



The City of the Seven Hills

H. Graham Guinness, D.D.

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BY

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PREFACE.

THIS book, though a poem, is not of an unpractical nature. It is intended to be just the reverse. It deals with a great subject. Its theme is a power which in one or other of its forms has mightily influenced the leading races of mankind for twenty-five centuries—a power which still governs, or rather mis-governs to their infinite injury—two hundred millions of our fellow-creatures. Can such a subject be unpractical? Do we not rather need to gain fresh and vivid impressions of such a power? It has had, and still has, to do with the peace and prosperity of many nations, as well as with the eternal salvation of individuals. God has allowed it to bulk largely in the pages of prophecy, and its history is that of the very sphere and arena in which the great work of Redemption has so far been

wrought out, and in which it is still being carried on to its glorious completion. In studying this subject we meet with the greatest episodes of all history —the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Christ, the acts of the Apostles, the miracle of Pentecost, the tragedy of the fall of Jerusalem and of the dispersion of the Jewish people; the birth and spread of the Christian religion, and the growth, apostacy, and reformation of the Church—events unparalleled for commanding interest and for their far-reaching results. The story of Rome, Pagan and Papal, has in it all the elements of sublimest drama. It presents one long and bitter conflict between the powers of good and evil—a conflict whose end, though certain, is not yet, and in which we are personally interested. On a vast and varied stage it exhibits the actings of God, of man, and of Satan, in a great and age-long warfare. The story is a complicated one. It fills countless volumes of history in many languages, while existing buildings, sculptures, pictures, monuments, and coins illustrate its innumerable episodes. Yet Inspiration has con-

densed it all into a few mystic and marvellous hieroglyphics, which are described by the prophet Daniel and by the apostle John, to whom they were shown. Guided by this Divine epitome, these pages recall in briefest outline the main incidents of the fateful story. In their high lights and deep shadows, in their striking contrasts and dramatic unity, these lend themselves most naturally to the poetic form in which I have here presented them. But the sketch is no merely imaginative one. The outline is accurately historic, and the very details are often sketched from life and personal observation.

Twenty-one years ago, standing breast-deep in the ashes of the martyrs when the Quemadero, or burning place of the Inquisition, was accidentally laid open at Madrid, I wrote the first penned lines of this poem (pp. 119-123). Later on I visited the vales of Lucerna, Angroagna and Pra-del-tor, the scenes of the awful massacres described on pp. 51, 52. Never shall I forget my subsequent interview with the Inquisitors in their "Holy Office" at Rome—the suggestive precincts, the proud and portly chief

in his Dominican attire with cowl and cross ; his domineering tone and stentorian voice ; his rigid right arm, and the tyrannic principles which he sternly enunciated.

“Furrowed was his brow
And firm his mouth—I think I see him now,”

and hear again the *semper eadem* of his reply to my inquiry, whether Rome had in anywise changed her persecuting principles ! The lines on the Catacombs and the Coliseum were written on the spots to which they refer, and those on St. Peter’s under its imposing dome. The confessional scene was sketched in St. Mark’s, Venice, and the victims of the Mexican Inquisition are drawn from what I saw in that country. It was in the city of Mexico that I procured the photograph re-produced on page 160, and I am glad of the opportunity of publishing it in this volume. My knowledge of Popery and its practices is not derived from study merely. I have preached the Gospel in Roman Catholic countries, in Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy, and have witnessed the

state of things produced by Romanism. History in connection with prophecy has long been a special research with me. I have waded through many volumes of martyrology in various languages; and the records have produced on my convictions the profoundest impression. The Papal medal, commemorative of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, represented on page 221, is in my possession, with other relics of the martyrs. It is perhaps too often forgotten that England itself has martyr memorials enough to forbid that its sons and daughters should ever forget the tragic story of old. The soil of these islands is sacred through martyr blood. Oh, never may the light kindled by the sacrifice of our noble English and Scottish reformers be quenched afresh by the Papal superstition which slew them! Let us "remember those who have been the guides," whose faith we are commanded to follow, considering the end of their conversation, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The urgent need of Protestant testimony in the present day is undeniable. That this Poem may

meet in part this need, and open the eyes of many in England, in America, and in the Colonies to the character and doom of Popery, while deepening their grateful attachment to the Gospel, is the earnest desire and hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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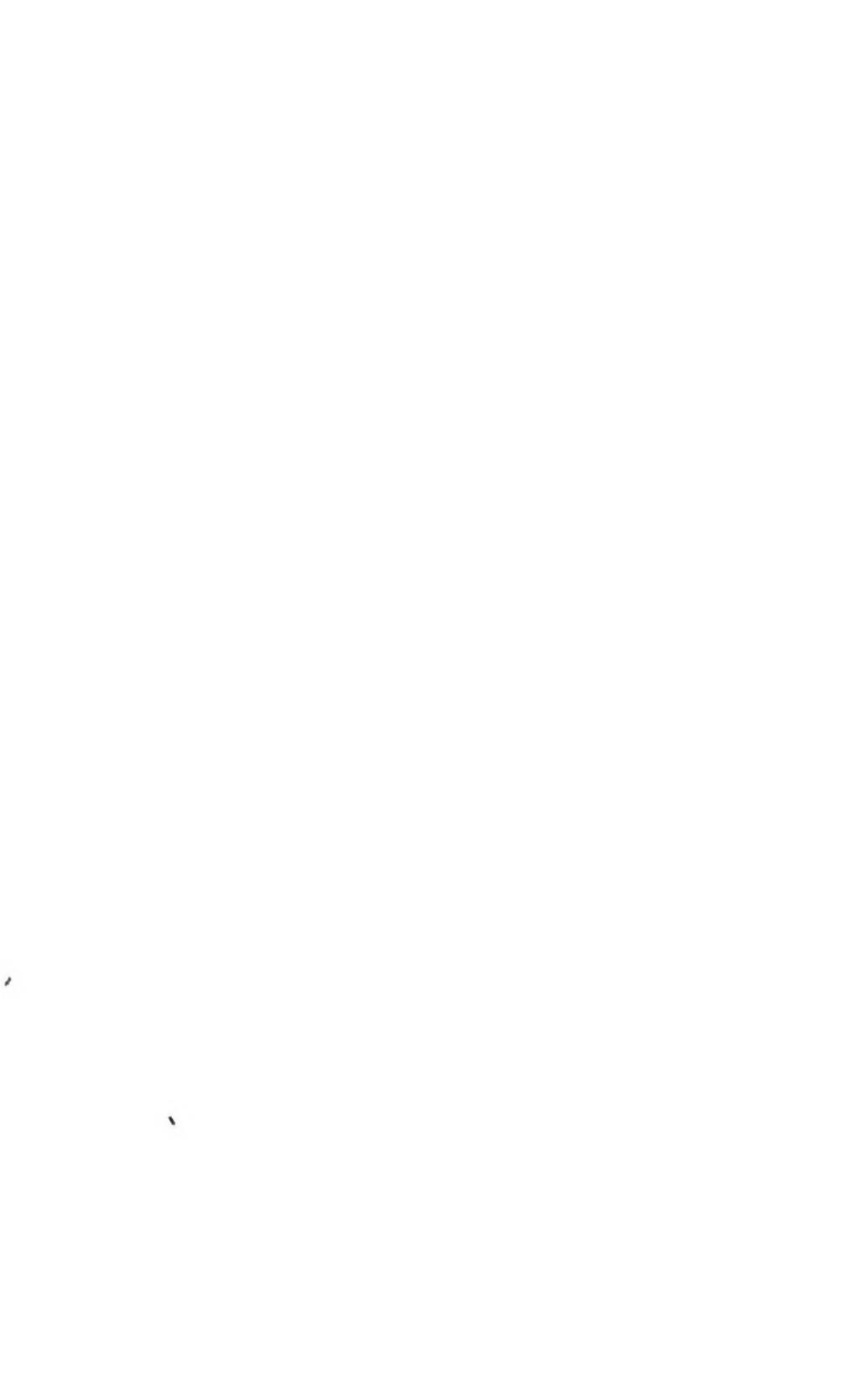
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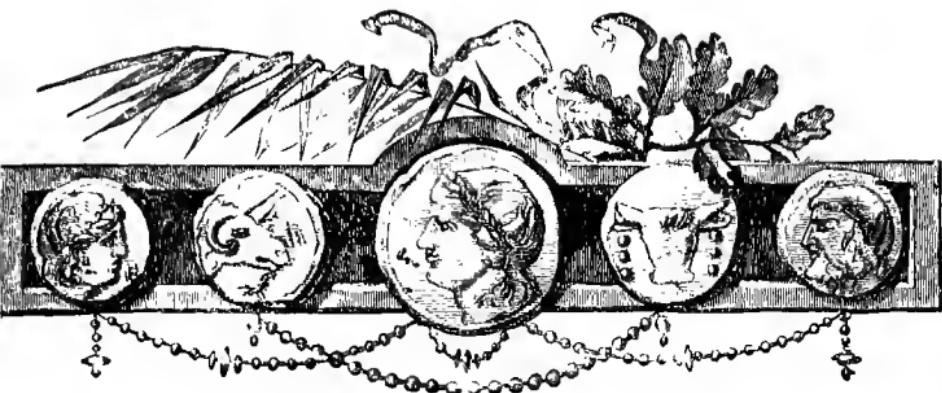
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CHAPTER I.

ROME PAGAN.

BENEATH the azure of the southern skies
A thousand palaces and temples rise ;
The seven-hilled city,¹ seated on her
throne,
Looks o'er the world 'she governed once
alone ;
And in her ruins, glorious to the last,
Recalls the memory of the mighty past !
Dim through the vista of departed years
The vision of her lowly birth appears :
The settlers rude, the coarse and crouching walls,
The narrow huts, where now historic halls

¹ See note I, p. 191.

Are standing in their splendour. Rome was then
A camp of wolfish warriors, lawless men,
Who tore the Sabines' daughters from their arms,
And threw by plunder, 'mid the wild alarms
Of sanguinary strife. As rudely grows
The bramble by the wayside, thus she rose ;
The near barbaric tribes, together bound,
In her their order, strength, and safety found.

* *

The changeful story of the Latin race
It is not ours from step to step to trace ;
The rule of kings and consuls, and the strife
Which stirred Patrician and Plebeian life ;
How Servius reared the walls on every side,
And hated Tarquin perished in his pride ;
Or how with Samnites and Cis-alpine Gaul
The Romans fought, and rose from every fall,
Till, nursed in conflicts, they became at length
A people of unconquerable strength.

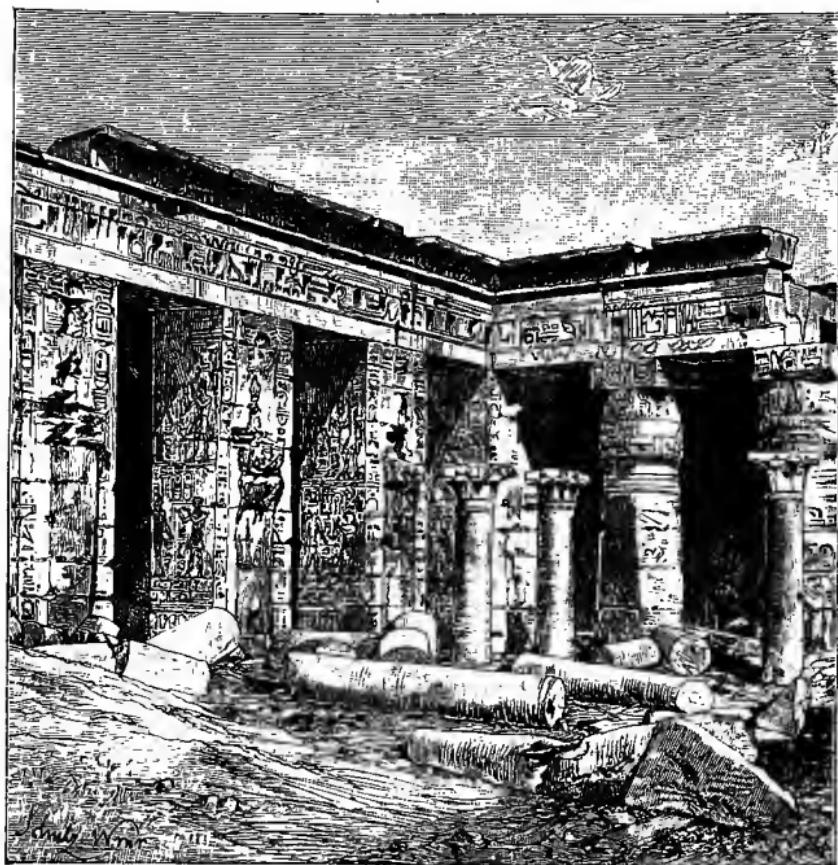
* *

Across the bosom of the smiling sea
Which laves the southern shores of Italy,

Beyond its boundary of level blue,
Where sails the fisher's boat till lost to view,
The stately palms of Africa arise,
And sun their verdure in unclouded skies.
There ancient Carthage, mistress of the seas,
Unfurled her silken banners to the breeze,
Upreared her palaces, amassed her gold,
And lived in stately luxury untold.
In Sicily the Punic strife began,
In which the blood of queenly Carthage ran ;
War followed war until the seas were strown
With wrecks of navies, scattered, tossed, and blown ;
And Carthage sank, still battling in her pride,
Beneath the rage of the empurpled tide.

* * *

Early on Afric' rose the star
 Of proud supremacy ;
Like her own Sirius, seen afar,
 She shone across the sea ;
Sirius or Thoth, the brightest of the sphere,
Then led the months of the revolving year.



Set is that star ; the pillar prone
Lies in the silent hall ;
The sands across the desert blown
Within the palace fall ;
The roofless temple and the shattered shrine,
Moulder enriched with many a mystic sign.

Yet life is lingering in the waste ;
The Nile majestic there
Still as of old doth seaward haste,
Beneath the balmy air ;
And ruined walls and pyramids prolong
The distant murmurs of its deathless song.

* *

Where the delightful suns of winter smile
From Mauritania to the mighty Nile,
Rome spread her conquests ; in the south and east
Before her giant strength resistance ceased ;
Greece lay submissive at her martial feet
And fearless ocean yielded to her fleet.
O Cæsar ! through the mist of vanished years
How terrible thy greatness still appears !
Thy face was like a battle-axe, thine eye
Shone like a meteor in the troubled sky :
Barbaric nations trembled at thy rod,
As though thou wert an armed and angry god.

* *

The world at length was conquered, and the sway
Of Rome as universal as the day ;

Seven long eventful centuries of war
Had hung with trophies her triumphal car,
And great Augustus, in the pomp of state,
Upon the throne of empire proudly sate.
The school, the senate, arts and arms combined
Had built a proud Metropolis designed
To stand for ever ; Wealth and Power were there,
The Court, the Forum, and the Temple fair ;
And grave Philosophy, and Rhetoric's fire ;
And Sculpture's skill, and Music's classic lyre ;



THE FORUM.

While Oratory charmed the public ear
With gifts which since have vanished from the
sphere ;
Such as the skill of Cicero, whose speech
Had eloquence transcending modern reach,
Whose sentences, like billows of the sea,
Rolled in prolonged, resistless majesty !

“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you ; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.”

“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”—*Luke* ii. 10-14.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADVENT.

HE sphere was ready ; letters, laws, and
might
Had reared a lofty structure for the
Light
The world still needed ; while on Zion's hill
Faith waited for Jehovah to fulfil
His ancient promise. Fears like shadows fell,
Oh ! could it be that God Himself would dwell
With men on earth ? Was Bethlehem to be
The lowly scene of a nativity
In glory so transcendent ? Would He come
The Prince of Peace, and make with us His home ?
Then suddenly on swift and silent wing
Sped Gabriel the blissful news to bring

That He was coming, heralded by one,
Like the bright star before the rising sun ;
For Judah was remembered, and the word
Of old to Abraham spoken by the Lord.
And thou, O Virgin blest of Israel's race,
On thee the singular and sacred grace
Was shed, that through thy travail should be born,
The Saviour King, whose coming, like the morn,
Should bring the sons of sorrow sweet release,
And guide our feet into the way of peace.

Methinks I hear the music of that night
At Bethlehem, when on the shepherds' sight
There shone the angelic vision, and the sound
Of seraphs' singing swept the earth around !
What joy it wakes ! what wonder and amaze,
GLORY TO GOD IN HEAVEN, AND HIGHEST PRAISE,
ON EARTH BE PEACE, DIVINE GOOD WILL TO MEN !
And still it echoes as it echoed then ;
The willing air prolongs each cadence sweet,
The hills and valleys listen and repeat



Each blest refrain

With joy again;

TO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR, CHRIST THE LORD.

All hail the welcome word!

This is the morn

The world has waited for—TO YOU IS BORN

A SAVIOUR! let it thrill

The raptured ear—A SAVIOUR! sound it still;

It is the angels who the song upraise,

ON EARTH BE PEACE AND UNTO GOD BE PRAISE!

**

And Thou, the King of glory, in Thy love
Didst then descend from radiant world above

To dwell in this, and men beheld Thy face
Bedewed with pity, and adorned with grace ;
And from Thy lips the words immortal fell
The sorrowful, the weary love so well.
And Thou didst found a Kingdom by the might
Of truth, by deeds of love, and arms of light ;
And still its triumphs spread, and still they tower
Sustained by Thine imperishable power.

Oh ! Man of Sorrows, in Thy robe of scorn,
How well became Thy brow its wreath of thorn !
What riches in Thy poverty and loss !
What everlasting glories in Thy cross !
Thou didst refuse a kingdom, from a crown
Didst turn away ; Divine Thou camest down
From heaven, Thyself in all things to abase,
To ransom and to raise a ruined race.
Yet Cæsar knew Thee not, Tiberius heard
No sentence of Thy wonder-working word,
Nor dreamed the Roman that a King was born,
Whose stroke should shiver every Gentile horn.

How great the contrast—in empurpled state
Sits Cæsar ; on his bidding thousands wait ;
The earth its treasure at his feet hath spread—
But Jesus hath not where to lay His head.
Beneath the stars, beneath the midnight dew,
The lonely desert was the home He knew ;
Or where the olive, with its foliage spare,
Gave shelter from the chilly mountain air.
Though at His bidding winds and waves were still,
Though earth and heaven but waited on His will,
Yet all for us He wandered in the wild,
Of pain the heir, of poverty the child.
O never did there bloom beneath the skies
So fair a flower as this ; nor mortal eyes
Behold the perfect loveliness of grace,
Without a shadow—save in Jesus' face.

* * *

And still the olive grows upon the steep
Where Jesus stooped to worship and to weep
And in the rustle of its foliage sage
Seems softly whispering of a bygone age :

A tree of lowly, unpretending mien,
Adorned but simply in the sunny scene,
Yet strangely useful ; from the stony soil
Extracting precious food and priceless oil.
A tree whose fruit, like goodness in distress,
Is bruised for man beneath the heavy press :
A grateful shade by day, and in the night
A generous spring to feed the constant light.
Oh, marvel not that He who all things made
Should love when here on earth the olive shade ;
Yea wonder not its lowly form to see
In sweet and sorrowful Gethsemane.

O Conqueror Crucified, Thy loss is gain,
Thy travail triumph ; power is in Thy pain ;
Thy mortal weakness is Thy matchless might,
Self Immolation of the Infinite !
No words, O love divine, can language find
To speak Thy measure or express Thy mind ;
Our mortal love is cast in narrow mould ;
Born of the earth, 'tis limited and cold,

Yea, poor and strengthless when compared with this,

That stooped from heaven to print its healing kiss
Upon man's fevered brow, to breathe its peace,
And bring the world forgiveness and release.

O thou resplendent flaming Eye of day,
Drooping thy lid of darkness and dismay,
And thou, ye rending Rocks, and opening Graves,
Well may ye own the mighty One who saves,
While hanging helpless on the accursèd tree;
Your High and sovereign Potentate is He,
Never in might more mighty than this hour,
Dying, victorious o'er destruction's power!

For God so loved the world that He hath given
The sons of Earth His only Son in Heaven,
The brightness of His glory, in whose face
Shines most express the image of His grace;
By whom He made the worlds, and doth sustain
Their order: who to bear the cross did deign;

And having purged our sins, Himself alone
By His great sacrifice, upon the throne
Sat down and rested as a glorious King,
Waiting in Heaven till Providence shall bring
His foes to be His footstool. On His breast
He bears His people's names ; by Him expressed
Before the Father's face are all their needs,
Whose love delights to listen while He pleads.

**

The blushing flower the solar beam receives,
Embracing light ; 'tis thus the heart believes.
Or as the earth drinks in the blessed rain
Which on its bosom falleth not in vain ;
So welcomes faith the sweet celestial truth ;
Revived, inspired, the soul regains its youth ;
No more it shrinks in ignorance and gloom,
No longer dreads the coming day of doom ;
Mercy extends the shelter of her wing,
And Hope looks up, and hears the angels sing !

C. S. H

C

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb,
and by the word of their testimony ; and they loved not
their lives unto the death.”—*Rev.* xii. 11.

CHAPTER III.

FALL OF JUDAH AND OF PAGAN ROME.— CONQUEST OF THE CROSS.



UDAH, thy harp is silent ; ruined are
Thy cities, and thy children scattered
far ;

Thy King thou didst refuse, whom long
foretold,

The saints and prophets waited for of old :

Siloa's waters flowing from the hill

Of Zion didst reject, and scornest still ;

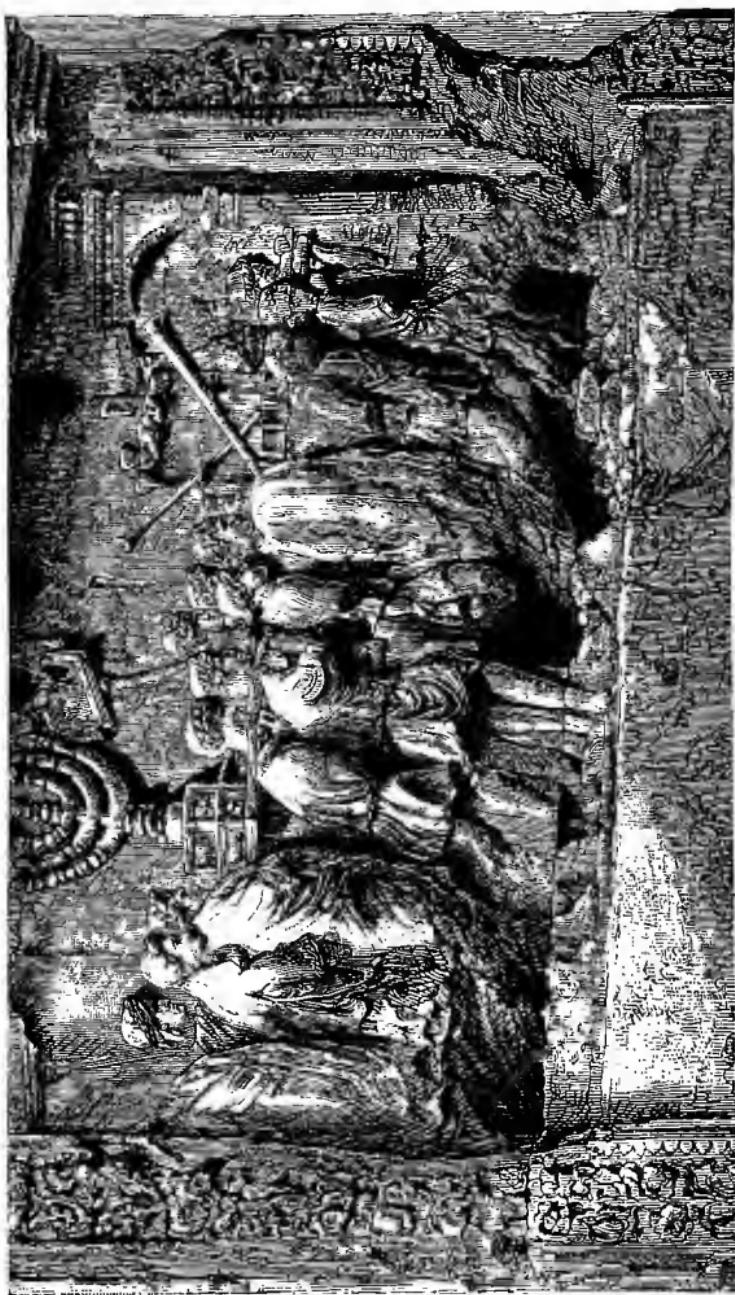
And woes which He foresaw who wept thy fate
Have fallen, and made thy dwelling desolate.

The Romans crushed thee ; Cæsar was thy choice ;

Have not thy sorrows a reproachful voice ?

Why perished thus thy temple and thy throne ?

Why sittest thou a captive and alone ?

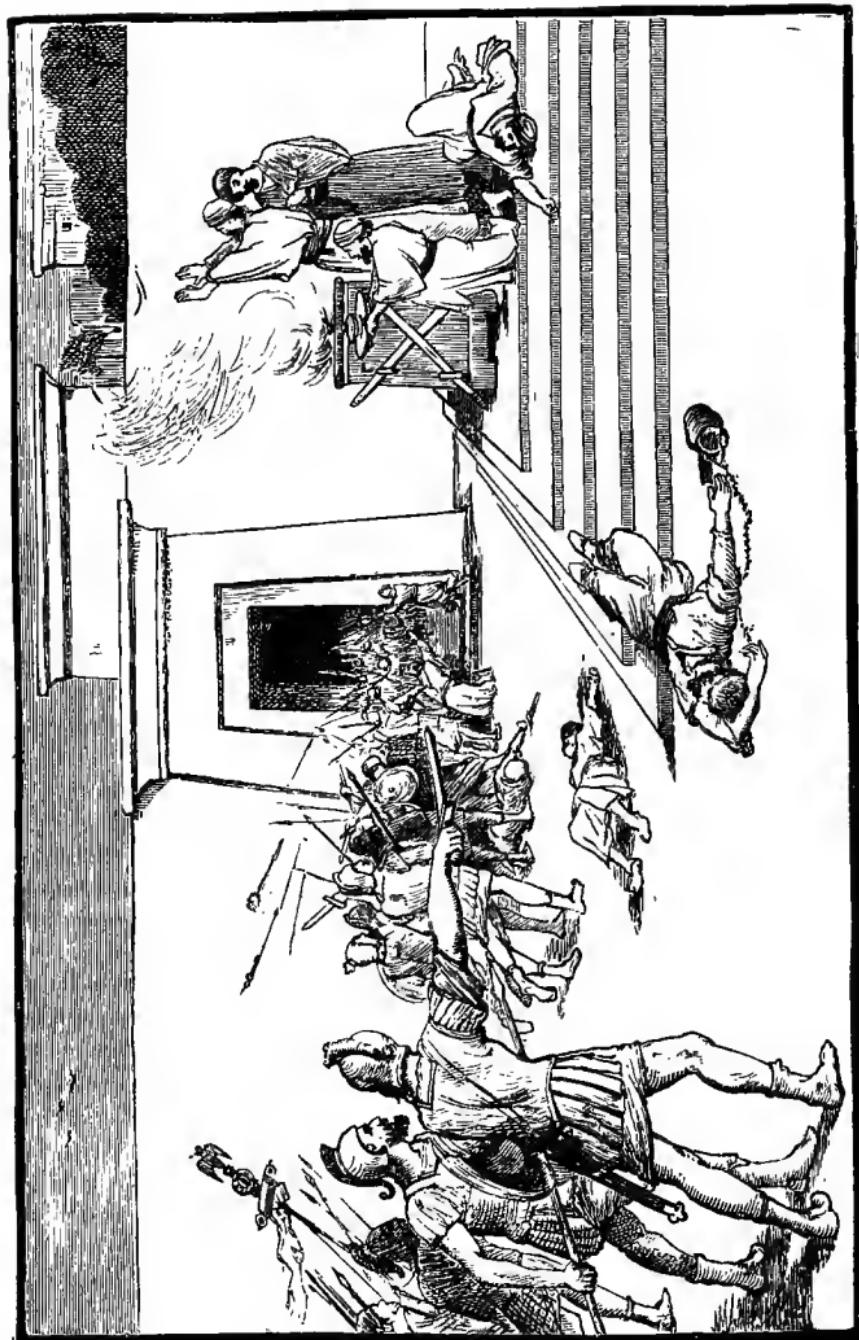


SCULPTURES ON THE ARCH OF TITUS.

Behold that arch of Titus ! lo, it stands
Hard by the Roman Forum, and commands
A naked hill-top. On its brow appears
The record of thy ruin ! Through the tears
That dim our troubled vision there we trace
The sacred vessels from the holy place
By Roman soldiery in triumph borne.
How stripped is Zion ! Mourn, O Judah, mourn !
Thy glory is departed ; not a stone
To tell thy temple's greatness ! Grey and lone
For eighteen centuries that arch has stood,
A silent witness to the truth of God.
See in what bold relief the soldiers bear
The seven-branched candlestick ensculptured there !
See how his chariot Cæsar proudly drives
Above thy prostrate form—a million lives
Have perished in the crisis of thy fall,
And for thy monument this arch is all.



Thus fell Jerusalem, thus triumphed Rome !
For weary ages since without a home



"Thus fell Jerusalem, thus triumphed Rome."

Has Judah wandered in the world of God,
Bearing the burden of the sacred blood
She shed unjustly. But have Gentiles been
Unvisited by Judgment? Have they seen
No flashing of the sin-avenging sword,
Nor felt the righteous anger of the Lord?
Go see those cities, whelmed, but not by war,
Crushed without hand of man, their smoke afar
Dark'ning the heavens from whence their Judgment
came

Swift in a moment, in a flood of flame!
In silence o'er their stony record bow;
Long buried, lo! their grave is open now.

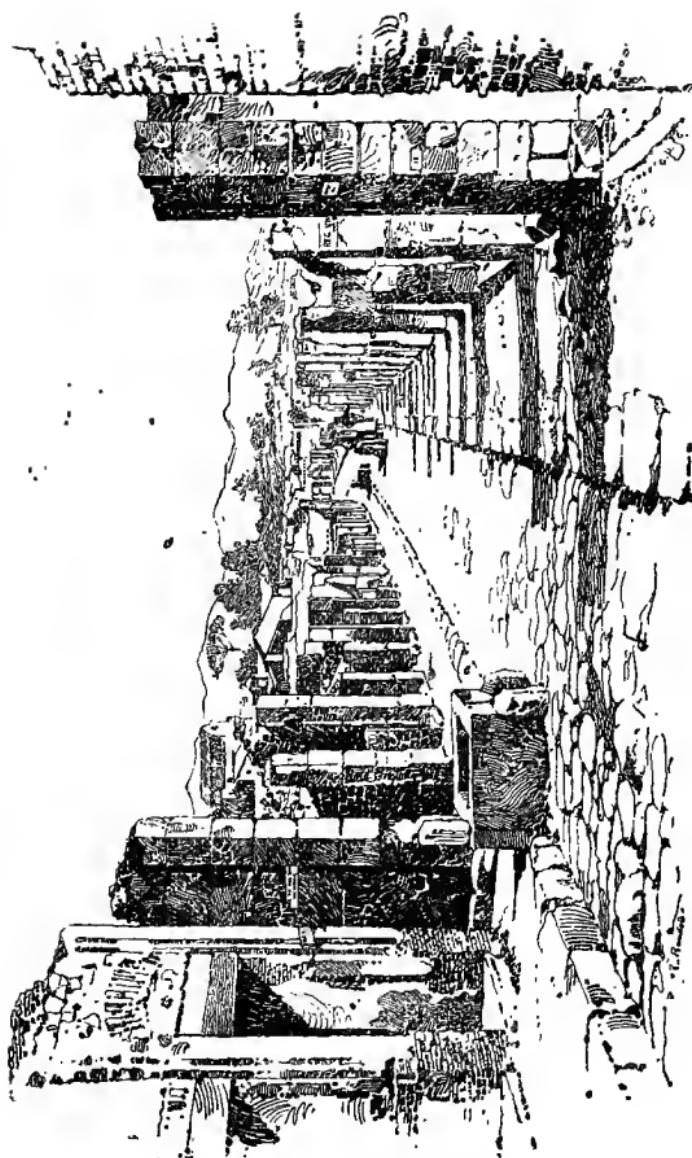
Vesuvius! round thy stern and smoking pile
The fields are verdant and the vineyards smile;
And on the grey and lifeless lavas grow
The lowly mosses, and the wild flowers blow.
How grandly from thy summit to the skies
The snowy volumes of thy vapours rise;
How steep thy shelving, how severe thy hue,
A dome of darkness in the sunny blue!

How wild and torrent-like thy stony forms,
How tossed, as if an awful sea of storms !
What wreck of rocks, what twisted masses strewn,
Like raging billows by tornadoes blown !
Or waves which caught in whirling by some will
Stupendous, have become for ever still !
Within thy crater, swelling high and higher,
There roll the surges of imprisoned fire,
With sudden swish, or sound of angry swing,
As when a hundred clanking anvils ring ;
Or like a giant snorting in his sleep ;
Or as the sea caves muttering thunders deep—
Anon a hiss—a rush—a shower of stones—
A cloud of smoke—and then the rolling tones
Of the explosion of the mountain's wrath,
Scattering destruction in its startled path !

* * *

Where slopes Vesuvius to the lovely sea
Pompeii, Herculaneum used to be ;
Their ruins still are there, the stuccoed walls,
The statues and the paintings ; silence falls
In the deserted streets, the dwellings lie

Untenanted and open to the sky.
Too visibly a thousand tokens tell
The vice and vanity which used to dwell
Within these fated cities ; to enjoy
The pleasures of the sense their sole employ.
No veil around their infamy was thrown ;
To sensuality accustomed grown,
They graved its tokens by the glare of day
Upon their portals in the public way.
'Twas in the time of Pliny. Fifty years
Had fled since Judah's prophet shed His tears
Over Jerusalem. The angry blow
Had shattered Zion ; then the sudden woe
Burst o'er these sinful cities. Dreadful sight !
A storm of ashes turning day to night,
The downpour of a thousand burning streams,
With earthquake, and with thunder, and the
gleams
Of wrathful lightning ! Clouds of smoke were driven
Far up, and hung a funeral pall in heaven ;
A raging sea of burning lava fell,
And buried all as in the depths of hell.



A STREET IN POMPEII.

"Drear and silent is the street, in the market none to meet!"

Flame to flame, and dust to dust,
Flames of wrath for flames of lust ;
Ruins which the lavas crust.

Like the cities of the plain
So they sinned, and so were slain ;
Who could stop the burning rain ?

Fill the cup to running o'er,
Paint the wall and shut the door ;
Who can stay the thunder's roar ?

In the theatres are none,
From destruction they have run,
All their mad delights are done.

Drear and silent is the street,
In the market none to meet ;
All are in their winding sheet.

Dead and damned long ago ;
Who the wrath of God can know ?
Hours are swift but ages slow.

Look from those ruins, mark Vesuvius now,
The frown is lingering on its lofty brow ;
Still rolls the solemn thunder in the air,
Still smokes the mount ; the red and fitful glare
Still shows the pent-up armament of power,
To warn the nations of the coming hour.

* * *

As after tempests whelming all below
Bright shines the sun, and beams the beauteous
bow,
So have God's judgments on a guilty race
Been often but the harbingers of grace.
Thus Judah fell, but through its fall has come
Salvation to the world ! The hills of Rome
Beheld the advent of a better day,
And distant islands caught the rising ray.

* * *

A stranger o'er the wild and wintry main,
A captive fettered with an iron chain,
Came Christ's Apostle to Italia's coast,
The glorious leader of a martyr host



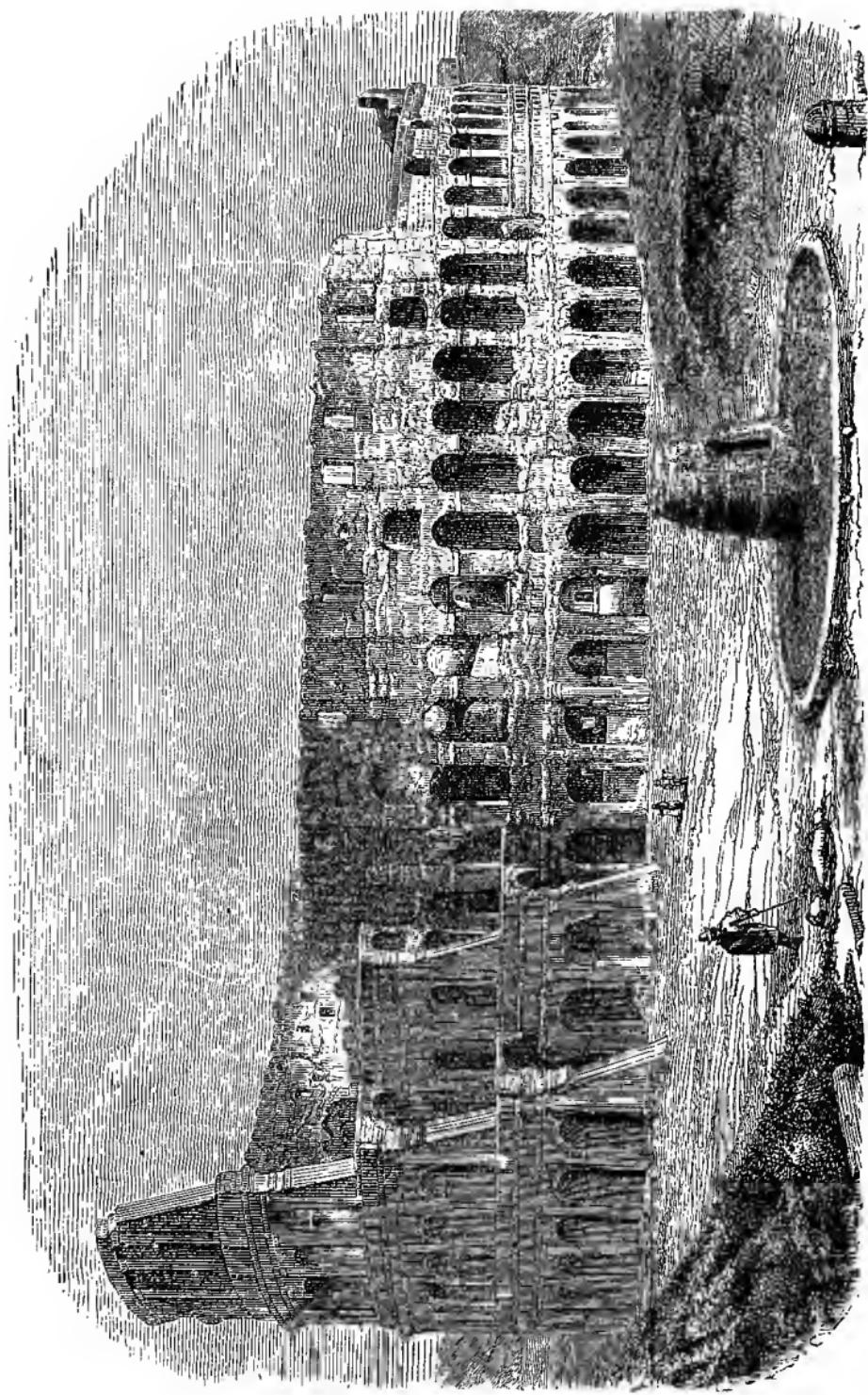
“Mark Vesuvius now,
The frown is lingering on its lofty
brow;

Still rolls the solemn thunder in the air,
Still smokes the mount.”—p. 23.

Yes, martyrs were they, Witnesses whose word
The Pagan city silenced and yet heard ;
The powers of darkness boasted they were dead,
Beheld them living, trembled, turned, and fled !

* * *

These mouldering monuments a tale could tell,
Had they but tongues, how Heaven defeated Hell !
This Coliseum, now without a sound,
Like an old crater crumbling to the ground !
O mighty in thy ruins, Earth beside
No pile hath like thee in its Empire wide ;
The Pyramids are great and o'er the dead
Stupendous sepulchres like mountains spread ;
But thou a slaughter-house for living men
Wert built to be—a monstrous lion's den.
See how the frowning platforms, tier on tier,
And arch on arch their circling ramparts rear ;
In these was packed and piled the surging crowd
With clustering faces like a living cloud ;
Here fought the gladiator, here he fell ;
Here rose the shout as from infuriate hell ;



RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

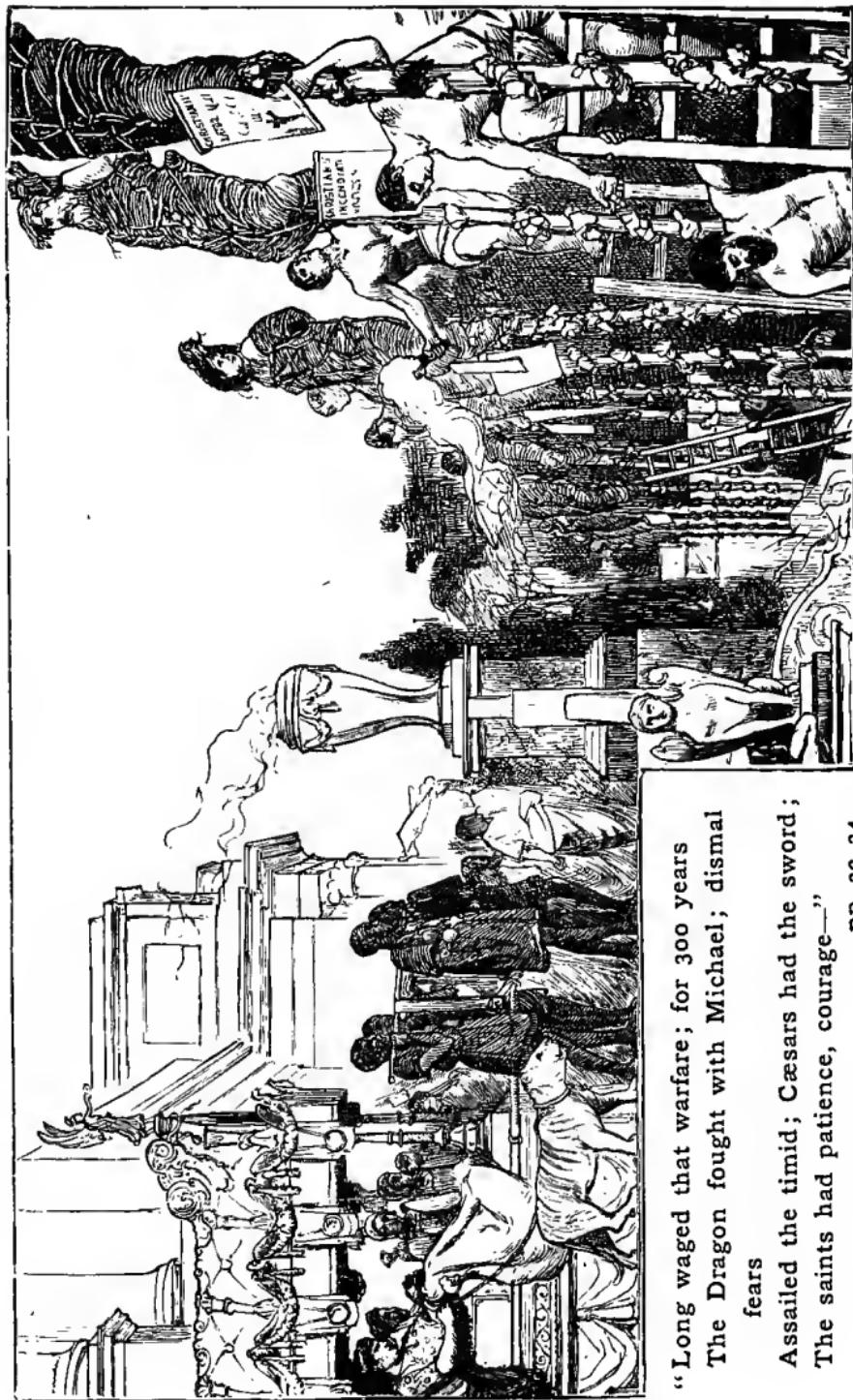
Here in their steadfastness the martyrs stood,
And here were poured the torrents of their blood.
Stand in the silence of this awful place,
Let thought the past—the immortal past—retrace.

* *

Deserted is the great and gloomy pile,
The night is still, and in the moonbeams smile
The faces of the dead: while angels fair
Hover divinely in the starlit air.
The sated beasts have mostly slunk away;
The lion like a sentinel doth stay
Beside the mangled corpses. Rome can sleep;
Her passion now is spent; a silence deep
Broods o'er the mighty city. Do there rise
Above that silence holy symphonies
And harpings of a host of victors crowned?
Methought I heard the rapture of their sound,
For saints have conquered on the field of strife,
And through dread death have entered into life!

* *

Long waged that warfare; for three hundred years
The Dragon fought with Michael; dismal fears



“Long waged that warfare; for 300 years
The Dragon fought with Michael; dismal
fears
Assailed the timid; Cæsars had the sword;
The saints had patience, courage—”
—pp. 32-34.

Assailed the timid ; Cæsars had the sword ;
The saints had patience and the Spirit's word.
The wrathful Dragon plied his prisons, chains,
Terrific scourgings, savage beasts, the pains
Of martyrdom, the rack, the sword, the fire ;
But faith could not be conquered, nor expire ;
Amid the seven-fold wrath of heathen Rome
God was her hiding-place, her help, her home.

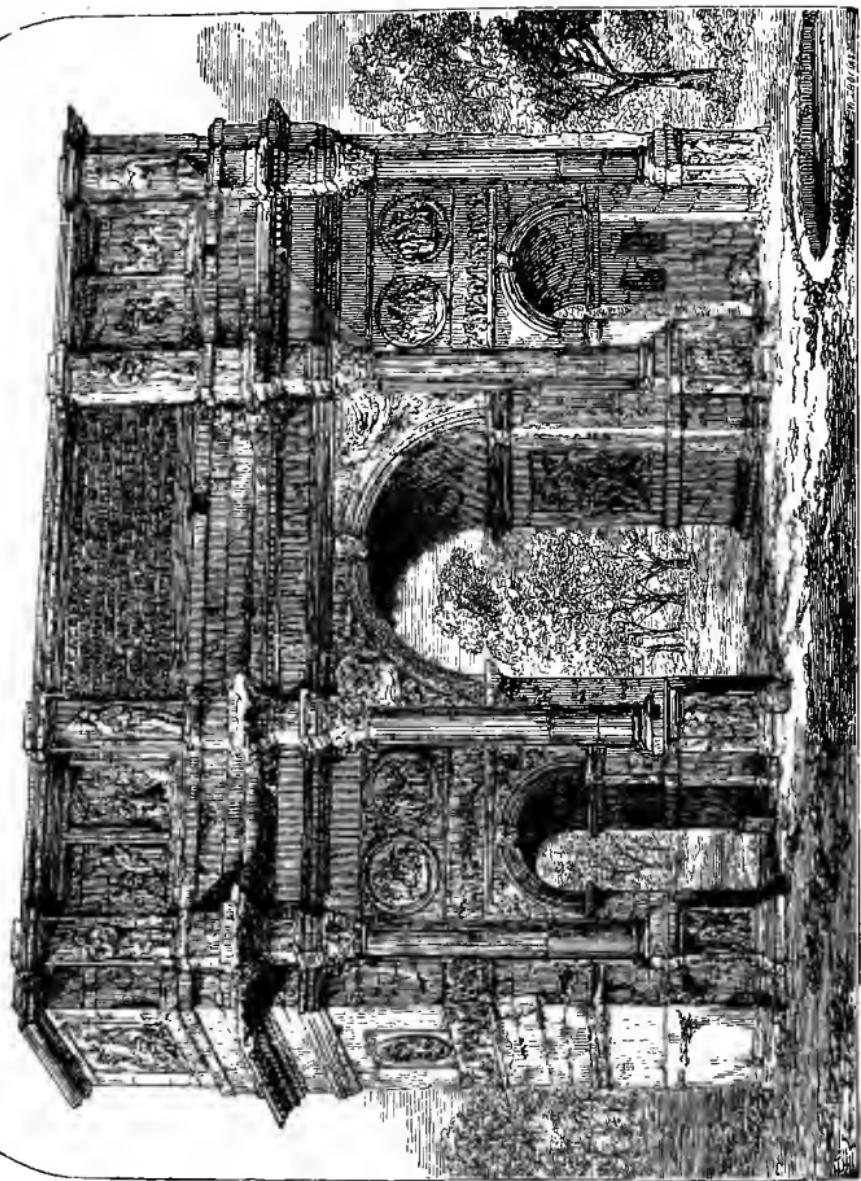
* * *

Go tread the silent Catacombs, revere
Their endless subterranean labyrinths drear.
Within these narrow cells in darkness deep
Have sainted sufferers laid them down to sleep ;
Abhorred of earth, beloved of Heaven were they,
Exiles of night, though children of the day.
Too wise to worship senseless wood and stone,
To them the Unseen God was God alone ;
For such as these the world could find no room ;
Their only dwelling was the dreary tomb.
Here in these winding passages they trod
A way apart from men, and walked with God.

Found strength in weakness, courage in distress,
And where to pour their tears of bitterness.
They loved the Crucified, they graved His name
In deathless symbols uttering still the same
Confession,—*Jesus is the Son of God,*
The First, the Last, and saves us by His blood!
O sweet and sacred faith of early time,
In spirit so unearthly and sublime,
The link that bound these exiles to the skies,
From these remembrancers thy witness cries !
They are not here ; among the holy blest
In years to us remote God gave them rest ;
But still their silent dust before us lies,
Their sculptured words immortal meet our eyes ;
Their love to Jesus leaves its sweet perfume,
The only odour lingering in their tomb.
Such faith be mine, oh ! never from my heart
Let this pure, early, martyr faith depart ;
Jesus, their glory, mine for ever be,
The “all in all” to martyrs and to me.

* * *

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, AT ROME.



The Cross has conquered. Gone is every shrine
Of idols. Yonder arch of Constantine,
Rearing in Rome its sculptured structure tall,
Triumphant tells of Paganism's fall ;
And with the Roman edict of release
There shone upon the Church the Sun of Peace.
Her cause became Imperial, from the State
She welcomed, all too soon, endowments great ;
And stooping to accept a crown on earth ;
Forgot her heavenly character and birth.

SECTION II.
ROME PAPAL.

Part I. HISTORIC.

“ Woe to thee, Simon Magus ! woe to you
His wretched followers, who the things of God
Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,
Rapacious as ye are, do prostitute
For gold and silver ! ”

“ Your avarice
O’ercasts the world with mourning, under foot
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.
Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist
Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,
With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld,
She who with seven heads towered at her birth,
And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.
Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Differing wherein from the idolater,
But that he worships one, a hundred ye ?
Ah, Constantine, to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gained from thee ! ”

—DANTE, *Inferno*. Canto xix.

CHAPTER I.

THE RISE OF BABYLON THE GREAT, OR PAPAL ROME.



HE rule of venerable Rome
had ceased,
Changed was the seat of Em-
pire to the East ;

When in the North, by rude invasion stirred,
The distant murmurs of a storm were heard.
As bursts a sudden tempest from the skies,
The bounding hail along the valley flies,
The forkèd flashes dart across the gloom,
And thunder rolls as in the day of doom,
So on the Empire to its utmost coast
There broke the fury of the Gothic host ;
Her legions yielded to barbarians dread,
From Alaric and Atilla they fled ;
Rome was in flames, and ruin waved its hand
O'er conquered cities and a blood-stained land.

Divided and dismembered by her foes,
Where stood the Empire separate kingdoms rose,
And in their midst a subtle power was born,
In holy writ forenamed "The little horn."¹
O wondrous Word of God ! how long before
They rose were seen the evils we deplore ;
And dim futurity, from age to age
Predicted, shadowed in the sacred page !

¹ See Note II., p. 192.

The exiled Daniel, and that prophet lone,
Who heard the blasts of angels' trumpets blown
O'er rocky Patmos and the *Æ*gean Sea,
Beheld the course of kingdoms yet to be ;
And with astonishment and trembling awe
Foretold for us the things that they foresaw.

* * *

Behold the great Apostacy ! its night
See slow advance, as dies the evening light
The Church of Christ a fatal languor feels,
A dark eclipse across her story steals ;
Ah ! 'twas as once with Israel, in the age
Whose sins o'ershadow inspiration's page,
When spake the prophets ; hark their thrilling cry
The voice they utter soundeth from the sky !
Ah, sinful nation, thou hast backward gone,
Forsaking God ! The faithful, left alone,
Mourn amid Zion, turned to Sodom now,
The crown of glory fallen from thy brow !

* * *

Not all, nor all at once, the Church became
Apostate. Here and there an honoured name

Shone in the darkness like a separate star,
A lamp divine, distinguished from afar.
Nor did religion for a single hour
Cease from its form, it only lost its power.
These Middle Ages saw their temples rise,
Like Solomon's, in splendour to the skies ;
The painted window and the pillared aisle,
Where, wrapt in worship musing angels smile ;
These were the products of its boasted life
Religious ; and the rude Crusader's strife,
Whose armèd hosts on Saracens were hurled
Waking the thunders of the Eastern world.

The life divine Externalised may be,
And thus Extinguished. Fair the form we see,
But destitute of that primeval flame
Which gave its glory to the Christian name :
Its saintliness a petrifaction grown,
Its strength, its breathing beauty, turned to stonc !

Yes, they could build their temples, wield their sword,
But little knew they of the living Word

Of the Eternal ! Ignorance did spread
 With Superstition, drawing midnight dread
 O'er Europe's sky, whose darkness did enfold
 The form of Babylon so long foretold.

See in the sacred Word with saddened eye
 The Church revealed in its Apostacy ;
 Look with the prophet as in heaven's own light
 He scans the vision, shuddering at the sight.

Lo ! in the Wilderness I saw advance,
 Arrayed in scarlet and with lawless glance,
 A Woman by a dreadful Beast upborne,
 With head surmounting head, and horn on horn ;
 Her robe of royal red and purple blent
 Hung o'er the savage beast, who grimly lent
 His strength to the enchantress ; at her will
 He strode, or rushed, or ravaged, or was still.
 Upon her brazen brow—a mystic Whore—¹
 The name of “BABYLON THE GREAT” she bore ;

¹ See Note III., p. 193.

And in her hand a golden chalice held,
With wine of filthiness and fury filled.
Kings were her paramours ; from every state,
They poured into her lap donations great ;
While nations, drugged and drunken with her wine,
Extolled her painted beauty as divine.
Arrayed in pearls, in purple, and in gold,
She flared upon the crowd with aspect bold,
And waved her proffered cup from side to side,
DRUNKEN WITH BLOOD ; for in her chalice wide
With horrors mixed she held THE BLOOD OF SAINTS
AND MARTYRS, and as swelled their dying plaints,
With bloated lips the steaming draught she drank,
And deep into her shameless dress it sank ;
'Twas this that flushed her face, and filled her
frame,
As seated on her Scarlet Beast she came.

O Rome ! thou guilty city, wherefore start
To see thy likeness drawn by sacred art ?
Hast thou not known, or hast thou never heard
The things for ages written in God's Word ?

Or think you that these things were writ in vain?
 Go read afresh! Go study them again!
 With history's page the prophecy compare,
 For inspiration from above is there.

Proud Seven-hilled City, sitting as a queen,
 Our pilgrim eyes thy palaces have seen ;
 We know thy story stretching through the past,
 Our thoughts have traversed thy dominion vast ;
 Have traced thy dreadful steps on many a shore,
 And searched thine inner meaning to its core.
 When fell the Cæsars then in thee arose
 Christ's so-called Vicars, but in truth His foes ;
 False priests, who claim in heaven, in earth, in hell,
 All power, and free salvation hawk and sell ;
 The hail shall sweep away thy monstrous lies,
 And righteous Heaven expose thy infamies !

The structure of thy superstitions grew¹
 Like a great fungus towering into view ;

¹ See Note IV., p. 194.



TIARA-BEARER TO THE POPE.

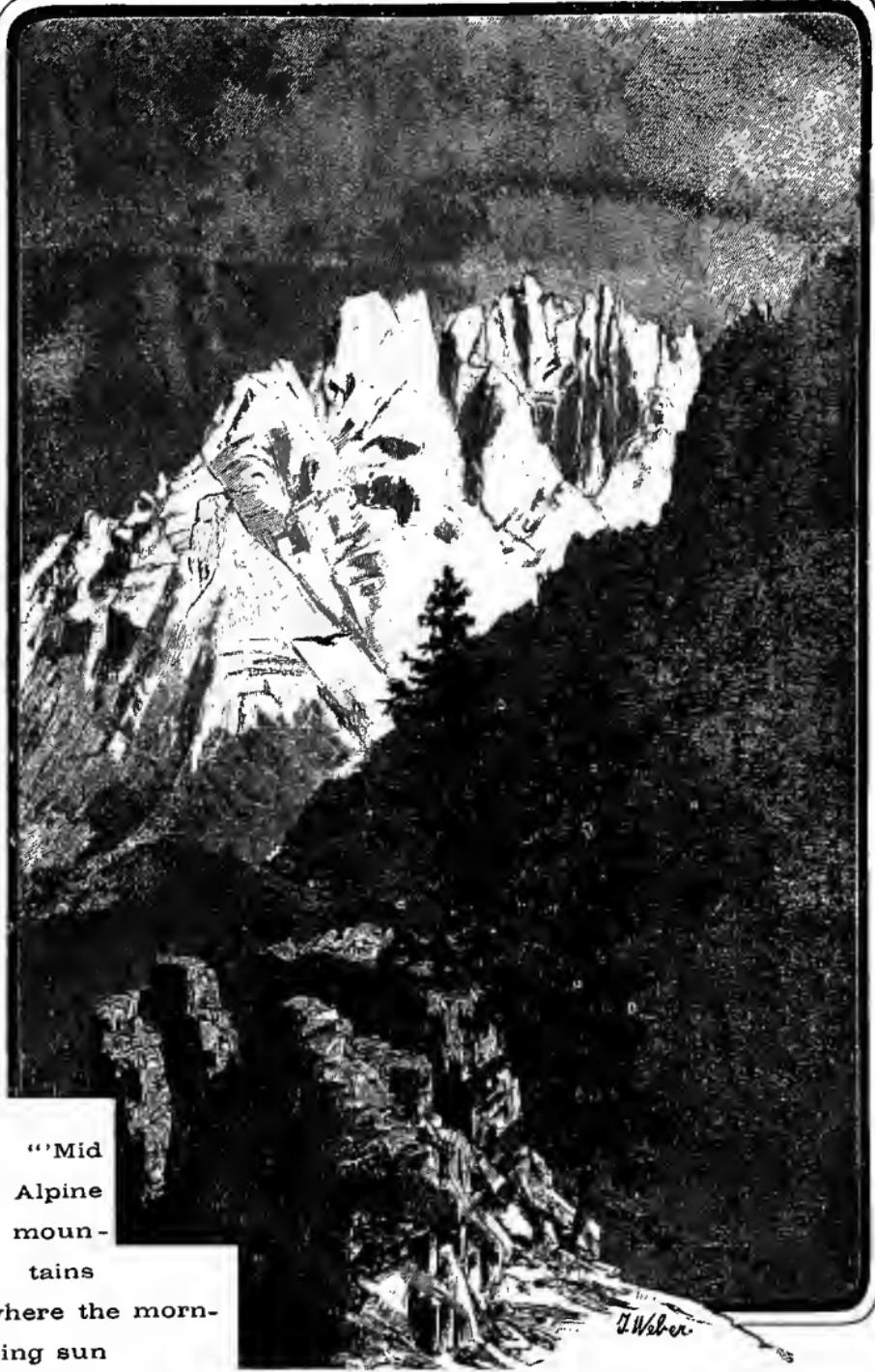
"Thy pride, ah! who can utter this?
Thy pride was infinite."

[See p. 49.]

Madonnas, altars, idols, vestments, shrines,
 Transcendent marvels, wafers, mystic signs ;
 Incense and candles, crosses, relics, bones,
 And holy rags, and sacred stocks and stones ;
 The very Heathenism heaven had slain
 With all its hollow forms revived again !

Thy pride, ah ! who can utter this ? Thy pride
 Was infinite ; beyond the ocean wide,
 Beyond the highest Alp, the distant star,
 It stretched its lofty aim and empire far !
 To be AS GOD, to be adored alone ;
 To sit and govern on His holy throne,
 Commanding conscience and the human will,
 What men might think, or utter, or fulfil ;
 Salvation claiming for thy gift, and grace,
 And power to lift the soul or to abase.

And this, yea, claiming this, when steeped in sin,
 Worldly without, and infamous within ;
 A splendid Sepulchre of whitened stones,
 But full of darkness, dust, and dead men's bones !



“Mid
Alpine
moun-
tains
where the morn-
ing sun

Lights the rejoicing summits one by one.”—p. 51.

CHAPTER II.

THE WITNESSES.



SHADOWY veil which Ignorance has
cast

Too long around the memorable past,
Hiding the Tyrant's pride, the Martyr's pain,
Thy needless folds be lifted now again !

'Mid Alpine mountains where the morning sun
Lights the rejoicing summits one by one
In valleys lone, in wild and wooded nooks,
By frowning precipice, or frozen brooks,
The rude WALDENSES, faithful in their fold,
Kept the pure Gospel in the days of old.¹
There loved they oft to bow the lowly knee
In simple prayer, from formal fetters free ;

¹ See Note V., p. 196.

And in sequestered solitudes to raise
Untutored melodies, and songs of praise !
Familiar with the venerable Word,
An heirloom sires upon their sons conferred,
Instructed deeply in its sacred lore,
Truth was their treasure ; truth, and nothing more.
Their Barbes, or pastors, led them without wile
To tread the paths of God, and seek His smile ;
To keep afar from Antichrist, and flee
The harlot Babylon's idolatry.
For ages faithful to their trust divine,
Their lamp, though lowly, never ceased to shine ;
And lit the way to life beyond the tomb,
The glimmering star of Mediæval gloom !
Why didst thou trouble them, O cruel Rome ?
How could they harm thee in their mountain home ?
Thy legions should have left their dwellings rude
Unwrecked amid the Alpine solitude.
O miserable Massacre ! the wail
Swells from Lucerna !¹ Horrors fill the vale
Vainly the poor Waldenses supplicate ;
The Papal soldiers seize them, violate,

¹ See Note VI., p. 199.

Hack them to pieces, butcher them like sheep,
Impale the helpless, fling them from the steep ;
The sword is glutted ! redly burns the fire !
Mothers and babes, the maiden and the sire,
One heap of slaughter,—bones, and blood and mire

O Rome, thou Murderess,¹ what power did sear
Thine heart of flesh to make it so severe ?
Why did thy feet from age to age pursue
The path of Persecution, torments new
Inventing, as the unutterable pains
Of the INQUISITION ? See these Dungeons, Chains,
These cruel Racks, these Stakes, these flaming Fires,
These cutting Cords in which the wretch expires ;
See how the sweat of anguish on his brow
Sits in great drops, nor hast thou mercy now ;
Demoniac hardness, deaf to all his cries,
While torn by tenfold agonies he dies.

Ye murky shades, and depths of savage gloom,
Ye bars of the relentless living tomb,
Ye melancholy sounds, and stifled sighs,

¹ See Note VII., p. 202.

And horrors hid from unsuspecting eyes,
Ye racks of wretchedness¹ and beds of pain,
Be seen, be heard, be wondered at again !
Thousands on thousands breathed your stagnant air,
And felt the freezing of your cold despair ;
Torn from their liberty and natural life,
From home, from children, husband, brother, wife ;
Buried in sunken dungeons underground,
From whence no call, no cry, no piercing sound
Could reach the upper world, the friendly ear,
And left to starve and stiffen year by year ;
Summoned from troubled sleep at dead of night
To stand and tremble in their judges' sight,
Unsheltered by the shield of righteous law ;
Tormented to compel them to withdraw
Avowals of the truth, and to deny
Convictions rooted in sincerity ;
Stripped to the skin and threatened with new pains,
Stifled till not a sobbing breath remains ;
Or slowly tortured by the scorching heat
Of burning fuel 'neath the naked feet ;
Hoisted by pulleys till the tendons crack,

¹ See Note VIII., p. 204.

Or dislocated on the dreadful rack—
Oh, who could bear to listen to the tale
If fully told? Yet though the heart should quail,
Hide not these horrors, lest the baneful night
Which gave them birth return to quench our light.¹

Recall the memory of the blessed dead,
His Martyrs whom the Lord hath comforted;
Amid their gloom He made His glory shine,
And cheered their loneliness with joys divine;
Prisons were palaces, and darkest days
Vocal with holy songs, and heavenly praise!
He gave them wings with wonder and surprise
To soar from midnight into radiant skies;
Made prayer their paradise, His truth their sun,
And crowned them when their victory was won.
O Heaven! Thy realm is richer for the host
Of holy Martyrs whom the earth has lost;
Like stars that glitter in the evening sky
When gloomy clouds and tempests have gone by,
So shine they now, their storms and sorrows past,
In endless, sweet serenity at last.

¹ See Note IX., p. 209.



THE FORBIDDEN BOOK.

(From the Painting by M. Karel Ooms.)

"They burned the men who read it, and the Book
Burned too."—p. 59.

CHAPTER III.

THE REFORMATION.



OW broad thy valley where the Rhone
its song

Sings to the silent Alps, O Avignon !

Thine are the ancient towers of Papal pride,
Engirt with loveliness on every side ;

The snowy hills, the skies' immensity ;

The rapid river rushing to the sea ;

The rocky height surmounted by its trees

For ever bending in the glorious breeze.

Here, on this famous spot, by France caressed,

The Babylonian eagle built his nest ;

Here clutched his victims with ensanguined claws,

And raved about the honour of his cause !

Then Pope and Anti-pope in conflict dire,
From one to other hurled celestial fire ;
And thunders from the Tiber and the Rhone
Asserted, proved, that each was Pope alone !
Which was infallible in those old days ?
Choose which you will, and celebrate his praise !

* * *

It is the NOON OF NIGHT ; the Papal noon ;
The night of conscience, intellect ; no moon
Climbs the black vault ; a few Waldensian stars
With glimmer faint peep through their prison bars ;
Now shines the HARLOT CHURCH in full array,
Herodian splendour ! 'tis her noon of day !
The lordly INNOCENT and BONIFACE
Have forced the kings and kingdoms to abase
Their might and majesty before the crook
Of Shepherds who could curse by bell and book,
And with proud words far-reaching woes inflict,
Armed with the thunders of their Interdict !¹

The Kings go shuffling down upon their knees²
Before the Priest who says he keeps the keys

¹ See Note X., p. 210.

² Note XI., p. 211.

Of Paradise and Hades ; shadowy realm !
How doth thine awful might their souls o'erwhelm ;
Small souls had they, alas ! but one was there
Who standing up could single-handed dare
Rome's triple lightnings in the name of truth !
They called him WICKLIFFE ; he was but a youth,
Or little more, when first his lips essayed
Those trumpet blasts which England woke, and made
The friars shake with fury ; and 'twas he
Who in his riper years most reverently
Raised in his hands that solitary lamp,
The WORD OF GOD, like Gideon's light i' the camp
Of frightened Midian ! From its beams they fled,
Those friars ; and English Freedom raised its head.

Free England thanks thee for thy gift to-day,
Wickliffe ! its worth was more than its display ;
That book made England what she is, forget
The fact or question it who may ; and yet
They burned the men who read it, and the Book
Burned too, and burned thy bones, and in the brook
Bestrewed thy ashes ; straightway to the sea

Onswept were they, and scattered far and free
On other shores ; so were thy doctrines spread,—
The seeds of life, the ashes of the dead !

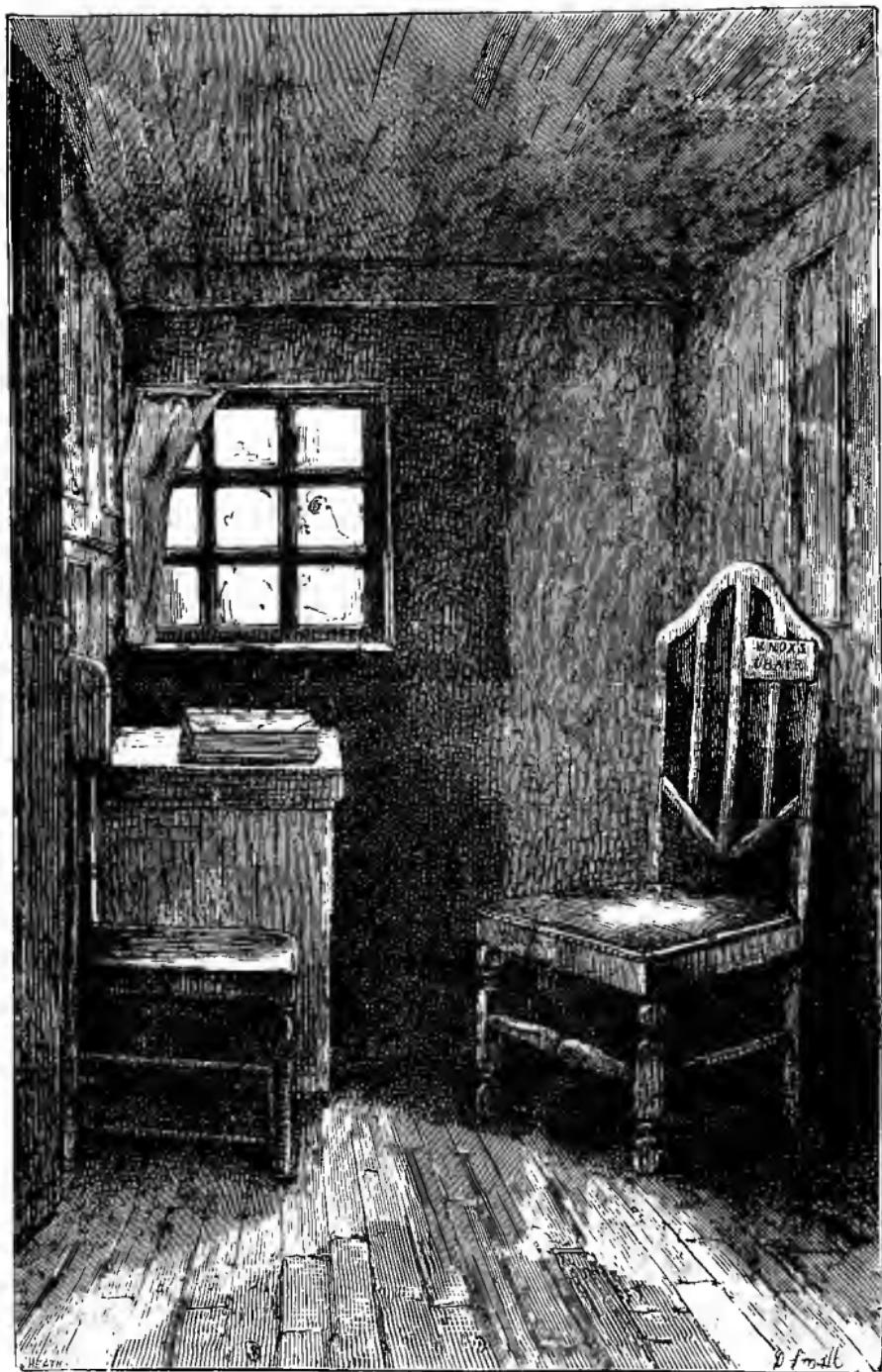
O WICKLIFFE, TYNDALE, FRITH, a goodly three,
And COVERDALE, we bless your memory
For the old Bible in our mother tongue !
About our lives it hath a halo flung,
Hath lit them with a radiancy divine,
Reflecting that which round your brows doth shine !
Wickliffe, thou Morning Star ! thy lustrous light
Heralds the rising of a star more bright ;
Blest REFORMATION ! sweet thy dawning beam
After so long, so dark a night, doth seem,
Waking the world from its infatuate dream.

'Tis Luther's voice ! "Priest of the triple crown,"
He cries, "Image of Godhead gazing down
Upon the human crowd ; beneath thy feet
Lies Cæsar's sceptre ; thine is Satan's seat !
False yet infallible, adored, divine,
Thy darkness is the light which most doth shine

In this poor earth bereft of better care;¹
Thy mitred Bishopric with Judas share!
Son of perdition, wave thy crozier wide;
Heaven smites thee on thy pinnacle of pride!
It breaks thy arm of power, and brings thee low,
And brands thy lawless title on thy brow.
For on His ravaged flock with pitying eyes
Our God hath looked; lo! now doth He arise,
No longer tyrannised and fleeced and torn
His saints shall be; no more with woes outworn
And ages of oppression shall despair;
For them the Arm Almighty is made bare;
Pale Superstition flees the blood-stained sod,
And wondering nations see the Day of God."

Like that Apocalyptic angel wrapt
In a resplendent cloud, beneath him mapped
The solid land, the empire of the sea,
On both bestrode in might and majesty;
His crown the rainbow, as the sun his look,
And holding in his hand the open book

¹ See Note XII., p. 213.

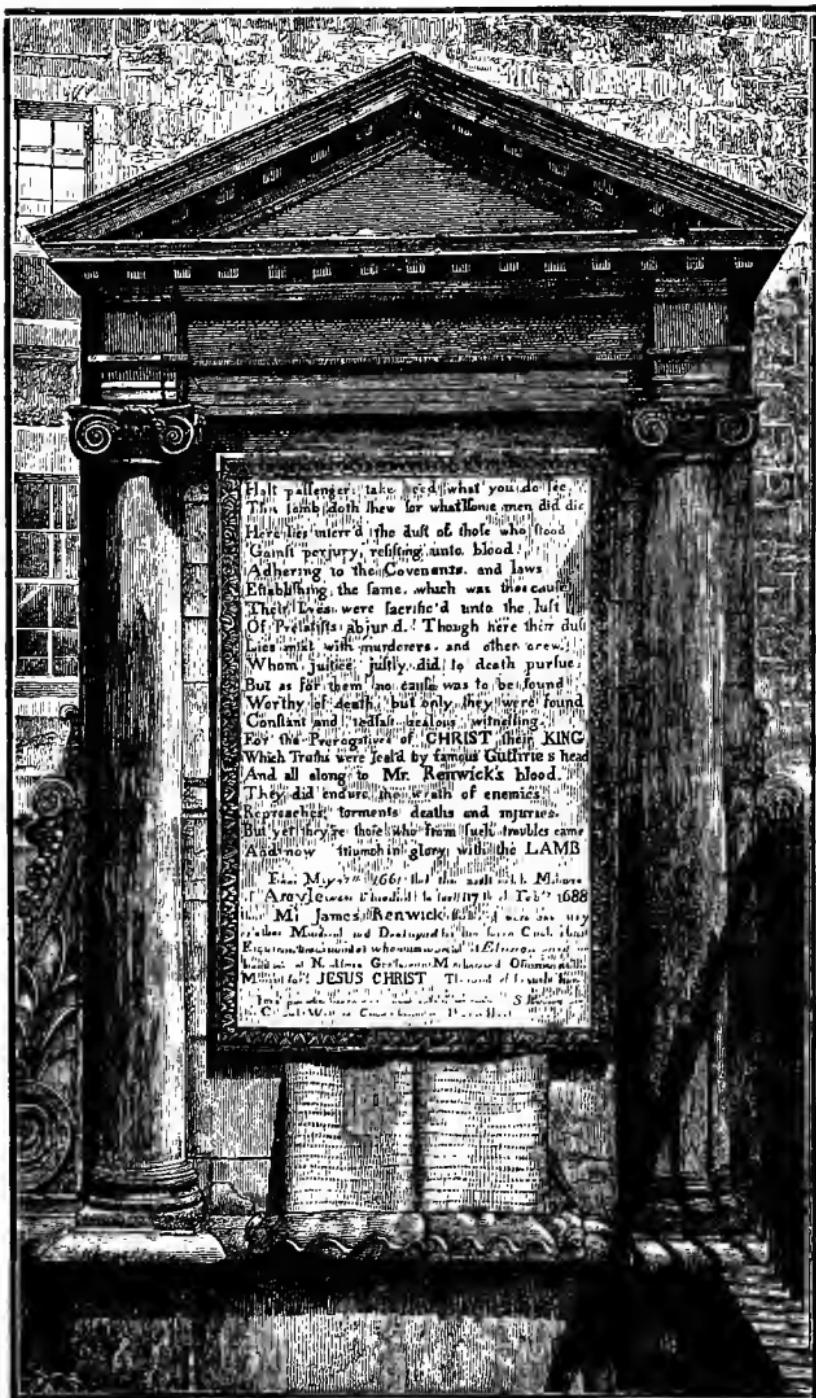


JOHN KNOX'S STUDY, EDINBURGH.

Of Truth Eternal, while with lion-like roar
His voice reverberates from shore to shore ;
So on apostate ages past and gone
The glory of the REFORMATION shone !
No fleeting flash it broke ; on vale and hill
The brightness of its day is beaming still !

* * *

Ye stalwart WITNESSES who firmly stood
For God's own truth, amid the warring flood
Of angry nations, like the seagirt rock
That fears nor wintry wind, nor billows' shock ;
LUTHER and LATIMER, Reformers bold,
And CALVIN, TYNDAL, KNOX, whose martial mould
Bore the rude brunt of battle 'gainst the Word
Of the Eternal ! and whose trumpet stirred
The hearts of millions with its thrilling blast ;
Whose hands o'erthrew the idols of the past,
Restored the symbols of the Church's youth,
And reared upon its base the buried truth ;
No monument ye need, nor sculptured name,
The freedom of a grateful world your fame !



THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER IV.

PAPAL REACTION.

AS stood the Adversary to resist
RESTORED JERUSALEM, the Antagonist
Satanic, whom of old with accents stern
The Lord rebuked, when Judah did return
From Babylon—plucked as a smoking brand
Out of the glowing flame, so now did stand
That foe Satanic to oppose again
Heaven's work of REFORMATION ! Warfare vain !
Mighty art thou, O Satan, but the will
Of Him thou warrest with is mightier still ;
God shall again rebuke thee in His ire,
Whose piteous hand has plucked us from the fire !
The voice of Rome the Reformation cursed,
A tempest of Tridentine thunders burst ;

Armies and fleets were summoned to restore
 The Papal tyranny ; in battle sore
 The sons of Freedom fell ; France far and wide
 With the dear blood of Huguenots was dyed ;
 Murder and Massacre, with furious feet
 And dripping weapons, stalked in every street ;
 The streams were choked with corpses, and the
 Rhone
 Rolling in horror drowned the martyr's groan.

O dark BARTHOLOMEW,¹ thy victims slept
 Unburied in their blood, while proudly kept
 Rome her rejoicings, and the pealing bell
 Of great St. Peter's swung above the swell
 Of the triumphant anthem ; and Rome sang
Te Deums jubilant, and joy-bells rang,
 And STRUCK THAT MEDAL² which proclaims to-day
 The slaughter of the Huguenots ! None can say
 'Tis false ; let Memory blush, let Conscience bleed,
 Stung by the token of the dreadful deed !

¹ See Note XIII., p. 216.

² See Note XIV., p. 220.

Ye misty meres of Holland, and ye shores
And sandy ramparts where the North Sea roars,
Curbed and defeated by man's stubborn skill,
Fresh is the story of that struggle still,
With all the strength and cruelty of Spain,
Which saw your sons in countless thousands slain
Striving but Truth and Freedom to maintain !
Haarlem, thy name can never be forgot,
And Narden, Leyden, Alkmaar ; tears still blot
The pages of your history as we gaze
Upon their record of heroic days,
Lit by the martyr's stake, the city's blaze !

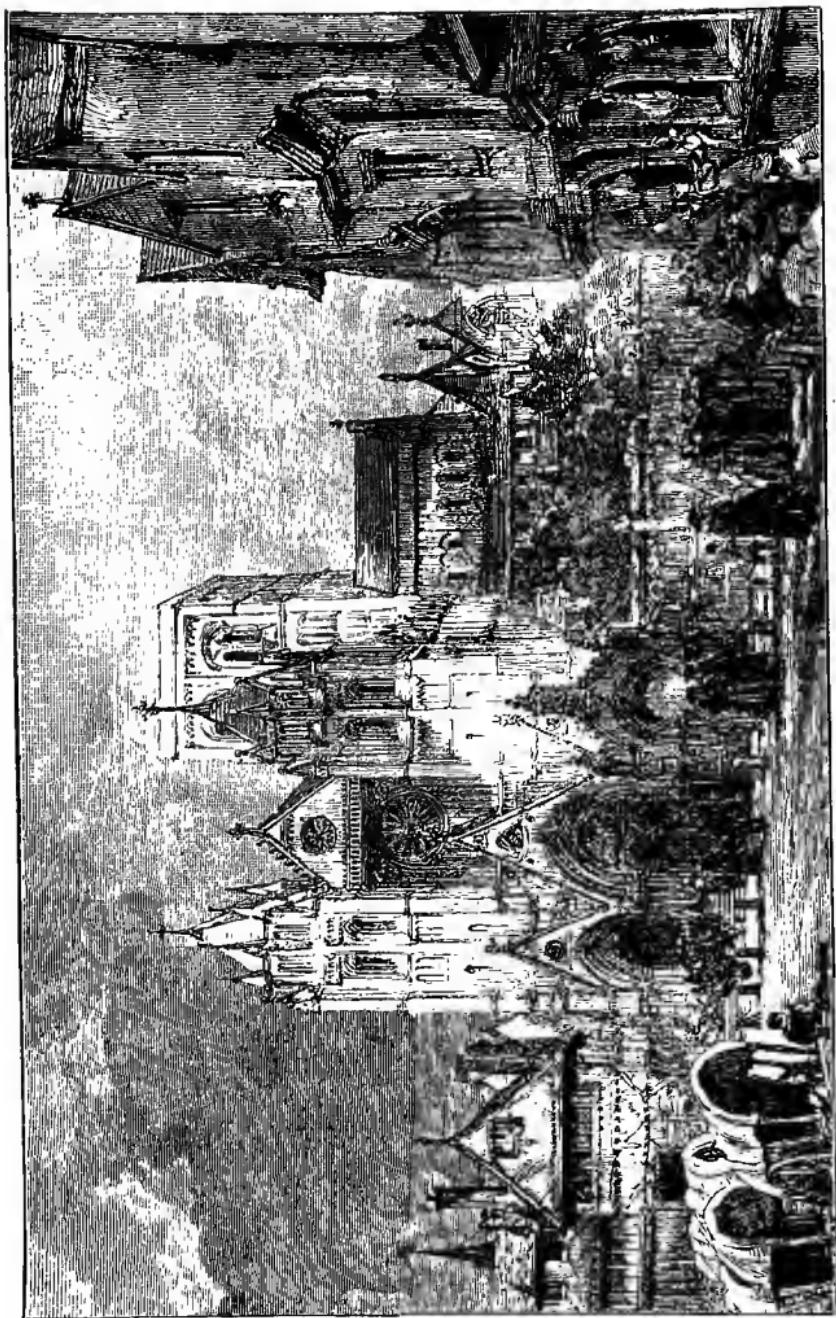
* * *

Dark, cruel Alva !¹ crushed beneath thy heel
Lay Holland, when thy heart no more could feel
For all her anguish than thy blood-stained steel !
High on her pillory hath history hung
Thy dreadful name, pre-eminent among
Rome's champion despots ; like a beacon red
It burns above a mountain of the dead !

* * *

¹ See Note XV., p. 222.

THE PLACE OF MARTYRDOM, SMITHFIELD.



SMITHFIELD, we hear again thy moving name,
Thy smouldering ashes burst into a flame ;
The Marian Martyrs burn ; faggot and stake
And saintly flesh their smoking incense make ;
Bishops stand scorching in the market place
Waist-deep in fire ; now shines the lifted face,
And hands point heavenward ! ENGLAND, THOU

DIDST LIGHT

A CANDLE THEN, WHICH BURNETH STILL, in spite
Of all its glooms to scare the pitchy night !

* * *

See proudly marshalled on the mighty main
The invincible Armada ! Papal Spain
Spreads to the breeze the standard and the sail ;
Her hundred ships of thunder shall prevail
O'er Albion, and shall sweep from every sea
The trembling flag of Faith and Liberty !
On surges the great fleet ; its wings are wide,
Its ponderous weapons glimmer o'er the tide ;
The pealing of its guns is heard afar,
And triumph guides it with its glittering star !

* * *

Awake! awake! and o'er the swelling deep
Now let the Storm's avenging Angel sweep!
Blow, mighty Boreas, blow thy thundering blast,
Blow thy tempestuous trump as 'twere thy last,
And roll the billow o'er the reeling mast!
Down goes the galleon in the yawning grave;
The storm-struck vessels wallow in the wave;
The tempest flings them on the awful shore,
And sounds their requiem with its hollow roar!

* * *

Now rises up the Dragon in his wrath,
And from his open jaws ensanguined froth
With flood and flame commingled doth outcast,
And whirling round his convolutions vast,
Sweeps forth in thousands from their native shore¹
The frightened saints, o'erwhelmed with horrors sore!
Churches are ruins; godly shepherds fled,
And all their sheep, or scattered far, or dead.

¹ See Note XVI., p. 226.



"Up with the scaffold ! lift the ensanguined knife,
The glittering Guillotine shall end the strife!"—p. 74.

CHAPTER V.

RETRIBUTION.

WHAT trump tremendous now in heaven
doth sound ?

An angel blows his blast ! the echoes
round

Answer in thunder ! there are voices great
From thousand thousands who expectant wait
The kingdom of our God ; O longed-for day,
Rise in thy splendour with restoring ray !

Lo ! sandalled with the darkness of the storm,
And winged with lightning speeds the awful form
Of RETRIBUTION. Thrones begin to rock,
And powers to shudder at the earthquake's shock ;

Nations arise, and trampled millions rear
The blood-red standard : on the startled ear
The shout is pealing, DOWN WITH PRIESTLY
POWER !

WITH TYRANTS DOWN ! IT IS THE PEOPLE'S HOUR !
On Temple and on Throne the stormy surge
Bursts in its fury ; vengeful voices urge ;
Pale and compact, and swaying to and fro,
Yet sweeping on, is the irresistible flow
Of crowds in REVOLUTION ; hark, their cries
With passion hoarse, how horribly they rise,—
Up with the scaffold ! lift the ensanguined knife,
The glittering Guillotine shall end the strife !
Flow, flow, red river, rising more and more,
The blood of priests and kings—commingled gore,
The blood of princes, of the rich, the great,
The proud, the beautiful ; nor rank nor state
Exempt ; above—the dripping weapon's gleam ;
Beneath—the rolling of the blood-red stream !

O guilty France, 'tis Retribution's seal ;
The murderer struck, the murderer feels the steel ;

The Reign of Terror hath avenged the day
Of dark Bartholomew ; the corpses lay
Like litter in the streets when meekly died
Coligny and his Huguenots, side by side ;
The Dragonnades are not forgotten now ;
And tyrants to the sword are made to bow.

It is the hand of GOD ; it is HIS hand,
No other ; here in meditation stand
Awhile ; for lo ! a government sublime
Shows its majestic movement, holding Time
With all its changes and volitions free
Beneath the guidance of Eternity.
Above the storms still sweep the stars of night,
And over all our wrongs the course of right
Doth lofty dominate. Evil gives birth
To its own antidote ; and in the earth
Are imprisoned moral forces, like the fire
Whose flow volcanic spreads destruction dire,
Yet lifts God’s battlemented mountains higher.

The vials of God's vengeance fast descend
To bring on Babylon its fated end.

Torn from his throne the Triple Tyrant reels,
The bonds and banishment he gave he feels ;
His palaces are stripped, and alien hands
Disperse his treasures, and divide his lands.

The storm abates, and Antichrist again
Hardens his heart. Old Egypt's plagues were ten ;
Not by one judgment, not by one fell blow
Doth God annihilate His daring foe ;

Wrath piled on wrath the clouds of thunder tower,
For Heaven would show the greatness of its power.

Demented now doth Antichrist arise,
As if a God, and boasts new blasphemies ;
He makes INFALLIBILITY his claim,
And speaking in Jehovah's awful name,
Gathers a thousand Bishops to defy
The truth of ages and decree a lie.

With history in their hands those priests confer,
And then declare that Popes can never err !
That in the doctrines, duties they define,
They are INFALLIBLE, their word divine !

Was ever falsehood greater? And they curse
Its contradiction; and then waxing worse,
Impose this monstrous falsehood on the minds
Of millions as from heaven. Thus Satan blinds
His victims. "IRREFORMABLE!" they cry,
And man, a mortal man, they deify.

Dissent is dumb! Audaciously they gag
The objecting Bishops. Blasphemy and brag,
As if infallible, are heard alone,
And Satan in the Priest doth God dethrone.
Hear ye the modern Jove! revere his voice!
Let heaven be silent, and let hell rejoice!
Infallible! that Hildebrand, the race
Of haughty Gregories, and Boniface,
Those Clements and those Innocents who fought
Against the Gospel! who enslaved man's thought
And yoked it to their chariot. Sound it wide,
Rome's errors and her sins are justified!
Henceforth nor Conscience, nor the written Word
Remain our guides. High Heaven hath now con-
ferred

That office on these tyrants. Shut the book,
Nor dare to turn towards Liberty thy look.
Consent to sacrifice thy mental sight,
None but these royal Popes are in the right!

*.**

Dark was the sky upon that fatal day
When Conscience thus its freedom gave away;
And millions for whose ransom Christ had bled
Before the Triple Tyrant bowed the head ;
Henceforth their despot duly they adore,
Idolaters and slaves, and nothing more.

*.**

Now as a forkèd flame that rives an oak
Flashes on Rome a sudden judgment stroke !

THE PAPAL THRONE WHICH STOOD A THOUSAND YEARS

FALLS WITH A CRASH ! above the wreck appears
The white flag from St. Peter's, while in France
The red flag floats, and glutted Death doth dance
Where soldiers' limbs are stiff, and lips are sealed,
Amid the carnage of the battle-field.

France is o'erthrown, and with it Italy ;
Paris, beleaguered Paris, sees her sky
Black with the smoke of siege guns ; hark, their
roar

Booms horribly ! The pavement runs with gore ;
Where fashion minced, the mangled corpses lie
Piled in the streets ! Swift, deadly splinters fly
From bursting shells, and falling whence they came,
The upflung fragments thunder through the flame !

* * *

The arm that kept the Priest-King on the throne
Is broken now ! A thousand trumpets blown
On fields of battle, and in halls of state,
Afar proclaim the double downfall great,
France and the Papacy ! Now rules no more
O'er prostrate Christendom the hated Whore !
The nations tremble at her vaunted might
No longer. Popes may curse, but, like the night,
Must yield, and still retreat before the ray
Of Morning on its swift victorious way.
Welcome a better Era ! Speed the Day !

Hang ye the garland on the walls of Rome !
United Italy hath now her home
In the Eternal City, spite the will
Of the false Priest-King who forbids it still.
To bear his anger she can well afford,
Since from his keeping she has wrenched the sword.
Go to thy Vatican, protest in vain,
For Rome is free, and free shall still remain !
See how the Book prohibited is spread
Wide open in the market place, and read
By wondering multitudes, where once the flame
Both it and those who read it overcame !
The Word of Truth springs like the buried seed
Undying, from its darksome trammels freed.

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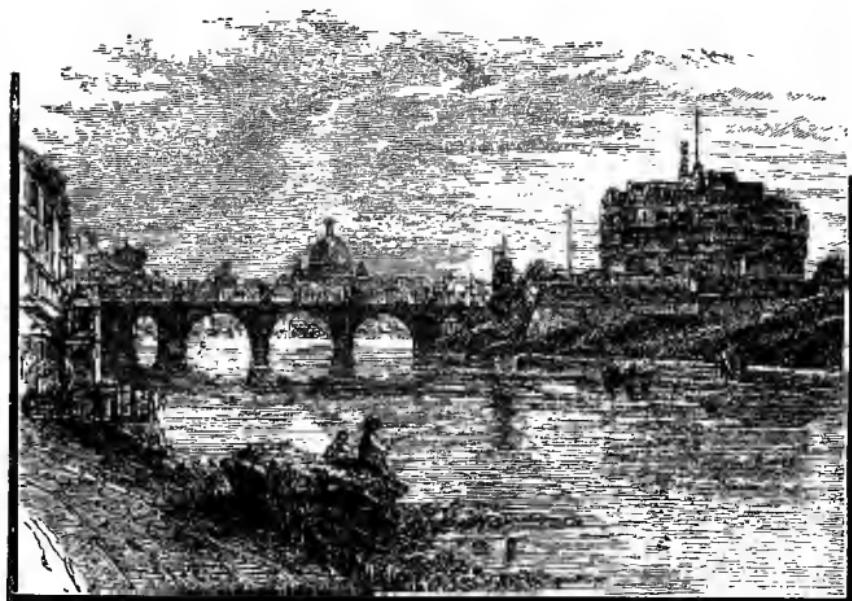
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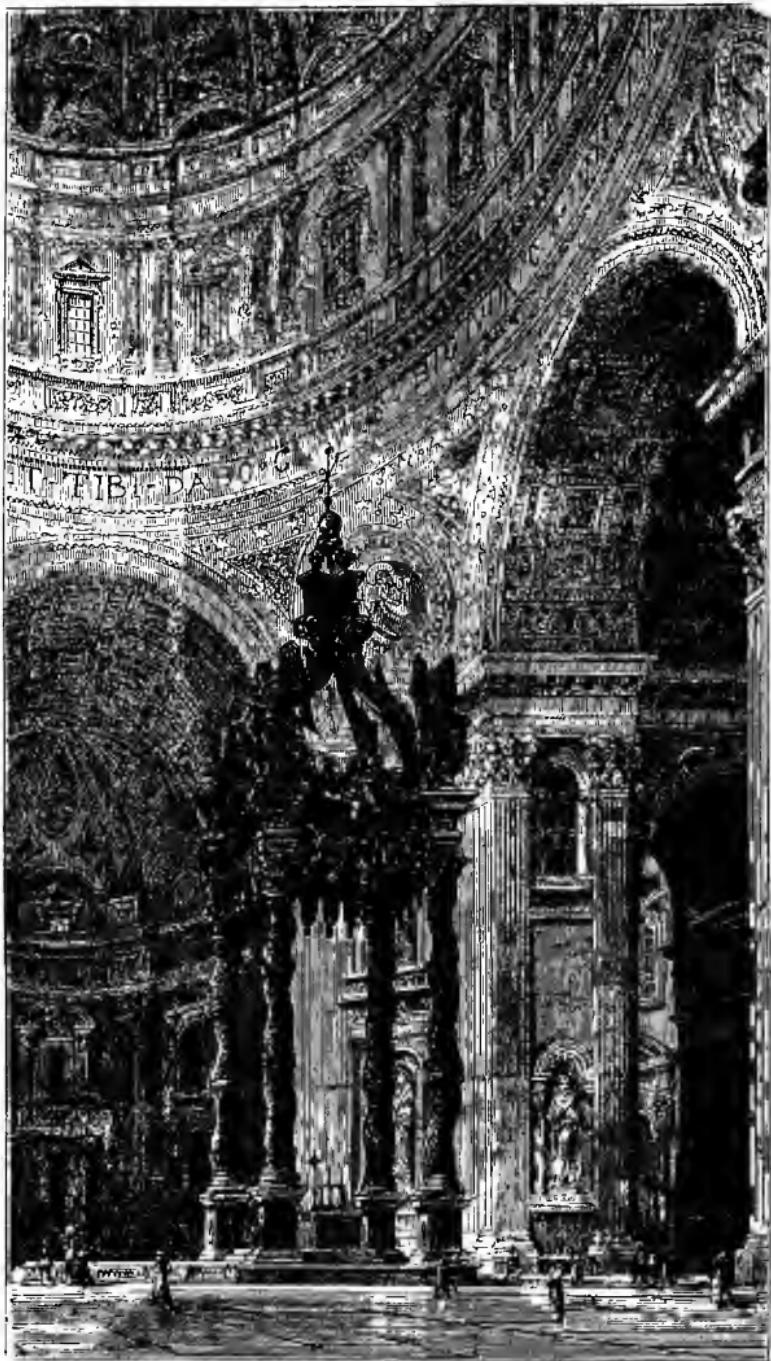
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SECTION II.
ROME PAPAL.

Part II. CO-TEMPORARY.



ROME OF TO-DAY.



THE HIGH ALTAR, ST. PETER'S, ROME.

CHAPTER I.

IDOLATROUS WORSHIP OF MODERN ROME.



URN from the Vatican to the near dome
Of proud St. Peter's. 'Tis the boast of
Rome.

In silence view the vast o'erarching place.
What strength of structure, and what airy
space !

Its walls are marble and its roof is gold,
With sculptures rare and rich and manifold.
Across its breadth there shoots a golden gleam,
The sight is like the splendour of a dream ;
Beneath the central dome's stupendous height
Are windows, pillars, pictures infinite ;
And in the midst, sustained by columns great,
A carved and glittering canopy of state,

Shaped like a crown above THE ALTAR HIGH,
The seat of ANTICHRIST'S idolatry,
On which supreme—a Priest upon his throne—
THE POPE IS LIFTED UP TO SIT ALONE
AND BE ADORED,¹ as though his word, his nod,
Were clothed with all the Majesty of God..
Around the dome in bold and glittering lines
The mighty sentence of promotion shines,
“ THOU, PETER, ART THE ROCK, I BUILD ON THEE
MY CHURCH, WHICH SHALL ENDURE ETERNALLY,
AND TO THY HANDS I GIVE THE SACRED KEYS
OF MY EXALTED KINGDOM'S MYSTERIES.”
Beneath a smaller canopy of gold
And crimson, see the ugly statue old,
Of one who as a pagan god doth sit,
With sombre hue, as black as it is fit !
This worshipped as St. Peter is by all,
Before this brazen thing behold them fall,
They press its polished foot with lip and brow,
In awful veneration bending low !
Men say it is a statue of old Jove,
For which the Romans show such pious love.

¹ See Note XVII., p. 231.



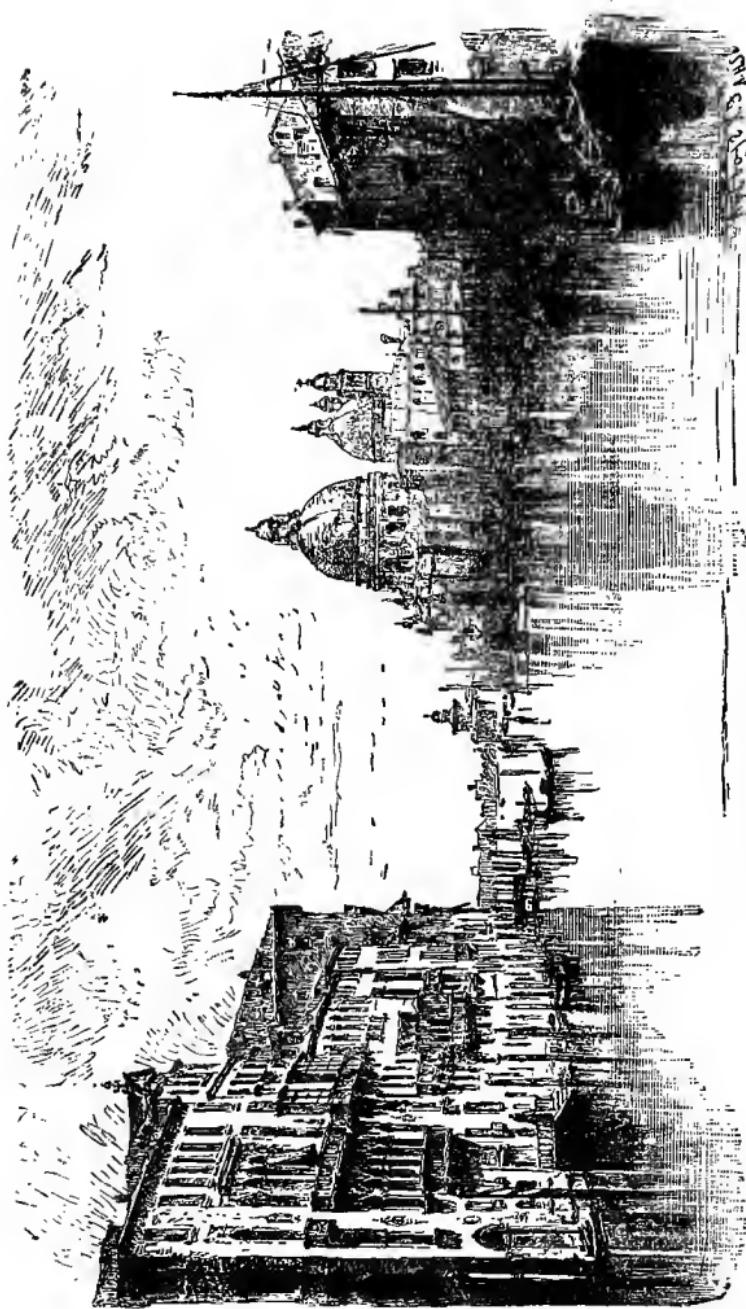
"A pagan god, with sombre hue, and black . . ."

[See p. 86.]

O Italy, thy temples are the fanes
Of falsehood! Dark Idolatry remains
Supreme, and plants her symbol and her sign
On lowly plain and lofty Apennine.
Not even Venice has escaped the blight,—
That ancient home of liberty and light.

* * *

When freedom from the Lombards had to flee,
She built a marble city in the sea,
And like an island fair Venetia rose,
Protected by the billows from her foes.
She grew to be the queen of all the seas,
Beheld her ships arrive with every breeze,
Procured from distant lands her heart's desire
And lived in splendour as a modern Tyre.
Her pillared courts, her palaces, her shrines,
Her golden domes, her roofs of strange designs,
She learnt with art Byzantine to adorn,
Like the famed city of the Golden Horn.
Though faded now her beauty still remains,
Encompassed and debased by moral chains,



"When freedom from the Lombards had to flee,
She built a marble city in the sea."—T, 88.



For Venice in
her freedom
ne'er was free
From Supersti-
tion's rule and
tyranny.

'Tis Easter; in her great
and crowded shrine
A thousand candles on the
altars shine;

A host of priests in white and red and gold,
With quavering voice intone the service cold.
What childish mummery in their costume,
And in their chant what melancholy gloom !

A dozen aged paupers, dressed in white
With nightcaps on, are waiting at the right ;
The twelve are sitting in a saintly row,
The people pressing round as at a show.

The priests in long procession next parade,
Led by the Bishop gorgeously arrayed,
With crosier in his hand, and mitre tall
Of golden workmanship surmounting all.

Before the paupers now the Bishop bends,
And on their naked feet he condescends
To pour some water from a costly ewer,
And touch them lightly with a napkin pure.

They seat the gorgeous Bishop in a chair,
And terminate with chant the gross affair.

O Rome, thy churches everywhere the same,
ARE ONLY THEATRES WITHOUT THE NAME !

No mystery too sacred to be made
A common play, thine acting doth degrade

The holy Gospel, and debase the mind,
To spiritual truth profoundly blind.

* *

Enter a Romish church, no matter where,
And mark the worship. Thickly on the air
The stifling clouds of incense rise and float,
The Latin prayers are rattled through by rote,
The people cross themselves, and mumble o'er
The rosary, while kneeling on the floor.

Above the Altar through the smoky haze
The gilding shines, the guttering candles blaze ;
To Mary swells the litany of praise !
To her the prayer importunate is made,—

“ Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now
and in the hour of death. Amen.”

Again and yet again the words are said,—

“ Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now
and in the hour of death. Amen.”

Still they repeat the wearisome refrain,—

“ Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now
and in the hour of death. Amen.”



"The people cross themselves, and mumble o'er
The rosary, while kneeling on the floor."

And muttering prayer, on Mary call again,—

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now
and in the hour of death. Amen."

Then lifted is the Host, and every head

Adores as a Divinity the bread!

The Buddhist and the Brahmin bow the knee
And scarce more dark is their idolatry.

Deluded souls, why call on Mary so?

Ye veil the Saviour's pity; and although

There is ONE MEDIATOR, one alone

With GOD, the Lamb who did for sin atone,

Ye shrink from Him as though indifferent grown,

And substitute another. Do ye deem

Her easier to move? She doth not seem

So easy, since ye endlessly repeat

Your supplications. Hard indeed ye find

To move a pity so remote, so blind.

The Lord is surely nearer, and can see

Your every want, and knows your misery.

'Tis true an angel bid her Hail, but ye

Go further, for to her ye bend the knee.

Your Marian worship doth the Bible blame,
Never in all the Scripture is the name
" Mother of God!" and never is the prayer
Apostles raise, or saints, addressed her *there*.
Deluded souls, and thus from day to day
Ye shrink from Jesus, and to Mary pray !
No gate is here ! Go, try another way.

Gaudy religion, gilding, incense, glare,
Is this what JESUS brought us? Ah, more fair
The upper chamber of the early time,
And spiritual worship more sublime !
The simple utterance of the tongue sincere,
The broken sentence, or the falling tear,
Tell more on heaven, and more to profit grow,
Than repetitions vain, and carnal show.

¹ See Note XVIII., p. 238.

“Whoever shall deny that sacramental confession was instituted by divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation ; or shall affirm that the practice of secretly confessing to the Priest alone, as it has been ever observed from the beginning by the Catholic Church, and is still observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention ; let him be accursed.”—*Decree of the Council of Trent. Canon VI.*

“I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—*Form of Absolution used by the Roman Catholic Priest.*

“I said, I will confess my transgressions to THE LORD, and THOU forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”—*The True Absolution.* Psalm xxxii. 5.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFESSORIAL.

SLOWLY the simple people stream away
From the false temple to the light of
day ;
Linger a little when the crowd is gone,
And priest and penitent are left alone.

To yonder dim Confessional draw near,
A trembling maiden kneels in faith and fear ;
Her raven hair is parted on a brow
Of marble purity, and eyes that glow
With all the brilliancy of southern fire
Are raised in rapt devotion and desire.

What youth, what gentleness and tender grace !
A flower she seems without a single trace
Of nature's dark decay. A portly priest
Is sitting there his pious soul to feast.

What questions follow, what suggestions vile,
Are clothed in specious language ; with what wile
He strips the thought that modesty would hide,¹
And humbles in the dust a proper pride.
Within a heart where never man has trod
He dares to seat himself as if a God ;
Examines all its secrets at his ease,
And deep inoculates with sin's disease.
Deceived, corrupted, conquered, from that hour
Her body and her soul are in his power.

When sits the priest of Rome in yonder seat,
The conscience lies beneath his lordly feet ;
No longer free it leads not with its light ;
He has replaced it as a Rule of right.
Kneel, kneel before him, humbly to obey
In everything you think, and do, and say.

¹ See Note XIX., p. 239.

He is your Judge, and from his searching gaze
Hide nothing—nothing worthy blame or praise.
Tell him the inmost secrets of your soul ;
What though you blush to speak, confess the whole ;
Expose each foolish weakness, each desire,
Each private passion, every hidden fire ;
Show the disgraceful workings of each lust ;
You do not dare to do it, but you must !
You are completely helpless, you are bound,
Speak at his bidding, kneeling on the ground !
Tell him, that man, that sinful lustful priest,
All that is gross and shameful in your breast ;
And blushing, trembling, cowering in the light,
Be wholly stripped and naked in his sight !

Frail penitent, now humbled at his knee,¹
Henceforth thy shameless Intimate shall be
That priest, and of thy heart shall keep the key !
Already is his eye familiar grown,
And contemplates, as clotheless as his own,
Thy secret thoughts, thy passions, and thy deeds.
Vile is the mental food on which he feeds ;

¹ See Note XX., p. 241.

The mind of such a man is as a sink,¹
The streams of parish drainage doth it drink,
Spite of their odours, and absorbs the stains ;
Heaven help us ! what morality remains
In such a breast ?² And is this sink the spring
From which our lips must drink, and sweetness bring ?

They tell us to bow down, and in the dust
Do homage to this angel ! to his trust
To give the awful keeping of the soul ;
They say 'tis his to cleanse and make it whole !
His absolution is the sinner's hope,
For he has power from Peter, through the Pope !
We ask them is it duty to be blind ?
Were Scripture, Conscience, Intellect designed
Simply to lead us to the cushioned feet
Of yonder mortal perched in Peter's seat ?

Yes, Peter's seat ! Poor Peter ! know you why
They build on Peter all their majesty ?
Ah, 'tis a subtle plot and doth defy

¹ See Note XXI., p. 246.

² Note XXII., p. 247.

Most men's detection. Every evil thing
Dressed in some garb of Godliness they bring ;
Give sin a taking title, call dark light,
And palm on men the wrong as if the right !
There 'tis the secret. Hide the real name,
Say this is Peter, this is Christ, this came
From heaven ! and this is holy, this is God !
More potent than the old magician's rod
Shall be the sentence ! Build the structure high,
From base to summit one stupendous lie !

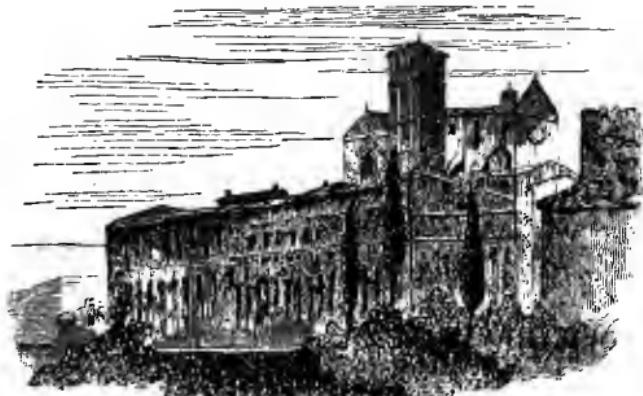
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And then in that Confessional what strength
Is not the Priest thy Master when at length
He knows the inmost secrets of thy soul,
Holding withal thy pardon in control ?
A wily plot for power ! Consent to seek
Thine absolution where the strong is weak
The weak still weaker ! Go, thyself abase
Thy sins are cancelled in that curtained place

* * *

Yes, and there lurks an inner secret still
The influence of the mesmeric will ;

A subtil influence mighty ; nature binds
Through contact into oneness ; clasp two minds
In intimate relations ; one shall sway
Dominion, and the other shall obey.
Suspend the judgment and you may command
Whate'er you will. Rome this doth understand ;
She awes the judgment when she lifts her hand ;
She puts the penitent upon his knees
Close to the priest, displays her mysteries,
And then commands whatever she may please.



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

“The holy synod . . . enjoins on all bishops . . . under the threat of eternal malediction that . . . they take especial care that the enclosure of nuns be carefully restored wheresoever it has been violated, and that it be preserved wheresoever it has not been violated; repressing by ecclesiastical censures and other penalties, any appeal soever being set aside, the disobedient and gainsayers, and even calling in unto this end, if need be, the aid of the secular arm. . . . For no holy nun, after her profession, shall it be lawful to go out of her convent, even for a brief period, under any pretext soever, except for some lawful cause, to be approved of by the bishop; any indults and privileges soever notwithstanding.”

“The Council further decree that if any of the regulars pretend that fear or force compelled them to enter the cloister, or that the profession took place before the appointed age, let them not be heard within five years of their profession, and then they shall not bring the case before any except their own superior and the ordinary: but if they put off the frock of their own accord, no allegation should be heard, but being compelled to return to their convents, they must be punished as Apostates.”—*Decrees of the Council of Trent.* A.D. 1545.

CHAPTER III.

ROME'S CONVENTS.

ART thou a Woman, to the Convent's door
Rome points thee, lay thy riches on its
floor ;
Give them to Peter ; bid the world farewell,
Prefer the prison, choose the gloomy cell ;
God loves not cheerfulness ; the saintly brow
Is dark and narrow ; the unnatural vow,
The nightly vigil and the knotted cord,
Are the best gifts thy Saviour can afford.
The world may need thee, but forget its need ;
Forsake it ; and when weeping parents plead,

Deny the filial duties of a child ;
The convent claims thee ; enter undefiled !
Now shut the door ; be subject to the will
Of thy Superior ; meanest tasks fulfil ;
One lesson, only one from day to day,
Learn to submit, learn merely to obey.
Be like a staff in thy Superior's hand,¹
That moves or moves not, just at his command.

But who is thy Superior ? Who doth claim
Such abject homage in Jehovah's name ?
Judge of his character by the demand !
Christ who redeemed our souls has bid us stand
For ever fast in freedom ! Who is he
That in Christ's name doth cancel liberty ?
Poor soul, dost thou not know him ? Deep his
guile,
He hides his dreadful name ; but wait awhile,
Thou hast strange things to learn. Immured within
These walls are narrow minds, unfreed from sin ;
A sort of starved humanity ; the brain
And heart bereft of nourishment remain ;²

¹ See p. 104 and Note XXIII., p. 251. ² Note XXIV., p. 253.

Intelligence is atrophied ; is this
The cure of folly, and the crown of bliss ?
What sweet society where thought confined
To close unchanging limits, jades the mind ;
Where souls in fetters limp the daily round,
And superstition grovels on the ground !
God's order is the family, the plan
Of Paradise must be the best for man ;
But this is like that dolorous house where dwell
The imprisoned spirits who from freedom fell ;
Strange that Religion's name should labelled be
On mental chains, and moral slavery.

* * *

Now hear the very Truth, for out it must ;
In these abodes unnatural enters Lust,²
And with it Crime. Ah, could the silent dust
Mouldering in convent graveyards tell its tale,
Full many a "holy Father" would turn pale
And tremble like an aspen. Fathers they ?
Yes, fathers are they verily ! The day
Shall yet declare it. Time shall rend the veil,
And Truth shall come forth naked and prevail.

These holy Fathers ! Yes, the world shall see
How they have loved their fated progeny !
How oft pale infancy has watched the light
In gloomy convents darken into night,
Left in the horrid charnel-house to weep
And wail itself to silence and to sleep,
As sleep the dead ; what hosts have strangled been,
Poor innocents, or crushed rude boards between,
And buried in their blood. What heaps most
grime.

Of murdered infants covered up with lime !¹
Nature is strong, and passion's power defies
The bond of celibacy. Rome but lies
When she denies it. Convents, what are they ?
Why are they barred and bolted night and day ?

**

The priests are masters there : they keep the key,
And every nun is bound to bend the knee
And make confession ; has to bare her breast
Before his eye. Her every thought confessed,
Her soul, completely stripped, without disguise,
In all its weakness at his mercy lies.

¹ See Note XXVI., p. 255.

And what may follow in that secret place
Is done in darkness, leaving not a trace.
Should she resist, or ruined dare to tell,
Penance can be applied ;¹ the silent cell
Confines her ; vain her tears, her suppliant cries,
So ere it sees the light the scandal dies.

Those priests are men, not angels ; men for life
To whom their Church denies the wedded wife,
And joins them in the closest mental tie
With women they confess in secrecy.
What wonder that they fall ? Besides such sin
Confessed is pardoned : and the deeds within
The sacred walls of convents rest unknown ;
Protest is imprisoned in those walls of stone.²

You say nuns enter of their own free will,
Thus takes the fish the bait, yet hooked is still.
With little knowledge and but young in years,
Ensnared are they by what divine appears.
Our blessed charity the brute protects,
But in this greater matter which affects

¹ See Note XXVII., p. 257.

² Note XXIX., p. 262.

Our daughters' liberties,¹ our daughters' lives,
We truckle to the priests. The law connives
With Romish tyranny. No search is made,
Nor can be. Sheltered by the friendly aid
Of English law these Papal prisons stand,
And yearly multiply on every hand.

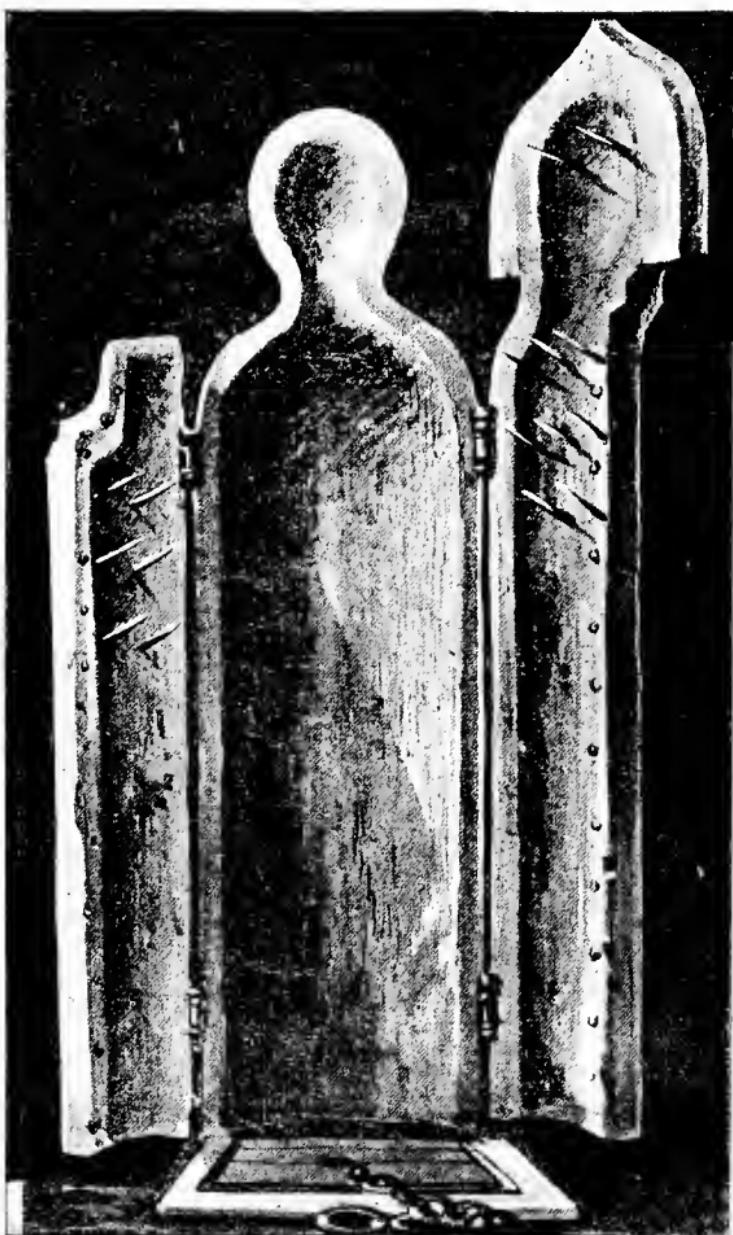
O Rome, to be our MOTHER is thy claim,
Now tell us honestly thy real name ;
Our mother art thou? Yes, the wise can see ;
That gentle mother is the type of thee !
That mother beautiful and kind and pure,
Who stands upon a trap,² with look demure,
Her arms on hinges, and her holy side
Worked by machinery, and opening wide
To clasp the unwary in its fell embrace.
Once there, the arms are locked, and in his face,
His limbs, his tortured body, and his heart
The spikes are driven with remorseless art.
The grasp is then relaxed, and thus let go,
The victim falls into the depths below.

¹ See Note XXX., p. 263.

² Note XXXI., p. 264.



THE IRON VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG [CLOSED].



THE IRON VIRGIN OF NUEREMBERG [OPENED].

Yes, a celestial Mother in our eyes
Thou art, thou mystery of mysteries!
Mother of murdered millions! Whence that knell?
Ah! 'tis the tolling of thy name in hell.

The Inquisition "arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire." "Water, weights, fire, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones bruised without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up the ghost—were put into operation." "The period during which torture could be inflicted from day to day was unlimited in duration."



THE INQUISITION, ROME.

The victims of the Inquisition were innumerable. The Inquisitor Torquemada alone destroyed in eighteen years one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and one. (Llorente, i. 280.)

When the Inquisition at Rome was opened, in the Revolution of 1848, ghastly human remains were found in its dungeons.

The Inquisitors still sit in the Inquisition at Rome week by week. A veil of secrecy is drawn around the proceedings of their tyrannical tribunal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INQUISITION.



O any dream that for her deeds of blood,
Rome has repented and has changed
her mood ?

Hearken ! The INQUISITION still doth
stand

Close to St. Peter's, at the Pope's right hand ;
Its court is square, with walls and staircase high ;
A second court most prison-like doth lie
Upon the left, a gloomy court and tall,
With windows many, narrow, pent and small.
Men say it is a barrack now, and show
The soldiers there ; the bloodstained cells below.

They show not. But ascend the open stair
And knock! The Inquisition still is there.
I stood myself within its office grim,¹
Faced the Inquisitor, and talked with him.
He was enrobed as a Dominican,
In yellow-white, a proud and portly man;
His head was cowled, upon his breast he bore
A golden cross; his ruddy visage wore
An angry aspect; furrowed was his brow,
And firm his mouth; I think I see him now!
He sat behind a table near the wall;
Beside him stood another, grave and tall,
Arrayed in white, a keen determined eye
Glittering beneath his cowl. In quick reply
To questions asked, the former in a tone
Becoming the Dominican alone,
Affirmed the Church's sovereign power and right
To rule the conscience with a rod of might;
Christ had said, "Hear the Church." He gave the keys
To none but Peter—Bow to him the knees!
I answered, if conviction be not free
'Tis not conviction; force can never be

¹ See Note XXXII., p. 271.

Parent of faith, or holiness, or love !
But scornful of the argument he strove
To hold his false position. Power was given
He cried, to Peter, by the God of heaven !
As we conversed he rose, and squarely stood
There right before me. Hot became his blood
His voice excited, forth he stretched his hand
With strength as one accustomed to command ;
His rigid finger pointed straight and far ;
He shook his arm, he stretched it like a bar ;
I looked at him, I listened, and I learned !
I felt as if a fire within me burned.
I asked him of the agents of their power,
Had they the Holy Office at this hour
In other lands ? He said the Bishops were
Their coadjutors ; none might dare demur ;
*“ The Bishops do,” said he, “ in every land
What we in our authority command.”*
When asked if they had changed from days of yore
Their principles and objects, “ Evermore,”
Said he, “ the same is Rome. She is the truth
And changes not. As in her days of youth

So is she still. Divine her sacred cause,
Infallible, inflexible her laws!"

I thought upon the story of the past—
If what Rome was she will be to the last,
She is and must be infamous to-day,
Ay and accursed—whatever men may say.

Rome's spirit is intolerant of truth ;
She shed the blood of martyrs in her youth ;
And grown more tyrannous in riper age,
To shed that blood in torrents was her rage.
Others have persecuted and, with shame
Repenting, have obtained a nobler fame ;
But Rome repenteth not! There yet she stands
With all the blood of martyrs on her hands!
She will not own 'twas criminal to shed
The blood she calls heretical. Instead
Of this she proudly writes upon the deed
Her "IRREFORMABLE!" Her very creed
Is persecution, merciless and dire,
The sweeping sword, the faggot, and the fire.

THE QUEMADERO AT MADRID.

Know ye not what they did in Christian Spain,
How blazed the fires until there did remain
Of thousands, not a witness in the land,
Who for the Holy Gospel dared to stand ?
Ah ! 'tis but yesterday these very eyes
Saw in Madrid a heap which doubt defies
Of martyrs' ashes ; saw it opened wide
In the broad daylight ; marked how side by side
The ashes of the saints and of the stake
Did *still protest*, and one memorial make.

Ye layers of ashes black, and half-burnt bones,¹
Ye monuments of martyrs' stifled moans,
Of human agony and dying groans,
Cry out till every ear has heard your tones !
Cry till the murderer trembles, though her brain
Is drunken with the blood of millions slain :
She did not mean to show you ; 'twas the spade
Of simple workmen which your horrors laid

¹ See Note XXIII., p. 272.

Unearthed and bare before the light of day ;
They only dug to open a new way.
As they advanced, the ground beneath them
grew

In patches softer, changed its wonted hue,
And with the smell of death defiled the air.
They dug, and they discovered layer on layer,
Black bones, and rusted chains, and human hair,
And iron nails, and bits of melted lead,
And the burnt fuel of unnumbered dead.
They cut the heap across—it crowns a hill ;
Its length is shown—its breadth lies buried still.
Doubtest thou, reader? I was there I say,
I saw them at their work ; I brought away
Some pitiful remains which, while I write
These very words, are lying in my sight.
A piece of paper on this table holds
Some of this martyr-dust within its folds.
I pause and gently touch it with my hand :
It is not common earth ; it is not sand.
I look at it ; the tears have filled my eyes ;
My God, what is it that before me lies ?

The ground beneath was gravel and was red,
But this is dark and formed a separate bed.
How soft it is and light! it feels like soil
That has been saturated once with oil:
'Tis full of small black cinders; most is grey
And ashen; here is something burnt away
Black as the blackest coal; this was the meat
Of some relentless and devouring heat.

A little box beside the paper stands:
Its relics I collected with these hands:
I take a something from it like a stone;
'Tis grey and light; ah! 'tis a piece of bone;
This was the side on which the muscles grew;
The other side its chambers are burnt blue.
These four are lumps of iron; they are red,
Like fetters that have rusted off the dead.

This was an iron bolt, 'tis long and curved;
To hold a chain or cord it doubtless served;
This is a hollow bone burnt through and through,
It leaves upon my hand a dusky blue;
This was a bar of iron, now mere rust;
And this is indistinguishable dust.

O Rome ! thou Mother of a cherished race,
Blush not to show the world thy kindly face !
Thy bosom—hide its demons, hush—thy breast,
'Tis there alone that suffering men find rest.

How mild the chastisements thy love hath used
Whene'er thy children have thy laws refused !
Gentle coercion ! Pity's tender tones !

TELL ME, THOU MURDERESS BLACK, WHAT MEAN
THESE BONES ?

These bones before me, those upon that hill,
Who, what were these thus slaughtered by thy
will ?

What did these helpless women ? these poor men ?
Why didst thou shut them up in thy dark den ?
Why didst thou rack their limbs, and starve their
frames,

And cast them bound into devouring flames ?
True, they reproached thee for thy crimes and
lies,

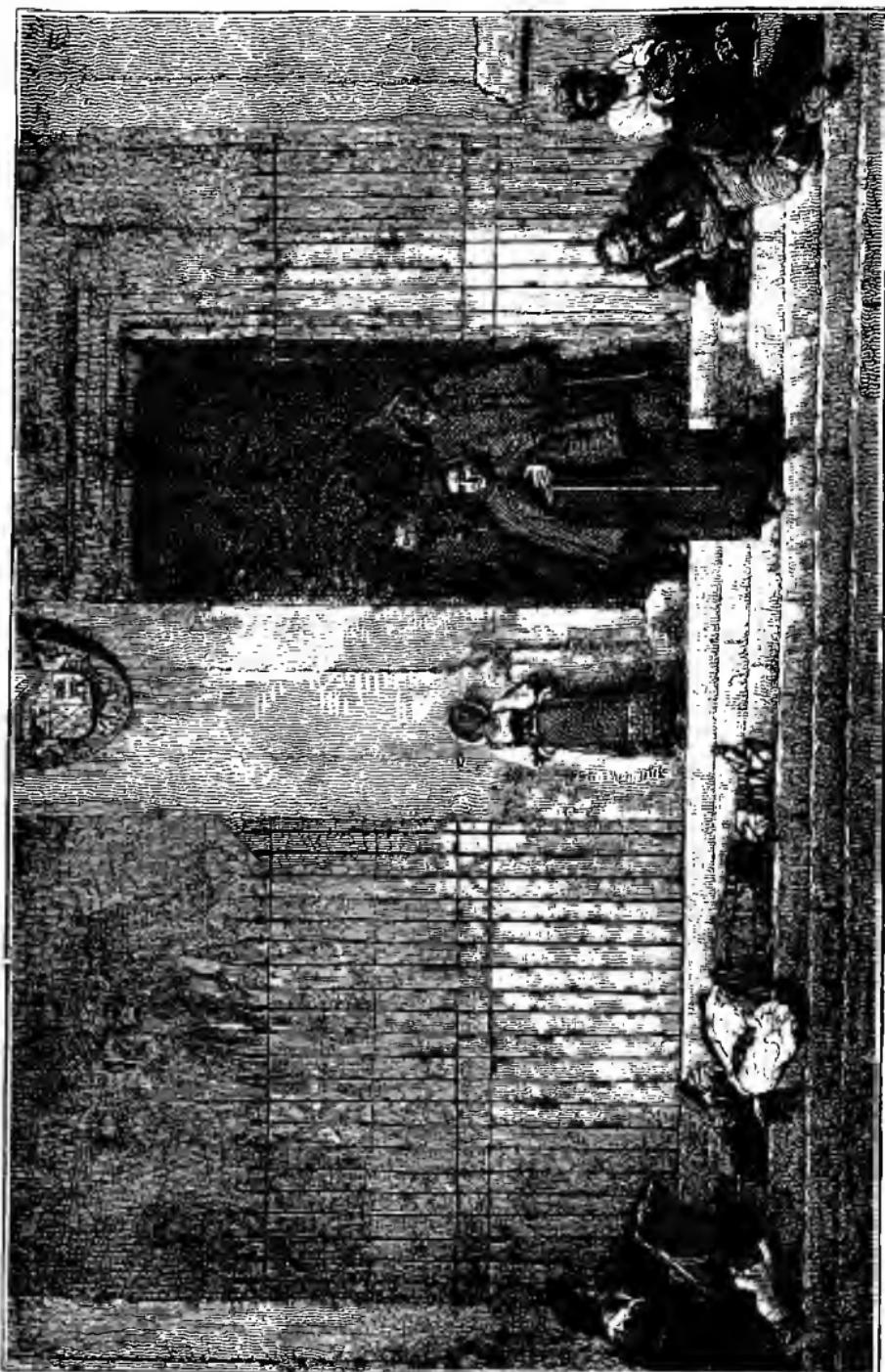
And prayed for thee with sin-forgiving sighs ;
Thy multiplied idolatries abhorred ;
No Mediator honoured but their Lord ;

Condemned thy priestcraft and thy love of gold ;
Clung to God's word and for its truths were bold ;
Adorned by blamelessness the name they bore ;
Loved not their lives to death. What did they
more ?

Were they adulterers—these prisoned saints ?
Or murderers—these who died without complaints ?

Hush ! for they sleep in Jesus—soft their bed ;
His suffering saints their Lord hath comforted !
Hush ! for the sevenfold wrath of God grows hot !
Hush ! for her deep damnation slumbereth not.

THE JESUIT RIBERA AT ROME.



CHAPTER V.

THE POWER BEHIND THE POPE.

WITH eyes now opened look at yonder sight,
SATAN TRANSFORMED! an Angel of the light!

His left hand holds a Crucifix, his right
A naked Sword! What harmony in these?
The quickened sense the Adversary sees
Spite of disguises. As the piercing eye
Of Jesus did the Prince of hell descry
Hid in the form of Peter, so our gaze
Looks on the lie with anger and amaze.
Rome is a HIERARCHY; and means the reign

Through priests of the old Enemy again.
Two hundred millions own the sacred sway
Of the Triple Tyrant, and his word obey.
Upon them HALF A MILLION PRIESTS, with feet
Audacious, tread and tramp as seemeth meet.
Upon the priests A THOUSAND BISHOPS climb,
And cluster on their shoulders ; while sublime
Above the Bishops CARDINALS appear ;
And over them the ruler of the sphere,
The AGED AUTOCRAT, and close behind
Frowns the dark visage of the Master Mind !¹

O form half seen, half hidden, black as night,
And bloodstained, furtive, shrinking from the sight,
Slippery, unearthly, calculating, cold,
The Papal Helm and Sceptre Thou dost hold ;
Yes, THOU ! the vision startles men at times,
And then recedes ; the mountain of thy crimes,
Looms like a lurid Etna 'twixt the clouds,
And, while the world is gazing, darkness shrouds
The horror, and men think on it no more ;
Yet there it is in fact as 'twas before.

¹ See Note XXXIV., p. 273.

SATAN HIMSELF beneath the sacred name
Of Jesu's follower—the loftiest claim,
The purest doth advance! Angel of light!
His name is JESUIT or JESUSITE,
The company of Jesus! SATAN'S band,
His own militia; his material hand,
His heart of falsehood, his most subtle mind,
His Serpent Shape, which coil in coil doth wind,
And in the folds the fangs, the glittering eyes!
God shall unearth thee yet! Thy sentence lies
Writ in His book, yea, hast thou never read
“The woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head?”
He whose great name thou bearest, He shall crush
Thy hateful head! Go then, thy presence hush,
Slip slyly into Palaces and Shrines,¹
Sit in confessionals, dig secret mines,
Plot, plan, pretend, dissemble, darken, lie,
Heaven yet shall drag thee forth and lift thee
high,
And with its hand of might in holy ire
Fling thee, foul serpent in the eternal fire.

* *

¹ See Note XXXV., p. 273.

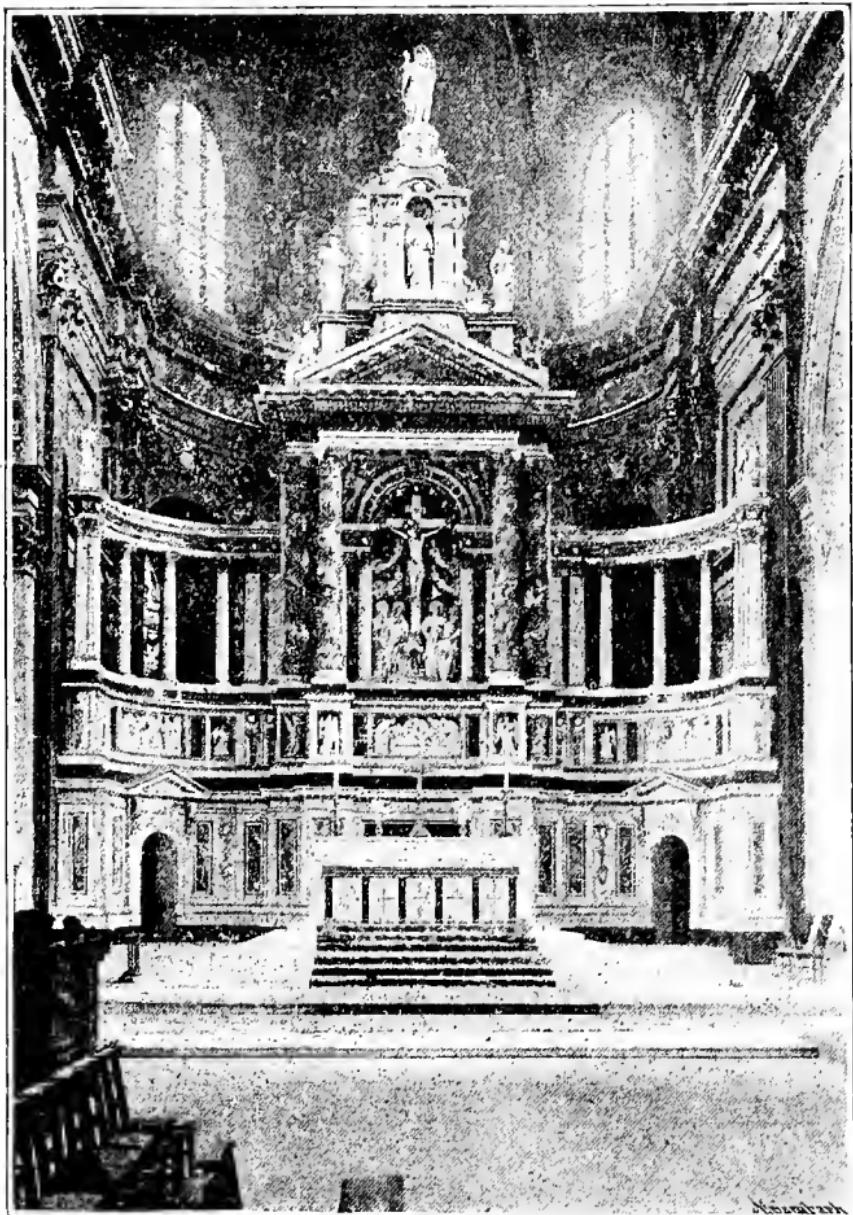
O monstrous pyramid ! I see it rise,
It seems to tower and touch the very skies !
Man's lofty free morality is mute
In the dread presence of the Absolute.
The priest is in the place of the Most High !
All must submit to his authority ;
Then in his turn the priest doth bend before
The Bishop, while the Bishop doth adore
The Pope—and he ? well, SATAN doth inspire,
Satan, dark dressed in Jesuit's attire,
And in that fraud than he there is none higher.

Ye foolish victims of conspiracy,
What is your Pope ? a Mask, a Mystery,
The Mouth-piece of another ; read and see
The doctrines of the Jesuits who guide
The Papal judgment, and unseen decide
The voice of the INFALLIBLE ! and read
The story of their deeds ! Take ye good heed
To whom your soul's salvation ye commit !
Who is it that in truth doth yonder sit

In that dark Vatican? See wheel in wheel,
How works the strange machine to which ye kneel
And how one name another doth conceal!

Apostles guide not now; the Church is dumb;
The Fathers dead and buried; Conscience numb;
The Intellect, the Soul have lost their eyes;
Bibles are banned, and Wisdom only lies
In one man's breast! And who is at his back?
Ah, that's the question! Only trace the track
Behind the Papal chair, where to and fro
It winds, and you shall meet with wonder, lo!
Another Pope behind the Pope we know!¹

¹ See Note XXXVI., p. 274.



THE NEW REREDOS, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

“Your churches ye transform. So like now grown
To Popish mass-houses are they, that known
From these they scarce can be.”—p. 134.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

EHOLD a sign! Thy streams no more supply
Thy wants, O Babylon! the bed is dry
Or drying, where the broad Euphrates ran.
Thy galleons floated where the foot of man
Now treads in safety; nevermore again
Shalt thou that confiscated wealth obtain.

Still dries the mystic stream, and from the bed
Half-hidden monsters lift the horrid head;

The hissing serpent crawls, the croaking frog
 Springs on the bank, and seeks the neighbouring
 bog;

And others nimbly follow ; each employs
 His utmost power to swell the deafening noise !
 Shouts Ultramontane now afresh arise,
 And Socialism rends the air with cries ;
 New Infidelities o'ercloud the earth,
 And Superstition has a second birth !

IN LANDS LONG PROTESTANT THE FOE APPEARS,
 REVIVES THE APOSTACY OF FORMER YEARS,¹
 THE VESTED PRIESTS BEFORE THEIR ALTARS
 STAND,
 AND ROME, NEW DRESSED IN RITES AND RITUAL
 BANNED,
 UPLIFTS HER MITRED HEAD, HER BLOODSTAINED
 HAND !

Beware, O ENGLAND,² of the final throes
 Of the old Papal dragon. Foully flows

¹ See Note XXXVII., p. 274.

² See Note XXXVIII., p. 285.

His blood from Reformation wounds, but power
For the convulsions of an awful hour
Remains within him. Satan now at bay
Lowers his horns for the determined fray
Of ARMAGEDDON. Evil at its end
Is at its worst ; and terribly shall rend
Its unprepared opponent. The red hand
Of Romanism lorded in the land,
Until the Reformation set us free ;
And now what means the marvel that we see ?
The CATHOLIC REVIVAL!¹ All around
A transformation movement blocks the ground
With mediæval cumbrance. Altars rise,
And Romish Ritual the law defies
From the Established Churches to remove
Its new intruded presence. Chancels swarm
With priests invested in the selfsame form
Of sacerdotal fantasy and pride
We once expelled. The slumbering Church doth slide
Backward and downward on the fatal plane
Of the old apostacy. Protests are vain

¹ See Note XXXIX., p. 287.

That from the Papacy a gulf divides
The thing we see ; stern history's voice derides
The pretext. True, the seed is not the flower,
Yet doth the flower produce ; the leaven's power
Sly entering doth the lump at large infect.
A subtler mind than man's doth here direct !
For, tell me, to what form return ye now,
But to that parent root from which did grow
Rome's ugly shape ? Sow Sacerdotal seed,
And ye shall have its harvest ! Blind indeed
Is he who would Effect divorce from Cause,
Oblivious of the might of moral laws.

Your churches ye transform. So like now grown
To Popish mass-houses are they, that known
From these they scarce can be. What doth remain
'Twixt them and Rome ? Ye sunder them in vain !
Between the Churches twain a party wall,
Now old and perishing, and that is all !
This side and that what difference ? Take away
The thin partition, lo ! there doth display

The lengthened vista, and the pillared aisle
Of a stupendous Temple, doubly vile,
Filled with idolatries ; see how they blend,
The twain become one structure in the end !
Already the mid wall, with many a blow,
Gapes like a ruined arch, and passing through
By the broad breach the priests in open day
Stream in procession. 'Tis in vain they say
"No Popery!" What recks the sounding name ?
The thing itself, the essence is the same.

* * *

What want we with these priests ? We are not Jews,
Their antiquated garments we refuse ;
In vain they hang the curtain God has torn,
In vain restore a ritual out-worn ;
The light doth laugh at them ; the shining day
Shameth their shows, and warns them hence away !
They robe themselves, they posture and parade
In the house of God, as if that place was made
For their performances ! They draw the line
'Twixt priest and people ; in the inner shrine

They rear their altars ; candles, crosses raise,
And prostitute the forms of prayer and praise ;
Yea, scruple not the Scriptures to defy,
And with their Mass the Saviour crucify.

“ Bring no more vain oblations ; incense is
Abomination ” ; hear the word, 'tis HIS
That built the skies, that bade the burning sun,
Obedient, his unwearied race to run ;
HIM whom the heavens adore, the angels fear,
Whose hand of strength uphung the starry sphere ;
Whose wrath hath scattered Israel, whose breath
Blows as a stream of life, or storm of death ;
O hear your GOD, and ere it be too late,
Take from HIS presence what HIS soul doth hate.

A rail'd-off priesthood offering up for sin
A would-be sacrifice, denies within
The Church on earth the office of her Head,
Of Him who once was offered in her stead ;
Nor need, nor power that offering to repeat ;
Once and for ever, ere He took His seat

In Heaven a full Atonement Jesus made.
 The veil is rent, the temple's glories fade,
 The shadows flee ; no place remains for you,
 Pretended priests, for all things are made new !

The blest Redeemer on His Church conferred,
 From heaven, Apostles, Preachers of the Word,
 And Pastors of the flock ; their office high
 To TEACH THE TRUTH, and thus to glorify
 The Saviour, and reveal the Gospel's grace ;
 The fair realities which now replace
 The faded forms and shows with cobwebs hung,
 Those wretched rudiments which Time hath flung
 Upon its heap of refuse and decay !
 War not with Heaven, which long hath swept away
 Their curtained darkness to make room for day.

O ANOETOI TIS EBASKANE ?¹

*Who hath bewitched you ? Did ye never see
 The real glory in the Saviour's face,
 Or taste in truth His renovating grace ?*

¹ "O foolish (Galatians) who hath bewitched (you)."—*Gal. iii. 1.*

Beginning in the Spirit, wherefore spurn
 The Spirit's power, and to the carnal turn?
 Seek ye perfection by the flesh again?
 If this is wisdom, Christ hath died in vain.

* * *

O ye who in our day and in our land¹
 Labour to build again what God has banned,
 And raise the BABYLON He overthrew,
 The fingers foul of ANTICHRIST are you;
 Ye rake amid the rubbish of the past
 For broken idols which our fathers cast
 To bats and moles, and dizen them again
 With tinsel, to befool unwary men,
 And snare them with a lie! What needs this pile
 Of Popish candles, crosses, vestments vile?
 Intrusive frogs from the False Prophet sent,
 Your ceaseless croakings have a strange portent;
 Go, gather your contingent of the host
 Of ARMAGEDDON; speed ye, make the most
 Of the world's eventide, for short your hour!
 The Lord shall show you yet what means His power.

* * *

¹ See Note XL., p. 290.

Your wood, your hay, your stubble build with pride ;
The warning voice of prophecy deride ;
The judgments on Apostacy ignore,
Yea, though the Judge is standing at the door ;
Extinguish fast the Reformation light,
Lead back the Church to mediæval night ;
With Romish superstitions crowd the shrine,¹
And cancel with your creeds the word divine ;
Mislead the souls for whom the Saviour bled,
Put fatal poison in the children's bread,
Do this—and then go answer to the Lord,
And from His hand receive your just reward.

* * *

The judgment burneth, and with giddy gaze
Ye fly like silly moths into the blaze !
Is it not written, though a Paul should rise,
Or though a glorious angel from the skies
Should preach another Gospel than the first
Apostles gave us, "let him be accursed" ?
Such then Heaven holds you, for your sin is great.
The felon breaks the law and meets his fate ;

¹ See Note XLI., p. 292.

No soul hath he dragged downward but his own ;
But ye the souls of many have o'erthrown ;
Alas ! it is God's Remedy for sin
That ye pervert and poison ; for within
The sacred Gospel ye intrude your lies,
Of God and man the common enemies.

* *

What matter ye discard the name of Rome ?
Ye hold her doctrines. Trace them to their home
Your heresies are hers. Ye claim the place
Of Christ on earth ; His members ye abase
In your confessional,¹ that moral sink,
To seek your absolution ! Do ye think
Heaven can endure such shameless masquerade ?
Of what material think ye it is made ?
Nay, I will tell you, everlasting flame,
"CONSUMING FIRE." That is Jehovah's name.

* *

What, you the channels of His grace ? Alas,
For those poor souls whose blessing has to pass

¹ See Note XLII., p. 293.

Through such as you! Think you the life divine
Is like a streamlet which men's hands confine
To mouldering aqueducts and pipes of lead?
Nay, but the power which raises up the dead
Is like the wind that blows o'er vale and hill
Unlimited by man, where lists its will;
Nor whence, nor whither can ye trace its way,
Nor speed its wingèd movements, nor delay.

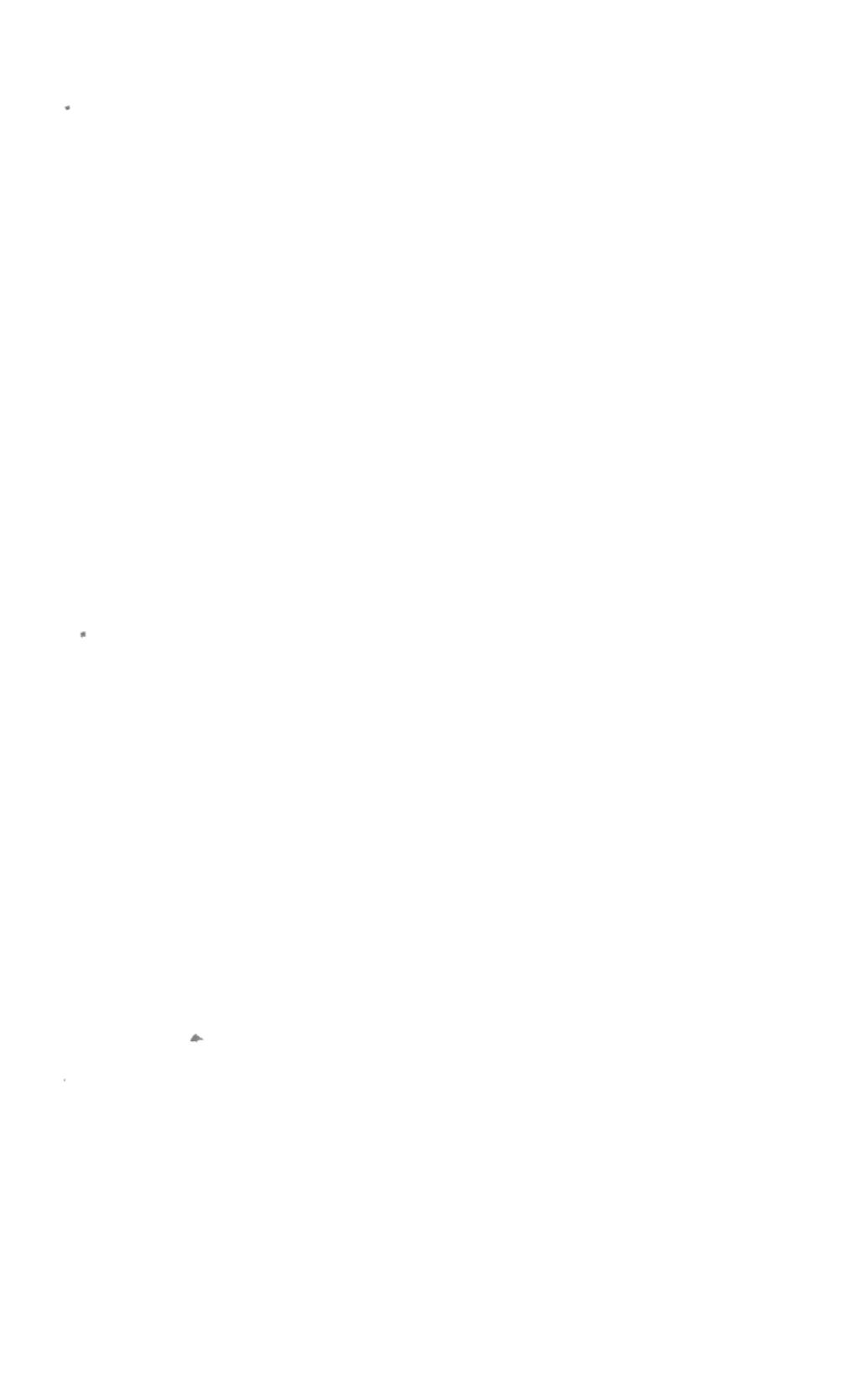
Ah, better, better that blest SPIRIT seek
With penitential tears, and accents meek,
And deep contrition, than these claims parade,
As false as any falsehood ever made.
No priests are you; go drop the priestly mask;
No priests are needed; yours is not the task
To mediate for men, for ONE alone
Is Mediator, CHRIST upon His throne.
Give Him His glory, give to Him His due,
That He may cleanse, may pardon even you.

England, alas, thy Shepherds mostly sleep,
They warn not those committed to their keep;

They war not for the safety of the flock.
Pastors and Bishops? Their good names but mock
Their character ; the foe is in the fold,
And yet they hesitate ; they are not bold
For righteousness and truth ; they do not burn
With holy zeal ; and when they speak men spurn
Their fine-spun phrases and their hollow tones.
They sleep while millions perish, and the groans
Of the neglected pierce the ears of Heaven !
O Thou MOST HIGH who hast the Spirits seven,
The golden lamp within the temple trim,
Whose flame is flickering, and whose light is dim.¹

Oh, if in days gone by THINE ARM was bared
On our behalf, if England ever shared
In sense distinguishing Thy sovereign dower,
Grant us in these to see again Thy power ;
While Superstition dresses new her lies,
And Infidelity Thy Truth defies.
O ARM MAJESTIC, magnify Thy might,
And swift descending put Thy foes to flight !

¹ See Note XLIII., p. 294.



SECTION III.

CONCLUSION.

“We teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed: That the Roman pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, that is, when in the discharge of the office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the universal Church, is, by the Divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, possessed of that INFALLIBILITY with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining doctrine regarding faith or morals; and that therefore such definitions of the Roman pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church, IRREFORMABLE.

“But if any one, which may God avert! presume to contradict this our definition, let him be anathema.”—*Decree of Infallibility. Vatican Council. Rome. 1870.*

CHAPTER I.

ROME IRREFORMABLE.



ND now what means the Present and
the Past,

This Roman story, Pagan, Papal, fast

Nearing its end? How points the tale
thus told?

What moral mystery doth it unfold?

Two aspects of one volume are revealed,

WITHOUT 'tis written, and WITHIN, and sealed.

The Lamb has loosed the seals, and given us light;
ROME is the civil sphere, the Realm of Might,
Where grew the Church, where fought the Church
its fight;

To suffering called, she wears the Martyr's chain ;
 She burns and yet doth unconsumed remain,
 For God indwells her, mighty to sustain.

THE CHURCH IS MILITANT ; yea, learn it well ;

Her calling conflict with the powers of hell ;

As Satan's delegate great Rome doth rule,

And her arena is the Church's school.

Twofold the warfare ; battle did begin

Without the camp, and then arose *within* ;

'Twas as with Israel ; first Egypt's hand,

The bitter bondage in a stranger land, .

Then Israel's Apostacy ; the night

Of their idolatry ; that sadder sight

When they themselves did war against the right.

Moses, Elijah, each with lifted hand

Upon his separate battle-ground doth stand ;

Dread Pharaoh first ; then Ahab, Jezebel,

Thy pages, Rome, no other story tell.

The riddle read ; the *Pagan* Dragon slain

Is with a *Christian* title raised again ;

Once Pagan, Papal now, the selfsame power,
The Beast with all its heads and horns doth tower !

How step by step that wondrous power arose,
How first it conquered and then crushed its foes,
How long, against the Christian Church enraged,
A warfare fierce and merciless it waged ;
How in the flaming fire, the lion's den
Were more than conquerors the martyrs then ;
How judgment brought the Roman Empire low,
Whelmed in red ruin, blow succeeding blow ;
How Hell defeated, changed the field of strife
And armed the Church against the Christian's life ;
How cruel Cæsars in the Popes revived,
And Kings again from Rome their crowns derived ;
How sat the Church Imperial on the throne
Arrayed in glory, and a harlot grown ;
Beneath her nations like a mighty flood,
And she, a Persecutor, drunk with blood ;
How suffering saints their faithful witness bore,
And raised Truth's banner reddened with their
gore ;



"How suffering saint; their faithful witness bore."—pp. 149-151.

How standing at the stake, and by the slain,
Reformers rose and broke the Tyrant's chain,
And gave the nations liberty again,—
All this in retrospect before our gaze
Has passed—the thrilling tale of bygone days.

We marked the Midnight when in drunken swoon
Religion slept; the hour of Papal noon;
From whence declining westward went full soon
Rome's proud supremacy; by Schism first
Rent rudely, and by hateful Avarice curst:
Saw how the protests of the faithful few
Kindling the REFORMATION downward drew
PAPAL REACTION like an angry storm;
And saw its tempest the fair face deform
Of Europe, with the play of passions dire,
Terrific wars, and persecution's fire.
We saw the liberated Church emerge
Like favoured Israel from the Red Sea's surge,
When Pharaoh followed to destroy her host;
And saw how judgment to the uttermost
Now come, wild REVOLUTIONS did uplift

Wave after wave, and in destruction drift
O'er Papal armaments and bannered pride,
Chariot and horse deep whelming in the tide.

.

And now to-day he marches to his doom,
The modern Pharaoh ! wildly in the gloom
He battles with his destiny ! What word
Is this he speaks, with final madness stirred ?
Upon a lip that cannot change again,
A word of pride, audacity, disdain,
Doth hang ! its sullen deep reflects the throne
Of the Eternal ; its majestic tone
Rolls like the thunder ; its vibrations swell
Like the last trump that shakes the gates of hell ;
Be ye ANATHEMA ! INFALLIBLE
Am I ; my doctrines IRREFORMABLE !

Is darkness day, or is the night still night ?
Herein is blasphemy's most dizzy height
And deadly elevation ; WITH THIS CHAIN,
Bound to Eternity must Rome remain !

ROME IRREFORMABLE ! thy millstone keep,
That woeful word shall sink thee in the deep !¹

Self-uttered doom ! that IRREFORMABLE !

'Twas the last word he spoke, and as a knell,
Sounding above the storm it speaketh still !
The winds are whispering it, and far away
ANATHEMA, ANATHEMA, they say,
And IRREFORMABLE he still shall stay !

Muttering his blasphemies, behold him stand,
His temporal power is stricken from his hand ;
Another King is crowned in royal Rome,
But he who boasts beneath St. Peter's dome
The INFALLIBLE, dependence will not brook,
To Sceptres ne'er shall bow the Shepherd's crook
Ah ! fatal utterance ! 'Tis the trump of strife,
War with the civil power ! War to the knife !

¹ See Note XLIV., p. 296.

“And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, IT IS DONE.

“And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great.

“And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell: and GREAT BABYLON came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.”—*Rev. xvi. 17-19.*

CHAPTER II.

ROME JUDGED.



O! 'tis the FINAL CONFLICT Rome has
stirred!

Writ is its issue in the Eternal Word,—
THE HORNS SHALL HATE THE WHORE,
AND DESOLATE
AND NAKED SHALL THEY MAKE HER, THOUGH
SHE SATE
IN SPLENDOUR MANY AN AGE ; FOR HE IS STRONG,
THE LORD OMNIPOTENT, WHO — WRATH WITH
WRONG—
HER WHOREDOM DOTH AVENGE ; AND THEY SHALL
BURN
HER FLESH WITH FIRE, AND SHALL HER GLORY
TURN
TO ASHES ; AND HER SMOKE SHALL SLOW ASCEND,
LIKE NIGHT, STILL DARKENING DARKNESS WITH-
OUT END !

Hark, in the Wilderness a Voice doth cry !
Lifted shall be the valleys ! mountains high
Brought low ! the crooked ways shall be made
straight,
And the rough smooth ; no power with pride elate
Shall bar the glory of the Lord, or stay
His Kingdom's advent in the appointed day !
Lifted shall be the valleys ! mountains high
Shall be brought low, and all beneath the sky
That bars heaven's glory, and its Kingdom nigh !

Say to Jerusalem, BEHOLD YOUR GOD !
HE COMETH ! in His hand the Shepherd's rod,
The staff of guidance and of guardian care,
HIS arm shall rule ; His arm shall gently bear
The tender lambs ; by Him the flock be led ;
And gathered safe, and kept, and comforted !

Ah, ye who in His name His will defy,
And bind with your decrees inflexibly
Upon men's souls, from Thrones and Altars high,
The strong delusion that believes a lie,

Your Kingdom built on Avarice, Falsehood, Blood,
Falls into ruins, sinks in Judgment's flood !

Your own audacity has broke the spell
Of subject Nations, and has struck the knell
Whose note reverberates from shore to shore ;
Your lawless sovereignty shall stand no more !

No lie can be immortal ; Truth alone
In Nature's final course shall fill the throne,
And hold the sceptre ; impious wrong shall cease
To oust the right, and knowledge shall increase ;
Writ is the sentence in the Eternal laws,
Failure must be the end of Falsehood's cause.

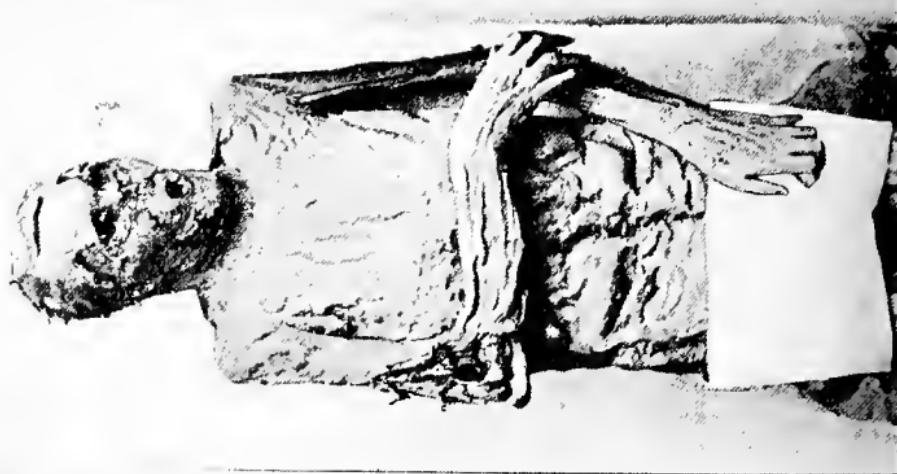
Rome's heart is false and foul, and Rome's array
Purple and scarlet ! Tear the mask away !
The pearls, the silk, the mitres, the display
Strip from her form unsightly, lift each fold,
And show her as she is, misshapen, old,
Wrinkled and withered, covered with the grime,
Layer upon layer, of centuries of crime !

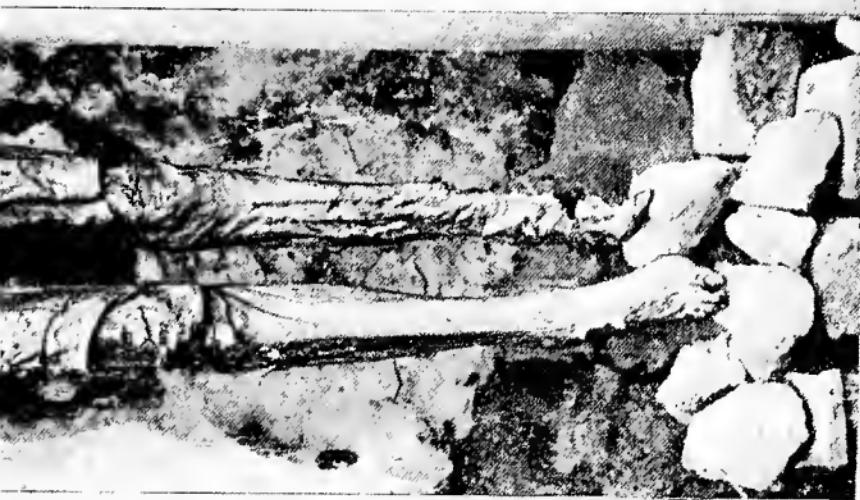
Her arms, her hands, her fingers, crusted red
With all the blood of martyrs that she shed !

Open, ye dungeons deep ! admit the beam
Of daylight ; on her horrors let it stream ;
Down with these walls, and make a passage right
Through stones and mortar ; ha ! that ghastly sight !
Quick, quick ! What standeth there ? let in the light !
Down come the stones and rubbish in a mass,
But he who standeth there is dead, alas !
Dead, yet on tiptoe standing,¹ and compressed
In narrow space, his arm across his breast,
As when he struggled for a breath of air
And found it not, and with the speechless prayer
That went stark, gasping into stony gloom,
Relapsed—and stiffened in his living tomb !

Hearken, ye Priests of Rome, that speechless man
Is speaking to you ; answer if ye can !
His cave-like mouth from yonder dungeon calls,
His crooked hand is writing on your walls,
And from their orbits grim his sightless eyes
Are searching through your masks and mysteries ;

¹ See Note XLV., p. 300.





VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION FOUND IN THE CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO, MEXICO, 1861.

(Reproduced from a photograph in the author's possession.)

[See Note XLV, p. 300.]



His skin that hangs in rags and tatters there
Praises the honest garments that ye wear ;
There is a voice in his protruding bones,
His silence is like thunder, and the tones
Of Retribution's trumpet seem to swell
From the stiff lips now mouldering in that cell !
They tell you that there comes the awful day
When you shall answer for this human clay,
And Heaven shall tear your hollow mask away !
They tell you that Religion was not made
To stretch its shield, or throw its sheltering shade
O'er crimes which Angels shudder to record,
Unpunished, unconfessed and unabhorred.

* * *

In thee, O Rome, the blood of millions slain
Cries for God's vengeance, nor shall cry in vain ;
Those martyred millions yet shall rise again
To testify against thee ! From the ground
That drank their blood shall come a hollow sound
When the Archangel's trump shall thee confound,
And the LORD'S SHOUT shall roll the world around !

The slaughtered Albigenses shall appear,
The poor Waldenses from their mountains drear ;
The valley of Lucerna shall awake,
The blood-stained rocks around Angroyna shake,
And Pignerol and Pra-del-tor shall ring
With thousand voices at God's summoning ;
Calabria shall open all her graves,
Bohemia her deep mine pits, and the caves
Upon the lonely Alps shall yawn and yield
Forgotten victims ; France in every field
Shall be upturned ; the trampled Huguenot
Shall spring upon his feet, and each fell spot
In Holland where the cruel Alva trod
Shall feel the heaving of the blood-stained sod ;
Old England's Lollards shall forsake their shroud,
Wickliffe and Latimer shall cry aloud,
And every Marian martyr there shall stand
A living witness with uplifted hand !

* *

Lo ! like a furnace smoking to the skies
GREAT BABYLON IS BURNING ! Redly rise

The lurid vapours, cloud is piled on cloud,
And darkness hangs the sable of its shroud,
ALAS! ALAS! THAT CITY BABYLON!

**FALLEN IS HER GREATNESS, AND HER GLORY
GONE!**

Her silver shrines, her merchandise of gold,
Her precious stones, her pearls of price untold,
Her purple robes, the scarlet of her state,
Vessels of brass and ivory ornate,
Treasures of war, of genius and of toil,
Odours and ointments, frankincense and oil,
Horses and chariots, stores of wheat and wine,
And palaces of rich and rare design,

BURNING IN ONE TREMENDOUS QUENCHLESS FIRE!
Loosed is the hungry flame, and leapeth higher,
It waves its weapons in the trembling air,
And fills the awestruck nations with despair.

BURN BABYLON! The Harpers in the skies
Are raising now their sevenfold harmonies!
I hear the deep triumphant organs blow,
Loud and more loud the Hallelujahs grow,

The morning stars their silver trumpets wake,
Wave upon wave the acclamations break :
Lo ! 'tis the swell and surging of the voice
Of myriads upon myriads who rejoice,
A voice like mighty thunders, and the roar
Of billows bursting on a boundless shore !

'MID RUSH OF HALLELUJAHs SWIFTLY RISE
ROME'S MARTYRS NUMBERLESS ! THEY CROWD
THE SKIES,
A SHINING HOST EMERGING FROM THE TOMBS
OF THE CAMPAGNA AND THE CATACOMBS,
FROM INQUISITION DUNGEONS THEY UPSPRING,
THE HOLLOW GRAVE HAS LOST ITS COVERING,
OLD DEATH FALLS STRICKEN WHERE HAD LAIN
THE DEAD !
DARK CRUEL SUPERSTITION HIDES ITS HEAD
AMID THE FALLEN CEREMENTS, FOR FEAR
OF THE AVENGER'S STROKE ! THE STARRY SPHERE
IS ALL ALIVE WITH ANGELS ! NIGHT HAS FLED,
AND IN MID-HEAVEN THE MARTYR HOST OUT-
SPREAD,

LEADING THE SAINTS, AND BY DEATH'S CON-
QUEROR LED,
SOARS STATELY TO THE THRONE! Hark, falling
clear,

What thrilling voice celestial do I hear?

Eternity, Eternity, what have thy lips to say,
Who, who are these before the throne in spotless
white array?

They shine in light and splendour now, resplendent
as the sun,

Whence came they to this bright abode? what vic-
tories have they won?

Lo! these are they from trials great, from prisons
and from chains,

From dreary dwellings of the dead, where silent
darkness reigns,

From dens of torment dyed in blood, from fierce
consuming flame,

To dwell for evermore with God, these crowned
Victors came.

Eternity, Eternity, what have thy lips to say
Of all the love that He hath shown who led them
by the way ?
Once they were wanderers from the fold, and trod
the path of sin,
How come they to be gathered here to dwell God's
courts within ?

Lo ! Jesus loved them as His own, and for their
sake He died,
When in the darksome wilderness the Lord was
crucified ;
'Twas He who brought them home to God, and
saved from sin and woe,
And washed them in His precious blood, and made
them white as snow.

Eternity, Eternity, what have thy lips to say
Of that exceeding great reward which fadeth not
away ?

The Crown of life that they have won bright beams
on every brow,

What think they of the battlefield, and of the vic-
tory now?

Lo! ages upon ages roll, and still their joys
are new,

And still the past with songs of praise and triumph
they review;

And never with the Crown of Life, the sufferings
they have known,

Can they compare who reign with Christ upon the
Victor's Throne.

“They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name? for Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee; for Thy judgments are made manifest.”—*Rev. xv. 3, 4.*

CHAPTER III.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.


O ! on a sea of mingled glass and fire
I saw the host of saintly Victors stand,
Each head with lustre crowned, and in
each hand
Uplifted high the silver stringèd lyre,
And they the Song of Moses and the Lamb,
Sang in the presence of the great I AM.

Marvellous are Thy works, O mighty Lord,
Just are Thy ways and true, Thou King of saints ;
Thy hand on stormy seas has laid restraints,
And given the proud oppressor his reward.
Who shall not fear and glorify Thy name,
And spread to nations far THY KINGDOM'S fame ?

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, is become
Glorious in power ; Thy right hand has o'erthrown
Thy foes confederate, sunken as a stone
Their hosts in watery depths and darkness dumb ;
Glorious in holiness Thy name avow,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders Thou.

Fall'n art thou now from heaven, O Lucifer,
Son of the Morning ! Heaven and Earth and Hell,
The mingled tones of acclamation swell ;
Roused by thy fall, the very dead upstir
Their multitudes, the grave's dark empire groans,
And kings arise, and shudder on their thrones.

For thou hast said I will ascend on high,
Far o'er the vapours of the cloudy vault,
High as the throne of God my throne exalt ;
Divine the splendour of my majesty.
Still sits the crown upon Jehovah's brow,
His thunders roll above thy ruin now.

And voices many, marvellous I heard,
Triumphant voices, Hallelujahs loud,
Assembled myriads answering cloud to cloud,
As round the throne of God awoke the Word,
Like hoary ocean lifting up its voice,
THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME, REJOICE !

And vested in fine linen clean and white,
The righteousness of saints, THE BRIDE I saw
Fair was her glory, fair without a flaw,
And wrapped was she in radiancy of light ;
Her days of mourning and her tears forgot,
The cup of bliss, the crown of life her lot.

To Him alone who loved us, was her cry,
And in His sacred blood from guilty stain
Hath washed us, to the LAMB for sinners slain,
Be Power, Riches, Wisdom, Majesty,
The Glory, and the Honour, and the Praise,
The song of Worship through undying days !



ND I beheld new heavens and earth,
 All radiant as the morning sun,
 Rejoicing on their day of birth ;
 For the first heaven and earth
 were gone.

And Eden spread o'er hill and lea
 Its peace ; and there was no more sea.

And I beheld afar in air,
 Descending out of heaven from God,
 As a chaste bride adorned and fair,
 A city mortal never trod,
 Shining with many a peerless gem—
 The pure, the New Jerusalem.

And a great voice from heaven I heard,
 Which said, " Behold the dwelling-place
 Of God, the house His hands have reared
 That in His glory and His grace
 He may with men for ever dwell,
 As God with us, Immanuel.

"For His own hand from every eye
Shall wipe away the tears of grief;
And none shall languish, none shall die,
Or perish like the autumn leaf;
And pain be at an end for aye,
For former things are passed away."

And He that sat upon the throne
Spake thus: "Lo, all things I renew!"
And bid me write in joyful tone,
For faithful are the words and true;
And said unto me: "It is done!
The First, the Last, am I alone.

"To him that is athirst I give
The fountain fathomless and free,
The spring whose flowing waters live;
And his for ever shall it be.
Who overcomes hath all things won;
I am his God, and he My son.

“ But unbelievers, the unclean,
The murderer, the man of lust,
Unsuited for that holy scene,—
The foul, the false, and the unjust,—
Are sentenced to that lake of flame
Which Heaven ‘the second death’ doth name.”

And lo! an angel, of the seven
Whose holy hands the vials bare
Of the last judgment acts of heaven,
Drew near, and talking with me there,
“ Come hither,” said he, “ to my side,
And I will show thee the Lamb’s Bride.”

And he upbore me to the brow
Of a majestic mountain high,
Whence, while the world lay far below,
He turned my glances to the sky,
And made me see a city fair
Descending in the ambient air.

She had the glory of her God ;
Her light was crystalline and clear
As shining jasper ; round her stood
A wall with gates, and angels near
Guarded those glistening gates full well,
Named from the tribes of Israel.

Three several gates on every side,
On east and north, and south, and west ;
Her wall had twelve foundations wide,
With names inscribed for ever blest ;
On each foundation was the name
Of an apostle of the Lamb.

A golden reed the angel bare
To measure the celestial frame ;
The city formed a mighty square,
Its length and breadth and height the same ;
Twelve thousand furlongs every way
The bright and beauteous city lay.

And twelve times twelve he measured more,
The stature of the jasper wall ;
The measure of the reed he bore
Was human, yet angelical ;
The city was of worth untold,
All crystal and transparent gold.

How rich were its foundations fair !
Chalcedony and chrysolite,
And jasper, sapphire, sardius there,
And topaz, each with different light,
And amethyst, and many a gem
Shone in the New Jerusalem.

Its gates were twelve, of lustre white,
A single pearl was every gate ;
Its streets were golden, crystal bright ;
No temple rose in sculptured state ;
For God Himself, the great I AM,
Is all its temple, and the Lamb.

Its light was not the summer sun,
The waning moon, the starry sky ;
The glory of Jehovah shone
And streamed through its transparency ;
His presence made eternal day,
The Lamb enlightened it for aye.

The nations of the ransomed earth
Shall walk in its transcendent light ;
And kings shall bring to it their worth,
The tribute of their treasures bright ;
Its gates, for ever open wide,
Shall welcome the rejoicing tide.

No falling night or fleeting shade
Shall o'er its beauty ever come ;
Nought that defiles or could degrade
Shall enter that celestial home ;
But those who like the Lamb's own wife,
Are written in the book of life.

He showed me then a river clear,
Untroubled by a warring wave ;
As crystal did its depths appear,
A living flood whose waters lave
The city, flowing from the throne
Of God and of the Lamb alone.

And by its bank on either side
The wondrous tree of life did grow,
All central in the city wide,
And yielded fruit on every bough ;
And every month its branches bore
Of fruit a different sort and store.

And of the tree of life the leaves
Were for the healing of mankind ;
And not a sin or curse which grieves
The earth shall then remain behind :
For there the throne of the I AM
Shall ever be, and of the Lamb.

And Him in love and liberty

They then shall serve, and see His face ;
His name upon their brows shall be
In living characters of grace ;
And robed in blood-washed raiment bright,
His saints shall reign in endless light.

“And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.”—*Rev. xviii. 4, 5.*

“COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE.”

ERE dawns that day, O people of the Lord,

Hear ye the final warnings of His Word!

COME OUT OF BABYLON! 'Tis God's command,

For her foretold destruction is at hand.

The rod is lifted, the avenging flame

Is kindled; as of old destruction came

On Sodom and on Egypt, cometh now

Her end amazing; suddenly shall bow

The storm of Judgment from the starry height,

And at the Angel's blast the flames shall write

On th' darkness, IT IS DONE! a hollow sound

As of an EARTHQUAKE thundering through the ground

Shall answer to the Trumpet in the skies,

The hills shall sink, the black abyss shall rise,

And leaning o'er, as when the Tempest's heel

Treads down the forest, BABYLON SHALL REEL

AND RUSH TO RUIN ! then the Mitres high
The lordly Crosiers and the Crowns shall lie
With broken Idols, Altars, Temples, Thrones,
And 'mid the chorus of Creation's groans
Shall BABEL'S cursèd presence and her pride
PERISH,—a Millstone falling in the tide
Flung by an angel's hand !—descending dread
Down to abysmal lavas rolling red !

Near is the day, near is the wrathful hour,
When GOD shall break the silence of His power !
O ANTICHRIST ! thy brow His butt shall be
When from His bow He sets His lightnings free !
O ROME, IN THEE THE BLOOD OF ALL THE SLAIN
SHALL THEN BE FOUND ! no covering shall remain
To hide thy horrors ; heaven shall all display,
And strip thy deeds of darkness in that day.

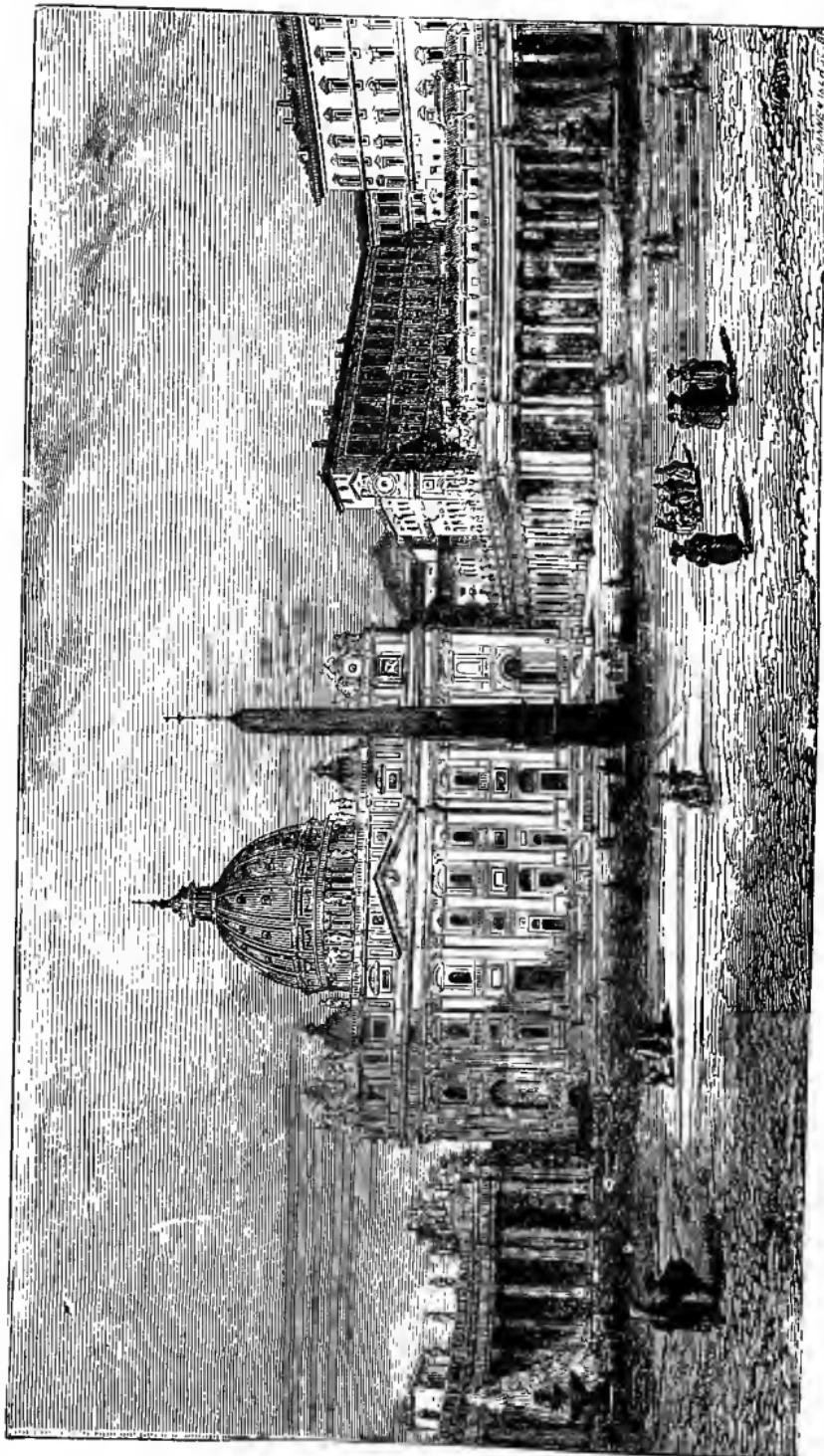
ESCAPE FROM BABYLON ! Escape and flee,
Ye who would shun her woes. Nor linger ye,
Nor backward look ; out from the accursèd camp
Of these conspirators ; for lo ! the tramp
Of the Avenger soundeth in the hall,

THE JUDGE IS AT THE DOOR, and on the wall
The mystic finger writes ! Arise, no more
Bow with these doomed idolaters before
Their altars false ; no more with these deny
The Temple and the Sacrifice on high.

GIVE TO THE LORD HIS GLORY ; He alone
Doth MEDIATE for men, and doth ATONE ;
Abhor the Priesthood that pretends to be
Clothed with His office and authority ;
CHRIST'S HOLY GOSPEL, neither more nor less
Before the world with heart and voice confess,
Aye, and in love, unmixed with bitterness !
No crucifix parade, but for the CROSS
Count the whole world but vanity and loss ;
Cling to GOD'S WORD, yea, TAKE THAT BOOK,
and be
Believing, Blessed, Fruitful, Faithful, Free !

Come, Kingdom of our God, and pass away,
Ye earthly kingdoms ; darkness yield to day !
PERISH, O ROME ! AS BABYLON THY FALL !
ARISE, JERUSALEM ! THY GOD IS ALL !

APPENDIX.



ST. PETER'S AT ROME AND PART OF THE VATICAN.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.—THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

“The seven-hilled city, seated on her throne,
Looks on the world she governed once alone.”—p. 1.

“Almost all the ancient Latin poets, speaking, as it were, with one voice, and ranging over a period of five hundred years, have described Rome as the seven-hilled city, and thus seem to have identified it with the City of the Seven Mountains, the queen of the earth in the age of the Apocalypse, in which city, if Christian prophecy be true, the anti-Christian power will appear.

‘Urbs septicollis.’ On imperial coins Rome is represented as A WOMAN SITTING ON SEVEN HILLS; see Akerman, *Roman Coins*, i. p. 187. Vaillant, p. 30: “Figura muliebris septem collibus insidens.”

The following passages concerning Rome will occur to the classical reader:—

Virgil.—*Georg.* ii. 535. *AEn.* vi. 784:—

“SEPTEMQUE una sibi muro circumdedit ARCES.”

Horace.—*Carmen Saec.* 7:—

“D̄is, quibus SEPTEM placuere COLLES.”

Tibullus, ii. v. 55:—

“Carpite nunc tauri de SEPTEM MONTIBUS herbas.”

Propertius, iii. x. 57 :—

“ **SEPTEM** urbs alta jugis toti quæ præsidet orbi.”

Ovidius.—*Trist.* i. iv. 69 :—

“ Sed quæ de **SEPTEM** totum circumspicit orbem
MONTIBUS imperii ROMA déumque locus. . . .”

Silius Italicus, xii. 606 :—

“ Defendere tecta
Dardana et in **SEPTEM** discurrere jusserat arces.”

See also x. 587 ; xvi. 620.

Statius.—*Silv.* iv. iii. 26 :—

“ **SEPTEM** MONTIBUS admovere Baias.”

Martial, iv. lxiv. 11 :—

“ Hinc **SEPTEM** dominos videre MONTES
Et totam licet æstimare Romani.”

Claudian, xii. 19 (ed. Gesner) :—

“ Aurea **SEPTEM** geminas
ROMA coronet ARCES.”

See also xv. 194.

Prudentius.—*De Romano Martyre*, 411 :—

“ Divum favore cum puer Mavortius
Fundaret ARCEM SEPTICOLLEM Romulus.”

“ Such are some of the expressions of Roman poets for five centuries concerning Rome. Is any other city in the world described in similar terms? No. Let us now turn to the words of inspiration. Rev. xvii. 9, ‘Here is the mind [or sense] which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth’; and ver. 18, ‘The woman is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth.’—Wordsworth’s *Letters on the Church of Rome, Sequel*, pp. 252-3.

NOTE II.—THE LITTLE HORN.

“ In their midst a subtle power was born,

A CORRUPT CHURCH.

In holy writ forenamed ‘The little horn.’”

—p. 42.

“The conversion of the empire to Christianity, and then its removal, its banishment into the far East, freed the Vicar of Jesus Christ from temporal subjection ; and then, by the action of the same Providence, he was clothed with the prerogatives of a true and proper local sovereignty over that state and territory and people so committed to his charge. From that hour, which I might say was fifteen hundred years ago, or, to speak within limit, *I will say was twelve hundred*, the Supreme Pontiff has been a true and proper Sovereign, exercising the prerogatives of royalty committed to him by the will of God over the people to whom he is father in all things both spiritual and temporal.

“This order, divinely founded, divinely unfolded, and divinely sustained, in my belief can never be dissolved. The ends of the world will come upon it, and the light of the Second Advent will find it as it is.”—*The Temporal Power of the Pope*. Cardinal Manning ; London, 1862 ; p. 182.

NOTE III.—BABYLON THE GREAT.

“Upon her brazen brow—a mystic whore,—

The name of ‘Babylon the Great’ she bore.”—p. 45.

“The more closely we consider the Roman Church, the more surely we feel ourselves in the presence of one who has been divinely delineated and divinely doomed, who has an evil prominence and a painful portion in the oracles of God ; the more clearly we discern her identity with the Great Whore of the Apocalypse and recognise in the utterly fallen woman the utterly fallen and corrupt Church. In every accompaniment of that grim and gaudy portent who must not discover some peculiarity of Rome ? What ecclesiastical body except the Roman Church possesses the imperial pomp, the princely hierarchy, the gorgeous ritual and the gaudy vesture which may match the purple and the scarlet, the gold, the pearls, and the precious stones worn by the woman ? In whose hands is the golden cup full of abominations, unless in hers whose artistic allurements and outward splendour recommend and adorn her corrupt doctrines and practices ? And above all

who must not recognise in the woman drunken with the blood of the saints that Roman Church which extirpated the Albigenses, which hunted down the Lollards, which quaffed blood like water in the Netherlands, which feasted on St. Bartholomew's, and was served for centuries by the Inquisition? The more closely we confront the historical reality with the prophetic delineation, the more distinctly do we discern that terrible likeness, so famous and fully recognised, so plain to all the foes of Rome, set forth by Waldenses, Albigenses, Apostolicals, Wycliffites, and Hussites, and proclaimed far and wide at the Reformation; a likeness which has fixed the contemplation of the highest poetical and spiritual genius, on which Spenser dilated and which Milton recognised; a likeness seen by gifted and illustrious sons of the Roman Church, acknowledged by Dante and set forth in terrible detail by Petrarch. This likeness so clear to them has grown clearer to us. We see what they could not see; we recognise the woman stripped by her lovers, made naked and desolate by those with whom she had sinned, in that popedom smitten by the princes of its allegiance and the nations in its train, by those very nations that fought its fight against Protestantism—bruised and rent by revolutionary and imperial France, stripped bare by aspiring Italy, and now bewailing the nakedness and desolation brought upon it by the double-dealing of its eldest son and the settled hate of its peculiar people."—*The Papal Drama*, pp. 481-2. Gill.

NOTE IV.—ROMISH SUPERSTITION.

"The structure of thy superstitions grew,
 Like a great fungus towering into view,
 Madonnas; altars, idols, vestments, shrines."—p. 47.

The following list of relics in the city of Rome, in the present day, will give the reader some idea of the variety of senseless idols which hide from the sinner's view, in that apostate Church, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

Relics on the parchment list suspended from the wall to the right of the apsis of the Church of St. Croce, in Gerusalemme :

The finger of St. Thomas Apostle, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord Jesus Christ after His resurrection.

At the altar of St. Helen are the following relics :

One of the pieces of money with which it is believed the Jews paid the treachery of Judas.

A great part of the holy veil and of the hair of the most blessed Virgin.

A mass of the cinders and charcoal united in the form of a loaf, with the foot of St. Lawrence, martyr.

Besides one bottle of the most precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ ; another full of the milk of the most blessed Virgin.

Of the place where Christ was baptized.

The stone on which stood the angel when he announced the great mystery of the incarnation to the most blessed Virgin.

A little piece of the stone where Christ was born.

A little piece of the stone where sat our Lord Jesus when He pardoned the sins of the Magdalen.

The stone where the Lord wrote the law given to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Of the cotton with which was collected the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Of the manna with which God fed the Hebrew people in the wilderness.

A part of the rod of Aaron, which blossomed in the desert.

Of the relics of the eleven prophets.

On a tablet on the right of the right aisle of St. Cecilia, in Trasle, were, among others :

The great toe of the foot of St. Mary Magdalen.

Some of the milk of the blessed Virgin.

Some of the thorns and sponge.

On the left-hand side of the vestibule of St. Cosmo and Damian :

One bottle of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary.

Part of the house of St. Mary Magdalen.

Some of the house of St. Zachary, Prophet.

In St. Prassede, on either side of the railing of the high altar, inscribed on marble slabs : -

Part of the shift of the blessed Virgin Mary.
 Part of the rod of Moses.
 Some of the ground on which our Lord prayed before His passion.
 Part of the reed and sponge with which they gave to drink the Lord Jesus Christ.
 Part of the hearts of St. Peter and St. Paul.
 Some of the relics of St. John the Baptist.
 Part of the napkin with which our Lord wiped the feet of His disciples.
 Some of the clothes in which our Lord Jesus was wrapped at His nativity.
 Part of the garment without a seam of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 Three thorns of the crown of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 Some of the stones with which St. Stephen, proto-martyr, was stoned.
 Part of the reed in which was placed the sponge full of vinegar and gall.
 On the left of the entrance in the church of St. James, Scossa-Cavallo, is the following inscription on a square block of stone :
 "Upon this stone, according to the ancient tradition of historians, brought hither by Helen the empress, Abraham placed his only son Isaac, to be sacrificed according to divine command."
 On reading over this list we might imagine that we were perusing the superstitions and impostures of the Middle Ages ; but it is a literal translation of the inscriptions copied only three or four years ago from the churches in the city of Rome, by the Hon. J. W. Percy, and published since the first edition of this work appeared.—*Popery, its Character and Crimes*, Taylor ; London, 1851 : p. 64.

NOTE V.—THE WALDENSES.

"The rude Waldenses, faithful in their fold,
 Kept the pure gospel in the days of old."—p. 51.
 The scripturalness of the doctrines held by the Wal-

densian Church may be gathered from the following confession of their faith.

A CONFESsION OF FAITH OF THE WALDENSES,
BEARING DATE A.D. 1120,
TAKEN FROM THE CAMBRIDGE MSS.

“ Article I.—We believe and firmly hold all that which is contained in the twelve articles of the symbol, which is called the Apostles’ Creed, accounting for heresy whatsoever is disagreeing and not consonant to the said twelve articles.

“ Article II.—We do believe that there is one God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

“ Article III.—We acknowledge for the holy canonical Scriptures, the books of the Holy Bible, viz. :—

Here follows a complete list of the books of the Old and New Testaments.

The books of the Apocrypha are also mentioned as—

“ the books Apocryphal, which are not received of the Hebrews. But we read them (as saith St. Jerome in his Prologue to the Proverbs), for the instruction of the people, not to confirm the authority of the doctrine of the Church. . . .”

“ Article IV.—The books above said teach this, that there is one God, Almighty, all-wise, and all-good, who has made all things by His goodness ; for He formed Adam in His own image and likeness, but that by the envy of the devil, and the disobedience of the said Adam, sin has entered into the world, and that we are sinners in Adam and by Adam.

“ Article V.—That Christ was promised to our Fathers who received the law that, so knowing by the law their sin, unrighteousness, and insufficiency, they might desire the coming of Christ to satisfy for their sins, and accomplish the law by Himself.

“ Article VI.—That Christ was born in the time appointed by God the Father. That is to say, in the time when all iniquity abounded and not for the cause of good works, for all were sinners ; but that He might show us grace and mercy, as being faithful.

"Article VII.—That Christ is our life, truth, peace, and righteousness, also our pastor, advocate, sacrifice, and priest, who died for the salvation of all those that believe, and is risen for our justification.

"Article VIII.—In like manner we firmly hold, that there is no other mediator and advocate with God the Father, save only Jesus Christ. And as for the Virgin Mary, that she was holy, humble and full of grace; and in like manner do we believe concerning all the other saints, viz., that, being in heaven, they wait for the resurrection of their bodies at the day of judgment.

"Article IX.—*Item*, we believe that after this life there are only two places, the one for the saved and the other for the damned, the which two places we call paradise and hell, absolutely denying that purgatory invented by antichrist and forged contrary to the truth.

"Article X.—*Item*, we have always accounted as an unspeakable abomination before God, all those inventions of men, namely, the feasts and the vigils of saints, the water which they call holy. As likewise to abstain from flesh upon certain days, and the like; but especially their masses.

"Article XI.—We esteem for an abomination and as antichristian, all those human inventions which are a trouble or prejudice to the liberty of the spirit.

"Article XII.—We do believe that the sacraments are signs of the holy thing, or visible forms of the invisible grace, accounting it good that the faithful sometimes use the said signs or visible forms if it may be done. However, we believe and hold, that the above-said faithful may be saved without receiving the signs aforesaid, in case they have no place nor any means to use them.

"Article XIII.—We acknowledge no other sacrament but Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

"Article XIV.—We ought to honour the secular powers by submission, ready obedience, and paying of tributes."—*The Israel of the Alps*, pp. 297-300.)

NOTE VI.—MASSACRE OF THE WALDENSES.

“O miserable massacre, the wail
Swell from Lucerna! Horrors fill the vale.”

—p. 52.

Jean Leger, a learned and pious Waldensian pastor, was living at the time of the massacre of Lucerna. His valuable history of the Waldenses was written within fourteen years of that terrible event—only one massacre of the Waldenses, alas! among many. Leger's folio contains a series of woodcuts representing the inhuman atrocities of this cold-blooded Papal butchery of a harmless Protestant people. The following is an account of the massacre:

“The length and breadth of the valley, its villages, its houses, its roads, and its rocks were occupied by the assassins in the pay of the propaganda; and now these assassins were called upon to do their work. On Saturday, 24th of April, 1655, at four o'clock in the morning, the signal for a general massacre of the Vaudois was given to the traitorous troops from the tower of the castle of La Torre. The soldiers forewarned, had risen early, fresh with the sleep they had enjoyed under the roofs of those they were about to slaughter. The men whom, under the solemn engagement of security and protection, the Vaudois had fed and housed, were now on foot throughout the valley, converted, by the arts of Rome, from brave soldiers into cowardly assassins.

“To give an adequate idea of the horrors that ensued, one's eye must at a single glance comprehend the entire valley, take in each house, each room, view every act of death and torment, distinguish, amid the immense voice of aggregate anguish and desolation, each particular cry of destroyed honour, of parting existence. Literally, indeed, did the unhappy Vaudois suffer the things of which the apostle speaks: ‘They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not

worthy) ; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.'

"Young children, writes Leger, were torn from their mothers' arms, dashed against the rocks, and their mangled remains cast on the road. Sick persons and old people, men and women, were burned alive in their houses, or hacked in pieces, or mutilated in horrible ways, or flayed alive, or exposed bound and dying to the sun's noon-tide heat, or to ferocious animals ; some were stripped naked, bound up in the form of a ball, the head forced down between the legs, and then rolled over precipices ; some of these poor creatures, torn and mangled by the rocks, but stayed in their downward progress by the branch of a tree or other prominence, were seen, forty-eight hours after, still lingering in all the torments of pain and famine.

"Women and girls, after being fearfully outraged, were impaled on pikes and so left to die, planted at angles of the road ; or they were buried alive ; or, impaled as above, they were roasted before a slow fire, and their burning bodies cut in slices by these soldiers of the faith, as by cannibals. After the massacre such children as survived and could be seized were carried off and cast, like lambs into a slaughter-house, into the monasteries and convents and private abodes of the propagandists. Next, after massacre and abduction, came incendiaryism : monks and priests and other zealous propagandists went about with lighted torches and projectiles, burning down the houses, previously ensanguined by the soldiers with the blood of their owners and their families.

"The terrible narrative given by Leger of these atrocities was prepared by him from the testimony of eye-witnesses, who gave their depositions before two notaries, who accompanied him from commune to commune for that purpose. The pen, he says, well-nigh fell from his hand as he transcribed the horrible details. Here a father had seen his children cut in pieces by the sword, or absolutely torn limb from limb by four soldiers ; there the mother had seen her daughter cruelly massacred before her face, after having been as cruelly outraged ; there the sister had seen her brother's mouth filled with gunpowder, and the head then blown to atoms ; there the husband had seen his wife, about to become a mother, treated in a manner which it would outrage humanity to describe. Of these the eyes were torn from the head ; of those the nails from the fingers ; some were

ticed to trees, their hearts and lungs were cut from them, and they were thus left to die in anguish. The universal conflagration of the Vandois houses succeeded the massacre of their inhabitants. In several communes not a single cottage was left standing, so that this fair valley of Luzerna, as Leger expresses it, resembled a burning furnace, whence cries, fewer and fainter, attested that a people had lived."—*The Israel of the Alps*, pp. 138-9.

Edict for the complete suppression of the Waldensian Church, dated Jan. 31st, 1686.

We have, of our full authority, certain knowledge, good pleasure, and absolute power, decreed as follows:—

I. The Vandois shall henceforth and for ever cease and discontinue all the exercises of their religion.

II. They are forbidden to have religious meetings on pain of death and penalty of confiscation of all their goods.

III. All their ancient privileges are abolished.

IV. All the churches, prayer-houses, and other edifices consecrated to their worship shall be rased to the ground.

V. All the pastors and schoolmasters of the valleys are required either to embrace Catholicism or to quit the country within fifteen days, under pain of death and confiscation of goods.

VI. All the children born, or to be born, of Protestant parents shall be compulsorily trained up as Roman Catholics. Every such child, yet unborn, shall within a week after its birth be brought to the *cure* of its parish, and admitted of the Catholic Church, under pain, on the part of the mother, of being publicly whipped with rods, and on the part of the father, of labouring five years in the galleys.

VII. The Vandois pastors who shall abjure the doctrine they have hitherto preached shall receive a salary, greater by one-third than that which they previously enjoyed; and one-half thereof shall go in reversion to their widows.

VIII. All Protestant foreigners settled in Piedmont are ordered either to Catholicize or to quit the country within fifteen days.

IX. By a special act of his great and paternal clemency, the sovereign will permit all such persons to sell in this interval the property they may have acquired in Piedmont, provided the sale be made to Catholic purchasers.—*The Israel of the Alps*, Muston: London, 1853; pp. 194-95.

NOTE VII.—PAPAL PERSECUTIONS.

"O Rome, thou murdereress."—p. 53.

The persecutions of the Church by Pagan Rome, though terrible and long continued, have been far exceeded by those perpetrated by Rome Papal. Pagan Rome never invented or employed such an engine of persecution as the INQUISITION! Pagan Rome persecuted for three hundred years; Papal Rome for double or treble that period. None can ever count the martyrs who suffered during the ages in which Papal Rome was "drunken with the blood of the saints." Writing on the prediction, "It was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them," Bishop Newton says:

"Who can make any computation, or even frame any conception of the number of pious Christians who have fallen a sacrifice to the bigotry and cruelty of Rome? MEDE upon this place hath observed from good authorities that 'in the war with the Albigenses and Waldenses, there perished of these poor creatures in France alone a million.' From the first institution of the Jesuits to the year 1480, that is in little more than thirty years, nine hundred thousand orthodox Christians were slain. In the Netherlands alone, the Duke of Alva boasted that within a few years he had despatched to the amount of thirty-six thousand souls, and those all by the hand of the common executioner. In the space of scarce thirty years, the Inquisition destroyed by various kinds of tortures a hundred and fifty thousand Christians. Sonders himself confesses that an innumerable multitude of Lollards and Sacramentarians were burnt throughout all Europe, who yet, he says, were not put to death by the pope and bishops, but by the civil magistrates, which perfectly agrees with this prophecy, for of 'the secular beast' it is said that he should 'make war with the saints and overcome them.'"*—Newton's Dissertations on the Prophecies*, p. 610.

“The so-called ‘horrors of the French Revolution’ were a mere bagatelle, a mere summer shower, by the side of the atrocities committed in the name of religion, and with the sanction of the Catholic Church.

“The Jacobin Convention of 1793-4 may serve as a measure to show how mild are the most ferocious of mere human beings when compared to an exasperated priesthood. By the September massacre, by the guillotine, by the fusilade at Lyons and by the drowning on the Loire, five thousand men and women at the utmost suffered a comparatively easy death. Multiply the five thousand by ten, and you do not reach the number of those who were murdered in France alone in the two months of August and September, 1572. Fifty thousand Flemings and Germans are said to have been hanged, burnt, or buried alive under Charles V. Add to this the long agony of the Netherlands in the revolt from Philip, the Thirty Years’ War in Germany, the ever-recurring massacres of the Huguenots, and remember that the Catholic religion alone was at the bottom of all these horrors, that the crusades against the Huguenots especially were solemnly sanctioned by successive Popes, and that no word of censure ever issued from the Vatican except in the brief intervals when statesmen and soldiers grew weary of bloodshed, and looked for means to admit the heretics to grace.

“With this infernal business before men’s eyes, it requires no common intellectual courage to believe that God was on the side of the people who did such things—to believe that He allowed His cause to be defended by devils—while He permitted also good and brave men, who had originally no sympathy with Protestantism, to be driven into it by the horrible fruits of the old creed.

“If this be true, then indeed, as an Oxford professor tells us, our human conceptions of justice and goodness are no measure of what these words mean when applied to God. Then, indeed, we are in worse case than if the throne of heaven was empty, and we had no Lord or Father there at all. ‘I had rather be an atheist,’ says Bacon, ‘than believe in a God who devours His children.’ The blackest ogre in a Negro fetish is a benevolent angel compared to a God who can be supposed to have sanctioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew.”—Froude’s *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, vol. ii. ; *Conditions and Prospects of Protestantism*, pp. 174, 175.

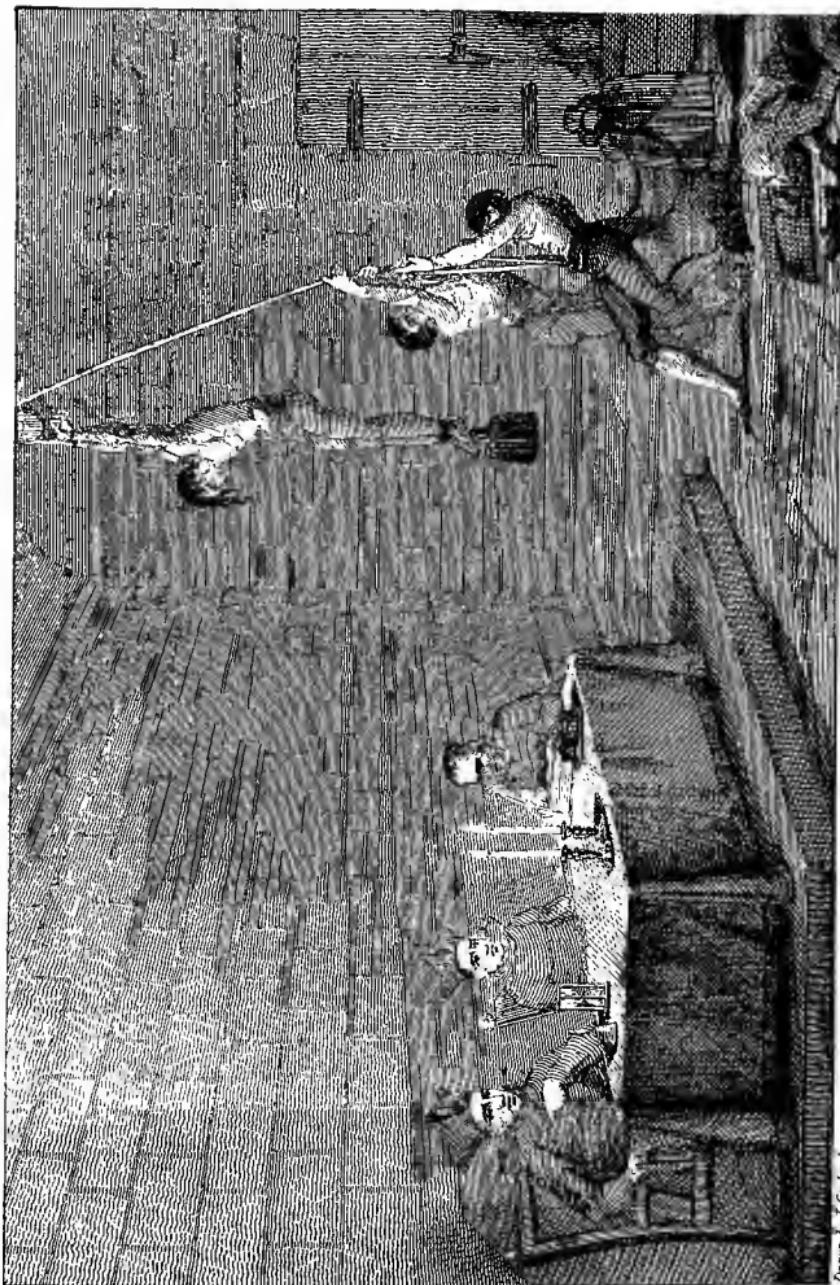
NOTE VIII.—TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION.

“ Ye racks of wretchedness and beds of pain,
Be seen, be heard, be wondered at again.”

—p. 54.

The following account of some of the tortures systematically inflicted by Papal persecutors is taken from Limborch's valuable “History of the Inquisition,” a work held in high estimation by the judicious John Lock, on account of its method and perspicuity, and the authorities by which it is confirmed.

“ The method of torturing and the degree of tortures now used in the Spanish Inquisition will be well understood from the history of Isaac Orobio, a Jew, and doctor of physic, who was accused to the Inquisition as a Jew by a certain Moor, his servant, who had by his order before this been whipped for thieving ; and four years after this he was again accused by a certain enemy of his for another fact, which would have proved him a Jew. But Orobio obstinately denied that he was one. I will here give the account of his tortures as I had it from his own mouth. After three whole years which he had been in jail, and several examinations, and the discovery of the crimes to him of which he was accused, in order to his confession, and his constant denial of them, he was at length carried out of his jail and through several turnings brought to the place of torture. This was towards the evening. It was a large underground room, arched, and the walls covered with black hangings. The candlesticks were fastened to the wall, and the whole room enlightened with candles placed in them. At one end of it there was an enclosed place like a closet, where the Inquisitor and notary sat at a table, so that the place seemed to him as the very mansion of death, everything appearing so terrible and awful. Here the Inquisitor again admonished him to confess the truth before his torments began. When he answered he had told the truth, the Inquisitor gravely protested that since he was so obstinate as to suffer the torture, the Holy Office would be innocent if he should shed his blood or even expire in his torments. When he had said this, they put a linen garment over his body, and drew it so very close on each side as almost squeezed him to death. When he was almost dying, they



—
Torture of the pulley.

TORTURE OF THE PULLEY USED IN THE INQUISITION.

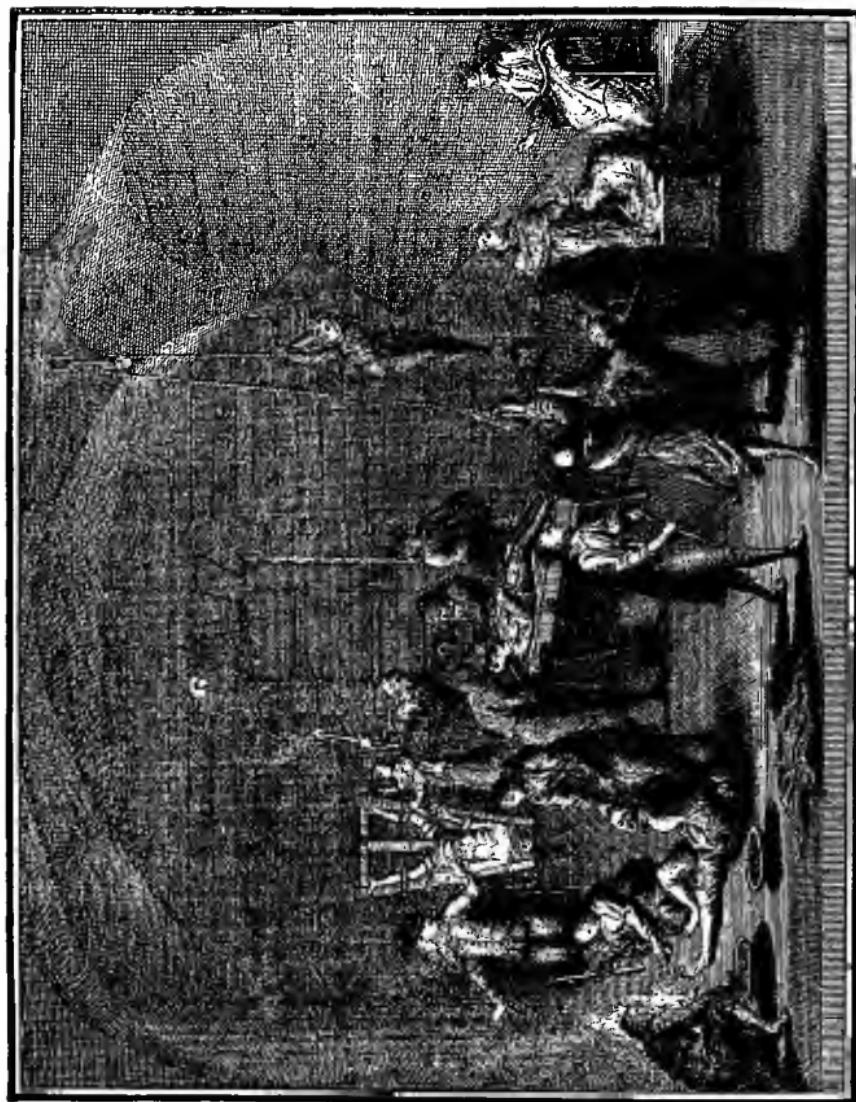
Drawn by J. Grandjean.

slackened at once the sides of the garment, and after he began to breathe again the sudden alteration put him to the most grievous anguish and pain. When he had overcome this torture the same admonition was repeated that he would confess the truth in order to prevent further torment. And as he persisted in his denial, they tied his thumbs so very tight with small cords as made the extremities of them greatly swell, and caused the blood to spurt out from under his nails. After this he was placed with his back against a wall and fixed upon a little bench. Into the wall were fastened little iron pulleys, through which there were ropes drawn, and tied round his body in several places, and especially his arms and legs. The executioner drawing these ropes with great violence, fastened his body with them to the wall, so that his hands and feet, and especially his fingers and toes, being bound so straitly with them, put him to the most exquisite pain, and seemed to him just as though he had been dissolving in flames. In the midst of these torments the torturer of a sudden drew the bench from under him, so that the miserable wretch hung by the cords without anything to support him, and by the weight of his body drew the knots yet much closer. After this a new kind of torture succeeded. There was an instrument like a small ladder made of two upright pieces of wood, and five cross ones, sharpened before. This the torturer placed against him, and by a certain proper motion struck it with great violence against both his shins, so that he received from each of them at once five violent strokes, which put him to such intolerable anguish that he fainted away. After he came to himself they inflicted on him the last torture. The torturer tied ropes about Orobio's wrists, and then put those ropes about his own back, which was covered with leather to prevent him hurting himself. Then falling backwards and putting his feet up against the wall, he drew them with all his might till they cut through Orobio's flesh, even to the very bones ; and this torture was repeated thrice, the ropes being tied about his arms about the distance of two fingers' breadth from the former wound and drawn with the same violence. But it happened that as the ropes were drawing the second time they slid into the first wound, which caused so great an effusion of blood that he seemed to be dying. Upon this the physician and surgeon, who are always ready, were sent for out of a neighbouring apartment to ask their advice whether the torture could be continued without danger of death, lest the ecclesiastical judges

should be guilty of an irregularity if the criminal should die in his torments. They, who were far from being enemies to Orobio, answered that he had strength enough to endure the rest of the torture, and hereby preserved him from having the tortures he had already endured repeated on him, because his sentence was that he should suffer them all at one time, one after another. So that if at any time they are forced to leave off through fear of death, all the tortures, even those already suffered, must be successively inflicted to satisfy the sentence. Upon this the torture was repeated the third time, and then it ended. After this he was bound up in his own clothes and carried back to his prison, and was scarce healed of his wounds in seventy days. And inasmuch as he made no confession under his torture he was condemned, not as one convicted, but suspected of Judaism, to wear for two whole years the infamous habit called *Sanbenito*, and after that term to perpetual banishment from the kingdom of Seville.

“ Ernestus Eremundus Frisius, in his ‘History of the Low Country Disturbances,’ gives us an account from Gonsalvius of another kind of torture. There is a wooden bench which they call the wooden horse, made hollow like a trough so as to contain a man lying on his back at full length, about the middle of which there is a round bar laid across, upon which the back of the person is placed, so that he lies upon the bar instead of being let into the bottom of the trough with his feet much higher than his head. As he is lying in this posture his arms, thighs, and shins are tied round with small cords or strings, which being drawn with screws at proper distances from each other, cut into the very bones, so as to be no longer discerned.

“ Besides this the torturer throws over his mouth and nostrils a thin cloth, so that he is scarce able to breathe through them, and in the meanwhile a small stream of water like a thread, not drop by drop, falls from on high upon the mouth of the person lying in this miserable condition, and so easily sinks down the thin cloth to the bottom of his throat, so that there is no possibility of breathing, his mouth being stopped with water and his nostrils with the cloth, so that the poor wretch is in the same agony as persons ready to die and breathing out their last. When this cloth is drawn out of his throat, as it often is that he may answer to the questions, it is all wet with water and blood, and is like pulling his bowels through his mouth. There is also another kind of torture peculiar to this tribunal which they call the fire. They



The above illustration of the tortures used in the Inquisition is a facsimile of that in Limborch's celebrated "History of the Inquisition" (vol. ii., p. 222), the English translation of which was published in London in 1731.

order a large iron chasing dish full of lighted charcoal to be brought in and held close to the soles of the tortured person's feet, greased over with lard, so that the heat of the fire may more quickly pierce through them."—Limborch's "*History of the Inquisition*," vol. ii. pp. 221-223.

NOTE IX.

"Hide not these horrors, lest the baneful night
Which gave them birth return to quench our light."

—p. 55.

Let those who shrink from the recital of Rome's cruel deeds ponder the following words of the historian of the Huguenots :

"It may be asked, Why rake up these horrors of the past, these tortures inflicted upon innocent women and children in times long since past and gone? Simply because they are matters of history, which cannot be ignored or suppressed. They may be horrible to relate, it is true; but they were far more horrible to suffer. And, however revolting they may now appear, any description of them, no matter how vivid or how detailed, must necessarily fall far short of the dreadful reality to those who endured them. They are, indeed, historical facts, full of significance and meaning, without a knowledge of which it were impossible to understand the extraordinary exodus of the French people which shortly followed, and which constituted one of the most important historical events of the seventeenth century. And, if we mistake not, they are equally necessary to an intelligent appreciation of the causes which led to the success of the English Revolution of 1688 and the events which followed it, as well as of the still more recent French Revolution of 1789."—*The Huguenots*. Smiles, p. 191.

NOTE X.—PAPAL INTERDICT.

“Armed with the thunders of their interdict.”

—p. 58.

We invite Irishmen to study the method by which Ireland was subjected to the Papacy in the reign of Henry II. The following is a brief account of the leading facts :

“In the reign of Henry II., the triumph of Rome was complete. Having quarrelled with Thomas à Becket, and degraded him from his archbishopric of Canterbury, the latter appealed to the Pope, and fled from England. Henry at first renounced the Pope's authority, and resisted his interference ; but when, on the assassination of Becket, *the kingdom was placed under an interdict*, the king made full submission, and was reconciled to Rome.

The following degrading humiliations to which the king of England submitted, make us turn with indignation against Popish assumption, the more in the ascendant ever the more intolerant and mean in its tyranny. Some of the conditions on which absolution was obtained were these : 1st, never to oppose the Pope's will ; 2ndly, never to hinder appeals to Rome ; 3rdly, to unite in the crusade to the Holy Land ; 4thly, to restore the property taken from the clergy. Further, to walk barefoot to the tomb of Becket, there to receive on his bare shoulders five stripes from each of the five prelates, and three stripes with knotted cords from each of the eighty monks of Canterbury. He was then required to kneel on the cold stones for the length of a day and night, clothed in sackcloth. To all this Henry yielded ; and *thus the monarchy and Church of England, after upwards of a thousand years' struggle, became part and parcel of Papal Rome.*

“The Papal triumph was still incomplete while IRELAND remained unconquered and free in government and religion. The Church there had long kept up a protest against Rome's pretensions, and *the sacred Scriptures were freely read.* Bishop Bede (who afterwards translated the Bible) says in his *History*, ‘That the knowledge of Latin was kept up in that country by the meditation of the Scriptures.’

“ Henry having resolved to add IRELAND to his dominions, the Pope readily gave his sanction. We have seen before that, as *Vicar of Christ*, he deemed himself entitled to give any part of the world to whom he pleased. Pope Adrian IV. therefore thus writes in A.D. 1172 to Henry of England: ‘Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well-beloved son in Christ, the illustrious king of the English, etc. . . . Your highness, in contemplating the laudable design of gaining fame on earth and augmenting the recompense of bliss awaiting you in heaven. . . . We cannot but hope success will attend your mission. Certainly there is no doubt but that IRELAND and all the islands on which the Sun of Righteousness has shined do belong of right to St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church: for which reason we are the more induced to introduce into them a holy stock, etc., etc. . . . You have signified your desire to enter IRELAND, and your willingness to pay St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for every house there, and to preserve the ecclesiastical rights of the land uninjured, etc.’” Then follow good wishes for success, concluding thus: ‘That you may so obtain a higher recompense from God, and upon earth a name of glory to all generations.’

“ The story is well known how *Henry conquered the country and returned not to England until the Irish Church, long since deteriorated and fast waning in light and truth, had been formally made over to the Church of Rome*. The priesthood, infected with superstitions introduced by Popish emissaries from England, were but too ready to betray their trust; and having convened a synod, agreed to yield the required submission, whereupon the Pope wrote a letter of congratulation to the *Irish bishops*, in which he declared himself ‘thankful to God, who had granted such a noble victory to his dearly beloved son in Christ, the king of England.’”—*The Last Prophecy*. Rev. E. B. Elliott, pp. 271-273.

NOTE XI.—EXCOMMUNICATED MONARCHS.

“ The kings go shuffling down upon their knees.”

—p. 58.

Who can deny that the Popes have set themselves above

kings and emperors? “Know thyself to be the ruler of the world,” is the proud sentence addressed to every Pope on his coronation. When the kings of the Middle Ages resisted the authority of the Popes, they excommunicated them; when they continued to resist, they laid their lands under interdict, and thus compelled them to submit. Every office of religion was suspended; while the interdict continued, the nation against which it had been pronounced held itself to be accursed of God. Let the reader recall what took place in England in the time of king John, and in Germany in that of Henry IV. Let him remember Canossa.

LIST OF KINGS AND EMPERORS EXCOMMUNICATED BY THE POPES OF ROME.

POPES.	PRINCES EXCOMMUNICATED, ETC.
Gregory II.	Leo III.
Gregory III.	Leo III. } Emperors.
Pascal I.	Leo V.
John VIII.	Louis, King of Germany.
Gregory V.	Robert, King of France.
Adrian II.	Lothario } Emperors.
Gregory VII.	Henry IV. } Emperors.
	Boleslaus, King of Poland.
Urban II.	Henry IV., Emperor.
	Philip I., King of France.
Pascal II.	Henry IV.
	Henry V. } Emperors.
Calixtus II.	Henry V.
Gelasius II.	Henry V.
Adrian IV.	William, King of Sicily.
Alexander III.	Frederick I. Emperor.
	Henry II., King of England.
	Henry VI. Emperor.
	Alphonso, King of Galicia.
	Philip } Emperors.
	Otho
Innocent III.	John, King of England.
	Philip II., King of France.
	Ladislaus, King of Poland.
	Louis VII. } Kings of France
	Louis VIII.

Honorius	Frederick II.	Emperor.
Gregory IX.	{ Frederick II. Wenceslaus.	
Innocent IV.	Frederick II.	Emperor.
Urban IV.	Manfred	} Kings of Sicily.
Clement IV.	Conradin	}
Gregory X.	{ Alphonso, King of Portugal. Alphonso X., King of Castile.	
Nicholas III.	Charles, King of Anjou.	
Martin IV.	{ Peter of Arragon. Michael Palæologus, Emperor.	
Honorius IV.	{ James Alphonso	} Kings of Arragon.
Nicholas IV.	Alphonso	
Boniface VIII.	{ Philip IV., King of France. Eric VIII., King of Denmark.	
John XXII.	Louis	} Of Bavaria.
Bennett XII.	Louis	
Clement VI.	Louis.	
Urban VI.	{ Jane, Queen of Naples. Charles, King of Naples.	
	Louis of Anjou.	
Boniface IX.	{ Richard Edward	} Kings of England.
	Wenceslaus, Emperor.	
Innocent VII.	Ladislaus	} King of Naples.
Alexander V.	Ladislaus	
Sixtus IV.	Ladislaus	King of Bohemia.
Julius II.	{ Albert, King of Navarre. Louis XII., King of France.	
Leo X.	Steven, King of Sweden.	
Clement VII.	Henry VIII.	} King of England.
Paul III.	Henry VIII.	
Pius V.	Elizabeth, Queen of England.	
Sixtus V.	{ Henry III., King of France. Henry, King of Navarre.	
Gregory XIV.	Henry IV., King of France.	

NOTE XII.—MAYNOOTH.

“Thy darkness is the light that most doth shine
In this poor earth bereft of better care.”—p. 60.

Rome loves not light. The following description of

Maynooth from the pen of a converted priest, who had for many years been a student in that institution, may serve as an illustration of the spirit and method of Popery.

“Maynooth was a world in itself. During six years, with an interval of two months’ vacation annually, I was as much separated from the world as if underground. The very atmosphere is tinged in Maynooth. Entrance to it is like stepping in noonday summer sunshine into some old romanesque cathedral, whose small stained windows cast weird fantastic outlines of saints and anchorites upon the surrounding darkness. A holy and quiet spot, it will be said. Certainly; yet does not the man who elects to pass his life there divorce himself from reality—from God’s bright sunshine and the face of heaven—to grope among fantastic spectres? It is still the Middle Ages at Maynooth, and the scholastics are all in the pride of manhood. Aristotle’s logic, veneered slightly by some of the Fathers, is still taught. In the region of metaphysics such men as Des Cartes and Sir William Hamilton are mentioned only to be refuted, while the schoolmen fence and parry to their heart’s content. Aquinas and Bellarmine stand in the front rank of the theological array, somewhat as Hector and *Aeneas* did among the Trojans; while, if some pious fable is needed to point a moral, Alphonsus Liguori is always at hand. Gury, a Roman Jesuit, was also an authority in morals, while his brother Perrone ran riot in the field of dogma. Latin was the only language spoken in class or written on examination papers during the six years of my residence; and really it was not to be wondered at if, at the end of the time, one were tempted to fancy himself a contemporary of Torquemada. There was a week’s retreat at the commencement of the scholastic year, during which time the rules forbade speaking. There were shorter retreats

before most of the feasts, a day's retreat once a month, confession once a week at least, and lectures and exhortations on religious subjects without number. The books to which the students had access were carefully selected. English literature was represented by the *Dublin Review*, and the writings of past and contemporary Maynooth professors. In fact, no book under the ban of the Index was ever admitted. The meaning of this was that Maynooth students were perfectly free to hear Rome's case stated by her special pleaders, and then make up their minds as to a verdict. The opposition bar, as well as the opposition witnesses, were summarily marched out of court; for six years the counsel for Rome pleaded and argued, heaping up proof upon proof from Fathers, Councils, and Popes. If in after life any of those who sat upon the jury was rash enough to examine for himself, and to declare that he had given a verdict on cooked evidence, Rome gnashed her teeth at him, called him a perjurer and a Jndas, and consigned him to everlasting torments."—*Hear the Other Side*. Connellan; Dublin, 1889: p. 8.

"Rome has her annual Juggernaut festival in Maynooth, when a hundred young men, or thereabout, go down on all fours, too, on the morning of ordination, and solemnly swear before God to bear the Pope upon their backs for the rest of their lives. To be sure the choice is supposed to be a voluntary one. The candidates have arrived at the years of discretion. No person is forced. Of course not; yet we have seen how the opposition have been driven out of court; how Rome, along with a special pleader, calls to her aid family influence, ignorant prejudice, deceit, nay, unblushing falsehood: for . . . the books, by whose aid the young ecclesiastic is expected to make up his mind, bristle with falsehoods on every page."—*Hear the Other Side*, p. 10. Connellan.

NOTE XIII.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

“ O dark Bartholomew, thy victims slept
Unburied in their blood, while proudly kept
Rome her rejoicings.”—p. 66.

“ Meanwhile the day fixed by the Queen-mother for the general massacre of the Huguenots drew near. Between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, as the King sat in his chamber with his mother and the Duke of Anjou, the great bell of the church of Saint Germain Auxerrois rang to early prayer. It was the arranged signal for the massacre to begin ! Almost immediately after, the first pistol-shot was heard. Three hundred of the royal guard, who had been held in readiness during the night, rushed out into the streets, shouting, ‘ For God and the King.’ To distinguish themselves in the darkness, they wore a white sash on their left arm, and a white cross in their hats.

“ Before leaving the palace, a party of the guard murdered the retinue of the young King of Navarre, then the guests of Charles IX. in the Louvre. They had come in the train of their chief, to be present at the celebration of his marriage with the sister of the King of France. One by one they were called by name from their rooms, marched down unarmed into the quadrangle, where they were hewed down before the very eyes of their royal host. A more perfidious butchery is probably not to be found recorded in history.

“ At the same time, mischief was afoot throughout Paris. Le Charron, provost of the merchants, and Marcel, his ancient colleague, had mustered a large number of desperadoes, to whom respective quarters had been previously assigned, and they now hastened to enter upon their frightful morning’s work. The Duke of Guise determined to anticipate all others in the murder of Coligny. Hastening to his hotel, the duke’s party burst in the outer door ; and the admiral was roused from his slumber by the shots fired at his followers in the courtyard

below. He rose from his couch, and though scarce able to stand, fled to an upper chamber. There he was tracked by his assassins, who stabbed him to death as he stood leaning against the wall. His body was then thrown out of the window into the courtyard. The Duke of Guise, who had been waiting impatiently below, hurried up to the corpse, and wiping the blood from the admiral's face said, 'I know him—it is he'; then spurning the body with his foot, he called out to his followers—'Courage, comrades, we have begun well: now for the rest, the king commands it.' They then rushed out again into the street.

"Firing was now heard in every quarter throughout Paris. The houses of the Huguenots, which had long been marked, were broken into; and men, women, and children were sabred or shot down. It was of no use trying to fly. The fugitives were slaughtered in the streets. The king himself seized his arquebus, and securely fired upon his subjects from the windows of the Louvre. For three days the massacre continued. Corpses blocked the doorways; mutilated bodies lay in every lane and passage; and thousands were cast into the Seine, then swollen by the flood. At length, on the fourth day, when the fury of the assassins had become satiated, and the Huguenots were for the most part slain, a dead silence fell upon the streets of Paris.

"These dreadful events at the capital were almost immediately followed by similar deeds all over France. From fifteen to eighteen hundred persons were killed at Lyons; and the dwellers on the Rhone below that city were horrified by the sight of the dead bodies floating down the river. Six hundred were killed at Rouen, and many more at Dieppe and Havre. The numbers killed during the massacre throughout France have been variously estimated. Sully says 70,000 were slain, though other writers estimate the victims at 100,000.—*The Huguenots*. Smiles, pp. 69-72.

"In Paris this massacre lasted for seven days; and, from the capital, it spread into the provinces, where for nearly two months the sword of the persecutor continued to be bathed in the blood of the doomed Huguenots. According to the calculation of the moderate Ranke, the

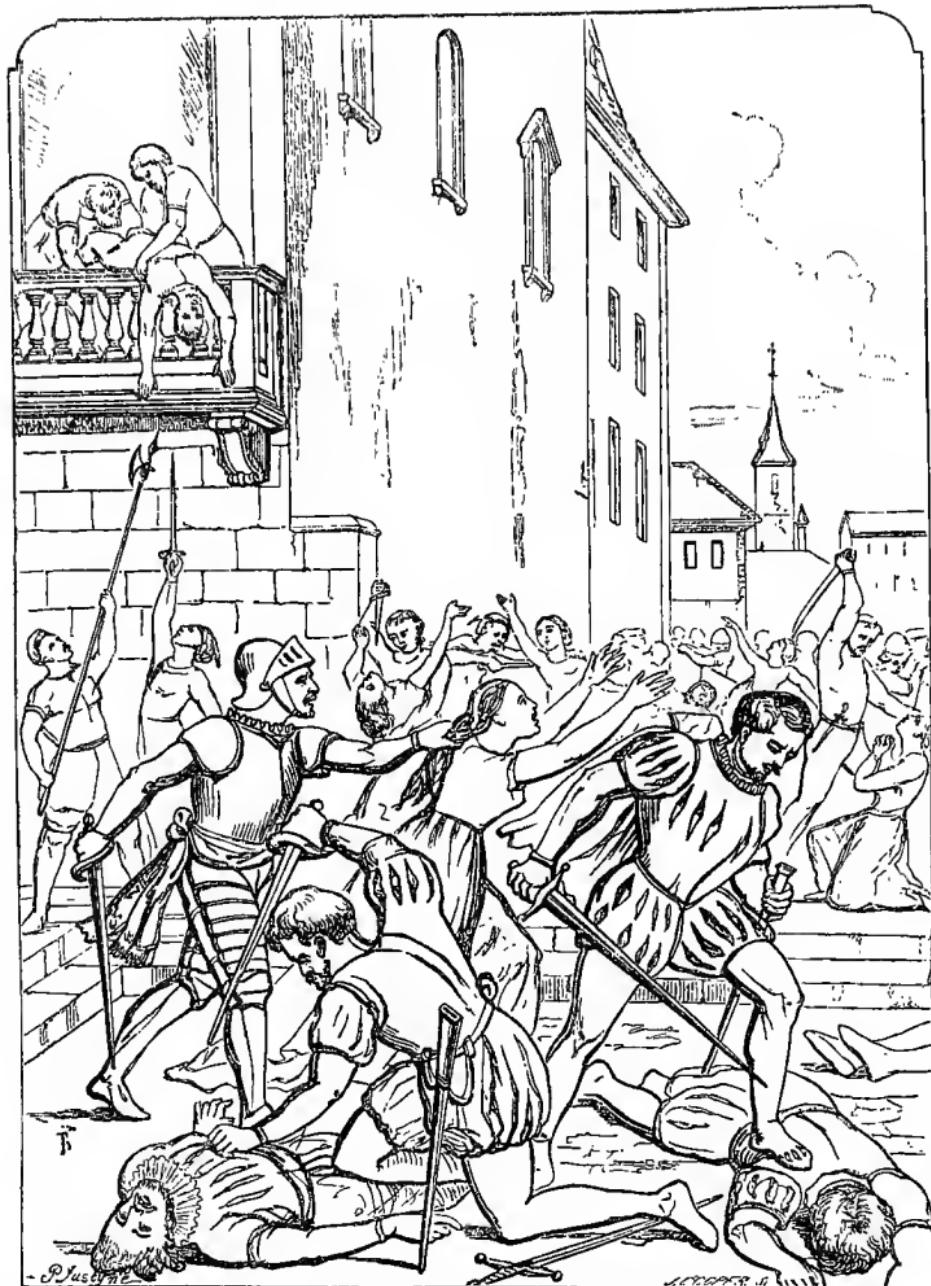
number slain on this occasion was fifty thousand. The tidings of this bloody sacrifice on the altar of persecution spread consternation through all the Protestant states of Europe ; but at Rome they were received with acclamation. The messenger who brought them was liberally rewarded ; the Pope, whose 'facile and mild nature,' by the bye, is commemorated by Davila, went in grand procession to the church, where high mass was performed and the *Te Deum* sung in celebration of the event ; cannons were fired from the walls, to announce the joyful news to the surrounding villages ; a cardinal was despatched as legate to France, to thank the French king for what he had done, and to animate him to finish his bloody work ; and a medal was struck, bearing on one side the head of the reigning Pope, Gregory XIII., and on the other the angel of destruction striking the Protestants, with this inscription, '*Huguenotorum strages, 1572.*'—*Persecuting Spirit of Popery.* W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.

The "festival of blood" is thus described by Henry White, "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" (Murray, 1868) :

"Immediately from every quarter of that ancient city uprose a tumult as of hell. The clanging bells, the clashing doors, the musket-shots, the rush of armed men, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all the yells of the mob—fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves—made such an uproar that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest appear to have lost their reason. Women unsexed, men wanting everything but the strength of the wild beast, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets where the rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelt the odour of blood, and thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history."—*Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* White, p. 423.

The representation of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on the opposite page IS FROM THE CELEBRATED PICTURE IN THE VATICAN BY VASARI. (In the Sistine Chapel.)

A scroll at the top of the painting contains these words : PONTIFEX COLINII NECEM PROBAT — "The Pontiff approves the murder of Coligni." See *Persecutions of Popery.* Shoberl. Vol. ii., p. 156.



CÆDES COLIGNII ET SOCIORUM EJUS.

The Massacre in Paris.

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[See p. 218.

NOTE XIV.

THE MEDAL STRUCK AT ROME TO COMMEMORATE
THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

“And struck that medal which proclaims to-day
The slaughter of the Huguenots.”—p. 66.

This medal commemorates not war, but massacre, the massacre of Christ’s members in His name! An angel with a *cross* in his left hand and a *sword* in his right, slaughtering the Huguenots, such is Rome’s representation of the deed. She owns it; defends it; glories in it.

“Gregory XIII. was elected Pope in the year 1572. There is a curious medal struck during his reign, which any one may still purchase at the mint at Rome. On one side is the head of Gregory XIII.; on the reverse an angel, holding in one hand a cross, in the other a sword, and putting to rout a host, who are seen running away and scattered on the ground, with the inscription, ‘*Hugonottorum Strages, 1572.*’ It is thus described at page 31 of a book entitled, ‘Series of the Pontifical Medals, from Martin V. to the whole Pontificate of Pius VII., of holy memory, existing in the Pontifical Mint of Rome, 1824’:

“‘Gregory XIII., Chief Pontiff, year 1. Underneath, F. P. Effigy of the Pontiff, with slaughter of the Hugonots, 1572.

“‘The angel with a sword and cross destroys the Hugonots. Alludes to the celebrated slaughter of the day of St. Bartholomew.’

“This monstrous massacre and treachery is also immortalized in a painting by Vasari, over and on one side of the entrance to the Papal Chapel in the Vatican, called the Sistine Chapel, where the great religious ceremonies are usually performed. In this painting the Admiral Coligni is represented as being borne away murdered. Underneath the painting was an inscription, now effaced, though some words are still faintly perceptible. It is preserved however in Bunsen’s work on Rome.”—*Romanism as it Exists at Rome.* Hon. J. W. Percy; London, 1847: p. 3. See plate of this painting on page 219.



PAPAL MEDAL STRUCK ON THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE,

A.D. 1572.

[See p. 220.

NOTE XV.

PAPAL PERSECUTION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

“Dark, cruel Alva! crushed beneath thy heel
Lay Holland, when thy heart no more could feel
For all her anguish than thy blood-stained steel!”

—p. 67.

“In 1567 the Duke of Alva, at the head of a body of veterans whose courage and military skill had been proved on numerous well-fought fields, was sent to the Netherlands as the executioner of his vengeance [Philip II. of Spain]. This general exhibited a blood-thirsty spirit and vindictiveness in union with stealth and ferocity seldom found in a human being, which have secured for him a high place in the annals of infamy. The Blood Council, established by him soon after his arrival, now cast its awful shadow over the land. Not only avowed heretics, but even those who had tolerated field-preaching, and who had asserted that the king had not the right to deprive the Provinces of their liberties, rendered themselves obnoxious to its vengeance. Men, women, and children were burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red-hot tongs, starved, flayed alive, or broken on the wheel, and thus subjected to a death of lingering agony. Even Counts Egmont and Horn, good Roman Catholics, who suggested that, as a matter of policy, Philip should moderate his fury, became the victims of his wrath. The whole country became one vast sepulchre.”—*Epochs of the Papacy*. Pennington, p. 360.

“So finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history, as in Alva’s administration of the Netherlands. The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. . . . No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow creatures to suffer was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent

burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red-hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved and flayed alive. Their skins, stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of the government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief. Unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers: women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which wanton ingenuity could devise."—*Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Motley, p. 542.

"The army reached Bussem, half a league distant from Naarden, in the evening. Here Don Frederick established his head quarters, and proceeded to invest the city. . . . Julian Romero demanded the keys of the city, and gave the deputation a solemn pledge that the lives and property of all the inhabitants should be sacredly respected. To attest this assurance, Don Julian gave his hand three several times to Lambert Hortensius. A soldier's word thus plighted, the commissioners, without exchanging any written documents, surrendered the keys, and immediately afterwards accompanied Romero into the city, who was soon followed by five or six hundred musketeers.

"To give these guests a hospitable reception, all the housewives of the city at once set about preparations for a sumptuous feast, to which the Spaniards did ample justice, while the colonel and his officers were entertained by Senator Gerrit at his own house. As soon as this conviviality had come to an end, Romero, accompanied by his host,

walked into the square. The great bell had been meantime ringing, and the citizens had been summoned to assemble in the Gast Huis Church, then used as a town hall. In the course of a few minutes five hundred had entered the building, and stood quietly waiting whatever might be offered for their deliberation. Suddenly a priest, who had been pacing to and fro before the church door, entered the building and bade them all prepare for death ; but the announcement, the preparation, and the death were simultaneous. The door was flung open, and a band of armed Spaniards rushed across the sacred threshold. They fired a single volley upon the defenceless herd, and then sprang in upon them with sword and dagger. A yell of despair arose as the miserable victims saw how hopelessly they were engaged, and beheld the ferocious faces of their butchers. The carnage within that narrow space was compact and rapid. Within a few minutes all were despatched, and among them Senator Gerrit, from whose table the Spanish commander had but just risen. The church was then set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed to ashes together.

“Inflamed, but not satiated, the Spaniards then rushed into the streets thirsty for fresh horrors. The houses were all rifled of their contents and men were forced to carry the booty to the camp, and were then struck dead as their reward. The town was then fired in every direction that the skulking citizens might be forced from their hiding-places. As fast as they came forth they were put to death by their impatient foes. Some were pierced with rapiers, some were chopped to pieces with axes, some were surrounded in the blazing streets by troops of laughing soldiers, intoxicated, not with wine, but with blood, who tossed them to and fro with their lances, and derived a wild amusement from their dying agonies. Those who attempted resistance were crimped alive like fishes, and left to gasp themselves to death in lingering torture. The soldiers becoming more and more insane as the soul work went on, opened the veins of some of their victims, and drank their blood as if it were wine. Some of the burghers were for a time spared, that they might witness the violation of their wives and daughters, and were then butchered in company with these still more unfortunate victims. Miracles of brutality were accomplished. Neither church nor hearth was sacred. Men were slain, women outraged at the altars, in the streets, in their blazing homes. The life of Lambert Hortensius was spared, out of regard to

his learning and genius, but he hardly could thank his foes for the boon, for they struck his only son dead, and tore his heart out before his father's eyes. Hardly any man or woman survived, except by accident. A body of some hundred burghers made their escape across the snow into the open country. These were, however, overtaken, stripped stark naked, and hung upon the trees by the feet, to freeze or to perish by a more lingering death. Most of them soon died, but twenty, who happened to be wealthy, succeeded, after enduring much torture, in purchasing their lives of their inhuman persecutors. The principal burgomaster, Heinrich Lambertzoon, was less fortunate. Known to be affluent, he was tortured by exposing the soles of his feet to a fire until they were almost consumed. On promise that his life should be spared, he then agreed to pay a heavy ransom ; but hardly had he furnished the stipulated sum, when, by express order of Don Frederic himself, he was hanged in his own doorway, and his dismembered limbs afterwards nailed to the gates of the city.

“ Nearly all the inhabitants of Naarden, soldiers and citizens, were thus destroyed ; and now Don Frederic issued preremptory orders that no one, on pain of death, should give lodging or food to any fugitive. He likewise forbade to the dead all that could now be forbidden them — a grave. Three long weeks did these unburied bodies pollute the streets, nor could the few wretched women who still cowered within such houses as had escaped the flames ever move from their lurking places without treading upon the festering remains of what had been their husbands, their fathers, or their brethren. Such was the express command of him whom the flatterers called the ‘most divine genius ever known.’ Shortly afterwards came an order to dismantle the fortifications, which had certainly proved sufficiently feeble in the hour of need, and to raze what was left of the city from the surface of the earth. The work was faithfully accomplished, and for a long time Naarden ceased to exist.

“ Alva wrote, with his usual complacency in such cases, to his sovereign, that ‘they had cut the throats of the burghers and all the garrison, and that they had not left a mother’s son alive.’ ”—*Rise of the Dutch Republic.* Motley, pp. 498–500.

NOTE XVI.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

“Sweeps forth in thousands from their native shore
The frightened saints.”—p. 70.

Vauban, the military engineer, writing only a few years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, said that by its means “France had lost a hundred thousand inhabitants.” How touching the description in Smiles’ “History of the Huguenots,” of the illustrious Huber, one of these exiles, kneeling with his wife and children and fourteen galley slaves in the presence of their persecutors to offer up the prayer: “Gracious God, who seest the wrongs to which we are hourly exposed, give us strength to support them, and to forgive in charity those who wrong us. *Strengthen us from good even to better.*” The date of the Act of Revocation was Oct., 1685.

“In the year 1637, the Reformed Church of France had 807 congregations, with 647 ministers, and four colleges—those of Sedan, Saumur, Montauban, and Nismes, where distinguished preachers presided over the studies of the young theologians who were under training for their lofty vocation. By an unheard-of system of oppression and persecution, by the most frightful expedients of proselytism, and by repeated emigrations, they were gradually brought to the verge of ruin; and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with the measures that followed, among which the Dragonnades, ordered by Louis, have acquired a proverbial notoriety, completed their prostration. Nearly the whole of the churches they had formerly possessed were taken from them; all their schools were closed, their consistories dissolved, their

religious books, not excepting their Bibles and catechisms, burned or destroyed. All assemblies for religious purposes were forbidden to them, under the severest penalties ; whoever was convicted of attending one of them was doomed to the galleys, or to imprisonment for life ; and any of their pastors found on French soil was exposed to suffer death at the hand of the public executioner. The law, in fact, knew no Protestant ; so that they were without rights. From all public offices, from every avocation by which the slightest influence over others could be exercised, they were excluded. Marriages celebrated by any of their ministers were treated as void, and when they were joined by a Catholic priest it was held as a case of conversion. Any one who died a Protestant was treated as a malefactor by being buried in unconsecrated ground. Their children were taken from them by force, when they could, that they might be educated in nunneries and other Catholic institutions ; and every complaint, every reclamation on the part of their parents was treated with insulting harshness and bitter scorn. What added to these oppressions was, that the Protestants were not allowed to emigrate. It was not desired that so many useful members of the community should leave it, and yet it was determined that Protestantism should be no longer endured. The result of these measures was, that many, especially of the higher classes, conformed to the predominating faith : nearly half a million are said to have succeeded in escaping from France to other lands, whither they carried their skill and industry ; and, of those who remained and retained the faith they had professed, none dared openly avow their principles, but held them secretly, and met for worship in lonely places and in the clefts of the rocks. Hence arose the Churches of the Desert, as they were called, which like our Scottish Covenanters in the troublous times, had to seek their spiritual food at the peril of their lives, and of whose pastors and members not a few sealed their testimony with their blood."—*Lecture on the Persecuting Spirit of Popery.* William Lindsay Alexander, D.D.



MEDALS STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.—p. 70.

“Great was the rejoicing of the Jesuits on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rome sprang up with a shout of joy to celebrate the event. Te Deums were sung, processions went from shrine to shrine, and the Pope sent a brief to Louis conveying to him the congratulations and praises of the Romish Church. Public thanksgivings were held at Paris, in which the people eagerly took part, thus making themselves accomplices in the proscription by the king of their fellow subjects. The provost and sheriffs had a statue of Louis erected at the Hotel de Ville, bearing the inscription—*Luduvico Magno, victori perpetuo, ecclesia ac regum, dignitatis assertori.* Leseur was employed to paint the subject for the gallery at Versailles, and medals were struck to commemorate the extinction of Protestantism in France.

“The Roman Catholic clergy were almost beside themselves with joy. The eloquent Bossuet was especially fervent in his praises of the monarch :—‘Touched by so many marvels,’ said he (15th January, 1686), ‘let us expand our hearts in praise of the piety of the Great Louis. Let our acclamations ascend to heaven, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, what the six hundred and thirty Fathers said in the Council of Chalcédon. “You have strengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics : King of heaven, preserve the king of earth.”’ Massillon also indulged in a like strain of exultation : ‘The profane temples,’ said he, ‘are destroyed, the pulpits of seduction are cast down, the prophets of falsehood are torn from their flocks. At the first blow dealt to it by Louis, heresy falls, disappears, and is reduced either to hide itself in the obscurity whence it issued or to cross the seas, and to bear with it into foreign lands its false gods, its bitterness, and its rage.’

“Let us now see what the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes involved. The demolition of all the remaining Protestant temples throughout France, and the entire proscription of the Protestant religion ; the prohibition of even private worship, under penalty of confiscation of body and property ; the banishment of all Protestant pastors from France within fifteen days ; the closing of all Protestant schools ; the prohibition of parents to instruct their children in the Protestant faith ; the injunction upon them—under a penalty of five hundred *livres* in each case—to have their children baptized by the parish priest, and brought

up in the Roman Catholic religion ; the confiscation of the property and goods of all Protestant refugees who failed to return to France within four months ; the penalty of the galleys for life to all men, and of imprisonment for life to all women, detected in the act of attempting to escape from France.

“ Such were a few of the cruel, dastardly, and inhuman provisions of the Edict of Revocation. Such were the marvels of the piety of the great Louis, which were so eloquently eulogized by Bossuet and Massillon. The Edict of Revocation was a proclamation of war by the armed against the unarmed—a war against peaceable men, women, and children ; a war against property, against family, against society, against public morality, and, more than all, against the rights of conscience.

The military *jacquerie* at once began. The very day on which the Edict of Revocation was registered steps were taken to destroy the great Protestant church at Charenton, near Paris. It had been the work of the celebrated architect Debrosses, and was capable of containing 14,000 persons. In five days it was levelled with the ground. The great temple of Quevilly, near Rouen, of nearly equal size, in which the celebrated minister Jaques Basnage preached, was in like manner demolished. At Tours, at Nismes, at Montauban, and all over France, the same scenes were enacted, the mob eagerly joining in the work of demolition with levers and pickaxes. Eight hundred Protestant churches were thus thrown down in a few weeks.

“ The provisions of the Edict of Revocation were rigorously put in force ; and they were succeeded by numerous others of like spirit. Thus Protestants were commanded to employ only Roman Catholic servants, under penalty of a fine of 1,000 *livres*, while Protestant servants were forbidden to serve either Protestant or Roman Catholic employers. If any men-servants were detected violating this law, they were to be sent to the galleys ; whereas women-servants were to be flogged and branded with a *fleur-de-lis*, the emblazonment of the ‘Most Christian King.’ Protestant pastors found lurking in France after the expiry of the fifteen days were to be condemned to death ; and any of the king’s subjects found giving harbour to the pastors were to be condemned—the men to be galley-slaves, the women to be prisoners for life. The reward of 5,500 *livres* was offered for the apprehension of any Protestant pastor.

“ The Huguenots were not even permitted to die in peace, but were

pursued to death's door and into the grave itself. They were forbidden to sclicit the offices of those of their own faith, and were required to confess and receive unction from the priests on penalty of having their bodies when dead removed from their dwelling by the common hangman and flung into the public sewer."—*The Huguenots*. Smiles, pp. 183-186.

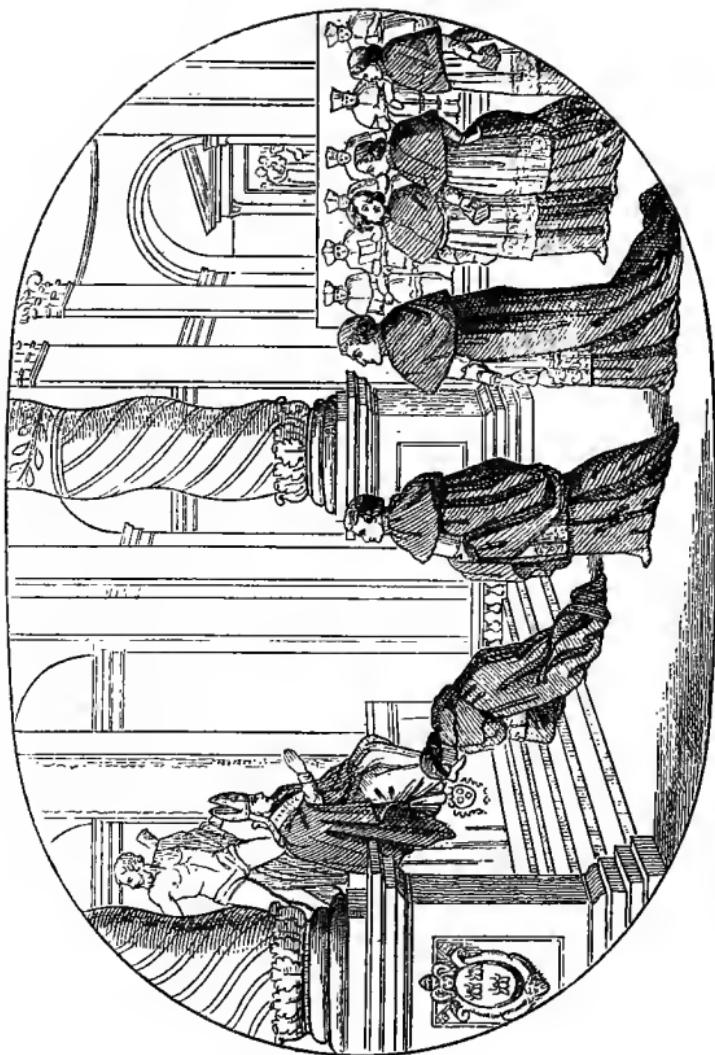
NOTE XVII.

CEREMONIES AT THE CORONATION OF THE POPE.

"The altar high,
The seat of Antichrist's idolatry,
On which supreme—a Priest upon his throne—
The Pope is lifted up to sit alone
And be adored."—p. 86.

FIRST ADORATION OF THE POPE AFTER HIS ELECTION.

"As soon as the Pope is elected, he is asked his consent to be Pope, and the name he wishes to assume; and this being recorded, the Fisher-man's ring is immediately given to him. Then he is vested behind the altar in the pontifical robes, after which he is carried in his chair before the altar of the chapel in the conclave, and there THE CARDINAL-DEAN FIRST, AND AFTER HIM THE REST OF THE CARDINALS, ONE BY ONE, ADORE HIS HOLINESS UPON THEIR KNEES, KISSING HIS FOOT AND HIS RIGHT HAND. . . . After this the first cardinal-deacon, preceded by the choir, singing the anthem, '*Ecce sacerdos magnus*,' etc.—'Behold the high priest so acceptable to God and so just,'—goes to the balcony, where he proclaims to the people, saying, '*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum*,' etc. : 'Behold, I bring you great tidings of great joy, we have a Pope, N.' Then one of the great culverins of St. Peter's is discharged, the artillery of St. Augelo respond, and all the bells of the city fall a ringing at the same time, and the air resounds with the cheerful sound of drums, trumpets, and kettle-drums."



THE POPE RECEIVING ADORATION SEATED AS THE VICE-CHRIST ON THE HIGH ALTAR AT ST. PETERS.
(From an engraving, published at Rome, with license of the authorities.)

[See p. 233.]

THE SECOND ADORATION OF THE POPE.

“The same day, about two hours before night, the Pope is carried and set down upon the altar of Sextus’s Chapel, and there the cardinals in their purple copes come, and a second time adore the new Pontiff, who is seated upon the relics of the altar stone. This adoration is celebrated in the same manner as the former, the musicians all the time singing anthems suitable to the solemn occasion.”

THE THIRD ADORATION OF THE POPE.

“After the second adoration, the cardinals descend into the middle of St. Peter’s Church.

“The Pope follows, carried in his pontifical chair, under a canopy embellished with gold fringe. His bearers seat him on the great altar of St. Peter, where THE CARDINALS PAY THEIR ADORATION TO HIM A THIRD TIME, IN THE SAME MANNER AS BEFORE, KISSING HIS FEET, etc., next after them the foreign ambassadors do the same, before a prodigious multitude of spectators, with which the church is crowded to the utmost extent of the very porch. The *Te Deum* is then sung. After this his Holiness is set down on the highest steps of the altar, where he solemnly blesses the people. His pontificals are then taken off, and twelve chairmen, in long scarlet cloaks hanging down to the ground, place him in a chair, and carry him on their shoulders into his apartment.”

THE POPE’S CORONATION.

“Since the Pope is head of the Universal Church, sovereign arbiter of its rights and privileges, the spiritual father of the kings of the earth, etc., it is but reasonable that the external testimonies of his dignity should be answerable to the majesty of his rank and the sublimity of his functions. He wears the keys as a sign of the power he has to open the gates of heaven to all true believers, and the triple crown to instruct and inform the Christian world that he is both high priest, emperor, and king.

“The preparations for his coronation are no ways inferior to those of the most august princes of the universe.” After a detailed description of these august ceremonies, processions, etc., with the cross, the mitre, the triple crown, and St. Peter’s keys, he proceeds: “The holy Father is carried to church in a chair, in the midst of this solemn pro-

cession, surrounded by his guards and an infinite number of people, who, if we may be allowed the expression, eagerly gorge down his Holiness's benedictions, in hopes by their assistance to storm as it were the gates of heaven. The Knights of St. Peter and St. Paul support the canopy under which his Holiness is carried ; and in that order the procession proceeds to St. Peter's church."

A FOURTH ADORATION.

Also the adoration called homage. The ceremony of washing his hands. The robes of purity and innocence.

"Under the portico of St. Peter's, near the holy gate, there is a throne erected for the Pope, whereon he sits under a canopy. **HERE THE CANONS AND CLERGY OF ST. PETER'S, WITH THEIR CARDINAL HIGH-PRIEST AT THEIR HEAD, COME AND KISS THE HOLY FATHER'S FEET.**"

"The procession having arrived at the foot of the high altar" (after other ceremonies there, the receiving of the mitre, seating himself upon his throne, prayers for the coronation, etc.), "the holy Father descends from his throne, and the head cardinal-deacon, etc. array him in the pallium, saying, 'Receive the pallium, which represents to you the duties and perfection of the Pontifical function : may you discharge it to the glory of God and of His most Holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the blessed Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and of the holy Roman Church.'"

THURIFYING THE POPE, AND KISSING HIS STOMACH.

"Then the Pope censes the altar, etc., and the head cardinal-deacon censes the Pope thrice successively, and kisses his left cheek and stomach ; and the other cardinals do the same, one at a time, after him."

A FIFTH ADORATION OF THE POPE.

THE PUTTING ON OF THE TRIPLE CROWN.

"The preceding ceremony being over, the Pope returns to his throne ; where all the cardinals come, and after taking off their mitres pay him their adoration. All the clergy come likewise and adore him, each according to his quality, and all in their ceremonial habits. **THE PATRIARCHS, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS KISS HIS FOOT AND HIS KNEE ; the abbots and penitentiaries of St. Peter kiss his knee only.**"

(Then follows an abundance of ceremonies in the Mass.)

"After which the Pope is carried to the Benediction pew. The canopy under which he is carried is supported by the Roman conservators, and the caparions; two grooms in red liveries carry fans of peacock's feathers on each side of the chair. He ascends a throne in the pew, which was erected the day before. As soon as the Pope is seated, the choir sing the anthem, *Corona aurea super caput*. After the coronation prayers are read, the second cardinal-deacon takes off his holiness's mitre, and the first cardinal-deacon puts the triple crown on his head, saying, 'Receive this tiara, embellished with *three crowns*, and never forget when you have it on, that you are THE FATHER OF PRINCES AND KINGS, AND THE SUPREME JUDGE OF THE UNIVERSE; AND ON EARTH THE VICAR OF JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR. After that he blesses the people three times, and the two cardinals publish a plenary indulgence, both in Latin and Italian.'—*Romish Rites*. Foye, pp. 389-397.

The following description of the adoration of the Pope is from the pen of an eye-witness, and represents the blasphemous ceremony as still practised in the nineteenth century.

"Next day, April 1st, the ceremony of what may be called the Pope's installation took place in St. Peter's. About eleven o'clock the procession began to arrive from the Quirinal Palace. . . . The Pope was in a state coach, drawn by six black horses, and preceded by a priest riding on a white mule and bearing a large crucifix. . . . In about half an hour the procession entered the centre door of St. Peter's. . . . The Pope was borne aloft on his throne, carried by twelve bearers, the choir singing, 'Ecce Sacerdos magnus,'—'Behold the great Priest.' At the chapel of the Santissimo he stopped and adored the Host. He was then borne forward to the high altar. . . . He walked up to the altar, prayed at the foot of it, ascended the steps, and seated himself on the middle of the altar, on the very spot where the Ciborium, or Pyx containing the Host, usually stands. The cardinals in succession went through the ceremony of adoration. . . . Each cardinal prostrated himself before the Pope, then kissed his toe, or rather his slipper, next kissed his hand, which was not



THE PAPAL BENEDICTION FROM THE LOGGIA.

[See pp. 235 and 237.]

bare, but covered by the cape of his robes ; and lastly, the Pope embraced each twice, and when all had gone through the ceremony, the Pope rose and bestowed his blessing on the people present. . . .

“Several parts of this ceremony are too striking to be passed over without some remarks. Of course you know that the Host is considered by Roman Catholics as the body of our Saviour ; and in fact, in Italy, it is commonly talked of under the name of “*il buono Dio*,” —the good God ; and you perhaps also know, that on the centre of every high altar there stands a Pyx, containing a Host ; and, therefore, no Roman Catholic passes before an altar without kneeling, in token of his veneration for the presence of his Redeemer. In the ceremony I have just described, the Pope placed himself on the very spot usually occupied by the Pyx, and thus did he to my mind show himself to be ‘The man of sin,’ ‘The son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God’ (2 Thess. ii. 4).

“It so happened that I noticed the Pyx, which usually stands on the altar, standing on the floor in a corner. In the hurry of preparation they had probably neglected to remove it in time. I was so struck by the circumstance, that I called the attention of several who were near me to the fact, and quoted to them the passage in Thessalonians. Never did I expect to see so literal a fulfilment of the Apostle’s prediction. . . .

“You will observe, that in the prophetic description of Antichrist, in Thessalonians, it is not said that he will exalt himself above God, but above that which, although it be not God, is yet called God—in my judgment a most clear description of the Host. The Host is that which Roman Catholics call God—it is that which is worshipped by them. Did not the Pope exalt himself above it when it was removed from its usual place on the altar to make room for him, and when he placed himself on the very spot at all other times occupied by it ? Why did he place himself there ? To receive the adoration of the cardinals, say the Roman Catholics themselves. At this ceremony of adoration, each cardinal in succession rose from his seat, and slowly approached the pontiff ; when near him he prostrated himself before him, lying flat on his face, or nearly so. What more humble posture could he have assumed had he been drawing near in worship to his

Creator, instead of approaching a fellow mortal? *When you remember where the Pope is seated, and how the cardinals adore him, does it not awfully appear that he 'as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God'?* Roman Catholics, when accused of worshipping the Pope, pretend that the word adoration—*adorazione*—means nothing more than reverence; yet it is the very technical word which is always used by them when they speak of worshipping God Almighty; and if they only intend to imply simple reverence done to the Pope, either as temporal or spiritual sovereign, why do they not use some of the many words with which their copious language supplies them, and whose meaning could not be mistaken, even by the unlearned? The truth is, that the ceremony implies far more than reverence done to the Pope; it acknowledges the Pope as the vicar or successor of Christ on earth; and it bears all the semblance which external forms can give to adoration or worship."—*Facts from Rome*, pp. 24-28 (quoted in Dr. Candlish's lecture on the Pope the Antichrist of Scripture).

NOTE XVIII.—MARIOLATRY.

"Ye shrink from Jesus and to Mary pray."

—p. 95.

The following is curious, in reference to the worship of the Virgin, and is an additional proof of the extreme addiction of the Church of Rome to incorporate its devotion with images and relics:

Within a drawing or tracing, representing the sole of the shoe of the Virgin Mary, and edged at the margin with a glory, and with a star at the upper end, the following notice of an indulgence is printed:

" Hail Mary,
Most Holy,
Virgin Mother
Of God.

“ The true measure of the foot of the Most Blessed Mother of God, taken from her real shoe, which, with the highest devotion, is preserved in a monastery of Spain. The Pontiff John XXII. conceded three hundred years of Indulgence to whomsoever shall three times kiss this measure, and at the same time recite three Ave Marias; the which also was confirmed by Pope Clement VIII., the year of our Redemption, 1603.

“ *This Indulgence* not being limited in respect to number, may be acquired as many times as shall be desired by the devotees of the Most Holy Mary Virgin. It may be applied to the souls in Purgatory. And it is to be permitted, to the greater glory of the Queen of Heaven, to take from this measure other similar measures, the which shall have the same Indulgence.

‘ Mary, Mother of Grace,
Pray for us.’ ”

—*Romanism as it Exists at Rome.* HON. I. W. PERCY,

pp. 127, 128.

NOTE XIX.

DEGRADING INFLUENCE OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

“ He strips the thought that modesty would hide,
And humbles in the dust a proper pride.”

—p. 98.

“ Secret periodical confession of all sin in the ears of a priest is made imperative upon all Papists. The Council of Trent says, ‘ Whosoever shall deny that sacramental confession was instituted by Divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation, or shall affirm that the practice of *secretly confessing to the priest alone*, as it has ever been observed from the beginning by the Catholic Church, and is still observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, let him be accursed.’ ”

“ By long familiarity with every form and degree of human vice, in all its most abandoned forms, the Church of Rome has constructed for the use of confessors the most thoroughly unclean and abominable scheme of interrogation in existence.

“Everything that the world had previously imagined of brutal wickedness is fairly outstripped by the secret manuals for catechising females, employed by the bachelor priests of Rome. That this process goes on with the utmost energy in England and Scotland at the present day can easily be proved. A Miss Eliza Smith, for example, who was for five years a convert to Rome, but has been reclaimed and publishes a book dedicated to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, Rector of St. Nicholas', and Honorary Canon of Worcester, intimates that she herself passed through this very process. She puts at the head of one of her chapters the following lines :—

“ ‘ Such thoughts as sear the soul, such words as burn,
 Each web unhalloved that vain thought has weaved,
 Things which to gall one’s very being turn.
 All guilt the heart has dream’d the mind conceived :
 All—all must be recorded, utter’d, told,
 What tongue so daring grown—so over bold !

*And woman, woman, lowly must thou bow,
 Forget thy sex, thy nature, and thy pride :
 And to a man, a mortal man avow,
 What deepest, bitterest grief would die to hide.
 Life has no keener pang, no sharper pain,
 And death to find one would but strive in vain.*’

“ In that chapter she enters as delicately as possible into the subject, but still with sufficient distinctness to be quite intelligible to all who know the Popish text-books. For example :

“ ‘ The purity of mind and delicacy in which I had been educated, ill prepared me for what I had here to encounter ; and my own sincerity and dread of committing a sacrilege, by magnifying circumstances the most trifling into sins of vast account occasioned the augmentation rather than lessened the suffering and annoyance. Every delicate and better feeling prevents full delineation here. Nor am I blaming individuals ; it is the *system* which is at fault—a system which teaches that things which degraded humanity must blush, in the presence of Heaven and its angels even at the remembrance of, should be laid open, dwelt upon, and exposed in detail, to the sullied ears of a corrupt and fallen fellow mortal ; who, of like passions with the penitent at his feet, is thereby exposed to temptations the most dark and dangerous. But what shall we say of woman ! Draw a veil,—oh ! purity, modesty,

and every feminine feeling,—a veil dark as oblivion over the sad outrages too often committed against thee. Oh ! there are things too strange for record, truths too pungent for easy acquiescence ; facts too startling, and at the same time too delicately intricate, to admit of public portrayal, or meet the popular gaze. But the cheek can blush in secret at the true images of memory's evoking, and the outraged mind shrink back in horror at the recollection of the dark realities which have oppressed and overwhelmed it. I appeal to converts, to converts of the gentler sex, and ask them, fearlessly ask them, what was the *first* impression on their minds and feelings when some of the truths of the confessional struck home ? I ask not the impure, the already defiled—for to such it is sadly susceptible of being made even a darker source of abuse and shame—but I appeal to the delicate and high-minded, to the pure in heart and sentiment : was not your *first* impression one of dread and bewilderment almost stunning, to be followed by a sense of humiliation and degradation, not easily to be defined or supported ? ”—*Handbook of Popery*. Dr. Begg, pp. 195-7.

NOTE XX.

RESULTS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SYSTEM OF
AURICULAR CONFESSION.

“ Frail penitent, now humbled at his knee,
Henceforth thy shameless intimate shall be
That priest, and of thy heart shall keep the key.”

—p. 99.

“ When I reflect on all that is contained in the words *confession* and *direction*, those simple words, that immense power, the most complete in the world, and endeavour to analyse their whole meaning, I tremble with fear. I seem to be descending endless spiral stairs into the depths of a dark mine. Just now I felt contempt for the priest ; now I fear him.

“ But we must not be afraid ; we must look him in the face. Let us candidly put down in set terms the language of the confessor.

“ ‘ *God hears you*, hears you through me ; through me God will

answer you.' Such is the first word ; such is the literal copy. The authority is accepted as infinite and absolute, without any bargaining as to measure.

" " But you tremble, you dare not tell this terrible God your weakness and childishness ; well ! tell them to your father ; a father has a right to know the secrets of his child ; he is an indulgent father, who wants to know them only to absolve them. He is a sinner like yourself ; has he then a right to be severe ? Come then, my child, come and tell me what you have not dared to whisper in your mother's ear ; tell it me ; who will ever know ? "

" Then it is amid sobs and sighs, from the choking heaving breast that the fatal word rises to the lips : it escapes and she hides her head. Oh ! he who heard that has gained an immense advantage, and will keep it. Would to God that he did not abuse it ! It was heard, remember, not by the wood and the dark oak of the confessional, but by ears of flesh and blood.

" And this man now knows of this woman what the husband has not known in all the long effusion of his heart by day and night, what even her own mother does not know, who thinks she knows her entirely, having had her so many times a naked infant upon her knees.

" This man knows, and will know—don't be afraid of his forgetting it. If the confession is in good hands, so much the better, for it is for ever. And she, she knows full well she has a master of her intimate thoughts. Never will she pass by that man without casting down her eyes.

" The day when this mystery was imparted he was very near her ; she felt it. On a higher seat, he seemed to have an irresistible ascendancy over her. A magnetic influence has vanquished her, for she wished not to speak, and she spoke in spite of herself. She felt herself fascinated, like the bird by the serpent.

" So far, however, there is no art on the side of the priest. The force of circumstances has done everything, that of religious institution and that of nature. As a priest, he received her at his knees, and listened to her. Then, master of her secret, of her thoughts, the thoughts of a woman, he became man again, without perhaps either wishing or knowing it, and laid upon her, weakened and disarmed, the heavy hand of man.

" And her family now ? her husband ? Who will dare to assert that his position is the same as before ?

" Every reflecting mind knows full well that thought is the most personal part of the person. The master of a person's thoughts is he to whom the person belongs. The priest has the soul fast, as soon as he has received the dangerous pledge of the first secrets, and he will hold it faster and faster. The two husbands now take shares, for now there are two, one has the soul, the other the body.

" Take notice that in this sharing, one of the two really has the whole ; the other, if he gets anything, gets it by favour. Thought by its nature is prevailing and absorbing ; the master of her thought in the natural progress of his sway, will ever go on reducing the part that seemed to remain in the possession of the other. The husband may think himself well off if, a widower with respect to the soul, he still preserves the involuntary, inert, and lifeless possession.

" How humiliating to obtain nothing of what was your own, but by authorisation and indulgence ; to be seen, and followed into your most private intimacy, by an invisible witness, who governs you and gives you your allowance ; to meet in the street a man who knows better than yourself your most secret weaknesses, who bows cringingly, turns and laughs ! It is nothing to be powerful, if one is not powerful alone —alone ! God does not allow shares.

" It is with this reasoning that the priest is sure to comfort himself in his persevering efforts to sever this woman from her family, to weaken her kindred ties, and particularly to undermine the rival authority—I mean the husband's. The husband is a heavy encumbrance to the priest. But if this husband suffers at being so well known, spied and seen, when he is alone, he who sees all suffers still more. She comes now every moment to tell innocently of things that transport him beyond himself. Often would he stop her and would willingly say, " Mercy, madam, this is too much ! " And though these details make him suffer the torment of the damned, he wants still more, and requires her to enter further and further into these avowals, both humiliating for her and cruel for him, and to give him the detail of the saddest circumstances.

" The confessor of a young woman may boldly be termed the jealous secret enemy of her husband. If there be one exception to this rule (and I am willing to believe there may be) he is a hero, a saint, a martyr, a man, more than man.

The whole business of the confessor is to immolate this woman, and

he does it conscientiously. It is the duty of him who leads her in the way of salvation to disengage her gradually from all earthly ties. It requires time, patience, and skill. The question is not how these strong ties may suddenly be broken ; but to discover well, first of all, of what threads each tie is composed, and to disentangle and gnaw them away, thread by thread.

“And all this may easily be done by him who, awakening new scruples every day, fills a timid soul with uneasiness about the lawfulness of her most holy affections. If any one of them be innocent, it is, after all, an earthly attachment, a robbery against God. God wants all. No more relationship, or friendship ; nothing must remain. ‘A brother?’ No, he is still a man. ‘But at least my sister? my mother?’ ‘No, you must leave all, leave them intentionally, and from your soul ; you shall always see them, my child ; nothing will appear changed ; only, close your heart.’ A moral solitude is thus established around. Friends go away offended at her freezing politeness. ‘People are cool in this house.’ But why this strange reception? They cannot guess : she does not always know why herself. The thing is commanded ; is it not enough? Obedience consists in obeying without reason.

“‘People are cold here’ : this is all that can be said. The husband finds the house larger and more empty. His wife is become quite changed : though present, her mind is absent ; she acts as if unconscious of acting ; she speaks, but not like herself. ‘Everything is changed in their intimate habits, always for a good reason : ‘To-day is a fast day’—and to-morrow? ‘Is a holiday.’ The husband respects this austerity ; he would consider it very wrong to trouble this exalted devotion ; he is sadly resigned. ‘This becomes embarrassing,’ says he ; ‘I had not foreseen it, my wife is turning saint.’

“In this sad house there are fewer friends, yet there is a new one, and a very assiduous one : the habitual confessor is now the director ; a great and important change.

“As her confessor he received her at church, at regular hours ; but as director he visits her at his own hour, sees her at her house, and occasionally at his own.

“As confessor he was generally passive, listening much, and speaking little ; if he prescribed, it was in a few words ; but as director he is all

activity ; he not only prescribes acts, but what is more important, by intimate conversation he influences her thoughts.

“ To the confessor she tells her sins ; she owes him nothing more ; but to the director everything must be told ; she must speak of herself and her relations, her business and her interests. When she entrusts to that man her highest interest, that of eternal salvation, how can she help confiding to him her little temporal concerns, the marriage of her children, and the will she intends to make ? etc., etc.

“ The confessor is bound to secrecy ; he is silent (or ought to be). The director, however, is not so tied down. He may reveal what he knows, especially to a priest, or to another director. Let us suppose about twenty priests assembled in a house (or not quite so many, out of respect for the law against meetings), who may be some of them the confessors, and others directors of the same persons : as directors they may mutually exchange their information, put upon a table a thousand or two thousand consciences in common, combine their relations, like so many chess-men, regulate beforehand all the movements and interests, and allot to one another the different parts they have to play to bring the whole to their purpose.

“ The Jesuits alone formerly worked thus in concert ; but it is not the fault of the leaders of the clergy, in these days, if the whole of this body, with trembling obedience, do not play at this villainous game. By their all communicating together, their secret revelations might produce a vast mysterious science, which would arm ecclesiastical policy with a power a hundred times stronger than that of the State.

“ Whatever might be wanting in the confession of the master might easily be supplied by that of his servants and valets. The association of the Blandines of Lyons, imitated in Brittany, Paris, and elsewhere, would alone be sufficient to throw a light upon the whole household of every family. It is in vain they are known, they are nevertheless employed ; for they are gentle and docile, serve their masters very well, and know how to see and listen.

“ Happy the father of a family who has so virtuous a wife, and such gentle, humble, honest, pious servants. What the ancient sighed for, namely, to live in a glass dwelling, where he might be seen by every one, this happy man enjoys without even the expression of a wish. Not a syllable of his is lost. He may speak lower and lower, but a fine ear has caught every word. If he writes down his secret

thoughts, not wishing to utter them, they are read: by whom? no one knows. What he dreams upon his pillow, the next morning, to his great astonishment, he hears in the street."—*Priests, Women, and Families*. Michelet; London, 1845: pp. 174-182.

NOTE XXI.

INFLUENCE OF THE CONFESSORAL ON THE PRIEST.

"The mind of such a man is as a sink,
 The streams of parish drainage doth it drink,
 Spite of their odours, and absorbs the stains."

—p. 100.

"It might seem," says a philosophic writer, speaking of the confessional, "as if circumstances so unfavourable to virtue and goodness could scarcely admit of aggravation; but in fact they have a climax. The practice of auricular confession would entail a thousand evils and dangers upon the parties concerned, even irrespectively of the unnatural condition to which one of those parties has been reduced. But what must be thought of auricular confession when he into whose prurient ear it is poured lives under the irritation of a life of virginity? The wretched being within whose bosom the distorting passions are rankling, is called daily to listen to tales of licentiousness from his own sex, and, infinitely worse, to the reluctant and shameless disclosures of the other! . . . Each sinner makes but one confession in a given time, but each priest in the same space listens to a hundred! What then after a while must that receptacle have become, into which the continual droppings of all the debaucheries of a parish are falling, and through which the copious abomination filters? Having to construct at discretion the polity of the nations, the Roman architects have so planned it, that the sacerdotal order shall constitute the cloacæ of the social edifice; and thus they have secured for Rome the honour of being the great stercorary of the world. . . ."—*Fopery, its Characters and Crimes*, p. 93.

NOTE XXII.

SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF MORALITY.

“Heaven help us! what morality remains
In such a breast?”—p. 100.

REV. WM. HOGAN—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A PRIEST.

“I now declare most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Church and officiating as a Roman priest, hearing confessions and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of auricular confession.”—*Auricular Confession and Popish Nunneries*, pp. 19-28; London, 1851.

REV. BLANCO WHITE—EX-CHAPLAIN TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

“My feelings are so painfully vehement when I dwell upon the subject of sacramental confession, that neither the freedom I have enjoyed so many years, nor the last repose of the victims, can allay the bitter pangs of my youth. The intimacy of friendship, the undisguised converse of sacramental confession, opened to me the hearts of many whose exterior conduct might have deceived a common observer. What shall I say of the crowd of priests who mingle vice and superstition, grossness of feeling and pride of office in their character? I have known the best among them; I have heard their confessions; I have heard the confessions of young persons of both sexes, who fell under their influence and example; and I do declare that nothing can be more dangerous to youthful virtue than their company.”—*Practical and Internal Evidence against Rome*, pp. 35-37; 2nd edition; London, 1826.

REV. LAURENCE MORISY—PARISH PRIEST OF ONING.

“The general opinion of Roman Catholics is that priests do not think of or recollect the sins they hear in confession, much less talk of and relate them to others; but, with the greatest regret, I can assert the contrary and prove the fact. I have been myself present in company at different times where I witnessed priests revealing heinous sins sacra-

mentally confessed to them. Some priests informed me, without the least necessity, of most enormous crimes they had heard in confession. I have been an ocular witness to the abuses, licentiousness, and improper conduct of several clergymen in the confessional, who in the place of healing and reconciling penitent sinners, inflict deep wounds on their own souls and those of the penitents.”—*A Development of the System of the Court of Rome in Ireland*, part ii., p. 29. Dublin, 182.

“What! make thousands and thousands of men Priests, at twenty-four and twenty-five years of age, and expose them day after day, and night after night, to the secrecy and the contact of the confessional, and not suffer one of them to be married! Oh, if there be a masterpiece of ingenuity stamped with the malice and cunning of the Devil himself, to take advantage of the infirmities of men, to plunge them into the depths of guilt before God, and to make them the instruments of heart-broken anguish to their fair penitents, it is THE CELIBACY OF THE ROMISH CLERGY, COMBINED WITH THE CONFESSORIAL. The records of history upon this point are terrific, holding out an awful warning of the inevitable consequences, among men, of resisting an ordinance of God. And now, to this day, human nature is the same. Romish rebellion against God in the matter of marriage is the same. The foul system is the same for the degradation of men, the anguish and agony and ruin of women, and the deliberate murder of children! It is urged by Romish writers, in extenuation of the celibacy of the Clergy, that St. Paul says, ‘*I would that all men were even as myself*’; and again, ‘*he that is unmarried careth for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife.*’ But they forget the scriptural limitation which saith, ‘*All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given,*’ in accordance with which the apostle adds, ‘*but if they cannot contain, let them marry.*’ And in the appointment of their priests, they do not wait to ascertain whether they are men who can ‘*receive this saying*’ or not. They ordain hundreds of youths, concerning none of whom can it be known whether they can *contain*, yet concerning all of whom it is peremptorily and for ever commanded that they shall *not marry!* Enormous iniquity!”—McNeile, *Lect. on Antichrist*. Liverpool, 1838.

“Among populations subject to the sway of Rome, the baneful influence of the confessional is universally and keenly felt. From the palace

of the sovereign to the meanest hovel of his meanest subject, all without distinction, have to experience the galling oppression of its yoke. To the individual, to the family, and the state, its operations are equally hateful and pernicious. While the Inquisitor fastens only on the body of the suffering martyr, the confessor, with a refinement in cruelty, tortures the most delicate and sensitive feelings of his victim, and triumphs in inflicting the most excruciating mental agony. To add moral pollution to Satanic tyranny, the young of both sexes have their imaginations defiled by minute and demoralising inquiries, which, instead of stifling vice, only suggest new forms of it. The parents groan in secret at the prospect of their offspring being subjected to the same debasing process which has sullied the purity and overclouded the happiness of their own lives. Too often the wife, reduced into submissive bondage to the confessor, is covertly instigated to rebel against the husband ; and family discord is insidiously fomented by priestly interference, invisible in its action, but acutely felt in its results. In important questions affecting the family welfare—the education of the children, the profession of the sons, the marriages of the daughters—the father finds his rightful authority superseded by the silent encroachments and underhand influences of the confessor. The mutual confidences of home disappear. Its tenderest sympathies are destroyed ; its fondest associations are marred and disfigured ; and the cold shade of the priest casts a withering blight over its best and purest affections."

—*The Confessional.* Father De Sanctis ; preface, pp. 7, 8.

"Ye innocent maidens who, through the impure and impertinent interrogations of a confessor, learnt the evil of which you ought always to have been ignorant : ye chaste wives who, through the infamous solicitations of a godless confessor, learnt to be false to the marriage bed : ye beardless youths who, instructed by a confessor, have been the victims of an infamous offence—be ye my witnesses in proof of my assertion ! To your consciences I appeal ; and I am certain to have thousands of witnesses in Rome, and thousands more throughout Italy, who in the depth of their consciences can say, 'We know by our own experience that the words of the exile are true.' But of these facts not many come to the public light ; and to him alone can they be fully known who, like the exile, has sat for full fifteen years in a confessional chair. Let us rather turn our eyes to the public immorality which reigns in countries where the confessional is most frequented.

"The facilities for obtaining pardon of sins by relating them to a priest, too often a boon companion in the excesses of the penitent, pave the way to the commission of new sins. 'Sin confessed, sin forgiven'; 'confessing a hundred sins is as good as confessing a hundred and ten,' are popular proverbs in Italy. But I take for an example Rome, the city which boasts to be the centre of the religion, the seat of the pretended Vicar of Jesus Christ, the city where, more than in any other place, confession is largely practised. I likewise take Rome as an example, because of that city I can speak with certain knowledge. *That that city was my native place, that I discharged in it for fifteen years the ministry of hearing confessions,* that I fulfilled in it for eight years duties of a parish priest—these facts give me sufficient knowledge to speak with certainty. Rome is the city which surpasses all the other cities of Italy in immorality. But perhaps the blame ought to be imputed to the Roman people? No; the Roman people, noble and generous as its forefathers, would be the people of the greatest virtue, an heroic people, if it were trained to virtue, if it were educated in the Gospel. But all the fine qualities of that people are stifled by the teaching of its Church, and the people is brutalized in guilt. Blasphemy against God is the predominant vice of the Roman; but the blasphemer confesses, departs absolved, and is no sooner out of the church than he begins to blaspheme anew. Drunkenness, murder, theft, fraud, adultery, are crimes incessantly repeated; but whoever commits them confesses, and believes himself absolved; and immorality is not only not arrested, but by the facility of pardon at the cost of a few prayers, is committed again without scruple. There is no Society that had not annually (at least up to 1848) its spiritual exercises to prepare for confession; the number of individuals who did not confess at Easter in so vast a city never amounted to fifty; yet, with so many confessions, immorality was ever on the increase, and vice ever triumphant; and the increase was greatest (I speak of notorious facts) in those who were most regular in confession; and to them is Rome indebted for the current proverb, 'Better an unbeliever than a bigot.'”—*The Confessional.* Father De Sanctis, pp. 74, 75.

NOTE XXIII.—JESUIT SUBMISSION.

“ Be like a staff in thy Superior’s hand,
That moves or moves not, just at his command.”

—p. 106.

This abject and slavish subjection of professed Christian people to pretended representatives of Jesus Christ, while carried to the utmost in the case of the Jesuits, prevails with some modification in all the conventional and monastic establishments of the Church of Rome.

The following paragraph, inculcating such obedience, is extracted from the “Constitutions of the Jesuits,” of which I have an original copy in Latin, published in Rome with the authority of the Superiors of the order, in 1616.

“ That they who have been admitted to be Professed or Coadjutors may devote themselves with more abundant profit according to our Institute to the service of God, . . . and may most unremittingly exert every effort in displaying this virtue of Obedience, first to the Pope, then to the Superiors of the Society ; so that in all things whereto obedience proceeding from love can extend itself we may be most prompt to attend to his voice, *just as if it proceeded from Christ our Lord [forasmuch as we pay obedience to His place, and for His love and reverence]* leaving every other thing, not staying to finish a letter even when the pen is tracing, in our eagerness for instant compliance : directing all our energies to this object and intention in the Lord ; so that Holy Obedience may be perfect in us in every point, in execution, in will, in intellect ; doing whatever is enjoined us with all celerity, with spiritual joy and perseverance ; *persuading ourselves that everything is just ; suppressing every repugnant thought and judgment of our own in a certain Obedience*, and that moreover in all things that are determined by the Superior, wherein it cannot be defined [as is said] that any kind of sin appears. And let every one persuade himself that

they who live under obedience should permit themselves to be moved and directed under Divine Providence by their Superiors just *as if they were a corpse* (ac si cadaver essent), which allows itself to be moved and handled in any way; or as *the staff* of an old man (senis baculus), which serves him wherever and in whatever thing he who holds it in his hand pleases to use it. Thus obedient he should execute anything on which the Superior chooses to employ him in the service of the whole body of the Society, with cheerfulness of mind, and *altogether believe* that he will answer the Divine will better in that way than in any other which he can follow in compliance with his *own will and differing judgment*."—*Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*, part vi., chap. i.

"The Society of Ignatius of Loyola—I mean the society of the Jesuits—is founded on this very basis of implicit Faith and Obedience to a human Superior. Sacrifice your Reason: resolve your Faith into the decrees of the Pope: subject your will unreservedly to his dictates: these are the first axioms and postulates of Jesuitism. Hear the language of its founder: 'Although,' says he, 'we confess that *all* Christians are subject to the Roman Pontiff as their Head, and Vicar of Jesus Christ, yet, for the greater humility of *our* Society, and for the perfect mortification of every member of it, we have judged it highly useful that each of us should be bound by a special *Oath*, that whatever the Roman Pontiff should command, conducive to the edification of Souls, and the propagation of the Faith, we should be bound to execute forthwith, without any demur or excuse.' Again, in the Constitutions, 'Let us strain every nerve to pay this virtue of Obedience to the Supreme Pontiff, so that in all things to which Obedience can be extended with love, we may, with the greatest alacrity, obey *his* voice as if it were that of Christ Himself.' And again, 'The Society subjects all its own sense and will to Christ our Lord, and *His Vicar*.' Again, what the *nature* of the Obedience required is—that it is to be blind, irrational, and mechanical—is evident from the comparisons by which it is portrayed. 'Let every one,' say the Constitutions, 'persuade himself that they who live under Obedience ought to allow themselves to be borne and carried by Divine Providence, acting in the person of their Superiors; that they ought to permit themselves to be moved about as if they were a corpse, which suffers itself to be carried and swayed in any way you please; or as if they were a staff in the hand of an old man, which allows him to use it

wheresoever and for whatsoever he likes'; and in another place, 'He is to be like soft wax in the hands of his Superior, to take what form he pleases.' . . .

"Such, my dear sir, is the homage which the Papacy demands from the world. Men are to become like wax, and to be moulded by its hand into whatever form it pleases they should assume; they are to *immolate* themselves (I use the word of Ignatius) as victims to its power, to throw themselves down prostrate, to be crushed by its sacred wheels! They are to destroy their Reason, their Conscience, and their Will; that is, they are to annihilate the Divine image within them, and to become passive, motionless, lifeless, and (must we not add, when the Divine Spirit is extinct?) loathsome corpses; they are to cease to be men, and to become senseless, sapless staves, as blind as the eyeless beggar who wields them!"—*Wordsworth's Letters on the Church of Rome*; London, 1847: pp. 61-63.

NOTE XXIV.—CONVENT LIFE.

"A sort of starved humanity; the brain
And heart, bereft of nourishment, remain."—p. 106.

"Fifteen years ago I occupied, in a very solitary part of the town, a house, the garden of which was adjacent to that of a convent of women. Though my windows overlooked the greatest part of their garden, I had never seen my sad neighbours. In the month of May, on Rogation Day, I heard numerous weak, very weak voices, chanting prayers, as the procession passed through the convent garden. The singing was sad, dry, unpleasant, their voices false and as if spoiled by sufferings. I thought for a moment they were chanting prayers for the dead; but listening more attentively, I distinguished, on the contrary, *Te rogamus, audi nos*, the song of hope which invokes the benediction of the God of life upon fruitful nature. This May song, chanted by these lifeless nuns, offered to me a bitter contrast. To see these pale girls crawling along on the flowery verdant turf, these poor girls, who will never bloom again! The thought of the middle ages, that had at first flashed across my mind, soon died away: for then, monastic life was connected with a thousand other things; but in our modern harmony what is this

but a barbarous contradiction, a false, harsh, grating note? What I then beheld before me was to be defended neither by nature nor by history. I shut my window again, and sadly resumed my book. This sight had been painful to me, as it was not softened or atoned for by any poetical sentiment. It reminded me much less of chastity than of sterile widowhood, a state of emptiness, inaction, disgust—of an intellectual and moral fast, the state in which these unfortunate creatures are kept by their absolute rulers.

“We were speaking of habit; it is certainly there that it reigns a tyrant. Very little art is required to rule over these poor insulated, immured, and dependent women; as there is no outward influence to counterbalance the impression that one person, ever the same person, makes on them daily. The least skilful priest may easily fascinate their natures, already weakened, and brought down to the most servile trembling obedience. There is little courage or merit in thus trampling over the creature which is already crushed.”—*Priests, Women, and Families*. Michelet; London, 1845: pp. 192-4.

NOTE XXV.

“In these abodes unnatural enters lust,
And with it crime.”—p. 107.

Rev. Blanco White (formerly a Romish priest, and chaplain to the king of Spain) gives in the following sentences a glimpse of priestly morals and of the dark mysteries of convent life :

“Devoted to the ecclesiastical profession from the age of fifteen, when I received the minor orders, I lived in constant friendship with the most distinguished youths who, in my town, were preparing for the priesthood. Men of the first eminence in the Church were the old friends of my family,—my parents’ and my own spiritual directors. Thus I grew up, thus I continued in manhood; till at the age of five-and-thirty religious oppression, and that alone, forced me away from kindred and country. The intimacy of friendship and undisguised

converse of sacramental confession opened to me the hearts of many whose exterior conduct might have deceived a common observer. The coarse frankness of associated dissoluteness left, indeed, no secrets among the spiritual slaves, who, unable to separate the laws of God from those of their tyrannical Church, trample both underfoot in riotous despair. Such are the sources of the knowledge I possess ; God, sorrow, and remorse are my witnesses.

“What need I say of the vulgar crowd of priests who, coming as the Spanish phrase has it, from coarse swaddling clothes, and raised by ordination to a rank of life for which they have not been prepared, mingle vice and superstition, grossness of feeling and pride of office, in their character ? I have known the best among them ; I have heard the confessions of young persons of both sexes, who fell under the influence of their suggestion and example, and I do declare that nothing can be more dangerous to youthful virtue than their company. How many souls would be saved from crime but for the vain display of superior virtue which Rome demands from her clergy.

“The picture of female convents requires a more delicate pencil, yet I cannot find tints sufficiently dark and gloomy to portray the miseries which I have witnessed in their inmates. Crime indeed makes its way into those recesses, in spite of the spiked walls and prison gates which protect the inhabitants. *This I know with all the certainty which the self-accusation of the guilty can give.* It is, besides, a notorious fact that the nunneries in Estremadura and Portugal are frequently infected with vice of the grossest kind.”—*Popery, its Character and its Crimes.* Taylor ; London, 1851 : p. 340.

NOTE XXVI.

REVELATIONS OF CONVENTUAL ABUSES.

“What heaps most grime
Of murdered infants, covered up with lime !”
—p. 108.

"THE CONVENT, CHARENTON-SUR-SEINE.

"*To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph.*

"SIR,—

"Just allow me space to relate the following actual insight into convent life which I saw with my own eyes, and I doubt not that there are still living many others who saw the same. In 1829 I was engaged in erecting the great foundries of Crawshaw & Co., at Charenton-sur-Marne, and in digging out the foundations for the workshops, tilt hammers, steam boilers, smelting furnaces, etc., on the site of a suppressed or abandoned nunnery, the workmen turned up literally hundreds and hundreds of skeletons of infants. The Maire was apprised of the fact, who came to the scene, made a process verbal of the occurrence, and had the remains all collected and buried privately in a cemetery. Now, HOW CAME IT TO PASS THAT IN THE GROUNDS OF A NUNNERY THERE SHOULD BE SUCH A MULTITUDE OF INFANT REMAINS? WHOSE CHILDREN WERE THOSE INFANTS? It had not been a public burial ground, for none other remains were found but those of infants, 'span long, wee unchristened bairns.' Is it unfair or unreasonable to suppose that the nuns had given birth to those children? Then who begat those infants? Why, to be sure, the holy fathers, who alone had access to the nunnery. So my tale, I hope, will have this good effect, that it will arouse just suspicion against all nunneries in this free kingdom, which I beg to substantiate with my name and address, not for publication, but as a proof of my veracity.

"I am, sir, yours, etc.

"January 16th, 1865."

"C. F.

Subsequently to the publication of the above, the following letter, throwing further light on this horrible record of crime, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"In your paper of the 17th you have inserted a letter from C. F. relative to a strange occurrence in 1829 at Charenton-sur-Marne. May I be allowed to state that your correspondent has made a mistake as to the locality; it should have been at Charenton-sur-Seine. I was engaged on the works of Messrs. Manby and Wilson, under Mr. Holroyd, the engineer of the works, when time after time large numbers of infant skeletons were discovered in all parts of the premises, which, I believe, had been a convent of a very strict order of nuns.

At first we did not take much notice of the circumstance ; but when the attention of Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Armstrong was called to the singular affair, we were directed to count the remains : and from that day WE COUNTED AND PLACED TO ONE SIDE NO LESS THAN 387 ENTIRE SKELETONS OF INFANTS. We took no account of parts of skeletons, which if they had all been put together would have far outnumbered the entire ones which were counted. I SPEAK FAR WITHIN BOUNDS WHEN I SAY THAT THERE WERE FOUND NOT FEWER THAN THE REMAINS OF 800 CHILDREN, AND THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE BONE OF AN ADULT PERSON AMONG THEM. The mayor came to the premises, and had the bones placed in boxes and privately buried in the cemetery, and orders were given to hush up the affair."—*English Convents*, pp. 26, 27. Kensit, Paternoster Row.

NOTE XXVII.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS ADMINISTERED IN CONVENTS.

"Penance can be applied ; the silent cell
Confines her ; vain her tears, her suppliant cries."

—p. 109.

The following passage from the *Daily Telegraph* (March, 1859) describes the miseries suffered by the unhappy Henrietta Griffiths :

"That poor creature, shut up in the Norwood Nunnery, lost one eye, became distorted in her body, and brought an action through her friends against her superiors. It was then admitted that children were seated with their faces to a white wall for days together—from half-past four in the morning until nine at night—meal hours excepted ; that the punishment of 'prostration' was inflicted ; that to kiss the floor was one penalty exacted from the refractory ; and that red gowns were put over the scholars' dresses as marks of ignominy. What was this but downright inhumanity, when a poor, sickly, half-blind, and broken-spirited girl was concerned ? But the most disgraceful aspects of conventional rigour were concealed from the public eye. We have to

tell the reader, who may be incredulous concerning these Roman Catholic severities, that Henrietta Griffiths herself made affidavit that nunnery pupils, after being prostrated, laid face downwards on the floor, with the arms extended—were flogged on the bare flesh with a heavy rod ; that they received from twenty to fifty blows ; and that she herself at one establishment had seen a novice, aged twenty-five, submitted to this infamous ceremony. ‘A priest was always present,’ she said, ‘when I saw it done.’ Now, suppose this to be untrue—which we have no reason to think—what a scandal is it that institutions should exist so secret and penal that nothing appears incredible where they are concerned ! Henrietta Griffiths—whose case is so well known in parts of its details—asserted that she herself had been disgracefully punished for refusing to go to confession. Sometimes her companions were made to stand with their hands and feet tied, while the castigation took place.”—*English Convents.* Kensit, pp. 13, 14.

NOTE XXVIII.

BONDAGE, MISERY, AND MENTAL ATROPHY OF CONVENT LIFE.

“Thought confined

In close unchanging limits jades the mind ;
 Where souls in fetters limp the daily round,
 And superstition grovels on the ground.”

—p. 107.

“Imagine in a monastery, where nothing else intrudes, the only living object, the only person who has a right to enter, who monopolises all the influences of which we have spoken, who is in himself their society, newspaper, novel, and sermon ; a person whose visit is the only interruption to the deadly monotony of a life devoid of employment. Before he comes, and after he has been, is the only division of time, in this life of profound monotony.

“We said a person, we ought to have said a man. Whoever will be candid would confess that a woman would never have this influence ; that the circumstance of his being of the opposite sex has much to do

with it, even with the purest, and with those who had never dreamed of sex.

“ To be the only one without either comparison or contradiction, to be the whole world of a soul, to wean it at pleasure, from every reminiscence that might cause any rivalry, and efface from this docile heart even the thought of a mother that might still be cherished within it ! To inherit everything, and remain alone and be master of this heart to the extinction of all natural sentiments !

“ *The only one!* But this is the good, the perfect, the amiable, the beloved ! Enumerate every good quality, and they will all be found to be contained in this one term. A thing even (not to say a person), a thing if it be the only one, will in time captivate our hearts. Charlemagne, seeing from his palace always the same sight, a lake with its verdant border, at last fell in love with it.

“ Habit certainly contributes much ; but also that great necessity of the heart to tell everything to what we are always in the habit of seeing ; whether it be man or thing, we must speak. Even if it were a stone, we should tell it everything ; for our thoughts must be told, and our griefs be poured out from an overflowing heart.

“ Do you believe that this poor nun is tranquil in this life so monotonous ? How many sad, but, alas ! too true confessions I could relate here, that have been communicated to me by tender female friends, who have gone and received their tears in their bosom, and returned pierced to the heart to weep with me.

“ What we must wish for the prisoner is, that her heart, and almost her body, may die. If she be not shattered and crushed into a state of self-oblivion, she will find in the convent the united sufferings of solitude, and of the world. Alone, without being able to be alone ! Forlorn, yet all her actions watched !

“ Forlorn ! This nun, still young, yet already old through abstinence and grief, was yesterday a boarder, a novice whom they caressed. The friendship of the young girls, the maternal flattery of the old, her attachment to this nun, or that confessor, everything deceived her, and enticed her onward to eternal confinement. We almost always fancy ourselves called to God, when we follow an amiable enchanting person, one who with that smiling captivating devotion, delights in this sort of spiritual conquest. As soon as one is gained, she goes to another ; but the poor girl who followed her, in the belief that she was loved, is no longer cared for.

"Alone, in a solitude without tranquillity of mind, and without repose. How sweet, in comparison with this, would be the solitude of the woods! The trees would still have compassion, they are not so insensible as they seem ; they hear and they listen.

"A woman's heart, that unconquerable maternal instinct, the basis of a woman's character, tries to deceive itself. She will soon find out some young friend, some lively companion, a favourite pupil. Alas ! she will be taken from her. The jealous ones, to find favour with the superiors, never fail to accuse the purest attachments. The devil is jealous in the interest of God—he makes his objections for the sake of God alone.

"What wonder, then, if this woman be sad, sadder every day, frequenting the most melancholy-looking avenues, and no longer speaks ? Then her solitude becomes a crime. Now she is pointed out as suspected : they all observe and watch her. In the daytime? It is not enough. The spy system lasts all night : they watch her sleeping, listen to her when she dreams, and take down her words.

"The dreadful feeling of being thus watched night and day must strangely trouble all the powers of her soul. The darkest hallucinations come over her, and all those wicked dreams that her poor reason, when on the point of leaving her, can make in broad daylight and wide awake. You know the visions that Piranesi has engraved : vast subterranean prisons, deep pits without air, staircases that you ascend for ever without reaching the top, bridges that lead to an abyss, low vaults, narrow passages of catacombs growing closer and closer. In these dreadful prisons, which are punishments, you may perceive, moreover, instruments of torture, wheels, iron collars, whips.

"In what, I should like to know, do convents of our time differ from houses of correction and madhouses? Many convents seem to unite the three characters.

"I know but one difference between them ; whilst the houses of correction are inspected by the law, and the madhouses by the police, both stop at the convent doors : the law is afraid, and dares not pass the threshold.

"The inspection of convents and the precise designation of their character are however so much more indispensable in these days, as they differ in a very serious point from the convents of the old *régime*.

"Those of the last century were properly asylums ; where, for a dona-

tion once paid, every noble family, whether living as nobles or rich citizens, placed one or more daughters to make a rich son. Once shut up there they might live or die as they pleased ; they were no longer cared for. But now *nuns inherit*, they become an object to be gained, a prey for a hundred thousand snares—an easy prey in their state of captivity and dependence. A superior, zealous to enrich her community, has infallible means to force the nun to give up her wealth ; she can a hundred times a day, under pretence of devotion and penitence, humble, vex, and even ill-treat her, till she reduces her to despair. Who can say where asceticism finishes and captation begins, that '*compelle intrare*' applied to fortune? A financial and administrative spirit prevails to such a degree in our convents, that this sort of talent is what they require in a superior before every other. Many of these ladies are excellent managers. One of them is known in Paris by the notaries and lawyers, as able to give them lessons in matters of donations, successions and wills. Paris need no longer envy Bologna that learned female jurisconsult, who, occasionally wrapped in a veil, professed in the chair of her father.

"Our modern laws, which date from the Revolution, and which in their equity, have determined that the daughter and younger son should not be without their inheritance, work powerfully in this respect in favour of the counter-revolution ; and they explain the rapid and unheard-of increase of religious houses. Lyons, that in 1789 had only forty convents, has now sixty-three. Nothing stops the monastic recruiters in their zeal for the salvation of rich souls. You may see them fluttering about heirs and heiresses—what a premium for the young peasants who people our seminaries is this prospect of power ! Once priests, they may direct fortunes as well as consciences ! Captation, so suspicious in the busy world, is not so in the convents : though it is here still more dangerous, being exercised over persons immured and dependent. There it reigns unbridled, and is formidable with impunity. For who can know it ? Who dares enter here ? No one. Strange ! There are houses in France that are estranged to France. The street is still France ; but pass yonder threshold, and you are in a foreign country that laughs at your laws.

"What then are their laws ? We are ignorant upon the subject. But we know for certain (for no pains are taken to disguise it), that the barbarous discipline of the middle ages is preserved in full force. Cruel

contradiction ! This system that speaks so much of the distinction of the soul and the body, and believes it, since it boldly exposes the confessor to carnal temptations ! Well ! this very same system teaches us that the body, distinct from the soul, modifies it by its suffering ; that the soul improves and becomes more pure under the lash ! It preaches spiritualism to meet valiantly the seduction of the flesh, and materialism when required to annihilate the will.

“ What ! when the law forbids to strike even our galley-slaves, who are thieves, murderers, the most ferocious of men—you men of grace, who speak only of charity, *the good holy Virgin, and the gentle Jesus*—you strike women ! nay, girls, even children—who, after all, are only guilty of some trifling weakness !

“ How are these chastisements administered ? This is a question perhaps still more serious. What sort of terms of composition may not be extorted by fear ? At what price does authority sell its indulgence ?

“ Who regulates the number of stripes ? It is you, my lady Abbess ? Or you, Father Superior ? What must be the capricious partial decision of one woman against another, if the latter displeases her ; an ugly woman against a handsome one, or an old one against a young girl ? We shudder to think.”—*Priests, Women, and Families*. Michelet (tr. by Cocks) ; London, 1845 : pp. 195-203.

NOTE XXIX.

NUMBER AND CONDITION OF CONVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

“ Protest is imprisoned in those walls of stone.”

—p. 109.

“ There are in England and Scotland 233 convents, containing at the lowest estimate 6,000 ladies, entirely and exceptionally sequestered from the inspection of the law. Neither groan nor complaint nor voice of entreaty can reach the ear of any one save and except the ears of those who are deeply interested in keeping them where they are.”—*The Times*, April, 1870.

“ In the preceding pages, the reader will have seen, on unquestionable authority, that in English convents, and at this very moment, instruments of torture are used—that young women are stripped naked and

flogged, and this too sometimes in the presence of the priest—that nuns are liable to be subjected to a treatment by their father confessors too vile to mention, and to which death would be preferable—that deaths occur in nunneries, on which no coroner's inquest is held, and of which the public know nothing—that secret burials take place within convent grounds; that females, by sheer force, are dragged into and imprisoned within these “ecclesiastical bastiles,” and there made to take irrevocable vows; that every means is adopted, by bars and bolts, in the close convents, to prevent any nun escaping into the outer world; that dark cellars, or dungeons, are constructed at the basement of the buildings, in which nuns are confined; that many of the nuns go mad, to the number, so some aver, of one-half; that English nuns are gagged, and by night transported to French convents; that letters written by nuns to their relatives are often intercepted or destroyed; that to delude outsiders into the belief that convents are abodes of peace and love, letters containing false statements are sent to their friends; that the very nearest relatives are not allowed in every case to visit nuns, even when sick or dying; that nuns are sometimes compelled by the priests to sign their property away from friends, over to the Church of Rome.

“Surely these statements, which rest on undeniable facts, demand that there should be an inspection of convents, and that that inspection should be thorough and complete. These statements demand that when the inspection takes place, every door should be thrown open, every nun seen, every closet and dungeoned cellar closely searched, every suspicious mound of earth in the grounds examined.”—*English Convents*, pp. 39, 40. Kensit, Paternoster Row.

NOTE XXX.

CONDITION OF A “BAD RELIGIEUSE”; AN “ANTICIPATION OF HELL.”

“In this greater matter which affects
Our daughters' liberties, our daughters' lives,
We truckle to the priests.”—p. 110.

It is sometimes stated that nuns are free to leave con-

vents whenever they desire to do so, but the statement is untrue. So high a Romish authority as St. Liguori declares that such liberty is the last thing the Church is likely to give. He speaks of refractory nuns as "shut up in a place of confinement from which it is impossible to escape."

"It is true that even *in the cloister there are some discontented souls*, or even in religion there are some who do not live as religious ought to live. . . . I have been accustomed to say that a *religieuse* in her convent enjoys a foretaste of Paradise, or *suffers an anticipation of hell*. To endure the pains of hell is to be separated from God ; to be forced against the *inclinations of nature to do the will of others* ; to be distrusted, despised, reproved, and chastised by those with whom we live ; TO BE SHUT UP IN A PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FROM WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE ; in a word, it is to be in a continual torture, without a moment's peace. Such is the miserable condition of a bad *religieuse*, and therefore she suffers on earth an anticipation of the torments of hell."—St. Liguori: *Spouse of Christ*, p. 26. (Quoted in *English Convents*, p. 32. Kensit, Paternoster Row.)

NOTE XXXI.—THE INQUISITION AT NUREMBERG.

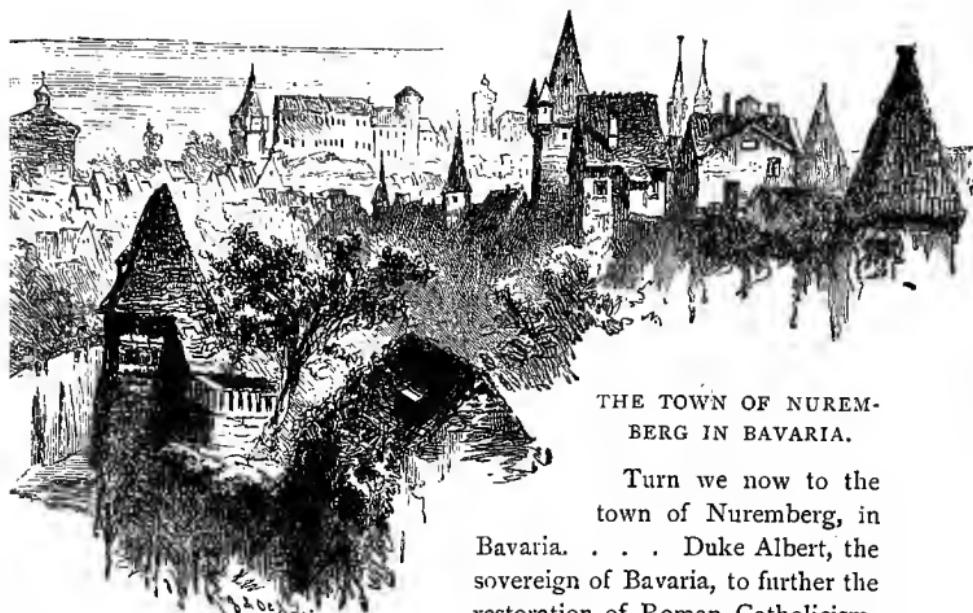
"That Mother, beautiful, and kind, and pure,
Who stands upon a trap"—p. 110.

The Iron Virgin of Nuremberg is graphically described by Wylie in his "History of Protestantism."

THE IRON VIRGIN.

"We proceed to describe one of those few Inquisitions that remain to this day in almost the identical state in which they existed when the Holy Office was being vigorously worked.

"This will enable us to realize more vividly the terror of that weapon which Paul III. prepared for the hands of the Jesuits, and the divine power of that faith which enabled the confessors of the Gospel to withstand and triumph over it.



THE TOWN OF NUREM-
BERG IN BAVARIA.

Turn we now to the town of Nuremberg, in Bavaria. . . . Duke Albert, the sovereign of Bavaria, to further the restoration of Roman Catholicism,

provided every one of the chief towns of his dominions with a Holy Office ; and the Inquisition of Nuremberg still remains—an anomalous and horrible monument in the midst of a city where the memorials of an exquisite art, and the creations of an unrivalled genius, meet one at every step. We shall first describe the Chamber of Torture.

The house so called immediately adjoins the Imperial Castle. . . . It derives its name, The Torture Chamber, not from the fact that the torture was here inflicted, but because into this one chamber has been collected a complete set of the instruments of torture gleaned from the various Inquisitions that formerly existed in Bavaria. A glance suffices to show the whole dreadful apparatus by which the adherents of Rome sought to maintain her dogmas. Placed next to the door, and greeting the sight as one enters, is a collection of hideous masks. These represent creatures monstrous of shape, and malignant and fiendish of nature. . . . In gazing on them, one feels as if he had suddenly come into polluting, debasing society, and had sunk to the same moral level with the creatures here figured before him. . . . The unfortunate prisoner, on entering such a place and seeing himself encompassed with such unearthly and hideous shapes, must have felt as if he

were the vile heretic which the persecutor styled him, and as if already the infernal den had opened its portals, and sent forth its venomous swarms to bid him welcome. Yourself accursed, with accursed beings are you henceforth to dwell—such was the silent language of these abhorred images.

“ We pass on into the chamber, where more dreadful sights meet our gaze. It is hung round and round with instruments of torture, . . . instruments for compressing the fingers till the bones should be squeezed to splinters, . . . for probing below the finger-nails ill an exquisite pain, like a burning fire, would run along the nerves, . . . for tearing out the tongue, for scooping out the eyes, for grubbing up the ears. There were bunches of iron cords, with a spiked circle at the end of every whip, for tearing the flesh from the back till bone and sinew were laid bare. There were iron cases for the legs, which were tightened upon the limb placed in them by means of a screw, till flesh and bones were reduced to a jelly. There were cradles set full of sharp spikes, in which victims were laid and rolled from side to side, the wretched occupant being pierced at each movement of the machine with innumerable sharp points. There were iron ladles with long handles, for holding molten lead or boiling pitch, to be poured down the throat of the victim, and convert his body into a burning cauldron. There were frames with holes to admit the hands and feet, so contrived that the person put into them had his body bent into unnatural and painful positions, and the agony grew greater and greater by moments, and yet the man did not die. There were chestfuls of small but most ingeniously constructed instruments for pinching, probing, or tearing the more sensitive parts of the body, and continuing the pain up to the very verge where reason or life gives way. On the floor and walls of the apartment were other and larger instruments for the same fearful end, lacerating, mangling, and agonising living men ; but these we shall meet in other dungeons we are yet to visit.

“ The first impression on entering the chamber was one of bewildering horror ; a confused procession of mangled, mutilated, agonising men, speechless in their great woe, the flesh peeled from off their livid sinew, the sockets where eyes had been, hollow and empty, seemed to pass before one. The most dreadful scenes which the great genius of Dante has imagined, appeared tame in comparison with the spectral groups which this chamber summoned up. The first impulse was to

escape, lest images of pain, memories of tormented men, who were made to die a hundred deaths in one, should take hold of one's mind, never again to be effaced from it.

“ The things we have been surveying are not the mere models of the instruments made use of in the Holy Office ; they are the veritable instruments themselves. We see before us the actual implements by which hundreds and thousands of men and women, many of them saints and confessors of the Lord Jesus, were torn, and mangled, and slain. These terrible realities the men of the 16th century had to face and endure, or renounce the hope of life eternal. Painful they were to flesh and blood—nay, not even endurable by flesh and blood unless sustained by the Spirit of the mighty God.

“ We leave the Torture-chamber to visit the Inquisition proper. We go eastward about half a mile, keeping close to the northern wall of the city, till we come to an old tower, styled in the common parlance of Nuremberg the Max Tower. We pull the bell, the iron handle and chain of which are seen suspended beside the doorpost. The cicerone appears, carrying a bunch of keys, a lantern, and some half-dozen candles. The lantern is to show us our way, and the candles are for the purpose of being lighted and stuck up at the turnings in the dark underground passages which we are about to traverse. Should mischance befall our lantern, these tapers, like beacon lights in a narrow creek, will pilot us safely back into the day. The cicerone, selecting the largest from the bunch of keys, inserts it in the lock of the massy portal before which we stand. Bolt after bolt is turned, and the door, with hoarse heavy groan as it turns on its hinge, opens slowly to us. We begin to descend. We go down one flight of steps ; we go down a second flight ; we descend yet a third. And now we pause a moment. The darkness is intense, for here never came the faintest glimmer of day ; but a gleam thrown forward from the lantern showed us that we were arrived at the entrance of a horizontal, narrow passage. We could see, by the flickering of the light upon its sides and roof, that the corridor we were traversing was hewn out of the rock. We had gone only a few paces when we were brought up before a massy door. As far as the dim light served us, we could see the door, old, powdery with dust, and partly worm-eaten. Passing in, the corridor continued, and we went forward other three paces or so, when we found ourselves before a second door. We opened and shut it behind us as we did

the first. Again we began to thread our way : a third door stopped us. We opened and closed it in like manner. Every step was carrying us deeper into the heart of the rock, and multiplying the barriers between us and the upper world. We were shut in with the thick darkness and the awful silence. We began to realize what must have been the feelings of some unhappy disciple of the Gospel, surprised by the familiars of the Holy Office, led through the midnight streets of Nuremberg, conducted to Max Tower, led down flight after flight of stairs, and along this horizontal shaft in the rock, and at every few paces a massy door, with its locks and bolts, closing behind him ! He must have felt how utterly he was beyond the reach of human pity and human aid. No cry, however piercing, could reach the ear of man through these roofs of rocks. He was entirely in the power of those who had brought him hither.

"At last we came to a side-door in the narrow passage. We halted, applied the key, and the door, with its ancient mould, creaking harshly as if moving on a hinge long disused, opened to let us in. We found ourselves in a rather roomy chamber, about twelve feet square. This was the Chamber of Question. Along one side of the apartment ran a low platform. There sat of old the inquisitors, three in number,—the first a divine, the second a casuist, and a third a civilian. The only occupant of that platform was the crucifix, or image of the Saviour on the cross, which still remained. The six candles that usually burned before the 'holy fathers' were, of course, extinguished, but our lantern supplied their place, and showed us the grim furnishings of the apartment. In the middle was the horizontal rack or bed of torture, on which the victim was stretched till bone started from bone, and his dislocated frame became the seat of agony which was suspended only when it had reached a pitch that threatened death.

"Leaning against the wall of the chamber was the upright rack, which is simpler, but as an instrument of torture not less effectual, than the horizontal one. There was the iron chain which wound over a pulley, and hauled up the victim to the vaulted roof ; and there were the two great stone weights which, tied to his feet, and the iron cord let go, brought him down with a jerk that dislocated his limbs, while the spiky rollers which he grazed in his descent, cut into and excoriated his back, leaving his body a bloody, dislocated mass. Here, too, was the cradle of which we have made mention above, amply garnished

within with cruel knobs, on which the sufferer, tied hand and foot, was thrown at every movement of the machine, to be bruised all over, and brought forth discoloured, swollen, bleeding, but still living.

“All round, ready to hand, were hung the minor instruments of torture. There were screws and thumbkins for the fingers, spiked collars for the neck, iron boots for the legs, gags for the mouth, cloths to cover the face and permit the slow percolation of water, drop by drop, down the throat of the person undergoing this form of torture. There were rollers set round with spikes, for bruising the arms and back; there were iron scourges, pincers and tongs for tearing out the tongue, slitting the nose and ears, and otherwise disfiguring and mangling the body till it was horrible and horrifying to look upon it. There were other things of which an expert only could tell the name and the use. Had these instruments a tongue, and could the history of this chamber be written, how awful a tale !

“We shall suppose that all this has been gone through ; that the confessor has been stretched on the bed of torture ; has been gnashed, broken, mangled, and yet by power given him from above, has not denied his Saviour : he has been tortured—‘not accepting deliverance’ : what further punishment has the Holy Office in reserve for those from whom its torments have failed to extort a recantation ? These dreadful dungeons furnish us with the means of answering this question.

“We return to the narrow passage, and go forward a little way. Every few paces there comes a door, originally strong and massy, and garnished with great iron knobs, but now old and mouldy and creaking when opened with a noise painfully loud in the deep stillness. The windings are numerous, but at every turning in the passage a lighted candle is placed, lest peradventure the way should be missed, and the road back to the living world lost for ever. A few steps are taken downwards, very cautiously, for a lantern can barely show the ground. Here there is a vaulted chamber, entirely dug out of the living rock, except the roof, which is formed of hewn stone. It contains an iron image of the Virgin ; and on the opposite wall, suspended by an iron hook, is a lamp which when lighted shows the goodly proportions of “Our Lady.” On the instant of touching a spring the image flings open its arms, which resemble the doors of a cupboard, and which are seen to be stuck full on the inside with poignards, each

about a foot in length. Some of these knives are so placed as to enter the eyes of those whom the image enfolded in its embrace, others are set so as to penetrate the ears and brain, others to pierce the breast, and others again to gore the abdomen.

“The person who has passed through the terrible ordeal of the Question Chamber, but has made no recantation, would be led along the tortuous passage by which we had come, and ushered into this vault, where the first object that would greet his eye, the pale light of the lamp falling on it, would be THE IRON VIRGIN. He would be bidden to stand right in front of the image. The spring would be touched by the executioner—the Virgin would fling open her arms, and the wretched victim would straightway be forced within them. Another spring was then touched—the Virgin closed upon her victim ; a strong wooden beam, fastened at one end to the wall by a movable joint, the other placed against the doors of the iron image, was worked by a screw, and as the beam was pushed out the spiky arms of the Virgin slowly but irresistibly closed upon the man and did their work.

“When the dreadful business was ended, it needed not that the executioner should put himself to the trouble of making the Virgin unclasp the mangled carcase of her victim ; provision had been made for its quick and secret disposal. At the touching of a third spring, the floor of the image would slide aside, and the body of the victim drop down the mouth of a perpendicular shaft in the rock. Down this pit, at a great depth, could be discerned the shimmer of water. A canal had been made to flow underneath the vault where stood the iron Virgin, and when she had done her work upon those who were delivered over to her tender mercies, she let them fall, with quick descent and sullen plunge, into the canal underneath, where they were floated to the Pegnitz, and from the Pegnitz to the Rhine, and by the Rhine to the ocean, there to sleep beside the dust of Huss and Jerome.”

—*History of Protestantism.* Wylie, vol. ii., pp. 427-430.

NOTE XXXII.

THE MODERN INQUISITION AT ROME.

“I stood myself within its office grim,
Faced the Inquisitor, and talked with him.”

—p. 116.

Account of the author's visit to the Inquisition in Rome.

Accompanied by Mr. Wall, a well-known Baptist missionary who has laboured in Rome since 1870, I visited the Inquisition three years ago, and had a long interview with two of the chief Inquisitors. That interview is described on pages 115-118.

In a long and lofty side court, we saw the numerous narrow windows of the former Inquisition prisons. Part of the building is now used as a barrack for soldiers ; the rest remains in the hands of the Inquisitors. We were shown the chamber in which the Inquisitors still sit in council week by week. The Holy Office is, as in past centuries, in the hands of the Dominicans, with the Pope at their head.

When I inquired from the Inquisitors whether the Inquisition possessed branches at the present day in different countries, as in times past, they told me that the bishops throughout the world were their coadjutors ; and when I asked whether the bishops were not free agents in such matters, the head Inquisitor answered emphatically, “*They do as we bid them.*” In reply to my inquiries whether the Inquisition had *changed* its principles and objects from what they were in past centuries, he said, “*Rome never changes* ; what she was in the days of her youth, she is still ; she is infallible, and her laws are inflexible !” Coming from such a quarter this testimony is decisive. “*Semper eadem*” is the boasted title of the apostate persecuting Papal Church.

NOTE XXXIII.—THE QUEMADERO AT MADRID.

"Ye layers of ashes black, and half-burnt bones."

—p. 119.

The lines beginning, "Ye layers of ashes black," pp. 119-123, were written by me in the spring of 1870, after visiting the Quemadero in Madrid. I published them at the time, introducing them by the following sentences :

Most have heard of the discovery made close to Madrid, in the commencement of the present Revolution, of the "Quemadero," where, three hundred years ago, the Inquisition burned so-called "heretics." Some workmen came upon it in the process of cutting a new road. The amount of human remains subsequently excavated is appalling. Among the other horrors were found two bony hands transfixed by a large nail, and clasped in the attitude of prayer, and the ribs of some victim with the spear still protruding by which they had been pierced. On the attempt being made to separate them from surrounding substances they crumbled into dust. The effect of the discovery was immense. Rome was revealed more clearly than ever before the eyes of Spain. A speaker in the Cortes said that, while there were strange *geological sections and strata*, there were also strange *theological sections and theological strata*, declaring the history of the past. There was a public meeting held on the site, attended by multitudes ; some of our brethren sold Bibles amid the crowd, advertising them as copies of the book forbidden by the Inquisition.

The impulse thus given to religious liberty is still profoundly felt. I have just visited the spot. The workmen have not yet finished making the road alluded to. On one side there is a high bank, half way down which these long black strata are exposed to the full light of day. Their contents crumble beneath the touch, and are found on examination to consist principally of the *débris* of fuel and human bodies burned and buried together. "The earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

NOTE XXXIV.—THE POWER BEHIND THE POPE.

“Close behind

Frowns the dark visage of the master mind.”

—p. 126.

It is well known that behind the Red Pope is “the Black Pope,” the general of the order of the Jesuits. Among many testimonies to the well-known fact that the court of Rome is now directed by the Jesuits may be cited that of Dr. L. De Sanctis, a Roman by birth, fourteen years a Romish priest, and seven years a parish priest in Rome, a professor of theology in the Roman University, and an official of the Inquisition.

“From the period,” says Dr. De Sanctis, “of the council of Trent, Roman Catholicism has identified itself with JESUITISM. . . . By depending on the skilful tactics of the Society of Jesus, the court of Rome has been constrained to yield to its ascendancy, confide her destiny to its hands, and permit it to direct her interest; and of its control Jesuitism has availed itself in the most absolute way. It has constituted the powerful mainspring, more or less concealed, of the whole Papal machinery.”—*Romanism and the Republic*. Lansing, Boston, 1890 : p. 64.

NOTE XXXV.—JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

“Slip slyly into palaces and shrines.”—p. 127.

In his work on Popery and Jesuitism, Dr. De Sanctis, formerly parish priest of the Madellina at Rome, thus refers to the presence of Jesuits in England :

“My confessor, of whom you have frequently heard, one day, when he was in a more cordial vein than usual, disclosed to me incredible facts concerning Jesuitism in England. For example, that, despite all

the persecution they have met with, they have not abandoned England, *where there are a greater number of Jesuits than in Italy*: that there are Jesuits in all classes of society, in Parliament, amongst the English clergy, amongst the Protestant laity even in the highest stations."

NOTE XXXVI.—POWER OF JESUITISM.

"Another Pope behind the Pope we know."—p. 129.

"For in truth, we have now two Churches and two popes. The one Church makes itself palpable to the world in its orders, councils, and canon law; the other, though everywhere present, is nowhere visible. It records its decrees in a book which no man can read; it utters its behests in a voice which no man can hear; yet it wields a power quick, irresistible, and illimitable. It speaks and it is done. These two Churches have each their Pope. On the Seven Hills sits the one Pontiff, the golden head of that great colossus which comprehends the purple cardinal and the bare-footed Carmelite, with all between. In night and darkness dwells the other and mightier Pontiff,—the General of the Jesuits,—the Apollyon of the Papal pandemonium. Popery is the last development of idolatry; and Jesuitism is the last development of Popery."—*Rome and Civil Liberty*. Wylie, p. 319; London, 1864.

NOTE XXXVII.

"Revives the Apostacy of former years."—p. 132.

JUBILEE NUMBER OF THE TABLET.

RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS' ADVANCE OF ROMANISM.

This leading Roman Catholic newspaper, the *Tablet*, issued on the 17th May, 1890, its Jubilee number, and, as the most "fitting memorial of its existence for fifty years," presented to its readers "a record of the reconquering advance of (Roman) Catholicism during that period."

In this retrospect of half a century the *Tablet* carries its readers back to the time when Roman Catholicism existed only as the belief of a few scattered groups of individuals. It quotes from Dr. Mivart in the *Dublin Review*, that "Roman Catholics in England then consisted

only of a number of highly respected old families, with their chapels and chaplains, together with a *scanty* population in a few towns and villages." The *Tablet* then cites Mr. Froude's testimony to the same effect:—"The Catholic religion (he says) hung about some few ancient English families like a ghost of the past. They preserved their creed as an heirloom which tradition, rather than conviction, made sacred to them. A convert from Protestantism to Popery would have been as great a monster as a convert to Buddhism or Odin worship. 'Believe in the Pope!' said Dr. Arnold, 'I would as soon believe in Jupiter.'"

The *Tablet* goes on to say:—"Had any one then predicted that London within fifty years would be studded with stately temples of Catholic worship, on the scale of and with the architectural pretensions of cathedrals, he would have been scoffed at as a fanatic or a madman. Yet the number of churches, chapels, and stations, which amounted in 1840 to 457 for England and Wales, and 65 for Scotland, or a total for Great Britain of 522 has since been multiplied threefold, the aggregated figure for 1890 being 1,641, composed of 1,312 for England and Wales, and 329 for Scotland. The number of priests has grown in a like proportion from a total of 624 to one of 2,791, that for Scotland from 73 to 329, and of England and Wales from 551 to 2,444. Still more rapid has been the multiplication of the Religious Orders, for while at the beginning of our term there were but one convent north, and 19 to the south of the Tweed, England has now 195 for men, and 400 for women, and Scotland 13 for the former, and 34 for the latter, giving Great Britain a total of 642 for both sexes together. The London district contained in 1840 but four convents and 105 priests, and Middlesex and Surrey had but 20 and 7 chapels respectively. The arch-diocese of Westminster has now 353 priests, 124 churches, chapels, and stations, and 111 convents (including branches of both sexes)."

THE OXFORD TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

The *Tablet* then proceeds to consider the causes that promoted this advance of Popery in Britain, and gives the first place to the Oxford Tractarian Movement. It writes:—"The first decade of this period, 1840-1850, was the one in which the initial impulse was given to this phase of progress, but its incentive was derived, strangely enough, from a movement; not within the Church itself, but in the bosom of

the rival organisation of the Church of England. In the great University which, founded by Catholic piety, has closed its gates against Catholic students, and forged the keenest weapons of controversy against Catholic teaching, began that strange ferment of religious opinion which may be said, if it have not as yet reconciled the nation to the Church, to have at least built a bridge between England and Rome. The struggle, begun with the Oxford Movement in 1833, ended its first phase with the defeat of the High Church party in 1850, in the celebrated GORHAM judgment, by which not only was the question of baptismal regeneration declared to be an open one in the Church of England, but the authority of the Crown was substituted for that of the Bishops in deciding on the orthodoxy of candidates for ecclesiastical preferment."

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

The *Tablet* then directs attention to the contemporaneous efforts made by the Church of Rome in this country. It relates that Cardinal Wiseman "saw his opportunity in the great conflict of error, began at Oxford, and undertook a polemical campaign, opened in Lent, 1835, with a series of lectures in the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields." His object was well expressed in a letter to Father Spencer, in which he wrote: "I have for a year made it a daily prayer that I might be instrumental in bringing back devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, its daily celebration, frequent communion, and public worship in England; and, at the same time, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, chiefly through the propagation of the Rosary." "His principle was to put the teaching and practice of Rome everywhere *en evidence*, and in this aim he was aided by the fashionable taste for ecclesiasticism introduced by Tractarianism, the very craze for Church millinery, unmeaning in itself, helping to make Catholic ritual a subject of interest, if not of envy." "These influences," writes the *Tablet*, "prepared the way for the bold steps of the re-assertion by the Pope of his jurisdiction over his scattered flock in England in the great measure of the restoration of the (R.) Catholic Hierarchy in that country."

THE CANON LAW.

The re-assertion of this jurisdiction is not merely for the exercise of *Spiritual* authority, it is the assertion of the supreme authority of the

Pope in *Temporal* matters over a portion of the Queen's subjects, and is a proclamation of the imposition and enforcement of Romish Canon Law. It is for this end that a Romish *Territorial Hierarchy* is required in any country. This was fully explained in the *Dundee Evening News*, August 6th, 1878, when the Romish Hierarchy was established in Scotland. This journal then stated :—"The Roman Catholics have found it necessary to the development of their own system among themselves to have in Scotland a system of government indigenous to their Church. Now that their Bishops are consecrated directly to Scotch dioceses, they incur distinctly Scotch responsibilities and relations, and the *Roman Catholic Laity* will be enlarged into a greater degree of spiritual liberty inasmuch as they will now be able to appeal in cases of oppression to the *Canon Law*, just as a Protestant layman can to the Common Law of his country."

The *Tablet* now writes (May 17th, 1890), in referring to the establishment of this *Territorial Hierarchy* in Scotland :—"The Hierarchical organisation is the only true form of Church government, and under its influence alone can a Church develop and grow into a living organized unity. The first united act of the new Hierarchy, the Plenary Council of Fort Augustus in 1886, which took up the work left unfinished by the last Council of Edinburgh in 1559, has now legislated for the wants of the rising Church, and applied to it the CANON LAW."

EFFECTS OF THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

EDUCATION.

The *Tablet* boasts of the advance made by the Papacy since the re-establishment of its jurisdiction in England. It states :—"The added dignity with which the Visible Church is established in our midst has had an enormous effect on public opinion, as is testified by the progress since made. The direction of legislation is perhaps the most striking proof of this. We need only mention the Bill passed in 1858, appointing Catholic chaplains for the Army and Navy, and in 1862 for gaols and workhouses, that of 1867 abrogating the exclusion of Catholics from the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland, with others modifying in a Catholic sense the educational policy of the country."—"In twenty-five years from the foundation of the hierarchy, the number of clergy, churches, colleges, and schools was doubled, while convents, poor

schools, and the number of children attending them were multiplied five-fold. In 1847, at the foundation of the Poor School Committee, there were only 300 Catholic schools in the country, which had grown in 1853 to 500, and in 1861 to 700. The attendance at Catholic schools amounted in 1888 to 280,000, while the augmentation of the Government grant, betokening increased efficiency, has risen between 1852 and 1887 from £7,559 to £193,053. The progress of higher education is shown by the increase in the number of Catholic colleges from nine in England and one in Scotland, in 1840, to 35 in England were ecclesiastics, and 19 under seculars, and four of the first category in Scotland."

RITUALISTIC PERVERTS TO ROMANISM.

But the chief topic for the glorification in which the *Tablet* indulges is found in the History of the Perversions to Romanism, which have been effected through the *Tractarian or Ritualistic movement*. Upon this subject, the *Tablet* states :—"Until the sea gives up the dead that are in it, no rendering up shall be quite so marvellous as that made by Protestantism to Catholicism during the last fifty years. From the Dead Sea of Anglicanism have arisen, in that period, multitudes to be the passengers and the mariners of St. PETER's bark.—Not few in number nor insignificant in position are these; but the flower of Anglican manhood, and the pink of Anglican womanly perfection. Dignitaries of the State Church—archdeacons more than half-way up the hill to fat bishoprics; the families of the men who were decked in purple and dined in kings' houses; the men who, like MANNING and NEWMAN, ranked as rulers, not of a diocese, but of the whole Anglican body; the common clergy in their hundreds; the gentle and the simple among the laity; the consistently pious and the penitent; the man of fine literary gifts and the man for whom literature is nothing but a name; artists, architects, musicians, poets, painters, and dramatists, besides parsons and lawyers, scientists and statesmen."

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The *Tablet* also records with pride the names of those who have attained official position and influence in this country; "of the Marquis of Ripon, who has ruled India; of Lord Bury, who gave good services

as a member of Governments ; of Lord Emly, as Postmaster-General, and of Lord Lyons, the best ambassador of modern times." Mr. Bliss is also named, as being engaged in "searching the archives of Rome for the British Government" ; and others are referred to as "having become consuls in foreign parts," Government inspectors of schools, and holding other official positions.

PERVERTS AMONG THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

Leaving "Official life," the *Tablet* puts forward amongst the perverts to Popery a list of "great lords," amongst whom it numbers "the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Ashburnham, Lord Braye, the late Earls of Gainsborough and of Dunraven, the present Earl of Denbigh, Lord North, Lord Henry Kerry, and Lord Charles Thynne." Amongst the baronets and gentry we find the names of "Sir Paul Molesworth, Sir John Croker Barrow, Sir Richard Hungerford Pollen, Sir William Percival Heathcote (Keble's patron), Sir Vere de Vere, Sir Philip Rose, Mr. Wegg-Prosser (who represented Herefordshire in Parliament) and Sir John Simeon (who represented the Isle of Wight) ; the Hon. Colin Lindsay, *a former president of the English Church Union* ; Mr. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, Mr. Badeley, Mr. Hope Scott, Mr. Bellasis, Sir George Bowyer, and hundreds more." Three of Earl Nelson's sons are claimed as recruits to Rome, a daughter and son-in-law of Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Winchester, a granddaughter of Wesley, a daughter of John Owen, founder of the Bible Society, and the *Tablet* states in continuation :—"Lord Chief Justice Bovill yields us a nephew ; Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Chancellor Selborne, and Lord Chancellor Westbury, have convert brothers ; Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville gave each a sister ; so did Mr. Speaker Brand ; and Mr. Speaker Peel gives cousins. The Bishop of Rochester's only son is a Catholic ; and so is a son of Bishop Bromby. Mr. Mossman, who was supposed to be one of the three mysterious bishops of the Order of Corporate Re-union consecrated abroad, was reconciled to the Church on his death-bed ; and the Rev. Dr. Lee, of the same episcopal ordination, has a Catholic wife and son." The *Tablet* also refers with pride to the increasing introduction of artistic ornamentation in religious worship, and states :—"We are not disinterested, but touched when we see churches so wide apart in every sense at St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Giles's, Edinburgh, imitating

or steadfastly trying to reproduce our good things ; when the Wesleyan chapel at Clevedon might be mistaken for a highly ornate Catholic shrine, and when even Scottish Puritans long after stained glass and lift up their hearts to the rolling music of the organ.'

NUMBERS OF THE ROMISH POPULATION.

The increase of the Roman Catholic population in England and Scotland is made a further subject of gratulation. The *Tablet* asserts that the number of perversions of the upper classes is only equalled by the gains secured amongst the masses ; that, as in Apostolic times, "it was the common people, most of all, who heard the word gladly, that these are received into the (R.C.) Church in their thousands every year."—This statement, for which the *Tablet* offers no proof, is only true in part. It is an undoubted fact that, though fifty years ago the Roman Catholics of Great Britain consisted only of a scanty population in a few towns and villages" in England, and of some of the "North Highlanders" in Scotland, yet that now their numbers are vastly increased, estimated by the *Tablet* at about "a million and a half of chiefly the unskilled labouring classes." But it may well be questioned whether this increase is due to the perversion of the working men of England and Scotland. It is rather to be accounted for by the immense "immigration from Ireland" to which the *Tablet* specially calls attention—an immigration, by the way, which has filled our cities with ignorant paupers and our gaols with criminals.¹ The *Tablet* indirectly

¹ The excessive criminality of the Romish portion of the population in England at the present time is evidenced by the following statement published in the Romish Journal, the *Catholic Times*, April 17th, 1885, as follows : "The criminal returns of Her Majesty's prison at Liverpool for the year ending March 31st, 1885, disclose a state of things which the Catholic people cannot contemplate without feelings of sadness and humiliation ; and it is in the hope that our people may be roused to action that we place the figures before them. During the year, 21,324 prisoners were committed to the gaol—12,367 men, and 8,957 women. Of this number 13,676 were Catholics—7,237 men, and 6,439 women—whilst Protestants and all other denominations numbered only 7,648—5,130 men, and 2,518 women. It would further appear that the daily average of the prison population for the year was 633.45 Catholics against 327.42 of all other denominations. *Thus our (Roman Catholic) people, though forming less than one-third of the population of Liverpool, contribute nearly one-half to the total number of prisoners.*" The *Catholic Times* should have said "contribute more than half the number of prisoners." In fact, the R.C. prisoners are nearly double the number of the Protestant prisoners

confirms this view, and writes:—"The proletariat of the great cities is now to a large extent Irish and Catholic." It must also be remembered that the ranks of the Romish population are swelled by the thousands of Protestant children of all denominations, who are receiving their education in Roman Catholic Schools at the cost of the State, and are thus being trained up to join the Romish Communion.

ROME AND SOCIALISM.

The Church of Rome is, however, using strenuous efforts to bring the working classes into its net. With this view it is allying itself

This statement is fully confirmed by Father Nugent. In his address at Darlington, on the 18th October, 1886, reported in the *Catholic Times*, October 22nd, 1886, he stated that "his daily duty during the past twenty-two years had been within Her Majesty's prison at Liverpool, and it had afforded him daily opportunities of studying mankind. That of the prisoners committed to that prison last year, 13,676 fell to his charge as Roman Catholic Chaplain." Again, in his address at the League Hall, Liverpool, on Thursday, November 11th, 1886, reported in the *Catholic Times*, November 12th, 1886, Father Nugent, alluding to the immorality prevailing in Liverpool, said, "Nine out of ten of the girls to be seen at night along London Road or Lime Street were Catholics; there was no use hiding it. The sisters of Notre Dame had 15,000 girls under their charge. What became of them after they left school? They went into places where they got work, and instead of going home at night went out with their companions."

The report of the Commissioners of Prisons for England and Wales for the 1886, gives the following figures:—

				Males.	Females.
Criminals of Irish birth, committed in 1886	10,483	6,280
,, English	,,	101,152	33,598
,, Welsh	,,	3,173	1,648
,, Scottish	,,	2,125	1,094
,, Foreign, Colonial, etc., committed in 1886				2,593	763
	Total	119,526	43,333
Population of	England and Wales at the Census of 1881.	Of English birth	...	11,400,407	12,110,962
		,, Irish birth	...	290,468	271,966
		,, Welsh birth	...	668,027	705,742
		,, Scottish birth	...	132,483	121,045
		,, Foreign and Colonial, etc.	...	148,517	124,882
	Total	12,639,902	13,334,537

It appears by the percentages given in these tables that while the population in England of Irish birth amounts to about 2 per cent.. the proportion of Irish Criminals committed amounts to nearly 10 per cent. of the whole number of the males, and about 16 per cent. of the females.

with the Socialists. It professes to have the utmost concern for the interests of "*labour*," and denounces "*capital*." This is made clear in the article published in this "Jubilee number" of the *Tablet*. This paper refers exultantly to the change in the social atmosphere during the last half century. It points to "the increase of the urban populations until they include one-half of the nation ; the Birminghams, Manchesters, Glasgows with their myriads of wage-earners *not* rooted in the soil ; the decay of villages ; the astonishing multiplication of wealth ; its attractions, daily more visible, into a few capacious pockets, apparently as insatiable as the bottomless pit ; such are the patent miracles of the system styled industrial, advancing by leaps and bounds towards ever-recurring crises at shorter and shorter intervals." "On the other side," the *Tablet* urges, "look at the widening of the political franchise ; the one man one vote which cannot long be delayed ; the admission of entire peoples to a course of education which from elementary is becoming technical *and will be social* ; the *ex-cathedra* teaching of a daily and almost hourly press ; the breaking down of a partly feudal aristocracy into a capitalist governing class, made venerable by no associations with bygone centuries, but simply conservative of what it has contrived to get. And as the general expression of the whole, we might pause over every syllable of the words democracy and plutocracy. For these are the opposing weights in the social scales ; and they will swing to and fro mightily, or we are much mistaken, before the balance is determined. Demos is hungry, while Plutus is strong. But the most terrible of all forces, the very root of revolution, is hunger. Then Demos will win."

DENUNCIATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

The middle classes, amongst whom Romanism has made little progress, are especially held up to execration. The *Tablet* writes of these :—"On the dense middle class, absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, reeking with comfort, and assured of its own salvation in both worlds, we have made, as was natural, no impression whatever. But the middle class shares, with the House of Lords, the government of England. As yet, the votes of the majority have not brought *it* to the ground. That is the struggle of a not very remote future. It may perhaps be some satisfaction to the nervous persons who shudder at

the apparition of a working class in the polling booths, to remember, if they are Catholics, that the English *bourgeoisie* have always shown themselves irreconcilably hostile to our aims and ideas. And no wonder. The enemy of Catholicism from of old is Mammon. And the middle class is Mammon *with the doctrine of justification by faith in its self-righteous heart, and a translation of the Bible in its hand for the heathen.*"

THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM CONDEMNED.

It is not only the middle classes and the House of Lords who are threatened; the end is also predicted to the "industrial system" of free competition, and *individual* effort, which tends so much to promote self-reliance, is utterly condemned. The article in the *Tablet* states:—"But the greatest of all changes, heralded to the thoughtful long before, has begun to take substance and consistency during the past ten years. It is the faint but certain dawn of an ideal in the presence of which *the industrial system*, a growth of yesterday founded on no principle save *unchecked competition*, will assuredly vanish away. As men are drawn together from the ends of the earth they recognise that the isolation, *the individualism*, in which they were brought up, is simply anti-human. "Every man for himself" is Protestantism all over. "No Church" has come to mean "No State." When Pius IX. declared that he could not be reconciled with Liberalism and the new civilization, he meant that this kind of sham society, in which the strong devour the weak and hideous poverty is the outcome of 'progress,' had been already condemned by his Master, Christ; he was not so much throwing out a challenge as stating an elementary truth of religion. The *social* principle, after which so many are groping on all sides, has never been lost sight of in the Catholic Church. At every turn we meet with it in her legislation. And unless we foolishly take fornis of government for articles of faith we shall find ourselves, now that 'Individualism' is receiving such hearty blows, no longer in the rear of popular movements, but abreast of them—pioneers, not laggards; for *Catholicism has the secret of organizing*, and its affinities are with creative power. . . . Happily, as Catholics did not make the system (*i.e.* the industrial system), as it shows them no favour, and is in most vehement opposition to the commands and counsels of our faith, it seems more probable that they will join the ranks of its

assailants, and declare, as they well may, that the laws of production and distribution of wealth are moral laws, and that the bond of society is not a 'cash-nexus,' but human brotherhood. All our mission work, our convents, charitable associations, and elementary schools, may be said to point this way, and are a preparation for wider activity of a similar kind.—Their deadliest enemy, could they but realize it, has been that machinery of 'production for the market' in which the Catholic working class has found for long years the meanest place."

The *Tablet* goes on to hold up to admiration the Church of Rome for the position which it has taken. It declares :—"Here, then, in the midst of so strangely altered an English nation is the Catholic Church, holding up her ideal of order, beauty and justice. Here, as we have witnessed in an august example, is the natural mediator between those who represent the industrial system on its capitalist side, and the workers necessarily bound up with it until a better can be brought in. It is pleasant to reflect, and a good augury, that when John Burns met the Roman Cardinal face to face his spontaneous admiration was so great as to endanger a little the negotiations with his fellows. That meeting was, in the opinion of many, the noblest indication of *social* change since 1840 ; or perhaps one should say since 1850, when one remembers the insane futilities of the 'Papal aggression' time. It excels the Viceroyalties and the Lord Chancellorships. For it proves that, by an unconquerable instinct, the Catholic priest is of the people and for the people."

ROMISH INFLUENCE IN THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The Romish Journals also boast of the influence they have obtained in the control of the Public Press. The *Weekly Register*, 19th June, 1869, stated : "There is not in London a single newspaper of which some of the leading reporters, and one or more of the chief persons on its staff are not (Roman) Catholics." The *Catholic Times* again, May 28th, 1880, stated :—

"The number of Catholic pressmen in London is now very large—not that their influence can make itself pronouncedly felt under Protestant editorial supervision. Anti-papal *Punch* has its F. C. Burnand, who was at one time on the point of entering a religious community ; and even the *Standard*, which was established with the

special intention of attacking the Catholic religion, includes Catholics on its staff. On the *Times*, *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, and the *Daily Chronicle*, Catholic pens are at work ; also on the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and lighter weeklies, such as the *World*. The monthly magazines have many contributors of the same creed—in evidence of which we may mention that a glance over the contents of the forthcoming June number of *Tinsley* shows us no fewer than four articles written by Catholics. Of course these contributions are for the most part colourless in religion ; but in the very fact that they are neutral, and not biassed against Truth, there is much cause for congratulation, especially when we remember the sort of writing which passed muster thirty or forty years ago."

The *Tablet* again, in its issue of the 17th May, 1890, writes :—“Among more general indications of social progress are the altered tone of the press, including the better informed religious organs. Five leading organs—a quarterly, two monthlies, and two weeklies—now take their part in forming the public opinion of the metropolis, and we need only name the *Dublin Review*, the *Month*, and *Merry England*, to show the standard of excellence reached by Catholic periodical journalism.”

NOTE XXXVIII.—“ROME NEVER CHANGES.”

“ Beware, O England, of the final throes
Of the old Papal dragon.”—p. 132.

“Catholicism has learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing. It is tolerant now because its strength is broken. It has been fighting for bare existence, and its demands at present are satisfied with fair play. But let it once have a numerical majority behind it and it will reclaim its old authority. *It will again insist on controlling all departments of knowledge.* The principles on which it persecuted it still professes, and persecution will grow again as naturally and necessarily as a seed in a congenial soil. Then it will once more come in collision with the secular intelligence which now passes by it with disdain. The struggle ended in blood before ; and it will end in blood again, with further results not difficult to anticipate.”—Froude. *Short Studies*, p. 177.



Julius III. was Pope from 1550 to 1555. He was a man of low disposition and dissolute character, and his voluptuous life was disgraced by unnatural vices. (See Bower's *Lives of the Popes*, vol. vii., p. 459.)

The reign of "Bloody Mary" was from 1553 to 1558. Mary restored Popery in England, and Julius III. is represented in the above Papal medal as raising prostrate England from the ground. What gratitude we owe as a nation to such a man for bestowing such a benefit! The medal is dated the 5th year of his pontificate. In that year Rogers was burnt at Smithfield, Hooper at Gloucester, Saunders at Coventry, and Taylor at Hadley. England was filled with the horrors of persecution. The prisons were crowded with Protestants, and superstition was triumphant. To commemorate the return of England to the fold of Rome, "the Feast of the Reconciliation" was established upon St. Andrew's day. The first celebration of this feast took place on the 23rd of Jan., 1555, when one hundred and sixty priests followed by eight bishops went in procession through London. "Last of all," writes Bishop Burnett in his *Reformation*, "came Bonner himself, carrying the host to thank God for reconciling them again to His church."

NOTE XXXIX.—RITUALISM.

“ The CATHOLIC REVIVAL ! all around,
A transformation movement blocks the ground,
. . . . the Church doth slide
Backward and downward on the fatal plane
Of the old apostasy.”—p. 133.

“ This present movement, which is now in everybody's mouth, and which is being everywhere discussed,—in Convocation and in Parliament, in the public press and in private society, is called ‘Ritualism,’ and the leaders of it ‘Ritualists.’ This name, however, we ourselves repudiate, as conveying a false impression, and misleading people into supposing that we are mere æsthetics, fighting for forms and ceremonies, and nothing more. ‘No,’ say we; ‘if we *must* have a name, call us *Catholics*. Our belief is, that the Church of which we are members is Catholic in her faith, and Catholic in her usages, and that Protestantism in any shape and form has no legal place within her. If you who oppose us glory in your Protestantism, we glory in our Catholicism; and if you call us Catholics, as we call you Protestants, then there will be no mistake as to the points at issue between us.’”—*Union Review*, 1867.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

“ THE Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament is a Ritualistic Society composed of bishops, priests, laymen, and women. It was founded in the year 1862; and in 1867 was united to the “Society of the Blessed Sacrament.” In the year 1882, no less than 1049 clergymen in the Church of England, and 13,700 laymen and women, were members of this Confraternity.* The Rev. Orby Shipley informs us that the C.B.S.—as it is usually termed—is the “daughter”† of the notorious Society of the Holy Cross, which was responsible for that very indecent Confessional Book, “*The Priest in Absolution*.”

* *Church Review*, June 16, 1882.

† “The Four Cardinal Virtues,” p. 249. London, 1871.

The "Objects" of the Confraternity are stated in its official "Manual" to be as follows :—

"1. The Honour due to the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood.

"2. Mutual and special Intercession at the time of and in union with the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

"3. To promote the observance of the Catholic and primitive practice of receiving the Holy Communion fasting." *

We here discover what the work of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament really is. It is nothing less than the propagation, in the Protestant Church of England, of the blasphemous Sacrifice of the Mass, under the name of "The Eucharistic Sacrifice"! As to "Fasting Communion," it is sufficient to say that the *first* and *best* Communion administered by our Saviour Himself was received immediately after a meal. Even a Roman Catholic Sub-Dean of Maynooth College has admitted that,—

"The Blessed Eucharist was instituted by our Lord after supper, and for a short time was celebrated and administered only after supper. Martene shows that for the first three centuries, and even much later, it was still in many places celebrated after supper." †

Among the "Recommendations" printed in the "Manual" is the following :—

"To make Offerings for the due and reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist" (p. 8).

This is nothing less than a revival of that sacrilegious custom of the Church of Rome, *paying for Masses*! St. Peter forewarns us,— "There shall be false teachers among you"; and of these teachers he says—"And through covetousness shall they with feigned words *make merchandise of you*" (2 Peter ii. 1, 3). The way in which the priests of the Church of Rome, at the Reformation, made "merchandise" of men's souls, by their Masses, was that which, as much as anything, made Englishmen first detest and hate the Mass. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament is now trying hard to revive this scandalous custom in our Reformed Church of England, under the name of

* "The Manual of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," p. 7, fifth edition. London, 1875.

† "Notes on the Roman Ritual," p. 343. By Rev. James Kane. Dublin, 1867.

“*Offerings* for the due and reverent Celebration of the Holy Eucharist”!

At the annual meeting of the Society, held invariably on “Corpus Christi Day” (a Popish festival in honour of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and unknown to the Church of England), no one is allowed to be present, on any account, unless he produces the Medal which proves him a member. It is quite plain that the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament has “loved darkness rather than light.” Its conduct in this respect reminds us of the text—“For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved” (*Margin*, “discovered.” John iii. 10).

Branches of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, termed “Wards,” exist in England, Wales, Scotland, India, and several of our Colonies. Ward Meetings are held at stated times. A specimen of the kind of teaching imparted at these meetings is found in a published “Address delivered in St. Mary’s, Prestbury, To the Ward of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. A. L. Lewington.”* We subjoin two extracts from this remarkable and very Romish address:—

“When we say that the Presence of Christ is objective, we understand that It is there without communion as with communion, abiding under the outward and Visible Form in the consecrated Elements, so long as the consecrated Elements are unconsumed. Again, we say that the Presence of Christ is *Whole*. *Whole* Christ comes to us, and is incorporated with us, in His Sacrament. His Body, His Blood, His Soul, His Divinity, are present. And not only that, but *He is wholly present in every particle, just as much as in all that is consecrated*” (p. 6).

“When we separate from the notion of substance everything gross and material, we may regard the term TRANSUBSTANTIATION as a convenient definition of the results of consecration which the Articles do not exclude. . . . But those who rightly maintain the term Transubstantiation understand it to signify that what is in outward accidents—in sight, taste, and touch—Bread and Wine, by consecration becomes, not in accidents but in substance, the Body and Blood of Christ” (p. 9).

* “The Doctrine of the Real Presence.” By Rev. A. L. Lewington. Oxford Mowbray, 1871.

NOTE XL.—THE "E.C.U."

"O ye who in our day and in our land
 Labour to build again what God has banned,
 And rear the Babylon He overthrew."—p 138.

The English Church Union, or E.C.U., possesses extensive offices, and is directed by a president, vice-president, and council, who meet weekly throughout the session of Parliament, and circulate a monthly official organ, the *Church Union Gazette*. This union had, in 1884, 205 branches, representing 2,420 clerical and 11,457 lay members. Formed in 1859, or more than thirty years ago, the English Church Union is "definitely and distinctly a Catholic society," or a confederacy insidiously and persistently labouring to re-catholicize or Romanize the Church of England, and re-unite it with the Church of Rome.

"It is time to drop the word Ritualist. So long as there was any doubt in the matter, it was a useful word, but now that a Church Union, as it calls itself, collects funds, and backs the plainest declarations of Roman doctrine on the part of its members, it is idle to treat those members as anything but *adherents to the Papal system*, looking forward to union with Rome."—*Athenaeum*. Nov. 7, 1868.

The intention of the English Church Union is openly avowed: "The CATHOLIC PARTY in the Church of England say we, as plainly as words can say it, will be satisfied with nothing short of VISIBLE UNITY" [i.e. with the Church of Rome].—*Union Review*, p. 397.

REASONS FOR OPPOSING THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.

Because it teaches the Doctrine of the Real Objective Presence, as taught by the Church of Rome. At the annual commemorative services of the York branch of the English Church Union, held on the 3rd of November, 1869, the Rev. Lord F. Godolphin Osborne preached a sermon, in which he stated (as reported in the *Church Review* and the *Church News*) that in the matter of the "Real Presence" they were after all at one with their Roman Catholic brethren; that the English Church Union defended the doctrine of the real objective presence; and if they must not have what they required in the Church of England, they must go to the Church of Rome.

Because the teaching of the Romish Doctrine of the Real Objective Presence leads to the introduction of all the corrupt doctrines of the Romish Church. The Bishop of Durham, in his late Charge (1870), speaking of the Doctrine of the Real Objective Presence as taught by the Ritualists and Romanists, says: "In their essence they are one ; and those untrained in the metaphysical subtleties of Theological controversy will fail in discovering any real distinction ; and after being trained to accept the doctrine of the Real Objective Presence, will have been prepared, by the undermining of their Scriptural Protestant faith, to receive, by-and-by, without any difficulty, the whole of the corrupt doctrines of the Romish Church, which has, as its primary basis, the Doctrine of Transubstantiation."

Because, to judge it by its fruits, it is a nursery for the Church of Rome. Its late president and some of its leading supporters have seceded to the Church of Rome, and Dr. Newman thus writes: "They are leavening the various English denominations and parties (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate absorption into the Catholic Church."

Because its Lecturers vilify as "unredeemed villains" the Reformers to whom we are indebted under God for the Reformation. See letter from Dr. Littledale to *Guardian*, dated May 20, 1868.

Because it is disloyal to the Church ; our *Protestantism* being described by one of its Council as "a cold, miserable, unloving, un-Christlike, godless figment." See pastoral issued by the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, Incumbent of St. Alban's, to his parishioners, dated St. Alban's Day, 1870.

Because its leaders hold, teach, practise, adopt, and use rites and ceremonies unlawful in the Church of England, such as Auricular Confession, Prayers for the Dead, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Eastward Position, Eucharistic Vestments, Altar Lights, the mixed Chalice, Unleavened Bread, Incense, etc.

NOTE XLI.

“With Romish superstitions crowd the shrine.”

—p. 139.

“Whatever the ritualistic practices ought or ought not to mean, *no plain man can doubt that they have the practical effect of assimilating the administration of the Holy Communion to the celebration of the Mass, and that they are, at the very least, intended as a repudiation of Protestant doctrine on the subject.* Men of great ability and piety—for it is their virtues which render them formidable—avowedly desire to upset the work of the Reformation in some important respects, and the very term of ‘Protestant,’ which was the pride of the High Church Divines of the Old School, such as *Cosin*, is repudiated by them. The opposite school—less strong, perhaps, at present among the clergy than among the laity—is not less earnestly opposed to this tendency, and it includes resolute men who may be expected to maintain their opposition to the last extremity.

“These being the plain and actual facts of the case, it is difficult to look forward without anxiety to the sequel of this memorable judgment. Peace is the greatest of blessings in the Church, and it is lamentable, as the Archbishop says, that attention should be diverted ‘from the Church’s real contest with evil and building up of good, both by those who give and by those who take offence unadvisedly,’ in ‘minute questionings and disputations in great and sacred subjects. But either the history of this country is a great illusion, or there is a real and vital issue at stake between Roman and Protestant principles, and common sense must allow that a great point is won according as the most solemn and characteristic ceremonies of the Church are made practically to speak one language or the other. The difficulty unhappily in this case is not met by that toleration of diverse constructions which has gone far to solve some of the doctrinal controversies of the Church in the interpretation of the Articles. The faults of every member of a congregation are free in respect to the teaching of his clergyman; but if he goes to church at all, he is compelled to participate in the forms of worship adopted. If, indeed, he lives in a great town, he will probably have a choice of churches within reach, and will find among

them one or other at which he can worship with satisfaction. But in the country *the liberty of the clergyman is the bondage of the congregation. Any country village may suddenly have a priest imposed upon it who will transform its familiar and simple form of worship into an approximation to that of Rome, and every parishioner must either submit to it or give up his church altogether.*"—*The Times*, Nov. 25, 1890, on the Archbishop of Canterbury's judgment, in the Bishop of Lincoln's case.

NOTE XLII.

"Ye claim the place
Of Christ on earth ; His members ye abase
In your confessional, that moral sink,
To seek your absolution."—p. 140.

The *Times*, in an article on the Confessional (June 25th, 1877), writes pungently from the manly standpoint of an aroused and determined English laity :—"That which we here have to deal with is an avowed attempt to establish confession as a rule, and to apply it to every detail of life. A priest is to interfere in every household, to direct a wife in the discharge of her duties to her husband, children in their relation to parents and their school-fellows, girls in relation to their mothers and their fathers, and at length their lovers, and so on through every delicate relationship.

"The bloom is to be rubbed off every modest flower of womanly, manly, and youthful feeling by the introduction of the hand of the Confessor into the most secret recesses of the heart, and there are to be no human beings in the world, not even a husband and a wife, without the eye and the authority of a priest between them.

"The English people as a whole, notwithstanding the perversion of some wrong-headed and feeble folk among them, have only one thing to say to this system. They do not care what arguments may be adduced in excuse for it. A long time ago they had some centuries' experience of it, and they see at the present day what are the results

it produces elsewhere, and their mind is made up. THEY WILL HAVE NONE OF IT ! They will have it at no price, and there is no institution, they would not sacrifice, no system they would not repudiate, if it became the home and the protection of such practices. If this Society (Holy Cross) cannot be suppressed among the clergy, *rough times may be expected for the Church of England !* The public take a comparatively languid and contemptuous interest in the disputes raised by the Ritualists on points of ceremonial. But if, as now appears, Ritualism means the inculcation of habitual confession with all its consequences, Mr. Mackonochie and his friends must go, or the Established Church must go with them. . . . Ritualism, as represented by the members of this society, is nothing less than *a conspiracy against public morals*, and it is the first duty of all friends of the Church to purge it of such a poison." See also notes xxxvii.-xl. and xlii.

NOTE XLIII.

DECLINE OF PROTESTANT SENTIMENT IN ENGLAND.

"The golden lamp within the temple trim,
Whose flame is flickering, and whose light is dim."

—p. 142.

"Not only has the very attitude of the population changed, but the very establishment which was set up in rivalry to the (Roman) Church, with a royal supremacy triumphantly pitted against a papal supremacy, has changed its temper and attitude. Its bishops, ministers, and people are busily engaged in ignoring or denouncing those very articles which were drawn up to be their eternal protest against the old religion. The sacramental power of orders, the need of jurisdiction, the real presence, the daily sacrifice, auricular confession, prayers and offices for the dead, belief in purgatory, the invocation of the blessed Virgin and the saints, religious vows and the institution of monks and nuns—the very doctrines stamped in the Thirty-nine Articles as 'fond fables and blasphemous deceits'—all these are now openly taught from a thousand pulpits within the Establishment, and as heartily

embraced by as many crowded congregations. Even the statue of the blessed Virgin Mary has been set up with honour over the principal side entrance to Westminster Abbey, and she has been recently enthroned upon a majestic altar under the great dome of St. Paul's."—Extract from letter of C. W. Radcliffe Cook, to the *Times*, February, 1889.

Hugh Miller, in his "First Impressions of England and its People," says :—

"The old anti-popish feeling has been gradually sinking under the influence of many re-active causes; and *not since the times of the Reformation was it at so low an ebb as in England at the present day*. It would seem as if every old score was to be blotted off, and popery to be taken a second time on trial. But it will be ultimately found wanting, and will, as in France and Germany, have just to be condemned again. The stiff rigidity of its unalterable codes of practice and belief—inadequately compensated by the flexibility of its wilier votaries—has incapacitated it from keeping up with the human mind in its onward march. If it be the sure destiny of man to rise, it must be the as inevitable fate of popery to sink. The excesses of fifteen hundred years have vitiated and undermined its constitution, intellectual and moral; its absurd beliefs have become incompatible with advanced knowledge; its more despotic assumptions with rational freedom; and were it not for the craving vacuum in the public mind which infidelity is continually creating for superstition to fill, and into which popery is fitfully rushing, like steam into the condenser of an engine, again and again to be annihilated, and again and again to flow in, its day, in at least the more enlightened portions of the empire, would not be long."

NOTE XLIV.

INFALLIBILITY DECREE.

“That woeful word shall sink thee in the deep.”

—p. 153.

The Infallibility Decree of 1870 has demonstrated in the clearest manner the character of the Papacy. Rome is Absolutism. She claims omnipotence and infallibility; “Papal omnipotence over every individual Christian, and Papal infallibility in decisions of faith.” Rome means “*the absolutism of the Church, and absolutism in the Church.*”¹ It involves the most stupendous form of mental and moral slavery the world has ever seen. It means the abolition of liberty, national and individual, and the destruction of rights, human and divine. It substitutes arbitrary human will for conscience, Scripture, and the Holy Ghost. The realm of morality, the realm of religion, the realm of education, the realm of politics, must all and altogether be subject to the will of one man. “Think as I tell you; do as I command you”; such is the word of that one man to every creature. He claims to represent God Himself. He is “quasi Deus,” as if God. His decision is Divine; it admits of no question, no correction, no appeal. His sentence is final and irre-

¹ “Otto Mesi a Roma,” p. 194.

formable. "He is the judge of the moral and Divine law, of the Gospel and the Commandments, the supreme and only final judge, with no legislature to correct his errors, with no authoritative rules to guide his proceedings, with no power on earth to question the force, or intercept the effect of, his decisions."¹

He claims the Church as his personal heritage, and to carry the entire Christian religion in his individual breast. The Church and the world have but to submit to him in silence, to bow before him as before God, worshipping at his footstool with all the tokens of adoration. The binding duty of all men is to do and believe as that one man directs, and reverently to kiss the foot he plants on the neck of a prostrate humanity.

One of the most learned, able, and candid historians Rome has ever produced, the late Dr. Döllinger, describes the power now claimed by and conceded to the Papacy, in the following words: "The new Vatican doctrine confers on the Pope *the whole fulness of power* (*totam plenitudinem potestatis*) over the whole Church as well as over every individual layman,—a power which is at the same time to be truly episcopal, and again specifically papal; which is to include in itself all that affects

¹ "Vaticanism," Gladstone, p. 102.

faith, morals, duties of life, and discipline, and which can without any mediation whatever, seize and punish, bid and forbid every one, the monarch as well as the labouring man. The wording is so carefully chosen that there remains for the bishops absolutely no other position and authority than that which belongs to papal commissaries or plenipotentiaries. As every student of history and the Fathers will admit, the episcopate of the ancient Church is thus dissolved in its inmost being." As to the individual Christian, the homage he owes to God, according to papal definitions, consists in his "renouncing his own mental judgment, his self-acquired knowledge and self-gained power of discernment, and in throwing himself in blind faith into the arms of the papal 'magisterium' as the only true source of religious knowledge." "In future, every Catholic Christian, when asked why he believes this or that, can and may give but the one answer: *I believe or reject it because the infallible Pope has bidden it to be believed or rejected.*" "As a Christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine. *I cannot do so as a Christian*, because it is incompatible with the spirit of the Gospel, and with the lucid sayings of Christ and the apostles; it simply wishes to establish the kingdom of this world, which Christ declined to do, and to possess the sovereignty over the congregations, which Peter

refused for every one else, as well as for himself *I cannot do so as a theologian*, because the whole genuine tradition of the Church stands irreconcilably opposed to it. *I cannot do so as an historian*, because, as such, I know that the persistent endeavours to realize this theory of a universal sovereignty has cost Europe streams of blood, distracted and ruined whole countries, shaken to its foundations the beautiful organic edifice of the constitution of the older Church, and begotten, nursed, and maintained the worst abuses in the Church. *Finally, I must reject it as a citizen*, because with its claims on the submission of States and monarchs and the whole political order of things to the papal power, and by the exceptional position claimed by it for the clergy, it lays the foundation for an endless and fatal discord between the State and the Church, between the clergy and the laity.”¹

¹ “Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees,” Dr. Döllinger. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, pp. 91, 98, 101, 103.

NOTE XLV.

“Dead, yet on tiptoe standing.”—p. 158.

During my recent visit to Mexico, *I saw myself the remains of several of the victims who had been walled up alive by the Inquisition.* The bodies are exhibited in the public museum in the city of Mexico, and also in a museum in Toluca. Four of the victims taken from the Inquisition wall in Puebla are represented in the accompanying picture. I also obtained in the city of Mexico the photograph of the three other walled-up victims which has been reproduced by a photographic process in the body of this work, pages 160, 161.

The following description of the “walled up” victims found in the Inquisition at Puebla is from Dr. Rule’s valuable work :

“In the basement of the old building was a long gallery [inside the main wall of the edifice], which is very massive, beneath the pavement of which were discovered the remains of about two hundred human bodies. The skeletons lay along the gallery side by side, and for economizing space, shoulder to foot and foot to shoulder alternately. A message to the civic authority brought carts which removed the bones, and the pavement was relaid. . . . While the exhumation of the two hundred skeletons was going on, another discovery was made. What seemed to be the interior face of the main wall, not interrupted by door or window, was for some distance smooth, with a brick facing, but in some places along the smooth part the bricks had been broken away from the floor upwards, disclosing spaces resembling very narrow closets, empty, as if rifled of their contents. These breakages excited suspicion that the remaining unbroken surface might cover similar recesses. Dr. Butler, therefore, had that part of the wall sounded with hammers; in four places he found it hollow, and had the bricks carefully removed. To the horror, surely,



WALLED-UP VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION.

Found at Puebla, Mexico.

[See pp. 158, 300-302.

of the explorers, our human bodies met their view. One man, sitting on a stone; two men standing; one woman laid on her back, with a bundle at her feet said to contain an infant. They were all carefully removed to the public museum of the city of Mexico, where they may now be seen just as they were when put into an open wooden case, varnished in hope of preserving them entire, and covered with glass. Dr. Butler had them immediately photographed, and with a verbal description of the discovery, kindly gave me a copy of the picture in photograph, which is herewith repeated as closely as possible in a woodcut.

It is remarkable that the victims found by Dr. Butler were dressed all alike, and bound in the same manner. It was a regulation dress, no doubt, kept in store for inmates of the ordinary prison cells, when condemned to be walled up, at which time each one was to be clad in the same sad livery, bound close and fettered just the same. The niches which held three of the four were vertical, and must have resembled narrow chimney-flues, barely sufficient for a living person to stand upright, and not wide enough to allow the body to fall prone when life became extinct. Although it might bend a little, the body was held up by the sides of the tomb, and stiffened after death in the same posture that it had in the last agony."—*History of the Inquisition*, Rule, pp. 328_g, 328_i.

"AND A MIGHTY ANGEL TOOK UP A STONE LIKE A GREAT MILLSTONE, AND CAST IT INTO THE SEA, SAYING, THUS WITH VIOLENCE SHALL THAT GREAT CITY BABYLON BE THROWN DOWN, AND SHALL BE FOUND NO MORE AT ALL."

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