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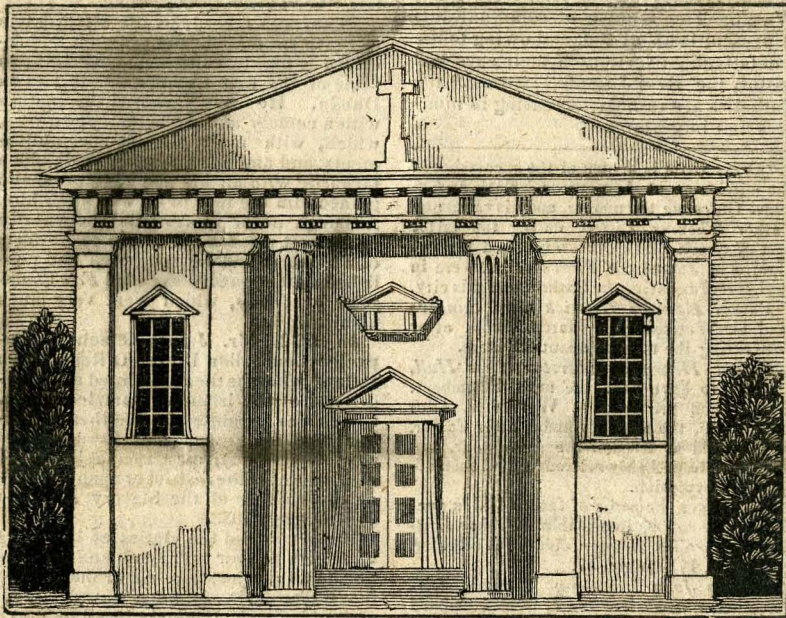
THE LONDON AND DUBLIN
ORTHODOX JOURNAL
Of Useful Knowledge.

Careful to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Eph. iv. 3.

VOL. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

No. 16.



St. George's Chapel, Worcester.

THE old Catholic Chapel in Sansom-place, Worcester, having become too small to contain the numerous and increasing Catholic congregation of that town, was pulled down in 1828, and the present beautiful structure was then erected on the site of the old Chapel, under the superintendence of Mr. Rowe, an architect of the town. The new Chapel is dedicated to St. George, and is 84 feet long and 40 feet broad. The principal front, which is represented in our wood-cut, is of stone, and in the Doric Order. It has two fluted columns disposed *in antis*, the *antis* being ornamented with four pilasters, two on each side of the porch. In the frieze, there are biglyphs, and in the tympanum of the pediment there is a plain cross. Over

the entrance is a sarcophagus-shaped tablet bearing an appropriate inscription.

In the interior of the Chapel, the principal part deserving of notice is the altar end. This has a recess, ornamented with two Ionic columns and two pilasters, painted in imitation of Sienna marble, and supporting a regular entablature. Between the columns is to be placed a large altar piece, a copy, made at Rome, of Raphael's celebrated *Transfiguration*. Over the altar-piece is a silvered dove amid gilt rays of glory, and on both a soft light is shed from a small window, which, by being placed behind the entablature, is concealed from an observer in the body of the Chapel.

The altar is of an elegant sarcophagus form, painted in imitation of red por-

R

phry, and stands quite detached from the wall. The tabernacle, and the steps for the candlesticks, are of satin wood. The candlesticks, which are a present from the present munificent Earl of Shrewsbury, are of bronze and of a beautiful form. They were made at Birmingham. At the entrance end of the Chapel is a large gallery containing a very good organ.

The Chapel was opened on the 16th of July, 1829, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. The number of communicants at present is about 400, and owing to the indefatigable exertions of their excellent pastor, the Rev. Joseph Tristram,* the Catholics are rapidly increasing in numbers and importance.

* Very little is known of the succession of the missionaries at Worcester. Father *Edward Oldcorne*, the martyr, and his colleague Father *Thomas Lister*, during the latter part of queen Elizabeth's reign, and the beginning of James the First's reign, were in the habit of assisting the Catholics of this city.

Father *Edward Beswick* alias *Sanders* died at Worcester in March, 1680, after cultivating the mission about 32 years.

Father *Henry Humberston*, alias *Hall*, appears to have been the next incumbent. His sermon preached at Worcester, 18th April 1686, the second Sunday after Easter, was printed at London the same year, 4to. pp. 22. He probably retired abroad soon after the Revolution.

To recover the name of father Hall's successor may now be impossible. Father *William Case*, alias *Baxter*, died at Worcester, 18th July, 1747, aged 57.

Fathers *John Baynham*, *Thomas Sanders*, and *Joseph Williams*, were stationed at Worcester for some years: the two last mentioned died there; viz. father *Sanders*, 12th November, 1790, aged 66; father *Williams*, 25th March, 1797, aged 53.

Father *Andrew Robinson* was for a lengthened period the resident incumbent at Worcester, where he died 28th February, 1826, aged 85. In the Rev. *John Morris*, a secular clergyman, he had long experienced a valued assistant. This Rev. Gentleman arrived at Worcester for Easter, 1797, and continued there until his death, 3rd of October, 1830.

We have met with the names of the following priests S. J. who have died at Worcester. Probably all have assisted in the labours of its mission, at least occasionally:—

DIED,

F. Felix Bartlett, 14th May, 1777, æt. 69.
 F. Daniel Platt, . 21st May, 1783, æt. 52.
 F. Bernard Cross, . 22d Oct. 1785, æt. 70.
 F. Richard Clough, 19th Jan. 1777, æt. 49.
 F. Nicholas Sewall, 14th March, 1834, æt. 89.
 F. Henry Wright, 15th April, 1835, æt. 36.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JAMES CLINCH, ESQ.

JAMES CLINCH was born in the city of Dublin in the year 1810. He was son of the late learned James B. Clinch, Barrister at Law, and one of the original appointed professors in the Royal College of Maynooth; a memoir of whose life has lately been given to the public.

James was reared, as all his brothers were, in strong habits of religion, and received a highly cultivated education, in some of the first Catholic seminaries in Dublin. He was favoured by nature with a comely and graceful appearance, which, with most elegant accomplishments, and amiable manners, made him a favourite with all his acquaintances, and gained him the love of all who knew him. Although never professional, he was one of the best performers on the piano-forte of his time; and he composed and published a set of quadrilles called *Fete Champêtre quadrilles*, which were very much admired.

In 1832, Mr. James Clinch accompanied Counsellor Dowel O'Reilly from Ireland, who was then appointed attorney-general of the island of Jamaica.* Mr. Clinch was appointed by the then Governor, Earl Mulgrave, (now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), as a special justice or magistrate for the district of Spanish town, on the passing of the Slavery Abolition Bill, August, 1833.

He discharged the duties of his office with such honour to himself and satisfaction to all parties, that one of the highest functionaries in Jamaica has declared, under his hand: "he was loved by every one—was, perhaps, the best magistrate—certainly there was not a better one—in the island. He was liked by the slaves, and esteemed and regretted by the planters."

Another gentleman, who knew him intimately in his official capacity, tells us that "the laborious duties of his office he discharged with indefatigable humanity and zeal, and, by his amiable demeanour, he acquired the confidence and attachment of the poor negroes. He was esteemed by the planters, and distinguished by the approbation and regard of the high authorities of the island. He was, in

* Counsellor Dowel O'Reilly, was brother of Matth. O'Reilly, Esq. of Thomastown castle, county of Louth; of William O'Reilly, Esq. late member of parliament; and of Colonel O'Reilly, husband of the Duchess of Roxburgh. He was the first Catholic that ever filled that important office.

truth, a just and efficient magistrate. In August last, (1834), when the country was fearfully disturbed, he, by his active exertions (particularly mentioned in the Jamaica journals of that time*), preserved the peace of a large district, and thereby probably saved the island from the horrors of rebellion. His Excellency, the Governor, was pleased to acknowledge the merit of those services, and expressed his high satisfaction to the general and troops for the manner in which they had discharged the arduous duties which Mr. Clinch had called on them to perform."

In April, 1835, he took ill of a billious fever; but from anxiety to attend to his office, he too soon returned to his duties, and was attacked with yellow fever, the scourge of the Western world, and was taken away after seven days in the 25th year of his age.

In his last moments he had the consolation of being attended by the worthy Catholic missionary at Kingston, the Rev. Mr. Murphy, who administered unto him, praying fervently, the last sacred rites of religion—and in the hope of a blessed resurrection he expired.

"Friend of my heart, we'll meet when Christ appears!"

"Non te contristet mea mors; nil illa dolendum,

(Tanta est Divinæ spes pietatis) habet."

The motto of St. Bruno are these words of the psalmist: "My eyes prevented the watches: I was troubled, and I spoke not.... I had in my mind the eternal years. Lo! I have gone far off, flying away, and I abode in the wilderness."

* The following is extracted from the St. Jago Gazette, August 9th, 1834.—"We cannot close this account without acknowledging the valuable and active exertions of Mr. Clinch, who in this service rode, day and night, sixty-four miles in about thirty-six hours, and by so doing, has preserved the peace of a large district; for if the rebellious spirit existing in Ginger-hall spread to the neighbouring properties, where there was an attempt to do so, there is no knowing where the mischief might have ended. We are happy to add, that the conduct of the St. Catharine troop, as well as that of the police, was most favourably reported by the special magistrate, to his excellency the Governor, who has been pleased in consequence to write official letters to Major-General M'Innes, and Mr. Inspector Daly, expressing his high satisfaction of the alacrity they displayed, and the quiet, steady, and soldierlike manner in which they executed the duty he had called upon them to perform."

THE BLESSINGS OF THE REFORMATION;

OR,

WHICH WERE THE "DARK AGES?"

"THE greatest ornament of Christ-church church, (Hampshire) is an elegant little chapel, standing on the north side of the high altar, built by Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, for her burial place.

"Its arches and ornaments are in the most superb state of that rich Gothic architecture which flourished in the reign of Henry 7th; and whether we consider the nicety of the sculpture, or the elegance of the decorations in this chapel, we may pronounce it to be as beautiful and magnificent an edifice as any of the same kind in the kingdom. Its sculptural ornaments, indeed, are so exquisitely moulded, that many have doubted whether it were possible for the *chisel* to produce such *minute beauties* as are here heaped together, and have been inclined to consider the whole as composition; but I am informed, by an intelligent architect, who has carefully considered the material and execution of it, that the one is a stone, found at Caen in Normandy, and the other the actual performance of skilful masons.

"This chapel stands on highly ornamented hexagonal pilasters; having two fronts, one facing the north-eastern aisle, from whence it is to be ascended by a flight of steps, and another more superb one towards the altar, from whence also there is an entrance into it by an arched doorway.

"The fretted ceiling in the inside is ramified and intersected in the most beautiful manner; similar to that in the chapel of King's college, Cambridge. In the centre of the ceiling, within a circle (the emblem of Eternity) is a sculptural representation of the Holy Trinity, with the countess kneeling at the feet of God the Father: a number of cherubim heads and wings surmount this ornament. At the eastern extremity are the Montacute arms, having supporters and this motto,

SPES MEA IN DEO EST,

(My hope is in God.)

and under them appears a shield, with the *quinque stigmata*, or five wounds of Christ embossed upon it; a common ornament in Roman Catholic churches.

"The arms and other decorations of this architectural curiosity have been wilfully defaced, and great pains evidently taken in the barbarous work. For this cruel insult on the arts, we are obliged, it seems, to the commissioners sent by Lord Cromwell, in Henry 8th's time, to take an account of the possessions of Christ-church priory; who thus confess the sa-

crilegious deed, in a letter written to their employer, after the fact was committed.

"In the church we found a chapel and monument curiously made of Cane stone, perperely by the late mother of Renold Pole for herre buriall, which we have causyd to be defacyd, and all the armys and badgis clerely to be delete."

"The remarkable person who erected the chapel we have been describing, was Margaret, countess of Salisbury, granddaughter of the famous Richard Nevil, earl of Warwick, commonly called the *King-maker*; and daughter of George, duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. She was born at Farley castle, near Bath, about the year 1471, and married Sir Richard Pole, a gentleman of Wales. By him she had two sons, cardinal Reginald Pole, the last Catholic archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry Pole, Lord Montagu, who underwent the same punishment with his mother, and for the like offence.

"This illustrious lady, whose only crime seems to have been a steady attachment to the Roman Catholic religion (if indeed it can be deemed a crime in her to have adhered firmly to those principles of faith which she had imbibed in early infancy) was attainted of treason, in the bloody parliament of 1539, for holding a correspondence with her son, the cardinal, who had thrown himself under the protection of the Roman pontiff.

"Though the charges against Margaret seem to have been paltry, and the proofs urged in support of them extremely ambiguous, yet she was condemned by the sanguinary jealousy of the king, and the submissive servility of the times, without being permitted to make any defence. Two years she remained under sentence of death, before the execution took place. The high spirit of Margaret, however, was not to be broken by her misfortunes:—though bending under the weight of seventy years, she endured the inconveniences of imprisonment without complaint. When the hour of her execution arrived, she behaved with a dignity becoming the royal blood that flowed in her veins. Walking majestically to the fatal block, she stood erect, and baring her head, discovered her locks, which were now silvered with age. The executioner then desired that she would place her neck, as was usual with criminals, on the block.—'No,' replied our heroine, 'such is the custom of traitors, but Margaret is no traitor. If my head must be taken off, it shall never be said I stooped to have it done.' And persisting in her resolution, the executioner was obliged to decapitate her as she stood; which he was not able to effect till after repeated attempts.*

"What became of the remains of the unfortunate Margaret, whether they were interred, or not, in the chapel of Christ-church, I cannot inform the reader." *Topographical Remarks, &c. on Hampshire, by the Rev. Richard, Warner, of Fawley near Southampton, 1793, ii. 181, 187.*

A similar account of this execrable murder of the countess of Salisbury is given by Cobbett, in his *History of the Reformation*, and may be found, at page 305 of the volume of this Journal for 1833-4. This unsparing historian observes, in another part of his excellent work, (*paragr. 29.*) that "for cool, placid, unruffled impudence, there have been no people in the world to equal the 'Reformation' gentry," and I think the reader will feel the justness of his observation, upon reflecting on the extract I have given from Warner's Hants, and on the eternal Protestant cuckoo cry of the ignorance, barbarism, superstition, &c. of the "Dark Ages," and the necessity for, and the blessings of, the "Reformation." Blessings, forsooth! Here we find an exemplary and accomplished woman (she was governess to the princess Mary), born and brought up amidst the darkness and superstition of the monkish ages; when *Protestants tell us*, religion had become so corrupt, that God raised up a set of men (and such a set too!) to reform it; we find her building a most elegant chapel, and, in spite of the ignorance and barbarism of the dark ages, employing workmen whose production surpasses the comprehension of *enlightened* moderns, by the beauty of its workmanship! We find her, in that age, when we are told (*by Protestants*) all reliance was placed on saints, and relics, and images, sculptured as kneeling before God the Father; and saying "*My hope is in God;*" while the *five wounds of Christ* depicted close by, shew through whom she hoped for salvation. We do not find the least allusion to any other hope or reliance; nothing that in the least derogates from the glory of God, or the mediatorship of Christ. And yet this woman was no Protestant! Protestant! how would she have shuddered to be thought a Protestant! No; she was a Catholic; a thorough Catholic; one who owned the supremacy of the pope, and who died rather than deny it. One who was a Papist, and who prayed to saints to intercede for her, and who revered images, and pictures, and relics, as memorials of holy persons; and who went to confession, and to mass; and who made use of holy water and beads; and was the friend of monks and nuns,—and yet her only hope was in God, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Such is the *only hope, through the same merits*, of all Catholics; and yet they will not relinquish the advantages to be derived from

* Life and Reign of Henry VIII. apud Kennet II. 219, 227.

the various consolations of their religion; they will not abandon the sacraments, those mediums of divine grace; nor forego the intercession of the saints, nor the memorials of holy persons; nor even forsake the use of holy water or beads. A crucifix will still be to them an object of affectionate reverence, and they will still think it no shame to value an *Agnus Dei*, or a piece of blest palm.

But nothing demonstrates the "cool, placid, unruffled impudence of the Reformation gentry" so clearly, as the way in which they talk of Catholics, with all the guilt and barbarity of the Reformers, and all the merits and sufferings of their victims staring them full in the face. Even the Rev. Richard Warner, who had so clearly described the superiority of the monkish ages in architectural design and performance; who celebrates the heroism and religious constancy of a woman whom no Protestant could match; and who, in various parts of his volumes, brings forward evidence enough of the talents of the monastic recluses, and of the piety of the people in general, even he launches forth, now and then, into a strain of as cool, placid, and unruffled impudence, respecting what he is pleased to call the idleness, voluptuousness, and spiritual tyranny of monks, as any champion of ecclesiastical spoliation and dilapidation could have done before him. It seems as if these Reformation gentry were deprived of the faculty of drawing conclusions from facts; as if they could not perceive, that the men who designed, and erected, and paid for the building of so many stupendous and beautiful monuments of piety and skill, could neither have been "ignorant, nor idle, nor profligate, nor voluptuous." The *ignorant* cannot conceive in their minds such splendid edifices, much less make the designs for the whole, and for every part, of their intricately scientific construction. The *idle* would not take the trouble to design them, if they could, or overlook the masons and instruct them how to proceed. The *profligate* would laugh at spending such vast sums of money upon the service of God; and the *voluptuous* would consume every thing on their pleasures. Our own senses convince us, that the monks and clergy of the middle ages must have been men of science, lovers of knowledge, and devoted to the service of God and the people. No doubt, amongst so large a body, there were some members bad enough;—there are scoundrels in every class of society;—but we have buildings, and books, and historic testimonies, enough to prove that the great bulk of the ecclesiastics, and of the religious orders, were men of learning, industry, frugality, and charity. With that singular inconsistency which those per-

sons who, it is proverbially said, "ought to have good memories," always betray, Warner tells us, in one place, (vol. ii. 91) that "In most convents the monks had regular scribes, who were continually employed in transcribing books, compiling histories, and forming annals of the events that daily occurred; and in another place, that the priory of Christchurch had, "from the earlier times (as appears from Richard de Redvers's confirmation of its ancient rights) the *scola* or school of the town, in which the children of the place and country around received that rude kind of education the times afforded, from the monks of Christchurch;" yet, when mounted on his Protestant hobby of anti-popery, he runs riot in silly and groundless vituperation. He tells us (i. 275) that monasteries "held out seducing temptations to the idle, the profligate, and the sensual," and that the monks "passed their own lives, either in the vacuity of indolence, or in the practice of sensual indulgences; while the deluded crowd around, were kept in awe by the terrors of a gloomy superstition." Amazing to think of it! The very men who, by his own account, have left such imperishable monuments of their scientific acquirements, their industry, their piety, and their munificence, and who were engaged in teaching the children of their vicinity (for this was done by most of the monasteries, if not all); these very men "are idle, profligate, and sensual, and pass their lives, either in indolence or voluptuous indulgences"! O ye divinities of nonsense and absurdity, assuredly ye are the special patrons of Protestant antiquarians! Cool, placid, unruffled impudence. Truly, William Cobbett, of parson-quashing immortality—truly didst thou designate the peculiar talent of the Reformation gentry! May a colossal statue, of ten times molten brass, be erected to thy honour, that even thy effigy may reflect upon the faces of the "Reformation gentry," the hue of that metal which is symbolical of imperturbable impudence!

MONANDER.

WILD-KIRCHLEIN.

A MORE extraordinary position for a shrine, than the one where is situated the Wild-Kirchlein, or Church of the Desert, it would be difficult to select even in the Alps. It is situated in the canton of Appenzell, Switzerland, in the vicinity of Weissbad, from which place a steep rugged path conducts across the Bommen-Alp, through a scene of wild and savage grandeur to a wooden bridge, suspended over an appalling chasm of

two hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular depth. The magnificent view of the silver lake of the See-Alp, the rocky walls of the Eben-Alp soaring to the sky, with precipices and valleys frowning with winter, or brilliant with verdure, coming alternately into view, by their singular contrasts, give a character to the landscape which it is impossible to describe. The chapel and grotto are formed in the rock, the walls of which are covered with lac-lune. This wild and solitary retreat was chosen by a native of Appenzell, named Ulmaun, who built the chapel in 1656, and made the cavern his abode. From that time, the second grotto has been occupied during the fine season by a hermit, who rings the chapel bell five times every day—a signal at which the shepherds of all the Alps fall on their knees to pray. The following stanzas from Dr. Beattie's *Illustrations of Switzerland*, may serve as a specimen of the Vesper hymn, which is still heard undulating from cliff to cliff, when the sun goes down, and the shepherds of Appenzell accompanying his setting with prayers.

THE VESPER HYMN.

Brothers! the day declines,
Above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hündwyl pines
The vesper halo lightens.
From hamlet, rock, and chalet,
Your grateful song be poured,
Till mountain, lake, and valley,
Re-echo—Praise the Lord.

The sun sleeps in the west;
The stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest
To the shepherd and his fold:
Now swell the mountain chorus,
To Him our sires adored,
Whose glorious works before us
Still whisper—Praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lake calm and soft,
Lulled in its twilight shroud—
Fresh strength our anthem gathers:
From Alp to Alp 'tis poured—
The song that soothed our fathers—
Ye shepherds—Praise the Lord!

Now, from forest, flood, and fell,
Let the voice of old and young—
All the strength of Appenzell—
True of heart, and sweet of tongue,
The grateful hymn prolong,
And tune the spirit's chord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
Hallelujah to the Lord!

CATHOLIC TRACT SOCIETY.

THE METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

THE members and friends of this society held their usual monthly meeting on Sunday evening, the 4th instant, at the Portman Arms, Milton-street, Dorset-square. The room was nearly filled by a highly respectable company, amongst whom were several ladies.

The Rev. S. Spooner being called to the Chair, proceeded to address the assembly in his usual happy strain of eloquence and humour. It was, he observed, a strange coincidence that their meeting should have chanced to occur upon the same day as that of the so much talked of tri-centenary celebration of the so called Reformation—an event which he from his soul considered to have been the most disastrous in English history. It was strange that whilst hundreds and thousands were assembled in places consecrated, and which ought to be devoted to the service of the Most High and the promulgation of the gospel of peace and love, listening with attention—perhaps with feelings of anger and acrimony ill becoming a Christian—to the most violent diatribes and calumnious falsehoods against the doctrines and principles of Catholicism; they should also have met together with far different motives and for a different purpose, namely, to promote the dissemination of truth, and to defend themselves against the unmerited attacks of their relentless and bigoted enemies. It was, too, a matter of consolation to them, as men and Catholics, that they could now do so without having the fear of the prison and the halter before their eyes—those good old days of Protestant persecution had passed away, and however much their return might be desired by the bigoted few who hoped to profit by the misery of their fellow-creatures, had passed away for ever. The Rev. Gentleman concluded a long and animated address amid much applause.

The minutes of the former meeting having been confirmed, the secretary read the monthly report of the committee. It commenced by congratulating the members on having arrived at the end of the first twelve months of their exertions in the cause of Truth and Religion; described the future prospects and increasing popularity of the institution in the most sanguine terms; and mentioned several instances of the cordial reception which the society's tracts received from the generality of Protestants to whom they had been tendered. It also stated that the committee had distributed nearly 2000 tracts during the month, a considerable portion of which had been given at

various Protestant places of worship on that morning to counteract as far as possible the effects of the insidious poison which had no doubt been bountifully instilled into the minds of the ignorant and unwary in the "No Popery" sermons which were to usurp the place of gospel truths on the occasion of the celebration of the Reformation Jubilee.

The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. Fitzgerald (a Protestant) in a most eloquent and masterly address, in the course of which he inflicted a severe castigation on, and exposed the nefarious designs of, the ranting *Murtoch* and his itinerant companions. The resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. Andrews moved, "That this meeting, highly pleased with the successful progress of the Society during the last twelve months, do hereby pledge themselves to continue their exertions to promote the great objects contemplated at its formation."

The resolution was seconded by Daniel French, Esq. who took occasion to observe, that he was of opinion that much good might be done, and much information be obtained, if important documents, connected with the interests of the Catholic religion, were occasionally read. He had seen several very excellent articles of the kind in the *Orthodox Journal*, and with the leave of the company he would proceed to read Dr. Murray's Letter on Dens' Theology, addressed to the Hereford paper, which he accordingly did, and then Dr. M'Hale's letter to Dr. Bloomfield, concluding with some trite observations on the subject.

The Report was unanimously carried—thanks were voted to the Rev. Chairman, and the meeting separated.

THE CHAPELGORRIS OF SPAIN.

IN our last number, we gave an account of a most sacrilegious outrage committed in a church at St. Sebastian by some of the Chapelgorris. The following description of this class of men from a monthly periodical will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers.

THE province of Guipuzoca maintains a whole battalion of these bold and reckless fellows, from 800 to 1,000 men strong, and split into several detachments. It is a corps completely *sui generis*; composed of men of proved gallantry, fit for any task, and wholly *sans peur*, though by no manner of means utterly *sans reproche*. If it be necessary to send a despatch to any remote station, your Chapelgorry is always ready to convey it under covert of the night, be the peril what it may, for half an ounce; and if the distance

be within reach of two swift feet between night-fall and day-break, depend upon it your orderly has slipped within the gates of Elisondo, Pampeluna, or San Sebastian, almost before they are unbolted. He starts upon his hazardous mission unattended, and disdainful to lay aside his distinguishing costume—a large cap of red cloth, called by the Biscayan a chapelgorry, a gray frock, without waistcoat, a pair of red or blue pantaloons, and a girdle fastened round his loins, similar to what a Franciscan brother wears, but nesting half a sore of cartridges. By his side hangs a bayonet, not unfrequently sheathless; a stout musket is thrown over his shoulder; and if not shoes, *alpargates*, a species of twisted hempen sandals, upon his feet; but neither these nor his legs seek the covert of a stocking. He bounds across the mountains like a chamois, and will track a horse at full trot. Your Chapelgorry has the appetite of an alderman, and has his heart's content when he can levy gastronomic contribution on the "factious"—a denomination, in his vocabulary at least, familiar to every peasant in the north. He is generally to be found with the advanced guard, or hovering about the flanks of columns under march—stands in high favour with the troops of the line, and always finds a "Hail, fellow, well met!" among them, whether he has a craving stomach or wearied limbs to gratify; and he lives with his comrades on better terms than twin with twin brother; though with an adversary neither gives nor accepts quarter, be the circumstances what they may. He is devotedly attached to the Christiano party; nor would all the gold in Christendom persuade him to shake hands with a Carlist—perchance from his implacable aversion to ecclesiastics, of all grades and shades, as well as every peasant, their steadfast adherents; and it would be difficult to say whether he is most hated or dreaded by both. It is very remarkable that the families of these sworn foes to the cowl and ploughshare suffer no molestation from the Carlists whatever; nay, there is not a single instance on record of their persons or chattels having been exposed to an inroad, though they inhabit the same villages as the "factious" themselves. The Chapelgorry's intimate acquaintance with every inch of ground, and every dweller upon it, has rendered him the most valuable prop which the Christianos and their cause could have prayed for.—*United Service Journal*.

VIRTUE is the most excellent dignity, and the only good of rational beings, as St. Austin observes. Genius, learning, power, riches, and whatever else a man enjoys, are only good when made subservient to virtue. Hence the ancient Stoics called such external goods conveniences, not good things, because, said they, virtue alone deserves the name of good. This is our glory, our riches, and our happiness in time and eternity.

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As we have but one good translation of the *Te Deum*, and that by a Protestant, I thought that one executed by a Catholic would be no unacceptable contribution to the pages

of the *Orthodox*. Should it not be approved of, it may, at least, have the effect of stimulating some pious Catholic gifted with genius to produce a better.

I remain, my ever-esteemed friend,
your's most truly,
D. F.

TE DEUM.

THEE God! we praise, and thee our Lord confess;
Father eternal! thee all tongues shall bless.
To thee all angels, and all heav'n, all Powers on high,
The cherubim and seraphim unceasing cry,
With voice symphonious ever bending lowly
Before the high throne, "Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of Sabaoth!" All heav'n, all earth.
Attest thy glorious hand that gave them birth!
Thee, the exalted apostolic choir,
And thee the prophets' lips of hallowed fire;
Thee the white-rob'd martyrs, deckt with glorious wounds,
And thee the holy Church throughout the world resounds.
Father of boundless majesty and boundless might,
And thy true only Son, well-pleasing in thy sight,
Adorable for ever! and that living fount,
The Holy Spirit, by whose aid we mount.
Thou Christ art King of glory's beaming throne,
Thee, the Father's eternal Son we own.
Thou coming down to save from sin's dark tomb
Fall'n man, did'st not disdain the Virgin's womb.
Thou, having conquer'd the sharp sting of death,
Gav'st mortal man to draw celestial breath.
Thou at the right hand of God sitt'st thron'd on high
The Judge one day to come in the clouds of the sky.
To thee we sue, O give thy servants aid,
Sav'd by thy precious blood from death's dark shade,
O give them to be number'd in the roll
Of thy blest saints of pure and spotless soul!
Lord save thy people whom thou keep'st in store;
On thy inheritance thy blessings pour.
And guide them and exalt them!—day by day
We glorify thy name, and bless and pray,
We celebrate thy name in hymns and lays,
And bid eternity pour forth thy praise.
Guide us, O God, with thy enlight'ning ray,
Thy heavenly grace to pass the sinless day!
Have mercy on us, Lord, thy people spare,
As we have hoped in thee, so hear our prayer!
On thee alone, O Lord, our hopes we ground,
Hopes that eternity shall not confound;
Come then, in union with the heavenly host,
Bless we the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

D. F.

THE INSTRUCTED AND THE INSTRUCTOR.

After the address of the Students of Carlow College, which we gave in our last, had been read, the Right Rev. Dr. Clancy spoke as follows:—

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—I have heard your address with mingled feelings of regret and affection—regret arising out of the conscientious necessity of separating myself,

perhaps, for ever, from the venerable and valuable College of Carlow, in which I have spent many of the happiest years of my life as a student and professor—affection, also, of a permanent and sincere character, for all the individuals who were associated with me in the literary and moral direction of its concerns, from the learned and holy president to the youngest child committed to his paternal care.—Though the station to which Providence has raised me, compels me to bid adieu to family, friends, and country, for Christ's

sake, no distance of land or sea, no time nor dignity, can efface from my memory, the happy and useful retirement of my collegiate career. Ties of a sacred, personal and interesting character, secure for you the richest benedictions of my episcopal office, and the most valuable wishes of my heart. Many of the dearly beloved youths I see around me, are my spiritual children in the Lord—between me and them there is a relationship stronger than that of flesh and blood; a holy link which their spiritual direction in the tribunal of confession has created, and which no human event can break—a bond which will stimulate me frequently to pray that the innocent and ardent spirits who first felt the dominion of grace over nature, through my ministry, may continue to experience a practical love for virtue, and a reverence for those Catholic and consoling sacraments which, whilst they purify the affection, enlighten and console the understanding of the young and the aged sinner. It is natural and reasonable that the director of your early thoughts, who cheered on the desponding with hopes of heavenly mercy, or infused the just fears of endless torments for unrepented iniquity, should anxiously ask at the throne of the Lamb for abundant and efficacious graces to guide you safely through the quick-sands and bitter waters of future life, when the selfishness, corruption and insincerity of a depraved world shall partially obliterate the holy impressions which a good education indelibly traces on the youthful mind. Besides this strong and tender solicitude, many amongst you are rendered dear to me from the personal intimacy and regard which I entertain towards your parents and friends, with whom I have lived on terms of social and christian friendship, when labouring humbly, but I trust usefully, on the diocese of Cork. I have attended at your examinations and literary exercises, and I do fondly hope that the proofs of industry and talent, so generally exhibited, are certain pledges of eminence, honesty, and utility in the professions or departments of life, which your parents and yourselves may select when your studies are completed in this seminary. The extent, solidity, and variety of your knowledge in science, language, and history, have often astonished, and always delighted me; and I pay this tribute to you, and your masters, the more willingly, as I am at present totally unconnected in station, and I may add, in country also, with the future prosperity or decline of Carlow College, which has given as many enlightened, virtuous, and honourable men to society and religion, as any other institution, foreign or domestic, which has sprung up either as rivals or fellow labourers in the lay and ecclesiastical education of Irish Catholic youth. In the expressions of your address there is some exaggeration. I feel the full force of your partiality in the terms used by you in reference to my talents, virtues, and other qualifications for the episcopal office and honours. If I fail in realizing

the expectations of my friends, the fault is not mine, but theirs who pronounced upon my fitness for one of the highest positions to which a Christian priest can ascend. The best commentary upon all such real and imaginary possessions is the pithy and apostolic reproof of Paul to the Corinthians—"What hast thou that thou hast not received, and if hast received why didst thou glory as if thou hast not received." The station to which I am elevated, so far from diminishing my affections for Ireland; and my friends, will be rather a stimulus (if I know myself) to exert every energy of mind and body for the substantial prosperity of both. If I were disposed to neglect or forget either, I have in my fellow-labourer, the Bishop of Charleston, a great and bright example—a man who has combined the character of a patriot and an apostle under every form of government—whom I cannot hope to emulate in fact, however much I may wish to learn from his greater experience on the Irish mission, and in that wilderness of a diocese where we are both called to toil for the glory of JESUS CHRIST, and our own sanctification.

Your allusions to the fact of Ireland having sent missionaries to France, Spain, Netherlands, and other parts of the European Continent, are proud records of past zeal and generosity, which no sophistry can evade, nor scepticism doubt. Ireland was a steady and powerful instrument in the conversion of millions from Pagan superstition, and the many heresies which sprung up in the rich soil and bosom of Christianity—her exertions are as necessary, *at the present moment*, to evangelize the Pagans and the perverse in the united states of America, where the unholy spirit of religious persecution is springing up. It is therefore, to be hoped that the island of saints and patriots will not abandon their brethren in the faith in the hour of need; but steadily and fearlessly send out priests, students, and religious to stem, by evangelical preaching and example the torrent of nonsense and wickedness, which pervades this vast Continent.

May God in his mercy to mankind, extend and perpetuate feelings of universal toleration, and civil liberty for every human creature, and if I become an instrument in the remotest degree, in the great work of social and christian regeneration for the natives or settlers in the new world, my reward even in this life will be as complete as I could wish for, and so great hereafter as to merit and obtain from God's bounty, an eternal weight of glory amongst the elect. Allow me again to thank you most cordially for your affectionate parting address, and to assure you, individually and collectively, that I am and ever shall be, in wo or in weal, your sincerely attached friend in Christ Jesus.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting: for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come.

The Ancient Fathers.

TERTULLIAN'S APOLOGETIC.

Continued from Vol. iv. preceding series, No. 120, p. 386.)

aving prefaced these observations by way of exposing the injustice of the hatred generally entertained for us, I now proceed to demonstrate the fact of our innocence. In doing this, I shall not confine myself to a mere refutation of the charges brought against us, but I will be bold enough to retort effectually those very charges upon our accusers; that they all may learn the perfect innocence of Christians in respect to those vices of which their calumniators know themselves to be guilty; and this I will do in order to shame a set of men, not exactly as being wretches who calumniate virtuous characters, but if they will have it so, as being criminals who basely accuse those whom they think to be as guilty as themselves. I will distinctly reply to every crime which we are said to commit in secret, but which they openly perpetrate, and for which we are set down as senseless, ridiculous, criminal wretches, deserving only to be condemned and executed.

But seeing that, when our candid statement refutes every charge, you oppose to it the authority of the laws, and stop our mouths by declaring that you must abide by their decision, and, however unwilling, pay homage to them in preference to the truth; I will premise a few observations respecting these laws, addressing myself to you as to the guardians of them.

In the first place, when you have despotically and with unrelenting inhumanity pronounced,—*It is not lawful for you to be a Christian*,—you publicly proclaim the violence and injustice of your proceeding; since you make the unlawfulness to depend upon your own arbitrary will, and not upon any intrinsic unlawfulness in the thing itself. Now if indeed your motive for pronouncing it unlawful proceeds from its intrinsic unlawfulness, doubtless that must be held unlawful which it is wrong to do, and thus from this very principle we may infer that every thing is lawful which it is right to do. If therefore I should happen to discover that what your law prohibits to be good and right, may I not from that presume that your law cannot prohibit the action which, if it were wrong, it might be allowed to prohibit? If your law has erred, it is because it has been framed by man; for undoubtedly it came not from Heaven. Surely you will not be surprised to find that a man may either err in establishing, or repent for having established a law.

For were not the laws even of Lycurgus himself remodelled by the Lacedemonians, and did not the lawgiver, through excess of grief thereat, retire into solitude, and by self-inflicted justice starve himself to death? Do not you yourselves, by the torch of experience which disperses the dark shades of antiquity, daily lop off or even eradicate a great proportion of that old and obscure forest of your legislation, unceasingly sweeping it away by the instrumentality of new edicts, ordinances, and regulations. Has not the emperor Severus, although hostile to innovations, just abrogated an ill-judged and foolish law, although venerable for its antiquity; I mean the Papian law, which required men to be fathers before the age which the Julian law required for marriage? Moreover there was a law by which the debtor was put so completely under the power of his creditor, as that the latter had power of life and death over him: this cruel law has been erased from the statute-book by the unanimous suffrages of the Roman people. The penalty of death has been commuted for a stigma of disgrace; and it is thought better by confiscating their goods, to call up their blood in confusion to their faces, than to pour it out by the axe of the executioner.

How many of your laws, the deformity of which escape your present notice, still remain to be reformed! If it be true that laws are commendable, not for their antiquity, not from the dignity of their framers, but for their equity alone, we may conclude that on our recognizing their injustice, we have a right to condemn them, although they may condemn us. But why did I say unjust laws? for when they punish a *name*, they are also absurd. If the intention of the law is directed against actions, why, in our regard, does it stop at the *name alone*, while it never condemns others until the fact has been proved? I am incestuous, you say. Why does not the law take information respecting my crime? I have strangled an infant, you pretend. Why am I not put to the torture? I am wanting in reverence to the gods and the emperors, as you say. Why am I not allowed to justify myself, if I can do so? No law forbids you to examine into the proofs of a crime which it condemns; neither has any judge a right to punish until he knows that a crime has been committed: nor will any citizen be a faithful observer of a law, if he knows not what it is that the law punishes. It suffices not that a law renders to itself, as it were, a testimony of its equity; it is also necessary that they by whom it is to be observed, must be convinced of the same. That law which shrinks from examination, becomes thereby suspicious; but if, after being examined and disapproved, it is ty-

rannically enforced, then such law is criminal.

To go back to the origin of these laws under which you take shelter, I find that there was an ancient decree forbidding the emperors to introduce any new divinity without the approbation of the senate. M. Æmilius knows what happened on this subject to his god Alburnus. And, by the by, the very circumstance of a divinity depending for its existence amongst you upon human arbitration, makes somewhat for our cause. For it seems even, that, unless the god is acceptable to man, he will not be a god: so that a god must propitiate the good favour of a man.

Hence, Tiberius, in whose reign Christianity commenced, being informed by various accounts sent from Palestine, of the striking proofs given by its Author of his divinity, laid the matter before the senate, supporting the whole by his own suffrage. The senate rejected these proofs, because they had not been submitted to its examination; but the emperor, persisting in his first opinion, threatened to punish any one who should persecute the Christians.

Consult your annals and you will find that Nero was the first who armed the imperial power against the Christians, when they began to be more known, particularly at Rome. Now it is our pride and glory that the first persecutor of our religion was a Nero; for a man need only know his character, to be convinced that such a prince was capable of condemning only that which was pre-eminently good. Domitian, who had a portion of Nero's bloody temper, had also tried his hand at persecution; but having also a portion of human feelings he speedily changed his plan, and even recalled those whom he had banished. Such have ever been our persecutors: men without justice, without religion, without moral conduct; men whom you yourselves never mention but to reprobate their memory, and whose cruel injustices you often endeavour to repair by restoring the persons whom they had condemned. But out of all the princes who, up to this time, have united a respect for religion with all the wisdom of policy, name a single one, if you can, who has set his face against us. We, on our parts, can produce one who has loudly defended us; that is Marcus Aurelius. Peruse the letter in which this prince, whose testimony you hold in such esteem and reverence, attests that the cruel thirst which was desolating his troops in Germany was appeased by showers of rain which Heaven granted to the prayers of his Christian soldiers.* If he

did not expressly revoke the edicts against the Christians, he at least took such measures as to procure them a respite from persecution, and protected them from accusation by punishing their informers even more severely than the laws punished Christianity. Now what kind of laws must those be which are never enforced against us but by impious, iniquitous, cruel, infamous and insensate princes; those laws which Trajan partially illuded, by forbidding inquiry to be made after Christians; those laws which were not enforced either by an Adrian, so inquisitive on every topic, or by a Vespasian, the demolisher of the Jewish nation, or by an Antoninus Pius, or a Verus! Yet is it not natural to suppose that a sect of wretches, such as you say we are, would be discovered and exterminated by virtuous princes, and not by our compeers in iniquity. (*To be continued.*)

MORAL ESSAYS.

A GOOD WOMAN.

HER great principle is, that the orders of a family must not be broken. Every hour of the day has its employment invariably appropriated, nor will any impertinently persuade her to walk in the garden at the time which she has devoted to her needlework, or to sit up stairs in that part of the forenoon which she has accustomed herself to spend in the back-parlour. She allows herself to sit half an hour after breakfast, and an hour after dinner. Her conversation is so habitually cautious that she never talks to any body but in general terms. For discriminations of character she has no names, all whom she mentions are honest men and agreeable women. She smiles not by sensation, but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not waken its effect: if she has laughed once, she will laugh again.

She is an enemy to nothing but ill-natured pride, but she has frequent reason to lament that it is so common in the world. All who are not equally pleased with the good and the bad, with the elegant and gross, with the witty and the dull, all who distinguish excellence from defect, she considers as ill-natured: and

quotes the testimony of Apollinarius; to whom may be added many others, as has been done by H. de Valois, in his learned notes on chap. v. b. v. of Eusebius, and D. Ruinart in his *Preface to the Acts of the Martyrs*, pp. xli. and xlii. V. *Bullet. Establish. of Christian*. pp. 15, 220, &c.

* This fact is attested not only by Christian but also by Pagan writers. Eusebius

she condemns as proud all who repress impertinence, or quell presumption, or expect regard from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which she is always willing to pay homage.

There are none whom she openly hates; for if once she suffers, or believes herself to suffer any contempt or insult, she never dismisses it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how easily she can forgive. There are none whom she loves much better than others; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, she always finds it inconvenient to visit them; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impossible to be intimate with the whole town.

She daily exercises her benevolence by pitying every misfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice; she is in hourly terrors lest one should catch cold in the rain, and another be frightened with the high wind. Her charity she shews by lamenting that so many poor wretches should languish in the streets, and by wondering what the great can think on, that they do so little good with such great sums. Her house is elegant, and her table dainty, though she has little taste of elegance, and is wholly free from vicious luxury; but she comforts herself that nobody can say that her house is dirty, or that her dishes are not well dressed.

THE DREADFUL STATE OF MAN WITHOUT A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

"Religion is the sure foundation of Morality."

BURKE.

MAN'S ORIGINAL INNOCENCE.

As we can never appreciate the value of a gift without knowing the consequences of its loss; in order still more to show the *supereminent excellence of a Religious Education*, I will endeavour to point out the dreadful situation in which man is placed without it.

The Almighty, wrapt from all eternity in the contemplation of his own infinite perfections, decreed in his unerring counsels, to create the world and the heavens, and all things therein, by an act of his will. *He spoke, and all things were made, He commanded, and they were created.* Having shewn his omnipotence, by bringing all things from nothing into existence, and having displayed his wisdom in their beauty, order, and connection, He chose to make man the lord of creation, in order to communicate to him that glory which He himself alone enjoyed "before the foundations of the heavens and earth were laid."

Man, thus originally coming from the plastic hand of his Creator, composed of body and soul, was *little inferior to angels* in beauty and innocence. Possessing every faculty the most sublime, he was truly "made to the image and likeness of God." There was then no defect in his judgment—his reason was unsullied—his will was upright—his heart was inclined to virtue, and his understanding was clear—he was master of his passions—the measure of his capacity was centered in his God, and his immortal spirit resting on the wings of Charity, reposed in him as its beginning, its end, and the only object of its predilection.

In such a happy state man clearly knew God, and knowing him, loved him, and loving him offered to him all the praise and all the homage of which his soul was capable. Every thing around him taught him his duty, and gratitude did the rest.

Thus was man under God lord over all things in this world. He was to live here for a time in a state of probation, anticipating the beatic vision of eternity, and having remained faithful to his Creator, employing his days in his service, he was to be translated, body and soul, without tasting death, to the bosom of the Deity.

MAN'S FALL AND ITS DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES.

But scarcely was man seated in this happy probation, when this felicitous order was overturned.

The Almighty had given Adam liberty, in express terms, to eat of the fruit in the garden of Eden; but commanded, as a test of his obedience, "that he should not eat of the tree of good and evil in the midst of paradise."—*Gen. iii. 3.* The Devil, "the father of pride," who in heaven, presumptuously "denied to bless the Most High," came on earth to sow the seed of that infernal vice—entered the serpent, the most subtle of living creatures—approached Eve, the "mother of all men"—told her "to eat of the fruit of the tree in the midst of paradise, by which we should become as God, knowing good and evil." She followed the suggestion of the rebel angel, eat of the tree forbidden by the Deity, and gave Adam to eat. Thus came "sin into this world (says the apostle) by original transgression." By this act man was divested of his original innocence, and became a corrupted creature.

Fallen from the elevated station to which he had been raised, his noble faculties were impaired, his reason became obscured, and was rendered of itself incapable to form a just idea of things. His will became weakened, and inflamed with a love for those things which pass away with time. His memory, which had been

given him to gaze in contemplation on, and to bring home to his recollection the *Sovereign Creator*, became circumscribed within this life. His understanding became darkened by the clouds of error and ignorance, and his views were fixed upon merely created objects. Such were the unhappy concomitants of Adam's fall.

As the posterity of Adam would have inherited his innocence and happiness, if he had been faithful to God, so they partake of the sin and punishment consequent on his fall.—*Rom. v. xii.* Hence man comes into this world infected with sin, and is surrounded by all its evils and miseries. "We are born in sin and conceived in iniquity, and become the children of wrath."—*Eph. ii. 3.*

Thus our whole nature is corrupt by sin—it darkens our understanding, weakens our will, and produces in us a strong propensity to evil; *thus corrupted and weakened, the faculties of man are of themselves totally incapable of forming a due knowledge of, much less attaining the perfect practice of virtue, and our passions being powerfully influenced by human gratifications, without the especial assistance of that God who brought him into existence.* In this state of human nature, the intellect of man is so deprived of its intuitive force, that it is scarcely sufficient to make him sensible of what he is, from what cause he derives his being, and for what end he was created.

Where should I end, were I to shew the impiety, immorality, and blasphemy, into which man had been ingulfed, when destitute of the inspiring influence of the religion of Jesus Christ?

(To be continued.)

THE HERMIT IN ROME.

THE heat of the day had been more than usually intense, but the close of the evening brought with it a refreshing coolness that was quite irresistible. For some years I had remained a willing victim to confinement, leading the same dull round of monotonous hours, without the least variety to charm my loneliness; when as if by some extraordinary reversion of nature the warm blood of youth seemed again to circuit my veins, and I was strongly excited to follow its silent dictates. My cell in itself gloomy was rendered still more so by the frown of an Inquisitor, remarkable for ill-timed severity, and who might be termed the incarnation of every heterogeneous incongruity. I therefore resolved to seek relief in a nocturnal excursion. With the fluttering anxiety of a truant anticipating a stolen joy, I deemed each moment almost an age. The hour of midnight at length however arrived; and with

a beating heart and tremulous step, I left the inclosure of my cell. Nature was lulled into forgetfulness, and the pale moon had flung her "silvery mantle" over the face of things, so that the very echo of my own tread falling on my listening ear startled me.—Each breath of air that wanted by seemed to speak of my truant propensity, and imagination was continually conjuring up some "weird spectre of the night" to deter me from my purpose. I proceeded however along the *Via Sacra* through the Forum, and ascended the lofty steps of the Capitol that commands a view of the "Eternal City." What language can describe my entranced feelings, when I glanced over the mouldering picture, which the finger of time had here traced to my view. The charms of Poesy, in which I had freely indulged in early life, passed in review before me, and seemed to lend an additional attraction to these crumbling records. One association crowded on another, until I was wrapt into an ideal world of fancy's imagining, and the lines of Armstrong recurring to my memory, and breathing so completely the spirit of the scene before me, most forcibly inculcated the gloomy lesson of mortality.

What does not fade? The tower that long hath stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass
Descend! The Babylonian spires are sunk:
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down;
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.

The "mother of dead empires" lay before me in the shattered remnants of her grandeur, a meet emblem of broken sceptres and subverted thrones. On the verge of the distance rose the celebrated Amphitheatre of Flavian—a giant pile of massive gorgeousness, reflecting the image of the master-minds that reared it. Its walls wore the features of desolation, and the wild flower that peeped at intervals through its broken crevices, was left to scatter unheeded the aroma of its fragrant breath, and to waste its sweetness in the air. I could not refrain from contrasting its present deathlike stillness, with the loud burst of voices that arose from the assembled multitudes within its walls, whose caprice as Juvenal remarks, often determined the fate of the hapless combatant.

*Verso pollice Vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populante.*

The splendid feats of the Naumachia—the effort of the gladiator in his struggle with death—and the devoted victims of religion, who, rather than prostitute their principles, poured out their very life's

blood, gave a melancholy interest to this stupendous structure, which rivals the boasted temple of Diana at Ephesus, and in the opinion of Martial yields not to the pyramidal wonders of Egypt.

"Barbara pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis."

The arch of Titus—the golden palace of Nero—the temples of Romulus and Remus—Vesta, and Jupiter Stator, bore proud testimonials to Pagan magnificence, and elicited no ordinary feelings. But what more than all awakened my lethargic recollection was the sight of the Forum. The acuteness of the philosopher, the eloquence of the orator, and the enraptured strains of the poet, seemed all concentrated in this inspiring focus. Methought I heard the mellifluous Cicero pouring the volubility of his sounding periods in the most dignified and imposing attitude, while the perjured assassin of his country flung back a scowl of defiance.—The Tribunes, Consuls, and Emperors appeared once more to harangue the assembled Romans, and determine the destinies of the civilized world.

The Mamertine prison was the next object of attraction, and I could scarcely repress the ebullitions of nature upon reflecting, that this spot had been hallowed by the presence of SS. Peter and Paul, those Apostolic martyrs of the faith, who have left behind them indelible testimony of the truth of the doctrine which they preached, in the miraculous fountain that sprung up to supply water for the baptism of the converted gaolers, and forty-seven companions, who all sealed their doctrine with their blood. Just in sight of the Capitol on the right stood the Tarpeian rock, which had often re-echoed the shriek of approaching death, and supported the tottering limbs of many a victim, whom the misguided severity of an ungrateful country had destined to destruction.

From this desolate picture, where time had inscribed its history in ruins, I turned to modern Rome. Instead of the unhallowed fane when, superstition fed the censor at the shrine of some deified passion, my sight was greeted with the consecrated temple, which resounds the praises of the living God. When

From the full choir the loud Hosanna's rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.

Here I paused and adored in silent awe the inscrutable designs of that Omniscient Deity, who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong. Who could for a moment have imagined that the centre of Pagan Idolatry, would become the capital of the Christian world, and that the successor of an humble fisherman would one day mount the "throne of the Cesars." The light of the morning broke upon me in the midst of these reveries, and afraid of being discovered, I

hastened my steps homewards and buried myself once more in the solitude of my cell.

ARGUS.

CANONICAL RIGHTS.

THE S. CONTROVERSY.

LITTLE did we think, when smiling at the "embarrassment" which the editor of "another publication" informed his readers of this month the bold defying of his visor, by one of the disputants in the above controversy, had placed him in;—little, we say, did we think that our insertion of the letter of T. J. B. would place us in a similar situation; but, according to the old saying, "Laughing is catching," and we have got a foot into the trap. Since the appearance of that article, we have received two anonymous communications in reply, or rather in censure of its tone and style, and from every symptom of the spirit which seems to influence the parties concerned, were we to allow the contest to be carried on in the pages of the *Orthodox Journal*, the whole of it would be nearly engrossed, to the exclusion of matter more congenial and interesting to the generality of its readers. However, as we have, in some measure, been drawn into the controversy, we cannot refrain from stating our sentiments on the subject, as a justification of the course we mean to pursue.

From one of our correspondents we learn that the object of the controversy was to discuss "the propriety of establishing a regular hierarchy of diocesan Bishops, according to canonical rule," instead of the present order of spiritual government in the English Catholic body, which has now existed in this country nearly three centuries, by Vicars of the Apostolic see; and by the other correspondent we are told, that the controversy was originated by S. in consequence of the inaccurate expression of a text from the Acts of the Apostles, regarding the authority of Bishops to rule our Church, in a document signed by Dr. Bramston and his Coadjutor. Now this is a very nice and delicate point to handle in these times of innovation and infidelity, when every nerve is strained by modern *philosophes* and *liberalists* to bring religion and the clergy into disrepute; and however innocent the discussion might be within the walls of a college,

it must be highly dangerous to moot the question in a public vehicle of information, liable to fall into the hands of all classes, some of whom may take, and we know many have taken, scandal at the fine-spun sentences and vague definitions of the assailant of the unfortunate expression thus laid hold of, while others may take advantage to represent the dignity of the episcopal office in the Catholic Church to be of no more weight than the prelacy in the Law-established Church. Whether or no this writer under the signature of S. (a very *crooked* initial) intended to impugn the right divine of the Vicars Apostolic to govern their flocks, we will not take upon ourself to say, but certain it is, that T. J. B. and many other able and learned divines entertain that opinion, from the drift of his arguments, and, as we have before observed, feeling that nothing can be more dangerous at this critical period than the propagation of such latitudinarian opinions, we gave insertion to the article, which appeared in our 13th number, with the view of cautioning our readers against the subtlety of the doctrine, and supporting, as we ever have done, the divine power of bishops to rule the Church of God, under the supreme Head, who filleth the chair of St. Peter.

But let it not be understood that we are averse to the discussion of the *propriety* or *advantages* of a change in the discipline or manner of the government of the Church in this island; what we object to is, the *way* in which it has been commenced, which we conceive to be an indirect, at least, attempt to weaken the *right* to exercise the authority, and not to shew how the authority might be exercised to greater advantage. The formation of a regular hierarchy was brought forward some years ago, and was then strongly opposed; but circumstances are now quite altered. What might then have been extremely perilous to the Catholic body, may now be highly beneficial to the interests of religion. The Catholic aristocracy were then soothing and coaxing the leaders of the two parties in the state to obtain a releasement from the civil restrictions under which they at that time laboured; and many of the Clergy were then under their influence and protection. But such is not the case now. The aristocracy have gained their ends, and the Clergy are now more independent than they then were, while their flocks have in-

creased prodigiously. A regular hierarchy, therefore, would now give greater dignity to the bishops, the second order of the clergy would resume their canonical rights, the laity would rejoice in the exaltation of their Church government, and thus a force and energy would be infused into each class, which could not fail to propel with more rapidity the happy conversion of this country to Catholicism in the nineteenth century, so happily effected in the beginning of the seventh. Oh! it would be a glorious day to see the English Catholic Church once more placed upon her canonical foundation! Oh! memorable day! How happy should we be to behold its arrival.

That such a consummation, so devoutly to be wished, cannot be obtained without the aid of the Press is certainly the case. There is much subject matter to be discussed, discordant opinions to be reconciled, and prejudices to be softened and overcome; but then let this necessary and powerful instrument be so used as not to give scandal to the scrupulous and rigid believer, nor cause a degree of triumph to our enemies by unnecessary contention. Nor should the disputants wish to clog the columns of periodicals devoted to general information and instruction, and intended to amuse all classes of our community. We would recommend that the important question should be discussed exclusively by itself, either at stated periods or in small uniform pamphlets, which would allow the whole to be bound up together, and would form a very valuable volume to those who feel an interest in the subject. From our practical knowledge of printing and publishing, we have no doubt such a mode of imparting the feelings and sentiments of the Clergy on this, we were going to say, vital measure, might be accomplished at a very easy cost, and the circulation be attended with very little trouble. But in case this plan should be adopted, we do most sincerely hope, that those who engage in the affair, will not attempt to weaken the authority of others in the endeavour to recover their own rights, so long in abeyance.

In conclusion, we trust our correspondents will be satisfied with the reasons we have given for declining the insertion of their communications in the Journal; besides which, it is announced that the antagonist of S. has thrown off his disguise, and offered battle to the imputed assailant of the episcopal authority in his

proper person. Let us then "wait awhile," and see whether S. has the courage to come forth from his hiding place, and take up the gauntlet as openly and manfully as his opponent has thrown it down, and relieve the learned editor of "another publication" from his present "embarrassment." Should S. accept the challenge on these terms, then let there be a fair fight, and Truth will crown the victor.

EDITOR.

The Intelligencer.

(From our Liverpool Correspondent.)

SUNDAY last, being the second anniversary of the opening of St. Anthony's church, a solemn high Mass was celebrated in that superb edifice. The vocal performances were of the first order, in which Madame Cæsari and Signor Deval displayed great power and sweetness of voice. Dr. Wiseman, president of the English college at Rome, preached on the occasion, and made a most powerful appeal to the charitable feelings of the assembled congregation. In the evening vespers were chanted, and several select hymns were sung. Dr. Wiseman again ascended the pulpit, and delivered a masterly and eloquent discourse upon the extreme veneration due to the blessed Mother of God, most argumentatively refuting the charge of idolatry, drawing the distinction between that species of worship and the respect which every Christian whose heart is inflamed with the love of his Redeemer, must feel towards the spotless Virgin, who bore him in her womb, and ushered him into the world for the salvation of mankind—even of sinners who insult and deride his sacred divinity. Many Protestants were present, and must have departed greatly edified, and whose prejudices, if they possessed any, must have been much softened. The receipts of the day amounted to upwards of 140*l*. But we hope the Catholic public will recollect that this great undertaking is still encumbered with a very heavy debt, and that they will come liberally forward to liquidate the same.

The consecration of the new Catholic church of Rosslea, in the parish of Clones, Ireland, took place on Sunday last, the 11th instant. The interesting ceremony was performed by the Right

Rev. Dr. Kernan, Catholic bishop of Clogher, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Catholic bishop of Kilmore. A well selected choir, under the direction of Mr. Morrison, leader of the choir of the Catholic cathedral of Dublin, sung the Mass and selections with admirable effect; and the Rev. Thomas Maguire, late parish priest of Innismagrabh, and now of Ballinamore, the eloquent and powerful vanquisher of Mr. Pope, preached an excellent discourse.

On the 14th instant, 710 children were confirmed at Tullamore by the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Catholic bishop of Meath.

The Rev. J. P. Lyons, P. P. is appointed coadjutor to the Catholic bishop of Killala, with the title of Dean.

GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH! While the raving bigots of Exeter-hall are sending out their rabid missionaries to slander and misrepresent the true faith, and excite religious discord, their futile attempts to stay the hand of God, in restoring this too long benighted country to the ancient religion, become every day more and more manifest. The purchase of the land in Charnwood-forest, lately announced in this Journal is completed. Two individuals, whose names are to remain a secret, most nobly and generously contributed the purchase money, amounting to near 3000*l*. About fourteen of the Cistercian brethren will immediately take possession, and the monastery will be named *Mount St. Bernard*. The monks will build a farmhouse, in which they will live till the monastery is completed. A barn for the present will be the chapel. This will be the third temple for Catholic worship established within the last three years in a line of only six miles, and where, since the fatal era of what is called the Reformation, no place in which to offer the holy sacrifice had been before erected; viz. Loughborough, Grace Dieu, and Mount St. Bernard, which latter place will once again present to poor unhappy old England a specimen of the great utility of religious houses. Again we say—GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

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