

# The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1837.

[NO. XXI.]

## Original Poetry.

To the Editor of the Church.

Dear Brother:—I noticed lately an allusion in "the Church" to the propriety of some tribute of respect to our lamented Diocesan. As to any expensive monumental record of his worth, I fear it is not possible:—the Anglo-Canadian Church may say, "silver and gold have I none." Our revered Bishop raised to himself a more enduring remembrance in the affections of our several congregations and in the hearts of his clergy, when

'Marble and recording brass decay  
And like the graver's memory pass away,'

the souls of many blessed with the light of the gospel in this distant land, and saved to the glory of God, will remain to our good Prelate's praise

Monumentum are perennius.  
I send you herewith the only tribute I can afford:—the will must consecrate the deed. If it be acceptable to you, perhaps it would suit the columns of "the Church."  
Yours affectionately,  
E. D.

October, 1837.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES STEWART D.D. LATE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."  
HEB. iv. 9.

### I.

Rest—Christian warrior! rest;—the war is past,  
Rest—for the fight is fought,  
The battle bravely won;  
Death is disarm'd;—the enemy—the last—  
Yields to the strength supplied  
By God's victorious Son!  
No more thy cheering voice  
May marshal for the field;  
That practised arm no more  
The Spirit's sword shall wield;  
Our honour'd chief no more shall need  
Faith's all-protecting shield;—  
REST—CHRISTIAN WARRIOR! REST.

### II.

Rest—faithful Shepherd! rest,—your task is done,  
Rest—for your PASTOR saith:—  
"To me the Charge resign—  
"True to thy trust, thou good and faithful one!  
"Enter my heavenly fold,  
"Partake of bliss divine.  
"The streams to which thou erst  
"Wast wont my flock to lead,  
"The pastures where by thee  
"My sheep were taught to feed,  
"Are all surpass'd by higher joys  
"For thee by Love decreed."  
REST—FAITHFUL SHEPHERD! REST.

### III.

Rest—wakeful Watchman! rest;—the night is past;  
Rest—for a glorious day  
Bursts on thy wearied eyes!  
Spent was the night in vigil, pray'r, and fast,  
Lest Zion to the foe  
Should fall a sacrifice.  
Rest—where no ruthless storm  
Thy watchfire can destroy;  
Rest—where no ambush'd foe  
God's Israel can annoy;  
Securely rest in perfect peace  
In Israel's Keeper's joy!  
REST—WAKEFUL WATCHMAN! REST.

### IV.

Rest—pilgrim Bishop! rest;—thy toils are o'er;  
Rest—for the great Highpriest,  
The Bishop of thy soul  
Stayeth thy pilgrimage for evermore;  
Run is the rugged race,  
And gain'd is glory's goal!  
Thou guileless man of God!  
Thou venerable priest!  
Unnumber'd works of love  
Thy righteousness attest.  
Apostle of the western wilds,—  
Thy ministry was blest.  
REST—PILRIM BISHOP! REST.

### V.

Rest—on the Saviour rest thy rev'rend head;  
Rest—thou who ne'er desired  
Labour or loss to shun;—  
Old at three score, and gather'd to the dead!  
The glass of 'rolling years'  
How prematurely run!  
Thus God to us appoints  
A clouded, darksome day;  
Thus God from ills to come  
The righteous takes away;  
Yet,—to her Father's will resigned  
The Church bereav'd doth say:—  
"REST—SOLDIER—SHEPHERD—PILRIM—PRIEST—  
"FRIEND—FATHER—WORN OUT WATCHER, REST;—  
"SLEEP THOU IN JESUS,—ON THY SAVIOUR'S BREST!"  
October, 1837. E. D.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. V.

### THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

"And if the preservation of the King and Royal Family, with the three estates in parliament assembled; if the freeing our country from civil disorder and confusion of the worst kind; from the yoke of usurpation and slavery; from the most grievous extortion and rapine; from bloody persecutions and trials; if the upholding from utter ruin our Church, which was so happily settled, and had so long flourished; if the securing our profession of God's holy truth and faith, with a pure worship, an edifying administration of his word and sacraments, with a comely, wholesome, and moderate discipline; if being rescued from impious errors, scandalous practices, and superstitious rites, with merciless violence forced upon us; if a continuance of the most desirable comforts and conveniences of our lives; if all these are benefits, then was

the deliverance of this day one of the most beneficial and most important that ever was granted by heaven to any nation."—Bishop Horne.

The Fifth of November was formerly celebrated in England, amid the discharge of cannon, the display of fireworks, and the rejoicings and acclamations of the populace. Every city, town, and village, blest with bonfires; and the ludicrous effigy of Guido Fawkes was committed to the flames with a bloodless Protestant zeal. But in these later and innovating times each succeeding year has shorn this anniversary of some portion of its honours, till at last, as if James II. had come to life again,\* it passes away unheeded and unnoted, blotted out from our calendar of merry-making days. Our Book of Common Prayer, contains a service especially composed for the day; yet there are few, it must be confessed, who have ever heard it read within the walls of their Parish Church.

While the lover of olden customs mourns over the decay of reverence for this ancient festival and national ceremonial, let him console himself with the cause, which to a patriot must be gratifying beyond any pageant or anniversary rejoicing, however enthusiastically observed. More than 150 years have elapsed since a blow was levelled at the Protestant liberties of England, and we have reposed so long under the shelter of a mild and unconstraining religion, that our vigilance in guarding against the machinations of Popery, requires not (or a few short years ago did not require) to be awakened by a recurrence to the events of by-gone days, to the mercies shown unto our forefathers by the God of nations and Kings.

Still, while we have dispensed with the outward observance of this memorable anniversary, there is no reason why we should not hand down to the latest generation the recollection of a foul conspiracy, which, had it succeeded to the extent anticipated, might have rekindled the extinct fires of Smithfield, and most certainly would have checked the rising growth of civil and religious liberty throughout the continent of Europe. Let time obliterate every trace of bigot resentment and sectarian animosity; let the Protestant forgive the death of Cranmer, and the Roman Catholic, the penal laws; but never let Protestant Britain, from her island heart even to her remotest dependency, forget to glow with a Protestant spirit, when she recalls the memory of the Gunpowder Plot, and her second deliverance from Papal darkness by the landing of William of Orange!

In the commencement of the reign of James I. the Catholics of England became sanguine in their hopes of a relaxation of the penal laws. Quickly disappointed in this expectation, they resumed those plots, which they had never ceased contriving during the reign of Elizabeth; and while the more moderate party of them,—comprehending the bulk of the English nobility and gentry who still adhered to the faith of their ancestors,—were adverse to violent and precipitate measures, a smaller faction, imbued with the doctrines and instigated by the wiles of the Jesuits, determined on maturing some bold and comprehensive scheme for the restoration of the Romish religion.

Robert Catesby, the original contriver and promoter of the Gunpowder Treason, was the lineal descendant of William Catesby, the favourite minister of Richard III. who, being taken prisoner at Bosworth field, was afterwards attainted and executed for high treason.\* His Father, from a Protestant had become a Papist, and he himself, as if an unsettled temper descended as an heirloom, on succeeding to his patrimony, abandoned the Roman Catholic faith, to re-adopt it, when in mature years he ran from the extreme of licentious extravagance into that of a fanatical and gloomy superstition. As it was impossible that the Plot could be conducted in all its ramifications by a single person, he admitted to his councils John Wright and Guido Fawkes, gentlemen of respectable family in Yorkshire,—Thomas Percy, the confidential steward, and near relative of the Earl of Northumberland,—Keyes, the son of a Protestant clergyman in Devon,—and Henry Garnet, Principal of the Jesuits in England, the son of a schoolmaster at Nottingham,—all of whom, though Papists at the time of their embarking in the conspiracy, had been educated in the reformed doctrines. Christopher Wright, Robert and Thomas Winter, Sir Everard Digby, Rookwood, Grant, and Tresham, all Catholic gentlemen of landed estate and honourable ancestry were the other principal persons associated in the undertaking. For nearly eighteen months did they wait for an opportunity, till the King, accompanied by his family, should come in person to Parliament. In the mean while they hired a cellar immediately under the House of Lords, and filled it with 36 barrels of gunpowder, which they concealed with wood and coals in such a manner as to elude suspicion. The wished-for occasion was at length drawing near, when, owing to the desire of some of the conspirators to save their Roman Catholic relations, who were Peers of the Realm, and who, if present at the delivery of the King's speech, must inevitably have perished in the general destruction, the plot became known to the ministers. It has been generally stated that a letter written to Lord Mounteagle gave the first clue to the providential discovery; but suspicion points, with a finger almost unerring, to Francis Tresham, a man of unsieble and perfidious character,—brother-in-law to two Catholic noblemen, Lords

\* 5. Nov. 1685.—It being an extraordinary wet morning, and myself indisposed by a very great rheum, I did not go to Church, to my very great sorrow, it being the first Gunpowder conspiracy anniversary that had been kept now these 80 years under a prince of the Roman religion. Bonfires were forbidden on this day; what does this portend!—Evelyn's Diary, 111. 193.

† Criminal Trials, II. 26. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

Mounteagle and Stourton,—as the betrayer of the "horrible enterprise."

"Shortly before midnight, on the eve of the celebrated 5th of November, Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate, accompanied by a sufficient number of assistants, repaired secretly and suddenly to the house. At the moment of their arrival, Fawkes was stepping out of the door, dressed, and booted, having, as he afterwards said, just then ended his work. He was stayed, and Sir Thomas Knevet proceeded to examine the cellar, where he found 36 barrels of powder under the billets, in casks and hogsheads. Upon this discovery, Fawkes was seized and bound hand and foot; a watch, together with slow matches and touchwood, were found upon his person, and a dark lantern, with a light in it, was discovered in a corner behind the door of the cellar. He at once avowed his purpose to Sir Thomas Knevet, and declared that 'if he had happened to be within the house when he took him, he would not have failed to have blown him up, house and all.'"

It would be impossible here to enter into a circumstantial account of the subsequent history of the wretched conspirators. Several of them, after the miscarriage of their nefarious scheme, fled into Warwickshire, where a general rendezvous had been appointed, and seemed to be deserted both by God and man. Their numbers, which at no time exceeded 100 men, were now reduced to 60 by frequent desertions; which circumstance obliged the gentlemen to watch by turns night and day, with loaded pistols, and a determination to shoot any man who attempted to steal from his quarters. Notwithstanding all their endeavours to check it, the desertion hourly continued. The hopes they originally entertained of accessions to their numbers had hitherto wholly failed: 'not one man,' says Sir E. Digby, 'came to take our part, though we had expected so many.' The Catholic gentry drove them from their doors, reproaching them with having brought ruin and disgrace on the Catholic cause by their ill-advised enterprise; while the common people stood and gazed upon their irregular train as they passed through the towns and villages, and evinced any thing but a disposition to join them. An accident added to the horrors of their flight. As Catesby, Rookwood, and John Grant, were occupied in drying some wetted powder over a large fire, a coal fell amongst it, and the whole blew up with a tremendous explosion. Those of the party who were nearest to the powder were severely burned; and Catesby and several others were at first supposed to be killed; upon which the elder Wright, running up to Catesby, clasped him round the body, exclaiming, 'Woe worth the time that we have seen this day!' and called for the rest of the powder that he might set fire to it and blow up themselves and the house together. Superstition mixed its horrors with the general amazement and consternation produced by this accident. It seemed to some of those wretched men to be a judgment from heaven, that they should perish by the very means they had provided for the destruction of so many of their fellow creatures. Catesby himself lost his firmness, and expressed his fears that God disapproved of their project; and Rookwood and others, 'perceiving God to be against them, all prayed before the picture of our Lady, and confessed that the act was so bloody as they desired God to forgive them.'

"The Sheriff soon arrived at the house in which they had taken refuge, and summoned them to surrender; upon their refusing to comply with this requisition, he ordered a part of the house to be set on fire, and an assault to be made on the gates of the court yard. Both the Wrights fell mortally wounded; and Catesby and Percy, who were standing back to back, were both shot through the body with two bullets from one musket. Catesby, feeling himself mortally wounded, crawled on the house upon his hands and knees, and seizing an image of the Virgin which stood in the vestibule, clasped it in his arms and expired. Percy was taken prisoner, but died of his wounds the next day. At last the assailants rushing into the court-yard soon overpowered the feeble resistance opposed to them, and made prisoners of the whole party.†

Thus perished the principal conspirators, and vengeance was not long in overtaking their surviving accomplices. Tresham, before he could be brought to trial, died in the tower of a painful disease, attended by his wife and a servant; Sir Everard Digby, Robert and Thomas Winter, Grant, Rookwood, Keyes, and Guido Fawkes, the latter of whom had suffered torture, were shortly tried, condemned, and hung; and, in a few months after Garnet suffered the same fate, dying without the courage, though he has since got the name, of a martyr. Some of them mounted the scaffold glorying in their crime; others confessed their offence, and implored pardon of God and the King.

The individuals, who expiated their treason in this ignominious manner, were induced to swerve from their humanity and their allegiance, by no other motive, than a belief in the pernicious doctrine of the Jesuits, that a Heretic king might lawfully be deposed, and put to death. They were, with scarcely an exception, men of education and generous breeding; they all, but Tresham, bore an estimable character in private life; and therefore it cannot be alleged that, bankrupt in reputation, and broken in fortune, they plunged into crime with the recklessness of undone men. On that religion, which justifies the means by the end, rests the guilt of this atrocious conspiracy. Jesuits were privy to the plot, from its earliest conception; Jesuits saved the scruples of those, whose consciences pulled them back from the revolting deed; Jesuits had advocated, in print, the principle on

\* Criminal Trials, II. 26.

† Criminal Trials, II. 26.