

Here he was interrupted by a preacher, who stood beside the cart, and as Father Bartoli remarks, "was determined not to have come there without doing something," telling him, that if he understood what he said in the sense of the council of Trent, he ran the risk of eternal damnation. But a palpable hint from the indignant bystanders having silenced this rabid son of Calvin, Father Southwell resumed: "Sir, let me beg of you not to interrupt the little I have to say during the few moments I have to live. I am a Catholic, and in whatever manner you may please to interpret my words, I hope for salvation through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. And as to the queen, I never attempted, contrived or even imagined any evil against her, but have always prayed for her to our Lord; and for this short time of my life, I still pray, that in His infinite mercy, He would be pleased to give her all such gifts and graces, as, in His infinite wisdom, He sees most expedient for the welfare both of her body and soul, in this life and in the next. In like manner, I recommend to the same mercy of God, my poor country. I implore the Divine Bounty to favor it with His light and the saving knowledge of His truth, to the better advancement of the salvation of souls, and to His own greater glory. I have no more to say, except it be to the Almighty and everlasting God, that this my death may be for my own and for my country's good, and for the encouragement and consolation of the Catholics, my brethren."

Having uttered these words, he looked calmly around him, and was seen to make a sign to some one in the crowd. It was to Father Garnet, who, at the risk of his life, was there as a faithful witness of the triumph of his brother missionary. Southwell then crossed his hand as well as he was able upon his breast, and bowed—the meaning of the gesture was unknown to the gazing multitude—by the initiated it was recognized as a token of his receiving the last absolution from Father Garnet. While the executioner was stripping him of the single frock, which in spite of the inclemency of the weather, was the only garment he wore, he said to the bystanders: "Whatever the ministers here present may report of me, I beg all good Catholics who are witnesses of my end, to bear testimony, that I die a faithful and obedient son of the Church." He then blessed himself, and with his eyes raised toward heaven, repeated with great calmness and resignation, those words of the Psalmist—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." With his favorite phrase, *Deus meus et omnia*, and other short ejaculations upon his lips, the cart was drawn from under him. The unskilful hangman had not properly adjusted the rope, so that it was some time before he was strangled, the blessed martyr being several times seen attempting to make the sign of the cross while he was hanging. The letter of the law was, "to be cut down and embowelled while yet living," and twice or thrice the executioner made an attempt to cut the rope, in order to do his duty. But several of the bystand-

ers, and among the rest, Lord Mountjoy, stepped forward and stayed his hand; while a general cry of "Hold! Hold!" burst from the assembled multitude, so edifying were the last moments of the servant of God, and such was the sympathy he had excited even in those of a different way of thinking. As he was still seen to open his eyes, the persons near him drew him by the legs, to put him out of pain; and when the rope was cut, instead of allowing the body to fall to the earth and be dragged to the spot where the embowelling was to take place, they received it into their arms, and bore it reverently to the block. When the executioner held up the bloody head, and exclaimed, as was usual, "God save queen Elizabeth!" no voice cried "Traitor!" or responded the customary "Amen!" A respectful silence prevailed, and tears of pity and admiration were seen in many an eye. Lord Mountjoy was heard to say to those around him; "If that man be guilty, God grant that I may die the death of such a culprit!" His head was fixed on the point of a spear, and placed on London Bridge, in the same spot which, some fifty years before, had beheld the decapitated head of another illustrious man, also condemned to bear the name of traitor, though posterity has reversed the sentence—the good Sir Thomas More. The four quarters of his body were affixed to the four gates of the city, but were collected by the pious solicitude of his sister and decently interred.

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**Religion in England after the Reformation.**

Let us now consider the character of the religion which succeeded to that, of which we have endeavored to trace a faint outline, and which had well nigh existed for a thousand years in these realms, and then see whether this new order of things was not even a fresh kindling of the wrath of God, and a still heavier chastisement for our sins, rather than a boon from Him, "who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature;" whether it were not, of its very self, a curse that blighted whatever it touched, and an awful and distinctive token of the malediction of heaven—a malediction that carried with it this most miserable judgment also, that while it punished for past offences, it excited to new ones, so that the sinner has never ceased to add sin to sin.\* Though in its course Protestantism swelled into a very deluge, which for a time swept every thing before it, both the altar and the throne; changing Carmel into a wilderness; converting a pleasant garden, abounding in many virtues, into a moral waste overgrown with thorns and briars; driving faith, hope, and charity from the sanctuary, and leaving us even to this day with "a land of closed churches, hushed bells, unlighted altars, unsteoled priests, as if the kingdom were under an interdiction;" yet, all this came not at once, though it all sprang but from one sin. Like the fall of Adam, the unbridled passion of Henry cast its deadening shade over a whole empire,

\* Wisdom iii, 28.

† Faber's Foreign Churches.

infused its poison into the vein of a whole race, and verified to the letter, that awful denunciation of divine vengeance, that "an unwise king shall be the ruin of his people." True it is, that this "first born son of the reformation," came not in peace, but with a sword, and was indeed born for the fall of many; for he it was who, by severing the unity of the Church, removed the key-stone from the arch, and exposed the whole structure to certain ruin; it tottered for a few short moments under the feeble props which a spurious and unnatural exercise of the power so lately usurped could supply, and then sunk into an utter and undistinguishable wreck.

Once that the covenant with Peter was violated, the only secure foundation for unity was torn up, and though every possible effort was made to repair it, no ingenuity could devise a substitute. The pride of innovation proved greater than its power; and act after act was in vain passed for "the repression and extirpation of all errors, heresies, and other enormities;" "for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of the realm;" for abolishing "diversity of opinions;" for establishing "the most perfect unity and concord in all things, and in especial in the true faith and religion of God;" and though the whole power of the crown was transferred to the crown,—which power the crown was not loth to exercise; and though it was backed by the civil authorities with five and faggot at their command.—of which too, they in turn, were not slack to avail themselves; still diversity of opinions sprang upon all sides, and never ceased to occupy—often to elude all the vigilance of royal inquisitor, and to baffle the most barbarous execution of the law. But the authority which was powerless for good, was soon found to be most apt for mischief, and the tyrannical and inflexible disposition of him who wielded it acting upon the dastardly subserviency of the great ones of the land;—the canting descendants of the proud barons of England,—for the first time in the history of the country, laid all the liberties of the kingdom (which had been won with such heroic resistance to arbitrary sway) prostrate at the feet of the monarch, giving equal force to the proclamation of the sovereign, and the passive obedience did they become under the dawn of their new illuminations, and under the plastic hand of power, that they even passed a step in advance, and invested the *councillors* of the king's successor, if he were under age, with the right of setting forth proclamations in his name, of the same authority as if issued by the king himself; and it was in the virtue of this very act that the religion of the late reign was supplanted; that all the diversities of opinions, the errors, heresies, and other enormities which sacrificed the unity of the Church, the peace and tranquillity of the realm, and deluged it with irreligion, impiety, and sacrilege, were accomplished during the minority of the infant sovereign, who had succeeded to his more imperious, but less inconsistent father.

It was indeed to little purpose to pray to be delivered from schism, as they were or-

dered to do in the Litany of 1535, when they had wilfully run headlong into it; or, that all "perverse sects" might be avoided, when they had opened the broad road for their admission; or that they might "withstand the frauds and snares of their ghostly enemy," when they themselves had set the toils; or that they might "die in the very true Catholic faith," when they had not only most solemnly protested against it, and bound themselves by oath to abide in another, but had made the very profession of it high treason against the state! For is it not written that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish through his appointment? Who makes a hypocrite to reign for the sins of the people?" And thus again did they earn the recompense that awaited them, and "the congregation of hypocrites was made desolate." That desolation came indeed with a rapid and appalling vengeance. It rent the veil of the sanctuary, but it had no better covenant to establish in its place. No; the covenant of God, the inheritance of Christ, his seamless coat, the pillar and the ground of truth, was treated with as little ceremony as an antiquated building, grown out of date and taste,—like one of those fashions which this capricious world of ours has decked herself out withal for a season, and then discarded as something of which it had grown weary, because it lighted novelty, and which they had as good a right to change as to change the fancy of their vain apparel. What had, therefore, been venerated for its antiquity, for its majestic comeliness, its beautiful splendor, its happy adaption to its purposes, for the association which had grown up around it, and to which every succeeding age added new charms, and imparted a new interest, became despoiled of half its glory, contracted in all its fair proportions, and profaned in its most holy rites.

To give zest to the meagre fare which was now served up to the religious appetites of the people, in lieu of the sumptuous feast to which they had been hitherto accustomed, that discarded Church which had heretofore provided it with such a lavish hand, became the object of the bitterest antipathy. The dark unfeeling zealots, and ravenous extortioners, who were dividing the land between fanaticism and infidelity, "knew full well that the sword of the law could not have been wielded with such deadly effect against the holy and ancient religion of these islands, if that religion had not first been decried, abused, and malignod, until it appeared to the multitude a very moral monster. From the sole of its foot, like its divine founder, 'to the top of its head, there was no soundness in it;' it was buffeted, abused, spit upon; it was covered with a mantle of derision; it was scourged, and drenched with vinegar and gall; the winter of affliction entered into its very soul; and it was, when thus disfigured by a clamorous rabble, and seemingly abandoned by God, that the bigots, and the fanatic cried out to the agents of the law and the sword,—away with it, away with it!"