

THE PRESS THE PULPIT

AND

THE PLATFORM

OR,

THE FUTURE OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

“Things are in the saddle and ride mankind.”—EMERSON.

LONDON :

T. C. NEWBY, PUBLISHER, 30, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1857.

NOTE,

It should be mentioned that owing to circumstances that could not be controlled, the author has not had any opportunity of correcting the work after it has been in type, and these sheets will probably meet the reader's eye, before the author's.

10th April, 1857.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.	1

CHAPTER I.

First trial awaiting the present dynasty of France—The legitimists its authors and fomenters—Want of an hereditary aristocracy—Plebeian origin of the priests—their extreme venality, ambition, and love of intrigue and of the table—belong to the lower classes—causes their influence—Archbishop Sibour proclaims Jesus Christ as the first republican—Mischiefs endeavoured to be effected by the priests and the aristocracy in conspiracy—Preparations of the aristocracy—their hatred of England and affection for Austria—Austrian alliance—Advantage taken by the priests of the present high prices to forward their schemes—Movements of Jesuits—Disgust evinced by the lower orders shown in many cases by the robbing of churches, hitherto almost unknown—Present position of the malcontents—Question, “What next?” answered—Proposed way of settling the question—Consequences of the success of the Bourbons—English alliance will be abandoned—Other political questions bearing on this, anxiously watched by the legitimists—State and prospects of the Italian peninsula—Jesuit movement in Canada—“Crédit Mobilier,” its puffs and promises—their programme in the “Times”—their concealed political movements, “reduction in

omnibus fares," and "anticipated losses in their immense purchases of corn," &c., &c.—Intentions of the Bourbons as regards Britain, Rome, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg—Probable contingencies. . .	27
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER II.

"THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF ENGLAND," BY M. MONTALEMBERT.

Great Britain examined by incompetent hands—Trustworthy French authors—Future of England—"Refugee" authors—Montalembert and the Jesuits—The papacy—Montalembert's work cursorily noticed—Immaculate Conception—Progress of Protestantism . .	57
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF "THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF ENGLAND."

Remarks and opinions of the Count on the past and present, and his auguries for the future of England examined—Britain's foreign policy—Count's opinions on the war as regards England—Epitome of arguments put forth at end of first chapter	70
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

Freedom of discussion in England; wrong ideas entertained, and groundless assumptions broached by many on this point—He inquires if England will stand her ground amid the European crisis—Praises a "moderate republic"—Democracy progresses in all Europe—England forms a favourable exception—He predicts success to the administrative reform movement, and admits its necessity—Remarks on centralisation—English aristocracy complimented by Count—Comparison between the old French diligence and British aristocracy—Sir J. Pakington and Lord Shaftesbury—Wiseman, Antonelli, and Veuillot, in contrast with Sir J. Pakington and Shaftesbury	83
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

Real object of the Count's work disclosed—Count invites attention to good order of English society, and asks explanation—Detailed explanation founded on the Reformation, education—Further proved by a reference to the present progress of Ireland—Abolition of established church in Ireland suggested—Priestcraft in France, and French Protestantism—Catholic relief church wanted; priestcraft must be dethroned, and fathers of families attend to their home duties—Translation of the Count's eulogy upon the social position of England 99

CHAPTER VI.

POPERY IN ENGLAND.—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Popery and the established church—The Roman army of aggression, its leaders and discipline—Comparison between the Count and Cardinal—Conventual establishments—Veillot and the "Univers"—Secret alliance between the different parties of Rome—Wiseman and committee of the "House"—Mortmain laws—Escape of Wiseman from committee—Wiseman proposed to see to Index Expurgatorius—Notoriety of Wiseman in the trial of Boyle v. Wiseman—Trial criticised—His lectures ridiculed—Has lost caste on the Continent, and with his clergy—O'Connell's influence magnified—Veillot and his paper, "The Religious World," examined and criticised—Censorship of France—Armed conspiracy of Papal powers against Piedmont and Britain; means of averting this catastrophe—Same subject continued, with doings of the Jesuits in Canada and Ireland. 125

CHAPTER VII.

Persuasion rather than force advised by the Count—His eulogy of the Puseyites and other gross flatteries exposed—The worship in some poor Catholic chapel; the "poor female servant out of place," the "missionaries in rags," "inundations of the soul," &c., criticised

	PAGE
<p>—Prior claim of the Saxons to their own soil illustrated —Sacrificial devotion, Monsieur Pat, Mannings, Fabers, Newmans, and Wilberforces—Why they left the Anglican communion—No government assistance in the performance of the feat!!!—Newman our chief loss, and gain to Rome and Wiseman—“Newman and Achilli’s” trial remarked on—Cautions to the Oxford divines—Celibacy and the confessional—Will these divines stand the trials and ordeals they will have to meet?</p>	153

CHAPTER VIII.

<p>The Count’s grand effort—The English Sovereign’s per- sonal conversion cannot affect the crown—The middle classes Protestant—Dr. Wiseman and his personal de- throne-ment in Westminster Abbey—Tactics of the Jesuits with the brother kings, Charles and James— Historical parallel of Father Colombière, Mary Alaco- que, and their spiritual flirtation—M. Michelet on the intrigue of Colombière, 1685, and its results in Eng- land—The revolution and the Prince of Orange</p>	.. 168
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOLY WAR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

<p>Experience thrown away on the Jesuits—The “sacred heart”—The immaculate conception—The first Napole- on’s prediction and the third Napoleon’s fulfilment— Austria and its policy—The French Revolution of ’89 ; its causes and effects—Special character of the late war —England’s crisis at hand—Papal confederacy against her—Exception in favour of the Catholic laity—The Abbé Jolibois and the reforming priests—Identity of the Roman Catholic with Jewish and pagan rites and ceremonies. &c.</p>	.. 180
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------

CHAPTER X.

<p>The “Times” and its influence—Veillot and the “Religious World”—his antecedents; birth, parentage, and education</p>	
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--

	PAGE
—his first connections with the press—his three duels— his visit to Algiers—he edits “ <i>La Charte de 1830</i> ”— Not favoured by the Citizen King—his confession—visit to Rome and conversion—induction as man-of-all-work for the “ <i>Religious World</i> ”—his fanaticism—A crusade against Protestantism—his character by M. Mirecourt	215

CHAPTER XI.

Fall of Louis Philippe—Veillot’s treatment of the fallen monarch—Revolutionary declaration—Receives orders to write down the republic—De Montalembert a witness to the aim of his own party—Damnatory decree of the Archbishop of Paris—Immunity allowed to the “ <i>Religi- ous World</i> ”—Questions and answers—A recent schism in the “ <i>Religious World</i> ”—Object of De Montalembert’s future ambition	236
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Anglican question—Dramatis Personæ of the Unity Drama—The Abbé de Lamennais—His birth and edu- cation—Early doubts and disappointments—His refuge in England—Appreciation of him by a lady of quality— His return and literary success—Prosecuted—Establish- ment of “ <i>L’Avenir</i> ”—Father Lacordaire—His early predilections for the Church—Youthful incidents—He abandons the law for the Church—His mother reluct- antly consents—Wrong estimate of his Bishop—His visit to Lamennais—His plans changed by the Revo- lution—Forms one of a triumvirate; its failure, &c.	482
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Count and his party’s design on Young England— Objects of English residents abroad in establishing dip- lomatic relations with Rome—Fall of the profession of diplomacy—Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon’s success as diplomatists—Anticipations of a British Em- bassy at Rome—Familiarity with Irish interests—The Pope’s claim to infallibility—The “ <i>Index Expurgatori-</i>

	PAGE
us"—Prediction of a new epic poem—Effects of Wiseman's "aggression"—England's indifference to Romish temptations—Foreign agitators' designs on England through Ireland—O'Connell's bequest of his heart—English liberality coldly acknowledged—Exclusive operation of French liberality in the Irish famine—Other nations contrasted	292

CHAPTER XIV

MONASTERIES, CONVENTS, NUNNERIES, AND OTHER "RELIGIOUS" HOUSES.

A daring Roman project developed—England the present Utopia and the asylum of continental priestcraft—The exodus of feudality—Aim of the Catholic powers—French jealousy of priestly interferences—"Religious houses" in England, and their internal economy; necessity of their being closely watched, and of "the right of search insisted" on—Monastic mysteries still existing—Prevailing inducements to Romanism—Struggles of the convert—Illustrations of the schemes of "Religious houses;" the converted priest converted to reason; mother and child, husband and wife; how to effect a divorce without Doctors' Commons—Sisters of Mercy the true Romish hierarchy—Suggestion to prevent kidnapping and other abominations.	315
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

THE HIGH POPYERY, OR INQUISITION SCHEMES.

The Cardinal's recreation—Whispered Popish demonstration—Popish remedies for English heretics—The Inquisition to be again active—A grand crusade against Protestantism—An addition to the Saints—A proposition for their canonization and earthly glorification. ..	341
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

ROMISH INQUISITION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1809—1857 INCLUSIVE. SPAIN AND FRANCE.

Recapitulation—Popery and Priestcraft estimation in

	PAGE
France—French Protestants—Narrative of the Destruction of the Inquisition in Spain—Discovery of its horrors—Rescue of its victims—Description of its instruments of tortures—Applied to the torturers themselves, &c. . .	348

CHAPTER XVII.

MASSACRE OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS, 1815.

Anticipations of the Protestant party on the return of the Bourbon dynasty—The charter of Louis XVIII. and profession of religious toleration—Historical parallel—Return of Louis—Massacre of Nismes—The Abbé Palhein—Re-opening of the places of Protestant worship—Murder of General Lagarde—Royal ordinance—Heroic conduct of a Protestant clergyman—Obvious application to coming crisis—Alliance of the Bourbons with the Jesuits—Coincidences—Former and present Jesuit policy—Priestcraft always the same—Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris	365
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CONCLUSION.

Retrospective glance—Events predicted since accomplished—Election manoeuvres; political meaning of abstaining to vote—Crusade against heretics—Prosecution of M. Dentu—Suggestion as to the motive for the Archbishop's assassination—Compromise of the legal proceedings against the Abbé Cognat—The authority of "the Examiner" cited—Effects of the murder on Jesuitism—Project of invading Britain by an alliance with Russia—Object of the Legitimists—Reported retirement of the Pope to Jerusalem—Practical remedies suggested—Approaching crisis of the French empire—Secret diplomacy and its effects—Gunpowder the great reformer—concluding counsel.	390
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Platform* are three most important elements of a grand and mighty whole. Taken singly, each exercises an influence over our national interests which it is impossible fully to appreciate. Combined, and when, happily, they are in unison, or as nearly so as may be, their voice is as the voice of thunder.

They warn, alarm, and shake—and the atmosphere clears itself.

Their voice and the “*vox populi*” are almost one.

Their aggregate strength is the essence of that venerable British oak which throws its branches far and wide, and sheds its well-ripened acorns “beside all waters,” and over many lands.

These “three estates” are the foundation stone and the porch of our parliamentary structure. If Britain is sometimes, and *imperiously*, called a rock, be it so. To adopt a piquant idiom of an ally, she can well afford to “accept the situation.” If she be

a rock, she is surely a primary one, and would appear to have been created just previous to that first and sublimest of Heaven's laws, "Let there be light."

Britain is a rock, and her constitutional system is a light-house set upon a rock, which they who do their business on the troubled waters of diplomacy and politics regard with veneration, jealousy, or hatred. It is an Eddystone, which they make for, or steer away from, accordingly as they are inspired by the desire of freedom or the lust of tyranny. The destinies of our country are, as all destiny is, doubtful and precarious; but events rush upon us with a rapidity which forbids calculation, and almost defies preparation.

Love of *tradition* has blinded the judgment of some, and overpowered the vigilance of others.

It must, however, be abundantly manifest, that our parliamentary system, although *equal to any external emergency*, is only so by the concentration of its entire force, and at the sacrifice, temporary, it is to be hoped, of our social interests. Internal legislation has been brought to a stand-still, and the "three estates of the realm," as at present organized and in function, are not equal to a *double crisis*.

During the late war, our *Press* was the despatch-bearer of government; in fact, its whip, its reins,

its curb-chain, and its drag. The Press foresaw and foretold; prohibited when requisite, and rewarded when deserved. It collected arms, it distributed alms. Its mighty influences were exercised and felt to an extent previously unknown in the annals of war or of history. That these powers were exercised with unvarying dignity, scrupulous honour, or invariable success, is not the question. The question is, that its powers were powerfully and, upon the whole, patriotically exercised.

The PULPIT had its share of responsibility, though not of the conflict. It reproved, exhorted, and doubtless, both in public and in private, consoled.

The PLATFORM, a modern, yet powerful element, carried itself with forbearance in discussion, and with patriotism in action.

The PEOPLE, the nation, comprising all orders, from the consort of the Queen to the kindred of the last voluntary hero enlisted for the Crimea, so behaved as to make every Briton proud of his country and hopeful of her destiny. If the nation had faith in its warriors, by sea and land, and derived honour by their victories, it cannot be said by our avowed enemies, or by the most treacherous of our friends, that charity or good will, that is, practical sympathy and timely aid, were ever found wanting.

Our army and navy need no praise here; the

trumpet of victory has proclaimed, far and wide, their valour and chivalry.

When History shall record them, she must not fail to remember that Admiral Lyons and the Sea of Azoff were not so distantly related to the final capture of Sebastopol as some historians of the Malakoff exploit would seem to imagine.

Again, our Paxtons, Petos, and Brasseys, all "men of ours," were amongst the most able and determined, yet disinterested (except as Englishmen), pioneers or the allied forces. To have suggested and achieved the Crimean railway in a hostile country, and during a siege, is, at all events, a new feature in the lives of pure civilians; whilst another civil exploit, the immersion of a submarine speaking trumpet, connecting, as it were, the very lips of our commanders abroad with the ear of our minister at home, is a fact so stupendous, that it were a condescension, at this time, to call it a miracle.

Bleeding pictures, winking statues, and weeping virgins must, for the future, take rank apart. They may be still useful, as the car of Juggernaut was, in raising money for priests to spend; but as a commercial speculation they are rapidly on the decline, and are not even quoted with favour upon the "Bourse Ecclesiastique."

Who that was on the floor of the House of

Commons on that memorable evening when Lord Palmerston announced the fact that the late Czar had died at about noon of the same day, will, or ever can, forget the thrill which pervaded the minds, and almost the frames, of all present ?

Not that the event in itself was "very shocking;" but liberty, at best a nervous subject, at once breathed more freely, and humanity in general felt that its load was already lighter. If, indeed, his own business-like arrangements for his long, yet unknown journey were so accurately made, that he was enabled to telegraph his own departure to the newsmen of Moscow only a few hours before he started for his sightless bourne, then the affair comes under another category, and it behoves us to be silent, but not to mourn as they are said to mourn who are "without hope."

It was some months after that not very untoward event, that a few friends (for the most part Englishmen) were brought together in one of the most brilliant of continental cities. Unoccupied by the ordinary business of life, and unambitious of its expensive pleasures, they formed themselves into a society or club, if the term may be allowed. Their object was to enquire, if possible, to test, and afterwards to report upon the good faith of the Alliance on the part of the French government and people. Two events, trifling when considered apart, assumed, when com-

pared together, a certain importance which led the political quidnuncs, whose reflections are embodied in these pages, to extend their inquiries and compare the results.

It will not be forgotten, that at an early period of the Crimean campaign false news was received, or said to be received, at *the Stock Exchange of Paris*, of the fall of Sebastopol. "Prise de Sebastopol," was placarded at Havre, Rouen, Dieppe, and other places in Upper Normandy. This occurred on a Sunday; and as one of our number was travelling from Paris to Havre, and afterwards to Dieppe, he fell in with an individual whose mission appeared to be the publication of the news. His invariable formula was this—"Sebastopol has fallen! details have not arrived, but the Russians *have struck to the French flag*. Further details to-morrow!"

When at length the good news really came, another of our party was engaged in reading the "Siècle" newspaper of that morning, in a public office not many miles from Havre; an individual entered dressed in a species of half uniform to which the Englishman, though long resident in France, was an entire stranger. With an air of importance, from which bombast was not an absentee, he announced, "*We have taken the Malakoff! The English are beaten, and are in full retreat.*" The fact was

received with a smile; the *lie* was greeted with a hollow laugh not easily to be forgotten.

The Englishman arose, and with poor accent hastily said, "That is false, Sir! I have in my hand the 'Siècle' of this morning—" and he read the paragraph to those present. The man in uniform said, but with an air of chagrin, "Ah! the 'Siècle' is a republican journal, and is not official!" The Englishman felt himself isolated. The good news which he thought a subject of common interest to all assembled, and which he had read with pride and pleasure, was evidently and maliciously falsified.

After the courier had quitted, one of the party asked in English to see the paper, and observing the vexation of the "Islander," read it aloud to his countrymen. Returning the paper, he said, "I am sorry for your position," and at the same time offered his hand.

The day following, the same man was^{*} seen, *not in uniform*, but accompanied by another who had the unmistakable air and mien, though not the costume, of a priest, except that he had buckles in his shoes, and wore a peculiar hat. Curiosity watched their movements; they entered a church, as if in search of some one, but immediately quitted and repaired to a restaurant. They read every newspaper which the house afforded, and called each other's attention to

much that they read, but hardly interchanged a syllable.

The *priest* was silent, but his comrade in undress at times conversed with those at table. Sebastopol was, of course, the subject, and again he sought to disparage the British army. They soon quitted, and upon enquiry being made, a gentleman replied, "The priest I know; he is said to be in the confidence of the Jesuits, and he travels much: his companion I know nothing of."

It was upon comparing a few similar incidents, that we agreed to devote our attention to the study of the alliance question, the Bourbon and high popery movement in France, and some other kindred topics. The appearance of the work of M. Montalembert on "the Political Future of England," confirmed previous notions and awakened new suspicions.

As we could lay no claim to superior or "peculiar" sources of information, it was determined to read and compare all the leading journals of Europe, to watch carefully the floating "twenty sous literature" of France, and to keep our ears and eyes well opened in diligence, by rail, *table-d'hôte*, and in those walks of society to which we had access. Division of labour in the collection of facts, reports, and opinions; and association in order to compare individual results, formed the basis of our operations.

It was soon abundantly clear, that a power adverse to the alliance exercised great influence over the venal portion of French journalism, the floating literature of the passing time, and also largely invaded the private circles of society.

It was a matter of some anxiety to acquaint ourselves with an *accredited organ of the Jesuit* and high *popery* class of malefactors. These men act with such inconceivable cunning and duplicity, and spread their mercenaries so widely, that few convictions of the most atrocious crimes as against one or more of *the order* can be brought home to their birth-place and cradle.

We were credibly, and, in fact, everywhere, informed that the "Univers Religieux," the Religious World newspaper, edited by the brothers Veuillot and their confederates, might be taken as the undoubted confidential servant, herald, and familiar of the Inquisition party. None of our party were previously acquainted with the history or object of this truly miserable specimen of religious literature. A constant and attentive perusal, especially when taken in conjunction with other papers in the same interest, as well as with others directly opposed to them, soon convinced us that we were on the right tack.

It would be very ungracious indeed, were we not to mention the deep interest with which we re-

ceived, and the intelligence we gained from, the new journal called the "International." Let this journal pursue a dignified, equal, and frank course of public conduct, and it will be a great boon to our periodical literature.

The Paris correspondent of the "Christian Times" is also well worthy of notice and high appreciation. It may be easy to invent, easier still to misrepresent or exaggerate, but it is very difficult to get at the truth of what passes in the dark cells of the extra pontine *iniquity-arian* divines and their lay agents.

The election manœuvres of the Bourbon revolutionists were at first not very easy of appreciation, but we were favoured by circumstances. One of our number, a Roman Catholic by creed, French by extraction, and English by education, and perhaps by predilection, had the good fortune to engage for us a very intelligent scribe who acted as secretary to our round-table commission. He is an elderly man, and having had considerable experience as an ill paid "*attaché*" to the staff of two political world and one "religious world" newspapers; he was, both directly by his own knowledge, and indirectly by his knowledge of others, of most valuable service.

In the spring of last year, a sudden movement manifested itself. The censorship exercised over the

public press behaved with decency, so long as the Russian campaign kept the allied forces together. The anti-alliance party had, however, two other causes open by which it largely profited; and with which the journal censorship could hardly interfere; the one was the Roman Catholic pulpit, and the other the cheap serial press. Of the latter I will give the following instance.

Montalembert's pamphlet, entitled "Pius IX. and Lord Palmerston," was never written with a view to meet the eye of either Pope or Premier. The Pope is so used to flattery, that even the melodious pipings of the Anglo-French Count Charles Forbes and Montalembert must be fatiguing; whilst the Premier would probably smile, and ask his secretary to consign its uncut pages to the waste-paper basket. The pamphlet was written *to* and *for* the *French nation*. As the Bourbons could not attack the Emperor himself, they thought it well to stab him through the heart of his ally. With this view the *brochure* was hawked, not on the banks of the lazy-flowing Tiber, or of the wealth-bearing Thames, but in Paris and through the departments of France. It was sold by the *colporteurs* at fifty per cent. below cost price, for we so purchased it; who it was that paid the difference, or bore the loss, let the fusionist journal inform us. It was sold with the prefect's stamp, and

this species of brief authority acts strangely on the minds of an ignorant population.

Again, the Roman Catholic pulpit was the light artillery of this rifle pamphleteering corps, led on by the eccentric Count de Montalembert. Jesuit priests (endowed with a certain aptitude for brawl and scandal) were despatched up and down the provinces under orders to preach up a crusade against Protestantism and the British character and nation.

Two of these men we followed across France; their pulpit splutterings were stenographed, and may hereafter be published with an *ante*-humorous sketch of the dramatis personæ. One of these men is known as the notorious "Father Combalot." To compare, not small things with great, but a lot of small things together; Father Combalot has more of the *Cahill* than the *Wiseman* blood, and is rather allied to hair-trigger Veuillot, than to the polished Count de Montalembert.

He was, it is said, under the well-ordered régime of Louis Phillipe, forbidden to preach in Paris; this was during the archiepiscopacy of the martyred Appre. Combalot's fellow-priest Verger was also expelled from that diocese. In the month of May the episcopal throne of Bayeux in Normandy was invaded by death, and was for the moment vacant! Monseigneur Robin had been translated, not to another diocese,

but to another world. The pulpit of a very aristocratic parish in the town of C. was also vacant; Monsieur le Curé having been summoned away by the same swift-winged messenger. Advantage was taken of throne and pulpit being vacant, to introduce a well-sulphured "allumette chimique" into a structure full of inflammable matter.

In the town of Caen there is a most respectable society, consisting of French Protestants of the "National Reformed Church of France." This body of Protestant reformers is said to be held in very high respect and repute, and has excited the jealousy of the bigots; this was, of course, one reason for lighting the match. In the same town there is also an old established colony of English absentees, and "our man" was informed that the gentleman (— Barrow, Esq.) who represents her Majesty as consul at that port, has, by his amenities and conciliatory manners in official matters and in private society, so gained the respect of the French, that the alliance was regarded as a happy thing for both countries. This was, of course, *another good reason* for the introduction of sulphur.

The church was every night for one month, the "*Blessed Virgin's month*," filled like a playhouse, to hear this priest declaim against the Protestant reformation and the British nation, and in most un-

measured language. To such a scandalous extent was this carried, that we were informed by some French gentlemen, that the British consul felt himself called upon, in a private way, to invite the interference of the Préfet against this prostitution of the Roman Catholic pulpit.

The Préfet, it is said, by a word, if not with a nod, threw the lurcher hound off his scent. He discontinued to abuse the French Protestants, his betters, by birth, education, and honourable life; the English armies he no longer called cowards, beggars dependent for meat, drink, and clothing on French charity; but he turned upon the fair Normans, and rated them most soundly upon crinoline, the indiscreet corsages of ball-room costume, and other matters of which they who sit in the seats of confessionals, know more than most honest laymen pretend to know. If Combalot did not reap a harvest of "golden opinions;" he at least pocketted a heavy bag of Napoleons as the reward of his blasphemy and calumny.

An incident occurred, probably without precedent in the modern history of the Gallican church; this is perhaps saying too much, seeing that within the space of a month, the short span of a moon, two Roman Catholic archbishops have been assassinated, and a canon shot by the pistol of an inferior priest. Our "travelling fellow" was credibly informed that

a female was so disgusted with the foul tongue of Combalot, that she positively refused to receive within her mouth "*the wafer!*" That either by a hasty movement, or rendered pugnacious by her lawful anger, she struck the wrist of the priest, and spilled the real presence on the floor of the altar. The horror of the surrounding devotees can be more easily understood than expressed; they, who in conscience regarded the act as a blow inflicted upon God himself, in his true flesh and blood, then and there existing (though to *our senses*, baker's bread), could hardly keep their hands away from the lady assassin.

She was seized, and, to avoid scandal, escape discussion, and prevent "unpleasantness," was conveyed to a lunatic asylum. This was, perhaps, better policy than to make it a question of police. An expert advocate, a philosophical doctor, and a logical press (if France can now boast of such a treasure), would have made a long story of it. She, who was sagaciously treated as an imbecile, might perhaps have become a modern martyr. Hard as the poor woman's hand struck that of the priest, her withering sarcasm was said to be still more striking:—
"You hold the good God! Bah!!"

The facts are given as they were repeated to us several times, and the leading features are mentioned by the local press.

If this was the latest blow inflicted upon the itinerant Jesuit, it was by no means the heaviest. Five years since, M. Puaux took his reverence in hand, and punished him most severely. The pugnacious priests all know M. Puaux ; he was, we believe, born and educated a Roman Catholic, and afterwards practised at the French bar, but is now a leading clergyman of the "Reformed Church of France." There is probably no polemical writer and orator of the present day, who has so unflinchingly, dauntlessly, and successfully wrestled with every dogma-bearing priest of the "*Italian band*."

Pope, cardinals, bishops, or mendicant friars, Mr. Puaux puts all into hotch-pot. His accurate knowledge of history, of events, of decrees, and of dogmas gives him an advantage over all comers. He is the very matadore of the pope's prize *bulls*. His powers of sarcasm are rare, but he never condescends ; his style is masculine, terse, and logical. With the intellectual he is as a companion ; for the uneducated he is a plain-spoken, intelligible, and convincing writer. He is Cobbett but in gown and bands. Poor Father Combalot will carry to the grave the marks of the heavy hammer of M. Puaux.

This movement of prostituting an empty diocese, or vacant pulpit, to the dirty work of discord and

other mischief is by no means a new feature of the aggressive system of the ultra-pontines.

No sooner had the respected Monseigneur Robin vacated Bayeux, than the firebrand orator was despatched on his very unevangelical crusade ; no sooner did the crosier fall from the death-struck hand of the lamented Sibour, than high popery men grasped it and compelled the Abbé Cognat to capitulate to Veillot, the pampered mēnial of the modern Inquisition. Had Robin lived, Father Combalot would not, it is said, have been permitted to play the pulpit assassin of his superior when and where he did. Had Sibour lived, he would rather have burned his crosier than be a party to *compounding* such an action at law as then existed between the truculent "Religious World" and the worthy Abbé Cognat. Had the Spanish knife of the Romish priest been happily stayed before it reached the heart of Sibour, *the action at law would not have been stayed.*

The "religious world" would have been beaten out of court, and, as a commercial speculation, ruined. The Romish church *must* have disowned and disinherited its favourite but abandoned offspring. The prodigal son of mother church might have betaken himself to harlots and swine troughs : for Veillot there would have been no fatted *calf* in the luxurious feeding-stalls of the cardinal's stables. Happy, indeed,

would his carcase, be if it escaped ungrateful stabs from the horns of a pope's *bull*.

The speculation must, in fact, have become bankrupt, and there is probably no literary property in France, or perhaps not in Europe, which represents such weighty, yet, socially speaking, such *worthless interests* as "the Religious World" newspaper.

Had Veillot and his people effected a policy of assurance on the life of Sibour, for the value of their stock in trade, they could hardly have been more directly interested in his life, than they were made to benefit by his violent death before the altar of the Patroness saint of Paris, on the third of January.

The hastily arranged funeral for the tenth, in order that they, who for the moment held the headless mitre, might save the religious organ of the Jesuits by a compromise to be effected on the twelfth (*the eleventh being Sunday*), was an indecency which can only be judged by honourable men from one point of view.

* * * *

The catastrophe of St. Etienne alike stayed "the Religious World" in its action at law, and our round-table conferences.

We determined to depute one of our number to

compile the results of our inquiries. Before separating, we formed a string of resolutions, in which, for the most part, all acquiesced. We now deferentially submit the whole to the consideration and criticisms of the *Press*, the *Pulpit* and the *Platform*, the three Estates of the Commons of our United Kingdom.

“Round Table Conference of Travelling Fellows, Rue de l’Avenir de la France, Paris, January and February, 1857.”

CONCLUSIONS.

I.

That the Legitimists and Jesuits are making large and secret preparations for another French revolution, which will not burst forth in barricadoes, but may, Minerva-like, issue from the ballot urn.

II.

That the “credit mobilier” is rather a political than a mercantile speculation, and that the profits hoped to be realized are state emoluments, and the idle run of a *kingdom*, rather than the social duties and obligations due from *subjects of an empire*.

III.

That the race is between Bourbonism and priest-

craft striving for the ascendancy, and Italian freedom striving for justice and international equality.

IV.

That the colleges of cardinals, with their affiliated societies, secret and avowed, are at length fully convinced that should an Italian explosion happily occur without *foreign intervention*, and should tyranny be dethroned, the pope's *temporal* power will be for ever at an end.

V.

That with the fall of the pope's *kingdom* the order of Jesuits, secret assassination, depraved diplomacy, papal aggressions, the holy inquisition, "the Irish difficulty," and last and least, the "Religious World" newspaper, will all be consigned to purgatory, or to a *more permanent* residence, and a more congenial *climate*.

VI.

That with the fall of the Pope's *kingdom* the catholic religion, no longer Pagan, papal, or Roman, will at once assume proportions and effect conquests to an extent far beyond all which Jesuitism has yet been able to accomplish.

VII.

That the grand and holy questions of civilization and evangelization seem destined to enter upon a

new and more logical epoch. That the love of his kind, and the endurance of Livingstone, will probably inaugurate more practical schemes and brighter prospects. That this weighty subject, being too profound in its nature, and too solemn and universal in its details for the disqualified intellects of us, mere "travelling fellows," be adjourned till a more convenient opportunity.

VIII.

ROMISH DIPLOMACY.

That the aggressionists intend to renew the discussion of a diplomatic service between our Queen of many nations, and the Pope of decaying Rome. That high popery men, convinced that Italy will soon cease to be their peculiar "*school of design*," make unceasing efforts to carry out the papal aggression in England, as their only harbour of refuge.

IX.

That the resource of "religious houses" in England is one of their strongest points, and that during the war with Russia, *whilst public attention has been otherwise occupied, immense progress has been made.*

X.

That as auxiliary to this movement it is intended

to produce a series of brilliant out-door displays of Romish pomp in the shape of music, man-millinery, miracles, and other mummery, with a view to a proselytism by wholesale.

XI.

It is intended to endow each papal diocese carved out of British territory, under the Wiseman scheme, with a cathedral; each cathedral to be surrounded by a Roman Catholic cemetery of an expensive and tasteful character. The existing laws against popish processions will thus be complied with, rather than evaded. All out-door performances will be carried on *within the private domain* of a religious sect tolerated by the state, namely, the Roman Catholic dissenters from the church of England; the toleration acts will, in fact, be their protection.

It is expected that proselytes will be gained in large numbers, and this is probable, although the expense will be enormous; but the *coffers at Rome and elsewhere* destined for this speculation, although not yet full, are by no means empty. *Another* "goddess," well placarded and handsomely introduced, would realize all that is wanting.

The cathedrals, the mausoleums of the wealthy, and the landscape gardening will form a grand county attraction.

The principles of Protestantism will, happily, be put to the test; the battle may be exciting, but the ultimate victory can hardly be doubtful. Liberty of conscience, and the right of personal reflection, will eventually vanquish priestcraft, and Ignatius Loyola may yet be brought to sit like a listening child, at the feet of Martin Luther.

XII.

It is hoped to inaugurate this sacred drama by a copious secession of transubstantiation—neophytes from the diocese of Salisbury and Oxford and from certain places in Scotland. These dissenters from the church of their and our fathers will at once be offered high rank in the hierarchy of the “British Catholic church,” placed under the protection of St. George, but “without the dragon.”

XIII.

That Westminster Abbey is reserved for the Archbishop, whilst the first presentation to the *Temple* church is greedily “lusted after” by an ambitious but amiable Abbé of the diocese of Bayeux in Normandy.

Nota Bene! The archbishop’s relations with this diocese are of a most intimate and reciprocal character. It would be at this moment premature to develope

one half of that which we have both seen and heard. We were credibly informed that one of the dignitaries who "did duty" for the deceased Bishop Robin, and who therefore authorised Combalot to preach his crusade in the church of St. —, is the "legate a latere" of the Cardinal in France. That they are in perpetual correspondence, direct or indirect, especially in "religious house" matters. It will be recollected that the newly appointed Bishop of Bayeux attended, some weeks since, in *London* to consecrate a *French bishop*; this affair has given rise to much sensitive jealousy in France, and is not easily smoothed over. We do not answer for its truth, but it was repeated that one "*drop scene*" of that ceremony consisted in the bishop elect lying *flat on the earth*, as if enacting an early scene in the drama of our world, "*on thy belly shalt thou go*," &c.; and that half rising and resting on his knees, the *English Cardinal* literally saddled the poor *Frenchman* with some ponderous folio, from which he read, for the edification of the audience; a French liberty man exclaimed on hearing this, "*On n'ose pas faire comme ça en France*"—He dare not do that in France! In France the matter was anything but liked; and for what reason a bishop of *Bayeux* went to *Moorfields* to consecrate a *French bishop*, is as yet a mystery. Avis aux Anglais. *Englishmen, be on your guard.*

XIV.

That whilst an Italian explosion will be inevitably followed by the dethronement of the Pope, that functionary is most anxious to save his church from this *repeated* disgrace by a voluntary abandonment of political and royal power. He has, in fact, been long desirous to retire from Rome, and make *Jerusalem the seat of his bishopric*.

XV.

That the Gallican branch of the Roman church is *ripe for disruption*, and that the next revolution may be expected to witness a large secession of honourable-minded, intellectual, and devoted priests of the Fénelon and Grégoire school, who are quite ready to form a separate Gallican church, wholly independent of cardinals and jesuits, and subject only in matters spiritual to the Bishop of Jerusalem, as pontiff or bishop supreme.

XVI.

It was lastly and unanimously resolved, that we should, one and all, Protestant and Catholic, disclaim the remotest intention to write a line which should offend the religious convictions of any *Roman catholic sect or community*. In speaking of the papal system, as carried out by its legions of irresponsible agents,

we have regarded it simply in its bearings upon the interests of the *family compact*, upon international good will, and upon the progress of humanity in liberty, civilization, and knowledge.

For Travelling Fellows and Self.

G. V. L.

THE PRESS, THE PULPIT,

AND

THE PLATFORM.

CHAPTER I.

First trial awaiting the present dynasty of France—The legitimists, its authors, and fomenters—Want of an hereditary aristocracy—Plebeian origin of the priests; their extreme venality, ambition, and love of intrigue, and of the table—belong to the lower classes—causes of their influence—Archbishop Sibour proclaims Jèsus Christ as the first republican—Mischiefs endeavoured to be effected by the priests and the aristocracy in conspiracy—Preparations of the aristocracy—their hatred of England and affection for Austria—Austrian alliance—Advantage taken by the priests of the present high prices to forward their schemes—Movements of Jesuits—Disgust evinced by the lower orders shown in many cases by the robbing of churches, hitherto almost unknown—Present position of the malcontents—Question, “What next?” answered—Proposed way of settling the question—Consequences of the success of the Bourbons—English alliance

will be abandoned—Other political questions bearing on this anxiously watched by the legitimists—State and prospects of the Italian peninsula—Jesuit movement in Canada—"Crédit Mobilier," its puffs and promises—Their programme in the "Times"—Their concealed political movements, "reduction in omnibus fares," and "anticipated losses in their immense purchases of corn," &c., &c.—Intentions of the Bourbons as regards Britain, Rome, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg—Probable contingencies.

THE first grand trial which the present dynasty of France will be called upon to undergo, will probably be found amongst the events of the year 1857.

An attempt will be made to overthrow the Empire, and at once to introduce an absolute monarchy in the person of Henry the Fifth for life, with remainder to the Count de Paris, and his heirs male, though, perhaps, not for ever.

This projected revolution, however, will not be an affair of barricades; it will originate in the provinces, with the hope of being perfected in Paris. It will not be a rising of the "blouses;" it will be a rebellion already fomented, encouraged, and worked out by the *noblesse*. The anti-social combination now in the ascendant is composed of three elements—Le Château, l'Eglise, Le Presbytère, the Castle, or feudality, priestcraft and priests.

It is said that the weak point of the present dynasty is the want of an hereditary and territorial aristocracy.

This is true. . No monarchical government, unless it be a pure despotism, armed to the teeth, can exist long, and safely, without an *intermediate* order. And were the present dynasty even supported by a patrician order, an auxiliary would still be required to produce and keep up an *entente cordiale*, a good feeling, between the patrician order in its minority, and the plebeian in its majority. The French nation at large both fears and despises an aristocracy. This is the result of feudal exaction and tyranny. No patrician order, with hereditary honours, and a law of primogeniture to regulate territorial succession, could hope to endure without some popular auxiliary, or, in fact, a second intermediate to maintain its demands, and to render these demands palatable to the people. Such an auxiliary force already exists in France. It is in the nature of a troop of mercenaries, an army of hirelings, but united, influential, and vigorous. It has already appeared in the market, and is ready to accept the highest offer; and it fights with secret and mystical weapons, which are not easily foiled.

It is, of course, the order of priests. The clergy of France, almost to a man, spring from the lower orders. No nobleman, gentleman, or even well-doing merchant, ever educates his son for the church. The altar is indebted for its priests to the orders of mechanics, small farmers, subaltern officers, and others of a

similar stamp, but having some means to procure the necessary education.

A French priest and a pedigree are as rarely seen in company as a cardinal and his niece. Such alliance, may and doubtless do exist, but folks say little about them. As, for instance, the *faux pas* of the aristocracy are sometimes set right by dedicating the resulting "*petit animal*" to the church. The bar sinister, however, crosses the heraldic bearings of the youngster, which are seldom produced though tenderly guarded. This hermaphroditic order, these men in petticoats, are, with a few honourable exceptions, all, as an order, to be bought—the *only question is the price*.

They have, however, a choice of masters. They would prefer to be bought by a king at first hand ; but, this failing, the "order" is ready to throw itself into the arms of an aristocracy which derives its honours from "legitimate royalty" as it is called. The aristocracy, on the other hand, is anxious, because there is no alternative, to purchase the mercenary troop. The Soutane is, in effect, the only floodgate which could effectually protect the "white" from the deluge of "reds" which would inevitably overwhelm them. The origin of the priests, namely, their plebeian birth, and a large share of their own worldly interest, attach them to the order from which they

spring. Their priestly ambition, their love of society, their influence with women, their endless craving to mix themselves up with the private affairs of families, and predilection for the pleasures of the table, all combine to render them the easily purchased allies of their superiors in wealth, rank, or talent.

Thus their natal origin, and family ties on the one hand, and their priestly ambition on the other, unite to render them a most valuable link in the political chain. *Apart from their own interests*, they have no fixed politics, or social views. They are invariably all things to all men.

So long as they can be counted upon, the priests are invaluable allies to the aristocracy. The confession enables them to probe matters to the bottom, to compare the complaint of the working man with the dictatorial bearing of the aristocrat. They thus become the depository of the secrets of either party, and neither dare offend them. Their intimate professional relations with the wives of the conspirators, and with other influential women, and their intercourse with and power over servants, who are thus made a sort of check and spy upon their superiors, all unite to render their support valuable and their opposition dangerous.

If the character of Frenchmen be considered versatile and variable, it is entirely owing to the example, the precepts, and the actions of the sacerdotal order. One instance among many will suffice.

The present* Archbishop of Paris is a tolerably enlightened, and by no means an ignorant man. As an individual, he is, I believe, respected; but he is purely and simply a priest. He is the successor of that devoted martyr who walked like an angel over the barricades of June, olive branch in hand, in order to stay the shedding of human blood.

Poor Affre! would nothing satisfy the demons but that your own blood must be shed in the futile, but heroic attempt? You left the presence of the Dictator a priest—you fell a hero, if ever man so fell! Mgr. Sibour succeeded him, being the friend of Cavaignac, and of course a republican. One of his first addresses which he made in one of the municipal workshops or “ateliers nationaux,” was thus laconically concluded. After eulogising the republican form of government he asked, “And who, my friends, was the first republican?” I answer, for it is beyond all question, ‘Jesus Christ!’

Again, the same priest, in the “evangelical letter” (as I think his pastoral circular is called) which he sent forth to drift across the waters of Christianity in celebration of the peace concluded but the other day at Paris thus expresses himself: in allusion to the necessity of Christianizing Turkey, that is of *counter-acting* the Greek cross by *the supremacy of the Latin*

* The assassination of the lamented Prelate occurred after the MS. had left the author's hands.

apparatus, he says, all must give way to a little. The rough stones of the crescent are to be polished into brilliants for the cross : " For what, after all," he asks, " what is *Mahometanism* but a kind of sect of *Christianity* ?" or, in other words, what was Mahomet but another Jesus Christ? or, for it is the same thing, the *second* coming of Jesus Christ. This can be confirmed by a reference to any of the daily journals of the period.

I wish to impute to the prelate no words which he did not utter ; nor do I seek to misconstrue those which he did utter, their plain and palpable meaning is as I have said. If he could dare to insinuate that Jesus Christ was a republican leader, he would hardly flinch from the assertion that Mahomet was a second Jesus Christ.

Now this is an enlightened man, a scholar, a politician, and a priest, and he is a fair type of his order. *The order is at this moment in close secret alliance with the fallen aristocracy of France.* Ever since the accession of the Emperor, and especially since the late pregnancy of the Empress was made known, the aristocracy, as a body, have withdrawn themselves from the imperial court. Their organs have sought to sow the seeds of discord between the allies ; insults have been outrageously heaped on the British government and nation. Every attempt has been

made to unite, strengthen, and amalgamate the interests of Rome, Naples, and Vienna; to discourage and even to ruin Piedmont, if it be possible. Jesuit priests have been paid high wages to preach in the provinces the most atrocious falsehoods and calumnies against the British army and nation. The month of May is called the month of the "Mother of God," and it is said that the "Grandmother of God" is soon to have a month appropriated to her special worship. The month of the "Mother of God" is then on the continent the *preaching* month, and this last month of May has not proved an idle month.

They who know how to address an audience, to excite passions, and inflame discontented minds, have been carefully chosen and lavishly paid, to prepare the people for what is expected shortly to be revealed to them. The most venomous Jesuits have been selected to vent forth their spite against England and Protestantism, against the alliance, and against the exercise of British influence in Europe. They have been lavishly paid, caressed, and dismissed until they may be again wanted to prove to the same audience that their priestly predictions have been fulfilled, and to render thanks to the "Mother of God" for bringing back to France the grandson of the fallen monarch.

The *white* aristocracy have, for some time past,

exercised a rigid economy in the management of their private concerns. They have let their hotels at Paris and in other cities *furnished*, and retired into the country. It is on their separate domains that they exercise the influence they possess, and each, with his satellite, the priest, has endeavoured to throw doubts upon the continuance of the empire and of the alliance. *An alliance with Austria is carefully represented as the most politic alliance for France.* That a Catholic country like France can have no sympathies, and ought to have no political alliance with England, which is disowned by the holy father the Vice God (*vice Dieu*), as he is perpetually called.

Another weapon, steeped in the very poison of Jesuitism, has been brought to bear upon the question. The priests and their masters know well that a hungry stomach is always a rebellious one. With this view, every effort has been made, and most successfully made, to keep up the price of the necessaries of life to an unnatural and unwarrantable level. Large proprietors are pursuing the system of throwing all small tenures, as they fall in, or can be purchased, into large occupations. The object of this is to have the tenant-farming interest in a centralized form, that it may be more easily managed when matters come to the crisis.

A species of public crime, almost new to France, is widely spreading; and is an unerring but melan-

choly proof of the disgust which the lower orders feel towards the priests. The working classes, who suffer prodigiously at this moment, know well what is coming ; they also know that the priests form the foundation stone upon which the shameless fabric will be built. With this foreknowledge, they thus shew their disgust and spite. The churches have been, in many places, broken open and robbed of their most sacred utensils. Now these things cannot be turned into money ; no silversmith dare purchase them, even if the thief dare present himself with the view of selling them. The objects, if ever recovered, are invariably found in ditches, or other places where they have been thrown, after being broken in pieces.

The apparent motive is spite against the priests, and contempt of their order and profession, arising from that foreknowledge, which the rural communities all possess, that mischief is afoot. This species of sacrilege is a new vice, gains ground, and speaks volumes to those who can appreciate its full meaning.

The position of the noble malcontents is, then, shortly this :—They are spread abroad throughout the provinces, are thus unobserved by the authorities ; each, by his influence, his *inuendoes*, and his fortune, is preparing for the struggle. Every effort is being made to keep the priesthood in friendly intercourse ; and no pains are spared to impress the working

classes with the idea that the present dearness of provisions is attributable to the Imperial Government.

But what next? the reader is ready to ask. *This* then *is next*, and I invite a moment's serious attention. By the strict letter of the Constitution, the term of duration of the "corps legislatif," or representative branch of the legislature, is at an end. Its authority has expired by efflux of time. Authorised by the Constitution, the Emperor has postponed the election of a new body until the year 1857. This is the struggle for which the malcontents are arming themselves. The grand aim is to dethrone the Emperor by a weapon drawn from his own armoury. The right of suffrage is universal; the mode of election is the ballot. Election lists, with the names of legitimist candidates, are secretly prepared and inscribed; and money is stored away for the emergency.

If the revolutionists succeed in returning their own friends, they will be at once able to throw the machinery of the constitution *out of gear*.

It will not assume the position of a question which is to be decided by the fortune of arms, but will resolve itself into a pure "veto" upon all imperial suggestions. The result a blind man may foresee, and the child in politics foretell. The priests will, as usual, be with the strongest, and with that party best able to serve their interests.

The working classes it is hoped to gain by an immediate lowering of the necessaries of life; but *until the advent to power* of the exile of Frohsdorf, the present execrable dearness *is to continue*. This, too, in spite of present abundance and the results of a splendid harvest. Money will flow in every direction, and the aristocracy is to "come out" in feudal glory and renown.

Splendour, extravagance, taxation and woe will follow each other in succession. Matters will again turn. The priests will first of all be sacrificed; commerce will take fright, and international difficulties may probably arise; for *it is intended to abandon the English alliance and stick to Austria and the pope*.

Should this ill-omened conspiracy succeed, I do not doubt but France will appear contented and happy till the reaction commences. "After me—the deluge," will then be fulfilled.

But some will say, the army of France, what of that? My reply is, that the army will have little to do with the question. The whole affair will be settled like any other matter left to pure discussion. *If the Bourbons carry the first elections* they will manage all the rest. The army will do as armies always do, "follow their leader." There are, however, two other contingencies which interfere with the "coming event," and every effort is made to hasten their maturity.

These are—1, the Italian difficulty ; and, 2, the question at issue between Great Britain and America. The latter is supposed to be of equal weight with the former, as all possible means are used to promote disunion between the two countries. There are at this moment influential men at Washington who are well apprised of the tactics of the French revolutionists. It is hoped, too, that a war between the Anglo-Saxon races may be contemporaneous with the revolution to be achieved here, and also with an aggressive outbreak in Italy, led on by Austria.

If the ambitious views of Austria in the peninsula can be successfully carried out, the temporal supremacy of the pope be secured, and the ruin of Piedmont perpetrated ; if again the advent of the Bourbon prince can be inaugurated at the same moment that a war shall exist between Great Britain and America, despotism will have arrived at the summit of its ambition. Mischief will be in full feather ; the world will have rolled back an age ; priestcraft and misrule, in all their ugliness, will have their sway.

Let us then be constantly on the watch until the American difficulty be honourably arranged. Durablely settled it can hardly be ; this is barely possible. The Americans will possess and annex Central America in spite of us, and almost in spite of themselves. It is their destiny, and we have heavy business of our

own on hand which demands attention. For the future, indeed, it would almost seem that government can hardly be trusted with the irresponsible power of declaring war.

Great Britain will never recover the damage inflicted by the Aberdeen policy upon her position and character. The country must have other checks against ignorance, ambition, flippancy, or cowardice, than the mere right of refusing supplies. Under feudality this was all well enough; but matters are changed. Englishmen who are patriots, and *who have means, intelligence, and leisure, must individually study the foreign position and affairs of the country. Diplomacy has been our misfortune. Gunpowder and a free press have alone saved us.*

Great Britain, as a Protestant realm, is no match for the other powers in the arts of diplomacy. The education of a noble youth in England is well adapted for anything else rather than to turn out a Machiavelli, or even a Metternich. A Jesuit's education alone prepares a lad for the duplicity, cunning, and finesse of diplomacy. I would select a lad from Stoneyhurst, and an alumnus from Maynooth, and back them against any three, nay, perhaps four, whom another might bring from Eton, Harrow, or Oxford; I will not, perhaps, include *Cuddisdon*. If craft, depth, patience, simulation, pretence or policy, were the pro-

perties to be brought into play, in order to ensure the prize, the Stoneyhurst lads would win, and that, too, "in a canter."

The whole course of events has proved that we had not a man in the kingdom, unless, indeed, it were Lord Palmerston, who was fit to cope with the plenipotentiaries who met at Paris.

The presence of the acute, honourable, and chivalrous Cavour from Sardinia was our mainstay.

Nor is it any derogation to that high-minded nobleman, Lord Clarendon, if we admit this.

In honesty of intention, devotion to the cause of freedom and justice, as a patriot, or as a well-intentioned man of truth and personal honour, he had no superior at the table of the congress. In other qualities he was deficient.

The Italian question is still the important question; it demands an instant solution, and must have it. The quiet of France, the existence of its present dynasty, and the peace of Europe, hang like fibres from a stem upon the young tree of liberty planted in Piedmont.

The permanence of Austrian aggression in Italy, the temporary re-establishment of the political supremacy of the pope, and the advent of the Bourbon exiles, will, it is hoped by these plotters against Britain, prove contemporaneous events.

Francis Joseph will hold Northern Italy, and our own friend and ally, Piedmont, in subjection. Henri Cinq, or his substitute, will uphold the tyranny of the Cardinals (for it is the *red hat*, and not the *tiara* which is the wrong doer) with French bayonets. France, under Bourbon auspices, will make any alliance, and in either *hemisphere*, to throw Britain out of position as regards her influence in Europe.

A deep-laid scheme has been submitted (and is not lost sight of) for raising troubles in Lower Canada; and a conspiracy exists, which only awaits for a suitable moment to declare itself.

I have every reason to believe that our own Government is not unaware of this, and that the recent expedition of troops and ammunition to Quebec was a most discreet and well-timed measure.

The Jesuits are hard at work in Lower Canada.

He who dares to write with a view to create a false alarm, is truly anything but a loyal citizen—he who conceals that which ought to be made known, and which he believes to be true, deserves no less condemnation.

But, it will be asked, what of the sinews of war?

This important element of revolution has not been forgotten.

The gigantic proportions which the monster, capital, has assumed, in the form of “credit speculations,” are

terrible ; they are pregnant with wonder, and will be delivered in the form of weal or woe.

Let us pause for a moment, in order to consider of one of these truly terrible machines, with which France, by means of its Parisian Bourse, is at this moment cursed. The monster to which I refer is styled "La société généralé de crédit mobilier."

With a capital, nominal or real, of merely two millions, it has grasped at and even undertaken schemes, made promises, if not contracts, and has excited expectations which could never be realized without, at least, a capital of ten millions.

In financial theory the French are masters—in the art of prospectus mystification no one approaches the modern Gaul. This affair is, however, no ghost, as it may soon prove (as in fact it is) to be a mere *stalking-horse*.

The artful simplicity with which its barefaced conductors drop from the sublime to the small is almost unique—one moment overrunning Spain, ITALY, and Germany, to say nothing of the French Empire, with its gigantic schemes—and in the next breath giving us details of "its *omnibus organization*!"—by which it has succeeded in augmenting the places of public accommodation at the reduced fare of three-halfpence.

Although all these "wonders" have been achieved!

by the aid of "*well-conceived financial combinations*," the farce is really too rich for the age in general, and our own nation in particular.

The originality and humour of Mr. Dickens in the introduction of his "Punctual Muffin Delivery Company" was supposed to be unsurpassed; but even that magician must almost consider that the wand has fallen into other though less pure hands than his own. John Law is also dead; but his spirit has surely transmigrated, and found a genial home on the Stock Exchange of Paris.

There is one clause of the manifesto which cannot pass without notice, because it points to the truth, though with the evident intention of concealing it. Diplomacy itself can hardly shew anything more dainty than the following morsel; and well does that descendant of Loyola, who penned it, deserve a place in the calendar with the crafty old father-saint.

"Amongst the items which come in deduction *from the profits*, you will observe the loss which we shall have to sustain (*nous aurons á éprouver*) upon the purchases of corn, which we considered that we ought to make *abroad*, for an object which you will comprehend without difficulty. Our situation is too complex—our prosperity is too closely allied to the general welfare—for us to hesitate, under serious circumstances, to impose on ourselves sacrifices

commanded by the public interest. We are confident beforehand of your approbation." Recollect, reader, that this splendid specimen of mystification is addressed to the shareholders of the concern—the proprietors of its stock. It is intended, nevertheless, as an effort in the philanthropic line.

This precious league, for league it is, is not content with covering Europe with its benefits, and by means of "well-conceived financial combinations," *providing places in omnibuses at three-halfpence!* but with ineffable modesty declares itself "ready to encounter the *probable losses* it will have to sustain *upon the purchase of corn!!!*" These purchases of corn were made, not, as innocent folks might suppose, for the benefit of the league, but to feed the hungry population of Paris. Or, it may be (for such wonderful operators can hardly be less than omniscient), these purchases at a loss were made in prospect of that dreadful deluge of wild waters which has rushed across the valleys of the Loire, the Rhine, and the Saône. But we must be serious—for this league, and similar confederacies, have the destinies of France, and of other countries too, almost within their clutch.

The reader will, doubtless, "comprehend without difficulty" the manœuvres of this cheap bread association.

I have before said that famine prices, as regards the necessaries of life, have for some time prevailed, and

this dearness cannot be accounted for upon any ordinary principle of commercial laws.

This dearness, moreover, is intended to be continued till the next event comes off ; if it be possible, in the face of an abundant harvest, to continue it so long. These "capital" confederacies are not strangers to this natural infliction, and worse species of tyranny, except that of priests, with which a people can be afflicted. This "crédit mobilier" *has bought immensely*. A company which in the first years of its existence can cope with the unenviable notoriety which another "crédit mobilier" has unhappily acquired, must, at all events, understand the tricks of "the corner."

The "crédit mobilier" which so recently figured away under the ill-omened patronage of Pratt, Palmer, Polestar, and Co., did business together, it appears, at a profit of sixty per cent. *Légalité* won, it seems, and *égalité* lost ground ; the first "P." took his sixty per cent. and swore to it ; the second "P." paid the first "P." in order that win by the third "P." The second "P." missed the goal, but fell foul of the gallows ; while the third "P.," poor "Polestar," the only hard-working member of the firm, and who represented the "mobilier" or "rolling stock," has still "credit enough left to support himself upon that little world which lies outside the rest of the world,

and known as "the turf." Our heroes of the "crédit mobilier" of France certainly do not yet swagger away at the rate of sixty per cent. ; but recollect they are but beginners, and also recollect "the losses which we *shall have to sustain* upon the purchases of corn." Such losses in expectation would, of course, make sober, discreet, and honourable-minded Directors, careful and prudent ; and, as they possess no security but "bills, and such like," a moderate interest of forty-two per cent. ought surely to satisfy all shareholders. Indeed, if the interest were paid out of capital (but the auditors, no doubt, can speak to this), a more moderate slice might have sufficed. But to return for a moment to the "losses upon corn," for this the key to the anti-social conspiracy which I wish to unfold. How then does that item really stand ?

- It is impossible to believe in any such loss, seeing that the market has been a rising market during the whole period under review. We will assume that the loss has been as large as even four per cent., and it results, according to calculations made in the basis of the company's unique report and schemes of finance, that the capital involved in that branch of the proceedings was no less than £500,000 or one quarter of the whole. So that if the report be true, the poor French bread consumer has had to encounter an

enemy who, against his solitary sou, has had a capital sum of £500,000 to bring into play. With this the poor man's coarse loaf has been worked up to starvation price! What earthly chance have labour and sweat against such a monstrous foe? ' "

They have then, on their own showing, bought immensely: they buy still; their people are everywhere; and they still intend to buy.

In the event of a war between ourselves and America, or of an Italian revolution, they will, no doubt, realize their "probable losses on the purchase of corn" in grand style. They consider themselves as prepared for either event; both houses are supposed to be full, and they hope to escape the dilemma. They are the abettors and upholders of those who seek to bring trouble on France. Here is the proof "in their own hand-writing." Amongst their multifarious projects and future exploits, the following are delicately hinted at: "New regions (*nouveaux continents*) to *appropriate* (query annex?) *to our requirements by the development of our navy.*" This is tolerably strong for a *commercial* company, and when the line was penned the Directors doubtless had their *eagle* eyes fixed on *Madagascar*.

The writer has good reasons for this^b supposition. For some time past the Jesuits have determined to "agitate" on that side of the world. They

have lost ground, and are, in fact, all but turned out of Tahiti, as they have, indeed, been turned out of every place where reason, liberty, and religion love to dwell.

With reference to the "Tahiti" clique, they are almost mad with regret and rage at their own folly. It is but four years since, that some of the wiseheads amongst the detectives of the Jesuit police—for the order has its police, were gulled into the belief that Mrs. Pritchard, the wife of the ill-used Missionary, was residing in France, and many absurd attempts were made to hunt her out. The hounds lost scent, and the lady escaped.

Now, indeed, Mr. Pritchard, if he be living, and willing to join the craft, might command his own terms. Madagascar is for the moment the Jesuit hunting ground, and it was hoped that under the Lord's anointed "Henry Cinq," with Prince Admiral Joinville as fusionist patriot in command, frigates and gun boats will have a fine day of it.

Napoleon III., however, does not sleep, or if he sometimes takes rest, it is *with one eye open*. It is moreover asserted, upon what foundation I do not know, although the report is not incredible, that a late "railway monarch" has been, and still is, much in confidence of this monstrous purse-bearer. The *Spanish* domain is pointed out as his peculiar pro-

vince, and he is said to be connected with those sagacious grain transactions which are to result in "*probable losses.*"

The whole affair is pregnant with mischief, political, financial, and social; with national evils as regards the interest of France, and with international difficulty as regards the Alliance. *Let them look to it whose business it is.* Warning has been given: the warning is not mine alone, it comes from their own ill-omened programme. The number of the Directors was, by the constitution of the society, fixed at fifteen, but notwithstanding all its splendid achievements in France, Spain, *Italy*, and Madagascar, it had to go a begging for two names to make up the full number. "Your council," says the report, "has offered them to two persons who appeared to combine the requisite qualities for fulfilling functions, the exercise of which demands, at one and the same time, experience, initiative talent, great prudence, and a well established character." One of these gentlemen was within a few weeks of his appointment proclaimed a Bourse defaulter, and to an enormous amount.

"The Duke de Galliera," it appears, "had to resign in consequence of a conflict which had arisen between his own interests and those of our association, in *the fulfilment of a mission*, [mark this] which we had offered him, and which he had undertaken. Finally,

gentlemen, congratulate yourselves, and be proud of a corporation which has produced such results."

In venturing to criticise this audacious wonder, I have confined myself to facts;* but, let me ask, is there a man of business who knows anything of the habits of the French, who believes for a moment this a national or even a commercial affair? If it be neither the one nor the other, what element of French society exists, capable, either alone or in combination with any other element, of sustaining such an enterprise with even five times the amount of capital? That the French can organise, I admit. It is their special art; but they do not carry out. Every public work, not strictly of an Imperial character, attests this. The "bourgeois" class—the small proprietors—the saving working classes, have not, for the last three years, had a sou to spare. Many *rentiers*, or people living on slender incomes, have been compelled to part with objects of value, or to pledge the principal of their little fortunes, to provide the necessaries of life, and for the education of their children. But had they the means, they would not invest in any such undertakings; it is not in their nature to do so. To buy a small life annuity, a share in a railway, a small piece of land, or a fraction of a house, forms the extreme limits of their speculative notions. The "crédit

* See advertisement in the "Times," of May 21, 1856.

mobilier" then, with Madagascar in possession, or "probable losses in corn" in reversion, is no affair of their's.

The only two classes which remain at all able by education, to comprehend, or by other means, combined with speculative passion, to mix themselves up with such wild schemes, are the legitimist or Bourbon aristocracy, and that section of Bourse gamblers who are always ripe for any thing which savours of hazard and speculation. Bills of exchange discounted at 42 per cent., or even at 60 per cent. with the "pole star" as collateral security, form no attraction in the eyes of honourably minded men. Excessive and usurious profits sometimes form as ready a road to ruin as losses themselves. Indeed losses, which are occasioned not by blind speculation, misconduct in business, or negligence of commercial routine, form a more sure path to ultimate success, than the laps full of money which the bare-faced speculator or usurer sweeps off at the commencement of his career.

An army habituated to victory is likely in the end to part with its laurels in favour of an enemy who, stung by defeat after defeat, arms himself for a gallant and final struggle. I cannot hope that the Emperor of France may even honour these pages with a perusal; could I expect this, I would say with equal respect and sincerity—"Sire, you are worthy of your country's con-

fidence and support ; no monarch thinks more, or does more for the country over which he may rule than yourself. Your own chivalrous bearing and hereditary courage will protect you. The ordeal of violent treason you have already passed ; the assassin has found that your ‘ destiny ’ is your panoply. Beware, sire, of another foe—*beware of the Bourse and the traps of finance*—diplomacy, properly speaking, may not be able to outwit you ; but beware, again I say, of the slippery paths of finance. If the confederacy now silently working against the interests of your dynasty be happily foiled, as God grant that it may be, and should your throne be still found to totter, it will be from the hands of Bourse gamblers that the blows will proceed.”

Any confederacy is to be dreaded, which, having territorial rights of its own, is enabled to effect such a secret alliance with the monster capital, either nominal or real, as to be able to sway the movements of such a body as the Paris Bourse.

If one half of the programme announced by the court comedians who now figure away in the farce entitled “ *crédit mobilier* ” be matter of fact,—that farce, rely upon it, may be converted into a doleful tragedy whenever the actors decide that it is their pleasure to exchange the sock for the buskin.

. In conclusion. The question—“ What next ? ” is

thus answered. The next move will be an early attempt to dispossess the present dynasty, not by barricades, or by the ordinary appliance of brute force, but by a deeply-contrived system of "constitutional measure." Universal suffrage and the ballot are to be invoked to fight the cause of despotism and priestcraft. The Empire, it is hoped is destined to fall by weapons which now lie polished in its own armoury.

Should the Empire fall, and the old Bourbon monarchy find itself reestablished, the alliance between Britain and France will be allowed to die away, or perhaps be openly disavowed. An alliance—no, the term is a misnomer, a *conspiracy*—offensive and defensive, will be brought to light. The parties to this will be the Pope (if his temporal power survive the crash which will soon be heard), Austria, France, Naples, and Spain, with all the other priest-ridden states which can be brought or bought, menaced or bribed, to join it. Russia, if possible, will be included. A brochure under the hand of a priest, but written by command, will probably soon appear to prepare the way, to prove that the difference between the Greek cross and the Latin cross is more nominal than real.

A secret concordat will be effected (*if it be not already done*) between "Papa" at St. Petersburg and "Papa" at Rome. The last grand battle of

principles is about to be organised ; “the war of opinion,” so long promised, is at hand, and French priestcraft loses no time in organising its “intendance militaire.” But a week or two since, a grand attempt was made by the prelates to get upon the blind side of the Emperor ; they earnestly begged that the soldiery in garrisoned towns might be ordered to attend mass as a part of their discipline.

This point gained, the priests would have every facility for tampering with the army, or, at all events, the spirit and temper of the troops might be easily tested. The priests would thus act as diplomatists between the confederates and the troops ; and the empire being overthrown, money and pleasure would be lavished in the soldiery in order to prepare them for the “Holy War.” Despotism, both spiritual and kingly, is probably on its last legs, but it will not fall without a strong effort to perpetuate itself. Papal Europe and Protestant Europe will, it is to be feared, soon come into open and bloody collision.

It is with a tolerable knowledge of all which is passing around, that the remarkable work of M. Montalembert on “The Future of England” has appeared. The next chapter will be devoted to its critical examination with reference to the subject now before us : viz. European difficulties. The plot is fast thickening both in Europe and America, where

the "Know-nothings" are quietly preparing for a struggle which they believe to be inevitable.

A well-known British critic, "The Literary Churchman," says, "The harangue of M. Montalembert against England, put forth in the name of the Pope, is audacious in the extreme; venturing to threaten us with a combination of *the whole continent against us, and for Rome.*" The "Literary Churchman" is right: *the fact is so.* The conspiracy exists, and must be quenched.

CHAPTER II.

“THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF ENGLAND,” BY
M. MONTALEMBERT.

Great Britain examined by incompetent hands—Trustworthy French authors—Future of England—“Refugee” authors—Montalembert and the Jesuits—The papacy—Montalembert’s word cursorily noticed—Immaculate Conception—Progress of Protestantism.

GREAT BRITAIN is, after all, the grand question of the moment, and it is accosted in a summary and dogmatic, though at times a very doubtful manner.

The model “subject” has been fairly dissected, disjointed, and comparatively anatomized. It has been rejointed, or each particular thew, sinew, and nerve has, by virtue of inherent elasticity, resumed its place; the body yet survives, and long may it retain its vigour. The mind which animates this body is not enfeebled, the national spirit is rather quickened than enervated, but it may be soon called upon to endure trials for which it is well to be prepared. Fair ex-

amination, and critical discussion carried to the utmost bounds of conventional propriety, Britain need not, does not fear. She has too many faults of which she is cognizant, to wish to conceal them, were it even possible to do so, whilst it can only promote her permanent welfare to be duly reminded of them. It is not, however, every literary pedant who is competent to approach this much-vexed problem of the day, as it is not fit that every son of Æsculapius should be trusted to apply the scalping knife to the human skull. Let the pupil practise *in corpore vile*, before he ventures among those wonderful organs of humanity, which envelope not mere marrow, but *brains*, and which, as many think, are the earthly mansion, the "local habitation" of an immortal soul.

To certain literary labours the Count de Montalembert is doubtless competent; his talents, character, and name will command respect, as his accomplished eloquence has always attracted admiration. To write with confidence on "the past," requires an amount of study and research, with other qualities so rarely seen in combination, that the most rare scholar is perhaps he who may be pronounced a faithful, judicious, and trustworthy historian.

The current epoch of British literature is adorned with at least one, who promises to survive criticism more happily than most of his predecessors.

If a graceful style, untiring labour, facility of digesting and assimilating the fruits of labour, added to a patriotism unblinded by prejudice, unwarped by bigotry, and unstained by perfidy, be considered as qualifications, the modern history of our land and race is in good keeping at this moment. The well-known character and talents of the historian are surely some guarantee that no wilful misrepresentation, ignorant surmise, bigoted suspicions, and inuendoes bedaubed with flattery, at once fulsome and false, will be allowed to defile the pages of our cherished essayist, Macaulay. The voluntary assertion of M. de Montalembert, that Macaulay as an historian is superior to his predecessors, needs no confirmation; and yet his History of England has been formally placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" at Rome, as a book improper to be read by the laity.

Is it surprising, then, that few foreigners, and none who are bigoted papists, can write upon the subject of the United Kingdom with the least hope of being able to tell the truth. The truth is systematically and continuously concealed. They may sometimes think they see as through a glass, but it is "darkly." They, perhaps, even read works worthy of credence, by which their understandings might be enlightened; but having read, find that they have partaken of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, confess the

fault, get shrived by a priest, and it may be absolved. The memory, however, refuses to retain its lesson, or, at least, to employ it for the benefit of others.

The truth must be confessed, that very few French writers exist who are worthy of confidence, when Great Britain and Ireland or their dependencies are the theme. I will, however, make three exceptions ; the purely literary man, who knows no guide but the truth, and no priest but his conscience ; the incredulous man, who disclaims all priests and priestcraft, *provided always, that he be not in the pay of a journal or of a party ;* and thirdly, *a well-educated, painstaking member of the Reformed Church of France.*

Madame de Staël, the accomplished Guizot, Rémusat, the Count de Gasparin, the Count Conrad de Gourcy, M. Léonce Lavergne, and the truly admirable painstaking Merle d'Aubigné, stand out a noble phalanx of valuable writers upon our history, industry, and manners ; they are, indeed, worthy of the highest respect, and should be carefully read, with a view to national improvement.

But it is of the *political future of England* that the Count de Montalembert presumes to write. He is certainly no oracle, though an evident believer in miracles ; for he affects to believe that Old England has some not very remote idea of backsliding into the

slimy pontine marshes of Italian misrule and popish supremacy.

We are told by a higher authority than the Count, that dogs, at times, return "to their vomit;" and even sows, that have been washed, will again "wallow in the mire." We trust that the "*future of England*" will be found garnished with a more dainty dish, and enjoy a purer bath. Let us all work hard, each according to his ability, to avoid the ominous leaves of the Count's Book of Fate. Let us know how we stand, in what battalions we can trust, and who amongst us are likely to prove deserters to the foe. The enemy has one foot, and it is a cloven foot, within our garrison. It will be time gained if we reflect well upon that which avowed enemies, and specious Jesuits (who are always, thank God, our enemies!) as well as upon that which true-hearted friends say of us. Refugees of all sorts, legitimists, fusionists, reds, whites, and tricolor, all in their turn, find Old England a convenient place of refuge, and this too, notwithstanding her seven capital sins—Protestantism, tenacity, egotism, eccentricity, democracy, "tyranny towards Ireland," and hatred of Italian cardinals.

Many of these refugees arrive rather light in purse as well as confused in their political ideas. So soon as the voluntary donations for foreigners in distress

appear to be on the descending scale, the refugee, if he be of a literary turn, treats us perhaps to a pamphlet upon the impending "decadence de l'Angleterre;" or, if the genius be a salt-water hero, he will dream of convincing the Admiralty how easy it would be for him to make a descent upon England, somewhere between the spot where William the Norman bastard landed, and some imaginary, and of course unprotected, position upon the Sussex or the Kentish coast.

The Count de Montalembert belongs to no such class of writers. He enjoys the position of an independent man, as regards worldly means—is of aristocratic birth and bearing—and is said to be as ultramontane as any cardinal who cosily quaffs his "lachrymæ Christi" in the snug cloisters of the Vatican. He is, I believe, legitimist to any required degree of strength; and is said to be fully competent, if *needs be*, to take office as Generalissimo of the ignoble army of Jesuits.

In the eyes of some, these are great qualifications; but they are not sufficient to enable him to write the "*future*" of any nation, not even of that little Empire of Islands which we call our home, but which, in their details, are hardly visible, except to a microscopic eye, upon a small-sized chart of the world. He has, however, written such a work; but the title-page being

disposed of, the reader will in vain receive from this truly Romish oracle any further revelation. That which a French wit once said of phrenology, may be repeated of the "Avenir politique de l'Angleterre." There is much in it which is *true*, and much which is *new*; but that which is true is by no means new; while that which is new is not quite true.

Madame de Staël wrote infinitely better upon our social condition as it existed in her time. M. de Montalembert writes less profoundly, and with less sincerity, as I think, than that ornament of her sex and age, but with a more extensive, because more recent, knowledge of his subject.

In point of style, the work is exceedingly attractive, yet adds nothing to the fame of the leader of legitimacy. His reasoning is as illogical as the writings of the Jesuits usually are. They affect a logical style; but they invariably resist logical conclusions. They admit premises; but they avoid deductions. They assume with pedantry; but seldom allow an opponent the right to infer by the aid of private judgment. This, however, is the last right which a Protestant parts with. It is that which I have taken the liberty of using in defence of my country, its institutions, its religion, and its honour. I shall ask what an Englishman always gives, and has therefore a right to expect, viz., "fair play."

The tactics and stratagems which the Count adopts to raise recruits for the Pope's standard, are doubtless considered as well-advised by those who are his confederates in this mission of chivalry. Let him and them try their best efforts; but let truth, fidelity, manly courage, and chivalrous bearing mark the contest which all prudent men have long foreseen (as a cloud is seen in the mariner's offing) to be inevitable, and which no staunch Protestant can have any wish to evade.

Whatever the lap of destiny may hold in reserve for us, let us strive that it be not the fate of our country to become again the vassal of that priestly power whose entire existence has been devoted to the subjection of human intellect and progress—whose virility, spent in debauchery, has now passed into a senility which disgusts by its impotency, while it equally offends by an assumption of manly vigour.

The "Avenir politique de l'Angleterre" is, nevertheless, a remarkable work, and must not be allowed to pass down the stream of literature without critical examination. The French and English nations are now in alliance; and, if we are to continue so, we must endeavour to look each other in the face—we must learn to address each other in the language of free and frank intercourse. Little, indeed, must be "extenuated" or "ought set down in malice."

This idea of the world's poet and moralist is painfully recalled by a perusal of the volume of M. de Montalembert. One half may be said to consist of illiberal criticism, unjustifiable assertion, and illogical conclusion. These weapons are pressed into the Count's service whenever he can bring them to bear against the vital interests of our country. Nor are they the result of ignorance; although to those who are acquainted with the style and mode of reasoning adopted by a certain "eminent" immigrant when he "damns with faint praise," they appear to be the result of *confederacy*. The coat is not a seamless one, and it is a coat of many colours.

The Count who, be it recollected, is D.C.L. of Oxford! is, without doubt, master of our language, yet he always appears to admit, that he may the better avoid; and adroitly conceals or curtails that which a just and pure critic would hold himself, as in honour bound, to make manifest.

The remainder of the volume, with such exception as I shall endeavour to notice with fairness, is one fulsome encomium upon the aristocracy, its institutions, prestige, and power, as an element of our limited monarchy.

It is evident that the Count and his party (for this volume is but the herald of other forces yet held in check) lay much stress upon their ability to fascinate

our aristocratic youth by appeals to idle traditions, rather than by more timely mementos. The fact is this, that the Count and the Cardinal would be glad to hold out hopes of an increased and prolonged power, as the reward of desertion to the fast-splitting and almost disbanded forces of Popery; and yet these are, verily, on the eve of a general mutiny.

It is well known to all who have access to continental society, where priestly influence is rampant, that a *change of the Papacy* has long been contemplated. It is said to have formed one of the most cogent reasons which convened that wonderful council of wise men, who made some of us believe that they met with other views. The Latin church made the credulous believe that it was a question of a purely physical nature, having reference to the supposed immediate female ancestor of the Virgin Mary, who, as all the Christian world admits, was the blessed mother of *the humanity* of our incarnate Saviour. The conception was certainly clever, but by no means immaculate.

The genealogy of Joseph, the espoused husband of the Virgin, is certainly enunciated with the clearness of inspiration itself; but as to the maternal ancestor of the Virgin, all the Christian world is equally aware that there is no mention whatever.

Two deaths, at least, have occurred among the number of those present at Rome on that occasion.

One was a French prelate, who, it is said, formed one of the very few dissidents who would not submit to be bullied or cajoled into this or that dogma. Another was that of a layman, "le très regrettable M. Lucas," as his friend, the Count, calls him.

In one way or another, matters have *oozed* out—so large a vessel could hardly be without leaks, especially as Veuillot informed us, by an after-dinner despatch, that the same night on which the Immaculate Conception was effected, "all Rome was drunk with joy."*

Rome might possibly be drunk, though Veuillot's unsustained evidence ought not to be considered sufficient, even upon such a point.

The cardinals and bishops, doubtless, emptied many a loving cup to the health and longevity of the mouse, of which the "mountain" so long in labour had been delivered; but there is another dogma not less immaculate—*in vino veritas*—and it is an enlightening dogma, as we shall see.

By its practical application we are informed that other

* The author happened to be in as good company as the jovial Editor of "The Univers," when the despatch arrived; a French wit of the fair sex slyly asked, "Why a council of bachelor Bishops had been called together to discuss a question rather belonging to a council of 'sages femmes,' than of *hommes sages*?"

matters were gravely considered, such as the astonishing stand made by the "Know-Nothings" in America against the insolent advances of Popery and of Jesuitism in the western hemisphere. To this I shall again allude. The enormous and intreating success which attends the simple announcement of Protestant doctrines in Ireland. The menaced and non-consummated breaking up of monastic establishments in brave and rising Piedmont and in fallen Spain.

The dark cloud which for years has hung over Italy, the Bourbon volcano at Naples, with its ominous thunders, all portentous of that deluge of scalding lava which must soon overflow that once classic land. It was palpable to all who were not blind, that *the temporal power of the Pope could be no longer maintained*. Few have the candour to confess it, but the frantic ravings of the Univers, the spiteful railings of the fusionist organ, the "Assemblée Nationale," and the calm, wait-a-while placidity of the 'Ami de la religion,' the friend of the Jansenist or moderate party in the Gallican Church, all unite to prove the fact. Bright Piedmont, "the Morning Star of Italy," is watched by wolf and tiger and snake. The destiny of the papal chair is closely linked with that of Sardinia, and yet there is little other community of interest existing between them. If France, England, and Turkey remain true to

Piedmont, Italy will be delivered from Popish misrule on the one hand, and Austrian rapine and murder on the other. If England alone remain true, Italy will be saved.

But there is still another power, the voice of the British people. Let timely arrangements be made to raise an army of volunteers ; let those who cannot bear arms give money ; let all give public support to the cause of Piedmont, and she may yet become the Thermopylæ of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF "THE POLITICAL FUTURE
OF ENGLAND."

Remarks and opinions of the Count on the past and present, and his auguries for the future of England examined—Britain's foreign policy—Count's opinions on the war as regards England, Epitome of arguments put forth at end of first chapter.

THE work extends over a series of twenty chapters ; but of these, but few are devoted to the discussion of the subject proposed.

The first chapter is entitled the "position of the question ;" but is rather an assumption of certain premises from which the author draws his own party conclusions.

The Count knows well that which is passing in the political world, and, apparently, in no unfriendly spirit informs us that "there is no vital question which more imperatively commands the anxious attention of

surrounding nations than the early destiny which awaits Great Britain and her glorious institutions."

It would appear, that the majority including absolutists and democrats, "who upon this subject," he says, "are agreed," are of opinion that Old England approaches her fall, and that with these able expounders of national destiny, it is a matter of mutual "congratulation."

This ominous view of our position, it appears, finds equal favour with those who advocate the police system now organised in that very notorious and ably governed city Naples, as well as with those "who approve of recent spoliations at Madrid." The philanthropy of Rome is not referred to, but Rome may be considered as bracketed with Naples in all honours. The three may, I presume, be classed with the next authority cited, namely, M. Ledru Rollin, the author of "the Fall of England." It comes, in fact, to this, that inquisitionists and revolutionists alike hate Britain and her institutions, and wish them evil. This is as it should be; we have no desire for a connection with either, and we should naturally prefer their enmity to their alliance.

The Count also informs us, that in the eyes of the true friends of liberty, "Britain is not without reproach; although the present moment may not be well chosen to present an apology.

“The insupportable arrogance of British diplomacy towards feeble powers, and of the British press towards all (*tout le monde*), has raised the just indignation of a large number of worthy people.” More than this—“the aggressive and deleterious (*dissolvante*) action of the British power against the rights and the faith of the Catholic populations in Switzerland, and in the South of Europe, deserves the reprobation of every sincere Christian.” The Count also adds—“If I did not rigorously confine myself to the political views of the question, it would oblige me to renew the protest I have elsewhere made against the lamentable errors of a people so eminently religious.”

“Britain has, in fact, of late years, so varied her attitude; she has passed so abruptly from an excess of invective to the opposite extreme of flattery; she has forgotten so much; has dissimulated so much; and has made so great a sacrifice of the rights and interests of others to her own ambition and fears, and under the pressure of opposite principles she has completely abdicated the honour of her free institutions. When, however, we sit in judgment, upon a nation which, like France herself, has been the subject of such sudden defections, and of recovery still more sudden and abrupt, one must recall to mind what Britain for two centuries has been, not that which she may, nor that which she will certainly again become.” [A vassal of Rome—no doubt.]

“For between her and ourselves—between herself and those who would wish to attain and deserve the enjoyment of that well-ordered liberty of which she possesses the monopoly, there should at the utmost exist but slight misunderstandings, and never a personal rupture. We both have, in reality, the same wants, the same duties, the same enemies.

“The Count then proceeds to answer these auguries by his own ‘*decided and impartial testimony.*’ ‘No!’ he emphatically says—‘Britain is not on the eve of her fall.’ No! she is not as yet disgusted with her institutions, at once so glorious and so fruitful. No! she has not yet fallen so low as to prefer democracy to liberty; equality to the life, the strength, the independence which she derives from her aristocratic traditions. No! she will not follow the example of the continent; the enemies of freedom of speech and of self-government—absolutists and socialists will yet wait long before they witness her abdication or her fall.”

This deliberate opinion of so eminent a statesman would indeed be highly flattering if it were not immediately qualified, not to say quashed, by the following not very clearly pointed inuendo.

The Count, with that peculiar want of confidence in his own views which he appears unable to throw off, or, it may be, afraid of wounding *les très honora-*

bles susceptibilités of his lay readers, and ultramontane priests, writes in this fashion: "It is not without a certain degree of mistrust that I offer this opinion," which he, nevertheless, introduced as "his own emphatic and decided testimony." Spirit of Ignatius Loyola! retire into the shades of that purgatory you can hardly have yet quitted, (if you have met with your deserts,) and poison not the minds, the sentiments, and the writings of those who have won our admiration, and should never lose our respect. Poisonous fungus from the stagnant marshes of priest and brigand-ridden states of the church, be content with a climate and a soil congenial to your propagation; but quit France, and leave Britain undefiled by your rancour, or your venom.

Let us for a moment review the Count's argument before we proceed. M. Montalembert starts with the assertion that the immediate future, *i. e.* in plain English, the public foreign policy of Great Britain, is at this moment the *vexata quæstio* of Europe. The Count is right, it is so. Despotism views Britain with fear, and jealousy, and hatred. The spirit of freedom looks up to her with hope and expectation; but, it must be confessed, with doubt and deep anxiety. He asserts also "that her enemies, viz. inquisitionists and mere revolutionists, are always on the increase, and that they both desire and expect her early fall."

This may also be true, and need create no alarm. He asserts that "British diplomacy and the British press are both arrogant and aggressive as regards the rights and faith of certain Catholic communities." For British, or any other diplomacy, I dare not answer, for in general it is not written in "a language understood by the people;" and to me, at least, it is a sealed book.

But for the British press, and speaking as of one of its most unworthy members, or rather as a pupil of a master at whose feet I love to sit, I dare answer—and *I will*.

The assertion is a pure calumny, and shall receive exactly that which it deserves, namely, flat denial and sheer contempt. This, so far, is a faithful epitome of the Count's own foundation and ground-work on which he proposes to reason hereafter. But, "before attempting to justify by facts and arguments his own personal view, he would wish to assure his readers that it is the home policy of England alone with which he has to do. He, nevertheless, steps aside to throw dirt at Lord Palmerston, and signalises his Lordship as "*holding in supreme contempt the rights of weaker states, and as a grand auxiliary of revolution against liberty*. The English people are the too ready accomplices of the Prime Minister of their Queen."

The Roman girouette, however, makes another

turn: the *gallic cock* receives the wind in his tail feathers, and veers on his oily pivot. "It must, however, be acknowledged," says the Count, "that this foreign policy, though worthy of all reprobation when judged by its own merits, appears the less culpable when viewed by comparison."

"Let him whose country is without fault, cast the first stone." But the stone has been cast, and that by the Count himself, whose country, as he will just now inform us, is not without fault. "The right of accusation," he says, "will belong neither to Austria nor to Prussia, who insisted upon assuming before God and man the responsibility of the division of Poland; still less to Russia, whose insatiable and bloody ambition has at length received a signal punishment."

Neither will the right attach to France (and by consequence the Count de Montalembert is excluded); "*Where the robberies and the iniquities of the first empire have in no respect varied the prestige of the Napoleon legend.*"

Let us again pause, and call over our muster roll. Jesuitical writers, and they also who affect the arrogant and subtle style of the order, cannot be kept too close to their text. Their own efforts are always bent on what at school is sometimes called the "shirking system." They wish to make it appear that they

start upon fair premises, but a fair deduction they seldom practise, and never allow.

Here we have a direct charge made against the Premier, and against our nation as his accomplices. If true, the charge is a serious one ; if it be not true, it is a calumny. If, with the Count de Montalembert, the age of chivalry be not passed, I call upon him to substantiate it. I shall be ready to break a lance with him any where but at Rome or in Palestine, and in the meantime the Queen of Beauty will doubtless withhold the crown.

Whatever Great Britain is, or is not, the question is reduced to a narrow issue, since upon the Count's own shewing, Prussia and Austria are equally as bad, and also France herself: "ou les spoliations et les iniquités du premier empire n'ont altéré en rien le prestige de la légende Napoléonienne." (I prefer to give the original, because it is impossible to present in popular English phraseology, and without circumlocution, the *true* and *ill-concealed meaning of the inuendo*.)

The truth of the matter appears to be this: the charge is not, in fact, wholly aimed against Great Britain, but was framed in order to wing an arrow against the armour of the French Emperor. Let it be recollected that the volume under review is written by a French party politician as a contribution to French literature,

and yet this species of "behind-hedge rifle practice" is too often brought into play. It is in reality the stratagem of "the order."

The first chapter concludes with common-place criticisms upon the figure which we cut during the first Crimean campaign. With these, as they are chiefly borrowed from the more ample details furnished by the "Times," and the British press in general, I have no right to find fault.

In our voluntary publicity of glaring public misconduct, the Count evidently sees a token of good rather than of evil; and he is again right. The nation is aware of the sad effects which followed its long apathy and supineness as to all military affairs, and the matter may, for the present, be safely left where it is.

The Count says, and apparently, with hearty sincerity, that "Great Britain may easily find in its glorious conquests of peace, abundant consolation for the little failings of a first campaign, undertaken without reflection and pre-arrangement, but which have not the less served to prove the firmness, the patience, the discipline, and the enduring courage of the British soldier."

He goes on to say, with that frank candour and charming *naïveté* which distinguish the personal manners of the Count de Montalembert, and accede to him a dignified position as the centre of a very wide circle

of distinguished men of all nations, "Whatever may be the future of the war, we may rest assured that the English people will bring to bear all that energy and perseverance which distinguish its history and character, and more than these, that enthusiasm which it is the sure result of free institutions to develop."

"If needs be, it will be again manifest as in 1792 and 1814, that public discussion, boundless publicity, the daily interference of the press and of parliament; the use and even the abuse of right, will, with a people worthy of being free, in no respect diminish that elasticity, vigour, and constancy which are at once the conditions and the guarantee of victory."

Listen again: "We must be careful not to draw erroneous conclusions as to the military strength of England. Where is the nation which can support at a thousand leagues from home, an army of nearly 100,000 voluntary soldiers, of 100,000 men raised and upheld by the national standard, but without the aid of the conscription, as England has done in the Crimea for two years past? Friends and enemies have an equal interest in not underrating the real value of that army which has been so severely criticised. It will never profess the *elan*, the boldness, the careless, yet intrepid cheerfulness of a French soldier; but for indomitable energy, contempt of death, and

a sincere admiration of discipline, it will yield to none. Who," says the Count, reappearing in his own natural mood, when as the citizen of the world, as a gentleman and a Christian, he throws aside the borrowed hues of ignoble art, and the unworthy airs of the churchman — "Who," he says, "can forget the example of ancient greatness and christian self-denial which was manifested by an entire British regiment when engulfed by shipwreck? The regiment had embarked on board the transport ship 'the Birkenhead,' in order to man the garrison at the Cape of Good Hope. When within sight of port the vessel struck on a sunken reef; all that could be done was to land the women and children and some sick passengers. Officers and soldiers stood to their arms in military order whilst the partial landing was effected, the vessel at the same time gradually settling down into the abyss of waters. Not one of these men, young, sturdy, and armed, ever attempted to take the place of the weaker sex and of the children whose lives they thus protected and saved."

The regiment, almost to a man, sank down amongst the other treasures of the deep, truly a *multitudinous martyrdom* to the call of military obedience and christian charity. Let the pure spirit of Mrs. Hemans hover over their doleful grave, and hovering, repeat the song she left us;—

“Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast;
 They hear not now the booming waters roll,
 The battle thunders will not break their rest;
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!”

“In my opinion,” says the Count, and none will gainsay it, “the name of the Birkenhead and the date of that shipwreck should appear emblazoned on the colours of the regiment, with a title at least equal to its most brilliant victories.”

This is written in the Count's best style and humour. It is highly flattering, and yet it is not flattery—it is well-merited eulogy. But praise thus bestowed has a priceless value; it comes not, I believe, from an enemy, even then it might be borne, but from the pen of a man able to appreciate the men and their martyrdom. The Count appears to forget the fairy tales of his favourite syren “Tradition,” with her wonders, her riddles, and her jugglery. He is possessed, as it were, by the spirit of *truth*, *heroism*, and *duty* (apart from “*glory*”), with its Protestant frankness, Catholicity, and humanity.

The devotee of a priesthood is lost in the man of sense and of lofty sentiment; the symbols of spiritual serfdom seem to fall from his neck, and Count de

Montalembert closes his first chapter in *propria personá*; a chivalrous Gaul—and not a toe-kissing Roman, as a Christian and a high-born nobleman, across whose fair escutcheon no herald dares to throw the “bar sinister.”

CHAPTER IV.

Freedom of discussion in England ; wrong ideas entertained and groundless assumptions broached by many on this point—He inquires if England will stand her ground amid the European crisis—Praises a “ moderate republic ”—Democracy progresses in all Europe—England forms a favourable exception—He predicts success to the administrative reform movement, and admits its necessity—Remarks on centralisation—English aristocracy complimented by Count—Comparison between the old French diligence and British aristocracy—Sir J. Pakington and Lord Shaftesbury—Wiseman, Antonelli, and Veuillot, in contrast with Sir J. Pakington and Lord Shaftesbury.

CHAPTER the second treats of “ the wrong impressions entertained by many who pass their opinions on England.” The argument is shortly this : that our national habit of discussing and criticising all public matters without reserve, restraint, or fear, is a principal cause of the mistaken notions which foreigners entertain of our social and political position. This at first

sight is hardly logical ; but it will bear, and deserves examination.

“ All,” he says, “ is done in open daylight, and in the midst of tumult ; nothing escapes this universal law. Religion, public policy, war, legislation, the administration,—all must submit to this grand ordeal.

“ The mere lookers-on, who live in another atmosphere, are at once stupified and alarmed by what they witness. These men form their opinions upon the basis of that which they think might happen to themselves, and to their governments, or to their neighbours, if called upon to undergo a similar sifting process.

“ They thus draw conclusions which are groundless ; and although satisfied by repeated experience that their position is false, they will as incessantly renew the attack, and precisely on the same grounds.

“ For the inhabitant of a cell which has not even a loophole, a chance ray of light will be sufficient to dazzle and injure the eyesight. He who has always enjoyed profound silence, will find the least noise insupportable. To mere fresh-water sailors the slightest squall bears the proportions of a tempest.

“ Another source of frequent error with which the stranger has to contend, is the evil which the English like to speak of themselves, of their country, their laws, and their government. Under the tyranny of

the parliamentary system, France amused itself in a similar manner; but she had little reason to congratulate herself upon the frolic. We spoke so ill of each other, that at last we were taken at our word, and we were viewed, especially by the English, as a people incapable of producing, or of preserving liberal institutions.

“However little we may be acquainted with the political history of England, it is impossible not to resist a smile when we reflect upon what slight foundations their reasoning is built, who periodically, as it were, announce the early and inevitable ruin of the last hold of modern liberty. To-day it is a tumultuous assembly of 100,000 individuals, with crosses, banners, and processions, accompanied by all sorts of noises. Tomorrow it may be the invectives of the press against the order of men and things most in esteem with the nation at large.

“But one is apt to forget that all this has occurred since England was free, (since the era of the Reformation,) since she accepted the infirmities and disadvantages of liberty, with its incomparable blessings.”

This style of reasoning hardly deserves to be followed. A writer who can thus blow hot and cold, and write and talk of “the *infirmities* and *disadvantages*, and *incomparable benefits* of liberty” in the same breath, knows little or nothing of liberty;

or, if he does, has no wish to plant its standard on even that very capricious, deciduous shrub, the tree of liberty. If this is all he knows or can say of liberty, he must be placed among those who are hardly qualified to enlighten us either on the present state, or the future political prospects of our country.

In his third chapter the Count starts with the double inquiry, "Will England stand her ground in the midst of the European crisis, and will she remain exactly what she is at present?" To the first inquiry he boldly answers in the affirmative; to the second he gives a negative. He proves neither; and does not appear to have any very clear views as to what European crisis it is, he himself alludes to. If he be (which, however, I do not admit) altogether in the dark upon that question, the double query floats off in vapour. He certainly appears to wish it to be understood that democracy is in the "wax," rather than in the wane.

The Count says it already directs where it is not allowed to reign, and that everywhere. He tells us there are *two* democracies; and here the Count plays off his usual Jesuit's card,—“double entendre.” The one which no doubt finds special favour in the eyes of ultramontanists and absolutonists, “is that democracy which, under whatever outward form it may appear, is *royalty within bounds!* (*royauté contenue*), or mode-

rate republic, has already acquired the good wishes of all honest and respectable men."

Moderate royalty! moderate republicanism and democracy are then, according to this interpretation, one and the same thing; and "have acquired the good will of all worthy and enlightened people." The definition is adroitly framed, so as to include all forms of government but that which now exists, namely, the *Empire*; and the views of legitimists are, of course, to be understood as allied to those of the moderate republicans. Any thing, in fact, to lower the standard which *now* floats over France; and to deceive and cajole those who will be found to be the avowed enemies of legitimacy and the papacy, when the deadly struggle is fairly entered upon.

The chapter thus concludes:—"The progress of democracy is the prominent fact of modern society, but it is also its threatening danger; and of this danger no country has been able to divest itself." To restrain and regulate the democracy without lowering it, to organize it under the form of a limited monarchy, or as a moderate republic! is the problem of the age.

And, let me ask, what will become of ultramontane papacy when the problem of the age is solved? Does the Count think that it could stand for a mo-

ment under the annihilating force of even a "limited monarchy," or a "moderate republic?"

But if the Count be sincere, England forms a favourable exception, for he says, "both the fact and the danger exist in England as elsewhere. But whilst on the continent the victory of democracy has everywhere resulted in the sacrifice of liberty, everything seems to announce that in England its progress may be reconciled with the maintenance of ancient liberty and the respect of individual dignity. Should this be the case, and we firmly believe that it will be, England, who after having alone amidst the European nations preserved its honour and public life from the monarchical invasions of the two last centuries, will still possess the glorious privilege of keeping afloat the ark of liberty in the midst of that revolution with which revolutionary democracy threatens to deluge our own."

Thus endeth the third chapter; and yet we remain uninformed as to the "*Political Future of England.*" The oracle is dumb, or, at least, opens not his mouth. It is not until the sixth chapter that the Count appears to be disposed to open out upon the subject of his treatise. He has dwelt, perhaps, too long beyond the mountains, and has too often allowed himself to be guided by the "*ignis fatuus*" lights of the Pontine marshes, to be able to appreciate the so-

lid matters of every-day life, as they appear in our ever-green isles. The question of "administrative reform," however, seems to awaken feelings which are not consistent with the principles or prejudices of that ostracised party to which the Count belongs.

He, nevertheless, predicts success to this popular movement. He says, "It will certainly be accomplished, and that all enlightened men have already decided the question."

This opinion appears to be less founded on any clear recognition of fixed principles, than on implied inferences. The Count says, that "the press and society have determined that a large measure of administrative reform is necessary, and, if really necessary, will be obtained." Nor is he wrong. He thinks, however, that expectation is too sanguine, and that the evils of place-hunting, nepotism, and servility, will follow any enlarged system of centralisation.

He seems to deprecate any extensive reform in the matter of "place and appointments;" and "fears that Britain may enter upon that fatal incline which has resulted in the ruin of other 'Constitutions.'" The wisdom of the serpent is here, as too often through the work, accompanied by the sting of the adder, rather than by the simplicity of the dove. In common with other shrewd men, he foresees the success which must attend the movement directly that it has received

the frank and hearty support of the British nation. That support it is sure to receive, if the movement be conducted upon the temperate, disinterested, business-like principles it has now assumed. The Count evidently admits its necessity, and foresees its success; but, as usual, wishes to avoid its "pure and simple" and early achievement. The Count has said enough to convince us, that the Jesuits think it *ought* to be done, and that it *will be* done. This is no mean point gained, for Jesuit sagacity is profound, though Jesuit honesty be rare. All, who are not blind, can as easily foresee what it is the Jesuits would *not do*, if the case was theirs. This is another great point gained, for in such a case, that which the Jesuits *would not do*, is precisely that which, in justice, morality, and common honesty, *ought to be done*.

The high-popery leader is nervously apprehensive lest . love of power and place should possess the British *people*. Power and place, he evidently feels, ought not to be the prerogative or the inheritance of an oligarchy; but even this is more *expedient* than that the democratic principle should be allowed to gather strength.

So that, upon the whole, we may safely conclude, old tried friends, such as Mr. Morley, Mr. Roebuck, and others, are likely to be better champions of our interests than M. de Montalembert and the "Society of Jesus."

Centralisation of *power*, as carried out on the Continent, is doubtless *tyranny and despotism* reduced to *every-day practice*. Centralisation of *administration*, carried out on the principles of the free and unfettered election of the office-bearers, by *those* who are both to pay and to *obey*, is a very different and totally opposite affair. Its principles will be found to be just in theory, and easy and tolerant in practice, when the people are sufficiently united to demand, and if needs be to insist, upon its adoption. What, may I ask, was the ancient colonial system, now not only dead, but deservedly damned? It was centralisation of *power*, in its worst and most fatal form. What is the new system but centralisation of *administration*, in hands chosen by the colonists to whom constitutions have been granted?

The Count quits the "tender ground" of "the political *future*" of England, and prefers the *terra firma* of the landed interests, as they now exist. He pays a high tribute of praise to the patriotism, the foresight, and the domestic character of our territorial aristocracy. From this picture, one dare not, one would not wish, to take away a touch, a shade, or a ray. The British aristocracy, as a body, is so exceptional in its pedigree, in its behaviour, and its bearing upon all public questions, that it deserves every honour.

The Count, notwithstanding, requires his readers

to be a little credulous, for, most certainly, the aristocracy is not, as he assumes, in *advance of the age*, upon political or social questions. On the contrary, its tendency, as an element of the British commonwealth, is to impede, and sometimes to arrest, the march of progress. Railways threaten to put the old French diligence-system out of recollection, as well as out of practice. Still, the old "diligence" is not an unfit, though homely, emblem of our "constitution," our social position, and class distinctions. All travellers know, that a well-constructed "diligence" is a machine thoroughly well adapted to the purposes for which it is intended. Its *foundations* are broad and strong—its *capacity*, ample. The "coupé," the "rotunde," the "interieure," and the "banquette," are the temporary abodes of distinct classes. They who commence the journey [of life] in the "banquette," may, by enterprise, good fortune, merit, or it may be favour, finish it in the "coupé." During the journey, there need be no clashing incivilities or offensive indignities. The horses and the equipage are, indeed, the least well appointed elements of the whole. The *conducteur* is, after all, the responsible party. He regulates that very simple machine, without which no diligence could travel in safety, called the "*mécanique*," or break, which, by the rapid turning of a screw, is made to gripe the periphery of the two hind wheels, and thus

regulates the pace, or it may be arrests the progress, of the vehicle. The basis of our own political constitution is like that of the French diligence—*broad and ample*; and little is wanted to complete such an appropriate adjustment of parts and places, that all classes may be easily accommodated, and thoroughly satisfied.

The “reins” are held nominally by the Queen, or her ministers, but the ministry and the aristocracy are for the most part one; the democratic element has no share in the administration. But the break! the “*mécanique!*” who is it that holds the rudder-like handle which turns the screw that grasps the wheels, slackens the pace, or brings the entire machine to a halt and a dead lock? The aristocracy most assuredly; and here it is that the overwhelming difficulty presents itself.

The aristocracy holds both “reins” and “break screw,” and thus has the whole machine within its power, and under its command. The *οἱ πολλοί*, the “public at large,” are doubtless well seated in the “interior,” or as “out-siders;” and if Bishop Horsley’s dogma, that “the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them,” be an immaculate conception, they perhaps ought to be content. They are, it must be admitted, allowed to carry the “whip;” but placed in the very negative position they at present enjoy

they may as well be without it, for it is of no practical use.

If the reins were only used to guide, restrain, or encourage, and the "break" was only screwed down where the incline was too steep or difficult, the twist in the road too abrupt, or the steeds too fiery, all might be well. If, however, the action of the "break" be regulated by caprice rather than by judgment, if when the ponderous machine is travelling at a quick but safe pace over level ground, no danger being either apprehended or signalized, a sudden halt be made, it may be injurious and even perilous. If no accident occur, one bad result is to create want of confidence in the power which has the delicate lever and screw under command. But more than this, if the vehicle be labouring to overcome actual difficulty arising either from bad roads, heavy hills, a misty atmosphere, or hostile opponents; if when all the active forces of the machine are required to be in full and *co-operative* play, the screw be ignorantly, or maliciously applied, not only will the whole be brought to a dead lock, but the machinery, simple as it is, may be so effectually put out of gear as to become irreparable, *while to construct another on the same model may be impossible.*

The humble comparison I have instituted between the diligence of the road and that of the state must be excused since the author of "the Future of England"

is the cause of it. The Count so evidently misunderstands the position, the influence, or the constitutional status of our aristocratic element, that it was necessary to correct his error by as simple an illustration as possible. He believes, or from motives of policy affects to believe, that the Peers are the actual projectors of our chief national and social improvements. As proofs, he has the boldness to instance parliamentary reform, the abolition of the corn laws, and other similar movements. The question of education, which is peculiarly the question of the thinking portion of the British commonalty, and which is apparently doomed never to escape from the thick night of endless toil and trouble with which it is enveloped, is attributed to Sir John Pakington; and the question of ragged schools to that true nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury. I will not dare to detract from the public-spirited endeavours of the highly-respected baronet the member for Droitwich. He stands pre-eminent as a hard-working, scrupulous, and English-minded statesman. The principles he avows he also believes, and he is an instance of what an English baronet, a member of our territorial aristocracy, may and should be. In his county he is said to be looked upon as a model; in the House of Commons as an example of an honourable, if he be not in all respects a first-rate statesman.

The noble Lord holds so honourable and so exceptional a position, both as regards his own order, the order beneath his own, the order above his own, and before the whole Christian world, that I will not dare to mix up his name and character with the ordinary and angry topics of the day. To gain twenty, nay, even ten Earls of Shaftesbury from the ranks of the aristocracy, I would (if no better terms could be obtained) be content to see my country degraded by the aggressive incursions of a little host of Wisemans, Antonellis, and Veuillots. These latter all come of the same stock, pursue the same objects, each under orders from the Society of Jesus; but each going about his business in a different manner. Wiseman looks out, reports, flatters, threatens, advances, retreats, according to events, persons, and seasons. Veuillot has the dirty work. His part or business is to lie, deceive, and bully. The office, existence, and attributes of the Saviour of mankind are now nearly esteemed a dead letter by the Italian party of the Latin church. The "Mother of God" is made to supersede the Son of Man, and the divine Martyr of the cross is now but little introduced.

The lady order of *Visitandines*, of which the notorious Marie Alacoque was so licentious a member, affect to hold some carnal notions; but these, however, curious in themselves can hardly be allowed a place

AND THE PLATFORM.

in a work which Protestants of both sexes may perhaps at times read. Unlike the unrivalled enigma of Miss Fanshawe, they are scarcely “whispered in heaven,” though perhaps “muttered in hell;” but they may be read by the curious in the original and valuable work of M. Michelet—“Priests, Women, and Families.” When the time arrives that the “Son of Man” shall be again publicly betrayed, it is probable that Veuillot, or one of his “*collaborateurs*,” will be selected to imprint the kiss of treachery upon the cheek of divinity. Antonelli wields that “sword whose handle is at Rome, and whose point is everywhere,” receives reports, hides facts, puts horns to “bulls,” conceives dogmas, poisons diplomacy, and almost threatens to invoke damnation upon the divinity he calls Christianity; but which is degraded and prostituted before one half of the pilgrims who come to his master’s shrine. Against these confederates Lord Shaftesbury is doubtless a host; his actions will through all eternity drown the noise of their Babel clatter and high-sounding words. Alone, however, and unsupported by those plain distinguished *commoners* who in such increasing numbers flock, and will continue to flock, to his high standard, what would he be? or what would he do? He would still be the same high, independent, and, in fact, English-minded nobleman; but alone he could do but little. His

own order can hardly wish him success, or it would behave differently. That which he really is, he is independently of his order rather than as a member of it. Lord Shaftesbury is as one of those bright gems which, though they may excel in brightness, yet do not hide the rays of those of a less pure water than their own. Lord Shaftesbury is aristocratic rather than an aristocrat; yet he is a commoner by a public useful life devoted to the well-being and improvement of his country and his fellow-citizens.

CHAPTER V.

Real object of the Count's work disclosed—Count invites attention to good order of English society, and asks explanation—Detailed explanation founded on the Reformation, education—Further proved by a reference to the present progress of Ireland—Abolition of established church in Ireland suggested—Priestcraft in France, and French Protestantism—Catholic relief church wanted, priestcraft must be dethroned, and fathers of families attend to their home duties—Translation of the Count's eulogy upon the social position of England.

THE Count de Montalembert is evidently most anxious to keep aristocracies in the foreground. It is the only hope left to his order and party. He and they know full well that *pure monarchies* and absolute despotisms are condemned, and that an early and final doom awaits them. They nevertheless wish, if it be possible, to avert it; but they will not succeed. He in a great degree discloses the secret object of his work and mission in the sentences before quoted.

When absolutists and ultra-papists of M. de Montalembert's weight, authority, character, and *colour*, condescend to write of democracy, we may rely upon it that *great changes are in view*: "cette démocratie laquelle *que soit la forme qu'elle doit revêtir; royauté contenue ou république modérée a déjà conquis les vœux et le concours de tous les honnêtes gens éclairés.*"

So long as the British aristocracy retains its influence and position at home and abroad, hopes are entertained that the same order on the continent may find its own resurrection either under the form of "a limited monarchy," than which nothing would be easier, or under the as yet unattained Utopia, or "république modérée," than which nothing, I presume, would be more difficult. If, in that convulsion (*whose hidden volcanic groans now rumble, and not distantly, upon the ear*), with which papal wrongs and misdeeds will perhaps soon scourge Europe, our own order should unhappily fall, the aristocratic element will have vanished from Europe, though probably destined to rise again in another hemisphere.

In his wish to uphold aristocracy in general, the Count is often fulsome, and sometimes even false in his flattery; but few will deny the truth, and I for one will take no pains to conceal the following elegant

and well-merited eulogy upon our own order in particular.

“ Equally skilful and strong when opposed to royalty, it is not the less so in its relations with the people. It has displayed the spirit of equity as well as of foresight ; it has opportunely renounced all those rights and privileges which, during the middle age, the feudal system had rendered legitimate or desirable, but which, by reason of social changes, had lost their character.

“ When and how was this salutary reformation effected ? By what law is it that the English gentleman has ceased to form a class apart, to possess exclusive jurisdictions, or to inflict upon his inferiors onerous and humiliating duties ; or to exact from his vassals degrading labour for his own personal benefit ?

“ I cannot explain this. There is certainly no historical problem more worthy of the attention and the study of inquirers and of politicians. It is, indeed, marvellous that no one has made it a subject of special inquiry.

“ He who could trace along the course of ages the relations existing between the higher classes of the lords of the soil and their tenants, at the same time comparing them with the unhappy dissensions of the nobility and rural populations of the continent,

would indeed write one of the most beautiful and most useful pages of our world's history."

The Count is, I have no doubt, perfectly sincere when he asks this question, and when he invites a reply. The means of satisfying himself are neither difficult, distant, nor doubtful.

That chapter of British domestic history which he desires to see unfolded, has been written, printed, and published in editions without number. It is on the library shelf of every British student, and of many a British peasant. It is circulated throughout every land where British, French, Dutch, Swiss, German, or American literature is admired and respected.

They who allow their libraries to be furnished in obedience to the despotic requisitions of the malignant authors of the "Index Expurgatorius,"—they who ask priests as to what they may or may not read; or who will not read, that they may be informed; or, being informed, *affect* to be unconvinced;—are alone ignorant, or worse than ignorant. *The Protestant Reformation, gradual and invincible, yet always acquiring new strength and power*, is, Count de Montalembert, the grand cause of that at which you stand astonished.

If you are ignorant of this, your confederates are not, although they may not have the honesty to con-

fess it. I speak not as a member of this or that church, or as a subscriber to dogmas, articles, creeds, or catechisms ; I speak as a citizen and pilgrim of the world,—as a man of reflection ; as a reader and an ardent observer of the world's history, and of its PRESENT MARVELLOUS ACTION upon the social interests of our common humanity.

When the British mind, rather than the British nation, for it was intellectual progress, and not a political train of events—a moral movement rather than a physical one, (though British bone and muscle have endured much, and are ready, *at a moment's warning*, to endure more, in the cause):—when the British mind, I say cast off the fetters of papal tyranny, the sting was all but drawn from death, and victory over the grave itself appeared to be a reality. The moral culture of the nation suddenly expanded itself ; all classes were told, and readily believed, that though their eternal destinies were of equal value, their temporal duties, ranks, and positions were different yet proportional. The long *dark night of tradition*, monkish mystery, “Inquisition of blood,” assassination, conspiracy, and papal aggression passed away. The day-dawn of reason, as promised by revelation, received by faith, and preserved by constancy, tenacity, valour, and the sword—yes, by the sword! dawned upon the little Island of Great Britain. All classes re-

ceived in temples of a *purser faith*, from the voice of a *reformed clergy*, and in the welcome tones of their *mother tongue*, one weekly lesson, at least, upon their duties to God, and to each other. The altars at which our priest-ridden ancestors gazed, if they dared to gaze, whilst what was called a "sacrifice" was offered, were now destined to a common-sense use and application—lord and lady, yeoman and peasant, minister and flock, knelt together, understood why they knelt, and of *what they partook* in "remembrance" of Him whom they worshipped. A sermon, or sensible homily in the vulgar tongue, and chapters from the Testament made by the Creator for his creatures, and in which every man who pleases to look (or who is permitted to do so), will find himself named a joint legatee, were read in the hearing of the *parochial family*.

Schools were at length established, in which the children of the peasantry were instructed, as to their religious and moral duties, and in the elements of useful knowledge. The confessional, with its easy absolution, and *consequent repetition of offence*, was abandoned, and superseded by advice, example, discipline, encouragement, reproof, and correction. The translated Bible of Tyndale, the earnest teachings of Wycliffe, the sufferings and deaths of martyrs, were not thrown away upon a race easily and early accustomed to reflect; masters of their thoughts and con-

duct, and when roused to action, not easily frustrated, cajoled, or frightened. Your own country, Monsieur de Montalembert, aided this invaluable process and progress. Not intentionally, it is true, but providentially. France, created by God so bright and sunny, as to deserve the simple, but prominent distinction of being the garden of Europe, has had its skies darkened by the heavy thunder-clouds of the Vatican; its very sun eclipsed by the hell-flames of martyrs' fires, and its noble rivers incarnardined by their blood. The infernal murders of the night of St. Bartholomew, and the treacherous revocation of the edict of Nantes, were the Alpha and the Omega of French decay—the Alpha and the Omega of Dutch and English protestantism, of Dutch and British supremacy on the seas.

The "unity" of which the Romanists so absurdly and eternally boast, is the incontinent mother of diversity, dissension, class-jealousy, class-tyranny, feudal exaction, and priest-fomented discord through all ranks of society. There has been no exception to this rule—none whatever exists; and, probably, none will ever appear so long as the conclave at Rome is allowed to set the cloven foot within the territorial limits of any other country.

Indicate to a child those countries which owe allegiance to the pope, or which are despotically governed by those who do owe such allegiance; and the same

child will tell you it is there that misery, conspiracy, and discord like to dwell. Had not France, by the revocation of "the edict," inundated Holland and Britain with the best blood and industrial worth of her kingdom, she would doubtless have possessed that extended empire which she has accorded to powers clothed with less advantages than herself. The truly valiant and sometimes noble Henry the Fourth of France, when he abjured (if he did really abjure) that enlarged form of Christianity under whose banner all his splendid conquests were achieved, wittily said, that "Paris was well worth a mass." He patronized the mass, and possessed Paris. He patronized the mass, and sealed for a while the fate of France. From that moment the intellect of France, one of *the brightest and the keenest* with which humanity has been blessed, became subjected to the *Roman blight*. Her influence abroad was not equal to her position, advantages, and splendid intellectual powers.

What was France on the eve of her great revolution of 1789? Her Augean stables were literally washed out, but not altogether purified, by her own blood. But there was no exit for the *last* off-scourings of her stables; and a later period of the same age, the blood which had been used to wash, but had failed to purify, rolled back and again deluged the land.

It was reserved for a Napoleon to apply another re-

medy, and a series of conquests and slaughter commenced, and "glory" was supposed to be their empty reward. Absolute monarchy and rampant priestcraft broke up all the landmarks of society and order. "Religion" was prostituted, and a prostitute was elevated to occupy her deserted shrine. "Reason" soon fell, red with the blood of those who could, but would not reason; and the third make-shift, "glory," also died, but by more honourable hands. She fell in fair, but fatal combat. She fell in war—attended to her grave by Napoleon the First. She has at length cast off her grave-clothes, and Napoleon the Third has inaugurated her resurrection, under the new baptismal name of "Peace." It was reserved for Napoleon the First to dethrone by force the Pope of Rome, and to beget a "King of Rome." It is, in all probability, reserved for Napoleon the Third to witness the revolutionary abdication of the pope's kingly power, in order that he may retain and perpetuate, if it be possible, his equally usurped but clandestine authority over the minds and consciences of his victims. This relates to the future of Italy, and by consequence to the world's future, that is to the world's progress, and therefore, in fact, to "the future of England."

Amongst what are called, but miscalled, catholic powers, France, however, occupies an exceptional position, and thus proves that which I have asserted.

She is not, as other popish countries, subject to the Pope. The Gallican church is comparatively a free church. The Pope, as we shall afterwards see, *has more power within the British dominions than in France.* If the French priests are the servants of the state, they are not, happily, the vassals of the Pope. They would, perhaps, prefer to be his vassals, but the state keeps them for state purposes.

They would be consigned to something worse than their own fabulous purgatory, the moment that they should be detected in any Italian conspiracy against the rights of France. France, almost alone amongst the Continental nations which are not Protestant, possesses the elements of social order—respect for the rights of property and of conscience. She is in no way indebted for this to “papal *unity.*” The blessing is hers, because the Pope and his conclave are kept at a tolerably respectful distance; the blessing is hers, because she has boldly divorced the secular from the spiritual power; the blessing is hers, because she has the Code Napoleon for her precept, and a gendarmerie and a police to see that the code is practised.

When Great Britain knocked Papal assumption on the head, the reptile was “scotched,” but not killed. In one corner of the British dominions it continued to lurk; and although its death-throes are probably not far distant, it still writhes and wriggles there, darts its fangs, and emits its poison. No English-

man, who has passed years in France, can affect to be ignorant of the malicious designs which are constantly brought to bear against the United Kingdom by means of Ireland. The greater portion of Irish priests educated on the Continent, including, of course, Rome, return to Ireland little better than mere missionaries of revolution, discord, and treason. Many of them are affiliated members of secret societies, which are continually at work. Large sums of money are annually provided by the Pope's party, to carry on the work of the conspirators. What Napoleon I. did for France in breaking the Papal chain, two great events—the one at the time viewed as a curse, the other hailed as a blessing—did also for Ireland. The apparent curse, but ultimate blessing, was the *unwelcome advent of the potato blast*; the palpable blessing was the *welcome departure* of O'Connell. With neither of these can Protestantism be charged, thank Heaven; and it has therefore no right to take credit. Both events proved, however, to be most useful allies on the side of order, good will, and good government. The loss, or rather the temporary departure, of the potato, at once severed the ties that connected the tonsured shepherds with their starved and shaven sheep. The poor sufferers, assisted by public support and private charity, fled away to America, Australia, and the Canadas. There they at

once assumed the honourable position of hard-working emigrants, have gradually and by conviction conformed to the broad catholic and reformed creeds of their neighbours, and have become, what they never could have become, under the auspices of priestcraft, active and independent citizens. I am aware that, in the United States, some exceptions exist ; but they are chiefly those of our Irish fellow-countrymen who remain in towns, congregate together, are still under the eyes of crafty designing priests, who endeavour to advance the interests of what they call the Church, but in reality their own interest, by rendering their flocks the tools of electioneering adventurers. But more of this, when I speak of my namesakes the " Know-nothings."

The death of O'Connell, which, as all the world knows, was hastened, if not caused, by mortified ambition,—his treason having failed to work itself out successfully, was another heavy blow for the Irish priesthood. He positively lived by them—they lived for him ; and poor Pat bled, suffered, and pined away for both. The priests were buoyed up by O'Connell's treasonable password and promise, that "*England's trial would be found to be Ireland's opportunity.*" This password was at that time as well known in France as in Ireland ; men, money, and arms were always ready, nor is the confederacy yet at an end.

O'Connell's *catholicon* (or cure for every evil) was, however, reversed ; and the reverse proved to be true. Ireland's " *trial* " came first in the order of events, and England seized the " *opportunity*," not to assassinate and destroy, but to sympathise, ameliorate, and, as far as she could, remedy. England did no more than her mere duty ; but, at the same time, she did no less. In one respect, indeed, she perhaps exceeded her strict duty. Traitors, conspirators, and they who owed a *double allegiance*, had no claim to help or pity. All, however, received it—and with an equal hand.

Priestcraft, repeal, and Pat became bankrupt—their official assignees were death and famine. Protestantism and proselytism had no hand in the affair. But a change of destiny awaited Ireland—her " *opportunity* " arrived ; but not as O'Connell had predicted, and the priests hoped for. Her good angel's public spirit—individual exertion—an honourable reliance on industrial resources, efforts, and character, visited her fertile shores. God grant that they may long remain there ! Not only, then, is it past contradiction that all countries make their progress exactly in proportion as they throw off the chains of the Roman government ; but it is equally true, that the closer they are bound to the Pope's chair, or the nearer they approach, by the forms of religion, or even geographically, to Rome itself, the more degraded and dis-

ordered they become. Look at Spain—look at Italy—look at Sicily. Under the “Pope’s nose,” where popery reigns triumphant, where neither protestant teaching nor a protestant bible are allowed to enter, assassination, brigandage, highway robbery, and the Inquisition may almost be said to be the established order of things. We *hear something* of what occurs in these lines of business; but not one-thousandth part, probably, is ever known beyond the confines of the unhappy lands where the atrocities are committed. I will leave aside these countries which lie under the “Pope’s nose”—the vapours of whose stagnant marshes are not only offensive, but poisonous, since their malaria flies off and visits other lands; and will confine our inquiry to France and Ireland. I need go no further for proof, that where priestcraft reigns, all orders of society are jealous, disunited, and at arms one against the other. Worldly-minded priests spend their whole time in worming out the secrets of families—in acquainting themselves with every action, every thought if possible, of every woman who is weak enough to trust herself in the confessional box with one of the cloth. Females who have married protestants—(these “mixed marriages,” as they are called, should be *discouraged* by all sensible Protestant parents and their daughters)—or who are the wives, daughters, or servants of men who are known to study,

or to *practise* politics, and especially of those who belong to the lower walks of diplomacy, or have any official position, are the objects of their *most lively paternal solicitude*.

The confessional in large cities, garrison towns, sea ports, and the various rendezvous of politicians is one vast "cloaque d'impunité." The secrets of families, the movements of society, the hopes and disappointments of politicians, the plans of confederates, and the felon-stab of the assassin are all equally known to the priesthood.

Reflect for one moment upon the origin and social states of these men—view them as they are, namely, a class sprung from the lower stratum of society, exceedingly uninformed as to social duties and social rights, and who, but for their priestly character, would, never have risen above, even if they could attain, a mere mediocrity. I know that in France, and especially in Germany, many splendid exceptions exist; but they are exceptions only, and by contrast, render the truth more flagrant. Ireland is again an instance which any one can study for himself; though, as regards the sister kingdom, the mischievous reign of the priests is nearly at an end.

The secret societies are not, as yet, wholly exploded, and the dye of the "damned spot" of the protected, and therefore encouraged, assassin is not as

yet "out;" but territorial rights as well as territorial duties assume their proper dignity and relative positions. The landowners, when no longer subject to a Sunday's dose of damnation from the priest's altar, will return to their 'patrimonial homes. Servants will be no longer the spies of priests, upon the actions or transactions of their masters. Wives will not be expected to disclose the secrets or violate the sanctities of "bed or board," to gratify either the lust or the curiosity of a high-fed, pampered bachelor "Father."

Protestants, also, *must be reminded of their duties*. They are *onerous, immediate, and various*. The vacuum now forming in the social atmosphere of Ireland must be filled up; the noisome vapours of the bogs are fast passing off, and, mixed with the saline breezes of the Atlantic, will be wafted off to another hemisphere which they cannot injure.

Priestly interference and discord must be replaced by social sympathies and hearty good will. The *Catholicity of Protestantism* is no paradox, it is no absurdity, no contradiction of terms; it is "peace on earth, and good will to man." As a Protestant, Stephen was stoned; Paul scourged, imprisoned and stoned; and Peter was crucified with his head downwards as a Protestant. I speak not the language of cant and of "equivoque," but of pure logic, which

I defy the college of Cardinals to contradict. Let us prove that it is not only our creed but our practice.

Protestant Catholicity then, must be ready, up, stirring, and faithful. •It must induce the peasant to exchange a blind superstition for intelligent prevention and care for the future. To ask aid of God, rather than look for aid to the “blessed Mother” of the *incarnate nature* of his Saviour. *The Irish clergy must become a working clergy.* I will not touch now on the question of the established church of Ireland; it requires, and deserves, close attention and study. With humility, rather than with diffidence, it is that I now take leave, *en passant*, to avow my belief that justice cannot be done to the interests of society at large, or to the character of Protestantism in its peculiar Catholic beauty, dignity, and usefulness, until all classes of religionists in Ireland are *on an equal footing, and are rendered independent of the State.*

The only real practical difficulty is the important question of *present vested interests.* Men of honour and of business habits would arrange that matter in ten days; and now that the Legislature has worked the “great marvel” of sending down, on two of our Bishops, the “healthful spirit” of resignation, by legalising the very sagacious bargains which the

mitre has made with the crown, the difficulty cannot be insuperable. It is quite clear that bishops, when they can *be of no farther use* in the church, are to be allowed, on certain conditions, to quit it. Apply the same principles (but on cheaper and fairer terms) to Ireland as to the princely sees of London and Durham, and the "Irish difficulty" will be readily solved.

Ireland has been priest-bound, let her not be church-bound; you will then, most assuredly, take the sting out of the Pope's tail, and break up the sounding brass of the "Pope's band." The task was never so easy as now. "*Loose her and let her go!*" He who carries out this injunction, will prove himself a statesman indeed. This is a digression, but it is due to the noble author of "the Future of England." It relates, it is true, to the future of Ireland, but the future of Ireland is part and parcel of our own destiny. For one, I would gladly fight for her, if attacked by a foreign foe; and I humbly plead for her at the pure shrine of *Protestant Catholicity*, and at the bar of public justice.

But Ireland proves my case. If popery be "unity," as the Count and all other papists think it is, Ireland, happily, is not so miserable as to be subdued by it.

The Protestant north was colonized by the bold defenders of the reformed catholic faith, the Presbyterians of Scotland. There commerce, the con-

cerns of life, good neighbourhood and all the proper courtesies of society prevail. The distinctions of society are not forgotten, free schools are established ; Sunday sermons, and week day vigilance, remind all of their respective duties. Religion is not dressed as a doll, to amuse children, and to please milliners. The sealed book of the *Latin* church is replaced by the open book of Catholic Christianity, the Bible. The sacrificial priest—he who hides, conceals, or mystifies everything which he touches, from the host to the peccadilloes of the layman's wife, gives place to an educated, painstaking minister of the gospel.

Here, Count de Montlalembert may be assured, lies the secret of that order, peace, and family concord which he so much admires as incident to Great Britain. But the Count will reply, France has the true church, and she has "unity;" England has a false church, and she has religious disunion. This may be in part true ; but it is his "unity" which poisons the human mind, because it deceives, but cannot convince. *Its essence is negative action.* It dare not be seen in daylight, lest it should be exposed ; it dare not speak above a whisper, lest it should be heard and answered. To adopt the homely proverb used by the Count himself, "*On n'ose pas faire au grand jour la lessive de sa défroque.*" If, indeed,

nothing but a plurality of negatives was necessary to constitute an affirmative, the case might be different, for the Latin creed is an endless chain of negatives. Its pharmacopœia is crowded with opiates, sleeping syrups, mild remedies, in the shape of easily obtained absolutions and purchased indulgences, which entail no sacrifices but the loss of a few "Peter's pence." Where these cannot be afforded, or are begrudged, anathemas and interdicts, it is true, often follow; and these are, it must be admitted, high-sounding threats. But they—as most intelligent *papists* and as all protestants *know*—entail but small evil in this world, and none whatever in that which is to come. They have, however, their evil effect here; and by consequence, it is to be feared, hereafter. Look at the effect of priestcraft in France. No religion is tolerated, except that—or perhaps rather those—which are recognised by the state. As I shall presently prove, by a better authority than my own, toleration is professed, but not practised. By a large portion of educated Frenchmen, the priesthood is barely endured; and it is only approved by the lower classes, because it springs from their own "order." Speaking generally, there are but three really professional transactions between a layman and a priest, namely—his baptism, his "first communion" (to both of which he is rather carried than goes of his own accord), and his marriage, for

the validity of which no priest's interference is legally required, but it is considered due to that enviable sense of propriety which regulates the female mind in these matters. There is a fourth, to which he is rather a party *nolens* than *volens*, namely, his "inhumation," or burial. The baptism has even no *legal* effect: the *civil registry* of his birth is the sole proof of his existence; the *civil registry* of his marriage is the sole proof of his future paternity; whilst his burial is seldom considered complete, without a lay speech, in one or more editions, over his open tomb. These extemporaneous efforts, it is to be confessed, add but little to the ceremonial in a religious point of view, and give to papal forms a pagan air; but they are at times great indications of public feeling, taste, and disgust. The priests always turn their backs on these performances, as soon as they have completed their own. Enter a church where and when you will, few men of education will be found there, except public authorities or placemen. Peep into a confessional, and the devotee is always a woman. The Pope or Voltaire!—
Voilà la question!

The male sex in France is one confused and inchoate, yet undeniable "protest" against the dogmas of the papacy. Whilst the priests are, as a body, an equally undeniable yet negative proof of the same position, I am persuaded that there is not one priest in

a hundred who could decently defend, either in the pulpit or with his pen, the dogmas of his church, so as to convince a fair-minded, reasonable, and reasoning layman ; nor one in five hundred, who could, or even would, dare to meet, in *viva voce* contest, the humblest *pasteur* of the "Reformed Church of France." Of this church I will presently speak : it is not as yet half enough known or appreciated by the British nation. Volumes might be written in its praise, and still leave one-half unsaid. Literary men devoted to the papacy affect to despise, because they fear, its influence. The "philosophers" ignore it, because they know that it carries the "touchstone" by which their doctrines will not bear to be tested. It is probable, as I shall presently attempt to shew, that if the present dynasty falls, a period of *great trial* awaits the reformed church of France. Shame upon Britain, if her elder sister be forgotten, slighted, or neglected, when the tragedy of the revocation of the edict of Nantes shall be again brought upon the stage of Europe. Of this, in another chapter.

Man is said to be a religious animal : he is rather a reasoning animal. Our brave ally, the Frenchman, forms no exception. He, as all his friends know, is intuitively quick at perception, of keen and subtle apprehension ; will, and indeed must, *converse* from the cradle to the grave ; and seldom allows even the

tomb of his friend to be closed without, as we have seen, having the last word, in the shape of an "adieu."

He may not like logic as a study; but is passionately fond of criticism, raillery, epigram, and satire. Religion unhappily comes in for a large share of these intellectual frolics. And why? Because there is no civilised country where it is so perpetually paraded before the public eye. Religion in France has a special and full toilette for the street. The word "*evangile*" constantly meets the eye in French literature. As a compliment to priests and women, everything is expected to be raised to that high standard; but, of course, it is exactly the contrary which occurs, and the high standard of the "*evangile*" is reduced to the low level of mundane pleasure. All is form, pomp, ceremony, and toilette. It is "*gentil*," "*joli*," "*belle et touchante*," and so is every pretty Frenchwoman. If, however, other forms of religion were tolerated—if, for instance, a sister church were formed in the shape of a Catholic Relief Church, which should form a connecting link between the impressive and dramatic Latin form and the solid rock of protestant reform—the effect upon society would, I am sure, be marvellous. The Gallican church—by far the least objectionable sect of Latinism—would hardly stand the trial, and I fear that it dare not encounter the danger.

A bridge would thus be thrown across that wide and deep abyss which separates Rome from all beyond its pale. The bridge would at first be neutral, and perhaps deserted ground ; but it would soon become an isthmus, across which thousands of pilgrims would travel from the endless labyrinths and mysteries of "unity," to the clear, open ground of protestant intelligence, an enlightened faith, and catholic freedom.

When the Count's famous "Royauté contenue," or his "république modérée," shall arrive, let him turn his attention to this matter. I do not ask him to open the doors of his infallible church, that the fallible may enter and disturb its beautiful choral, harmonious and well-dressed solemnities. I ask him so to open the doors that they who wish to depart may do so ; and at the same time find that mental relief which all intellectual men and women require. Let his priests be made to work ; and not be allowed to trifle with the best interests of humanity. Let them be educated rather for the pulpit than for the altar or the stage. Let masculine argument, manly logic, a virile intellect, sound advice, good example, and intelligent precept replace capricious dogmas, effeminate manners, feeble sentiments, unfounded assumption, and professional ignorance.

French society would become regenerate. Fathers of families would learn to appreciate their "foyers"

which priestcraft renders unattractive, if not suspected. Landlords and tenants, the seigneur and the small proprietor, masters and servants, minister and flock all would fall into and learn to keep their proper places, acquire a knowledge of their respective duties, and be interested in the fulfilment of them. Then, indeed, the Count de Montalembert would be enabled to apply to his own favoured country, and its social prospects, the following high eulogy he has so justly bestowed upon our own.

“Herein, as I think, is displayed the vast superiority of the British aristocracy! herein lies the real foundation of its power. Let others boast, as they have a right to do, its magnificence, its talent, its courage, its eloquence, and the political genius of its sons. I, for my part, will praise and bless it for having, before the rest of Europe hearkened to the voice of justice pleading for the inferior classes; for having practised its laws and maxims without being forced by popular insurrection, or by the will of a despot; and, above all, with so little noise or display that the traces of such a prodigious and beneficent revolution are with difficulty to be discerned in the historical records of the country.

“There existed formerly among ourselves a social régime under which a few represented the whole, while others were reduced to nothing. The pride of

the few was pampered, and that of the majority was wounded. For this state of things a remedy was at last found, or at least believed to be found. This remedy consisted of a *régime* diametrically opposed to the former, viz. one under which a *man was no longer anything at all, and every one enjoyed an equal degree of degradation with his fellow-man.* During the lapse of ages, England alone has created and maintained a social *status*, in which nobody is oppressed, nobody trampled down; in which every Englishman, be his rank what it may, can hold up his head, and say, equally with his monarch, ‘ God and my right ! ’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

POPERY IN ENGLAND.—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Popery and the established church—The Roman army of aggression, its leaders and discipline—Comparison between the Count and Cardinal—Conventual establishments—Veillot and the “Univers”—Secret alliance between the different parties of Rome—Wiseman and committee of the “House”—Mortmain laws—Escape of Wiseman from committee—Wiseman proposed to see to Index Expurgatorius—Notoriety of Wiseman in the trial of Boyle *v.* Wiseman—Trial criticised—His lectures ridiculed—Has lost caste on the Continent, and with his clergy—O’Connell’s influence magnified—Veillot and his paper, “The Religious World,” examined and criticised—Censorship of France—Armed conspiracy of Papal powers against Piedmont and Britain; means of averting this catastrophe—Same subject continued, with doings of the Jesuits in Canada and Ireland.

THE twelfth and thirteenth chapters of the “Political Future of England” are respectively entitled “*le Catholicism en Angleterre*,” and “*l’Anglicanism*,” which may be freely and at the same time not mis-

translated as "Popery in England," and "the Church of England." Of late these two pre-eminent spiritual corporations, rather than corporations pre-eminently spiritual, have been too much bracketed together.

As they who are supposed to form the advanced guard of the Roman army, rather than its forlorn hope, have sought for and instituted this juxta juxta-position, we may well presume that it is considered a very beneficial one for the interests of "unity," the new figure of speech for popery. How far the contact may be expedient for the "Political Future of England," it will be our present object shortly to consider. In endeavouring to unfold my argument I shall have recourse to facts in the way of illustration, I will pledge myself that I will state nothing which I do not believe to be true, but at the same time the close attention of the reader is earnestly requested.

The Roman army of aggression as it has been called, but of *invasion* as it perhaps soon may be called, is formed of two divisions, each of which is composed of battalions differing in colour, discipline, arms, spirit, and intelligence, as well as in good faith, both as regards each other, and as regards their common enemy—a handful of Protestants. Each grand division is marshalled by an experienced staff. An incomparable discipline, no want of ammunition, a fathomless purse, and a well-organized system of crafty diplo-

macy distinguish the *intendance militaire* of the invading foe. Minor accessories are not forgotten, riflemen in ambush, and a spirited little corps of bold men, who, will when occasion requires, act as spies or deserters, or as both. • The two divisions have a separate line of function allotted to them. Few of the leaders wear any distinguishing uniform, except on parade, a ceremony which often occurs. They are, however, well-known to their comrades, who readily acquiesce in the commanding position accorded to them.

The leaders who are best known to those who have to contend with this wonderful array of brute force, and of intellect, are the really eminent author of "l'avenir politique de Angleterre," and the priest ("eminent" by courtesy and the red hat which he wears) who presides over a district which he calls a diocese or a province, under the territorial title of Archbishopric of Westminster.

It is generally believed, that the work of M. de Montalembert, if it does not contain original matter from the pen of Dr. Wiseman, has been submitted to his censorship, rather than criticism, previously to publication. The literary labours of M de Montalembert could hardly be improved by Dr. Wiseman's erudition, although to keep it entirely within the scope of the Jesuit's policy may have rendered an appeal to the Cardinal expedient and unavoidable.

There is a gentlemanly bearing, a Christian tone, an occasional clear insight, a noble frankness and candour in the person, character, and literary labours of the Count de Montalembert which it is as impossible to deny, as it is a duty to acknowledge. Every candid and impartial British reader of his work must share with myself the bitter regret that one cannot view the Count as a friend, because he takes high rank in the army of our enemies. The cardinal, his comrade in arms, we know to be our enemy; we also know that as a foreign prince, as an Italian prince, he is bound in conscience (if it be not a profanation of the abode of reason so to speak of it) to uphold the political interests of the Pope in Italy as well as everywhere else, and to thwart and betray the interests of Britain which is under the interdict of the Pope. Knowing all this, we treat him as our enemy, and should be indeed struck as with a panic if he were to attempt to injure our cause by proclaiming himself our friend.

Wiseman, however, possesses a large share of the confidence of the aggressive party, which is the Ultramontane or *high-pope* party in the church of Rome. He is seen much in their company both in England and on the continent; he writes for them, he preaches, and he lectures for them. He is consulted by them, and they do little or nothing in Britain, or in France,

without his advice or confederacy ; his time is well occupied, and, even in a pecuniary sense, is not thrown away. The systematic development of his conventual and religious house system in England and France is his reward. It will be my duty to enlarge upon this affair, and to present a few details for the first time, perhaps, made public. *En passant*, I invite the candid examination of this question at the hands of those who take an interest in the public affairs of Britain, and who wish well to the continuance of the alliance. To fathers and mothers I dare appeal, the whole matter, were its details fully known would have this doleful result : many a British "roof-tree" would crack and many a domestic hearth explode, under the tumult and confusion which would ensue.

We have read of "The Mysteries of London," by Reynolds, we have read of "The Mysteries of Paris," by Sué, and the mysteries of the religious house system have been in part, and, so far, in truth revealed. Another curtain has yet to be withdrawn before *tableaux vivants* of the priest's private gallery can be seen in all their beauty, and yet in all their degradation and misery. *It is a question of police*—let the *government* and *the detectives* attend to this. It is their province, and not mine.

There is a third individual who has gained for him-

self a notoriety rather than a reputation which may be called *universal*, and is at least European. This man is M. Veillot, the avowed editor of the most barefaced print in France, the "Univers Religieux," or the "Religious World." I never met with a lay Frenchman, who did not speak of it with disgust, except, indeed, a few among the very few laymen who are in league with the priesthood, and do the dirty family work, and, in fact, act as the pimps of priestcraft in *procuring* money, places, and other favours. I never even met with a priest who dared openly to avow an unqualified approval of the "Religious World" newspaper, or who could hear Veillot's name and public character discussed "*sans hauser les épaules.*" A Frenchman often says more by the shrug of the shoulders, than by the play of his tongue. This newspaper has been condemned at Rome; the Archbishop has forbidden its circulation among the clergy; and yet its whole support, its maintenance, and its very existence are due to the *high-pope* party of the church of Rome. It is not supported merely by the mere subscription of readers, in a business view, but the aristocracy and the rich laity, not only in France, but in England and other countries, consider their money well expended in upholding this arm of the church *militant*, which promises, in return, to effect the restoration of the monarchy *triumphant*.

Veillot, and his counterpart, the *universal* bully and calumniator, the "Univers Religieux," is the leader of the second division of the Pope's phalanx; his miserable comrades and confederates form the army of *invasion*. Its main body is kept in check but they are all fighting men. There is a clear understanding established between Wiseman, Cahill, and Veillot. Publicly, perhaps, the leaders of the army of aggressive occupation disown the disreputable buccaneer of the "Univers," but only as Joseph of Hapsburg at times disowns his neighbour Alexander and his sworn friend King Bomba. When the hour arrives, however, the standards will be lashed together. Wiseman and the "high-popery" party will fight under the banner of Veillot and the Inquisitionists, against the "political future of England" as illustrated by Protestantism, which is at once her banner, her sword, and her shield.

May God defend the right! In all *party* conflicts the character of the rebels against the rights of society, liberty, and order may always be fairly judged by the antecedents of their leaders. This may be said to form one grand distinction between religious feuds, civil dissensions, and international warfare, when the belligerents are *free powers*. When, however, either of the belligerents is an irresponsible despot as the last Emperor Nicholas was, or a wandering

brigand, as Walker, the acknowledged ally of Mr. Pierce, is ; the whole question at issue may almost be judged by the character of the brigand. So it is with the attack which it is feared may soon be made on the liberties of Protestant countries.

The Archbishop of Westminster, with Messrs. Cahill (in Ireland) and Veillot (in France), will well represent the "*morale*," as the French say of their comrades. Perhaps the last of these worthies, Veillot, is the least known to the British public, and he should be introduced to the reader, that all they who shine and glitter under the same impure dross, viz. a *blasphemous hypocrisy of religious sentiment*, may be appreciated at their full value.

Of Wiseman it may be said, that he is better liked, and less known in England than in Italy and on the continent, where he is the less liked because the better known. Sensible French laymen, and even some priests, spoke out very freely on the subject of what was called "papal aggression." The Jesuits, as might be expected, were his chief abettors. By the pure Gallican church the movement was considered uncalled for, badly conducted, viewed as a stratagem, and the aggressors have ever since cut a most absurd figure in the eyes of all sensible and honest Roman Catholics.

The British lion is considered to have renewed his

bristling mane, and that he will yet survive to wag his tail in the face of high popery and the Inquisitionists.

Wiseman lost ground considerably in France by a false move which he made in the year 1852, and he has never recovered it.

It will be in the recollection of most readers, that a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire and report upon the laws of mortmain, and generally, I believe, on kindred subjects—such as the tampering with the sick, the insane, and the dying, in order to extort money and estates. These questions, as all the world knows, are generally supposed to affect very deeply the success and even the existence of the Roman church and hierarchy. In France, the question is at once met by the code penal; and woe betide the Roman priest who is caught in the act. It would be better for such a man that he had never been made a priest. *But France alone knows how to deal with priests.* Her ally might also learn; but she does not apply herself to the task. Wiseman was supposed, by some of the Protestant family of “Know-nothings,” to be very deeply interested, if not indeed implicated in this question of the rights of the dying, on the one hand, and the duties of ghostly confessors, on the other. In the complicated and abstract science of “thieftcraft,” as in the more exact sciences, extremes,

we presume, meet ; and while to “rob a church” is held up as the maximum of iniquity, to rob *for* a church is said to be easily atoned for by penance, and to be speedily forgiven by absolution. It is, in fact, a venial offence, and is hardly included as an offence under the Jesuits’ code, which declares that “the end justifies the means.” The brigands of Italy, who pay tithes of all that they possess themselves of belonging to others, it is said, meet death with the composure of Romans, and the faith of,—I would rather not say. Be all this as it may, Dr. Wiseman was considered by the House of Commons as a witness likely to give valuable information upon these delicate matters. Whether as “*particeps criminis*”—as accessory before the fact, because he insisted on his vassals carrying out his episcopal directions—or as an accessory after the fact, by constituting himself a reverend “*face*,” or receiver, I do not say, and will not assert. One thing I do know, that when “wanted,” he was “*non est inventus*.” Some urgent duties called him to the Channel Islands ; but he was there said to be within the jurisdiction of the Speaker’s warrant, and it would be better he should abdicate aggression for a moment, and visit the faithful *in partibus fidelibus*. The Cardinal steamed away for Granville or St. Malo, passed over into Normandy, in red hat, ditto stockings, and silk robes, which made French ladies almost envious. It

was said that the silk would "stand by itself," the Cardinal's rotundity being of course withdrawn. In the "call book" of a public library is written—" *Souvenir de ma visite au berceau de la civilisation Anglaise.*"

He, in fact, left his "*sauce blanche*" everywhere, but was well laughed at, when, the House being up for the holidays, the expatriation of the Cardinal ceased, and he discovered that it was in Golden Square, and not in Jersey, Brittany, or Normandy, that his presence was so *eminently* needed. When the matter fairly got wind, the republican journals, uninfluenced by the priests, freely indulged themselves, and explained the action of the English mortmain laws to the satisfaction of everybody, including even those who enrich themselves by their defective operation. The Cardinal would have served his cause better by appearing before the committee, and by giving his evidence, as every honest member of society should do, without evasion or escape. He is not so green a priest, that he would find it difficult to evade the simple questions of a few well-bred Protestant English gentlemen, unacquainted with tricks of conscience, and supported—as he would have been—by such members of the committee as were of his own faith, and would naturally interfere so as to make "things pleasant to all parties." His conduct on that

occasion will never be forgotten by the priest-haters—and their name is legion—nor will it be easy for Cardinal Wiseman to recover the ground he then lost. The French liberals watch these events with an eagle eye, and every priest found tripping casts a stain on the *soutane*, which requires no small supply of holy water to extract.

The next notoriety into which he fell was also a mishap; and, indeed, his English mission has so far been considered a failure, that the Jesuits are eager for his recal to Rome. It was at one time announced that he was to be appointed secretary to the office of the *Index Expurgatorius*. This was a sagacious proposition, and it was a pity that the Cardinal would not fall in with it. Golden Sqaure, and the full play of the mortmain laws as they now exist in England, form a richer benefice than being *shelved* away as *book-keeper* at Rome. The ill-famed notoriety to which I have alluded, is that nauseating scheme of litigation, known through Europe as “Boyle v. Wiseman.”

The merits were always considered by all, but the Jesuits, to be on the side of Mr. Boyle. The damages (£1000—25,000 francs) were not considered excessive even in France; and the defendant was thought to be anything but a “good judge,” in allowing the affair to come before a jury at all.

Your Wiseman!—" *il est bien bête*," was in every one's mouth. Veuillot, and his eternal "Religious World," of course defended his confederate the Cardinal, and this made matters worse. They who have carefully read the whole affair, and know the parties well, believe and assert that there was some little subornation of perjury practised. Poor Mr. Boyle was viewed as an ill-used clergyman, of modest rank, but of high worth. Wiseman was condemned as a proud, overbearing priest; and the scene in the vestibule of the Cardinal's mansion, when the meek and humble Boyle bowed his whole body, and saluted the "shoe latchet" of the exacting priest, was regarded with mingled feelings of pity, contempt, and indignation. There was, however, an incident—and I think twice repeated—which caused much pain, and gave rise to severe reflections, amongst British residents abroad. I allude to the fact, that the *wrongdoer* was invited to sit upon the bench, side by side with Justice, whilst the accusation against him was in course of trial. They who know that Wiseman is more Italian than either Spaniard or Englishman, and who know also how well an Italian can talk without opening his mouth—by smile, by frown, by eyes, mouth, and nose, shoulders, fingers, and toes—thought that Wiseman had a chance given him which he was not likely to throw away. The stream of animal magnetism

between himself and his witnesses, his counsel, his accuser's witnesses, and the jury, was unobstructed. Let it be recollected, that Mr. Boyle was placed in the witness box ; and though compelled to give evidence against his ecclesiastical superior, who had so grossly injured him both personally and professionally, he was still the abject subject of his own enemy. That enemy, nevertheless, was allowed a seat by the side of the judge, who, with the jury, was sworn "to well and truly try the cause at issue between the parties." The judge was, no doubt, as just as the jury proved to be true. A heavy, crushing verdict was returned against the Cardinal. He appealed, and a new trial was again had. The Prince-Cardinal was, I believe, again allowed to sit where judges should alone sit ; and the result was again in favour of the ill-treated and excellent Mr. Boyle. British trial by *jury* rose in public favour abroad. The cause had been watched with the eager curiosity which a well-contested race for public honours sometimes inspires. The ermine did not, however, add to its previous character for purity : on the contrary, I fear that it suffered a little, though without adequate reason. The fact is, that the purity of the British *law* is thought to be sullied. The secession of one or two Wilberforces, and, still more, the state of transition in which their brother the Bishop is supposed to be floundering and struggling, has raised

painful doubts and broad suspicions. The ermine was, wrongfully, thought to be placed where moth and dust *may* possibly corrupt; and of all parties, the poor plaintiff and the just juries were perhaps the most admired. By this affair, the "Archbishop" lost caste, and I fear irrevocably. He fruitlessly attempted to recover his ground by some sort of lectures on the Crimean campaign. The author was called upon to give a reading of one of these essays; but his audience, though composed of friends and liberal-minded people, were hardly persuaded to hear it to the end. "Wiseman," they said, "is laughing at you, and flattering us, the French. He, in effect, says that we clothed, fed, and nursed the British army. The whole object evidently is to exalt us, to lower you; and, if possible, to create jealousy between us as allies—while poor Miss Nightingale, we presume, he never heard of at all!"

With the English clergy of his own creed he is no favourite, and the Irish priests cannot fathom him. They find him "neither cold, nor hot," and instead of swallowing him and all he says, they "throw him up again," to adopt an expression much in use by those who addict themselves to emetics.

The services of the cardinal are, nevertheless, of a certain value to his employers. Amongst other things, he makes himself agreeable to the few of his creed who belong to the British aristocracy, and the

Jesuits depend much upon his efforts to adapt himself to the tractarian movement, and turn it to the advantage of the papacy. His superiors at Rome are said to expect too much of him in this respect, and will hardly be satisfied unless he can reinvigorate the stagnant puddles of the Tiber with the refreshing and purifying streams of the Isis. In fact, they expect Wiseman to construct the aqueduct by which the Isis shall at once, and for ever, be turned from the green pastures of reformed Christianity into the fast drying bed of the "eternal" and muddy old Tiber.

At Rome everything is eternal, and it would almost appear that the legend is not wholly false, for certain it is that paganism has never quitted its walls since they were founded by a she wolf's suckling, and populated by a "Romish aggression" on the Sabine women. The modern Romans are half inclined to blame Wiseman because the late Duke of Norfolk conscientiously espoused the doctrines of the Reformation. In this they are unjust. It was a matter of conviction, and not of impulse. The Duke reflected much, and although his eldest son and heir-apparent was, as a Romanist, deeply affected at his father's solemn and high principles, resolved to quit the ancestral communion of his race; the conviction of the Duke was too strong to be overcome by priest

or layman, confessor or kindred. The quiet and dignified manner in which the charge was avowed, attracted the admiration of the Protestants of the continent; it was favourably contrasted with the noisy pomp and fuss which the pope's sheep-dogs make when a stray Tractarian "mutton" is whipped up by the heels, by the crook of the cardinal shepherd, and jerked over the hurdles into the "bergérie" of Rome. The most absurd attempts were made to convince the French that the Duke's change of creed was a false report, and the "chapelle ardente" or species of Roman "wake," which with bad taste was celebrated over his remains, excited more ridicule than sympathy. Wiseman, however, ought not to have been blamed if the Duke escaped that venal state of transition called purgatory, for "*he could not help it.*" As a species of make-weight, the calumny was industriously reported that the Duchess of Kent, "*la mere de la reine d'Angleterre,*" had avowed herself a papist! This species of "*canard*" is constantly afloat on the marshy grounds of the Pope, as a decoy duck, to allure those who are on the look out for a creed, or who, for a consideration, wish to sell their own.

It is the hard-working, ill-paid Roman clergy, who, being constantly subjected to the aristocratic rule of the cardinal, have the greatest reason to com-

plain; they are hardly dealt with, and would gladly hear of his translation to Rome, or even to heaven, and "his bishopric, let another take." He rides them too hard, and some day his steed will fall, or throw his eminence into the dirt.

There is no tyranny on earth equal to that of the Romish hierarchy, and even lay members of the same creed, if they are bigots, and hold place or authority, are, generally, overbearing and exacting. The late O'Connell was an instance in point. The words "liberal," "liberality," "freedom," and "liberty," with his own peculiar nick-name "liberator," formed the imperfect and monotonous gamut to which *his* illtuned "harp of Erin" was set.

The heaviest social curse that ever impeded Ireland's progress, and the great ally of political priestcraft, was the system of "middle leasing." And yet O'Connell so held land, extensively, as it is said, receiving the grinding, usurious, and oppressed profits which bore so hard and ruinously upon the peasantry, who always thought that he was their friend. The priests told them he was their friend, and they were bound to believe it; his last legacy, however, fully undeceived them. He left his dead bones and muscles to Ireland; his heart bequeathed to be exhibited as a relic, in the morgue of his church, the dead-house of "unity," the Pope's museum of the saints.

His heart he desired, should remain at Rome, where it had, in fact, always resided.

The late Mr. Hume sat in parliament, but only for a while, for one of the liberator's "rotten boroughs"—Kilkenny, I think. He threw it up in disgust, and declared that he would prefer remaining out of parliament than submit to the unreasonable exactions of O'Connell. Respectable clergymen of the English branch of the church of Rome complain in equally bitter terms of the despotism of their own irresponsible high priest.

Both Mr. Hume, if living, O'Connell's tenants (liberated only when their liberator died), and Wiseman's clergy might well say with Emerson,

" Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind."

Monsieur Veillot, leader of the army of invasion, must not pass without notice, nor without a glance at his origin, character, and life.

This part of our duty I would rather avoid, but escape is impossible. The whole character of the movement against which we may, shortly, be called upon to do battle can only be understood by an acquaintance with the writings, the actions, and reputation of its leaders. Veillot does the dirty work. Calumny, falsehood, foul criticism, unscrupulous assertion, and irritating comparisons are his favourite

weapons. Nor can we deny the man a certain amount of talent, a ready and cutting pen, with considerable amount of satire, and that he is also determined to fulfil the behests of his very doubtful calling. He has hard task-masters, no doubt; and, straw or no straw, the tale of bricks must be found. Veuillot occupies a most unenviable position in literature. As a man of talent and observation, as one who knows the world, more than he really admires the church, he brings down upon himself and the cause he represents both the pity and the contempt of his equals and superiors—that is to say, of by far the greater portion of literary men. He makes money by his trade, and this is the only consolation he receives. So do the brigands who surround Rome.

He is, however, trusted by his party, and to men who always like to find themselves at the head of a forlorn hope, the editorship of the "Religious World" is probably a congenial though servile occupation.

His paper is nominally devoted to the interests of the Roman dogmas, but, in reality, this forms but a small portion of the object in view. The mission of the "Univers Religieux" is wholly political, it is, in fact, the "evangelical" (!) organ of pure despotism, irresponsible government, and the modern inquisition. He and his friends know, as all the world knows, that to find tenants for the dungeons of Austrian Italy,

the papal states and the Neapolitan kingdom, as well as to keep the dungeons themselves in existence, popery must, at all hazards, be maintained. Tyranny and the papacy cannot live apart; the moment that a Roman Catholic population inhabits a free soil, the power of the Pope begins to wane.

Napoleon the First struck off the papal chain from the neck of France—the Pope is almost powerless in France. When the liberator died, *and not till then*, Ireland entered upon her path towards freedom. The Pope's power is declining so rapidly, that it can only be compared to a bog vapour, which is seen to drift off, like smoke, before the first rays of the sun. The profession of the *Roman religion is doubtless extensive and sincere in America*. The Irish and the German priests have done all in their power to direct the flow of emancipation towards the United States, *with the full intention of finding a separate and distinct papacy for the Western hemisphere*. The existence of two cotemporaneous Popes would not be without a precedent in the history of the “*Unity*” of the Count de Montalembert. The sagacious men called “*Know-nothings*,” took high popery by the forelock, and blew this “*Château en Espagne*” to atoms and ruin. Instances need not be *multiplied*. Nine-tenths of civilization are a standing proof of the assertion England alone forms a special exception. Popery has

more power in England than in France, and I will prove this before I have done. Devout Roman Catholics, whether in France, Ireland, or America, may still cling to the creed of their fathers, and the religion of the Cross may hold its place in their hearts. The yoke will, however, not be easy, nor its "burthen light," so long as the pure and radiated head of Christianity continues to be bruised by the iron-shod heel of the Pope. To return to Veuillot. The English character, our national history, current events (whose truth is manifest), our creeds, our charities, institutions, and commerce, are the everlasting theme of Veuillot's calumnies.

Wiseman has long had the reputation of being "Our Commissioner" for Veuillot, in London. He has other well-paid agents scattered through society, and often knows, or thinks he knows, what is "going to be done" by our Government, before that the prime minister is himself acquainted with his own "agenda."

He has a numerous staff to support him, composed of influential men, sworn confederates of the Society of Jesus. With Austria, the storehouse of chicanery and wrong, he is hand and glove. He is said to receive personal presents, of no little value, from the Pope. The King of Naples would himself, if Veuillot were dead, say masses for his soul, rather than leave

it in purgatory. All the resources of the Jesuits are at his disposal ; and there is, probably, no mischief against political liberty and catholic Christianity—(which, of course, is *not* high popery)—which he and his confederates are not capable of supporting, and of finding agents to carry out.

They who wish to think well of the Emperor of France, cannot reconcile the unbounded and intolerable license which Veuillot enjoys, with a conscientious desire, on the part of Napoleon, to support the alliance, and the cause of civil and religious liberty. If the French press were free, the matter would be different ; but it is not so. No journal is, in effect, allowed to print anything of which the government disapproves. If it does so transgress, an official warning is given : if the offence be repeated, the warning is also repeated ; a third offence is followed by an interdict, and the office of the newspaper is closed. There may be a trial at law ; but no sane newspaper proprietor avails himself of such a poor chance. If such an ill-principled newspaper as the “ Religious World ” be permitted to continue a course of unrepressed calumny and insult against a friendly power, also in close alliance with France, it is a fair and not an illogical conclusion, that such a course of calumny and insult is approved of by the government of France.

This is a strict and unavoidable conclusion. I, for

one, prefer that the "Univers" be allowed to print that which is most agreeable to its proprietors, provided that their legal responsibility be not diminished. All indecent and obscene journals soon wear themselves out, and the "Religious World" forms no exception. Its tactics, however, have recently changed. Flagrant self-contradictions, wild and at times incoherent writing, false reasoning, appeals to brute force, alternate shrieks and threats against the alliance between France and Britain, and a species of frantic wildness pervade the whole affair. Some who, in spite of all his Robespierre airs and coarse brutality, wish well to Veillot, begin to fear for his reason. Certainly, if it were possible to realise the idea of a stark staring-mad *thing*, of the neuter gender and without animal existence, it would be M. Veillot's "*Religious World*" which would take possession of the mind.

The principal cause of its present fit of insanity is the hope which Italy now possesses in the chivalry of Piedmont, and the alliance of Emanuel with France and England.

In calumniating this hope of Italy, which is the fear of the "Religious World," he is the organ of all the Roman priesthood. All see, or think they see, that if Austria, France, the Papal States, and the King of Naples can be brought to conspire against Piedmont

and England, high popery will gain breathing time and that Old England may find itself beaten out of Europe. There is no doubt whatever of hopes being cherished, that events may be realised which shall place all those powers of Europe which are subject to the Pope, in hostile confederacy against Britain.

If the legitimists can be restored to the throne of France, it will be pledged to join the papal confederacy. This, and a modified and improved edition of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or a general repression of the reformed church of France, form the price which the priests are to receive for the valuable assistance which they now afford to the designs of the Bourbon aristocracy. They vainly hope that protestantism will be "snuffed out" of France; tithes and the old law of primogeniture will be re-established; Austria will replace Britain as the ally of France; and *the war of principles will commence*. Nothing can avert this catastrophe, unless Britain, either alone, or in conjunction with France or Turkey, or either of them, can snatch Piedmont from the fangs of Austria.

There is one alternative, which many upright men think may be reduced to fact; and by which, they imagine peace on the earth, and "unity" in the church, may still be preserved.

It is an amiable dream, and will be found, perhaps,

more delusive than many dreams sometimes prove. There are many sincere and enlightened Romanists, who expect a struggle for *empire* on the part of popery, and for *possession* on the part of Protestant reform; and think themselves bound in conscience to promote rather than to prevent it, yet would wish to delay it. They would like, first of all, *to save Britain*. M. Montalembert and his personal friends, it may be readily believed, are of this number. They firmly believe that Britain is destined to return to the fold of Rome, and they also believe it to be their duty to hasten the event. With Britain as a Roman Catholic ally, they would consider the world as won to the authority of the papal chair. Nor would they be far wrong.

M. Montalembert is, however, a gentleman, and not a priest; he is a chivalrous knight, and not an assassin. That which others would compass by means foul or fair, he would prefer to do by fair means. To accomplish this, he has, it is said, made a sacrifice. His work, now under review, has brought down upon him scandalous abuse from the pens of the people of the "Religious World." They consider that the Protestant mind of Britain will take the alarm, and be ready. They would prefer that the fall of the French empire, and a murderous attack on Italy by the combined papal powers, and with Britain as an enemy, should as

soon as possible convulse Europe, The "Religious-World" party—that is, the Inquisitionists—are perhaps right in their views. "Give England," they say, "a fair notice of your plans, and you will never accomplish them. Protestant blood will be up, and play the devil with us" (*faire le diable*). But take Britain unawares; throw Europe into confusion by the union of all the "Christian princes" against Britain, and she *must fall*.

The "Religious World" of M. Veuillot counts upon the support of their friends the Jesuits, in Lower Canada and in Ireland, to make external and internal trouble for England. If Piedmont wins, the temporal power of the Pope is probably lost. If Piedmont be crushed, and Italian liberty "snuffed out," the European Popish alliance will follow, and Britain will be left to fight against the most infernal conspiracy *ever formed against one power*.

M. Montalembert well understands the application of the French proverb—"Ou prend plus des mouches avec du miel qu'avec du vinaigre." He would rather that Britain were won by persuasion than by gunpowder. In the next chapter, we will examine the quality of his honey; and in the meantime, let us consider his "l'avenir politique de l'Angleterre" as a note of preparation for war. He would catch Protestantism with chaff, and treat her well in her cage.

The "Religious World" would *dislodge* heresy by gunpowder, and then *lodge* it in dungeons.

"But surely it is in vain that the net is spread in the sight of any bird." If we are not deceived by the hurried phrases of M. de Montalémbert, we shall not be beaten in fair fight, though even our present ally, France, shall, *under Bourbon auspices*, be unhappily found amongst our enemies.

CHAPTER VII.

Persuasion rather than force advised by the Count—His eulogy of the Puseyites and other gross flatteries exposed — The worship in some poor Catholic chapel ; the “ poor female servant out of place,” the “ missionaries in rags,” “ inundations of the soul,” &c., criticised—Prior claim of the Saxons to their own soil illustrated—Sacrificial devotion, Monsieur Pat, Mannings, Fabers, Newmans, and Wilberforces—Why they left Anglican communion—No government assistance in the performance of the feat!!!—Newman our chief loss, and gain to Rome and Wiseman—“ Newman and Achilli’s” trial remarked on — Cautions to the Oxford divines— Celibacy and the confessional—Will these divines stand the trials and ordeals they will have to meet ?

“ THERE is, however,” says the Count de Montalembert, “ a wonder still more dazzling, and still more noble than the marvels of Oxford and Cambridge ; it is the moral courage of those who have relinquished the enjoyments of such an abode, where they took rank amongst the first who could tear themselves from these abodes of enchantment, and sever the dearest ties which can bind the heart of man, in

order to enter again into Catholic unity. It is well-known that at Oxford was formed the germ of that band of eminent men, who, improperly designated *Puseyites*, have in vain attempted to regenerate the English church, and have ended in confessing the Catholic truth, and in the sacrifice of their livings, their position in society, though acquired with difficulty, their popularity, ties of family, and of relationship, their well being, and too often their dearest friendships.

“The Mannings, the Newman, the Fabers, the Wilberforces are acknowledged even by those who have not followed them in their glorious Exodus, to be the first amongst all, by virtue, by talent, in science and in eloquence. It will be an eternal honour for the Catholic church in the nineteenth century, that it was enabled to conquer such fine minds (*belles âmes*) by conviction and study, *without compulsion*, without aid from *the government (du pouvoir)*, or *even of public opinion*. It will also redound to the eternal honour of the English family, that it has presented us with such recruits for the truth, and has exhibited in an age so fertile in lucrative perversions (palinodies), the noble spectacle of a sacrifice of all the pleasures of material and intellectual life to the joys of conscience at once overcome and illuminated by faith.

“The merit and the consolation of such a sacrifice will be understood, when, on quitting the cloisters of these seats of learning, preserved by the national pride of a great people, but of whom Catholic truth has, by schism, been deprived; one bends the knee at the foot of the altar where the same truth reposes in the mean little chapel which raises its head under the protection of religious liberty in the darkness of some neglected faubourg. When Sunday arrives, or one of those feasts which Protestantism has suppressed, but which were once celebrated with so much pomp in these splendid churches which have preserved no other trace of popery (Catholicism) than their architectural beauty—the traveller will know how to snatch himself from the seduction of these splendours on which rebellious pride has made its prey—to go elsewhere and worship (*fêter*) the God of the lowly and the poor. He will there, perhaps, meet with the descendant of one of those ancient Norman families, whose faith has for ten generations braved prescription and contempt. He will find himself side by side with some poor female servant out of place, who has also herself sacrificed all, and endured all, for the truth. He will also see one or two gownsmen (*étudiants*), timid and curious, who have come to gaze, and not to pray; he will also meet workmen, Irish labourers, missionaries in rags

(sic) of the old religion. He will, when there, submit himself to the contagion of an unaccustomed fervour; the sweetest and noblest emotions will inundate his soul; he will taste in all its purity the joy of belonging to that church, which in the face of so many losses, and so many misfortunes, has survived all, and now resumes the elasticity of youth (*se rejuvenit toujours*). Then it is that the consciousness of a supernatural force and grandeur will take possession of his soul. He will say, with pride, that the majesty of the British nation is less imposing, its secular constitution less ancient, its robust framework of society less solid, and the immense British empire upon which the sun never sets, less prodigious than " [What think you, reader?] " the great body of that church of which he, the visitor, is, with these poor disinherited ones, at once the child and the representative in this usurped soil." So far the Count de Montalembert.

Let us pause and reflect, or we shall go crazy amidst such a display of contrasts—array of fancies, and waste of pure flummery. "Hark! the bonny Christchurch bells!" and the dear old cloisters, and the straggling gownsmen, who ought to have been at chapel and not at mass! The descendant, also, of a fine old brigand, who came over with the Norman bastard, and who for something like ten

generations has braved prescription and contempt ! If the old Norman, his remote ancestor, had remained in his "*pays de sapience*," his posterity might have enjoyed their religion, and the purity of the Saxon race would have been the better preserved.

The Normans committed "an aggression" and effected "an annexation," the modern translation of what used to be called *brigandage* and *invasion* ; whilst so annexed, they thought fit to build churches in the soil which the countrymen of the Count had "usurped." The conquered race in the lapse of years wisely thought that Gothic fanes, if merely the abodes of superstition and cunning, are but at best the temples of "*petrified religion*," if not of piety in a state of petrification. They, therefore, cleared the temples of the money changers, and of them who sold indulgences and relics, but wisely preserved the buildings themselves ; because they themselves had built them, or paid for them, and had use for them. The soil was always their own, so they "usurped"—nothing.

The Count de Montalembert must surely be aware that if he has a neighbour, more strong than himself, who should wrongfully take possession of his estate, and be foolish enough, whilst wrongfully in possession, to build a *château* or even a church ;—if the Count should afterwards eject the wrong doer, and regain

possession of his land, he would be fully entitled to all erections made during the owner's dispossession. So it was the Norman *Knight* conquered the Saxon *Thane*.

The English barons insisted on Magna Charta, and afterwards bade the Pope keep his distance. They expelled superstition, debauchery, and wrong, and received in exchange, reason, morality, and religion. The Saxons are still content with the exchange, and the Count (whose family is, I believe, "*basse Normandie*") will hardly persuade them to swallow his "*pillule religieuse*," although it is certainly "*fort bien argentée*."

As for "the poor servant out of place"—that is a pure question of "antecedents," as the French say. Good servants are seldom long out of good places. The unfortunate one who attracted the notice of the Count in the Roman chapel at Oxford, might have been one of that class of servants, now unhappily on the increase, who, (as the innocent dupe of a Jesuit priest) had perhaps been *placed* as a spy upon the sayings and doings, visits, acquaintances, and correspondence of some simple minded tractarian-dreamer. Both in Ireland and France the priests who are considered "*méchants*" have recourse to this system of espionage, and very extensively.

There is certainly one convenience which attends

sacrificial devotions, which are necessarily, and in their very nature vicarious and deputatory.

The act of praying both *in* an unknown tongue, and *by* the tongue of one who is also unknown, (for the “*intérieure*” of a thorough priest can never be explored), doubtless affords time to the faithful, who are in attendance on the other side of those cast iron barricades, which in Roman churches separate the holy of holies from the despised laity, to take a survey of their comrades. In such an undignified position, it is to be presumed that the Count found himself when happily his sight was not quite paralysed, (although he was called upon at the spur of the moment “to submit himself, to the contagion of an accustomed fervour, while the sweetest and noblest sentiments inundated his soul”), at the display of another well-known and invaluable member of the British family. “Pat”—poor Pat! wherever hard labour, fidelity of conduct under good treatment (bad treatment does not merit fidelity as a return), and exhilaration of spirits, where others sink under “ennui,” or burst with “spleen” are wanted, you are always at hand. If Pat dressed “*intirely*” as he is sometimes seen returning from Donnybrook, or any other of those haunts of fun and mischief which are never complete without his presence, he would be often seen in *rags*; but Pat in *canonicals*, or as a “missionary

in rags"—is rather too racy a miracle for the days of Protestant incredulity, and anti-Jesuit scepticism.

Apparition of "la Salette," we have a counterpart miracle almost equal to your own. "Pat, the missionary of the old religion in rags!" If, as a pecuniary speculation, Monsieur Pat the counterpart succeeds as happily as Mademoiselle de la Salette the original—he will not remain long in rags.

But the matter in hand demands serious attention. The Mannings, the Newmans, the Fabers and the Wilberforces, are all, with the exception, I believe, of the last, *singular* nouns. There was but one Manning, one Newman, one Faber, although there were two Wilberforces, reduced to possession, and one remain in Oxford or Cuddesden, in a state of "expectancy," or possible reversion. The ultramontane writers always reckon in the plural number when the balance is in their favour. Jesuits, like young watchmakers and bootmakers, beginning business, like to commence with a good telling number. Thus the first made watch may bear the honour of the 999th, and the first pair of "ready made-Wellingtons" quits the last under the patronage of, for instance, "No. 1131." "Let no cobbler go beyond his last," and let this be so whether it alludes to boots and shoes, or to "l'avenir politique de l'Angleterre."

Jesuitism, has nevertheless, won a tractarian trophy,

which is not to be despised, either by the Society of Jesus, or by the church whose creed has been abandoned.

If their secession from the Church of England to that of Rome were the result of conviction, and not of disappointed ambition, their sacrifice ought to be appreciated, their motives honoured, and we would heartily wish them good speed in the church and country of their adoption. The Count has the audacity to place it to the credit of his church, that in the nineteenth century it has induced four or five clergymen in priest's orders to abandon the creed of their riper years; "and that too without compulsion, without the assistance of the civil power, or of public opinion." As a "high popery" man, he thinks this incredible, or nearly so. Is it then that the success of the papacy in other ages, and in other countries, was and is due to the arm of the civil power?

The high papists in France assert boldly that "the civil power only exists as the arm of the church;" that it is at once its duty, its destiny to support the church in all its wants and exactions. French civilians, on the contrary, are uncivil enough to treat the church merely as an instrument of police, and as a means of order. The priests, it is true, sometimes make use of the confessional to worm out political secrets which are again disclosed. in order to obtain church preferment, or *other secular benefits*.

For the future then, in reading the Count's boasted victories of the papacy, we must, with the exception of the five Oxonians already instanced, attribute them to motives of policy, or as the consequence of external and worldly force; and as, in fact, produced by any other cause than that of conviction and conversion.

The Count leaves us no alternative—and he is right. He has unwittingly allowed his argument to break down, oppressed by the weight of truth and logic, and I claim the benefit of his inadvertance. Five gentlemen of refined education, imperishable private character, born and brought up in a country where thought and devotion are as free as the air we breathe, have then been won to the flag of the Vatican, without rod, rack, or thumb-screws!! We are ready to admit that the five were thus won; but while we unfeignedly regret our own loss, let us not overrate it, but rather seek to estimate it at its just value. Mr. Newman was our chief loss, and Rome's chief gain. Let us apply the scale of "profit and loss" to his merits, and then say, "ex uno disce omnes." Father Newman *is* a scholar, *was once* a man of reflection, always respected by his fellows, and every one would have preferred to keep him amongst us. He knows, as well as any man living, "all about" the "intendance spirituelle" of the Church of England, and has doubtless been of more use to Wiseman's crafty policy

than all the rest of the five voluntaries who form the "exode glorieuse" so boasted of by the Count de Montalembert. Father Newman, like many men of valour, was wanting in discretion, and soon after his installation as a priest, he so sadly forgot his priestly office as to draw down upon himself the verdict and the penalty of a criminal process at law. He thought himself entitled to attack the character of a fellow-priest who had but recently quitted the Church of Rome. The details of that trial need hardly be now reviewed; suffice it to say, that Mr. Newman was found guilty of a libel, reprimanded in public, and mulcted in the sum of £100, in English, or 2500 francs French money. I know that there were various opinions respecting the character of his opponent; but both in France and Italy, it was considered that Dr. Achilli was blackened, that the offence of Newman might appear the less. At all events, Achilli did what every innocent man would have done in his place, (though a guilty man *might* also do the same); he placed himself in the box, and withstood as searching an examination as a witness could undergo. He, the convert to Protestantism, gave Newman, the convert to popery, every fair chance; but Newman, after due deliberation, was condemned. This solemn adjudication proved a heavy blow for Tractarianism, and, in fact, impressed on the movement a very inodorous kind of character.

The "Religious World" party in France subscribed largely towards payment of the fine, and the heavy costs incurred, and this was only fair, if, as was inserted; Mr. Newman was a mere tool in the hands of designing men. Although he had taken all honours at Oxford, he was but *a* freshman at Rome, and he was duped accordingly.

High popery was so disgusted at this failure, that Wiseman, in a lecture since delivered, sneered at the tractarian movement, known as "Puseyism," in a very pointed and far from agreeable manner.

"Boyle and Wiseman," and the "Queen of England *versus* Newman," have since taken rank as "Causes Célèbres," and are not likely to be forgotten.

Laymen who quit the fair open fields of Protestantism for the Roman cloister, are more to be trusted than they who have officiated as respectable clergymen of the English church; and as a friend to good order and the family compact, I rather advise the *Wisemen*, of the Pope's council to be cautious. I advise "Rome-jogging" clergymen of our own creed to be very careful. "*Man traps are set upon these premises*,"—that is, on the premises of the confessional. Shrewd men of the world, men who study animal nature, as well as mental, who regard the physical as well as the intellectual, and to whom, matter is more familiar than spirit, incline to think

that the whole affair will ultimately break down, and thus work out its own cure.

It is feared that our Oxford divines, who are but flesh and blood, and doubtless think with St. Paul, that "it is better to marry than to burn," will drop under the "double and fiery ordeal of *celibacy and the confessional*."

It is thought that if over the "*Father's*" side of the box, "lead me not into temptation," may be written as a *strophe*; the *prie-dieu* of the "*daughter*" may be embroidered as with an anti-strophe, thus: "deliver me from evil." The holy men themselves have no conception of the trial they will be called upon to undergo. This warning is given in all kindness by one who has both *sat* and *knelt* behind the mysterious green curtain. Educated upon the family principle, brought up amongst modest women from their youth, actually married to women they *have* loved and *still* love, and, perhaps, the fathers of living children; to what a condition have they not reduced themselves! Snatched by the unholy exactions of priestcraft from the joys, and released, as they vainly suppose, from the responsibilities of married life (but without a crime or the thought of one on either side), the children of their holy wedlock bastardized, as it were, by *ex post facto* church-lynch-law; all the sacred duties of the hearth, and

the heart sold, bartered, and abandoned for the "histrionic" functions of a fanatic drama; how, in the name of our common humanity, will they live the life they have embraced?

Nature reflects; and, reflecting, recoils at the very contemplation of the scenes in which they will be called—perhaps, at this moment, are called—to take a part at the confessions they must hear, at the confessions they themselves must, perhaps, afterwards make.

* * * *

They who do not know the closely-kept secrets of a Romish priest's juvenile austerities, and the preparation he has to undergo for the unnatural position he is destined to assume; they who do not also know that many break down under the ordeal, can have no adequate sympathy for the pure-minded, misguided men, who have, in the prime of their virility, assumed the Roman tonsure. Men of the world, who know the priesthood well, and experienced priests, also affirm that the question will fail under the pressure of celibacy and the confessional.

It is difficult to dilate upon such a subject. Respect for the men themselves, and still more for their widowed wives, and for children rendered orphans before the death of either parent, forbid me—and yet it could not be passed over.

There is still another question. Will old age bear out, sustain, and maintain, the eccentricities of earlier years? It is thought not. *Old age will survive them.* "Weariness of the flesh" will ensue, and the "spirit return" to the church of its first love. When these men "shall be afraid of that which is high, and fear shall be in the way, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home ——or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, "*Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man.*"

When priestcraft is allowed to repeal, to annul, or to abrogate, this shortest and sublimest of laws; let an Oxford man forget the wife of his espousals, in order that he may concubinate with Rome, but not till then. Verily "of making many books there is no end;" but thus endeth this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Count's grand effort—The English Sovereign's personal conversion cannot affect the crown—The middle classes Protestant—Dr. Wiseman and his possible enthronement in Westminster Abbey—Tactics of the Jesuits with the brother kings, Charles and James—Historical parallel of Father Colombière, Mary Alacoque, and their spiritual flirtation—M. Michelet on the intrigue of Colombière, 1685, and its results in England—The Revolution and the Prince of Orange.

THE same ambitious spirit is again bent upon realizing its object.

Let the reader of "the Political Future of England" bear in mind that the Count's grand effort is directed towards our aristocracy. It will be generally thought that he has been ill advised in his tactics, but there was, perhaps, no help for him. The Count has, however, experience on his side; he yields to few in that questionable virtue, political finesse,

and has sailed his well-*ballasted* craft under so many varying winds and athwart so many conflicting currents, that one may reasonably suppose he had no alternative.

Ballast, in general, is, however, of no great specific value. As a foreigner, he knows nothing of the British "interior," except as he is able to catch a sort of scene-shifting glimpse through the distorting medium of parliament and the gossip of a club house. One thing he knows perfectly well, that the wearer of the British crown cannot be approached on the subject of conversion, or rather subjection to Rome.

"Passing over to Rome" has, in fact, in no case, any relation to personal conversion or conscientious conviction;—it is a simple question of *subjection*, personal, social, or political, of the body and mind to an individual, more or less elevated from previous obscurity, and commonly known as "Pope." If the highest civil authority in Britain, the Queen of a realm upon which, as M. de Montalembert reminds us, the sun of heaven never sets, should become the tributary subject of the pontiff, she would, as the ultra-pontine Papists know full well, be impeachable at the bar of her country.

The Italian party is not ignorant of our laws of *premunire* (that form of divinity "which doth hedge" our Queen), and it frets and foams against this bul-

wark of our liberties, because it vainly believes that if access, mere access, were gained, the victory would be half achieved. It is through the mother of the Queen that the Italian aggressors and their crafty confederates absurdly hope to approach "the Mistress of the Seas." They industriously give out that the Duchess of Kent has changed her allegiance and become a Roman, and "*plus tard*," they say we shall have "*la Reine de l'Angleterre*." Will you? The crown, then, is inaccessible, and the people at large, the Commons of the United Kingdom, are equally inaccessible.

The Romans know well that the middle classes of England are, at heart and by conviction, infinitely more Protestant than the veriest ultramontane is a devout or convinced Roman Catholic.

The grand aim of the Jesuits is direction towards our aristocracy and the Anglican church.

The *ultramontanes*, or mild Italian party, and the *ultrapontines*, or Popery-at-all-hazards party, are alike intimately allied with the Society of Jesus, in this stratagem of their miserable warfare. To entrap the aristocracy, and to break the ranks of the clergy, form the special mission of "the army of aggression." The degree of success which is already presumed to have followed the attempt—(a success always exhibited to the public through a magnifying medium)—is consi-

dered as a favourable omen ; nor can I, whilst lamenting its truth, deny the justice of the conclusion. It is openly avowed that it is a question of time, and of time only, when Dr. Wiseman, the present legate *a latere* in Britain—(which a lady translator at my elbow persists in interpreting, “ *the Pope’s false rib*”)—shall be pompously enthroned in Westminster Abbey. Nor is the Roman stratagem now directed against the public virtue of an aristocracy and clergy, altogether without precedent. This will more readily appear, if we refer again to the personal history and doubtful virtue of Mary Alacoque. Matters then, as now, had come to a crisis. Then, as now, a grand war of principles threatened to disturb the peace of Europe and the world. Then, as now—and as admitted by the frank lamentations of the French count—“ his church wanted Britain,” although Britain, as she soon clearly convinced the world, no longer wanted his church. Two hundred years have nearly rolled away, since the very maculate conceptions of Mary Alacoque fascinated the Roman church, but disgusted Christianity at large : and how do the parties then in presence, and now again in presence, stand ? The Church of Rome still wants Britain, hankers after her, and is so enraged at times against the object of her lust rather than of her love—of her jealousy and fear, rather than of her esteem, that fears may be well entertained for her sa-

nity and powers of reflection. Propriety of conduct we hardly expect; because it is a virtue which has never been placed to her credit, where wealth, position, rank, and influence were the objects to be attained. Britain, the *ultrapontines* may be well assured, does not require the patronage of the Pope and his cardinals; and that will be made manifest, when the armour shall be buckled on, and "Up, Guards, and at them!" shall excite every man to the defence of his altar, his hearth, and his country.

The flush-faced visitandine, Mary Alacoque, was about to be accredited as a kind of papal nuncio to the voluptuous court of Charles II. The moment had then, as now almost, arrived, when the Jesuits believed, or at least made the French king believe, that England, sold by its monarch and aristocracy, would declare itself ready to embrace the papal system.* Intrigue, falsehood, money, and women were weapons always held in readiness in the Jesuits' well-stored arsenal. For King Charles, as M. Michelet informs us, the Jesuits "procured" mistresses; but for his brother, poor fellow! they "procured" confessors.

They who, amidst all their fine-drawn deceit and chicanery, so often deceive themselves rather than others, "vainly believed that, in gaining five or six lords, they would change that Protestant mass, vast and solid, which was, is, and always will be Protestant

by creed and by interest, and more than that, by personal conviction, and with all the force of English tenacity." Let us follow up this quotation from M. Michelet, and we shall, I think, be convinced that, in one respect at least, the French count has the right to claim the enigmatical title of "unity" for his church. The Jesuit tactics of the seventeenth century, and those of the nineteenth, are, at least, in harmony. "Here, then," M. Michelet says, "we have exposed to view these crafty politicians, gliding along *a pas de loup*, and flattering themselves that they were about to carry all before them. They considered it an essential point of their scheme, to accommodate James, the brother of the reigning monarch, with a *discreet* chaplain, who could *wink privately* without being heard or seen, and thus set about the work of conversion. Charles was to be approached by James." Now, as they say, the reigning Majesty of Britain is to be approached by means of her royal mother and the hereditary aristocracy, to play the part of converter-general to the papacy, a man of seductive manners was required, who must needs be ardent and fanatical. "*The cardinal*" of to-day hardly comes up to this standard. He is, doubtless, both ardent and fanatical, but his manners, as Mr. Boyle and others must think, can be hardly called seductive. It appears, too, that the priest selected by Père la Chaise, in the time of

the Stuarts, was alike deficient with him now deputed by the Jesuits to guide their itching feet across the line which separates them from the House of Brunswick. Tradition and precedent! when will the Jesuits learn that practical wisdom, which guides free and intelligent men?

Two centuries of defeat, ignominy, and universal contempt, might have, at least, prompted some improved measures.

Father la Colombière was chosen to introduce the papal aggression of the seventeenth century.

He was agreeable in the pulpit, attractive in his demeanour, an elegant writer, esteemed so far as he was known, and—above all, and better than all, in the eyes of Jesuit plotters of mischief—was docile and tractable. There was but one thing wanting, and that was a *sine quâ non*—a “spice of devilry.” As to this very doubtful virtue, however, modern craft has profited by ancestral simplicity; and now, at least, the aggression scheme is sufficiently “spiced,” if law reports of “Boyle *v.* Wiseman,” and the Golden Square chronicle, be but half true.

Virtue in excess—virtue rigid, uncompromising, misplaced—is, in the eye of a Jesuit, a moral defect; and as with this defect Father Colombière was chargeable, a singular antidote was presented to his choice.

The ever-nimble Jesuits introduced him to their fancy heroine, Mary Alacoque; and the worthy celibataire was despatched to Paray-le-minial—where the fair spinster resided—in order to fill the very delicate office of confessor to the eccentric order of the Visitandines. The full-grown priest was thirty-four—the full-blown nun was but twenty-eight years of age. Being, of course, “well-instructed beforehand of her *mother*,” the lady superior of this “monastère de deux sexes,” she at once recognised the “father” as the chosen servant of God, who, in visions, had been revealed to her. The reverend father, young and lusty, but of a soft and feeble nature, was borne away, without form of resistance, by these gusts of human passion, and animalised devotion.

He was kept in the fiery furnace of monastic love for the long probationary period of eighteen months, and then launched, all reeking and reeling under its effects, upon the boiling waters of British royalty. They who sent him, it appears, still feared that his spirit might cool down; and they contrived that he should, from time to time, receive letters, written by the lady superior, but dictated by the amorous nun.

He thus remained for two years under the roof of the Duchess of York; but so well concealed, that he did not even see London itself.

In passing, let us ask—“Are there any doves of

the Colombière and Alacoque feather and strain, now 'billing and cooing' in the woods of Frogmore, Windsor, or Cuddesdon?"

Some of the aristocracy were introduced to the vicarious priest of the papacy, because, as M. Michelet informs us, "*it was considered expedient to convert them to the religion of the heir-presumptive to the throne.*" Now it was considered expedient, though confessedly difficult, *to convert the heir-apparent to the throne to the religion* of his feudal predecessors. England was then, as I fear, more alive to the position and renown than she now is; for the moment that the papal conspiracy was fairly developed, the male dove, Father La Colombière, was accused, dragged before parliament, and packed off with orders to go to roost in his old dove-cote. Thither the poor bird flew, under orders from his superiors; and fatigued, disgusted, and heart-sick, alighted at Paray, the paradise of his delighted nun. The case was, however, beyond woman's love, fidelity, or skill—the bird sickened and died.

Thus fell Père la Colombière, a man of talent, of worth, and of fidelity to a bad cause, who, if born and educated under the auspices of the Reformed Church of France, or that of England, might have been an honour to his age, profession, and nation. He, however, forms but one of that multitudinous,

but ignoble army of martyrs, which Jesuitism and priestcraft have in all ages begot, nursed, and abandoned so soon as their filthy lucre, or pandering projects are satiated.

Father Colombière, when summoned to appear before Parliament, was either less fortunate in his advisers, or had less of the fox in his nature, than he who is now supposed to be the generalissimo of the Jesuits in Britain. Our modern "red hat" no sooner heard that he was "wanted" at home, than he found that his presence was required in Normandy, "le bercéau de la civilisation Anglaise," as he calls it, and on matters so urgent that he could not possibly avail himself of the Speaker's previous invitation. The allegiance of the modern Solomon, the *Wise-man* of our epoch, was of course due *elsewhere*, and to a tiara rather than a crown.

The Cardinal Archbishop (to call high-folks by high names) returned from his hiding-place, hearty, and more saucy than before; while poor La Colombière, more weak than crafty, and the tool of the sneaks, rather than a leader of the order, returned to the land of his birth to sicken and die.

Is there then no coincidence between the Jesuit plot of the seventeenth, and that of the nineteenth century? Mary Alacoque may *possibly* be wanting; of this I "*Know nothing*," or, she may be concealed

in the purlieus of Golden Square, of the "religious house" at Norwood, or of another favourite religious haunt, Leicester Square. An attempt is about to be made to organize a grand papal settlement in that renowned haunt of Roman Catholic refugees of small valour, and of ladies of all nations, but of virtue of none.

A "Monastère des deux sexes," with a wing for the visitandines, and, of course, a cathedral for "his Eminence" in the centre, will probably "inundate the soul" of the polished French Count Montalembert, with at least the same "noble emotions" which were created by a visit to that "humble chapel" at Oxford, which was indebted for its chief ornaments (the Count himself, of course, excepted) to a few vagrant gownsmen, a servant out of place, and a missionary of the worthy order of "navvies," but in rags. A greater than Wiseman, or his friend the Count, speaks; let us hear him. M. Michelet says: "However little some may be ready to believe in great results as brought about by slight causes, one is compelled to admit that the miserable intrigue of which Père la Colombière was the victim, had an incalculable effect upon the interests of France, and of the entire world.

"It was an object of ambition to gain Great Britain to the papacy, and she was approached not by the Gallicans whom she esteemed, but by the

Jesuits whom she hated, and has always held in horror." The precise moment when popery ought from motives of prudence, to have stood aloof from those idolatries with which "Protestants have always reproached it, was chosen to announce the new dogma of 'the sacred heart,' which was always received as at once shocking, carnal, and sensual. In order, too, to mingle the horrible with the ridiculous, it was in the year 1685—that year for ever condemned a year of mourning and bitter sorrow—the year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—that Mary Alacoque built the first of those altars with which France was covered. All the world knows the result. Britain, confirmed by the Jesuits in her Protestantism, and in her horror of Rome, called a Dutchman to the throne, carried Holland with her, and thus, by an alliance of two maritime powers, became, and has ever since continued to be, 'mistress of the seas.'" The severe historian thus concludes his subject: "The Jesuits may boast of having themselves built up, *and upon a solid basis*, British Protestantism, and all the Jesuits in the world will not be able to disturb it." I will only add—" *Let all the world say 'Amen.'*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOLY WAR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Experience thrown away on the Jesuits—The “sacred heart” —The immaculate conception—The first Napoleon’s prediction and the third Napoleon’s fulfilment—Austria and its policy—The French Revolution of ’89 ; its causes and effects —Special character of the late war—England’s crisis at hand—Papal confederacy against her—Exception in favour of the Catholic laity—The Abbé Jolibois and the reforming priests—Identity of the Roman Catholic with Jewish and pagan rites and ceremonies, &c.

It may be said of the followers of Loyola, that they seldom profit by experience, and that although their history, policy, and infamous renown, are, in fact, nothing but one continued warning to the civilized world to beware of them, yet they consider themselves, and act as if others also considered them, as infallible. The audacious system of polytheism which they and their confederates have grafted upon the pure stock of primitive Christianity, has long since borne, and still continues to bear, its poisoned fruit. The “car-

nal" worship of the sacred heart, as illustrated by Mary Alacoque, and other sanguine visitandines, and as practised at the miraculous banquet given in the Amphitheatre of Titus, became so incorporate with the Romish religion, that the whole science of its theology (if it can be said to possess one), as distinguished from mythology, was completely changed. The "sacred heart" was, as we have seen, raised to an equality with the Holy Trinity, and hymns were composed in its celebration as a fourth person of the God-head!! After the lapse of nearly two centuries, a similar state of things presents itself. Female excitement, heavenly rapture, and mystic symbol are wanted, or supposed to be wanted, and the Order of Jesus, that "officina errorum," undertakes to supply the demand. When modern polytheism requires that steeping process so politely prescribed by the Count de Montalembert as the *catholicon* for invalided Anglicanism, as she cannot go to Rome because it is her favourite abode; she dips herself into the stagnant waters of Paganism. Reeking from the impure bath, she now seeks to degrade her whose *sole future distinction* was that "all generations should call her blessed." A physical fiction, or, in other words, a palpable falsehood, has been unblushingly placarded upon every altar.

This last attempt upon human credulity is known

by the familiar but unintelligible title of "the Immaculate Conception," and has, in effect, added a *fifth* person to the trinity of the Godhead. By the addition of the "Sacred Heart," and its subsequent apotheosis, the simple symbol, the triangle, was converted into a "trapezium, or some other four-sided figure." This must now give place to a pentagon, if a linear symbol is to be preserved, or "unity" will lose that character for consistency which is its eternal boast.

The Roman mythology—(and in this term of just reproach I do not, of course, include the Gallican, the Anglican, and other sincere followers of the religion of the Cross)—has now reached a crisis without precedent in its eventful history. The temporal power of the two-faced monarch who reigns at Rome, is threatened in a manner which he and all his subjects—whether considered as his own proper subjects, or as citizens of other states, but still under spiritual and, as they avow, superior allegiance to himself—regard as ominous.

Europe, and all the civilised portions of the eastern hemisphere, are, indeed, so involved in the question, that it may be said the destinies of all are now being weighed in the balances of empire. The familiar prediction of Napoleon I. is really, if not literally, about to be *ordealised*—let the word pass—if not to be accomplished. The question may not be, whether

“ Europe is to become Cossack or republican ?” but the principles at stake, and for which we are about to contend, are quite as distinct, and as widely separated.

In the mysterious and rapid course of the rise and fall of empires, it is, perhaps, reserved for the collateral heir of him who uttered the prediction, to assist at, and to witness its fulfilment.

When the Cossack was driven from the Malakoff and the two Redans, and the flags of France, Britain, and Sardinia planted on their deserted battlements, the allies proclaimed to the world, that Europe should not fall back into feudality, and become Cossack. They who were not with Turkey and her allies—they who did not then take rank, and divide danger with Liberty and her champions—were and are the enemies of the alliance, of liberty, of progress, and, consequently, of the human race: I speak, of course, of first-class powers. One of these, indeed, who pretended to be with us, proved, and still proves, herself more troublesome as an insincere friend, than Russia was as an open foe. Austria did, as Austria has always done, and will continue to do until that wretched system of duplicity, known as modern diplomacy, shall be abandoned, and cast to the winds. I ask leave to illustrate my argument by reference to an epoch, which is not so distant but that many living persons remember, and in which they perhaps took active

part. I speak of the eventful epoch of '89, which is, indeed, seldom viewed but through the distorting medium of prejudice or jealousy. If one reflects, but for a moment, upon the disastrous crisis in which the kingdom of France was then placed—not with reference to other powers, but to its own internal organisation—we shall see that two opposing principles were brought into close and mortal collision. An almost infernal conspiracy of absolutism, irresponsible government, and tyranny—joined, hand in hand, with a priestcraft literally gorged with the blood of tens of thousands of French Protestant martyrs—a priestcraft which practised every quality of humanity but virtue, and taught the people everything but religion and morality—was suddenly called upon to grapple with a nation whom the conspirators had outraged, impoverished, and all but destroyed.

Napoleon arose; and if he proved himself the scourge of Europe, Europe well merited the punishment which he inflicted. At all events, he saved France; but the shock of arms reverberated through Europe, and shook society to its centre. Nor has the echo died away. It is no part of my purpose to inquire into the causes of the great French Revolution; but that sufficient cause existed, will hardly be denied. Its cause, its course, and its effects, are matters of history. Sudden in its rise, and impetuous in its pro-

gress, it can only be compared to one of those mountain torrents, which from time to time descend and inundate the plains of France. The torrent rushes along its paths of destruction, carrying all before it, irrespective of rank, worth, or age. Its effects are as desolating as its course of action. Those inundations which, in moderate proportion and by timely visits, might have been made to irrigate and to fertilise, to inspire hope, stimulate exertion, and reward active labour, form stagnant pools, or leave filthy deposits, which require patience, skill, and patriotism to remove, or even to alleviate. So did the truly momentous revolution of '89 commence, and so did it drive its furious waves. Forms of government may change, empires may rise and fall, and republics thaw and melt away: but principles remain eternal. The very same motives of human action which brought about the French Revolution, are at this moment in active operation. Europe at large occupies the place of France. Opposing electric currents are in rapid progress towards that collision, whose lightning flame, although it may precede the thunder, will perhaps prove an auxiliary fire, rather than a warning against danger. The blast stands charged, and the match is all that is wanted. Tyranny and priestcraft ride on one cloud—liberty and religious freedom ride on the other. The shock may be tremendous, but the victory cannot be doubtful.

The war in which we have been recently involved, if it be really terminated, was, indeed, one of principles, but of political principles only. It is the second grand war of that character which the present generation has witnessed ; although, as regards the eastern hemisphere, it may be but the first. That this was its true character, so far as the allies of Turkey, namely, France, England, and Sardinia, were concerned, cannot be questioned. The Russian autocrat commenced it in the spirit of aggression ; but the allies resisted and conquered him, in the hallowed interests of their own and of European freedom. It was this special character which rendered it at once so violent and obstinate ; and one may almost doubt whether the British system of voluntary military service would have so readily met the terrible exigencies of the crisis, had the war been based upon any less holy foundation. Britons, thank God ! are not by nature warlike. War is their horror, and not their “glory ;” it becomes the business of their lives when once engaged in it, but it is never their pastime. It is true that we shed our blood and treasure on behalf of a despot, against a despot ; but the despotism of Turkey, “filthy” as it is, was viewed as a necessity, and not accepted as a choice. It is, moreover, despotism at home, and does not seek to spread itself ; but, on the contrary, appears to possess the germ of an early and rapid ame-

lioration. The despotism of Russia has long been regarded with horror, as the most irresponsible, iron-hearted tyranny which exists—that of Italy alone excepted; and is supposed to be incapable of amendment, unless by the Aægean cleansing of a violent revolution. The tyrant of the North, at all events, set his face and moved his colossal armies towards the west, and it became high time for us to meet him in the east. With what success, the world knows; although it may be well if we are not too easily lulled to *our old sleepy confidence*.

It was, on the side of the *defence*, a war of political existence, and not of mere empire. No religious principle, in its vulgar acceptation, was directly involved, although the Jesuits tried hard, in the outset, to damage the alliance, by the secret agitation of their peculiar arts and devices. “It was,” they said, “the war of the Latin cross—in alliance with the crescent and with heresy—against the sister Greek cross.” Had the allies failed, and *it was earnestly hoped, by absolutism and priestcraft, that they would fail*, the war would instantly and altogether have changed its character.

Austria had no other interest—and failed to conceal it—than secretly to favour the designs of Russia. She held herself aloof, but still always in readiness to take advantage of the fall of the standards of li-

berty, to advance the cause of tyranny. The standards of liberty were, however, planted in the Crimean soil; but Europe is not tranquil: and it is impossible that she can become so, until some better assurances are given, than those vouchsafed by the *ostentatious* yet *abortive* congress of Paris.

Europe has, in fact, as I have already said, her own '89 to encounter; and God grant that she may escape her '93. But the crisis is at hand. Who, it will be asked, are the powers so eager to do battle together? It will be easy to reply, by describing the principles which are violently thrown into collision, and will hardly escape an explosion. Who now represents that old Bourbon race, which, in confederacy with priestcraft, bore so heavily upon the endurance of France, and left her as '89 found her? It is he—a Bourbon, who sits upon the tottering throne of the Two Sicilies. He, and his fellow-conspirator, Priestcraft, plant their iron heels on the necks of their abject subjects, who writhe like worms under the feet of a giant. I purposely except that aged man who, for the time being, occupies the Pontiff's chair and regal throne, from any prominent place in that degraded picture which Europe presents to the gaze and the sympathy, if not also to the ridicule, of the civilised world. I firmly believe that the Roman priest who now holds the title of Pius IX., is the least guilty of

the whole confederacy ; for he cannot act, and is hardly allowed to think as he pleases. Willing or unwilling, he is, nevertheless, at once the representative, and the reputed governing power of that stupendous machine known as *political popery*.

I except also a select body of holy men, small in number, it is true, when compared with that vast phalanx of priests, scattered over the world, and so mixed with the idolatrous followers of Confucius and Juggernaut, and with the half-civilized tribes of Oceana, as to be hardly distinguishable from the aborigines amongst whom they dwell, but in manners, in costume, and by the outward symbol of the cross.

In connection with the select body to which I allude, must be considered the *Jansenist* branch of the Gallican church.

Lastly, let us except, with unfeigned veneration and respect, that large body of sincere Catholic Christians, *the laity*, male and female, "*religieux et religieuses*," who, nursed in the forms of Romanism, receive its dogmas with reverence, comply with its vigorous exactions as matters of faith and conscience, and found their hopes, here and hereafter, on their complete obedience to all it teaches, commands, or prohibits.

In speaking, then, of popery, I speak not of it as an element of Christianity in its enlarged and only

intelligible sense, but as it has always and still continues to exist in the world of politics, of diplomacy, of aggression, and of international warfare. In France, Germany, and Britain, there are many enlightened priests, who ardently desire, and even attempt to bring about, partial reforms of their church, men whom we may one day hope will expand themselves, feeble Wycliffes, dwarf Calvins, or abridged editions of Martin Luther. The courage and inspiration required to convert a sentiment of the study into an active, preremptory duty of life, or, if needs be, of death, are not the heroic and graceful accomplishments of every man. We must wait.

The fabric of the Gallican church would separate at once, indeed, if it were not *clamped together* by the iron girders of the secular power, and the golden bracers of the state purse.

In support of this assertion let me refer the reader to the recent and candid confessions of the Abbé Jolibois, who not only indulges in freedom of thought, but in a severity of criticism, upon the eccentric wonders of his church, which, even as a Protestant, I should hardly dare to assume. The Abbé, whether justly or not, is held in high esteem by his co-religionists as an archæologist, and is, in short, an authority entitled to a certain degree of respect in all matters connected with his profession. He freely

indulges both his thoughts on reform, and his passion for criticism, with a freedom and even a biting severity which might rather pass for the malicious slanders of a heretic, than the frank avowals of one of the faithful.

Reforming wags delight to charge against modern Rome its obvious modifications of paganism as a denial of its usurped right to be called "apostolical." The reformers may henceforth be silent and give place to a better advocate of their argument in the person of an accomplished priest of the very church they seek to impugn.

After reminding his readers that "the sacerdotal garments of Roman priests are borrowed, partly from the Jewish type and partly from the pagan," he instances the "paten" as formed after, and used for the same purposes as its Grecian and Roman model. "That holy water replaced the purifying waters of paganism with which the people were sprinkled. That the various 'processions' adopted by and adapted to the papal ceremonial are servile copies of those with which the pagans accompanied *the images of their gods* through the streets and market places. Not only (he continues with inexpressible candour) do the papal churches, by identity of name, recall to our minds the heathen temples; but the images of the modern saints which are worshipped therein

(*qu'on y vénere*) are sometimes made to replace, with exactness, the attributes of those demi-gods of whom they are in a great degree the representatives. The Syrians, for instance, in embracing the Roman faith have adorned their statues of the Virgin Mary with the ornaments of their former goddess, Astarte (!) That in the more recent conversions the Roman church has always ceded more to the habits, sentiments, and prejudices of the converts, and has, in fact, *adapted popery to heathenism, when heathenism has been found too shy to adapt itself to popery.*"

With an ingenuous simplicity which is almost without precedent, and is beyond all praise, the Abbé thus winds up his comparison: "We," the Roman Catholics, "bathe ourselves and our children in holy fountains, and drink consecrated water, as the Celts did, and as the Greeks and Romans used their consecrated springs. In our holy chapels, we exhibit the representatives of limbs and members of the body which having suffered by disease owed their cure to the 'saint' of the place, precisely as the Greeks and Romans suspended the '*labella votivæ*' on the pillars and walls of their temples. The rags of garments which we hang upon trees around our rustic chapels, recall the rings and rags attached by the ancient Romans to the trees which encircled their pagan temples. How many other practices there are of

private devotion peculiar to certain localities, which in whole, or in part, retrace the pagan rites of our forefathers, *and of which our church* has faithfully preserved the ancient traditions.”

The curious reader, who may please to follow the simple, yet acute-minded Abbé, in his traditional wanderings, will see that I have left untouched the most vulnerable points.

It is always considered a favourable omen to be able to draw our arrows from the quiver of an opponent; but chivalry should teach the conqueror moderation in victory, and I am therefore compelled to forbear. The boasted “Unity” of Romanism means nothing, or it means something almost as insignificant, but of which the Abbé Jolibois and the polished French Count form component parts. “Tradition,” at all events, appears to be the passion of both, and neither can escape the consequences which attach to its eccentric and unreserved indulgence.

The Count Agenor and Gasparin, who represents another section of French society, and who is at once an honour to his family, his order, and his creed, for he is a staunch member of the *reformed church of France*, and as sincere a Protestant as Europe can produce, thus summarily treats these negative sentiments of “tradition:”—“The English,” he says, (in his elegant treatise entitled “Après la Paix,”)

“can, trample under foot the traditions of party.”
“*Quant à moi,*” he adds, with characteristic *naïveté*,
“*j’aime mieux la vie avec ses embarras que la mort
avec son repos.*”

To this excellent and critical treatise of the Count de Gasparin, I hope again to refer. His knowledge of British interests, prejudices, failings, and excellencies is infinitely superior to that of his fellow-nobleman, the Count de Montalembert; and he expresses himself with kindness, free from flattery, and with discretion untainted by Jesuitism.

Another novel feature of Romanism has recently declared itself, which, although antagonistic to the last, will perhaps on that very account the better fortify my position. In the Abbé Jolibois, as in the Count de Montalembert, we appear to have the ardent votaries of that unprolific negation, feudal tradition. To such votaries the idea of “Catholic *reform*” would appear little short of blasphemy. A bold treatise under this name has, however, taken the religious world of Rome by surprise. This is no catch-penny trick of Parisian literature, but is an ardent and earnest appeal to the good sense, consistency, foresight, and discretion of the hierarchy, by two worthy priests of the Gallican church, Messrs. Bordas Demoulin and S. Huet.

This work proves that a growing discontent has

long prevailed within the pale of the Roman church, and especially that branch of it established in France. Should the Pope voluntarily abandon his improperly usurped *regal* powers, or should France, at its next revolution, decree the separation of religion from the state, or simply confiscate ecclesiastical property, a great and an organic change of creed and discipline may be speedily expected to follow. Many influential members of the Jansenist party really desire a change, because they see that the progress of religion (so far as it is assumed to be taught under the influence of the papacy) is brought to what we call a dead-lock.

The priesthood is in disrepute, the dogmas of Romanism fall unheeded upon the ears of the laity, and the school of "philosophy," as it is termed, prevails, except where it is met and conquered by the enterprising energies of the "*National Reformed Church of France.*" The Jansenists are acquainted with the merits of the Scotch Relief Church, are well read in the contemporaneous history of the Church of England, and *repudiate the Tractarian manœuvre as an entirely false move.* The orthodox clergy of the Gallican church (that is, they who make their profession a matter of conscience and not of lucre, of faith and not of speculation, of religion, in short, and not of politics or of policy), watch

current events with extreme solicitude and expectancy.

It is said and believed, that not less than seven bishops of the church of Rome have already forwarded to the Pope their formal written protest against that clumsily-contrived novelty, the dogma of "*the immaculate conception.*"

A fair review of the state of kingdoms and of parties, will satisfy any unbiassed spectator that the Vatican occupies at this moment a very precarious position. I have already said that the late war against Russia was at the first most unfavourably viewed by the (French) Roman hierarchy. The alliance with the followers of Mahomet was not so deplored as an alliance with that power which is believed to be the representative of the Protestant system. It was, and is still, considered to have been a species of *falso de se*, for all states professing allegiance to the Pope.

The church of Rome, by the diplomacy of the Jesuits, has long coquetted with the Greek cross, and every attempt has been made to induce the Czar to believe that not only is there a community of interest existing between the two crosses, but that in order to preserve the life and vigour of either, it will be necessary to pronounce their cause a common one. The immense numbers who follow the Greek cross,

both in Turkey and Greece, would, it is thought, fall into any arrangement which should confer adequate commercial advantages, and a political footing in Europe. If this delicate question could have been confided to any other mediation than that of the Jesuits, a far better success would have attended the effort. The Greek suspects, fears, and hates the Jesuit, whilst the Jesuit, on the other hand, has more difficulty in "corresponding" with a Greek than with any other "schismatic." "He fears the Greek, though bringing presents." Diamond cut diamond, is the true illustration of the difficulty.

They who pull the wires at Rome, which once telegraphed terror and obedience wherever their vibration was heard or felt, but which now only serve to introduce a succession of puppets, in the shape of immaculate dogmas, weeping statues, bleeding pictures, and nodding images, know full well that the *political* fabric of the papacy is menaced by some new disaster. These men are alone interested in the political and money-bag views of the question. With them it is not a matter of faith, of morality, or even of outward decency—it is purely a question of despotism and usurped power.

Many of these small papal despots are well read in ancient history, both sacred and profane; the rise and fall of empires is to them no new study. They

witness the present progress of society in religion, in knowledge, peace, and international alliance, as fraught with danger to their system. That ingenious plan of supremacy, which during the reign of feudality answered many useful purposes, but which at the same time enveloped Europe with a darkness which might almost be felt, is, probably, about to undergo a great trial, and perhaps a radical change. It nevertheless prepares for the combat, and is not ill armed.

The present year, so full of political future for the European family, is looked upon as pregnant with events in which the papal power and its tributaries will be called upon to take a part. Should a concordat, or any other species of confederacy, secret or avowed, be agreed upon betwixt the rulers of the Latin and Greek churches, the question would at once assume proportions so vast and gigantic on the one side, and so small, yet vigorous on the other, that the issue might be considered doubtful, were it not manifest that the weight of principle and right is as much on the side of the minority, as that of numbers may be on the side of the majority.

The interests concerned are indeed mighty, and the parties who may be thrown in conflict together will also be mighty. The war of principles has yet to be fought ; and these principles, what, in reality, are they ?

Despotism and priestcraft on the one side, armed to the teeth against political liberty and freedom of thought and action in religion, on the other.

These principles have, it is true, long been recognized as foes, but have they ever yet presented themselves in full battle array ?

The usual resource of a congress, or of arbitration, appears to be beside the question, and despotism and the inquisition would feign have a trial by the dreadful ordeal of the sword. Europe may be said to be so completely under the influence of despotism, regal or priestly, that it would be difficult to point out the champion who shall dare to espouse the cause of liberty. At this moment it would be little short of treason to suspect the French Emperor of connivance with the despotic powers. We cannot think this. Should, however, a legitimist revolution occur, should the year '57 find a Bourbon on the throne of France, we may be well assured that she will rank herself with despotism and priestcraft, whilst Great Britain and her few friends will be left to do battle against papal Europe.

And who, in the hour of battle, will be Britain's friends ? Piedmont will be our ally, but we must also be *her tower* of strength. It cannot be conceived that Britain will desert that noble ally, or even remain passive when her active assistance is de-

manded. The first battle field will, obviously, be Italy. This is, in reality, the grand European question which now agitates the continent. The creatures of the College of Cardinals are everywhere seeking to hasten the crisis and to urge on this terrible war.

Protestantism does not seek it, but dares not avoid it. To avoid it would be to present the enemy with the very laurels of his victory. The question at issue will be victory or annihilation, and will be one in which a Quaker may enlist with a pure conscience; for on our side it will be a defensive war. On the part of our enemies there is no appearance of temperance, no desire for conciliation. Disputes, which are founded on territory, are mere questions of treaty, or of treacherous diplomacy, are not necessarily of long duration, or capable of inflaming the passions of the combatants. The battle of the passions, opposed to passion and of principles, which all hold dear, defensively opposed to an Inquisition which seeks to dethrone these principles from the hearts of freemen, is a more serious question.

It is one which is not easily solved, and cannot be stifled. The casual and temporary victories which encourage the one side, but tend to inflame those passions which disturb and rend the hearts of the other.

Is there no means of averting the catastrophe?

By the treaty ratified at Paris, have the foundations

of permanent peace been laid, or is it that we have reciprocally received and conferred a respite? I believe that the foundations of permanent peace have *not been as yet laid*. The congress of Paris has but introduced us to a state of treacherous repose, which is an omen for evil rather than for good.

The principle of irresponsible government and papal supremacy seeks not only to maintain itself by inflaming the passions of its confederates, but by sowing discord betwixt the allies, to blind, if it be possible, the eyes of the French Emperor, and so to strengthen the cause of the Bourbon revolutionists in France.

Time spent in political prediction is, generally, time wasted in idle speculation; but the elements of war have suddenly collected around us, and the dark clouds of inquisitorial cruelty, and of the lust of empire, hang like a pall ready to be thrown over the bier upon which it is hoped to lay the mangled corpse of freedom. There is no time for reflection, and but little for preparation, still less for prediction. The crisis is at hand. Let us take a survey of our enemies before we commit ourselves to the conflict. Shall the iron rod of church feudality still keep Europe in subjection? or shall it be broken in pieces, as a "potter's vessel?" This question, in which the peace of Europe, and the high character of Britain are involved, may, perhaps, be decided in the valleys of Piedmont.

To Piedmont we are bound by many ties ; and I trust we shall be found faithful. They who govern Russia, Austria, and the two Sicilies, and the Roman states, are our enemies.

Germany is asleep ; but France is awake, and will either prove our enemy or our friend in the coming conflict. The Emperor and his government—are they in the service of the Jesuits ? or are they the friends of liberty and progress ?

At present, I feel sure that the French nation at large is sincere in its regard for the English alliance ; and with all commercial men, its continuance is a matter of lively importance. The *Bourbon revolutionists, and the priests bound up with that movement, are all hostile to it.* They know well, that while France, Sardinia, and England are firmly and *faithfully* united, the Italian, or “Inquisition system” and principles, cannot make much progress.

The aristocracy of France is, for the most part, so deeply immersed in miserable plottings, having in view exterior objects of ambition for the fast-decaying order, that it is impossible to calculate upon its support.

In reviewing our national position as regards France, which is, in fact, much more complicated than is generally supposed—(and would demand an essay, instead of a parenthesis)—I must make a special reservation in favour of the Protestant body.

This important element of French worth is not sufficiently appreciated by the British nation. The voluntary and most intelligent efforts of various societies—such as “the Protestant Alliance,” “the Evangelical Alliance,” and others—have resulted in producing a very large amount of good international feeling. Friendships, based on stronger foundations than congress protocols and doubtful treaties, have been formed, and will, I hope, be found to endure long after these truly “baseless fabrics” shall be dissolved. In point of unaffected and pure religion, *social worth and benevolence, and literary and scientific attainments*, the “Reformed Church of France” is one of the chief glories of the second empire.

British institutions are viewed by French Protestants with a kind and watchful eye. After centuries of oppression, conflict, and martyrdom—without precedent in the annals of blood—the French Protestants have ever been found true to their country and their God. Cruelty, calumny, and Romish hatred have conspired to annihilate this band of heroes; but, thank God! without success. The subject tempts me to say more; but I must refrain. *More hereafter.*

There is another body of men in France, the very bulwark of the empire, whose character and influence it would be both unjust and ungrateful to pass over. I allude to those who have fought with us, and who

are the survivors of those who fell side by side with our fathers, brothers, or sons, on the seas of Russia, or who lie buried in the battle-fields of the Crimea.

These men, the survivors of miseries so bravely endured, and of their victories so gallantly won, look upon the alliance with a kind and earnest attention.

Their feelings towards their fallen conquerors, who march or sail under British standards, are frank and chivalrous, nor do I believe that it would be an easy thing—excepting, indeed, *on British soil*, which God forbid!—to oppose these men to each other in mortal conflict. Morally and socially, as well as in point of strategy, I view the Protestant interest in France, and the French army and navy, as the surest links in the alliance chain. If they be with us, it matters but little who may be against us. Who is it, then, who seeks to unweld these links, and to break the rivets which bind us together? The Inquisitionists. And who are they? I will proceed to tell you.

The Inquisitionists may be pronounced to be those who, as tyrants—whether kings or priests—actually consign to imprisonment, suffering, or death, all who fall into their power, and who dare to think with freedom, and act with order and propriety, in claiming for themselves and others the rights of humanity and of conscience.

The Inquisitionists may also be defined to be those

who, not actually possessing this power, only watch for the opportunity to acquire and to exert it.

Austria, the Papal states, and the Two Sicilies, are the home of the Inquisitionists *in esse*. Dungeons there exist ; and not only so, but are nearly as densely peopled as the Black Hole of Calcutta, of infamous memory, ever was. As much of hell torment as man can inflict upon man, is there, and at this hour, perpetrated, with an intensity of revenge never surpassed.

It is considered to be the last epoch of religious butchery and blood ; but the butchers, already gorged, are still athirst—still yell for more blood. The Inquisitionists by intention watch like tigers for passing prey ; and, as accessories, aid those who are Inquisitionists in fact. These men are spread over Europe, and have set foot in America, where they are at present held in check.

The scenes of their every-day exploits may be said to be the confessional, the pulpit, and the public press. The confessional is their “ Star Chamber ;” the pulpit is their judgment seat ; and the venal portion of the press is the toastmaster at their banquet of blood.

The dethronement of Ferdinand, than which nothing can be more just or opportune, would set the captives free, and blow the dungeons into the air.

The Pope no longer at Rome—the old Bourbon at

the bottom of one of his own craters—Italy would once more regain her footing, and become the theatre of the arts and of progress.

Hungary and Poland would of themselves—the only possible means—reproclaim their own existence, and again fall into the family of nations. All this, and more, may occur before the world shall be a year older than it is this day. This is not so much the opinion of him who presumes to record the prediction, as it appears to be the acting order of the Inquisitionists themselves. These misguided men wish to forestall the avenging providence which, in its own due time, rules the fall of tyrants, “binds them in chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;” and this they seek to do by bringing trouble upon France. France! the grand expiatory nation of the world; the country which has so often bled and groaned under the curse of tyranny and the deluge of anarchy. “Times past”—to borrow the device of the *Morning Journal of Europe*—have been read to little purpose, since they have been turned to no adequate account. “Times present,” and “Times future,” are but other forms of expression for to-day—which is, and to-morrow—which may never be.

To-day and to-morrow are so welded together, in that furnace to which old Time himself constantly adds both fuel and metal, that we seldom appreciate the

short night which separates them; and *to-day*, as events thicken and surround us, may be said to be ever heralding the morn which never arrives. It is, then, with "times present" that we have to do; and let us be up, and doing.

A very ancient critic has observed, that "it is the province of the tragic muse to purify the heart by pity and terror."

If states could be purified, and government be reformed, by pity and terror, the remedy is not only close at hand, but is of almost incessant application. To quote the words of a late eloquent writer:—"The fearful catastrophes, the strange vicissitudes, and sudden revolutions of fortune which, heretofore scattered thinly over a long tract of ages, crowd upon us with so strange a rapidity, and thicken so fast that they have become familiar, and are almost numbered amongst ordinary events. Astonishment exhausts itself; and whatever may occur, we almost cease to be surprised. In short, everything around is so changed, that, did not the stability of the material form a contrast to the fluctuations of the political world, we might be led to suppose that things which actually happen, are but the illusions of the fancy, or the visions of the night."

France is the grand but expiating nation, the vicarious offering which the spirit of order and liberty ever

seems to demand before she showers those favours upon other nations which are conspicuously withheld from the Empire over which she constantly hovers, but refuses to settle. It is difficult to imagine a country more capable than France, of becoming illustrious in learning and genius, in the arts of peace, and the embellishments of life. She is sought out by surrounding nations ; the wealthy, the luxurious, the philosophical, and the sentimental alike flock to her capital, as the abode of splendour, genius, and wit. They who like to bask under sunny skies, seek France ; they who find their happiness in the frivolities of fashion, in the giddy whirl of perpetual change, flock to Paris.

The flower of our own nobility, and of those countries which still possess the order, visit the salons of Paris to acquire, *as they think*, the last polish of which the as yet, unmannered patrician stripling appears to be susceptible, whilst the staff of his "noble father's" kitchen is thought to be ill supported unless the "chef de cuisine" be an importation from the French capital.

In fashion she rules the world, and pettishly weeps because she has not another world of fashion yet to conquer. In military genius and passion for arms, she thinks herself unrivalled, and in matters of taste and design is certainly not eclipsed.

Her *financial genius* has enabled it to conceive and bring forth that hardly immaculate corporation the "*crédit mobilier*," which not only achieves the miracle of reducing omnibus fares to "the moderate charge of three half-pence;" but, without even the process of sleep (for it is always "wide-awake"), dreams of adding by purchase, mortgage, or invasion, "whole continents" to France, as well as perhaps the very *small* island of Madagascar.

The whole fabric of that huge "château en Espagne" is, unhappily, too faithful an emblem, too true a picture of one of the fairest empires upon which the universal sun ever shone.

Dreaming of that which, if not impossible, may be said to be impracticable, and neglecting that which is not only possible, but easy of accomplishment, and capable of being the ground-work of the grand and magnificent, France ever vibrates between two extremes.

If France be not endowed with "*tenacity*," (and she certainly is not,) she is blessed with an *elasticity* which ever enables her to resume position, and a buoyancy which ever keeps her afloat. She ever appears to be approaching a maelstrom by which she is not destined to be engulfed. She coquets with Scylla and Charybdis, but surrenders her charms to neither. Where, in short, is the country so com-

pletely favoured by nature, by genius, and by the envious admiration of surrounding nations? Able of herself to produce all which imperious necessity requires, and much which capricious luxury desires; she still wants that love of permanency, order, and social discipline, in matters relating to the supreme authority, without which civilization itself will degenerate and perhaps ultimately fall away. The decline and fall of other empires illustrate this assumption.

If she be not rich in colonial possessions, it may be because she is little in want of them. France, in short, is the Frenchman's home, and why should it not be a happy one? He will tell you it is so; and although he may not deceive you, unless indeed you are "a Frenchman," he unhappily succeeds in deceiving himself. But the spring of elasticity, like the solid powers of endurance and tenacity, will not last for ever. The moment will arrive when, tried too heavily, the finest steel will suddenly snap asunder—as the deep-rooted oak will also bend and shiver.

Since the dominion of the first Napoleon, under the form of a consulate, cast its inauspicious shadow over France, she has never presented to the world's view a phase so charged with doubt, suspicion, and hope; with light and shade, with alternate promise and discouragement as now. That France herself, from the Emperor on the throne, to the editor of that absurd

specimen of political literature, the "Assemblée Nationale," is in expectation of a crisis is abundantly evident, and that it is the enemies of France, *sons of her soil*, who strain every nerve to invoke the crisis, is hardly less evident. "To me, much reflecting on these things," it is abundantly clear.

Religion is invoked to lend her aid. By religion I mean that peculiar form of hypocrisy, known as *political popery*.

The Absolutists seek to establish a Bourbon on the throne of France, and they have accepted as mercenaries, (to be employed as are the Swiss guards of the Pope and the King of Naples,) the ultra-montane priests, laity, and press. They are sworn confederates, and if they keep to their conspiracy-oath, of which I have a mistrust, they must stand or fall together. The enemy to which the soldiers of liberty will be opposed is, in truth and in fact, the spirit of the Inquisition. It is that spirit which brought up from hell the fires and massacres of St. Bartholomew, the spirit which revoked the Edict of Nantes. Would that in saying this, we had said all. It is the same spirit which in 1815, *on the restoration of the old Bourbons*, and in 1830, *at their fall*, massacred the French Protestants in the department of the Gard. It is the same spirit which now fills the dungeons of Austria, Rome, and Naples, with heroes and martyrs.

Should this conspiracy succeed in replacing an old Bourbon on the throne, French and Italian priestcraft will be allowed, as its share and trophy, to sweep French Protestants into the sea, the Loire, or Seine, or, as it has before done, compel them to seek shelter in happier lands.

Ferocity, cunning, and revenge, are the elements which sustain the policy of our foe. I feel sensibly the responsibility of this assertion, but I cannot recall it.

In these modern times, the weapons as well as the methods of warfare are vastly changed.

The power of the public press, in all matters national and international, can hardly be overrated. Naturally, and whenever found pure, it is the sword arm of freedom. It is necessary to the tyrant so long as a spark of liberty remains unquenched in his dominion. It is at this moment suborned to an immense extent by the Russian autocrat, although, to deceive and misinform the world, he is obliged to establish his press in other countries. Thus, in France, Belgium, and in Germany, if not nearer to ourselves, he has newspapers in his pay and employ. Their chief duty is to coin lies, distort truth, calumniate foes, mock at all liberty both civil and religious, and, first and last, proclaim the personal virtues of the Czar, and the manifold blessings of autocracy.

These journals are introduced into Russia, or largely quoted by the Imperial newspapers; and are, at fabulous expense, circulated over Europe and America. In conjunction, then, with the wretched system of diplomacy upon which despotism rests, the press itself, at once the parent and the offspring of freedom, is prostituted to the lowest degree of villany.

The inquisition and Italian party have also a journal established in France, which is maintained by lavish expenditure and sacrifice of principle, for the express purpose of keeping a-foot the doctrines and practices of the Romish Inquisition, and to preserve, intact and unreformed, that miserable nest of anti-human plotters, the "Holy College of Cardinals."

The newspaper in question is called the "*Univers Religieux*," or "the *Religious World*."

This "Religious World" is at once the champion and tool, and sometimes the fool, of the high church or *ultra-pontine* branch of Roman policy. There are many well-known contributors to this wretched specimen of periodical literature. They, as well as others, often conceal their names, and a paid functionary assumes the responsibility of their articles. All English readers are, perhaps, not aware that every "leading article" in a French journal must bear the signature of the writer or his feigned substitute.

The "Univers Religieux," then, is a perfectly fair specimen of the talent, the tactics, and the malice of the *ultra-pontine* party. Whenever the reader of an English newspaper meets with a quotation from the "Univers" which alarms by its blasphemy, disgusts by its obscenity, provokes to anger or to laughter by its threats of damnation, of all degrees of heats, and length of duration, he may be well assured that the passage under view represents the real feelings and sentiments of the Roman papists. He need not attempt to palliate or excuse, saying—"Popery is not so bad as all this." "Cardinal Wiseman would disown such sentiments and principles"—"Newman, Manning, and the sons of William Wilberforce are not such miscreants.

The "Univers," I tell you, is *the tolerated or avowed organ of the whole body*. Veillot, the well-paid editor, is the slave of the men and the system, and in dissecting Veillot you dissect the whole. To dissect Veillot, the editor of "the Religious World," is indeed a nauseous office, but must be approached, though it be with a *scentless nostril* and a *well-gloved hand*.

CHAPTER XI.

The "Times" and its influence—Veillot and the Religious World—his antecedents; birth, parentage, and education—his first connections with the press—his three duels—his visit to Algiers—he edits "*La Charte de 1830*"—Not favoured by the Citizen King—his confession—visit to Rome and conversion—induction as man-of-all-work for the "Religious World"—his fanaticism—A crusade against Protestantism—his character by M. Mirecourt.

I ASK leave to introduce the subject by a comparison. The "Times" may, generally, be assumed to be the leader, or the close follower, of public opinion in Great Britain. That watchful sentinel upon the bulwarks of our commonwealth has long been "*the great fact*" of the age and of the world.

Whether it leads public opinion or whether it follows in its wake, is hardly material, since it, in fact, occupies both positions. It is at once the leader of the pack, and whipper-in of straggling hounds. Its duties towards the public are exceptional, and its

brilliant writers are often suddenly called upon to fulfil them before they can fully understand the bearings of their own proper functions.

On the other hand, the early morning reader is often surprised by announcement of facts, or by the enunciation of principles, to which he was till then an utter stranger, so that his reason is, as it were, laid captive at the foot of the printing press. The facts are, however, believed, and the arguments admitted more because the "Times" has said it, than that the reader really comprehends what the "Times" has said.

Be all this as it may, the world's opinions and the world's newspaper are not very long or distantly separated.

To speak of the accredited organ of a church or government, is to speak of that church and government. To speak of the "Moniteur" is to speak of the Emperor and his government; and in exactly the same degree to speak of "Veillot and the Univers," is to speak of tyranny and priestcraft in alliance, and of the inquisition which that alliance is determined to remodel and revise before its doomed catastrophe shall occur.

The origin, youth, and career of this champion of high popery are both instructive and repulsive.

In the course of the chapter it may be necessary

to introduce the name of the Count de Montalembert. He and Veillot have no contemporaries ; both have been, and still are, connected with that droll Parisian state of being, *journalism*. Although the two are said to be more connected together than the ancient peer of France would perhaps like to avow ; each is cast in a separate mould by birth, education, taste, and character. If M. de Montalembert has at times defiled his classic pen by dipping its nib in the dirty fluid of Veillot's *encrière* (as in the case of his " Pié IX. et Lord Palmerston), *he* still possesses a literary renown, is an attractive example rather than a hideous and repulsive warning, and deserves to be considered apart.

Veillot, the " Religious World " pugilist, belongs to another race. Begotten of a wine-barrel tinker, he received his primary ideas in a *petite gargote*, or " cheap and nasty " cook shop, set up by his maternal parent in the Rue de Bourgogne, in the faubourgs of Paris. His early educational advantages were slight and irregular ; and whatever position he may have been able to assume in French journalism he is chiefly indebted for it to his own early ambition and laudable desire to breathe an air of greater purity than the fumes of his mother's *bœuf à la mode*, or

* The sketch of Veillot's career is abridged from his biography by M. de Montalembert.

his father's log-wood mysteries for improving the colour and flavour of grape juice.

Let the fire and faggot champion of the Inquisition enjoy the credit which unaided industry deserves. Let him, on the other hand, receive the reproach which is, as justly, his due. He has not chosen to cleanse himself from the stains and dirt of wine lees. He has not chosen to forget the foul slang of the *gargote* and the faubourg, but has introduced both the one and the other into those walks of literature to which he has the privilege to belong.

Louis Veillot, late of the *gargote*, but now of the "cheap and nasty" Univers; Louis, once the seventh or eighth clerk of that unclassed animal, a Paris huissier; Veillot, the rampant duellist, whose very countenance looks as if hailstoned with swan shot, is not so famous as a scholar, so chivalrous a *hair trigger*, or so reputed as a gentleman as he is despised for the vulgar epithets, the gross insinuations, miserable lies, and insulting threats, which he bestows upon those who disclaim rather than condescend to contradict or to oppose him.

He is a fair type of the order he represents, and it is probable that the Inquisitionists could find no other tool who should, in himself, include all the vicious and coarse qualities, and at the same time possess a vivid intellect, a lively style, and above all, that bold

ferocity so necessary for one who holds the degraded office this man has condescended to assume.

His earliest ambition, it appears, was to be a journalist. Upon quitting the parochial school where he first masticated the crumbs of learning, he was invited by the paternal Veillot to follow the trade of wine coopering.

He preferred to be placed as a scrub in the office of a huissier (an executive official taking rank between a sheriff's officer of low degree and a detective), and is said to have deprived himself of sleep in order to gratify his passion for reading and for literary composition.

If his natural propensities were low, vulgar, and forbidding, his natural talents were good, and deserved a more worthy "*avenir*" than they have as yet achieved. Early associations must, of course, have had a bad effect on his principles, and it is probable that a repulsive mien, which even induced the frequenters of his mother's wine-shop to mock him with vulgar ridicule, steeled the heart of the lad, rendered his temper implacable, and his demeanour savage.

The "Marquess of Hailstones" was the insulting epithet bestowed by the frequenters of his mother's *gargote* upon the son of their hostess, in allusion to his face, not otherwise *Adonistic*, being not so much

“pitted” as pimpled, by that scourge of humanity the small-pox.

This allusion to the accidents of youth, and the personal defects of the hero of the Inquisition, now in course of being remodelled, are, I am aware, unseemly and condescending. Anatomists, however, must take “subjects” as they find them; yet I would not willingly wound the self-love of a man notoriously vain, if it were not his pleasure to mock suffering, and add one more bitter to the bitterness of death itself. Thus, when the family of the most chivalrous monarch of the present century (Victor Emanuel) was so cruelly smitten by death, Veuillot, with mockery, insult, and devilry, told him “it was a punishment sent by God for his crimes against the church.”

Many presume to think that those death wounds were not at all *natural*, but that some, at least, were inflicted by that “*sword, whose handle is at Rome, but whose point is everywhere.*” Whether that death-dealing visitation was the first essay of the modern Inquisition, let its executioners themselves confess or deny.

Since writing this, Lisbon has also fallen.

No sooner, however, had Veuillot, who goes by the name of “*le grand Inquisiteur,*” uttered his blasphemous mockery against the brave ally of England and France, than death’s shaft pierced his own roof-tree,

and thrice *his* peace was slain, by the successive deaths of three daughters within the space of a month.

The breeding, education, and strict acquaintances of the youthful "Marquess," well prepared him for becoming a servile appendage to the *canaille* of the holy office; and verily he is a daily "modern instance" of the "old saying," that "the boy is the father of the man."

His introduction to literature was a casualty; but as active youth always should do, he looked out for every chance, in order that he might profit by the first which turned up. The scene is thus described by his painstaking biographer, himself a Frenchman, and a devoted Roman Catholic, I presume, as he appears to view "Father Lacordaire" as bearing, under his white Dominican sheet, the very quintessence of the odour of sanctity. The wine-cooper had some "chapeau bas" acquaintance with an individual half mercantile by profession, and half literary by taste, to whom the precocious essays of Louis were submitted. The opinion of the referee was favourable. "You were born to be a journalist," he said. "A journalist! Do you really think so?" replied the youthful aspirant, whose fondest dreams appeared as if about to be realised. His first patron gave him an introduction, and, better still, some pocket-money. The stripling at once started for the capital of Normandy, and found a chair or a stool in

the office of a Rouen newspaper. Here his personal appearance would seem to have excited the same ridicule of which he had been the victim in the faubourgs of Paris. Nor can I desist from thinking that much of the malignity, falsehood, and coarse brutality, for which this man's writings are so notorious, is due to the unwelcome reception which he appears to have ever received from strangers of either sex. "See our hero," says his irritating biographer, "what a figure he cuts. He is not a Parisian!—he is surely a savage!" In fact, Louis had a funny sort of look with him, and his toilet did not redeem his external advantages.

Habited in a frock coat, which for eight long years had patiently done duty for Veillot père, and was much too long for the lower stature of Veillot fils, he was still ill-advised to button it up to his chin.

"It is really a pity that, with such an unfortunate face, he cannot button his coat *a little higher*," lisped the fair satirists of Rouen. If civilised humanity in general thinks little of the future *turnkey* of the Inquisition, Veillot himself has always held humanity at arm's-length from himself, nor are they ever likely to embrace. His career as a "penny-liner" began with good profits, and his official superior condescended to sign, with his own name, articles which Veillot had composed. The fraud was discovered, and the wrong-doer discharged; but the shareholders refused

to appoint Louis to the vacant editorship. "He was considered too young—too simple and stupid."

Of these disqualifications *youth* was the only one he really possessed—he was never simple, and seldom stupid, as his whole career has proved. Fortunately, it was left to the individual who had introduced Veillot to the newspaper in question, to decide the point; which he disinterestedly did, by conferring the vacant office upon the discarded Louis. * * * "What is all this?" exclaimed the patron, to the newly-launched editor of the "Echo of the Seine Inférieure." "What the deuce have you done with all the money you have earned here? Throw off that awful specimen of a coat, and try and polish yourself up a little." Men, whom all the world call ugly, are often found to rank amongst the vainest of our species; and Louis now, for the first time, appeared to be convinced that he was none of the handsomest after all.

The paternal "redingote" was bartered away to a Norman "fripiér." This was well, but not well enough. The newly-dressed editor must needs learn the arts of fencing and boxing. His judicious patron daintily suggested, that "in times of political disquietude a true journalist must always be ready *with foil or with fist.*"

The early associations of the wine-shop, and the drunken rows, which were too often, perhaps, the

lullaby of his cradle-sleep, began to tell upon the virility of the newly-fledged editor; and he no sooner found himself master of the art of defence, than he set about making himself as offensive as possible. His co-religionists and fellow-countrymen describe him as being at this time "le vrai type du journaliste matabore," or a genuine bully-editor.

Society at large can hardly be called upon to endure a greater nuisance than an insolent duel-fighting snob, who has not only at command gunpowder and broadsword, but, what is immeasurably worse, a printing-press. He seeks to insult, that he may have the opportunity to bully—he bullies, because he wishes to fight—and he fights, because he thirsts for blood.

So it was with the "subject" now under the scalpel. Amidst a crowd of editorial functions, the future evangelical Swiss-guard of the Inquisition was called upon to do duty at a play-house, as a critic of the drama—the opera, of course, and the ballet. He so abused his office with deference to the interests of an actress, that the irritated husband sent him a challenge. It appears that they fought with pistols; but, happily for the interests of French comedy on the one side, and of Inquisition tragedy on the other, "la rencontre n'a point de résultat fâcheux."

The future editor of "the Religious World" of the

Roman Catholics began to think himself invulnerable, and so carried on his vagaries and insults against the editor of a rival journal, that he was soon favoured with a second appeal to arms. His enraged enemy swore that the *two* should no longer live. Four balls were exchanged, two of which riddled the new frock-coat of Louis Veillot, without grazing his skin; and the seconds interfering, the bodies of the combatants were returned to society safe and sound.

The editor of "the Religious World" was at that time a man of free habits. Wine, women, and wickedness, the companions of his youth, could not be happy away from him; and our hero was, it is said, neither a type of the sobriety practised by Father Matthew, nor of the chastity of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. As his apology, he is fond of saying, "Ah! then I knew not God." He, however, knew how to fight, and appeared again on the duel-ground. It is said that he was taken into pay by the government of Louis Philippe, in order to defend the notorious Marshal Bugeaud against some strictures passed on him by the Legitimist press of that day. His controversial slander led him, it is said, into two duels, from which he, as usual, returned unwinged; and the grateful Marshal took his hair-trigger champion with him to Algeria as a reward.

About this period of his course he occupied his

leisure with sentimental and amorous literature, and threw loose upon the world (not "the religious world," it is to be hoped) some compositions odorous of all things but of that peculiar sanctity, to which he now so vauntingly lays claim.

Morality, decency, and good manners have, it appears, never gained much by the pen or example of Veillot; but that which has been lost to virtue has possibly been considered gain to priestcraft; and I wish the order joy of its fortune. I have before me a list of our hero's productions, which are more celebrated for their "chambering and wantonness," than for their morality or correct taste. Little would be gained by drawing attention to their details, and I prefer to follow him as a journalist, than to track his trail by the odour of his *De Kock-isms*.

"*Then,*" he says, "I knew not God." Whom he knows now, God alone knows!

Uncurbed by any sentiment which endows the minds of the gentle with a sense of external propriety and inward rectitude, he has always pursued a hot-headed, fiery course of insult and contumely. Never consistent but to one false principle, namely, an evident hatred of his race, he constantly exhibits himself, and that confederacy, whose tool he is, under a most revolting aspect.

Nature, in the eccentricity of her conceptions, formed

him from the womb as adapted for the wretched part she has destined him to play.

He has fretted and strutted, and will, doubtless, continue to "strut and fret," until his exit from the scene is determined.

May the "call-boy" soon appear.

Introduced by the warrior Bugeaud to the tumult of camps and the din of canteens, compelled to falsify, misrepresent, and gloss over—to affirm to-day and to deny to-morrow—Veillot entered upon a field of enterprise well calculated to prepare him for his present Roman functions.

In the year 1836, we are told that this Algerian hero of the goose-quill quitted Africa, and, still favoured by the patronage of the Marshal, was appointed editor of "*La Charte de 1830*," a print wholly devoted to the reigning family.

Matters, however, did not turn out well with our imputed Algerian. His origin, manners, and hair-trigger morals were known at Paris, and from Louis Philippe, the queen, and the princes, he received no signs of confidence. The king was a close observer of men and manners, and was seldom deceived by his first appreciations.

Louis Veillot and Louis Philippe were, in fact, cast in different moulds. *The heart of the old monarch* beat

* The *printer's* devil is, of course, alone alluded to.

true to the last ; but a few hours before his death he gaily confessed *to a priest*, in order to gratify the prejudices of his amiable queen—but confessed afresh to his God, that he might hope for pardon.

The heart of Louis Veuillot, on the contrary, seems to have left its own “region,” and under the effect of an overdose of malice and bigotry, to have exploded and left its “debris” scattered *over his face*. Veuillot mère is somewhat to blame for this, because she ought to have had him properly vaccinated.

Discarded by the Citizen King, Veuillot seemed to think that it was high time to be “converted,” as he calls the operator. Here we have his confession ; what he said to his priest, we have nothing to do with. It was doubtless a heavy reckoning ; but Louis would, I dare say, be a match for his reverence. This is only what he tells *us*. “Discontented and sorrowful in the midst of intoxication, gnawed by care, though surrounded by abundance, to-day I wish to aggrandise myself at any price, the morrow I regretted the loss of my early misery. I was ashamed of the breaches made in my conscience, and weary under the light load of ruined honesty which yet remained to me. I no longer possessed a political faith, and one year of disputes had broken, crushed, and reduced to powder, convictions which, having no sure foundations in the past, held out no promise for the future. Exposed to

the continual action of sarcasm and bad example, the gloss of frail morality had become tarnished and lost. I gave myself but two short months to become nothing better than one of those *mercenaries of the pen* who passed alternately from one camp to the other, not in order to sell their courage, but their idleness. Of a truth God snatched me and saved me. He took me from the bottom of the abyss, and carried me in his arms, for I had no longer the power to save myself." If Louis really be a brand plucked from the burning of the lowest abyss, "*tant mieux pour lui,*" the only advice we beg to offer is that he shall get rid, and as soon as possible, of the decidedly *sulphurous smell* which the carnal envelope of his sanctified soul still retains.

At the opening whine of this droll confession, our friend appears to have been fast ripening for matriculation at the College of Cardinals at Rome. At one click of his vibrating pendulum, he was tempted to increase his riches; at the counter click to lament the loss of his early misery. As in mechanics, so in the spiritualities of this eccentric editor of the "Religious World" of Roman Catholicity, the action and reaction were perhaps found to be equal, and conscience remained where confession found it, and nothing more came of the matter until the year of grace 1838. In that year our Wormwood Scrubs hero visited Rome,

bent himself before a cross, kissed the Pope's toe, and, most wonderful to relate, became struck with the grandeur of Christianity as thus feebly developed; melted away into tears (or tallons), and returned to Paris a devout Romanist.

"This was all well enough," says his teasing biographer, "but he still laboured under one very great error. He imagined that Religion could not make her way without *him*, and he took up the cudgels too quickly, in her defence.

"He should have first thrown off the old man, buried himself in retirement and in silence, in order to acquire the Christian accomplishments of resignation, humility, love of his neighbour, and other virtues, with this in particular; the art of *discussion without hatred and venom.*"

Doubtless Veuillot stepped from his Roman bath a very religious man, and as "un religieux qui adore Dieu en grinçant les dents"—a saint who adores his God by gnashing his teeth.

It was at this eventful epoch of the terrestrial existence of the new Saint Louis, that his biographer paid him a visit, which he thus describes:—"I had passed a few weeks (says M. de Mirecourt) at Brie-comte Robert, with an old class-fellow, whose wife directed a ladies' boarding-school.

"On the day of my departure, two of the pupils,

each holding a letter, entreated me to be the bearer of news to their eldest brother, who lived in Paris. ‘Tell him,’ said Annette and Louis Veillot, ‘that we are very happy, but entreat him to come and see us as soon as possible.’ The next day I had the honour to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Veillot, who spoke little of his sisters, but much of his conversion. He revealed the luxury of his recent repentance—said that he had confessed at Rome—that he had kissed the Pope’s toe—that there was but one *respectable sort of thing in life*, namely, the Christian faith (which we, however, knew before he told us)—that his resolution was taken—and that all the talent and energy with which God had blessed him, should thenceforth be devoted to incessant attacks upon the enemies of religion.

“I hazarded the suggestion—Do you not think that the same end might be accomplished by a mild behaviour and persuasive style? ‘Never!’ cried he, ‘never! These people, I tell you, are armed with a triple breast-plate of brass. With them one must employ axe and club; besides, they have *all but* bedaubed me with their impure venom. I abominate them!—I execrate them!’”

“Surely,” says M. de Mirecourt, “every one must have exclaimed with us, on quitting the society of this man—‘Behold! a droll sort of Christian!’”

The process of "conversion" is supposed to be more expensive at Rome than in the Romish dependencies, or *in partibus infidelibus*.

Tractarians should profit by this hint. Veillot, of "the Religious World," is not the first pilgrim, by tens of thousands, who has returned penniless from that holy city, whose founder is said to have been suckled by a she-wolf.

All pilgrims, however, are not so fortunate as to find a martial warrior like M. Bugeaud, ready and able to fasten their poverty upon the taxes of the people. Thus it was that the ever-hospitable alms-house of Bureau-ocracy gave "Saint Louis of the faubourg" a shelter; and between the home minister and the prefect of police, he found a birth to the tune of 1000 francs a-year, as it is said.

Thus aided, he was enabled to publish his "Swiss Pilgrimages," which, being stained by taints and spots of a dye which do not designate modesty of thought or style, evidently prove that the zeal of the new convert was still in process of fermentation, caused by the "working" of the "yeast" of old naughtiness with the new wine of a too recent Roman vintage.

Saint Louis was, and is, in fact, only a *fraction of a saint*. He will doubtless, some day, make a decent relict for some imbeciles of posterity to adore. The "Swiss Pilgrimages" it is, however, but fair to say,

appear to have been one of Louis's last sprees with the world without; for he soon received his congé from the minister of interior and prefect of police, and entered upon his present functions of turnkey to the Inquisition. He, in fact, became man-of-all-work for the "Religious World."

Let Veuillot be judged by the following phrase, which, I take it, was compiled while floundering in the bottomless pit, and from which he tells us that God snatched him:—" *What I regret, I frankly own, is, not that they did not burn John Huss sooner, or that they did not burn Luther at all; but that there is no prince sufficiently pious and politic to stir up a crusade against the Protestants.*"

This was uttered in 1838, and fourteen years afterwards, the hard-hearted saint said—" *that which I held in 1838, I hold now.*"

The whole pack of ultra-pontine and Jesuit wolfhounds hold, and when and where they dare unblushingly avow, the same bloody purpose. The hoary-headed priest, Father Cunbalot, who itinerates over France, belching forth his savage damnations against Protestants and Englishmen, is a man precisely of the same stamp. In this avowal of Veuillot, who speaks by order of the Jesuits—(and everything he writes is approved of by the society)—the whole sum and substance of the present policy of Rome, Austria, Naples,

and, probably, Russia, are most certainly developed. The *vultures* of the north conspire to pluck out the eyes of the *lion*; and they only wait, whetting their dirty beaks, to see if the eagles of France can be induced to join them.

“A crusade against Protestantism” is the last Jesuit’s card; and *it will, if possible, be played*. Of this, hereafter. For the present, I prefer to restrain my pen and to curb feelings which could not, else, remain long uncontrolled, by presenting my readers with the severe criticisms upon Veillot by his fellow-countryman and co-religionist, M. Mirecourt.

“Who is it,” says his acute critic, “who has sought the struggle, and has revived dormant hatred and passion? Is there no course left, but to make an arena of the temple, and to do battle, after the fashion of a prize-fighter, before the high altar? ‘Ah!’ you say, ‘I am attacked, because I am the friend of religion.’ *You lie, sir*. You are attacked, because you are a stirrer up of strife, and *an assassin*. You are outraged, because you commit outrage. The greatest evil of your system is this, that you cause Christianity itself to be befouled with the hatred which is directed against yourself; and in pretending to defend religion, it has received more injury at your hands, than from those of Voltaire himself.”

His indignant opponent then cites from the writings

of Veillot a few of the obscene epithets with which he is accustomed to salute his foes. With these choice samples of wine-shop slang, I will not annoy the reader ; but the curious may see them at large in the volume of M. de Mirecourt.

CHAPTER XI.

Fall of Louis Philippe—Veillot, treatment of the fallen monarch—Revolutionary declaration—Receives orders to write down the republic—De Montalembert a witness to the aim of his own party—Damnatory decree of the late Archbishop of Paris—Impunity allowed to the “religious world”—Questions and answers—A recent schism in the “religious world”—Object of de Montalembert’s future ambition.

DURING the Orleans dynasty, and up to the revolution of '48, the “Univers” affected to support the government of the day; but its influence in Europe was of a very restricted character. No sooner, however, did misfortune befall his patron, than Veillot hastened to give proof of that implacable spirit of treachery and cowardice, from which political priestcraft is never separated. No sooner did the old king fall, than his well-paid protégé took rank amongst his most bitter enemies and dirty calumniators. The converted hair-trigger, of course, whined forth his

pious lamentations in the cant language of his class. "God speaks," shrieked the toe-kissing inquisitionist, "by the voice of events. The revolution of 1848 is an intimation by Providence. *The monarchy* has fallen under the weight of its own sins. *It has no longer any friends.*" [Hit him hard, gallant Louis! thou firebrand plucked from the burning! Hit the old man hard, for "he hath no friends."] "Never has a throne fallen under more humiliating circumstances. Let the French republic but put *the Church* in possession of her liberty, and no better *republicans* will be found than the *French Roman Catholics.*"

Let it be recollected, that this shameless perfidy is not to be viewed as the treachery of a Veillot, young Coquette, Léon Aubineau, Gouadon, Du Lac, his younger brother, Eugene Veillot, Newman, Wiseman, or of any other contributor, avowed or anonymous, to the scandalous calumnies of the "Religious World;" but as the wretched, false-hearted policy of that unnumbered legion of confederates, whose paid agents and representatives these men are. The conspiracy has for its sole object the maintenance of the political supremacy of the King-Bishop of Rome.

Immediately after the fall of Louis Philippe, the "Religious World" thus addressed the faithful:—
"A talented prince, a well-armed throne, a powerful

class to support the supreme authority, and who had eighteen years to strengthen themselves on the throne, have fallen, and to cite the threats of scripture, 'are shattered in pieces like a potter's vessel.' The entire world has recognised the hand which struck the blow, and all have inclined their heads—so terrible, just, and *logical* (*sic!*), has Providence declared itself."

Veillot and his creatures were ordered to treat the fallen monarch and his family with contempt, to flatter and caress the young republic, in order, if possible, to lead the democrats into excess, and, by throwing the state into confusion, enhance the prospects of the church. Priestcraft eagerly seized the *revolutionary torch*, and mad with rage, excited by hope of spoil, though unawed by terror, it ran, and, running, brandished it in the eyes of all people. Let the following ^{*}extract from the "Religious World," of March, 1848, suffice to convince all of the right I have to protest against that anti-social confederacy, of which it is at once the accredited organ and spy.

"A revolt has declared itself at Vienna! Metternich is overthrown. No one in France knows whether, at the moment of our writing, the Emperor is still on the throne. *All know that it cannot be for long.*

"Lombardy is free! Bohemia is independent! Gal-

licia escaped from the bowels of the monster, who had mutilated before swallowing it. All these governments will fall less by force of the shock, than by the weight of their own indignity! *Monarchy dies of age and gangrene!!!*, It hardly remains alive long enough to hear us say, 'We want you no longer—be off.' The blow is, in fact, unnecessary—the threat is sufficient." These were the Robespierre avowals of the now accredited organ of absolute despotism and anointed monarchs, as uttered in March, 1848. On the 13th of October of the same eventful year, this print thus declared itself:—"News of a most grave and unhappy kind arrives from Vienna. The capital of Austria is in open revolt. The Emperor has fled. The Jesuits no sooner found that M. de Lamartine and the friends of order were able and willing to stem the torrent of revenge which appeared to threaten France with another deluge of blood, than they at once saw that they could no longer profit by the force of circumstances. If, by their instigation, the horrors of '93 could have been re-perpetrated in France, these enemies of our race, and of all religion, saw plainly, that the monarchies of Europe must have combined, as one man, to reorganise the dynasty of France, and to place the Count de Chambord upon the throne of his notorious ancestry.

The Carlist priests planted trees of liberty every-

where, with the adroitness of experienced foresters ; and they watered these ill-begotten sprigs with " holy water."

They chaunted and prayed, *ad nauseam*, around these opened graves, where they, in point of fact, interred the ark of freedom, and then planted a poplar tree, to mark the place of its burial. The counsels and remonstrances of the ill-requited patriot, M. de Lamartine, happily prevailed. Democracy was kept within bounds. France was saved from the disgrace of foreign interference, and the tricolor continued to wave at the masthead, almost unsoiled, and never dishonoured.

M. Ledru Rollin, and his unhappy comrades, ran away from the ugly phantom they had themselves invoked : Jesuitism was foiled. Orders were now given from head-quarters, to write down the republic, and bring on some organic change as soon as possible. Jesuitism must needs again become " master of the situation," as our French friends say ; but, for once, the situation promised to be master of the Jesuit. On the 28th of March, it was announced that confidence in the republic was at an end ; and, three days later, he made a species of " amende honorable" to his former patrons, the House of Orleans, by deeply regretting " that blessed time, when, if the elections were corrupt and venal, yet, at least, there was no pretence of acting in the name of liberty."

The standing pie of a republic, with its walls of paste, and vast void within, was fast taking the mould or the rot, and the contest at once assumed another form.

“Two stars having business,” appeared in opposite hemispheres. It was considered expedient that high popery should be ready to fall down before either, or rather, before that which should first culminate, with the best chance of maintaining its altitude. The prayers of the *ultra-pontines* were for a Bourbon, in the person of the Count de Chambord; but as we are authoritatively told, that it is only “the prayers of the righteous which avail much,” it is not to be wondered at if that star soon paled, and became no longer visible. The star of Bourbon never rose above the everlasting fog which envelopes that ill-famed house of royalty. A meteor, however, flashed up into the sky, and the “Religious World” of M. Veillot and his pious confederates was at once ordered to beat to arms, and, under pain of eternal death or temporary purgatory, hail the re-risen star of Louis Napoleon!!

“Le petit Henri Cinq” was laid on the shelf, and there he lies all but ready to be embalmed, if the star for the moment in the ascendant can but eclipse the *ignis fatuus* lantern which speeds its treacherous course across the Pontine marshes.

Let the reader trace the shameless course of this

“brand-plucked” advocate of “Unity” from his mother’s wine-shop in the faubourgs, to Africa, thence to the Pope’s toe, and afterwards, by Orleanism and Republicanism to the imperial position he is now suffered to assume. No sooner did he, who sometime prisoner in France as a *defeated usurper*, arrive as his uncle arrived, to save France herself from rebellion against herself, than the immaculate journalist M. Veillot inclined his head before this new piece of hero worship, and declared “*Buonapartism to be nothing less than the torch of civilization.*”

Such is Veillot, and such is the character of the organ of the church of Rome with the conduct of which he is intrusted. That which the former *gamin* of a wine-shop now is, all his confederates are. His policy is their policy, his intrigues are their intrigues; and when he advocates the “torture,” the “question,” or any other amiable element of the holy office, it is because he is ordered by his masters to do so, and he and they only wait the moment and the place to revive the bloody orgies of priestcraft. These tactics of the high-popery party are so thoroughly understood by the ultra-montanes in general, that it would be both a folly and a crime to conceal the evidence of the fact.

The truth of the charge, that the re-establishment of the inquisition is the grand aim of Jesuitism, does

not depend upon the repeated threats of the "Univers," nor upon the inferences to be drawn from other ultra-pontine writers and preachers. The *evidence of the Count de Montalembert himself is to the same effect.*

The interests of the Gallican branch of the papacy, and of religion in general, as practised by sincere Romanists, became at length so compromised by the scandalous onslaughts of the "*Religious World*," that the Archbishop of Paris was compelled to issue a decree with this damnatory clause:—"*We prohibit all ecclesiastics and all religious communities of our diocese from reading the journal called the 'Univers.'*" Given at Paris, in our Episcopal Palace, February 17, 1853; Marie Dominique Auguste, Archbishop of Paris."*

Far from considering himself vanquished, the intrepid champion of Romish "Unity" returned the Bishop's swan-shot with grape and canister, turned up his nose at the "Father in God," and so continued his naughtiness, that he was summoned to Rome. The criminal, rather than the penitent, appeared before the judgment seat, bowed his head

* Dominique Auguste has fallen by an assassin priest. The first, and please God the only parties commercially and pecuniarily benefited by his murder, were the people of the "Univers," of the religious world.

meechly, and returned, if not with an indulgence in his pocket, at all events with a chuckle on his cheek. He was, in fact, found guilty, but, as the French say, "with extenuating circumstances." Veillot pocketed the papal rebuke, and reappeared at Paris. He now steered on another tack; he left things spiritual, and patronised the carnal. Ill-natured people said that the Pope had just hit the matter off; but the "washed sow" returned to its old wallowings, and this first-class Christian soon became notorious for the *gallant* yet doubtful style which he used when speaking of women; his friends began, in fact, to doubt his sanity, but they who knew him better, only laughed and passed on. Of himself and his devotions he thus speaks:—"At midnight having completed my task, I pass with a quick step through the streets of sleepers, in repeating my *ave* and *pater noster*."

Let Veillot and his confederates pursue their midnight street-walking devotions, it is no affair of ours. The police, I presume, are always on the alert. To the sleepers, I say, *awake! trim your lamps, and watch!* Under this tattered cloak of hypocrisy, a deadly blow is in preparation, under which Protestantism, with its liberty of action and of thought, may stagger, and perhaps fall.

For fifteen long years this European nuisance, the "Religious World," has been permitted to throw off

its poisonous *malaria*, and under the reign of Napoleon the Third, it enjoys an unbridled licence, whilst a polite and enlightened press is gagged, and, in fact, strangled.

If any French Protestant journal were to utter one hundredth part of the obscene blasphemy which the organ of the Inquisitionists spits against the faith and followers of the reformed church throughout Europe, it would be at once silenced ; but the ultra-pontine organ is allowed to blaspheme and insult with impunity.

Sire ! is this as it should be ? The world cries "Shame !" and answers "No !"

The impartial reader will hardly consider that full justice is done to this grave question, namely, the aggressions of Popery, unless it can be shewn that the aim and object of the writers in the "Religious World," and of those who direct the hierarchy of Rome (as regards France), are identical. I admit the propriety of the doubt, and will seek to resolve it. The unanimity with which all Europe receives the "Univers Religieux," as the organ of that hierarchy in whose service it is enlisted as a mercenary, is of sufficient weight to entitle me to call upon an opponent to disprove my position. To prove the negative, however, is not so easy as to believe the affirmative.

Let an Englishman but address himself to any

literary Frenchman, to any publisher, or to any candid priest, and ask him to point out the journal trusted with the secrets, and devoted to the interests and the policy of the Romish hierarchy, the "Univers Religieux" would, without a question, be named.

This might, perhaps, be conclusive for the mere desultory enquirer, and even for a critic; but the rigorous logician has a right to examine premises as well as conclusions, and I shall endeavour to adduce them. A schism has lately occurred in the "unity" of the religious world. A large body of Jesuits, and members of other fraternities, consider that Veillot has exceeded his instructions, and is even likely to injure the fabric which his ill-mannered zeal is employed to sustain. These men recoil, and wish to revoke, for they feel that the world is not yet ready to throw itself at the feet of a spurious Christianity. Diplomacy, entreaty, and threats, have alike failed to alarm Veillot. He sees that he is almost certain to have the game in his own hands, and until the affair resolves itself into a money question, he will probably remain true to the *ultra-pontines*. The college of cardinals, the Bourbon absolutists, and aristocrats, and the clergy who sail under their colours (*when others are not at the mast head*), are in favour of Veillot.

It is generally supposed, that Count de Montalem-

bert and his friends in France, Wiseman and his friends in England and Ireland, represent the party, who, although tacitly approving of all which Veillot has said and written, yet fear to urge on that crusade against Protestantism, which Veillot and the Inquisitionists have *already proclaimed*.

The principle of this holy war is admitted, and it is considered as an inevitable necessity, but the moment is thought to be inopportune. The "intendance militaire" of the apostolic army is not yet organised.

The personal ambition of M. de Montalembert is said to prompt the desire that under another dynasty he may hold the portfolio of "Minister of Public Worship." Perhaps under this cherished "*monarchie centenne*," or "*republique modérée*," this destiny may be acceded to him. In the interest of "the reformed church of France," however, I fervently hope that his ambition may be frustrated.

CHAPTER XII.

The Anglican question—Dramatis Personæ of the Unity Drama—The Abbé de Lamennais—His birth and education—Early doubts and disappointments—His refuge in England—Appreciation of him by a lady of quality—His return and literary success—Prosecuted—Establishment of “L’Avenir” —Father Lacordaire—His early predilections for the Church—Youthful incidents—He abandons the law for the Church—His mother reluctantly consents—Wrong estimate of his Bishop—His visit to Lamennais—His plans changed by the Revolution—Forms one of a triumvirate ; its failure, &c.

THE *Anglican question* is just now a prominent one. M. Charles Forbes de Montalembert, and his comrade Wiseman, know well the Anglo-Saxon temper and metal, and that our race is, perhaps, more open to conviction, and more assailable by logic or persuasion, than any other. But they also know, that, of all the breeds of humanity, it is, perhaps, the most determined foe to *fire and faggot religion*.

The Wiseman and Montalembert party firmly believe that, before long, they will throw down the pillars of the English church, and draw off the British aristocracy to Rome. This done, they and Veillot would make all right again, and the crusade might then be opened.

This temporary breach led to the publication of that rare satire on French journalism—"The 'Religious World' judged by itself." It will be difficult to make this mystery clear to the minds of English readers in general; and as the whole affair is in course of litigation, it would, obviously, be premature to anticipate results. In a short time, the question will be tried. The whole matter is, however, peculiarly popish. Jesuitism, finesse, malice, religious ambition, envy, and hatred, are so intricately interwoven together, that it is impossible to unravel the ill-omened "warp and woof." The details are more easily *personified* than idealised.

There are four famous men, who have played leading parts in this sacred drama, "Unity;" and a glance at their parts and style of acting may, perhaps, develop the "plot," and the better prepare us for the issue. The Abbé de Lamennais, the Count Charles Forbes de Montalembert, Father Lacordaire, the Dominican, and the scribe Veillot, have all been fellow-workmen in the craft of journalism.

The Abbé de Lamennais has gone on before them to that intermediate state which, according to their comforting belief, and if their dogma be true, *has* a "bourne" from which travellers *do return*. He is, or was, in purgatory. At all events, he is no longer amongst us ; but he has left behind him a character for independence, sincerity, and self-sacrifice, which deserves better treatment from his co-"unity"-arians than it has received.

Felicité de Lamennais was born at St. Malo, in Brittany, in the year 1782, within a few years, and a few doors, of the date and place of birth of the renowned Chateaubriand.

The old port of Breton corsairs may thus be termed the cradle of two of the most eminent sons of Romanism which the age has produced. De Lamennais, who, as the prefix indicates, sprang from a noble family, did not, as a youth, evince that taste and aptitude for literature which adorned his maturer years. His mother dying whilst he was yet a child, and his father's fortune wasted by revolutionary disaster, the youth was left to the care of a duenna,* who had little control over his untutored mind and obstinate temper.

It was, indeed, owing to the example and precepts of an elder brother, that the future ornament of his nation, and terror of his church, consented to receive

the elements of religious or secular education. The youth suddenly became a bookworm ; but, thrown by an ill-advised relative of the “ philosophical school ” into a course of speculative study, his character and tone of thought were arranged on a feeble basis. Faith in Christianity formed but a slight element of his moral being ; and it is said, that he positively refused to “ *make his first communion.* ”

To all who know the superstitious Bretons, and the importance that every French woman, child, and priest, attaches to the early performance of this infantine rite, the remarkable stand which the lad made on the threshold of the future, will be looked upon with astonishment. At a later period, he said—“ I will reflect upon the subject, for *I am not, as yet, convinced of the truth of Christianity.* ” This reply, by which he was baptised a hero, drew upon him the jaundiced eye of vexed priestcraft. He plunged again into the depths of study, and, says M. de Mirecourt, “ he asked of philosophy a torch,” but received only light enough to render his darkness the more visible.

He exchanged the dust of the library for the caprice of the world ; from which it appears that he soon returned, with wounded pride, disappointed in love, lamenting over dreams dissipated, and hopes lost.

It was only then, and having attained his twenty-second year, that he consented to enlist under the

banner of his church, by making his "first communion."

His father having died without repairing his shattered fortune, M. de Lamennais and his brother, who had priests' orders, decided to enter the field of literature, as a means of subsistence; and in the year 1808, they published a work entitled—"Reflections upon the state of the Church of France." This—the epoch and régime considered—was a bold step, yet one of promise; for they dared to charge the clergy with ignorance, and to prove that they were not sufficiently united to defend the interests of religion. The police of Napoleon the First interfered, commanded silence, and seized the work. Having received the tonsure, with inferior orders, the Abbé longed to revenge the Imperial wrong; and for this, the restoration of the Bourbons gave him an early opportunity.

The sudden escape of Napoleon from Elba again dashed his hopes; and he became, with so many others, an emigrant and refugee on the hospitable shores of Britain. Whilst in London, he resided under the roof of the Abbé Carron, who directed a school for the sons of refugees. It is said that, introduced by his friend, he presented himself as tutor to the children of Lady Jerningham.

Timid, embarrassed, and his gown all threadbare, *this poor nobleman of genius* presented himself before

that lady of quality. “ She looked, offered him no seat, and dismissed him by saying, that she would reflect.” De Mirecourt adds, that the capricious dame thus laconically framed her vulgar reply :—“ Je ne veux pas de cet homme-la ; il est trop laid, et il a l’air trop bête.”

If my lady was right as a critic of masculine beauty, she was as evidently wrong in her estimate of vigorous intellect.

At the second restoration, De Lamennais returned to France, and composed his celebrated essay, “ Sur l’Indifférence.”

This work established the fame of De Lamennais, and his fellow-townsmen, Chateaubriand, was not slow to recognise his talent and power. Dissatisfied with his mental speculations, disordered in his ideas of hierarchy, original in his theories, and determined in his course of action, the fiery Celt of Brittany published a second volume of his “ Essay on Indifference,” which was adjudged to contain sentiments bordering upon flat^dheresy.

At this period of his career, the champion of freedom of thought boldly presented himself at Rome, where he was caressed and smiled upon by the Pope. [This may be nothing extraordinary, if—as Dr. Wiseman recently announced, in his “ popular lecture,” —“ *the Popes are seldom known to frown*” !] —

It is said that his powers of advocacy were so jealously coveted by the people of the Vatican, that a cardinal's hat was offered him.

The ordained corsair of Brittany refused to strike his adventurous flag, nor would he treat even with the Pope himself.

He nailed his flag to the mast of his rakish cruiser, and sailed forth to do battle against the well-closed squadrons of the church.

His work entitled "Religion considered in its relations to Social and Political Order," drew upon him a government prosecution. He was ably defended by M. Berryer, the "Erskine" of the French bar, and escaped with a fine of thirty-six francs, which was, in fact, an acquittal.

De Lamennais was, nevertheless, dissatisfied; he threatened thunder, and was as good as his word. His volume "*On the Progress of Revolution and War against the Church*" was publicly condemned by the Archbishop of Paris; but the abbé hurled defiance at the prelate, and kept his colours flying.

The revolution of July, and the fall of the old Bourbons, favoured the pretensions of the reformer; and under the sceptre of the Citizen King, M. de Lamennais found his theories well received by the general body of the clergy, and especially by that crowd of sucking divines, who are ever on the watch for some

new and profitable wonder. These rising genii of "unity" hailed M. de Lamennais as a sublime reformer, and publicly declared themselves his converts. It was about this period that two stars, just beginning to twinkle in the troubled firmament of French society, supported the reformer by their influence, and enrolled themselves amongst his disciples.

These stars have since culminated, and may, perhaps, be considered to have *passed* their meridian; but the "miky way" of French genius is often nebulous, and bright weather may yet await them.

Father Lacordaire, the white-robed Dominican, who holds Paris spell-bound by his eloquence, and Charles Forbes, Count de Montalembert, a French peer by the side of his father, English noble by the side of his mother, and D.C.L. by well-merited courtesy of the University of Oxford, allied themselves with De Lamennais.

Under their triune auspices the journal "L'Avenir" was established, and assumed as its eccentric motto, "God and liberty." We must leave the intrepid Lamennais for a moment, and glance at the history of his junior cotemporary and survivor, the Dominican priest. The Church of Rome may be proud of these her sons, for De Lamennais and Lacordaire were men of genius, eloquence, and reflection. De Lamennais might, as another Luther, have thrown the world under

eternal obligations to his fiery genius, had he been born at another period, or even educated elsewhere, and under different auspices. The Breton lad, who, versed in the philosophical speculations of the French school of incredulity, refused, until twenty-two years of age, to make his communion (a form as invariable with his fellow-countryboys of the papacy, as was the assumption of the toga by the youth of Pagan Rome), because "he was not as yet convinced of the truths of Christianity," was a hero born, not made. Voltaire and the Pope were the only alternatives ever presented to his inquiring mind. Voltaire had failed to convince him, the Pope had failed to convert him. Unfortunately for him, and for the world at large, the liquid notes of the silver trumpet of the "natural Reformed Church of France" had never fallen in his ear.

Had this been the case, France might have proved to all posterity that the old valiant race of the Cevenols (the French covenanters), the champions of "the church in the desert," are not extinct. It was otherwise ruled; and the genius of De Lamennais was reserved to prove that, within the pale of "unity," the apple of discord is ever seen rolling, and, like other rolling bodies, be they apples or snowballs, they gather up dust and dirt in their progress.

"Unity" may dwell in some undiscovered Utopia, but it certainly dwells not on the banks of the Tiber or of any of its tributary streams and ditches.

Father Lacordaire still lives, an ornament to his church and eccentric order. I speak of his ability as a writer, his eloquence as an orator, and of his accredited consistency as a Dominican friar. Of his "orthodoxy" I cannot speak, both because I have no clear idea of the meaning of the word, and but a slight belief in its existence as a "*pure active principle*" of theory and practice, and also because the itinerating preachers of the Latin church seldom give their hearers the opportunity for testing them.

Whatever is dogmatically barked abroad by the Cerberus of the cardinals, either as an article of saving faith, or as a damnable heresy, Father Lacordaire would, doubtless, also proclaim or condemn, with the tenacity, and almost the *irresponsibility*, of a Nelson or a Lyons, sailing under "sealed orders."

The mind of Lamennais was cast in a different mould. He must needs see before he would believe; and understand before he would submit.

These two serious men and the lively patrician, M. de Montalembert, were all united together under circumstances so peculiar, yet weighty, and by bonds, which appearing to be the bonds of sympathy, proved, when put to the strain, to be but ropes of sand.

JEAN-BAPTISTE-HENRI LACORDAIRE, the most popular orator of the Gallican church, is a native of the department the Côte d'or, where he was born in the year 1802.

More happily circumstanced than his leader, M. de Lamennais, he received his early education from the pure source of an affectionate and endowed mother, who devoted herself with a martyr's zeal to the education of her four sons. These all arrived at distinction, but have never attained the intellectual fame of the Dominican friar.

He, it appears, fixed his ardent mind, whilst yet a child, upon priestly functions; and at eight years of age was often found reading aloud the sermons of Bourdaloue, imitating the while, from an open window, the action and emphasis of the preachers he had seen and heard; and, like De Lamennais, he was early taken to assist at the daily mass.

Unlike Lamennais, he commenced his classical studies before ten years of age, and was of a mild and tractable disposition.

He is endowed with an energy subdued by discipline; a steadiness of purpose, a profound hatred of injustice, and a large share of moral and physical courage. These qualities, it is said, are in no degree impaired, and his character as a man is no less remarkable than his fame as an orator. The following youthful incidents are characteristic, and might have been regarded as the fore-shadowings of the "coming man:"—

Whilst seated at table in the refectory of his college, he, momentarily, turned aside his head, and his

neighbour "cribb'd" his potage. The injured one demanded satisfaction—a quarrel ensued, and the master interfered.

The equal—and therefore unjust—punishment of "*bread and water for both*," was angrily ordered, the pedagogue refusing to listen to reason. "Leave the table," he cried, "and stand against the wall." The aggressor upon the soup bowl obeyed, but Lacordaire folded his arms, and said, "I will not stir." He was threatened with the "cachot," or condemned cell. "So be it," answered the stripling; "of two unjust punishments, I prefer the heaviest." And to his prison he went.

In 1814, at the opening of the session, his college was divided into two opposite factions, ready to decide the *casus belli* by a general conflict.

Two champions were chosen to settle the difficulty: the one a distinguished engineering officer of the present day; and the other, his future Reverence, the pet preacher of Paris.

The champions fought like lions; and, but for diplomatic intervention, France might, perhaps, have to-day counted one hero, or one orator, the less. His first profession was the law, and his early advocacy gave much promise of future renown. The veteran Berryer heard him plead, and took an opportunity to encourage him. "Good, very good," exclaimed "the

old leader of the French bar ; “you will live to reach the first rank : but beware of the too great facility of speech which you possess.” The profession of the law failed to satisfy him, and he determined, at all hazards, to embrace the church; as the mistress of his future destiny. His friends vainly conjured him to abandon the project, nor could the entreaties of a fond mother influence him. Those instincts, foresight and sagacity, which are simply and solely material, and appear to be strangers to all other elements of earthly sympathy, soon yielded to his desires ; and in the following lines, which it would be violation of a mother’s love to translate, she released him from the law, and presented him at the altar :—

“ Pardonne-moi cher enfant—pardonne, à mon cœur, à ma faiblesse ; j’ai en tort de prendre contre toi le parti du monde, et je te cede a Dieu !”

He immediately applied to his bishop for his *exeat*, or authority to take orders in another diocese, which was at once accorded, with this truly episcopal ignorance of man, manners, and mind :—

“ Ma foi la perte n’est pas grande pour mon clergé ”,
—“ The loss to my diocese will not be much !” Three years later, says his biographer, M. de Mirecourt, upon witnessing the success of the rising preacher, the sagacious bishop said to his vicar-general—“ Do you see that ? I have taken a diamond for a flint. What folly ! Ah ! if I could but recal my *exeat*.”

The primate of Paris, little heeding the regrets of his brother of the crosier and mitre, reserved the diamond to adorn his own episcopal casket.

On the 25th December, 1827, he was ordained priest.

The church within the pale, and the world without, impatiently awaited the moment when this son of a mother's cherished anxieties should mount the pulpit, and assume the responsibility of leading his fellow-men towards the gates of heaven.

Simple in his character, humble, and suspicious of himself, devoted to the profession of his choice, and determined in his resolves, he, for a time, withdrew, and, plunged in the retirement of the cloister, gave himself up to meditation and study.

It is said that he quitted his cell rather discouraged with the view of the world which he had taken from its narrow loopholes ; and that this feeling was much increased by reading the first volume of the " Essay on Indifference," by the Abbé de Lamennais. Thus, and then, did these two celebrated men begin to work together. Identity of profession, brilliant genius, high scholastic education, love of their kind, aspiration after a state of intellectual existence with which neither their church nor the state could endow them, they had, indeed, much in common ; and yet, two coursers were never started together, so little qualified to arrive simultaneously at the same goal.

In 1836, Lacordaire, we are told, paid a visit to Lamennais, at his little paternal domain in Brittany.

The ardent zeal of the Breton kept the genius of his young friend awake, and on the alert; though, it is said, the latter dreaded the consequences which, he considered, must attend a successful warfare against the hierarchy. "You are wrong," said the veteran; "the Pope is in a ditch, and we must haul him out in spite of himself."

Though defeated in argument, Lacordaire would not make an unconditional surrender.

A Roman prelate, stationed at New York, was amongst the guests at the little château, and he offered the young Abbé the position of vicar-general of his diocese, if he would emigrate under his auspices.

The Abbé accepted the proposal, saying—"If I mistake not, it is towards the western hemisphere that civilisation and religion must bend their steps."

This prediction is very remarkable.

His destiny was otherwise ordered. The revolution of 1830 took Paris by storm, and the world at large by surprise.

"To quit France now," said M. de Lamennais, "would be a crime." The young priest yielded, stayed at home, and, in his turn also, took Paris by surprise. At this period, that strange coalition of intellect, honesty of purpose, diversity of character,

and separate range of ambition, was formed, which resulted in the establishment of the Roman Catholic journal, "l'Avenir." M. de Lamennais, M. de Montalembert, and Father Lacordaire, became the leaders of a cohort, which made not only France, but all the Papal territory, re-echo with the varied yet harmonious notes of their wide-mouthed clarion.

The air was attuned to "unity;" but it soon awoke the echoes of discord in the ultra-montane valleys.

The epoch of revolution appears to be the epoch chosen by French genius for *incubation*. Barricades, bullets, and bombast, seem to be the putative layers of golden eggs.

Frenchmen—who, it is said, seldom reflect—always, at such a time, begin to think; and a Frenchman, in his thinking mood, is more vivacious, romantic, and daring, than a Saxon at his own wedding.

The revolution—which threw aside an old Bourbon, to replace him by a younger and a better—found De Lamennais, Lacordaire, and De Montalembert all afloat, and all "at sea" on an uncertain raft, namely, a *flat-bottomed idea*. It was this: that it was practicable to establish an alliance between the *Pope* and the *people*—or, in other words, between the church and democracy.

If an Englishman wishes to realise this moonshtre

sentiment, let him imagine the ample territories of the British crown settled upon George the Third, when old, and the deplorable Feargus O'Connor, as joint trustees for the good of the world at large, each entitled to carry out his trust according to his private views of duty—and the species of “unity” which these “cotemporains illustres” were bent upon achieving, may be guessed at, if not appreciated. This grand administrative difference would still exist, that whilst, in the case of the Guelph and the Chartist, two insane men would be found entrusted with superhuman responsibility; our Gallic triumvirate—men of genius, of education, of a conscientious ambition in social matters, and probably as sane as the average of our race—voluntarily embraced a project, from which humanity at large would recoil, or ultimately fall. De Lamennais, De Montalembert, and the now white-robed Dominican, did not recoil: they went too far and too fast, stunned their heads against the Tarpeian rock, stumbled, and fell.

The staunch old Breton alone “came to again.” His colleagues yet survive, honoured, and unerring witnesses of the fact, that “Unity” is a clever craft in a smooth sea and under a fair wind; let her but “foul” a free sailing vessel, so built as to have a hold on the water, she at once heels over and goes down.

To the promotion of the singular project now under review, these celebrated men lent their names, bent their genius, and ventured their high reputation.

I do not confess myself incompetent to explain, though wholly unable to defend, the theory of a *republican theocracy*, or a *theocratic republic*; but I prefer to waive the responsibility, and to take French authorities as my interpreters with the English reader. By way of parenthesis, and in order to lead one's mind in the direction of the question, we must fall back upon the first dispensation, and suppose that society consents to resolve itself into a kind of patriarchal state.

With this great difference, that not only primogeniture, but even an equal law of inheritance would no longer exist, and, indeed, the title of present possession would be, at best, but a doubtful one. Parks, domains, manors, and royalties would revert to sheep walks, with this disadvantage that every man would have a right to eat, not only his own, but his neighbour's mutton at pleasure.

Thus much for the *earthly* comfort of M. de Montalembert's theocratic democracy—now for the *spiritual*. These were, of course, to be regulated by another measure, and weighed in another balance. The greatest extent of political, social, and neighbour's mutton-eating liberty was to be enjoyed with

the least possible spark of liberty of religion to warm or even to regulate it.

Democracy was to reign uncontrolled by kings or aristocrats, but chained to the Tarpeian rock by fetters forged on the Pope's anvil. God, in fact, (for the blasphemy *must* be viewed in all its length and breadth), was to be king over a nation, or perhaps, an European empire of *chartists*. I do not consider the question, thus treated, as over-stated, because all papists blindly believe that the Pope is corporeally God's personal representative on earth. That, as such representative, as, in fact, God the Father, he, and all who receive priest's orders at his hands, can daily, hourly, or when they will, present to the view of all the faithful, the actual flesh and blood of God the Son, in the form of baked bread and fermented spirit. Read the following recorded fact.

Within this month of December, 1856, it has occurred that a Romish priest discovered that his paste likeness of "Him who is in heaven above" was fraudulently adulterated by his baker, who had substituted potato starch for wheaten flour. The God, thus made, was not considered to be God, and all the children who had received the false god in making their "première communion," were made to partake of another god, made according to the priest's own receipt.

Controversial doctrine is not my object or taste, and I fear to wound “les tiés honorables susceptibilités,” of the Romanists, by apposite, though they be inspired quotations, or one might be tempted to repeat the most biting satire ever penned,—“Yea he kindleth it and baketh bread, he maketh a god and worshippeth it; he burneth part thereof in the fire, with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat and is satisfied. He warmeth himself, and saith Aha! I am warm; I have seen the fire!

“*And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image.*”

So did the unhappy French baker; he roasted part of his pommes de terre, and with the residue he essayed to make a god. The accurate taste of the priest, or the malice of a confederate, discovered the fraud, and all had to be done over again. This is a digression, but corroborates my assertion.

It is to French interpreters of this scheme of a theocratic republic that I promised to refer my reader.

The following reflections of a generally accurate and intelligent writer M. Hippolyte Castelle, will lead the reader to the question in hand. “If,” he says, “it be true that epochs, as individuals, leave the impress of their special character, if ages possess their own proper genius, the nineteenth century will

carry the mark of a double and apparently a contradictory signification. A *disordered imagination* united to an unexampled progress in the knowledge both of the properties and application of matter.

“This disproportion, more apparent than real, we trust, between the aptitude of the present age for the *exact* on the one side and the *metaphysical* on the other, is the result of that violent crisis which exploded sixty years since and in which we are still, plunged.” (The candid writer, of course, alludes to France and the revolution of '89, which most certainly is not even yet complete, but, perhaps, *daily approaches* its consummation):

“The exact sciences and their practical result, material progress, have lost nothing by our revolutions, but have, on the contrary, derived a renewed impulse. Industry has escaped, strengthened and triumphant, from the ruins of the old social system. It will be readily believed that it is not altogether so in matters of policy, of morality, and of religion, since the French as a people, having broken the old frame-work under which they existed sixty years since, have only, as it were, *groped their way* to the upper regions of intellectual progress.

“In this violent separation from the past, the French nation found it necessary to devote itself, not only to the establishment of a national policy, and of

religious and political questions in connection with it, but they have, in fact, and that *twice in half a century, tried every known form of government.*"

If M. Castelle, who is thus the historian, not only of M. de Montalembert, but of the epoch which produced him, be correct in his appreciations, we need be hardly surprised at the confusion of tongues which must have necessarily ensued, when genius or its clustered constellations devoted their quick though immature intellects to the development of a new social system. Of these wonders of the day none was introduced under higher auspices than that now subjected to review—"the alliance between the *Pope*, and the *people.*"

The question is as far as ever from being resolved, and is, perhaps, consigned to oblivion, although some social theorists (amongst whom F. M. Castelle may perhaps be included), appear to think that it still remains to be practically tested. Its essence is this: "*Kings, nobles, and classes are to be swept away as with a basom.*" The people are to remain the sole depositaries of political power, but under the most abject submission to the spiritual power of the pope.

Who will believe that the feudality-patrician M. de Montalembert, the author of the "Political Future of England," formed the one lay member of this triumvirate? Was it for this that Lord Derby (who

can boast of baronies with a pedigree of eight centuries) conferred upon the Count a courteous Oxford diploma of D.C.L. ?

Cursory observers and small thinkers may credulously suppose that the eœcentric idea of a god-republic was based upon a faithful regard for the interests of the French nation, and eventually, perhaps, of the world at large. Nor will I rank myself amongst the first to deny that some fraction of such a motive might exist. Critics in general will, perhaps, more correctly view it as a daring speculation upon the credulity of mankind, and that advantage was taken of a moment of doubt, if not of alarm, to rescue the papal supremacy from the gulf of revolution or from the wreck of nations.

When the last Bourbon fell, it was assumed that all tyrants would soon follow. When France moves in the direction of democracy, despotism everywhere shivers with fear. When France moves in the direction of absolutism, old Europe flatters her, and despotism takes breathing time.

The world at large is pretty well assured that popery, viewed solely as a *political system*, will not, *cannot, survive despotism*. The ultra-pontine savans, till lately, have thought otherwise, and at the period in question seized, as they considered, a favourable interregnum between raging absolutism

and dreaming democracy, to start their speculation. The echoes of the campaign of barricades had hardly died away, and Louis Philippe was not as yet "warm in the saddle," before this *papist revolutionary* flag was unfurled, bearing upon its flaunting bunting the audacious motto "God and liberty." The intrepid triumvirate entered the lists, proclaiming as their errand, the dethronement of "all principalities and powers," those of the people and the Pope alone excepted.

Convinced, as it is said, by the reiterated assertions of De Lamennais, that the Pope would himself sanction doctrines whose object was the infinite increase of his power and the universal triumph of Romanism, Lacordaire, who wielded a vigorous pen, threw himself eagerly into the conflict.

The active spirit of the courtly boy-peer, De Montalembert, found something to whet its ardour and to inspire ambition. Lacordaire thus spoke for himself and his comrades: "We will not suffer ourselves to be any longer abused by vain promises; and to snatch from your hands entire liberty for all, we are ready to fight, and if needs be, to die."

One would think, that now the white robe of the Dominican would "itself incarnadine," if he who wears it reflects on the pastimes of his youth. How Charles Forbes, Count de Montalembert, spake,

we shall presently see, though perhaps hardly believe.

These droll reformers, of the world and conservatives of the papacy waxed bolder, and still more bold, and discussions were provoked which drew from all points of France the screams of a terrified hierarchy.

The suppression of the church budget, perfect freedom of public education, and the liberty of the press, themes skilfully handled, were remarkable for the ultra-doctrines broached by the Dominican friar.

The spirit of the true reformers was, in fact, invoked by men not endowed with the true spirit of reform. The Abbé Lacordaire attempted to clothe himself in double brass, and whilst girt with the sword of the spirit, aimed at wielding the massive club of the law. With this view he thus addressed himself to M. Mauguin, the Bâtonnier, or chief of the body of advocates:—

Paris, Nov. 29, 1830.

“ MONSIEUR le BATONNIER,

“ Eight years since I commenced my career at the bar of Paris, which, after a period of eighteen months, I quitted in order to devote myself to those sacred studies which at a later period permitted me to enter the Catholic hierarchy, and I am now a priest. The

duties which have thus become imposed upon me, first withdrew me from the bar. Great events have since changed the position of the church as regards the world; *she has now need to break the bonds which bind her to the state, and to contract others with the people.*

“It is for this reason that devoted more than ever to its service, its laws, and its worship, I deem it useful to connect myself with my fellow-citizens in following my career at the bar. I have the honour, Sir, to inform you of my intentions, although I can anticipate no obstacles on the part of the rules of the order. If any exist, I shall avail myself of all legitimate means to obviate them.

(Signed) “H. LACORDAIRE.”

An animated discussion arose upon this proposition, and the leader of the bar in vain interposed a kind suggestion that as there was no precedent for the case, a favourable interpretation should be accorded. It was, however, resolved.—“Un avocat devenu prêtre, cesse d’être avocat.” “Once a priest, always a priest.” Few will perhaps dispute the propriety of the decision, and it must also be recollected that the French laity has little sympathy with the priesthood.

The Abbé, however, soon convinced the bar that his early studies had not been lost upon him.

He at once assumed the responsibility of the articles.

in question, and then claimed the universal right of an accused to be heard in his own defence. De Lamennais and his disciple Lacordaire were soon seen seated side by side on the culprit's bench of the Court of Assize to defend a keen philippic addressed to the Bishops of France. The Abbé found himself surrounded by an audience of rare quality, and he defended the "Avenir" with sufficient ability to ensure an acquittal.

This prosecution, like all of its kind, increased the popularity of the journal, filled its coffers, and quickened the audacity of its projectors. They, at once, determined to reduce their theories to practice.

The education of youth was obviously their strong hold, and best ally. In the month of April, 1831, M. de Montalembert, Father Lacordaire, and M. de Coux hired an apartment in the Rue des Beaux Arts, for—"the education of the children of the people." Unfurnished with a scholastic diploma for their singular vocation, they were ordered to close the school.

To refuse compliance was, of course, the opportunity sought for, and was the true democratic policy. It soon occurred, and is thus described by an eye-witness, M. de Loménie, the popular author of "Cotemporains illustres."

The scarf-girt commissaire of police entered the school, ordered the masters to be silent, and the pupils

to disperse. "In the name of the law," cried brief authority, "I summon the children present to withdraw." The spirited Abbé Lacordaire turned towards the children, and said—"In the name of your parents, whose authority I hold, I order you to remain." The summons and its counterpart were repeated three times; the *gamins*, of course, patronized the Count and the Abbé, and refused to budge. They, for once in their lives, had the chance of sneering at the police, and were not slow "to accept the situation," and profit by it.

The police of course conquered, and all, Abbé, Count and plebeians, were obliged to submit. Seals were placed on the doors, and the right noble, and very revered masters found their names on the police sheet.

Whilst the prosecution was pending, the father of the Count died, and M. de Montalembert was called to the Chamber of Peers, although too young to be endowed with a vote.

The spirited young Count was hardly likely to lose the opportunity, he therefore adroitly removed the process to the Chamber of Peers, there to be judged by his "order."

From that exalted tribune the merits of the question and the general scheme were so displayed as to rivet the attention of the public mind; with this

obvious disadvantage that they had to bear the full weight of a public criticism which weakened their force and impeded their progress.

The maiden-oration of the young peer was adroitly delivered, and well received.

His main argument is reported to have rested upon an assumed identity of *public instruction* with *public worship*.

On this datum he contended that he and his co-accused had a full right to say to the city police, on entering to disturb their gratuitous school, that which a priest would oppose to any public force which should violate the sanctity of his church. "The house of God is always open, especially to the misled. So soon as the robe of authority, or the scarf of the police commissioners intrudes upon our labours, we are entitled to say, 'Depart hence, this building is neither yours nor ours, it belongs to God; here, at least, you and your gens d'armes have no right to enter.'"

The peroration of the young orator took the Peers of Louis Philippe by surprise: "Whilst so greedy of glory—you should be less avaricious of liberty."

M. Guizot, it is said, criticised the oration as charged "with prodigious liberty of speech."

The chamber inflicted but a slight fine upon its youthful ornament, and his intrepid colleagues; but the supreme master of all the ceremonies, Pope Gre-

gory, (notwithstanding Wiseman's joke that the Popes never frown,) looked black upon all the culprits.

By an encyclical letter he declared the articles in the "Avenir" to be "edited in a spirit of wickedness, without restraint, a science without modesty, and with an unbridled licence of utterance."

The culprits had incurred the profitless expense of a journey to Rome in order to stay the wrath of "theocracy;" but failing to obtain an intelligible decision upon their affair, they returned to Paris with the full intention of renewing the campaign, when the thunders of the above-recited decree reached their affrighted ears. We are told that the indignation of the intrepid de Lamennais exceeded all bounds. The Abbé Lacordaire and the noble "chevalier sans peur sans reproche," proved that discretion was the better part of *their* valour—they submitted and fled.

"The two who fought—and ran away,
Now live;—may fight another day.
He (who though not in battle slain)
Is dead;—*he cannot fight again.*"

The heroic character of him who has fallen, can hardly be dismissed with a Hudibrastic epitaph. It merits special notice, and I trust my reader will look kindly on a feeble attempt to do justice to the memory of this truly remarkable man.

His character was based upon the solid foundation of personal conviction, inflexible tenacity, and heroic courage. His biographer, M. de Mirecourt, (who is not over-partial to the object of his memoir,) says, that in the fifteenth century he would have bound himself to the martyr's stake with John Huss, rather than deny his convictions. M. de Mirecourt is probably correct, and had the old Breton taken "Peace on earth and good-will to all men" as his motto, and had he *accordingly* embraced the doctrines of "*the national reformed church of France*," he would have not only left a name, but a train of blessings behind him, of which it is, obviously, impossible to make a just appreciation. The Pope's party, who flattered him in life, have blackened him in death, and in a very treacherous manner.

The closing scene betwixt himself and his intimate colleague the Dominican friar, after their return from Rome, is so illustrative of the character of each, that it hardly can be passed over. No sooner did they receive the damnatory letter of the Pope, than the feeble disciples of "the great Lamennais" besought him to throw himself at the foot of "God," kiss its toe, and cast "liberty" to the winds. "Submit! submit!!" they cried. He repulsed them with scorn—clenched his fists; and said—"Never!"

His brother (a priest) arrived from Brittany, and

joined his supplications to those of the others. M. de Lamennais turned his back upon his brother, and a deaf ear to all his entreaties. The sincere brother, and, more than brother, friend, insisted, again supplicated and wept. Oh! my brother he said with sobs, ‘ Will you then become a heretic? ’

“ The suffering hero, perhaps a martyr, shrugged his shoulders, seized a chair, and seated himself in a corner with his face towards the wall.

“ He thus remained two hours without uttering a syllable, and without noticing his brother, who still spoke, and still wept.”

The next morning, M. de Lamennais, as was the custom, said mass. At the moment of his quitting the altar, (the spirit of Ignatius must have suggested the time and place,) the Abbé Gerbet and the Abbé Lacordaire made a friendly assault upon his nervous temperament, already over-stretched. Lamennais now approached his sixtieth year. “ They both fell upon their knees beseeching the victim of conviction to return to the fealty of the church.”

“ Withdraw yourselves,” he passionately exclaimed ; “ to advise me thus is treason. You may desert me if you will—I will advance alone.” “ And you are determined ?” asked Lacordaire—“ I am determined.”

“ In that case, may God save you ! Adieu ! All is now finished between us.” And the disciples quitted

their master to see him no more." It is said that the Archbishop officially attempted to interfere, and promised the old hero a cardinal's hat as the reward, or rather price of submission. The offended De Lamennais showed a praiseworthy imitation at this species of priestly cajolery, but at length consented to sign an amnesty, saying to the primate, as he did so, "I sign that the *pope is God*; but I do so in order to obtain peace!" He quitted Paris and retired to his well-loved paternal home in the solitudes of Brittany, where he remained unknown and almost unthought of. His mind was not one of these easily *wiped out*, like ink under a sheet of blotting-paper. The man could not live without thinking, and thinking deeply. And he soon proved this; for he shortly afterwards published his "*paroles d'un croyant*," whose thunders shook every confessional in Europe. Nor did the Vatican itself escape the vibration.

"*Look on this picture!*" *Ignatius to the life!*

"The night was dark—the starless heavens weighed heavily upon the earth, as a slab of black marble upon a tomb. And the silence of that night remained undisturbed, unless, indeed, by a strange noise like a flapping of wings, which from time to time fluttered over the towns and fields. Then the darkness rapidly thickened, men paled with fear, whilst a cold tremor coursed through their veins.

“ In a vast hall, robed in black, and lighted by a tall red lamp, *seven* men clothed in purple, with crowns on their heads, were seated on seven iron thrones. And in the midst of the hall arose a throne built of men’s bones; and at the foot of the throne was a cross dashed down, and before the throne a table of ebony; and upon the table a vessel filled with blood, all red and clotted, and by its side was a human skull.

“ The seven men, with crowns on their heads, appeared thoughtful and sad; and from the hollow orbits of their evil eyes sparks of a livid hue flashed across the scene.

“ And one of them arose, staggered towards the bone-built throne, and placed his foot on the thrown-down cross; but his limbs quivered, and he appeared to sink into the earth. The six crowned men, moved with fear, regarded him with fixed attention, but with emotion. They made no movement, but an unearthly frown passed over their brows, and then a smile, but an inhuman smile, contracted their pale lips.

“ He who had already trampled upon the cross, extended his hand, seized the bowl of blood, poured it forth into the human skull, and *quaffed the blood*. The draught appeared to endow him with resolution; and lifting up his head, he cried, with a loud voice;

‘Cursed be Christ! who brought liberty back to our earth.’” *

This picture, drawn by the hand of a master of fifty years standing at the altar, and on the verge of the grave—is it intended as a reflection of the past, or as a foreshadowing of the future? *I believe it to partake of both.* The past cannot be recalled, but it may be profitably used as a warning. The future is an unwritten book, it is true; but the beldam who presides over the orgies of the “holy office,” in her wild fits of spleen and rage at times, throws her obscene leaves to the winds. This picture would well illustrate one of those evil pages, which are at this moment carried by the fitful gusts of political events across all Europe.

I pretend not to the absurdity of being able to reveal, much less to discover, and I scorn to invent. I

* Impromptu by a girl of sixteen, on reading the original of the “Incorporation of the Society of Jesus” and the Inquisition:—

Behold this cup, a martyr's skull,
And filled with martyrs' blood,
Towards which *he* bends his falt'ring steps
To quaff its crimson flood.

Drink, VEUILLOT! let thy soul revive!
Call down the curse profane,
On *Him* who to our trampled earth
Brought freedom back again.

still have means of knowing something of that which is passing in the ill-managed councils of the present conspiracy against the dynasty of France—against the alliance between France and England—and against the progress of Protestant reform.

The wild notion of a “god-governed republic” (which had Charles Forbes, Count de Montalembert, for a sponsor) burst in the air like a soap-bubble. Another lather has been mixed, and another bubble more floats in the air. Its hues are livid, like the sparks thrown off from the hollow eye-sockets of De Lamennais’ iron-crowned kings ; but they are bright, and to some, perhaps, dazzling.

The cry is no longer “God and liberty.” The infernal pass-word is “*God and despotism.*”

Are there no crowned heads linked together, seated on iron benches, now frowning with rage at the feeble efforts of Liberty to cast off its “slough”—now smiling with a devil’s delight at the staggering steps of their Mercury, the “*Univers Religieux,*” yes, the “*Religious World,*” edited by Louis Veuillot, as he tramples upon the thrown-down cross, quaffs the blood of martyrs, and cries, “Cursed be that *simple form* of Christianity which brought ‘peace on earth and goodwill to man!’ and doubly cursed be that Protestant Reformation which destroyed feudality and worked the resurrection of civil and religious liberty ! !”

Having looked upon this picture of the accursed inquisition, and of an inquisitor cursing, because its progress has been impeded by the Reformation and the re-establishment of *pure Christianity*, let the reader look on "this." It is found in the "Paroles d'un Croyant" (Words of a Believer), and is only separated by a few pages from the other, and penned by the same master-mind.

"When you have prayed, do you not find your heart lighter and your spirit more contented ?

"Prayer softens affliction, and purifies pleasure.

"Who and what are you on the earth, and have you nothing to demand of Him who placed you here ? You are journeying towards another country. Walk not with the head depressed ; you must raise your eye in order to be sure of the road. Your proper country is heaven ; and when you look towards it, is there nothing which moves you ? Is there no desire which presses you forward ? or is all desire deadened ? But there are some who will say, 'Why should I pray ? God is too elevated to listen to us his mean creatures.' And who then has made his creatures thus ? who has given them the sentiments, the idea, the power of expression, if it be not God ? A father knows the wants of his children ; but is it on this account that a child should never have a request to make, or thanks to offer his father ?

“ When the animals suffer through fear or hunger, they utter their plaintive cries.

“ Man, then, is he to be the only created being whose voice may never reach the ear of his Creator? A hot wind at times passes over our fields, and dries up the grass, and we see its blade bend towards the ground; but softened by the dews of heaven it regains its verdure and raises its drooping head. There are burning winds, too, which pass across the human heart and wither it. Prayer is the dew by which it is refreshed.”

I feel myself incompetent to criticise these sentiments, but shall not refrain from submitting to well-deserved contempt the fallacy denounced by M. De Mirecourt, who has written the life of this ill-used man.

“ At the time when M. De Lamennais composed this book, the spirit of evil, and his good angel by turns, fought within him. It is for ever to be deplored that it was Satan who conquered.” And again: “ God had crowned his brow with the golden rays of genius. All the splendours of intellect lighted up his soul. Alas! deprive the brightest and the purest of the angels of his immortal crown of submission and of purity, all that remains is—Satan!”

The two pictures I have presented are certainly, to a great extent, reflectors of the genius of De Lamer-

nais. In the first he envelopes Rome in its own inquisition darkness. The cross of Calvary reversed and trampled upon—the throne set in the bones of the martyrs, and cemented with their blood. The Inquisitors drunk with the same blood, and their infernal curses on Him who came to redeem our race, are some of the plagues of Roman devilry shadowed forth as by the pencil of a Rembrandt.

The second picture has the serenity, the purity, the depth, and all that “*resurrection*” glow of a sun-set by Claude, which seems to augur “*a bright rising again.*”

It is, in fact, a picture of refined, trustful, clean-beasted piety, and, for humanity, is an *immaculatre conception*.

Rome, however, (with a smile of course since “Popes are never known to frown,”) belched forth new thunders against the “Words of a Believer,” and as soon as the operation allowed the deranged pulmonary system full play, favoured us with this criticism: “The book in question, though small in bulk, is terrible in its malignity.”

The proud De Lamennais, with the true tenacity of a Breton, heroically refused submission; and “was declared—a heretic.”

As the venerable genius approached his end, every effort, it is said, was made to induce him to enter the

valley of the shadow of death by the dim uncertain light of *essential* oils, *Roman candles*, and the *twinkling symbols* of the "*Sacristie*."

He preferred to find his way by the still waters, and the green pastures of pure Christianity; his soul (rather than his *extremities*) was already anointed with other oil, and the wings of a dove were perhaps in waiting for him, by which he could fly away from the insolent intrusions of priestcraft, and at last find a place, "but a little lower than the angels."

De Lamennais, the white robed-friar Lacordaire, the eccentric de Montalembert, and the ferocious inquisitionist Veillot, are the representatives of the present generation of Roman Unity in France.

The works, the genius, and the memory of De Lamennais will, doubtless, survive the early oblivion which may await his comrades, and let the reader allow the following posthumous prayer of the heroic priest to shed its hallowed eloquence over his tomb. It appears that the parents of a young child requested the old man to prepare a short *oraison*, suitable for an infant's mind. He presented one, with many apologies for its imperfection. The world is indebted to the conductors of that inestimable magazine, "*Le Magasin Pittoresque*," for its posthumous publication.

Its beautiful simplicity, and "suffer little children?"

kind of homage, which breathe in every line, would have made De Lamennais worthy of a place in the saint's calendar, if either there was one *vacant*, or one worth his having:—

“ O Jesus ! Thou hast said; ‘ Suffer little children to come unto me.’ I come to Thee. I pray Thee to shed Thy spirit abroad in my heart—to implant within me the love of my Father, who is in heaven, and of my brethren, who are on the earth, for he who loves, fulfils the law. O Jesus ! bless the little child who now prays to Thee, and bless the parents Thou hast given me, that, after this present life, we all may one day be found together, surrounded by love, and the joys of love, in that life which has no end.”

M. de Mirecourt finds his fellow Romanist, M. Veillot, to be “ a dull sort of Christian”—and he is right.

I find M. de Lamennais to be a very droll sort of “ heretic”—let the unbiassed reader decide.

The Count de Montalembert and Veillot are, I trust, separated by that broad line which divides malevolence from benevolence, and the modest desire to convert by persuasion—or, more happily, by good example—from the bloody process of the Inquisition. They are nevertheless, the avowed leaders and accredited representatives of the two grand religious sects, which constitute Roman unity.

The Count represents the ultra-montane and high-popery sect. The other man is the herald of the ultra-pontine or inquisition sect.

The object of this little volume is not only to shew, 1. That France is at this moment charged with the elements of political revolution, and that the crisis is at hand ; but, secondly, That they who work the *political machinery* of the papacy are preparing to make a final stand, and, in alliance with despotism, to proclaim "a Protestant crusade."

At no period of our previous and separate history has the question of an impending French revolution found the British government and nation so deeply interested in the result, as at this moment. The question of a continued alliance has been discussed with a venom and malignity at once without precedent and without bounds.

Had the controversy been carried on by the two governments in the spirit which the press, on both sides, has manifested, a rupture, both serious and opprobrious, must have occurred. The public press has both its rights and its duties ; but neither include the power to make, or to break, international alliances at pleasure. This, however, is not now the question. It is to be hoped that Britain will pause, before she again becomes the champion of despots, rather than the friend of their slaves. Whatever Russia may

aspire to be or to do, we may almost remain sure that purely British interests will not be the first to be attacked, or the British shores the first to be invaded. When Russian heroes again set forth on their travels, let them come farther west, before we go so far east ; and let all Germany be ready to prove its valour, before we offer our strength. It is a question for Europe, as a whole, rather than for France, and especially for Britain, as a part ; and so let Europe be taught to consider it.

The motives which have induced the French press to take up the alliance question, as a vehicle for insult and reproach towards Britain, have little to do with the merits of the question. It is a pure Carlo-Jesuits' move, and is but little understood.

The only Parisian daily journal, which is alike independent of the government and of venality, is the "Siècle." This newspaper deserves the attention and respect of all politicians ; it may not be faultless, but it is never malicious. It is called republican ; but this is not always evident, for its politics are frank, loyal, and judicious. If it has occasion to reproach our statesmen, it is always with amenity, and generally with justice. It is a journal which disdains hypocrisy, and is remarkable for talent, acute criticism, and enlarged views. The other Parisian journals are, for the most part, as much in the pay and interest of individuals, or of associations, as our own agricultural,

medical, and other journals, are paid and supported by their respective patrons.

These anti-alliance "penny-a-liners" are, almost without exception, in the pay of the revolution plotters, and their froth is blown off against the alliance, as their chief means of attacking the Emperor. If it were a question of patriotism or of the public weal, it might be borne with; but it is not so. The Bourbon revolutionists—be they of the elder or of the younger branch, or of that splendid emblem of confusion, the fusion confederacy—are the authors of this mischief.

They are determined to keep what that noble-minded Protestant nobleman, the Count Agenor de Gasparin, calls "*the Russian principle*" afloat. That principle is the inflated anchor-buoy of absolutism and the inquisition.

"When that bubble shall burst, despotism must fall, and the inquisition be damned."

These miserable prints, and their masters, receive no support from the nation at large; and the surest method of reducing the braggarts to silence, is to leave them alone.

The "Univers Religieux" of Veillot is the chief organ of the party. Its confederates are the Assemblée Nationale of the fusionists, and the "Correspondant," which is the organ of M. de Montalembert and the *con*-fusionists.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Count and his party's designs on "Young England"—Objects of English residents abroad in establishing diplomatic relations with Rome—Fall of the profession of diplomacy—Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon's success as diplomatists—Anticipations of a British Embassy at Rome—Familiarity with Irish interests—The Pope's claim to infallibility—The "Index Expurgatorius"—Prediction of a new epic poem—Effects of Wiseman's "aggression"—England's indifference to Romish temptations—Foreign agitator's designs on England, through Ireland—O'Connell's bequest of his heart—English liberality coldly acknowledged—Exclusive operation of French liberality in the Irish Famine—Other nations contrasted.

THE critical reader of "the Political Future of England" will easily perceive that the work is written in the pure interest of the papacy, and with a view to the degradation of Britain. Since his separation from the gifted Lamennais, Father Lacordaire, and others, this truly eccentric theorist has never found a "point d'appui" for his world-heaving lever. Afraid of "progress," which appears to trouble him with some-

thing akin to a *coup de colique* or a *coup de colère*, he has backslidden into the slough of feudality and tradition.

To this dreamy state of existence, he and his friends evidently wish to attract the rising youth of England. Under the emasculating influences of cloister learning, cloister virtues, and, especially, cloister vices, the intrinsic excellencies of our national character must be lost.

These speculative genii who, as we have seen, thought to establish a god-democracy, still hope to see the British lion quietly resting his *too sleepy* head on the Pope's high-scented toe. The amiable Count and his co-religionists would gladly save us from the horrors of the Inquisition as it now exists in Italy, Spain, and elsewhere ; but they have schemes in hand and in part developed, which demand all our energy and tenacity to combat and destroy.

There are two leading features of their malign influences which are at this moment in active operation.

1. The establishment of diplomatic relations betwixt the Court of St. James and that of *St. Peter*.
2. Increased political power and state concessions to British Catholics, including the entire independence of Convents and Monasteries, and their exemption from the right of search.

Upon the diplomacy question it is not now difficult to form a satisfactory opinion.

The *pettish* and illogical mode in which its rejection by the British parliament is treated by the Count de Montalembert, is fair presumptive evidence that such rejection was both opportune and well advised. His sneer at Lord Eglintoun, whom he impertinently styles a "Scotch fanatic,"* clearly demonstrates to all who know the man and his party, that a hostile thrust has been parried.

Since the parliamentary discussion of this question, the public eye has been so painfully fixed on diplomacy in general, and its incapacity to promote international welfare, that one can hardly wish to disturb the Anglo-papal estrangement which now happily exists.

They who would at all hazards carry out the project, may be thus classed: 1. The aristocracy and gentry who are themselves Romanists, or allied by marriage to those who are.

2. They whose ample fortunes enable them, or whose disinclination for social duties tempts them, to reside abroad.

These men would wish to see established at Rome, or anywhere else, an official, with state-supported equipage and retinue, who could minister to their indolence, open doors of society elsewhere closed against them, and otherwise aid an expatriation injurious to them as fathers of families, and, let it be added,

hardly graceful to them as British citizens. The wishes and objects of these men deserve no attention whatever, and although most incompetent to advise, they are allowed an influence for which their boldness and presumption form no qualification. There is still another class: liberal-minded men, whose Protestantism and patriotism are alike above suspicion, but who think that opposing interests are mutually improved by occasional contact, as outward asperities are diminished by friction.

The opinions of these men merit a profound respect; but if there be any subject upon which they are less entitled to be obeyed than another, it is certainly this. Their honest, frank dispositions, "clean breasts," and the love of fair-play inherent to our race and nation, induce the belief that they would be received at Rome in the same spirit with which they would approach it. The upright counsel of these men, who know nothing of Machiavelli or Loyola, or even Talleyrand, dictates "try it, and if it fails, abandon it." To such advocates it would be but lost time to say that the trial would be a delusion; and that if it did not end in a positive snare, we should at least make no advance beyond our present position.

There is still another class, small in point of number, but said to be on the increase. Young men of family, sometimes of high lineage and education, offer

esteemed for their private worth, and who cannot (as yet) be accused of any desire to throw off their allegiance to the crown. Their position, in some degree isolated, is hardly enviable, because operated upon by their Romish tendencies which they take no pains to disavow; they are regarded by many as ready to barter away the solid rights and honest garbs of citizens for the flimsy gauze of saints. There are, it must be admitted, many of this class, who have openly renounced the pure reformed faith, and have fallen into the lap of Rome. It is also presumed that by the same act they have for the most part actually exchanged their allegiance to the *Queen-mother of many nations* for a miserable subjection to a very old lady, by some ungallantly termed the "mother of harlots."

To these men an enlarged field of political and personal ambition would be opened out, and, indeed, were the Pope once acknowledged as a secular power, endowed with the prerogatives of royalty, and allied by diplomacy to our Sovereign, Wiseman and their aggressionists would consider their mission as achieved.

It is, however, highly satisfactory to know that it is an Englishman by breed, education, and, it is to be hoped, loyalty, who is always preferred by our government as a medium of communication in matters relating to Rome. "The Cardinal" is never noticed by the executive, and Dr. Grant enjoys the precedence

he justly deserves. I have full authority for saying that this plan of action is highly appreciated by the Jansenists, or Fénelon school of the French clergy. The patrons of Dr. Wiseman in France are wholly limited to the people connected with the journals of Veillot and M. de Montalembert, and to certain ecclesiastics in Normandy, who are confederates in his Convent and Nunnery speculations.

They who know the ambitious character of our red-hat, can better understand the severity than the extent of his humiliation. To these well-wishers to the cause of Roman diplomacy, or Machiavellism, may be successfully opposed, that solid phalanx of our true-hearted clergy, and lion-hearted laity of all Protestant communions, who to a man would repudiate the political degradation.

The profession of diplomacy itself is, however, an advocate on our side. It can only be ranked amongst the occult sciences. Few have ever excelled in it, and at the same time won the respect of mankind, and of posterity. "*Unknown, it was supposed to be magnificent.*" Now that it is probed, dissected, and exposed, it has fallen to its merited level. The conferences at Vienna must have been a hard trial for the nerves, wit, and judgment of even so practised a statesman as Lord John Russell. His life has, however, rather been passed in helping to reform abuses,

than to gloze falsehood, practise cunning device—and fraud, or flatter, fawn, and betray. A good diplomatist, and a worthy citizen—a clever plenipotentiary, and a frank man of business, are by no means convertible terms. At the Paris conference, again, Great Britain was represented by a high-minded nobleman, whose character, virtue, and talents, are hardly less the property than the honour of his country; yet, never was a public man found to be so little “master of the situation” as Lord Clarendon at that “board of green cloth” rather than of green statesmen. His only chance was, that the interests of the majority of those assembled, and of those whom he had the high and deserved honour to represent, were identical.

Lord John Russell at Vienna, and Lord Clarendon at Paris, were happily placed in comparison with the position either would occupy at the table of the Cardinals at Rome. No Protestant could be found equal to the finesse, double dealing, and adroitness of those high professors of Jesuitism. On the other hand, *no political papist* could be found, to whom the nation would consent to confide a mission for which a spotless British allegiance would be the very test and touch-stone.

The policy of Wiseman, the Count de Montalembert, and other ultra-montanes, at all events, and at all hazards, to strengthen the secular arm of the

papacy. The frank and open tactics of the predominant Protestant nation of the Eastern hemisphere form a breakwater against which the "armadas" of Rome have frequently be-folded themselves, and yet behind which a harbour of refuge is always found alike open to, and resorted to, by the *world's refugees*.

The order of political papists vainly considers that by the renewal of Italian diplomacy, an unsuspected snare might be constructed for entrapping the "Queen of heretics" within the ever-hungry jaws of their she-wolf.

The late war has abundantly proved how soon international differences may be generated by the malice, the stupidity, or even the ignorance of diplomacy. The tales of blood and horror which have resulted from that contemptible system of diplomacy, which has long ruled the destiny of the European family of nations, could be alone unfolded by the archives of Jesuitism, or the confessions of the condemned. Where, I ask, within the confines of Britain could a man be found honest enough to be entrusted with our national interests, and also knave enough to be a match for "the spirit of death," as M. Michelet so aptly styles the Society of Jesus? For a brief space all would be allowed to glide smoothly along; facilities for Protestant worship would be conditionally granted; the newly-created embassy would have its little lot of

chaplains, the British residents their own, and those clergymen, in order to make "things pleasant," would, probably, be selected graduates of the school at Cuddesdon.

Under the shelter of a gay and pompous retinue, the British Embassy at Rome would become the centre of attraction for tourists, loungers, and that large swarm of honey-sucking bees who would hail with pleasure any vicarious kind of religion.

Ladies, as those of the Talbot strain, who prefer Italian Princes, pious and poor, as the partners of their bed and board, would find a splendid field of enterprize open to them, before which, indeed, the Universities of the olden time, and India of a recent epoch, would appear as nothing. The gain to the papacy would be immense, and, indeed, incalculable. Multitudes might shoal away like sprats across the channel, under the safe conviction that religion formed no part of their baggage whilst *outward* bound.

They would, perhaps, return *heavily ballasted* with dearly-bought indulgences, foot-sore with pilgrimages, and redolent of the highly-scented odours of Italian confessionals. In the words of our eccentric Count, "they would find their souls inundated with the softest and sweetest emotions."

When all should be gained, which art, device, and the essence of Jesuitism could accomplish, another

sort of campaign would be opened, and the Roman semaphore, stretching its black and brawny arm towards the pontine marshes, would call up the Inquisition—"spirits from that vasty deep," and to whose possible inspirations I will presently invite my reader's attention.

The Italian diplomacy was not re-established.

"Dieu ne l'a pas voulee," the Count says. The Count ought certainly to be an authority, if his friend the Pope be really the representative of God on earth. He is, of course, infallible. Moreover, the Pope represents *unity*—the Count is also a part, an atom, if you will, but still a part of this same unity. God, according to this immaculate dogma, being Pope—and Pope being God. The Pope being also unity, and the Count De Montalembert (French by the side of his father, and English by the side of his mother) being also an atom of unity, the Count is, of course, an atom of the Pope, but the Pope according to Rome, is God. To carry the reasoning further might not be illogical; but it would be what the Count designates Protestantism—a blasphemy. It would result in the inference that the lively and talented, but infatuated Count, is not only an atom of unity and a fraction of the Pope, but a part and parcel of Deity, "which is absurd," and was *not* to be demonstrated. (Q.E.(N.)D.)

- “Dieu ne l’a pas voulu.” Well, then, if God the omnipotent “*did not will it,*” his vice-gerent on earth must, of necessity, have the same will. There is no escape from this. An illustration occurs at the moment, with which the Count, by political confederacy, is familiar. It is “native here—and to the manner born.”

The ill-concealed trenches which for years he and his friends have been digging in the subsoil of Ireland, in order to treat us to some awful explosion, which shall blow Protestantism into the air, prove that with Irish interests they are familiar.

The knowledge thus obtained has been shamefully abused, and Irish interests most unmanfully tampered with. Amongst other things, they, therefore, know that the administration of Ireland is confided to a viceroy. He is, to all intents and purposes, “*vice-gerent,*” and royalty itself, in his person, sits enthroned at Dublin.

The assumed position of the Pope, as regards Rome and Romish Christians on the one hand, and God in heaven on the other, and the *real position* of the vice-gerent in Ireland, as regards our sister country on the one hand, and the crown of England on the other, are almost identical in character.

With this exception, that the Romans claim for the late Bishop of Ancona (previously, it is said, a

soldier), but now Pope Pius IX., the divine attribute of infallibility ; and it is, therefore, impossible that his will and the will of the Supreme (whom *Protestants* consider to be the only infallible being in the universe) can be opposed to each other. Infallibility can neither add to nor detract from infallibility. To proclaim and believe that any human being is infallible, whether male or female, whether it be Pope Innocent III. of execrable memory, or Mary of ever-blessed memory, is to proclaim and believe that the one is a god and the other a goddess.

The Earl of Carlisle carries *his* vice-gerency, as he always carries himself, with grace, subjection, and dignity. He claims no super-royal powers. If a sense of duty should be found to clash with the commission he so gracefully bears, he would restore his vice-sceptre to the fountain of honour, and return to his original state of allegiance and citizenship.

“It was not the will of God,” sighs forth the dejected ultra-montane ; and before he can reinflate his lungs, adds—“THE SPIRIT OF EVIL PREVAILED.”

What species of orthodoxy is this, I would ask of our aristocratic atom of unity? “God did not will it”—and the Pope being God, must have really been of the same opinion. But God is omnipotent, God is infallible, and therefore the Pope is also o*****t and i*****e. And yet against

omnipotence, against infallibility, "the spirit of evil," *that is, of course, the devil prevailed.*

"Paradise Lost" is, with "Tyndale's Bible," and many other books worth reading, and fit to be read, placed upon the "Index Expurgatorius;" but the Count here lays the foundation of another epic—a *second* edition (*though hardly improved*) of Paradise Regained. The Count has made the devil either the conqueror or the ally of the God of heaven. "The spirit of evil prevailed." "God did not will it."

Of two things, one—the spirit of evil—was found fighting against God, and "prevailed," or he who reigns in hell *allied himself* with Him who "rides upon the wings of the wind."

And *thus allied, "prevailed."* French literature is, as yet, said to be unadorned with an epic poem worthy of the genius and language of France. The Count De Montalembert, who occupies one of the forty *easy* chairs of the Academy, and is D.C.L. (by courtesy) of the university founded by Alfred the Great, has evidently enough "savoir faire" to construct the plot, if he be endowed with genius to develop it. "Arma virumque cano"—"Arms and the man I sing, who first from" *****Let the Count complete his sacred drama. He can assure the world of the copyright, "malgré l'index." Spirit of the gifted, and, perhaps, sainted Lamennais, have all your pupils thus graduated? It is to be hoped not.

But let me do the Count justice. His “jérémiades” are more elegant, though hardly more logical, than his terse and splenetic appeals to the devil. The death-notes of the swan are said to be sweet, although it is not, ordinarily, a bird of song.

“The bands which united England and Rome for a thousand years were suddenly torn asunder. Rome and England have since been, and are, opposed. Thus it is that two spirits, formed to understand and love each other”—(billing and cooing already, soft dove from the darkened ark of the Jesuits!)—“by the fault of a day, of a moment, have become estranged, and are always found in battle array, ready to fight and tear each other in the very road which, by their union, might conduct them to the summit of joy and felicity; and of all reconciliations which the world has witnessed, this might have been at once the happiest and the most fruitful. The animosity of Protestants, for a long time laid to sleep, is now again disturbed. Must we attribute this unfortunate change of opinion to the manner in which the Pope’s ‘bull’ of 1850 was promulgated, which established the episcopal (popish) hierarchy in England? That hierarchy, which might have embellished the annals of the church, under Pius IX., with a glory at once so rare, and so much to be desired. *Many persons are of this opinion.*” The Count is, in part, right. The blundering manner in

which Wiseman's "aggression" was managed, procured for him a papal frown, and its shadow has ever since remained on the *Cardinal's face*. He was long taunted with the bitter sarcasms of the Jansenist clergy of France, the just indignation of free-born Englishmen, and the ill-concealed sneers of the school of philosophers.

Wiseman would give much for the chance of doing his work over again, and he is only half a Jesuit if he did not profit by his recent failure.

"Alas!" sings forth our graceful, high born, and (we trust) not yet dying swan—"l'église manque a l'Angleterre, et l'Angleterre manque á l'église."

"The church has need of England"—we know it.
 "England has need of the church"—we deny it.

The Anglo-Saxon mind, plodding but still potent, plain in its sentiments, but Protestant in its essence, has refused the cosmetics of the Count's "table de toilette." It declines to submit itself to the contagion of an "unaccustomed fervour," or to find its tenacious, unbending spirit inundated with the softest and sweetest emotions. It "declines" to taste, in all its purity, "the joy of belonging to that church which, in spite of so many *losses!* so many *misfortunes!!* and [as he elsewhere tells us] of so many PERSECUTIONS!!! has survived all, and is yet in her spring time."

Thus far in the matter of Roman diplomacy. The question is not, however, at rest, nor should I have detained the reader so long upon it, but for accurate information that it will be again, and shortly, placed upon the programme of the Jesuits' farce. Should foreign affairs become settled, and our domestic legislation be relieved from that dead lock under which it now lies, impotent and ridiculous, the Pope's brass band will be again ordered to play "the Rogue's March." Let the nation look to it; for, as the Count says, or rather reminds us, "the *public business* of England is the *private business* of every Englishman."

I do not mean to assert, that the fall of Great Britain, as a leading power, is the direct and immediate aim of the agitators of the Montalembert school. With the men and priests of the Veuillot school, it most certainly is.

But since the two are component parts of the same "unity," it is painfully difficult to define the line of demarcation.

Without, then, wishing to defile the patrician author of "*the Political Future of England*" with the dirt of the "Univers Religieux," or to adorn the latter with the borrowed plumes of his superior by birth, education, and honour, I cannot avoid the following conclusion—that treason towards the crown, and

perhaps the person, of our sovereign, is capable of being compassed; and that, most certainly, any revolution would be, by one party openly, and by the other party secretly, abetted, which should conduce to Roman aggrandisement.

For example, the repeal of the act of union between Great Britain and Ireland *might* be discussed by many persons, without suspicion of ulterior treason. It was, abstractedly, a mere question of statutory enactment, and, *cæteris paribus*, there might be no more treason in discussing its repeal at one epoch, than there was in originally proposing its enactment at another. Mr. Canning, with his usual felicity, said—
“Repeal the Union? Re-enact the Heptarchy!”

And so, any insane person, or idle rogue, devoted to feudality, tradition, and other nonsense, might spend his life's breath in endeavouring to re-enact the Heptarchy. He would not be considered so fit a subject for the Tower or Tyburn as for Bedlam or Bridewell. Not so with foreign agitators. The “repeal of the Union” was, in their judgment, a *sap at the foundations of the British monarchy*. They who worked the political schemes of the papacy moved all their strength in the direction of Ireland.

Large sums of money were lavished by the fanatics of “the Religious World,” and the red flag of revolution would have been dyed in Irish blood, if the

interests of the papal hierarchy could have been promoted.

This accusation is abundantly supported by the insinuations and admissions of M. de Montalembert, in his chapter entitled, "O'Connell and the House of Lords." Written with consummate finesse, and with happiness of expression rather than force of reasoning, it cannot effectually mask the wolfish kind of eye, angry and hungry, with which the French confederates of an Irish revolution watched Great Britain, who is now the supposed ally of France.

This active sympathy, aided by subscriptions harvested by the priests, did not cease, until the Widow Walsh's *drum-head* cabbages refused further military succour and shelter to Mr. Smith O'Brien. The conduct of Montalembert and his party—to say nothing, just now, of Veuillot and his Inquisitionists—towards Great Britain, with reference to the misfortunes and *long-continued misgovernment* of Ireland, has been most insincere, unchivalrous, and unjust. I will not now dwell on Irish politics. I will only say that, always convinced of the expediency, the justice, and the necessity of what was pompously called "Catholic Emancipation," I might have been a "repealer," had not my wavering opinions become suddenly determined.

A position of confidence, into which I was thrown,

enabled me to become unwillingly aware of much secret correspondence, carried on between some persons of distinction in France, and the agents of the Repeal directory in Ireland. The double object was, to weaken the strength of Britain, as a power, and to drive the Protestants—but especially the resident gentry—from Ireland. The repeal of the Union was supposed to be all but *un fait accompli*.

The foreign agitators had no doubt of its speedy consummation. The “Liberator,” they believed, would be the sole ruler of Irish destiny, subject, of course, to the god-like vicegerency of Rome. In gratitude to the triple alliance, political, pecuniary, and priestly, the Irish shore would, on demand, have become a welcome strand, to receive a foreign foe in his full and real presence.

The Roman invaders of the peace of all nations were never, perhaps so dismayed, as when that “tres regrettable” event occurred, which induced O’Connell to order his heart to be conveyed to Rome. There was little occasion to endorse the parcel as “fragile;” for, alas! the heart was already *broken*.

If mortified ambition, and deep remorse for ill-spent time and ill-devoted talents, ever killed a political agitator, it was by their revenging hand that the eloquent, unflinching champion of Rome, rather than friend of Ireland, fell.

The conduct of foreign papists on the Irish question has been marked by great treachery. Lately they have again shown the cloven foot, and in a manner at once heartless and abominable. The parties whom I now chiefly implicate are they who seek to break the alliance in order to weaken and overthrow the empire. When in private society, or in the French journals, allusion has been made to the unique exhibition of friendship and good neighbourhood which London in particular, and the nation at large, have made in reference to the terrible inundations ; it has been accompanied rather by an ill-natured sneer, than a well-merited smile. "It is true," say the priests, and those who *talk* as priests command them to talk, "that the English have sent large donations, but you know well why this is so. It is because some years ago the French, when the Irish, who are the enemies of the English, were starving, sent money to Ireland to buy food. So they only returned what we sent." The journals in the interest of the Bourbons have felt themselves called upon from time to time to announce the receipt of the sums sent by the Lord Mayor and the treasurers of other funds, but it has been done in a cold and unfriendly tone, as thus:—The "Lord Maire" of London "has paid into the hands of M. le Préfet of the Seine, the fourth, fifth, or sixth, (as the case might be) payment of one

hundred thousand francs, for the benefit of the inundated (les inondés). Now if Mr. Alderman Salomons had been merely the official assignee of some bankrupt estate, and had paid over a dividend, or series of dividends to M. le Préfet of the Seine, in trust for ill-used creditors of England, the act could not have been more frigidly reported.

Of these two devices, or rather double device, of the malicious Jesuits, the one to taint a kind, neighbourly act with something very like a falsehood; and the other to freeze up friendship in the ice-well of cold commercial calculations, I almost prefer the former, unjust, and worse than unjust, as it really is. It is certainly true that the "Religious World" people, and certain priests, did send large sums of money in aid, as they hoped and believed, of the cause of revolution and treason. It is also true, that money was sent to help the *Irish Catholics* during the ravages of the potato pestilence. In the name of our Catholic fellow-subjects, let us gratefully acknowledge the latter act. The money so sent was especially sent for the relief of *Catholics*.

Protestants were, I believe, rigorously excluded. I speak under correction; but I have good authority for saying that priests were the almoners, and papists the recipients. There is a point of contrast which must not be passed over. The large sums remitted by the

Lord Mayor and others, were not confided to French Protestant pastors, or even to laymen, but to the Prefect of the Seine, the organ of the government, and to be applied as the government pleased. It is whispered that the Protestants who have suffered most awfully in the destruction of their dwellings, crops, and even their temples, or churches, have not received a very liberal share of British sympathy.

M. Fortoul is happily no longer at the head of the "worship" department, and as the portfolio is now held, fair play is more likely to be practised. Of this the British public shall be informed. Then, again, as to the comparative amount; let priestcraft, revolution, and despotism hide its triple head.

Divide the sum subscribed by the British nation at large, including India and the colonies, by twenty-five, and the resulting quotient will nearly approach the sum sent by France "in aid of the Irish Catholics," and in return for which (credit being given us for no higher motive) Great Britain, quickly, heartily, and without ~~hesitation~~, sent *what she could*. Lastly, the three nations which first awoke to this call of duty and friendship, were *Great Britain, Holland and Belgium*. *All ruled by Protestant sovereigns*, and two out of the three being Protestant nations. The money sent by these Protestant powers exceeds in the aggregate the whole amount subscribed and forwarded by all the

Roman Catholic communities in the world. Let the matter drop—this money-bag-shaking is a disgusting operation ; and yet, the truth ought to be known.

An act of kindness, and of genial friendship, has been craftily misconstrued, and falsified in order to prejudice the alliance.

The priests, not we, began the dirty-work—let them bear the blame.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONASTERIES, CONVENTS, NUNNERIES, AND OTHER
"RELIGIOUS" HOUSES.

A daring Roman project developed—England the present Utopia and the asylum of continental priestcraft—The Exodus of feudality—Aim of the Catholic Powers—French jealousy of priestly interference—"Religious Houses" in England, and their internal economy; necessity of their being closely watched; and of "the right of search" insisted on—Monastic mysteries still existing—Prevailing inducements to Romanism—Struggles of the convert—Illustrations of the schemes of "religious houses"—The converted priest converted to reason; mother and child; husband and wife; how to effect a divorce without Doctors' Commons, &c.—Sisters of Mercy—The true Romish Hierarchy—Suggestion to prevent kidnapping, and other abominations.

THE second great feature of the Popish aggression, or rather invasion, is warily developed in these words of the Count de Montalembert. "Increased privileges and state concessions to British Catholics, including

the *entire independence of Convents and Monasteries,*" and their exemption from legal responsibilities.

After a conceited attempt to cast obloquy upon those who opposed the impertinent aggression, heralded by the Anglo-Spanish priest, who pompously announced himself as Archbishop of Westminster, and threatened us with another Domesday-book, a "religious book" of course, in which each of his retainers was to find himself registered for some spiritual barony—the Count de Montalembert thus opens his fire:—

"Placed under the protection of a government sincerely and really constitutional, the English Catholics have up to this moment triumphantly braved *the hatred and malice of their enemies*. [And who, Jesuit-Count, are the enemies of English Catholics? Are they not alone to be found amongst the mercenaries of Veuillot, and your own political retainers?] Their churches, their houses of education, and their monasteries for the two sexes, are arranged, occupied, and administered with a facility and a liberty which not only is not surpassed, but is not even equalled in any other country in the world, Catholic or Protestant. Their liberty may, indeed, be now regarded as beyond danger."

Under cover of this wretched rag of admission of truth, debauched with the denial of truth, if not of positive falsehood, a daring Roman exploit is cautiously, but really developed.

Throughout France the convents and monasteries are very properly subjected to the supervision of the police, and the "Procureur Imperial" is, at once, endowed with the functions of an overseer, and of a public prosecutor. It is to escape this safeguard of public morality, of manhood's honour, and of female virtue, that the deep scheme of "religious houses" has been plotted in Great Britain. In this respect she is literally the Utopia of continental priestcraft. Jealous enough of the high position which our island has attained since she threw off the serfdom of papal subjection, the scouts of the Cardinals are well aware that she is the last strong-hold of civil and religious liberty.

The papal system, as now developed, is nothing but the abortive offspring of tradition and feudality, whose umbilical cord has never been completely severed from the parent *matrix*. Unable to bear the light of science, the loud appeals of conscience, or to respond to the claims of human intelligence; equally unwilling, because also unable, to enter the fair arena of argument and reason, the immatured foetus furtively retires into the recesses and ample womb of middle age feudality and priestcraft. Matters are now changed.

The spirit of progress, of independent thought and action, and all the other humanizing influences incident to the *Protestant system*, and inseparable from it, have

long waged war against feudality, tradition, and priestcraft. When the late excellent Dr. Arnold saw the first railway-train pass the Rugby station, he is said to have exclaimed, "The age of feudality has passed away!"

Europe and the world now, unconsciously, but loudly, respond to the apostrophe, and the echo daily reverberates in our ears.

Feudality being "cast out" as an old shoe, all systems born of feudality and her high-priest, tradition, are destined to share its fate.

Spain, fallen Spain, tempts the pen forward, but a spirit of compassion dictates forbearance. Tyranny, intrigue, Jesuitical priestcraft, and that wretched mercenary always allied to them, *crafty diplomacy*, have brought her low indeed. Let us take warning by her crimes while we reserve pity for her misfortunes.

Italy is in the high-road to freedom, if Piedmont is only allowed fair play by those who were yesterday proud to see her shed her blood in the same common cause of justice and freedom with themselves.

France is Roman Catholic as regards the majority of her women and children, but is yet no home for a Pope. Britain, the shelter for all the lost sheep of the European fold, is looked upon as the last asylum for fast, fast dying priestcraft.

That power which has planted the Inquisition in every country of Europe, and still seeks to plant it ;

which has gathered into its lap the riches of all nations "whilst none peeped nor muttered, nor moved the wing," now hopes to try her fortune in a field from which she was expelled with ignominy, because she trafficked in the blood, and speculated in the destinies, of Britons. She will have, however, to contend upon a soil sown with the seeds of liberty, and fertilised by the blood of martyrs. The sentiment of self-preservation appears suddenly to have absorbed the Jesuit mind. Internal dissensions, and those endless discords which keep the College of Cardinals in a constant state of irritable excitement, are, for the moment, suspended.

The great aim now is, to secure such a footing in Britain as may serve the purposes of their ever-restless ambition. No restricted sphere of society presents an opportunity at once so available and valuable as these "maisons d'éducation et les monastères des deux sexes." By the term "monastères de deux sexes," I presume that no "double entendre" is aimed at. The style of the Count de Montalembert, as of all writers who have received the Jesuits' education, is chargeable with that peculiar species of "équivoque," which results from the use of the double meaning. One is too often compelled to rely upon the character of the man, in order to avoid inferences as to the hidden meaning, or half-revealed intentions, of the author. The free enjoyments and irresponsible license of these nurseries

of priestcraft, are now considered to be "beyond reach of danger;" whilst no country in the world, be it Catholic or Protestant, allows them anything like the liberty which is accorded to them in Britain.

The priests, and their lay confederates, have not thrown away the chance which has been incautiously yielded. It is impossible to describe the practical working of this unsocial system, without the use of an inconvenient word; but in times like the present, no false delicacy can be tolerated.

A well-arranged system of "procuring" is set on foot, and has already created more alarm on the continent, and especially in France, than in England. The truth must be told, because it cannot be concealed, that the French are exceedingly jealous of all priestly interference. The history of the priesthood is so indelibly stained by fraud, and worse than fraud, in its dealings with the weak, the rich, and the imbecile, in the confessional, in the privacy of domestic life, and on the bed of death, that there is, in fact, no alternative, but to subject "religious houses" to police surveillance.

It is to escape this, that the late and present convent hubbub has been got up in England. Persons whom the procureurs imperieux of Napoleon would set free within fifteen days of their incarceration in France, are "forwarded" to England, where, to requote

the vaunting language of M. de Montalembert, "their *liberty* (*sic*) may be considered as beyond danger."

The directory, or staff, of these French houses is arranged with extreme care and foresight.

There is generally a good linguist, who enjoys the full confidence of the directory, but seldom that of the inmates. These lady linguists carry on a correspondence which, in point of diplomacy and finesse—to say nothing of devotion—would qualify them for stools in any foreign office in Europe. The letter books, with their patent locks and "latch keys," would, if I might here unfold all that I have read, form a fund of instruction—I had almost said amusement, but I *must say of horror*—which would awaken feelings, to which most British mothers are as yet happily strangers. How long they may so remain, it is impossible to divine; because it rests with the legislature to determine. This much, as a man of the world, and not mixing the subject with religion in any way—as a father of a family, and, I trust, a lover of my species—I will say, Watch closely the progress of the "religious houses" question: it has already assumed proportions of which it is difficult to form an adequate idea.

It has often been jocularly said, that railway accidents, by negligence or imprudence, will never cease, until a bishop has been burnt, and is "laid

out" before a coroner, "rien qu'un cadavre." Nor will the inquisitorial horrors, and the mental anguish, be known, or the crazy shrieks with which the walls of these "monastères de deux sexes" sometimes echo, be heard and listened to, until the daughter and domain of a duke be won to the cloister.

I use the terms "mental anguish," and "crazy shrieks," with caution and foreknowledge.

To some of these religious houses, a *mad house* department is attached. This is sometimes used as a disguise, sometimes as a school of preparation, or of probation.

The views of a Protestant may be suspected of prejudice. It is not as a Protestant that I write. I write, simply and solely, as a citizen of the world; and I contend, that none who believe that crimes against the *person*, or crimes against *property*, are fit subjects for police regulation, can object to convents, nunneries, and monasteries being placed on the footing of mad houses, and thus made amenable to the law of the land.

One chief end, if not sole object, of monastic pretenders, is to invade society, which they profess to have quitted; to *emasculate its virility and force*, that they may more easily *deflower its beauty*. There is a curious fact, little known, except, of course, to the initiated and to naturalists. In many of the old

convent gardens, certain herbs are found, and still propagate themselves, under and upon old walls, gables, and terraces, which were only used in midwifery practice. One, in particular, for procuring abortion, shall not, for obvious reasons be named, but cannot be wholly passed by. The fact is enough to induce us to ask, *are matters altered?*

If they are altered, let the right of search be conceded by the Romanists. If they be not changed, the right of search should be insisted upon—not by us as Protestants, but by our legislature as the fountain of police.

The curious and the credulous may otherwise be disposed to ask, “*If such things were done in the green tree, what may not be done in the dry?*”

A very few facts are worth a thousand arguments.

The facts I have, and they have been received from authorities upon whose accuracy I can rely.

If I am disinclined to record them, it is the result of a respect for the memory of those who have fallen victims to the system; by a regard for the feelings of survivors, and from a necessary consideration for the position of many who are yet helplessly incarcerated. Those in England, at least, cannot be liberated; the law is understood to be incapable of conferring that freedom upon an impaled European Christian, which it is at any moment enabled

to do in the case of an African found enduring the horrors of the middle passage. The right of search has proved the salvation of many a negro. The right of search will in like manner set many a fair young thing free, who has been made "old before her time" by the unnatural course of life pursued in these "houses of education and monasteries for the two sexes."

An English Roman priest (*once a Protestant*), convinced of the absurdity of his infallible pretensions, may wish to leave the fold, or at all events may ask of his superior (Cardinal though he be) some explanation upon points which disturb his mind and weaken his priestly influence. This priest may be a man of intellect, and may have enjoyed that enlarged sphere of education, which *cannot be had for love or money* within the pale of Romanism.

Love of change, the caprice of youth, the Jesuits' false lure, the absurd vanity of desiring to wear embroidered canonicals, to perform the daily miracle of the mass, to confess women and maidens; to promote the justifiable jealousy of husbands, and even of lovers; to absolve from the consequences of sin, and finally, to release a jeopardized soul from the pains of that "*petit enfer*" purgatory, may be separate or concurring causes which have induced a promising youth to

exchange the manly *toga of civilization* for the effeminate frock of Priestcraft.

These, however, all *fail in the using*. The active intellect begins to resume its neglected duties ; satiety has rendered priestly functions "stale and unprofitable," and the *man* can no longer submit to be treated as a *serf*. He seeks "the Cardinal's" counsel, and is advised "to be quiet."

The man's mind is fairly astir, and forbids him to be quiet. He is irritated, and commits some trivial breach of discipline. For this, he is treated with a show of kindness—a Cardinal's peculiar smile—and promised forgiveness if he makes no noise. He has no wish "to make a noise;" all the noise *he* makes affects himself alone ; it is a "still small voice" within the breast of a sensitive man. He feels confident that very much of what he tells to his flock is not true, and that almost all which he does as a priest disgraces him, in his own eyes, as a man. He is nevertheless bound to say and to do, and to teach others to say and do, that which *he* knows is wrong. He, in fact, views himself as a "humbug," and wishes to return to his true manhood. Declining to accept every fabricated dogma as immaculate, he absolutely refuses to encumber the *God-head* with a goddess. He has no relish for Idolatry, Mariolatry, or Pantheism.

Denounced and treated as a rebel, the truly cruel discipline of assumed "Unity" is brought to bear, and that severely, upon the sincere worshipper of the revealed Trinity. The man's physical strength gives way, the medical adviser of the poor priest, and of his callous superior; (probably a lay Jesuit), affects to believe that the mind is diseased; a second "medical man" is, of course, of the same opinion. A lunatic asylum would be the best thing, and all are of this opinion, the poor priest alone excepted.

Lunatic asylums in England, as "*monastères des deux sexes*" in France, are happily subjected to the right of search. The scabby sheep is at once heeled up by the crozier, and under the farrier-like certificate of two medical men, transferred to another fold, namely, the madhouse wing of a monastery in France or Italy.

The poor fellow now finds himself treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. An interpreter is employed to explain, that is to mystify, all that has occurred. Every subtle endeavour is made to reconcile him to the church. His honest reasoning is tampered with, rather than answered.

"Confession" is, of course, insisted upon, but in gentle terms. He sullenly refuses, for this, perchance, was the very rock of offence upon which he and his Eminence split. The cold shoulder is now

turned towards him, "*jours maigres*" are thought to be best for his health, for his blood is said to be heated. Yes; and the blood continues to heat until "boiling point" is at length reached.

The affair now takes another turn. The youthful ardour and obstinate tenacity of his Protestant principles well-up to high-water mark, and the prisoner *demand*s and insists upon his liberty. The man's right is refused. He, secretly, conveys letters to the priest; addresses her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; correspondence begins, publicity is imminent; inflammable matters are already ignited, and may soon explode. •

Ambassadors, Consuls, Ministers for Foreign Affairs, *Ministre des Cultes*, and other solemn directors of the small destinies of our world, are drawn into the affair. The priest at length wins. He leaves "*la maison d'éducation*," or "*le monastère des deux sexes*," free; but a confirmed, conscientious, and convinced disciple of the Reformation.

I once knew this priest. I believe the case to be correctly stated. If it be not so, let the correspondence priest in Golden Square determine. If, however, he be an Italian priest of the "*non mi ricordo*" school of witnesses, I fearlessly appeal to the more honest records of our Foreign Office. But again: I have used the term "*procuring*" as forming part

of the anti-social—*anti-family* schemes of these “*religious*” houses.

Religion, forsooth! the name begins to stink in the nostril, so vile are the uses to which its sanctity has been degraded. I give my next illustration in the interest of my fellow-Christians of the Roman Catholic section.

A widowed mother is persuaded to consign her infant daughter, a girl of fair promise as regards both mind and person, to the tender mercies of an *Anglo-French* convent. The mother and child are, for a while, allowed to meet, or rather to look at each other through an *inverted gridiron*. The lady superior finds that the iron has not steeled the heart of either mother or child. The natural affections are not as yet sufficiently blunted or debased to allow the infant's mind or the mother's heart to refuse the tender emotions of mother's love.

They do refuse, however, “to taste in *all its purity* the joy of belonging to” a religious house, or “to that church which, in spite of so many losses (!) and so many persecutions (!!), has survived all, and is still in its spring time.” The child is separated, but not weaned, or if, indeed, weaned from the natural mother, is not, as yet, won, body and soul, to her step-mother the church. The mother is at length denied access to her child—frivolous excuses are made. The

mother is importunate; her heart is heavy, and her countenance sad. "She is, as Rachel, weeping for her child, and will not be comforted—because she is not." She is, at length, coolly told that her child is no longer there—that she has quitted the convent. She appeals to the law of the land for protection against the obscene practices of priestcraft.

She applies for a *habeas corpus*. Now the mother may say good-bye, and perhaps *good night*, to all hope. Her mother's yearnings had better be laid aside. If the heart be the seat of a mother's love, she had better let it break at once. The first loss is the best, and so she found it, in attempting to bring the carnal cudgel of the law to bear upon the holy head of the church. The law is reported to have said, "*thou shalt not have the body.*" The law of *England* is found to side with the *church of another land*; the *coif* and the *tonsure*, foster-brothers of a dark age, are still allied against a mother and her child.

The Jesuit legate of the Pope is now sure of his game, and plays with a bold hand.

The "habeas corpus" is issued; but a *writ* is not a *right*. Thou mayest have the writ of "habeas," and thou hast a right to the "body;" but still the body, the child's body—thou shalt not have. "The law cannot find it." The dry parchment is, however, after some delay and expense, issued. A* special

pleader, himself a Jesuit perhaps, prepares what he calls a special return. "Non est inventus," "non mi ricordo," "gone away not known where," are the sum and substance of the pleader's quibble.

Brother "Coif" is found to agree with Brother "Tonsure." Law is satisfied, but a mother is still in anguish; her child is lost—lost, at least, to the mother; but won to the church, or if not to the church, *to the world*, for which she was, perhaps, all along the destined victim. The mother says, "*I will have the body of my child*," and away she roams on her bootless errand. Detectives, stewards of steam-packets, tide-waiters, and others may furnish her with a clue, and she is told that her child has been landed at Havre.

"A slave vessel" must have yielded "the right of search" refused, perhaps, by a steam-vessel.

To Havre she goes, and, God help her, she has landed in one of the hot-beds of Jesuitism.

Better would it have been, had she taken her final adieu of her child at the "gridiron" of the English "maison d'education;" better had the fiction of "thou mayest have the body," never been feigned by Brother "Coif;" but better still had she never known the pangs of childbirth, or the joys of a mother's love.

But again:—A man and his wife live unhappily together—marital rights are neglected or refused. Infidelity on either side is not suspected. A loose

behaviour, love of wine-cup, differences arising out of *that fertile source of domestic misery*, "mixed marriages," jealousies infused by priestly inuendoes, with other causes, render a separation expedient. Here the law is of little use. In the case of the mother and her lost child, it took part with the priest. Now it has only to do with that collateral relationship, husband and wife, and the case being "without a precedent," is merely allowed the barren honour of perhaps becoming the founder of a numerous family of precedents.—*Let the nation look to it.*

The opinion of counsel has been taken, but "there was no case for a divorce." A deed of separation is proposed, but the lady thinks the alimony too stinted. Man's dignity and woman's claims are in collision. The priest, at this point, is useless; he is, in fact, an absurdity, and he knows it. A residence on the continent is advised, and is at length accepted. Neither Brother Coif nor Brother "Tonsure" are wanted now. The law gains no client; the confessional cannot as yet impale its subtle victim; but physic steps in, as if it did with the poor priest, and accepts a fee and a patient. "Jesuits' bark" may sometimes effect what the Jesuits' "bite" cannot accomplish.

The pen of the correspondence lady is again in motion; negotiations commence with the foreign secretary of a continental monastery. There is an

infinite choice, both far and near. The department of the Pas de Calais, with the old, out-of-the-way provinces of Normandy and Picardy, are accessible ; or, if needs be, the fair land of priest-ruined Italy is no "terra incognita" to the ubiquitous elements of "Unity."

Amongst the long list of "glories," (when will the "Académie Française" oblige the world with an equivalent merely as a change of this tedious expression?) which M. de Montalembert claims for his church, and is, as he says, one of the conditions of its immortality, is, that "it makes itself all things to all men." Ignatius, saint or devil, as the case may be with you, smile from on high, or grin from below, at thy disciple. "That it lends itself with untiring flexibility to the institutions, the manners, and the ideas of all countries and of all ages, in all which is not incompatible with faith and Christian virtue." Of course, Count. Oh, for the pen of a Michelet to write a sequel to "Priests, Women, and Families." But the Count is his own critic, for he says—"Its chief joy is to permit all its children to elect, so to speak, a private and peculiar abode, (*domicile particulier*) to possess his own patrimony in the bosom of that incomparable Unity [always "unity"] which triumphs over and survives all, by virtue of its elasticity and universality."

“*In domo Patris mei mansiones multæ sunt.*”
 “*But England,*” he adds, “*above all, demands special precaution in this respect.*” The Count is right, but not in the sense he intends it.

To return to our patient.—In the list of “glories” so pompously arrayed by the French Count, the very case under consideration appears to be amply provided for. “The flexibility” of priestcraft; the permission which it gives to all the children of “Unity” to select “private apartments;” “the special precautions which England demands and deserves,” are all necessary elements of success. In the house of Unity *he* would have us believe that there are many mansions. In the “*monastères des deux sexes*” there are doubtless many “apartments.”

That which, in the absence of “the right of search,” can be done in English convents, cannot be so easily accomplished in France; whilst that which, *thanks to the right of search*, cannot be done in an English “madhouse,” may, by adroitness, be committed in similar establishments in France.

In the by no means imaginary case under review, the reader will at once understand that delicacy, tact, and, as will be seen, deception, were in turn invoked and displayed. The object to be accomplished was a separation between man and wife. The tranquillity and interests of the family, the never-satiated demands

of trade and business, and, perhaps, the peace of the neighbourhood, all required the same object. England was, in fact, considered not quite large enough to hold the two, and the "four seas," or, at least, one of them, must be made to flow between the *Epoux* and the *Epouse*.

Through the agency of an English "religious" house, a correspondence was opened with a *monastère des deux sexes*, in which, literally, there are many mansions. The blind, the halt, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, the foundling; and the bastard; the young, the old, the mad, and they who are not so mad, are all provided with a separate mansion. This is the very place for the exploit. It will be strange indeed if a weak-minded mortal, of a passionate and fearful temper, and, when under the influence of liquor, even dangerous, cannot be brought within one or other category. Leave the poor thing to herself, let her "carry on,"—deny her not the bottle, and she will soon prove the case in spite of herself. Her best friends can then desire nothing better for her than the shelter of a *mad-house abroad*. Terms are agreed upon, an opportunity is taken when "the fit is upon her," to hurry her to sea; and in France or Belgium, or *on the confines of one of them*, the victim is housed or, rather, mad-housed. Her daily associates are, perhaps, really mad—violently, dangerously mad.

Every one around her speaks a different language from herself. French, Flemish, Alsatian, and Gascon, are alike unintelligible to the poor, isolated, and all but abandoned English woman. Surrounded by madness, in all its unearthly, yet sometimes angelic forms, she becomes at length accustomed to those fearful shrieks which, when once heard, leave their everlasting echo in the ear. Her eyes no longer blink at sights which neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray; and if she does not "go mad" herself, she stands a living, damning witness against the foul conspiracy of which she is the victim. Denied access to the bottle, placed upon a regulated diet with at least two bonâ fide fast days in every seven days, carefully tendered, and provided with a confessor, who, for douceur, urbanity, and consideration, cannot be surpassed, her bodily health regains its elasticity, her animal spirits flow afresh, and in a new course. Notwithstanding all, her reason has not been as yet "taken prisoner;" and she is determined that her *body* shall be no longer chained to a rock upon which all reason appears to her to have been wrecked and lost. She also, like the priest, demands her liberty; she also asks for the authority under which she has been incarcerated.

Directors and directresses now begin to reflect; and all are of opinion, not only that the poor lady has been entrapped, but that they have been made the

dupes not of "a commission of lunacy," but of a lunacy-conspiracy.

The lady superior discreetly calls in aid the advice of the medical attendant of the Convent, and of the mad department, who now finds out what he and all around should have discovered long ago, namely, that the English prisoner was never, from the moment of her arrival, one jot less sane than themselves. She is at once released from her earthly purgatory, and consigned to the "religious" side of the establishment. She now begins to breathe free air, as she thinks; but she soon finds herself mistaken. Although discharged from the mad house, she is subjected to the rigour of the pure convent system. Vigils, fasts, prayers, and penance, are poor diet for a sprightly, beautiful, and highly intellectual, though neglected woman. By early education a Catholic, but having for years abandoned its forms and ceremonies as cumbersome, tedious, and distasteful, she finds no relish for the spiritual repasts, morning, noon, and night presented for her soul's welfare. She talks with her fellows, she acquires the confidence of these poor, and humble, but often lovely characters, the "sisters," who attend upon the lay-ladies. Our high-spirited prisoner, now strengthened in body, reinvigorated in mind, and discouraged by all that her fellow-prisoners tell her; and by much that she sees and hears, ponders

deeply upon her means of escape, Nor does she ponder long. She now *asks* her liberty, and in a Boadicean tone and manner, which reminds her "*geolières religieuses*" of what the Saxons once were, and of what the Anglo-Saxons now are. A council is called, the confessor is directed to do his duty, and report to his lady superiors. The confessor can make nothing of his Saxon devotee, and she remains, in his estimation, little less than a French Huguenot or an English heretic. She, in fact, shows airs, and the father, in religion, retreats before the common sense of his "*fille mondaine.*"

If a father confessor reports that, with all his experience and audacity, he cannot arrange matters, his superiors know full well that it is high time to diplomatise.

The responsibility of the "religious" house is likely to "be called in question for the day's uproar," and, on all hands, it is considered expedient to call in the public prosecutor, and thus prevent exposure, and perhaps legal prosecution. The public prosecutor having examined all papers, certificates, and other absurdities, decides the matter upon the short, off-hand, intelligible principles of the "*Code Napoleon.*" "*You received, and wrongly received,*" he in effect says, "*this Englishwoman as a lunatic,—and she was treated as one. Your own medical authority*

declares she is not insane, she demanded to be released from your madhouse, and you very properly released her. She now demands to leave your 'religious' house, or convent, *and the law will not allow you to detain her. And the captive was set free.*" For this I can answer. I could, if I pleased, count a long weary chaplet of these Jesuit beads—but enough has been said.

With reference to the last case, I feel it a positive duty to acquit the Lady Superior and her associates of any connivance with the plotters in England. Before they consented to receive the supposed insane patient, they demanded certificates which appeared fully to justify the course about to be adopted. Their subsequent conduct also was for the most part founded in error of judgment, zeal without discretion, and those blinding consequences to the human mind which invariably follow an abject submission to the priesthood.

The Belgian devotees were, in fact, the tools of their religious confederates in England. The patient was by birth a Catholic, but refused to enter an English convent,—no English lunatic asylum dared receive one who was clearly not more insane than the average of humanity. * * * In this case let me add, that the beautiful form of Christian sympathy, so often found attired in the sad garb of "the Sisters

of Mercy," was profusely administered. The "Sisters" are the true hierarchy of the Romish system. The priests shine, or rather are eclipsed by their heaven-lighted rays of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Orthodoxy must not behipped if, borrowing from a writer more orthodox than itself, I say, after much experience of their lives, conversation, and conduct, that with them "the greatest of these is charity." Faith with them appears like blindness, led, through difficult paths, by blindness, deafness, and lameness, "*all three in one,*"—their hope seems to have been left behind when the agonies of these innocents in "quitting the world," were publicly dramatised before the high altars of popery—their *charity*, with few exceptions, is stedfast and pure, and, in this world, *unrequited*.

These grievances of religious houses are two-fold; the grievances practised in England must be redressed in England. If our criminal and civil codes be unequal to, or dare not grapple with the nuisance, let the letter of the present Emperor to his faithful soldier Ney, when at Rome be (*mutatis mutandis*) the watchword, *Secularise the religious houses*—enact the *Code Napoleon*. The other branch of grievances, which may be called the Anglo-French, or Anglo-Belgian branch of the plot, must be otherwise dealt with. It is a grave international question, and whenever the nation at large is allowed to know

something of the secret machinery of the "foreign office," it will insist upon reparation. In the meantime it is the positive duty of the minister to interfere. An immediate check might be put to much kidnapping, heiress-trapping, death-gifts to priests, and other crimes, if every "religious" house in England and France were compelled, upon the admission of a foreigner, to give notice to the nearest consul, or vice-consul of the country in question; these functionaries should be *ex officio* visitors, so far as regards their fellow countrymen and women, who may be thus withdrawn from the rights, the blessings, and the duties of society.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HIGH POPER, OR INQUISITION SCHEMES.

The Cardinal's recreations—Whispered Popish demonstration—Popish remedies for English heretics—The Inquisition to be again active—A grand crusade against Protestantism—An addition to the Saints—A proposition for their canonization and earthly glorification.

THE question of Romish diplomacy and of "religious houses" may be viewed as the scheme of the Montalembert school of aggressors. The "Cardinal's class" of agitators, although acting in combination with them as well as with Veillot and his crew, are *neither seen nor heard*, and, indeed, affect to hold off from both. The Golden Square Star Chamber is, however, as privy to all the doings of the others, as Sapphira was to the malversations of her *no better*

half Ananias; the only difference is, that Wiseman, after a hard day's work at Machiavellism, and a complicated foreign correspondence, quietly quits the Star Chamber, calls a cab, and finds himself called upon to leave the modest retirement his flatterers say that he so much loves, and give readings to the credulous in Mary-le-bone and elsewhere, upon the "carriage and deportment" of the popes at the wine banquets of the Vatican. "*Papa*," "poultry, potatoes, prunes, and prism;" pope and pap, cardinalism and—"gammon."

"It is whispered in circles not generally ill-informed," that the wealthy friends of the red hat, in conjunction with him, are about to organise a system of ambulatory placards, which, if carefully carried out, will surprise the public. The affairs of Sunday bands, Surrey Garden oratory, and open-air preaching, are the elements of the new movement.

A splendid tent in old Smithfield—a field of blood, on Hampstead Heath, or on Blackheath, thoroughly furnished with all sorts of singing men, and singing women, and handsome lads; a free complement of embroidered priests, high mass "*pontificement célébré*," and a sermon in the vulgar tongue by his Eminence, would place more modest, but competing interests in some danger . . . A summer's day procession in full array of lace and gold, with "trumpets

and streamers," would wake Protestantism from its lethargy and blindness.

The experiment will be an expensive one, but that is no hindrance. *The money is ready*; the opportunity is alone wanting; and that will occur when "the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land, and the time of the singing birds shall have come."

Nor can one word be said in opposition.

So long as the object of assembly is a religious one, and noise and tumult be avoided, and all things be done decently and in order, it becomes a pure question of religious toleration, and all attempts to reason against it are foiled. The opening sentence of our own Demosthenes of a past age would be a reply to all who would wish to oppose, what no friend of civil and religious liberty could have any right or wish to prevent by coercion or prescription. "Sir," said Burke, "there is no greater friend to the Church of England than myself, and I wish her head may reach that heaven to which she would conduct us; but still, Sir, I am a friend to religious toleration."

The only comment one can make is to quote an old saw with a keen edge, "A clear stage and no favour." Let this be granted, and the Reformation will win, as she always has done, with all the odds against her.

The system pursued by all these men, where and when they shew themselves openly, is temporising and sedative, and when possible, they prefer opiates to irritants. In old French pharmacy, derived probably from the religious system of the feudal age; there was, and perhaps is, a medical compound known as "Thériaque." This was used as a cordial, perhaps as a *quietus*, but its basis was the flesh of *the viper*. The remedies now kindly prescribed for heretical Britain are, I fear, also based upon the same noxious, slimy, tortuous, subtle, watchful and poisonous reptile. Veillot and his crew, on the contrary, belong to the school of phlebotomy; they prefer "blood-letting," to either salves or slops. Nothing less than, or short of, the Inquisition of blood, will satisfy the carnivorous devotees of the "Religious World."

They have long been, and now are on the scent, and like bloodhounds on the trail, lag their tongues, thirsty for blood. Naples reeks, Rome frets, while Austria, with calf-skin on her recreant limbs, sweats under the absurd effects of mingled hope and 'fear.

The "Holy Office," which has never yet been abolished, hopes for an early opportunity to resume its humane functions. It is in France, yes, in France, that the champion of the Inquisition is allowed to erect the framework of his infernal machine, and to

mark down its future victims. It is there that he is openly caressed by those of the Roman hierarchy who now think with him, and will soon, *perhaps*, be prepared to act with him.

In prospect of some early movement, and the re-establishment of *regal despotism*, and priestly power, he thus declares himself:—"The best government will be that which makes the most zealous efforts to *assure the liberty of the Church*, and to *stifle her enemies*."

When an avowed Roman Inquisitionist talks of liberty for his church, and of "*stifling* its enemies," he must indeed be a sorry fool who does not comprehend the meaning of the horrid threat. I could fill pages with proofs of my assertion, namely, that if *legitimist despotism* succeeds in establishing itself on the throne of France, a grand crusade will be commenced against Protestantism, and that the chief engine of warfare will be the tortures of the Inquisition. Read, however, the following:—An Italian journal recently announced, that it was the intention of Heaven's vicegerent on earth to increase the number of saints or demi-gods (as the Abbé Jolibois sarcastically calls these elected from the faithful) by the number of four. M. Veuillot (always well informed of all the intentions of vice-heaven) tells us, "that the demi-gods elect, and about to be beatified, were, when on earth, and in

life, four *religieux* of the Dominican order; that they were the most active of the Inquisitionists of their day, and were remarkable for their zeal in *converting* the heretics of the valley of Vaudois." These four eminently pious men, successors of St. Paul in much that he said and did (*previously* to his going to *Damascus, bièn entendu*) deservedly fell in a "pitched battle which they waged against their 'converts' in the holy land of Piedmont." The infernal organ of the Inquisition movement made in the year of grace 1857, delivers himself after this wise:—"In this religious act (the *deification* of *four Inquisitionists*), the church will see a new approval divinely given to the holy mission which these Inquisitionists filled; a providential justification of the insults and doubts raised against the usefulness of their ministry, and also a complete justification of the church, in all which it has done in defence of the faith."

I refuse to follow the fellow further. The ink positively seems to "blush all red" as it leaves the pen.

They who cannot now see the object and ambition of the Inquisition sect of Romanism, must, to speak candidly, be as blind as moles, and more stupid than owls.

Some, however, may still think that Heaven's *soi-disant* vicegerent should be supported by the

public sympathy of the faithful. I, for one, am of this opinion, and beg to propose, "That the apotheosis of these four murderers of the brave Waldenses shall be strictly watched. Let four ninety-eight pounders be specially cast in the soundest metal; let each be publicly dedicated to one of these saints, and the saint's name moulded in the metal. When proved, let the four be presented to Piedmont, and God grant if its civil or religious liberties shall be attacked that its valleys may echo and re-echo with the martial music of these useful adorers of the four saints of the Vaudois St. Bartholomew."

CHAPTER XVI.

ROMISH INQUISITION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,
1809—1857 INCLUSIVE. SPAIN AND FRANCE.

Recapitulation—Popery and Priestcraft estimation in France—
French Protestants—Narrative of the destruction of the In-
quisition in Spain—Discovery of its horrors—Rescue of its
victims—Description of its instruments of torture—Applied
to the torturers themselves, &c.

THE question of "*Romish diplomacy*," and that of
the religious houses, may be viewed as the prominent
tactics of the Montalembert school. We have said
that the Wiseman class of agitators, although acting
in close combination with that school as well as with
the Veillot gang, will affect to hold off from both
or from either, as Jesuitism may dictate.

Naples reeks ; Rome frets and fumes, whilst Austria sweats again under the absurd effects of mingled hope and fear. Piedmont, *our cherished ally*, rides upon the storm (like a master god over demons), great, glorious, and all but free.

I decline, however, to adduce these nations as proofs of my position ; their political existence as monarchies is so bound up with the papal system, that with it, and by it, they must stand or fall. There is no country in Europe which presents the religion of Rome in so clear yet inauspicious a light as France. The active intelligence and restless energies of the French character, the high state of cultivation which the human mind has attained in France, and the disgust with which priestcraft is viewed by nearly all Frenchmen, have tended to enlighten us as to the motives of high-popery men. The Protestant principle, though not thoroughly appreciated, is, after all, greatly admired in France.

There is no body of religionists in Europe which, considering their paucity of numbers, dispersed position, and depressed energies, claims a larger share of British respect and sympathy than the French Protestants.

Accustomed to meet religion in full toilette or "vanity fair" costume in the streets and market-places, the French are slow to appreciate on a large scale the

unpretending services, the simple faith, and the retiring religious demeanour of their Protestant countrymen. *Contrast*, however, is often a convincing, if not a rigorous logician.

In the Romish churches they see, *and with a green-coloured vision*, lavish expenditure, unmeaning ceremonies, which require no exercise of the intellect, no previous education, that of posture and demeanour excepted.

Sermons are seldom addressed to the laity, and the clergy are, for the most part, of a low class. The Protestant clergy are quiet, seldom active politicians, and are most carefully educated at the universities of Montauban and Strasbourg. As preachers they are attractive, sometimes argumentative, but generally eloquent. Let me add that Protestant charity in France has a sterling discriminating character, which wins the admiration of others, though it is seldom openly expressed.

The "National Reformed Church of France" is, however, gaining ground, and especially amongst the educated classes. And this in spite of a system of calumny and discouragement which it is obviously difficult to encounter. I repudiate all wish to sound a false alarm; to sow discord or to overstretch the cords of fancy. On the other hand, we almost venture to assert that there exists a deeply-laid conspiracy

to re-enact, or rather to react in France, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. I go further, and assert that the ultra-pontine priests and their confederate Jesuits are prepared for any measures of oppression and cruelty which the chances and changes of empire may enable them to effect. My fellow-countrymen at home are so unused to consider the Inquisition as a reality, that they can hardly bear to be told of its existence. They cannot appreciate the infernal machine, because they refuse to approach it. The following splendid achievement, during the possession of Madrid by the army of the hero Sout, at once sheds a lustre upon the French arms and a glory upon Protestantism, of which history has no right to deprive either the one or the other.

It carries us no further back than 1809, and thus commences the epoch designated at the head of this chapter :

“ DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

“ In 1809, Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napóleon’s army which was stationed at Madrid. And while in that city,” said Col. L., “ I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napóleon, that the Inquisition and monasteries should be suppressed, but

the decree, he said, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened.

“ One night, about ten or eleven o’clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance the lights of the patrols—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

“ He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it.

“ Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service; but if he would give him two additional regiments—the 117th and another, which he named—he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment was under

the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France.

“The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

“It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls, without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up.

“I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering-rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls.

“Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor-general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and the defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, ‘Why do you fight our friends, the French?’

“Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorised by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice

was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

“We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendour, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order.

“There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we have been told, and where were those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard. But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the

search, and said to me, 'Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others.' I replied to him, 'Do as you please, colonel,' and ordered water to be brought accordingly.

"The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath.

"All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.

"While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt-end of his musket, struck a spring, and the marblè slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inqui-

sitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the hand-writing appeared on the wall ; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below.

“ As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look said, ‘ My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands ; they are holy.’ ‘ Well,’ I said, ‘ I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity ; I will bear the responsibility ! ’

“ I took the candle, and proceeded down the stair-case. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large square room which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor-General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

“ From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire

length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again. These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupy the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odour.

“In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten, down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world! and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young man, and the maiden of fourteen years old.

“The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were ex-

ceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day ; but Col. De Lile, aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it. We then proceeded (said Col. De Lile) to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent.

“ Col. De Lile here described four of these horrid instruments.

“ The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, was broken or drawn one by one after another, until the victim died.

“ The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw, that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony.

“ The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound ; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the ma-

chine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces.

“The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

“Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable.

“Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the Inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine.

“The Inquisitor-general was brought before the infernal machine called ‘The Virgin.’ He begs to be excused. ‘No,’ said they; ‘you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it.’ They inter-

locked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces.

“ Col. L. said that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell. In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there ! It was like a resurrection ! About a hundred, who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long-lost daughters ; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children.

“ When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a waggon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tre-

mendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. "The Inquisition was no more!" —*Phil. Christ. Obs.*

This true tale of earth's hell is extracted from the *Phil. Christ. Observer*, and amidst all its inexpressible horror, emits rays of comfort which relieve the mind, and invite reflection.

It was reserved for two Protestant heroes of the French Army to unkennel the bloodhounds;—it was reserved to Protestants to be the just and lenient avengers of the martyred dead;—it was reserved to these heroes of the National Reformed Church of France to give liberty to the captives, and to restore them to their families and friends; and lastly, these two heroes of the Imperial army are now, or lately were, standard-bearers of the True Cross under the auspices of the National Reformed Church of France. Have these Inquisitors yet found their way into the calendar of the saints?

If war would often treat us with such an achievement as this, we could hardly wish for peace, until the last Inquisitor, should he even be a confederate of the "Religious World," were consigned to the embrace of the Virgin of Madrid.

One need not despair. There still remain bloodhounds to be destroyed—let the stratagem so successful at Madrid not be forgotten.

This, however, occurred in Spain, and it is with France that we have to do.

Hardly had the heroes who blew up the Romish Inquisition at Madrid, and executed its priestly murderers, laid down their arms and entered upon peaceful pursuits, than the spite of priestly revenge broke out against the Protestants of France. The devil of the Inquisition, exorcised by Soult's brave band, crossed into France and again showed its cloven foot. He re-appeared in a milder form, it is true, but in sufficient force to convince the world that it must be treated as co-equal, and co-enduring with the *Cardinal and Jesuit system*.

The Emperor's dogma is Immaculate. "Secularise the papal states—enact the Code Napoleon." I, purposely, say the Cardinal-system, because he who now occupies the straw-bottomed chair at Rome, is known to be personally opposed to priestly-robbery, rape, and murder.

The interval between the years 1809 and 1815 was not wide, although it was indeed eventful. And yet what did we, who are living, then see and hear?

History has blushed fully to record the painful tale of death and blood. If the secret Inquisition at Madrid was blown into the air, and its apostolic ministers and murderers, too late indeed, consigned to the death embrace of their own prostituted Virgin, if old,

men and old women, young men and maidens, received their liberty, and over-coats to cover their shame, at the hands of their French Protestant deliverers in the year 1809, it took but six years to revive the Inquisition, in a more open and perhaps milder form, on the soil of France, France so often soaked with Protestant blood.

CHAPTER XVII.

MASSACRE OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS, 1815.*

Anticipations of the Protestant party on the return of the Bourbon dynasty—The charter of Louis XVIII. and profession of religious toleration—Historical parallels—Return of Louis—Massacre of Nismes—The Abbé Palhein—Re-opening of the places of Protestant worship—Murder of General Lagarde—Royal ordinance—Heroic conduct of a Protestant clergyman—Obvious application to coming crisis—Alliance of the Bourbons with the Jesuits—Coincidences—Former and present Jesuit policy—Priestcraft always the same—Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris.

WHEN, in 1814, the Bourbon dynasty returned to France, the French Protestants made no attempt to

* From the History of the French Protestants, by M. de Félice.

This work should be in the hands of every British Protestant who wishes to understand the history, sufferings, and endurance of his brethren in France. It is to be purchased of M. Grassant, 3, Rue de la Paix, Paris, and all other booksellers, and the price is only three francs, or half-a-crown. •

form a separate political party. All alike ceased to regret the military rule of the first Napoleon. Merchants, and others engaged in trade, with pleasure hailed a peace which should open up new sources of industrial enterprise. If they could not dismiss apprehension in again seeing upon the throne of France the descendants of that Prince who was treacherous enough to revoke the "irrevocable" Edict of Nantes, they endeavoured to throw back their recollections towards that noble-minded King who had endowed them with it. The memory of Henri Quatre recomforted them. One could hardly expect that the Bourbons, opposed by so many adversaries, would, without reason, exasperate a million and a half of peaceable citizens; and it was confidently hoped that the interests of the Reformed Church would be safe in the hands of a man who said that, "after God, he owed his crown to a Protestant Prince, the Regent of Great Britain."

[If, when a Bourbon mounted the French throne under Providence and Protestant auspices, as he thus confessed, his Protestant subjects were so ruthlessly massacred, as the reader will presently see, what may not be dreaded if a Bourbon should again return, not *aided by, but in spite of the influence of a Protestant ally? Coming events will prove.*]

In a *political sense*, there was no Protestant party.

The fifth article of the Charter granted by Louis XVIII. ran thus:—" *Each party may profess its religion with equal liberty, and obtain for its worship the same protection.*"

[The reader will soon be able to appreciate the value of a *tyrant's oath.*]

No collision would have occurred had this clause of the Charter been fairly and well understood by the Catholic population, honestly carried out by men in power, and frankly acceded to by the privileged orders. In the south of France especially, the working classes and the peasants who belonged to the Romish Church, openly threatened the Protestants with new persecutions, without being repressed or held back by the local authorities.

[They who know anything of France, know well that in all matters of police and public manners, that which is not *discouraged when in overt action*, is well understood to be *encouraged.*]

The mob clamoured for the closing of the temples, and for the interdiction of public worship. The most honourable and respectable men of the Protestant Church were openly insulted and ill-treated.

The emigrants who returned with the Bourbons, and others closely caged up in their châteaux for nearly a quarter of a century, were bent upon *restoring their own class interests.* These men attempted to

realise their hopes at all price, and even at the expense of Royalty itself.

[It is now and again *a quarter of a century* since the old noblesse have re-taken to their châteaux. They now seek to re-establish their *own class interests* at all *hazards*, and even at the expense of the Empire itself.]

The old conspiracies of 1790 were sought to be revived, and addresses were prepared, demanding that there should be but one religion in France.

In many of the churches, hand cards were distributed, thus inscribed :

“The faithful are desired to repeat daily five *paters* and five *aves* for the prosperity of the Kingdom and re-establishment of the Jesuits.”

[Had they prayed that the “great gulf” which separates *Dives* from Lazarus might be crossed by a viaduct built with the bones of Christians murdered and martyred by the Jesuits, the faithful would have been better employed, though with no hope of either prayer being answered, *except in the negative*.]

The pulpit was (*as in 1856*) made the vehicle of most bitter insults towards the Protestants; and thus goaded and irritated by continued provocation, the latter were, in some degree, compelled to adapt their political opinions to their religious convictions. “The blame,” adds M. de Félice, with an admirable frank-

ness, " must not be wholly cast upon the Gallican papists as a body ; on the contrary, they were equally afflicted and indignant. The population, excited by secret agents, acted independently of the clergy, and many church dignitaries interfered with courage to save the victims."

Such was the condition of the South of France when the Emperor landed from Elba. The Protestants of Nismes offered their services to the Duke of Angoulême as volunteers in the cause of Royalty. The Prince would gladly have accepted their support, but certain fanatics of the Bourbon party repulsed them with this insult,—“ We will not endure these infamous and cowardly (Coquins) Protestants.”

Napoleon, having re-possessed himself of Paris, the Protestants resumed their legitimate influence, and relied upon the protection of the laws. They were, moreover, innocent of excesses of which they were accused. The Royalists condescended to invent Protestant offences, in order to extenuate and conceal their own outrages. The enormous amount of massacre with which a handful of Protestants stood charged, *as all the official documents fully attest*, resulted in the loss of two lives. Two *Royalist* volunteers, it appears, met with their deaths in a street affray provoked by themselves and *fifty comrades* who entered the village with fire-arms.

Immediately, however, that the defeat of Waterloo was known at Nismes, the Royalists reorganized themselves, and besought the municipal council to declare itself for the government of Louis XVIII., although no order to that effect had been, as yet received from Paris.

The council replied that it was necessary to wait for official instructions, and published a proclamation to the following effect, under date of July, 1815 :—

“ Fellow-countrymen of all opinions, and for whom we have an equal solicitude, in the name of the efforts which we have made to avert those evils which threaten our country, in the name of all those interests which you hold most dear, in the name of that God who imposes upon you all sympathy, kindness, and concord, be not deaf to our earnest request.” . . .

The morrow, a despatch announced the return of the King to his capital ; and the Protestant population resumed the white cockade. This prompt acquiescence did not satisfy those who had adopted the *white* and *green* cockade.

[White and green represent the King and Pope—*“ le Roi et la Croix,”* the old hunting cry of those who rode down the Huguenots like wild beasts of the forest.]

Terror soon showed itself, and spread through the south of France. On the 17th July, a hideous mob

of rioters attacked the garrison, which, weakened by numerous desertions after the news of the fall of the Emperor, was but two hundred strong. Besieged in their garrison, and seeing that all resistance was vain, and could only lead to loss of blood, they consented to capitulate. On the morrow, at break of day, they laid down their arms, and quitted the barracks with a firm but sorrowful air. The wretched brigands, through whom they passed, by a cowardly violation of the laws of humanity and chivalry, fired upon them, and then trampled upon the prostrate bodies of the old soldiers of the country.

All control being at an end, pillage, fire, and murder, desolated the beautiful city of Nismes. The details of that massacre are indeed horrible.

These savage outbreaks of royal fanaticism soon spread far and wide. The country around Nismes was soon abandoned to the fury of a few hundred wretches, who, whilst imposing ruinous exactions, despoiling properties, sacking houses, ill-treating inoffensive citizens, outraging women, desecrating the graves of the dead, had for their battle-cry, "*Vive la Croix!*" "*Vive la Roi!*" whilst the crimes they committed were alike contrary to the most sacred interests of religion and of royalty. If a few miserable Protestants assembled, and armed themselves to watch for their common defence, to protect the beds of the aged, or

the cradles of their children, they were treated as factious rebels.

The town of Uges, amongst others, had been invaded by a band of assassins ; and it was there that a Roman Catholic Priest gave proof of a sublime devotion to the cause of justice and mercy. The authorities trembled from fear. One man alone stood forward (says Lange de Peret), a worthy minister of the law of love and charity, a priest of that God who has commanded all men to live as brethren. This worthy priest was the Abbé Palhein ; and M. de Félice renders him a willing and deserved homage. In vain did this excellent priest throw himself upon his knees, and implore mercy for his fellow Protestant citizens at the hands of brigands, who, under the false banner of " King and Cross," carried havoc, rape, and robbery into the dwellings of the peaceful.

This wretched state of things had lasted for months, when four thousand Austrians arrived in the department of the *Gard*. These strangers, by blood and country, to the French, had been falsely told that the Protestants threatened to disturb the public tranquillity, and that against these rebels law and order must be upheld. The Austrian mercenaries advanced with caution, as treading an enemy's soil ; but great was even Austrian surprise to find nothing but the wreck of a peaceable population decimated by assassins.

Then, as now, there was no liberty of the press. The government newspaper of the department, which was prepared in the offices of the Police and the Prefecture, did not blush to dispute facts the most palpable and evident ; but they also had the audacity to boast of the clemency and generosity of the authorities in the very presence of their dead victims. The government was, however, better instructed than it appeared to be ; and Louis XVIII. became alarmed as to the impression which such a dreadful massacre would make upon the public mind, not only of France, but of Europe.

Great Britain and Prussia, whose arms had contributed to restore the crown of France to the Bourbons, upon the hard-fought field of Waterloo, began to show symptoms of excitement ; and the cabinet of St. James, after being called upon by the House of Commons, simply invoked the fair fulfilment of the charter already granted by Louis XVIII. in favour of his Protestant subjects.

At Nismes, the Duke of Angoulême found the Protestant temples closed, all public worship of the Protestants interdicted, and a considerable portion of their families self-banished through fear of assassination. The remnant were shut up in their houses as a proscribed race—their tyrants publicly and proudly parading themselves—the magistrates without

authority, and the law altogether dumb. A few Protestant delegates, under shelter of a motley crowd, and of some civil functionaries, paid their respects to the Duke, by whom they were well received. And the Prince directed them to re-open their temples for worship, from and after Thursday, the 9th of November. They prudently delayed the exercise of the privilege till the Sunday following, and then, as a precautionary measure, they opened but one only. The event unhappily proved that they had counted too much upon the good disposition of the people, their abettors and leaders.

The mob gathered around the temple, shrieking—
“à bas les Protestants! Mort aux Protestants! Qu'ils nous rendent nos églises! Qu'ils s'en retournent au désert!”—“Down with the Protestants! Death to the Protestants! Let them restore us our churches! Let them return to the desert!”

The doors of the temple were forced, and a horde of wretches entered the sanctuary.

General Lagarde, who, with some officers, sustained the assault, received in his chest the contents of a loaded musket. This dastardly murder, perhaps, prevented far worse, because more extensive, evils. The mob, always cowardly, panic-struck at the sight of its own criminality, turned their attention towards their own safety, and took to their heels.

The assassination of a military leader in the very act of discharging a special duty, and in obedience to the personal orders of a prince of the blood, left the government no alternative but to act with vigorous determination.

The evil had now *struck home*. The waves of anarchy now, as it were, approached the very throne of the *doves'-oil anointed* Bourbons.* On the 21st of the same month, Louis XVIII. published an ordinance with this preamble:—

“An atrocious crime has stained our city of Nismes. In contempt of the charter which recognises the Catholic religion as the religion of the state, but which guarantees to other forms of worship protection and liberty, seditious mobs have opposed the opening of a Protestant temple. Our military commander, in endeavouring to disperse them by persuasion, before employing force, has been assassinated, and the assassin has found an asylum from the pursuits of justice. If such an outrage remains unpunished, public order and government will be at an end, and our ministers and public officers must be held responsible for the non-execution of our laws.”

* The old French Kings, at their coronation at Rheims, were anointed with oil, “said to be brought from heaven by a dove.” The *incredulous* admirers of tradition maintain that this is the origin of that mystic draught so much in demand on the first of April—“*pigeons' milk*” (sous toute reserve).

In spite, however, of a government prosecution directed against the assassin of General Lagarde, and all concerned, either as leaders or abettors of the infernal massacre, *not a man was punished!* The assassin of the General was acquitted; and his confederate felons, who still stalked over one half of the department, spreading devastation and spilling blood, were still allowed to parade themselves with an odious impunity upon the very theatre of their crimes. People were afraid to give evidence against them, and their *unseen, mysterious protectors let them go free.* Let my reader reflect that this was but as the other day; and is there is no similarity between these dark deeds of bloody revenge, Popish tyranny, and *non-allegiance*, and that “unseen power” so busy in a sister island, to say nothing of England, which works by the same means, to attain the same end? The power may be “unseen,” but it is not unknown; it is that poisoned cardinal weapon “whose handle is at Rome, but whose point is everywhere.” But let our excellent historian, M. De Félice, again speak.—

“It is impossible,” he says, “to terminate this brief outline of the troubles of the department of the Gard without paying a just tribute of respect to its Protestant pastors. Many were seen to throw themselves before their flocks, armed in self-defence, beseeching them in the name of the Gospel not to render

evil for evil. One eminent man deserves especial notice. M. Juillerat Chasseur, since President of the Consistory of Paris, was appointed to officiate as pastor on that memorable but fatal day on which General Lagarde was assassinated. With serene brow and a calm voice he continued to offer up the prayers of the day; and in the midst of their threats of death, the furious tigers, spell-bound as it were, respected the person of the pastor, whilst they defiled the sanctuary of his religion. He well understood his responsible position, and that the least appearance of personal fear would have brought on a still more fearful catastrophe."

Thus far M. De Félice.

This historical testimony to the atrocities of Bourbon-Popery, in 1815, has never been doubted, disputed, or contradicted. It is, I admit, the testimony of one whose friends and brothers fell under the hands of the assassins. It will be condemned as *ex-parte* by those only who are interested in rejecting it, because it reveals a bloody episode in the history of political Popery, and of the savage adorers of Saint Ignatius, the elect apostle of Rome. Let me quote another authority, a deservedly popular book, which is in the hands of every one who visits France.

Murray's Hand-book for France is evidently and most properly compiled so as to avoid all cause of,

offence. If an utter stranger to the compiler may offer an opinion, he certainly cannot be charged with any prejudice in favour of that truly brilliant minority of the French nation, the "*Reformed Church of France*"

Under the topography of Nismes he corroborates, and, indeed, amplifies the details given by M. De Félice; nor was this Protestant crusade wholly abandoned till the accession of Louis Philippe.

One can hardly allow this late, though reduced, *yet perhaps not the last*, edition of the Bartholomew massacre to pass with a mere recital of its jealousy, hatred, and murder.

In itself it is a sufficiently prominent fact, viewed simply as a public event; but its application to the crisis which we rapidly approach, and seem unable to avert, will be, after a moment's consideration, very evident.

The befriended Bourbon had hardly mounted the throne of his degraded race and ancestry, before that despicable system of religious persecution which had never been long laid quiet, began to reveal itself. It will be attended with no pleasing recollections to enquire, at whose expense of blood and treasure, and by whose valour the throne of France was re-won from the great soldier of his age and nation, by the great captain of our own age and nation. He, with all his

faults, and they were chiefly those of ambition, had endowed France not only with a military fame which it never before possessed, and cannot again expect to achieve; but with a code of laws which Britain has long required, but is yet, hopelessly, destined to envy.

In alluding to the momentous events of 1815, I shall not speak of the British, or of the Prussians, or even allude to the “disaster” of Waterloo, further than to say, that if it was a victory for one party, and a defeat for the other, it can hardly be called anything else than a “*disaster*” for all.

Absolution and despotism have ever since acted as if they believed that the world could hardly exist without them, and that whenever their wretched craft is thrown into danger, freedom and freedom’s posterity must be for ever taxed both in purse and in person, to sustain and abet them. .

One truth may, however, be told, and that without invidiously naming religion, country, or creed—more Protestant blood was shed, and treasure expended during the latter wars of the Empire, in the cause of those whose liberty was immediately attacked, or remotely threatened, than has ever been shed since France was dyed purple at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. If Protestant blood and treasure did not of themselves re-instate the Bourbon dynasty, they formed the most

valuable elements of the Bourbon alliance; what was the reward? that which has been too briefly detailed, the Protestant massacre at Nismes. It was thoroughly Bourbon, and of the elder branch. It was equally Inquisitorial and of the ultra-pontine school, as we shall see. It was "the Religious World" in the ascendant, and for a moment triumphant.

The men, or fiends, who thus murdered the defenceless Protestants, without cause, without offence, and, most assuredly, without mercy, are, many of them, *still alive*. The widows and orphans of the victims are also, many of them, living. Nay, the very blood-stains may, possibly, yet be traced on the floors of the desecrated temples. Who, let me ask, were the authors of this disgraceful tragedy? They were not the priests of the Gallican church taken as a body. They were not the followers of Napoleon, for he had none—they had forsaken him, and fled. They were not the "pure et simple" supporters of the Bourbon dynasty, because their interest for the moment lay in another direction. A state of repose and of quiet inaction was their aim and object. "

The massacre of Nismes was hushed up, history was forbidden to write its short but cruel annals, and every possible means has been adopted to gloss over the horrors of that epoch. Truth, however, is sometimes curious, seldom idle, and cannot be deceived.

She has taken some pains to investigate the Protestant martyrdoms of 1815.

The events were not so remote, but that *vivá voce* testimony could be adduced. The result leaves little doubt on the mind that the instigators and abettors, and therefore doers of these murders, were the Society of Jesuits. There, in fact, existed no other order, no other power which could have demanded, and upon its own terms, that wretched connivance and encouragement, which was so palpably manifested by the government of the day.

The Bourbon races have never frankly and heartily opposed the Jesuits, nor dare they do so. The alliance is too old, too close, too self-interested to be easily shaken. Any open insult, or neglect offered by legitimacy to Jesuitism, would be so speedily and angrily resented, that the cause of despotism would be hopeless. So complete and so dovetailed are all the component parts of this vast conspiracy, that a rupture between the confederates, or the conquest of either by an external enemy, would lead to the speedy annihilation of the whole.

Precedent is, when practicable, the ground plan of Jesuit policy—and the student of French history will remark an almost complete identity of action between the massacre at Nismes, and the opening scenes of that other infernal tragedy, the revocation of the Edict

of Nantes, which was a master-piece of Ignatian villainy. The coincidence is very remarkable, and before concluding I shall hope to make evident that the Jesuit policy now at work in Britain is entirely founded on the successful carnage which resulted from the Jesuit policy of that day. M. Benoit, the learned historian of the Edict of Nantes, tells us that at Alençon the Protestants appointed a general fast, in order that, by prayer and humiliation, they might hope to avert the cruelties of their implacable enemies. Whilst thus quietly engaged in their retired and humble devotions, the mob, excited and led on by Père La Rue, made an assault on the temple. The cries of the besieged Christians were savagely answered by the hootings of the priest-led heretics.

The fiends mounted the windows and grinned (*singeaient*) at the pastor's grief, and the affliction of his little faithful band. They showered stones on the pulpit, and upon the devoted heads of the congregation.

Finding it impossible to drive these poor people into open acts of defence, the doors were forced, and the besiegers brought on a contest which ended in the entire destruction of the temple. Père La Rue, the Jesuit leader of the band, to quote the sarcasm of Voltaire, "*half tigers—half monkeys*," gained his end, viz., the demolition of the temple. The massacre

of Nismes in 1815, had the same object. The policy and the *promises* of the present race of Bourbon revolutionists hold out the same game for the Pères La Rue of 1857, or their reward for their present labours, in behalf of legitimacy and present anti-Christian charity and forbearance.

Marillac, the Intendant of Poitou, ordered that all who would not attend the sermons of the Jesuit missionaries should be punished by being overtaxed, then by a further poll tax of ten francs per head, and lastly, by the most *debasing insult it was possible for a family containing modest matrons or maidens to endure*—a billeting of brutal, nay, beastly, dragoons. “Sack and pillage these dogs of Huguenots,” cried the priests. “Sack and pillage ! it is the desire of the King.” “I commit havoc amongst the Huguenots, who dare not utter a word,” wrote Goribou, the Curé of Soubise ; and he added, with equal taste and truth — “On les prend pas le *bec* comme des bécasses et à la moindre parole on les voiturier à Rochefort.” To render this priestly despatch in equally elegant English, we might say—“We seize them by the snout as if they were swine, and at the slightest complaint they are thrown into carts and packed off to the galleys of Rochefort.”

Thus we see that priestcraft *on the stilts is always the same*. In that position “Unity” is always con-

sistent with "Unity." The precedents of 1630-1688 were looked up, and, *ceteris paribus*, closely followed in the Protestant massacre of 1815. For that which I am now about to write, I can, it must be avowed, produce no authority. And yet I have one. I dare not produce it ; the ruin, if not the death, of a poor and innocent man would be the probable result. In the precedent of 1630 and subsequent years the leaders were priests as a body at large, and the Jesuits as a particular order. These men, aided by the courtesans of the regal bed-chamber, and the slaughtering of the eloquent butcher, Bossuet, Louvois, Letellier, and Père-La-Chaise, and with hosts of dragoons under their orders, carried hell and misery upon every Christian hearth in France.

In 1815, the Jesuits, directly and indirectly encouraged by the Government, excited the monkeys and tigers of popery to grin and growl, and tear asunder men, women, and maidens, as good and as pure as ever blessed the sunny land of France. The clergy of the Gallican Church were not, as we have seen, accessories to the brutalities of the infuriated mob.

The precedents of 1630-1688 are now invoked. It is under *restored Borbon auspices* that the Jesuits hope to unfurl the standard of Veillot's "Religious World." *Their* immaculate conception is thus conceived : "Le Roi, la Croix.—The King and the Inquisition."

Une Foi, une Loi, un Roi. This is the promise held out by the absolutists to the priests, who are confederate with them.

“ Il faut rehabiliter la revocation de l'édit de Nantes.”
“ We must re-enact and re-act the revocation of the edict of Nantes.”*

M. Montalembert will not himself deny that all this villainy, and still more than this, is now being plotted by one of the most formidable conspiracies with which France and Europe have ever been cursed.

If it be denied, and such denial meet my eye or ear, I will undertake to prove it, and my witness shall be a French statesman and orator, once a senator, and now a fusionist agitator. . .

If God, in the exercise of his infallible justice permits despotism, priestcraft, and kingcraft again to mar the beauty of this unhappy land, it will be a terrible day for us all.

Russia, Naples, Austria, and Spain are ready to give the dowry of their diplomacy and funds; whilst Rome stands panting for the opportunity to assure herself that a Bourbon is re-admitted to the bed and board from which he has long been righteously divorced, and then to come in papal state to Rheims to bless the marriage; that ceremony complete, Veuillot's "Religious World" will then become the official organ, not only of the Jesuits and

cardinals, but of all the papal powers confederate, "*The crusade against Protestantism,*" will then be proclaimed, and will be inaugurated by the re-establishment of that Inquisition, which two Protestant French generals blew into the air at Madrid, in the year of grace 1809.

* * * * *

My pen is arrested by the news of a fearful tragedy enacted in the church of the patron saint of Paris. The head of the Romish church in that city has fallen by the hand of an assassin—by the felon hand of a fellow priest.

If the martyr Affre was indirectly the victim of ill-advised, well-intentioned, but blind kingcraft, he who yesterday fell is, directly, the victim, the innocent victim perhaps, of priestcraft, for he has fallen by one of his own order.

The news has just reached me on the banks of the Seine, and already the terrible event has become, in the hands of the "Religious World," the parent of lies and malice. The immaculate editor who, as he tells us, walks the streets of Paris counting beads, (without of course ogling the grisettes,) may to-night retire to rest without the remorseful reflection of his superior Roman "I have lost a day." It is but yesterday that the amiable, if misguided, prelate fell, surrounded by hundreds of the credulous, who were

commanded by a priest in advance of the high-priest, to fall down on their knees whilst he passed amongst them. And whilst thus proudly passing, as none but priests can pass, the good prelate fell—and fell even lower than they, who thus lowly knelt at his feet.

The first dung fly which has winged its way from the reeking stable of “the Religious World,” tells us that the prelate “had time to receive the absolution.” The truth is he fell saying, “The wretch, he has killed me!”

The second dung fly of Veullot’s famous carrier-breed, tells us that the assassin was a little reformed—a kind of “Protestant,” because, forsooth, the wretch had protested against the reception of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The same carrier-dung-fly also tells us, that after his first examination he called for his “New Testament—for I shall have much need of it to-night.” The intention and infamy of this lie—for lie it is—is to hide the priest, while it exposes the assassin.

Veullot does not of course wish that his church shall be considered as the nursery, or as the refuge of assassins. To keep up that race of officials so necessary for the followers of the sainted Ignatius, the chambers of the Roman Inquisition are the “haras” or breeding stables; there they are conceived in sin, baptised in,

blood, confirmed by evil spirits, and ordained by the devil himself for the holy—yes, holy is the word—for the holy office of murder by torture. There every Jesuit assassin who can escape the hands of secular justice, may find an ever open, an elegant, and an hospitable asylum. Instead of making his “fatal toilette,” and then dropping his own head into a waste-head basket on the “Place Publique,” he may appear in full toilette in the golden chambers of the Inquisition, and sip Burgundy and carve capons and Protestants until his life’s end. But in the church of the patron saint, at the fête of the saint, when religion and the ladies were in full toilette, no priest could be found who would dare to plunge a knife into the heart of a fellow priest. No! No! “It was a New Testament man—of course—a Protestant, a Huguenot.” *Nous verrons, Monsieur Veillot.*

It is already said, that guilty as he may be, he will not be beheaded.

“The secular arm has no power over the life of a priest.”

Whilst the last rays of kingcraft threw their feeble twilight over the fast setting “glory” of Louis Philippe, a ducal assassin, lay in prison convicted of murder, and what a murder!

It was then predicted that *he* would not die on the scaffold—nor did he.

But how did he die? The last sacraments were of course readily granted. It is said, to the credit of priestcraft, that they are never refused to those who can pay for them.

It was also said, that the cup (from which the priest had withdrawn all the real presence with which *he* had ever endowed it,) was left behind. That solemn cup, it has been said, afterwards contained a drop which soon despatched the spirit of the ducal assassin of his wife into that *true and real presence* from which as it abides in Heaven itself, man finds no ultimate appeal.

Will this priest, assassin of a priest, also escape? Will he by stealth gain the golden chambers of the Inquisition at Naples, Rome, or in Spain? or will he be reserved to grace the more subdued and refined model of the Holy Office which it is hoped to inaugurate in France, when the "Religious World" and its worldly confederates shall under a restored Bourbon proclaim the long cherished "crusade" against Protestantism?*

* The majesty of the law has since been asserted—the assassin priest has expiated his offence on the scaffold.

CONCLUSION.

Retrospective glance—Events predicted, since accomplished—Election manoeuvres—Political meaning of abstaining to vote—Crusades against heretics—Prosecution of M. Dentu—Suggestion as to the motive for the archbishop's assassination—Compromise of the legal proceedings against the Abbé Cagnol—The authority of "The Examiner" cited—Effects of the murder on Jesuitism—French project of invading Britain, by an alliance with Russia—Object of the Legitimists—Reported retirement of the Pope to Jerusalem—Practical Remedies suggested—Approaching crisis of the French Empire—Secret diplomacy, and its effects—Gunpowder the great reformer—Concluding counsels.

THIS feeble essay which I now venture to expose to the winds of criticism, if commenced in the spirit of prediction, and, therefore, of uncertainty, is completed under circumstances which strongly confirm much that I had dared to anticipate.

I laid down my pen at the news of the martyrdom of poor Sibour. Martyr he was, though hardly in the sublime sense of that really possessed passport, by which some heroes have quitted the narrow isthmus of time to embark on the shoreless ocean of eternity. This interval I have employed in carefully watching

events, the revelations of public feeling, and political movements.

The earlier portion of my labours was composed under much pains-taking enquiry. The information which I received of the confederacy formed against the present Empire, and of the part which the *crédit mobilier* is destined to play in the impending tragedy, was derived from a secret, and as events daily prove, a reliable source.

My authority was, perhaps, implicated, not as a principal, nor as a willing accessory, but simply as a paid scribe. Some feelings akin to remorse, not so much of a political as of a religious nature, acted strongly upon an untrained and sensitive mind.

Subsequent irritation produced by ill-treatment increased the aversion of my informant, and this soon led to a separation of the parties. I have no reason to doubt the truth of the information I received. These details I have not exposed, and indeed a second volume would hardly suffice for the purpose. Current events so completely unveil and have already all but developed the scheme, that these pages can hardly appear without being chargeable with that most absurd species of divination, namely, an *ex post facto* oracle.

I began with the *crédit mobilier*, and shall leave that giant-usurper of capital, and consequent, tyrant over labour, industry, and honourable emulation to narrate its own story of brass and effrontery. On

this point I will only add,—that man, or combination of men, who, in France, holds *the poor man's loaf in possession*—may be said to hold the government of France in *reversion*. If the *crédit mobilier* by its savage speculations on the staff, of life, upon the very existence of the working classes, and upon the modest comforts of those classes (les petits rentiers) immediately above them, is now the ruler of the corn market; let those, or rather let him whose interest it is to prove that “L’empire c’est la paix” look well to it.

Again, I spoke of election manœuvres, and each day develops the determination of the old Bourbon aristocracy to profit by the next appeal to universal suffrage. They probably intend to attempt their object by voting bodily, and by their hosts of dependents, debtors, and priests, against the government candidates, and for men of their own ulterior views. They may indeed severely injure the Imperial cause by mere *abstention*.

Open voting will as they think, endanger their success, by tempting official fraud in the *mechanism* of the ballot-urn. Abstention may, negatively, work out the same result, by leaving the government candidate without the requisite number of votes.

The Royalists’ power would thus be made manifest, and might be reserved for future, but early action. Abstention is the Jesuit order up to the present moment. (January, 1857.)

They who do not vote can be accused of nothing *overt*; while the Bourbons are aware that many now pampered at their expense, and who swear, as Frenchmen only can swear, to be faithful to "*King and Cross*," will nevertheless betray, both King and Cross in presence of Monsieur le Maire and the balloting-urn.

I spoke also of a fusion.—That fusion is for the first time openly proclaimed, and by the exiled heir of the elder branch.

He has now commenced active operations within the Empire, and has by a circular called upon his adherents to *abstain*. "Be not deceived, evil communications, &c." This order to abstain may mean, and may be known to mean the *contrary*.

Again: I have written much and wearily, both to my readers and myself, upon the Jesuits' lever, "the Religious World" newspaper.

Although abundantly satisfied that I had committed no injustice in treating it as the avowed and responsible organ of that supreme council which sits at Rome clothed in the robes of religion, and whose sulphureous flashes and thunderbolts blast humanity in all lands, I preferred not to go to press until the renowned farce of the "*Univers jugé par lui même*" had been fully played out. Many discreet friends advised me to abstain, under a liberal, but certainly erroneous impression, that such

an obscure print could not be fairly considered the organ of the French and Italian hierarchy.

It was in vain I assured them that nearly one half of the bishops of the Gallican church, and the most influential of the priesthood, openly abetted and encouraged it, whilst of the other half none dare openly condemn it.

That throughout the provinces immense pains are taken to extend its baneful influence by the purchase of local newspapers, to be edited under orders of the brothers Veuillot.

That the few Jesuit priests who are able to preach extempore, and address intelligent audiences, without committing all sorts of absurdities, are paid immense sums to travel and preach up an early crusade against the heretics in general, and the "cowardly English" in particular.

If others thought that the French government, which is *master of the press*, would hardly continue to tolerate such a traitor in the *camp of the alliance*, I could only reply, that not only is the government obliged to tolerate many such traitors within its own precincts, but that the very purlieus of the Tuilleries are infested by active members of the same confederacy. I was asked to wait the result of the prosecution instituted by Veuillot's people against M. Dentu, a respectable bookseller of Paris, because he happened to be the publisher of the volume. The

reader will always bear in mind that the imputed libel was nothing but a reprint of the lies, calumnies, foul assassinations upon public and private characters which have from time to time appeared in the columns of the "Univers," "the Religious World" (!), and under the hand of Louis Veuillot, Eugène Veuillot, Coquille, Léon Aubineau, Du Lac, and others of the miserable clique.

That which these men had printed and circulated wherever their "Religious World" is circulated, was reprinted without note or comment, I believe, and upon that reprint the action for libel or defamation was founded.

It will be asked why were these lies and libels reprinted? For this good reason,—that the contradictions, revocations, apologies, and denials, which these hired scribes of the Jesuits had from time to time recorded of much that they themselves had written, proved as clearly as the sun at noon-day, that the "Religious World" of the ultra papist is nothing less than a storehouse of lies.

At the first hearing before the Correctional Police, the Abbé Cognat honourably declared himself the responsible party. The Count de Montalembert was previously supposed to be the compiler of the pretended libel. The substitution of a priest as real defendant, in a case where the true plaintiff was the order of Jesuits, was a subtle manœuvre. The "Religious

World" people were keenly alive to the necessity of a compromise. The Abbé with dignity expressed his regret that the republication of all that the "Religious World" had itself published, should be offensive to the self-same "Religious World." This logic was considered an adequate "amentle honorable," and Veillot and Co. consented to withdraw, and at the same time to waive the very heavy damages they considered themselves entitled to demand.

The arch-Jesuits were, however, outwitted by a simple Abbé. Nothing was said in the Veillot Cognat protocol about *reprinting* the pretended libel, and no sooner had the prosecution been withdrawn, than arrangements were made for *reprinting* the volume on a scale which would have struck the Veillots with apoplexy or madness. The Jesuits were soon again on the floor of the police court, and demanded that the prosecutor should stand. The not very simple minded Abbé candidly avowed, that while he expressed his sincere regret that the first edition of his volume "l'Univers juge par lui meme," had been a source of annoyance to the prosecutor, he did not consider himself restrained from repeating the act by the issue of another edition. That, in fact, his apology was limited to what *he had done*, and did not include that which he *might intend to do*.

I assured my friends that the prosecution would

never be tried; that the Jesuits dare not face the public eye in the matter ; and that if they did, Veuillot's party would be condemned.

Little, however, did I think that this pontine marsh toad-stool had taken such deep root in the hierarchy of classical France.

That hierarchy which could once boast of a Pascal, Fénelon, and Rollin ; latterly of a Grégoire, and lastly, though of another order, an Affre and a Sibour. But so it is. The felon-slain Sibour had been painted, be-decked, tapered, incensed, and "waked" by one half of Paris, and there lay his corpse, all forlorn, on its ill-fated bier, although arrayed in more than regal pomp.

Thus did the murdered man pass away his "first dark day of nothingness," though, if purgatory be true, not the "last of danger and distress." If the intellectual faculties of those imprisoned under that cunningly devised dogma of the *early era of the middle ages* be not wholly lost to them, what a purgatory must that of poor Sibour be.

The Archbishop was the earnest and consistent opponent of the "Religious World" newspaper, and, as I have elsewhere narrated, it was prohibited by his own archiepiscopal decree, *from being read in his diocese.*

No sooner had he fallen by the hands of an assassin

than they who *temporarily* usurped the mitre and the crosier of the Archbishop, seized the *first moment* to impose silence upon the Abbé Cognat, and to *interfere to protect Veillot and his party from exposure and ruin.*

Had Sibour lived, justice had not been so compromised and defeated.

The Jesuit party hated Sibour, and their constant cry has for years been this: “Il faut nous débarrasser de cet homme-là”—“That man must be got rid of!”

This cry never ceased until the calumniated Sibour fell down dead on the stones of his own Church, heart-stuck by a Spanish knife. After a careful perusal of the trial of Vergés, one must fairly conclude that there was no such enmity in the mind of the assassin, against the Archbishop, as to induce such a fiendish act of revenge.

There is “*an order*” and it has existed ever since Ignatius Loyola received his dismissal from a world upon which he has entailed misery and crime, only one degree shot of the original sinner of our race, which is bound together by a terrible oath. If this “order” decree that such an one or such another one *must die*, lots are secretly cast, and he upon whom the lot falls must be the murderer, or must find a murderer, or must fall, himself.

It is said that such a lot fell upon the execrable Vergés, not as principal, but as a substitute for some other hell-sworn conscript.

I assert nothing. I have no means of knowing the truth, and should be sorry to possess the means. I have heard from the lips of many, very many, good French citizens attached to the Empire, attached too, to the Romish creed as the creed of their youth, and of their ancestors, and who could be influenced by no prejudice, that the blade which stabbed the kind heart of Sibour is that same blood-stained weapon "whose handle is at Rome, and its point everywhere."

Be all this as it may, Monseigneur Sibour stands no longer in the way of the Inquisition party. The crosier had hardly fallen from his lifeless hand before it was seized with avidity, and wielded rather as a tomahawk than an implement of the sheep-fold.

The whole force of its *weight*, and not of its gentle persuasion, was brought to bear upon the question at issue. It may with safety be affirmed that all France has endless cause to deplore the act of the assassin, *Veuillot* and *the people of the "Religious World" newspaper alone excepted*. The Jesuits have always considered Sibour an obstacle to their plans. Their cry has been, that he must be got rid of; they, of course, might have intended his *dethronement only*. The new year was ominously commenced by his assassi-

nation. His powers, vacated by his murder, were used by friends of the "Religious World" to do that which the good Archbishop would never himself have done.

He would not have tampered with the course of justice, nor demeaned himself by compromising a prosecution, nor would he have allowed his unsullied purple to have protected the assassin of character, and the traitors to his cross. Not many minutes were allowed to elapse before the tidings of the vacant see were telegraphed to Rome; and within a few more hours a congress was called, in order to hide from the world the disgrace and dishonour of the Church. Such indecent haste was used, that it is said the funeral of the Archbishop, previously arranged for a later day, was appointed for the tenth of January, in order that this precious specimen of Jesuits diplomacy might be consummated on the twelfth.

M. Bequet, the vicar-general, or locum tenens, during the episcopal interregnum, addressed the following letter to the Abbé Cognat the defendant. "Mons. l' Abbé:—The painful circumstances under which we are placed, and many weighty reasons, impose upon us the duty *positively to insist*, as *your Ecclesiastical superior*, upon the annexed *compromise* which will put an end to the legal proceedings between you and the editors of the '*Univers Religieux*.' We think we are thus doing an act which will be useful

to the church, and which will rejoice the hearts of the faithful.”

If the interests of the Roman Catholic church were so easily promoted, or the hearts of the faithful rejoiced, the “interests” are not of a very important character, nor “the hearts of the faithful” very difficult to please. Now for the protocol which ought to be for ever known as “the murder bargain.” “The Abbé Cognat and the editors of the *Univers*, taking into consideration the friendly counsels which have been given them, and yielding to the sentiments inspired by the frightful catastrophe which has thrown consternation into the minds of all Christians, renounce as follows: The Abbé renounces the re-print of the pamphlet entitled ‘*L’Univers jugé par lui-même.*’ The editors of the ‘*Univers Religieux*’ withdraw the proceedings for defamation instituted by them against the author of the said pamphlet, as well as the printing of the documents prepared for the case. Signed Abbé Cognat, Jean Barrier, responsible editor of the ‘*Univers Religieux*,’ Jan. 12th, 1857.”

The reader will at once see that the position of Veillot’s people was hopeless. They must have been condemned, or why did they withdraw, and consent *to pay the costs*? Why did he who, in an unhappy moment for the interests of society at large, had possessed himself of the dis-bishoped crosier, “*positively demand*” of the Abbé his signature to the compromise?

The plain truth is, that, as I have before said, the “Univers Religieux” is the *grand herald and champion of the Church of Rome*. This is all I care to establish, and having done so, I invoke my countrymen, by all they value, to guide their conduct, social, political, as well as *military*, and above all, *naval*—by the warnings they may receive from its columns.

Before quitting this sad subject, I wish to fortify myself, as well as insure the confidence of my readers, by an authority superior to my own.

“The Examiner” is a literary journal which cannot be accused of illiberality towards Catholics, although it is the deadly foe of priestcraft under whatever form it dares to show itself. Its high position, both upon the continent and at home, places it infinitely above my feeble meed of praise.

In its number of January 10th, the day of the hastened funeral, the “Examiner” thus writes: “The murdered Archbishop was long an eye-sore to the Court of Rome. The Pope made it even one of his objections to go to Paris to crown the Emperor, that he should there meet a prelate whom he disliked as an enemy to the just influence of the clergy. It was even proposed to depose Archbishop Sibour, a measure which Louis Napoleon refused to adopt. The assassin’s knife has now removed an obstacle to ultra-montanism in France. An infelicitous selection would be a

serious mistake on the part of the present ruler of France.”

The archbishop, it cannot be too often repeated, has been got rid of by assassination. His murderer is believed, and on good grounds, to be a Jesuit agent. The first and only party to whom the affair has been any profit, pecuniary or otherwise, is “the order ;” for, as I have shewn, the political and religious organ of the order was *saved from ruin* by the use so *hastily made of the vacant office* to force terms of compromise upon Veuillot’s opponent the Abbé Cognat. I will say nothing of the trial of Verges, except that it was unworthy of France. Let me add, that the Jesuit journals in the provinces, in their reports of the trial, *suppressed altogether* the evidence of the Protestant *pasteur* ; and he was the only witness, except the surgeon, who could be called an independent witness.

Jesuitism at this moment, nevertheless, reels under the *contre-coup* of Verges’ hateful stroke. *Again*, I have dared to assume that once a Bourbon re-established on the throne of France, a grand conspiracy of European despots will be formed in conjunction with the hierarchy of Rome, to drive from France the principles and followers of the Reformation, and to humiliate the power of Britain.

France, no longer contented to remain *maîtresse*

des modes, will seek to become *maîtresse des mers*.

The restless and ambitious genius of Napoleon I. long dreamed of an invasion of British interests in India, and it is said that he sought the alliance of Alexander I. in order to carry out the project, which, upon reflection, he considered to be impossible.

Alexander of to-day would have the ambition to become an Alexander the Great, and would fain persuade his friend of to-day, but enemy of yesterday, to become a Napoleon the Greater.

Few military men, or even accurate geographers, probably believe in the realization of the scheme. The idea is not, however, without its use. It *may*, indeed, although I, for one, doubt it, lull the suspicions of Napoleon; it will certainly please his fancy, flatter his pride and the nation's vanity, and it will increase the difficulties of Britain, but will eventually dethrone the Emperor of France.

The object of the enemies of Britain, and they are in legions, is to foment wars in which its *navies* shall be compelled to take part, but as far *as possible from our shores, and from the centre of government*. A prolonged war with China, and France and Russia allied against us in Persia, or on our Indian frontiers, would be a happy omen for despotism. Such a war is not as yet the real object, although it is probably

the ultimate aim. The first and real advantage which legitimacy seeks, is to *detach France from Britain*. Britain must then rely upon Turkey, Sardinia, and the smaller Northern States for an alliance, so far as the *Eastern hemisphere* is concerned. France detached from Britain (and Britain disgusted with the treachery of a hollow ally) would herself become an easy prey to tyranny and priestcraft. The object of the Czar would be, for the moment, accomplished. The Napoleonic-*Alexandrine* would soon cease to flow harmoniously. Napoleon, dethroned, would be unceremoniously consigned to his previous and hardly forgotten state of citizenship of Switzerland by adoption, and of France by republican forgiveness and favour, and the grand conspiracy of despots against the rights of Europe, and the Reformation of Luther, would be proclaimed. I do not for a moment impute the Russian-French alliance as a reproach to Napoleon. He is, most unhappily for himself, and in spite of himself, a despot. He is not, however, an autocrat. He has little will of his own, but is beset by a small and trumpery oligarchy, who have enriched themselves at the expense, it is feared, of personal honour, but most certainly, of France.

The bastard son of Napoleon the First who rules so supremely in the diplomacy of the empire, and he who has so lately become enamoured of *Russia* as to

espouse one of its daughters, though, it is said, without any dowry but that with which his own good fortune has enabled him to endow his bride, have, during the Emperor's long, too long absence from Paris, done much to encourage this species of coquetry between Russia and France. The true object of the Czar is to break up the Anglo-French Alliance. It is not, however, with an intention to support the dynasty of the Emperor, but to *dethrone* it; nor to discourage Bourbonism, but to *enthron*e it. The colleges at Rome are at length convinced that the temporal powers of the Pope and European despotism cannot exist apart; nor can they *co-exist* much longer unless the political principles of '89, and religious freedom, the offspring of the reformation, be exterminated. They see plainly that before many years, perhaps before many months elapse, the Pope must quit Rome, and thus save his spiritual power, or stay, and in his own person close the long, eventful, but most assuredly for the human race in general, and for Europe in particular, baneful history of papal Rome. If he quits, *and as he himself most sincerely wishes to do, retires to Jerusalem*, his church will be saved. Cardinals and their nieces, Jesuits and their flunkeys of the holy office, will, thank God, be lost. If he remains, Pope, cardinals, nieces, Jesuits, and the Inquisition devilry, will assuredly be blown together into the

air, upon the first Italian explosion which shall occur.

The stake at issue is a valuable one, and will be sharply contested. But the alliance must first be broken, or a Bourbon enthroned in France. The *train* is already laid, and nothing will then be wanting but the *match*.

A catalogue of political evils forms, after all, but a doleful tale. If, however, practical remedies can be at the same time suggested, the story may not be told in vain.

First, then, as to the Ango-French alliance. Let our capricious ally act as she pleases. It will be far better. Commercial and social intercourse may do much towards the cultivation of friendly feeling—*diplomacy will never effect the object*. At this moment incredible pains are taken by the proprietors of the “Assemblée Nationale” and their Bourbon friends, to provoke animosities, and revive all the old hatreds (*vieilles haines*) betwixt France and England. Leave the eagles to coquet with the bear; and let Britain show to all the world, that having entered upon the alliance, influenced by no fear of the name of Napoleon on the one hand, nor by an absurd fancy for the prestige of empire on the other, she will frankly, but with independence, perform *her* part of the contract. Let the national character for courage, decision, and tran-

quillity be maintained. The western world will appreciate qualities which the religious influences *dominant* in the eastern hemisphere do not allow Europe to possess in any adequate proportion.

Switzerland, whose hereditary renown has just received additional rays of glory, Sardinia, Catholic but faithful, Protestant Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Holland will understand and value virtues which Austrian Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, and the Papal States, will never largely possess, until the Holy Inquisition be superseded by the holier principles of the Reformation.

The alliance was not made between Victoria, the gem of her dynasty, and Napoleon, the coup d'état founder of his own, but between Great Britain and France.

Let France herself, by the "volenté nationale," and not by the *polished* intrigues of an Imperial bastard, declare solemnly that she abandons it; and our own mother country, we may safely augur, will have less reason to regret its breach than its costly and honourable observance.

The wondrous fibre will soon *annex* the mother of many nations to the most audacious of her children. Let Britons attend to the interests of Britain, and allow no bureaucratic influence to *cramp-tongue* the joint interests, influences, and world-wide sway of America and her mother.

The rise and fall of empires is as much a fact, as the rising and setting of the sun, and will doubtless continue till

“ Moons shall wax and wane no more.”

When Old England's decrepitude shall be too palpable to be denied, and too enfeebling to be thrown off, let her fall not into the *arms of old papal Europe, now whetting her teeth in rage, jealousy, and hatred*; and ready to present her, living or dead, a holocaust upon the yet pagan altars of Rome.

“ The United States” and Canada are surely destined to become one people. Let Britain, before she falls, be united to her children, and let her lands never pass from her race and nature. Britannia is, at best, but tenant for life. God grant that her tenure may be for ages prolonged; but let her take care that the all but eternal reversion of England's greatness, endurance, and valour be secured to her *children*, and be not ingloriously forfeited to her enemies.

Alliance with America before cession to Europe. *Annexation* to America, rather than the tyranny of despots, or the Inquisition of Italy.

The Empire will, however, soon be called upon to meet her own crisis—it approaches with rapid stride. Emperor, as Napoleon has always said that he is, by

the "Grace of God and the will of the nation," he can, of course, rest his claims to prolonged empire upon no other basis. I omit the religious moiety of his permissive imperialism; because we all know that the "Grace of God" is as applicable to the fall of a sparrow as of a Sibour, and to the rise of an "Albert Ouvrier" to a seat at the round table of democracy, as to an Emperor mounted on an eagle's wing. It is better, perhaps, that on all state occasions, the name of the Deity should be treated with becoming silence and reverence. The true business view of the case is to rely upon the "volanté nationale."

God rules over all nations. Betwixt the Deity and revolution and coups d'état, the relationship is plainly revealed.

If the "grâce de Dieu," so often invoked whenever humanity is obliged to succumb to military success or priestly tyranny, is intended to apply simply to the functions of that vice-gerent of the Deity worshipped at Rome, I have nothing more to say in opposition, but "ainsi soit il"—so be it.

Time and events roll rapidly on. The dignified heroism of that favoured mountain-child of liberty, Switzerland, acts at this moment *most forcibly upon the public mind of France*.

To these sentiments of the nation, unfortunately for the interests of the empire, public utterance is

forbidden. The nation, nevertheless, thinks, hopes, and reflects upon what is passing around.

Could I hope that anything written by one so obscure should ever meet the Emperor's eye, I would deferentially say, "Sire, call together your legislative body, and any deliberative powers which possibly exist, though the world knows nothing of them, let them remodel your system of rule by the free incorporation of the popular principle. Erect, if you will, and maintain if you can, an aristocratic medium between the people and the throne; leave Religion free and independent; she will become powerful or powerless, according to her labours and value.

"Recollect, Sire, always, that if the melodies and millinery of worship are to be found in the richly endowed, though not always "elegant mythologies" of pagan and papal Rome, the heroism, faith, simplicity, and martyrdom of saints is to be found in the history of the Huguenots of France.

"If the "toilette spirituelle" is the undisputed ornament of the *Church of Rome*, the *three-stranded cable*, Faith, Hope, and Charity, coils round the heart, whose region is the *national reformed Church of France*.

"Swiss by adoption, by education, and, of course, by gratitude, you may impart to France the elements of tranquillity and strength, by a free election founded

upon a new basis. Legitimacy will be foiled ; and in the light of reason priestcraft would melt away."

The giant, "the credit mobilier," fatigued with its "*probable losses in the purchase of corn*," and by its sublime achievement of "reducing omnibus fares by three sous," would probably retire from the conflict.

The triple-headed conspirator, "La Bourse, le Roi, le Croix," would fall, crumbled to powder. The Emperor would be able, under a more extended reign, to prove that "l'Empire, c'est la paix," and perhaps he might even live to feel in his own person that it is also *tranquillity*.

There is but one other condition, and yet not a condition, but a peremptory obligation. The Press of France must be free ; not endowed, as it now is, with a vulgar, unbridled licence to calumniate and insult, irritate and falsify the nearest neighbour (in its true sense), and the most chivalrous and firm ally that France has ever yet possessed, but be allowed to speak the truth at all times, and to discuss public questions without restraint.

But it will be asked, is there no remedy for our own evils ? There is. Let *secret diplomacy*, as at present carried on, be abandoned, and cast aside as a polluted garment.

It has already caused the larger portion of our disasters and heavy taxation, and will, if persisted in,

become the public parent of future evil. Has diplomacy, to-day, saved, or assisted in saving, Switzerland, the most free of continental states? Not an iota. Diplomacy sought to convulse her, and the present conspiracy of despotism watched, like a tiger in its lair, for an occasion to seal her doom. The truth may as well be told; the "*revolution of Neufchatel*" was the *first burst of Bourbonism*. If the Swiss had succumbed to the monarch who is said to be always full of beer and good intentions, the imperial dynasty of Napoleon would not have been worth six months' purchase in the market of empire.

Switzerland did not recoil; Prussia threatened her with invasion; the bastard son of the first Napoleon could "*no longer protect*" the adopted mother of his present master. With head and crest erect, Switzerland defied the one and despised the other. The Bourbons at once saw they had played the wrong card; despotism and priestcraft revolted. Austria, with its calf-skin hung "*on recreant limbs,*" for ever strong upon the stronger side, came to the rescue of "*cross and crown,*" and insulted the very genius of liberty in her own favoured abode, by its absurd patronage. Liberty may now leave her long-lived mountains and valleys—they are safe. Towards Italy she will doubtless bend her steps, and God speed them.

With reference to diplomacy, it is abundantly clear that questions of international law cannot be discussed with the same publicity as a question of poor-rate or a railway bill. But is there no medium betwixt the darkness, the errors, and the ignorance of secrecy, and the light, the reason, and the patriotism of a national council? Could no board of diplomacy be formed, of good and prudent men, selected by all from amongst all who owe a pure allegiance to the *crown and to the people*, whose deliberations might, in case of need, be secret, but their decisions should as soon as the public interest would allow be made public?

“That the state take no harm,” should, and, I believe, would, be their imperious and faithfully performed duty. As it is, perfidy, or cupidity, or malice, contrive to buy and to sell the closest secrets, and, like “winged words,” they fly along the trembling wires to Vienna, St. Petersburg, or Paris, before they are accurately known on the Royal Exchange at London.

The present system of diplomacy is truly the rotten borough of the British Constitution. The “King and Cross” conspiracy must be met on the battle field it has chosen. Reason and appeals to justice will be a waste of time and loss of our strength. “King and Cross” tyranny and priestcraft must continue allied together. Their disunion and fall will be

concurrent events. Freedom has never yet won anything from tyranny but by the sword, or by the sword and gunpowder. Nor will she. Freedom and the principles of Luther are twin sisters. The charter of Runnymede was the herald of Tyndale's Bible. In the eyes of Englishmen it is the stereotyped preface, "the bright occidental star" of "*the Book of his Church.*" Inasmuch, then, as civil liberty can expect to gain nothing but by the ordeal of fire, so we may rest assured that the day will arrive when gunpowder, and gunpowder alone, amongst earthly powers, will settle the question between the Inquisition and the Reformation. I speak not now of creeds or of modes of faith; Zealots, graceful and graceless, can arrange these matters better than myself. I speak not of Protestants as a body of believers whose belief is founded on *revealed reason*, nor of Catholics as credulous, and founding their creeds on tradition, Roman laws, or priestly comminations. I speak of the confederacy of Cardinals, the order of Jesuits, and the holy office of the Inquisition as distinct elements, but organised under the mystical name of "UNITY." This compacted "unity" conspires to keep the human mind in priestly subjection, and to ride over mankind when and how it pleases.

I speak of the Reformation as a social blessing, and as embodying the principles of freedom, of thought,

of conscience, of religious worship, and, most prominently, of FAMILY COMFORT. In the aggregate of family comfort it is that the true source of natural happiness exists. In no country where priestcraft (and especially celibacy-vowed priestcraft) is rampant, is family comfort known.

In conclusion, I repeat my fears that, if an explosion in Italy do not first settle the affair, by the *felo-de-se* of despotism, or if the Pope do not prudently lay down his temporal powers, and thus save his share of Christendom, the Inquisition and the Reformation will soon find themselves in *battle array*.

The Inquisition seeks to make of Great Britain another Thermopylæ.

My countrymen, be not deceived ; keep your fleets in readiness, and be not hasty to disband your armies until the atmosphere of Europe is clear and settled. They *may* be wanted to protect our *hearths* ; they *may* also be wanted to protect our *altars*.

The Gospel has always made its most successful marches through breaches formed by gunpowder, our own Reformation, the Cromwellian epoch, China, the East and West Indies, and Africa, are all evidences of the fact. The heroic and devoted Livingstone promises to be the founder of another and milder system of civilization and progress. Happy, indeed, will such a result be for the world !

We have no such comfort, however, in viewing that arch enemy of our race and nation, born and bred in the pontine marshes. Between him and freedom it is, I fear, a question of gunpowder, and of gunpowder only. Let us be prepared for his approach, stand to our arms, and give him a hearty welcome.

“Trust in God, but keep your powder dry.”

POSTSCRIPT,

Or “*Piece Justicative.*” (To be read in connection with pages 390 *et seq.* of this volume.)

SINCE these sheets were sent to press, events have occurred which amply justify the views taken by the writer upon the subject of the “Univers” newspaper, and its action for libel against the Abbé Cognat,—~~upon~~ upon the miserable state of anarchy and schism which now threatens the French Catholic Church with disruption; and on the question of the general election, which is pregnant with no smaller evil as regards the dynasty of the Emperor. In speaking of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris by an interdicted priest,

the writer felt it impossible to disconnect it from the irritating calumnies of the armed organ of the "priest and king" party. In doing this, it was impossible to divulge more without breach of confidence, and *great peril* as regards others, than himself. The truth has since been told by a frank and loyal Abbé, who has braved all, in order to clear the reputation of his murdered patron. The Abbé Cognat will be, as he deserves, believed. His position is most trying, and his courage and fidelity are beyond all praise.

I ask the reader to peruse with care the following extract from his letter to the Bishop of Evreux, and to refer to it as he proceeds with this volume. The pamphlet "*L'Univers Jugé par lui Même*," was, it now appears, compiled by the Abbé Cognat, but under the special superinténdice of the murdered prelate. This fact was, I fearlessly state, well known to, at least, two of the familiars of the Inquisition newspaper. Hear the Abbé Cognat:—

"It was by the advice of the Archbishop that I undertook this great work. I laboured for eleven months with the utmost assiduity, and during that period the Archbishop came several times to encourage my perseverance. I hasten to add that I am alone responsible for the work which he left altogether to me; but when the proper time came, he permitted me to give up my name, and to defend myself before

the justice of my country. The *four last lines which he ever wrote* were addressed to me from the presbytery of St. Etienne-du-mont" (the church which was stained by his blood) "*one hour before his death.*" He begged me to commission M. Dufaure (the advocate employed in the trial by the Abbé Cognat) to defend him against the imputations which his "*adversaries*" (*mark the word*) "had cast upon him."

One short hour after this he fell dead on the floor of his own church, stabbed to the heart by one of his adversaries.*****The pen refuses to proceed with the inferences which unerring justice can hardly fail to draw from this revelation of fact. Who will now deny the truth of the proverb—that "Jesuitism wields a sword whose handle may be at Rome, but its point is everywhere"? It has even pierced the kind, unsuspecting heart of the Archbishop of Paris.

The Abbé Cognat still survives, but is ill idolised if, when he walks abroad, his own heart is not protected by a dagger-proof bull's hide placed under his *soutane*.

Listen again:—"It appears clearly, that if the ~~Arch~~bishop of Paris had *not* been murdered, the Abbé Cognat's cause would have been defended, aided by all the influence of the Metropolitan. As it was, the capitular Vicar Generals of Paris (who exercised the episcopal authority *pro tem.*) *forced on* a compromise which is likely to turn out anything but

productive to the peace of the church.”—(*Daily News, February 26.*)

I now fearlessly confirm that which I have written, viz.,—“*The fortunes of the Inquisition newspaper were positively redeemed by the sacrificial murder of the high priest of the Gallican Church !*”

If any still ask—“Who killed the Archbishop of Paris? and why?” let them read these pages, weigh well the evidence given upon Verger’s trial (who evidently had no *personal* interest in such a deed, except as a hireling), reflect also on the assassin’s *mysterious* passage from the cell to the scaffold, and then conscientiously determine.

It is confidently said, that the chief clerical witness upon Verger’s trial (if, indeed, such a scene may be called a trial) has since died—but by his own hand.

All this, it is to be feared, is but the opening scene of a long and dismal tragedy, whose plot is perhaps already laid, and may soon be written in blood.

Scarcely had men and priests looked each other in the face again (for in France men and priests constitute separate branches of the human family) than the priests themselves have commenced to attack each other. The Bishop of Moulins has used his crosier, as some people use cudgels. His clergy refused the treatment, and are in all but flat rebellion. They have wisely appealed to the civil power against the

interdicts with which he visited them. He, in revenge, excommunicated them. The state of excitement infinitely exceeds that consequent upon the murder of Sibour.

The Gallican church already makes grand preparations to resist the tyranny of the ultramontane bishops. Were the heroic and high minded de Lamennais still alive, a "free church" would be very soon proclaimed. Moulins is situated in the department of the *Allièr*; and although the "Univers," with its usual audacity, denies the existence of the decree of excommunication pronounced by the Bishop, the newspaper of the department re-affirms the fact. It even quotes the following as forming a part of this truly insane decree—
"Ergo reputamus ipso facto excommunicatos qui ad potestatem secularem declinarent."

The "Univers" first of all denied the fact of the decree; but, as usual, that which the Romish organ denies is probably true.

The minister of public worship has had the courage to set the machinery of the council of state in motion against the high-Popery bishop; and the "Univers," no longer able to falsify facts, has the temerity to deny the *right of the secular power* to interfere as against the mitre.

The conflict predicted has now fairly commenced. The government of the Emperor has, as in duty bound,

taken the part of the Gallican church against its ultra-Romish aggressor.

The Inquisition journal, of course, protects its friend the refractory bishop, and calumniates the respectable priests who labour under undeserved excommunication. Already the same wretched system of *sepulchre whitewash* is attempted to be applied. As between the "Univers" and the Abbé Cognat every attempt was made, and even by Rome itself, to screen the newspaper; so now all is brought to bear in support of the Bishop of Moulins and against the government.

The minister of public worship dares not, *must not*, retire, unless vanquished by the foe of his Emperor. It is, *in fact*, a Bourbon movement under cover of the mitre. This will soon appear.

The Emperor has now no choice; he *must* place his iron-shod heel upon the head of the viper, or Bourbonism and priestcraft will dethrone him. Let the Emperor at once withdraw his troops from Rome, uphold the Gallican Catholic church in its rights and independence—let him reform its manners and its morals, and elevate its clergy, and he will save his dynasty. Let him, on the contrary, manifest weakness or indecision—let him but commence to parley with the Bourbons and their priests, and he will have already signed his own abdication.

Again. It is doubtless known that the only independent newspaper of Paris, the *Siècle*, has received its second warning, and for nothing which could be construed into a political offence. A third warning, and the career of that valuable public journal may be wholly stopped.

The friends of the Emperor, and they are *not* on the increase, will bitterly regret the day which shall witness such an act of censorship.

A crisis will then have commenced which will place the throne of Napoleon in great, if not irrecoverable danger.

The Archbishop of Paris and his murderers, the Bishop of Moulins and his persecuted clergy, the "Univers," as the journal of the holy Inquisition, on the one hand, and the "*Siècle*," as the organ of all that is loyal towards France, and fair towards Britain and other states, on the other, may collectively be taken to represent the state and prospects of the PULPIT and the PRESS in France. The Platform does not there exist, nor has the language a word to represent its meaning.

Its Tribune, as its Press, is dumb, or only allowed to speak in a whisper.

Upon the PARLIAMENT, the PRESS, the PULPIT, and the PLATFORM of Britain the eyes not only of France

but of Europe are fixed, as upon a mirror, which reflects all. Let us hope that these guardians of European liberty, civil and religious, will be found equal to their functions and their duties.

Rue de L'Avenir, &c., March 7, 1857.

THE END.



LIFE IN CHINA.



BY

REV. WILLIAM C. MILNE, M.A.

FOR MANY YEARS MISSIONARY AMONG THE CHINESE.

With Original Maps and Illustrations.

THE THIRD THOUSAND.

LONDON:

G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET.

NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN STREET.

1858.

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