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THE VERY REV. DR. NEWMAN'S SECOND LECTURE.

(From a Birmingham Correspondent of the Tablet.)
Birmingham, July 9.

On Monday evening last, the Rev. Dr. Newman delivered his second lecture, in the Corn Exchange, on Catholicism in England. There were many highly respectable Protestants present, who appeared deeply interested in the address, which was, as you will perceive from the following, a masterpiece of close reasoning and satire. The Rev. Dr., on coming forward, was received with enthusiastic cheering. He then proceeded as follows:—Considering, what is as undeniable a fact as that there is a country called France or an ocean called the Atlantic, the actual extent, the renown, and the manifold influence of the Catholic religion—considering that it is the religion of 200 millions of souls, that it is found in every quarter of the globe, that it is received by entire nations, that it has been the creed of men the most profound and the most refined, and the source of works the most beneficial, the most arduous, and the most beautiful; and moreover, considering that, thus ubiquitous, thus commanding, thus intellectual, thus energetic, thus efficient, it has remained one and the same for centuries—considering that all this must be owned by its most virulent enemies, explain it how they will, surely it is a phenomenon the most astounding, that a nation like our own should so manage to hide this fact from their minds, to intercept their own vision of it, as habitually to scorn and ridicule, and abhor the professors of that religion, as being, from the nature of the case, ignorant, unreasoning, superstitious, base, and grovelling. Whether for philosophic remark or for historical research, Englishmen will not recognise, what infidels recognise as well as Catholics, the vastness, the grandeur, the splendour, the loveliness of the manifestations of this time honoured Ecclesiastical Confederation. In this inquisitive age, when the Alps are crested and seas fathomed, and mines ransacked, and sands sifted, and rocks cracked into specimens, and beasts caught and catalogued, as little is known by Englishmen of the religious sentiments, the religious usages, the religious notions, the religious ideas, of two hundred millions of Christians, poured to and fro, among them and around them, as if, I will not say, they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon. Verily, were the Catholic Church in the moon, they would gaze on her and delineate her with more accuracy than they do now. This phenomenon is what I in part brought before you in my last lecture. This evening I am proceeding to the inquiry how, in a century of light, when we have re-written our grammars, and revolutionised our chronology, all this can possibly come to pass; how it is the old family picture of the man and the lion keeps its place, though all the rest of John Bull's furniture has been condemned and has been replaced. Now, if I must give the main and proximate cause of this remarkable state of mind, I must simply say that Englishmen go by that very mode of information in its worst shape which they are so fond of objecting to in Catholics; they go by tradition, immemorial, unauthenticated tradition. This it is that makes them entertain those notions. They talk much of free inquiry; but towards us they do not dream of practising it; they have been taught what they hold in the nursery, in the school-room, in the lecture-class, from the pulpit, in the newspaper, in society. Each man teaches the other—"How do you know it?" "Because he told me." "And how does he know it?" "Because I told him." Or, at the very best advantage—"We both know it, because it was said so when we were young; because no one ever said the contrary; because I recollect what a noise, when I was young, the Catholic Relief Bill made; because my father and the old Clergyman said so, and Lord Eldon and George the Third; and there was Mr. Pitt obliged to give up office; and Lord George Gordon, long before that, made a riot, and the Catholic chapels were burned down all over the country." Well, these are your grounds for knowing it; and how did those energetic Protestants whom you have mentioned know it themselves? Why, they were told by others before them, and those others by others again, a great time back; and there telling and teaching is lost in fog; and this is mainly what has to be said for the anti-Catholic notions in question. Now, this is to believe on tradition. I am not reproaching the proper use of tradition; it has its proper place and true service. By tradition is meant, what has ever been said, as far as we know, though we do not know how it came to be said, and for that very reason think it true, because else it would not be said. Tradition, being an anonymous informant, is of force only under the proviso that it cannot be plausibly disputed. If you asked the first person you met why he believed that our religion was so baneful and odious, he would not say—"I have had good

proofs of it;" or "I know Catholics too well to doubt it;" or "I am well read in history, and I can vouch for it;" or "I have lived such a long time in Catholic countries, I ought to know." Of course, I do not mean that no one would make such a reply, but I mean that it would not be the reply of the mass of men; far from it. No; single out a man from the multitude, and he would say something of this sort—"I am sure it is;" he will look significant, and say, "You will find it a hard job to make me think otherwise;" or he will look wise, and say, "I can make a pretty good guess how things are among you;" or he will be angry, and cry out, "Those fellows, the Priests, I would not believe them though they swore themselves black;" or he will speak loudly and overbear and drown all remonstrance—"It is too notorious for proof; every one knows it; every book says it; it is a foregone conclusion. It is rather too much in the nineteenth century to be told to begin history again, and to have to reverse our elementary facts." That is, in other words, the multitude of men hate Catholicism mainly on a single isolated tradition, there being few who have made fact and argument the primary or the supplemental grounds of their aversion to it. Yet this meagre evidence suffices to produce in the national mind an enthusiastic, undoubting, and energetic persuasion that we torture heretics, immure Nuns, sell licenses to sin, and are plotting against kings and governments. Now, of course, a great number of persons will not easily allow the fact that the English animosity against Catholicism is founded on nothing more argumentative than tradition; but whether I can prove my point or not, I think I have already shown that tradition, even though not an argumentative, is at least quite a sufficient explanation of the feeling. I am not assigning a trifling and inadequate cause to so great an effect. If the Jews could be led to put to death the founder of our religion and his disciples on tradition, there is nothing ridiculous in saying that the British scorn and hatred of Catholicism may be created by that tradition also. The great question is the matter of fact, is tradition the cause? I say it is; and, in saying so, observe I am speaking of the multitude, not dwelling on exceptions, however numerous in themselves; for doubtless there are a number of men, men of thought and reading, who oppose Catholicism, not merely on tradition, but on better argument; but, I repeat, I am speaking of the great mass of Protestants. Bear in mind, I am speaking of what really is the fact, not of what the mass of Protestants will confess. When King Henry began a new religion—when Elizabeth brought it into shape—when her successors completed and confirmed it, they were all of them too wise and too much in earnest not to clinch their work. They provided for its continuance after them. They, or at least the influences which ruled them, knew well enough that Protestantism, left to itself, could not stand. It had not that internal consistency in its make which would support it against outward foes, or secure it against internal disorders. And the event has justified their foresight; whether you look at Lutheranism or Calvinism, you will find neither of those forms of religion has been able to resist the action of thought and reason upon it during a course of years; both have changed and come to nought. Luther began his religion in Germany; Calvin in Geneva, Calvinism is now all but extinct in Geneva, and Lutheranism in Germany. It could not be otherwise; such an issue was predicted by Catholics, as well as instinctively felt by the Reformers at the time that Protestantism started. Give it rope enough, and any one could prophecy its ends; so its patrons determined that rope it should not have, and that private judgment should come to a close with their own use of it. There was enough of private judgment they thought when they themselves had it. So they forcibly shut-to the door which they had opened, and imposed on the populations they had reformed an artificial tradition of their own instead of the liberty of inquiry and disputation. They worked their own particular persuasion into the political framework of things, and made it a constitutional or national principle; in other words, they established it. Now you may say that Catholicism has often been established also. True; but Catholicism does not depend on its establishment for its existence; it can do without it, and often dispenses with it to an advantage. It is not necessary for Catholicism, and Ireland is my proof of it. There Catholicism has been not only not established; it has been persecuted for 300 years, and at this moment it is more vigorous than ever—(loud and continued cheering)—whereas I defy you to bring any instance of a nation remaining Lutheran or Calvinist for even a hundred years, under similarly unpromising circumstances. Where is the country in the world where Protestantism has thriven under persecution as Catholicism has thriven in Ireland? (Renewed cheering.) Protestantism cannot last without an establishment, though Catho-

licism can. Establishment is the very life of Protestantism; or, in other words, Protestantism comes in upon the nation; Protestantism is maintained, not in the way of reason and truth, not by appeals to facts, but by a compulsory tradition; and this, in other words, is an establishment. Now, this establishment of Protestantism was comparatively an easy undertaking in England, without the population knowing much what Protestantism meant, and I will tell you why: there are certain peculiarities of the English character which were singularly favourable to the royal purpose. Theologians proceeded in the way of reasoning; they view Catholic truth as a whole, as one great system, of which part grows out of part, and doctrine corresponds to doctrine. This system they carry out into its fulness, and define in its details by patient processes of reason; and they learn to prove and defend it by means of frequent disputations and logical development. Now all such abstract investigations and controversial exercises are distasteful to an Englishman. The other means of attaining religious truth is the way of history. Now an Englishman, as is notorious, takes comparatively little interest in the manners, customs, opinions, or doings of foreign countries. Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself, and he looks abroad only with reference to himself. We are eminently practical; we care little for the past. We live in the present. Now, you see how admirably this temper of Englishmen fits in with the exigencies of Protestantism; for two of the very characteristics of Protestantism are its want of past history, and its want of fixed teaching. I do not say that no Protestants have investigated or argued; no Protestants have made appeals to primitive Christianity, such an assertion would be absurd; but they have done so because they could not help it; they did it for the moment; they did it for a purpose; they did it so as an *argumentum ad hominem*; but they did so as little as they could, and they soon left off doing so. In truth, philosophy and history did not come natural to Protestantism; it cannot bear either; it does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason; it dips into history, but it breathes freer when it emerges again. The very exercises of the intellect, by which religious truth is attained, are just those which the Englishman is too impatient, and Protestantism is too shallow to abide; the natural disposition of the one most happily jumps with the needs of the other. And this was the first singular advantage of Protestantism in England. Catholics reasoned profoundly upon doctrine. Catholics investigated rigidly other times and places; in vain—they had not found the way to gain the Englishman; whereas their antagonist had found a weapon of its own far more to the purpose of the contest than argument or fact. That weapon is, what is so characteristic of our people, loyalty to the Sovereign. If there is one passion more than another which distinguishes the manly and generous heart of the Englishman, it is that of personal attachment. He ignores foreigners at a distance; but when they come to him, if they come recommended by their antecedents, and make an appeal to his eyes and ears, he almost worships them. It is the way with Englishmen. The Rev. gentleman, after noticing the hearty reception which Marshal Soult, Louis Philippe, and other distinguished foreigners had received in England, proceeded to say—A Saint in rags would be despised; in broadcloth or in silk he would be thought something more than ordinary. A Turk, a Parsee, a Chinese, a Bonze—nay, I will say, a chimpanzee, a hippopotamus, has only to show himself in order to be the idol of his hour. Nay, I am not sure that, except at seasons of excitement, like the present, the Pope himself, however he may be abused behind his back, would not be received with cheers, and run after by admiring crowds, if he visited this country, independent of the shadow of St. Peter, which attends him, winning favor and attracting hearts, when he showed himself in real flesh and blood, by the majesty of his presence, and the prestige of his name. Such, I say, is the Englishman; and it is the consciousness of this characteristic which renders statesmen, at this moment, of whatever cast of politics, so afraid of the appearance of Cardinals, and a Hierarchy, in the midst of the people they have to govern. These antagonist peculiarities of the English character lay clear and distinct before the sagacious intellects which were the ruling spirits of the English Reformation. They had to deal with a people who would be sure to revolt from the unnatural speculations of Calvin, and who would see nothing attractive in the dreamy and sensual doctrines of Luther. Another way was to be pursued with our countrymen to make Protestantism live; and that was, to embody it in the person of its sovereign. English Protestantism is the religion of the throne; it is represented, realised, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is a religion grafted upon loyalty; and its strength is not in

argument, not in fact, not in the unanswerable controversialist, not in a sanction of Scripture, but in a royal road to Faith; in backing up a king whom they see, against a Pope they do not see. The devolution of its crown is the tradition of its creed; and to doubt its truth is to be disloyal to its sovereign. It was plain, then, what had to be done in order to perpetuate Protestantism in a country such as this. Convoke the legislature—pass some sweeping Ecclesiastical enactments—exalt the crown above the law and the Gospel—down with the Cross, and up with the lion and dog—toss all Priests out of the country as traitors—let Protestantism be the passport to office and authority—force the king to be a Protestant—make his court Protestant—bind Houses of Parliament to be Protestant—clap a Protestant oath on judges, barristers-at-law, officers in the army and navy, members of the universities, national Clergy; establish this stringent tradition in every function and department of the state—surround it with the lustre of rank, wealth, station, name, and talent; and this people, so impatient of inquiry, so careless of abstract truth, so apathetic to historical fact, so contemptuous of foreign ideas, will *ex animo* swear to the truth of a religion which indulges their natural turn of mind, and involves no severe thought or tedious application (cheers.) Protestantism became not only the tradition of law and good society, but the tradition of literature also. There is no English literature before the age of Elizabeth; but with the latter years of her reign begins that succession of great authors which continues to flow on down to this day. So it was that about the commencement of the sixteenth century learning revived. On the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the men of letters of the imperial city, and what was of more consequence, its libraries, were transported to the West. The revival began in Catholic Italy; it advanced into Catholic France; at length it showed itself in Protestant England. It was surely a most lucky accident for the young religion that while the English language was coming to the birth, with its special attributes of nerve, simplicity, and vigor, at its very first breathings, Protestantism was at hand to form it upon its own theological *patois*, and to educate it as the mouth-piece of its tradition. So, however, it was to be; and soon—

"As in this bad world below,
Noblest things find vilest using."

The new religion employed the new language for its purposes in a great undertaking, the translation of its own Bible, a work which, by the purity of its diction and the strength and harmony of its style, has deservedly become the very model of good English, and the standard of the language to all future times. The same age which saw this great literary achievement gave birth to some of the greatest masters of thought and composition, in the most various departments of authorship. Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, and Hooker, are its own, and they were, withal, more or less the panegyrists of Elizabeth and her religion; moreover, at least, the majority of them were adherents of her creed, because they were clients of her throne. What was wanting to lead the national mind a willing captive to the pretensions of Protestantism beyond the fascinations of genius, so manifold and so various? What need of controversy to refute the claims of Catholicism? Nor was it court poets alone, as time went on, who swelled the torrent of the Protestant tradition. Milton from the middle class, and Bunyan from among the populace, exerted an influence superior to Shakespeare himself, whose great mind did not condescend to the direct inculcation of a private or a sectarian creed. What, indeed, could possibly stand against the rush and vehemence of such a tradition, which has grown fuller and fuller, and more and more impetuous, with every successive quarter of a century? Here is the tradition of the court, the law, and of society, and literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands self-supported, reminding one of some vast arch (as at times may be seen) from which the supports have crumbled away by age, but which endures still, and supports the huge mass of brickwork which lies above it, by the simple cohesion of parts which that same age has effected. Protestantism is also the tradition of the Anglican Clergy; and in speaking of them, with reference to it, do not suppose me to be forgetful either of their private worth or their civil importance. I say, then, that the especial duty of the Establishment, as a religious body is not to inculcate any particular theological system, but to watch over the anti-Catholic tradition, to preserve it from rust and decay, to keep it bright and keen, and ready for action on any emergency or peril. The Protestant tradition, left to itself, would, in the course of time, languish and decline; laws would become obsolete; the etiquette and usages of society would alter; literature would be enlivened with new views, and the old Truth might return with