

have been the consequence" (what follows is too gross for our pages); when "two of the cavaliers entering the church after her, the one bearing in his hand a bottle of wine, the other furnished with a crystal cup, sparkling half way to the brim with the precious treasure of the rocky springs; but ere the tempting draught was mingled and tasted, murmurs a-ment 'desecration of the church' made themselves heard from the lips of some stately brother of the much reduced society, who had seen the somewhat unusual entry of the gentlemen; but an immediate retreat perfectly satisfied the good monk."—(p. 325.) Such is her idea, and such her feelings, about a bacchanalian party trying to make a cabaret of the place in which those, whose property they sacrilegiously invaded, believed that the Holy of holies and the Lord of lords corporally resides! This is the way in which the most sacred feelings of those mock men are outraged and trampled. Now, if the two gentlemen had been put into the stocks, or the whole party driven down the hill again by a few sturdy peasants, they would not have got more than they deserved. And yet Mrs. Trollope is severe—and we thank her sincerity for that part of her work—upon our countrymen who so shamefully misbehave in the Roman churches. Is such behaviour wonderful, when its very cause seems to think so little of the house of God?

In the same tone does she ever speak of our holiest functions. First she evidently knows nothing about them: she acknowledges herself unable to appreciate the splendid music of Palestrina.—(p. 270.) The matter which seems to have most engaged her attention, the majestic services of the papal chapel, the homage of the cardinals. Twice she speaks feelingly on the subject. Thus, of the Sistine chapel she says: "I cannot say that I was greatly edified by the peculiar ceremonies of this papal worship (I speak as a heretic); but I could not admire or approve the disproportion which seemed to exist between the time bestowed on prayer, and that devoted to the homage offered by each cardinal to the pope."—(p. 270.) And of the high mass on Christmas Day, she makes a similar remark: "The religious part of the ceremony," she writes, "bears no proportion to it" (the homage—p. 365) What on earth she means we are at a loss to comprehend. If the pontifical mass at St. Peter's lasts two hours, the homage does not occupy above ten minutes, during which the solemn function is not interrupted. But manifestly she does not know what the mass is, nor what prayers are recited in it, nor what is the meaning of its ceremonial.

But, besides not knowing any thing on the subject whereon she writes, Mrs. Trollope is too manifestly unable to appreciate any religious function. It is not in her way. She can understand a drive in the Cascina at Florence, or eating "ices and strawberries"—quite a standing dish with her—or going to a concert or theatre; but as to the truly picturesque, venerable, moving and holy offices of the Church, she has certainly no sort of feeling. Mass is to her a musical performance; and her judgments pronounced on it are whether it was long or short, and the music good or bad—that is, according to her taste.

As to the Papal government and the practical morality of the Catholic Church, all she knows is, that she utterly condemns them. No one can doubt that she was perfectly capable of judging on such subjects, and that she took great pains to collect information on them, when we see how well she understood what was passing about her, and what every body knows. Thus, she found out that "the reverend court of cardinals" is "called the Propaganda" (p. 274), and that cardinals are not paid up their salaries on account of "the poverty of the Propaganda offices" (p. 377). And as to cardinals, she makes them at pleasure; for she transforms, by the stroke of her pen, the good Frappiat monk, Father Gerami, into one (p. 335), and tells us, most satisfactorily, that among several new cardinals about to be made, was "an English gentleman of the name of Weld" (p. 336); that said "gentleman" having already been cardinal, and having dispensed several years before, to receive, we trust, the full reward of a most virtuous life. And so, with equal felicity, she elevates the learned principal of the English college to the episcopal rank (p. 300). But further, Mrs. Trollope has given us the new and important information that "many Roman families have the hereditary rank of bishop in the Church" (p. 330).

Now, while a person can blunder in matters so palpable and easy to ascertain, it is not

wonderful that she should blashingly cut to pieces, that of which she could know nothing. She talks of the ignorance of the people, with whom she manifestly never conversed, and of the workings of a system, religious and political, which she certainly never investigated. On her way from Rome to Naples, she, shut up in a carriage, and hurrying on from stage to stage, could see "ignorance and superstition as prominent features that meet the observation of the traveller" (p. 203). Really how does this ignorance so clearly show itself? Is it in the faces of the people, or on their sign boards, that "the, who can may read it?" Of schools, she goes on, "I could hear nothing." Does Mrs. Trollope think that schools are kept in my yards, for the special accommodation of lady travellers? Or did she look out for "National School" on the front of some house, and was disappointed in her search! Now we can tell Mrs. Trollope that she did not pass through a single village (she is speaking of the Papal States beyond Rome) in which there are not a boys' and a girls' school—aye, and gratuitous ones too. But on this subject of education she gives the portentous intelligence, that the pope has abolished at Bologna, and in all his dominions, all "professorships of logic, metaphysics, morals (!), algebra, and geometry" (p. 26). And then, after some mysterious points, she adds: "It was from Bologna that professor Orioli was banished." One would really imagine that this demigod (for some such thing he appears in the first volume) had been banished for teaching some of these dark sciences, perhaps morals! But Signor Orioli was not banished, but most patriotically ran away from Bologna, after having excited his scholars to sedition and rebellion raised a revolution which brought down misery on his country, for, indeed, we believe, part of its provisional government, and when the hour of peril arrived, acted on the philosophic principle, that the better part of valour is discretion, and disappeared. One thing thus worthy junta took care not to leave behind them—the public chest. Such are Mrs. Trollope's favourites in Italy; for, while she is a thorough enemy to all revolutionary and sans culotte movements and parties in England, she worships them in Italy.

Her theories on religious matters are extremely profound. Thus the "idleness" of the Italians is owing to the "eternal recurrence of Popish fetes and festival" (p. 303), on which subject we would recommend her to consult Lord John Manners; and the splendid churches of Venice are not to be wondered at, because "it is natural to expect, that in a Roman Catholic country, where numerous incentives to the love of pleasure are led on by the possession of abounding gold, churches should be built, enriched and beautified, to atone for the irregularities so produced" (p. 121). In which theory, we presume that it is the "atonement" that one must consider peculiarly Catholic, not the "love of pleasure" or "the gold;" otherwise London or America ought to have the best churches.

But truly never did writer or traveller stuff his or her pages with strange mistakes more fully than our learned lady. Scarcely an Italian word or name is spelled right, scarcely a phrase given (save in quotations) is correct; yet she tells us long and brilliant conversations which she must have held in Italian. She wonders why the Campagna is not made to produce corn (p. 103); and it so happens that it does, not only to fill the granaries of Rome, but to export it to other countries. She looks for the Clitumnus at Spoleto, (not Spalito), and, marvellous to say, she finds it without a drop of water (p. 171), for the very good reason that the Clitumnus never was, nor will be, at Spoleto. It was full of water when Mrs. T. drove for at least two miles along its banks, and she might have seen it gush out in full stream from under the road, able in its cradle to run a mill near the village of Le Vene. In her ecclesiastical history she is "ready to seek." She tells us she was "grilled like St. Anthony," (vol. i. p. 45); scarcely more accurately than elegantly; she has never heard of our Lady's "presentation in the temple," and therefore transforms Titian's splendid painting of the subject at Venice into our Saviour's presentation "at the age eleven or twelve" (!) and corrects Mrs. Sarkis's right explanation of it [p. 103]. And when she visits the venerable basilica of St. Ambrose, at Milan, she is shown, she tells us, a relic of "the brother of St. Sityrus. Why the bro's cad," she adds, "of a saint's brother should be held in such veneration, we were not informed" (p. 334). Truly not; because you were told no such thing as you tell us. The better inform-

ed reader will smile as he sees through the mistake, arising, no doubt from imperfectly understanding the guide. St. Sityrus was the brother of Ambrose, and St. Marcelina, about whom Mrs. T. is equally in the dark, was the sister of both. Among the curiosities of this church, she stumbled upon a very extraordinary one—a coffin! And whose does the reader think it was? for it was "in a dark and obscure little chapel." Why the guide, looking at Mrs. Trollope, "said with a sort of jeering smile, 'it is only the body of Monsignore the bishop, who died yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow.'" (p. 355). See how cheap these good papists of Milan hold their bishop! However, as his eminence Cardinal Gaystruck still occupies, as he did long before Mrs. Trollope's visit to Italy, the archiepiscopal throne of that city, we will not puzzle ourselves or our readers with inquiring, either how he got into that coffin the day before, or how he got out again the day after, Mrs. Trollope's visit to the church. We will rather lay this to the score of some little misunderstanding.

With such abundant data in her mind for rightly judging of the Catholic religion, we must be greatly beholden to our lady authoress for so kind a judgment as the following:—"I was left to decide for myself, whether it is not possible for a person of perfectly enlightened views in politics to be still a faithful Roman Catholic. I have heard many people, and of more nations than one, deny the possibility of this; and declare that freedom of mind, on any subject, was perfectly incompatible with Popish restraint; but I doubt the truth of this doctrine. I see no reason why a Roman Catholic, because he conscientiously believes the creed that has been taught him, should therefore be incapable of forming a rational opinion upon the wisest manner of regulating the affairs of men."—vol. ii, p. 302.

Truly this is consoling—nay more, it is flattering; and the spirits of such men as Bossuet, Stolberg Fensholt, and Schlegel, may well be soothed by the doubt, which Mrs. Trollope entertains, whether they were really incapable of forming rational judgment.

But we must really draw to a close; for we are tired with plucking and arranging flowers, where the ground is so rich. Mrs. Trollope herself solves a problem which seems much to puzzle her—the difficulty of getting hold of Italians. Wherever she goes, she meets plenty of English, and French and Germans—but no Italians, [vol. i. p. 154]. She finds them at Venice quite exclusive. She hopes for them at Rome; but some how or other they do not come. Yet she courts them, she wants them; and, moreover, she is surrounded by them, night after night, at "Daisy's" coffee house, and at the Cascina; but in vain. It is wonderful! Mrs. Trollope did not know, perhaps, that they have had enough of not-takers and book-makers among them, from our country, to stand in dread of any more. They have admitted English ladies into their society, who have violated the holy laws of hospitality, and have held up to contempt, the good natured people who have been civil to them. Whether Mrs. Trollope's American reputation may have helped her in this matter or no, we cannot pretend to say—we should doubt whether her name is much known in Italy. But burnt children dread the fire, or, as the Italian proverb better expresses it for our purpose, "the reddened man dreads even cold water." English people have been excluded from true Italian society on account of the liberties which some of them have taken with its reputation. Mrs. Trollope's work shows that in her case they were right. She has contrived to mangle their religion and their country with the help of the scanty and blundering materials which she has collected; what would she have done if she could have got no more?—*Dublin Reviewer*.

The Vermont Telegraph, a Protestant Newspaper, is of opinion that prayer is useless since God is already aware of what he wants, and as He is good, he will give without being asked. This new notion, or rather this old notion revived, will probably be the origin of some new sect to show what a creditable look the Bible is when elucidated by private interpretation. *Catholic Telegraph*.

The London Tablet speaking of Dr. Pusey's suspension, gives its readers a true picture of the Anglican heresy. "We doubt not," he says "that this difference will be patched up like its many predecessors, and that the two Parties will go on as before in our Establishment, hating and cursing one another in the old fashion, unable to agree in the meaning or essence of their most solemn act of worship—unable to agree in the term and conditions of Salvation which they have to hold forth to their doubting congregations—differing fundamentally and essentially on all these, and a hundred other points, but just as fundamentally and essentially agreeing on the 'main point'—namely, that money is money, and that the essence of Anglicanism consists in the plunder on which it fattens and has its being. So long as they are of 'one mind and one faith' on this point, what matters it whether they are Priests or Preachers? whether they have a Sacrifice or only a Sermon to offer? whether their function is to regenerate by baptism or only to talk by the hour? whether the Sacraments are all important or almost unimportant to the flocks committed to their charge? What matter the silly chances of Salvation? They have the main chance and isn't that enough? Never let us forget that the Establishment at the present moment reflects the character of the English nation, and in both we may discern the same distinguished characteristics. Is the nation honest? No; neither is the Establishment. Does the nation prefer principle to plunder? No; neither does the Establishment. Does the nation mind how many hecatombs of lives are sacrificed to earn conquests for her abroad, how many oaths are violated to buy her party successes at home, or how much her statesmen truckle for a little momentary convenience to her most dangerous and insidious enemy? No; and as the nation does, so does the Establishment, who has been the instructor of the nation and has taught her all these things. The Establishment minds little how many hecatombs of spiritual lives are sacrificed to her besotted greediness, how many false subscriptions there are to her articles so that she profit by them, nor how much her rulers truckle to what they think error in order to promote a little paltry miserable momentary convenience. The parallel is perfect in all points. The spiritual side of this nation is a perfect counterpart of the temporal. In Parliament we see the one, in the Establishment we see the kernel of the other. When, then, we discern among our leading politicians any trace of lofty principle, any scorn of vulgar trickery, any devotion to honesty more than to expediency, any willingness to make sacrifices for the sake of truth, we shall begin to look for the same unusual phenomena in the Establishment, and shall then certainly anticipate a rupture. Meantime, without meaning to deny that a few individuals may be found of better stuff than the classes to which they belong, we look on all hands not for principle, but for the want of it."

The Rev. George Talbot, M. A. formerly of Balliol College, has resigned the living of Evercreech-cum-Chewton-blade, Somerset; and conformed to the Church of Rome.—*Morning Herald*.