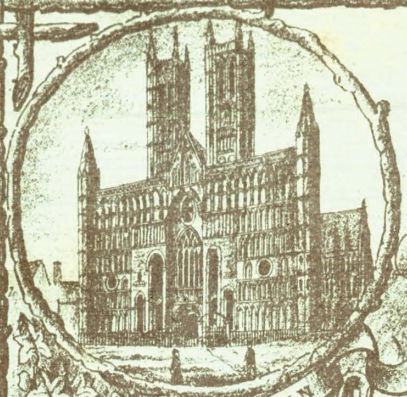

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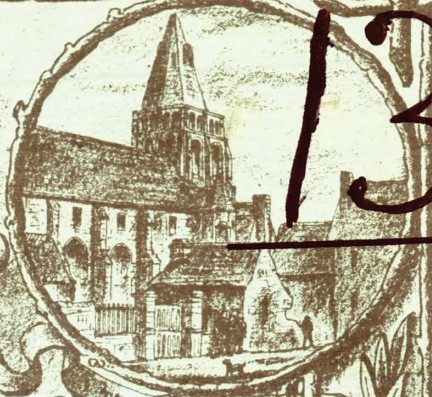

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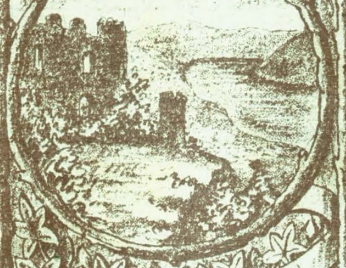

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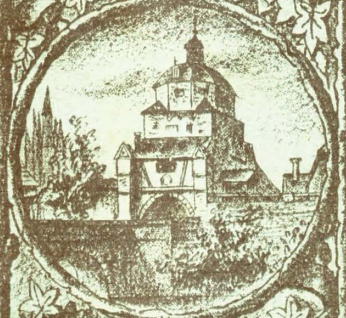

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Letter of Approbation from His Eminence Cardinal Cullen.

59 Eccles-street, Dublin,
April 14th, 1877.

My dear Mr. Dollard,

Having looked over the volume of "The Illustrated Monitor," which you sent me, I am happy to find that, while it contains a great deal of religious and instructive reading, it is entirely free from everything which might be injurious to the interests of religion or morality. The illustrations are good, the type clear, the articles well written, and its price is so moderate as to place it within the reach of all.

At a time when irreligious and immoral publications are scattered broadcast over the country, and when few periodicals exist which are free from at least insidious attacks upon faith and morals, we cannot over-estimate the importance of a good Catholic Magazine, which may be safely introduced into every Catholic family, and may be read by the faithful, not only without danger, but also with much religious and intellectual advantage to themselves.

It affords me, therefore, much pleasure to approve of "The Illustrated Monitor," and to recommend it warmly to the faithful; and I hope that it may continue successfully for many years to instruct and edify the Catholic community.

Wishing you every happiness,
I remain,
Your faithful servant,

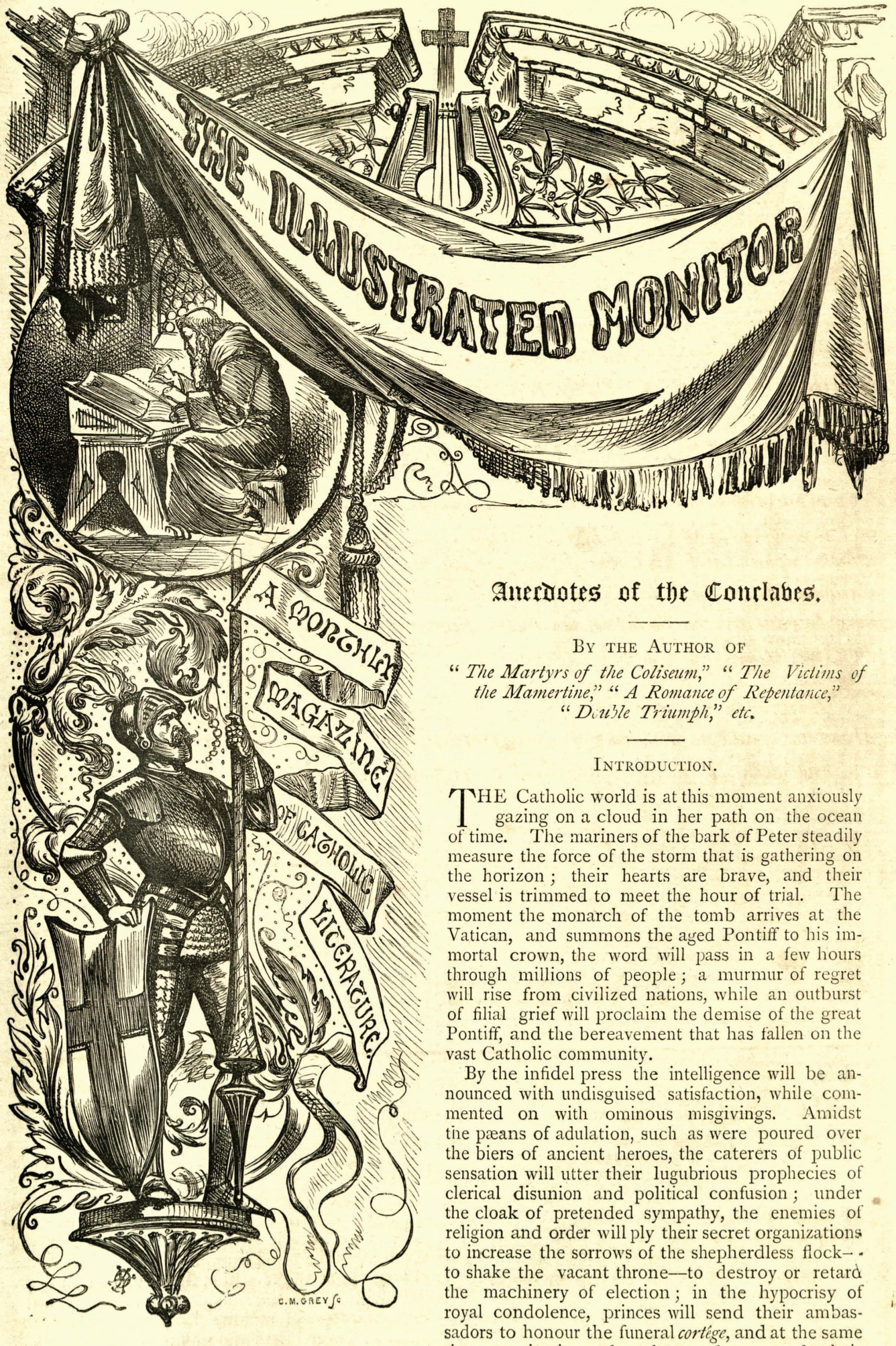
+ Paul Card. Cullen

"The matter and illustrations are both very good, and the whole get-up is in good taste."

Right Rev. Dr. ULLATHORNE.

"He is glad to have had his attention drawn to so superior a work."

Very Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.



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VOL. IV.—NO. 4.—JULY, 1877.

Anecdotes of the Conclaves.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Martyrs of the Coliseum," "The Victims of the Mamertine," "A Romance of Repentance," "Double Triumph," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Catholic world is at this moment anxiously gazing on a cloud in her path on the ocean of time. The mariners of the bark of Peter steadily measure the force of the storm that is gathering on the horizon; their hearts are brave, and their vessel is trimmed to meet the hour of trial. The moment the monarch of the tomb arrives at the Vatican, and summons the aged Pontiff to his immortal crown, the word will pass in a few hours through millions of people; a murmur of regret will rise from civilized nations, while an outburst of filial grief will proclaim the demise of the great Pontiff, and the bereavement that has fallen on the vast Catholic community.

By the infidel press the intelligence will be announced with undisguised satisfaction, while commented on with ominous misgivings. Amidst the pæans of adulation, such as were poured over the biers of ancient heroes, the caterers of public sensation will utter their lugubrious prophecies of clerical disunion and political confusion; under the cloak of pretended sympathy, the enemies of religion and order will ply their secret organizations to increase the sorrows of the shepherdless flock—to shake the vacant throne—to destroy or retard the machinery of election; in the hypocrisy of royal condolence, princes will send their ambassadors to honour the funeral *cortége*, and at the same time to intrigue for the preference of their favourites.

If in former years the death of the Roman Pontiff shook the world with commotion, and made even kings tremble on their thrones, no event in our generation will have a more thrilling interest than the demise of Pius IX. The Pontiff who outlived the years of Peter—who, in the midst of political troubles, and in the face of powerful enemies, issued the Bulls of the Syllabus and the Papal Infallibility—whose saintly character has cast a halo around the Vatican—will end one of the most remarkable reigns of the Papacy in a sunset of brilliancy, towards which the world must turn with intense and sorrowful interest.

The persecution that has been permitted by Providence to usurp the rights of the Holy See, and surround the Vatican with a ring of steel, will lend its quota of anxiety to make the timid tremble, lest the Chair of Peter be thrown again into the complications that marked the demise of former Pontiffs. Remembering the momentous past in the life of the present Pius, and gazing with fear on the uncertain future, we hesitate not to assert the moment the hand of death has closed the brilliant career of the great Pope, the world will rise to a fever of enthusiasm and excitement not known in the history of many centuries.

Towards the vacant See of Rome, will turn kings and senates that have long learned to fear the secret power of the Vatican; towards that See will turn men of every shade of religion and politics, who will watch, with jaundiced eye, the decision that will name a new pilot for the helm of the great ship. Thither, too, will turn, with anxious and fervid hope, the flock without a head—the children without a father—the great body of Catholics all over the world, who recognise in the Supreme Pontiff the representative of Jesus Christ, and who will hail with reverential awe the honoured member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, who shall be called to the stupendous and mysterious power of the triple crown.

Knowing how scanty is the information in English literature, concerning the magnificent obsequies of the deceased Pontiffs, and the ritual that guides the Sacred College in the election of a new Pope, we deem the following pages will be opportune in supplying authentic information on a subject so deeply interesting.

The stranger to Italian history, and those especially who have not studied the peculiar customs of the Italian people in centuries past, will find much in those pages to surprise and amuse. Rome, conservative in all her ways, has preserved in her ceremonial the characteristics of by-gone ages. Hence, in the solemn rites that occasionally surround the changes death must bring in the Holy See, we find links that unite us with generations that have slept for centuries. Purified and sanctified by Christian art, we have the greatest simplicity with the deepest wisdom; the union of religious gravity with the most gorgeous display of worldly pomp.

The Romans have preserved in a marked degree many traits of character which can be traced to their pagan origin. Amongst them there still lives a passion for spectacular drama. The splendours of the Procession of Triumph, and the games of the Circus, are chronicled on the monumental marbles, and treasured in traditional history; they were coeval with the golden era of the empire which passes like a gilded dream of splendour before the dazzled fancy of the modern Roman. Any attempt to mimic these pageants on the degenerated stage of the present day, is received by the Romans with enthusiasm, as a type of their ancient magnificence.

This sentiment of display has passed into the Ritual. Hence, many have supposed the most gorgeous offices of the Roman Ritual are but relics of pagan celebrations. St. Fulgentius once witnessed a pageant of surpassing magnificence, and, raising his heart on high, said: "*Si hoc in stabulo quid in cælo?*"*

In the coronation of kings—in the most lavish display of political demonstrations—there is nothing in the present day that can be compared to the funeral or coronation service of the Sovereign Pontiff. The occasion gives full scope to the development of ritualistic art; and the Romans, true to their national instincts, spare neither wealth nor talent, to produce a mighty tableau in keeping with the importance of the event, and expressing the lights and shades of a nation's gloom and a nation's joy.

To-day, the vast Basilica of St. Peter's is draped in gloom; the sorrowing people visit, in mourning garb, the enbalmed remains of the deceased Pontiff; the sobs and sighs of the grateful poor, who mourn a benefactor, break the silence of the sombre *cortège*. During the septendial, the superb catafalque is raised in a pyramid of gloomy emblems that artistically express the national bereavement; the solemn tones of the repeated "*Libera*," roll in harmonious cadence through the darkened arches, and are lost to human ears, as if on their way to heaven, in the area of the mighty dome: a people are bowed to the dust in sorrow. Nations, like individuals, are generous to a fault over the tombs of the great and good; in the obsequies of the departed Pontiff, it is not strange to find the grandest and most touching ceremony of the Ritual of the Catholic Church.

Yet there is a peculiar feature in this public sorrow and pageant of grief, that strikes us like the mockery of purchased grief that was wont to surround the bier of pagan heroes. Scarcely are withered the garlands that are hung around the statues of the deceased Pontiff; while yet eyes are wet with tears, and churches hung with the insignia of the tomb, a sudden change comes over the city and the people.

The cardinals in conclave have come to a decision—a new Pope is proclaimed from the balcony of the Basilica to tens of thousands of the impatient people. The air is rent with "*Evivas*," the guns of San Angelo send their giant roar over the seven hills; bell and trumpet join in the thrilling chorus. Like the transition from the Passion to the Paschal-tide, the emblems of sorrow are removed with mechanical rapidity from the walls of St. Peter's; flowers, fresh and smiling, from the gardens

* "If this be in a stable, what will it be in heaven!"

of the Vatican, replace the death's head and cross-bones; light, gold, and music, lend their infinite varieties to express the festival of joy: like the morning sunshine that banishes the gloomy shadow of night, the greetings that hail the new sovereign drown the wailings of the previous hour.

But Rome, Catholic Rome, is watching with deep and silent sorrow the feeble footsteps of her aged sovereign. When the sad hour, so dark in the horizon of the future, shall bring all its bereavement, Rome, deprived of her liberty, robbed of her wealth, and persecuted in her faith, will weep in the grand spirit of other days; but she will not celebrate in her wonted splendour the funeral obsequies of her deceased Pontiff, nor the coronation of her new king.

When death has closed the career of the beloved Pius IX., tears will be wrung from the heart of the Church, and her cardinals will proceed, in the silence and the trepidation of the Catacombs, to elect the pilot who must next hold the helm of the storm-tossed bark.

There is a reflection that enhances the value of these pages. The progress of education and the facility of travel have dissipated a vast amount of mystery that seemed to shroud the Holy See. What the great Cardinal Wiseman said of his countrymen a few years ago, would scarcely be found in our day, save in a few cases of exceptional bigotry, where the vilest prejudices are entertained with fanatic tenacity.

"Up to recently," writes the cardinal, in his essay on Boniface VIII., "Protestants had never attached any idea of individuality to the name of Pope. Their notion seemed to be that of an entity, perpetuated under a variety of indefinite names, through generation after generation. Clements, Innocents, and Benedicts, succeeded each other no one knew how; living in almost inaccessible grandeur, in a terrible place called the Vatican, around which perpetual thunders growled to keep off all intruders; approached only with genuflexions, prostrations, and almost worship; ever enthroned, and with a triple crown on his head; occupied all day in a mysterious conclave with scarlet-robed cardinals and Jesuits, upon bulls, indulgences, and excommunications. When Pius VII., stripped of all his ornaments, torn from his own dominions, an exile and a prisoner, became known to Europe, his personal character, so pure, so holy, yet so noble—so magnanimous, so unbending, yet so forgiving—so lofty, yet so mild—softened the hearts of many, and, if it did not change them, made them begin to distinguish in their minds the man from the dignity which he adorned, and to know that Popes have character and natures and Christian perfection beyond the most of men."

How much the present venerable Pontiff, in his fortitude in suffering and amiability of character, has contributed to remove the unmeaning prejudices of the past century, let the tens of thousands of pilgrims to the Eternal City, who have seen him in his awful palace, testify. Instead of an inaccessible tyrant, guarded by the imaginary terrors of an Inquisition, they found the most humble and rational of men.

Yet, we fancy, even in our days of enlightenment, a certain error vitiates the estimate which even educated people form of the Holy See; they forget in the Sovereign Pontiff there are, so to speak, two individuals—the spiritual ruler and the temporal prince. The priest, the bishop, the Pope, have impressed on their spiritual being indelible characteristics, which will influence their destinies in the mansions of the Eternal Father, but still retain the tendencies of human nature, together with the associations, the affections and necessities of manhood, with its interminable chain of mundane exigencies.

Co-existent with the sublime character of Supreme Pontiff, we recognise an earthly king. From the time that Charlemagne confirmed the temporal independence of the Popes, they were, of necessity, surrounded with the accessories of a court. A temporal prince could not rule without diplomatic relations with other powers. He must have his treasury, his revenue, and his guarded frontier. His throne is surrounded with the tinsel of vanity, with the deception of sycophancy, and the intrigues that always beset the possessor of patronage.

In the Chair of Peter, by a salutary disposition of Providence, the two characters blend into a close and moral union. The errors, the blemishes that arise from human weakness, may indeed seem to tarnish the inviolable dignity of the spiritual ruler of the Church; but that power is no more affected by the human *affaiblesse* that surrounds it, than the planets of our system are affected by the fogs of our atmosphere that conceal them from our view. The tens of millions of Catholics who bow with reverential awe before the representative of the Incarnate God, who will obey every command, and believe every dogma he may promulgate when teaching from his infallible throne—remembering the corruption that surrounds the courts of kings, the hypocrisy of courtiers, and the worthlessness of royal favourites—may rejoice that the Roman Court bears such few and trifling exceptions to the weakness that has made other thrones the contempt of history.

The harmony that pervades through the vast machinery of the Roman Court reminds us of the chariot of Ezechiel. It is surprising that a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle, so different in nature and power, should work so harmoniously; but the prophet explains, that the Spirit of God guided their movements—"*Ibant quo spiritus ducebat eos.*" Thus, the chariot of Peter, impelled by such a variety of characters and interests, moves steadily towards the goal of eternity, under the guiding Spirit of God.

The remembrance of the two principalities in the Holy See will explain the influence of temporal interests in the Sacred Conclave. The efforts of princes to elect their favourites, and the factions of powerful families, are easily understood in connection with the vacant throne; hence, too, we can explain how some of the most eminent prelates in the Church, endowed with extraordinary virtues and brilliant talents, have joined themselves to party factions, which, in the history of the Conclaves, give an unfavourable impression of the prevalence of human feeling and worldly influence.

To persons who do not understand the operation of the Holy Spirit through the channel of human feeling—and they are generally those who have not the docility of faith—the difficulties and obstacles that marred the dignity of some of the Conclaves of past centuries, become a stumbling-block to faith. Our enemies, who have gone around the citadel of Catholicity to find the weakest point of attack, pause in triumph over the perverted history of the Conclaves, and pour forth their bitterest tirades on the supposed scandal of division in the venerable assemblages of the cardinals. We propose to grapple with the question, under the guidance of history and theology, and to remove, by authority and reason, the false impressions that have been sedulously circulated in the Protestant Press concerning the succession to the Chair of Peter.

Another item of interest in the following pages will be found in the glance it gives to the uninitiated into the interior of a Conclave. Few are aware of the rigid constitutions that guide this all-important meeting of the Sacred College. Reading the ancient canons, we are tempted to smile. The extraordinary isolation required; the oaths of secrecy; the examination of the food; the wheels in the wall; the double keys, and tomb-like silence commanded—seem unnecessary precautions to guide the deliberations of aged men of inviolable honour—dignitaries of austere and saintly character, like the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Yet, these enactments are relics of past history, and breathe the wisdom that has been learned in the school of experience.

There were times in the history of the Church, when political motives biassed the hearts of her princes; when favour with kings eclipsed the sacred call of duty; when ambition robed itself in the lawn of the Sanctuary. The pages of history teem with the machinations of powerful sovereigns to rule the vote of the Conclave, and place sycophants of their courts in the Chair of Truth. During the struggles of eighteen centuries, the world has been in opposition to the spiritual kingdom of Christ. The throne of Peter, erected in a cryptal chapel in the Roman Catacombs, has, in all times, been in open war with the powers of evil; and when waves of blood had failed to shake its foundations, the more insidious power of treachery and corruption have been tried in vain. The world and its proud princes, who will not learn the lesson that is thundered from the history of centuries, vainly try to-day to bribe the vote of the Conclave, as in the days when a powerful king said to a nominee of his own, "If you will burn the ashes of Boniface VIII., and scatter them to the winds as a heretic, I will make you Pope."—*Muratori, Annali*, vol. vii.

"*Pereat Societatem Jesu*," was the watchword that for nearly two centuries adumbrated the councils of the Conclaves. In vain did the gold and corrupt diplomacy of Spain, Portugal, and Naples strive to nominate to the vacant See the cardinal who had sworn hostility to the Jesuits. The intrigues of the Ferdinands, the Henrys, and, in more modern times, of the French Napoleons, form pages in the history of the Pontificate, that prove to the reflecting mind that were not the Holy See under the protecting ægis of Divine Providence, it should long since have succumbed to bribery and corruption.

Hence, those canons of extraordinary rigour in isolating from the outer world the deliberations of the cardinals, were dictated by the necessities of the times in which they were enacted. The wisdom which found them necessary to shield the integrity of the Sacred College in days gone by, will enhance to-day the confidence of the faithful in the difficult and threatening aspect of complications that may interfere with its liberty. The constitutions that guide the election and the ritual of the Conclave will form an important chapter of our present work. They are not generally known, even amongst educated people; and as the choice of the Conclave is pregnant with such momentous results, a photograph of its interior will be deeply useful and interesting.

"*Lumen de cœlo*," is the title the prophecy of Malachi gives the next Pontiff. Time has given an extraordinary verification to the prophetic nomenclature with which the Irish saint has epitomized the history of the Sovereign Pontiffs during the last five hundred years. The strange crucial vicissitudes that have rolled over the present pontificate, from the exile of Gaeta in '48 to the imprisonment of the Vatican to-day, present a painful realization of the "*Crux de cruce.*"

Rumours and surmises concerning the new Pope are on every lip; the merits of each cardinal are variously estimated. Each one names his own favourite. All enquire, with more or less trepidation, will he be a man of stern purpose, who will utter the *non possumus* with all the courage and eloquence of the Piuses of holy memory? will he hesitate in the discussions between the spiritual and the temporal claims, or will he acquiesce to the reasoning of modern infidelity, and accept the theory that accomplished facts supersede the Divine right? Or, in a word, will he make friends with the revolution, and, in a strange policy of conciliation, go arm-in-arm through the streets of the Roman capital with the excommunicated king who has usurped the temporal dominions and interfered with the spiritual liberties of the Holy See?

We have no difficulty in anticipating a reply to these queries. Perhaps those separated from us by a wide gulf of religious sympathies, whose opinions of consistency have been formed by the history of the free-judgment developments of the Church of England, would not hesitate to expect such an extraordinary change in the policy of the Vatican. They do not recognise, as we can, in the consolations of faith, founded on Divine promise, the guiding spirit of the Holy Ghost brooding over the

* The idea of the following pages was suggested by reading a very unfair and prejudiced volume, written by one of the Trollopes, on the Conclaves. The statements of this writer are in many places not only historically false, but grossly insulting. We will give in the course of the following essays some specimens of the manner in which truth is perverted by those *soi-disant* historians.

Conclave, influencing and directing the choice that so materially concerns the welfare of the universal Church.

Perhaps there is not one of the Sacred College to whom we could give the distinctive appellation of "Light from heaven." Where constellations are all bright, there is little superlative brilliancy; but the moment the vote of the Conclave has declared the will of Heaven, the haze that wraps in equal glory the galaxy of ecclesiastical magnates, will gradually lessen around the favourite star, leaving it to shine on the world in a blaze of celestial light.

Chapter II.

The Obsequies of the Deceased Pontiff.*

As soon as it has been certified that the breath of life has passed from the Holy Father, his body is left reposing on the couch until the arrival of the cardinal chamberlain, who enters the pontifical chamber in rochette, purple mozetta, and mantelletta, in order to recognise the body. His eminence is introduced to the chamber of death by the Monsignore Maestro di Camera, and is accompanied by clerics and the official attendants then on duty at the palace.

Reciting the "*De profundis*" as he kneels by the bedside on a purple cushion, the face of the deceased Pontiff is uncovered by one of the assistants, and the body recognised; then the Maestro di Camera hands to the cardinal the Fisherman's ring, which is immediately sealed with the same stamp as is used in the *Cancellaria* for the authorization of the Pontifical Bulls. This seal is broken at the first meeting of the cardinals, as we will note further on.

A notary, or the Secretary of the College of Cardinals, will now read the act of recognition of the body, and formal consignment of the ring, after which all depart, except the Fathers Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, who remain to intercede for the deceased with uninterrupted prayers.

When the cardinal chamberlain arrives at the private antechamber, having removed his rochette, he signs the order to give public notice of the sad event by ringing of the bells of the Capitol. Surrounded by the domestic clerics and the Swiss Guard, who have to be at hand until the opening of the Conclave, and who have donned their armour and carry their rifles, the cardinal holds a special meeting of all the attendants, in order to appoint to them their various duties during the obsequies. The principal functionaries whom he will designate will be: the guardian of the private effects of the Holy Father, and articles found in his room; the guardians of the pontifical palaces, of the stables, the garden, the Castle St. Angelo, and the armoury, as also the temporary secretaries of the Dataria, of the Briefs, of the Seals, and the Conclave.*

There is an etiquette of costume and deportment required from the cardinals at this peculiar time, somewhat different from other occasions. We mentioned that the cardinal chamberlain, having recognised the body and retired to a private room, removed the rochette; but the rule for those cardinals who are not immediately attached to the palace, is to wear the rochette uncovered. They do not permit anyone to sit on their left when in their carriages, and the soutane and stockings must be purple: the minor prelates are to wear mantelletta of black silk. The auditors of the Rota are exempted from this rule, as in the *Cappelle* (chapels, at funeral services, &c.), they carry the large cloak with purple hood. Also the consistorial advocates are permitted to have the purple *cappa*, with the usual hood turned down.

When the cardinal chamberlain has signed the document declaring the death of the Pope, the cardinal vicar will immediately despatch an order to all the churches, instructing the pastors to have their bells tolled at the moment that the Capitol bells commence the solemn tolling; they ring for a full hour; this they also do when the body is being removed from the palace to St. Peter's. The cardinal vicar also directs a funeral service to be held in every church, and each priest is expected to celebrate a holy Mass for the deceased Pontiff.

The first meeting of the Congregation is held in the house of the Dean of the Sacred College, and is to appoint the *Capi d'Ordini* (Heads of Order). To understand the nature of this meeting, we must bear in mind that after the death of the Pope, the spiritual government of the universal Church (in as far as is not required the pontifical authority), and the temporal government of the City of Rome, and of all the Ecclesiastical States, devolve on the College of Cardinals, which is composed of bishops, priests and deacons. One cardinal of each order, together with the cardinal chamberlain, takes turn about in the direction of affairs; hence, the above-mentioned first Congregation is composed of the cardinal chamberlain, the cardinal dean, the first cardinal priest, and first cardinal deacon. In the absence of any of these, the meeting is held in the house of the cardinal who is the oldest of the three respective Orders—the Monsignore Secretary of the Sacred College is permitted always to be present, and he also, during the vacant See, assumes the duties of Secretary of State; hence all the resolutions, decrees or orders that issue from these Congregations, or meetings, are undersigned by the three above-mentioned *Heads of Order*, by the cardinal chamberlain, and by this Monsignore Secretary of the Congregation, and now Secretary of State. On him devolves the obligation of registering the de-

* The following particulars of the solemn obsequies of the deceased Pope, and preparations for the Conclave, we have culled from a small Italian work printed at Rome in the early part of this century, entitled, "*Breve Raggualio della Sede Vacante.*" As the work bears the *imprimatur* of the theological censors of that time, and seems to be the most accurate work published on the subject, we will translate almost *verbatim* the peculiar details of civil and religious functions which occupy the Sacred College during the nine days required before entering the Conclave. This chapter will, therefore, form an interesting, as well as necessary introduction to the description of the Conclaves.

* These appointments have reference to the ceremonies of the funeral rather than to the actual working of these departments, which are closed until the election of a new Pope.

crees and forwarding them to their destination. He will also have charge of the letters and communications which the Heads of Order may have occasion to write.

We now return to the chamber where the deceased Pontiff has breathed his last.

Twenty-four hours after his death, and not till then, the body is given to skilled surgeons, to be opened and embalmed. When the viscera are extracted, they are placed in a silver bowl, and carried to the Church of SS. Vincent and Anastatius, at the Fountain of Trevi, where they are deposited with the entrails of other Popes. The origin and reason of this custom dates from Benedict XIV. The Quirinal Palace, where many of the Popes have died, is in the parish of SS. Vincent and Anastatius, and to this church have been consigned the viscera of the Popes who have died at the Quirinal.*

When the body is embalmed and clothed in soutane, mozzetta and cope of wool, it is exposed under a *baldachino* (canopy) in the hall, where the private Consistory is generally held. Here the people are permitted to enter and venerate the remains, whilst the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's continue night and day, without ceasing, to chant psalms and recite holy prayers. After the *Ave Maria*, at nightfall, the people are not permitted to enter.

One hour after the *Ave Maria* of this second day after death, the body is removed to the Sistine Chapel. The remains are carried on a couch, covered with crimson velvet, and fringed with gold open on every side. The body bears a cap, but not a stole or cross. The procession is thus formed :—

First, two divisions of the Noble Guard, and two drummers; some of the domestics, bearing torches and flambeaux; then thirty *Parafrenieri*† Next in order marches the captain of the Swiss Guard, followed by his men; the master of ceremonies in purple soutane; the bier surrounded by the Penitentiaries, carrying lighted torches in their hands, and reciting the *Miserere* in low, solemn tones. Again, a body of Swiss, in mail armour, who are also located around the bier; immediately following comes a company of Noble Guards, with banner reversed; then other guards, without banners or music. The bells of the churches are rung, and silence observed by the people, who flock in great crowds to witness the procession. Finally, the *cortége* is closed by canons, surrounded by Swiss and *Bombardieri*, who are clothed with deerskin, and have their guns on their shoulders.

Arrived at the Sistine Chapel, the Penitentiaries divest the body of the domestic garments worn thus far; they robe it in pontificals of red colour—that is, in rochette, amice, alb, cincture, fanone,‡ tunicella, dalmatic, chasuble, pallium, and mitre of cloth of gold, and at his feet the two birrettas of red velvet, which in public pontifical ceremonies are usually carried by the private chamberlains. The body is then placed on another bier, erected in the form of a catafalque, placed in the centre of the chapel, and surrounded by torches. The Penitentiaries, in stole and surplice, still assist, and remain for the night.

On the morning of the third day, at an appointed hour, the cardinals assemble in the vestment chamber (*Camera de Paramenti*), and here they hold their first Congregation. It is styled the first, because, during the nine days of preparation for the solemn obsequies in the grand Basilica of St. Peter's, the cardinals hold a Congregation every morning, either in a room in the Vatican, or in the sacristy of the Basilica. In order not to interrupt the description of the ceremonies, and to avoid repetition, we will here enumerate the subjects to be treated in those Congregations, according to constitutions of Clement XII., of the 24th December, 1732, whose words we will reproduce almost literally.

In the first Congregation, the Secretary of the Sacred College, assisted by the masters of the pontifical ceremonies, will read the constitutions of Pope Gregory X., which commences "*Ubi periculum*;" also, that of Julian II., "*de Simoniaca electione*;" also, of Pius IV. and of Gregory XV., "*de*

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* This custom, we believe, has been changed in the last three reigns, and St. Peter's has been justly selected as the honoured resting-place of the entire remains of the deceased Popes.

† The *Parafrenieri* are the drivers and coachmen of the palace. They form an important part on all occasions of display, or pontifical out-door ceremonies. They carry torches of white wax.

‡ The *Fanone*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Favone*, is that *Orale* of which Durando writes. *De Divinis Officiis, lib.* 3, *cap.* 9, *n.* 1. Also Mabillon, in his *Muses Italico, tom.* 2, *Ord. Rom., p.* 225. Also, Bzovio, An. 1303. And Christopher Marcellus, *Cerem Rom., lib.* 2, *cap.* 14. Also Cardinal Bona, *Rev. Liturg., lib.* 1, *cap.* 24, and others. It is a veil of finest silk, of various colours, mixed with gold, and is placed over the alb, and spread then over the chasuble, over the shoulders and before the breast. Ducange believes the word *Favon*, from which comes *Fanone*, is a Saxon word. See *Dictionarium mediæ et infimæ Latinitatis.*

But if we may be permitted to make a far more reasonable conjecture, it seems more likely to come from *Felonion*, of the Greeks, which is a chasuble, in form a cope, used by the Greek priests. It must be remembered, in the first centuries the sacred vestments were common to the Greek and Latin Churches. The Latins, however, in order to be quicker in the sacred rites, opened this cope at both sides, and formed what we now call a chasuble. The Greeks, most tenacious of ancient constitutions and practices, as is very creditable to them, have preserved the chasuble in its ancient form. The same must be said of the Roman Pontiffs; for they have always endeavoured to preserve all the ancient customs. Such, for instance, is the candle, or *Bugia*, used at pontifical ceremonies; it is a relic of the Ritual of the Catacombs, where the priests required additional light in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. It has become the exclusive privilege of bishops, abbots, canons, etc.

We would venture a similar conjecture relative to the *Succintorio*, which, like the *Fanone*, is only used by the Holy Father when he officiates pontifically. It is somewhat similar to that which the Greeks call *Epigonazion*, of quadrangular shape, hanging from the left side. These two vestments are symbols of the uninterrupted union of the Greek and Latin Churches, and the superiority of the Roman Pontiff over both.

Although Bonauni, *de Eccles. Hierarch., cap.* 66, does not find anyone to make mention of the *Fanone* before the time of Innocent III., nevertheless, we would refer those interested in this species of erudition, to the celebrated chronological representation of the Popes, executed in ancient mosaics, in the Basilica of St. Paul's, which is certainly more ancient than the thirteenth century, in which flourished Innocent III. There are similar mosaics in other churches of very ancient date, in which the Popes are seen robed in this sacred vestment.

electione;" and of Urban VIII., confirming the rite of election established by the same Pontiff, and by Clement the XII., for the direction of the Conclave, and administration of affairs during the vacant See. The cardinals swear to observe those constitutions.

After they have taken this solemn oath, the cardinal chamberlain produces the Fisherman's ring; the seal is broken after the manner of the *Bolla* of the *Cancellaria.* Then the Secretary of the Briefs and Memorials consigns his charge. Then they proceed to elect a Governor of Rome, or confirm the appointment already made by the Pontiff when alive. This functionary has also the jurisdiction over the *Rione di Borgo;* he is generally a prelate, elected from the Sacred College of Cardinals.

At this meeting they elect two prelates; one to deliver the funeral oration on the last day of the *Novendiale,* and another to preside over the election of the new Pontiff. Two cardinals are also chosen to superintend and direct the formation of the Conclave.

In the second Congregation they confirm all the officials of Rome, and of the Ecclesiastical Province.

Then the *Conservatori* of Rome are admitted to express their sentiments of condolence at the loss of their Prince, and to tender their allegiance to the Sacred College. The cardinals already appointed give their first report relative to the exigencies or difficulties of the forthcoming Conclave.

At the third Congregation the cardinals elect, with secret vote, the Confessor of the Conclave; whilst new and unanticipated contingencies, or accidents of the time, of political or religious tendencies, are reported by the cardinals organizing the Conclave, and discussed at length by the Sacred College. In days of trouble and political excitement, these meetings call forth all the prudence and talent of those eminent Princes of the Church.

In the fourth meeting, they elect the Physicians of the Conclave; in the fifth, the *Speziali* (Apothecaries) and the Barbers; at the sixth, by the last cardinal deacon, is extracted, by lot, the numbers of the rooms, or cells, to be allotted to the cardinals during the Conclave. The mode of this distribution is as follows :—The names of all the living cardinals are written on separate cards, and cast into a box. The exact number of rooms are provided, and on as many separate cards a number is placed, and these numbers are cast into another box. The cardinal deacon last created draws the name of one of the cardinals, and immediately a number from the other box; thus determining for each one without favour their apartments during the Conclave. At the sixth Congregation, also, the masters of ceremonies, who do not belong to the Sacred College, read the constitutions entitling them to be present at the Conclave; of these, six only are to be admitted, according to the Bull of Clement XII.

According to the Bull of Gregory X., the cardinals are permitted to bring with them to the Conclave one or two attendants; if, however, any of their eminences desire the attendance of a third servant, he is required to make special demand from the Congregation at the seventh meeting. Then, also, are nominated thirty-five other domestics, who are to attend to the cleanliness and hygiene of the Conclave. Clement XII. increased the number from twenty-four to thirty-five.

In the eighth meeting, two cardinals are elected who are to take accurate scrutiny of the Conclavists. At this Congregation all the cardinals, and those authorized in the preceding Congregations to enter the Conclave, are required to send in to the Inquisitors just elected, their names, surnames, grades, country, and other particulars of life and character, as may be required.

In the ninth and last meeting, three more cardinals are elected by secret vote to superintend and protect the inviolable cloister of the Conclave, and to see the duties performed by the assistants.

We should also mention that besides those Congregations held regularly by the Sacred College, there were particular meetings of the Heads of Order, together with the cardinal chamberlain, to treat of matters relative to the civil government of the city and State; and in these meetings the acts of the general Congregation are received and ratified, and letters are read, suggestions received, &c.

As may be easily imagined, the work of these cardinals is of a varied and multifold character; for immediately on the death of the Pope, they have to notify the absent cardinals, Catholic princes, and foreign powers—to appoint vice-legates, presidents, and governors of provinces and cities in the States of the Church, in order to arrange and expedite the election of a successor, and to preserve good order and public tranquillity.

Returning now to the *Camera de Paramenti,* where the cardinals have held their first Congregation, we find, as soon as the important work is concluded, the Canons of St. Peter's have formed a procession up the *Scala Regia,* bearing lighted torches and chanting psalms. As soon as gathered in the large hall at the entrance of the Sistine, the cardinals arrive in processional order, and then the choirs sing the "*Subvenite Sancti Dei.*" One of the canons, in cope, recites the prayers, and immediately the procession is organized for carrying the body to St. Peter's. The order is thus arranged :—The cross of the Basilica; then the canons and clergy, two and two; after them the bier, carried by eight priests; around are the macebearers and the Swiss Guard in armour. The cardinals follow, two and two; then the Monsignores and domestic prelates of the palace, all reciting the psalms and prayers prescribed by the ritual for the funeral service. Arrived in the church, the body is placed in the grand nave, the cardinals form a line on either side, and remain standing whilst the choir sing the "*Libera me Domine,*" and the Monsignore the Vicar of the Basilica, dressed in full pontificals, gives the absolution according to the Roman Pontifical. When this is done, the body is borne to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where it is closed; but in such a manner as to leave the feet outside the iron grating, that they may be kissed by the people. It will remain in this manner for three days, surrounded by a large quantity of burning torches. The Swiss Guard will keep

order amongst the great crowds, that may be expected, through curiosity or devotion, to visit the *Chapelle Ardente.*

The following day they commence the "*Novendiale,*" or nine days' preparation. Each day a solemn High Mass is chanted in the Chapel of the Choir, assisted by all those who have the privilege of being present at the Pontifical *Capella.* A small catafalque is erected in this chapel, which remains until the sixth day, because on the seventh the magnificent catafalque is supposed to be completed in the centre of the Basilica. This smaller catafalque is surrounded by twenty torches of yellow wax; of this colour are all the candles and torches used during the *Novendiale.* Here the Noble Guard assist every morning, carrying their short cloaks of red colour, and on the *Tracolla** a black veil, instead of the black *ferajolo;* and the same distinction is made in the costume of all the officers of the troops. The *mazzieri,* with maces of covered silver and purple *cassache,* guard the entrance to the chapel. A cardinal chants the Mass, and the whole congregation of cardinals assist in the stalls of the canons; the tail-bearers, holding the torches of their eminences, are permitted to sit at their feet; the prelates of every order sit according to their rank in the seats of the beneficed clergy of the Basilica, carrying candles of two pounds weight. The Governor of Rome, the Auditor of the Chamber, the Treasurer, and the Patriarchs, are distinguished by torches of various size and value.

When Mass is over, the chanters sing the "*Libera,*" and the cardinal who celebrated Mass gives the absolution from the altar.

Arrived the third day in which the body of the Pope has been lying in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, preparations are commenced for the interment, which will take place in the evening of this day; and these ceremonies, together with the solemn Mass, *coram cadavere,* are different in character, and much more solemn than the preceding functions.

All concerned assemble in the sacristy of St. Peter's, and the procession, as on other occasions just noted, is formed, preceded by the cross of the Basilica. The chapter and clergy sing, in low bass tones, the "*Miserere,*" as they move towards the Chapel of the Choir, and, formed into lines, await the arrival of the bier, which is brought from the opposite chapel by the chaplains of the Basilica, robed in surplice, without *cappa* or *birretta.* The cardinals enter the Chapel of the Choir through the the narrow passage and stairs leading from the sacristy.

When all are assembled, the choir sing "*In Paradisum,*" &c. Then the Vicar of the Basilica, in cope and mitre, blesses the coffin of cypress wood with a special prayer, and uses holy water and incense. The choir then sing the "*Ingredior,*" and the psalm, "*Quemadmodum desiderat,*" and repeat the antiphon "*Ingrediar.*"

In the meantime, some of the priests, designated for this purpose, have commenced to place around the body a large covering of red cloth-of-gold, richly embroidered and ornamented with borders of gold; then they place the body in the coffin, leaving it still vested as we have mentioned when in the Sistine. The cardinal nephew of the deceased Pontiff, or if there be not any, the nearest relative in the Sacred College, and if there be none such, as happened in the case of Benedict XIII. and XIV., the Major-domo of the Vatican, covers the face and hands with a small handkerchief of white silk.

The major-domo, with the assistance of one of the masters of ceremony of the Pontifical Chapel, places at the feet of the corpse a purse of red velvet, in which are placed three other purses of the same material, and in these are collected—in one, medals of gold; in the second, of silver; and in the third, of metal, equal to the number of years he has reigned. On these medals there is the likeness of the deceased Pontiff, and on the other side the principal actions of his reign. The introduction of medals and coins into the urns and sepulchral vases of conspicuous persons is of most ancient origin, as is testified daily by the discoveries of ancient tombs and monuments of the celebrated dead of times gone by.

The body is now covered with a veil of red silk cloth by the two masters of ceremonies, spread over the coverlet of which we have spoken, which hangs down on either side in graceful folds. The coffin-lid is then placed in position, and screwed on. There are present, a Notary of the *Curia Apostolica,* a Secretary of the Chamber, and a Notary of the Capitol, who seal the coffin, and prepare a public document to the perpetuation of the solemn function thus discharged.

Here, then, commences two other ceremonies similar to the preceding; for the cypress coffin has yet to be placed in a lead coffin, and in another larger one of wood. After the closing and sealing of the first, the cardinals consign the remains to the canons, who immediately, on their part, see it placed in the large leaden coffin prepared for it, on which, also, a brass plate indicates the name, age, and important dates of the deceased; this, too, is sealed by the cardinal chamberlain and major-domo. Finally, it is placed in the large modern coffin, richly mounted in gold and silver.

It has been customary to place the remains temporarily in the niche over the entrance to the choir sacristy, where they rest until some grand monument is completed, and to this place they bring the immense coffin already described. The Chapter of the Basilica are responsible for its safe keeping—not very difficult, remembering the enormous weight that surrounds it—and they must restore it when required for transportation to its final monument.

The time has now arrived for the grand funeral service in St. Peter's. The enormous and superb catafalque, at which men have laboured for seven days, is supposed to be finished, and the ceremonies of the seventh day lead us to consider the public funeral obsequies, the grandest and most solemn that can be imagined. The catafalque is one of the features of attraction; it is over 100 feet in height, and is raised in graduating tiers of pyrami-

* *Tracolla* is a white leather strap, hung from the right shoulder, and fastened under the left arm.

dical dimensions, and towers far away in the centre of the grand nave of the Basilica with imposing grandeur. Statues and groups of weeping figures, carved from the snowy Carrara marble, stand in bold relief from the sombre veil that covers the enormous structure; designs and monograms in gold and purple, form various contrasts—texts of Scripture and truisms that remind of the fell destroyer's march, striking at the palaces of the great as well as at the cabins of the poor; angels, who seem to sympathize with sorrow-stricken mortals, hide, in silver wings, their weeping faces; and all that art can borrow from genius to throw poetry and magnificence around its expression of sorrow, finds its grandest realization in the temporary mausoleum raised for the obsequies of the deceased and for five different tiers for five different absolutions, to which we will allude directly.

After solemn Requiem Mass, chanted in the Chapel of the Choir, the absolution is given at the catafalque. The cardinal celebrant, in black cope and mitre of white damask, accompanied by four cardinal bishops, follows the Cross of the Basilica in processional order to the first tier of the catafalque. These cardinals are vested in rochette, amice, stole, black cope and white damask mitre. The attendant ministers, amongst whom are those of the State and representatives of foreign courts, are directed to follow in the order given in the *Ceremoniale Episcoporum.* Arrived at the catafalque, the celebrant and four cardinal bishops ascend by a stairs to the first tier, where they are

SAINT SOPHIA—CONSTANTINOPLE—*(See next page.)*

Pontiff. The people flock around from every nation to witness the imposing solemnity of those final acts of honour, which in a few days will be replaced by expressions of joy equally magnificent, when Rome hails the election and coronation of her new ruler. There are some strange and interesting rites to pass before us, and we will resume the thread of the description.

Although the design and dimensions of the catafalque may vary according to the minds of the architects employed, yet they have to follow in some degree the plan that will meet the requirements of the Roman ceremonial. Besides the ornaments of marble, the candelabra of gold, and paintings commemorative of the life and actions of the Pope, they must make room for 1,000 pounds of wax, to be burned daily, for three days, around it, seated, the celebrant on a *faldistorium* opposite the altar of the Chapel of the Choir, and facing towards the catafalque and cross, which has been placed in position before him; the other four cardinals occupy a position at each corner of the same tier. The usual responses are then sung by the choir. The cardinal celebrant gives the five absolutions as prescribed by the *Ceremoniale, lib., cap.* ii., *num.* 13. The same will be done each day for three days.*

On the ninth day—the third around the grand catafalque—before the five absolutions given by the

* It was the custom about two hundred years ago to give cardinals a funeral of nine days: the rite is fully described in the Ceremonial of Augustin Patrizio (Tit. xv.), cap. i., *De novendialibus cardinali defuncto celebrandis.* The custom has fallen into disuse.

celebrant, the cardinal elected to preach will deliver his funeral oration from a small pulpit erected on the gospel side of the altar.

Turning again to civil affairs, during the *Novendiale* and during the sittings of the general Congregations of the Sacred College, addresses are received from the Nuncios of the foreign courts, also from ambassadors, and ministers of princes, from the Knights of Malta, of Bologna, and Ferrara, &c. Where those messages of condolence are carried by representatives of the princes, this person is admitted to address the Sacred Congregation in a short speech. The cardinal dean of the Sacred College replies; in his absence the oldest cardinal present makes the public reply.

On the first day of the *Novendiale* the *Conservatori del popolo* hold a very important meeting at the Capitol, which is styled *de Cento*. The object of this meeting is to organize the *Malizia Urbana*, and to give those directions that may conduce to the good order of the city. This practice sprung from the memory of the troubled times that history records to have surrounded the obsequies of deceased Popes in past centuries. This special force consists of two hundred and fifty soldiers, a captain chosen from the cavalry, a standard-bearer, who is nominated by the cardinal chamberlain, two serjeants, nine corporals, two trumpeters, an adjutant and secretary. Their office ceases on the election of the new sovereign, for then these soldiers should be disbanded. The head-quarters are generally placed in the Capitol, small detachments, however, are placed in each of the fourteen divisions of the city. They make the round of the city both day and night; they guard the Ghetto, the gates and the bridges; not, however, the Ponte San Angelo, where are placed strong barriers.*

Moreover, as the Tiber intersects the city, and the Vatican Palace, where the Conclave is held, and forms with Trastevere separate divisions, it is usual to divide these quarters altogether from the rest of the city during the sitting of the Conclave, and to the soldiers of Prince Mattei, the custody of this division is committed. An edict is also promulgated by the *Conservatori* that a light shall be placed in each window, and all stores and business establishments must be closed at certain early hours.†

Many other decrees are issued according to the exigencies of the time by the Governor of Rome. The *Rione Borgo*, or division of the city in which the Vatican stands, is placed under special protection. Formerly, before the year 1740, a prelate was elected by the Sacred College to act as governor of this district, but Clement XII., wishing to reduce the expenses of the Conclave, abolished this, and many other superfluous appointments.

During the *Novendiale*, it should be remarked, funeral services of more or less imposing splendour are celebrated in the large churches of the city. All that wealth or talent, and all that professional or amateur skill can contribute, are invited to enhance the solemnity of the obsequies. The whole city and, indeed, the whole world, unites in sending the suffrage of prayer to heaven in behalf of the deceased Pontiff.

(To be continued.)

* In vigour of a custom of time-honoured antiquity, the guardianship of this bridge is given to the house of Mattei, a Roman prince, which supplies for this end, at its own expense, a troop of soldiers, in the uniform of the family.

† At one time we read, so strict was the law of surveillance, that shopkeepers were obliged to remove their counters and tables, lest political criminals and disturbers might be secreted beneath them. Times change, and we are changed with them.

Saint Sophia, Constantinople.

AFTER that eventful and glorious campaign which terminated in the overthrow of the power of the tyrant Maxentius on the banks of the Tiber, by the legions of Constantine, led on to victory beneath the standard of the Cross, Rome had but enjoyed for a brief period the blessings of peace, and the benefits resulting from the wise legislation inaugurated by the first Christian emperor, when the state was threatened with new dangers from the ambition of Licinus, who shared the imperial power in the East. Relying on the strength of the forces under his control, he resolved to bid defiance to his more fortunate colleague, and extend the boundaries of his dominion; but ere the troops he had assembled were in a position to take the offensive, they were confronted by the army of Constantine, already arrived on the banks of the Hebrus. Repulsed, with terrific loss, from the defences of Adrianople, Licinus fell back upon Byzantium, whither he was hotly pursued by the legions of the emperor, while the Roman galleys, with a favourable wind, penetrated in safety through the narrow strait leading from the Ægeum to the Propontis, and, advancing, blockaded the enemy by sea. Despairing of being able to hold the miserable defences of the town against the strength of his formidable adversary, Licinus crossed hurriedly to the Asiatic shore, where he finally determined to risk an engagement. It resulted in the complete overthrow of his forces, and his own capture, while endeavouring to escape from the slaughter.

Constantine, now master of the civilized world, resolved to transfer the seat of empire into the eastern portion of his dominions, and lay the foundations of a capital which should become the rival of ancient Rome. Charmed with the picturesque region around Byzantium, and taking in, with the eye of a strategist, the natural advantages of its situation, he selected the extremity of the narrow promontory extending towards the Asiatic continent, whose gentle slopes, clothed with luxuriant verdure, are washed on either side with the transparent waters of the Euxine and the Propontis, as the site of the new capital of the empire. Here, surrounded by his victorious legions, he traced out the boundaries of the city destined to become the Queen of the East.

The foundations of the future metropolis were commenced A.D. 326, and such was the ardour and rapidity of the work of erection, that but four years

later the new city was solemnly inaugurated, and, with infinitely greater pleasure than the admiration experienced by the Trojan exile as he gazed on the rising towers of Carthage, and

> Miratur molem . . . magalia quondam,
> Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum,

Constantine beheld the ramparts, the sumptuous residences and palaces, the animation of the crowded thoroughfares of a new Rome, where but a short time previously had stood the wretched habitations of the old Byzantium.

Foremost among the works which the emperor undertook for the embellishment of the new capital destined to bear his name, was the erection of a superb basilica, to be consecrated to the Christian worship. On the building and decoration of this sacred temple he was resolved to lavish an imperial generosity and magnificence, in order to bequeath to posterity a noble monument of his gratitude and veneration for that august religion to which he was indebted for all his greatness.

Truly an astounding revolution had taken place in the pagan world. A quarter of a century had but elapsed since the sanguinary edicts of Diocletian, promulgated from the forum, announced the most violent persecution that had yet assailed the religion of Christ, and the dark recesses of the Catacombs failed to afford an asylum to its hunted disciples, while the sands of the Coliseum were daily moistened with the crimson tide of the blood of Christian martyrs, sacrificed to the implacable hatred of pagan Rome; and behold—the cross glitters amid the gems of the imperial diadem; and the invincible conqueror, who carried the Labarum before the eagles, and planted the ensign of Redemption in triumph on the Capitol, erects on the shores of the Euxine, in the centre of the newly-founded capital of his empire, a magnificent Christian basilica, as an enduring monument of his faith, and of the triumph of that religion which all the power of the Roman Empire, during three centuries of persecution, had vainly striven to annihilate.

The Basilica of Saint Sophia, thus founded by Constantine, was still further embellished by his son and successor, Constantius. In the disturbances created by the heretics against the illustrious St. John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople, the sacred edifice, the glory of the city, was consumed in great part by a violent conflagration. This loss was deemed by Zozomen and others one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen the city. The basilica was immediately repaired by Arcadius, and subsequently by Theodosius; but to the munificence of the Emperor Justinian it was indebted for the work of reconstruction. From the noble undertaking he accomplished we may form an idea of the grandeur and elevation of his views. The most eminent architects and artists were invited to Constantinople. Orders were issued to the governors in all the provinces of the empire to collect the rarest marbles and other costly materials for the work of restoration, and in a short time galleys laden with the spoils of the proudest pagan temples in Greece and Italy arrived in the harbour of Constantinople. Columns of porphyry, arabesques, mosaics, marbles of various hues, gold and silver ornaments, precious stones, &c., were amassed in abundance, under the personal supervision of the emperor, who daily might be seen among the artisans. The work developed with amazing rapidity. Ten thousand workmen laboured at the erection; and at length Justinian had the delight of beholding the magnificent central Byzantine cupola crowning the completed structure. Transported with enthusiasm, he exclaimed:—"Thanks be to God, who has deemed me worthy to accomplish such a work."

The form of the basilica was nearly square. In the centre rose, in its light and graceful proportions, the grand cupola, 105 feet in diameter, adorned with gold and mosaics. The nave was covered with two hemispherical domes, and besides these, four smaller cupolas crowned the principal portions of the edifice. The doors were of cedar wood, inlaid with ivory; the floor was of marble, and columns of alabaster supported the galleries. The sanctuary was refulgent with the richness of oriental decoration, and the altar stood on four pillars of massive gold.

Such was the ancient Basilica of Saint Sophia; but alas! we shall not endeavour to pourtray the feelings of the Christian traveller who, in the nineteenth century, contemplating for the first time the glittering panorama of Stamboul, descries, in the vicinity of a seraglio, and surrounded with Turkish minarets, the superb dome of Saint Sophia, on whose lofty summit the Crescent has replaced the Cross! What emotions of extreme sadness at its present desecration does he not experience, while his mind reverts to the glorious events in ecclesiastical history which took place within its ancient precincts; to the number of illustrious prelates and doctors, from the great St. John Chrysostom to the intrepid patriarch, St. Ignatius, whose eloquence resounded beneath its vaults; to the august councils held within its walls; to the long line of emperors crowned in its sanctuary; to the Christian triumphs there celebrated! Alas! to-day the shrill voice of the *Muezzin* is heard from the minaret, instead of the majestic cadence of the vesper hymn, and the infamous teachings of the impostor of Mecca have there replaced the sublime morality of the religion of Jesus Christ.

We need not dilate on the causes which led to this catastrophe; to the decay of the Christian power in the East; suffice it to note that the corruption gradually developed, subsequent to the introduction of the Greek schism, under Photius, in the ninth century, left the empire a prey to internal disorders, and deprived of all strength effectually to resist the encroachments of the formidable Mussulmans hordes that swarmed on its frontiers. The chivalrous efforts of the Latin princes, at the epoch of the Crusades, deferred for a time its final dissolution. In the fourteenth century the sudden rise and development of the power of the Ottoman Turks, under Amurat and Bajazet, despoiled the Greek Empire of its fairest provinces, and but for the advent of the invincible Tamerlane, which compelled the latter sultan to turn his arms against a more formidable adversary, Byzantium had fallen under the Ottoman sway. This respite was, however, of

short duration, for, on the death of the Mogul warrior, the infidels hastened to renew their attacks on the tottering fabric of the Eastern Empire.

On the accession of Mahomet II., the doom of Constantinople was sealed; and early in the Spring of 1453 that city was invested with an army of 300,000 men, and a fleet of 300 galleys, commanded by that terrible sultan in person. In presence of such an overwhelming force, to which he could oppose only a handful of followers, the brave Constantine Paleologus, the last of the long line of emperors who swayed the sceptre of the East, displayed a heroism and devotion unsurpassed in the annals of modern centuries. Well might he have exclaimed, in the words of the hero of Ilium, when all was lost on that fatal day he was doomed to perish amid the ruins of his empire—

Si Pergama dextra
Diffendi possent etiam hac defensa fuissent.

During the entire period the siege lasted he sustained the courage of the Christian garrison by the brilliant example of his personal intrepidity. Day and night he was present on the beleagured ramparts, exhorting the defenders to yield but with their lives the ancient bulwark of Christendom. Often did the haughty sultan foam with rage as he beheld his fierce Janizaries hurled bodily from the breach the Turkish batteries had effected by the handful of Christian warriors, in whose foremost rank could be discerned the flashing sword of the fearless Constantine.

But the small garrison, rapidly diminished by hunger and fatigue, isolated from all assistance, could not long withstand the incessant assaults of so powerful an enemy; and when Mahomet succeeded by a bold stratagem in transporting by land, under the favour of the darkness of the night, a large number of his galleys into the harbour, all hope of protracted resistance began to decline. Constantine, comprehending the extreme danger of the situation, made a last effort to save the capital by endeavouring to treat with his implacable foe; but his envoys were chased with insult from the sultan's camp, and Mahomet swore, in presence of his caliphs, "by the eternity of God, by the four thousand prophets, and by the soul of his father, to distribute the spoils of Byzantium to his Janizaries."

The day was now fixed for the final assault. Constantine, fearless to the last, resolved to meet the danger with the courage and devotion of a true Christian warrior. Attended by his chief officers, he repaired at an early hour to the great Church of St. Sophia, to assist at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and receive the Holy Communion. Then assembling the devoted band of his followers, he addressed them in brief but touching words; and as he concluded, amid the tears and enthusiasm of all present, each one felt that the heroic fire that glowed in the breast of their valiant commander had been kindled in his own. Each had time but to repair to his post of peril, when the standard of the Prophet, borne from tent of the sultan, gave the signal for the assault, and 200,000 Mussulmans advanced from all points on the devoted city. Fierce and bloody raged for hours the still doubtful contest, till Mahomet, making a final effort, led on in person 10,000 of his chosen Janizaries to the principal breach. With unparalleled intrepidity the Christians, ranged on the falling battlements, yet maintained the unequal strife, till borne down by overwhelming numbers, the brave Constantine perished while fighting foremost in the breach. The remnant of the defenders then began to give way, and the Turks poured into the city.

A terrific slaughter ensued, in which 40,000 of the inhabitants perished. Amid shouts of triumph, the fierce Mahomet, followed by his Janizaries, entered the ancient Church of St. Sophia, and advancing to the sanctuary, proclaimed that henceforth it should be transformed into a Turkish mosque. A tradition exists that at the moment the infidels penetrated the sacred edifice, a priest, bearing the consecrated Host from the sanctuary, was endeavouring to escape. Perceived by the Janizaries, and being closely pursued, he fled towards a door leading into one of the galleries. The instant he had crossed the threshold the aperture was closed by a solid wall of masonry—

"But through the countries round about the faithful people say,
In better times, in future years, there yet shall come a day
When held once more by Christian men, through Saint Sophia's fane,
The glories of the ancient faith shall shine and sound again.
Then shall the walls once more unclose, a sight for joy and fear,
And with the Host between his hands, the priest shall re-appear."*

Barbara Blake's Perils.

By J. R. O'Flanagan, B.L.,

Chaper I.

Castle Blake.

WHO has not heard of Connemara—that wild and picturesque region of Connaught—bounded by Lough Corrib and the Atlantic Ocean, of which tourists have raved, and which artists have painted with glowing colours? Who has not heard of that wonderful country where the Martins once ruled

"O'er the houseless wilds of Connemara,"

and boasted of their avenue thirty miles in length, extending from Oughterard to Ballinahinch? I have journeyed with pleasure along the glorious inlet of the Killeries, running for miles beneath the shadows of the finest mountain scenery in Ireland, resembling those gigantic *fiords* of Norway in depth and grandeur. Of this

* "*Capture of Byzantium.*" By T. D. Sullivan.

famed district, Miss Martineau wrote: "There are few things in the world more delightful than a drive at sunset, on a bright autumn evening, among the mountains and lakes of Connemara. The air is like breathing champagne or breathing cream. It has the best qualities of the sea and land breeze at once. Then there are the grand, bare mountains, the Benbiola, or Twelve Pins, with caprices of sunlight playing about their solemn heads, and shining into their dark purple depths, and below are waters untraceable and incalculable. We are here at the ends of the earth to all appearance; for the land is as a fringe, with the water running in everywhere between its streaks. There are salt waters and fresh, bays, lakes, rivers, dashing torrents, mirror-like pools— a salmon-leap here; an inlet for shell-fish there; and, receding behind, Ballinahinch Lough, with its little island, just big enough to hold the old castle, now a ruin, where tradition says that Dick Martin used to imprison people guilty of cruelty to animals. Close at hand are broken banks, gaudy with heath and bog flowers in vast variety; and beyond spreads the bronzed moorland, with foreign-looking goats, black and white, browsing in a group, and sea-gulls dipping, as if they took it for the sea. Along the road are brown-faced girls and boys, all healthy-looking, and many handsome, and women finishing their reaping and binding for the day, their madder red petticoats and blue cloaks throwing a wonderful charm of colour into the scene. And next, we cannot but observe that cottages are whitewashed, and pleasantly located on the hill-sides."

It was in the midst of this picturesque region that the castle of Sir Giles Blake was situated. The castle park, which extended for some miles along the Atlantic, was adorned with clumps of fine old trees, sheltered from the sea breezes by a bluff hill; woods and plantations covered most of the hills around the castle; and shrubberies, neatly kept, showed the care bestowed on the pleasure-grounds immediately about the ancient dwelling. Castle Blake was boldly perched on a ledge of rock over the sea, and its strong towers seemed to frown defiance upon the waves.

It is sometimes hard to discover whether these strong Irish castles were built by the Anglo-Normans, or by the native chiefs. Be that as it may, we are safe in stating that Castle Blake owed its erection to the former; for it was built by the strong knight, Sir Richard Blake, who accompanied Prince John, son of Henry II., into Ireland, and obtained for his services a tract of country in Connemara. Here the family dwelt for centuries, intermarrying with Lynches, Burkes, Frenches, Bodkins, and other distinguished families of the Tribes, as the most respectable families of Galway were called. The hall of the castle was spacious and lofty, adorned with weapons of war and trophies of the chase. From this apartment a spacious staircase led to the upper story, where the banqueting-hall and drawing-room were placed. Over these, were spacious bed-chambers, and a room for the servants, while the basement held an ample kitchen, with offices suited to the rank of the owner. The baronet, Sir Giles, was a man of considerable attainments, and had married a Scottish lady of high rank, Lady Eleanor Douglas, daughter of the Duke of Dunbar. Her ladyship was greatly beloved by the people around Castle Blake. They were a very attached couple. For several years they had no children; but, at length, a child was born—alas! at the cost of the mother's life; for the day that witnessed the birth of Barbara, closed the existence of Lady Eleanor Blake. Sir Giles had an only sister, who was twice a widow. She married, first, Lord Queensborough, an English nobleman, who unfortunately was killed while hunting, a year after his marriage. They had no child; so the title and estates passed to a distant branch of the family. Two years after this sad event, the beautiful widow, Lady Queensborough, had another suitor. This was a large-acred Galway squire, Mr. Darcy, of Cliff Castle, who had known and loved her before her marriage. He was unexceptionable in point of position and fortune, but his habits were unfortunately the reverse of temperate. Against the wish of Sir Giles Blake, Lady Queensborough married Mr. Darcy, of Cliff Castle, and for some years they led a most unhappy life. His constant, habitual intemperence was a great affliction to this refined and elegant lady. She faded like a drooping flower, and even the birth of an heir failed to rouse her. But the following year the death of her unfortunate husband from *delirium tremens* released her from this continual state of wretchedness. Henceforth she devoted herself to the care and education of her only child, Robert Darcy. He acquitted himself creditably at Eton; and, in his nineteenth year, was gazetted a cornet in the 8th Hussars.

Chapter II.

Father and Daughter.

It would be difficult to imagine any affection stronger or more powerful than that which subsisted between Sir Giles and his daughter; truly has Sir Walter Scott described their relative position:—

> "Some feelings are to mortals given,
> With less of earth in them than heaven;
> And if there be a human tear,
> From passion's dross, refined and clear,
> A tear so limpid, and so meek
> It would not stain an angel's cheek,
> 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
> Upon a duteous daughter's head!"

The baronet, at this period of our tale, was considerably advanced in life; having outlived most of his contemporaries, he felt little disposed to cultivate intimacy with these gentry living in the country around Castle Blake, and therefore depended much for companionship upon his daughter. It was natural he should do so; she, perhaps, best understood her aged parent. Sir Giles had very decided national views. He had been tried for a seditious libel, and defended by Curran. One passage of his defence has been justly admired: "I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil— which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon

British earth, that the spot whereon he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in its own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of the chains which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." Despite the fervour and eloquence of his advocate, Sir Giles Blake was found guilty and sent to Newgate. Here he was apprized that a heavier charge than seditious libel was about to preferred against him—namely, high treason—and he resolved to make his escape. Having abundant wealth, he bribed the under goaler to escort him to his residence in Dublin, alleging he was required to execute some law documents in his house; and leaving the goaler in an outer room, counting the contents of a purse of gold, Sir Giles flew to an inner one, where, by means of a rope ladder, he descended to a garden, drawing the ladder after him. From the garden he reached his stable, where a horse was ready saddled and bridled. He rode swiftly to the shore, where a fishing boat was procured to take him to France.

While still near the Irish coast, a Government cruiser bore down upon them, and flung a paper into the fishing boat. It was a copy of a proclamation, recently issued, offering a thousand pounds for the apprehension of Sir Giles Blake—he was therein most accurately described. The two boatmen no sooner read it than they showed by their glances they knew that their passenger was the individual described.

"You are right, my lads," he said; "I am Giles Blake; but you are Irishmen."

"Never fear, your honour," they replied, "we'll land you safe."

They did so, and the fugitive went to America, where, after some time, he was joined by Lady Eleanor. Through the exertions of Lord Chancellor Clare he was at length able to procure a royal pardon, though it was not granted until his generous benefactor was no more. The returned exile retired to his ancient castle, where, just as he became a father, he lost the dear companion of his exile. Lady Eleanor did not survive the birth of their only child. The day that made the baronet a father beheld him a widower; and he had to consign to the tomb her whom he loved with deep and unalterable affection. The little Barbara passed much of her early youth with her maternal grandfather, in Scotland; and when she was of an age to be a companion, the baronet removed her to Castle Blake, and had a very estimable lady, named Miss Bland, for her governess.

Sir Giles, as we have mentioned, did not mix much in the society around his demesne. It was sufficiently spacious for all the purposes of exercise, and such wild sports as his advanced age allowed. Woods in which he shot woodcock, stubbles in which partridge fed, wide plains over which to course horses, and coverts, where the dire foe of the poultry-house, sly Reynard, was usually found. He loved to ride his steady, well-trained cob over the beautifully-wooded lawns; and, despite his three score years and three, his seat was that of a horseman. When he met with a friend, whose social position or claims he recognised, the old gentleman's conversation was not only entertaining but amusing. Then racy jests, lively *bon-mots*, amusing traits of Irish life, when Ireland possessed at least the semblance of a national parliament, would flow in copious streams from the lips of Sir Giles Blake. He showed considerable predilection for the society of young men of prowess; and, as there were but few in the neighbourhood at the time, young Martin Dillon was an especial favourite. Sir Giles had known him from his youth; the late Major Dillon, Martin's father, had been his agent, and carefully managed the property while Sir Giles was in America; and the friendship evinced for the father had descended to the son. Martin Dillon was lately appointed an ensign in the "Connaught Rangers," but allowed to spend some weeks at home before rejoining. He lived with his mother in a pretty cottage near the demesne, and was to dine at Castle Blake on the day we now mention.

Having completed his toilet, the young subaltern saw by his watch the dinner hour was close at hand; and, knowing the baronet's punctuality, quickly traversed the short distance which separated his mother's home from the lordly mansion of Sir Giles Blake. The castle was a large and irregular pile, and though possessing perhaps few claims to architectural beauty, might fairly be considered striking and picturesque. The central portion was spacious, and was relieved from the appearance of stiffness by towers, which, from their various tints of colouring, and the lights and shades cast by the parapets and tall turrets, enhanced the attraction of the old pile. There was only Sir Giles and another gentleman in the drawing-room when Mr. Dillon was announced. Sir Giles welcomed the young soldier with a very hearty greeting; and his companion with the polish which is only acquired by constant mixing in good society also greeted the new-comer with a frank shake hands—this was Doctor Considine, who had by his professional skill obtained the principal practice of the neighbourhood.

"What can be delaying Barbara, I wonder?" muttered the old man, getting fidgetty as the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece chimed half-past seven. Some minutes elapsed; and, as she came not, Sir Giles rang the bell. A footman appeared.

"Robert," he said, "tell Miss Blake's maid to let her mistress know we are waiting dinner for her."

Before, however, the message was sent, the presence of the young lady rendered it unnecessary.

"Excuse me, dear papa," she said; "but I was out later than usual this evening."

"To be sure, dear," he replied.

Miss Blake then in succession shook hands with

the two gentlemen; and perhaps had anyone very closely marked the way in which she performed this common act of civility, he might have gained some indication of her feelings. While she advanced to Doctor Considine with the ease and freedom she might have displayed to an utter stranger—a person she had never seen before, or was not likely to see again—there was a slight restraint, a bashful timidity, that made all the difference, when she turned towards Ensign Dillon. Yet it was so slight as to be scarcely observable, as she enquired of Martin how his health was.

When dinner was announced, Sir Giles desired Doctor Considine to take Miss Blake into dinner; while, drawing his arm through that of Martin, they passed to the dining-room together.

It is at a man's table you can best judge of his social qualities. Some people say you can do this from the aspect of his house, the size of his chimneys—the windpipes of hospitality—or the dimensions of his rooms; but these are by no means so certain as his demeanour at the head of his table. The genial, hospitable, benevolent man has that air of self-gratification on seeing his guests happy, which it is impossible to counterfeit, and few possessed this disposition in a more eminent degree than Sir Giles Blake. Thus, despite the difference in rank between him and the village doctor, or the junior ensign, they felt as much at home at his board as if seated at their own; and the gentle, quiet maiden, whose spotless dress was the meet apparel for her pure self, by her pleasant conversation at table, and delightful music afterwards, made the evening pass away very agreeably.

As the guests walked arm-in-arm from the castle, the doctor, addressing his companion, said:

"John Dennis told me to-day the hounds are to draw the castle coverts the day after to-morrow. I suppose you will have a parting run?"

"I would, certainly," replied the young officer; "but alas! I have no horse."

"What has become of your active mare?"

"Converted him into my uniform," said young Dillon. "I was not going to pinch my poor mother while I had any animal to dispose of; so I took Bob Darcy's offer of a hundred for her."

"Quite right, my friend," said the doctor, approvingly. "But you must not miss your parting run. Come breakfast with me, and you shall ride Chancellor. He'll carry you in the first flight."

"A thousand thanks," cried Martin Dillon, as he reached his mother's pretty cottage.

Chapter III.

The Run from Castle Blake.

"Waken lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With horn, and horse, and hunting spear.
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Birds are whistling, bugles knelling.
Merrily, merrily, mingle they—
Waken lords and ladies gay."

"How graphically Sir Walter Scott describes sports and pastimes!" cried the doctor, as he repeated these lines, while pouring out the tea at his breakfast table. "I do not wonder at his popularity."

"He described what he felt; and that, I take it, forms the chief charm and secret of success," replied our young ensign, Martin Dillon.

"Shall you join us, doctor?" he enquired.

"If possible. I may not be able to go at once; for I have one or two patients to look after; but if I possibly can I will be with you."

Chancellor, a powerful horse, well bred, and looking every inch a hunter, was brought to the door, and with a parting word, "Mind you bring back the brush," the doctor saw his young friend start for the meet.

A bright sunshine enlivened the October sky, and chased the mists from the River Fancheon, as it rolled to lose itself in the Atlantic, beneath the picturesque woods of Castle Blake. As the mists cleared up, the course of the stream presented scenery well worth describing. When breaks occurred in the woods of the demesne, bold and giant ledges of limestone rock came into view, overhanging the river in varied shapes; sometimes jagged and broken, the clefts displayed as many colours as the pattern of a gaudy carpet—green, golden, brown, and purple, where shrub, wallflower, furze, and foxglove, mingled their hues. Often the massive rocks came sheer and unbroken into the stream, presenting a broad and massive stone front, over which the trees rose in stately pride. There was a thick coppice, and ferns waved luxuriantly, while moss and lichens grew in every corner of the cliffs. Along the course of the stream were many woods of beech, elm, oak, and ash; and now that the autumnal tints were varying the leaves, the effect was far more striking and agreeable than if branch and bough presented the uniformity of the summer garb.

The majesty of nature did not reign supreme. High over the woods, on a lofty ledge of rock, stood the tall towers which seemed the giant guardian of river and woodland. They rose black and grim in the morning air; but a gleam showed bright upon parapets and battlements, and traces of wind and rain denoted the elements had done their worst upon the stern old walls of Castle Blake.

Ere long the glades of the woods around, and the green and grassy lawns between the river and the mansion of Sir Giles, were occupied by a large and motley crowd; equestrians for the most part, who, in scarlet coats, doeskin continuations, and top-boots, showed they were, or claimed to be, foxhunters. Many were splendidly mounted. There was Mr. Douglass on Conrad, a bay horse not above fifteen hands high, but well-shaped, muscular, and of such brilliant action as to render him a first-class hunter. There was Thomas Denby on Diamond, also bay, much handsomer to look at than Conrad, and remarkable not only as a hunter, but in the steeplechase. Martin Page on Olympus, a splendid animal. The Galway garrison was well represented. Montrose of the 12th Lancers; Tait of the Heavy Dragoons; Danby Griffin of the Greys; Hodge of the Royals. They bestrode horses that would have won admiration at Hilltown; while Major Derenzy, on Clear the Way, showed the local men were not to be overlooked on this occasion. The gentlemen were not to have the sport all to themselves. There were

several ladies mounted; and their steady seats, well-placed hands, and the way in which they held the reins, showed they were no novices in the hunting field. The Misses Persse, Lady Claremorris, Mrs. Trant and the Misses Eyre, were seated upon horses showing blood and grooming, creditable to their stable management. An arrival now took place that caused some sensation; Sir Giles, seated upon his grave cob, and Miss Blake, mounted upon her sprightly pony, cantered to the meet.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen all," cried Sir Giles, taking off his hat with the air of a courtier of the *anien regime*; while his daughter, with her sweet smile and outstretched hand, greeted Lady Claremorris, the Misses Persse, Mrs. Trant, and others, cordially inviting them to luncheon, either then and there, or whenever during the day they felt inclined.

At this moment, attended by the pack, with his whip bringing up the rere, came into the space near the wood, John Dennis, the popular master of the Blazers.

"'Pon my word, John," exclaimed the old baronet, "the hounds are real beauties. It makes me young again to see such a noble pack. How sleek they look! Just enough on the ribs not to be cumbersome, flanks light, and stepping daintily. They show at what a pace they could go on a view. I hope you'll find."

"Here goes for a try, Sir Giles," responded the master of the hounds; and turning his horse over the covert fence, he was soon, with the pack, lost to sight. Those outside could hear him, however. "Hoic! hoic!" he cried; and ere long the whimper of a hound scenting the fox, yet as if uncertain whether it was quite prudent to proclaim he had come upon the scent, was heard.

"Say so again, Trueman! Say so again," cried Mr. Dennis, encouraging the hound.

A more positive cry was the answer.

"Hark to Trueman!" again was shouted, and now many other canine voices swelled the cry, until every dog proclaimed they were hunting the fox.

With a loud cry of "Tally ho! Tally ho! There he goes," Martin Dillon directed Barbara's attention to a brown object, with a bushy tail tipped with white, going as hard as he could towards the demesne wall. Before Martin stopped speaking, the entire pack had swarmed, like bees, out of the wood, and, with heads up and sterns down, were racing at their utmost speed, striving to reach the fox.

"They are so close on him he will be forced from the covert, and we shall have a run," cried young Dillon, excitedly.

"Then pray leave me, Martin. Do not lose your sport," said Miss Blake, correcting herself, with a blush.

"If you and Sir Giles, will get by the back entrance upon the road you are sure to see the hunt while the fox keeps at this side of the Owenglen," said young Dillon.

Sir Giles now approached, and leaving Miss Blake with her father, the young ensign mingled with the crowd of horsemen who were streaming for the back entrance, intent upon following the hounds.

Close to the gate John Dennis saw Miss Derinzy, in her little pony carriage, and telling her the fox had, as he expected, headed towards Moycollig, left her to follow by the Lismore road.

Leaping over the stone wall, Martin was soon with the hounds, and a good field beside him.

It was an inspiriting scene. The ground was in prime order, and the scent lay perfectly. The horses were in full vigour, and pulling hard. Some anxiety was felt as to the performances of Clear-the-Way and the Chancellor, as it was known both were in training for the Hilltown Steeplechases, and this caused many to watch them with critical eyes. The spirit of rivalry seemed to animate the horses as well as their riders; and as the hunt increased in pace, the heavy ground along the river began to tell upon the short-winded horses. The master of the Blazers, John Dennis, always splendidly mounted, was well up, and with him Mr. Douglas on Conrad, Thomas Denby on Diamond, Dan Denby on Cam, Martin on the Chancellor, and Bob Darcy on Clear-the-Way. Having crossed the road, an open country, watered by the Owenglen, extended for some miles, and as the fox went straight ahead, the hounds settled on the scent and swept along like the wind. Then Bob, addressing Martin, said, "let us ride together, and see if either horse can bid the other good-bye."

The doctor rode up in time to hear the challenge.

"Stick to him and pound him," cried Dr. Considine to Martin.

"Agreed," said Martin; "and here is a rasper to try."

The hounds crossed what in Ireland is called a *boreen*, Anglice, little road. The pack had just dashed over it, for it ran right across the chase. Martin gave his hunter his head, and went hard at it, and the gallant horse, with a bound like a deer, flew over both fences and the intervening road, landing well in the off field.

"Well rode! bravo!" cried all who had witnessed this splendid leap.

The hussar was not so fortunate. He pulled in a little as he approached the *boreen*, and his horse, not knowing that there was a bank on the opposite side to the first, dropped so close that he chested the second fence, over which his rider went head foremost. Had his horse scrambled over ere he could get out of the way, he might have been trampled and hurt; but one of the pedestrians who followed the chase, seeing his perilous position, caught the animal in time, and when Darcy rose from the ground, brought the horse to be remounted. Bob Darcy looked quite mortified by this *contre-temps*, and when again in the saddle, galloped Clear-the-Way on as fast as she could go to make up for lost time.

"That was an awkward bungle of Clear-the-Way," said Danby Griffin to Montrose. "I'll back the Chancellor two to one for the week against Clear-the-Way."

"Take you in tens," cried Montrose, as they rattled over the stiffeners.

The low bottom below Ballyderoon caused a good many mishaps, but Dillon's horse went gallantly over the wide ditches, loose stone walls, deep gullies, and numerous drains that intersected the

line traversed by fox and hounds. Danby's mare, taught caution by her mishap, recovered her credit, and showed that for pace and power of jumping she might be relied on. Dennis, Douglas, Griffin, Dillon, Darcy, and Montrose, rode well and boldly, until they came to a wide brook, which they charged in line. The Chancellor and the mare popped gallantly over, and so did the master of the hounds; but the horse of Danby Griffin, not relishing water, swerved and came in contact with Conrad. In trying to avoid the collision, Conrad came foul of Montrose's horse, and in a second they were all floundering in the stream together.

"Eh, this is not pleasant," cried Danby Griffin, shaking the water from his boots, for his long legs got thoroughly saturated.

"Yes," sharply replied the hussar; "but I'm so confident of my horse being the better, I'll back him against Chancellor at the Hilltown Meeting for an even hundred."

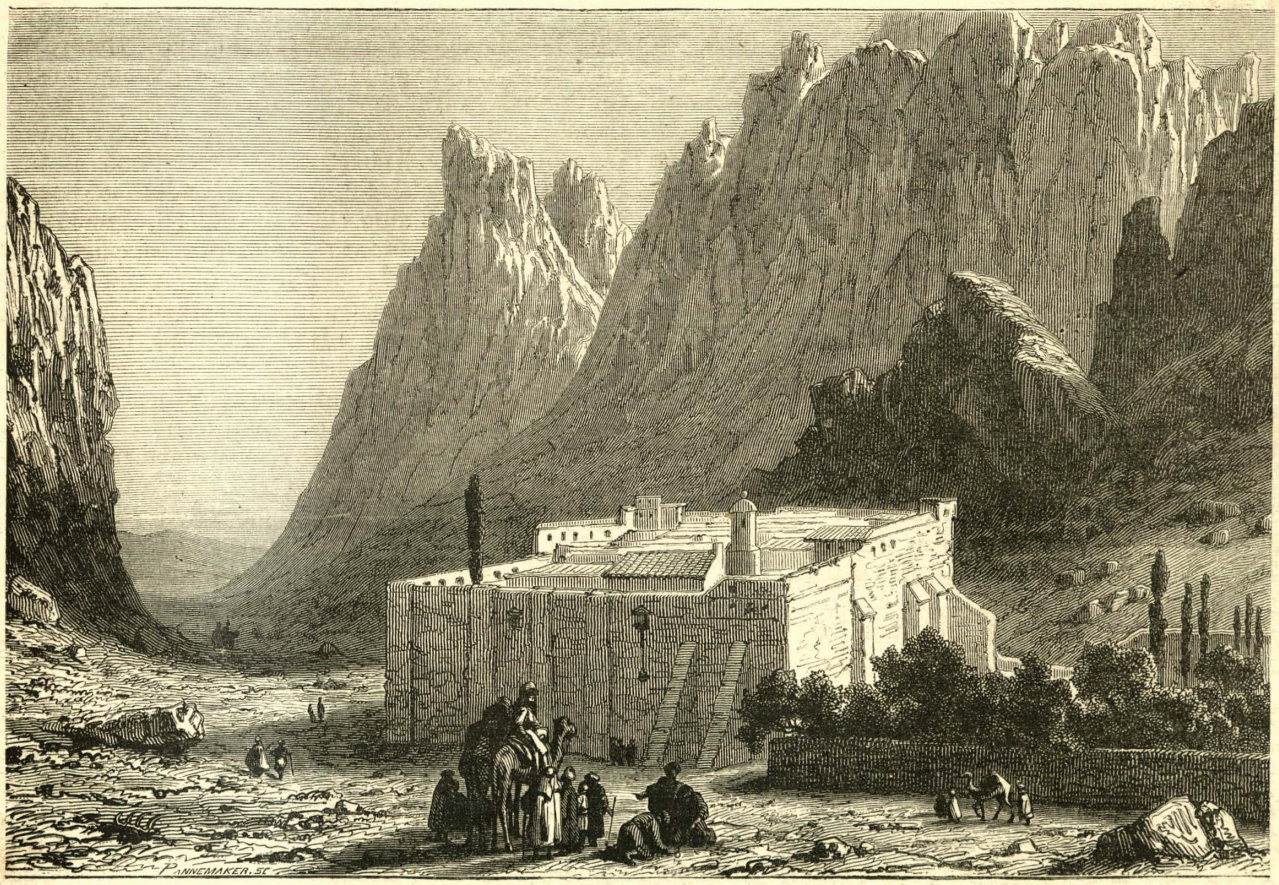
Douglas, enjoying the excitement of his young friend, was about to reply, when John Dennis advanced.

"Now, gentlemen, what say you, shall we draw Moycollig Covert as we are here?" cried the latter, as he addressed the assembled field.

"Oh, yes, we only need a run of thirty-five minutes," said Bob Darcy.

"The day is young yet; it is not one o'clock," observed Colonel Griffin.

"Here goes then," exclaimed the master of the Blazers, and sounding his horn, he collected his well-ordered pack into Moycollig Wood.



GREEK MONASTERY, MOUNT SINAI—(*See page* 163.)

"Now, Colonel, you see how dry I am," cried little Montrose, for the water did not reach within a yard of him. He rode a very tall horse.

"You may boast of being more like Carthose than Longshanks, my boy," cried the civil colonel.

Many of the field who followed the first flight at a respectful distance now came up. They heard a loud whoo-whoop near the top of Moycollig Hill, and saw, within a field of the covert for which the fox had been racing, the pack clustered around Martin, who had just secured the brush.

"By Jove, he has triumphed," cried the master, grinding his teeth. "I hoped to have licked him well to-day."

"Chancellor has proved a good horse, Darcy," said Mr. Douglas, when Doctor Considine pulled up.

"As I have some matters to close, and I start soon; I shall ride home," said Martin to his friend the doctor.

"Very good. Chancellor has done well to-day, Martin, and I rejoice your last run was so brilliant," replied the kind disciple of Æsculapius.

Martin let the hunter pass, ere he turned his face homewards. How little he thought in what sore peril he should meet Barbara Blake on the way.

Chapter IV.

A Narrow Escape.

Doctor Considine remained with the rest of the field, so Martin had only his own thoughts for company as he rode along the scene of the late

chase. They were of a mixed character. He was sorry to leave the haunts of his youth, the companions of his sports, and the kind friends who made his life so happy; but he knew that it was time he should be a wrestler in the arena of life, and try to gain a position of independence. Then he bore her majesty's commission in the Connaught Rangers, and felt proud of his corps—that in which his father was so beloved. He was very much gratified at finding his friend's horse had acquitted himself so admirably in the run, and for speed and staying qualities felt he was fully a match for any horse out. He also was a match for such tiptop horses as Conrad, Diamond, Monarch, and the steeds ridden by the officers of the garrison. Musing on these thoughts, he rode along, and the occasional glimpses of the river, gleaming in the noonday sun, with a blue sky overhead, and purple hills in the distance, made him feel proud of the scenery of Connemara. When he reached a small road leading from the main highway towards his mother's house, which shortened his homeward journey by a couple of miles, he turned into it. This was little better than a bridle-track, rough and very narrow. It was, in fact, a continuation of the *boreen* over which Chancellor made the splendid jump during the chase. He had not proceeded above half-a-mile along this broken road, which was seldom used, save by peasants drawing home turf from the bog to which it led, when his quick ear caught the sound of a horse's hoofs gradually approaching at rapid speed. A rise in the road enabled him to see a long way in front, and what was his dismay on beholding the pony which Miss Blake rode running away with her. On he came, hard as he could tear, while his fair rider swayed in the saddle as the animal sped madly over the uneven ground. Martin was puzzled what to do in this emergency. He feared the dear girl would be flung from her seat before he could render any succour. When she came nigh, he saw she was powerless to restrain the pony, for the reins had fallen from her grasp, and were dragging loosely along the ground. Quick as lightning, Martin jumped from his saddle, drew his horse sideways, so as to block up the road, and awaited the onset. The pony was aware of this obstacle, and resolved to avoid it. He swerved and tried to leap the fence at the side near which Martin stood, but as the reins were thus elevated, he caught them, and, holding on, the pony came on his side, luckily leaving Miss Blake unhurt.

"Thank God, you are not hurt, dearest," cried Martin excitedly; as he proudly drew her from the prostrate animal.

"Thanks, my preserver. Oh, that wretched pony!" exclaimed the young lady. Although she was not hurt, she was evidently greatly frightened, and trembled violently. The pony was as much agitated as his mistress, and when Dillon got him up, he snorted and shook as though terrified. Luckily he had fallen in a soft place, and no blemished knees or damaged skin told of the fall.

"You have both escaped any injury, save fright," he said, "How came you to lose hold of your reins?"

"Very simply. I had galloped with papa, looking at the hunt along the road, and just at the top of this *boreen* I stopped to give a trifle to a poor woman, and took my hands off the reins. When, in drawing out my purse, the reins went over the horse's head, a carriage was driving past at the moment, and the pony, finding himself free, then rushed into the *boreen*, and regularly ran away with me. Where he would have gone to, had you not saved me; where or what might have befallen me, God only knows."

"Thank heaven, it was my good fortune to have taken this path," said our hero.

"You certainly are my guardian angel," she said; as she gave him her hand.

"Dearest Barbara, you know nothing gives me greater happiness than to be of service to you," he said; as he pressed the little hand he held in his own.

They were now joined by Sir Giles, who came up as fast as his cob could canter along the narrow road; and his daughter told how fortunate it was that the pony's flight was intercepted. Her father graciously thanked the young ensign for rescuing his daughter from her perilous position. When both the lady and the pony had recovered their tranquillity, she proposed to remount the now docile steed. Martin had the pleasure of assisting the beloved of his heart to her saddle, but not until he had carefully examined the girths, which required adjusting after the downfall. He then placed the reins in her hand, which he tenderly pressed, and mounting Chancellor, they followed in single file along the narrow road. As the nearest road to the cottage was the castle avenue, Martin continued with Sir Giles and Miss Blake. Ere parting, he accepted an invitation for dinner from Sir Giles.

On reaching home, his mother handed him a letter marked "On Her Majesty's Service." It was from the adjutant, informing him he should join at Hilltown by the end of the week. This letter caused Mrs. Dillon a flow of tears she could not suppress.

"Mother," said Martin, "do not be so downcast at my having to join my regiment—the one in which my father served, and which you, yourself, took such pride in. Surely, you can trust me out of your sight?"

"Yes, my darling, that I can," replied Mrs. Dillon, proudly. "Never from the hour of your birth has any action of your life caused me a moment's pang."

"I promised to dine at the Castle to-day, mother," said Martin, kissing her; "but as we have only a few more days to be together, I shall send an excuse."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, Martin; I am not so selfish as to prevent your enjoying yourself. I hope you had good sport to-day."

Martin then briefly related to his mother the events already disclosed. His rescue of Miss Blake set the old lady musing.

"And so you saved Miss Blake, Martin. Take care you don't lose your heart in that quarter, my dear," she said.

Martin coloured. "Why so, mother?" he asked in some agitation.

"Why so?" she repeated; "because she's too high for one thing, and of a different religion for

another; and besides I know Bob Darcy is head and ears in love with her; and he has five thousand a year, while you have——" here she paused.

"Little more than five and threepence a day," said Martin, filling up the sentence. "Well, mother, I fear your warning is like shutting the stable door when the horse is stolen; but never fear, I can bide my time, as the Scotch say, and perhaps Martin Dillon may one day be counted as good a match as Bob Darcy, with his five thousand a year."

"Where is his regiment stationed?" asked Mrs. Dillon.

"I think the 8th Hussars are stationed at Ballincollig, near Cork," replied her son.

Doctor Considine's servant now called for Chancellor; and Martin wrote to Lieutenant and Adjutant Pipeclay to say he would not fail reporting himself at head-quarters on the expiration of his leave.

He then dressed to join the dinner party at Castle Blake.

(To be continued.)

Mount Sinai.

THIS celebrated mountain rises on a desert peninsula, situated on the northern shore of the Red Sea. Its giant peaks, towering in sombre majesty in the midst of a vast wilderness, present a singularly imposing appearance. The mountain is composed for the greater part of rocks of primitive formation, piled in the most picturesque irregularity, as if during some antediluvian convulsion the molten mass cast forth by the action of subterranean fires had become suddenly petrified into waves of basalt, porphyry, granite, and marble.

The stern grandeur of this isolated region is well calculated to augment the feelings of reverential awe with which the traveller is impressed on approaching the "terrible mount," around whose base were traced, by express command of the Most High, the sacred limits which the children of Israel were forbidden to transgress, under pain of death, on that memorable day when "the Lord came down upon it in fire," while from the cloud-wrapped summit, girt by the lightnings, were proclaimed, amid sublime terrors, the decrees of His everlasting covenant with men.

From the days of St. Anthony and St. Hilarion, this solitude attracted great numbers of Christian anchorites, who sought in the depths of its wild recesses an asylum for uninterrupted meditation on the eternal truths. But the isolation of this rocky retreat did not in every instance secure those holy men from the fierce persecution of the heathen tribes who roamed in the desert. On more than one occasion were the barren cliffs here stained with the blood of Christian cenobites, who terminated a life of heroic austerity by a glorious martyrdom.

The first monastery on Mount Sinai was founded by St. Helen, in the fourth century. This original foundation was enlarged, under the auspices of the Emperor Justinian, and dedicated under the title of the Transfiguration of our Lord. In the chapel of the monastery, still existing, are preserved some very beautiful mosaics, representing Justinian, his empress, and different members of his family; also a representation of the Transfiguration; all of which have been greatly admired by antiquarians.

Among the illustrious servants of God who flourished here may be mentioned St. Nilus and St. John Climacus. The former was renowned for his profound learning as well as piety. He had studied under the great St. John Chrysostom, and, previous to his embracing the monastic life, filled the post of Prefect of Constantinople. St. John Climacus retired to this solitude at the age of sixteen, and, having passed forty years in a hermitage, in a remote part of the mountain, was chosen abbot of the great monastery, A.D. 600. The fame of his sanctity spread through all the East. In a time of great drought and famine, the people of Palestine having besought him to intercede with God on their behalf, his prayers were immediately answered by abundant rains. St. Gregory the Great, who then sat in the chair of Peter, wrote to this holy man, desiring to be remembered in his prayers. Being importuned to draw up the most essential rules for arriving at Christian perfection, he, with extreme humility, compiled the excellent work known as the "Climax, or Ladder of Christian Perfection." It is written with a majestic simplicity, and its concise sentences are pregnant with deep wisdom.

At the present day the Monastery of Mount Sinai is inhabited by a community of Greek monks (Schismatics). The exterior bears a striking resemblance to a fortress, being enclosed by a massive wall, loop-holed in several places for small cannon. This defence is necessary to provide against the sudden attacks of the fierce and lawless Bedouins who roam in the adjoining plains. For still greater precaution, the ordinary entrance is by a small aperture, at a considerable height from the ground. To this narrow doorway the traveller is elevated by means of a cable suspended from a pulley. At the period when the bishop performs the visitation of the monastery, it is necessary to break open an entrance at the base of the wall; but this is immediately built up on his departure.

The ascent of the mountain from the monastery is only accomplished with considerable labour; but the Christian pilgrim journeying hither from distant lands deems light the hardships to be encountered in the enterprise. With the enthusiasm inspired by lively faith, he mounts from crag to crag, scaling the rugged peaks that seem to rise in endless succession, till at last he attains the summit. Here contemplating the theatre of so many thrilling events, his thoughts revert to the time when from the height where he stands, "the sight of the glory of the Lord" that dwelt upon Sinai, "was like a burning fire to the eyes of the children of Israel;" and beholding the rocks that have reflected the splendours of the Divine Majesty, he prostrates himself in profound reverence on the spot where of yore Moses bowed down in adoration unto the earth "as the Lord passed by."

Benedict the Eleventh:

An Historical Study.

(Abridged from the French of Léon Gantier, by R. F. O'C.)

WE purpose to relate here the life of a Pope who only lived eight months on the pontifical throne. We will willingly confess that it is the very shortness of that pontificate that has decided us to select it as the subject of this historical study. It seemed to us that we would more easily grasp, in a reign of a few months, that admirable universality which characterizes the policy of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and all their influence over the peoples of the middle ages. Indeed, in the history of a long pontificate, the variety of the events, as well as their multiplicity, does not allow us to thoroughly realize it as a whole; the reader's attention wanders in place of being concentrated. It gives us some trouble to follow, for nigh twenty years, the great Pope Innocent III. through all the countries of Christendom his genius has traversed and regenerated; one will more easily comprehend the acts, not less œcumenical, but much less numerous, of that successor of Boniface VIII., whose history we undertake. Making a shorter journey, we hope to know the country more intimately, and describe it better. The more the horizon is narrowed, the more easily the eye embraces its entire extent.

Another reason that led us to study, by preference, this too-neglected pontificate of Benedict XI., is the altogether exceptional interest that the epoch when this Pope occupied the See of St. Peter presents. The beginning of the fourteenth century is a memorable date in the history of the Church and of humanity. It is really the end of the middle ages. Boniface VIII. is, in some degree, the last Pope of the Christian centuries, and Benedict XI. the first of modern times.

Placed on the confines of two epochs, Benedict was perhaps the first Pope to stand face to face with the social triumph of error. It has been said that the temporal preponderance of the Roman Church among us ended the day when Boniface "was struck in the face at Agnani." It is certain that at the very moment when Sciarra Colonna dared to raise his hand to the representative of Jesus Christ, the world might have regarded as fallen into disuse, and abolished for ever, that axiom of Christian politics: "The Pope is the final judge of all cases of conscience between peoples and kings." To that principle was henceforward opposed the absolutely contrary principle, of which we shall have occasion to speak more than once: "Kings are the sole judges of all their differences, whether with their peoples or with other princes." It is useful, it is good to thus place luminously before our eyes, without leaving anything in the shade, the two principles that were *en presence* when Benedict mounted the throne of Boniface. For several centuries the Popes, even in temporal concerns, were the respected masters of the entire Christian society; it is since the advent of Benedict XI. that that title, alas! no longer appertains to the Sovereign Pontiffs. It is important to know how the successor of so many Popes, who displayed such greatness before error vanquished and overthrown, bore himself in the presence of triumphant error.

In 1240, was born at Treviso, a child, who was to be one day the master of the spiritual world, and the substitute of Jesus Christ on earth; upon whose lips infallibility was to rest, and who, to so much glory, was to add a sanctity crowned by God with the gift of miracles, and which the Church enshrined on its altars. The child's father was of obscure origin; some historians have even exaggerated the lowness of his condition, so as to set off more vividly upon a duller background the aureole of the blessed pontiff. The child received in baptism the name of Nicholas. It is that of one of the saints whom God has destined to exercise on earth a most powerful patronage through a popularity the most glorious. There are, indeed, few saints who have been so popular as the great Bishop of Myre; but among all the children who have received his name, and who thus have acquired a more special right to his protection, there are few whom he has environed with so much solicitude and love as the young Nicholas Boccasino. He saw in him one of the predestined, and took a pleasure in leading him to heaven. Nicholas' father, Boccasio Boccasino, was a notary* and had not much means. But Providence specially watches over the education of saints. The child was not deprived, in his native country, of those intellectual resources that it is too commonly thought were one of the wants of men in the middle ages. One of his uncles, a priest of the parish of Saint Andrew of Treviso, took charge of his education. Besides, Treviso is only seven leagues from Padua, where, according to certain historians, the Emperor Frederick II. had, we will not say founded, but developed, in 1222, one of the most celebrated universities in the Catholic world. Teaching in Padua, as in all the other universities, had assumed that encyclopedic character of which the School of Saint Victor, at Paris, in the preceding century, had enamoured all minds and all hearts, and which, in the Dominican and Franciscan schools, was to receive such a marvellous development. The March of Treviso, moreover, passed for a lettered country. Saint Fortunatus was a native of it, and used to say, "My Treviso." The Paduans were proud of their Titus Livy. Everything leads us to think that the French language was not only affected, but spoken, in all that region; it is certain our chivalric romances were in vogue there. We have published a romance in French verse, slightly Italianised, which, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was composed, or rather compiled, by a certain Nicholas of Padua, in the March of Treviso.

But, at the time of the birth of Benedict, there

* He was an imperial notary. This title conferred a kind of nobility, and those who bore it might write *Dominus* before their names.

were influences at Treviso more noble and more powerful than those of literary chivalry. Italy abounded in saints. Saint Francis of Asisi had died in 1226, Saint Dominic having preceded him in glory by only five years. The two monastic families began to swarm in all the cities of Christendom, rivals in knowledge, zeal, and virtue. Everywhere, but particularly in Italy, sanctity had become visible and tangible. Miracles were of common occurrence; Treviso resounded with those of the great thaumaturgist, Anthony of Padua. The road between Treviso and Padua had long been crowded with pilgrims, whose ardour the death of Anthony, in 1231, had not abated. When the saints work no more miracles, their graves do. Nearer to the cradle of Nicholas, a Camoldulece, named Pâris, directed to Treviso the religious of Saint Christine, not to die until 1297, aged one hundred and sixteen years, laden with virtues, and honoured while living by the earnest devotion of popular piety.

It is thus that God places, with his provident hand, the cradle of one of his most admirable vicars, in an atmosphere of learning and piety at the commencement of one of the most glorious ages of the Church. The end of that age, alas! was to be less glorious; and Nicholas Boccasino was one of the barriers that the Providence of God already prepared against the approaching encroachment on His Church.

From his earliest youth Nicholas Boccasino gave proof of a high intelligence, and, what is of more worth, a great heart. God permitted that that masculine soul should be soon tried by poverty. At about twelve years of age he was put in a position to do for himself. That young man—that child—went to Venice, and, full of precocious courage and knowledge, took upon himself to be the preceptor of young patricians—a hard way of living, in which humiliations are not wanting; a position next to that of domestic servant, the disagreeableness of which several centuries have not removed. Nicholas Boccasino was Christian enough to like these roughings, and that was the way he conquered heaven. He is the saint who should be specially invoked by those who, devoting themselves to this noble but thankless career of private tutor, can say, with a great writer of our time, "We are of all houses, and all houses can close their doors to us! We are of all families, and all families may reject us! We rear children as if they were our own, and when we have reared them, they know us no more!"

While he led this humble life at Venice, he grew more and more attached to the consolations of Christian piety. Already all those traits which, later on, were to characterize him, and by which he is recognisable in history, distinctly appeared in his soul. The young preceptor's unvarying gentleness and truly wonderful modesty did not impair the indescribable natural dignity of which all his actions bore the imprint. He loved knowledge with that great and generous love that the contemporaries of Saint Bonaventure and Saint Thomas of Aquin, bore to it; but nothing attracted him more than theology, queen and mistress of all the sciences. He had an ardent piety, and a particular zeal for the salvation of souls; he loved, above all things, to hear the Word of God, and had some desire, one day, to be the minister of it. His vocation was quite evident. He had not seen, without emotion, the first foundations of the Dominican family. Everything drew him towards that order, which was still in the first fervour of its creation. At the early age of fourteen, if one of his contemporaries is to believed, he entered the novitiate of the Friars' Preachers; Ciaconius places his profession in 1257. For fourteen years the new religious pursued his studies; and historians have observed that, after having been fourteen years a disciple, he was master—or reader as it was then called—for another fourteen years, and that he fulfilled other and higher functions in the order for a third and last term of fourteen years. There is no objection to be made to the truth of this calculation, which brings us up to the year 1296, the epoch at which Brother Nicholas of Treviso was elected General of the Order.

Few things, doubtless, are known of that part of the life of Benedict XI. which precedes his election to the mastership of the Order. The son of the notary Boccasino seemed to wish his life was as concealed as his birth had been obscure. However, from that cloister wherein he wished to hide the brilliancy of his virtues, issued beautiful rays of light, that were beginning to shed round the future pontiff a popular halo. It was known that before becoming the model of masters, he had been the model of disciples. His teaching was the more celebrated owing to the humility which his learning made more apparent. "He possessed," said Saint Antonius, "vast learning, a prodigious memory, and a penetrating genius; but he was in all things amiable." John Boniface, in his *Historia Tarvisinia*, says it was at this epoch that Nicholas Boccasino wrote his admirable Commentaries on the Psalms, on Job, and on the Apocalypse; to this list of his works may be added his Commentaries on Saint Mathew, his book, *De Ritibus*, three letters to the brethren of his order, the Acts of his Legation, and collection of his Sermons—not to mention the Register of the Vatican, in which are preserved copies of the greater number of his Bulls, his noblest title to glory. It is to be presumed that most of his commentaries are, in reality, only his lectures written out. When all the works of that kind at that same epoch will have been carefully edited and conscientiously studied, one will be easily convinced that teaching in the thirteenth century was of an elevated and original character that the succeeding centuries have lost, and which has never been recovered from Saint Thomas down to our days. The *Summa* of that great man was not the only one written in that age; twenty others, published or unedited, exist. Read them all; analyse them, summarize them, and you will reconstruct all the teaching of the Universities during the age of Saint Louis.

Nicholas of Treviso had drawn upon him the eyes of all his brethren; they spoke of him in all the convents of the order as of a genius and a saint. Despite his modesty, the admiration of his brethren constrained him to receive in turn all the honours, and fulfil all the functions of the Domi-

nican family. He was first sub-prior, then prior-conventual, and then provincial of Lombardy; and in all these dignities, Divine grace communicated to him the secret of remaining humble, gentle, and discreet.

In 1296, the chapter-general of the Order of Preachers was held at Strasburgh, to give, according to the rule, a successor to the master, or, as we would say now, the General of the Order, then Stephen of Besançon. The Provincial of Lombardy was elected by acclamation, and governed the order for two years and a half. He deceived no expectations; he surpassed all hope. All Christendom soon learned that the General of the Friars' Preachers was a saint. One might say that, for the thirty months of his mastership, Nicholas of Treviso was ubiquitous. He did not govern from a distance; he left to kings the device, "*e longinquo auctoritas.*" On the contrary, what he wished was to command—to reign among them like a father in the midst of his family. All the highways of Christendom knew him; all the convents of the order received him. His government was a journey. Contemporary historians spontaneously accord him the name of *amator Communitatis*. He loved justice with a great love; humility was the ornament of all his virtues. Ineffably mild towards his brethren; implacably austere towards himself: he would not temper the severity of the rule by any mitigation. One saw him walking, staff in hand, along the roads, at that time not so good as ours, but which the saint often traversed. Thus he made the tour of his order; and the tour of that order was already beginning to be the tour of the world. He held chapter-generals at Strasburgh, Venice, and at Metz. He came into the chapter-hall on foot—always on foot—and covered all over with the dust of the road. There were no dangers nor fatigues he was not the first to run, saying to the timid, who hesitated to follow him, "But it is there, my dearest brethren—it is there is the glory of our order." And the disciples followed the master.

The chapter of 1297 gave him an opportunity of displaying all the loftiness and expansion of his soul. It was at Venice. The party of the Colonna, who had adherents everywhere, had succeeded in having creatures in the very bosom of the Dominican order. They dared, before the General of the Order, to attack Pope Boniface, and attack him calumniously, as that great victim of history has always been attacked. Nicholas Boccasino rose, terrible to look upon, and, laying aside for a moment that demeanour which made him loved by all, assumed a countenance that inspired dread; and, in a resonant voice, cried: "Our Holy Father, Pope Boniface VIII., is the veritable successor of Saint Peter, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ." It is precisely that title that the artful rage of Philippe-le-Bel disputed with Boniface. The General of the Friars' Preachers was not without exposing himself to great peril, in giving so formal a contradiction to the allegations of the King of France. But such a soul knew no dread but that of God, or, to put it better, it only knew dread and not fear.

Two contemporary historians—a Frenchman, Bernard Guion; an Italian, Ferretti of Vicenza—have mentioned with some detail a legation with which Nicholas Boccasino, while he was General of his Order, and John of Murro, General of the Minors, were possibly jointly charged with the object of re-establishing peace between the Kings of France and England, in the early years of the pontificate of Boniface.* Negotiations were opened in 1298, by Pope Boniface, to whom his most violent adversaries ought not to refuse to render this homage, that he loved peace above all things, and that he did everything to re-establish it among Christian princes. It was in the month of June, 1298, the Pope pronounced sentence, as umpire between the Kings of France and England. In the December following, Nicholas Boccasino was raised to the honours of the purple.

This legation, doubtless, gave the Master of the Preachers an opportunity of studying more closely the character of Philip, the physiognomies of his agents, and the secrets of his policy. To this almost unknown embassy may perhaps be referred the origin of Benedict's very legitimate distrust, and, perhaps, his first plans of resistance, marked throughout by mildness. Boccasino saw that the soul of the King of France was of iron, and knew it could not be broken. He foresaw a terrible change in anti-christian politics, and judged that the Christian policy ought also change its direction and *tactique*. Nevertheless, he resolved to remain faithful unto death to the great soul of Boniface; and he kept his word.

We cannot quit the text of Ferretti without again emphasizing a trait that depicts to the life the predecessor of Benedict XI. That strong mind, that was even accused of inflexibility, loved peace as the Supreme God. Bernard Guion rightly remarks that he pacified Western Christendom at the moment when Philippe-le-Bel was in the most lamentable position; when Albert of Austria was preparing to invade France, with the consent of all the enemies of Philip, and particularly the King of England. But it was dangerous to render services to the grandson of St. Louis. He kept no account of that peace with the Sovereign Pontiff. As for Boniface, on the contrary, when his ambassadors brought him the news of it: "*Gavisus est tanquam munus amplissimum illi tradidissent.*" Like St. Gregory VII., Boniface VIII. might have said when dying: "I have loved justice;" and, like most of our popes, he might have added: "I have loved peace."

The General of the Preachers passed the advent of 1298 in the convent of Prouille, in the diocese of Saint Papoul. At the approach of Christmas the report that he had been nominated cardinal began to circulate. Messengers from Rome having arrived in Provence, in deference to the envoys of the Holy See, he set out and met them at Lézignan, near Narbonne, on January 12th, 1299. They were bearers of a letter from Boniface,

* Ferretti does not give the precise date of this legation to which he refers vaguely. To publicly notify his gratitude for the benefits of this peace, his Holiness raised the legates above-mentioned to the cardinalate. The negotiations were carried on at Ghent, where they laboured to strengthen the peace between Philip and the Count of Flanders.

dated December 5th, 1298, in which the Sovereign Pontiff, after having praised Boccasino, and rendered to his sanctity, his doctrine, and his order a brilliant and merited eulogium, nominated him cardinal-priest of the Holy Roman Church. The Pope concluded, according to custom, by inviting the new cardinal to repair to Rome with the shortest possible delay. Nicholas was above all struck with the words of the Pope in this letter, in which he not only saw an official formula, but a formal and significant order of the Vicar of God: "We command you," said Boniface, "to accept the burden that God himself imposes on you to-day." The religious was not long in coming to a decision. Several saints believed they could remove from their shoulders the burden of ecclesiastical dignities, because God had given them, and their mission, in solitude and silence. But, on the contrary, other saints, more numerous, perhaps, have been seen to accept high dignities, their eyes humbly fixed on the See of Peter, and their heads bowed in obedience. It is that God has need of the predestined, as much and more in the senate of the cardinals and on the episcopal throne, as in the cloister shades or the secular life. Nicholas knew it; it decided him not to hesitate an instant. He set out for Narbonne, which he entered in the morning, convoked the brethren of the convent and all the notabilities of the city; then, before that immense assembly, had the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff read out, and, bursting into groans and tears, declared his readiness to accept the burden of the purple, solemnly divested himself of the mastership of the order, and immediately broke the seal which was the mark of his authority.* It was the 15th of January, 1299—the day when the Church celebrates the Feast of St. Maurus, Abbot.

One of the causes of the saint's determination was doubtless his very lively sympathy for Pope Boniface. It is no small argument in favour of that Pope, so much calumniated, that he was esteemed and loved by such a man as Nicholas Boccasino. It will also be admitted that Boniface knew how to select his counsellors.

Nicholas repaired to Rome with laudable rapidity. He there found Boniface altogether occupied with the government, or rather with restraining the Christian world, which already rose against its spiritual master and sighed after Cæsar. The new cardinal had to justify all the hopes his virtues had called forth. He justified them. Boniface had made him cardinal-priest of the title of Santa Sabina. Two years after, in 1300, he promoted him to the Bishopric of Ostia and Velletri. Boniface, who bent not under the weight of the government of the world, soon knew all the worth of the Bishop of Ostia. The Pope had one of those regards which penetrate souls, which rapidly analyses them, and easily discover their most potent qualities. He saw that Boccasino's virtue was prudence—not the most beautiful, but the most useful in the government of the Church—and he utilized it. He made the new cardinal what we now call a diplomatist. But diplomacy in the service of the Church is the opposite of the diplomacy which has taken for its device those abject words: "Language has been given to man to conceal the truth."* Diplomacy in the service of the Church is prudence in the service of virtue. The Catholic diplomatist is not permitted to lie even venially. It is allowable to him to delay or to hasten decisions, but never to disguise them. His lips ought never know deception, nor his soul hypocrisy. Grand, dignified, and even proud, he raises the head at the thought that he represents a Christian prince, or the Chief of Christendom. He has a title magnificent in the annals of the Church; he calls himself oftenest, *paciarius*, the synonym of pacificator. The great end of Christian diplomacy is in fact to stay the effusion of human blood; to put an end to wars; to thus help to make as many souls as possible enter into the eternal beatitude; securing here below the greatest possible terrestrial happiness to the greatest possible number of men: such are the duties of the pacificator. Nicholas Boccasino fulfilled them all with a nobleness success has not always crowned. We shall see him at the work, charged with a most important legation by the intelligent will of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is here his history begins to assume a more universal character, and so more worthy of attracting and retaining our attention.

Each nation receives, in the Divine plan, a special mission. History is like a battle between good and evil. Each people in this great combat is a *corps d'armée*, that receives, from God or from hell, a particular post, directions, an aim, and a *mot d'ordre*. God has confided to all Christian nations the general mission of defending the truth; but each one has to do it in its place, and on the conditions determined. It is thus that France has been, throughout all ages, the soldier of God, charged with attacks or decisive resistances. And so, at each extremity of the Christian world, in the middle ages, God had placed two nations, commissioned to be barriers against the waves of Islamism and barbarism. Those two nations were Spain in the west, Hungary in the east of Europe. Were it not for for the generous effusion of Spanish and Hungarian blood, barbarism would be triumphant. But those two wings of the great Christian army wavered not, and to them we owe the victory. It was, therefore, necessary to the salvation of Christian humanity, and to the honour of the entire human race, that Spain and Hungary should be strengthened more and more among the nations. The Popes watched over them; their eyes were more than once fixed on those two points of space, where the odious crescent displayed itself in Europe. They made great efforts to organize those two peoples, the hope of Catholicity.

Now, in 1301, Hungary gave the Sovereign Pon-

* He was succeeded by Albert Clanapo, of Genoa.

* A variation of the celebrated maxim: "*La parole été donnée à l'homme pour deguiser sa pensée*," attributed to Talleyrand, but which he denied, at the Travellers' Club, in London, having ever used. We find it put forward in *Frazer's Magazine* (August, 1838. Art. "Our Club in Paris"), as a historical fact, that the first time he made use of this maxim was in the presence of Lucien Buonaparte, and the next in the presence of the then emperor.

tiff the greatest uneasiness. It was torn by civil war. Civil war enervates the nation it does not kill; and if Hungary was long weakened in that way, it would have been her fate, and perhaps that of Europe. It was necessary to stifle those intestine broils. Boniface VIII. understood it; and when his great intelligence understood, his great will was not slow to act. No futile theories restrained him; he put his hand to the work.

The cause of the civil war was the death of the king, Andrew III., surnamed the Venetian, a a death which left the throne of Hungary vacant. Andrew had reigned from July 19, 1290, to the begining of the year 1301. The last king, Ladislas III., dying without direct posterity, had designated him as his successor. That was the Venetian's sole right, and he had not reigned without some resistance. In fact, Maria, sister of Ladislas and wife of Charles II., King of Naples, had not ceased to urge against Andrew the rights of her eldest son, Charles Martel. Charles Martel had died, leaving, by his marriage with Clementina, daughter of the Emperor Rodolph, a son in his minority, named Charles Robert, or, by abbreviation, Charobert. Thus, in 1301, there was no other serious candidate to the throne of Hungary than Charles Robert, grand-nephew of the king, Ladislas III., Andrew had died without children; but the Hungarian nobles, animated by an obstinate, undiscerning hatred, refused to accept Charobert, because the Church had taken in hand that chief's cause. They preferred the King of Bohemia, Wenceslas, who descended through the family of the king, Bela IV. The latter would not accept for himself a crown he would not leave to others; he had it offered to his son, named, like himself, Wenceslas, then twelve years of age. Two parties formed in Hungary—that of Charobert, and that of Wenceslas.

In reality, two systems, two doctrines, were at issue—the hereditary and elective principles.

The Popes had very distinctly declared in favour of hereditary rights. On this occasion, as on many others, they affirmed by their acts that, if at the foundation of kingdoms the election is legitimate, hereditary succession is, later on, its only safeguard and security. Nicholas IV. had solemnly recognised the legitimacy of the pretensions of Charles Martel, and had him consecrated at Naples by one of his legates. Saint Celestine V. had confirmed this bold act of Nicholas IV. Boniface VIII. could have no other policy than that of the two pontiffs, his predecessors; he continued to Charobert the avowed protection the Roman See had accorded to Charles Martel. He did not dissemble this protection: it was a heart that knew not dissimulation. He was seized with the liveliest indignation when he learned that the greater number of the Hungarian nobles, disregarding the counsels of the Holy See, and even through hostility to it, crushing under foot hereditary right as well as the dignity of the Church, had declared against the candidate of the Sovereign Pontiff, and appealed to a foreign prince rather than accept a national prince from the hand of the Pope Boniface, and, as the authors of the *Art of Verifying Dates* affirm, then took up the interests of Charobert "with *hateur*." It is strange that thus, blinded by party spirit, they should have discovered *hateur* in conduct we shall truthfully explain to our readers, and in which they will, doubtless, recognize but a noble dignity, truly royal and truly apostolic.

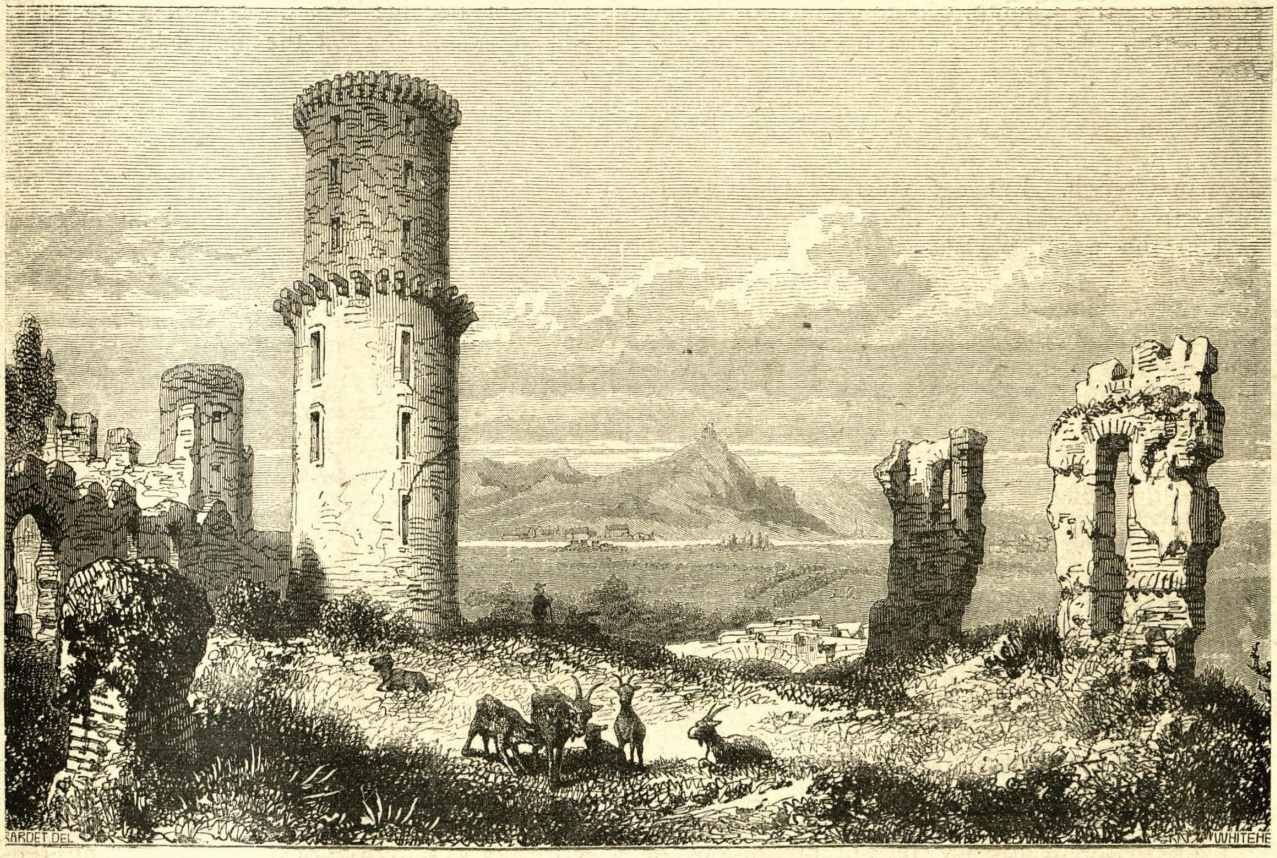
Boniface, before proceeding to action, cast a last look at Hungary. He saw it all aflame. Private hatred found vent, under colour of political vengeance, as is the custom. There was no security for either property or person. The Church, weak and defenceless, was, as ever, the first victim of those internal revolutions; its liberties were confiscated, its goods plundered. The people, moreover, were not thoroughly converted. King Ladislas had been seen to conclude a shameful peace with the Tartars of Cumania, to accommodate himself to their morals, and take all at once three of their wives for concubines. The Cumans, in revenge, had assassinated him, and became the masters in that unhappy country. Behind the Cumans, the eye of Boniface perceived all Islamism and all the Tartar race, who cast envious eyes on the Christian republic, whose eastern frontiers would soon be defenceless. It was then Boniface resolved to intervene. But he wished, before all, to be worthily represented in an affair wherein the future destinies of the Church appeared to him to be menaced. He saw no one around him who better understood his mind than the Bishop of Ostia or better fitted to interpret it, who, in fine, joined a prudence the firmest to a spirit of conciliation the most amiable and enticing. He nominated him legate *a latere* in the kingdom of Hungary, extending his powers to Poland, Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia, Cumania, Lodomeria, Roscia and Gallica; in fact, Nicholas Boccasino was deputed to all oriental Christendom as representative of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who is defender of the entire of Christendom. He was sent to the extreme limits of the Catholic world to examine, and, above all, restore its defences. Thus, in a besieged place a skilful engineer is sent to that part of the fortifications the weakest and most exposed.

Boniface's letter, conferring on the Bishop of Ostia this important legation, has happily been preserved. It is of May 13, 1301, and begins with a harrowing description of the political and religious condition of Hungary. The Sovereign Pontiff then addresses himself more particularly to his future representative, and says:—"Considering our Lord has showered down upon you all His graces, that He has given you extensive knowledge, the treasure of prudence and circumspection, lights of intelligence and many other virtues; and that this great God has fashioned your shoulders strong enough to bear the heaviest burthen for the glory of His name; considering all that, and, although, your presence near this Apostolic See might be very necessary, on account of the wisdom of your counsels; although we shall deprive ourselves, with great regret, of the assistance of such a man as you, nevertheless, we name you our legate in Hungary—and in all the other countries abovenamed. And the end we give you to attain," adds the Sovereign Pontiff, "is the glory of God and the honour of the Roman Church, the observance of the ecclesiastical laws, the recovery of

the liberties of the Church, and the prosperity of all that kingdom; the re-establishment of peace and the raising up of the lowly and the poor; in fine, all that can tend to the tranquillity of the body and the salvation of souls, *quæ ad animarum salutem et ad tranquillitatem corporum pertinent.*" Admirable words, which Boniface did not fear to repeat on many occasions. These few words are the entire programme of Christian politics; they might, they ought to be, the device of all princes. There is no good government, but that which, through temporal peace and tranquillity, leads souls to God. Material prosperity is not then the end of a Christian Government, but the means. The only end worthy of a Catholic king is to conduct as many souls as possible to the eternal beatitude: *Ad animarum salutem!* Boniface developed those very ideas in several other acts in the affairs of Hungary. He wrote to the bishops of that kingdom, to the Duke of Poland and Sclavonia, and we have thirty-four other letters of his relative to the legation of Nicholas Boccasino. He wrote specially to all the Hungarian ecclesiastics to lend their benevolent support to the representative of the Roman Church. The ground having been prepared with this wisdom, foresight, and mature deliberation which the Papacy has always rightly considered one of the duties of its charge, the legate set out.

He traversed all Germany, leaving everywhere happy traces of his passage as the good odour of the Roman Church. He was at once dignified and affable; two great virtues in a diplomatist. He sojourned some time in Austria, particularly in Vienna. In that city, during the octave of Saint Martin, in 1301, he solemnly consecrated the newly-finished choir of the Church of the Friars' Preachers. And as the time had not come for him to enter Hungary, he utilized his sojourn at Vienna in correcting certain abuses introduced into ecclesiastical discipline. These events may be placed about September, 1301, and the following months; the continuators of the *Chronicle of Vienna* have wrongly placed them in 1302.

The Bishop of Ostia, however, could no longer defer entering Hungary. But at the moment of crossing the frontier, he learns that the Archbishop of Colocx had anointed at Alba the young Wenceslas of Bohemia, and placed on the brow of that child the crown of Hungary that the Holy See had, more than once, expressed reserved to Charles Martel and his posterity. The legate immediately wrote to Boniface. The Pope's answer did not keep him waiting. Boniface, in a letter of the 17th October, 1301, orders the Archbishop of Colocx to come before four months to justify himself before the tribunal of the Sovereign Pontiff. He threatens him with deposition. "His conduct," adds the Pope, "was truly inexcusable! should he thus precipitate the consecration of Wenceslas? Did he not know that the Archbishop of Strigonia had on his part consecrated the young Charobert, grandson of the King of Sicily? Did he wish to perpetuate the civil war? Besides, Hungary, since St. Stephen, was a fief of the Holy See, and it was perfectly just that the vassals should do nothing without the consent of their lord." Such is the substance of this act of Boniface.



GODESBERG, *OPPOSITE THE DRACHENFELS (RHINE).*—(*See page* 172.)

The adversary of Philippe-le-Bel and the Colonna had never so distinctly formulated his political thought than in the exordium of this letter. "The Roman Pontiff," said he, "is divinely placed over kingdoms and kings; in the Church militant the Pope is at the head of all the hierarchy: he has a prince's life over all men, and, seated on his throne, which is also a tribunal, he judges with tranquillity, and with his glance dissipates every evil."* Here, doubtless, is what the authors of the *Art of Verifying Dates* have called *hauteur*. It would be more just to see in these noble words a doctrinal boldness which is high and not haughty.

It is not for us to discuss here the doctrine of Boniface, but we cannot deny him a magnificent elevation of mind. It is permissible to fail to discover therein that exaggeration that certain enemies of the Church, certain friends of Cæsar, have found. It is evident that by those words—*Romanus pontifex super reges et regna constitutus a Deo*—the Pope did not mean he had a direct princeship over kingdoms in general, nor even over those which, like Hungary, were the fief of the Roman Church. But the Vicar of Jesus Christ distinctly affirmed from his throne that it was the first in the world, because it was the throne of Jesus Christ. He firmly believed that outside his own states, he was the final judge of all cases of conscience that arose between peoples and kings; and that is the meaning of those words, wherein looms a grand figure—*Sedens in solio judicii cum tranquillitate judicat et suo intuitu dissipat omne malum.*

Such was the entire doctrine of Boniface. He never ceased to keep before his mind's eye this thought, that he was the Representative, the Substitute, the Vicar of God. He despised himself; but the ardour of his love for Jesus Christ was boundless. He could not conceive how the throne of the delegate of Jesus Christ could not be the first of thrones; nay, more, he could not conceive how the Divine plan had raised, in the centre of the world, the tribunal of St. Peter, if it was not to make it the supreme international tribunal. The great soul of that pontiff, whom all mediocre men are doomed to misunderstand, enthusiastically rejoiced and exulted in pondering on the beauty of this plan of God's. God, thought he, who is sovereign mercy and peace, cannot contemplate without grief the distractions of nations, civil wars, foreign wars, and all the scourges they produce. That is why he has not, in some sort, quitted the earth: there is his representative who intervenes in all those distractions, descends into the midst of all the battle fields, who has the Divine right to stop the combatants, the Divine right to anathemize rebels, the right to decide peace, to inspire its spirit, to suggest its conditions. It is thus that humanity should suffer less numerous and less disastrous effusions; thus, thanks to this international court, that temporal security, and the salvation of souls are attained in the world. *Ad tranquillitatem corporum, ad animarum salutem.* Truly, the more we search into these doctrines, the more surprised are we at their harmony, their nobleness and their beauty!

The same day, October 17, 1301, Boniface wrote to the King of Bohemia, sternly reproaching him with having permitted the coronation of the young Wenceslas. "It were at least necessary," observed the Pope, "to await the decisions of the Roman Church." He concluded by recommending the legate to Wenceslas, and calling upon him to wrest from the hands of his son an illegitimate sceptre.

The cardinal delayed his entry into Hungary. He, doubtless, entered it at the beginning of 1302, and it is from that time the dates of the German chroniclers become exact. Nicholas Boccasino began by assembling all the archbishops, bishops and prelates of the kingdom. Peace—such was the sole subject of all his discourses, the only aim of all his efforts. This holy bishop, this lofty genius, this amiable man, in the most Christian sense of the word, soon became, by reason of this very desire for peace, the object of an incessant persecution. Wenceslas' party was numerous and powerful. The legate from the very first was odious to him. All Rome's sympathies for the son of Charles Martel were known. Blinded by their prejudices and their hatred, and seduced by the brilliant promises of the King of Bohemia, the Hungarians went so far as to threaten the life of the representative of Boniface. The Bishop of Ostia was forced to leave Buda and take refuge at Presburg. He was not long safe there, and had at length to retire to Vienna. If, like so many others, we judged men by the good or ill success of their undertakings, it would be necessary to admit that Boccasino had not shown himself, in these conjunctures, worthy of the historian's eulogy. But a Christian does not take success for the basis of his estimate. Considering his virtues and his merits, considering, above all, his efforts, the Hungarian legation was a great honour to the legate, Boccasino. Events, besides, were soon to show that the results of this legation were considerable. Virtue like that of our saint had not illuminated Hungary in vain; it was to reconcile to Rome all sincere souls. It left everywhere some germs of faith, of devotion. Charobert, himself, who awaited on the frontiers of his future kingdom the change of minds and events—Charobert himself—experienced the effects of Boccasino's legation. He had not numbers on his side; he had better. The most powerful nobles of Hungary were his partisans; sustained him with their money, fortified him with their counsels; then Boniface was there: Boniface, who knew not despair. The legate kept him informed of the extent and inutility of his efforts. Boniface was clear-sighted, and charged not his legate with a failure that no one could humanly avoid. Events are sometimes stronger than the strongest wills.

After Boccasino had passed some time at Vienna, engaged in accumulating, at the least, pecuniary resources for Charobert, he returned to Rome, saddened by the events. Boniface immediately

* "*Romanus pontifex super reges et regna constitutus a Deo, in Ecclesia militanti hierarcha summus existit, et super omnes mortales obtinens principatum, sedensque in solio judicii, cum tranquillitate judicat et suo intuitu dissipat omne malum.*"—Lib. vii., epist. cur. 78.

wrote decisively to the King of Bohemia to lay down his arms, and place his cause in the hands of the Pope; he forbade him besides to take the title of King of Poland, and bitterly reproached him with the conduct of the enemies of Charobert in regard to the Bishop of Ostia. "Our legate," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "came to you like an angel of peace, like a messenger of salvation. He has not ceased, however, to suffer among you, sufferings of body, sufferings of mind, which, in truth, will be glorious before the Supreme King, and which, if they have not produced peace, have, at least, produced good fruits in the eyes of God!"

Before leaving Germany, the Bishop of Ostia had solemnly summoned Wenceslas and Charobert to present themselves in person, before six months, at the tribunal of the Pope; in that he only expressed the will of Boniface. It is not for us to relate here the sequel of the affairs of Hungary. On May 30, 1303, Boniface officially decreed to Charobert the crown of Hungary. He had the strictest right, being lord-suzerain of that kingdom. But Charobert was not long king, except in name. On May 10, 1307, a new Bull was issued in his favour by Pope Clement V. The year following a new legate was sent to Hungary, Cardinal Gentile de Montêfiori; he succeeded better than Nicholas Boccasino, but without acquiring more right to the praises of posterity. In 1310, the Hungarian States assembled at Pesth, when, at length, the nobles unanimously rallied round Charobert. The prayers of Benedict XI. in heaven were, doubtless, of some avail in the re-establishment of that peace for which on earth he had expended so much talent, prudence, and courage.

The sequel of events clearly shows that Boniface VIII. and his successors had been happily inspired to take in hand the cause of Charles Martel and his son. Charobert was a great king; and Hungary owed to the Popes one of the princes who have most extended its frontiers, and propagated the glory of its name. God blesses the nations who obey his Vicar.

When the Bishop of Ostia returned to Italy, he did not find Boniface at Rome. The Pope had arrived at the time when great men, blackened by calumny and persecuted by force, hold their ground more firmly than ever on the *debris* of their hopes. It was in the middle of the year 1303. A network of treasons were beginning to weave themselves round the indomitable Pontiff. Nogaret, that sanguinary Tartuffe, by his work, underhand and more than homicidal, dishonoured the *fleur de lys*. That impious man went about everywhere, saying he would "finish the undertaking of Christ (*complere negotium Christi.*") To defend Christ, Nogaret enlisted brigands, notably, the celebrated Rinaldo de Supino, the mortal enemy of the Sovereign Pontiff. He had tried in vain to raise the Neapolitans against the Sovereign Pontiff, but there was no need of eloquence to decide Sciarra Colonna to try a *coup de main* against the enemy of his family. Sciarra got ready his gauntlet—we know the rest.

Boniface, seeing his palace invaded by a band of adventurers, of whom the King of France was certainly the invisible chief, surpassed by the grandeur of his last acts, the grandeur of his whole pontificate. He arrayed himself in his pontifical robes, and, tiara on head, expecting the result, soul and eyes fixed on the cross, mounted his throne. "History," says a modern writer, "has nothing but admiration for the old Romans, who awaited in their curule chairs the arrival of the Gauls; the action of Boniface was still more dignified and grand."

Jesus Christ in the Garden of Olives, was abandoned by all his disciples. Some friends remained by Boniface in the midst of his misfortunes. Two cardinals—two, only, remained immovable at the foot of the pontifical throne. Neither the violence of a Sciarra, nor the knavery of a Nogaret, nor the outrages of a furious soldiery, could turn aside from their outraged master those faithful servants. History has preserved the names of these two last friends of the great Pontiff: they were Peter, of Spain, and Nicholas Boccasino, Bishop of Ostia. We should have expected to find the latter at his post.*

It was the Bishop of Ostia who brought about the understanding between the Pope and the other cardinals. It was at the entreaty of the former legate in Hungary that Boniface mildly consented to pardon his enemies all the evil they had done him. It was also Nicholas Boccasino who reconciled all the nobility of Anagni with the Pope and his nephews. It was, thanks to him, that Nogaret's followers were kicked out of Anagni; thanks to him that Boniface was set at liberty, that the pontifical gonfalon was hoisted, and the standard of the King of France trailed in the mud. It was justice, and our patriotism need not be aroused by the injury, for, in truth, it was not the standard of noble France that sheltered Nogaret!

(*To be continued.*)

Godesberg—The Drachenfels (Rhine.)

DEPARTING from Cologne to explore the far famed scenery of the Rhine, the traveller meets with little to excite his admiration, till, having passed below Bonn, he arrives in the vicinity of the *Siebengebirge*, the Seven mountains, whose picturesque outline marks the entrance to that delightful region styled the "Paradise of Germany." Here he begins to realize the romantic loveliness of the Rhine scenery; and his pleasure is increased at every instant, as he advances up the course of the majestic stream, now

* Benedict XI. himself declares he was an eye-witness of the attempt at Anagni, in Letter 168 of his register. See also *Cornelii Zantfliet chronicon*, 1230—1461, in the *Amplissima Collectio* of Martène, v. 147.—Henri Rebdorf, quoted by Raynaldi, iv., 360, &c.

winding gracefully around the base of vine-clad hills; now rushing swiftly past the steep, projecting cliffs, from whose dark summits frown the ruined battlements of mediæval towers; now hidden away in the deep bosom of encircling mountains:

> "The river nobly foams and flows—
> The charm of this enchanted ground—
> And all its thousand turns disclose
> Some fresher beauty varying round."

From the ruins of Godesberg, known as the Jew's Castle, situated on an eminence a short distance below Bonn, there is obtained a very fine view of the river. On the opposite bank—

> "The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the dark and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of water broadly swells
> Between the banks that bear the vine."

The Drachenfels is the nearest of the Seven Mountains to the river, and is considered one of the most picturesque spots on the Rhine. The ascent is made from the village of Königswinter, and occupies little more than an hour. On the way up are pointed out the Dombruch or quarry, whence the stones were obtained for the erection of Cologne Cathedral, and the cave of the wonderful legendary dragon, from which the rock derives its name. The view from the summit, affording a magnificent panorama of mountain scenery, is one of the most beautiful on the whole course of the Rhine.

Marathon.

SWIFT through the portals of the crimson'd west
Apollo's fiery chargers seek their rest,
Bathing in purple splendour, as they fly,
The cloudless dome of Macris' scented sky.
The rocks in massive splendour from the bay,
Give back the wearied god's declining ray;
And bounteous nature seems in peace to smile
Upon the beauties of that favoured isle.

Upon her sun-gilt mount there stands a Greek,
Gazing in silent wonder towards the creek,
Where, checked by mighty cliffs, the Eubœan wave,
With madden'd force, the rugged shore doth lave,
From whence his eye, the troubled waters maze
Can follow onward towards the Cyclades;
When lo! far gleaming in the parting beam,
At once, a thousand hostile ensigns seem
To burst in dazzling glory on his view,
As, stretching wide the briny wave they strew.

Far o'er Ægea's island-spotted sea
A thousand ships ride forth in majesty,
Like myriad seabirds scattered o'er the deep,
Appears in proud array the Persian's fleet.
Rich with the spoils of Delos' plundered shrine,
Their warlike galleys spurn the foaming brine;
While high o'er all, the silver eagle's glare
Proclaims that Asia's proudest lords are there.

The astonished Greek awaits to see no more;
With terror's wing he flees the fatal shore.
To Pallas' dome his trembling steps he bears,
And with loud voice his message there declares:
"Arm! Grecians, arm! the tyrants are at hand—
The Persian fleets approach our native land!
Eubœa's mounts with warlike cries resound—
From cliff to cliff their startling echoes bound.
Rise! Athens, rise! brace on the avenging foil,
And sweep those tyrants from your native soil!"

From dome to dome the stirring summons hies;
From mouth to mouth a stern defiance flies.
"Rise! Athens, rise!" resounds the slumbering plain
"Rise! Athens, rise!" repeats Diana's fane.
"Rise! Athens, rise!" the madden'd Greeks prolong,
'Tis freedom's self that sings the glorious song.

Hymethus' mount, with glittering spears is bright,
Around its base the Persians wage the fight.
Proud sight it was to see their glittering band
Girt round the ensigns of their native land.
There flashed the Susian and the Indian spear,
The Bactrian's bow, the Median's sword of fear;
Here Syria's shepherd-sons have donned the shield,
And there black Nubia's archers crowd the field;
While in their midst, upon his ivory car,
Proud Datis sits to rule the coming war.

Fair in the front of Athen's patriot band,
Its sign of freedom grasping in his hand,
Right fearlessly the son of Cimon stood,
His eyes exulting o'er that living wood:
"For Hellas, on," the dauntless hero cries;
"Shame for the coward; heaven for him who dies!
We'll make these hills, through ages yet unrun,
Tell of the day that here Athena won;
And Persia's sons, whene'er they view this strand,
Shall curse the fate that here befel their land.
On, brave hearts, on! in front is glorious fame;
Behind, broods death and everlasting shame."

Swift at his words, with arms uplifted high,
Athena's heroes raised their battle cry;
And like the surf that frets their native coast,
Thundering, they poured against the hostile host.
Like falling snow-flakes on a winter day,
Their spears are hurl'd to gain the doubtful fray.
Ah! vain for human eye to scan the scene—
The terrors of that battlefield to glean!
There, raging onward, flew Chaldaea's spear;
With soul on fire the wary Greek stood here;
Wave bounds o'er wave across the living main;
Slain heaped on slain fill up the purpled plain;
And, loud o'er all, the vulture's piercing cry
Tells there of death and desolation nigh.

But lo! the equal fight seems changed at last,
The living waves of Medes are gaining fast;
And yet, though Greece her arrows pours like snow,
And hurls her spears in whirlwinds at the foe.

The stubborn Bactrian still maintains his stand,
And deals destruction from his iron hand.
Back falls at last the wearied patriot host—
The hope of Hellas and Athena's boast.

The Persian satrap, with a watchful eye,
The Grecians evil plight doth soon espy.
"Charge, victors, charge; one stroke and Greece is won,
Sardis avenged, and all your trials done."
With double zeal at once his soldiers try;
Parthian with Mede, Phrygian with Lydian vie,
Like the simoon across the desert air
Roll on those bands, allured by victory's glare.

Miltiades with rising anger sees
Each soldier slaughtered, as he frightened flees:
"Stand firm, ye Greeks! let each for freedom strain;
More glorious here to fall than live to bear a chain.
Let all who dare not fight for freedom fly;
Here must *we* win or here as nobly die."
His words pronounced with talismanic art
Kindle the hope of victory in each heart;
Back from the rout each Grecian warrior turns,
While in each breast the wish for vengeance burns,
And drives before him, 'cross the blood-stained plain,
The startled warriors of the Persian train.

Like withered leaves before the winter's blast,
They fly, as Hellas' sons rush onward fast,
Pale terror seizes on the hostile band;
The clotted spear falls from each trembling hand.
One moment's pause, and Persia's army fled
Through seas of blood, o'er mountains of their dead.
On, on they fly, in one commingled crowd—
The Mede, the Scythian, and the Bactrian proud.
Ten times a thousand corses strew the strand,
The slaughtered victims of the Grecian band.

A mighty host they left the Asian shore;
A vanquished few tell back the fate they bore,
While wondering nations echo the loud fame
Of Athen's glory, and of Persia's shame.

ALASTOR.

Marie Antoinette.

BY J. M.

PART THE THIRD.

UNHAPPY Marie Antoinette! the cross has been deeply planted in her heart; the world has changed its aspect, and life is no longer seen through a golden haze. A keen and bitter wind, "wonder cold," has come, and blighted every budding hope of her heart, and she, who was once the gayest, happiest, creature in all her broad realm, is now—

"A hungering outward from her barren life
For something like a joy."

Her greatest trial was caused by witnessing the daily and hourly humiliations which cruelly wounded the proud sensitive nature of the king. And oh! what grief is so hard to be borne as that of seeing a cloud of misery hovering over those dear to us, and feeling that all our great love is powerless to console, helpless to guard, from the stroke of evil? "Only the sorrows of others." Why these are two-edged swords whose strokes are mortal, and in all the bitter, boundless sea of affliction there is no wave so cruel and devouring as that which desolates the life of one we love. True woman as she was, the heart of Marie Antoinette clung more closely to her husband in his hour of trial, and the very faults of his character made him dearer, and more sacred in her eyes. Her high-souled courage never failed, and could she have aroused in Louis something of her own energy of spirit, the event might have been very different. Calumny, too, with its hundred poisoned tongues, was busy with her name, and the most absurd and lying rumours of her reckless extravagance, her heartlessness, her imperious haughtiness, were circulated and believed. Then death came and took her youngest first, her "little angel," as the mother called her baby daughter Sophie, and then her eldest born, the Dauphin, whose death was surrounded by circumstances peculiarly trying to his parents. It took place during the first sittings of the States General; and while Louis and the queen were feeling that "Life struck sharp on death makes awful lightning," the turbulent members of the third estate sent deputations to express their sympathy in those stereotyped words of condolence, which never yet brought comfort to the wounded heart. These men pertinaciously insisted upon an interview, though they were informed that the King, whose grief was excessive, could not receive them; but, forced to give way, Louis exclaimed, with sorrowful impatience, "Are there, then, no fathers in this third estate?"

Louis XVI. was still regarded with affection by his people; but, in the opinion of the philosophic, free-thinking mind of the eighteenth century, kings had become the symbol of "abuses which had grown enormous and hoary with age," and now the fiery torrent of hate, which had been accumulating during centuries of oppression, was about to burst its bounds, and pour itself out like a lava flood upon the unhappy monarch, whose life and character presented so striking a contrast in every particular to those of his haughty and wicked predecessors.

The States General, that great assembly, which had never been convened in France save "in days of national perplexity, when wrong abounded, and help was not," had met, and from all parts of the kingdom deputies arrived in Paris, filled with totally false ideas about the Court and the Royal family. Many of these visited the palaces, expecting to behold a degree of barbaric splendour which had no existence save in the pages of Eastern romance. They insisted upon being shown those of the Queen's apartments which were "wholly ornamented, as they had heard, with diamonds, and having columns wreathed with sapphires and rubies," and, being disappointed, they went away, convinced that all the magnificence existed, but

that the roofs of fretted gold, and floors of cedar, and pavements of jaspar and poryphry had been studiously concealed from those of the Third Estate who were known to be "the friends of the people."

Marie Antoinette had been anxious the States should meet at Versailles, where they would be removed from the influence of the turbulent mobs of Paris, and accordingly the great hall of *Menus Plaisirs*, capable of containing 2,000 persons in its area alone, exclusive of galleries, was prepared for their reception, the original intention being that the three estates should assemble together; a raised dais, carpeted with violet velvet, embroidered with lilies, being reserved for the thone, the court, and princes of the blood, the ministers having their place in front of the dais at a table covered with "blue lilied velvet."

On the right of the hall, richly covered seats were assigned to the clergy; to the left the nobles; and the centre afforded accomodation to the six hundred commons deputies of France.

The pageant of the procession was one never to be forgotten, as the three orders, people, nobles, and clergy, repaired from the Church of St. Louis, where they had assembled, to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to invoke the blessing of heaven upon the good work about to be inaugurated. The streets were lined by the splendid regiments of the king's guard and the Swiss; rich tapestries hung from the balconies, and a countless multitude of spectators—"one vast suspended billow of human life—with spray scattered even to the chimney tops," filled every available space as the procession marched in stately order upon its way.

First came the six hundred deputies of the third estate, robed in black, with short cloaks, white cravats, and slouched hats, a regulation costume which rather chafed them; but they consoled themselves with the reflection that although more humble in appearance, they far outnumbered the two higher orders put together. Next came the nobles, gorgeous in many-coloured velvets and embroidery, "rustling with laces, waving with plumes," swords at their sides, and wearing hats *a la* Henri Quatre. In front of these, as of highest rank, strode the haughty and wicked Orleans Egalite, the enemy of the queen, his copper-coloured, blotched face stamped with every evil passion. Anxious to conciliate the good will of the commons, he pressed on and mingled in their ranks, a flattery most acceptable to the people.

The clergy, in their ecclesiastical dress, came next; after them the king, beaming with happiness, and believing that now all would be well with France. The queen, the beautiful, ill-fated Marie Antoinette, moved beside him, her abundant hair silvered with care and sorrow. But stay! can that stately, silent woman, whose noble countenance wears an expression of rigid endurance, which she would fain conceal beneath a melancholy smile—can she be the beautiful Austrian princess who came into France a happy bride only a few years since? Aye, the same; but now sorrow—

> "Lies on her like an untimely frost—
> Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

And even her enemies might have pitied her as she passed into the church, to lay down her burthen for a while before the altar of God. After solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which Monsieur the Comte d'Artois and the Ducs d'Angouleme and d'Berri carried the canopy, all separated, and on the following day the Assembly of the States General was opened by the king. From the very outset, the provincial deputies felt themselves slighted in many ways, and perceived that a marked distinction was made between them and their colleagues of the higher orders. After the king's speech, which had been listened to with respectful attention, the assembly, which had heard him standing, seated itself; and Louis putting on his plumed hat, the nobles did the same, according to etiquette, and the deputies of the third estate determined to assume a like privilege, immediately put on their slouched bonnets, amidst cries of "hats off," which were replied to by "No; hats on—hats on." The king affecting not to perceive the disturbance, though he felt the humiliation keenly, uncovered, as if mechanically, and order was restored.

All know the history of the States General. The discontent created in the commons by the obstinate and fatal determination of the nobles and clergy to meet in separate chambers. The weeks of inaction, when the third estate enlivened its meetings by fiery speeches, in which the democrats indignantly inquired of each other, "Who and what were these nobles, representing some hundred and fifty thousand individuals, who refused to act with the chosen representatives of 25,000,000 of men—the great nation of France?" Day after day the public filled the galleries, identifying themselves with the members, applauding their speeches, which they repeated through the city. Several of the nobles and clergy joined the ranks of the commons, which was composed of a mixed assemblage of good, well-disposed people, with "philosophers," jansenists, atheists, metaphysicians, economists, and revolutionists; and after weeks of debating, on the 11th June, the deputies repudiating their title of provincial representatives, declared themselves the National Assembly of France, electing Bailly, Mayor of Paris, their president, and announcing that "they, and they alone, independent of the nobles, were henceforth entitled to interpret the general will of the nation." The news of this decisive step was received with raptures of enthusiasm all through France. The nobles were overwhelmed with astonishment and consternation. They appealed to the king to save the realm from revolution, by creating for them an upper chamber, like the House of Lords in England; and so counterbalance the power of the self-constituted assembly, Louis ordered a proclamation to be published by the herald-at-arms, announcing that he would meet the three estates on the 23rd, and that meantime there should be no sitting of the States General.

However, the members of the National Assembly crowded the passages leading to the hall next day, as usual, and, finding the doors closed, and guarded by soldiery, departed, burning with indignation, and protesting vehemently

against the disposition of the king. Standing in excited groups in the rain, uncertain what to do, and, some say, that beholding smiles of amusement at their discomfiture, on a few well-known aristocratic faces, they determined that assemble they would, in spite of all opposition, and they proceeded to the Old Tennis Court of Versailles, where, having procured a table, chair, and writing materials, they drew up the form of a solemn oath, by which they bound themselves never to dissolve their assembly until they had performed that for which they had been convened—namely, to fix the constitution of the kingdom, regenerate public order, and decide the true principles of the monarchy.

Meantime dreadful scenes took place in Paris; insurrectionary mobs paraded the streets; intoxicated men, armed with knives, guns, pikes—whatever weapon first came to hand; and women in whom every trace of humanity seemed to have been extinguished, accompanied them, shouting and blaspheming, and seeming to revel in pillage and bloodshed. Houses were broken into and robbed; Reveillon's great paper factory was burned to the ground; convents were attacked, and barracks invaded for the arms they contained. The Bastille, "that gloomy fortress of rock and iron, the terror of the lawless, was taken, sacked, and levelled to the ground, and where the mob expected to find indescribable horrors, they only discovered seven prisoners, confined for forgery, or some such offence. But the instruments of torture, such as are to be seen in the Tower of London, were rusted with disuse, and there were neither skeletons, nor dead bodies, nor prisoners grown old in chains.

The king had retired for the night, when the news of the taking of the Bastille reached Versailles, and none appeared disposed to be the bearer of the bad news, until the Duc de Liancourt, who was devoted to his royal master, awakened him to relate it. The king, starting up, exclaimed:

"This then is a revolt."

"Sire," replied the duke, with deep concern, "I fear it is a revolution."

All Europe resounded with this wonderful news, and the 14th July, 1789, dates the commencement of the revolution. In England, the university students wrote themes upon the subject; in Italy, Alfieri celebrated it in verse; in St. Petersburgh, the people embraced each other in the streets with joyful congratulations; and the President of the United States was presented by La Fayette with the ponderous key of the principal gate of the great fortress prison, which may still be seen at Mount Vernon, Washington having placed it under a glass shade. The bronze of its old walls was cast into medals and coins, and pieces of the stone were set in lockets and bracelets, surrounded with diamonds, and worn by the revolutionary ladies of the time.

How different might have been the fate of France and of Europe, if Louis XVI. had at this juncture acted with promptitude and energy; and, as he was advised to do, put an end to the insurrection by the strong arm of military power. But he placed too much reliance on the affection of his subjects, and, having declared openly that nothing should induce him to use harsh measures, that never by his command should one drop of blood be shed, he prepared to visit Paris without guards or attendants, and so put an end to the rumours afloat in the Capital that the king was coming at the head of 40,000 men, to wreak a fearful vengeance upon the citizens for the crimes they had committed. Some troops had been withdrawn from Paris for the defence of the royal family at Versailles, and it was soon discovered that the regiments which had been left for the defence of the city were not to be depended upon, as they showed a strong disposition to fraternize with the insurgents. Marie Antoinette, in an agony of terror for the safety of the king, tried to dissuade him from trusting himself unprotected to the mercy of the infuriated mobs of the city, but Louis, whose personal courage was unflinching, persisted. But well aware of the probable consequences of the step he was about to take, he assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion; and in case of any unforeseen danger, appointed the Comte de Provence lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Marie Antoinette seemed to live through years of agony during the long hours of that day, and felt convinced that she should never behold the king again. Her children never left her for a moment, the Dauphin watching from the window to have the first news of his approach. "He will return, he will return, *Maman Reine*," he cried, "he is so good that no one would hurt him." What a fearful day it was! one of those

> "endless days notched here and there with knives,
> A weary, wormy darkness spurred i' the flank with flame."

A day when, as some death or dreaded sorrow hangs over us, we seem waiting, listening for some horror that will freeze the blood, when though we feel God near us, we cannot pray, we can only cling to Him and wait, and then—when suspense is ended, and even *the worst* has come, the tongue is loosed, and we thank God that it *is over*. Poor queen! she had many such terrible days, but this one ended better than she had hoped, for late in the evening the king returned, weary and sad at heart. On the route to Paris, Louis had been escorted by the 1200 members of the National Assembly, who, dreading the lawless violence which their own insubordination had created, and which they now felt themselves powerless to restrain, and hearing rumours of a plot to assassinate the king, determined to accompany him. They were joined by a multitude of peasants armed with scythes, and artisans carrying bludgeons, until at length the cortege could advance but slowly, and seven hours elapsed before they reached the gates of Paris. Here the king was received by Lafayette at the head of the National Guards of Paris, and Bailly, the astronomer, and member of the French Academy, who was mayor of the city, presented him with the keys, saying "Sire, I present you the keys of your good City of Paris, the same which were offered to Henry IV., but he entered Paris as a conqueror, while now it is the people who reconquer their king." Louis felt deeply pained, though, probably, the words were not intended in any in-

sulting sense. The moment might have been turned to advantage, but for the reticent, timid nature of the king. Had he been possessed of more firmness and determination of character, the tide of popular excitement might have been turned by a few electric words, which creating a reaction in his favour, might have saved the monarchy; but of all men Louis was least fitted for the dramatic scenes which daily surrounded him, and with a heart full of love and pity for his misguided subjects, he found it impossible to overcome his nature, and remained silent and apparently apathetic while all around him were seething and effervescing with political excitement. Occasional cries of "*Vive le Roi*" were answered by the countercry "*Vive le Nation.*" The streets were filled with armed men, and, arrived at the Hotel de Ville, the king mounted the stairs beneath an arch formed of the crossed swords of the electors of Paris, which we are told was an act of homage paid him by the Freemasons of the city, but, as Louis was not a member of the sect, he could scarcely be expected to appreciate the honour or look upon the array of naked steel as other than a threat. But personal fear was unknown to the breast of the pious and devoted king, who only feared to do wrong, who shrunk only from acting with severity towards his unruly people, whose happiness he would have given his own to secure. Mounting the stairs with a light step, he entered the hall, and taking from the hands of Bailly the cockade of blue and red, the colours of the city (it had not yet become the tricolour), and placed it in his hat, the roof rang with acclamations, and when he appeared upon the balcony, the people received him with such rapturous enthusiasm, the *Vive le Roi* having at length the true ring in it, that tears of happiness swelled into the eyes of the king, and he could scarcely articulate "My people may always count upon my love."

The wretched day at length came to an end, and as the king finished the relation of its incidents to his family, he exclaimed, "Thank God there was no bloodshed, and I again declare that one drop of French blood shall never be shed by my orders."

His visit to Paris had no effect in checking the crimes enacted there, on the contrary his expressed resolution seemed to give a sort of impunity, and numbers were murdered in the streets. One of the ministry, the unhappy Foulon, was reported to have said, "If this *canaille* want bread, let them eat hay, my horses are very well satisfied with it." He was torn limb from limb, and his head paraded through the city, set upon a pike, with a tuft of hay between the dead lips, which his friends declared had never uttered the savage words.

The dreadful contagion of revolution soon spread to the provinces, and fearful tales of chateaux sacked and burned, and the aristocratic inmates savagely murdered, daily reached Paris. The nobility were flying with their families, and the king and Marie Antoinette banished from their court many who, being objects of jealousy to the people, might be at any moment sacrificed to their insane fury. Louis insisted upon his brother, the Comte d' Artois, leaving France with his two sons, d'Angouleme and de Berri. The Princes of Conde, Conti, Bourbon, Lambese, and an immense number of nobles and gentlemen departed, about fifteen hundred *emigrés* being at one time assembled at Coblentz. Among the friends of Marie Antoinette, the Polignacs were most detested, and, knowing their danger, she summoned them to Versailles and earnestly conjured them to fly. The duchess pleaded "the impossibility of selfishly thinking of personal safety while the royal family was in danger; how could she give up the governorship of the Dauphin and Madame Royale at such a time, and the duc, when others were departing, he surely should retain his post about the king" "I conjure you, by our friendship, that you go while there is yet time," exclaimed the queen. "You must not be sacrificed to your attachment to me. Our enemies know I love you, and their jealousy will not spare you." At this moment the king entered the cabinet, and calling him to her side, "Come," she said, "and aid me to prevail upon these devoted friends to leave us." "Ah!" replied Louis sadly, "my cruel destiny forces me to banish all who are dear to me. I have commanded my brother, the Comte d'Artois, to go, and now I must insist upon you also obeying me in this. Pity me, but go; lose not a moment, take your family beyond the frontier anywhere, and count upon me when better days shall dawn." Tears stood in his eyes as the king watched the parting between Marie Antoinette and this loved friend, and, with aching heart, he thought of all her trials, which had added a fresh sting to his own. And yet how would he have borne his without her help, her noble heroism, her warm affection? And, with a pang, he thought of all that this daughter of a haughty race might yet have to endure, she, who had never known grief or sorrow until she became his wife and queen. Insults had already been heaped upon her name, though he knew her to be the very type of everything noble in woman, and he almost wished that she also could fly, and thus escape the difficulties that seemed increasing and narrowing round his life. But Marie Antoinette had resisted the entreaties of her brother the Emperor Joseph II., and of other friends, who solicited her to leave France for a time, and Louis could not quarrel with her determination to share his fortunes whatever they might be.

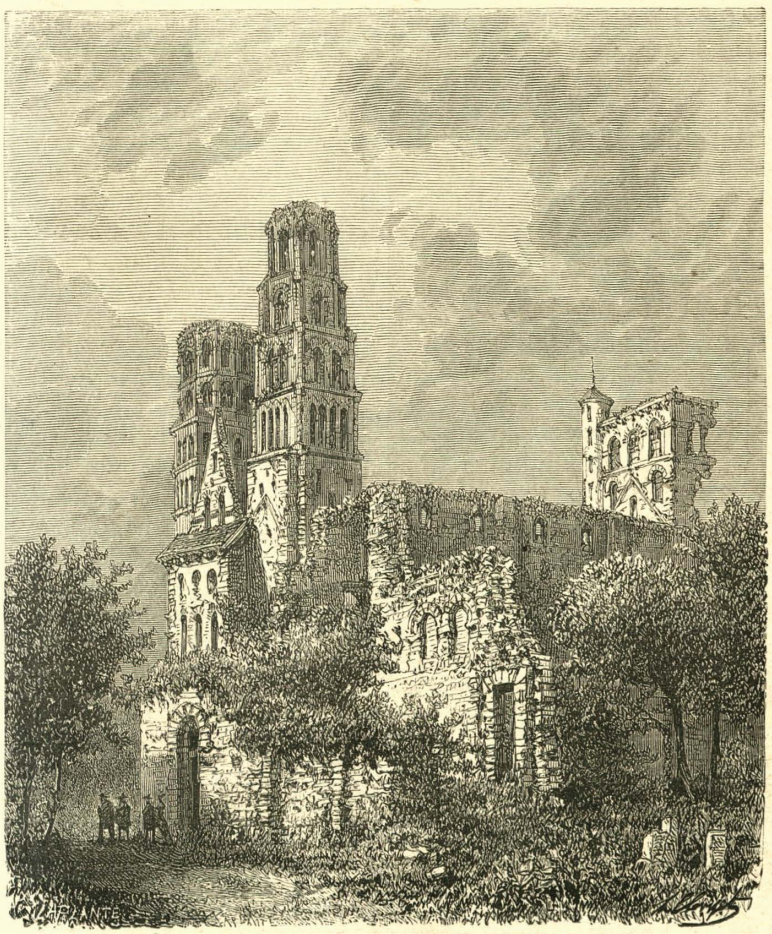
The flight of so many of the royal adherents made the position of the king more dangerous, and desolation seemed to reign about the Court, and the chivalry of France must have utterly died out, one would think, ere the country and its unhappy monarch could have been thus abandoned in their hour of need. Soon the queen begins to write urgent letters, calling on them to "return if you love your king, your religion, your government, and your country. Return, return, return.—Marie Antoinette."

The banquet given by the officers stationed at Versailles to those of the Flanders regiment which had newly arrived, was the cause of fearful excitement in Paris. All that remained about the Court of rank and beauty assembled to witness and take part in the entertainment, the ladies showing their appreciation of the toasts and speeches by showering bouquets, waving their handkerchiefs,

and, it was said, tossing white cockades (the Bourbon emblem) to the officers. In a rapture of loyalty, the whole assembly arose, and enthusiastic cries were heard for the king and queen to show themselves to their defenders. They appeared, and the hall resounded with acclamations. The band performed the pathetic and appropriate air, "O my king! the world abandoned you;" and carried away by the excitement of the scene, the officers drew their sabres and swore allegiance to their sovereign.

Next day a grossly-exaggerated report was circulated through Paris. It was said the queen had distributed white cockades that the tricolor had been contemptuously trampled under foot; that the officers had sworn on their sabre hilts to exterminate the National Assembly and the people of Paris. All Paris rose up, business was at a stand-still, the cry "To Versailles, to Versailles," echoed through the streets, and, vowing vengeance upon the regiment of Flanders, an immense concourse of infuriated people, seizing every weapon that came to hand, sallied out from the city. "If there is to be an insurrection," said Mirabeau, when the news of the excitement reached him, "let it be one in which women shall take the leading part; if they do not mix in it, there will be nothing done." And then began that most fearful scene, distinguished from all other riots by the name of the "Insurrection of Women," when a mighty surging mass of furies, scarcely human, headed by a gaunt, famine-stricken creature beating the *rappel*, and shrieking, "Bread, bread," rushed towards Versailles, gathering strength as they proceeded, arming themselves, and forcing all they met to join the hideous *cortége*. Conspicuous among these wretched, unsexed creatures was the degraded Theroigne de Mirecourt, who, later on, enacted the part of the Goddess of Reason, and was offered adoration by Frenchmen on the altar of the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame. Mounted upon a cannon, she advanced in the foremost ranks of the revolutionary rabble. Men disguised in feminine attire mingled with the crowd, the silk stockings and jewelled buckles of the nobles being seen to gleam beneath the coarse skirt, amid groups who seemed more ferocious than the rest, and more vociferous to force the king to Paris, and to spare none but the Dauphin and the Duc d'Orleans.

(*To be continued.*)



THE ABBEY OF JUMIEGES.

The Abbey of Jumieges.

THE Abbey of Jumiéges, situated on the banks of the Seine, about twelve miles from Rouen, was one of the most ancient and celebrated in Normandy. Its origin dates from the reign of Clovis II., from whom St. Philibert obtained the grant of a tract of ground in the forest of Jumiéges, whereon to found a monastery. By the indefatigable labours of the religious who accompanied him, the extensive marshes then existing in the neighbourhood, were drained, the rocks removed, the forest cleared, and the surrounding country rendered fruitful by culti-

vation. The community rapidly increased, and, a short time subsequent to the death of its holy founder, numbered nine hundred monks.

During the incursions of the fierce Norman bands, in the ninth century, Jumiéges was pillaged and burned, and the religious massacred. In 930, William, son and successor of the renowned Rollo, Duke of Normandy, undertook to restore the monastery, and in the following century the new abbey-church, erected in a style of rare magnificence, through the zeal of the prior, Robert, was solemnly dedicated by the Archbishop of Rouen; William the Conquerer assisting at the ceremony, one year subsequent to the victory of Hastings.

The schools of Jumiéges were of great celebrity. Several of the abbots were men of distinguished learning, and earnestly devoted to the diffusion of knowledge. Students of all classes flocked to this emporium of letters and science; the poorer scholars being generously supported at the expense of the monastery.

In 1793 this venerable institution suffered the common fate of the other religious establishments in France, and was ruthlessly swept away in the storm of the revolution.

Phases of Recent Poetry.*

By R. P. Carton, Esq.

IN the current language of literary criticism there are fewer phrases we meet with more often than the phrase, "the poetry of the period;" much critical power has been of late employed in the discussion of the characteristics of that poetry, and very many different judgments have been pronounced as to the place it is entitled to hold in English literature. Some have been enthusiastic enough in their admiration as to challenge for it a rank second to none, and to claim for its writers places amongst the great masters of English song. Others again, have, with equal confidence, asserted that all the poetry of the period "falls lamentably short of greatness," that it is deficient in all the elements which go to make up the best and highest class of poetry; and that not one living writer has produced a poem which the world will not, sooner or later, willingly let die. The recent reviews and magazines have been full of this discussion. In its progress much heat has been evolved, and not a little angry feeling has been aroused, and strong language resorted to. So far did the force of the onslaught carry one of the disputants, himself not the least distinguished amongst living poets, that he found himself removed from the cool and serene heights of criticism into the warm and unpleasant atmosphere of the Court of Queen's Bench, to be a defendant in an action for libel.

By the poetry of the period I do not mean the poetry, in general, of the nineteenth century. The early years of this century saw and heard a band of poets, as to whose places in our literature there can be no doubt or question. The noble verse of Wordsworth, the headlong genius of Byron, the vigorous and stirring romance of Scott, the wild beauty of Shelley, have won for them crowns which age cannot wither, nor custom stale. But the poetry of the period does not claim these honoured names. It is bounded by Mr. Tennyson on the one end, and by Mr. Swinburne on the other. It includes, besides these well-known names, many other writers, each with some peculiar beauty or merit of his own, of whom I may mention Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Rossetti, as the chief examples. It is not my intention on the present occasion to take either side in the discussion to which I have referred. I do not purpose to examine, be it ever so briefly, the qualities, whether of merit or defect, of the works of the distinguished men I have named, neither will I venture to gather from these works and to point out to you, be it ever so slightly, the characteristics of the school to which they all belong. I could not attempt such a task on an occasion like this, even if I could have brought to its performance the time and labour it would require; but there is one phase of all this poetry at once so striking, and of such painful interest, that I cannot pass it by without notice, especially as such notice will form the most appropriate introduction to the consideration of that one phase of recent poetry which I intend to be the main subject of this lecture.

Turn over the pages of any of the poets I have named, and one would be inclined to think that time had rolled back some 1900 years; that Paganism, with its longing doubts and dim glimmerings of truth, was still the only faith of a world yet unredeemed; that Peter had never suffered, nor Paul preached; and that the great Mysteries of Bethlehem and Calvary were things of the long looked for future. The origin and destiny of man, the meaning of death, the ultimate fate of our race, and the possibilities of a life to come, might have been fit subjects for a Lucretius in the declining days of Paganism, but they seem strangely out of place in what claims to be the poetry of an era which calls itself Christian. And yet this poetry is haunted and possessed by problems such as these. Take, for example, the "*In Memoriam*" of Mr. Tennyson. What is it but a long series of questionings and agonizing doubts about a future state? Is there any future life at all? If so, what kind will it be, and in what companionship will it be spent? Will the consciousness of that future life be continuous with the consciousness of this? These are the "spectres of the mind" which haunt the poet, and which he strives to face, but which he is unable to lay. His verse is full of such phrases as "the painful riddle of the earth." "Something in the world amiss, which will be unriddled by-and-by." He seems to look for the hopes of human perfectibility, not to the future of the individual in another world, but to the future of the race in this, and his idea of religion is conveyed by the comfortless assertion—

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

* A Lecture delivered to the Members of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union.

In his "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," Mr. Browning speaks of himself as being foolish for expanding—

> "In the lazy glow of benevolence,
> O'er the various modes of men's belief."

And his theology may be summed up in this: that all forms of belief are equally untrue; but that as all forms have some good in them, any of them is better than scepticism, and the choice is to be made by sticking to whatever form a man may happen to be born in. Mr. Arnold tells us—

> "Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead."

And sad indeed, when one thinks of his history, is the forlorn state of his mind, depicted in the stanza:—

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these on earth, I wake forlorn;
> Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
> I come to shed them at their side."

Mr. Swinburne boldly breaks through all bonds of order, religion, and decency, flies back to the gods and goddesses of Greece for repose and shelter from the difficulties which perplex his brethren, laments their dethronement, and prophesies their restoration in vigorous and passionate verse—verse perfect in form and language; but poor and degraded in its licentious blasphemy. Mr. Morris goes back to the same source, but he does so with gentleness and tender grace. Here is the task he sets himself:—

> "I sing,
> From what dim memories may chance to cling
> About men's hearts, of lovely things once sung
> Beside the sea, while yet the world was young."

But though he infuses a modern flavour into ancient and classic themes—though he presents them to us in verse always polished and musical, and decked with graceful fancies—the hearts of men are none the better, nor their heads any the wiser, for the stories of the "Earthly Paradise," or his later poem, a modern version of the Nibelungen Lied. There are themes more suited to the realities of our age than Bellerophon, or Atalanta, or Danae in her brazen tower, or the Voyage of Hercules; and though his latest poem is one of great power and beauty, there is little to be learned from how Signy changed shapes with the witch-wife, or how Sigurd rode to the "glittering heath," or took to him the treasure of the elf Andvari. Is then all our poetry so cheerless and sceptic as this? Are there none among our recent poets who, clinging to what Mr. Tennyson, in his newest sonnet, is pleased to call a "hoar high templ'd faith," strives to answer his question?—

> "If any golden harbour be for men,
> In seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt."

It would indeed be strange if the Catholic Church, whose vocation it has ever been to battle with scepticism, and to overcome it—a Church whose charge it has ever been to purify European literature from the taint of paganism and the canker of unbelief—a Church which has rescued art from being the slave of licentiousness, and made it the handmaid of its devotion—a Church which, for upwards of eighteen centuries, while changeless in its teachings, has been ever ready to supply each new want, and to meet each new emergency with the fitting weapons—it would, I say, be strange if that Church could not in our days find amongst her children some, at all events, strong and brave and gifted enough to carry on the same high mission, to show that the poet might be united with the Catholic, and that poetry gained a new power and a fitting application to the wants of the age which heard it when a Christian's faith kept its wanderings in check, and a Christian's hopes gave it its best inspiration. And, as might have been expected from the history of the Church's workings in the past, so has it been in the present. There has arisen for the first time, as far as I know, in the history of English literature, a school of Catholic poets whose poems are truly and essentially Catholic. In no way else could the mixture of irreligion and paganism I have spoken of have been met and counteracted; and so, in the midst of the infidel and doubting band who claim to be the poets of the period, are Catholic poets, giving to the world Catholic poems which, in strength and beauty, and imaginative power and graceful fancy, can hold their own with, and rival, the best productions of their better known contemporaries. I use the expressions Catholic poets and Catholic poems together, and I do so advisedly. There have been in English literature great poets who were Catholics—Shakespeare and Massinger, and, very probably, Chaucer; Dryden, Pope, and at one time, at all events, Mr. Arnold, certainly professed the same faith that we do. But their poems, great as they all are, lasting, as those of some of them, at all events, have been, and will be, they are not Catholic. So, too, there are poets whose poems at first sight seem to be Catholic; they deal so much with the history of our Church and her saints, her rites and her sacraments, her teachings and her influences, and all else that a Catholic is taught to know and revere; and they deal with them, at the same time, with such admiring respect, and so much apparently real veneration. I may mention, as the best representatives of this latter class, the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," of Wordsworth, and the "Evangeline," and "Golden Legend," of Mr. Longfellow. But if all these works, beautiful as they are—and I would be the last to detract from their beauty or merits—are closely examined, it will be found that the Catholicity is on the surface only. What seemed to be religion, is seen, on a closer view, to be the merest sentimentality. The touching rite, or healing sacrament, is valued not for its mystical significance or spiritual efficacy, but for its æsthetic beauty; the incidents in the life of monk or nun, or saint or martyr, are viewed only as opportunities for artistic portraiture or picturesque detail. It was reserved for our time to have amongst us writers who, themselves Catholics, have been wise and brave enough to allow their

faith and their religion to influence and to illuminate their verse, and for whom, in turn, that faith and that religion has shed on their verse a consecration far above the dream of the poet, and a—

"Light that never was on sea or land."

To remind you of the existence amongst us of these Catholic poets—to call your attention to their chiefest names, and to what seemed to me to be the most noteworthy of their works—are the objects I have set before myself in this lecture.

One would little expect to find the flowers of poetry springing up from the brain that thought out the "Grammar of Assent" or blossoming under the trenchant pen that wrote the "Apologia." And yet the first poet I mean to introduce to your notice this evening bears the honoured name of John Henry Newman. The great master of a prose the purest, perhaps, in our literature, unrivalled for its terse simplicity, keen in its remorseless logic, and barren of ornament even to nakedness, has also won for himself a position high indeed, and perhaps unique, amongst the poets of the 19th century.

The poetical works of Dr. Newman are to be found in a volume published under the modest title of "Verses on Various Occasions." Although some of the verses in the volume are dated so far back as 1826, no complete or collected edition of his poems was published until the end of 1867. We learn from himself a chief portion of the volume grew out of the religious movement, which he and the distinguished lawyer, to whom the book is dedicated, followed so faithfully from first to last.

In the "Apologia," Dr. Newman tells us that he has ever considered and kept Sunday, the 14th July, 1833, as the start of the movement. It was on that day that Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit, which was published afterwards under the title of "National Apostasy." From the date I have already given you, you will have gathered that some of the poems were written before ever that movement commenced, and long before the writer became a Catholic. But the spirit of Catholicity breathes through the volume from beginning to end; the longings after truth, the wistful yearnings after the faith, which colour the earlier poems, give place in those later on to a holy peace, a lofty devotion, and an earnest desire that others should reach the same safe haven that he had. In this book, as clearly as in the "Apologia," may be read the history of his religious opinions. I have compared many contemporary passages in both, and I can promise any one of you who will do the same, a study as interesting as it will be instructive. Let me give you an example. In May or June, 1833, Dr. Newman was in Sicily, and was preparing to come back to England, where, as he told Cardinal, then Monsignor Wiseman, he had a work to do. Here is the prose record of his religious feelings at the time: "Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for my journey. Before starting from my inn, on the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked me what ailed me. I could only answer him, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend the services. I knew nothing of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament there." The poetical record of this phase of his mind is kept in lines written at this time at Palermo, entitled "The Good Samaritan." I will read the first stanza:—

"Oh, that thy creed were sound,
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful gloom."

And it is not only his religious aspirations and opinions that are reflected in his poems. They contain a faithful record as well of human feelings and earthly hopes. Thus in the chapter of the "Apologia" in which he describes his leaving Oxford after his conversion, he says, "Trinity has never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University." You will find this same feeling recorded in the touching and graceful lines on "Snapdragon," written on the 2nd October, 1827. The most important poem in the volume, and which, I venture to think, is one of the most remarkable poems in our language, is "The Dream of Gerontius." If I were asked to give an example of what I meant when I spoke a while ago of a Catholic poem by a Catholic poet, I would direct you to the "Dream of Gerontius" as the most perfect specimen I know of. The subjects are of deep, universal, appalling interest, death, judgment, punishment after death, and in the end, immortal happiness, are the themes that are dealt with. These themes are not new to poetry. Dante, himself a Catholic, in the thirteenth century, gave us his visions of hell, purgatory and paradise, and gave them in verse, which the world admits to be a masterpiece. But it was Virgil who conducted the great Florentine to hell; it was his boyish love who showed him the path to heaven. The hell of Dante is the classic Tartarus, with Acheron and Charon and the ferryboat complete, and it is Minos who condemns the lost souls of sinful men to punishments whose types are the vulture of Prometheus and the wheel of Ixion. Far different is the treatment of the same themes in the poem we are now considering. Gerontius is not allowed to enter into the world to come save through the same dark gate we all must one day traverse. The judgment to which he is called is the judgment we are taught of in our catechism; his guide to the judgment-seat is the guardian angel, whose protecting influences have been round him from his cradle to his death-bed. The cleansing fires through which he passes to happiness is the purgatory of our faith, and the Judge who pronounces his sentence is no mythical Minos "grin-

ning with ghastly feature," but is the Eternal Judge of the living and the dead.

The poem opens round the bed on which Gerontius lies dying. Every aid that the Church gives its dying children is with him in his last hour. A priest and his assistants recite the last offices, and loving friends are round him, who obey with sad but willing fervour the touching request :

" So pray for me, my friends, I have not strength to pray."

As their prayers cease, he takes up the strain and spends his final moments in making a profession of faith, and this act of resignation.

" And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear ;
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here."

With such words as these on his lips he dies, but to awake immediately to another life.

" I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment, for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as if I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before—how still it is—
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering heart, nor struggling pulse,
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream—yes, some one softly said
' He's gone,' and then a sigh went round the room,
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry ' Subvenite,' and they knelt in prayer."

Then he feels that some one as it were holds him " within his ample palm," and bears him forward. Presently he hears " a heart subduing melody." It is his guardian angel, who sings rejoicingly the ending of his task :

" My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home.
For the crown is won
For evermore."

When the angel has ceased his song, the disembodied soul addresses him, and is by him instructed and prepared for the judgment to which he is being carried. This part of the poem, especially the colloquy between the angel and the soul, is, in my opinion, the most interesting. I do not know whether to admire most its delicate suggestiveness, its graceful but subdued imagery, its idealized scholasticism, and, if I may venture to say so, its accurate theology, I regret that the passage is much too long for quotation. The journey heavenwards goes on. Close on the judgment-seat the demons gather,

" Hungry and wild to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell."

And they chant a mocking strain of grim humour and wild power. After passing through various choirs of angelicals, all singing appropriate hymns, the soul, still guided by its guardian angel, enters the House of Judgment.

" The smallest portion of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement, is made up of life,
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually."

The angel then finally prepares the soul to meet its judge, and they gain

" The stairs,
Which rise towards the Presence Chamber, there
A band of mighty angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God."

The lintels of the Presence Chamber vibrate and echo back the strain, and the threshold, as they traverse it,

" Utters aloud its glad, responsive chant."

The angel then announces that the judgment is at hand, and, amidst the prayerful pleadings of the Angel of the Agony, the soul of Gerontius goes before its Judge. No attempt is made to describe in words the awful meeting. It is well told to the imagination, in the utterances of the soul after the judgment is over, and in the responsive action of the angel, which are thus described :—

" Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there, in hope, the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless, and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish till possess'd
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love.
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

And the angel takes it away and consigns it, as a precious charge, to the Angels of Purgatory until the day when he shall

" Reclaim it for the Courts of Light."

" Softly and gently, dearly-ransom'd soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost, through the flood, thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee as thou liest ;
And Masses on earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Such is an outline of this remarkable poem. Time will not allow me to give you more. I hope, however, I have done enough to justify the place I claimed for it, and to induce any of you who have not yet done so to make a speedy and full acquaintance with its many beauties. The stanzas, especially in which the guardian angel describes his mission, and nearly all the hymns sung by the angelic choirs, are gems of lyric art. There are many other poems

in the collection which will well repay perusal, and from all of which you will be certain to carry away some lesson worthy of remembrance, or some thought for the suggestion of which you will feel thankful. I would mention, as particularly worthy of your notice, "Our Future," "The Pillar of the Church," "The Progress of Unbelief," "The Two Worlds;" the sonnet, "Substance and Shadow," and the chorus, "The Elements." I part from Dr. Newman with one quotation more, a quotation which strikes, as it were, the key-note of all his verse, and which conveys a lesson which, in these days, cannot be taught too persistently or too often—

"Dim is the philosophic flame
By thought severe unfed.
Book lore ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts when faith was dead."

(To be continued.)

Hunyades;

OR,

HUNGARY IN THE XV. CENTURY.

BY

M. L'ABBE GUENOT.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LONG CAMPAIGN.

THE war was then about to recommence under the most favourable auspices, the confederation had been so skilfully formed that the Mussulman domination appeared to be in great danger; the crusaders, knowing that they were led by one of the most renowned captains of the epoch, were animated with the most perfect confidence; but at the very hour that the army was on the point of marching, an embassy from Amurath arrived at Ofen. Becoming uneasy at the reports that were in circulation, the sultan sent to make offers of peace.

Ladislas received the deputies in the same hall in which the Diet had met a few days previously. He was on his throne, surrounded by the magnates, and at his side stood the Vavoid of Transylvania.

The King of Poland and of Hungary, proudly interrogated the ambassadors.

"What demands the sultan?" asked he.

"Amurath, our master, has commissioned us to propose peace."

"On what conditions?" continued the king.

"The sultan, our master," replied the ambassadors, "will be satisfied with an annual tribute, and the cession of the city of Belgrade."

At this insolence, Hunyades grew pale with passion.

Ladislas, worthily maintaining his dignity, immediately replied, without giving the envoys time for explanation, "Go back to your master, and tell him that the day upon which we will decide to make peace, we shall let him know," and, with a majestic gesture, the young prince dismissed the ambassadors.

This haughty reply was equivalent to a declaration of war, and the Christian army, assembled at Ofen, was about to march, when disastrous news accelerated its departure. The Turks had suddenly thrown themselves into Servia, and had occupied all the country before the despot, George Brankowich, had had time to resist the invasion. Masters even of his palace, the infidels had seized on his two sons, and had pitilessly put out their eyes. George sent a courier to Ladislas and Hunyades, who imbued them with his grief, his despair, and his thirst for vengeance.

Having first solemnly implored the assistance of the Most High, the first division of the crusaders set out, and reached the banks of the Danube, where George Brankowich took the command.

The Despot crossed the river near Semendria.

Hunyades, at the head of twelve thousand picked horsemen, took the road to Servia, from which he drove the Turks, inflicting great losses upon them; then he laid waste the environs of Krassova, and of Scherchari, and advanced through the Mussulman territory as far as the very walls of Nyssa.

Ladislas, accompanied by Cardinal Cesarini, followed with twenty thousand men, at a distance of two days' march.

The crusaders' army halted upon the banks of the Morava, the Turks occupying the opposite side, and both armies diligently prepared for battle.

Towards the end of October, a few hundred Hungarian cavaliers crossed the Morava, in search of forage; being surprised by the Turks, they tried to repass the river, but the infidels, being more numerous, succeeded in cutting off their retreat. The soldiers of the Cross expected to perish, when Ladislas, returning from the hunt with a numerous escort, perceived the danger of his brave cavaliers. Immediately, carried away by the heat of youth, he rushed to their aid, and the Mussulmans, perceiving this new troop, fled, believing that the entire Christian army was in motion to cross the river, and the Hungarian cavaliers reached the other bank in safety.

At length, the 3rd of November, 1443, Hunyades, having crossed the Morava, a little above the Turkish camp, commenced the battle without hesitation, whilst the remainder of the army, in its turn, crossed the river lower down. The infidels, pressed on all sides, in flank and in the rere, defended themselves bravely; but their ranks having been broken at the first onset, the valour of the crusaders and the genius of Hunyades triumphed.

The sultan, who commanded in person, was biting his fingers with rage and despair, he had to yield, and retired precipitately beyond the Hemus mountains. Nine flags, four thousand prisoners captured, and thirty thousand infidels left dead upon the field of battle, were the results of this glorious day.

The Vaviod of Transylvania, without stopping, followed the sultan step by step, retook Sophia, in Bulgaria, and thence went on to Philipopolis across the steep, snow-covered heights of the Balkan;

but he had to get through the pass of *Succi*, where Amurath was strongly entrenched. This passage, celebrated in antiquity, and which still bears the name of *Trajan's Gate*, presents two defiles, the access to which is equally perilous; one situate to the west, and called *Soula Derbend*, or the watery defile, is closed by the gate that Trajan caused to be constructed there; the other, called the defile of Isladi, or of Ilatiga, from the river which flows towards the north, is of equally difficult access.

Amurath had stopped up these passages with enormous masses of rock, new obstacles added to the snow and ice; but the sultan had to encounter an army of heroes, and a clever and audacious chieftain. When the Turks perceived Hunyades' advanced guard, they, during the entire night, kept pouring water on the sides of the mountains, and the next morning, at dawn, they appeared clothed in an icy mantle; there was not even a spot where the foot could rest. At the first glance the astonished Hungarian cavaliers contemplated in amazement this frightful route, this terrible spectacle; but the Vaviod rushed to their head, his eyes flashing with invincible resolution and inspiriting confidence, he roused his men, crying out to them, "Forward! from the summit of the mountains you will behold the smiling plains of Roumalia spreading out at your feet; there all your fatigues will find their reward."

Electrified by the ardent words of the magnanimous chieftain, the Hungarians, in the midst of these dangers, precipitated themselves on his footsteps.

Arrived at Trajan's Gate, they rushed upon the barricade which blocked it; repulsed, they returned several times to the charge; but what could the most intrepid bravery accomplish against these masses of granite?

Obliged to retrace their steps, the soldiers, led by Hunyades, marched towards the eastern defile, the passage of Isladi, and there, on the 24th December, Christmas eve, took place a most dreadful combat. From the crest of the mountains, the Turks rained down upon the crusaders an avalanche of rocks, that crushed entire ranks, but, notwithstanding all this, not even one man retreated, for the encouraging eye of the great captain was on each, and he had said to them that in the evening the laurels of victory should decorate the cradle of the Man God, and they did not disappoint this expectation. After prodigies of heroism, and superhuman efforts, the pass was carried. From the heights of Hemus the Hungarian conquerors hailed the fertile plains which spread out at the foot of the mountain.

Cardinal Juliano and the rest of the crusaders, Ladislas and the Poles, following on Hunyades' track, joined him beyond the Balkans. The Christian army pushed on, without waiting to take rest, and gave battle to the sultan near Mount Kunobirza, in the field of Ejalowaz—it was the only one in which the king took part; he was wounded in the finger by an arrow—but again the Christians triumphed.

Amurath had entered Adrianople, leaving the command to Ali-Bey. The latter, taught by the reverses of the campaign, resolved to tire out the crusaders while avoiding to give them battle.

His plan succeeded. Ladislas, not being able to bring the Mussulman general to an engagement, yielded to the counsel of the officers who surrounded him, and sent Hunyades word to be ready to retreat.

The Vaviod, who had formed the project to carry the expedition into Roumalia, hurried to the royal tent to dissuade the monarch from a resolution which he considered fatal.

"Prince," said he, accosting him, "do you wish us to lose the fruit of all our victories?"

"It is impossible," replied the king, "for us to hold out longer in this country, the provisions will soon fail."

"Behold the fertile, the luxuriant plains which lie before us, they will provide us with subsistence."

"The ranks are thinning every day," replied Ladislas; "how can we recruit them at such a distance from Hungary?"

"It is not in Hungary," said Hunyades, with energy, "that we should go in search of new troops, but to Constantinople, where we are expected by Paleologus."

The king, disconcerted by these bold projects, asked the Vaviod to assist at the council that he was about to convoke to determine the question.

The officers of the army having then met in the royal tent, Ladislas exposed the situation, such as it appeared to him; the fatigue of the troops after a severe winter campaign, and the danger of advancing farther into an enemy's country, at the risk of having all communication from his own cut off.

The courtiers, a class who are never far distant from the throne of kings, strongly supported the king's opinion, and a great many officers added still more to his alarms.

The cardinal remained silent, uncertain what part to take. George Brankowich, the Despot of Servia, raised his voice against the projected measure. He pointed out that patience and prudence would make success possible, and even certain, and that the future would scarcely furnish so good an opportunity as the present.

The Despot's words were received with a murmur of disapprobation. They thought that his opinion was dictated by the paternal desire to recover his captive children and his principality.

Then John Hunyades rose in his turn to express his sentiments.

The flatterers lowered their eyes on beholding his severe and inexorable countenance.

The Vaviod spoke with vehemence against a retreat.

"What!" exclaimed he, "conquerors that we are, are we going to flee before the vanquished? After having triumphed over the ice and the defiles of Hemus, are we to falter upon the plain?" Then he bitterly denounced the haste with which a retrograde movement had been advised.

Hunyades' opposition deeply affected the council, but their decision was irrevocably taken, and, besides, they whispered among themselves that the valiant captain, elated by success, deceived himself as to the consequences of the proposed measure, and did not understand its wisdom and policy; but the future proved that the Vaviod had foreseen the

deplorable results of the error they were about to commit.

A retreat was decided on against his will. When leaving, Hunyades cast a long and sad look over the fertile provinces that he had hoped to conquer, and, at the head of his intrepid companions, he took the road towards the Hungarian frontier.

When retiring, the Christian army had to fear the pursuit of the Turks, and in fact Ali-Bey had followed them. But the soldiers marched so rapidly, and the generals had organized the departure with such order, that the crusaders reached Belgrade without disaster. Once there, they found themselves in a friendly country, and had nothing more to fear, and they continued their march towards Ofen.

At the news that the victorious army was approaching, the people, the barons, the magnates, and the clergy went outside the city walls to meet it.

The king advanced with uncovered feet, in compliance with his vow, and behind him walked Karam-Bey, Pacha of Roumalia, Mahmoud Tchelebi, and several captives of distinction in chains. Then came soldiers bearing the banners captured from the enemy, followed by the Polish army and the crusaders, while the Hungarian cavaliers, surrounding their chief, Hunyades, closed the triumphal procession.

When the Vaviod appeared under his shining armour, and his face beaming with triumph, the crowd gave expression to long and uproarious applause. The passage of the hero was an ovation; clapping of hands, cries, and indescribable bursts of enthusiasm greeted the illustrious warrior, the great captain, who in six months had gained six victories and destroyed 150,000 Turks.

The troops went to the cathedral to return thanks to God for their successes. When crossing the public square, Hunyades passed in front of the house where he resided when staying at Ofen. On the steps stood Elizabeth Szilagyi, and at her side her little son, Ladislas, while in her arms lay a little infant but a few weeks old, and who was called Mathias. When the Vaviod saw this beloved group, he stopped his horse and saluted the generous mother, who had wished that the new-born babe would be seen for the first time by his father in the midst of so much pomp. At sight of Hunyades, surrounded by this immense glory, Elizabeth was overcome with joy, and became so weak that she was obliged to lean on one of her ladies. The young infant, to whom she had but recently given birth, and whom she made a witness of his father's almost regal state, received there the presage of his exalted fate, for he was destined one day to wear the crown. When the warriors reached the cathedral, they joined in the solemn act of thanksgiving for the triumph of the Christian arms. The flags were suspended from the ceiling of the sacred edifice, and the coats-of-arms of the twelve Hungarian and Polish lords who had distinguished themselves in the war, were painted on the walls.

The religious ceremonies being fulfilled, the king divided the enemy's spoils among the soldiers, and permitted them to return to their homes.

Hunyades went into Transylvania with his wife and children. He went by slow stages, and the journey was interrupted by the homage and the transports of the population, who ran from all parts to behold the conqueror of Amurath.

On arriving at his castle, the Vaviod led a life of great simplicity. His time was divided between the care that he gave to the administration of his fine government and the education of his family. As clever a politician, as he was a valiant warrior, he knew, when necessary, how to descend to the smallest details. Nothing escaped him. Under his rule, the people were happy, because they were beloved, and that their prince sought only their interests and their well-being.

Thus ended the *long campaign*, so called, not on account of the time that it lasted, which was very short, but because in those few months great things had been accomplished, numerous victories gained, and immense obstacles overcome; results that might have demanded years, cost but only a few months.

Chapter X.

The Renegade.

Ladislas had scarcely entered Ofen when, owing to the league concluded by Pope Eugenius IV., deputies arrived from the confederated princes to the young king, who was the chief of the crusaders. Venice, Genoa, the Duke of Burgundy, and John Paleologus sent ambassadors to the sovereign of Hungary to announce to him that the contingent of troops that had been promised was preparing to join him.

The Pope also sent to inform the young monarch that a considerable fleet had assembled at Gaeta, to cruise along the coasts of Greece, and to prevent the Turks from passing into Europe. Then Ladislas and his fatal counsellors understood the enormous error they had committed in abandoning the enemy's territory after so brilliant a campaign.

The prince resolved to recommence the war, and with this object, he assembled the Hungarian Diet at Szegedin; the representatives of the nation having approved the project which was submitted to them, and having voted large subsidies, the king immediately commissioned Hunyades to raise an army, and to make all necessary preparations.

Ladislas was soon in a position to announce to the people that he was ready, and to send word to the emperor, John Paleologus, in order that he might operate a junction of his troops with the Christian army.

Amurath, however, fearing fresh defeats, wished for a cessation of hostilities, and tried to negotiate a peace, and the better to succeed, he thought of making use of the Despot of Servia, George Brankowich, whose dominions and sons were in the power of the sultan. The latter proposed to the Despot to restore both his sons and his possessions if he would second his views to put an end to hostilities. George hastened to accept this offer.

Brankowich was a prince with a venerable and majestic appearance, but who hid under a pleasing exterior most perfidious bad faith, and the most

detestable instincts. His grave and eloquent words often masked the most treacherous thoughts. Descended from an illustrious family, and already advanced in years, he was an adept in every sort of cunning and intrigue. This man openly expressed his contempt for God and the religion of Christ, equally with the god and the religion of Mahomet; he believed in neither the one nor the other; and these two creeds were alike the object of his derision. Interest and ambition were then the sole incentives of his actions; besides, George detested Hunyades, who had driven his brother-in-law, Ulrich de Celley, out of Hungary. Neither had he pardoned him for retaining some Servian towns that he had reconquered from the Turks for the common cause.

From the time that Brankowich had received Amurath's overtures, and that he thought Hunyades' alliance useless to him, he immediately turned against the latter, and checkmated all his plans. Having gained the ear of the king, he prevailed on him not to refuse the sultan's offers, which he represented to be most honourable; and he obtained the favour that the Mussulman ambassadors should receive audience the 15th June, at Szegedin.

On the day indicated, the head of the deputation, an apostate Greek, followed by a numerous *cortége*, entered the town. After several conferences, he announced that the sultan proposed to restore Servia to the Despot, to leave Wallachia to the Hungarians, and to pay a high ransom for Mahmoud Tchilibi.

The treaty, established on this basis, was sworn to the 15th July, in the assembled Diet.

In vain the Cardinal Juliano tried to dissuade the king from this treaty of peace, pointing out to him that he was not free to conclude it without the consent of his allies, after having pledged his word to them and received theirs.

Nothing would do; the young king was led away by the fatal influence of Brankowich, and blindly followed his counsel, adding this new fault to the preceding ones.

Amurath's ambassadors had but just taken leave of Ladislas when the latter received letters from the Pope and the Greek emperor.

The Pope informed him that the crusaders' fleet was under weigh for the Hellespont, and that the Turkish provinces in Europe were without garrisons.

John Paleologus wrote that his troops were ready, and that they awaited the King of Hungary to make a juncture with him on the plains of Macedonia.

On the other side, Scander-Beg was advancing at the head of thirty thousand Albanians, terrible soldiers, who, under their powerful chief, had just freed their country.

Ladislas felt cruelly embarrassed; he laid the state of affairs before the Diet, and had the letters read to them, when the most unanimous expression of regret burst from the deputies; with one voice they deplored this unfortunate treaty, so thoughtlessly made, without consulting the allies, or keeping to their previous engagements.

Hungary now beheld the forces of the other nations joined in the League about to appear upon the field, from which she had withdrawn. Was she to remain inactive, and behold them pass by with arms in their hands, without joining them? It would be a shame, an infamy, an indelible disgace: such were the reflections of the magnates, of the nobles, and of the king himself.

The Diet did not dare to decide the question, feeling that they were in the position of both judge and prisoner; so they sought counsel in this perplexity, placed as they were between the recent engagements entered into with the infidels, and that previously taken with the Christian princes, and which they had violated for such futile reasons.

Juliano Cessarini, legate and representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, and promoter of the crusade, was present; the deputies addressed themselves to him to solve the difficulty, and left everything in his hands.

The cardinal arose and represented to the Diet that Ladislas, being bound by the treaty concluded between him, the Pope, the Duke of Burgundy, the Venetians, the Genoese, and all the members of the Holy League, could not validly nor legitimately conclude another treaty with Amurath without the consent of the confederation.

"Secondly," said Juliano, "Amurath himself has broken the treaty, since he has not fulfilled the conditions at the expiration of the time appointed."

These reasons were peremptory. To satisfy all scruples, the legate, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, declared the treaty made with the Mussulmans to be null and void; and one of the most renowned Turkish historians judged so himself, since he in no way taxes the Hungarians with want of faith under those circumstances.

These words were applauded by the deputies, who eagerly cried out for war against the infidel.

Hunyades, however, took no part in the general enthusiasm; his clouded brow sufficiently expressed his disapproval of the judgment of his colleagues; and when the transports of joy had ceased, he rose, and spoke as follows:—

"Notwithstanding all that I have heard," said he, "I cannot agree with the general opinion. You should not have rashly pledged your oath; but since that act has been consummated, the peace sworn with Amurath should be maintained. The treaty in itself," continued he, "does not affect me, stained as it is by a radical flaw, which renders it null before God and men; what I wish to consider about is the position in which it has placed us. The peace has been solemnly proclaimed, the army is disbanded, the allies have cooled, and many will have already dismissed their troops by the time that they hear of your new resolution, and we shall then be alone to face the irritated Mussulman; these are the reasons why I refuse to share in your joy, and why I propose to hold by the treaty."

The Vaviod's discourse, attentively listened to, as indeed was everything that fell from his eloquent lips, provoked an immediate reply from the cardinal. He returned to what he had already said, and demonstrated that the treaty concluded

was an injustice to the confederated princes, and a treason against the Church. He spoke so well, and with such persuasion and truth, that in the end Hunyades was gained over to his opinion.

George Brankowich, finding his plans baffled, raised his mask, and retired into his states, full of hatred against Cesarini and Hunyades, and swearing to do every possible injury to the crusaders.

Scander-Beg, faithful to his promise, presented himself at the frontiers of Servia; but the Despot refused to allow him to pass, and had all the roads guarded. In vain the Albanian pointed out that it was a question of the common cause, that of religion and of their national independence, and that he, the Albanian prince, had never done any injury to the Servian chief; but George Brankowich was inflexible, and Scander-Beg, perceiving his duplicity, determined to penetrate into the country by force.

At this very time Brankowich sent an emissary to the sultan, who was joyfully received.

"My master," said the envoy, "has just left the Hungarian Diet; serious events are in preparation."

"From what side?" asked Amurath, surprised; "am I not at peace with Hungary?"

"The treaty is violated."

"What is that you tell me?" exclaimed the sultan, becoming pale.

"The Diet, upon the representations of the legate, has solemnly proclaimed the nullity of the act, and in a short time the crusaders will take the field against you."

Amurath, who had calculated on a year's truce, and flattered himself that he had tricked the Hungarians, became furious at this disappointment, and at having his plans disconcerted. Fully understanding the imminent danger, he enquired minutely about all that had happened, and the plan of the confederates. All that the traitor Brankowich knew was revealed to the sultan. He learned, at the same time, that Scander-Beg was preparing to join Ladislas; all this information caused him the greatest uneasiness. He felt that if the redoubtable Albanian succeeded in operating a junction with the Christian army, the war would be more terrible than ever. He ordered Brankowich's emissary to wait three days, at the expiration of which time he dismissed him, furnished with detailed instructions for his master, and sent a body of troops to strengthen the Servian frontier.

Brankowich did not wish to be only a traitor in miniature; neither shame nor religion restrained him; he gave himself up completely to the Turks. Gained over by the hope of Amurath's favours, he devoted all his cleverness and his influence to the service of the infidel.

(*To be continued.*)

Sonnet,

WRITTEN DURING HOLY WEEK.

I wandered in Scoglietto's green retreat;
The oranges, on each o'erhanging spray,
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day.
Some startled bird, with fluttering wings and fleet,
Showered the milk-white blossoms; at my feet
Like silver crowns the pale narcissi lay;
And the curved waves, that streaked the sapphire bay,
Laughed i' the sun, and life seemed very sweet.

Outside, a little child came singing clear,
"Jesus, the Blessed Master, has been slain—
O, come and fill his sepulchre with flowers."
Ah, God! ah, God! these sweet and honied hours
Had drowned all memories of Thy bitter pain—
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear.

OSCAR WILDE.

Genoa, 1877.

Allman out on the Seas.

By Rev. Thomas Harper, S.J.

Second Series.

No. V.—The Helmsman.

JACKSON—"Now, Mr. Browne, will you kindly continue your proofs about the supremacy of Peter. You see, I can't stay above a few days longer in Manchester; and there's the Infallibility question to be discussed."

Browne—"I will begin, then, again at once. You will have noticed that in the passage from St. Matthew which we last considered together, the name of Peter was conferred on Simon by the Divine Master, and at the same time the promise made of the supremacy: 'I *will* build my Church, and I *will* give to thee the keys,' *i.e.*, at some future time. Now it is a most important point to find out whether there is any record in the New Testament of our Blessed Lord having actually conferred this supreme authority on St. Peter. I think you will agree with me there."

Jackson—"Most assuredly I do; and I think I can guess what passage it is that you are going to bring forward."

Allman—"Well, I'm blowed if *I* do. I don't know even where to look for it, as the schoolboy remarked, when the friend next him asked him for a plum out of his slice of pudding."

Browne—"Just turn to the twenty-first chapter of St. John, beginning at the fifteenth verse. Our Blessed Lord had been crucified, and according to his word had risen again on Easter Sunday. The forty days of His stay on earth were nearly over—He was going to leave His few disciples—in about a fortnight the Holy Ghost would come and would constitute the Church. Now, if ever, was the time for fulfilling the promise which He had made to Peter; and, accordingly, He does so in the passage before you. I will not read it all, but will only quote the words which I want to call your attention to: 'Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? . . . *Feed my lambs.* He saith to him again the second time, . . . *Feed my lambs.* He saith unto him the third time, . . . *Feed my sheep.*' Now I would ask you to tell me honestly what these words—this commission, can possibly mean?"

Allman—"But, really and truly now, I don't see anything about a rock or a foundation-stone in the words."

Browne—"Certainly not; because our Lord has used another metaphor, but the idea is there all the same."

Allman—"I don't see that; a shepherd isn't a king, and hasn't got supreme power, has he?"

Jackson—"It's odd you should have made that remark. For among the Greek poets the word *shepherd* is frequently used to designate a king. Thus Homer calls Agamemnon, *shepherd of peoples;* and Æschylus calls captains *shepherds of ships.*

Browne—"And if you look to your Bible you will find that Cyrus, King of Persia, is called *God's shepherd, i.e.*, a king appointed by God to do His will (Isaias xliv. 28)."

Allman—"You're one too many for me, as the father said when the nurse showed him his new-born twins. However, I see that the word shepherd may bear this meaning; but the question is, whether that's the meaning in this place."

Browne—"There you are quite right; and I am delighted that you sift the matter in this way. It's just exactly what I want."

Allman—"All right; but mind, soft words butter no parsnips. I want you to put it clear to me."

Browne—"Very good. Well, I suppose you will agree with me that Christ means by His lambs and sheep the faithful, young and old, male and female, clergy and laity, for all these belong to the fold of God."

Allman—"I can't deny that, and no mistake. All who believe are Christ's sheep."

Browne—"Well now, tell me, what does a shepherd do for his flock?"

Allman—"Why, he takes care of them, he leads them into safe pastures, he keeps them from straying, and, as Christ says, when He speaks of himself as the Good Shepherd, he defends them from the wolves. Moreover, the sheep, as is said in the same place, hear or obey his voice."

Browne—"Quite right. Now then to apply this to the text before us: Christ appoints St. Peter to lead *all* the faithful into safe pastures, to keep them from straying out of the fold, to defend them from heretics and schismatics, who are ravenous wolves, and to teach them the Divine truth and the Divine will, to which the sheep shall listen. They are to follow the guidance of Peter, and are committed to his care. Is not this a true picture of the supremacy of Peter?"

Allman—"By jingo, that's wonderfully plain. How it does all work into one chain to be sure!"

Jackson—"I quite agree with Sol in that. But still I have a difficulty, Mr. Browne, as to the proof of St. Peter's supremacy from this text. Because all bishops are shepherds, and exercise the same office in regard of their flock which you ascribe to St. Peter. Accordingly, this Apostle says in his first Epistle, not only to bishops but to every priest, 'Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof' (1 Peter v. 2). And St. Paul says to the assembled priests at Ephesus, 'Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God' (Acts xx. 28). So that, according to you, all priests would have the supremacy."

Allman—"Go it, Charlie, my boy; that's a puzzler for you, Browne. You see, we have something to say for ourselves after all."

Browne—"Well, let us wait awhile. Did you

notice the words in both those texts? St. Peter says, 'The flock of God *which is among you*;' and St. Paul says, 'The flock *over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers*,' that is, at Ephesus. Their jurisdiction was limited to a particular town or district. But Christ said to St. Peter, 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep,' wherever they are, that is, the whole Church. I think you must confess there is a marked difference between the two cases."

Allman—"Done again. I say, Charlie, what's the answer to that?"

Jackson—"None, Sol, none. Mr. Browne is right, and my difficulty is scattered to the winds. There's no resisting it."

Browne—"Now, then, I am compelled by the sacredness of truth—the truth on which our salvation depends—to draw a very solemn and awful conclusion from our Lord's words. It is this. All the true sheep and lambs, that belong to the fold of Christ, are fed by Peter, are under Peter's pastorship, and listen to Peter's voice. If then there are any who withdraw from Peter's care, are not fed by Peter, and refuse to listen to his voice, such, whatever their professions may be, can never be sheep or lambs of Jesus Christ. For if they were, they would be under the pastoral care of Peter."

Allman—"Dear me! That's bringing it home to one with a vengeance. I don't half like it."

Jackson—"My dear Sol, the one question is, Is it the truth? If it be, there is no alternative, we must accept it."

Browne—"There is one point more I want to put before you both. Do you notice how our Lord clothes St. Peter with his own titles?"

Allman—"No, I don't. I can see well enough about the shepherd, because Christ calls himself the Good Shepherd; but what about the Rock?"

Browne—"Listen to St. Paul's words: 'They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ' (1 Cor. x. 4). So Christ was the Rock, Peter is the Rock; Christ is the Shepherd, Peter is the Shepherd."

Allman—"I forgot that passage altogether; but what do you make out of the circumstance?"

Browne—"Are you surprised after that, if we Catholics believe St. Peter to be the Vicar of Christ and call him so?"

Jackson—"For my part, I fearlessly answer, no. But now, may I ask you, whether you are prepared to offer us any further proof from Scripture; for I see that you are confining yourself to the Bible. Not that I would have you to suppose, Mr. Browne, that I consider the proof insufficient; on the contrary, as you have explained it to us, it is most convincing. Still I should like to hear all that you think may be drawn from the Scriptures in its favour."

Allman—"And I too. On my word and honour, I never should be tired of hearing what you have to say about it."

Browne—"It is quite true, Mr. Jackson, that I have limited myself to the Bible; and I shall have little to say about tradition, because I am not learned enough to enter into it. Besides, there are plenty of books written on the testimony of tradition to this doctrine. What little there is to be said, I shall reserve for another place. It so happens that this dogma touching the supremacy of the Pope is so clearly and abundantly revealed in the written Word of God as to render any other kind of proof less necessary. To my mind, after the mystery of the Incarnation, perhaps, there are no doctrines so evidently taught in the Bible as the three, of Transubstantiation, of the supremacy of St. Peter, and of his infallibility. Now for your question. I have no other direct proofs, but I have a considerable number of indirect ones."

Jackson—"Then let me ask you as a favour to give them to us."

Browne—"That I will do with pleasure. The places I shall refer to afford evidence how the fact of Peter's supremacy was practically admitted and acted upon. And, as it seems to me, this evidence is of equal weight with the other, just because it is implicit, indirect, and practical. For the sake of convenience, if you will allow me, I shall divide it into four heads."

Allman—"That's a bright thought of yours, friend Browne; for I shall be able to carry it all away much better. What are the heads?"

Browne—"Under the first I shall show that our Lord acted as though the supremacy of Peter were an acknowledged fact. Under the second I shall show that St. Peter acted in the same way. Under the third, a similar argument will be drawn from the conduct of the rest of the Apostles. Under the fourth, a like argument will be drawn from the writings of the Evangelists."

Allman—"Well now, I call that about as complete a thing as could be, if you only prove your points."

Jackson—"Will you kindly begin at once, Mr. Browne? I cannot tell you what depends upon it."

Mrs. Browne looked up with a gentle smile, which seemed to say, *but I can though, God be praised.*

Browne—"I commence, then, with my proofs from our Lord's manner of acting. In the seventeenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel we read, that certain tax-gatherers, appointed to collect the tribute from the Jews for the Roman government, came to our Blessed Lord to get the accustomed didrachma. Our Lord was then living habitually with His college of Apostles. As they were apparently afraid to confront Christ personally, they betake themselves to Peter. Now, why did they go to Peter? Judas kept the money. Surely this of itself argues that he was publicly recognised as the head of the rest."

Jackson—"Yes, there is very great force in that; it cannot be denied."

Browne—"However, I do not insist on that. Jesus, ever willing to show obedience to the existing laws, works a miracle for the purpose. It is to His words, in ordering this miracle, that I wish to draw your attention. Here they are: 'Cast an hook,' He says to Peter, 'and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money. That

take for me and thee' (St. Matt. xvii., 27.). I am told that in the original it is not a '*a piece of money*,' but the definite coin is named, *a stater*, which is just two didrachmas, *i.e.*, the tax which two persons would have to pay."

Jackson—"You are quite right. The stater is the same as a Jewish shekel; and the didrachma would be half a shekel."

Allman—"But what on earth has this to do with the supremacy of Peter?"

Browne—"Well, tell me, why did our Blessed Lord pay the tax for two? If He had given one didrachma for Himself and His Apostles, I could understand it, or if He had paid thirteen didrachmas, one for each, I could understand it. But why pay for two? And then, mark His words, '*That take for Me and thee.*' Why is St. Peter alone paid for out of the twelve Apostles? Why does our Lord make no mention even of the rest?"

Allman—"Eh! That's more than I can tell. Dear me! The Bible's not such an easy book to understand as people think it is, when it is studied thoroughly, as we are doing now. I give up. Can you tell, Charlie?"

Jackson—"Well, I should say that as St. Peter was head of the Apostolic College, he paid for himself and all the rest; just as here in England the head of a house pays the taxes for himself and family. Am I right, Mr. Browne?"

Browne—"It is exactly the answer I should have given. But is not that a most practical proof of Peter's supremacy?"

Jackson—"It seems to me a most important confirmation of the doctrine. Have you any other example under this head?"

Browne—"Yes, one other; which derives great force from the spiritual interpretation of this event in Christ's life given by so many of the Fathers. The story is told in the fifth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. Our Blessed Lord was preaching His Gospel on the shore by the lake of Genesareth. A large crowd had gathered to listen to Him; and as it kept on increasing, and the attention became more rapt, the people so pressed on to Him that, seeing two boats on the lake—one of these belonged to Peter—He enters into Peter's boat; and it is out of Peter's boat he preaches to the people. On this same occasion He works the miracle of the draught of fishes in Peter's boat still. Our Lord orders Peter to let down the nets; and when St. Peter, as well as his partners, SS. James and John, were astonished and trembling at the miracle, Jesus says to Peter *only*, 'Fear not; from henceforth *thou* shalt catch men.' Were not James and John also His Apostles; why does he make the promise to Peter alone?"

Jackson—"Yes; and if Peter's bark is recognised as a type of the Christian Church, and the miraculous draught of fishes as a type of the wonderful propagation of the Christian faith (which Christ's last words evidently imply, the confirmation is very cogent."

O Roma Felix!

By Patrizio.

I.

O Roma felix!—happy Rome!
Deep-plunged in foul idolatry,
Gods many worshipped didst thou see
Within thy city walls whilome,
And rule and hold unbounded sway
O'er minds that knew not faith's bright day,
'Till rose in heaven the justice-sun,
And heathenism was undone.
O Roma felix! happy Rome!

II.

O Roma felix!—happy Rome!
Where blessed Peter fixed his chair,
To thee that nations might repair
As to the pilgrim Church's home;
To thee that th' ends of earth should look,
And learn, as from living book,
What men should know from pole to pole,
The way that leads to life's great goal—
O Roma felix! happy Rome!

III.

O Roma felix!—happy Rome!
A beacon light thou e'er hast been
Amid the storms of ages seen,
As ocean waves of passion foam
Around thy hallowed, hoary rock
With roaring rage and shaking shock—
Oh! thou can'st never, never quail;
The gates of hell cannot prevail!
O Roma felix! happy Rome!

IV.

O Roma felix!—happy Rome!
Where, victims of the tyrant dread,
The two Apostle-brothers bled;
New glories gleam around thy dome,
As Peter, living on for aye,
All o'er the fold sheds light of day,
And those who love the darkness fear,
The good rejoice both far and near.
O Roma felix! happy Rome!

V.

O Roma felix!—happy Rome!
The ever-present thought of thee—
Remembrance ever dear to me—
Is sweet beyond the honey-comb;
Whilst o'er thy wrongs and woes I weep,
And see thy foes rush down the steep
That yawns beneath the scornful tread
Of those who trample on thy Head.
O Roma felix! happy Rome!

Events of the Month.

THE glorious Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father, on the 3rd inst., was celebrated in Rome with all the state and impressiveness permitted by the restricted ceremonial befitting the condition of personal bondage in which he is held by the crowned criminal who now holds possession of the Eternal City. Every day for the past two months, deputations of pilgrims from all parts of the world have been pouring into Rome, bringing with them addresses of filial congratulation and rich offerings of money, church plate, vestments, &c. An exhibition has been formed of these presents in the long galleries of the Vatican, and occupies a space of over a quarter of a mile in length. These gifts the Holy Father wishes to utilize by supplying poor missions with the sacred requisites for conducting the services of the Church in a befitting manner. The Italian Government, smarting under the spectacle of unanimity presented by the addresses of each band of pilgrims, has revenged itself by imposing a heavy duty upon the presents brought to Rome. It has already realized upwards of £12,000 by this "Blackmail." A friend of the writer's, who took with him a chalice of the value of £15 was mulcted of the sum of £3 as duty. From every altar throughout the world the prayers of millions of faithful Catholics have arisen, besieging the throne of God in intercession for the victory of the Church. The end cannot be far distant now.

For each deputation which was presented to him, the Holy Father had some words of welcome, of encouragement, of warning. One deputation, from an Italian diocese, brought him their offering, with a singular want of tact, in the shape of a packet of Italian Government notes. The Holy Father, always alive to a joke, took the packet into his hands as if to examine it, and let it fall suddenly on the floor at his feet. Then, observing the consternation of the pilgrims, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was only testing them, my children. When I was king, all the money I coined had the true ring of metal about it, but this you see——;" and he laughed with the pilgrims at the contrast.

To the Germans he addressed words full of meaning and of warning. He said, "Your nation, dearly beloved children, was subject to grave moral maladies, which the world knows, and which you yourselves detest. God, when he sees a nation infested with these evils, cannot avoid adopting the remedies necessary to heal it, and He speaks. God has arisen, and has employed a scourge, as He did so many centuries ago. He then employed an Attila to waken up the nations; and to-day, with a new Attila, He has awakened the generous German nation. This new Attila, who thought to destroy, has built up instead. He wished to destroy the religion of Jesus Christ throughout the earth; he has re-invigorated your faith in it. Your bishops have been deposed, imprisoned and exiled; and all devoted to the Catholic religion persecuted. But the Church is founded on a Rock which fears not ruin.

To the French pilgrims also, on the 5th of May, he addressed some words relating to the present state of Europe, which are well deserving of attention. They are remarkable as confirming those almost prophetic hopes which he has uttered from time to time, as to the end of the present persecutions of the Church. He reminded the pilgrims that the children of Israel had upon one occasion carried the Holy Ark with them on to the field of battle, in the hope that they would by its means be enabled to defeat the Philistines. But the Philistines gained the victory and captured the Ark. They placed it in their temple by the side of their god Dagon, but the idol fell to the ground a first, and then a second time, and was broken to pieces. Then the Philistines restored the Ark to the Israelites. "In our days also," he continued, "the modern Philistines have gained many victories. Having made themselves masters of the Holy Ark, they hold it, and place it beside the corrupt teaching of foul license, thereby to render it contemptible before the nations. Thus abandoned, our hearts place all their hopes in God. Certain it is that the Dagons will fall, and the Ark will work of itself; it will be delivered and restored to liberty by the arms of the Omnipotent God. Yes, God will come, and He will again make His voice heard as at the Creation, and He will repeat *Fiat Lux!* Then He will cause the Light of Truth and the Sun of Justice to succeed to the darkness of error and of unbelief."

These words, we feel assured, will be remembered in future days, when the evils which now afflict the Church shall have passed away—when Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, shall have been rescued from the hands of the sacrilegious enemies of Christianity, and cleansed from the iniquity which now defiles it. We may well be comforted and encouraged by these predictions, for such we consider them, of the sainted Pontiff.

One of the most interesting of the deputations which have waited upon the Holy Father recently was that representing the Catholic Press. About 400 journalists were present, and they represented the newspapers in all quarters of the globe favourable to the advancement of religion and the interests of morality. They each presented to the Holy Father handsomely-bound volumes of their journals, together with *obolos*, amounting to very considerable sums, and many rare and costly gifts.

The pilgrims were presented by Monsignor Parocchi, Archbishop of Bologna, who himself had been in former years one of the most distinguished journalists of Italy.

The Holy Father received them most graciously, and expressed the warm pleasure which their addresses gave him. He reminded them that it was when he was an exile at Gaeta, in the evil days which followed the outbreak of the Roman Revolution of 1848, that he had first taken the press under his protection. He recommended that journalists should bear fully in mind the principle of charity to individuals, while attacking unsparingly the false doctrines and principles of the revolution. He

urged them to be united in the defence of truth at all hazards, even to that of the shedding of their blood. He illustrated the advantage of union by saying he had heard that the Spanish *torcadors*, when attacking a bull, carefully avoided the risks of isolation, and advanced together against him "sword at point." By this means, he said, the attention of the enemy was distracted, and the assailants protected. He then gave his Apostolical blessing to all Catholic journalists, and he besought Almighty God to bless them, and to grant them the gifts of wisdom, fortitude and charity.

This speech appears to have given great umbrage to the Liberal and Infidel Press throughout the world. For many long years they have devoted their utmost energies to the spread of falsehood, and to the misrepresentation of Catholic teaching and Catholic practice. They have aimed at the destruction of all sentiments of respect for religion and the family ties, which are the great safeguard for morality and virtue, and now they find themselves condemned by implication in the praises which the Holy Father bestowed on their opponents. The *Times*, in particular, in an article remarkable for its tone of forced gaiety, expressed its extreme annoyance. The writers of that superior journal evidently apply to themselves the full weight of the censure conveyed by the Pope's speech. Well, we are glad to observe that there is still some sensitiveness in a conscience which we had been accustomed to consider as dead. After this there is hope.

The superabundance of immoral and irreligious literature which pours weekly from the press is one of the greatest evils and dangers of the day. Many a youth has had his morals tainted, many a man has been driven from the religious observances which he had practised from childhood, by the influence of the prurient literature which is chiefly supplied by the cheap popular periodicals. The only possible means of meeting this evil is by the increased circulation of healthy Catholic literature. It is a portion of the great battle which is going on between the Church and Satan, in which all true Catholics can bear a part, by inducing their friends to support Catholic periodicals in preference to Protestant or infidel ones.

There were circumstances attending the celebration of the Jubilee which rendered it more than usually significant. By a singular coincidence, the 3rd of June was also the 30th anniversary of the promulgation of the Piedmontese Constitution, and the usurpers of Rome resolved to take advantage of the fact to raise a counter-demonstration. Accordingly, a most remarkable contrast was presented.

In the Sistine Chapel, the Holy Father assisted at Mass in the presence of all the cardinals; of 190 bishops, who had assembled from all parts of the world to offer their congratulations; of the ambassadors accredited by Catholic nations to the Holy See; and of many distinguished pilgrims.

At the same time, Victor Emmanuel, the robber-king, was reviewing his troops in the new Piazza dell' Independenza, on the other side of the Tiber.

It seemed to be the battle array of the two great antagonistic forces— on the one side a few hundreds of old and unarmed men, strong only in their faith and confidence in God; on the other, a brilliant array of many thousands of well-armed soldiers, equipped with all the best appliances of modern science for destruction and conquest; an army whose leaders acknowledge no law above their own desires, and no principle except the right of might.

A remarkable and instructive contrast, but it is not without a parallel. We are not unmindful of that scene between the first Napoleon and Pius VII. at Fontainebleau, when the great conqueror, having seized upon the States of the Church, did not scruple to lay his sacrilegious hand even upon the sacred person of the Pope himself.

Napoleon was at that time at the very summit of his power; intoxicated with the success which had attended all his enterprises, and with the glory which had covered his name.

We remember how the vast edifice of dominion which he had built up, began, from that moment, to crumble away, stone by stone. How his veteran legions, who had been accustomed hitherto to carry all before them in their victorious career, had now to be initiated in the tactics of retreat. Finally, how he himself, the modern Cæsar—the man who had dreamed of conquests, and of an empire greater than those of Alexander—ended his days on the lonely rock of St. Helena, as a prisoner of the power he had affected to despise.

And the same fate which happened to the greater robber, will assuredly befall the smaller one who now harrasses the Church in Italy.

The significance of the recent pilgrimages of Rome has not been lost upon the enemies of the Church. The phenomenon of the universality to the movement has excited wonder and dismay among the ranks of the Liberal party. In no nation under heaven can such perfect unity of sentiment be found as that which produces the addresses of every deputation of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The Liberal newspapers of Europe have come at last to recognise the fact that what they had formerly called Ultramontanism was only another name for Catholicity. The *Times* bitterly bewailed this discovery in a recent article, and gave vent to its feelings in the following words: "That which is known as Ultramontanism is really anti-nationalism. It is a refusal to allow the national forces of race, blood, and language to have their full sway, and a determination to bend them all, if possible, to an ecclesiastical purpose."

The revolutionists of Europe have been foolishly clamouring for the last ninety years for an ideal form of government. In order to attain this Utopia, they have spilt the blood of hundreds of thousands of their fellow countrymen, with the result generally of placing themselves under the sway of a worse despot than the one they had overthrown. Their aspirations after liberty, equality, and fraternity were incapable of realization by the means which they employed to attain them. They are realizable only in the Church, and are indeed the certain result of an obedience to her precepts.

The happy Jubilee of the Holy Father's Episcopate has been the means of giving the Catholics of the whole world an opportunity of making, in the

first place, a profession of faith and of loyalty to the Head of the Church; and in the second place of recording their most emphatic protest against the oppression and the spoliation of which he has been the object.

THE dismissal of M. Jules Simon, the leader of the Liberal Ministry in France, has raised a storm of indignation among the anti-Catholic party in Europe. All lovers of law and order, however, throughout the world must rejoice at the bravery of Marshal MacMahon in thus punishing the man who dared, from the rostrum in the French Chambers, to give the lie direct to the assertion of the Holy Father. The Duc de Broglie, who has distinguished himself as a defender of the Church and of Catholic interests in former years, has consented to form a cabinet, and the parliament was prorogued for a month. A measure so strong and so decided as this was quite unlooked for by the revolutionary party, and has given rise to much excitement. The President of the Paris Municipal Council, M. Bonnet Duverdier, forgetting the respect due to the lawful head of the state, ventured to attack the marshal at a public dinner in a revolutionary speech. Among other things he said:—

"The imbecile marshal will soon be placed at the bar of the people to answer for his crime. We are governed by old fogies, black gowns, and swashbucklers. We must commence by slaying Marshal MacMahon and his government; then we shall turn attention to the enemy. Every means of warfare is legitimate."

After a speech so calculated as this was to excite the revolutionary passions of the Parisians, it was scarcely to be wondered at that M. Bonnet Duverdier has been arrested and condemned to a short imprisonment. The marshal has declared officially, and with much emphasis, that he is determined to maintain the *statu quo* at all risks, until the term of his presidentship shall have expired. This will be in 1880. It is to be hoped that by that date the Catholics of France, who are so powerful numerically, will have thrown off their inertia, and have united into a firm phalanx in defence of their principles.

On the 16th of June the Chambers re-assembled, and the Duc de Broglie read a message from the marshal to the senate, in which he announced his intention of dissolving the parliament. He intimated that his reason for taking this step was the aggressive action of the revolutionary Left.

"France," he said, "like me, desires to maintain intact the institutions which govern us. She desires, as much as I, that these institutions should not be disfigured by the action of Radicalism. She does not desire that in 1880, the day when the constitutional laws may be revised, everything should be prepared beforehand for the disorganization of all the moral and material forces of the country."

The scene in the Chamber of Deputies, when the marshal's intention was announced there, was one which recalled the fierce and tumultuous assemblies of the first, second, and third revolutions. The deputies shrieked and yelled, shook their fists at one another, and, in fact, behaved in a manner which suggested a mob of lunatics. M. Gambetta, the leader of that fierce democracy, made a powerful and defiant speech, which seemed at one time about to provoke a general battle between the Left and Right. The next two months will be an important time for the destiny of France, and the interests of the Church. Upon the hustings will be fought the battle which is to decide whether France is to be a friend or an enemy of Catholicity in the coming struggle.

IT is very curious and instructive to notice the unconscious evidences of sympathy with everything and everybody anti-Christian which are shown by Protestants. It matters not how bad the character of a man may be, or how horrible the doctrines which he may teach, if he be but bold enough to attack any doctrine of Christianity. There has actually been held a meeting in Exeter Hall, to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the Condemnation of Wycliffe by the Pope for heretical doctrines taught by him while acting as parish priest at Lutterworth. At this meeting the Protestant Bishop of Meath took a prominent part, and eulogized Wycliffe in terms which he would not think of applying to any of the great men faithful to the Church who preceded or followed him. Let but Professor Tyndall, or Huxley, or Darwin, express their scepticism of any Christian dogma, and the daily and weekly press re-echo with praises of their boldness and enlightenment.

WE have heard much of late concerning the wonderful tolerance shown by the Turkish Government to its Christian subjects. A gentleman living at Odessa has sent home the following striking illustration of the spirit with which this tolerance is shown. He says:—

"Here is the copy of a certificate, or permission to bury a Christian, granted by a certain Hadi of Mardin, and the friends of every Christian dying on Turkish soil have to be armed with a similar document before committing the ashes of their co-religionist to the grave:—

"'We certify to the Priests of the Church of Mary, that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcass of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed under ground. (Sealed) El Said Mehurrad Faizi. A.H. 1271—Regib.'"

THE committee appointed for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral have decided to commence with the decoration of the interior of the dome. It is to be embellished with pictures representing the principal events of the life of St. Paul, executed in mosaics composed of gilt and coloured glass, at a cost of £40,000. At this rate the cathedral will cost upwards of two millions sterling before it is finished. A more sensible mode of procedure would be to commence by clearing out the unsightly monuments which cumber the side aisles, and mar the symmetry of the building. As many of the personages glorified in this manner were distinguished in their lives by notorious profligacy, and by openly avowed infidelity, it would show more taste to collect their monuments into some Walhalla which should not be a place of worship.

A. J. D.