

# The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

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## Poetry.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?  
—We strew thy pathway to the tomb.  
Stars! wherefore do ye rise?  
—To light thy spirit to the skies.  
Fair moon! why dost thou wane?  
—That I may wax again.  
O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?  
—The word that said "Let there be light."  
Planets! what guides you in your course?  
—Unseen, unfelt, unfalling source.  
Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?  
—My Maker called me and I came.  
O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?  
—Ask not; for all things but myself I show.  
What is yon arch which every where I see?  
—The sign of omnipresent Deity.  
Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?  
—Where earth God's footstool touches heaven his throne.  
Ye Clouds! what bring ye in your train?  
—God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.  
Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?  
—Thou must be born again to know.  
Bow in the cloud! what token dost thou bear?  
—That Justice still cries "strike," and Mercy "spare."  
Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?  
—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.  
Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble! tell me why?  
—To show the course of all beneath the sky.  
Stay Meteor! stay thy falling fire!  
—No; thus shall all the host of heaven expire.  
Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confined?  
—That which in Reason's limits holds his mind.  
Time! whither dost thou flee?  
—I travel to Eternity.  
Eternity! what art thou?—say.  
—Time past, time present, time to come, to-day.  
Ye Dead! where can your dwelling be?  
—The house for all the living;—come and see.  
O life! what is this breath?  
—A vapour lost in death.  
O Death! how ends thy strife?  
—In everlasting life.  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
—Ask Him who rose again for me.

Colonial Churchman.

### CAMOENS.\*

Little as the literature of the peninsula is known in England, there are yet no poets whose fame is more extended than Camoens: together with Cervantes, he enjoys the benefit of being read and appreciated. Now and then we hear of a scholar who has made himself acquainted with Garcilaso, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, or Eschilla; but, generally speaking, Camoens and Cervantes are the only Spanish and Portuguese authors studied in England. It is a very remarkable, and, at the same time, a highly interesting fact, that the Portuguese poets were but ill satisfied with their works, unless those works expressed and embodied the joys and sorrows of their lives. Luis de Camoens was born at Lisbon in the year 1524, of noble, but not rich, parents: his father was a naval captain, in a period when naval adventure was of the most stirring and exciting character. The discoveries, some of which had been made, and others were on the point of being made, presented scope not only to the valour of the warrior and the enterprise of the navigator, but to the speculations of the merchant and the genius of the poet. It was, perhaps, touched with the wonders of his father's profession, that young Camoens first wished to make the adventures of navigators the subject of his song. After a regular education at the University of Coimbra, Camoens established himself at Lisbon, from whence, however, he was, not long after, banished. The cause of this banishment was his attachment to a young lady, who was a maid of honour at the court: her name was Catharina de Atayda, and it is supposed that some other circumstances must have operated unfavourably upon the poet's fate—as, from his family and position, it would seem that Camoens was by no means an unequal match for her. At Santarem, which was his place of retirement, he occupied himself with writing odes and elegies without number in praise of the lady of his love, and in mournful reflections on his own unhappy fate. During this period he worked himself up to a high pitch of chivalric and poetic excitement, and concluded by volunteering his services as a soldier against the Moors. The Mediterranean was infested by the Corsairs, and at Ceuta the poet lost an eye in a naval engagement. He now returned to Lisbon, but was ill received, and all his endeavours to obtain employment were vain. Stung with these repeated failures, he determined to leave for ever a country so dear, yet so ungrateful; and in the year 1553 he embarked, at the age of twenty-nine, for India, exclaiming in the words of Scipio—

"Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess even my bones."

In India, where he arrived safely (though three out of the four ships which sailed together were lost), Camoens was as unfortunate as he had been at home. He sought in vain for employment, and, in default of that, he accompanied, as a volunteer, several military expeditions. He contrived, however, to offend the viceroy of Goa by a satire on his government, for which he was banished to the island of Macao. It was here, in a cave by the sea-side, that he first conceived the idea of "the Lusiad," or if not, at least, it was here that he formed the plan, and completed the execution of that admirable poem. He collected fresh materials for his rich poetical descriptions in a voyage which he was permitted to make to the Molucca islands, and was fortunate enough to obtain a civilliance which afforded him the means of subsistence. On the arrival of a new viceroy at Goa, he was permitted to return to that city; and it was during the passage that he was shipwrecked in the Gulf of Cambago, and saved his life with difficulty; "swimming," as Diez says, "with one hand, while he held in the other the manuscript of his poem."

At Goa, Camoens was well received, but his good fortune was of no long continuance; for the viceroy, his friend, was recalled and another appointed, who listened to the poet's enemies, and threw him into prison on a charge of malversation in his office. At length he cleared himself from the charge, but was again imprisoned for debt, and it was not till after many vexations that he obtained his liberty. Convinced that Asia was, if

possible, still more unpropitious than Europe, Camoens returned to his native country, and, after an absence of sixteen years, he landed at Lisbon in a state of the most abject poverty. The plague was still raging at the time of Camoens' arrival, and the court was occupied by the ill-starred Sebastian's preparations for his unfortunate Morocco expedition. Such a time was but ill adapted for poetry or patronage: the projected expedition did, however, please Camoens, and the poem pleased Sebastian to whom it was dedicated. A small pension was awarded to the author; but it is said that a faithful slave who had accompanied the poet from India, begged during the night in the streets of Lisbon in order that Camoens might appear decently during the day. When the Morocco expedition failed, and the king was missing, Camoens lost all hope; he withdrew from the world, and in the year 1579, he ended his life in an hospital, at the age of fifty-five. Sixteen years after his death a monument was erected over his grave, and he was universally allowed to have been the greatest poet that the peninsula ever produced.

"The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

From contemplating the life of this great man, we turn to the more delightful task of considering his poem. "The Lusiad" is a poem not epic, but heroic. It is a grand narrative of Portuguese splendid deeds; and Vasco de Gama, the naval commander and discoverer, is not properly the hero, any more than Albuquerque or Nuna Alvarez Pereira. This narrative is adorned with one, and only one, episode—that of the giant Adamastor; for all the rest, though sometimes called so, are not episodes, but integral portions of the poem. It is a grouping of great events—not the narrative of a particular exploit—and is no more bound by the unities than "the History of the World." Bouterwek seems to have over refined in his remarks on the title, which is not "*Os Lusitadas*," but "*As Lusitadas*;" besides, the former does not mean the Lusitanians—this would be *Os Lusitanos*; and the words *As Lusitadas* simply mean "*the Lusitadas*," each book being "*huma Lusitada*" (a *Lusitad*), just as each book of Homer's epic is sometimes called an *Iliad*, and each book of Virgil's epic an *Aeneid*. The poem is decorated with a mythology not taken from any modern source, but borrowed directly from Greece. The incongruity appears now positively ludicrous between the history and the mythology of the poem. The gods hold a council upon Olympus, to ascertain whether it will be advisable to allow the introduction of the Portuguese, and of *Christianity*, into India.—The seamen cry out in a storm for help to the Virgin, but Venus comes and saves them.—They find Thetis and her sea-nymphs in a distant isle, and they avow their christianity. But in the spirit of that age, this incongruity was not felt; the gods of Greece were but allegorical personages—as much so, as the giants of Spencer. "This compromise once made, the whole poem," remarks Bouterwek, "becomes not only singular, but even wonderful in its singularity; and the historical material begins, as if suddenly ennobled by magic, to shine in the full light of poetry." Such is the design of "the Lusiad," and the execution is very superior. Here and there, when he attempts to copy a celebrated passage of antiquity, Camoens fails; but where he draws only on his own genius he is wonderfully sublime. He commences—

"As Armas, os Baroes assinalhados;"

and the whole opening stanza (the metre throughout the poem is the Italian ottava-rima) is a mingled copy of the commencement of the "*Aeneid*."

"Arma virum que cano,"

and the more beautiful and romantic opening of the "*Orlando Furioso*—

"Le donne i cavalier, l'arme, gl'amori  
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto—"

an opening which strikes upon the ear like the clear burst of a silver trumpet, and which heralds in such a strain of chivalry and magic, that the world has never heard the like before or since.

The invocation of Camoens is, perhaps, the most beautifully exquisite ever penned; it has all the magnificence of the epic, and yet a certain tenderness, both in the thought and the expression, which makes us believe that the lips of the poet still murmured the name of Catharina de Atayda:—

"Nymphs of the Tagus, ye who in my soul  
Have kindled up the sacred fire of song,  
If strain of mine, where your bright waters roll,  
Tuned to their praise, was ever poured along  
Now be my verse, like your own current strong,  
Sweet, full, and clear; and o'er the heroic tale  
Scatter what splendours to the theme belong;  
Then, even Castalia's sacred fount shall fall  
O'er your fair brows to cause one envious cloud to sail.  
Four forth the sounding fury—not the lay  
Of idle pipe or lover's gentle lute—  
But the loud trumpet blast that in the day  
Of battle, in the fierce and hot pursuit,  
Doth the tired arm and warrior heart recruit,  
Oh, for an equal ardour, that the strain,  
Deeds even like yours, ye Lusian chiefs, might suit,  
Till the isles echo them beyond the main,  
If e'er my simple muse such glorious fate obtain."

Byron, speaking of Tasso says:—

"And thou that once didst deign  
To embalm, with thy celestial flattery,  
As mean a thing as e'er was spawped to reign."

Camoens sung to a noble prince, and right nobly did he address him:—

"And thou, oh Prince on whom our hopes are founded  
Of Lusitania's ancient greatness—thou  
Whose arm shall burst the barriers that have bounded  
Christ's flock on earth for ages—even now,  
Africa's swart Moor before thy lance doth bow!  
Fruit of our age! to thee—to thee I sing:  
Lo, God hath wreathed the laurels round thy brow,  
His arm is with thy sword, that thou shouldst bring  
The wandering tribes of earth to earth's Eternal King.  
Branch of a stately stem—new, fair, and tender—  
Young scion of a race far dearer care  
Of heaven than all the imperial pomp and splendour  
That the broad bosom of the west doth bear:  
See thine own warlike shield,† for present splendour  
Gleams the dread sign of ancient victory—  
Symbol that once Heaven's Monarch deigned to wear  
The form of man, and died on earth that we  
Might from the bondage dire of sin and hell be free."

Alas! for the fulfilment of the patriotic prophecy: the army was defeated and destroyed, and the king lost. Several pretenders to his name and rights appeared in Portugal; but it would seem that the unfortunate monarch himself was never heard of.

Some of those passages in which Camoens speaks of

\* Specimens of a new translation of the "*Lusiad*" of Camoens, by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M. A., F. S. A. London; Fraser, 1835.  
† The Arms of Portugal bear a cross with the motto—"In hoc signo vinces."

the gods of Greece are exceedingly sublime. Homer himself never described Zeus with more majesty than does the Portuguese bard:—

"There sat the everlasting sire, whose land  
Hurls the hot bolt and bids the lightnings glow;  
Circling whose sapphire throne with brightness stand  
The stars in their fixed orbs for ever!—Lo,  
Beneath his feet celestial breezes blow,  
Such as would raise even man to bliss divine;  
And radiant, more than suns that blaze below  
That set August, doth his dread sceptre shine;  
And the eternal ray that round his brow entwine."

Nor is his description of Mars less magnificent:—

"Up proudly from his adamantine casque  
The lord of war his burnished spear threw;  
With stately step, and voice serene to ask  
Attention, near the Eternal throne he drew,  
And on the soil of heaven's ethereal blue  
Smote, with the thunder's sound, his iron lance,  
Till the undying spirits paler grew,  
And the bright sun turned his resplendent glance,  
As if alarmed away, or struck with sudden trance."

We can only afford space for one more quotation, and it shall be to compare the moonlight painting of Camoens with that of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, and Tasso:—

"Now, from the cloudless sky, the moon's soft ray  
Danced on the ripple of the silver sea;  
A thousand stars attend her on her way,  
Like young white flowers, shining all tenderly:  
The howling blasts, the furious tempests, flee  
To their far haunts; where, hushed in slumber deep,  
All silent in their uncessant caves they lie."

The other poems of Camoens are of a very inferior order; and it is using no harsh criticism to say, "the Lusiad" has never yet been fairly translated into English. Mickle, with all his merit, is neither equal to the magnificence of the original nor is he even faithful in meaning. Many hundred lines, with their events and machinery, are there introduced which have no existence in the original; while, on the other hand, as much is omitted to make room for these alterations. In Portugal, Camoens has been dignified with the title of "O Grande," and it has become as permanently attached to his name as that of "Divino" to the name of Dante, or "Judicious" to that of Hooker.

### THE MODERATION OF THE ENGLISH REFORMERS.

From the Rev. J. J. Bunt's History of the English Reformation.

The true key to the right understanding of the articles of the Church of England, is not so much the doctrine of Calvin as of the schoolmen;—the controversy lying chiefly between the Protestant and Romanist, and in its paramount interest and importance, absorbing for a season every other. Thus considered, they will be scarcely thought to determine, or to be intended to determine, the peculiar points of Calvinistic controversy either way; they will be rather thought to be composed simply for the purpose assigned in the title prefixed to the original articles, "*For the avoiding of controversy in opinions, and the establishment of a godly concord in certain matters of religion*," an object which was not likely to be obtained by the decided adoption of any party views, but that party what it might; and therefore King James, according to his declaration, prefixed to the articles—"took comfort that all clergymen within his realm had always most willingly subscribed to the articles established, which is an argument (he adds) that they all agree in the true usual meaning of the said articles, and that even in those various points in which the present differences lie, men of all sets take the articles of the Church of England to be for them." Yet nothing can be more certain than that in the time of James, the divisions of opinions upon speculative points of theology, were both wide and numerous; high and low Church principles (as they are called) never having been more violently opposed to each other than then. Here, therefore, as in all other of their measures, did the Reformers make their "moderation known unto all men," not hoping or desiring to confine religious opinion so close; as thereby to prejudice religious sincerity, nor expecting that the pyramid of a national Church would stand firm when set upon an apex instead of a base.

On a review of the several works, by which the Church of England was restored, it can scarcely fail to bear matter of admiration and wonder, that so fair a fabric should have risen under the hands of the Reformers out of such disorder, almost at once; that in the very agony of a first attempt they should have thrown off a comprehensive scheme of doctrine and doctrine which scarcely called for any subsequent revision; that they should not only have hewn out such admirable materials, but have brought them too, in so short a season, to so excellent a work. In this our day, (overcast and troubled as it is,) we can, perhaps, scarcely transfer ourselves, even in imagination, to the tumultuous age of Cranmer and a Ridley, or fully appreciate the sagacity which, under God's blessing, conducted them through such conflicting elements with such signal triumph. Yet so it was; and with the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church, they had grown up in soliciting their senses on the one hand, endeared too by all the holy recollections of their youth and even manhood; and contempt for all decency of apparel and ritual, the natural reaction of former abuses, assailing them on the other; these judicious men yielding themselves to neither extreme, but adopting the *middle way*, left as a Church alike removed from ostentation and meanness, from admiration of ornament and disdain of it; a Church retaining so much reverence for ancient customs and ancient forms, as not rashly to abolish them, and only so much as not to adopt them blindly. Under the guidance of this principle, it was brought to pass that though this same Church was not made to discover the material flesh and blood of our Lord in the communion, it was taught to discover more than mere commemorative emblems;—that while she does not presume to limit the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost to the single mode of baptism, and exclude from all possible admission into heaven every soul of man which has not partaken of that rite, for "the Spirit which works by means may not be tied to means," she declares it generally necessary to salvation;—that whilst she teaches the absolute need of a Saviour and of a Spirit, to restore in us that image of God which was grievously defaced by the fall, and imputes such restoration to the merits of a Saviour, she thinks it of inferior consequence to determine how far gone from original righteousness we may be, resting satisfied with the assertion (to the truth of which every one who knows his own heart must subscribe) that we are, at any rate, "very far gone"—"*quam longissime*,"—as far as it is possible, consistently with the possession of a moral nature at all, and responsibility for our actions;—that whilst she does not allow marriage to be a sacrament, as remembering that it is no ratified means of grace, still less does she regard it as a civil contract, as remembering, also, that it is signified the spiritual marriage and unity of Christ and his Church,—and that male and female God joined together;—that whilst she does not enforce, on pain of damnation, confession to the priest, or hold the act to be essential to the forgiveness of sin, she, nevertheless, solemnly exhorts such persons as have a troubled conscience, and know not how to quiet it, to go to a Minister of God, and open to him their grief, that they may receive from him the benefit of "ghostly counsel and advice." With such discretion did our Reformers retain the good which was in the Church of Rome, whilst they rejected the evil—putting the one in vessels

to be kept, and casting the other away; with such temper did they refuse to be seared by the abuses of past times, or the scrupulosities of their own, into harrowing needless that ground on which they invited a nation to take its stand, and which they well knew must be broad to admit of it;—and so it came about that a form of faith and worship was conceived, which recommended itself to the pious and good sense of the people; to which they reverted with gladness of heart, when evil times afterwards compelled them to abjure it for a season; towards which, those who have since dissented and withdrawn from it, have so often seen occasion (or if not they, their children after them) to retrace their steps, and tacitly to acknowledge that whilst they sought meat for their lust, they had rejected angels' food. God grant that a Church which has now for nearly three centuries, amidst every extravagance of doctrine and discipline which has spent itself around her, still carried herself as the mediator, chastening the zeal by words of soberness, and animating the lukewarm by words that burn;—that a Church which has been found on experience to have successfully promoted a quiet and unobtrusive practical piety amongst the people, such as comes not of observation, but is seen in the conscientious discharge of all those duties of imperfect obligation which are the bonds of peace, but which laws cannot reach,—that such a Church may live through these troubled times to train up her children in the fear of God, when we are in our graves; and that no strong delusion sent amongst us may prevail to her overthrow, and to the eventual disfigurement (as they would find too late to their cost) of many who have thoughtlessly and ungratefully lifted up their heel against her.

### PROGRESS OF SCRIPTURE CIRCULATION, AND ITS PROMOTION BY THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

From the year 1449 (when printing was invented) to 1800: a period of three centuries and a half, and comprising the time of the revival of learning, of the agitation produced by the Reformation from Popery: the number of languages and dialects in which translations of the scriptures, or of any portion of them, had been printed was only sixty. \* \* \* \* \* The British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804, and since that time has reprinted forty-three of these translations, and the Danish Bible Society one other (Creolean). But the former of these Societies has printed the Scriptures, in whole or in part, in ninety-three languages or dialects, in none of which had the word of God previously appeared: whilst the Danish Bible Society has published them in one other language, and the American Bible Society in three yet additional. So that the entire number of languages in which translations of the Scriptures have appeared for the first time since 1804 (a period of thirty-six years,) is ninety-seven. Whilst the whole christian world had, during a period of 550 years previous, produced only sixty-seven. \* \* \* \* \* Further, the translations made of the scriptures previous to 1805, might, by the multiplication of copies, have rendered them accessible perhaps, to 250 millions of mankind. Whilst the translations since printed will, if sufficiently circulated, render the Scriptures accessible to 500 millions in addition to the above. According to the common computation, the Scriptures may now be offered to three fourths of the family of man. \* \* \* \* \* Again, we would remark, that the various Bible Societies throughout the world have been enabled to put in circulation since 1804, above twenty millions of copies of the Scriptures, or portions of them: and the whole number of copies issued [comprising those of the Christian Knowledge Society and other institutions circulating the Scriptures] cannot be less than twenty-five millions—a number five times greater than the whole amount of copies existing in the world in 1804, and probably far more than double the number of copies which had ever been previously given to it. This circulation, however, great and marvellous as it is, has in no respect satisfied the cravings of men, with respect to the possession of the Word of God—it has only served to discover their destitution, and excite their desire of obtaining it.—Notes to a Sermon on the "*Sacrifice of the Mass*" by the Rev. E. T. M. Phillips.

### "IT IS CORBAN."

The Jews had a legal feint, which they derived from their traditions, and often perverted to the vilest purposes. We find our Lord charging them with this in the most indignant terms. Mark, vii. 9—12. "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, whose curseth father or mother, let him die the death: But ye say, if a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; he shall be free. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or mother." The meaning of all this seems to be as follows. A man was bound, not only by the law of nature, but by the law of Moses rightly understood, to provide, if able, for the comfortable maintenance of his parents. But those who wished to evade this righteous obligation had found a summary mode of doing so. It was held by the Scribes that all property consecrated to the Temple service was discharged thereby from every claim. Nay, they went so far as to say that whatever a man vowed that he would so devote was released as if the vow were actually performed. When his parent then demanded of him what God and nature both required, he had a ready method of escape. He could say, "It is Corban, it is consecrated; I have vowed and devoted it to pious uses;—and all claims were barred thereby. He was free; and no longer bound, according to the tradition, "to do ought for his father or mother."—Rev. H. Woodward's *Sequel to the Shema*.

That the crime of using towards parents injurious and even imprecationary language, is by our Lord imputed to the Pharisees, I would thus establish: when they wished to evade the duty of affording relief to their parents, they made a pretence, or, at best, an eventual dedication of their property to the sacred treasury; or rather, a dedication of all that could or might have been given by them to their parents; saying, be it *corban*, be it a *gift*, be it a *consecrated* or *devoted* thing: from that moment, though at liberty to expend such property on any selfish purpose, they were prohibited from bestowing it on their parents; to themselves, if they gave, and to their parents if they received, any part of this devoted property, it was accounted *sacrilege*; and, as such, would draw *malediction* both on the receiver and the giver. To say, therefore, to a parent, *be it a gift*, was an aggravated breach of the 5th commandment: it was not only to *revile*, but to *curse*.—*Jebb's Sacred Literature*.

### ASSAULT UPON LOUIS XVI. AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AT VERSAILLES.

From Alison's History of the French Revolution.

Symptoms of insurrection speedily manifested themselves, the crowds continued to accumulate in the streets [of Paris] in an alarming manner, until at length on the morning of the 5th [of October, 1789] the revolt openly broke out. A young woman seized a drum, and traversed the street, exclaiming, "Bread! bread!" She was speedily followed by a crowd, chiefly composed of females and boys, which rolled on until it reached the Hotel de Ville, which was broken open, and pillaged of its arms. It was even with difficulty that the infuriated rabble were prevented from setting it on fire. In spite of all opposition, they broke into the

belfry, and sounded the tocsin, which soon assembled the ardent and formidable bands of the Fauxbourgs. The cry immediately arose, raised by the agents of the Duke of Orleans, "*To Versailles!*" and a motly multitude of drunken women and tumultuous men, armed and unarmed, set out in that direction. The national guard, which had assembled on the first appearance of disorder, impatiently demanded to follow; and although their commander, La Fayette, exerted his utmost influence to retain them, he was at length compelled to yield, and at seven o'clock, the whole armed force of Paris set out for Versailles. \* \* \* \* \*

The King was out at a hunting party, and the Assembly just breaking up, when the forerunners of the disorderly multitude began to appear in the streets. At the first intelligence of the disturbance, the monarch returned with expedition to the town, where the appearance of things exhibited the most ludicrous features of a Revolution. The rails in front of the court-yard of the palace were closed, and the regiment of Flanders, the body guards, and the national guard of Versailles, drawn up within, facing the multitude; while, without, an immense crowd of armed men, national guards, and furious women, uttering seditious cries, and clamouring for bread, were assembled. The ferocious looks of the insurgents, their haggard countenances and uplifted arms, bespoke too plainly their savage intentions. \* \* \* \* \* The court were in consternation, and the horses already harnessed to the carriages, to convey the royal family from the scene of danger; but the King, who was apprehensive that if he fled, the Duke of Orleans would be immediately declared lieutenant general of the kingdom, refused to move. The mob soon penetrated into the royal apartments, as the guards were prohibited from offering any resistance, and were received with so much condescension and dignity by the King and Queen, that they forgot the purpose of their visit, and left the royal presence, exclaiming *Vive le Roi*; a heavy rain, which began to fall in the evening, cooled the ardour of the multitude, and before night-fall, the arrival of La Fayette, with the national guard of Paris, restored some degree of order to the environs of the palace. \* \* \* \* \*

La Fayette had an interview with the Royal family, and assured them of the security of the palace. He added, that he was so well convinced of the pacific disposition of his army, and had so much confidence in the preservation of the public tranquillity, that he was resolved to retire to rest. Misled by these assurances, the assembly dispersed and repaired to their several homes; and the King and Queen, overcome with fatigue, retired to their apartments. The external posts were entrusted to the troops commanded by La Fayette; the interior was still in the hands of the body guard of the King. Unfortunately for his reputation, and for the honour of France, General La Fayette followed their example, and repaired, for the remainder of the night, to a chateau at some distance from the palace, where he soon after fell asleep.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the public tranquillity from three till five in the morning; but the aspect of the populace presented an approaching storm. Large groups of savage men and intoxicated women were seated round the watch fires in all the streets of Versailles, and relieved the tedium of a rainy night by singing revolutionary songs. In one of these circles their exasperation was such, that, seated on the corpse of one of the body guard, they devoured the flesh of his horse half-roasted in the flames, while a ring of frantic cannibals danced round the group. Every thing announced that they were determined to assuage their thirst for blood by some indiscriminate massacre. At six o'clock a furious mob surrounded the barracks of the body guard, broke them open, and pursued the flying inmates to the gates of the palace, where fifteen were seized and doomed to immediate execution. At the same time, another body besieged the avenues to the palace, and, finding a gate open, rushed in and speedily filled the staircases and vestibules of the royal apartments. Two of the body guard, posted at the head of the stair, made the most heroic resistance, and by their efforts gave time to the Queen to escape into the apartments of the King. The assassins rushed into her room a few minutes after she had left it, and engaged at finding their victims escaped, pierced her bed with their bayonets. The whole interior of the palace was ransacked by the savage multitude; the splendour of ages was suddenly exposed to the indiscriminate gaze of the lowest of the people.

### Appareil domus intus, et aria longa pateantur; Armatus ceteri dentantes in limine primo.

But for the intrepid defence of the body guard, and the exertions of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who succeeded in reviving in the French guards some sparks of their ancient loyalty, the King himself, and the whole royal family, would have fallen a prey to the assassins. They dragged the bodies of two of the body guard, who had been massacred, below the windows of the King, beheld them, and carried their bloody heads in triumph upon the point of their pikes through the streets of Versailles. \* \* \* \* \*

The conduct of the Queen during these moments of alarm was worthy of the highest admiration. Notwithstanding the shots which were fired at the windows, she persisted in appearing at the balcony, to endeavour to obtain the pardon of the body guards, who were in peril from the exasperated multitude: when M. Luzerne endeavoured to place himself between her and the danger, she gently removed him, alleging that that was her post, and that the King could not afford to lose so faithful a servant. Shortly after the crowd vociferously demanded that she should appear at the window; she came forth accompanied by her children; twenty thousand voices immediately exclaimed, "Away with the children," and the Queen sending them in, reappeared alone, in presence of a mob from whom she expected instant death. The generous contempt of personal danger overcame the fury of the populace, and universal shouts of applause testified their sense of the reality of the peril which she had braved.

The leaders of the tumult now resolved to derive some advantage from their success, by removing the King and royal family to Paris, where they would be entirely subjected to their control. Immediately the cry was raised among the populace, "Let us bring the King to Paris! it is the only way of securing bread to our children." La Fayette persuaded the King, as the only means of appeasing the tumult, to accede to the wishes of the people, and, accompanied by the King and Queen, appeared at the balcony of the palace, and gave that assurance to the multitude. \* \* \* \* \*

At noon the royal party set out for Paris; a hundred deputies of the Assembly accompanied their carriage. All their exertions, all the authority of M. La Fayette, were unable to prevent the people from carrying in the front of the procession two heads of the privates of the body guard who had been decapitated under the windows of the palace. The remains of that gallant band, almost all wounded, and in the deepest dejection, followed the carriage; and there were cannon, dragged by the populace, bedstrewed by frantic women; from every side arose shouts of triumph, mingled with revolutionary songs. "Here is the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice!" exclaimed the women in derision at the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin. Loaves of bread, borne on the point of lances, ever where appeared, to indicate the plenty which the return of the sovereign was expected to confer upon the capital. The monarch, after a painful journey of seven hours, during which he was compelled to drink drop by drop, the bitterest dregs in the cup of humiliation, entered Paris, a captive among his own subjects, and adorning the triumph of the most inveterate of his enemies. He was conducted to the Hotel de Ville, and thence to the Tuileries, which thenceforward became his palace and his prison.