religious Order, and they called themselves the "Poor Little Ones of Jesus." The blue waves of the lake of Bolsena, with its heavenly island, and the fairy-land round about—these were to them the Lake of Tiberias,

with its rhododendron-covered shores. And they were blessed by God, because of their simplicity, and He gave a marvellous power to their interior doctrine; and barons and peasants, nay, churchmen and prelates too, were pricked to the heart, and put on the yoke of Christ, and paid obedience to the Blessed John and his rough Apostles. At last a fever came, and in the city of Aquapendente, a green, quiet, beautiful spot on the confines of the Papal States, the Blessed John gave back his soul to God, and went to see Him whom he had been trying to copy with all the peculiar picturesque simplicity of the Middle Ages. Those ages present few pictures equal in beauty to that depicted in the tender quaint old Chronicle of the Blessed Colombini, and it was a book St. Philip was constantly fingering, and recommended to others as a simple tale that had the power to laugh all pride to scorn. Now this was a copy of Jesus in a pictorial way, and in the external, objective style of mediæval art. When I call St. Philip a copy of Jesus, I do not mean this, but something deeper and more significant.

I have tried your patience, perhaps, more than I need have done. I have come a long way and by a roundabout road to my point, lest I should take you unawares, and startle you, and so prevent myself from convincing you. Now, I am going to be so bold as to put before you my dear Father St. Philip, as the portrait of Jesus, trusting that the example of what our Catholic forefathers have said of St. Francis will shield me from the charge of being profane.

We must preface these points of resemblance with a brief and bare sketch of St. Philip's life, considered in its chronological developement. The first sixteen years of his life were spent at home in Florence; a trifling act of petulance seems the only thing approaching to sin which

has been recorded, and it is universally believed that he carried with him to the grave the unsullied whiteness of his baptism. The characteristics of his boyhood were innocence and seriousness mingled in an unusual way; and the supernatural was developed about him so early, that we read of his recovering, while yet a boy, things which he had lost, by praying for them. The sweetness of his disposition and the winningness of his manner are proved not only by actual record, but by the facts that he was known through Florence by the nickname of "The Good Pippo," and that, when his mother was dead, he so won the heart of his stepmother, that his biographer says, "She loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own child; so that when he left Florence she wept bitterly, and on her death-bed appeared to have him always before her, kept naming his name, and declared that the very remembrance of him was a refreshment to her." The next epoch of Philip's life embraces two years which he spent with his uncle Romolo, a merchant of San Germano, at the foot of Monte Cassino. There he spent his time in prayer upon a mountain dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity, received his first call from God, renounced the joys of home, the faces of relatives, the promises of his uncle's inheritance, and turning his back upon the world, which he never looked in the face again, he entered Rome an almost friendless pilgrim, apparently without an object or a plan, but simply sure in his heart that whither God had called him, thither had he gone. The third epoch of his life embraces eleven years, bringing him to the age of twenty-nine. These years were spent in abstinence of the most austere kind, and continual prayer, and a great portion of them, whole days and nights together, in those strange refuges of the early Church, the subterraneans or catacombs of

St. Sebastian. Yet these eleven years witnessed a remarkable change in him, though we are unable to fix the exact year in which it took place. During the earlier portion of these eleven years he applied himself to philosophical and theological studies, and cultivated his peculiar talent for poetry. Later on, God called him closer to Himself; St. Thomas was shut; the hours of study were added to his hours of contemplation; and the young poet abandoned his hopes of fame, and sacrificed to God his sonnets, and his gift of rhyme. In 1538, when he was but twenty-five years old, and a layman, he was called to employ himself for the souls of others, and for that end made use of his extraordinary talent for conversation, "going about the squares, shops, schools, and stalls, talking with all sorts of persons in a most engaging way about spiritual things." The fourth epoch of his life begins in 1544, his thirtieth year, when, in the catacombs of St. Sebastian, being at prayer there a little before the festival of Whitsun-tide, the Holy Ghost entered his heart miraculously as a globe of fire, bursting his ribs asunder. His life now became ecstatic: he used to be seen in the porticoes of the churches, and elsewhere, rolling on the ground, as one beside himself with the vehemence of the interior fire which consumed him. And at last his ecstasies so nearly exhausted him, that he prayed to have them moderated; a petition which was at once granted by Him who had vouchsafed to take such strange possession of his heart. The fifth epoch of his life begins in 1548, when he was thirty-three. It was then that he had attracted to himself fifteen poor and unlearned men, of uncommon simplicity and singular holiness; and with these fifteen disciples he started the Confraternity of the Pilgrims and the Convalescents, which is still so famous in Rome, and also gave a new impulse to the

devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, by commencing a monthly Exposition, at which, though yet a layman, he used to preach, and that with such supernatural effect, that we read of one sermon alone converting "thirty dissolute youths." The sixth epoch of his life, which begins in 1551, the Council of Trent still sitting, and Philip being thirty-six years old, starts with his priesthood, and his getting together a second knot of disciples of seven or eight, of the higher ranks, and so beginning the exercises of the Oratory at San Girolamo. It ends on St. Cecilia's Day, 1583, a period of nearly thirty-three years, when Philip was in his sixty-ninth year, and went in procession through the streets with his disciples, with all his pots and pans and furniture, to the ridicule of the multitude, from San Girolamo to the Vallicella, which is now the Church of the Oratory at Rome. The seventh and last epoch of his life brings us down to the 26th of May, 1595, when he died that marvellous death which is so beautifully narrated in Bacci's Life of him, 255 years ago this very day.

Even from this dry sketch of his life, you may perceive, my Brethren, that St. Philip's Life was on the whole a quiet life like that of his Master. There is nothing of romance about it, and almost less of stirring vicissitude than ordinary lives of eighty years could shew. His heroism was of the quiet kind; the calm perseverance and everyday consistency of his life was itself supernatural. God, through the Evangelist St. John, had designated Rome as Philip's Indies, and he rarely went beyond its walls. His chief recreation was to mount the steep hill of Sant' Onofrio, and thence to gaze upon the little populous kingdom which God had given him, and which he ruled with a peaceful but active sovereignty as absolute as his who wore the triple crown.

Now let me call your attention to some features of St. Philip which make him so striking a resemblance of our Most Blessed Lord.

1. First, then, his way of life was the most perfect way of which our Lord had set the example; it was not exclusively active, nor yet exclusively contemplative, but the mixed life which St. Thomas considered the most perfect of all. It was marked by a scrupulous absence of all singularity. When in company, he ate as others did, and conformed to their ways. Although he was a great lover of religious orders, he never took the vows of religion upon him; neither, although he came as a popular reformer, and among a very corrupt populace, did he found a religious order. He always resolutely opposed the introduction of vows into his Congregation, and said that it was contrary to our Blessed Lady's will, and that she was the foundress of the Congregation. Nay, it almost seems as if he tried not to found a Congregation at all. He was led to it in spite of himself. As our Lord was the founder of the Secular Clergy, and left to St. John the Baptist the task of setting the pattern to the Regular Orders, so St. Philip would have his children live together in apostolic community of simplicity and free will, and remain members of the divinely instituted body of the Secular Clergy. His taste, as we shall see hereafter, led him altogether to the first times of primitive Christianity, and not to the later glories and gorgeous romance of the Church. His austerities, and especially his abstinence, were very great; but it is not till we come to reflect upon them that we get to realize them. By the side of St. Charles, or St. Pius, they look little, as our Lord's mortifications did when men compared them with those of the Baptist; and, like our Lord's, they consisted chiefly in three things, a quiet

unintermitting absence of all comforts, an almost unreflecting detachment from worldly cares and interests, and an habitually declining to get out of the way of crosses. All these points might be illustrated very fully from his life. He lived as it were in the continual presence of the Madonna, seeing her, hearing her, and talking to her. He obeyed her in every thing, as his foundress and mother, and carried out faithfully all the inspirations with which she favoured him. Need I stop to point out how this familiar intercourse and filial obedience must remind us of our Lord? As our Blessed Lord confined Himself to the narrow limits of Judæa, and scrupled even to do works of mercy for foreigners, leaving the wide world for the feet of His apostles, who were to do greater works than He did; so, though St. Philip's heart burned for the far-off Indies, and for the crown of Martyrdom, and in the vehemence of his spirit he followed Xavier with a holy envy, yet he was but sent to the sheep of the Holy City, and to his flock he kept himself with heroic perseverance. He left it to his children to cover Mexico and South America with Oratories, and to convert Ceylon by the spiritual exercises and wonder-working pictures of their holy Father. As Jesus wept at the sight of Jerusalem, and yearned over the people of God's ancient choice, so it is said of Philip, that when by chance he met a Jew in the streets, "his desire for his conversion was so great that he broke out into sighs and tears;" and he brought many of those lost ones of the House of Israel into his Master's fold. In imitation of our Saviour's commiseration for heretical Samaria, he too left his confessional, thirsting for souls, and strove to win the heretic Palæologo, as he was being led out to execution; and how much is there to remind us of our Lord's

way with the woman of Samaria, when at last the wretched man, aroused by grace, eagerly inquires for "the man who speaks with the simplicity of the Gospel"!

Once more: who, in reading the Gospels, is not struck with the way in which our Blessed Lord speaks of the Holy Spirit, and the jealousy with which He protects His honour, in comparison with His forgivingness towards those who outrage Himself? I am not speaking of our Blessed Lord, as if He, like His Saints, had special devotions: but I wish to call your attention to the way in which, to use very human words, He vouchsafes to manifest to us His blessed love of the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity. If I may dare to say so, He speaks unlike His common self when He speaks of Him. That awful passage about the unforgiven sin, which rises up from all His other teaching with terrific singularity, like some dark and solitary and awe-inspiring rock from the bosom of the plain sea, must be in every one's mind; and then again those words, so hard to understand and harder still to realize, that the absence of Jesus could be a gain, since it was the condition of the coming of the Holy Ghost. Now look along the whole line of Saints, and where will you find one of whom you can say that a special, unusual, nay, as you know, supernatural devotion to the Third Blessed Person of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, was a characteristic, except of St. Philip? It has not pleased our Lord to give us the authentic details of St. Joseph's life; but we may well conceive of a very peculiar devotion in that blessed Patriarch towards the Divine Person who was our Lady's Spouse, and who had vouchsafed to overshadow her at the moment of the Incarnation. Of St. Gregory the Great, too, devotion to whom Philip left as an heirloom to his Congregation, and of St.

Gregory VII., we read things which would lead us to infer the same. But in no case is there anything so explicit or detailed about this devotion as in St. Philip. There was the miraculous entrance of the Holy Ghost into his heart, and all its subsequent unearthly palpitations, and fiery heat physically perceived by those who approached him; and it is said that he never omitted saying the Collect of the Holy Ghost at Mass when the rubrics allowed him to do so, because of his ardent devotion to that Divine Person. Surely all these things indicate a more than common or fortuitous or pictorial similitude between our Blessed Lord's life and that of our holy Father, St. Philip.

2. From his manner of life let us turn to his method of working, especially with his Disciples. Here his resemblance to our Lord becomes still more striking. He wrote no books; he left no formal rule; he sketched out no definite system. He spoke, and his power was in his speech; like Him of whom it was said, that He spake as never man spake before. His strength was in personal influence, and he trusted to it. Conversation and manner were the two great gifts God had given him, and he used them quite marvellously. He formed a school of men, not a magnificent and comprehensive legislation, as his blessed contemporary, St. Ignatius. His was a living apostolate of flesh and blood; and personal influence, and fluent speech, and simple manner, have been the secrets of his children's success, wherever they have imbibed the true spirit of his Institute: the absence of them the cause of their partial or their ill success. The simplicity and primitive style of his early penitents, as depicted in his Life, are very striking. His way with them, his claim of obedience, yet his forbearance, his concealment of his

sanctity even from them, the remarkable manner in which he called people in the midst of the streets of Rome to come and follow him, like the vocations of the first Apostles:—these, and many other things of a like nature, present remarkable points of resemblance to our Lord: and when you consider the age in which St. Philip lived, this oral teaching, and absence of system, and comparative foregoing of literary influence, become still more significant.

3. Look again at his manner with strangers. No one has read his Life without being struck by his bearing towards sinners, and the way in which he sought them out, the uncommon kindness and patience with which he treated them, and altogether the singular devotion he had for them. As Jesus even gave scandal by becoming the companion and advocate of sinners; so did Philip. It is acknowledged on all hands that there was something special about him in this respect. “By a particular inspiration,” says his biographer, “he began to converse with men of the very worst lives.” The streets, the shops, the stalls, the squares, the vineyards, were his preaching-places. The characteristics of his preaching were simplicity, fervour, spirituality, absence of rigour, allowance for men’s weakness, inculcation of joyousness, gaiety of demeanour, variety, matter suitable to all, manner that seemed to win the most opposite dispositions. He was seen going about with a troop of disciples at his heels, as Christlike a figure as ever was beheld in the Church of God; as like our Lord in the streets of the Holy City and the courts of its temple, as St. Francis by the shores of the lake of Perugia, with his disciple taking the toll from the fish’s mouth, resembled Him on the banks of the sea of Tiberias. Nay, sometimes he spoke and acted as though

there were something expiatory about him, and that he would do the penance which he saw was frightening or might frighten the returning sinner.

4. I must not omit, although I have spoken of it before, to call to your remembrance the almost habitual ecstasies which he had; so that at table, and in the Pope's antechamber, as well as in spiritual actions, he was continually going off into ecstasy; and thus enjoying a sort of vision of God before the time, and that for almost half his natural life, just as our Lord was Comprehensor all the while that He was Viator too. As to that perpetual efflux of miraculous energy which went out from him, it is difficult to conceive what common life must have looked like in Rome, when such a man was going about its streets—may I say it?—like another Christ, with virtue passing from the very fringes of his garments, nay, from the very rags which bound his sores.

5. Again: let a man take up St. Philip's Life, and read it through from beginning to end, looking only for one thing—the way in which others regarded him. You will find people acting, in his absence, as if he were present, from a calm and practical conviction that he, wherever he was, knew what they were doing. Others durst not come into his presence with an unconfessed sin upon their conscience. He could tell what people had dreamed, and they knew it. When he sent them on an errand, he could see how they behaved along the streets, and they were conscious of it, and felt his eye on them. Men falling into rivers invoked him, while living, as if he could hear them, and they were saved. If the physicians ordered one thing and Philip another, his penitents obeyed him rather than the physicians. Superiors and novice-masters, and even religious orders trusted their most deli-

cate interests to him. In the matter of vocation he was looked upon as infallible. You will find, in his Life, those who by their behaviour will remind you of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and others in the Gospel history. Read the Life with this view, and see what things it will open out to you. I think it was Origen who said of our Lord, that He was to each what each took Him for: it is quite remarkable how this feature too is verified in St. Philip. It is difficult to realize what would happen to our daily course of life, if we lived in the company of one who exerted such a supernatural influence over us, and of whose doings and sayings we should habitually take so entirely a supernatural view. It would be a kind of practice of the Presence of God even by the senses; for what we should fear and love would not be what was natural in Philip, but what was God's gift and presence in His creature.

There does not seem any method of accounting for the way in which St. Philip was regarded by his disciples, or for his extraordinary influence over them, except by calling it supernatural. He did not pass over the world, changing from one set of companions to another: he remained in the same place, and in a great measure with the same persons. Boys grew up to be men, young prelates to be cardinals, cardinals to be popes; while everything else changed with them, their devotion to St. Philip and his influence over them remained the same. Some of his spiritual children lived with him, and were under his own eye nearly all day long, and that for a score of years or more; they were privy to all the minute actions of his daily life, yet their reverence for him increased instead of being impaired. It is a common saying that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and certainly

the intercourse of daily life is not long in bringing us to the end of most men. We "travel over their minds," as Boswell used to say; we get to know their excellencies, and the length and breadth of their characters; we may continue to love them and to prize their company, but we have nothing left to learn about them, and in most cases love and forbearance must more or less stand in the stead of respect. But St. Philip was perpetually growing before the eyes of his companions. When they came to die, they expressed surprise, as Niccolò Gigli did, that they had not *known* Philip before. It was a lifelong lesson to learn him, and life was done before the lesson was learned. It is difficult to say in what his power of attraction resided; but men felt it to be irresistible. When he detached some of his spiritual children from San Girolamo to San Giovanni dei Fiorentini, they used to go to the Saint, at San Girolamo, to confession every morning; then a second time to preach, or hear the preaching there, and then a third time to the evening prayer. This lasted for ten years, and, as Bacci relates, they "never missed, winter, or summer. Indeed, neither rain nor hardly any other outward hindrance caused them to fail at the accustomed services at San Girolamo." It seemed as if they could not keep away from St. Philip; they gravitated to him as by a law. People flocked around him in such a way as to attract the notice of the Cardinal Vicar, who, "misled by ill-natured information, summoned Philip before him, and rebuked him with great severity. 'Are you not ashamed,' said he, 'you who make such a profession of despising the world, of gathering together such a multitude of persons to court popular repute, and under the pretence of sanctity thus to hunt for preferment?' When he had thus bitterly reproved him, he forbade him

to hear confessions for fifteen days, or to have any more exercises without fresh license, or to go about with any company of persons, threatening him with imprisonment if he was disobedient." Bacci goes on to say: "Philip had always esteemed obedience above everything else, especially towards ecclesiastical superiors, and, therefore, he forbade his disciples to go with him. He told them to have patience, for that the world would find out the truth at last, and meanwhile they were to pray. Indeed, to hinder them as much as he could from following him, he had recourse to an artifice, for, when they went out of the house, he told some that they were to go to one place, and others that they were to go to another place; yet, for all that, they could not *bear to be without him*, and so they used to step aside and wait for him, and, when he was passed, they followed him at a distance." Let me quote one more passage from Bacci, as to the extent and degree of Philip's influence. "It was not only from his subjects that he exacted the most scrupulous and prompt obedience, but from all his penitents, and those who were devoted to him. Indeed, there was nothing, however difficult, which the majority of them would not readily have attempted at his command. Cardinal Tarugi affirms, that though his subjects were not bound to him by a vow of obedience, yet some of them almost equalled the old monks of Egypt in the exactitude of their submission; and on some other occasions, when the Cardinal was speaking upon this subject, and exhorting some of our house to obedience, he said, that so far as he knew, there was no religious superior, not even of old times, that was more readily and blindly obeyed than Philip was, not by his subjects only, but by his disciples and penitents; so *beloved and feared* was he by all of them. Neither was

this assertion unfounded ; for many of their own accord affirmed, that they had such faith in Philip, that if he had said to them, ‘ throw yourself out of the window,’ they would have done so without fail ; and others declared, that if he had ordered them to throw themselves into the fire, they would have done so without reasoning upon it, because they considered his words as inspired by God.” And then he goes on to relate a number of instances in order that “ all this may not appear exaggerated.”

Yet this influence, which so allured men, was, after all, a restraint upon them. No one could ever feel quite at his ease with Philip, however tenderly he might be devoted to the Saint. The love of his disciples was never without fear. Judging from Bacci’s voluminous records, no one ever dared to take a liberty with the holy Father. He was never, so to speak, in his undress, never off his guard, never lowering himself below his usual level, so as to allow of greater freedom and intimacy on the part of his disciples. Thus nothing about him ever became common, and reverence for him never wore away. We should not have supposed that such an influence as this would have been so irresistibly attractive to the gay nobility and light-hearted youth of Rome. Even now, those who are devoted to St. Philip feel something of this peculiar influence. They begin by thinking him an easy saint, all merriment and lightness, all familiarity and endearment, and they imagine they shall soon be on the best possible terms with him. Then, as they get to know him better, by reading his Life, by imitating his ways, and by praying to him, somehow a change takes place ; they begin to see that his sweet-looking picture is, after all, very stern and grave, and that, when they first read his Life, the delight of one half of it made them quite forget the other

half; and at last the idea of St. Philip steadies itself in their minds, and exerts an influence over them similar to that which his disciples acknowledged while he was alive. Bacci's *Life of the Saint* is not a bad illustration of the way in which men looked upon him; they did not even venture to praise him, or, to speak more truly, it never came to them to praise one who was simply above all standards to which they could refer their praise. No one who has studied Bacci will think it fanciful to compare it with the style of the Four Gospels; and this is but another way of saying that St. Philip was a portrait of our Blessed Lord.

6. I must not pass altogether over certain other resemblances, which may, however, be more like accidents. These similitudes are more striking at first sight, but they do not, on mature reflection, leave so lasting a conviction behind, and I do not wish to make much of them; still I can hardly be silent about them with reverence, because I cannot bring myself to think them merely accidental, especially when we consider the complete supernaturalness of St. Philip in every respect. His devotion to Rome, whither Jesus sent St. Peter to place the Holy See, is a thing of this kind. When people came in pilgrimage to Jesus He was moved to compassion, and said 'They have nothing to eat:' so St. Philip yearned over the pilgrims, and founded his confraternity that they might not be sent away fasting. "Be not ye called Master," said our Lord: so from St. Philip, says his biographer, "came the custom in our congregation of calling the superior by the simple title of The Father." "Enter into thy chamber and shut to the door, and pray to thy Father who is in secret," says our Lord: so St. Philip forbids seeking for sweetness or making a show of devotion in the church, even though the Blessed Sacrament

would naturally lure us thither, and enjoins prayer in our rooms; not, of course, to the exclusion of visiting the Most Holy in His Tabernacle, but so as to avoid any appearance of more than common devotion, and at times when we think it likely that our feelings may overcome us at our prayers, and so lead to some outward show of piety. Affectionate sympathy with animals and nature characterized our holy Father, as it did his Master. His wonderful forbearance in making use of his supernatural knowledge, which might easily have chilled the affectionate familiarity of his disciples, is remarkable in St. Philip. The way in which fear and love co-existed in the minds of his subjects towards him, forcibly reminds us of our Lord and the Apostles. When some complained to our Lord that others were making use of His Name, He replied, "He that is not against Me is for Me;" so, when St. Philip was told that others in Rome were copying the peculiar exercises of the Oratory, his answer was, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets." We read of people coming to him by night, because they feared being observed by day, as Nicodemus of old. His hands had a special virtue in them, like our Lord's. He left his work unfinished, only beginning at his death; as if the training of his Apostolate was all he looked to, just as the Church began after our Lord had ascended. He, the most impartial of fathers and equable of superiors, universal in his love, never unequal in his considerateness,—even he had a favourite disciple, whom his brethren, with St. John before their eyes, nicknamed the "Disciple whom Philip loved": and yet (it was Philip's art) Tarugi or Baronius had no more jealousy of Pietro Consolini than Peter had of John, when his long hair was streaming over that Sacred Bosom in which the head

of the child-like virgin Apostle was so confidently nestling. But these things might be multiplied indefinitely. I do not rest upon them. When we love St. Philip, they are interesting; perhaps they may be something more than interesting, if they suggest devotion.

7. I suppose most readers of the Gospel must have been struck with the fact, that although the Apostles had such an amount of knowledge of our Blessed Lord, had seen His miracles, and had so much experience of Him, yet they never seem to have been able to put real confidence in Him in times of trial. It is as if their knowledge was not practical to them; and it may have arisen from the spirit of concealment which was such a feature in our Blessed Lord's humility: though this can by no means be taken as the whole account of the matter. Now there is the very same feature in the behaviour of St. Philip's children to him. Instances abound on all hands. They want to buy the monastery of the Poor Clares, when he told them not: nay, to sum up all instances in one:—F. Niccolò Gigli was a favourite disciple of St. Philip; he lived under him in the Congregation of the Oratory for twenty years; yet he so little estimated Philip's supernatural graces, than when, on his death-bed, he was troubled by the evil spirits, and Philip drove them away, Niccolò said, "O my Father! why have I not known thee before? Now that I die, I begin to know who and what thou art!" May not this remind us of that gentle expostulation made to an Apostle—"Have I been so long time with you, and have you not known Me?"

8. It would take me too long to draw out the parallel between the opposition to St. Philip and that which our Lord met with. If Jesus was called "a glutton

and a winedrinker"; so was the Saint, because of the frugal repast he gave his followers on their pilgrimages to the Seven Churches. If our Lord was charged with sedition; so was Philip; and the simple Apostolic exercises of the Oratory, and Philip's hold over his spell-bound followers, were spitefully invested with a dangerous political character. If our Lord was looked upon as beside Himself; so was St. Philip over and over again. If our Lord was accused of trying to make Himself the head of a faction; so was St. Philip, by one high in office, and who punished him for it.

But I must not forget, my Brethren, that you cannot have the same interest in all the minute details of St. Philip's life that we his children naturally have, and that St. Philip in the Church is your St. Philip, St. Philip in the House is ours: so here I will conclude my proof, and leave it with you. What I have wished to do is simply to shew you that the true idea of St. Philip is, that he was a copy of Jesus, not in any one respect, but, so far as he could be, a copy of Him altogether, given by God for the Church of Modern Times, a second Apostle of Rome, a fresh Peter, to start an apostolical kindheartedness and simplicity anew. Will you call it a play upon words if I quote a text of Scripture? "And Jesus looking upon him, said, Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter. On the following day He would go forth into Galilee; and He findeth Philip. And Jesus said to him, Follow Me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter."

One word more:—I have not done justice to my own idea; I ought to have brought it out more distinctly. I have not sufficiently remembered that a hint

at St. Philip's life is not necessarily enough for you, because it is more than enough for us his children. When feelings are so deep as to become abiding and household feelings, a man is more awkward in uttering them than when he first seized the idea, shining, distinct, external, from off the surface of some current of meditation. You have all your patron Saints; and you know what it is to love them. You pray often and ardently to St. Philip, and you best know the hold which the gay and good old Saint has got upon your hearts, each one of you. But you cannot know—and an Oratorian cannot tell you, it is beyond his power—the difference between devotion to St. Philip, and obedience to him under his own rule and beneath his own roof.

O my Father! never did a Saint in Heaven dwell so really on earth as thou dost; and never did children love father as we love thee, and never did they more sacredly fear a father's infrequent coldness or the grave majesty of his seemingly inspired displeasure. There thy pale Tuscan face shines out amid the lights, thine ample brow, the piercing softness of thine eye, the lips that seem even now tremulous with words of wisdom, thy grace-dispensing hands, and those never-forgotten beads. But thy face as I see it on the air, thy breath that seems to play upon my countenance, thy hand whose touch I feel, thy voice that I am momentarily expecting to hear, while I go about thy house, do the community acts which thou wouldst have me do, or while, alas! still more, I follow my own silly will and neglect thy rule—this is an abiding, a day and night image of thee, to which that picture is so incomparably poor a thing, that it hinders more than helps my memory of

thee. I know more of thee every day: I am always learning some new thing about thee; and when I die, like Niccolò Gigli, I shall know that I have never known thee before. Take us all, my Father,—take my fathers and brothers and myself, do what thou wilt for us, do what thou wilt with us—and in the same proportion as we realize and obey and love thy presence while we live, so, Father, be thy succour of us at the last!

LECTURE SECOND.

ST. PHILIP THE REPRESENTATIVE SAINT OF MODERN
TIMES.

I TRIED to shew, in my Lecture last night, that the true idea of St. Philip was, that God had given him to the Church as a portrait of Jesus; not in the same sense in which all Saints are likenesses of their Lord and Master, but in a more intimate and significant way, which Catholic generations had already recognised and revered in St. Francis. I said also that he was given in a special way, and with a special mission, to Modern Times. Yesterday, we were simply engaged in drawing out St. Philip's supernaturalness, and his likeness to Jesus; to-day we must look at him as the Representative Saint of Modern Times.

1. In the first place, then, let us ask ourselves what we mean by the expression "Modern Times," and whether we intend anything more than the fact, that the sixteenth and following centuries come chronologically after the twelfth and following centuries. Now, we are naturally speaking here of the Church, not of the world. It is of course true, that in her essentials the Church never changes; her constitution is divine, and is not therefore subject to the action of time and vicissitude, as merely human communities must be, and

as religious sects and triumphant heresies so eminently are. Yet, no one will deny that her lineaments, and her outward physiognomy, change most strikingly; nay more, her interior life as well; and from the very fact that her mission is to interfere with the world, to mould it or to thwart it, it must necessarily be that she should present herself to us under very different appearances. Let a man try to construct in his mind a complete idea of the Church of the Catacombs, and the daily life of its members, and then ask himself whether the Church of Constantine, which was essentially the same Church, was not a very different-looking thing from the Church of the Catacombs. When he has well studied the Byzantine Church, and its relations to the civilisation to which it belonged, let him look at the Church of Innocent III., the Church of the Mediæval Papacy, and is not the difference still more striking? Again, let him turn his gaze from the varied magnificence of the Mediæval Church to the Tridentine Church, which is before the eyes of the inhabitants of the earth at this day; is the discrepancy at all less remarkable? So that, although in one sense the Church remains always the same, because her divine life is continuous, in another sense she differs from her own past appearances very materially. Here is a clumsy simile, but one which perhaps will make my meaning more clear, for it is what every one has noticed for himself, and so will find no difficulty in the interpretation. Let us suppose a perfectly cloudless sky; and we behold climbing above the horizon a white bank of cloud; it mounts up into the blue heavens, distinct and solitary; there is no other cloud that it can be mistaken for; it assumes the shape of one of the Andes, then it builds itself

up into a castle, then it takes the figure of a dragon, next it collapses into a shapeless mass of luminous whiteness, then it opens out and is formed into a ship and sails along, last of all it lies like a flat shoal upon the level of the current. Just as the wind tells upon it, so does it assume these various shapes, and persons who see it at one part of its career as a castle, think the ship-like cloud which they behold after an interval a different one; but he who saw it rise on one side, and dip down beneath the horizon on the other can testify to its being one and the same cloud. This is an imperfect representation of the History of the Church: there are the manifold changes, the unbroken identity, and the reason, too, why people do not see what to us Catholics is more than obvious, and so requires no demonstration.

It is plain that these different phases of the Church are the dispositions of God, and that they exercise a most material influence upon the Christian life of her members. The very essence of heresy and schism is constantly found in the disobedient and antiquarian worship of some pet past ages of the Church, in contradistinction to the present age, in which a man's duties lie, and wherein the spirit and vigour of the living Church are in active and majestic energy. The Church of a heretic or schismatic is in books and on paper: it may be the Apostolic age, or the Nicene age, or the Eighth century, or the Thirteenth, or the Fifteenth, or among the Paulicians on the banks of the Danube, or the Albigenses of fair Thoulouse. A Catholic, on the contrary, belongs to the divine, living, acting, speaking, controlling Church, and recognises nothing in past ages beyond an edifying and instructive record of a dispensation, very beautiful and fit for its day,

but under which God has not cast his lot, and which, therefore, he has no business to meddle with or to endeavour to recall. One age may evoke his sympathies, or harmonize with his taste, more than another. Yet he sees beauty in all and fitness in all, because his faith discerns Providence in all. It is his characteristic as a Catholic, that, while he may have antiquarian edification, he can have no antiquarian worships, no narrow and heretical idolatry of the past; I say heretical, for such, in the end, by the force of its own principles, it must evolve itself. Events prove it; antiquarianism is at this day one of the most plausible objections to submission to the Church. This is no new thing; it is an old note of heresy. Hence men who have an instinctive dislike of the papacy, by the same instinct fall back on the patriarchal system of the fourth century. Those whose anti-hierarchical antipathies are stronger, go back to primitive episcopacy and the right of election in the people, if they bring themselves to admit the sacerdotal principle in Christianity at all! They whose unimaginative minds cannot appreciate the broad and various creation of modern rubrics and devotions, that marvellous and surpassingly beautiful Cosmos of the Catholic Church, yearn for the dim and affecting solemnity of the *Disciplina Arcani* in old times, as if old darkness were better than modern light, and progress simply an anti-Christian barbarism. All such persons, as, of course, they themselves acknowledge, nay, are forward to boast of it, are more or less out of tune with the living Church of their own day, and so find their so-called Catholic sympathies impeded, and their sensibilities mortified, and their religious life dwarfed and damaged. To enthrone a past age in our affections above the one which

God has given us in His Church is, implicitly at least, to adopt the formula of heresy and schism. To do so explicitly is incompatible with an orthodox belief, as well as with a true Catholic obedience. The past has a thousand uses to us; it loses every one of them as soon as we begin to idolize it. Such an idolatry drives us upon ends we never aimed at; but we do not fairly see them till our course is beyond our own control. Both the admirable and the imitable are to be found in sufficient abundance in the past. What is admirable we admire for what it was, and look at it as it actually took place. What is imitable is subject to the categories of time, place and circumstances, and requires adaptation; the spirit of the past, and so its beauty, are lost in the stupid servility of a dull unimaginative copy. Hence it is that all mere revivalisms, as contrary to the nature of a living and immaculate Church, are either, when accidents favour them, the galvanic life of a heresy or a schism, or, when imbecility, or good though mistaken intention accompany them, an innocuous ineptitude and blunder. A cheerful, reverent, submissive, admiring loyalty to the present epoch of the Church, and to the Rome of to-day,—this is the health, and sinew, and heat of the real Catholic life.

If the whole history of the world, and even the development of physical discovery, is the disposition of a particular Providence, much more abundant and indubitable are the signs of that special Providence in the chronicles of the Church, which is the elect portion of the world. Thus we are by no means surprised to find the different successive phases of the Church having their own special Saints, who are like guardian-angels to them. These Saints symbolize their age to those who come after; but they do more than this; they are, often uncon-

sciously, inspired to guide the age, like another Moses, to the new land which God is about to bestow upon it; its spirit starts with them, it may be with one Saint or with many; and it animates their own contemporaries, and perhaps several succeeding generations. These are the heroes of the Christian Church, the supernatural creations of grace, the likenesses of the Incarnate Word. They come at particular seasons, as the Hebrew Prophets did; and the world at first thinks meanly of them and silences them, and learns afterwards, for the world is ever a slow learner, that it has been more beholden to them than words can tell. This to a certain extent explains the mutability which there seems to be in the cultus of the Saints. Persons who have a great love for the early ages of Christianity, are surprised to find the feasts of great Saints of those names only honoured in the present Church with a semi-double rite. But it should be remembered that the cultus of the Saints is by no means necessarily proportioned to their heavenly glory. It is for our sakes, not their own, that they are worshipped. Just as God wills to work miracles for fifty years at the tomb of a certain Saint, and then the fountain of supernatural favours seems to dry up; so it may please Him to inspire the popular mind of the Church with an enthusiastic devotion for particular Saints at particular times, for reasons hidden to us, but which have to do with the sanctity of the Body Mystical. The extraordinary devotion to St. Philumena, in modern Italy, is a remarkable case in point. There can be little doubt but that in the holy city itself the devotion to St. Philip has interfered with the previous devotion to St. Antony of Padua. The devotion of the north of Italy to St. Thomas of Canterbury is also another remarkable instance of a local cultus,

the more unaccountable, as it has its seat in the old Ghibelline strongholds. Thus, when we come to examine any particular times of the Church, we are led naturally, as well as by experience, to fix our attention upon the Saints, who are expressions and representations of those times.

It is of course in every instance impossible to fix the precise date at which a new epoch begins, and a former one comes to an end. Like a footpath over the grassy mountains, we can only discern its fainter green clearly when we are at a distance from it. Moral chronology is not so hard or sharply defined a thing; an epoch comes to an end; it weans the world from itself by degrees, gives it into the arms of its new nurse, then takes it back again for a while to hush its cries, until at last the generation gets reconciled to the lineaments and voice of the stranger, and the old times go their way, no one knows exactly when or where, for they went through no form of bidding good-bye. It will, however, be sufficiently accurate, if we say that the holy Council of Trent represents to us a new epoch of the Church, a period which may very truly be designated as our Modern Times.

Our object, you will remember, is to shew that St. Philip was the type or representative of these times; but how can we do this without at least touching upon a very vast and extremely interesting subject, the genius and characteristics of Modern Times? In contrasting, then, Modern Times with the Middle Ages, which I am about to do, it is not by way of setting one up against the other, a process which I have already designated as a mere shallow puerility; but in order to get a clear idea of Modern Times by contrast with times, which, as further off from us, are more clear and unmistakable to our eye. He can have read but little history, or read it blindfold,

who has no discernment of the beauty and magnificence of Mediæval Times. Nothing of disparagement then is intended in the contrast, nor in the clearly expressed preference for Modern Times.

The heresies which were more or less the produce of the thirteenth and three following centuries, have naturally rendered greater fulness and distinctness of dogmatic teaching necessary on the part of the Church. Whether we look at the definitions of Trent, or those involved in the qualification of the various sets of condemned propositions by Alexander VII., Innocent XI., Alexander VIII., and Clement XI., it is plain that we are in possession of a great many more doctrinal definitions than we were; the limits of theological certainty are immensely extended. Just as verified observations have extended the domain of the physical sciences, so the number of truths which a believer cannot, without impiety, or in some cases formal heresy, reject, has added to the domain of theology. Surely every one is thrilling now with the joyous expectation of the new splendour which will accrue to the science of theology, should the Head of the Church define the doctrine of our Blessed Lady's Immaculate Conception. Now this greater body of certain dogmatic teaching must necessarily influence the whole multitude of believers. It tells upon literature; it tells upon popular devotions; it tells upon practice, witness the teaching of St. Bonaventure on contrition, which would now be something like heresy; and lastly, it tells upon ecclesiastical art. It is quite a characteristic of Modern Times as compared with the Middle Ages. Look, by way of illustration, on the different position which the teaching of St. Thomas in the Middle Ages, on Justification and the Eucharist, occupies in the Church

since the Council of Trent from what it did before : while at the same time it exemplifies the continuity and identity of the Church.

There are also other, and not less important, consequences, which follow from this greater fulness of dogmatic teaching. Whatever increases our knowledge of God, or gives us a greater certainty on any portions of divine truth, naturally gives a new impulse to the spirit of love. To know God is to love Him; He only requires to be known that He may be loved; an increase of knowledge is, a state of grace being supposed, an increase of love. The more full and certain, also, our knowledge of a doctrine becomes, the more are we pained and distressed by heresy about it; and so, in this way too, love is quickened and spurred on to multiply its affectionate acts of such poor reparation as it can offer to the offended Majesty of God, and the blasphemy of His truth: the modern devotions to, and rubrics concerning, the Blessed Sacrament are a case in point; as are also the modern devotions to our most dear Lady, springing out of, as well as re-acting upon, a tender love of Jesus, so intense that it knows not how to satisfy itself, nor in what ways to breathe out its hidden fires. Neither, in speaking of Modern Times, must we omit to notice the natural connection there is between an increased knowledge of dogma, and the spirit of reverent familiarity in devotion, which has been so prominent a feature in the later Saints. The more extended the vision of faith becomes, the more familiar a man necessarily grows with the sacred objects of which that faith so infallibly assures him. Thus, a certain awkward kind of false reverence, with its homage of unclear, cloudy words, its self-complacent renun-

ciation of definitions, and its graceless and untoward behaviour in public service, has often been, with its conceited pretence and unamiable mannerism, an adequate test and badge of heresy; as, for instance, the quaker-like stiffness of heretics in England, or the self-complacent sacred etiquettes of Jansenism abroad. They simply prove the absence of grasp and clearness in faith, and so of child-like naturalness in love. The more a man knows of the mystery of the Incarnation, and the more deep and tender his joyous self-abasing devotion to the Person of the Eternal Word, the less need has he to fence his expressions about the Sacred Heart, or to dilute the language of his enthusiasm about our Blessed Lady. It would take me long to tell in how many ways, and in what opposite directions, all this has influenced the Catholic life of the multitudes of the faithful, and how materially it has aided in giving to Modern Times the genius which is so unmistakeably theirs.

It seems a very obvious thing to say that the more equable distribution of knowledge and education among all classes is another distinctive feature of Modern Times, as contrasted with the Middle Ages. Yet it makes a vast difference in religion; for this reason, if for no other, that it enables us to reach the multitude by such different impulses. Public worship, and especially art, must necessarily feel this most intimately; and the Church has not been slow to acknowledge it, and provide for it. But the chief feature of all is the fading away of nationalism from men's minds. Nationality, in its bad sense, is the great bar of civilisation; and minds of all nations and all schools of opinion, philosophical or so called religious, are seeking after the breaking down of

all partition walls, and the fusing of mankind into one vast brotherhood of love. Increased facilities of communication, and the electrical diffusion of literary sympathies, are all helping towards that same end. Now, these philosophies can never realize this dream, as we know full well; it is in the Catholic unity of the Church alone that they are divinely fulfilled. The favourite political centralization of the day is represented in its more noble aspect in the drawing of men's heart towards Holy Rome. Railways, and electric telegraphs, and steam-ships to the tropics, are the hand-maids of the Modern Papacy. When local rites, and diocesan breviaries, as lately in the French Synods, come and burn themselves as incense to the sovereign magnificence of the Roman ritual, when the jealous crown of the proud empire restores to an exiled and helpless Pontiff the rights it had usurped—these are the breaking down of the partition walls which intersect the great family of mankind. Ultramontanism is the magnanimous element of Modern Times; it is the heavenly excellence of our day; and by the strength of God's blessing, as it has lovingly conquered to itself the Church of France, that object of the present Pope's warm and affectionate devotion, so is it more or less victorious all the world over, and everywhere, in proportion to the amount of real holiness and untiring earnestness. It is significant, that so plain is this fact becoming to the Anti-Catholic party, that one of their lecturers* in a Parisian college raises a cry of undissembled terror, and would now fain rebuild the ramparts of nationalism, which he and his friends aided in levelling to the ground, but

* See the amusing mixture of fright and fierceness in M. Quinet's Lectures on Ultramontanism.

which a very reasonable panic has now re-consecrated in his eyes.

In order to get anything like a clear view of the Modern Church, we must add to this extent of dogma and devotion to the Holy See, the wonderful increase of the Catholic Episcopate and the prodigious number of baptized souls. I suppose that in no previous age has the Episcopate been so widely spread, or so healthily and systematically animated by life from St. Peter's Chair, as it is at this day; and, as far as we have the means of judging, the present number of baptized souls in the different continents of the world has never had anything approaching to a parallel to it before. The Visible Church of to-day is indeed a vision we may long to dwell on—its increased number of heavenly intercessors, with all their vast powers of impetrating graces for us—its varied patterns of holiness and perfection in these same saints—its multiplied religious orders—its striking liberality and benignant facility of indulgences, and other signs of the joyous character of Modern Times. But it must not be now; we must hasten on.

I must mention one more point, and then I have done with this enumeration of the characteristics of Modern Times. I am reluctantly compelled to compress into less room than I could wish, mere suggestive heads of thought, on which I would fain have enlarged; it is because I desire, within the compass of this Triduo, to do my best to convey to you my idea of St. Philip. We must not omit then to name the increase and greater universality of mental prayer, the more generally adopted systematic methods of self-examination, the more common practice of spiritual reading, the ways of hearing mass, the obligation of meditation made the condition in most cases of

gaining the indulgences of the Rosary, and other things which are all so many marks of what is called now-a-days the increased "subjectivity" of the Modern Mind. Any one who should try to act on the multitudes, without taking this into account, and think that he could accomplish a thorough or permanent work with the leverage of the Middle Ages, would find himself miserably out in his reckoning. He might as well try to square the circle, as convert England so. The experiment would correct itself.

Now, put all these things together, and, drily and hurriedly as I have enumerated them, see if something like a picture of Modern Times does not rise up before you; a portrait that you may know them by, as you look upon a picture, and go away, remembering what it is like.

II. At last, then, we have worked our way to St. Philip again. We took the Council of Trent as the sign, or constellation, of what we called Modern Times; and I said that St. Philip was the representative Saint of these tridentine Ages of Love, just as St. Francis had been of the romantic Ages of Faith. We may use the term "Ages of Love," for the Tridentine Times of the Church, so as not to deprive the Middle Ages of the title of "Ages of Faith," to which they have now a kind of right by prescription; else, of course, as has been said before, it is the very extension of faith's sure vision which has led to the greater extension of deep love, and so of tender familiarity, in Modern Times.

Men, to have any right to the title of men of an age, must exhibit in themselves the double action of the Church, which at once, as by a law of its inward life, goes along with the spirit of an age, and yet thwarts it too. They must have an aptness for putting themselves at the head of what is capable of and meant

for a Christian development, and, at the same time, of turning aside whatever ought not to invade the sanctuary of the Church. And so it was in St. Philip.

He came at his appointed time. He was ordained priest when the Council of Trent was yet sitting. He started a movement in the very capital of Christendom itself, which was so singular and yet so permanent, that he received the unusual title of the Apostle of Rome. In that central city he came across people of all nations. In 1576, which was before he founded the Oratory, we read of his being consulted from all parts, from the remoter provinces of Italy, from France, from Spain. He had dealings with Poles, with Englishmen, with influential strangers from the Oriental Churches. One person, writing contemporaneously, calls him a spiritual oracle, and compares him to well-known men of other times. The avidity with which his relics were sought for in distant lands, when he died, proves his European reputation. And yet he wrote no books, started no system, headed no popular movement in any outward way. Strangers asked his disciples, nay, made interest through the Pope, to get an interview with this supernatural teacher, just as those who came up to the feast sought, through the Apostles, for an introduction to our Blessed Lord. In a word, an influence escaped through the windows of Philip's room, and all Christendom was affected by it. It is the way schools rise and opinions spread, moral atmospheres are formed, and an age becomes impregnated with a new genius. Just as the chivalry, the poetry, the romance, the faith of the Middle Ages was gathered up and personified in St. Francis, so was the spirit of Modern Times in St. Philip. When men went to see him as a Saint, they were scandalized at first by

his practical common-placeness. He looked like other men. He followed the lead in conversation, or when he took it, it was unassumingly. He was emphatically a modern gentleman, of scrupulous courtesy, sportive gaiety, acquainted with what was going on in the world, taking a real interest in it, giving and getting information, very neatly dressed, with a shrewd common sense always alive about him, in a modern room with modern furniture, plain, it is true, but with no marks of poverty about it; in a word, with all the ease, the gracefulness, the polish, of a modern gentleman of good birth, considerable accomplishments, and a very various information. Yet all Rome was at his feet, from the Pope on his throne to the beggar on the steps of the Basilica. Not a work was done there, but he was in it: not a religious order, but it owed him continual reinforcements of novices; not a new institute, but, as with St. Ignatius, he was a busy helper. "His eye," says his biographer, was early "cast on the northern parts of Europe." The Annals of Baronius were his work—the fruit of the keen feelings which the calumnies of the Magdeburg Centuriators had left upon his mind. Then the way in which, no one knew how, he bound his followers to him—the like of it had never been seen since the days of our Blessed Lord or of St. Francis. There was a spell about him. Men could not unriddle the enigma of his influence. It was a way, a spirit, a breath, a contagion, a vapour, an electricity, a something in the air; no one knew what it was. He came to Rome at one of the most solemn crises of the Church; the capital was full of Saints, and full of corruption too. He was the quietest man at his hard work that ever was seen; yet he magnetized the whole city; and when he died he left it quite a different city from what it was, nay, with

the impress of his spirit and genius so deep upon it, that it was called his city, and he the apostle of it, second only to St. Peter. It was no man clothed in camel's hair, with the attractive paraphernalia of supernatural austerities upon him, no St. Francis, with his Chapter of Mats all round the Porziuncula, that the city and its foreign visitants went so anxiously to see; it was simply an agreeable gentleman, in a comfortable little room, apparently doing and saying just what any one else might do or say as well. He had come at his right time; he suited his age; men were attracted; he fulfilled his mission; he put himself at the head of the governing city of Christendom, and, through it, of spiritual Christendom itself; and posterity tells what his work was, for it calls him *Apostolo di Roma*.

Now look at another thing about him, which I think very remarkable. He was a great student of history, and made much of it, as we see in the exercises of the Oratory; and he was well read in the Lives of the Saints. The whole history of the Composition of Baronius' Annals, and the way in which the Saint urged him forward, evince quite a special drawing towards the study of history, as a means of influence, on the part of the Saint. And from that time the studious genius of his Institute has mainly gone that way, rather than to dogma, or to polemics. Yet, strange to say, there seems to have been in his mind almost (I say almost, for there were two trifling exceptions) an entire preterition of the Middle Ages and all their undoubted Christian glories. They were not to his taste. His mind was of another build altogether. He went up to the early ages; his sympathies were all with the first Christians, with quite Apostolic times; his pattern that he was ever gazing on

was primitive Christianity. His intense devotion to it came out in everything; he did not wish to make a mere revival of a past age; but he saw patterns in Apostolic times which he saw in no other times. Hence the style of preaching he wished to have in the Oratory, hence the absence of vows in his Congregation, hence the peculiar simple sweetness of the form of community life which he enjoined, hence the character of his spiritual exercises, hence his devotion for the relics of the early martyrs. Nay, so obvious was this, that it was what struck every one about him and his work. Baronius, when he describes St. Philip's exercises in his history, says, "Things being disposed in this manner, and approved by the Pope's authority, it seemed as if the old and beautiful Apostolical method of Christian congregations was renewed." Giovanni Derossi, in a book which he wrote at the time, speaks of St. Philip and his Oratory as the chief attraction to foreigners in Rome, in 1568: and in 1576, Giovenale Ancina, writing to his brother from Rome, where he was on a visit, mentions St. Philip as the great sight and wonder at Rome, speaks of the Lives of St. Francis and his companions as at that time occupying the attention of the Oratory, and praises Philip especially "for his astonishing prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual exercises." It was the primitive simplicity which struck both these writers. You see, then, that Philip's long years in the catacombs had done their work. The vision of the early Church had been with him there, and it was from Apostolic sources that he borrowed the powers wherewith he moulded the spirit of his age. His tastes were all there; his hankerings were not after the gorgeous cathedrals of the baron-bishop, but with the papal chapels and hiding-places of the church

of the catacombs. Hence he was modern all at once; for the more immediate past which was yet visibly lingering on the earth, had never been anything to him, either for wonder, or for joy, or for a pattern; and therefore he needed no weaning from it.

Now, I really think it is impossible to exaggerate the significance of this fact. It is God's *way*, if I may reverently use such a word, to meet the evils which rise up in the world, the enemy's tares nightly sown, not only by powers in His Church, which gallantly beat them down, but also by what Locke, in the phraseology of his school, calls *satisfactions*—in other words, lawful channels, in which the newly awakened tastes and energies, thus running with frantic determination upon evil, may have vent and full career. Every Catholic is familiar with this, in the lives of the Saints whom God gave to His Church at the time of the apostasy of the sixteenth century: St. Ignatius in the science of interior discipline and of education, St. Theresa in the hidden wisdom of prayer, and the chastened common-sense of "religious experiences," and St. Philip in the satisfaction of the appetite for preaching, for vernacular devotions, for hymn-singing, and for an interior system of religion of the highest kind, thoroughly unmonastic, even to the very life of his black-habited and monk-like children,—a system suited for the palace, the gay metropolis, the rural villa, the wrangling college, the hunting-box, the long vacation, the voyage of scientific discovery, the absorbing counting-house, the idolized studio, the mess-room or the officers' cabin, of modern, brilliant, much-knowing, many-interested, world-engrossed society. Now think of the idea wherewith the Reformation started, and the direction which it struck out into; think of the continuous unchanging idea of Puritanism,

think of the tendency to revere primitive antiquity, which is part of the English mind and of the English religion: it was a devotion to apostolic times, a falling in love in the grotesquiest possible ways with the primitive ages, producing heresies almost as numerous as individualities in the land, from the earnest and amiable gentility of Oxford men, to the foolishness of Irvingism and the Agapemone: and can you not see a great significance, the token of a greater mercy, in God thus guiding in those hoary vaults and unsunny catacombs the spirit of a Saint, of whom with mindful reverence it might be said that his name was love, past peer and paladin, past tower and abbey, past tournament and pilgrimage, and all crusading romance, past every gorgeous trophy of a faith just fresh from its conquest over a new barbaric world, to the days of dread simplicity and awful suffering, which succeeded the inspired generation, when the hope of martyrdom was the joy of life, and the expectation of martyrdom the very air men breathed? So took he the type of the simplest age, and went out to do battle with the most complex era that either world or Church had ever seen.

The Middle Ages were beautiful times, and their art, too, was uncommonly, touchingly beautiful. His must be an unkindly genius, which has not glowed at times over the records of those days, or at the vision of that beauty. I suppose we may say it was the beauty of fear, the grace of reverence, the philosophy of awe, with much affecting sweetness of humility which it expressed. But Philip's spirit was, I had almost said exclusively, a spirit of love, a spirit of openness, and of a pure inward life. He would have admired a dark cathedral; no one more so: he could have lectured you on its significance and beauty; but I think, in the long run, it would have made him un-

happy. If it had been his own, he would have made some very peculiar alterations; I should not wonder if he would have pulled it down, and built himself another, more to his heart's content. His very way of doing his work shewed the impulse of this spirit of light-hearted freedom and reverently presuming love. His first great engine was the frequentation of the Sacraments; he simply started a new era in the Church in this respect. Then that buoyant, child-like joyousness which he put into religion was his own, and, as far as we can see, a novelty of his. His Christ-like love of youth, as the subjects of his influence, and the hope of the future, was part of the same spirit. So also was his familiar way of talking about sacred things, which came natural to him, both as a relief for his intense feeling about them, and as a cloak of his easily inflamed tenderness, as well as the truthful expression of a faith which was to him more clear and definite than sight. It had no parallel, except in the conversations of St. Francis, and the old Franciscan songs of the Blessed Jacopone of Todi.

Consider him again in his bearing towards the world. If you read St. Bernard, you will see that he seems to consider even salvation difficult, but perfection a dream, out of the cloister. This is the common language of the spiritual writers of the Middle Ages: the cloister means perfection; the world is not to be leavened, or attempted to be leavened; it is to be given up as an impracticable hopeless business. If you love God, you must take to yourself the wings of a vocation, and fly away into the wilderness or the monastery. The Church and the world were almost sphered visibly apart in those times. Look how different St. Philip is! Perfection for all classes, in all states of life, under every possible variety of circum-

stances—this was the great lesson he was commissioned to teach. Stay at home, keep as you are, mind your spinning, marry and settle,—these were household phrases with him; for all he loved the religious orders so much. Look at the heights of perfection to which he led people, and yet how mild, it might be called lax, was the moral and ascetical theology he taught! All has the indelible impress of the modern genius upon it. There was a boldness about him in it which bespoke a man conscious of a mission. Look at his free manners! He used to make his meditation sitting on a bench, and rocking to and fro, or lying on his bed; he used to hear confessions in bed; he set boys to play at fives in the court-yard when they were waiting to go to confession; and all this was in sober earnest, and meant something. Is this like a picture of a Mediæval Saint?

Once more: I must call your attention to another remarkable fact, and that is Philip's keen appreciation of the growing subjectivity of the Modern Mind. Look at him in his capacity of spiritual director. What a very little part do outward observances play in his school of perfection! What cautions about excess of vocal prayer! What a studious inculcation of mental prayer, and of habitual ejaculatory prayer! How strikingly subordinate in him is the position of exterior mortifications to what it used to be in older times, and with what dexterity and skill does he train people by interior mortifications! What a new gift he seems to have of leading people to the very summits of perfection, without any visible change in the daily fashionable life of Roman ladies and gentlemen! Nay, he makes his penitents keep to their fine clothes, when they would fain go about the streets in serge! To what an extent does he carry his

principle of concealing all marks of seriousness, and covering them with a varnish of common-place and worldly-looking levity! The austerities which he enforces or recommends are just those most suitable to Modern Times, the absence of comforts and teasing persevering plainness. Perseverance is his watchword: with him continuance, in a little, no matter how little, is the beginning, middle and end of sanctity. He started a new element in spiritual direction, the heroism of common sense. True there is no romance here; but there is a most wise reality. It has been well said of St. Ignatius, who was himself a striking personification of modern common sense, that he always looked out, not for what was fine, but for what would wear; it is equally true of St. Philip. Nay, there was less romance about St. Philip than there was about the chivalrous Ignatius. How is it then that he so drew people to him, and that the characteristic of his children all over the globe is an intense living fire of enthusiastic personal love for him, which tears, not words, alone express? I can but answer: his mysterious similitude to Him whom Peter and James and John and Andrew clung to with a loyalty surpassing human love.

I cannot of course repeat what I have said of the characteristics of Modern Times; but I beg of you to recall it to your minds, and to fit to it what I have here said of my dear Father, and see if I had not a right to say that he was the representative Saint of Modern Times, and if that is not the true idea of him, and of his place in the world's history. O what a step it would be on the road towards a more perfect Catholic life, what a vigorous heart it would give you in hard work for the souls of the unshepherded multitudes around you, if you could come to see clearly, and to love heartily, the Modern Times in

which we live. The living Church ! In that one name is all theology, and all exercises, the most heroic, of faith, and hope and charity. Our times have their own beauty, and their own magnificence, enough to thrill through the coldest heart among us ; and to us they bring, what no past ages at their best can do, that which is the most beautiful and magnificent and real of things on God's earth, living duty. We can believe in God in the past, but it is a faith which can have no direct works ; we can energetically love God and Jesus Christ in the present times alone. See to it ! This love of the living Church, it alone is genuine Catholicism, such as will work and wear ; leave the restless and uneasy spirit of heresy to stifle its uncomfortable yearnings by its old game of playing at antiquarianisms. Modern Times are best, if not absolutely, because perhaps no times are absolutely best, at least best for you and me ; and Philip is their godfather and their Saint.

III. I should, however, be leaving the picture very incomplete, if I concluded this Lecture without bringing St. Francis and St. Philip together again. You see I have so far been contrasting them all along, and doing all I can to make a distinction between them ; yet in my first Lecture I put them together, as no other two Saints in the Church can be coupled. To bring out my picture of St. Philip, I must not then leave unanswered this question. How do these Saints come to be like ? It is not in anything which St. Francis had from his romantic times, but it was in that which they both had independent of their times, their mutual similitude to Jesus. There is a remarkable affinity between the Oratory and the Franciscan Order, though in externals they are so very opposite. The kind of character, the peculiar fashion of holiness, which the two Institutes produce in favourable

subjects, is very similar. St. Philip himself had a great devotion to St. Francis, and quite a passion for the Capuchins. Their prayers were his staff. Their St. Felix was his brother. I have read somewhere, if I remember rightly, in the Chronicles of the Oratory, that there is an Oratory in Italy whose Fathers and Brothers go out of town once a year to a woody mountain to spend a holy-day with the Capuchins. It is said of the Ven. Fabrizio dall' Aste, that he was wont to recreate his spirit by reading the Chronicles of the Friars Minor. There are certainly Franciscan elements in the Oratory, and St. Philip's study of the poetry of the Blessed Jacopone was clearly not without its influence on the vernacular hymns of his spiritual exercises. I shall not be happy then, if I do not bring these two Saints together again, before I conclude to-night. It is necessary for my purpose.

Inasmuch as St. Francis expressed and embodied the genius of the Middle Ages, and St. Philip the genius of Modern Times, the points of contrast between them must have been numerous and striking; and several of them have been touched upon in this lecture. But inasmuch, also, as St. Francis and St. Philip were both copies of Jesus, in a higher, or at least a more special sense than that in which other Saints are, and given as such by God to the Church, for particular purposes, we may naturally expect to find the points of resemblance between them as numerous and striking as those of contrast. Let us run briefly over the lives and works of the two holy Patriarchs. The young St. Francis, in the chivalry of his first love of Holy Poverty, the enthusiasm of which never abated, stood before the Bishop of Assisi, and not content with the solemn renunciation of his paternal inheritance, he stripped himself of the very clothes that he wore, and, so far as lay in

his power, cut the filial tie which bound him to his father ; for there was that in him which not only sought God alone, but which made him feel all created things and earthly relationships, whatever subordinate sacredness they might possess, as so many barriers between himself and the inward possession of God in his soul. So St. Philip, less interfered with in his religious peculiarities and retirement by his uncle, than St. Francis had been by his father, with the same love of Christ-like poverty burning in his heart, his whole being consumed by the same insatiable longing for God alone, turns suddenly round upon his kind and hospitable relative, and renounces the patrimony which had been so affectionately destined for him. He breaks away from the harbour and tranquillity of home, and casts himself on the world to hunt after God, knowing not his destiny, only that his heart told him that in Rome he should find God, and learn the interpretation of his dreams. It was no boyish freak, for his biographer expressly tells us, it was done after "mature deliberation." Yet he held no communication with his natural advisers at home ; as the writer very markedly says, "he departed for Rome without even letting his father know ; though in all other matters he had never so much as deliberated about anything without his knowledge." He asked for no allowance ; he desired no help ; all he wanted was to be free from help. He sought for no introductions at Rome ; he looked upon them as so many hindrances to him ; he wanted to be alone, to be unknown, to be unhampered by kindness and by sympathy. He was to meet God in Rome—that was what the intolerable impulses of Divine Love were driving him to. St. Francis roams the hills of Umbria, or the green level plains beneath Assisi, like a bewildered lover, crying out with love of his sweet spouse,

Holy Poverty, as he called her. He breathed her name upon the air; he bade the mountain echoes repeat it; he told it to the silent depths of the wood. The restlessness of love was on him. His romance was real. The Spouse in the Canticles alone could give him words. Now turn from those dark hills of Umbria to the modern corridors of Chiesa Nuova. Look at that old man, with his cassock open, his short white beard, his rosary around his wrist, leaning for very age upon his staff. Can the fires of a youthful love burn any longer in him? Listen! he is humming a tune; then he sings, and his song is but two words, "Humility, Detachment!" And then his face is red and pale by turns, and out of his miraculous heart breaks forth in painfully inflamed sighs the undiminished passion of his boyhood for that interior poverty, that detachment, that modern form of St. Francis's romance, which he had chosen for his spouse!

St. Francis had his noviciate, his sojourn in the wilderness before the opening of his public ministry. It was on the hills and amid the wood-encircled caverns of his own preternatural Umbria, a land of wonder, of miracle, and mysterious influences, a sort of European Thebaid. There he communed with nature; there solitude taught him lessons; there, above all, God revealed Himself to His chosen servant; and the fire of Divine Love burned in him with more consuming vehemence than ever. St. Philip too had his noviciate. The Spirit came upon him, sometimes by day, more often by night, and drove him even from the churches, beyond the walls, and plunged him into the dumb caves and earthy damps of the old catacombs. There God was his teacher. It was an awful school for a youthful heart to be sent to; it was rather on the confines of another world than within the

cheerful domain of this world's sunshine. Nay, God did more than teach him. The Holy Ghost came into him miraculously, with such a Pentecostal vehemence that henceforth Philip's life was to be itself a miracle, and his heart a worshipful wonder in the Church to the end of time. Who could have divined that from out the tingling darkness and the warm chilliness of those vaults, where the persecuted Faith had first burrowed for itself a home, should come the lightest heart, the gayest spirit, the most Paul-like teacher, the freest Saint, the pattern ecclesiastic, of the world's new civilization?

St. Francis, his biographer tells us, spent most of his life and did most of his work in towns, in spite of his love of the country and his intimate communion with the external creation. We should not have expected this. Just as little should we have discerned, in the boy who escaped from the domestic circle of San Germano to the yawning fissures and solitary grotts of the Monte della Santissima Trinità, and, discontented even with the religious silence of the vacant basilicas, dived for the best part of ten years into the gloom of the catacombs, the active practical Saint, who was to be especially the Apostle of the large towns of Modern Times.

St. Francis heard a voice which, he thought, told him he was to repair with all becoming magnificence the waste church of San Damiano, the future home of St. Clare and the cradle of her Order. It seemed the wildest of Quixotic schemes. But swiftly the well-born youth, nursed in the lap of all effeminate luxuries, was seen in the squalid livery of his spouse, Holy Poverty, commanding rather than asking alms through the streets of Assisi, for the desolate sanctuary of San Damiano. He is jeered, hissed, pelted, beaten; but the money

comes. He carries stones in his lap and hods of lime on his shoulders, and, in spite of all gainsaying, San Damiano rises in spacious beauty and ornate completeness like an exhalation from the ground. St. Philip chooses for himself a poor contracted church, "small and ruinous" are the words by which his biographer describes it, hard by one of the homes of the poor Clares at Rome, which itself at last becomes incorporated with his own edifice. One morning, as if in whim, he orders the whole church to be thrown down. Another morning, he has taken up his chalice in the sacristy at San Girolamo, and is going into the church to say mass. Suddenly he turns to some one, and bids him go the Vallicella, and say to Matteo of Castello, the architect, who is standing among the rubbish-heaps of the old church, that he is not to mark out the limits of the new one till Philip has said mass and come to the ground himself. When the Saint arrives, the architect draws the line as far as he thinks the church ought to go. "Draw it further still," cries the Saint. The architect obeys, and stops again. "Further still," repeats the Saint. A third time the architect draws the line, and stops. "Still further," says the Saint. The architect draws the line; he says not a word; he wonders at the imprudent magnificence of Philip's dream; but he draws the line, and this time does not dare to stop. He is passing over a certain spot; there is nothing to mark it, but Philip sees a heavenly light upon it. "Stop there, and dig," says the holy Father. They did so, and came upon an old foundation, out of whose abundant materials a great portion of the new fabric was raised. Philip had no money, and, strange to say, he would not ask for any; and he mortified severely those of his children who strove by ways of human prudence

to raise a building fund. Men threw stones and shot with cross-bows at the workmen. Everything seemed against him. But the money came, and the persecution ceased; huge sums were lavished upon the new church; he was an old man, and so he "made a bargain," it was his own phrase, with the Madonna, that he should not die till the church was covered in. To this day it goes in Rome by the very descriptive name of The New Church.

His sojourn in the desert over, the next task of St. Francis is the call of his Apostles, whom in the characteristic spirit of his age he styled the Cavaliers of his Round Table, as though he were another king Arthur by the grassy shores of the Eden and the Eamont. He goes to stay in the house of his worldly friend Bernardo da Quintavalle. He sleeps in the same room with him. His host pretends to be asleep, that by the light of the lamp he may see what Francis does. The Saint, thinking himself unobserved, gets up and begins his prayer; it lasts till dawn, with many strange palpitations of his heart and liftings up of his body. His prayer is only, "Deus meus et Omnia—My God and my All," repeated the whole night through. It is Bernardo's call; he gets up, sells all, gives it to the poor, and follows St. Francis. Pietro of Cataneo goes to the church; a missal is opened at random; the chance lights on the words, "Let him renounce himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." It is Pietro's vocation; he sells all for the poor, and follows Francis. Egidio of Assisi is interiorly called to follow St. Francis; but he knows not where he is, he knows not of his little cabin in the plain of Rivo Torto. He goes to hear mass at St. George's, and, leaving the city, he comes to a spot where three roads branch off:

“Lord, if this is my vocation,” he prays, “lead me by the right way.” He meets St. Francis, who says to him, “Brother! take off thy cloak, and give it to that poor woman in the road!” Without a word Egidio does so: he has given up all; that cloak was to him the unremended nets of the Apostles; he has followed St. Francis. Such was the style of the vocations of the first Franciscans. St. Philip too had his Apostles to call. Tarugi comes to confession to him to gain the indulgence of Paul IVth’s Jubilee. He was a man of uncommon genius, and of high connections, a relative of two Popes. St. Philip hears his confession, then leads him to his room, and makes him spend an hour of prayer with him. Tarugi tries to find a vocation to the Capuchins; he returns to St. Philip, who dissipates all his objections by his one favourite phrase, “Do not be afraid”—and Tarugi is so utterly his, that at the age of eighty-three, and a cardinal of the Church, he still called himself “Philip’s novice.” So he left all, and it was much that he left, and followed St. Philip. On the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Saint went with some of his penitents to the basilica of the Apostle outside the walls. They kneel down to pray; suddenly Costanzo Tassone gets up, and, seizing Baronius by the hand, tells him it is God’s will he should follow St. Philip. Baronius had wished to be a religious, but at the word he obeys, and becomes a disciple of the Saint. Tommaso Bozio of Gubbio comes to Rome to study; he gets to know St. Philip; he is called; he sells his library for the poor, cuts himself off from his angry father, and makes himself a son of Philip. Antonio Gallonio is walking through the streets of Rome; suddenly he comes upon a priest with a crowd of young men at his heels. Antonio, himself a youth, stops, and

stands on one side to look at this strange man and his retinue; St. Philip smiles upon him, calls him to his side, and Antonio is numbered among his Apostles. Pietro Consolini of Monte Leone assisted at the exercises of the Oratory at San Giovanni dei Fiorentini. He afterwards got an introduction to St. Philip; no sooner had the holy Father set eyes upon him than he said, with a smile of affectionate welcome, "Now then, my son, you must become one of us." Pietro hesitated. Philip "suddenly," I am quoting the words of Consolini's Life, "and without giving Pietro any notice of his intention, had him proposed and accepted by the Fathers as a member of the Congregation of the Oratory." Astonishment was Pietro's first feeling; a strange joy his second. He consented, and asked leave to go home and bid his relatives good-bye. But, no! he too was to let the dead bury their dead; and so he stayed by St. Philip's side. Giuliano Macca-luffi of Forlì had got leave from his confessor to join the Capuchins, and their provincial had already accepted him. He made bold to go to St. Philip to get his blessing. The Saint fixed his eyes upon him, and said, "Take off your fariola, and serve God in the Congregation." The young man's heart was instantaneously changed, and he became an Oratorian lay-brother. There was a young noble, named Flaminio Ricci; he was in the household of a Cardinal at Rome. Twice, while he was at prayer, he thought he heard a voice say to him, "Veni, sequere Me—Come, follow thou Me." One day he was taking his usual ride through the streets of Rome, when he met Philip, whom he did not even know by sight. "The man of God," writes the author of Flaminio's Life, "fixed his eyes upon Flaminio, and, with a voice of inspiration, said to him, 'Come, follow thou Me.' At the

sound of these thrilling words the youth was completely won, and without a moment's hesitation he offered himself to follow the Saint."—Do we not tremble when we think of Whom and of what call this was so startling an imitation? Such was the style of the vocations of the first Oratorians,

St. Francis was a poet; so was St. Philip. The way in which animals knew, and loved and obeyed St. Francis was renewed in St. Philip. Dogs detached themselves from their masters and followed him. Little birds fluttered round his face, and sang in his ear, and went and came at his bidding. St. Francis, soon after his return from Damietta, set about mortifying himself and his disciples, by dressing himself up "in a tunic of the finest texture, with a hood behind fashionably reaching to his middle, and a broad and rich frill in front, his head tossed up towards the sky, his voice loud and imperious, and his gait like that of a dancing-master." And all because Brother Elias had been more particular about the niceness of his habit, than became a poor Franciscan. To quote only one of a score of ready parallels, we read that St. Philip wore the fur pelisse which Cardinal Alfonso Gesualdo had given him, for a whole month, and this from the mere love of mortifying himself: and "in order," says his biographer, "that every one might see that he wore a fur pelisse, he used to walk in it with a grave and stately pace, and looked round upon himself with an air of admiration, as if he had been a peacock; and all this, like another Simone Salo, for the mere purpose of being made game of by all who saw him."

St. Francis enjoined a peculiar style of preaching on his disciples, and made much of it: so did St. Philip, and his style had all the Franciscan peculiarity. The Fran-

ciscan movement has often, and for obvious reasons, been called the Methodist movement of the Middle Ages; its reality, energy, straightforwardness, simplicity, popular manners, and, above all, determined earnestness of heart-religion make good the parallel, for we can well afford to give heresy its due. St. Philip's Oratory, with its crowded prayer-meetings, its vernacular hymns, its freedom of popular devotions, its hot and fluent but ineloquent preaching, its fervour drawn from personal influence rather than gorgeous ritual, the perpetual missionary freshness of its exciting variety of spiritual exercises, has already suggested to men, what may most good-naturedly be adopted by ourselves, the likeness of infectious Methodism, (though Methodism is only the representative of a fact, the Oratory of a principle); and this even though Oratorians be not, like the Franciscans, confined by rule to wooden candlesticks and the bare whitewash of unadorned churches. The distinctive quietness and simplicity of the Institutes of St. Francis or St. Philip are something Catholic, marking off Catholics as such, from the impetuous sons of heresy or schism. In this respect there can of course be no parallel between the spirit of St. Philip and that of Wesley or Whitfield. Art is said to have risen round the Porziuncula of St. Francis, and made itself a special school: so Philip's room was the haunt of painters and musicians of Rome. Music was the soul of the Oratory, and Palestrina was Philip's penitent, and died in his embrace. He too had his views of art, and he furthered them, in his quiet way. St. Francis is a Confessor in the Church, so is St. Philip; and yet both had done their best for the crown of martyrdom. St. Francis flew on the wings of exulting hope, to the battlefields of the Saracens, to shed his blood for Christ;

nay, he broke daringly into the camp of the Soldan in search of his hardy crown. But the will of God drove him back on the Europe that had so much need of him. So Philip longed for the Indies, that he might shed his blood beneath the tomahawk of a savage, or on a Japanese cross. He caused some of his penitents to be ordained priests, and all was ready for starting. It needed the appearance and voice from Heaven of him, who alone of the Apostles was but a martyr in desire, and of whom his dear Master had said, "What if I will have him to remain till I come," to certify to St. Philip that his Indies were within the circuit of the walls of Rome.

I have still one more point; but it is rather a point of contrast than of resemblance, only that it is a contrast of such sort that it does really heighten the similitude. We have seen that it was no trifling part of St. Philip's mission to preach perfection to all classes of society, and in all its varying circumstances. It is his most distinctive work, just as it was the great feature in our Blessed Lord's teaching. Now, from what we have said of the Middle Ages, and from the very nature of the case, it would seem as if this function of St. Philip could find no parallel whatever in the mission of St. Francis. But this is in reality far from being the truth; the substance of the work presents the closest of all the parallels between the two Saints; the manner of doing it the most distinct of the contrasts. St. Philip carried his hidden wisdom into all classes, cemented his vast and various confraternity of Christian perfection, formed a world-wide school of it, with no poetic badge or romantic singularity. It was a sort of holy freemasonry. This was in accordance with the modern spirit and modern ways of thinking. In 1221, his order founded, St. Francis saw that a far wider work of evange-

lization lay before them. It took the shape of the genius of his times. All the world was to be one universal Franciscan order. The chivalrous young noble, the poor artisan, the wandering troubadour, the seneschal at the castle, the serf in the field, the woodman in the forest, the fisherman on the sea, the sacristan of the parish church, the high-born maid, the pilgrim of the Holy Land, the soldier in the ranks, the greyhaired parents of all estates, the child at the cathedral school, the swineherd in the oak-woods, the aldermen of the towns, the professors in their chairs, the emperors and kings upon their thrones, and the cardinals whom Innocent III., the patron of St. Francis, had just clothed in the bright hues of martyrdom—all were to be Franciscans, and to follow Franciscan perfection in the world. The Code of the Order of Penance was published; and the will of Francis was done. The whole of mediæval society resolved itself into an uncloistered and unvowed company of Franciscans. A Protestant writer says of this Third Order*, “Rapid as may have been the corruption and decline of that estate, it would be mere prejudice or ignorance to deny that it sustained an important office in the general advancement of civilization and of truth. In the times of Francis himself and of his immediate successors, the Franciscan cord, the emblem of the restraint in which the soul of man is to hold the beast to which it is wedded, was to be seen on countless multitudes; in the market-place, in the universities, in the tribunals, and even on the throne.” You see St. Francis did what was St. Philip’s distinctive work; only he did it in the mediæval way. In both it was the spirit of love in

* Stephen’s Essays, i. 129.

its purest and most vehement workings. The society of St. Francis was called the Seraphic Order; and with St. Philip, love was his distinguishing grace, his weapon with sin, his influence with the world; and in lieu of a body of written statutes, it was the acknowledged tradition of the Congregation which he founded, and its sole permanence and life.

An observation of some importance rises out of what has just been said. Influence is exercised in the world in different ways. Sometimes men gather their intentions and their power together, and incorporate them in a visible system; and then, by the grace of God, and the persistency of their own clear and definite wills, they animate the system, and make it tell, as a momentum from without, upon the world, with its will or against its will. This is mostly, though not always, the case with the founders of religious orders; as with St. Ignatius, and his wonderful Society, and so also with the great Benedictine scheme of monastic legislation. Then again there are men who do not gather their specialty up in any such cognizable way, men whose work is more general, whose spirit is more universal, and by its very penetrativeness blends with other influences, and is lost to sight, readily foregoing its claims to the praise or gratitude of men. Their work is more hidden, because their spirit is in all works. They do not get the credit of it, neither do they desire it, but so it is. Thus St. Dominick's was a definite influence in the Middle Ages. It acted on the world, and most blessedly, from without, from a visible focus of power and heat. It had its own ascertainable shape and features, and men knew it when they saw it. It was essentially local, however numerous its localities might be, and his Third Order,

unlike that of St. Francis, partook of the same character of locality. St. Francis, by means of his Third Order, exercised a more extensive as well as a different kind of influence. St. Dominick, when the two Saints met at Rome, would fain have had the two orders amalgamated; but St. Francis had the clearer vision then, and stedfastly declined. In like manner St. Ignatius asked St. Philip to coalesce with him; but the holy Father would not. His influence was to be of a different kind. He sent Ignatius his first Italian novices; he was a portion, and no mean portion, of the life of all the religious orders in Rome. His specialty was not tied up in a system. What he bequeathed to his own Congregation, which was itself but one of many things which emanated from him, was not so much a Rule, as a Spirit; so that when an Oratory loses its freshness, it must die out, as if by the common law of evaporation. Neither can it be a stereotyped impression of any past state of things; for, as a spirit, though distinctive, it takes its modification from the circumstances in which it finds itself. It is a soul without a body; circumstances are its body. This is its characteristic. Its power of work is in this.

No one can say, in St. Philip's case, any more than St. Francis's, what his influence has been upon the Church, nor how far, nor in how many directions it has gone. In our reading it comes upon us unexpectedly over and over again. Ceylon belongs to him. Mexico is covered with his houses. South America has had no little of its religious life from his children. Portugal and its colonies have felt him. His name has been a talisman in the religious society of Spain, and the fervour of his children undecaying there. The cities of Italy and Sicily are still full of him. Poland was marked by singular devotion

to him. If it be not the fault of his worthless children, England will begin to know him. This is his direct influence. Take one specimen of his indirect influence. There is not a confessional in the length and breadth of God's Church, which is not more or less beneath the control of the kindly, forbearing and equitable theology of St. Alphonso. Yet no one can fail to see how completely that dear Saint was a pupil of the Oratory. He went to confession to Oratorians; he hung about the house of the Oratory, like one in love with it and charmed to it; he was a member of the *Oratorium Parvum*; he made a vow to become an Oratorian. It was not God's will. Indeed his vocation was plainly not Oratorian. Yet is it no dishonour to that blessed Saint to say, that he was part and parcel of St. Philip's influence.

I do not know, my Brethren, how you may feel about it; but to my mind there is an especial charm, a peculiar beauty in the *Modern Times*, which no other age of the Church can shew. The States, which for their good were tied to the Church, have drifted away from her, and meddle no longer with the singularity of her ecclesiastical majesty. The spiritual empire of Rome is a more visible thing in the world than before, and such is its intrinsic beauty, that the more visible it is, the more captivating does it become. The power of the Church to punish heresy and restrain opinion by any other than spiritual pains has passed away; and she is free and disencumbered to enter into the arena of human opinions, and there make intellectual proof of the power of faith divine. No royal courtesies, no baronial patronages, wrap her round, or hide her from men's eyes with the graceless folds of their motley splendour. O look well upon her! the athlete of God in these turbulent and

changeful days! Whose heart is not stirred, whose pulses are not quickened at the sight? And it is upon the eve of these her pure and unmistakably spiritual virtues that the loving choice of God has elected our lot. The present, not the past, has the unutterable dearness to us of being God's appointment for us. He who knew us by His foresight, and loved us in His knowledge of us, has chosen for us. O worshippers of the past! think well of this, learn reverence from the thought, and recognise and love the choice which God has chosen for you. You are where you are—you have been born when you were born—because God saw it was, *for you*, the season wherein to save your souls, wherein to save your fellowmen, wherein to love and glorify Himself.

I must thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me all this while. I have now finished this portion of my task. I repeat—The true Idea of St. Philip is, that he was an especial likeness of Jesus granted to the Church, as a representative of the Modern Times; and that his match and brother in the Church was St. Francis. I hope that nothing I have said has been in any way displeasing to my holy Father St. Philip, nor to the great patriarch of Assisi, to whom I have owed so much, and whom I have loved so very tenderly for more years even than I have been a sheep of the one True Fold.

LECTURE THIRD.

ST. PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

THEY who have looked long and often on the pictures of St. Philip, and with a loving scrutiny that would fain find out the interpretation of that heavenly face, because he was their master and their father, to whom they had given, with the most unconditional surrender, the leading-strings of their life, have not failed to mark the pale freshness of his skin, from which the olive hue of an Italian complexion is entirely absent, and to wonder whether there might not be the northern blood of a German race mingling with the Italian in his veins. His small blue eyes, whose flashing changefulness forbade any painter to attempt their lustre or expression ; and the fact that he was a native of Tuscany, where families of German extraction dwelt, and German intermarriages abounded ; may have fostered the natural desire of a dweller on this side of the Alps to believe that Philip had in him the spirit of the northern nations, as well as that of the more highly favoured peninsula of the south. What is, however, more certain, is, that in the midst of his apostolic career at Rome, his eye, as his biographer tells us, was cast on "the northern parts of Europe" with an intense and painful sympathy, because of the desolating ravages of heresy in those far-off lands. From that sympathy came his command to Baronius to compose his famous Ecclesiastical Annals. It led him

also to take the warmest interest in the conversion of such transalpine heretics as might find their way to Rome. It may be about three hundred years since this anxiety in behalf of the "northern parts of Europe" was so keen in the capacious heart of St. Philip. Since then he has multiplied himself in his children, and wrought effectually by their hands for those distant countries. Hainault and Flanders saw him busy among their people. Brabant boasted its Oratory at Montaigu. Bavaria possessed him at Munich and at Auffhausen, and Austria in the crowded streets of Vienna; while five flourishing Oratories attested his benignant influence in Poland. Nearly all this was in the latter half of the seventeenth, and the first half of the eighteenth centuries: and now the middle of the nineteenth finds him trying, after his own fashion, to work his way into wealthy, powerful, proud, protestant, national England. How it will fare with him, who can say? But we are not concerned with prophecy just now.

In the two last Lectures, I have tried to give you what I believe to be a faithful idea of St. Philip, of his place, and work and influence in the Church of God; it only remains that I should try to shew whether in that idea of him we can discern any capabilities for English work, any peculiar reason for hoping that by the blessing of God he would suit England, and be a benediction to her shores, not in the way of startling conversions, of the evangelization of multitudes, of the impetuous success of controversies—those are not his departments,—but in his own special unobtrusive and hidden manner, which is so utterly his own that we can only style it "Philip's way." This is an interesting consideration, my Brethren, both for you and me, and it shall form the subject of this concluding Lecture.

It is easy to be narrow-minded and foolish about the love of one's own country ; but the English mind is one very susceptible of the influences of tradition, and therefore, like the German, eminently patriotic. To spend his whole boyhood amid her green landscapes—to grow up in her schools and universities—to feel, to see, to know, to touch the immense amount of goodness and of wisdom and of gentleness which he has inherited as an Englishman—to have drunk deeply of the various genial and abundant, though, alas ! corrupted, fountains of her religious life—to have taken his side with an English decisiveness in his historical enthusiasm in the contests which have been fought or debated or written about, on her fields, or within her parliaments and colleges—to have lingered with a not reluctant fondness of forgiving admiration over the honest earnestness and heroic self-sacrifice for principle of those whose principles he yet put from him—to have felt with the most intimate reality, which every succeeding year was strengthening and identifying more and more with his better self, that he was living in the mind of the nation, a part and a power in her institutions, his aspirations breathing in her spirit, his heart beating in her life and heat, her prayers his prayers, her hopes his hopes, her fears his fears, that all that England is or has was his, and he, of little worth truly, yet such as he was, all for England, and that his first thought on waking, and his fresh ratification of it on going to rest, should have long and steadily been, that because he was an Englishman and believed in the English religion, his lot had been thrown in fair places :—I say, that to have gone through all this, and to have come out of all this, because God commanded it, must leave a convert to the Catholic faith in England a man with a ruling passion still upon him, modified,

heightened, purified, but not a whit subdued in its affectionate intensity. He has no time to lose himself in poetic dreams about the conversion of England, of which there is not one betokening phenomenon. He has arrears of the hardworking years of a past youth to make up; he has to overtake the seasons that have gone by. He must be up and doing with a rough hand, a ready will, and a loving heart. This may, my Brethren, be the case with a number to whom I am now speaking; and if it is, you will respond to me when I say that the object which lies nearest to our hearts is, by God's help and our dear Lady's, to make our holy faith part of the national mind and life, to give an English look, to turn it into English channels, to endear it to English hearts, to teach it English words and English sounds, to obtain a bill of naturalization for it, not so much within the cold embrace of an Act of Toleration or a Repeal of Disabilities, as in the intimate depths of the religious aspirations; interests, sympathies, and seriousness of the good, earnest English people: for our holy faith, remember, is not a foreigner; she is but an outlaw with an older and more native right than that of those who have outlawed her.

Will St. Philip help us to do this? Here is our question for to-night.

I. Our first business, in endeavouring to find an answer to this question, must be to take a cursory and bird's-eye view of the present religious condition of England, in order that we may have a clear idea of the field of action into which St. Philip is descending to bear his part. The first object of our attention will of course be Catholicism itself. A very great increase of numbers, and that by no means confined to the less educated classes, combined with almost an indefinite amount of diminution of preju-

dice in those who are not of the fold, are facts too palpable to be denied. The growth and multiplication of the Religious Orders, which are the nerve and muscle of the Church, and the fostering zeal of the Holy See, which, never slack, seems of late years to have turned towards England with even greater fondness than before, are also symptoms which fill us with hope and joy. While they, who are best acquainted with the interior of our body, find a still more certain ground for thankful expectation in the growth of spiritual energy and the apparent abundance of grace, which is among us. The success of the Catholic educational movement, thanks to the concentrated energies of some who might be named, and the sights and sounds of material activity and episcopal vigour which are seen and heard combining in every diocese, all look like so many blessings of God upon His English vineyard; and fervent devotion to our Blessed Lady, and enthusiastic loyalty towards the Holy See, together with a growing frequentation of the Sacraments, are as it were the quicksilver by which the temperature and promise of our faith may be discerned. I need do no more than name these things to *you*, for they are doubtless a portion of your daily ponderings and prayers.

The National Establishment next courts the eye. Signs of doom have multiplied and are multiplying upon it. Its three schools of Latitudinarian, Evangelical, and High-Church principles are in the same pertinacious discord as ever, though just at the present moment the differences between the Latitudinarians and Evangelicals are unnamed, though not forgotten, while the two parties unite in raising the cry of almost ferocious triumph at the signal victory they have recently gained over the discomfited High-Churchmen. The merely political

character of the Establishment, as a simple branch of the Executive, has never been brought out so strongly before; while the babel of its angry and discordant divines, the seethings of its irreconcilable theories, the veerings and shiftings of its parties, the evolutions of its party leaders, like the tiresome doublings of a hare which ought to let itself be worried without more ado, the disclosures of its heterogeneous opinions in the almost incredible phenomenon of its late pamphleteering literature, have completely shaken its hold upon the respect of the people: and it never had diviner ground to build upon, unless the divine right of kings be tenable. Meanwhile that section of the Establishment which we naturally look upon with more especial interest, is at present in confusion and dismay. To the eyes of an affectionate impatience its partisans seem to proceed from their premisses to their conclusions somewhat more tardily than is fitting. They who have now through God's mercy the supernatural vision of faith, have much ado not to be disquieted, lest those whom they love should not at all times and altogether be corresponding to the movement of grace within their souls; and charity may not always find it easy to remember how little there may be of bitterness in unkind words spoken by bewildered men, or how much the first turmoils and agitations of conviction may be disclosed by the very vehemence of protestation. Men's principles are being tried beyond what they looked for. We must love them with patience; for they will not be angry with us long. If they speak evil of the Church, and her doctrines or devotions, they know not what they say. If they take hard views of the state of things among us, it is out of an honest ignorance or an unconscious prepossession. They must not be judged by their words and ways

just now : they are better men than they allow themselves to look. They will one day preach the faith which now they persecute, and they will let us be happy in their happiness over their new-found faith. If at present they tease their own co-religionists by tortuous views of equivocation and reserve, it may be in some measure their misfortune, and not altogether their fault. If they tire us by what looks like pride and perverseness, their position, perhaps, is more than they can bear. We must be content to give them line, and those, whom God has ordained thereto, will in His time be brought to shore. Think no thoughts of them, which will slacken prayer for them. An atmosphere of perplexity is over this earnest portion of the Establishment, and grace works within its twilight ; while the necessary stimulus of German theories, or the animal tranquillity of a less mischievous indifference, fill up, in clergy and laity, the gaps which the fierce life of party-spirit has been unable to replenish. The race of this national creation is well-nigh run ; the doomed thing is drawing to its close ; though they must know little of its wealth, wisdom, conservatism and manifold social fastenings who can cheer themselves with a confidence that its decrepitude and dotage will not be both wearisome and harsh. To many of us its undignified sufferings, and its dishonour so much more sudden than was looked for, is a truly painful spectacle. But it is the work of God's Hand, and He will not be unmindful of many a gentle and suffering soul He knows within its pale !

Dissent presents a not less interesting, because a more ignoble aspect. Presbyterianism, properly so called, as it was never so much a system of theology, as a platform of discipline, having no room to set up or try its legislation,

has in England almost died away into Socinianism. Indeed, so far back as the close of the seventeenth century, the trust-deeds of the Presbyterian meeting-houses were left as unconditional, and as unlimited in regard of dogma, as the Toleration Act would allow. So quickly had that sect worked out its volcanic Calvinism, and found its inherent sympathies with the colder but more endurable deductions of Socinus! In Scotland it lives, because it is established, and has room for its pet scheme of ecclesiastical legislation: as a doctrinal system there, it is a dry Calvinism watered down and weakened by the modern metaphysics of Edinburgh. In England it can hardly be called an influence at all. The Quakers and the Baptists, both General and Particular, have little theological life in them. The energy of both those sects is chiefly absorbed in external schemes of philanthropy, with little care for dogma at all. The goodness and zeal that are among them find a vent in those more respectable and business-like occupations. The cement is falling fast from the hastily but cleverly built edifice of Methodism; the wedge-like principle of protestant free judgment is splitting it up, as the pressure of spiritual monopoly, and an overbearing hierarchical domination drive it farther and farther into the mass. Methodism is wearing threadbare its own unintellectual vulgarity, in proportion as its spiritual freshness evaporates; though, like the disturbed surface of a lake, the distant rings of its influence will continue feebly to propagate themselves even when all life is dead at the heart. What remains of the vigour of the old Puritan life, with its fierce earnestness and grotesque heroism, seems to be preserved among the Independents, of whom it is not easy to speak without a kind of patriotic tenderness. There are more signs of life among them than

among any of the other dissenting bodies, and of a life entitled to respectful notice. If English dissent has any fresh conquests to make, we should expect them either from the Independents, or from a new development altogether; yet dissent seems past the day of its fertility. Peace be with it! It has a very interesting history, and is the most English-looking feature in the records of the last three hundred years, in spite of the Genevan stiffness engrafted on it. The Irvingites, whose apostles find themselves almost without disciples, and the Mormonites of the coal-pits, who in twos and threes draft themselves yearly to some American Sion hardly deserve notice as influences in the religious life of England. The Unitarians have a widespread name; but how much of that surface is but a mask for a much simpler and more straightforward form of infidelity, who can tell? Speaking, however, of those who are true Unitarians, it would seem that the younger and fresher part of the sect are deserting the old rigid school of Priestley and his unmanageably stiff rationalism. His was a point at which no collection of various minds could possibly arrest itself. Plain Deism was beyond them, and consequential, which is always a temptation; but it is poor food in the way of religion. The English Unitarians, therefore, have honestly diverged from Priestley, and are not ashamed of confessing it, in spite of all that Belsham, and Lindsey, and Cappe, and the Arian Price would have said of them. The new apostle around whom they have gathered themselves, and in whose light they fancy they have gained new life, is the German Schleiermacher, the inventor of a system midway between the supernaturalist and rationalistic views of the Gospel,

and much more poetical than the last*. His distinguishing feature is enthusiastic devotion for the person of the "Redeeming Founder of Christianity," whom he surrounds with a kind of cloudy and distempered hero-worship. He is said in Germany to have created an epoch in theology. It is remarkable how, in his later years, Dr. Arnold had a growing devotion to our Lord's Person, which yet any Catholic can see to be very far removed from our simple worship of Him, and animated by an altogether different idea. Yet it is not uncommon, in modern Unitarian books, to read, and still more to hear in their sermons, a style which must remind Catholics, and startle them while it reminds them, of orthodox expositions of devotions to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, our ever blessed Lord and God.

Unitarianism brings us to the outermost limits of dissent; and the English Unitarian disciples of Schleiermacher hand us over, almost unconsciously, to the new school of Transcendental Infidelity, which is spreading so rapidly among us. The literature of this school may be divided into three portions; first, what has been imported from Germany in the way of select translation, next the contributions of America, especially of the state of Massachusetts, and, lastly, what is English; and it is no mean sign of the times, that, amid the few English writers of this school, are to be found three clergymen of the Established Church, and some other graduates of the Protestant Universities. This is not the place to enter into an examination of the teaching of this school. It is sufficient to say, that, compared with the old school of English deism, discordantly represented by Toland, Blount,

* See the remarks on the "Eclectic Christology of Schleiermacher," in the dissertation on the "Dogmatic Import of the Life of Jesus," at the end of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

Shaftesbury, Collins, Woolston, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke, it is, as a system, much more attractive, and much less logical. In the imbecile torpor of the helpless and unhelpful Establishment, in the lazy decrepitude or pusillanimous factiousness of the various departments of English dissent, and in the necessity of stimulus for the superabundant supply of racy youthful intellect in this generation, the Transcendental Infidelity is spreading with great rapidity among the young. It is becoming decidedly a power in the country, and, whatever may be the intellectual price we put upon it, the merest accidental influence is influence, and deeply interesting to those who are engaged in saving souls. An evil, of which the young are the especial victims, is doubly interesting to the followers of St. Philip. Even the Edinburgh Review is taking the alarm, and dealing out dire denunciations against the writers of this school, some of whom may, perhaps, be ill-natured enough to think it hard they should be so visited for conclusions of which they thought they infallibly discerned the premises in the pages of the same Review. Neither do they see clearly any greater divergence between their popular Christianity or "Christian Theism," and the orthodox Protestantism, than between the same national orthodoxy and the new-fashioned Christianity propounded in the brief *Summa Theologiæ* appended by Sir James Stephen by way of Epilogue to his Essays. Thus you see the character of our controversies is changing; and if polemics are to be our atmosphere, the Puritan is a more interesting controversy than the Anglican, because it brings us into collision with deeper principles; and the Infidel Controversy, which seems likely to supersede them both, is more interesting than either, not only because it is fresher

and more to the purpose, but because it gives a wider field, and—would there were any rational ground for adding!—fairer foes.

But there is still a large portion of English society, not a class, but a portion, fragments of many classes, which is not embraced within any of the foregoing descriptions. It is the immense multitude of English men and English women, who simply have no religion, and do not care to have one, because they experience no want of it. Just as dress is a part of civilization, and the style of dress a part of the reigning fashion, so too there are religious conventionalities and forms which these persons are not without, nay, might be uncomfortable without, just as a man is uneasy in the street when he is conscious that he is either singularly or badly dressed; and as, of these forms and conventionalities, the most respectable, as well as the most innocuous in their bearing on daily life and interference with self-indulgence, are those of the Established Religion, the great bulk of this multitude add to the power of resistance of the conservative element of Anglicanism: for our national character in this century is decidedly more Anglican than Puritan. An animal life of industrial utilitarianism, combined with a great deal of domestic amiability, drowsy benevolence and very moderate accomplishments, may be taken as a fair description of this section of our fellow-countrymen. A few young men in town, and a number of persons residing in the provinces, manage to find in the dulness of modern politics, out of which all the nerve and charm of principle have gone, enough life to satisfy their appetite for energy. The majority find greater stimulus, and certainly a much completer recreation, in a smattering of some one or more of the physical sciences. This multitude too may be

called a power in the country, first, simply because of its bulk, and next because of its resistance and opaqueness.

Such is the aspect which the superficialities of English society presents to our view; and, with two exceptions, the features of it are lassitude, selfishness, indifference, exhaustion, decrepitude, and the prognostics of a most uninteresting dissolution. Those two exceptions are the Catholic aggression on the country, and the New Infidel School: and may not he be called "a dastard, whom such foretaste doth not cheer"? Surely, when light and darkness are ranged in separate, cognizably separate armies, there will be consolation in the warfare, however bloody it may be. But that phase of the warfare is not yet. Meanwhile we shall want for our work many powers, many saints, many stout-hearted operatives with all manner of religious habits and secular apparel upon them; and God will bless us and send us all we want. My question is a narrower one—what can St. Philip do in all this? What can he bring out of his peculiar genius, as depicted in the last two Lectures, that will be good service for England?—St. Ignatius is here to help; he has been long in the field, has won his ground, and, as ever with him, has stoutly kept what he has conquered. St. Alphonso too has come; not little is the trust we put in him: St. Benedict too is in the field, and others, and they will multiply. The Venerable Paul of the Cross sees now, what was once but prophetic vision to his eye, the meek bearing and the unworldly habit of his discoloured children on the green fields of England.

II. There are two ways in which St. Philip can speak to us and work with us in England, and which flow naturally from his spirit and genius as already described. The one is by correcting, modifying, or purifying ex-

ternal defects under which we labour, and imparting to us an interior spirit which improves, while it is congenial to, our own. The other is by the adaptation to our tempers, tastes, and necessities, of certain external modes of working, which belong, and are, to some extent, peculiar to himself. And St. Philip's fitness for the English people does not rest in any, or in all separately, of these points, but in the accumulation and convergence to them all in his one idea: neither does the display or application of his fitness belong by any means exclusively to his own Congregation; for his spirit is the spirit of the Secular Clergy, and to them does he belong, and they can use his arts and walk upon his ways: we of his Congregation have no exclusive property in our dear Founder; he is the property of the Secular Clergy always and everywhere: and this fact will enable me to speak more freely and more broadly of St. Philip's work in England than I could have done, had I thought the holy Father was with us his more immediate children, who wear his livery, and with no one else.

1. I will speak of the internal spirit first.

When an old man looks back upon a long life of alternate good and evil fortune, he not only sees the mistakes he has made, but, in the calmness of the unimpassioned retrospect, he sees the principle which has actuated him in all his blunders, and discerns the character of the evil genius which has haunted him. So it is in the study of history. In the long chronicles of centuries, we come to see the evil genius which has from time to time come in the way of a nation, and misled it. One of the worst of the evil geniuses of England has been nationalism. It was in a measure forced upon us by our insular position, then concentrated by the loss of our

continental possessions, and last of all exaggerated in our self-multiplication in colonies. It has been the cause of almost all that is little and pusillanimous in us, and has retarded us in all growths, except that of material and industrial prosperity, which it was not its business to hinder, but which perhaps it rather forwarded. I see no reason against conceding this. In religion it produced the Establishment, and, in saying that, how much is involved! At present the great Catholic movement throughout the world is distinguished by nothing so much as the clear ascendancy of the grand, magnanimous and vigorous principle of Ultramontanism. It is the tendency of modern civilization to render more and more nugatory and indistinct all national separations, peculiarities of blood, and territorial boundaries. Philosophy, science, diplomacy, literature, feeling, all go the same way. But to what centre? It is hard to say. So far it has mimicked the divine Catholic system. But we have our sacred centre, all the more sacred because it seems so frail, the Roman Throne, the image of the Throne Invisible.

You will not think that I am trifling with you, then, when I make much of St. Philip's being especially a Roman Saint; indeed, in a sense in which no other Saint ever was, since authority itself has named him Rome's apostle. Whatever drifts our affections more and more towards Rome—whatever increases in us a mysterious love and loyal homage towards the Jerusalem of Catholics, whose claim to our respect rests no more on the character of its populace than did the claims of the Holy City of David on the virtues of the rabble that chose Barabbas—whatever inspires us with a fondness for all that breathes of Rome, and looks like Rome—whatever instils into our hearts that old religious instinct which bade our Saxon kings come down from off their thrones and wander in

enthusiastic pilgrimage to that strange old city of ruins and of tombs, where God has fixed St. Peter's living Throne, a Throne all eyes world-encompassing, all hands world-subduing, all wisdom world-inspiring—whatever makes that home and hearth of Christendom dearer to us, and each day more dear,—is a real and substantial blessing. Out of it will come Catholic life. Out of it will come generous strength, and health. Look at the Church of France, who so nobly leads the way, oblivious of her old selfish Gallican glories. Look at America, and her robust young Church. See! it is the instinct of the earth, everywhere awakening to the faith, with its wide and princely episcopate, to rise up and throw itself on Rome, and to lean all its weight upon that central point which the finger of God has touched, and which will sustain the world, when all else shall rock to and fro. Is there no significance then in the coming of Rome's own apostle to help us in the fight, and to pitch his quiet but busy little tent amid those of the host of God, waiting for the battle, the tents of Israel that are beautiful as "tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched, as cedars by the water-side?"

The other nations of Europe say of us, and it cannot be denied that there is some truth in the reproach, that we are not a happy people. It has been said of us by one of our own writers that we have produced the greatest poets of any nation in the world, and yet are ourselves, of all nations, the least poetical; and that the lack of poetry betokens or causes, or both, the want of happiness. This is perhaps an exaggeration; and it is at any rate more true of the higher than of the lower orders. It must be acknowledged, however, that without doubt the aspect of our character is sober, serious, solemn, nay, not unfrequently sour and sombre. We are wanting in light-heartedness. We should have more energy, or

perhaps elasticity would be a truer word, if our spirits were more gay. Foreigners exaggerate this. They always misunderstand us. We are as hard a people to understand as any on the face of the earth. No one can lead an Englishman, but an Englishman. No one can persuade an Englishman, but an Englishman: neither Scotchman, nor Irishman, much less a man from overseas. It may be part of our pride. It may be something else. But so it is.

It fell to my lot some time ago to have to read some American books, which surely are next-door to English. But the very thing that struck me was, "What different principles the Americans reason on from what we do! Arguments like these would never persuade men in Oxford or in London." We shut ourselves up, and make ourselves a hundred times more gloomy in appearance than we are in reality. But, now, was this our national character in the old ages? Why, our very nick-name was "Merrie England;" and merry did not only mean that her fields were greener than anybody else's fields, but that her hearts were as light, her faces as bright, and her words as blythe, nay, I will say it, because of her freedom, lighter, brighter, and blither. "It is an enemy hath done this." It is our evil genius of Puritanism, and that, too, as history testifies, not a native genius, but a foreign one naturalized, from Frankfort and Geneva; burnt into a generation together with the gall and bitterness of exile and the rancour of religious strife. You will say, all this is an argument against St. Philip because he is a foreign Saint. But I answer that it is not: first, because I cannot admit that, in matter of religion, anything from Rome is or can be foreign anywhere; and next, because St. Philip translates himself into English,

and makes himself into a number of Englishmen before he comes, and gives his spirit to many more (may it be a growing number!) than are called by his sweet name. And what I am bent upon saying now, is, that his peculiar spirit of playfulness, and gaiety, and tenderness, and insinuating variety, and graceful pliability, and sunshiny religion, is just what we want to neutralize our puritanism, which has impaired, by disgusting, all the earnestness of the land.

Then, again, simplicity was one of Philip's foremost graces. He was quite Franciscan in this respect. No one studies his life, without catching a love of this un-earthly simplicity. If you give yourself up to St. Philip, and lay yourself open to his spirit, his simplicity will enter into you, and be a living spirit within you. It will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength. And is not our want of simplicity quite a curse upon us just now? Such a crookedness in everything, such a diseased disingenuousness of tastes, and antiquarianisms, and politics, and tryings to get a-head of each other! Such tortuous morals about political rights, and the relations of rich and poor, of buyer and seller, of borrower and lender, of giver and receiver! Such a multitude of words, and flood of professions, and solemnity of oral pledges to a comparative non-existence of actions performed and promises redeemed! No one knows what to lean upon, or what to believe in, or whom to trust, or how to be consistent. Every one is un-simple. Doubt gnaws at the heart of everything, and a levity, whose very effervescence is of a bitter spirit, is the child of doubt. Men use old names for new things. Faith is a cant word in their schools, and means no one knows what; only that in their pain men talk loud of

faith, in order to stun the sense of scepticism, and then, strangest unsimplicity of all! become sceptical by doggedly making up their minds to doubt nothing, but to believe in everything. Then trade makes us lie, and agriculture makes us lie, and machinery makes us lie, and pauperism makes us lie, and diplomacy keeps us lying, which was its old trade; and now, from the new ethics of reserve which the hard-handed necessity of subscription to contradictories has caused suffering men to excogitate, the national religion sets us lying, and, last of all, as it compels infidels to call themselves by dissenting names to keep up respectability and appearances, even our good, honest, national prejudice against freethinking sets us lying too. The manifold wickednesses of the world are in a conspiracy to set plain blunt Englishmen lying. Now, if St. Philip can catch but seven thousand men up and down the metropolis and the manufacturing towns, and make them open, simple, truthful to a fault, with their hearts on their lips or in their hands, we shall have in England as great a number of the right kind of men, with the blessing of God in them, as there were children of Israel, the strength and leaven of the land, who in the bad times of Achab had not bowed their knees before Baal, nor "worshipped him kissing the hands." He can have but little confidence in St. Philip, who can despair of his doing at least this.

There is another element of St. Philip's school which eminently fits him for England. The whole tendency of his teaching is to put the force of religion into its internal spirit, its hidden life. He does not, of course, with the one-sidedness of a false teacher eschew ritual, or the accessories of beauty and art, in worship. No one less so. He has even more of the spirit of Clugni than of

Citeaux about him, despite those naked catacombs. Time was when his sons were the chief interpreters of rubrics at Rome; and wheresoever there has been an Oratory, there, as circumstances allowed, have music and painting found a home, and become an integral part of the Oratorian movement and the Oratorian life. Still he did in a very unusual way lay a marked stress on internals, on the unseen interests of the soul as taking precedence of everything, on cleanness of heart, on interior union with God, on delicacy of conscience and utter loathing of sin, on detachment from creatures and on the atmosphere of prayer. He was frightened of forms, and times, and change of apparel, and conventionalities, and all externals, until the spiritualities had had all their rights and precedencies solemnly and authentically and unquestionably guaranteed to them. Now this was the very meaning, the power, the spell, the significancy, the endurance of puritanism. This is the thoroughly English view of religion, and no other view will take root among us. Men sickened of the Establishment because its forms were only forms, and its conventionalities had neither heat nor grasp in them. This drew the bulk of the lower orders from it. Englishmen will not be converted by the outsides of things, no matter how proper and decorous, or how beautiful and orthodox those outsides may be. This is the simple arcanum of the Oratory, its Sampson's lock. This is the ruling principle of St. Philip's institute; take that away, and the Oratory is no more.

There is still another, and a yet more interior function which St. Philip is well calculated to perform for us. It directly concerns ourselves and the Church, but of course indirectly, as benefiting the Church, it runs over and blesses the nation also. We all see and acknowledge,

(we confess our surprise at it in conversation,) the abundance of grace, actual grace, which God seems to have been giving of late outside the Church, in order to bring men within the one true fold of salvation. We ought equally to acknowledge, what is of far higher import, the copious pouring out of more than common supplies of grace within the fold itself, in order to higher degrees of holiness, greater heights of perfection, more sublime vocations, and closer union with God. Where shall we look for a system of spiritual direction fitted for the circumstances of England, and able to control the highly educated minds which are most often the subjects of these extraordinary graces? We are all busy with our missionary duties. Souls on the brink of perdition have a prior claim to souls in spiritual difficulties and interior trials. Our missionary occupations press us to the earth; we have no time to turn ourselves to anything else; the penury of priests is the only limit to our work and our success. Books will not supply the place of living directors; grace does not promise to sustain itself without them. If we train our penitents on the Italian liberty of spirit exclusively, they become lax, and indifferent to little things. An Englishman is not an Italian. If we subject them to the minute discipline of French regimental spirituality, they become scrupulous, narrow-minded, tame and pusillanimous. An Englishman is still less a Frenchman. If we should happen to be agreed that the Spanish mixture of gallantry and common sense is the most English style, as we see it developed in St. Theresa and Baltasar Alvarez, still there are modifications necessary; and again there is English valetudinarianism to be reckoned for, as a disturbing force. It is like getting into a magnetic current: we must look to our bearings,

else we shall land we know not where. And, after all, books will not do, by themselves. We want tutoring. When God granted to the French Church the wonderful movement of the seventeenth century, He raised up an astonishing school of spiritual directors among them, and Saints blossomed in those days in France, as thick as the blooms on the apple-tree by the paved road-side. Now who so likely to help us in this work as St. Philip? and that not among his own children only, or even chiefly, God forbid! they have no business to be first in anything; it is not their vocation. No! through the length and breadth of the land he must do it. To teach perfection in the world was his foremost mission. "Early and late, getting and spending," when or where was the world so much in us and upon us and around us, thick, stifling, inextricable, as it is in English society of the nineteenth century. Why, St. Philip never had such a battle-field before. And he knows it, and he has made up his mind to do great things, greater than you and I have a dream of. On earth he was a man who, when he willed a thing, did it; and wills are freer in Heaven, both to plan and to do, than they were on earth. If God has given His servant St. Philip liberty in England, he will run his race, and come to the end whereto he was sent.

2. You see I am obliged to go quickly over my ground. Take these as some of the interior ways in which St. Philip's spirit will confirm and corroborate our spirit, and purify and heighten what is foolish, low, crooked, or amiss in ours. Now let us say a few words of his outward ways.

When George Whitfield preached, it was not only the grim-faced colliers with tears making white gutters down their faces, or the excited groups of sun-burnt plough-

men, who threw themselves before him and let the lava of his impetuous heart run over them and do what it would with them. But Hume and Franklin, Pulteney, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, "maids of honour and lords of the bed-chamber," came to hear him. Nay, dignified bishops of the Establishment hid themselves behind curtains to listen to the tapster of a Gloucester tavern. Yet the poor servitor of Pembroke College had only a poor pittance of Oxford lore about him. He was there but a little while, and of that little while the most had been spent in praying and fasting with the two Wesleys at Lincoln College, or in meditating and fighting with the evil one for whole nights together in the wet grass of Christchurch meadow. His power was first of all in the heart and the simplicity and the interior doctrine of his preaching. Bating his heresy, he preached just as St. Philip would have taught him to preach if he had been an Oratorian novice, which, unluckily for his poor soul, George Whitfield never was. And, secondly, his power was in the fact that the English are a *hearing* people. A popular author of the day, of much power and more onesidedness, and whose works are full of a prelusive Gibbonlike infidelity, in enunciating with his usual breadth one of the half-truths, which are at once his characteristic and his strength, complains of the English taste for hearing. Be it so: yet it is a *fact*, and you must rule people with their wills, before you can rule them against their wills: and if you believe in individual souls you cannot afford to lose time in saving them. The "dumb dogs," the non-preaching clergy of old times, are a proverb in English history; puritanical life was in preaching; the magic of Methodism was in preaching; Whitfield preached on an average forty hours a week for

many years. You cannot drive out the English taste for preaching by ritual or aught else. You must convert them by the excess of the foolishness of preaching, before you can mould them more to your mind, if you wish to do so. Benedict XIV. mentions St. Philip's remarkable devotion to Savonarola; it almost gave offence; the Sacred Congregation of Rites, however, found no fault in it, and took no scandal at it. This devotion of their holy Father is not likely to escape the minute and thoughtful attention of his children. When all Rome first rang with Philip's name, what was it men said that he had done? Established the "daily Word of God:" that was the very protestant-sounding phrase that passed from mouth to mouth, from the Vatican to Santa Croce, from the Porta del Popolo to St. Paul's beyond the Walls: established the daily Word of God! Think of his times, of men's wants, of nascent protestantism, of the working of minds, of the irresistible thirst for doctrine that was throwing off swarm after swarm of heresy, fast as the steam-press flings forth the sheets of the popular journal of our day—and then what wisdom, what significance, what an austere, single, divine idea—"established the daily Word of God"! You see, St. Philip's outward dress no less than his hidden spirit, fits England to a nicety. If the land had been measured for him and for his Oratory, the fit could not have been completer.

It can hardly be denied that there is a Protestant *look* about St. Philip's Oratory, especially in England, where men, in gazing on Catholicism, fix their eye just on what separates it off from the national religion, and on this exclusively. A first look detects differences; the perception of points of agreement comes later on. A Protestant conventicle resounds with a vernacular hymn,

characterized by its frequent repetition of the name of Jesus: so did St. Philip's Oratory at Rome some half century before conventicles were invented. The multitudes of England follow after Methodism because of its incessant preaching: the multitudes of Rome with equal admiration followed St. Philip because of his daily Word of God. The Oratory, with its prayer-meetings, its familiar use of holy names, its vernacular hymns, its prominence given to preaching, its homely style, is older than Puritanism in England, and it sprung up in the Sacred City itself, under the shadow of St. Peter's Chair, and the Church has canonized the man who set it going: here is our *fact*. What does it mean? Or is it unmeaning? Suppose we say, as we have said, that it was the remedy God provided for the very state of things in which poor England finds itself, and that, interpretation does not please, at least the fact remains, and must have its meaning put upon it. The "methodism" of the Oratory is a purely Catholic birth, and is a century and a half older than Methodism proper. How is this, unless St. Philip be the representative of Modern Times, their Godfather and their Saint?

Surely the English people are greatly in need of holyday and recreation. These long hours of work, these unwholesome atmospheres, these steel-filings, soap-boilings, poison-polished cards, stereotype-plate castings, gasometers, tan-pits, vitriol-works, and the rest of it, well-nigh drain the life out of a man. His gloomy, wearisome, slowfooted Sunday is all he has for his own; almost to be accounted lucky if, sometimes, work even then interferes with the dead weight of his reflective unhappiness on that day. The English artisans are in need of recreation. They will be a happier people when they

have it, and a holier people when they are happier. Yet you must make a man happy in his own way. A king and an archbishop have no divine right to issue a book of sports, and thrust happiness down men's throats, against their will and out of their own way. As matters are at present, it is most unlikely that the great multitude of serious England will find their recreation otherwise than in their religion. Anyhow, some will look for it there, and some in scientific meetings, literary institutes, and political clubs. Now let us take the first half of the question first. Some will look for their recreation in religion. Given the hypothesis—there have been wilder ones—that St. Philip had an Oratory in all the large towns, or places opened on the model of an Oratory. The evening comes; the gates of the factories are thrown wide open; the streets are filled with crowds of artisans, each one of whom is full of noblest capabilities of good, and the worst has an immortal soul. He has time to go home, to wash, to rest, to refresh himself. After all that toil there must be excitement; there can be no rest without it. He goes, if he wills, and hundreds do will, to the Oratory. If he is early he can pray in silence; he can visit the altars; the pictures and the images soothe him and teach him; the silence round the tabernacle of the Most Holy excites him and heats him into more loving prayer. The hour comes; he can join in the English prayers, respond to the Litanies, share the Paters and the Aves, in his own Saxon tongue, which is much to his heart's content. Then he can sing, at least in his way; everybody sings there, why not he? he is a hymn-loving animal, as his puritan fathers were before him; this is yet more to his heart's content. Then comes the sermon; a stranger or chance dropper-in would

think it portentously long in most cases; the fact is, it was not meant for him; the place is a factory of sermons, meant for people who make a nightly business of hearing; the artisan is an Englishman, and thus a hearing animal, and so this is most of all to his heart's content. So he joins in the next hymn more joyously still; then, perhaps, the altar glows with its starry lights, and he can go home with no less a benediction than His who made him, given to him there and then in His own gracious Bodily Presence. Or if there be aught upon his mind, his Lord is waiting in the free confessionals, ready to bleed balm upon his wounds, and send him home happy, if any son of earth there be that night who is so. What does he think, that body and that soul of his, of Philip's recreation?

I wonder what St. Philip would have thought of a People's Hall or a Mechanics' Institute. One thing I am quite certain of, that he would not have let them alone. That "old man of sixty, and wonderful in many respects, and of astonishing prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual exercises," of whom Ancina spoke in 1576, in his letter written May the 28th, this very day, would have had *his* People's Hall and *his* Mechanics' Institute, and had his daily Word of God after a fashion within their precincts, just as he had his processions, and his pilgrimages, and his frolics and picnics in vineyards for carnival times and the like: for Philip's "Word of God" includes many things; it is not mere missionary preaching; it included Baronius' Annals with all its secular learning. Perchance men may some day hear St. Philip lecture on Physical Geography, on the danger of Biela's Comet, or the Physiognomy of Plants in a Mechanics' Institute, or on English Literature, or the

Principles of Poetry in a People's Hall. He has been seen in odder places, and to some purpose, before now. His views are anything but narrow. You may trust him for that.

Now here is a Saint in the Roman Calendar, who founded a Congregation three hundred years ago; and, strange to say! he made it a fundamental rule of its communities that they should be fixed in large towns. For himself he never slept out of Rome for a good part of a century. No green fields, no wood-encircled monasteries, no countrified noviciates, nor even a house of studies in the fresh air were his children to have. In the murky alleys, in the half-eternal fog, in the cheerless sight of odds and ends of blue sky now and then seen between the housetops, in the din and whirl, in the fret and "slow fever," as one of his holiest children called it, of half-hourly interruptions, they were to live in their cells, and pray as if they were in a wilderness, and preach as if they were in a heathen land; and when their faces got white and their limbs aching, and their heads stunned and good for nothing, then they might off to some country-house for a while to get gulps of fresh air, which they were to take in with all reasonable rapidity, like men drinking uncomfortably in a hurry. Now is not this just what we want? It is as if the old man, the type of Modern Times, saw far onward. These large towns, unheard-of terrifying agglomerations of overworked and not over-contented people, sprinkled like black charged storm-clouds all over the land—these are our dread, our difficulty, our problem, our opprobrium medicorum reipublicæ. Who will undertake to draw off their electricity in safe and regulated ways? The poor Establishment? Alas! Lord Nelson used to say—and it was the first moral

lesson, perhaps, that some of us remember to have been taught—that he owed everything in life to his always being a quarter of an hour before his time. The Established Religion has just been the reverse. Its characteristic has been, that it has always been a quarter of an hour behind its time; and so it has let the large towns slip, irretrievably now. I think St. Philip could do something for them, which they would not be sorry to see done. Anyhow, his spirit is the spirit of large towns, unmistakeably so; and it is therefore quick to sympathize with the masses, which is what we want in England so much just now, not a kindness or a condescension, not a cricket-club or a Victoria park, but a generous, cordial, human give-and-take sympathy with the masses. And the youth of large towns—it goes wandering about: poor shepherdless thing! it is Philip's flock, the flock of his choice, his first-love; it will hear his voice, as of a shepherd, and know it though it heard it not before, and gather together, and be in peace and joy and gay liberty of spirit round about the dear old Saint. One such troop of factory youths in a dozen large towns, and St. Philip's work will be worth England's having.

And now, my dear Brethren, I have finished my little task. I have spoken to you very familiarly. I have often forgotten that you are not all Oratorians; but indeed I am sure that in one sense you are so, if to love St. Philip, and to wish to love him more, be as good a badge as the black cassock and boylike turn-down collar of the Oratorian habit. And now I wish I could tell you how much I love you all, and how earnestly I beg St. Philip to bless you. What have I meant by all I have said? St. Philip has come among us: what will he do? Convert England? No! no! hard work and no

dreams—that is St. Philip's watch-word to his people. Let me tell you what the great and good Baronius once said of St. Philip, when the Saint had gone to his glory. "What shall I say of that Father, who, being present with me and having aided me in everything, has so many times begotten me with the *Apostolic spirit*, and with the *same spirit* has from my youth up kept me in check, and restrained me from the slipperiness of my boyhood inclined to evil, and brought into subjection to the divine laws the untamed colt of my youth, and set Jesus Christ to sit thereon?"—I repeat—St. Philip has come among us—what will he do? Miracles? Very likely—but that is short of what we want, and in no wise to the purpose. Convert England? No. Do things which will make men look in wonderment on Rome's Apostle? No. What then will he do? I will tell you;—something which a man of the world would think, for its very littleness, a most "lame and impotent conclusion" to all I have said: he will save the souls in England which God sends him to save; and, among them, may there be found every soul of you, my Brethren, and the souls of all my fathers and brothers, and, by a stretch of grace, my own!



MEMOIRS
OF
FATHER RIPA,

DURING
THIRTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF PEKING
IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA;

WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE FOR THE EDUCATION
OF YOUNG CHINESE AT NAPLES.

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN,

By FORTUNATO PRANDI.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following pages are a condensation of the most interesting portions of Father Ripa's 'History of the Chinese College,' published at Naples in 1832, in three volumes octavo. For any amusement or instruction that the reader may derive from their perusal, he will be indebted to Sir Woodbine Parish. But for him, Father Ripa's work, like those of several other modern Italian historians, of far greater merit, would never, perhaps, have been known in this country. Sir Woodbine Parish had himself intended to publish it in English, connected with the map of Peking, which he obtained at the Chinese College at Naples. Other more important avocations having prevented him from executing his intention, the task has fallen to the share of the actual translator. The original title has not been retained, because the present abridgment is more intended to give the passages relating to China, than those concerning the institution to which the Italian work is especially devoted.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting to the English reader to know that it was from Father Ripa's foundation that Lord Macartney obtained two interpreters for his embassy.

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FATHER RIPA'S

RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF PEKING.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life—An Impressive Sermon—Duty of a Confessor—Resolution to enter the Church—Mysterious Vision—Order to proceed to China—Departure for Rome—Sojourn in the Ecclesiastical College.

IN the year 1700, as I was strolling one day about the streets of Naples in search of amusement, I came to the open space before the Viceregal Palace just at the moment when a Franciscan friar, mounted on a bench, began to address the people. I was only eighteen; but though so young, I was then leading a life which I could scarcely describe without shocking the reader. Amid all my vices, however, it was fortunate for me that I always listened with pleasure to religious discourses, not indeed with a view to derive any profit or instruction from them, but merely out of curiosity. The preacher took for his text these words of the prophet Amos, "For three transgressions of Damascus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof;" and he proved that there were a certain number of sins which God would forgive, but that beyond that number there is no salvation for any one. From the proofs he passed to the morality of the doctrine, and here he brought in the beautiful illustration of the scales, which, when equally balanced, the smallest addition will weigh down. "Thus," said the worthy father, "if when our sins are equal to our counterpoise we commit one more offence, the beam on which our lot is weighed will turn and fix our eternal perdition; and as we do not know when our scales are balanced, if we transgress at the risk of such a punishment, we deserve condemnation."

This was not to me a mere figurative illustration, it was a gleam of heavenly light by which I perceived the dangerous path I was treading; and methought I saw God himself menacing me from above, while below the torments of hell lay ready to receive me. On recovering from the horror I felt at the sight of the danger to which I had so long thoughtlessly exposed myself, I ardently thanked the Almighty for thus recalling me to Himself, and full of repentance, I resolved to devote the remainder of my life entirely to his service. When the Franciscan had finished his impressive sermon, to strengthen my purpose I proceeded at once to the church of the great apostle of India, St. Francis Xavier, which was close by; and there, having found a Jesuit, who, by the will of God, was preaching on the same subject in the presence of the Host, I had the most favourable opportunity of fulfilling my object.

At dusk I returned home, and as I began to consider how I might best serve God, I felt inspired with a desire not only to enter the Church, but to do something more than this, though in spite of unceasing meditations I was unable to discover what. I thought of entering several religious orders, but none came up to my aspirations. I imagined that I should find peace in the performance of the duties of a secular priest; but this did not satisfy the cravings of my heart: as one who is hungry, after eating a moderate portion of delicate food, still longs for something more. This something more was, however, exactly what I could not discover; but by degrees I conceived a strong wish to found a new community of regular priests, although I was far from comprehending the character of such an institution. I said nothing of this to any confessor, because I was so ignorant in religious matters, that I did not know that even in the path of virtue it is necessary to have a guide. In this state of ignorance I lived for eight months, now confessing to one priest and now to another, without ever meeting with any one who took any pains to direct my way. A fault, by the bye, for which those confessors who merely listen to sinners without endeavouring to point out to them the vocation for which they are fitted, will have to account to God. Fortunately, however, I made the acquaintance of Don Niccolo Vinaccia, who recommended me to read the *Filotea* of St. François de Sales, by which I per-

ceived the necessity of having a spiritual guide; and on the 10th of May, 1701, at the suggestion of Don Niccolo, I confessed for the first time to Father Antonio Torres, of the Order of the Pious Labourers, to whom I avowed my desire to enter the Church, and implored his advice. This benevolent man, as was his custom, had held me clasped in his arms; but on hearing my prayer, he suddenly drew back, opening his arms, and fixed his eyes on me for some time without uttering a word. Then embracing me again with transport, but without asking any question, as confessors are wont to do in order to ascertain the vocation of their penitents, he exclaimed, "Yes, my son; take holy orders, and henceforward I will be your father in God;" and happy has it been for me that he has been my spiritual director ever since.

With the approbation of this holy father, I entered the Church on the 26th of the same month; and having been enrolled in the congregation of the Holy Mary of Purity, I began the duties of active life, doing my best to promote the salvation of those around me. But I felt all the time that I was called to something else, and my desire to institute a new religious community became more and more strong. To the glory of God, for it is our duty to acknowledge his wonderful works, I must relate what then befell me with reference to this institution.

In consequence of indisposition, I was obliged to go with another young priest, who was very ill, to the Montagnola for change of air. We remained there about six months. My companion was an excellent young man, and as I devoted some attention to my spiritual improvement, I may venture to say that, thanks to his good example, my time was piously spent. One day, as my friend was at prayers in his room, and I in mine, I was seized with an ardent desire to retire to some place where I might acquire the knowledge necessary to an ecclesiastic, when all at once a clear and audible voice thrilled through my soul, saying, "to Rome."

I was struck with awe; and whilst, absorbed in thought, I wondered at the mysterious sound, a motley multitude of things floated before my mind, not in corporeal or spiritual forms, but in a purely intellectual manner which I cannot describe. It was then impressed upon my mind that the institution I was so

anxious to establish was to consist of secular priests, wholly removed from worldly cares, and exclusively devoted to prayer, study, and preaching; and that in order that nothing might divert them from these pursuits, another class of ecclesiastics, like the Pious Labourers, should minister to their temporal wants. That, as to dress, those of the first class should wear a habit different from that of any other religious community; with no hood or cap on their head, but with some other covering; not with shoes or sandals, but shod in another fashion. This vision was short, but it made such an impression on my mind, that although it took place more than thirty years ago, I remember it as distinctly as if it had happened but yesterday.

On the completion of my twenty-third year, by the express command of Father Torres, I repaired to Salerno to be ordained. The day before my departure, when I went to take leave of him, he bade me on my return begin my novitiate as Pious Labourer; and although I answered that I felt no inclination to such a vocation, he insisted on my obeying him unreservedly. I therefore conformed to his will; but whilst, as I journeyed on, my mind dwelt on my being thus obliged to become a Pious Labourer, though I had the greatest veneration for that religious order, I felt so sad and depressed, that I could scarcely walk. However, being determined to obey Father Torres, I waited upon him as soon as I came back to Naples, and requested an order of admission to my novitiate. He had returned from Rome only the day before, and was surrounded by a number of his penitents. The moment he saw me, he said, "Good morning to you, good man; prepare for China."

I was surprised, and wondered what he could mean; for I had never heard any thing about China. Perceiving this, Father Torres added, that China was a nation of idolaters, who, from want of labourers in the Gospel, lived in the darkness of heathenism; that Clement XI., the reigning Pope, with a view to remedy this evil, had recently attached to the Propaganda a college for the instruction of European ecclesiastics in the Chinese language, that they might carry the light of the Holy Gospel to those benighted heathens, and that accordingly his Holiness had commanded him to send some of his penitents to Rome for that purpose.

As Father Torres spake these words, the mist which filled my mind vanished, and I now, greatly to my wonder, perceived that this was the very service to which God had called me. When we were left alone, I asked him whether he had spoken in jest or in earnest, as in the latter case I would go to China willingly. "Whether you will or not, to China you shall go," he replied.

"How then can I pass my novitiate with you, if I am to enter the college at Rome in order to go to China?" said I.

At first he did not understand me, for he had forgotten that he had ordered me to become a Pious Labourer; but after I had reminded him of this, he answered, "Pious Labourer! Pious Labourer! God has destined you for the Chinese mission."

This made me perfectly happy; and I walked home so elevated in spirit, that I scarcely felt the ground I trod on.

On the 26th of November, 1705, I set out for Rome with Don Gennaro Amodei, a Calabrian priest, who also had been proposed by Father Torres for the Chinese mission. We reached our destination on the 30th, and were kindly received by our superiors, and by the Pope, to whom they presented us. Our apartments in the Propaganda not being yet ready, we took up our quarters at an inn; but as it is not decorous for ecclesiastics to dwell in places of this description, and moreover, as we had no money to pay the landlord, we resolved to seek refuge in the Ecclesiastical College, erected by Innocent XII. for the purpose of rescuing houseless priests from the dangers of lodging-houses. We still however had to pay about twenty shillings a month for our board and lodging; and as we had nothing towards making up this sum but the five pence a-day we got for the mass, I was obliged, with great shame and reluctance, to ask alms in order to provide the remainder. *economic necessities*

That I might reduce my expenses as much as possible, I mended my own clothes, washed my only shirt at night, and even slept on a mat; owing to which I have been dreadfully tormented with rheumatism ever since. In this distress we petitioned his holiness for some assistance, and he allowed us ten shillings a month, which was just enough to meet our wants. Being aware how important it is to lead a methodical life, during our stay in the Ecclesiastical College we apportioned different hours of the day for study, prayer, and all other occupations;

and in the evening, after a rigid self-examination, we confessed to one another, Don Amodei kneeling before me, accusing himself of his faults and temptations, and kissing my feet; and I afterwards going through the same holy duty with him. Don Amodei was a most excellent and pious young man, gifted with every virtue, and distinguished by a purity of mind which he guarded with the greatest solicitude; but unfortunately he sometimes allowed his religious zeal to carry him too far, insisting, in spite of his very delicate constitution, in living on bread and water, and subjecting himself to all sorts of mortifications.

CHAPTER II.

Pilgrimage to Loreto—Roman Police—Inhospitable Monks—St. Chiara's Heart—Return to Rome—Mission to Capradosso—Vendetta—Extraordinary Reconciliation.

ONE day about this time, as we were praying before the Host, beseeching God to grant that our apartments in the Propaganda might soon be ready, we were both inspired with a fervent desire to go on a pilgrimage to Loreto, for the purpose of imploring the favour of the Holy Virgin. After obtaining the permission of our superiors, and the benediction of the Pope, we set out on our journey.

The first day of our pilgrimage, as we approached Castel Gandolfo singing canticles, at which Don Amodei was very expert, a gentleman on horseback overtook us, and being edified at our behaviour, pressed us to make use of his horse. On our resolutely declining the offer, he insisted that we should at least stop at his house. We did so, and he gave us a sumptuous supper and comfortable accommodation.

We were not so fortunate the next evening at Civita Castellana, in the hospital destined for pilgrims, where we could obtain no supper, and had to sleep on a paillasse, without sheets or blankets.

At another place on the road, of which I have forgotten the name, we entered a shop to buy some food; and whilst we waited to be served, we saw a man cautiously open a closet, and place two pistols in it, unobserved by the master. Shortly afterwards some constables came in, went straight to the closet, took out the pistols, and arrested the cheesemonger on the pretence of his keeping prohibited arms. The poor fellow repeatedly protested his innocence, but to no purpose. They handcuffed him, and took him to prison. Having witnessed the transaction, we immediately offered, in the presence of the constables, to give evidence in behalf of the prisoner, but they took no heed of what

we said. Our words, however, had more weight with the prelate who governed the place, and the injured man was released, whereupon he came, with all his family, to thank us for having, by the interposition of God, saved him from such imminent danger.

At the beginning of our pilgrimage we walked about twenty miles a-day; but as Don Amodei grew weaker and weaker, and was in a state of constant fever, we spent forty days in a journey which otherwise might have been completed in less than a fortnight. Besides his baggage and my own, I was often obliged to support him, hanging by my neck, for considerable distances, especially up-hill. At last he became so faint, that in a wood near Rieti he dropped to the ground, saying that he could no longer continue his journey, although we were on level ground, and only two miles from a place of rest. My distress may be easily conceived, and I was under the necessity of leaving him alone whilst I went for assistance. Not far from the spot I found a cottage, but the moment I knocked at the door I was surrounded by dogs, who growled and barked at me with great fury; and a peasant who was close by, taking me for a thief, also assailed me with stones and abuse. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I was no thief, but a priest who came to implore his aid in behalf of a dying man. At last I succeeded, and he came with a donkey to convey my friend to a convent, on arriving at the gate of which we had to ring the bell for half an hour before any one appeared. A monk then came out in a rage, and exclaiming, "Oh! it is you, is it, who have been ringing so much?" he banged the door in our face.

We were thunderstruck at such treatment; and while consulting what we should do, the wretch of a monk again opened the door, giving us, in an unglazed plate, a few drops of vinegar, with two pieces of bread, so black that I had never seen the like. On my saying that we were provided with victuals, but implored shelter, he interrupted me with saying, "You may take it, if you please;" and again slamming the door in our faces, he disappeared.

We then went into the church of the convent to recommend ourselves to God, and await in prayer some effect of his divine providence. Fortunately some very humane and devout ladies

came in, who, seeing the exhausted state of my companion, began to talk with us, expressing deep compassion, and asked why we did not go into the convent for refreshment and repose. Whilst I answered their questions, there appeared in the presbytery a friar with a candle in his hand, whom those ladies pointed out to us as the Father Guardian of the convent. I immediately went up to him, and begged him to grant us shelter for the night; but the moment he perceived me he ran away, as though I had been the Evil One, without paying the least attention to my words. Shortly afterwards, however, the same monk who had treated us so roughly at the door came to take us to a cell on the ground-floor, where he gave us a miserable supper. On our telling him that we had some food in our wallet, and that we only wanted a light by which to read our prayers, he reprimanded us severely for our supposed neglect in having delayed the performance of our duty to God until it was so late.

We had not yet recovered from our mortification when it pleased God to comfort us by sending to our cell a page and a servant from the ladies who had spoken to us, bringing with them an excellent supper. Immediately after our meal I went to thank our benefactresses for their charity; and I found them under the porch of the church, seated at a sumptuous table, making good cheer with the father guardian and some other friars of his order. The next morning before our departure, we were desirous of expressing our gratitude to his reverence for the hospitality he had granted us, but although we searched about the convent for a long time, we could not find either him or any of his friars.

After suffering many hardships, which I will not stop to detail, we at last arrived at Loreto, where we visited the Holy House and various other sanctuaries. Among these, that of Montefalco deserves particular notice; for it contains the corpse of St. Chiara in such a state of preservation that her hands and face are as fresh and ruddy as though she were alive. We adored her heart, which was cut open, and in which, with great astonishment, we observed, in bas-relief, the implements of the passion of our Lord, and our Lord himself on the cross. I must not omit to say, that whilst I lay under a rock, awaiting my turn for reading mass in the chapel where St. Francis of Assisi re-

ceived from God the remission of his sins, a large serpent fell from above close to my face, but immediately crawled away without doing me any harm.

On our return to Rome, after a pilgrimage of forty days, Don Amodei, being more dead than alive, went into the infirmary of the Ecclesiastical College; and after a severe illness, the physicians sent him to Naples to recover his health.

Being left alone in Rome, I applied myself assiduously to the study of moral theology; and at Lent, after passing the examination required, I was sent to preach at Capradosso. Among various edifying cases which I witnessed in the course of my mission, the following shows how God, in his ineffable goodness, was pleased, by means of my youthful ardour, to compose a deadly feud which distracted a whole family:—

An old man of that place, with six of his sons, had for several years sought the life of a relative who had murdered his seventh son. Neither the exhortations of several ecclesiastics nor the authority of Cardinal Barberini and other distinguished personages who had interposed, had been sufficient to reconcile them. The unfortunate murderer wandered day and night about the mountains and forests to escape from his pursuers. Various persons informed me of this circumstance, and solicited me to do my utmost to pacify the family. The fugitive himself, accompanied by several of his friends, all in arms, came down from the mountains under cover of the night, to entreat me to the same effect.

I waited till Easter, when I knew that his uncle and cousins would come to confession. The latter did, one after the other, come to my feet, and I exhorted them to peace. They all replied that they bore no hatred in their hearts to the assassin, and that they were ready to forgive him, if the permission of their father, in whose power they were, could be obtained. Last of all, the father came to confession; and after I had admonished him at great length, he told me that he did not entertain any resentment against his nephew, but that he wished justice to take its course. I at once understood his object in this subterfuge, and therefore commanded him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, which he did, not suspecting my intentions. When he came to the words, "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that

trespass against us," I desired him to explain their force and meaning; whereupon, by the Divine grace, he burst into a flood of tears. Having recovered his composure, he promised to pardon and embrace his nephew, for the love of Jesus Christ, the first time he should meet him. As, however, I feared that his resolution might be a transient ebullition rather than a holy purpose, I sent secretly to the fugitive nephew, directing him to conceal himself in the belfry on a certain evening, when I intended to preach upon the subject of love to our enemies, and if in the course of the sermon I should call him, fearlessly to come forward, accompanied by the rector and his other friends.

By the divine assistance, my efforts were crowned with the happiest results. At about dusk, when I had finished my sermon upon love to our enemies, at which all the injured family were present, I intimated that the women might go home in peace, and that the men only should remain to do penance. I then caused the door of the church to be locked, and in a short discourse I exhorted them to self-castigation. After this, the crucifix, as I had previously arranged, was brought out of the sacristy, and borne between two lighted torches. At the same time I repeated the most cogent arguments which I had used in my sermon, and urged the congregation to put in practice what they had heard, pardoning each other, and embracing in sign of peace. Many who had been at variance then came and embraced each other at my feet. Such was the emotion and the fervour of the congregation that they were all in tears. Perceiving among them the uncle of the assassin, I called him by name, and he immediately came and threw himself at my feet. I asked him in the presence of all whether he really forgave his nephew, and he replied in a deliberate tone that he did. I inquired if he promised this in the name of Jesus Christ, whose image he then held in his hand; and he answered in the affirmative. I made him repeat this several times in a loud voice. Then I blessed him, his family, and all his concerns, in the name of our Lord, for the great satisfaction he gave to God, and to all the court of Heaven, by granting pardon, for the love of Christ, to the man by whom he had been injured; and finally I asked him, if at that moment his culpable nephew were on his knees to ask forgiveness, for the love of Christ, how he would act? He re-

plied that he would gladly take him to his heart. I then made the signal agreed upon, and the offender was conducted by the rector into my presence. As soon as he was seen approaching, the sobbing of the people increased. The old man was greatly surprised at this, for he stood with his back to the entrance, and did not see his nephew, who, however, the next moment fell at his feet, craving pardon, for the love of Christ. At first the old man stood motionless, struck with surprise. He seemed bewildered by the extraordinary scene, and knew not what to do. I endeavoured to calm him; and, with the crucifix in my hand, I reiterated my arguments to induce him to forgiveness, till, urged by the grace that was working in him, he suddenly embraced his nephew, kissed and pardoned him, and gave him his benediction. His example was instantly followed by his sons, who, one after the other, sobbing and weeping, embraced their cousin, while all the congregation, bathed in tears, blessed and praised God.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for China—The Pope's farewell Gifts—Scene at Bologna—Awful Visitation at Brixen—Detention at Cologne—Disguise—Arrival in London—English Women—Drawing Lots for a Saint.

SHORTLY after my return to Rome the rector of the Ecclesiastical College died, and I was appointed to succeed him. A few months after I had entered upon my new office the Pope received the joyful intelligence that M. de Tournon, whom he had sent to China as apostolical commissioner, had been graciously welcomed by the Emperor; upon which his Holiness resolved to send him the cardinal's hat by some missionaries. He therefore appointed Dr. Funari, who was the parish-priest of San Giovanni de Fiorentini, in Rome; Father Fabri Bonjour, an Augustine friar of Toulouse; Father Ceru, of the Chierici Minori of Lucca; Father Perrone, of the Order of the Mother of God; my humble self, then a secular priest from Evoli, in the diocese of Salerno; and a gentleman of the name of Guarmani, who was to accompany us as a surgeon.

Don Amodei, who was also a secular priest, was not included in the list, in consequence of his being absent and in ill health; but the moment I informed him of this, he sent to Cardinal Sacripante, the president of the Propaganda, a letter written with more tears than ink, and so eloquently expressed that the Pope—who, as well as the Cardinal, was greatly moved by it—immediately directed him to join us. Upon his arrival, we were all admitted to kiss the Pope's foot and to receive his paternal benediction. After having solemnly exhorted us zealously to fulfil our divine mission, his Holiness gave to each of us a silver medal, with the indulgence *in articulo mortis*. He granted us also the faculty of gaining plenary indulgence every month; the favour of a privileged altar once a-week; the right of blessing five thousand medals, crucifixes, or rosaries, with the usual indulgences; the privilege of confessing to one another during our voyage;

the power of giving plenary indulgences *in articulo mortis*, not attached to a crucifix, which might be lost, but to our own persons; and, lastly, the authority of deciding by majority of votes all questions and doubts that might arise during our journey. The cardinal's hat and the instructions of the secretary of state were intrusted to Dr. Funari, with the injunction, that in the event of his being prevented from fulfilling his mission, they should be confided to the next senior member of the mission.

On the 13th of October we set out for London, in the hope of obtaining our passage in one of the East India Company's ships. At Bologna we went to the residence of a personage of great distinction, and presented to him some letters of introduction written in the name of his Holiness by the secretary of state: this individual, after reading the letters, asked, with ill-dissembled reluctance, what sort of assistance we wanted; and Dr. Funari gave him to understand that some alms to defray the expenses of our mission would be gratefully received. At the mere word alms he flew into a passion, and, in a manner not at all becoming his station, loaded us with abuse, and drove us out of the room as if we were impostors. I firmly remonstrated against this treatment, asserted our respectability, and assured him that we had only followed our instructions, as he must have perceived by the letters; and that we should immediately report to our superiors the treatment we had received. We had scarcely returned to our inn before he sent us twenty sequins (about seven pounds), with a message that he was fully satisfied as to our respectability, and that we need not write to Rome.

From Bologna we went, through Mantua, to the famous city of Trent, where I heard for the first time the sound of the German language. Advancing farther, across the lofty mountains of the Tyrol, we came to Egra, a small town in which they use glass windows which do not open, and live in rooms lined with boards and warmed with stoves. The next day we arrived at Bolzano, where they bury their dead outside the church, in the open air, fixing at the head of the grave a wooden cross, on which hangs a vessel of holy water. Two days after this we reached Brixen: here, whilst celebrating mass in the church of the Capuchins, Dr. Funari was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and, to the great consternation and grief of us all, fell flat to the ground.

In consequence of this awful visitation he was obliged to return to Italy, leaving the cardinal's hat and the accompanying papers in the care of Father Fabri Bonjour.

On the 15th of November we arrived at Inspruck, a small but beautiful town, containing, among other curious things, some bronze tombs, which are very remarkable. We then proceeded to Metvolt, and thence to Augsburg, which we reached on the 19th, and where for the first time in my life I saw a priestess, or wife of one of their Protestant ministers. The next morning we started for Frankfort, where we arrived in safety, after seven days' journey. The houses which we saw on the road are built without foundations, the lower part of the walls consisting of stones and mortar, while the remainder of the building is a compound of mud and straw, held together by beams with small pieces of wood woven between them. The church steeples are built in the shape of round pyramids with very sharp taper points, the lower part being in brick or stone work, the upper in wood.

From Frankfort we went by water to Cologne; and here we received letters from the secretary of state, informing us that, as the ship which was about to leave London for China could not take us all on board, his holiness commanded Amodei and me to go back to Rome. But as we heard at the same time that this alleged deficiency of accommodation was a pretence, and that, in reality, our recall had been caused by the calumnious reports of one of our companions, we determined to vindicate our conduct, and await at Cologne for further orders. It is impossible to conceive how miserable I felt on being thus excluded from the mission which I had joined with such ardent joy. My nights were perfectly sleepless; during the day I did nothing but weep, and was often obliged, whilst dining with my friends, to quit the table and retire to my room to give vent to my grief. Fortunately, Dr. Funari, whom divine providence, in its inscrutable designs, had separated from us so unexpectedly, arrived at Rome most opportunely, and defended our cause.

Having, in consequence of his representations, received permission to continue our journey, we disguised ourselves as laymen, and on the 23rd of December left Cologne for the Hague. Here we found our companions, who, having been discovered to

be missionaries, were refused passports for England by the English ambassador. By the assistance of the Bishop of Munster, to whom we were recommended by the Pope, Father Perrone, Amodei, and I succeeded in obtaining passports under assumed names; and, on the 3rd of January, 1708, we sailed from Rotterdam for England. On the 7th we arrived safely in London; and the next morning we hastened to wait upon Signor Cornaro, the Venetian ambassador, who received us with the greatest kindness. Without losing any time, we went with Father Perrone and a gentleman of the embassy to solicit the East India Company for a passage to China in one of their ships; but, as it was strictly prohibited to take out any ecclesiastics, the Ambassador sent to inform the Company that we were going to enter the service of the Emperor of China—Don Amodei as a mathematician, I as a painter, and Father Perrone as our servant. It was indeed amusing to see Father Perrone standing before us two, hat in hand, showing us all the marks of respect which servants are wont to pay their masters. The directors, however, being wary men, did not appear satisfied with this account, and said they could believe that Amodei and I were laymen, but not Father Perrone. His peculiar carriage and behaviour, his eyes cast down, his hands continually in his sleeves, and other signs, induced them to think that he must be an ecclesiastic. They then asked the gentleman of the embassy whether Perrone was a Jesuit, and on his answering that he was ready to swear to the contrary, they granted us permission to sail in one of their ships, which bore the name of Donegal, and was bound for Bengal.

After we had thus obtained our passage, our three companions, Fabri, Ceru, and Guarmani, who had joined us from Holland, in like manner presented their petitions; but, in spite of the interest of the ambassador, they were several times rejected. Meanwhile Guarmani refused to proceed, on the pretence that he was ill; and the ambassador, having submitted that permission was required for only two more, leave was at length granted.

While we waited for the day on which the Donegal was appointed to sail, the news arrived that King James (the Pretender), brother to the reigning Queen Anne, had left France, with fifteen ships of war, for the purpose of recovering the king-

dom of Scotland, from which his father, James the Second, had been forced to fly on account of his religion, and to seek refuge in France. Queen Anne immediately gave orders that no English vessel should go out of port, under a heavy penalty; and that all Catholics then in the capital should be put in confinement. Under these circumstances, the Ambassador desired us to lose no time in going on board our vessel, as we had previously obtained the passport, as well as the Queen's permission, and that of the Company.

On the 11th of February we were hastily conveyed in a small boat to the Donegal, which was lying at anchor in the river Thames, at about twenty miles' distance. The Donegal was only of 180 tons burden, and the berths were all full, there being only the number required for the officers of the ship. In consequence of this, I had my bed immediately under the beam of the rudder, which, being violently moved from side to side by the wheel, greatly terrified me in my sleep. But the greatest inconvenience that I suffered, during the whole voyage, arose from being always exposed to the view and the insolence of the sailors, who were continually in this quarter of the vessel, eating, drinking, singing, and playing, or else cleaning their arms, making cartridges, and pursuing other employments of the same nature. My bed being laid exactly over the powder-bin, I almost every day found it thrown into some corner, under the guns, casks, or cables; often soiled with beer or grog, and at times even covered with vermin, some of the crew having lain upon it. I could, however, have borne this and other miseries and annoyances incident to a ship when in port, as every one should do who has resolved to undertake the life of a missionary; but that which was insufferable to me was, that close to my bed were the berths of three officers, who, during the four months we remained in the river, were frequently visited by their wives: those who know what liberties English women allow themselves, may understand what a poor missionary must endure in being obliged to remain day and night with such company. One of the women was so barefaced in her actions, that no sooner was her husband out of sight than she behaved in the most infamous manner.

All these disorderly proceedings, however, continued only during the four months in which the ship was lying at anchor;

for as soon as she had set sail, things were brought into such strict order that, comparatively, the vessel bore the appearance of a monastery.

Wishing to make choice of some tutelar saint who might be our protector during the voyage, we assembled together, and proceeded in the following manner. We agreed that each of us should write down the name of a saint upon three separate slips of paper, that these should be put into a box, and the saint whose name should first be drawn three times should be our patron. The first slip of paper drawn contained the name of St. Joseph; the second, the same name; the third, that of St. Paul; the fourth, again that of St. Joseph, who was thus declared our tutelar saint. Having thus selected our patron, we resolved to observe the following order of religious duties during the voyage. In the morning, silent prayer, religious [reading, and self-examination, in private; then the recital of the Priest's Itinerary, the Litany of the Saints, a chapter out of the Martyrology, and one out of the Scriptures. On the afternoon of every Thursday and feast-day, some spiritual reading, followed by our individual observations and reflections, and by the recital of the Litany of the Virgin. In the evening, after self-examination, if any one should find that he had transgressed against a brother, he was to ask pardon in the presence of the others. On Wednesdays and Fridays, a chapter of transgressions was to be held, each confessing his sins, and praying the others, one by one, to mention whatever failings they might have perceived in him. We were also to hold meetings upon moral accidents, each speaking by turns; and whenever more than two of us were together, the Latin language was to be employed.

Lent now drew near, and we held a meeting to determine whether we should keep it or not. Our doubts upon the subject arose principally from the circumstance that, as we were still detained in the river, we had an allowance of fresh meat every day; and that, besides the inconvenience of cooking for ourselves separately, we could get nothing but salt-fish and a little soup. Fabri, Perrone, and Amodei were of opinion that we should keep it; Ceru and myself maintained the contrary. We, however, yielded to the majority; and accordingly we kept Lent for about a week; when, being convinced that the continuation

of such a diet would destroy our health, we unanimously resolved to desist. And this incident may serve as a warning to others of our profession, to regulate their excessive zeal; for certainly God does not expect us to do anything which would interrupt the execution of his direct commands. A religious life, doubtless, requires many mortifications, but these must be exercised with discretion; and it would have been a culpable imprudence in us if, by using such a regimen, we had rendered ourselves incapable of fulfilling our important duties.

We were doomed to experience still further delays and disappointments. On the evening of the 3rd of March there arrived a boat, commissioned by government to press a part of our crew for the Queen's immediate service; and other ships, lying at anchor around us, were treated in the same manner. This was done for the purpose of manning thirteen vessels which were to be sent against some ships that were hovering near the mouth of the Thames, and supposed to be French privateers. Being thus deprived of our sailors, we feared that our departure would be delayed until another year; and this fear was increased by the news that the French ships conveying the Pretender had arrived in Scotland, on which account the men-of-war which were to have convoyed us were ordered against the French fleet; and, as no merchantmen could leave port, the wide bosom of the Thames was soon crowded with vessels of every size. It seemed as if another London had arisen from the waves. A wonderful spectacle, which fully showed the great and destructive power that the English possess upon the seas.

These vexations were soon followed by an event which alarmed us all. The bishop of Ireland and his vicar-general, both friends of ours, were arrested, together with our late companion Guarmani, in the middle of the street. Through the interest of the Ambassador, the surgeon was released, but of the two ecclesiastics we heard no more. Under these critical circumstances, we naturally feared for ourselves also; and, in spite of all our miseries aboard, we never for a moment quitted the vessel. Fortunately, while we were thus afflicted, the pilot came on board with the consoling intelligence that we were immediately to depart; and on the 8th of the same month, which was Easter-day, we at last set sail, with many other ships.

CHAPTER IV.

Setting sail for Bengal—Loss of Luggage—Flying-fish—The Christening—Rigid Observance of the Sabbath—Catching a Shark—Climbing to the Main-top—The Cape of Good Hope—Conversions aboard.

OUR voyage down the Thames and through the Channel was extremely tedious. I will not attempt to state how often we were becalmed or driven back by contrary winds ; or how often after weighing anchor and setting sail we were suddenly obliged again to suspend our course, lest the violence of the tide or a gust of wind should force us against the sand-banks or shoals, which are very frequent both in the river and the Channel. Suffice it to say, that although we set sail on the 8th of April, it was not until the 4th of June that we reached the open sea. Amodei and I had soon another cause of vexation, in the loss of our luggage ; but I must say, to the glory of God, that I was soon reconciled to this privation. Nay, I fancied that I breathed more freely, as though I had been relieved from an oppressive burden ; and I felt like a bird which, freed from the constraint of a cage, can spread its wings and rove where it pleases. Methought I had just begun to be an apostle, and that, clad in a ragged cassock, with the breviary under my arm and a crucifix on my breast, I was about to wander through the vast regions of China, preaching to those blind pagans the Holy Word of God.

When we had passed the twenty-seventh degree of latitude, we began to see the flying-fish. Their wings are formed of cartilage like those of the bat, and extend to the base of the tail. When pursued by other fish they fly in shoals out of the water ; and those which alight upon ships, as they have no power to take wing again, are easily seized by the sailors. Usually they do not raise themselves more than three feet out of the water ; but sometimes, when assisted by the action of the wind, or urged by fear, they fly much higher.

On the 29th we passed the tropic of Cancer, and with a

favourable wind entered the torrid zone. It is a custom in ships going to India, that every one who for the first time passes the two tropics, the Line, and the Cape of Good Hope, must undergo the ceremony called "the Christening," or pay a fine to the crew. Those who refuse to pay become the object of much obloquy and many hard words from the sailors, and are tied astride upon a piece of wood, on which they are drawn to the end of the main-yard, and suddenly dipped thrice into the sea. If any of the ship's boats have not passed the Line before, they are fined three bottles of brandy. Our captain accordingly had to pay six bottles for two boats. As to ourselves, having been kindly informed that the crew would be satisfied with whatever we might give, we contributed two shillings each. With the money thus obtained, the men bought brandy and sugar to make punch, of which they are particularly fond. I was told that those who are accustomed to this beverage find it pleasant and wholesome.

As we drew near the Line, the heat increased very sensibly, but not so much as we had expected; for it is not true that in the torrid zone the air and the water are as hot as fire, and that every thing putrifies. The water turns blackish, and offensive to the smell; but it soon purifies itself, first however breeding little worms, which afterwards become flies, as I was assured by the surgeon and other persons on board. The captain had given orders, that whoever should be absent from prayers on Sunday, either morning or afternoon, should be deprived of his share of bread and water. There were in the ship some sailors who were Catholics, and did not attend; but they were in no way molested. It once happened that some of the sailors having stayed away two or three times, were, by command of the captain, bound fast with cords, with their arms uplifted; but one of them to escape punishment said that he was a Catholic, and the captain believing, or pretending to believe his assertion, exempted him from punishment. In the afternoon, however, the man appeared at prayers, and thus proved how easily he could deny his religion.

The principal officers played almost every day at draughts, but on the Sunday no one attempted it; and many of those who could read, might be seen during a great part of the day with the Bible in their hands. One of the company who was em-

ployed in drawing a geographical map, wishing to continue his work on a Sunday, received a severe reprimand from the captain: such is the rigour with which these heretics observe the Lord's day.

Not far from the Line, a fish was caught, which by the English is called a shark. It is frequently seen in the torrid zone; but almost always alone. We took about fifteen of these fish, the largest of which was nearly nine feet in length, and proportionably large. It was caught with a hook, baited with a great lump of salt beef, of which they are ravenously fond. As he was being drawn up out of the water his jaw was torn by the hook, and he escaped; but the bait being again thrown in, the greedy animal, which I could not help likening to a relapsed sinner, heedless of danger and in spite of the agony he must have felt from the broken jaw, again gorged the beef, and was caught. When he was pulled on deck, he made a desperate struggle, and though a large piece of flesh was cut from his back, he still continued to leap about; so that in order to dispatch him, it was necessary to strike him repeatedly on the head with a hatchet, and then divide his body into three parts. This operation required much time and labour; and those engaged in it were often in great danger.

The animal had no scales, and was covered with a dark skin like that of an eel, but as hard and rough as shagreen. When it lay on its belly, it was impossible to discover its mouth or eyes, which could only be seen when it was turned on its back. Its mouth was disproportionately large, and furnished with three rows of strong and sharp teeth. On opening its head, we found two large white lumps like curdled milk, which the sailors carefully preserved, being, as they told me, an excellent specific for the purposes of midwifery. Its blood was both cold and black. When they are of a large size the flesh is tough, and they are not good as food; but we ate of the smaller ones, and found them tender and good. The manner in which this animal swims is curious, for when it opens its wing-like fins, it appears broader than it is long. No less strange is the way in which it prepares to seize the bait, being forced to turn upon its back, as the upper jaw of its enormous mouth overhangs the under one.

The second mate told me, that he had found in the belly of

one which he had taken, the entire hide of a cow with its horns. Another officer, called Jim, assured me that a young man, while swimming round the ship, was attacked by one of these fish, which bit the middle of his body completely through, and carried away one half. To this the captain added, that he had found in the belly of one of them the body of a sailor, which had been swallowed twenty-four hours before, while he was swimming near the ship. The bones of the man were in process of digestion, and could be easily broken; but the most extraordinary circumstance was, that a knife, which the man had in his pocket, had become flexible, and could be bent like a piece of paper. In the sharks which we caught, nothing was found but some fish of about three feet in length, partly digested and partly entire.

These fish take great care of their young, but in quite a different manner from all other known animals. When they perceive them to be in danger, they open their mouths and receive them into their bellies, from which they cast them forth again when the danger is past. This the captain and others affirmed to be a fact which they themselves had witnessed.

On the 27th of July, through the favour of God and the protection of the glorious St. Anne, we crossed the Line with a prosperous gale. We unanimously joined in repeating a *Te Deum*, thanking the Lord for having granted us so easy a passage. A few days afterwards, the wind continuing propitious, we passed the Tropic of Capricorn, and thus entered the southern temperate zone. It is a custom on board English ships, that whoever for the first time climbs to the main-top, is there bound fast till he pays a fine to the sailors. It accordingly happened that the first surgeon, seeing some sailors and supercargoes climb to that part of the rigging, which they perhaps had done to ensnare him, not being aware of this custom, immediately climbed after them. He had however hardly arrived at the place, when he was suddenly seized by the sailors and secured tightly with cords, amid shouts of laughter, nor was he released till he agreed to pay the fine. The same joke was afterwards practised upon one of the supercargoes, but on his proving satisfactorily that he had already been fined in a former voyage, he was let off.

On the 6th of September we entered the port of Good Hope, which is very beautiful and of considerable extent. The country

belongs to the Dutch, but it is also inhabited by many French Protestants who were expelled from their country by Louis XIV. There were besides many Germans and Flemings, amongst whom were several Catholics who lived without any spiritual assistance. Having found them cold and wavering in the faith, I bade them all return to Europe. At the end of a fortnight we again set sail for Bengal. A few days afterwards we saw a whale; but all that I was able to learn of this huge animal was, that it could not be of the same species as that which swallowed the prophet Jonas, for its throat was so small that it would scarcely have allowed an egg to pass down it. In the Indian Ocean, the scurvy made dreadful havoc on board our ship, and though we missionaries had hitherto endeavoured to conceal our real character from the heretical company among which we had been thrown, yet on this occasion we deemed it our duty to cast off all disguise, for the eternal salvation of three of the crew, who were Catholics, but had for several years wallowed in sin, completely neglecting their religious duties.

On the 1st of January, 1709, one of the sailors, whom the scurvy had reduced to a state of extreme debility, fell into the sea. The boat was immediately lowered, and every effort made to save him; but to no avail. I was exceedingly grieved at this accident, for the poor fellow had been disposed to abjure his heresy, and we had agreed that as soon as we landed I should confess and receive him into the bosom of the true Church. We dared not do this on board, lest we might be observed, especially as, owing to my ignorance of the English language, the confession must have taken place through an interpreter, and consequently with closed doors, in order to avoid discovery and punishment. Whilst still sorrowing for this loss, I was informed that an English youth, who was the son of a great London merchant, finding himself brought nearly to his end by the same fearful disease, was also anxious to abjure his religion and receive absolution at my hands; but the Devil, who reigns among those heretics, kept them constantly about the bed of the patient until he died, leaving me bitterly disappointed.

CHAPTER V.

The Mouth of the Ganges—Ignorance of a Monk—Recruiting Missionaries—Advice to Authors—Sun-Worshippers—St. Thomas's Prophecy—The Transmigration of Souls—A Woman Exorcised.

ON the 1st of February we at last entered the mouth of the Ganges, amid general exultation. In ascending the river, my companions being still laid up with the scurvy, I one day stood alone in a corner of the vessel reading my breviary, which from prudential motives was bound in white, and looked exactly like a common book. While thus employed, I suddenly heard a voice close by, inquiring in Portuguese whether I was a priest. I turned round, and on seeing an Indian youth, about fifteen years of age, who had come to meet us with other merchants from Calcutta, I reprov'd him in a severe tone. Perceiving that I was afraid to discover myself, he told me that he was a Catholic: in proof of which he crossed himself and then eagerly proffered his services. It was by no accident that this youth found me out. He was sent to us by Divine Providence, which perceived that, being perfectly friendless in that country, with shattered health and exhausted funds, we could not have reached our destination without an act of its special assistance. Having learned from this young man that the Augustines, for whom we had a letter from the General of the Order, had a house in the neighbourhood, I proceeded thither as soon as we arrived at Calcutta, leaving my companions behind. On reaching their abode, I was introduced to an old monk, who was deaf, and ignorant in the extreme; but a good sort of man withal. He took my letter and affected to read it; but as he had no knowledge of Latin, he could make nothing of it. Being desirous to know the name and surname of the Father-General, he turned to me, giving himself an air as though he had understood the whole, and pointing at the signature, he said, "What villainous writing! pray de-

cipher this signature for me." When he had heard the name and surname of the Father-General, he betrayed his ignorance still more, by asking me whether he was the Father-General, or the Father-General in Chief; and I, adapting my words to his ignorance, assured him that it was actually the Father-General in Chief, whereat he expressed himself greatly pleased. He afterwards inquired whether I was really sent by St. Peter, and on being answered in the affirmative, he conceived a great opinion of me, and did all in his power to forward my wishes.

As the reader will no doubt be surprised at the ignorance of this monk, I will tell him how such things come to pass. The Most Serene Kings of Portugal being very anxious to maintain and extend our Holy faith in these regions, decreed that all their officers and sailors who on passing thither might feel disposed to take holy orders, should be allowed to follow their inclination without any impediment. The harvest being abundant and the reapers scarce, when a Portuguese vessel arrives at Goa, the missionaries of different religious orders go on board and call out aloud whether there is any one who will join them. Among such numbers there is always some one, who having in a moment of danger vowed to reform, or hoping to live more comfortably, answers the call; and thus many of those missionaries are very ignorant, and some of them very vicious, which is still worse; so that, far from contributing to the propagation of our Holy religion, they do exactly the reverse, by bringing it into contempt.

A few days afterwards we were invited to dine with Mr. Barneby, an Irish gentleman, who with great generosity had granted us three places gratis on board a ship which he was freighting for Manilla. Among various things that he did for our entertainment, he produced Leuilles' work on Bengal, and pointed out a great number of ludicrous blunders with which that book abounds. Many years afterwards I enjoyed together with several of my fellow-missionaries a similar amusement, in picking out the absurd statements inserted in a certain "Account of the Chinese Empire." Authors are thus liable to ridicule or blame, if, when writing without a due knowledge of the subject of which they treat, they adopt indiscriminately all they hear. I therefore always warn my juniors never to attempt any thing of the kind before they have lived in a country long enough to

understand it fully, or can at least obtain their information from persons who are at once enlightened and trustworthy: and in the event of their being called upon to take part in some important transaction or controversy, I recommend them to make themselves masters of the language of the country, and to take every possible precaution against erroneous impressions.

One morning as I walked beside the Ganges, I observed a considerable number of men and women bathing promiscuously, but with edifying behaviour; and among them I saw a man who held a looking-glass in one of his hands, turning his face towards the sun, whilst with the other hand he threw the water upon his body, describing signs much like the cross, and moving his lips as though he had been praying. On inquiry, I was informed that this man was worshipping the sun, and that the others were also idolaters, who bathed in the Ganges because they believed that the waters of that river possessed the miraculous power of cleansing them from their sins.

It is well known that St. Thomas the Apostle preached the Christian religion in these parts; and that he afterwards suffered martyrdom at Meliapor, on the coast of Coromandel. The true faith was afterwards polluted and overpowered by the sect of the Nestorians; but upon the arrival of the Portuguese, it was restored by the labour of zealous missionaries. The Portuguese were greatly helped and encouraged in this holy work by an ancient prophecy, left by St. Thomas, and engraved upon a stone column near Meliapor, and not far from the sea. This prophecy is written in the language of the country, and imports that the "religion which he had planted would flourish again, when the sea, then forty miles distant, should reach that column; at which time white men would come into these parts from a distant country." All this appears to have been fulfilled by the arrival of the Portuguese in India.

The missionaries reclaimed a great number of the Nestorians, and converted a still greater number of the pagans; the Mahomedan government only forbidding attempts to convert those of its own persuasion; it being its maxim, that no religion could be better than that of Mahomed, but that Christianity was better than idolatry.

In imitation of the Catholics, the English, the Dutch, and the

Danes have sent many of their preachers into these countries ; but the grace of God was not with them ; and this, together with their bad conduct, which so ill accorded with what they preached, prevented them from producing any good effect. Every sect of idolaters has here its temples, priests, sacrifices, ceremonies, and idols. Among the numerous errors in which these blind heathen multitudes live, a principal one is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. They are therefore very kind to all sorts of animals and insects, which they neither kill nor eat ; but on the contrary feed them, and attend on them with great care. To such a pitch do they carry this belief, that they have hospitals for lice and fleas, and pay liberally by the hour those who will allow the insects to feed on their blood. They do this in the persuasion that after death their souls will pass into the bodies of some animal more or less loathsome, according to the good or evil actions of their past life. Above all things they highly esteem and venerate sheep and cows, from a foolish belief that they once sustained the earth upon their horns, and that a cow pacified the anger of their idol, Mahadeu, when he had resolved to destroy the universe for the sins of men ; and also because after death a great river must be passed, which can only be done by holding fast to the tail of a sheep or cow.

Influenced by this superstition, upon rising in the morning, just as we cross our foreheads with holy water, so do they soil theirs with the dung of a cow ; and thus disfigured, they walk out and transact their daily business. When we are at the point of death, we feel satisfied if we can procure the assistance of an ecclesiastic of known piety : these people on the contrary are happy if in their last moments they can lay hold of the tail of a cow, believing that they shall thus easily pass over the great river. If while they are expiring the cow happens to discharge the contents of her stomach, this circumstance is considered as an omen of their future felicity, because they suppose that it is owing to their soul being about to migrate into the body of the cow. After the death of the poor idolater, the cow is well kept, and treated with the same attention that would have been paid to the man himself had he lived. Such being the veneration they have for these animals, and particularly for the cow, when any one is converted to the Christian faith, the missionaries

always test his sincerity by obliging him to eat cow's flesh, after which his former heathen associates look upon him with horror, and will neither eat, drink, nor converse with him.

Some of the more strict of this sect form the resolution of becoming saints, and those people, in their blind ignorance of the true faith, believe that they have attained the highest point of perfection when they have passed a certain number of years in the same spot, constantly exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and remaining always in the same posture. I myself saw one of these saints, falsely so called, who had for many years held his hands in one position, and whose nails had grown a hideous length and penetrated into his arm, so that he could not open his hands, and was waited on by others in all the necessities of nature; indeed, all these penitents are thus waited on, and those who can render them any service esteem it fortunate as securing their own future happiness.

I was informed by Father Giovanni Da Fano, that having heard of a woman who, aspiring to this imaginary sanctity, was then standing night and day in the same place, with her hands raised towards the heavens, he felt a great curiosity to see her. Being persuaded that she could not thus stand always immovable without the assistance of the Evil One, he went close behind her, and in a low voice he commanded the malignant spirits to depart from the woman. Immediately upon this her arms dropped, and she turned round angrily, exclaiming in her own language, "Ah, demon! demon!" It was thus clearly proved that such arts as these could only be performed through the instrumentality of the great enemy of mankind, whose reign in those regions is supreme.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure for Manilla—Miraculous Escape—Preaching in earnest—Cardinal de Tournon's Imprisonment in Macao—His Death—The Population of China—Order to Paint for the Emperor.

I MIGHT relate a great deal more respecting Bengal, but as my sojourn in this country was very short, I think it best to omit doing so, lest I should state anything inaccurate. On the 22nd of February we set out for Manilla, in the ship *San Lorenzo*, which, though very small, had fifty passengers on board, twenty-three of whom were Catholics, and the remainder Mahomedans and idolaters; but six of the latter were slaves, and had been bought with a view to their being instructed and baptized. On my arrival on board the *San Lorenzo*, I again put on my cassock, throwing off the lay dress I had worn ever since my departure from Cologne, and applied myself in good earnest to reclaim the Catholics on board, who were mostly relapsed sinners, entirely heedless of their religious duties. During some stay we made in Malay, I was requested by the captains of two other ships to assist their crews in their spiritual exercises, which I did with great pleasure, and I hope with some success.

I did not go from Malay to Manilla by the *San Lorenzo*, but in *Our Lady of Guadaloupe*, having been solicited by the captain to give his sailors some religious instructions. In the Strait of Malay, not far from Singapore, we were very nearly lost, the navigation of those seas being extremely dangerous, owing to a multitude of little islands which, opposing the waves in all directions, form a labyrinth of eddies and whirlpools. One day whilst I was at my morning devotions, I suddenly heard a dreadful noise under the ship, followed by a great uproar and confusion above my head; and almost at the same moment an American merchant burst into my cabin, and, without uttering one word, seized me by the arm and led me on deck, and I then perceived that the vessel had been driven upon a rock, and was near

sinking. I immediately rushed back to my cabin, and taking the holy water, and a candle of the holy Father Innocent XI., I first blessed the sea, then broke the candle into pieces, and threw it to the waves, well knowing its miraculous powers in similar cases. Very soon after I had done this we were out of danger; and the means which God in his ineffable goodness employed to save us were, that the boat of another ship, taking one of our anchors, went and lowered it at a considerable distance, and enabled us to tow the vessel out of its fearful position.

At Manilla I was desired by the Governor to teach the principles of our faith to eight Dutch deserters who were confined in the fort; and to my great satisfaction, after forty days' exertions, they were brought to make a public abjuration of their heresy. Taking advantage of my free access to the fort, on Sundays I went about carrying the cross and singing hymns till I had collected a pretty numerous congregation, when I proceeded to teach them the Catechism, and to preach a sermon on some important point of our holy religion. After the sermon I again took the crucifix in my hand, and made a profession of repentance, imparting to each word all the warmth of my soul. Then, in order to make a deeper impression on my hearers, I untied my cassock, which for this express purpose I wore open behind, and I scourged myself till both my shoulders bled. For some time my companions ridiculed these inflictions; but when they perceived that a captain, who had never paid the least attention to my exhortations, was so touched by them that he resolved to reform, and live as a Christian, they no longer jested on the subject. Since my return to Naples I have not continued these practices—not that I should ever censure them in any one else, but merely because, in my old age, I came to understand that reasoning and prayer are the surest means of persuasion, whilst violence and exaggeration can produce at best but a blaze which no sooner appears than it vanishes.

As there was no ship at Manilla bound for China, the King of Spain having interdicted all intercourse between his subjects and the Celestial Empire, a small ship was fitted out by subscription, entirely for us, under the orders of Don Teodorico Pedrini, a missionary who had already been some years in these regions, and who for this purpose had disguised himself as a

captain. His inexperience in nautical matters nearly cost us our lives two or three times ; but in spite of all, on the night of the 2nd of January, 1710, we cast anchor in one of the numerous islands close to Macao.

The next morning Don Pedrini went on shore in his assumed garb of a captain, and in the afternoon he returned on board, accompanied by two ecclesiastics of the suite of Cardinal de Tournon. This brilliant ornament of the Sacred College had, on his first arrival in China, been received by the Emperor with unequivocal marks of esteem ; but having since refused to conform to certain enactments of the Board of Rites concerning the missionaries, he had been confined at Macao. Soon after dusk we went to pay him our respects, under the guidance of the two ecclesiastics just mentioned, eluding the vigilance of the guards by entering his prison through a private door which opened upon the sea. We were received by the holy man with extreme affability and kindness ; and after a long and deeply-interesting conversation, we retired from his presence perfectly edified.

Although the Cardinal, and about forty missionaries of different religious orders, were thus kept in confinement during the first three weeks of our stay at Macao, I and my companions were left quite free. On the morning of the 23rd of January, however, we were suddenly visited by five mandarins, who, after sending for Father Fabri, began in judicial form to ask us who we were, whence we came, what was our business, and so forth, writing down their questions and our answers. After this they went away, leaving the house guarded by Chinese soldiers, for whose accommodation a booth was instantly erected on the premises.

After duly considering the indignities to which our holy religion was exposed in his own person and in those of the missionaries, his Eminence resolved to address a remonstrance to the Viceroy at Canton, and at the same time to transmit with it a dispatch for the Emperor, announcing his promotion to the rank of Cardinal, and the arrival of six missionaries, three of whom were acquainted with mathematics, music, and painting. His Eminence was induced to take this step by the recollection that, when he was at Peking, the Emperor had asked him to write, in his name, to the Pope for some missionaries skilled in the arts

and sciences ; and he now hoped to recover the favour of the monarch by sending him Father Fabri, Don Pedrini, and myself, in the above capacities. When I heard that, by this arrangement, I was doomed to quit my favourite vocation for the purpose of cultivating an art of which I knew only the rudiments, I could not refrain from expressing my bitter dissatisfaction ; but reflecting that it was at that moment impossible to benefit the cause of our religion as a missionary, I soon resigned myself to obedience.

His Eminence bore all his troubles and privations with a Christian fortitude which was truly admirable ; but nevertheless his bodily frame being unequal to sustain the efforts of his great mind, after three months' lingering illness he went to receive the palm of martyrdom in Heaven—departing this life in the forty-first year of his age, sincerely beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

Although visions and revelations, as being liable to error and delusion, do not prove the merit of a Christian so certainly as the great virtues with which the Cardinal de Tournon was adorned, yet as the following possesses all the conditions required by the highest authorities on the subject, I cannot refrain from inserting it here :—

Bishop Mullener, a man of truly apostolical piety, was engaged in prayer in the province of Soo-chow-en, when he suddenly perceived the Cardinal before him, radiant in countenance and clad in pontifical garments, who said to him, “ I depart for Paradise,” and then disappeared. This was told by the Bishop to Father Appiani, who suffered for eighteen years in a Chinese jail for having obeyed the Cardinal rather than the Board of Rites ; and Father Appiani repeated it to me, when, as I was passing through Canton on my return to Europe, I paid him a visit in his prison.

In consequence of an order from the Emperor, very shortly after the death of his Eminence, we left Macao for Quang-chow-foo, which Europeans call Canton, from the name of the province of Quang-tong, of which it is the capital. The Chinese towns are distinguished by three different denominations, according to their size. The largest, which are fifty-eight in number, are named Foo ; the next, amounting to two hundred and forty-

seven, are called Chow; and the smallest, which are as many as one thousand one hundred and fifty-two, bear the name of Yen. Quang-chow-foo is therefore a city of the first class. The streets are generally long and straight; and the houses, according to the fashion prevailing all over China, have only one floor, and are enclosed by walls, without any windows outside, so that they look like nunneries. The traffic carried on here is so great as to give the place, all the year round, the appearance of a fair.

As it is almost impossible to speak of the prodigious amount of the population of Canton without being suspected of exaggeration, I will leave the reader to form his own opinion from the following incident:—On my return to London in 1724, I was invited to dine with a party of English gentlemen who wished to hear some account of my long residence in China. Among various other things, they asked me what the population of Canton and Peking really was; and when I talked of the millions stated by the Chinese, they showed their incredulity by a burst of laughter. I told them that if they had no faith in the assertions of the Chinese, they ought at least to believe their countryman and friend, Mr. Fazacalei [Fazakerly?], who was one of the party, and who, having been five or six times in Canton, would, I had no doubt, corroborate my statement; but as he joined them in their expressions of disbelief, my appeal to him only produced more laughter. Whereupon I proceeded to question Mr. Fazacalei in this manner:—

“Have you ever seen Canton from the top of the great tower?”

“Yes, I have,” he answered.

“How large did you think it?”

“At least twice as large as London.”

“Which of the two cities is the most thickly inhabited?”

“Canton, by far: its thoroughfares being at all times obstructed with people.”

“Is it men or women that chiefly form the crowd?”

“Oh, no woman is ever seen in the streets of Canton.”

“Then, gentlemen,” said I, “if London contains eight hundred thousand inhabitants, as you say, surely Canton, being twice its size, and with a male population sufficient to throng the streets, must have sixteen hundred thousand; and if Canton

contains sixteen hundred thousand, Peking, which is far larger, and more thickly peopled, cannot fail to have at least two millions." After which they raised no further objections.

It is true that we Europeans are astonished when we are told of millions of men living within the walls of the same city; but those who have seen how all the towns, villages, hamlets, and roads of China swarm with human beings, are no longer surprised. How the population of the Celestial Empire has increased to this enormous extent it is not my object to inquire; but among the many causes which must have contributed to produce such a state of society, I will merely mention these:—First, the limited number of bonzes and bonzesses, who are devoted to the service of their idols, and, like our monks and nuns, profess celibacy; second, the prevailing custom that each man should marry as many wives as he can support, not caring what may become of the children; third, the disgrace attached to such persons as do not marry; fourth, the perfect peace that the empire has enjoyed for a long time; fifth, the total absence of contagious diseases; sixth, the extraordinary fecundity of the women; and, lastly, early marriages, which generally take place as soon as the parties have attained the age of puberty. As an illustration of the numerous progenies of the Chinese, I may add that one day while dining with the steward of the Viceroy, I asked him the number of his children. Not knowing it, he began to reckon them by name; but when he came to the eighteenth he was puzzled, and called in the servants to help him to count the remainder.

Having finished two pictures, which I had begun at Macao, for the Emperor, I presented them to the Viceroy, and he forwarded them to his Celestial Majesty, with firing of mortars, as is customary whenever anything is sent to this monarch. He then sent me an old picture representing Confucius on his knees before the idol Lee-lao-keon, which he desired me to copy for the Emperor. As I could not undertake such an idolatrous task, I immediately went to him; and he, in consequence of my being about to enter the service of the sovereign, came to meet me at the gate. The moment he saw me he asked, "Nan-lee noe, Pay-lee?" That is, whether I wished to use the ceremonies of the south, or those of the north? The ceremonies of the south are

those employed by the Chinese, and, on account of their number and style, are more fit for divine worship than for the intercourse of men; those of the north belong to the Tartars, and are few and easy, and nearly similar to ours. I therefore answered, "Pay-lee," or the ceremonies of the north. After this he immediately took me by the hand, and led me to the inner apartments, where he made me sit down at his left, which among the Tartars is the place of honour, as the right is with the Chinese. On my telling him that my religion did not permit me to copy the picture, he apologised, saying that he was not acquainted with the dogmas of our faith, and added that he would send me another. After a pretty long conversation I took leave, and he did me the honour of accompanying me back to the gate. He accordingly sent a picture; and in order to ascertain the truth of a report which had been spread, that I knew nothing of painting, he at the same time ordered me to draw the portrait of a living Chinese. He also deputed a great number of people to come and see me work, till at length perceiving that I had been slandered, he condemned the originator of the calumny to receive thirty lashes. As soon as the copy and the portrait were finished, he desired me to paint eight more; and, as if they could be blown with a breath like glass bottles, he sent next morning to inquire how many I had made.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure for Peking—The Candle-Hills—Chinese Porters—Navigation of the River Nan-kiang-huo—Sacrifices—Fishing-Birds.

IN obedience to an order received from the Emperor, the Vice-roy ordered some vessels to be fitted out for the purpose of sending us to Peking at his own expense. We sailed by the Great Canal on the 27th of November; our party consisting of Fathers Tilisch and Cordero, both mathematicians, Don Pedrini, Father Fabri, and myself. In a few hours we reached Joosh-yen, which the Chinese consider as a village, because it has no courts of justice, and is subject to Canton; but in every other respect it is a large and wealthy manufacturing town. Before we had made much progress in our journey we had occasion to admire the care shown by the government of this well-regulated empire; for at every fourth mile we found a large vessel, with a piece of artillery at the prow, and a good number of soldiers on board, expressly intended to protect the canal from robbers.

After a very pleasant voyage of four days, amid fruitful fields and vast numbers of people always in sight, on either side of the river, we came to some mountains which have been cut through for the course of the canal. This part of the passage is considered dangerous, on account of its being much infested by robbers. Here we perceived on our left the celebrated hills called Lah-chew-shian—that is, candle-hills, from their close resemblance to candles. They are lofty and barren, and rise abruptly from the surrounding plain. When we arrived near the city of Hing-hien-chee-foo, some persons, pretending to come from the governor, ordered us to stop, that they might come on board to see whether our numbers agreed with the list submitted to the authorities by the commander of our convoy. The captain, sus-

pecting that they were robbers, refused to admit them; and, as they still continued to approach, several muskets were fired into the air, to intimidate them. Upon this they turned about, but shortly afterwards they made two more attempts to board us; being, however, received with volleys of shot, they at length went away.

After a voyage of six days upon the great river Kiang, we arrived at a village called Kiang-Cheou—that is, the mouth of the Kiang. The river Nan-kiang-huo, upon which we were to continue our course, is generally about a gun-shot across, and in winter contains but very little water; the streams from the northern mountains, by which it is fed, being then frozen. For this reason the boats employed upon this river are flat-bottomed; nevertheless, they often touch the ground, and in some parts the sailors are obliged to push the boat along with their shoulders or with poles; and in these cases even the women help, though they may be burdened with an infant at their backs. Owing to the shallowness of the water we were unable to continue our course, and therefore stopped at a village called Hoang-hang, where we remarked a house which was well fortified, and of extraordinary size, containing, as I found upon examination, forty-eight rooms. I was told by the Chinese that it was used as a place of refuge by the neighbouring population when attacked by bands of robbers. The next day we arrived at the town of Nan-young. We wished to sleep in the convent of the Spanish Augustines, but our conductor objected to this; stating that he had received orders not to permit us to lodge in any houses inhabited by Christians. At this place all our luggage was weighed and divided into lots that could be carried by one or two men; for here the river ends, and a mountain is to be passed which divides the province of Canton from Kian-sy. This mountain, called Mei-ling, has two miles of steep ascent on one side, and two of descent on the other, and is about thirty miles distant from another river, on which we were again to embark. Everything is carried the whole of this distance by porters, vehicles and animals of every kind being excluded; and as these two rivers form the chief channel of communication between the south and the north of the empire, the road which connects them is so covered

with people, that, during its whole length of thirty miles, it has constantly the appearance of a fair.

These porters carry burdens like pack-horses, and also sedans or palanquins, to do which they do not use straps, but a kind of yoke, made of hard wood, which chafes and cuts their flesh when they do not take the precaution of wearing a collar of felt or leather. It is really marvellous to see with what untiring swiftness these men perform their journeys of thirty miles a-day, at five miles an hour, stopping to rest only two or three times. It must be remarked, however, that these palanquins, as well as the more stately sedans, are very light, being always constructed of bamboo.

On the fifteenth day of our journey we arrived at the city of Nan-gan-foo, and were allowed to dine with Father Fernandes; at the residence of the Reformed Franciscans; but as we could not stop there during the night, he returned with us, and passed the night on board our vessel. While in this city, I was not a little surprised to see boys and girls of eight or nine years carrying burdens far too heavy for their age. We next came to the town of Kan-cheou-foo, in which both the Jesuits and the Reformed Franciscans have stations. Here we found a custom-house, being the first we had seen since our departure from Canton. Every morning, at about two hours after sunrise, the ships lying here are searched, and compelled to pay the duties required. Those which arrive after that time are obliged to wait till the next day. Having given notice that we were in the service of the Emperor, and on our way to the imperial court, we were not delayed nor troubled by any search. We had not, however, continued our voyage for more than an hour when our sailors went ashore to perform a sacrifice, in which they offered up different animals and counterfeit paper-money, which last they burn, believing that in another world it will be changed into good coin. This was done because we were about to enter a part of the river rendered very dangerous by a multitude of rocks, against which the current breaks with great violence. Ships are here in imminent danger of being lost; and it requires great experience and dexterity in the sailors to steer a safe course, especially at a spot called Shee-pah-tan, or "eighteen

breakers," upon which the waves dash with fearful impetuosity. It was for protection against this peril that the sailors offered sacrifices and prayers to their idols.

On their return on board they bound up some bundles of aromatic wood and burnt them as incense in honour of their gods. I no sooner perceived this than I ran, snatched them away, and threw them into the water; setting up a crucifix in their stead. A murmur immediately arose among the sailors; but it subsided upon their being told by our converted servant that this was the image of our God, who was omnipotent; and that the vessel being thus placed under his protection, no unfortunate accident need be feared.

Soon after, the river narrowed to only two hundred and sixty paces in breadth, and we arrived in the midst of those dreaded rocks, where we beheld with no small apprehension the fury of the waves that dashed upon them, and the danger in which our vessel was, owing to the irresistible power of the current. Our sailors, however, managed their oars and rudder so admirably, that they preserved us. The rocks under water are the most perilous. I saw one of the boats strike upon one of them, and instantly become a wreck. At length, after passing two whole days amid these dangers, we were very thankful to find ourselves safely beyond them. Six of the vessels of our convoy were lost, and the one in which we were narrowly escaped.

While continuing our course upon this river we witnessed a mode of fishing much practised in China, and a most interesting sight it was. The fishermen employ a certain kind of birds called loo-soo, which are rather larger than a duck, and have a neck as long as that of a goose. As they are quite black, they also bear the name of shew-e-laou, which signifies water-crow. The fisherman takes them in his boat, and when he sets them at liberty they swim upon the water, and at the sight of a fish they dive and secure it in their beaks. A ring is put upon their necks, which will allow them to swallow the smaller fish, but not the larger. When the fisherman perceives that their throats are filled with fish, he thrusts into the water a long pole, upon which these birds have been trained to climb and return into the boat; he then squeezes their throats to make them disgorge their

prey, and every time this is done he obtains about two handfuls of fish. The greater the number of these birds a fisherman possesses, the richer is he considered to be ; for the expense of keeping them is a mere nothing, as the smaller fish which they catch afford them in general sufficient food. I remarked, also, that when these loo-soo have dived, they rise to the surface of the water with their prey in their beak, and remain nearly a quarter of an hour before they plunge again to swallow their food. Hence it would appear they are taught by instinct that it would be dangerous for them to swallow a fish before it is dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dangers of Medical Practice—Missionary Pride—Foundlings—
Mahomedans.

WE arrived on Christmas-day at Nan-chang-foo, which is the capital of the province of Kian-sy, and were soon afterwards visited by Father Simoy, a Portuguese Jesuit, who informed us that he was in hourly expectation of the arrival of a lay-brother from Peking. On the following day the weather was so rough that we could not cross the river, which is here a mile and a half broad. We thus returned Father Simoy's visit, and while we were at dinner we received the intelligence that the brother above named had been robbed at a place called Lo-hua, about twelve miles distant. Having some skill in the medical art, he had been commanded by the Emperor to visit his twentieth son, who was ill. Either from not understanding the disorder, or from reluctance to give pain to the monarch, he pronounced that there was no danger. Not long after, the prince died, and the lay-brother was kicked, cuffed, and beaten so severely, by order of the Emperor, that he fell seriously ill in consequence, and was now repairing to Macao, on leave of absence. This must not surprise my readers, for I can add that, while in Peking, I was acquainted with some medical men who, having attended one of the imperial family, and not having succeeded in their treatment of the case, received a severe flogging, by the Emperor's command, and, still smarting from the lashes, were sent to prison, loaded with heavy chains. Fortunately for them, another member of the imperial family was taken ill, and they were ordered to attend the patient during the whole of his illness, without, however, being freed from their chains. Having succeeded this time in effecting a cure, they were set free, but on condition that they must continue to wear round their necks a small chain fastened with a clasp, as a warning for the future. Taught by

these and many other similar occurrences, the Jesuits, who were in the Emperor's service as mathematicians, painters, watch-makers, surgeons, or in other capacities, would never undertake to serve him as physicians.

Upon leaving Nan-chang-foo, we no longer travelled by water, but in litters, our attendants following on horseback; and thus, on the 1st of January, 1711, we entered the city of Kiaou-kian-foo. At the inn where we stopped for the night, with the assistance of an interpreter, I entered into conversation with the host and his son, upon the principles of the Christian religion, and they both appeared so convinced of its truth that they requested to be baptized. But as I judged that in so short a time it was impossible that they could fully understand the nature of the subject, I left them a book, in Chinese, on the Christian faith, and directed them where to find a missionary who would baptize them.

These two conversions filled me with great joy, as they were the first I had made. I may here take occasion to observe that, if our European missionaries in China would conduct themselves with less ostentation, and accommodate their manners to persons of all ranks and conditions, the number of converts would be immensely increased; for the Chinese possess excellent natural abilities, and are both prudent and docile. But, unfortunately, our missionaries have adopted the lofty and pompous manner known in China by the appellation of "Tti-mjen." Their garments are made of the richest materials; they go nowhere on foot, but always in sedans, on horseback, or in boats, and with numerous attendants following them. With a few honourable exceptions, all the missionaries live in this manner; and thus, as they never mix with the people, they make but few converts. The diffusion of our holy religion in these parts has been almost entirely owing to the catechists who are in their service, to other Christians, or to the distribution of Christian books in the Chinese language. Thus, there is scarcely a single missionary who can boast of having made a convert by his own preaching, for they merely baptize those who have been already converted by others; and, in the absence of missionaries, infants, aged persons, and those that are sick, are baptized by native Christians.

On the 18th I had the happiness of finding, in the open coun-

try through which we passed, a castaway child about two days old. I instantly ordered two persons who were with me to ascertain whether the infant was alive; and, upon finding that it still breathed, I endeavoured to procure a little water to baptize it. But, strange to say, although I had hitherto travelled with several villages constantly in sight, none was within our reach at this moment where we might obtain water, neither was there a brook or a spring. In consequence of this, I had the child carefully placed in my litter till we arrived at the inn called "Pey-suy-kaou," where we were to lodge for the night. Here I put on my surplice and stole, and taking the oil, which I always carried with me, I consecrated the water; after this I baptized the infant; which, being a girl, I resolved to name Mary, in order to offer to the Holy Virgin this my first-begotten in the Lord. Upon my departure I left twelve shillings, partly my own and partly contributed by the Christians of the place, for her support, intending to send more from Peking if she lived: but this was not necessary—the child died soon after; and thus went, without trouble, to be happy with God in heaven.

There is nothing unusual in seeing children thus abandoned; it occurs daily throughout this vast empire. When mothers are poor, and have large families, or observe any defect upon the body of an infant, or any indication of an illness likely to become troublesome and expensive, they cast away the little creature without remorse. This cruel custom is also generally practised by unmarried women who have children, and especially by the members of a sect called Necoo, who pretend to live in spotless chastity. The poor infants are secretly thrown into a river, or left near the public road, in the hope that some passenger may take pity on them and carry them home. This sometimes happens, but generally the unfortunate beings are devoured by wild beasts. Not far from the walls of Peking, I myself saw one infant under the paws of a dog, and another between the teeth of a hog. By a charitable provision of the Emperor, carts are sent round the walls of his immense capital every morning in order to collect castaway infants, and carry them to a certain temple, where a number of women are employed to nurse them at his expense; but, owing to the want of proper attention, out of a hundred of these numerous ill-fated children, scarcely ten

survive. Well acquainted with this state of things, the Jesuits have appointed a Chinese Christian to baptize all the infants that are brought to that temple. To do this, however, they are obliged to obtain permission from the bonzes, which they must purchase with money. In this manner not less than three thousand children are baptized every year.

In other cities in China, where no such receptacle as this temple exists, the unfortunate little beings are left a prey to wild beasts; for it rarely happens that any one of them is preserved by the compassion of a stranger. I was so deeply affected by this that I resolved to devote the rent of a small house at Naples to the support of a catechist, charged with the care of baptizing such infants every morning; hoping that the example, however humble, might induce other persons to contribute more effectually for the same purpose.

The next day was spent at the same place where I had baptized the little foundling; the river being considered dangerous, in consequence of numerous masses of ice, which might have come in contact with the vessel. At length we crossed it safely, breaking with our oars the ice which had begun to form near the banks. Before starting we had, however, to wait a long time, because the officer appointed to conduct us had repaired to a temple of idols to sacrifice various animals and implore a good passage. This circumstance I only mention to shame many Christians, who are less eager to pray to their true God than these pagans to their false ones.

In these parts we saw for the first time a great many Mahomedans; and I afterwards understood that they are to be found in every province of the empire. It is said that they entered China from the west, in former times, when foreigners were permitted to pass the frontiers; and that they came from India. They formed connexions with the Chinese, and their descendants have increased to such an extent that they are now far more numerous than the Christians. They have their temples, or mosques, in which they meet to perform the rites of their religion. They wear the Chinese costume, with the exception of the lower orders, who are distinguished by a kind of cap of white cloth, pointed at the top: they also allow their mustachios to grow. They live with the Chinese in perfect harmony.

On arriving at Ool-she-poo I inquired of one of the Moors what he adored? "Pahy-choo" [the Lord], he answered. "What Lord?" said I. "Tah-se-yang-te-choo" [the Lord of Europe], he replied. "Do you not worship Tien" [Heaven]? I resumed. "Poo-pahy-tien-pahy-choo" [I do not worship Heaven, but the Lord], he replied, with some resentment. Father Fabri asked the same questions of two other Moors, and he received similar answers.

When we were within one day's journey of our destination, a messenger brought us an order to stop, because the Emperor was absent from Peking, and did not wish us to see any of the Europeans before we were presented to him; but, the day after, we were commanded to proceed, and accordingly we reached the capital on the 5th of January, about noon.

CHAPTER IX.

Introduction to the Emperor—The Ko-tow—Climate and Clothing—Abundance of Game—Chinese Stoves—Description of Peking.

BEING safely arrived in Peking, to which city the Emperor had returned, we were, by his command, immediately conducted to the palace, without being permitted to see any of the Europeans. After remaining for some time in an apartment with a number of mandarins, we were shown into a spacious open hall, where the chief eunuch came to meet us, and made us sit down upon cushions, which are used by the Tartars, who do not sit like us, or like the Chinese, but with their legs crossed. When we had taken our seats, the eunuch and the mandarins standing, two large golden bowls, one full of meat, the other of fish, were brought to us, with the intimation that the whole was sent by the Wan-Sui, which signifies the life of ten thousand years, which is one of the titles of his Imperial Majesty, and that it came from his own table. Such being the case, we were ordered to go on our knees, which is the universal custom upon receiving any thing direct from his Majesty. Then, taking the two bowls, we were obliged to raise them on high in our hands, and perform the ko-tow, that is, bend the head to the ground in sign of thanks for the great favour thus conferred upon us. After sitting down again we declined tasting the meat, saying that, being Friday, our religion forbade it, and we partook of the other things. We were then asked whether we had come prepared to serve the Emperor, even unto death; and we replied that such was exactly our wish.

When the dinner was over we were presented to his Majesty in his private apartments. He was seated, after the fashion of the Tartars, on a divan covered with velvet; and had before him a small table, upon which were placed some books and writing materials. Upon his right and left were some European

missionaries, with some eunuchs, having their feet close together and their arms hanging down, which, in China, is a sign of modesty and respect. Following the instructions received from the mandarins, as soon as we were within sight of the Emperor, we hastened our steps to the divan on which he was seated; and there we stood a few moments, with closed feet and arms hanging down. Then, at a signal given by the master of the ceremonies lowering his hand, we bent our knees; and, after remaining a short time in this position, at another signal we inclined slowly our heads till we touched the ground with the forehead; and this was repeated a second and a third time. After these three prostrations we arose to our feet, and then we again repeated them in the same manner, till they amounted to nine. This homage is called *tah-lee*, that is, the great or solemn ceremony. Subsequently, when we went into the presence of the Emperor, which was a frequent occurrence, we only knelt once; excepting at certain annual solemnities, such as the Emperor's birth-day, the first day of the year, and some few other occasions, when the nine prostrations were indispensable.

After these ceremonies his Majesty asked which of us had made any progress in the Chinese language, as he had been informed by the mandarins appointed to attend us that one of the five had done so. He was answered that I was the one. He then inquired our names, country, and profession, and whether we had brought any new mathematical works with us. He also ordered Signor Pedrini to play some music; put some questions to Signor Fabri concerning mathematics; and said something to me about painting. To this point the conversation had been kept up by means of interpreters. The Emperor now commanded me to answer the next question in Chinese, expressing myself as well as I could. He addressed me very slowly, employing many synonymous words, in order that I might understand him; and was very patient with me, making me repeat the words, till at length he made out what I meant. The question was as to the cause of Cardinal de Tournon's death at Macao. At the termination of the audience we were obliged to hasten out of the apartment as quickly as possible, which is a mark of respect paid to the Emperor. Having thus left the presence, I was informed by the mandarins, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that I

should go to the Palace to paint ; and, accordingly, I entered upon my duty on the following day.

The city of Peking was once called *Se-yun-tien-fu* ; but it received its present appellation when the emperors of China removed the government from Nanking to the north of the empire, in order to oppose the incursions of the Tartars. As Nanking means south royal residence, thus Peking signifies north royal residence ; the word *Nan* meaning south, *Pe* north, and *king* royal residence. It lies in a plain which stretches to the south for more than ten days' journey without interruption, whilst at no great distance towards the north it is bounded by very numerous mountains. Owing to this extensive plain on the south, and this multitude of mountains on the north, Peking is exposed to deadly heat in summer, and severe cold in winter.

The transition from one extreme to the other, however, is slow and gradual, so that the Chinese of the upper classes go on changing their clothes all the year round. In summer they wear a cotton shirt, a waistcoat of light ko-poo, linen, a loose gown of the same material, called *ppow-zoo*, and over this a light silk spencer, called *why-ttao*. When the heat begins to decrease they exchange the ko-poo for a sort of crape called *shah*, and this again for satin ; and, as the weather gets cool, they wear the *ppow-zoo* lined, and the *why-ttao* wadded, then both these garments wadded, after which they adopt the furs of ermine, sable, and fox, in the same gradation. In the depth of winter, besides having both the *ppow-zoo* and *why-ttao* lined with foxes' skin, they wear an under waistcoat of lambs' skin, and the loose gown over it wadded ; and when it snows they put on a long cloak covered over with seal-skin. In spite of all this they still shiver with cold ; and Count Ismailof, the Russian ambassador, told me that he and all his suit had been obliged to add garments to those they had been accustomed to wear, as the cold was far more intense here than at Moscow.

During the period of frost, that is, from October till March, Northern Tartary sends to the capital an enormous quantity of game, consisting chiefly of stags, hares, wild-boars, pheasants, and partridges ; whilst Southern Tartary furnishes a great abundance of excellent sturgeon and other fish, all of which being frozen, can easily be kept during the whole winter. At the close

of the old year, and the beginning of the new, huge heaps of game and fish are exposed for sale in the streets, and it is surprising to see how cheap they are sold. For seven or eight silver tchens, which are equivalent to four shillings, one may buy a stag; for a trifle more a wild-boar; for five half-pence, a pheasant; and so on in the same proportion. During the winter it never rains at Peking, and it snows but seldom and sparingly. From March to June there are occasional showers; but in July and August it rains copiously.

Stoves are in use in Peking, not, however, such as I have seen in Germany, Holland, and England, standing in the room, like small ovens: here they are placed without the room, and the heat is transmitted to the apartment through pipes, which run completely under the floor. By the European method of warming houses, our heads may be hot while our feet are cold, whereas in Peking the feet are always well warmed, and a moderate heat alike pervades every part of the room. Wood is very scarce, but there are mountains in the neighbourhood which appear entirely composed of coal like that of England; and this is the fuel in general use. While I was living in Peking some Muscovites arrived who had never been there before. They built themselves stoves of the European kind, supposing that they were to be preferred; but soon perceiving their error, they pulled them down, and adopted those of the Chinese. They likewise discovered that the expense of heating their own stoves exceeded that of the Chinese a hundred-fold: for in their own they were obliged to use a great deal of wood, which at Peking is exceedingly dear; whereas the cost of fuel for the Chinese stove is a mere trifle, coals being very cheap, and the chimneys not more than a foot square, and two feet deep. In the southern part of China, the land being universally cultivated, there is but little wood; and as the expense of conveying coals would be very great, dry leaves, grass, weeds, and even the dung of animals, are used for fuel. The ground is dry and healthy.

The quantity of rice produced is not considerable; but this, as well as the other necessaries not found here, are abundantly supplied from other parts of the empire; and for their transport the present Emperor furnishes, at his own expense, nearly a thousand vessels of burden.

There is also a want of fruit, the quantity grown not being sufficient for so great a population ; but this deficiency is remedied in the same manner, from the country about Peking. The quinces are larger than ours, and of exquisite flavour ; and the apples and pears are so wholesome that they are given uncooked to sick persons. In Peking the price of these fruits is moderate ; but, being of an excellent quality, they are carefully packed in paper, and sent to Canton, where they are sold at one silver tchen a-piece, which is equal to five half-pence of our money. They consist almost entirely of juice, so that when dried in the sun, as is done in Europe, nothing but the rind remains, which is quite unfit for eating. There are two or three kinds of plums, which are tolerably good ; the chesnuts are small, and the other nuts resemble our own. The cherries are wild and small, and have little pulp.

The grapes are good, but they are only eaten. Formerly they were made into wine, as may be seen in manuscript books, where the word Ppoo-tow-t sien occurs, which signifies grape-wine ; but they now make their wine of a kind of rice, which is bruised and compressed into solid cakes for the purpose, and easily conveyed to any distance for sale. When used, these rice-cakes are broken, and put into vessels with hot water, and fermented. The liquor thus produced might be mistaken for excellent grape-wine. It is made sweet or acid at pleasure by the addition of certain herbs introduced during the fermentation, and a colour (yellow, light, or dark) is given to it as required. In consequence of this use of rice, very little care is taken to cultivate the vine. The Europeans, however, employ grape-wine to celebrate mass ; but from the watery nature of the grape, or from some other cause, during the heat of summer this wine ferments and turns sour, on account of which some of the missionaries cause it to be boiled.

Peking is composed of two distinct cities, one being called the Tartar city, the other the Chinese. The Tartar city is so named because it is inhabited by Tartars, and by those who, though not Tartars, are enrolled in the Ki-hiu-ti, or eight bands which constitute the Tartar troops. The Chinese city is inhabited by Chinese alone. It may be proper to observe that the district now called the Tartar city was in former times inhabited by the

eunuchs in waiting, who amounted to ten thousand; but under the present dynasty it is inhabited, as I have said, by Tartars and Chinese of the Ki-hiu-ti. The eunuchs, now about six thousand in number, live entirely within the walls of the palace. The Tartar city is square, and encircled by a yellow wall. It is within this yellow wall that the imperial palace is situated, but it is surrounded again by another wall, more lofty than that of the city, and of vast extent. The inhabitants within amount to a great multitude; for besides the six thousand eunuchs, there is in the seraglio a vast assembly of women, of whom the Emperor alone knows the number. There is also within the imperial residence a great number of Tartars who are in the service of the Emperor's sons, each of whom has his separate court; so that this palace may be very well considered as a third division, and Peking described as containing three distinct cities.

The Tartar city has nine gates, and each side of it is three miles in length. The Chinese city, which is also walled, joins the northern wall, which separates it from the Tartars. It is of the same size, but of a different form, being longer from east to west than from north to south; and it is more densely peopled with the middling and lower classes than the other city. In its four sides there are seven gates; and thus Peking has in all sixteen gates, and outside every gate there is a large suburb. The two cities together are twenty-one miles in circuit, according to a measurement made by the command of the Emperor. If to the circumference of twenty-one miles be added the suburbs and environs, which are also very populous, particularly those towards the west, through which nearly the whole commercial traffic of the Chinese capital passes, some idea may be formed of the vast size of this city. The palace, standing in the midst of the Tartar city, as already stated, has a southern aspect, and is in shape an oblong square, two miles in length, one in breadth, and six in circumference. The walls are enclosed and protected by a broad and deep ditch. There are three gates on each side, that in the centre being opened for the Emperor only, that towards the south for the heir-apparent, and the third for general use. These gates are guarded night and day by soldiers. Within and above these defences rises another wall, forming, as it were, an inner palace, in which reside the Emperor, his ladies, the

women in waiting, the eunuchs, and the imperial family. There is also a spacious garden, into which no one is admitted without an express permission from the sovereign. Those thus favoured, upon entering, write down their names, and upon leaving it blot them out. The splendour of the palace is equal to its extent; and though constructed according to the singular architecture of the Chinese, which resembles no other, except perhaps, in a slight degree, the Gothic, yet the whole is pleasing, and contains much that is excellent, and even wonderful.

CHAPTER X.

Oil-Painting—Chinese Delicacies—The New Year—Parental Authority—
Jealousy—Punishment by Proxy—Women's Feet—Visiting-Cards.

ACCORDING to the command of his Majesty, on the 7th day of February I went to the palace, and was conducted to the room of the oil-painters, who were the pupils of a certain Gerardino, the first who introduced the art of painting in oil into China. After giving me a polite reception, these gentlemen offered me brushes, colours, and canvas, that I might proceed to paint in their presence. For their paintings in oil they do not employ canvas, but corea paper, with no further preparation than a mere wash of rock-alum water. This paper is often sold in sheets as large as a blanket, and is so strong that I was not able to tear it. Being aware of my want of skill in the art of design, I had never ventured to paint any subject of my own invention, limiting my ambition to the production of moderate copies; but as copies are not at all esteemed by the Chinese, I found myself in no slight difficulty. I however took courage on observing that all the other painters, to the number of seven or eight, painted nothing but landscapes with Chinese houses, the Emperor caring but little for pictures of figures, as I was afterwards informed. Landscape-painting being by no means impossible to any one who possesses a moderate knowledge of drawing the human figure, I recommended my efforts to the direction of God, and began to do what I had never before undertaken. Happily my success was such that the Emperor was very well satisfied. Thus I continued to paint till the month of April, when his Majesty was pleased to command that I should betake myself to engraving.

It is the custom that all who enter the service of the monarch should make him some present. Not to be wanting in this duty, we three of the Propaganda presented our offering, which con-

sisted of about thirty articles of various kinds, the greater part of which he accepted. The presents consisted of medicines, liqueurs, confectionery, and similar things.

The Emperor sent annually to the European missionaries in Peking a good supply of venison, hares, pheasants, fish, and deer-sinews, as a new year's gift. This was also done for the present year, with an express command that we three should receive our due share. Having mentioned deer-sinews, I must add that they are collected, dried, and preserved for a long time in small bundles as an article of food. When they are to be eaten, they are first softened in water, and then cooked. They form a dish which occupies the second place of honour at a Chinese table, the dish prized beyond all others consisting of swallows' nests, which are found in the rocks and mountains of certain islands near Canton. These nests are not composed of mud, like those in our country, but of a kind of white paste, which, though tasteless in itself, on being prepared with broth and condiments, acquires a taste extremely delightful to the Chinese palate. The flesh of dogs forms the dish held next in estimation by the Chinese, and these animals are therefore kept and fed for their tables.

Having mentioned the Chinese new year, which is called Chin-yue, it may be proper to add that the Chinese calculate their year by the moon, and not, as we do, by the sun. They begin it with the new moon, which falls upon the 15th degree of Aquarius, answering to the 5th of February. They count twelve months, one having twenty-nine days, and the other thirty; but every five years they correct this lunar year by adding a month, and then they arrive at the same point as those who calculate by the sun. Days are counted from one midnight to another, and are divided into twelve parts, so that one of their hours is equal to two of ours.

The commencement of the year in China reminded me of the carnival amongst us, for it is celebrated in the same manner with games, feasts, theatrical representations, and other amusements. A few days before this festive period begins, the tribunals are closed, and sealed with the imperial seal, and are not re-opened till a few days after its termination. Idols painted upon paste-board are affixed to the doors of the houses; and the quantity of

fireworks displayed at this time, in all parts of China, is truly astonishing. It may indeed be affirmed, without exaggeration, that on the night in which the old year terminates, and the new year begins, there is more gunpowder consumed in China than throughout all Europe during the whole twelve months. On the last evening of the old year, children kneel down before their parents, younger brothers before the elder, and servants before their masters, performing all the ceremonies which the custom of the country requires, and which consist of bows and prostrations too tedious for description. These rites are also observed between husbands and wives, and amongst the various grades of the female sex. The same homage which is rendered by children to their parents, the latter offer before the portraits of their deceased ancestors. All this is done in strict observance of an ancient custom of the country, namely, the profound reverence of the young towards the aged; and it is done with such superstitious exactness, that for any one who has not been a witness, as I have been, it is not easy to believe, or even to comprehend.

One day as I was talking in my own house with a mandarin who had come to pay me a visit, his son arrived from a distant part of the empire upon some business relating to the family. When he came in we were seated, but he immediately went down upon one knee before his father, and in this position continued to speak for about a quarter of an hour. I did not move from my chair, till, by the course of conversation, I discovered who the person was, when I suddenly arose, protesting to the mandarin that I would stand unless he allowed his son to sit down also. A lengthened contest ensued, the father saying that he would quit his seat if I continued to stand; I myself declaring that it was impossible for me to sit while his son was kneeling; and the son protesting that before his father he must remain on his knees. At last, however, I overcame every scruple, and the mandarin signified to his son by a sign that he might be seated. He instantly obeyed, but he retreated to a corner of the room, where he timidly seated himself upon the edge of a chest. A year after this, the son again came to visit me, having now become a mandarin himself. I offered him the seat of honour which was due to him, but he refused it, saying that it did not become him to take the same seat which, as I might remember, his father

had occupied the year before. Accordingly, when an emperor dies, his son never sits upon the same throne, but upon that which had been used by his grandfather.

Not only are children thus submissive to their parents, but, as before observed, younger brothers to the elder. Being one day out of Peking in attendance upon the Emperor, I was visited by a boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age, accompanied by his brother, who was a child of about five or six years old, very lively and interesting. I asked the latter several questions, which he answered with so much intelligence that I gave him a handkerchief; but no sooner was it offered than he withdrew his hands, and put them behind him in sign of refusal. I asked him what he meant, when he replied, "Ko-ko," that is, "elder brother." I then desired his brother to permit him to take it, and a nod from him was sufficient for the gay and joyous child, who instantly took the gift and returned thanks, as the common people in China do to persons of high rank, by kneeling down before me, and performing the Ko-tow, which is an inclination of the head down to the ground.

I may add that the Chinese women live entirely shut up by themselves in a remote apartment of their houses. Among persons of rank they are seldom allowed to go out, unless it be during the rejoicings of the new year, and even then they are shut up in sedans. They are indeed kept so strictly that they are not permitted to speak even with the father or the brothers of their husbands, much less with their uncles, or any other man, however close may be the relationship. Upon the occasion of the new year, the wife goes with her husband to perform the above-mentioned ceremonies and homage before her father-in-law and her own parents. She also performs these duties on the birthdays of the same relatives; and except on these days, her father-in-law is not allowed either to speak to her or enter her chamber. And here I will not omit the description of a practice which, while it proves the excellent social order of the Chinese, caused me to smile when I heard of it. If a man, for careless conduct or any other fault, considers it his duty to correct his daughter-in-law, as he cannot, according to the custom of the country, either enter her room or speak to her, and much less beat her, he summons his son before him, and after re-

proaching him with the faults of his wife, he bids him prostrate himself, and inflicts a severe flogging upon him. The son then rises upon his knees, and, touching the ground with his forehead, thanks his father for the castigation; after which he goes to his wife, and repeats the correction exactly, giving her the same number of blows that he received from his father.

From their inordinate jealousy arose the custom of crippling the feet of the women, in order to render walking a torment, and induce them to remain at home. I was informed by Chinese that the first who discovered this stratagem was one of their ancient emperors, who purposely hinted that nothing was more beautiful in a woman than to have the smallest feet possible. This imperial opinion being made public throughout China, every husband desired that his wife should be in the fashion, and mothers sought to secure to their daughters an imaginary beauty which it was found could be procured by art. Accordingly, at the tender age of three months, female infants have their feet bound so tightly that the growth of this part of the body is entirely stopped, and they cannot walk without hobbling and limping; and if upon any occasion they endeavour to quicken their pace, they are in danger of falling at every step. Even when walking at a slow pace, they find it impossible to balance their bodies upon a support so small and disproportionate, and are consequently obliged to walk like ducks, waddling about from right to left. In cases of marriage, the parties not being able to see each other, it is customary to send the exact dimensions of the lady's foot to her intended, instead of sending him her portrait, as we do in Europe. In this particular, indeed, their taste is perverted to such an extraordinary degree, that I knew a physician who lived with a woman with whom he had no other intercourse but that of viewing and fondling her feet.

At the beginning of the new year, friends and acquaintances visit each other, leaving their names written on red cards, which are called Tia-zoo. It is worthy of remark that, although the person visited be at home, he may order his servant to say that he is not, without giving any offence to the visitor—every one wishing at this time to enjoy himself at his leisure with his dearest relations and friends.

The mandarins, all the year round, dress plainly, and always

in the same colours, wearing a purple or black spencer, and a gown, either drab, buff, or some other quiet colour. Red and yellow they never wear, these two colours being prohibited as belonging to the imperial family. During the festal season, however, and on the Emperor's birthday, the mandarins are clothed in robes richly embroidered in gold, each bearing the peculiar badge of his rank. The military mandarins are distinguished by the dragon, and the mandarins of learning and science by the bird, which they wear embroidered upon their breasts. Thus splendidly arrayed, they go to the palace to pay their homage to the Emperor, whom, however, they do not see; but assembling in vast numbers in a great open court, they perform their genuflexions and prostrations while he remains seated upon his throne in the great hall.

I witnessed this ceremony several times, and must say that it was very splendid and imposing. The same sort of homage was also paid by all the Europeans, but separately, in another part of the palace, and never in company with the mandarins.

CHAPTER XI.

Sacrifice to Heaven—Fireworks—The Emperor's Palace near Peking—
Landscape Gardening—Chinese Flattery.

ONE morning, upon my going to the Palace as usual, I received an order from the Emperor to attend him at Chan-choon-yuen, a country residence about three miles from Peking, to which his Majesty frequently repaired, and spent from five to six months in the year. In obedience to this command, I immediately set out for that place with Father Jartou, who was assigned to me as an interpreter; and on our arrival we were lodged close to the imperial palace, in the house of Ttong-kew-kew, the emperor's uncle, who was ordered to provide for our maintenance. His Majesty moreover every day sent me a horse to ride; but as it was vicious and untamed, I left it for my attendant, so as not to expose my life to danger, and made use of another which I kept at my own expense. In addition to this, I was obliged to find myself in clothing and other necessaries out of the annual allowance of about forty pounds which I received from the Propaganda. The maintenance and the horse were granted to those Europeans who were in immediate attendance on the Emperor; the others who resided in Peking, although also in his Majesty's service, were only allowed coals, rice, and other articles, amounting to about twenty pounds a-year.

Shortly afterwards we accompanied his Majesty to Peking, where he remained three days, for the celebration of the solemn sacrifice to heaven, worshipped by the literary sect, of which the Emperor is the head. For this purpose two splendid temples are erected in Peking and Nanking, and in these the Emperor alone is entitled to sacrifice, in the name of the whole of his people. If by any chance he is prevented from performing this function, his place is supplied by magistrates of the highest

rank. Any other person attempting to do the same commits the crime of high treason, and is punished accordingly.

In these temples the sacrifices consist of the immolation of vast numbers of sheep and oxen, accompanied by a variety of ceremonies. The Chinese prepare for these sacrifices by fasting, bathing, continence, and eating no flesh of animals slain during the fast, though that of animals killed before may be eaten.

Upon our return to Chan-choon-yuen, we were all invited by the Emperor to witness the display of fireworks annually made to celebrate the new year. In the evening therefore we all assembled in a large open space within the enclosure of the imperial gardens. The Emperor was present, together with his ladies, but concealed from public view. The grand spectacle commenced with what appeared to be a great fountain of fire rising out of the ground. While this was burning, a great chest was raised into the air to the height of nearly one hundred feet, and from thence it let down a splendid wheel of fire. This was no sooner out than a great column descended from the chest to the earth, consisting of an infinite number of little stars, and accompanied by four other columns formed of paper lanterns, all illuminated within. This beautiful sight lasted a considerable time, when another burning fountain appeared, nearly similar to the last; then a variety of columns of different shapes and colours, which also continued some time, keeping the spectators in a state of enchantment, all the Europeans admitting that they had never seen any thing so admirable in their own countries. This part of the spectacle was succeeded by a pyrotechnic exhibition, which the Chinese call *the war*, being a discharge of numberless rockets, which move in opposite directions, and then strike against some boards, producing a noise exactly similar to that of arrows shot from two contending armies. While this was going on, flaming fountains arose out of the earth in various directions, wheels and girandoles of fire were in motion on all sides, and the uproar was completed by continued and powerful reports like volleys of artillery. Fireworks, more or less splendid according to circumstances, are also exhibited on this occasion at the seats of persons of rank, for the amusement and diversion of the ladies, and the lower orders in general are particularly fond of this amusement.

The Emperor's country residence, called Chan-choon-yuen, which signifies "eternal spring," was built by Kang-hy himself for his recreation. It is situated in a plain, and surrounded by other mansions, all of which are enclosed within walls, and inhabited by his sons and the nobility. The entrances to this palace and its grounds are always guarded by Tartar soldiers, who allow none to pass but the eunuchs, and those to whom permission has been granted, in which case their names are written down upon tablets. On arriving at the gate, those who are not known are asked Ko-poo-pee, signifying, what is your name? and if the name they give is inserted upon the tablets, they are permitted to enter. After going through a kind of open hall, another gate is reached, where some eunuchs write upon a large white board the names of those who go in, and efface them with a damp cloth when they come out. In this manner they know whether any stranger stops in the palace after a certain hour in the evening, when no one is permitted to remain but eunuchs. The same precaution is taken in the imperial palaces at Peking and Je-hol, in consequence of the excessive jealousy with which the Emperor's ladies are guarded.

This, as well as the other country residences which I have seen in China, is in a taste quite different from the European; for whereas we seek to exclude nature by art, levelling hills, drying up lakes, felling trees, bringing paths into a straight line, constructing fountains at a great expense, and raising flowers in rows, the Chinese on the contrary, by means of art, endeavour to imitate nature. Thus in these gardens there are labyrinths of artificial hills, intersected with numerous paths and roads, some straight, and others undulating; some in the plain and the valley, others carried over bridges and to the summit of the hills by means of rustic work of stones and shells. The lakes are interspersed with islets upon which small pleasure-houses are constructed, and which are reached by means of boats or bridges. To these houses, when fatigued with fishing, the Emperor retires accompanied by his ladies. The woods contain hares, deer, and game in great numbers, and a certain animal resembling the deer, which produces musk. Some of the open spaces are sown with grain and vegetables, and are interspersed with plots of fruit trees and flowers. Wherever a convenient situation offers,

lies a house of recreation, or a dwelling for the eunuchs. There is also the seraglio, with a large open space in front, in which once a month a fair is held for the entertainment of the ladies; all the dealers being the eunuchs themselves, who thus dispose of articles of the most valuable and exquisite description.

The Emperor was just about to set out on a shooting and fishing excursion upon a lake in the plains of Peking, and all the Europeans came from the capital to wish the monarch a pleasant journey. In this, as indeed in every other similar instance, we delivered our message to the mandarins on our knees, and they then conveyed it to their master. Upon the Emperor's return I again went to Je-hol, when his Majesty inquired whether I had been every day with the painters, what I had done, and whether I had made any progress in the Chinese language. I replied that I had been daily at the palace, and stated what I had painted. With respect to the language, he was informed that I made myself understood partly by words and partly by signs, and that when these were not sufficient, I drew what I meant. Upon hearing this, he commanded that I should no longer have an interpreter, that I might thus be obliged to express my wants in Chinese, and so learn the language more quickly. The Emperor further ordered that Don Pedrini should come and lodge in the house of Tton-kew-kew, for the purpose of tuning the cymbals and spinets, which his Majesty had in great numbers in all his palaces. When it was stated that Pedrini did not understand the language, he replied that was of no consequence, as cymbals were tuned with the hands, and not with the tongue. However, he afterwards assigned Father Parrenin as interpreter to Pedrini.

The Emperor supposed himself to be an excellent musician, and a still better mathematician; but though he had a taste for the sciences and other acquirements in general, he knew nothing of music, and scarcely understood the first elements of mathematics. There was a cymbal or a spinet in almost every apartment, but neither he nor his ladies could play upon them: sometimes indeed with one of his fingers he touched a note, which was enough, according to the extravagant flattery practised at the court of China, to throw the by-standers into ecstasies of admiration, as I myself have often witnessed. I must say

that I was not a little surprised to find how Kang-hy, who was really a man of enlarged understanding, believed all the exaggerated praises of his courtiers, and was childishly vain. This was perhaps to be attributed to the flattery that had been continually lavished upon him since the eighth year of his age, when he began to reign.

The Emperor one day saw the portrait of a Tartar, which he had ordered me to draw, and he said it was a good likeness. He then commanded Pedrini to play on the cymbals, and also expressed himself much pleased with the performance. As a sign of his satisfaction, he afterwards sent us some eatables, a favour which he subsequently often repeated.

CHAPTER XII.

Survey of China, Tartary, and Corea—Order to engrave—Fall from a Horse—Tartar Surgeon—Water Cure.

FOR many years past the Emperor had despatched several Jesuits into the different provinces of China, with the injunction that they should make a correct survey of them. Wishing that Tartary should be equally surveyed, he confided the task to Father Jartou, assigning him Father Fabri as an assistant.

The expense attending this undertaking was immense, for the whole of the vast empire of China, Tartary, and nearly thirty tributary principalities and kingdoms, including Corea, were to be surveyed; the longitude being measured by means of long chains, and the latitude with mathematical instruments. This operation required the services of numerous individuals, superintended by many mandarins, and lasted fourteen years. The kingdom of Corea, however, and that of Thibet, could not be measured with much exactness; for the Coreans being extremely jealous of strangers, would not admit Europeans; and this part of the business was consequently executed by a mandarin, purposely instructed by the Jesuits, and then sent thither by the Emperor, under pretext of an embassy: even then they watched every movement of the mandarin so closely, that he could not take a step without being observed by the guards, who never left him, and wrote down all he said or did. Thus, being unable to measure the longitude with a line, he could only calculate the miles by the hour. This ambassador, with whom I was intimately acquainted, informed me that he had only succeeded in taking the sun's altitude by making them believe that the instrument he used was a sun-dial, and that he stopped to look at it in order to ascertain the time. Although Thibet had been nearly conquered by the Emperor, it was still governed by the Lamas: his Majesty would not, therefore, for political reasons,

send thither any other persons than two Lamas, but these had been previously instructed by the Jesuits.

The Emperor had long desired to have some one in his service who could engrave the geographical map above mentioned. He accordingly inquired whether Pedrini, Tilisch, and I understood any thing besides music, mathematics, and painting. They replied in the negative; and I said that I knew something of optics, and also the theory, though not the practice, of the art of engraving on copper with aquafortis. His Majesty was highly pleased to hear that, although I had not practised the art of engraving, I was ready to attempt it, and he immediately ordered that I should begin to engrave. In the shortest time possible, I, with a point, traced a landscape upon a plate coated over with lamp-black, as a preparation for the aquafortis; and I had scarcely done this when the Emperor desired to see it. As subjects on plates thus prepared present a very handsome appearance, the Emperor was delighted with it, and commanded his Chinese painters to draw a landscape, in order that I might afterwards engrave it. As soon as it was done it was shown, together with the original, to his Majesty, who expressed considerable delight and surprise at finding the copy so perfectly similar to the original, without this being impaired; for this was the first time that he had seen an engraving on copper, the Chinese making theirs by fixing the drawing on a block of wood, and cutting them both at once with a chisel.

To avoid the heat of summer, which is always excessive in Peking, the Emperor Kang-hy had been accustomed to make excursions, by land and water, to the south of China. But as this diversion caused an expense which was extremely burdensome to his subjects, he had built himself a country residence at Je-hol, in Tartary, where he now usually resided from the beginning of May till the end of September, with an escort of about thirty thousand men, besides a great multitude of people who resorted thither for the love of gain, or pleasure. I was commanded to follow him thither, together with Father Tilisch, in the capacity of a mathematician; Father Rod, in that of a surgeon; Father Parrenin, and Don Pedrini, as interpreters. We all set out together on horseback, but, before we were out of the city, my horse slipped, and I was instantly thrown, re-

ceiving frightful wounds in my head and other parts of my body. As my companions did not dare to stop, they recommended me to the care of two heathens, and left me fainting in the street, where I remained in this state for a considerable time.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but every thing appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The Emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing-point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers.

He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free.

A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that, if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position.

The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant.

The operator made me sit upon the ground ; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Esculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards."

The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons ; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times ; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating ; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary.

On the very morning that I fell from my horse the Emperor three times sent a commission, consisting of two mandarins, three secretaries, and two physicians, to examine me upon the subject of the accident. I constantly affirmed in my answers that the horse was excellent, and that I had fallen from my ignorance of horsemanship. I thus saved from punishment both the officer who had brought me the horse and the mandarins who had been charged with the arrangements of our journey. These poor men had lived in the greatest dread, fearing that some complaint might escape me, which, however slight, would cause their destruction. For this reason they now conceived a great affection for me, and upon different occasions they rendered me important services.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Great Wall—Mountain near Je-hol—Attempts to engrave—Description of Je-hol—The Emperor's Country Life.

As his Majesty was now aware that I could not ride, he ordered that as soon as I was in a fit state to set out I should travel in a carriage. In this journey I passed the famous wall which divides China from Tartary, and well deserves to be considered as a wonder of the world. The Chinese say that it is more than ten thousand lee in length, which is equal to more than three thousand miles; but I have been assured that it does not exceed fifteen hundred. Its course is not always even, sometimes descending into deep valleys, at others rising to the top of lofty mountains. Its height constantly varies, being much greater in certain situations, especially in the valleys, whilst in some places it does not rise higher than fifteen feet. In some parts this wall is built entirely of stone, in others of brick, in others of stone and brick mixed; and such is its breadth, that carriages can drive along the top with ease. I was informed that the interior of the wall was filled up with earth, and that it was built of that breadth not only for convenience in time of war, but also to facilitate the transport of materials when it was building, as it would otherwise have been impossible to carry it over steep and precipitous spots. It would in fact have been beneath the advanced civilization of the Chinese to build a national barrier, passing over rocks, ravines, and mountains, without providing a passage for horse and foot soldiers.

Upon examining this work I was greatly astonished to find that although it was built more than eighteen hundred years ago, it is still so perfect that it does not appear to have been finished above a century. It is decayed only in a few places, and these dilapidations the Tartars, who are now in possession of China, do not trouble themselves to repair. They only preserve and

defend the gates through which there is much traffic. Under the native Chinese government one million of soldiers were employed to guard and garrison this marvellous work.

Before arriving at the wall we had entered a country diversified with hills and plains; but on the other side of the gate nothing was to be seen but mountains, and the road lay through valleys and defiles, which appeared walled between the heights on either side. Until we had reached Je-hol I did not observe a single Tartar habitation, but only some inns erected by the Chinese for the accommodation of travellers since the Emperor had removed his residence thither. Besides these, at intervals of about fifteen miles, there are palaces surrounded by walls, which are used by the Emperor and his concubines on his way to Je-hol and back. Among these mountains the mornings were so cold that it was necessary to wear furs; but when the sun had risen the heat became insupportable. Near Je-hol I one day had the pleasure of ascending a mountain higher than the rest, and was much surprised at the extraordinary appearance of the summits around, which looked like the waves of a boundless sea—a spectacle, perhaps, without a parallel in the whole world. From this situation I also beheld one of those sports of nature at once so unaccountable and so stupendous, which I have described in the journey from Canton to Peking; but this was much more lofty, and of a different form, resembling the fabulous club of Hercules.

After twenty days' journey we arrived safely at Je-hol. On the following day I went to the palace to return thanks for the surgical assistance sent me by the Emperor, which I did by means of the Ko-tow, this ceremony being unavoidable whenever the Emperor has conferred any favour, however trifling. Upon this occasion I was given to understand that I must finish the copper-plate upon which I was employed, and immediately after take off prints from it. Of the art of engraving with aquafortis I knew no more than what I had learned in a single lesson given me by an artist at Rome in compliance with the wishes of a friend who, as if by providential foresight, had earnestly recommended me to learn it.

I now inquired for the ingredients necessary to make aquafortis, that is, strong white wine vinegar, sal ammoniac, and

verdigris. The sal ammoniac could be procured in abundance, but the verdigris was greatly inferior to ours, and the vinegar, not being made with grape wine, but with sugar and other articles, was not fit for my purpose. Thus, owing to the inefficiency of the aquafortis, the lines were very shallow, which, added to the badness of the ink, caused the prints to be of the worst possible description. It cost me no small amount of labour before I could bring this kind of engraving to any degree of perfection.

To make the ink tartar was necessary, but of this a few pounds only could be found in the imperial drug-house, and I was obliged to employ other materials. After many experiments, however, I produced a tolerable specimen.

In the construction of a press I was again encountered by innumerable difficulties, having never even seen one but once, when I paid no particular attention to it. I now ordered one to be made, having the lower cylinder fixed and the upper one moveable. In consequence of this, when it was worked the effect produced was of the worst description, and drew forth the laughter and jests of the eunuchs, mandarins, and many other persons belonging to the court, so that my trouble and confusion were complete. Recollecting, however, the high purpose for which I had come to China, I contrived to bear all this with patience and good humour. His Majesty having seen the prints which I had engraved, was kind enough to excuse them, though they were very pale. He even declared they were excellent; and this he always continued to do, never finding fault with what I produced.

Besides the annoyances already mentioned, I had to endure other interruptions, proceeding from envious persons, amongst whom were some mandarins, who, being displeased at my having gained the Emperor's favour, endeavoured in various ways to bring me into disgrace. Amongst many other malevolent actions, having seen that my work was not at first very successful, they employed a letter-cutter to engrave a plate with the graver: he transferred the outlines tolerably by following closely the design of the painter; but as he did not understand the harmony of light and shade, when the prints were drawn off his plate they presented a wretched appearance. The mandarin Chow, who had the chief care of the Europeans, was so disap-

pointed and incensed, that he tore the prints to pieces, and ordered the poor man to be bastinadoed.

Perceiving that I had made some progress in the art of engraving, his Majesty resolved to have prints of thirty-six different views taken from the residence of Je-hol built by himself. Accordingly I went there with the Chinese painters whom he had ordered to make the drawings, and I thus had an opportunity to see the whole of the grounds, a distinguished favour which had never yet been conferred on any other European.

The residence of Je-hol is in Tartary, about one hundred and fifty miles distant from Peking. It is situated in a plain surrounded with mountains, whence flows a torrent, which, though usually dry, swells fearfully in time of rain or thaw. A few years before, when its destructive character was not yet known, and before the present houses were built, it carried away by a sudden overflow in the night an encampment of many thousand persons. A hill rises gently from the plain, its side studded with buildings destined for the Emperor's followers, and a copious spring of water, after winding round a variety of delightful slopes, forms a noble lake containing a remarkable quantity of fish.

To an admirable disposition of the ground, nature has here added the charms of a luxuriant vegetation. Throughout the vast extent of those regions of Tartary a tree is rarely seen. At Je-hol, however, the plain, the slopes, and the hill are thickly covered with foliage; and the filberts, corianders, pears, and apples, though growing wild, have so delicious a flavour that they are served on the Emperor's table. The plain, slopes, and hill are so extensive that it took me an hour to make the tour of the inclosure on horseback.

Various habitations, more or less large according to their use, are erected here and there in different spots about the grounds: one for his Majesty; behind this, one for his concubines, who lodge three or four in each room; another for his mother, others for his queens, and others for the eunuchs. There is also a Miao, or temple of idols, which is constantly attended by a great number of Taou-she, or priests of the devil, who are all eunuchs, dressed in yellow. It is to this Miao that the Emperor goes with his ladies to make sacrifices and adorations during his stay in Je-hol.

There are, besides, many cottages and summer-houses: these summer-houses are built in different forms, but all in good taste, and very clean. They are provided with silk curtains on all sides, so as to prevent observation from without; and have seats all around, with a table or bed in the centre. These cottages and summer-houses are for the service of the Emperor, who retires thither with his queens and concubines; for at Je-hol he rarely sees any one except his ladies and eunuchs. With his ladies on foot around him, he is carried about the grounds by eunuchs, in an open chair; with them he sails in little boats, fishing in the canals and the lakes; with them he eats—always, however, alone, upon a raised platform, whilst they take their food seated on the floor, each at her little table. Even when studying he is surrounded by his favourite queens, as I myself have often seen.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Emperor's Retinue—The Little Hunt—Stag-hunting—Tiger-hunting—
Wrestling and Archery—Silence in the Camp.

IN the month of September the Emperor usually indulged in stag-hunting; and this year, 1711, in order that we Europeans might witness the sport, he took us all five with him. We set out on the 11th for Kara-kotton, an ancient city which had been destroyed by the Chinese when they expelled the Western Tartars. Before building the residence of Je-hol, above described, his Majesty used to spend the summer months in this place, where, besides his palace, several edifices are still extant, partly erected by him for his suite, and partly by the Chinese, who repair thither for trade. Although it had been abandoned by the Emperor, it still contained a considerable population.

Very early on the 12th we resumed our journey, and, after travelling about twenty miles, we came to a place called Lan-chee-siao-ing, where we passed the night under tents. Beyond this spot there are no other habitations but the palaces intended for the reception of the Emperor and his ladies. The rest of the company lodge in tents, which, from one of the neighbouring heights, form a noble sight, looking like the encampment of an army. Out of thirty thousand soldiers, which the Emperor had with him at Je-hol, only twelve thousand accompanied him to the hunt; but his retinue was so numerous that our party must have amounted to more than thirty thousand persons. On the slope of a hill a Miao had been erected long before the arrival of the Emperor; and the hill was surrounded with soldiers, who allowed no one to pass, because his Majesty was expected to alight with the ladies of his suite, as in fact he did before proceeding to his palace. The ladies he brought with him were in six carriages, three of which were yellow and three black, the former for the queens, the latter for the concubines. Those of

the crown-princes were in three carriages, one yellow and two black. Each carriage contained four ladies, seated in the Tartar fashion with their legs crossed. Wherever these women passed, everybody was obliged to pay them reverence, by quickly fleeing away and hiding themselves so that they might neither see them nor be seen: those who were not very active in the performance of this duty never failed to receive a good beating from the mandarins or eunuchs of the escort. We Europeans, however, were treated with less severity. It often happened that we met them in places where it was inconvenient to avoid them, and that, whilst the Chinese were driven away without mercy, we were not at all molested.

On the 13th, we left Kara-kotton before daybreak, and proceeded to Poro-kotton, another ancient city, which had likewise been demolished by the Chinese. The following day was spent by the Emperor in fishing in a river flowing by. We then resumed our journey, and arrived at a place called Epakia, where his Majesty slept in a palace for the last time, as henceforth tents were the only accommodation on the road. About halfway stood three large circular tents, of white canvas, within a yellow inclosure of the same material. One of them was for the Emperor, another for the crown-prince, and the third for the ladies. There were, besides, some blue tents, of inferior quality, for the eunuchs. Here his Majesty stopped two hours, in the middle of the day, for dinner and repose: and at the place where we arrived in the evening we found other tents of the same description, and disposed in the same manner.

After another day's rest and one of travelling, on the afternoon of the 17th we began what they call the little hunt, which is for deer, hares, and pheasants. Hitherto, we Europeans had preceded the company about two hours' march—the Emperor intending that we should thus avoid the dust and confusion always produced by a whole army on horseback; now, however, to enable us to enjoy the sport, he ordered that we should march immediately after him, and keep within sight of him. We had come to a small plain covered with luxuriant verdure, where a number of soldiers formed a semicircle around the Emperor, who was a few steps in advance, followed by his family and suite, all armed with bows and arrows, and flanked by falconers.

As the circle advanced at a slow pace, innumerable pheasants, hares, and deer were seen to fly or run out of the grass and the bushes in all directions. Eagles, trained for the purpose, were let loose upon the deer; against the hares and pheasants arrows and hawks were employed. This continued for about an hour, when we came to the end of the plain, and were obliged to proceed in search of another spot across those valleys and hills of Tartary. Then, when we came to the other places adapted to the sport, this was repeated several times, and always in the same manner.

Having crossed several hills, we now arrived in an open place, skirted by verdant heights; and in the early morning the stag-hunt was begun, which being conducted in a manner quite different from ours, I shall here describe minutely. On this occasion the army consisted of twelve thousand soldiers, divided into two wings, one of which passed on towards the east, then turned northward, whilst the other proceeded to the west, then likewise turned in a northern direction. As they marched on, each man halted, so as to remain about a bow-shot distant from the next, till at length they surrounded the hills. Then, at a given word, in an instant they all advanced slowly towards the centre of the circle, driving the stags before them, and went on in this manner till one was not more than half a bow-shot distant from the other. Every alternate soldier now halted, and the next continuing to advance, two circles were formed, one being at a considerable distance from the other. After this they all moved in the same direction till the soldiers of the inner circle being so near as to shake hands, they divided again and formed a third circle; when, preserving their relative distances, they advanced again till the soldiers and horses of the innermost circle touched each other.

The inner or third circle was less than a bow-shot distant from the second, but the distance from this to the outer circle was much greater. The three circles having thus taken up their ultimate position, the Emperor entered into the centre, followed by the male part of his family and relatives, and surrounded by the best and most expert hunters, armed for his defence. The ladies were conducted into pavilions erected upon a neighbouring hill, where they could view the sport without being seen.

A similar situation was allotted to us, but we remained on horseback.

The signal being given, the Emperor himself opened the chase by killing with his arrows a good number of the multitude of stags thus surrounded; and when weary he gave permission to his sons and relations to imitate him. The stags, perceiving themselves hemmed in and slaughtered on all sides, attempted to escape by breaking through the circle; but the soldiers, being accustomed to this, instantly drove them back with shouts and the noise they produced by striking the leather housings of the horses with their stirrups. Many of the stags, however, urged by pain or fear, leaped over the horses, or forced a passage with their horns. The soldiers of the second circle then endeavoured to drive them back to the centre; but if they did not succeed, those of the third were permitted to kill the fugitives. Nor were the animals that chanced to escape from the soldiers entirely safe, for they could then be destroyed by any one who might happen to meet them.

Tigers generally make their abode in the most rugged and inaccessible mountains of Tartary; but they are sometimes found among these hills watching for deer and other prey. When it is discovered that there is more than one, the circles are immediately dissolved, the soldiers retire to the encampment with great precaution, and no further attempt at hunting is made there that year. If, however, no more than one of these ferocious animals has been observed, the soldiers dismount, and dividing into bands of five men each, they take up various positions, with lance in hand, instead of bows and arrows: being thus prepared, they let loose a number of dogs, not to hunt the beast, but to intimidate him by their barking, and drive him from his lair, which is very soon effected. When the tiger appears, the soldiers remain motionless, knowing it to be the nature of this beast to attack. Fixing his eyes, therefore, upon one of these groups of soldiers, he makes towards them at a quick pace, and when at a certain distance he instantly springs upon them. The five men, who with their eyes and lances fixed awaited his approach, receive him on the points of their weapons, which they force into his breast, and having with great dexterity thrown him down, they quickly despatch him. I never had an opportunity of witnessing such an occurrence, but I was assured that no tiger, thus

discovered alone, had ever escaped ; and that no soldier had ever been hurt by one. When, on the contrary, these groups have been attacked by more than one tiger, some have suffered ; and, consequently, whenever more than one is discovered, the sport is immediately abandoned, and the company proceed to another quarter. There are great numbers of these beasts in that country, and the Tartars often hunt them in the manner described ; and afterwards sell the skins in Peking, at about a tael each, a Chinese coin equivalent to a crown.

As I have here spoken of stag and tiger hunting, I cannot leave the subject without noticing an extraordinary circumstance. The stag, being endowed with a sense of smell as exquisite as that of the dog, perceives the tiger by its strong scent, and instantly flies behind some hill, which, intercepting the current of wind, prevents his own scent from reaching the ravenous beast. Father Parrenin told me that, a few years before, as the hunting circle advanced, they had come to a slope sheltered from the wind, which was covered by such an immense multitude of stags as to appear of the colour of their skins. These stags were so terrified by the dreaded beast, that upon the approach of the men and horses they did not attempt to escape, but allowed themselves to be killed like a flock of sheep, rather than save themselves by flight. So great was the slaughter, that the Emperor, supposing that all the stags of the surrounding country had assembled upon that spot, commanded the circle to be opened, lest the race might be entirely destroyed.

The Emperor took part in another species of sport, unknown in Europe and less fatiguing. He set out by night with all the great company above mentioned, and when within two miles of the spot selected for the sport he left the army, and ascended to the top of a hill with six or seven hunters, clothed in stag-skins from head to foot. Here one of the hunters put on a kind of mask resembling a stag's head with horns, and concealed himself among the bushes in such a manner that at first sight he might be taken for a stag, while the Emperor and the others crouched down close by—all being armed with good guns, to the ends of which were fixed small pieces of stag's horn. The stags are followed by several does, which they will not allow any other stag to approach. Early in the morning they instinctively raise a cry of challenge ; the other stags arrive, and a fight ensues,

which continues till one is slain, when the victor takes possession of his rival's herd of does. One of the hunters now blows an instrument which, both in shape and sound, very much resembles those with which our herdsmen call the swine, and which closely imitates the belling of the stag. At this sound the stags hasten to the hill, and seeking their supposed rival they come within gun-shot, and meet with their death. The Emperor had the first shot, and if he missed, the stag was quickly killed by the hunters. It happened one day that at the sound of the horn not one stag only but two appeared at the same time within shot, and began to fight. One of them was soon hit by the Emperor, and the other, instead of running away, strove to finish his dying rival, thus giving his Majesty the opportunity of killing him also with the second shot. The sport lasts only about two hours, as later in the day it would have no effect; and every morning from five to ten stags were thus killed.

This was the sport in which the Emperor Kang-hy indulged every year in the months of September and October, changing the place nearly every time, in order to find a greater quantity of game. If it happened during this period that his Majesty was deprived of his diversion, either by his superstitious prostrations to the new moon or any other impediment, he was not idle on that account. He then came out of his pavilions, and, sitting upon a carpet on some elevated situation, he either watched the dexterous efforts of his Tartar wrestlers, or commanded some of his grandchildren, and other great military mandarins, to practise archery before him; and sometimes he would even enter the lists against his third son, who managed the bow nearly as well as himself. Although our party amounted to about thirty thousand persons—a number which, under all circumstances, must produce great noise and confusion—yet when the Emperor was encamped, and the sun had set, the silence enforced was perfectly astonishing. One day Pedrini and myself having returned to the encampment after sunset, my friend ordered a servant to call our conductor, to whom he wanted to speak. The poor fellow resisted for some time, but being pressed by his master he at last obeyed; and scarcely had he opened his mouth before he was seized by the soldiers of the guard, and very severely bastinadoed.

CHAPTER XV.

Chinese Letters—Imperial Condescension—The Christians in Danger—Conversions—Strict Discipline—The Crown Prince deposed—The Emperor's Sixtieth Birth-day.

DURING our stay at Chan-choon-yuen I presented to his Majesty some prints of a Chinese landscape, drawn by one of the imperial painters, which I had executed with the graver. The Emperor was highly pleased with them, and ordered me to engrave some letters of the Chinese alphabet in the same manner. Considering that there is scarcely any Chinese writing which does not contain some superstitious expression which we Christians can neither engrave nor print, I did two letters of the Chinese alphabet and two of ours, the latter with every possible care, the others as badly as I could; and when I submitted them to his Majesty I observed that the European letters were well executed because I could write them, but that the Chinese were bad because, being unable to write them, I could not engrave them. My excuse was kindly received, and thus, by the grace of God, I avoided the danger of contributing to the propagation of error.

About this time the Emperor gave to Fathers Cardoso, Tilisch, Pedrini, and myself, four superb why-ttaos of choice silk, lined with ermine, and worth at least twenty pounds each. With the exception of another garment intended to preserve me from the rain, this was the only thing I received from the monarch during the thirteen long years that I toiled for him. Several of the old missionaries who had spent their lives in his service told me that he had never made them any present at all. His Majesty imagined that he obliged us Europeans exceedingly by allowing us to have the honour of working for him, as he clearly intimated to us several times.

A few days after, the Emperor set out for Tartary, but without taking any Europeans with him, which gave us no small apprehension. On endeavouring to discover the cause of this novelty,

we found that a high law officer had presented to the Board of Rites a very elaborate libel against our holy religion, and that his Majesty had left us all behind lest we might trouble him with memorials and petitions. Having found this out, the missionaries in Peking, who derived no other advantage from their labours than the good graces of the Emperor and the courtiers, now employed all their interest in the defence of our faith. In consequence of their exertions, the Board of Rites was led to declare that the Europeans had fixed their residence in China with his Majesty's positive permission; that they had rendered themselves useful to the empire in the formation of the calendar, the manufacture of arms, the war against the Muscovites, and in numerous other ways; and that, as they had never offended against any one, it would not be right to forbid them the use of their own religion on the mere assertion that it was false; concluding, that those who were furnished with the imperial Piao should not be molested, and that those who had none might be banished to Macao. This declaration was immediately sent to the Emperor, who with his own hand wrote at the bottom of it, "I approve." When he returned from Tartary we all repaired to the palace to thank him by word of mouth and in writing, besides the usual nine ko-tows, or prostrations.

In the meantime I continued to improve in the art of engraving; and when his Majesty saw some copies of the last print I had produced, he said they were "pan-pei," which means a treasure. On this occasion he commanded me to engrave the forty views of Je-hol which he had ordered his painters to take, intending to get them bound in volumes with some poetical compositions, and then make presents of them to the King and Princes of Tartary. He also inquired whether I would take two Chinese pupils on the condition that they should not teach my art to any one else. On my answering that I wished nothing so well as to please his Majesty, he immediately sent to Peking for two young men, whom I instructed with tolerable success, together with some others who came afterwards. Ever since the day of my arrival at Je-hol I had been frequently visited by a youth of good family, whom I had done everything in my power to convert. With the excessive-civility of a Chinese, he always affected to be convinced by my arguments, but the moment he

joined his friends he turned my efforts into ridicule, laughing with them heartily. I was informed of this, but nevertheless I did not cease to instil the word of God into his heart. One day he came to see me at the moment I was instructing two Chinese who had pressed me to teach them the dogmas of our faith, and he begged me to allow him to listen. To confess the truth, I was not much pleased with his presence, fearing that he might divert the others from the resolution they had formed of embracing the Christian faith; but not to offend him, I granted his request. I spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, proving the existence of God and the falsehood of idols; then by degrees explaining the principal mysteries of Christianity. After this they all earnestly entreated me to baptize them, which I did with infinite satisfaction, after having tried the firmness of their determination for some time.

The Emperor having decided to return from Je-hol to Peking, ordered us to precede him by four or five miles, so that we might avoid the confusion inseparable from the march of an army, with the thousands of waggons, mules, camels, and horses that transported the imperial baggage. The camels alone amounted to more than six hundred. With respect to these animals I may here remark that they are brought from Tartary, which abounds in them as well as in horses. I was however assured by those Europeans who had surveyed the whole of Chinese Tartary, when executing a map of that country, that they had never seen an ass or a mule there.

In the place at which we halted to sleep, we found houses constructed for the service of the Emperor; but before entering them his Majesty superstitiously commanded the lamas to bless them, and drive away the evil spirits. Every one expected to pass the great wall that evening, and stop at another place some miles farther, and accordingly many of the mandarins in attendance had passed the great barrier of the country, and erected pavilions where they supposed the Emperor would halt; but an order was soon issued that they should all return, and that, as they passed the gate of the great wall, the guards should write down their names, and immediately send a list to his Majesty. This was punctually executed, and many of the party were severely punished. Two of the mandarins, who were appointed to

take care of the Europeans, alleged that they had gone forward to recall the persons they had in charge, and the excuse was admitted. Another disguised himself in the dress of my servant, and not being discovered he escaped castigation. As the guards at the gate allowed no baggage to return, many were obliged to sleep on the bare ground, and others in the open air, at a time when in the morning the water and even the ground was frozen.

When we arrived at Chan-choon-yuen, the imperial residence near Peking, to our great terror we saw in the garden of that great palace eight or ten mandarins, and two eunuchs upon their knees, bare-headed, and with their hands tied behind them. At a small distance from them the sons of the Emperor were standing in a row, also with their heads bare, and their hands bound upon their breasts. Shortly after, the Emperor came out of his apartments in an open sedan, and proceeded to the place where the princes were undergoing punishment. On reaching the spot he broke out with the fury of a tiger, loading the heir-apparent with reproaches, and confined him to his own palace, together with his family and court. In a public manifesto he subsequently deposed the unfortunate prince as suspected of treason; and to prove to the nation his incapability of reigning, amongst other things he accused him of being addicted to an atrocious offence, which the laws of China, though promulgated by heathens, hold in the greatest abomination.

The Emperor could not remain long in the same place, and thus after a few days he left Chan-choon-yuen for Pa-chao, another mansion of enormous dimensions, with a park so abounding with stags, that they appear like flocks of sheep. Here it was that, in ancient times, the sovereigns of China enjoyed the pleasures of a country life; but the Emperor Kang-hy, after erecting the palace of Chan-choon-yuen, only repaired to Pa-chao once a year, to hunt the stag and other animals. After the chase, he returned to Peking to celebrate the solemn festival of the sixtieth year of his age; a period which in China is equivalent to our century.

On the fourth day of April, 1713, the chief mandarins from all parts of the empire arrived at Peking to assist at the celebration, and take part in the splendid rejoicings which were made upon this occasion. Every one offered to the sovereign gifts of

the rarest description, according to his rank and power. We Europeans, each contributing his share, made his Majesty a present consisting of European wine, Brazilian tobacco, which is the most esteemed in China, one pound of gum storax, a piece of the finest linen, two painted quilts from Coromandel, several white pocket handkerchiefs of the finest description trimmed with lace, four embroidered purses, various kinds of scissors, knives, and small padlocks, three pounds of tartar, a mathematical instrument, two pots of balsam, six bottles of confectionary, with twelve jars of preserved quinces, eight stones of gaspar an-tonic, saffron, bark, oils, and medicinal roots.

On arriving at the palace, we showed our offering to the mandarins, but they would not receive it until we first took away the medicinal articles, and reduced the whole to even numbers, declaring that on such a day it was an evil omen to offer to his Majesty an odd number, or articles of medicine. Having carried back our gift, we discussed among ourselves whether it would not be better to offer nothing at all than to subtract the medical articles, and reduce the whole to even numbers; but the opinion of the majority was, that in order to avoid giving offence, it was expedient to make the present. Upon this I withdrew, leaving the others to do what they liked, and they took away the medical articles and made the numbers even. We afterwards returned to the palace, where, kneeling as usual before the mandarins, and wishing his Majesty every happiness, we declared that we felt ashamed to present such trifles. The Emperor returned in answer that he felt much pleasure in receiving the expression of our good wishes, and out of all the above-named articles, he made choice of thirteen, which was considered as a great favour. From each of the mandarins he only accepted one or two things, refusing all the rest. His Majesty afterwards conferred a particular honour on me, by sending me a box of European colours, which had been presented to him by one of his courtiers. On this occasion the whole city of Peking wore an appearance of festivity. All were habited in gala dresses, banquets were given without end, fireworks discharged, and every kind of rejoicing carried on as at the new year. But that which above all things struck me with astonishment, was the spectacle exhibited upon the royal road from Chan-choon-yuen

to Peking, which is about three miles in length. This road was adorned on both sides with an artificial wall composed of mats, and entirely covered with silks of the most beautiful workmanship, while at certain distances were erected fanciful houses, temples, altars, triumphal arches, and theatres, in which musical dramas were represented. So great was the abundance of silk that we Europeans all agreed in thinking that no kingdom in Europe possessed so much. Public prayers were also delivered by the mandarins in the numerous temples of the capital, for the safety of the Emperor and the continuation of his line; and at the same time various prostrations and sacrifices were made before a picture representing the monarch.

It is a universal custom in China, that during such solemnities no one should pass on horseback before any temple, but that all should alight, and proceed on foot. Being ignorant of this practice, I one day nearly transgressed it, when on a sudden I was surrounded by soldiers, with whips in their hands, who called out loudly "Down, down!" I immediately understood what this meant; but as I would not take any part in their superstitious ceremonies, I turned back my horse and galloped away, to the great amusement of the gazing crowd. Fortunately for me every one could see by my beard that I was a European; for if I had been a Chinese, without giving me the least intimation to dismount, the guards would have subjected me at once to the severe discipline of their whips.

CHAPTER XVI.

Public Rejoicings—Provincial Deputations—Strawberries and Asparagus—
The First Pupil—Regard of the Chinese for their Beards—Russian
Priests.

ON the 11th of the same month the Emperor went in state from Chan-choon-yuen to his palace in Peking, allowing every one to see him. On ordinary occasions his Majesty is always preceded by a great number of horsemen, who clear the streets entirely, causing all the houses and shops to be shut, and a canvas to be drawn before every opening, so that no one might see him. The same precautions are taken when the Emperor's ladies, or those of his sons, are about to pass. His Majesty generally comes forth on horseback, and the ladies are always conveyed in close carriages. Upon this celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Emperor's birth, the openings were not stopped nor the doors shut, nor were the people driven away. The streets and roads were now crowded with countless multitudes desirous of beholding their sovereign. He rode on horseback, wearing a robe covered with dragons, magnificently embroidered in gold, and having five claws, the five-clawed dragon being exclusively worn by the imperial family. He was preceded by about two thousand horse-soldiers, in splendid array, and immediately followed by the princes of the blood, who were succeeded by a great number of mandarins. After these came a large body of soldiers, marching in a promiscuous mass, without observing any order. We Europeans were disposed in a rank near a bridge at no great distance from the palace, where we awaited the arrival of his Majesty upon our knees. On passing by, he paid particular attention to each of us, and smilingly inquired which were those employed in drawing the map.

A vast number of aged but healthy men had been sent to

Peking from all the provinces. They were in companies, bearing the banner of their respective provinces. They also carried various other symbols and trophies, and being symmetrically drawn up along the streets through which the Emperor was to pass, they presented a very beautiful and uncommon appearance. Every one of these old men brought a present of some kind to the Emperor, which generally consisted of vases and other articles in bronze. His Majesty gave to each of them twelve silver tael, a coin worth about five shillings, together with a gown of yellow silk, which is the imperial colour. They afterwards assembled all together in a place where the Emperor went to see them; and it was found that this venerable company amounted to four thousand in number. His Majesty was highly gratified with this spectacle; he inquired the age of many, and treated them all with the greatest affability and condescension. He even invited them all to a banquet, at which he made them sit in his presence, and commanded his sons and grandsons to serve them with drink. After this, with his own hand, he presented every one of them with something; to one who was the most aged of the whole assembly, being nearly a hundred and eleven years old, he gave a mandarin's suit complete, together with a staff, an inkstand, and other things.

Many compositions in verse and prose were produced on this auspicious occasion, and some of our missionaries humbly petitioned his Majesty for a copy of the collection to send to Europe, which he granted, commanding Father Bovet to translate them. In these poems divine titles and honours were given to Kang-hy, who was indeed held in such veneration throughout China, that he often received the appellation of *Fo*, a national deity universally adored, both by Tartars and Chinese. I myself very frequently heard him designated as the living *Fo*.

Don Pedrini had constructed a small organ, which being moved by clock-work played a tune whenever a spring was touched. He carried it to the palace, and requested the mandarin Chao to present it to the Emperor. But this courtier, perceiving that Pedrini was becoming a favourite, declined to receive it, and presented another self-acting instrument of the same description. Not long after Chao fell ill, and Pedrini, taking advantage of the opportunity, carried his organ to the

palace. The other mandarins, deeming it their duty to please the sovereign rather than Chao, presented it to his Majesty, who accepted it kindly, expressing himself highly delighted at the invention.

As the Emperor could not bear to remain long in the same place, after returning from Peking to Chan-choon-yuen, on the 2nd of June he departed for Je-hol with his usual retinue. Throughout the journey old men and women were seen standing in ranks near their dwellings, with flowers in their hands, waiting till his Majesty arrived, to wish him a long and happy life. At other times no one was permitted to see the Emperor pass; but this year being the completion of a Chinese century of his age, this favour was granted, but only to old people.

On arriving at Je-hol, we Europeans were requested by order of his Majesty to explain what was the use of strawberries, and how they were eaten in Europe. During all my journeyings in China I had never seen any strawberries, and I had only remarked a few of these plants among the mountains of Tartary. I was however informed that they might be found also in some wild parts of China, but that no care was taken to cultivate them. Yet the Emperor, having understood that we were fond of them, caused them to be planted in his gardens, and even bestowed much care upon their cultivation. I observed also that hops and asparagus grew in Tartary; but both the Chinese and the Tartars laughed on hearing me say that these plants were highly esteemed in Europe.

When I had finished engraving the views of the imperial mansion of Je-hol, I presented the prints to his Majesty, who was greatly pleased with them, and commanded that a large quantity should be taken off for his sons, grandsons, and other princes. Being well satisfied with the manner in which I had bound these thirty-six views of Je-hol in one volume, he ordered me to engrave and arrange together in the same manner the great map of the empire, which I afterwards executed in forty-four plates, as may be seen in the hall of our college.

Upon the return of the Emperor to Je-hol, I baptized a youth of the age of thirteen, whose parents were Christians. As I had remarked, from my first acquaintance with him, that he possessed certain excellent qualities suitable to the priestly office, I under-

took to instruct him in all that is necessary for a Christian missionary. He was the first youth that I took with me for this purpose ; and he afterwards followed me to Naples, where he became the senior student in this institution at which I am now writing.

In November, 1715, I was summoned into the presence of the Emperor, to act as interpreter to two Europeans, a painter and a chemist, who had just arrived. While we were awaiting his Majesty's pleasure in one of the anterooms, a eunuch addressed my companions in Chinese, and was angry because they returned no answer. I immediately told him the cause of their silence, upon which he said, that we Europeans were all so alike that it was scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. I had often heard the same remark from other persons, our resemblance being generally attributed to the long beards we all wore. The Chinese do not shave ; but their beards are so thin that the hairs might be counted : the few they have, however, they value even to ridicule. Father Perreyra having once perceived a white hair on the face of a mandarin, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, hastened to pluck it out, supposing that he did him a service. The mandarin, on the contrary, was both vexed and grieved at the loss ; and picking up the hair, he wrapped it carefully in a piece of paper, and took it home. The Emperor himself was not exempt from this weakness. He once commanded Father Rod, who acted as his surgeon, to cure him of a boil that had formed upon his face. Father Rod prescribed a plaster, saying that, in order to apply it properly, it would be necessary to cut off a few hairs from his Majesty's beard ; and the Emperor, after a long consultation with his looking-glass, ordered the most dexterous of his eunuchs to cut them. Immediately after the operation he looked at himself again, and, with marks of deep grief, he bitterly reprov'd the eunuch for having so grossly blundered as to cut off four hairs when three would have been quite enough.

There were in Peking an abbot and twelve priests, who had been sent by Peter the Great to administer spiritual comfort to the families of the Russian prisoners of war. As strange things were reported concerning these ecclesiastics, I resolved to make their personal acquaintance, with a view of sending an exact

account of them to the Propaganda. According to the custom of the country in which we were, I first sent a present to the abbot, then waited upon him myself. I found him courteous and dignified in his manners, and remarkably neat in his dress and furniture. Whenever he came out of his church he held a crucifix on his breast, and the pastoral in his hand. He was a schismatic, but with me he pretended to be a Catholic. He spoke just enough Latin to make himself understood; and as he told me that one of his priests, who was ill, could also speak this language, I went to see him, but all I could get out of the man was—*intelligit, intelligit*. The abbot told me that all the Christians of his sect in Peking scarcely amounted to fifty, and were descendants of prisoners of war, one of whom still lived, though far advanced in years. I asked him whether it was true that he had baptized a great number of Chinese. To this he replied that his christenings had been limited to the families of the Russian prisoners; that he did not attend to the Chinese because he was ignorant of their language, and the abandoned state of his own congregation required all his attention. Their church, which, like the temples of the Chinese idolaters, they call Miao, had upon its front a cross like ours, but with two transversal bars besides. They call God Fo, which is the appellation of an idol, and their clergy Lamas, like the priests of Fo. They officiate in their church without any ceremony, admitting men and women at the same time, which in China is considered nothing less than an abomination. The men remain uncovered as we do in Europe; but our Christians in China, including the officiating priest, keep covered the whole time, the Chinese considering this as a mark of respect. Although the abbot was so elegant in his dress, the priests under him had a mean and shabby appearance; and I even saw some of them at play in the public streets before the church; which in China is absolutely indecorous, and not to be done by any person of the least respectability.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dread of the Plague—Death of Father Tilisch—Alarm among the Christians—Firmness of the Emperor—His Avarice—Origin of the Chinese College.

IN the summer of 1716 there was a great deal of illness at Je-hol, and the Emperor became apprehensive that it might be the plague. He therefore ordered all the physicians at his court to visit the sick singly, and to draw up a separate report of each case, pointing out the remedies required. All the Europeans at Je-hol, as well as two lamas who had the reputation of being well acquainted with the medical science, received the same command from his Majesty. We all went our rounds; but we Europeans, not being physicians, refused to prescribe remedies. The mandarins, however, insisted on our conforming to the imperial will; and when my turn came, after vainly protesting my ignorance of medicine, I allowed the words to escape me that I knew what to prescribe for those suffering from costiveness. Upon this, they pressed me eagerly to name the remedy; and I told them of a mechanical one, which, on being explained to the Emperor, amused his imperial Majesty amazingly. What rather astonished me on this occasion was to hear the two lamas talk, with clearness and propriety, about the circulation of the blood, and the animalcules engendered when it is impaired.

On the 8th of September of this year I suffered a heavy loss in the death of Father Tilisch, with whom I had made the journey from Canton to Peking, and had lived ever since in the houses that the Emperor gave us at Chan-choon-yuen and Je-hol. He died of a tedious and loathsome disease, through which I nursed him with unwearied devotion; and the Emperor, who had a great regard for him, was exceedingly pleased at what I did for him. My lamented friend was buried in the cemetery of the Portuguese missionaries at Peking, whither it was my lot to

accompany him. It being strictly forbidden to carry the dead through the gate used by the sovereign, we went by another road. I then saw another part of Tartary and of the great wall, travelling along defiles continually hemmed in by lofty and precipitous mountains.

At this period, Ching-mow, a military mandarin who resided at Kie-she, not far from Canton, sent a libel to the Emperor, in which he attempted to show that the foreign trade and the propagation of the Christian religion were highly detrimental to the empire. His Majesty handed it over to the Ping-poo, or Military Board, in order that, after giving due consideration to the charge, it might come to a proper decision regarding it. The Ping-poo answered that the matter, being of paramount importance, should be referred to the Kieu-king, or Supreme Board. The recommendation was followed, and the Kieu-king resolved that Canton should be closed against foreigners, our holy religion prohibited, all the Christians imprisoned, and their churches demolished.

On hearing this, the Europeans in Peking deputed three missionaries to plead their cause with the Emperor. These deputies waited upon his Majesty with a petition, wherein they dexterously reminded him of the existing laws in favour of the Christian religion; but, contrary to the general custom, they could obtain no answer. This made us apprehend that a severe persecution was preparing against us, and for some time we were in a state of extreme anxiety. Not long after, however, the viceroy of Canton, obeying, as it was supposed, a secret order of the Emperor, sent a report to the Ping-poo, in which he stated that the commerce of Canton could not endanger the safety of the empire, and should not be stopped, but that our religion should be suppressed. The following day the Emperor decreed that, conformably to the viceroy's report, the commerce of Canton should be re-opened, but that the suppression of the Christian religion should be suspended.

We then repaired to the palace for the purpose of expressing our gratitude to the Emperor; but before we had performed the indispensable prostrations, and returned thanks either by word of mouth or in writing, Wey, the first eunuch, came out of the imperial apartments, and addressed us with these words:—"His

Majesty says that you need not thank him, for he has granted you no favour, the decree by which the suppression of your religion is suspended being the same that he issued last year on a similar occasion. His Majesty is invariably true to his word, and never abrogates what he has once decreed."

Whenever we followed the Emperor from Peking to Je-hol, the expenses of our journey were defrayed by a pah-yen, that is, a custom-house officer, who was commanded to support us out of what he had gained in the exercise of his office. In 1718, however, his Majesty's avarice increasing as he advanced in years, he decreed that in future the pah-yen should pay into the imperial treasury what they were bound to supply for our maintenance, towards repairing the palace, the roads, and the bridges, and other similar purposes, amounting altogether to an exorbitant sum; and that these several items should be economically defrayed at his expense. In consequence of this new arrangement, each of us was now allowed one cart and four mules for the conveyance of his baggage, a tent, a horse, and twelve tahels a-month; but as we had to keep the horse at our expense, this allowance of about three pounds a-month was insufficient to meet our wants, and we were obliged to make up the remainder as well as we could.

In the month of June of the subsequent year, while following the Emperor to Je-hol as usual, I met, in the neighbourhood of Low-kwo-tien, several Christians, who had come to ask me to administer the holy sacrament to a woman who was dying in Koo-pa-kew, a place five miles distant, and close to the great wall. Koo-pa-kew contained about two hundred and fifty Christians, who deserved the praise and affection of the missionaries for their fervent attachment to our religion. Accordingly I went to confess the dying woman, after which I gave her the sacrament and the extreme unction. Yielding to the pressing entreaties of several persons, I devoted the remainder of the day to receiving their confessions; and when evening came, as the chapel continued to be full of people who awaited their turn, after taking a slight refreshment I resumed my work, and carried it on throughout the night without once closing my eyes; but as most of these deserted Christians had not been able to confess for a long time, their confessions were generally so long that I

could not listen to more than seventy-two. In consequence of this, the next morning, immediately after mass, I again betook myself to the confessional with unabated zeal, so that during a stay of three days I confessed one hundred and ninety-nine persons, administered the sacrament to one hundred and sixty-seven, and christened fifty-four.

Among those whom I baptized at Koo-pa-kew was the uncle of the sovereign of Mong-quo-pah, a state situated in the province of Kwey-chau, but almost independent of the Emperor of China, as is shown by a blank in the map of the empire which I engraved. This neophyte told me that, throughout his nephew's dominions, no idols, images, or deities were worshipped, and that consequently there were no temples nor bonzes, nor any other sort of priests. He asked for a good number of religious books to distribute among his fellow-countrymen, and prayed that a missionary might be sent to teach them the Holy Word.

The youth I had taken with me in 1714, with a view of bringing him up for the church, was a native of Koo-pa-kew. On this occasion I was pressed to receive three other boys from the same place, among whom was the blessed John In, of whom I shall say more hereafter. On arriving at Je-hol with these four boys, I caused a room to be fitted up with five partitions, each having a curtain in front, and in these I put four beds for them, and one for a gentleman whom I appointed to instruct them in the language and knowledge of the Chinese. I then established a division of time for prayers, spiritual conversation, study, and other occupations, so that my infant institution had more the appearance of a noviciate than of a school, as I called it. I did not call it a college, because at this period I had in truth no higher object than that of forming a mere school, which should end with my life in that same country. I well knew how much that vast field lacked labourers, and that Europe could not furnish them, the number of missionaries she had sent thither from 1580 to 1724 scarcely amounting to five hundred. I also knew that, however numerous and zealous the European missionaries might be, they could not produce any satisfactory results, in consequence of the formidable barrier of the language, which up to my time none had been able to surmount so as to make himself understood by the people at large. For these rea-

sons, and others which I think it unnecessary to state, I firmly believed that it was indispensable to establish in the church of God a religious community exclusively for the purpose of qualifying the natives for the apostolical ministry. But as I possessed neither the funds nor the convenience, or support required for so great an undertaking, I felt compelled to keep within a humbler sphere.

My brothers and other European friends, however, having heard of my intention of undertaking the education of young Chinese, meanwhile had sent me a liberal supply of money, which unexpectedly reached me at the very moment when it was wanted. As land in China produces twelve per cent. on the capital invested, and houses even as much as eighteen, the sum I thus received secured me a yearly income more than sufficient to cover my expenses. Nearly at the same time I also received two dispatches from Rome, by which his Holiness conferred on me the office of Apostolical Prothonotary, and the living of San Lorenzo, in Arena, in the diocese of Mileto, implying the privilege of wearing mitre and crosier. Encouraged by these various and distinguished favours of Divine Providence, I now aspired to extend my school, and to devote it exclusively to forming native ecclesiastics; but the malice with which my efforts were opposed both by Asiatics and Europeans, soon convinced me that God had disposed otherwise, and that China was not the spot in which my intended institution could prosper.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Chapels for Women—Chinese Jealousy—Don Pedrini arrested—Machinations against the School—Lucio—John In withdrawn—His Father's Death—His Return—A Dream.

ON my return to Peking I established a chapel in the house of one of my penitents who lived near the Palace, so that the Christian women of the neighbourhood might perform their religious duties. This scheme having succeeded beyond my expectations, I erected another chapel in Peking, and one at Chan-choon-yuen, both for the exclusive service of women, who, owing to the excessive jealousy with which they are kept, could not enter the place of worship destined for men. The Jesuits had a church for women at Peking, but it was only opened once in six months. In other places where two churches could not be procured, the two sexes went to the same, but at different times; and on the day appointed for the women, it was necessary to place two guards at the door to prevent the intrusion of men.

To show how jealously the women of China are watched, and how cautious the missionaries ought to be, I will relate what happened to me at Chan-choon-yuen. One day when I was in the above-mentioned chapel, confessing in turn several women who were stationed behind a curtain, I observed a man passing to and fro before the door and watching my actions. When my duty was over, I asked the beadle who the man was, and what he wanted; and he replied with a smile, that he was a heathen but lately married to a Christian, who had stipulated that she should be allowed the free exercise of her religion. On the preceding day she had told him, that in the morning she would come to Atso-koong-foo, which means "to do the business," this being the manner in which the Chinese express confession. Not understanding what business his young bride could have to perform with another man, he had given her permission to come,

but had followed her by stealth, in order to watch her proceedings. The beadle having been informed of this, took no notice of him, in order that his mind might be relieved from any jealous suspicions. After he had watched for some time, finding that I remained seated and immoveable, he approached the beadle, and said he thought we were mad, as we sat doing nothing while we pretended to have business to transact. The beadle explained the mystery to him, by informing him that the women on the other side of the curtain came one after the other to confess their transgressions, and that, after suitable correction and instructions, if repentant I absolved them, upon which explanation he went away apparently satisfied.

On the afternoon of the 8th of February, 1720, amidst the general rejoicing and feasting of a Chinese new year's day, two bailiffs seized our friend Don Pedrini in his apartment, bound his hands with a handkerchief, and led him away. Father Jartou and myself, anxious to ascertain the cause of his arrest, followed him to the imperial palace, whither he had been taken, and there we found that one of the eunuchs had made him go through the genuflections and prostrations with which it is customary on that day to pay homage to the Emperor. We were informed that he had been arrested because on that morning he had not joined the other Europeans in fulfilling that duty, especially as on the occasion of his Majesty's mother's death he had already been guilty of a similar neglect. The Emperor had only ordered that Don Pedrini should be desired to go and perform the ceremonies above-mentioned, and that, if he declined complying with the command, he should be dragged to the palace in chains, and compelled to obey; but the mandarin Chao, who was our sworn enemy, without waiting to see what Pedrini would do, had overstepped his instructions, and directed that our companion should at once be treated as a malefactor, in order to cast a slur upon us all.

The day after, mistaking my affliction for terror, the wily Chao took me aside, and under the pretence of anxious benevolence, exhorted me with all the power of his eloquence not to follow Pedrini's example, unless I wished to get into a similar scrape. The drift of all this was an insinuation that I should give up my school, and remain idle in that vast vineyard of the

Lord; for he held my endeavours to form native ecclesiastics in absolute abhorrence, and was doing all in his power to frustrate them. He was assisted in this unholy work by several other courtiers, and even by some Europeans, who lived either in dread of his resentment, or under the sway of still baser feelings; there was no stratagem which this perverse coalition scrupled to employ, if it was but likely to cause the dispersion of my school. One day they forged a letter from the parents of my pupils, saying, that as the soldiers I had confessed at Koo-pa-kew had refused to take part in the funeral rites of a deceased mandarin, they requested me to send their sons home. Another time they sent letters to the same Christians of Koo-pa-kew purporting that I kept their boys with me for abominable purposes, and that unless they were instantly withdrawn they would certainly incur some fearful punishment. Upon other occasions they tried to daunt my resolution by spreading all sorts of calumnious reports against my character, and hinting in various ways that the Emperor was on the eve of giving me some fearful mark of his displeasure.

Notwithstanding these vexatious proceedings, my pupils, their parents, and myself, were immoveable in our determination; but wishing to irritate my enemies as little as possible, I resolved to take no more pupils than I already had. Accordingly I wrote to stop a certain Lucio U, who was to join us from the province of Nanking; but my letter crossed him on the road, and when he reached my school after forty days' journey, I did not like to refuse him admission: happy would it have been for me had he never entered my doors, for he turned out to be the greatest affliction of my long and agitated life, as the reader will see.

Meanwhile the Emperor's birthday came, and we had to offer presents to his Majesty as usual. Don Pedrini presented a number of European curiosities, and the Emperor accepted twenty-four sheets of paper, thus showing that the Father was not quite out of favour. I offered my gift with considerable apprehension, not only because I was Pedrini's companion, but also because I had nothing in my possession that was worth offering; it consisted of four pounds of European colours, a pound of tartar, six ounces of treacle, and a few fumigating pastiles.

Although these articles were of no value, his Majesty did me the honour of accepting them all. A few days after we met the Emperor in the garden of the Palace, and his Majesty asked Pedrini his age, thus showing that he began to receive him again into favour.

Perceiving after this that the name of the Emperor could no longer be used as a means of intimidation, the persecutors of my school now betook themselves to the expedient of sending to the Bishop of Peking a remonstrance, which was a tissue of most abominable inventions against my character. They stated, among other things, that it was highly discreditable to the Chinese mission that one of its members should travel about in the suite of the Emperor, with a carriage full of boys, just as some of the chief courtiers were doing, to the great scandal of the nation; and that in my case this was the more blameable, because at Je-hol I lodged in the house of the Emperor's uncle, whose son was Governor of the Nine Gates, and Censor of Morals. Unwilling to give offence to my powerful accusers, the bishop answered their communications in terms which appeared to imply that he disapproved of my conduct, and at the same time he advised me to dismiss three of my pupils, and to keep the other two as servants, teaching them nothing more than the Chinese characters. Hereupon I wrote a minute justification of all my proceedings, refuting each imputation by the assertion of facts which were calculated to make my enemies tremble for their own safety. The bishop instantly forwarded this to them, and they were so ashamed and alarmed that they gave me no farther annoyance through this channel.

At last, however, they succeeded in inducing John In's father to withdraw him from my care. On my passage through Koo-pa-kew, in the summer of 1720, this deluded man pretended to be ill, and pressed me to leave his son with him. I told him, in the presence of several other Christians, that, if his illness was a mere pretence, he did very wrong in thus reclaiming what he had offered up to God; to which, unfortunately for him, he answered that, if what he alleged were not true, he knew it would be an attempt to deceive the Almighty, and not me. On hearing this, I gave the boy my blessing, together with several presents, and we parted. The next morning he came

with his eldest brother to see me once more before my departure. I then asked him whether his father was really ill, as he had affirmed on the previous evening, and he replied, that on their arriving home, his father himself had told him that he was quite well, but had pleaded illness only as an excuse for taking him away from my school, as he had been assured that the Emperor was on the point of putting us all to death on account of our supposed malpractices.

The poor boy had passed the whole night in tears : his eyes were swollen ; his countenance pale and emaciated. He threw himself at my feet, and tried to confess, but his constant sobs scarcely allowed him to articulate a word. After confession he spontaneously vowed to return to my school, and enter the church, as soon as the Lord should grant him an opportunity of so doing. I then exhorted him to patience, constancy, and confidence in God, and again blessed him ; but as he continued to lament, saying that in those mountains of Koo-pa-kew he had no one to guide him in the path of salvation, I took from my neck the crucifix which had been my guide and comfort in all my travels, and gave it to him with the assurance that if he consulted His Divine Majesty he would receive far better spiritual lessons than from my poor self. Unable any longer to restrain my feelings, I hurriedly mounted my horse, and resumed my journey, overwhelmed with grief at this heart-rending separation.

Soon after my departure, while this youth was at his devotions, a friend suddenly came and informed him that his father was dying. He instantly rushed to his father's bed-side, but only arrived in time to see him expire. His father had been seized with an apoplectic fit, and calling for a physician instead of a confessor, he died without receiving the holy sacrament. This awful visitation made a great impression on the Christians of Koo-pa-kew, who viewed it as a punishment inflicted by the Almighty on the deceased for his impious behaviour. His father's funeral was no sooner over than John In wanted to join us again ; but, notwithstanding his urgent prayers and entreaties, his mother would never allow him to do so. Taking advantage of her parental authority, she had even prepared chains and stocks wherewith to punish him had he attempted to escape. Finding himself thus debarred from the life that he so ardently

desired, he shut himself up in his room, where he spent his days and nights in tears, taking scarce any food. At the end of a month he was so thin and exhausted, that his mother, perceiving no other means of saving his life, at last allowed him to depart. The day of his unexpected return was one of rejoicing to us all. Pale and sad as he had latterly been, he now suddenly recovered, as if by miracle, his natural complexion and buoyancy of spirits, so that his brother burst into a flood of tears at this unexpected consolation.

There is a singular circumstance connected with this incident, which I will relate for the edification of my readers. On the morning of the 28th of the preceding month of March, my assistant informed me that he had heard John In weeping during the night, but had been unable to elicit from him the cause of his grief: hereupon I sent for the youth, and pressed him to say what ailed him. He then told me that he had been greatly distressed in his sleep by a dream which still continued to harass his mind with all the force of reality. In this dream, which he related to me, he had anticipated his withdrawal from school, the death of his father, the obduracy of his mother, his solitude and subsequent illness, and his eventual return to us; all of which was afterwards realised with a minuteness and accuracy of detail perfectly astonishing.

I have dwelt thus much on the obstacles against which I had to contend during the infancy of my institution, in order that others may take example, and never expect praise or assistance from man in the works which they undertake for the service of God, as, sooner or later, they will be amply rewarded by Him. All these storms raised by Satan against my frail little bark, on its first setting sail, were a favourable omen; for the great enemy of mankind would not have opposed its progress with so much malice if he had not dreaded the good results which it was destined to produce.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival of the Russian Embassy—Point of Etiquette—Imperial Manifesto—
Mutual Concessions.

ON the 29th of November of the same year, 1720, Count Ismailof, who was sent on an embassy to his Celestial Majesty by the Czar, Peter the Great, made his public entry into Peking with a retinue of ninety persons, and the sound of trumpets, drums, and other military instruments. He was on horseback, and had a man of gigantic height on one side of him, and a dwarf on the other, both on foot. His retinue partly preceded and partly followed him; some on horseback, and others on foot; all with drawn swords, and in splendid array. Count Ismailof had a fine person and a noble expression of countenance: he spoke German, French, and Italian, and had some slight knowledge of Latin.

To conduct the negotiations with this ambassador the Emperor appointed a commission, consisting of a mandarin and two courtiers, all personages of great authority; and deputed five Europeans and a Chinese to serve as interpreters. Being one of the number, I had the honour of waiting on Count Ismailof together with the others. After an exchange of compliments, the ambassador said he had a letter from the Czar, which he was instructed to deliver into his Celestial Majesty's own hands; and on being questioned as to its contents, he produced a copy, and gave it to the commissioners. Louis Fan, the Chinese interpreter, was desired to read it; but the letter was written in Latin, and the poor man knew so little of this language, that he had been obliged to petition the Pope for a dispensation from reading mass every day. He muttered and mumbled till he wore out the patience of the bystanders; and when at length he was pressed to tell the meaning, he was obliged to confess that he could not make it out. The letter was then handed to us, and we immediately read the contents. It imported that

the Czar, being desirous to strengthen the good understanding in which he had hitherto lived with the Emperor, had sent Count Ismailof as his ambassador, requesting his Majesty to listen to all the details that he would have to submit to him, and not to send him back to Moscow before the business on which he had been dispatched was completely arranged.

The commissioners were incessant in their inquiries respecting the business alluded to in the letter ; but the wary Ismailof constantly replied that he was forbidden to speak upon the subject until the letter had been received by the Emperor, and his diplomatic capacity acknowledged. As however the commissioners insisted upon having the first information, the ambassador, being at length overcome by their troublesome importunity, stated that the whole business consisted in the establishment of a treaty between the Russians and the Chinese, in order to avert any future misunderstanding. Whilst we were engaged in conversation with the ambassador, the dinner sent him by his Majesty arrived ; and when he was requested to return thanks, by making the accustomed prostrations, he refused, alleging that he represented his sovereign, who was on equal terms with the Emperor ; but that he would make an obeisance according to the custom of his country. The commissioners could not obtain any further concessions, and were obliged to be satisfied.

The Emperor having been immediately informed of this, was as much satisfied with the contents of the letter, and the business on which the ambassador had been sent, as he was displeased to hear of the reluctance which he had shown to perform the indispensable prostrations. But he dissembled ; and in order to obtain his object without coming to a rupture, he resorted to the stratagem of inviting Count Ismailof to a private audience, saying that he would receive the Czar's letter upon a subsequent occasion. The ambassador immediately perceived the snare, and returned thanks to his Majesty for the honour he was willing to grant him as a private individual ; but added that, as he was in the service of his sovereign, he must first beg to present his letter.

The Emperor then ordered us to inform the ambassador that, as he declined being presented to him before delivering the Czar's letter, his Majesty would neither receive the letter nor

the gifts sent him by the Czar ; and that he might therefore return to Russia. To this Ismailof replied that, before executing the commission he had received from his sovereign, he could not receive any personal distinction ; and when he was asked whether, in presenting the letter, he would perform the prostrations, he answered that he would not ; but that he would make the obeisance which European ambassadors made before the princes to whom they were sent.

Upon this the Emperor commanded one of his principal eunuchs, a page, the master of the ceremonies, and the five European interpreters to inform the ambassador that, out of regard to the Czar, he had been induced to do him the honour which he had refused ; that, according to the immutable ceremonial of China, it was incumbent upon ambassadors to make the prostrations, and to place the letter upon a table, whence it was taken by a great officer of state, and presented to his Majesty ; that although such was the custom, he would waive it on that particular occasion, and receive him in the great hall : that, besides this manner of presenting any thing written to his Majesty, there was also the official channel of his government ; and that he could choose which of the two ways suited him best. To the suggestion of the official channel, the ambassador replied with a smile ; and with respect to the other, he answered that he was commanded by his master to deliver the letter into his Majesty's own hands, and that he could not take upon himself to depart from his instructions. The eunuch then told him that, if neither of these ways satisfied him, he might endeavour to meet the Emperor, as he was coming to Peking, and kneeling down before his Majesty, present him the letter on the public road. Count Ismailof also rejected this advice as indecorous towards his own sovereign, and persisted in saying that he would deliver the letter into the Emperor's own hands, in the place where he was accustomed to receive the ambassadors of other powers. At this presumption, highly offensive to Chinese pride, the eunuch smiled, and the page said that the ambassador must be mad ; whereupon, without saying one word more, we all rose and broke up the conference.

The interpreters were again summoned to the palace, and a decree, written by the Emperor himself, was given to them for

translation, with the injunction that they should represent it as the work of his Majesty's ministers, and should request the ambassador to reply, categorically, to every particular. The translation was executed by one of us who was not in sufficient possession of the Tartar language to render several parts of the manifesto very clearly.

The subject of this imperial edict, which was supposed to be addressed by the Foreign Office to the ambassador, was as follows:—"The Emperor had hitherto received, and treated with great honour, all envoys of foreign powers; and as during many years he had been on a good understanding with the Czar, as soon as he was informed of the approach of his ambassador to Peking, he had sent some mandarins to meet him, furnishing him with horses, and whatever else was necessary in the journey. On the ambassador's arrival in Peking, one of his Majesty's eunuchs was sent to him with dishes from the imperial table, and a message that after a few days he would be received at court. His Majesty thought that all these favours might have induced him to give up his unreasonable pretensions of delivering the letter with his own hands, as he was no more than a representative of his master. This circumstance had awakened much suspicion upon his conduct. If he expected to receive the same honours as those that would be paid to the Czar if personally present in Peking, the marks of respect hitherto shown him were certainly insufficient, and other forms and ceremonies must be put in practice. He however was not the Czar, but merely his envoy, and even for that his Majesty did not consider the credentials as entirely satisfactory. Although he had boasted of being not only an ambassador, but also a prime minister, he might be a merchant, who, the better to succeed in his traffic, had disguised himself as an ambassador. But granting that he had really been dispatched by the Czar, and that he was in fact his ambassador, yet he ought not on this account to be so presumptuous, nor insist upon presenting his letter with his own hands, as one familiar friend would to another, without observing any of those ceremonies which in China are indispensable, as must have been known not only to him, but to the Czar also. In this manner it was impossible that he should ever attain the object of his embassy."

Such was the purport of this imperial manifesto, which concluded by directing that, as the conduct of the ambassador was so suspicious, the Foreign Office should make strict inquiries into the matter, and exact from him detailed explanations on every point.

When the translation was completed, the eunuch asked us whether the ambassador and the gentlemen of his suite understood the Latin language, and as we replied that they did but very little, he then desired me to make it in Italian. Fearing that Count Ismailof might suspect that I had some share in the invectives contained in the decree, and excite the Czar's hatred against the Propaganda, in whose service I was, I replied that the ambassador was better acquainted with the French than with Italian. Upon this the eunuch immediately ordered that the translation should be executed in the French language, and the task was accordingly confided to Father Parrenin. It was fortunate for me that he relieved me from this duty, as Count Ismailof actually conceived suspicions of the other interpreters, but never of myself. Had this been otherwise, it would have grieved me much, for afterwards he was recommended to me by the Bishop of Peking in the name of the Propaganda.

The French translation of the imperial decree, together with the original copy in Tartar characters, was conveyed by the mandarins to the ambassador without the aid of the interpreter. I was however informed that he did not appear in the least surprised at the blame thus bestowed upon him, and that he again expressed his determination not to make the required prostrations, and to present the letter with his own hands.

The mandarins returned to the ambassador with an answer also written by the Emperor himself, but with more condescension, and in the name of the government. Count Ismailof again declared in the same manner, that he would not make the prostrations, and demanded permission to place the Czar's letter himself in the hands of the Emperor.

His Majesty perceiving that the ambassador firmly persisted in this resolution, no longer corresponded with him in the name of the government, but sent several mandarins, accompanied by interpreters, of whom I was one, immediately from himself. We stated that the Emperor considered the family of the Czar as

his own, and that the Czar's honour was equally dear to his Majesty, with many other similar expressions which were made to bear upon the pending question. We added, that whenever he should send an ambassador to the Czar, he promised that his representative should stand uncovered before him, although in China none but condemned criminals exposed their heads bare, and should perform all the other ceremonies customary at Moscow. No sooner had we arrived at these words, than the chief mandarin instantly took off his cap before the ambassador; and the latter being thus satisfied, promised to perform the prostrations according to Chinese custom, and also to place the letter upon the table in sight of the Emperor sitting on his throne, so that one of the courtiers might afterwards convey it to his Majesty. The mandarin farther stated, that the ambassador had the imperial permission to repair to the gate of the palace in the same state as he had entered Peking, namely with drawn swords, music, and other distinctions. After this Count Ismailof endeavoured to justify his conduct, and produced the original instructions confided to him by the Czar, in which, among other things, he was commanded not to perform the prostrations, and to insist on delivering the letter himself into the hands of the Emperor. It was finally arranged that the ceremony should take place on the 9th of the same month.

CHAPTER XX.

Reception of Count Ismailof—Court Dinner—Eulogy of the European Missionaries—Presents—The Emperor's Advice to the Czar.

ON the appointed day Count Ismailof went to the palace to present the letter to the Emperor, with the usual ceremonies and prostrations, as had been agreed; and the presentation took place in the manner which I am about to describe.

After the ambassador and the ninety men of his suite had been kept waiting a good while in the open vestibule of the Great Audience Hall, the Emperor entered it, followed by the principal officers of state, and mounted his magnificent throne by some steps on the left, whilst every one else ascended on the right. His Majesty took his place in a chair gorgeously decorated, having on his right three of his sons seated upon cushions, and a little farther off, the halberdiers, pages, eunuchs, chief courtiers, and ourselves, all standing; we interpreters wearing the dress and insignia of great mandarins. At the foot of the throne, on the floor of the Great Hall, sat upon cushions, in distinct rows, the first mandarins of the empire, the Koong-yeh, or lords of the imperial family, and many other mandarins of inferior rank. Before the throne, near the entrance of the Great Hall, stood a table prepared with sweetmeats for his Majesty. In the open vestibule, which was a few steps lower than the Great Hall, there was another table, beyond which Count Ismailof was standing. According to Chinese etiquette, the ambassador should have placed the letter upon this table, kneeling down in the vestibule; but the Emperor ordered that the table should be brought into the Audience Hall, and that the ambassador should also advance, which was a mark of great honour.

Count Ismailof then entered, and immediately prostrated himself before the table, holding up the Czar's letter with both hands. The Emperor, who had at first behaved graciously to

Ismailof, now thought proper to mortify him, by making him remain some time in this particular posture. The proud Russian was indignant at this treatment, and gave unequivocal signs of resentment by certain motions of his mouth, and by turning his head aside, which under such circumstances was very unseemly. Hereupon his Majesty prudently requested that the ambassador himself should take up the letter to him, and when Count Ismailof did so, kneeling down at his feet, he received it with his own hands, thus giving him another mark of regard, and granting what he had previously refused.

After the presentation of the letter, the ambassador, attended by the master of the ceremonies, returned to his former place in the open vestibule. Shortly after, he moved to the centre opposite the chair in which the Emperor was sitting; behind him stood his principal attendants, and further back a number of soldiers and servants.

When all present were thus marshalled in due order, at particular signals given by the master in chief of the ceremonies, they all went down upon their knees, and after the lapse of a few minutes, beat their heads thrice to the ground. After this all arose upon their feet, then again kneeled down and prostrated themselves three times. In this manner they kneeled thrice, and performed nine prostrations.

The ambassador was then conducted again to the Emperor's feet, and was asked by his Majesty, through us interpreters, who were standing, what request he had to make. Count Ismailof answered in the French language, that the Czar had sent him to inquire after the health of his Majesty, and to confirm the friendly relations that existed between them; and that he himself also took the liberty of inquiring after the state of his Majesty's health.

To these inquiries the Emperor replied in a very courteous manner; and then added, that it being a feast day, it would not be proper to discuss business, for which an audience would be granted at another opportunity. He then commanded Count Ismailof and his attendants to be seated. The ambassador was then permitted to sit down upon a low cushion at the end of the row in which were the Koong-yeh, as mentioned above, and four of his principal attendants were placed behind him at the ex-

tremity of the next row. All his other followers were directed to remain in the vestibule. When they were all seated, his Majesty began to speak, addressing his discourse to the ambassador, and said that he was not to be surprised at seeing the European missionaries of our party habited in the dress and decorations of great mandarins: that we were not mandarins, but only apparelled as such by his command, so that we might take part in the ceremony, to which none but persons in that costume could be admitted; but that although we were not mandarins, it was not to be inferred that we were unworthy of such distinction, but merely unwilling to be elevated to this dignity, as well as other honours, which he would otherwise gladly have bestowed. He also wished the ambassador not to feel surprised at our being placed nearer to the throne than himself, or the great mandarins and lords, as ours was an exceptional place, granted only for that particular occasion, while that occupied by Ismailof was in the rank of his own grandees. He moreover desired him to understand that we Europeans were not residing at Peking by force or constraint, like prisoners of war, and so brought to the capital, but that we had come from distant countries of our own free-will to offer him our services; and that even on that day we had assisted him as interpreters not by command, but merely by invitation. He lastly declared, that during the whole of his reign we had committed no fault deserving even a reprimand; and that he gave us such marks of his affection because he wished to gain ours. His Majesty was pleased on that day to say from his throne these and many other things in praise of the Europeans, not only for the information of the ambassador, but also to justify himself before his courtiers, who were astonished to see us so highly honoured.

When the Emperor had finished his eulogy of the Europeans, he put many questions to the ambassador upon various subjects. After these he called him to the throne, and with his own hands gave him some wine in a gold cup, an act of condescension which he also bestowed on his four principal attendants above-mentioned. He then commanded his great officers of state to summon the remaining persons composing the ambassador's suite to the door of the Great Hall, in parties of five, and to serve them with drink. In the meantime a table of sweetmeats was con-

veyed to the ambassador, and then another upon which were dishes from the Emperor's own table. As all the company were seated in the Tartar fashion, that is, with the legs crossed, and upon very low cushions, the tables were scarcely a foot high. All those who were seated on the floor of the Great Hall, as well as ourselves, were each furnished with a little table, and thus we all ate and drank, his Majesty continuing on the throne.

During the repast, the Emperor ordered his musicians to play and sing in the Chinese fashion; and after this two youths were introduced, who danced with so much elegance, that we Europeans were much astonished at the performance. In the vestibule, where the ambassador's suite was entertained, the same kind of amusements were provided; and after two hours had been thus passed, the Emperor retired, and we proceeded to another part of the palace to join the other Europeans. Here we all prostrated ourselves before the mandarins, and returned thanks to his Majesty for the honour he had done us by the great eulogy above-mentioned. His Majesty sent a message to us by the eunuch Ching-foo, importing that he had thus spoken in our favour, in order, by making our good qualities generally known, to palliate anything of a contrary nature; and that although he had punished Pedrini, that fact must be considered as a family transaction, for he had behaved towards him as a father to his son, without any publicity.

On the following morning the Emperor sent a dinner to the ambassador and the whole of his suite; and as his Majesty was at Chan-choon-yuen, and the ambassador at Peking, we were obliged to perform a journey of three hours on horseback. The eunuch put so many questions to the ambassador, partly by command and partly to satisfy his own curiosity, that we were detained till three o'clock in the afternoon. We then returned to the palace at a gallop; and as I had not yet broken my fast, I found myself so weak, that it was with great difficulty I could keep my seat upon the horse. This kind of hardship I experienced very often, but I only mention it to show the kind of honourable galley-slaves we were at the imperial court.

Upon a certain day appointed for the purpose, the ambassador presented the gifts sent by his sovereign, consisting of two watches studded with diamonds, a clock in a case of crystal,

containing a portrait of the Czar, which was not at all relished by the Chinese, who did not like to see the portrait of the Czar thus publicly exhibited ; a beautiful casket likewise adorned with crystal ; eight large mirrors, some cases of mathematical instruments, a large hemisphere, a level, a microscope, some telescopes, a hundred sable skins, the same number of ermine and of fox ; and some articles turned by the Czar himself. His Majesty accepted all these presents, which, as I said elsewhere, was a mark of especial honour ; and gave the ambassador, and each of his four principal attendants, an enamelled snuff-box, made in his imperial manufactory.

When the Emperor had accepted these presents, the ambassador and two gentlemen of his suite were again received by his Majesty in his private apartments, where, after performing the usual prostrations, they were again invited to a repast, of which we interpreters were also allowed to partake. Upon this the conversation turned exclusively on the peace which it was expedient to preserve between the two monarchies, during which the Emperor repeatedly commanded the Russians to listen in silence, and to write in their language what he was going to say, so that they might report it to their master. He likewise ordered the Tartars to record it in their language, and us Europeans in ours, and to furnish the ambassador with an accurate translation, that he might carry to his sovereign the important piece of advice he wished to send him. His Majesty then began to speak, and after a bombastic preamble, said that the peace and welfare of the two nations depended on the Czar's health ; and that, having heard how he delighted in marine excursions, he was desirous to warn him against the inconstancy of the sea, lest he should thus expose himself to destruction. At the conclusion of this solemn illustration of the old saying, "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus,*" Count Ismailof had great difficulty in refraining from laughter, as he himself afterwards told me.

As the Emperor's elephants are kept near the house of the Portuguese Jesuits, his Majesty ordered that upon a certain day the ambassador and the four principal officers of his suite should be entertained by these missionaries, and then escorted to see the imperial stables. There were thirty-three elephants instructed to perform various feats and tricks, which they executed in the

presence of the ambassador, blowing trumpets with their trunks, and kneeling or dancing at the command of their keepers.

The day after we returned to the palace with Count Ismailof and his secretary, when his Majesty gave each of them a superb dress of sables, a vase of fine metal, and two glasses of wine.

The ambassador was also invited to dine at the residence of the French Jesuits, who gave him a sumptuous entertainment, enlivened by the best music to be found in those parts, which is not at all disagreeable to the ear; this was followed by dances, and tricks of legerdemain, which excited the admiration of all the company.

On the 13th of March, 1721, Count Ismailof departed with his train from Peking on his way back to Moscow, taking with him many valuable presents sent by the Emperor to the Czar. As my attention was then engrossed by other matters, I will not attempt to describe these presents, or any other transaction of the embassy, lest I should commit any error. I will only add one incident, which may perhaps give an idea of the immense wealth of the Chinese monarch. One day I was commanded to show to the ambassador and some of his attendants his Majesty's collection of clocks and watches. On entering the room, Count Ismailof was so astonished at the number and variety of these articles displayed before him, that he suspected they were counterfeit. I then requested him to take some of them in his hand, and having done so, he was surprised to find them all perfect. But his astonishment increased still more when I told him that all the clocks and watches he now saw were intended for presents, and that his Majesty possessed a still greater number, placed in various parts of his palaces for his own use.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Emperor in Bed—Life at Je-hol—A quid pro quo—Hard Living—
Illness of Scipel.

DURING the stay of the Russian embassy in Peking, Dr. Volta, a Milanese priest and physician, arrived at Chan-choon-yuen, and I was summoned to accompany him when he was introduced to the Emperor. After asking him a few questions, his Majesty commanded him to feel his pulse. Dr. Volta immediately obeyed, but remarked that, in order to form a correct opinion of the state of his Majesty's health, he must feel his pulse on that evening and the next morning. This being therefore repeated when the Emperor went to bed, and then again before he arose, the physician pronounced him to be in an excellent state of health. I observed on this occasion that his Majesty's bed was wide enough to contain five or six persons, and had no sheets. The upper part of the mattress, as well as the under part of the quilt, was lined with lambs'-skin, and the Emperor slept between these, without wearing any night-clothes. As it seldom happens that an Emperor is seen in bed by strangers, he said to us, "You are foreigners, and yet you see me in bed." We replied that we had that honour because his Majesty treated us as his sons; whereupon he added, "I consider you as members of my own house, and very near relatives."

The life to which I was doomed this year, when we went to Je-hol, was quite that of a prisoner. The Emperor being much pleased with Scipel's sculptures, thought proper, lest the artist should work for any one else by stealth, to shut him up in his inner palace, appointing me to be his interpreter. The outer palace, to which the Emperor repaired on certain days of the week for the transaction of business, had a guard of soldiers, and was open to all the officers of state; but the inner one, containing his Majesty's seraglio, was guarded by eunuchs, and even sons and nephews of the Emperor were excluded. If by any

accident a stranger was required to enter it, he could only do so under the escort of twenty eunuchs, who took every possible precaution to prevent him from seeing any of the female inmates.

According to a custom strictly observed in China, the Emperor cannot inhabit the apartments which were occupied by his parents, nor use the throne of his predecessor; and as his Majesty's mother had died a few years before, Scipel and I were commanded to take possession of her empty house. It consisted of a small parlour, and a few other apartments; and was built within a small garden, at the top of a delightful little promontory, which commanded a lake of some extent. By bringing the water of the river which flows close by Je-hol into his gardens, the Emperor had formed the lake, and a number of canals, which were plentifully stocked with fresh-water fish.

On the other side of the lake there was a cottage opposite to our own, whither his Majesty often retired to study, accompanied by some of his concubines. As the windows in China are as high and broad as the rooms themselves, and in summer are kept wide open on account of the heat, through the holes in ours, which were framed with paper, I saw the Emperor employed in reading or writing, while these wretched women remained sitting upon cushions, as silent as novices. Through these holes I also observed the eunuchs while they were engaged in various ways of fishing. His Majesty would then sit in a superb little boat, with five or six concubines at his feet, some Tartar and others Chinese; all dressed in their national costumes. The boat was always followed by many others, all loaded with ladies.

When the Emperor's presence was required in the outer palace on some business, he generally went by water; and, as he necessarily passed under my window, I also saw him. He always came in a boat with some concubines, and with a train of other boats loaded with ladies. On reaching the spot where, by a secret door, he entered the room in which he gave audience, he left the concubines behind, in charge of the eunuchs. I saw him several times about the gardens, but never on foot. He was always carried in a sedan-chair, surrounded by a crowd of concubines, all walking and smiling. Sometimes he sat upon a high seat, in the form of a throne, with a number of eunuchs standing around him; and, watching a favourable moment, he sud-

denly threw among his ladies, grouped before him on carpets of felt, artificial snakes, toads, and other loathsome animals, in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scamper away with their crippled feet. At other times he sent some of his ladies to gather filberts and other fruits upon a neighbouring hill, and pretending to be craving for some, he urged on the poor lame creatures with noisy exclamations until some of them fell to the ground, when he indulged in a loud and hearty laugh. Such were frequently the recreations of his Imperial Majesty, and particularly in the cool of the summer evenings. Whether he was in the country, or at Peking, he saw no other company but his ladies and eunuchs; a manner of life which, in my opinion, is one of the most wretched, though the worldly consider it as the height of happiness.

While staying at this cottage, I was one day informed by one of the eunuchs, that if I wished to see a Holy Bonze, greatly renowned in China, I had but to look through the holes of the paper, and I should see him pass. I accordingly tried to see; but instead of directing my view towards the north, where the said Bonze was passing, I looked towards the west, and I discovered upon the shore of the lake a person clothed in a scarlet mantle, with a splendid head-dress of jewels, similar to those represented upon the heads of Chinese goddesses. To this person a little boy, about five years old, was speaking on his knees. The eunuch asked me what I thought of the divine Bonze. I replied that it was a lamentable thing that one so beautiful and so young should so soon have learned the art of deception; having already persuaded the Emperor that he knew how to render man immortal, and actually causing himself to be adored as a divinity by one of his Majesty's children. The eunuch, hearing me talk of youth, beauty, and adoration, asked me in what direction I had been looking. "Towards the west," I answered; at which he laughed heartily, and told me to look towards the north, as it was not too late. Following his direction, I now perceived the Bonze in a little boat, accompanied by eunuchs, who were conveying him to the Emperor; and I was afterwards informed by my friend, that the idol which I had seen was no other than one of his Majesty's principal concubines, who, being indisposed, was taking the air upon the shores

of the lake ; and that the child whom I had seen kneeling before her was her son.

Every morning, except on feast days, Scipel and I repaired to our cottage by break of day, that is, before the ladies left the seraglio ; and there we were obliged to remain till they were again secured in their apartments, which generally happened about sun-set. During the hot months, however, they sometimes stayed out of doors till nearly one o'clock in the morning, and then the eunuchs detained us until that late hour. We were supplied with food from the imperial kitchen, but it was always cold, and not being accustomed to this, we suffered greatly.

In his latter years the Emperor had become very economical ; and on hearing that our food was furnished from his table, he sent his eunuch Ching-foo to inquire whether we continued to receive the twelve taels per month which he had allowed us for our provisions. I replied in the affirmative ; and the eunuch reprimanded me sharply, as having attempted to extort a double allowance ; but he was not a little confused when I informed him, that so far from making such an attempt, we often petitioned to be permitted to dine in our own house, according to the manner of our country, and our prayer had never been answered. His Majesty was soon convinced of the rectitude of our conduct, but he did not like us to leave the cottage in the evening, lest we should meet any of his concubines. All we obtained was, that we need not in future enter the Palace at sun-rise, but four hours after, when the ladies retired to dinner. Trifling as this change was, we both rejoiced at it, for it just gave us time enough to set our household in order, and to perform religious duties which we had long been obliged to neglect.

My constitution having already suffered greatly from various causes, I was afraid that this mode of living might entirely destroy it ; but though I had been from my youth of a spare habit of body, I now began to grow fat and strong. In the morning before going to the cottage, I ate as much as my stomach would bear ; in the afternoon I took a piece of bread, which I brought with me, and drank tea with it ; and upon returning home, I supped with an excellent appetite. But Scipel was not so fortunate. His constitution sank gradually day by day, till at last a long and serious illness nearly deprived him of his life.

CHAPTER XXII.

Death of the Emperor Kang-hy—Funeral Rites—Punishment of two great Mandarins.

EARLY in the year 1722 I was appointed interpreter and guide to Father Angelo, the Emperor's watchmaker; and as we spent the whole day in the imperial collection of clocks and watches at Peking, which was more than two hours' journey from our apartments at Chan-choon-yuen, the mandarins ordered that we should lodge in the houses of the French or Portuguese Jesuits. The resident superiors, however, refused to receive us, under pretence that they had no accommodation. Hereupon I resolved to seize the opportunity, and attempt to establish a house in Peking for the use of the missionaries sent by the Propaganda, hoping that the Emperor would not object to the foundation, or else that he would compel the Jesuits to lodge us. I therefore purchased a dilapidated edifice, in a good situation, within the yellow wall, which I almost wholly rebuilt, without allowing the French and Portuguese Jesuits to discover what I was doing; and as soon as it could be inhabited, Father Angelo and myself took up our residence there, to our ineffable delight.

In the meantime his Majesty, who was at Hae-tsoo, the ancient country-mansion of the Chinese emperors, was suddenly seized with inflammation. This illness is not so common in the north of China as it is in the south of Italy, owing perhaps to the difference of climate; for in Peking, from September till March the cold increases in uniform gradation, and from March to September decreases in the same manner, while at Naples the weather passes from one extreme to another in the course of the same day, owing to the prevailing sciroccos. In consequence of this illness his Majesty returned to his palace of Chan-choon-yuen, also called Hae-tien. One or two days after, the Europeans came there to inquire after the state of his Majesty's health; and

on this occasion the French and Portuguese Jesuits, who had discovered the purchase I had made, offered to accommodate me in their houses, but I declined with thanks. They observed that the Emperor, on learning what I had done, might be angry with us all; and I replied that, though it was not my fault, I was ready to abide by the consequences.

On the 20th of December, 1722, I was talking after supper with Father Angelo in the house of his Majesty's uncle, where we resided, when I heard an unusual murmuring noise, as if arising from a number of voices within the palace. Being acquainted with the manners of the country, I instantly caused the doors to be locked, and remarked to my companion that either the Emperor was dead, or else that a rebellion had broken out at Peking. In order to satisfy myself as to the cause of the disturbance, I climbed up on the wall of our dwelling, which skirted the public road, and saw with astonishment an innumerable multitude of horsemen, riding furiously in every direction, without speaking to each other. After watching their movements for some time, I at last heard some persons on foot say that the Emperor Kang-hy was dead. I was afterwards informed that, when given over by his physicians, he had appointed as his successor his fourth son, Young-Chin, who immediately began to reign, and to be obeyed by everybody. One of the first cares of the new Emperor was to have the corpse of his father clothed, and conveyed the same night to the palace at Peking, attending it himself on horseback, followed by his brothers, children, and relatives, and escorted by a countless host of soldiers with drawn swords. The next morning I repaired to Peking with Father Angelo and Scipel, for the purpose of going to the palace, to show our concern for the death of Kang-hy; but we were not admitted that day or the following.

I have already described what I and the other Europeans had done upon the death of Kang-hy's mother. The same ceremonies were now to be performed for the death of the deceased Emperor. We entered the palace with the other missionaries, all clothed in mourning, and went directly to the gate Isi-niung, where we found the mandarins assembled. Some of the missionaries, after speaking aside with the mandarins, followed them to the entrance of the inner palace, where the corpse lay,

and the funeral rites were performed. I then observed to Father Rinaldi, who, being newly arrived, trusted entirely to my directions, that they were going towards the bier, but I did not know what ceremonies they intended to perform. Upon this Father Rinaldi asked them what they were going to do; and he received for answer, that there would be no improper or idolatrous sacrifices, no papers burnt, no libations of wine performed. On this assurance we followed the others; and through the gate already mentioned, we entered a spacious court, in which we found a vast number of mandarins upon their knees. They were all habited in mourning, and weeping; and from time to time, upon a signal from the master of the ceremonies, they all at once raised such a howl of lamentation as filled the sky; after which they performed their prostrations.

We were then ordered to kneel also, but in a place apart from the mandarins. In this position we wept with them, and made the same prostrations, not perceiving anything unlawful or unchristian in such marks of grief. During several days we repaired to the same spot, and repeated the same ceremonies.

When the funeral rites were over, I asked a mandarin who had assisted at the ceremony, in what manner it had been performed; and he replied, that during the whole time the body was lying in the palace no paper money had been burnt; but that, after the removal of the body to Kiah-Shian, the mountain of gold, a place immediately without the gate of the palace, such a quantity of paper money had been burnt that the air around was for a time clouded with smoke. He also told me that the Tien-t sien, or libation of wine, had been made, and had taken place in this manner:—The president of the Board of Rites presented a vessel of wine to the Emperor, who poured it into a large golden bowl; and at the same moment the master of the ceremonies gave a signal, at which the mandarins, and we missionaries with them, performed their prostrations. On hearing that we had, even unconsciously, taken part in this work of superstition, I was grieved and alarmed to a degree which it would be impossible for me to express; and in order to preclude the recurrence of such a misfortune, I resolved to quit that Babylon at any risk, and as soon as possible.

A few days after the Emperor Kang-hy's death, whilst the

funeral rites above mentioned were being performed, Young-Chin, his successor, marked his accession to the throne by an act of justice which struck the whole empire with astonishment. The mandarin Chao was seized by his command, loaded with heavy chains, and condemned to die under a wooden collar, which is a sort of walking pillory, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. The property of this arrogant courtier was confiscated, his family enslaved, and his concubines assigned to other persons. His Majesty, in a proclamation, declared that he had thus punished him for his pride, and for the ill use he made of his authority in persecuting the Europeans: all which I could but attribute to the decrees of an over-ruling Providence. Such was the end of the renowned Chao-Chang, who was the declared enemy of Cardinal de Tournon, and of all Christians in general.

An end still more deplorable than that of Chao awaited his intimate friend Mo-lao. This worthy had several months before proceeded to Macao, for the purpose of purchasing rich and beautiful articles from Europe, which he intended to present to the late Emperor; and, on receiving the intelligence of his death, he hastened to return and offer his collection to the new sovereign. His friends, who were well aware of the change that had taken place in public affairs, having witnessed the imprisonment of Chao, and many others of the nobility with whom he was connected, advised him to defer his return. He, however, relying upon the effect that his gift of valuable curiosities would produce, treated their counsel with contempt. On his arrival at Peking he presented his rich offerings to the Emperor, who did him the great honour of accepting them all. Of this I myself was a witness, as his Majesty, soon after his accession, commanded Scipel and me to work in the palace. A few days after Mo-lao was summoned to the court, and, expecting to receive some mark of distinction, he came with an air of triumph, arrayed in his most magnificent robes, and followed by a long train of attendants. He however found a far different reception from what he had anticipated. Scarcely had he entered a gate, near which Scipel and I were standing, when he was presented to the thirteenth brother of the Emperor, who, after bidding him kneel down, ordered him, in the name of his Majesty, immediately to join the army, then engaged in war against the Tartar

chief, Tsoo-wang-ar-pat-tan ; adding that he was thus condemned on suspicion of felony, and that he must bear all the expenses attending the sentence. At this unexpected blow the unhappy Mo-lao was thunder-struck ; but after a while, taking courage, he humbly submitted that he was wholly unfit for such a service, both from inexperience of arms and weakness of constitution, and he therefore implored the clemency of his Majesty for his exemption. But the prince, who perfectly understood the Emperor's object in insisting on such a command, replied, " Mo-lao, thou well knowest the custom of the court : obey, therefore, without reply, otherwise thou wilt be compelled ;" after which he turned from him, and went away. Mo-lao returned home visibly altered, and upon his arrival great was the fear with which all the inmates of his house were seized, upon learning the unwelcome news. He lay upon his bed weeping bitterly, whilst his servants prepared his luggage for departure, and the day after he left the capital for the army upon the confines of the province of Shen-sy. When he had reached his destination he was conducted to the same house in which one of the Emperor's own brothers was confined, on the suspicion of having with criminal intention supplied him with money to purchase those presents, which were far too splendid for the means of any private individual.

The two exiles, though shut up in separate apartments, contrived to correspond with each other, and to engage in a conspiracy, which being at length discovered, they were both conveyed to Peking, loaded with chains. Here the miserable Mo-lao, three different times, had his legs squeezed between two pieces of wood, which were drawn together with such force as nearly to break the bone, and under this torture he confessed himself guilty, but without implicating the prince. His confession was made public, and at the bottom of it was written his sentence of death, decreed by the Board of Rites.

This court had condemned Mo-lao to be beheaded, which in China is as disgraceful as the gallows in Europe, but the Emperor did not approve of the sentence, and commanded him to be again conducted into the province of Shen-sy. He was accordingly conducted thither in chains, without being permitted to see any one of his family, or to have any of his servants to attend him, and on arriving at the place of his destination, he

was kept prisoner in a Tartar temple for several months. At last he was informed that the Emperor condemned him to die by *his own hands*, and the executioner, after freeing' him from his chains, gave him a cup of poison, a halter, and a dagger, that he might choose for himself whichever death he preferred, but he left him no food. The next day the executioner returned, expecting to find him dead; but seeing that he was still alive, he urged the necessity of instant execution: Mo-lao then taking off a coat of mail adorned with gold, gave it to the man to get more time allowed. The executioner accepted the gift, and went to the mandarins to report that he had not yet killed himself; but on the following day, finding him once more alive, he stifled him beneath a sack of sand. After this his body was burnt, and, to complete the tragedy, his ashes were scattered to the winds.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Exclusion of Europeans from the Imperial Palace—Plotting—Death of the Emperor's Mother—Difficulties—Final resolution to depart.

THE remains of the Emperor Kang-hy were now to be removed into Tartary, to the tombs of his ancestors, and we received an order to accompany them to a certain distance out of the gates of the capital. But as we knew that the funeral procession would frequently stop to perform sacrifices and oblations, we resolved to take no part in the superstitious practices of those heathens, and not to attend. Lest, however, I should give my inveterate enemies a pretext against me, when the head of the procession was more than two miles in advance, so that we could not even see their proceedings, Scipel and I mounted on horseback, and followed the multitude as far as the place to which we had orders to go. During my long stay in China, I never had experienced anything so vexatious and mortifying as the necessity under which I was of resorting to so unmanly a device in order to spare my conscience without endangering my personal safety.

A few months after, all the Europeans were summoned to appear before the Too-yoo-soo, or Board of the Imperial Household, when the mandarins informed us in the name of the Governor, who was the seventeenth brother of the Emperor, that for the future, when they wanted anything, they must no longer go to the palace, but communicate with the Board. In consequence of this measure, which has certainly emanated from the Sovereign, the Europeans were excluded from the imperial residence, to which they had hitherto been admitted; and from that day forward no one of them was allowed to enter it unless by his Majesty's especial permission, as in Scipel's case and my own.

Although my enemies were greatly humbled by the fall of the

mandarins Chao-chan and Mo-lao, yet the malignity of their conduct continued unchanged. Their shafts were ever aimed at me and my friends, to prevent our establishment in Peking. Two months had now passed since I was informed that they were plotting to compel us to reside with the French and Portuguese Jesuits. They were aware that I had already purchased a house, and that Pedrini was treating for another still larger. They also knew that I had opened two chapels in which religious ceremonies were performed, and that Pedrini intended to do the same. For these reasons they feared that by degrees we might assume the spiritual direction of all the Christians in Peking, and thus they laboured to prevent it, by forcing us to live with the other Europeans, so that we might have no particular church wherein to officiate.

But Kang-hy's death brought a new state of things, and they could succeed in none of their projects. Nevertheless, in consequence of their evil practices, I was summoned before the Too-yoo-soo, and ordered to produce in writing the names, country, age, and profession of each of us, who were sent by the Propaganda. Moreover, the mandarins of the Board questioned me about my friends, and recommended me to remove to one of the houses of the French or Portuguese. To this I replied, that such a scheme could produce no good result, because, belonging to different Orders and nations, we could not all adopt one and the same mode of life, and that, having houses of our own, it was neither just nor decent that we should go and reside with others, putting them and ourselves to the greatest inconvenience. I supported my argument by the conduct of these same French and Portuguese Jesuits, who had obstinately resisted all the endeavours of the late Emperor Kang-hy to unite them in one society. I further stated, that our object in coming to Peking was to enter into the Emperor's service, and that while we were so occupied, it could not much matter to his Majesty whether we resided in our own houses or in those of others, but that the loss of our comfort and convenience was of great importance to us. At that time, I continued, three of us, namely, Father Angelo, Scipel, and myself, were selected by his Majesty for his immediate service; and being without intermission engaged at the palace, we had taken a small house in Peking, that we might

better attend to his Majesty's orders. The other five resided near the Emperor's palace of Hae-tien, in a house purchased by permission; and when any one of them should have work to execute for the Emperor, he would be gladly received into my house, or another which Don Pedrini was preparing. These and other arguments of the same nature I found it necessary to employ before the mandarins of the Board, who were not acting by command, and had no interest in the business. They were satisfied with my reasons, and promised to submit them to the Governor; and as the subject was never revived, I suppose they must have met with his approbation.

On the 24th of June, 1723, the mother of the reigning Emperor Young-Chin died; and recollecting what had happened at the obsequies of the Emperor Kang-hy, I resolved rather to die than again to be implicated in such abominations. Accordingly I wrote to our five companions who were at Hae-tien, warning them against any participation in the impending ceremonies, unless in the manner that we had followed the funeral of Kang-hy's mother; and entreated them to attend at the place where we had been on this latter occasion, instead of that at which we had met at Kang-hy's own death.

After sending the letter, I went to the Too-yoo-soo to procure mourning, which was distributed to all the Europeans at the expense of the state. The mandarins asked me in what part of the palace the Europeans had assembled for Kang-hy's obsequies, and for those of his mother; whether we had gone to the Kiw-scian, that is, the golden mountain; and what ceremonies we had performed upon these occasions. I related what has been described above, and concluded by saying that we were permitted to enter the Tsy-nin-koong, and to remain there some time clothed in mourning, and seated on the ground precisely as we had done on the death of Kang-hy's mother. The mandarins replied, that that would do. They however referred the whole matter to certain authorities, who decided that the Europeans should go to another place, the name of which has now escaped my memory. It was fortunate for us that matters took this turn; for if the mandarins had resolved to send us into the Loong-tan-men, in obedience to our instructions from Rome we had determined to refuse. This new trial which I so nar-

rowly escaped, was another reason for hastening my return to Europe.

Neither I nor the other Europeans knew where to make inquiries concerning the part of the palace where we were expected to meet, nor could we guess how we were to act. Unable to ascertain whether I could lawfully be present or not, I resolved not to enter the palace with the other missionaries during the funeral rites, but to show myself to the mandarins after the ceremony was completed. It so happened, however, that the other missionaries were not obliged to take part in the rites, having arrived after the libation of wine had been performed.

In the afternoon some of my companions returned to the palace, and I went straight to the Too-yoo-soo, where I remained till they came out again. I was afterwards informed that when they had arrived on the spot, they were required to do nothing but to stand apart in a rank, where they remained till the ceremony was over, without performing any prostrations.

We afterwards continued to wear mourning, but were not called upon to take part in any other ceremonies; for according to the will of the deceased Empress, the obsequies were not to be protracted beyond three days, in order that the Emperor might resume without delay the government of so vast an empire.

His Majesty had taken it into his head to have a fountain constructed which should never cease to play. We were accordingly asked by command, whether any of us were able to contrive it. A Frenchman answered to the effect that two of his countrymen had lately arrived who would undertake such a work. Father Angelo, through me as interpreter, replied without hesitation, that he felt equal to the task. The others declared themselves ignorant of such matters. Father Angelo had already begun a design to be submitted to the Emperor, when I was informed that the fountain required by the superstitious monarch owed its origin to the following circumstance. His Majesty had demanded of a certain Bonze, who was believed to be possessed of miraculous powers, how his dynasty could be rendered perpetual—and the Bonze had replied that this might be attained whenever a fountain should be constructed whose waters should never cease to flow upon the figure

of a dragon. Those who gave me this information, deeming it wrong to encourage such heathen superstition, had unanimously declared that they were unable to execute the work. I had inquired of the courtiers, who issued the order, what might be the object of the Emperor, but they replied that it was merely for his own amusement. Nevertheless, being well satisfied of his superstitious intention, I deemed it my duty to prevent Father Angelo from undertaking the work, especially as by means of polite excuses and suitable representations he could avoid it without giving offence. Accordingly I communicated my opinion to Father Angelo, and found much difficulty in inducing him to adopt it.

Soon after this dangerous and delicate business had been so well arranged, that even in the Palace the fountain was no longer mentioned, the Disposer of all things exposed me to further trials. The Emperor commanded that Father Angelo should be required to state whether he was able to assist in the manufacture of bells in bronze, of which he sent him the models. From the peculiar shape of these bells, and from the inscriptions upon them, it appeared they were destined for the worship and temples of idols; and some courtiers moreover told me that the Emperor intended to place them, together with a mass of bows and arrows, in the belly of an enormous idol which he had erected in a spacious temple situated near the palace. I was, therefore, satisfied that Father Angelo could not undertake such a work without sharing in the sin of idolatry; and before the answer was returned, I cautioned him not to betray by his gestures that he understood such things. Father Angelo listened to what I had to say, but as he was well informed in mechanics, so was he deficient in theology and philosophy, and accordingly opposed my representations upon the subject, desiring me to state that he understood what was required, and was ready to take part in it. The courtiers perceiving that he was determined to please the Emperor, and that I objected, severely reprimanded me for thus placing myself in opposition to his Majesty's will and pleasure.

Finding that I was now entirely exposed, I freely declared that although Father Angelo might be capable of such a work, he could not undertake it, because our religion prohibited any

participation in the manufacture of things intended for the service of idols. Hereupon they threatened to inform the Emperor of my conduct: I replied, that being well acquainted with the manners of the court, I knew what must then be my fate, and was prepared to die rather than do that which was most strictly forbidden by my religion. By this they perceived that I had fully decided upon my line of conduct; and, being well disposed towards me, they agreed to report to his Majesty that Father Angelo was unacquainted with such work. The latter, finding himself disappointed, became greatly incensed, saying that I had deprived him of the honour of being employed in the service of his Majesty, and immediately went away to our residence at Haetien, declaring that he would no longer live in the same house with me, and that for the future he would have some other interpreter.

Having again found myself in the critical alternative of either consenting to further the interests of idolatry or causing much prejudice to the mission, I determined upon returning to Naples; and this resolution was confirmed by a circumstance which happened a few days afterwards. In order to excite the Chinese Christians to a more frequent fulfilment of their devotional duties, I had obtained the privilege of consecrating small Agnuses for the acquisition of indulgences; and on Friday mornings I performed a service in my chapel, during which I distributed Agnuses to those who attended. Having been informed of this, some of my opponents said, in the presence of several Christians, that I had no authority to consecrate Agnuses, and that I imposed upon the credulity of my congregation. My friends resented this attack upon my character, and a bitter dispute ensued, in consequence of which the contending parties came to my house to ascertain the truth. I immediately produced the diploma granting me the privilege, and satisfied them all.

This fresh incident convinced me still more that my efforts were maliciously counteracted by my enemies, and scarcely produced anything but scandal and discord. Considering, therefore, how little I could effect in China for the propagation of Christianity, and how repeatedly I was exposed to the danger either of participating in idolatrous practices or of perishing, in obedience to the Holy word,—“But when they persecute you in

this city, flee ye into another," I resolved to return to Naples; not, however, with the intention of living in idleness, but with a view of devoting all my time and energies to the promotion of the great object of the Christian mission.

The project of quitting the post assigned to me by my superiors had previously occurred to my mind, as stated above, and had often been the subject of my prayers; nevertheless it was a step of so serious a nature, that I dared not execute it on my sole responsibility. Now, however, I placed myself under the patronage of the holy apostle Saint Matthew, shut myself up, and went through a course of religious exercises. After several days of constant meditation and prayer, I felt so strengthened in my purpose, that I finally resolved to depart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Permission to quit China—Farewell Presents—Departure from Peking—
Cheap Travelling—Variations of Climate—Arrival at Canton—Pecuniary
Difficulties—Supernatural Agency—Providential Occurrence.

No European had ever asked leave to quit the Emperor's service, unless he happened to be disabled by some constitutional complaint. During Kang-hy's reign it would have been impossible for me, who was in perfect health, to obtain such a permission; nor did it appear easy to procure it now from Young Chin. Yet as he was still sorrowing for his father's death, and great indulgence is generally shown in China to persons recently bereft of their parents, I hoped to succeed by alleging a similar loss. Accordingly, I applied to the Emperor's sixteenth brother, who expressed himself well inclined in my favour, and advised me to petition the Too-yoo-soo. This Board referred me to his Majesty's thirteenth brother, who had the charge of the collection of clocks and watches, and was consequently my immediate superior. The prince kept me a long time in suspense, with a profusion of gracious smiles and words; sometimes he even turned aside as he passed, and pretended not to see me whilst I waited for him on my knees. At length I discovered that, in spite of all his promises, he was opposed to my departure; and knowing the magic power of gifts in China, I took all the European curiosities I still had in my possession, and sent them to his residence. They were all accepted, which was a good omen; and soon after the joyful announcement was sent me that the Emperor, in consideration of the services I had rendered to his father, had been pleased to grant my petition, ordering moreover that I should receive some valuable farewell gifts of silk and porcelain.

On the 13th of November the prince made me go with him to the imperial wardrobe, and there bade me choose any article that I liked. In obedience to his command, I fixed upon four

porcelain vases and as many pieces of silk ; whereupon a contest ensued, the prince insisting that I should take more, and I protesting that I had enough, nor was he satisfied until I had accepted two hundred pieces of porcelain. After this I performed the usual prostrations to return thanks, and quitted the Palace for ever. On bidding me farewell, the prince particularly advised me to choose a lucky day for my departure, a choice which these heathens always make by means of superstitious ceremonies ; and on my answering, to the great astonishment of the bystanders, that all days were alike, he observed to them, " You need not wonder at this, for the Europeans do not believe that there are some days more propitious than others."

As the late Emperor Kang-hy had only seven years before strictly forbidden that any one of his subjects should be allowed to go out of China, I now saw no possibility of taking my pupils away with me, and consequently resolved to leave them at Canton under the care of a friend. Fortunately, however, the Emperor's sixteenth brother, on hearing of my approaching departure, sent me a rich present of silk stuffs, two saddle-horses, and various articles of Chinese manufacture ; and having submitted, when I went to thank him, that the exportation of horses was prohibited, and that I wanted a special permission for the purpose, he said, " Write a memorial, and state the number of horses, men, and arms you wish to export, and it shall be granted." In this spontaneous offer of such a permission, I could not fail to perceive the agency of the Almighty, for the purpose of enabling me to take my pupils to Europe.

After surmounting various obstacles, which need not be detailed, on the 15th of November, 1723, I at last left that Babylon, Peking, with my four pupils and their Chinese master, myself in one litter, the two youngest boys in another, the other three and two servants on horseback. The wind blew so furiously, that it upset our litters several times, and it was intensely cold. It seemed as if the Evil one, foreseeing the great good which at some future time would arise from my little flock of Chinese, had mustered all his forces to drive us back to that capital of his dominions.

At the end of thirty-five days we arrived at Nan-chang-foo, without rain, snow, or any other inconvenience, so that with the

exception of the first day of my starting from Peking, the remainder of my journey was safe and fortunate. For the two litters and four horses, one of the servants having ridden one of mine, I paid sixty-one taels, which is equivalent to about eighteen pounds. In the province of Peking, where provisions are much dearer than in others, I generally paid for our dinner six or seven fens, and the same for our supper and lodgings, which is less than sixpence per day; we however carried our own beds, for the inns in China do not supply them. As we advanced southward the prices diminished, till the whole daily expense amounted to not more than five fens a head. The dinner consisted of a vegetable soup, two different sorts of meat, and as much rice as we could eat; wine and fruit, not being included in the fare, were paid extra.

We then hired a boat, which for less than two pounds took us to Nan-gan-foo, in eleven days. On arriving at the Meiling Pass we were welcomed by a wonderful sight. When we left Peking, owing to the excessive cold, no verdure of any kind was to be perceived. In about a week we began to see a few withered leaves still clinging to the trees, and now on reaching the summit of the mountain we found the trees clothed with luxuriant foliage. A few days after, we came to a country where the harvest was at its height; and on my arrival at Canton, on the 10th of January, we found a perfect spring, so that during a journey of fifty-six days we went through the four seasons of the year, but in an inverted order, because we were travelling from north to south.

At Canton I rejoiced to find that there was an English vessel still lying in the harbour, owing to a Custom-house officer having seized a valuable clock, which he would neither restore nor pay for. I lost no time in endeavouring to secure a passage to Europe; but I was told by several friends that it was not to be had for any sum of money, and that I must give up the idea of returning that year. Stimulated by an ardent desire to lay the foundation of my college, I made further inquiries for myself and four only of the Chinese, intending to leave Lucio, who was very weak in body and mind, and rather badly disposed. Thanks to a combination of favourable circumstances, I succeeded in obtaining the places I wanted for about one hundred

and fifty pounds sterling. This important point being thus settled, it was now necessary to pay the stipulated sum, and I had no small difficulty in finding it.

I had a credit on the agent of the Propaganda for about three hundred and fifty pounds, which I had lent him on various occasions to supply the wants of the missionaries in China; and although he had a sufficient sum at his command, he would not consent to pay me, alleging that the general exigencies of the service must take precedence of individual cases. In vain did I represent that the money I was thus claiming had not been earned, but lent, and that unless he returned a part at least, I should find myself obliged to remain at Canton with my pupils; but he was not to be shaken in his resolution. My distress may easily be conceived. But whilst my colleague thus faithlessly rewarded me for my zeal, Divine Providence again came to my assistance. A good Christian from Siam, being apprised of my difficulties, brought me about one hundred and twenty pounds quite unexpectedly, which he offered to lend me without any security or interest; on the sole condition that I should request the agent to repay them when convenient. Upon this I immediately went to pay the captain, and thus everything was settled for my own passage and that of four Chinese.

The news of the honours that had been conferred upon me in Peking previous to my departure, had reached Canton by means of the Gazette, and consequently I was extremely well received by all the authorities of the province, especially the president of the Customs. Owing to the same circumstance, I was also treated with great consideration by the English, not only during my sojourn in Canton, but also at sea and on my arrival in London.

So many and various were the things which engrossed my attention, that on the following morning when I went to celebrate mass I was unusually agitated. I had scarcely begun, "In nomine Patris et Filii," when methought I distinctly heard these words,—“Have I given him to thee, that thou shouldst forsake him? Do thy best to take him; and if thou failest, then leave him.” I instantly understood that they related to Lucio, though he was not named. Twenty-one years have now elapsed, but this mysterious occurrence remains clearly impressed on my

memory. Thus convinced of my error in not having exerted myself to procure a passage for Lucio, I resolved to try my utmost endeavours to that effect. After mass, however, I was again absorbed in multifarious duties, and my resolution, as well as the extraordinary words I had heard, were entirely forgotten.

The next day when I said mass, and was again reciting that part of the service already mentioned, I heard the same voice repeating the words, "Have I given him to thee," &c., and this time I was deeply struck with awe. I must here mention, that I never allowed myself to be disturbed or deceived by such occurrences as this, always confiding in a better guide, and employing the aids of reason; but these words now acted upon me so powerfully, that on the same day I went to the captain to see upon what conditions he might be induced to take Lucio. I met him in the street, and had scarcely time to say that I wished to ask a favour of him, when the chief supercargo came up and informed me that he stood in need of my assistance. He then related to me the circumstance mentioned above, of a clock valued at four hundred pounds, and belonging to the Company, which the president of the Customs had seized, and would neither restore nor pay for. The supercargo was aware that the president had treated me with the most marked respect, and accordingly concluded that I might persuade him either to return the clock or pay its value. I satisfied the supercargo by my answer, that I was quite ready to serve him, and if necessary would delay my embarkation, which was fixed for the following day. He returned me many thanks, and directed the captain to convey my luggage on board immediately, together with my Chinese passengers, and to take the same care of all my things as if they were the property of the Company; and upon this he went away. I was now left with the captain, and by means of the interpreter begged of him to take Lucio, assuring him that he should be fully satisfied with respect to the expenses.

In answer to this, I expected nothing less than a decided refusal or some exorbitant demand; but the captain, who had been present while the supercargo requested my assistance, immediately replied, that I was welcome to bring Lucio, even though the expenses had not been mentioned. I thanked him for his

kindness, and afterwards took an opportunity of making him some return for it. When I got home, my friends were greatly surprised to hear what had happened.

I lost no time in dispatching a message to the mandarin of the Customs, advising him to restore the clock or pay its value. The answer to this message was an invitation to supper. I accordingly went, and when the business was mentioned, he said that it had been a mistake on the part of his steward, and ordered it to be returned. Great was the joy of the English, who in consequence of this treated me with great consideration during the whole voyage.

CHAPTER XXV.

Setting Sail for England—Chinese in Trouble—Staying a Storm—Again—
Chinese Modesty—Mr. Edmund Godfrey—A Substitute for the Compass—
Anonymous Liberality.

ON the 23rd of January, 1724, I at last embarked for London with the five Chinese, and a month after we crossed the Line. Up to this time the Chinese were permitted the use of the captain's cabin, and had they been allowed to continue in it, the voyage would have been most agreeable. But the powers of darkness were highly incensed that a vessel belonging to their own dominions should convey the first elements of an institution which was destined to prove so prejudicial to their interests. Accordingly they contrived to cover the hands and face of one of the Chinese with a saline humour, which increased to such a degree, that in a few days the poor youth became a most loathsome object. The surgeon, who was a German heretic, and a most determined enemy to our religion, declared that the complaint was leprosy, and that it might prove contagious. At the same time it also happened that Lucio U, who was about thirteen years of age, and rather weak in intellect, made himself obnoxious by dirtying the cabin, where he slept with his companions. The English lived, ate, and drank in this same place, and their ideas of cleanliness were greatly offended; and the captain determined to exclude the Chinese from his cabin.

The ship being very heavily laden, there remained no other place where my pupils could be sheltered from the weather; and when their clothes got wet, they were obliged to wear them till the sun or the natural heat of their bodies had dried them. It was fortunate that we had lost sight of the Chinese coast before these events took place; for the English swore that they would otherwise have put them all on shore again. I need not say to how many hardships the poor Chinese were exposed during a

voyage of more than four months. I was in continual expectation of seeing them all perish; and this painful anxiety was not a little aggravated by the brutal conduct of the surgeon. This malignant heretic, upon seeing the boy above mentioned in so deplorable a condition, seriously told me several times that he had thoughts of giving him a powerful dose that would carry him off, and I had no small difficulty in dissuading him from so villainous an action. When he afterwards saw them all suffering from wet, he turned to me and said, "Signor Ripa, we must throw them overboard one after the other, for it is impossible to keep them alive till the end of the journey."

The patience with which these five Chinese underwent all their hardships was almost incredible. Not one of them betrayed the least angry feeling, or expressed any regret at having undertaken the voyage. They were always cheerful and contented; but I was especially edified by their master. He was a man about thirty years old, who had left behind him a mother and a wife, with four children; I had baptized him only a few months before I had left Peking, and though from so recent a convert no one could have expected much, yet when I exhorted him to be patient, he would with a smiling countenance beg me not to give myself any trouble about the matter, as it did not trouble him, and he knew that all this happened *by the will of God*.

On the night of the 10th of April we had a tremendous storm. From the roaring of the sea and the winds, it seemed as though the vessel would be dashed into a thousand pieces, at every moment. This was the first time in my life that I had seen a sea-storm in all its terrific fury. Thanks to Heaven it did not last more than an hour; after this the wind abated, and was succeeded by a heavy rain, which continued to fall without intermission, till the whole crew was reduced to the greatest distress. Not only were their clothes completely soaked, but the water penetrated their chests and the cabins of the officers, and injured a part of the cargo. I was more dead than alive, being afflicted as usual with the sea-sickness, and feeling deeply for the forlorn situation of my poor Chinese, who were drenched with rain and benumbed with cold. Having desired them to join with me, we prayed to God for some time, and in the fulness of my faith I

threw an Agnus of his Holiness Innocent XI. into the raging sea, and it was truly wonderful how the furious winds became gentle zephyrs, the sea calm and quiet, and the air so mild that we seemed to be in the midst of the most delightful spring. One of the heretical pilots, who understood the Portuguese language, told me, that when he and the other sailors, who were well acquainted with these seas, beheld such an extraordinary change in the weather as had never been read or heard of, they one and all exclaimed that the course of nature had changed, or else that a miracle had been wrought, and he repeated several times that he had witnessed a miracle which was the work of God. This, from the mouth of a heretic, confirmed me in my belief that so much grace had been vouchsafed for the preservation of the Chinese, who had prayed to that effect, through the intercession of our Holy Father.

On the 7th of May the sky darkened, and the wind set in from the north-west, threatening a terrible storm. Being joined by the Chinese, we again had recourse to our usual remedy, namely, prayer; and we again threw into the sea an Agnus of Innocent XI. The tempest died away, but the wind mixed with rain continued to blow with great violence, the ship remaining stationary with her rudder tied up. It is usual for the wind to continue during thirty or forty days; and the ship's water being only sufficient for thirty days, it appeared dangerous to continue in this position till the wind changed. A council was therefore held among the officers, who decided upon staying one week longer where we then were, and if the wind should not become favourable, to sail back again and winter in the island of Mascaregna. It was really a gloomy sight to see the officers, those particularly who had supported this ill-judged resolution, sitting pale and mute in my cabin, and from time to time heaving deep sighs. What filled them with dismay was the knowledge that at that time a large pirate ship was cruising on the coasts of that island, bearing a black flag with a death's head on it, intimating that no quarter was given. Under these unhappy circumstances, I informed the Chinese that we must again implore the intervention of God. When we had done so, not only did the wind subside, but on the following morning it became so favourable that we resumed our course.

On our arrival at the Cape of Good Hope I was desirous, for the sake of rest as well as economy, not to lodge in the same house with the captain and the other English gentlemen, but they would not allow me on any account. The Chinese, whom I had taken ashore for the purpose of refreshing them from their sufferings, soon begged me to return aboard, not being able to endure the behaviour of the English. They were indeed teased in every way. I recollect that once having heard a confusion of voices, among which I could distinguish that of John In, I went up to see what it might be. Upon entering the room, where many English and Dutchmen were assembled, I found that one of them, for the amusement of the company, had been pushing the landlord's daughter against the youth, who, weeping and trembling with dread from such temptation, had at last crept under the bed.

Upon my arrival they ceased tormenting the poor lad, but he still continued weeping and trembling, and I had much trouble in persuading him to remain on shore for a short time with the others. He earnestly entreated that I would instantly return with him to the ship, saying that such gross and dissolute manners were too much for his feelings.

As I was well aware that before our arrival in Naples I should have to incur great expenses, having some good Chinese clothes, I was determined to wear them while passing through the countries of the heretics. On board ship I always wore my Chinese dress, and being once asked what sort of habiliments I intended to put on when I arrived in London, where I must appear before the Company, and perhaps at Court? I replied that, having no other layman's dress, I must of necessity continue to wear my Chinese costume. Upon this the supercargo, a heretic, named Edmund Godfrey, without my knowledge, had a complete suit made for me, and insisted on my accepting it as a present. The buttons alone had cost him about two pounds at the Cape of Good Hope.

When we reached the latitude of St. Helena, where all the East India Company's ships had strict orders to touch, we sailed for several days without being able to discover the island. As the season was far advanced, the officers at last resolved that unless it could be found within twenty-four hours, we must sail

direct for England ; but they entertained great fears of incurring the displeasure of their employers. Upon this I immediately told the Chinese that at sunrise on the following day, which was that of St. Anthony of Padua, I expected them to join me in prayer in order to implore the patronage of this great saint. They did so ; and our fervent supplications were not even ended, when, to the great joy of all on board, the much-desired coast appeared in sight.

During a sojourn of six days at St. Helena, there being no inns in the island, we lived in the house of one of the officers, together with the captain and the supercargoes, where we had excellent fare and accommodation. At the end of our stay I expected to have a good sum to pay ; but on inquiring of our host what I owed him for myself and the Chinese, to my great surprise he answered, that the account had been settled ; and however I might press him to tell me the name of our secret benefactor, he never would comply with my request. How mortified I felt at receiving this anonymous charity it is not difficult to conceive ; but no one can imagine the consolation I experienced on seeing that Divine Providence should so mercifully attend to our wants as to inspire a heretic to pay a sum for us which could not have amounted to less than thirty pounds. Having reasons to suspect that this was an act of Mr. Edmund Godfrey's, I called upon him for the purpose of returning thanks, but he would not even allow me to mention the subject.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Casting Anchor at Deal—Importunity of Boatmen—Rapacity of Custom-House Officers—National Monuments—Liberality of King George I.—Of the East India Company's Directors—Of Mr. Edmund Godfrey—Sailing for Leghorn.

ON the 5th of September we at length had the happiness of perceiving the coast of England, and on the 7th we cast anchor at Deal. With a favourable wind the voyage from that place to London can be performed in three days, but owing to the uncertainty of the weather it generally takes a fortnight. On the other hand, by landing at Deal, and proceeding by the mail, which runs daily, one reaches London in less than forty hours, and the fare is only twenty-six shillings. Upon this consideration I resolved to quit the ship, in order to go and make such arrangements with the Directors of the East India Company as might prevent our property from being seized and sold by auction, according to their regulations.

Meanwhile the custom-house officers came on board to watch that nothing was disembarked; and I was then induced to alter my plan, agreeing to pay four pounds sterling to the boatmen who had brought them, on the condition that they should convey us to London within two days. As however they did not get ready by the time they had fixed for departure, I determined to start by the mail. On this occasion I met with an adventure which excited the merriment of the spectators. The boat in which I was conveyed ashore could not come up close to the beach, owing to the shallowness of the water, and one of the sailors undertook to carry me on his back. The distance he had to go was about twenty yards, but when scarcely half-way he began to totter, and call to his friends for assistance; and before they arrived he dropped me into the water up to my knees.

No sooner had we landed than we were annoyed by the

sailors with whom we had promised to proceed. They pretended that we should either keep our engagement or indemnify them, and threatened to prosecute us. So loud were their vociferations, that in a few moments a great crowd gathered around us. Unable to speak English, or even to understand what they said, to our great confusion we were obliged to suffer their importunity till very late in the evening, when, thanks to Heaven, there came a gentleman, who, taking compassion on us, reproved them bitterly and sent them to bed.

Whilst thus molested by these sailors, we were summoned to take our luggage to the custom-house that it might be examined. In the mean time the man who had brought us this order began to watch us very attentively lest we should smuggle any thing out of our bag. The fellow spoke with such kindness and benevolence as to make us suppose that he was a Catholic in his heart. Our luggage consisted of a change of clothes, a writing-case, in which were several packets of letters, the geographical map of China, which I myself had engraved, and sundry other things of very little value. All this was searched with a rigour which can scarcely be conceived; but as there was no prohibited article to extort a fee, they seized my Chinese dress, on pretence that it was silk from China. They then laid hold of my geographical map, of which I recommended them to take great care, saying that the King, to whom I intended to present it, would send for it soon. Not yet satisfied with this, they also wished to intercept my letters, alleging that they must be sent through the post-office. Upon this I locked my desk, and gave it to them, saying that I would send for it when I arrived in London; but they would not take charge of it, and insisted on my sending the letters by post. As I would not consent to this, they kept us in custody, whilst the officer above-mentioned, pretending to advise me as a friend, recommended me to put an end to the difference by making a sacrifice of four pounds, as else we should never get out of the custom-house. This dispute was carried on till midnight, when another officer came out of an inner room, and, blaming both parties, ordered them to be satisfied with half-a-crown, which I immediately paid.

At Deal we entered into an agreement with the post-master, to pay twenty-seven shillings and sixpence each, to be paid

half there and half in London. We set out at noon, together with a colonel and the wife of a merchant, the women of England being indulged with such freedom owing to the entire absence of restraint which prevails in their island.

Great, doubtless, were the favours which Divine Providence granted us throughout our voyage from Peking to London, yet those we received during our stay in England were still greater. To describe them minutely would take volumes; suffice it to say, that these Protestants, among whom we were apprehensive of losing the property we brought from China, showered favours of every kind upon us.

It is customary in the vast city of London to publish, twice a-week, all remarkable things which happen within its limits: accordingly, soon after we landed, the public were informed that Father Ripa had brought five boys from China, for the purpose of educating them at Naples, and sending them back to preach the Holy Gospel in their native country. This was then mentioned before the King of England, George I., one day when conversing with several great lords of his court and foreigners of distinction. His Majesty expressed a wish to see us; and the Sardinian ambassador, thinking that I was a Piedmontese, offered to present us.

We had been but a few days in London, when, one evening, on returning to our inn, I was informed that the ambassador had been to visit me. Being much surprised at this unexpected honour, I did not fail to pay my respects to him; on which occasion he signified to me that the King desired to see us. Accordingly, a few days after, we all six repaired to the palace, where his Majesty, in the presence of the royal family and the lords of his court, conversed with us for about three hours, and appeared so much interested that a certain great Protestant bishop who was present complained to some of the nobility. At length the King, becoming fatigued with the long audience, commanded that the Chinese should dine at the table which was laid daily for the lords of his court, and that I should dine with the Duchess of Arlington, his relation. This was so ordered by his Majesty because that lady had begged permission to entertain us all. It pleased the King to honour us still further in various ways which it is not necessary for me here to describe; but I will

not omit to state that, after all the property which we brought from China had been examined by the proper officers of the customs, it was transferred, by his Majesty's order, and free of all expense, to the ship that was to carry us to Italy.

With respect to certain other duties payable to the East India Company, the directors not only remitted them, but invited me to their public meeting, and showed themselves ready to assist me in any way. They even asked me to dine with them, and sent some soldiers to escort our goods to the ship. Thus all our property left England without incurring any expense or suffering the least damage. Had we been obliged to pay the duty, it would have amounted to more than one hundred pounds.

At the last audience of the King, which was in the presence of the Duchess of Arlington, and lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until midnight, his Majesty made me accept a present of fifty pounds sterling.

Upon my return to London, after sixteen years' absence, I found it much improved; numbers of new buildings had been erected, and the old ones generally repaired. The church of St. Paul's, raised by these heretics to rival the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome, was now finished; and many Englishmen, who had never been at Rome, were persuaded that it had no equal in the world. It must, indeed, be admitted that, externally, it displays a fine style, and is altogether of superb magnificence; but, within, the proportions are worse than those of any other church that I remember to have seen. The body of the building is long and narrow, with a very lofty dome, painted in chiar-oscuro, and the whole is encrusted with *stucco*, without any marble embellishments. At a public audience, which the King gave in the presence of many of the nobility and ambassadors, he asked me which of the two churches I considered the finest building, St. Peter's or St. Paul's of London? I answered frankly, that, excepting the grand colonnade in front of St. Peter's, the exterior of St. Paul's was certainly finer than that of the other church; but that the interior of St. Paul's could bear no comparison with that of St. Peter's, which was infinitely superior to it in architecture, as well as in the statues and pictures with which it was enriched: whereas St. Paul's had neither statues nor pictures, and was besides constructed in very

bad proportions. Upon this the King, who had resided in Rome for some time, turned to some lords of his court, and supposing that I did not understand, said in French, "This is exactly the opinion of all foreigners upon the subject."

After having shown this newly-erected church to the Chinese, I took them to see the Royal Hospital for Seamen. This edifice is indeed well worth seeing, for its great extent, the excellence of its architecture, and the pictures in the interior, which Sir James Tordel [Thornhill] was then painting. The Royal Palace has nothing splendid in its appearance; but, if one may judge from some parts of it which are still extant, it must have been magnificent—for, having been partly consumed by fire in times past, it has never been completely restored. We went to see a church which, though built in the Gothic style, is yet one of the most remarkable in London, both for its architecture and the vast number of monuments it contains. We also went to see another church, at Windsor, which is equally admired. But, as whatever is worthy of note in this capital has been described by writers far better qualified for the task, I refer the reader to them, deeming this short notice sufficient for my present purpose.

On the 5th of October we set sail from London for Leghorn, where we arrived safely on the 1st of November. Mr. Edmund, the gentleman whom I have had occasion to mention several times, had requested me to take charge of a letter for a certain merchant, without giving me any intimation of its contents: having now delivered it, I found, to my great astonishment, that it contained a letter of credit to be filled up for any sum of money that I might choose to demand. I was greatly surprised to find so much kindness and charity in persons who had been brought up in open hostility to our holy faith. However, as I was not in need of more money, having still the sum that the King of England had given me, I deemed it proper to decline this favour. But as Mr. Edmund had so strongly recommended me, the merchant above mentioned sent me a cask of wine and a case of sweetmeats for our use during the voyage to Naples.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Arrival at Naples—St. January's Blood—Permission to establish the Chinese College—Reception of two Chinese Students.

UPON my arrival at Naples I received the intelligence that the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda were displeased at my having quitted my post without their permission; and objected to keeping the five Chinese, saying that their finances could not even cover their present expenses. I had not proceeded direct from Leghorn to Rome, because I knew that they were desirous of having some young Chinese in their own College, and was afraid they might compel me to leave them mine. I was therefore glad to hear that I had no occasion to fear any such occurrence; and having been summoned into the presence of the Pope, Benedict XIII., I submitted to him the plan of the religious community which I had in contemplation. On hearing that I undertook to find the necessary funds without the assistance of the Propaganda, his Holiness immediately gave his approbation, and referred my petition to the proper channels, that it might go through the usual forms. But as I proposed, for various sufficient reasons, to establish my institution at Naples, and not in Rome, the president of the Sacred Congregation and several other cardinals strongly objected to this, on the ground that I must not be permitted "to raise one altar against another." After a great many negotiations, however, I was allowed to begin at Naples, on the understanding that, in order not to commit the Holy See, the formal approbation should be withheld until my intended establishment had been set up on a proper footing. His Holiness directed the Secretary of State to recommend me to the Archbishop of Naples, as well as to the government, and promised a contribution of a thousand pounds as soon as his finances should permit.

In consequence of my unusual exertions of mind and body during the three months that I was detained in Rome, my health

had suffered so much that, on my return to Naples, I was in a constant state of uneasiness and dejection. I now despaired of being able to find the assistance I wanted for the execution of my project, and began to regret that I had not accepted the accommodation that had been offered me by the Propaganda for my pupils and myself. Having ever been accustomed to see me in cheerful spirits, the Chinese were much disturbed at my present depression. One day they entered my room and complained of my supposed intention to abandon them, after they had undergone so many sacrifices in order to follow me. I reassured them as well as I could; and, to confirm them more, and more in the faith, I took the earliest opportunity of accompanying them to worship the blood of St. January. The saint, who probably was much gratified at receiving the homage of persons who had come from so great a distance to receive holy orders, and, on returning to their idolatrous country, to shed their blood in the cause of Christ, as he himself had done, was pleased to console them in a very special manner. On reaching the Archiepiscopal Treasury, where the miraculous blood is preserved in a state of solidity, we were introduced by our friends into the presbytery, where we knelt before the holy altar. After a little time spent in prayer, the chaplain of the Treasury took the blood in his hands, and, to our infinite satisfaction, allowed us to view, admire, and kiss it. He even permitted us to take the little phials in our own hands and to turn them about as we liked, which we did to our extreme spiritual comfort. On a sudden, while one of the Chinese held the phials in his hands, and we were looking at the blood, still solid in the upper part of the largest, it began to melt at the bottom, and continued so doing until the whole of it became liquid, when the chaplain began to chant the *Te Deum*. As the Chinese were still in their national dress, many of the crowd, who had assembled to await the miracle, mistook them for Turks, and immediately circulated the report throughout Naples that some young Mahomedans, on seeing such a prodigy, had embraced Christianity. This event edified my pupils so much, that a few days afterwards, when I proposed to show them some other sight, one of them declined going, saying that, after having been present at such a miracle, he did not care to see anything else.

My application for a licence to establish our community at Naples was presented by the Nuncio to the Viceroy, Cardinal Althan, upon the special recommendation of the Pope. It was granted seven months afterwards, on the condition that none should be admitted into the institution but native Chinese or others who would take an oath to go as missionaries to China; and that the right of presentation should belong to the sovereign. As these restrictions were incompatible with my plan, and as, moreover, the Court of Rome objected to this assumption of the patronage, I resolved to repair to Vienna, in the hope of obtaining better conditions from the Emperor Charles VI. I was honoured with the kindest reception, both by him and the Empress. Not only did he grant the exemption that I implored, but moreover promised the assignment of eight hundred ducats a year for my intended foundation, and a gratuitous passage in the ships of the Ostend Company for all our students.

Unfortunately whilst I was so successful at Vienna fresh obstacles were raised at Rome, where the Sacred Congregation now claimed the right of examining the professors of the intended institute before they were appointed. To this the Neapolitan Government would not submit, and thus three years more were wasted in troublesome negotiations. The three powers at length came to an understanding, and in April, 1732, after seven long years of anxiety and vexation, my efforts were crowned with the happiest success. It was agreed that the new institution should consist, as I had proposed, of a College and a Congregation.

The College to consist of young Chinese and Indians, to be qualified for the missionary profession at the expense of the foundation.

The Congregation to be composed of ecclesiastics, willing to impart the necessary instruction to the collegians without any pecuniary remuneration.

The collegians to make these four vows:—1st. To live in poverty; 2nd. To obey their superiors; 3rd. To enter holy orders; 4th. To join the missions in the East, according to the disposition of the Propaganda; 5th. To serve for life the Roman Catholic Church, without ever entering any other community.

The members of the congregation to make no vow; but, besides attending to the education of the collegians, to live in

community, and to perform the duties of the church belonging to the institution.

Whilst I was employing every means to effect this important arrangement, a great deal of my attention and time was also required to surmount the obstacles which official chicanery continually raised against my receiving the sums granted by the Pope and the Emperor. The purchase of a house of convenient size and situation was also a task replete with difficulties; nor were these surmounted until I, together with the five Chinese, offered up a special form of prayer to the Holy Virgin, during nine consecutive days. All my troubles were however amply rewarded on the 25th of July of the same year, when the opening of our congregation and college took place with all the solemnities and rejoicings suitable for the celebration of the auspicious event.

Some time after the Sacred Congregation sent me two new pupils. In order that the same forms may be observed on all similar occasions, I will describe the ceremony of their reception.

On entering our hall they were embraced and welcomed by all our community; I then led them into the church, and kneeling before the high altar, with one of them on each side, I thanked the Lord for their safe arrival, and recommended them to the Almighty, offering myself up for the service of them all, and imploring his Divine Majesty to assist me in the fulfilment of my duties. We next went round to the other altars, praying before each in succession. After this they were conducted to my room, where I washed and kissed their feet, my first consultor holding the basin, and the second the towels. Finally their name, surname, country, and age, were entered on the register.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Examination of two Chinese Students—Their Departure for China—Death of John In—Flight of Lucio U.—His Arrest and Trial—His Evasion and Recapture—Mysterious End.

EARLY in the year 1733 I informed the secretary of the Propaganda that my two pupils, Baptist Ku and John In, would soon terminate their studies, and that I consequently begged that due arrangements should be made for their examination; but for several months no orders were issued. It so happened, that at last the news of the expulsion of the European missionaries from China came to quicken the zeal of the Congregation. Accordingly, I was now desired to accompany them to Rome. When the examination was over, to the utmost satisfaction of the examiners, the Chinese took their oaths before the Sacred Congregation. On this occasion Cardinal Petra, turning to John In, said, he wished to make him a bishop, and the young priest replied he would rather be a cardinal. As his Eminence looked astonished at this answer, of which he had not immediately understood the meaning, John In, taking hold of the cardinal's cloak, added, "When I say I would rather be a cardinal than a bishop, I do not mean with such garments as those of your Eminence, but with my own black ones dyed with my own blood, shed for the sake of Christ." This reply was much admired by all the bystanders, and indeed by all Rome, throughout which it soon spread.

After receiving the Pope's benediction, and several privileges which his Holiness was pleased to grant them, they returned with me to Naples. In order that their dress should present some allusion to the martyrdom to which they aspired, they were provided with cassocks bound with crimson, and they departed on their mission accompanied by our most ardent prayers.

This expedition excited deep interest throughout the country,

and the Neapolitan Gazette thus expressed the general satisfaction: "By the latest accounts from China we learn that the Emperor continues to increase in severity against our holy religion, and not content with having banished thirty-five European missionaries who had been exiled to Canton by his command, he has ordered the strictest search to be made after the very few remaining in Peking, who had concealed themselves. We are also informed that two of these have already been discovered. It is gratifying to know that at the very moment when this vineyard of the Lord is thus deprived of its spiritual labourers, two Chinese pupils of our new college, of the Sacred Family of Jesus, have embarked for China as Apostolic missionaries. Being Chinese, they will not so easily be discovered, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in effecting a vast deal of good for the benefit of their native countrymen."

They arrived at Canton highly pleased with their voyage, and soon after they left it for the place of their destination. The letter, which gave a delightful account of their journey, was signed by them both. On opening a small note enclosed in the letter, I was thrown into the deepest affliction; it was written by John Ku alone, and bathed in his tears, and it announced the death of our most beloved John In, which happened on the 15th of October, 1735. This intelligence pierced my heart. I was afterwards informed that the death of our friend had been caused by fright at one of those immense fish which in the wide rivers of China occasionally spring up into the boats. He was seized with fever, which carried him off in five days, and he departed this life as a pious Christian, wholly absorbed in thought of the happiness hereafter.

During my long absence from Naples, caused by the protracted negotiations above described, my heart had often bled at the intelligence of the great irregularities with which some of the students were disgracing our rising community; but of all the miseries which for my sins I was doomed to undergo, none tortured my mind half so much as the following, which occurred some time after the opening of the college.

The Chinese priest, Lucio U, after committing many other transgressions, was now convicted of putting the lock of his room out of repair in order to prevent its being opened by his

superiors, and of pilfering nine shirts, five tunics, and six pair of shoes, from other rooms by means of false keys. This was culpable enough; but what was still worse, he spoke discreditably of our community, saying that we kept him starving and in rags, and that the moment he could get a passport he would run away. Having been apprised of his conduct, we ordered him to be locked up in a private room; but, a few hours after, he disappeared, and every search to find him proved useless. I was afterwards informed that he had taken refuge in a village in the diocese of Monte Casino, where he acted as curate, though he had only received orders on condition of his becoming a missionary. To prevent his continuing to lead a disorderly life, to the detriment of our college and of his own reputation, I wrote to the abbot of Monte Casino, to endeavour to secure, with the utmost secrecy, the person of his fugitive, and to force him to return to us, for which I promised to pay every expense that might be incurred. Soon after, having received intelligence that he had been taken into custody, I sent a member of our congregation to fetch him.

Before three months had elapsed Lucio had again effected his escape. He was seen in the church of the Trinità de Pellegrini, at Rome, by my own brother, who, when washing the pilgrims' feet, had to wash his also; but, as he pretended to be absent with my permission, and only for a short time, he excited no suspicion. Being provided with a pilgrim's passport, he actually spent the night in that church, but declined going to the Pope's table on the pretext that he was dressed in plain clothes. He was, however, stopped at Sinigaglia, with a forged certificate of priesthood upon his person, which he pretended to have received from the Archbishop of Naples. He then sent me a letter, in which, acknowledging his faults, he promised to make amends, and begged me to procure his release. I answered, that indeed he deserved no pity. But he had been with me from his infancy, during which time he had cost me an immense deal of trouble and expense; and, had I forsaken him, he would have been lost. Moreover, it was a matter of no small difficulty and expense to get these Chinese from such a distance. As the father of this new foundation, remembering the parable of the prodigal son, I determined to send for him, and to punish his

transgressions, employing at the same time the salutary means of spiritual exercises towards his amendment. Accordingly I despatched one of our brethren with a letter for the Vicar-General of Sinigaglia, directing him to forward it and await the answer in Rome, which I authorised him to open, in order to save him the trouble of going the whole journey in the event of the prisoner being dead.

In order to bring Lucio to a sense of repentance through fear, and at the same time to inspire him with courage, I also directed my messenger to send him the following letter in his name:—

“By the order of our Father Superior, I inform you that your letter is come to hand. What had been foretold to you so many times, both in public and in private, is now come to pass. Owing to your excessive pride you would never believe it; but you feel it now that ‘Dominus tetigit me.’ You ask for the testimonials of priestly orders to be saved from death, and, to comply with your request, they are sent to the Vicar; but they cannot save you from the dungeon or the galley, being the penalty due to your execrable forgery. You add that you are aware of having done wrong, and that you hope for pardon from God, as he forgives those who repent sincerely. But how can our Superior, who cannot search into men’s hearts, believe in the sincerity of your professions, after you have deceived him so repeatedly? Nevertheless, hoping that the danger in which you are, and the sufferings which you have undergone, may truly induce you to reform—in order that he may not be wanting on his part, to afford you all the assistance that a father can bestow on his children, until by death you are hurled into the abyss, he has not only used his interest with the Vicar to diminish the punishment you deserve, but has actually offered to supply your daily wants in this college, should his entreaties ever succeed in obtaining your liberation. But this is very difficult to obtain, as you well know you have transgressed five oaths and vows approved of by the Holy See and every year renewed by you in our church. If you intend to amend your conduct and submit to fulfil our regulations, do implore God to assist you in the dangerous situation in which you are now placed.”

Having received a favourable answer from the Vicar, Father Andrada proceeded to Sinigaglia, where the prisoner was intrusted to his care, with a copy of the sentence, in which he was strictly enjoined to return to the College, under pain of excommunication and suspension from divine service. Two days after their departure from Sinigaglia, they arrived at Loreto, where Lucio desired to confess. His request was complied with; no other person being present but the confessor, Lucio, and Father Andrada. Lucio confessed with great devotion and humility, to the great satisfaction of the confessor; but the Evil Spirit had taken possession of him, and whilst Father Andrada was confessing, he ran away from the church. The sentence sent me by the Vicar of Sinigaglia imported that Lucio had pleaded guilty to the forgery of testimonials of priesthood and the licence of the Archbishop of Naples, and of desertion and apostacy for the second time from the congregation; and had been condemned by the ecclesiastical court to twelve months' imprisonment in the Chinese college, with power to me, his Superior, to shorten the term of his imprisonment. Lucio's name was now struck out from the list of members of our community; but, having been informed that he was at Macerata, I requested the ecclesiastical court of this town to issue a warrant against him, promising to pay out of my own pocket for his bread allowance, in order to prevent any further scandal, and rescue him from perdition. A few weeks afterwards I was apprised of Lucio's imprisonment at Foligno, and I immediately laid the information before the Propaganda, in order that, *juris ordine servato*, they might proceed against him, and at least to sentence him to transportation as a convict to Civita-vecchia; especially as I had been assured that he was meditating on the means of escaping to Geneva. On this occasion I sent to the Propaganda a detailed history of the lamentable life of this incorrigible culprit. I was anxious that the Sacred Congregation should provide for his safe custody, that he might receive due punishment for his crimes, and be prevented from escaping to Geneva or China, which would have caused dreadful calamities; moreover, ending his days among Christians, he might still have saved his poor soul, redeemed with the blood of Christ.

The vicar of Foligno informed Father Andrada that he was under no apprehension about Lucio's custody, but he feared that the unwholesomeness of the prison might bring on an illness with him, and occasion an increase of expense, and that consequently to spare his sufferings he had hired a bed at a penny a-day, whereby his daily expense now amounted to fivepence. In answer to this letter Father Andrada intimated, that with respect to the state of the prison he should await the resolution of the Congregation; and as to the expense, he observed that Lucio having been struck out of the list of members of our community, I was only doing an act of charity towards him; that consequently he should receive nothing more than the Court allowed to the other prisoners, and if they were allowed a bed I would pay for it; but that otherwise I should not. Some time after, the vicar of Foligno informed me that the prosecution against Lucio was concluded, and that the documents had been transmitted to the Propaganda. To this he added, that both he and the bishop were anxiously waiting for the result of the decision of the Propaganda, and that, feeling for the poor man, who had already been two months in prison, the Court had allowed him a bed, as they considered it unbecoming for a priest to sleep on a plank. Lucio complained bitterly of his not being able to live on his scanty allowance, and begged for the addition of at least a penny more per day; but his application had not been granted.

At length I received a letter from the secretary of the Propaganda, informing me that his Holiness had issued orders for Lucio to be conveyed to Rome, where measures would be taken to prevent his running away for the future, and thus dispel any fear that he might ever return to China to the prejudice of the mission.

With this gloomy story terminates the Italian work of Father Ripa; but it is succeeded by a few pages from the Editor, purporting that the reverend Father died on the 22nd of November, 1745, and that several persons, who in different cases of need

have since implored his intercession, have had their prayers granted!

As the English reader may perhaps feel an interest in knowing something more respecting Father Ripa's institution, the translator has appended the following account from the German, for which he is indebted to a friend.

CONCLUSION.

A Visit to the Chinese College at Naples founded by Father Ripa.*

CLOSE to the Ponte della Sanita, to the north-west on a neighbouring declivity, stands the Chinese College; for this is the name given to a religious institution in immediate connexion with the Propaganda of Rome, which educates young Chinese as teachers and missionaries for their native land. A high wall surrounds this beautiful spot; every one, however, is at liberty to visit the church, and the priests belonging to the church perform public worship there.

We went into the capacious hall, and found some men rolling a huge barrel into the cellar: well, thought we, our friends the missionaries do not appear to content themselves with bread and three apples, like the monks in the Sanità. A servant pointed out to us in the Refectory the portraits of Matteo Ripa, the founder of the college, and of all the succeeding teachers of the institution, as well as of several young Chinese, whose names and the dates of whose existence were appended to the pictures. After awhile the rector appeared, a tall, oily Neapolitan, with mild manners—a magnificent head for a picture—who made

* Extracted from Dr. Karl August Mayer's 'Neapel und die Neapolitaner' (Naples and the Neapolitans).

many excuses for having kept us waiting so long. The conversation then turned on Matteo Ripa. He was an Italian and a missionary, who just about one hundred years ago preached Christianity in China, where he had been appointed Court painter. We heard the following anecdote touching the pictures:—As soon as the young Chinese are sufficiently instructed to understand their business tolerably, they return to China; and the portrait of each youth is then taken on his departure. Should one happen to die in Naples, he is painted either before or immediately after his death. Some of the faces from this reason have death strongly marked upon them. The rector showed us the inscription under one of these portraits, which stated that the Chinese therein represented had lived for years in the institution, and that he had thence travelled through all parts of China as a missionary; but on discovery of the nature of his employment, he had been seized and banished to Tartary, where he died. The rector next described to me the present condition of the resident Christians in China, as being wretched in the extreme, the Emperor persecuting them cruelly; he added, that he entertained great fears for certain of his young scholars, who had but lately left the institution to enter upon their labours in China.

The number of pupils at present amounts to eight, of whom six are Chinese, and the other two Greeks. The instruction is given in Latin; but the pupils have picked up Italian in their intercourse with the servants. The rector himself does not understand Chinese, and the new comers can only follow his lessons after they have learned some Latin from their fellow-countrymen.

We were then conducted into another room, and a few Chinese made their appearance, clad in long priest's robes, and attended by their tutor, who was only distinguished from them by wearing a crimson girdle. They greeted us in the most friendly manner, and plenty of time was given us to observe their ways, and to talk with them in Italian. The colour of their faces is yellow, but not disagreeably so, and their shining black hair lies straight and smooth over their low foreheads: their small, strange, half-closed eyes are jet black, and full of vivacity, and are placed, turning upwards, towards the temples—the well-

known peculiarity of the Tartar race. The form of the face is oval and flat, the nose flat and short, so that they have scarcely any profile. When they laugh, and this they do incessantly, owing to their childish good humour, it is with a grin which shows all their teeth. Their heavy, monotonous way of moving suits well with their round, short, and diminutive bodies : in this they contrast strangely with the Greeks and the Italian rector. One might almost lay these Chinese down and roll them like barrels.

They showed us a map of the Celestial Empire, as well as all sorts of articles which they had brought from their own country, such as a beautifully carved wooden bowl, in which they keep their tea ; also a charming little model of the famous porcelain tower at Nankin, and they gave us the necessary explanations with very evident joy. We were obliged to tell our names, which they then inscribed on rice-paper in Italian and Chinese characters, as a memento of our visit : for this purpose they used a brush dipped in Indian ink. Our names, which sounded so strangely to their ears, caused them great difficulty ; and they were obliged to make up with letters somewhat akin in sound for those which are wanting in their own language.

One of them read some passages out of the New Testament translated into Chinese, which sounded strangely enough, most of the words being of one syllable. Another opened his mouth awfully wide, and sang us a national song to a most barbarian tune.

The Chinese with whom we made acquaintance were from the vicinity of Peking. They remarked to us that the climate of their own country, although situated in a more southern latitude than Naples, was yet considerably colder : notwithstanding which, they had all the fruits of southern Italy.

The rector then took us over the beautiful terrace of the house, from whence we overlooked all the north-eastern portion of the city. A charming orangery near us attracted our attention, and we learned that it belonged to the institution, and served as a garden for the pupils, who occasionally varied their walk by a stroll through the city accompanied by their tutors.

We inquired of the ecclesiastic whether he was satisfied with the progress his pupils made : their memory, he replied, was

exceedingly good, and one of them showed a pleasure in and a great aptitude for the sciences. We then parted from the good man, with many thanks: but he refused to accept a trifling present which we had brought for the institution.

THE END.

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