

HOUSE
CLEANING
AT
THE
VATICAN.

AN HISTORICAL
ROMANCE
—OF THE—
Times of
Queen
Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

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hundred years the Vati-
gone the first general
g. The process occupied
eight months, and its cost
new palace, and a good
any capital. The clean-
army greater than
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used up would supply a
a year, and the house
ously contributed by
es, would clothe 10,000

no royal residence or
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Vatican in vastness,
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occupying a space of
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It has eight grand
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enclosed courts. The
chambers, halls and
d 11,000. By way of
it may be mentioned
rial Schloss in Berlin,
g pile, has less than
the famous Neues
sdon has only 200,
0,000 rooms, including
vate quarters, the Sis-
historical chapels, the
ies, library, museums
and archaeology, and
pe's casino in the Va-
hadn't seen a tidy
ce the glorious reign

standing the Vatican
for its air of spot-
even though no one
to handle a broom
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sure to make itself
it sooner or later.
and numerous vis-
eat palace, Leo saw
an was clean, but af-
aking an interest in
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f the new century up-
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Lapponi—he concluded
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rs of the household
perplexed when Leo
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If the truth be told, I too saw no way out of the difficulty, but I would not own this to myself, much less to my companion. I therefore began to speak vaguely about the fallacy of such reasoning, and said it might as well be alleged that no individual teacher could ever err, a thing obviously untrue. She shook her head at this objection, and rejoined that Christ did not promise to preserve every individual teacher who should be commissioned to teach his Church from falling into error, but He had said: I will be with you; that is, the Church herself should be an infallible and unerring teacher of truth. Thereupon I spoke of the bad lives of some of the Popes, who nevertheless were regarded as infallible in matters of doctrine, and asked, how did that coincide with the promise that Christ would be ever present in the Church? She replied that it was not said that the apostles and their successors should be without sin, but that the doctrine should be preserved from corruption. And for the matter of that, I need not speak of the Popes' failings; the innovators of the present day were no saints, witness Henry VIII., and—but no she would not say a word against Her Majesty, although her Court was not one pleasant to live, I then found a subterfuge by saying that our Lord's words might be interpreted as refer- ring to the invisible Church of elect souls, taught by the inspirations of the Holy Spirit and by reading the Scriptures.—She asked me, did I really believe that? Had not all pious and god-fearing people both in the Eastern and the Western Church for a thousand years and more, on the authority of the word of God as expounded by the Church, worshiped God under the sacramental veil of the Host? Or were a handful of apostates like the Waldenses and other heretics the only souls whom the Holy Spirit vouchsafed to enlighten? To speak only of this doctrine of the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, could I fail to see how indispensable it was to believe that our Lord would preserve the Church from error on that point? When at the Last Supper He uttered the words: "This is my Body," did He not in His divine prescience clearly foresee that the whole Church in all ages up to our day would understand them in their literal sense? And were they not intended to be so understood did He not foresee that they would give rise to idolatrous worship? To permit such a thing as that could hardly be reconciled with our idea of His Godhead. And even granting that the Church was in error concerning this fundamental dog- man and chief article of faith, pray which of the hundred conflicting the- ories promulgated by the Reformers, each one of whom professes to be en- lightened by the Holy Spirit, may be taken as the correct one?

I was for speaking about con- fession, indulgences, purgatory and the like, but Miss Cecil would not let me shirk the great difficulty. She re- turned to the main question at is- sue: Either the Church as a divinely appointed Teacher has never erred on any essential point, or Christ is not the omniscient God, faithful to His promises, whom we are taught to adore.

Finding myself unable to answer these arguments, I got a little out of temper, and spoke rather sharply to my companion, bidding her take heed, lest it should be pride that brought her in danger of losing her faith. Did she consider herself wiser and more clear sighted than all the excellent and enlightened divines, both in England and on the contin- ent who were unanimous in asserting the Papacy to be the handiwork of the devil? Then the tears came into Miss Judith's eyes, and she gen- tly answered that she too had feared the same thing; but she could only humbly pray God to enlighten her. To whom could she go for counsel? Not to the Anglican clergy, as it was impossible to feel any respect for men who altered their doctrines at the pleasure of Queen and Parlia- ment. To her father! Unhappily she was only too well persuaded that as he had already changed his creed from political motives, he would not hesitate to do the same again if pol- icy so dictated. She could only look to God, and to her own con- science in this perplexing struggle. If I could render her any assistance, she would be eternally grateful to me.

This was said in so simple, straightforward a manner, that I felt heartily ashamed of having re- proached her with pride. Moreover the doubts she had expressed had awakened so loud an echo in my own mind, that I was at a loss what to answer. It was a relief to me that we reached the tent at that moment, and looking for the missing kerchief put a temporary stop to our conversation. It was found at the back of the chair upon which the Queen sat to watch the games, and we started on our walk back to the palace without delay.

I was the first to begin the con- versation again, by entreating her not to be hasty in deciding on so im- portant a matter. I would give more thought to the difficulties she propounded; I would read books on the subject and consult some learned divines. Meanwhile we must both be earnest in prayer for light from on high; it was quite possible that the Catholic Church was the true Church of Christ. She thanked me, and promised to do nothing rashly; as yet she was far from seeing her way clear on many points. She begged me not to allow her mother or the Queen to know anything about her difficulties for the present; to this I readily assented. Then it suddenly occurred to me to ask, whether these dreadful doubts had suggested them- selves to her mind, or whether some meddling Papist had done the mis- chief.

"The principal difficulty that I mentioned to you," she answered, "has staggered me for a long time, but not until quite recently has it clamored for solution. It is ever since I read a little book, I dare say you know it, for it has been much talked of for the last four years, I mean this one." So saying she drew from her pocket a pamphlet, which she handed to me. I looked at the title, and exclaimed, "What! the Rationes decem of Campion, the Jesuit! Now I see it all. Those ser- pents have instilled their poison into you!"

"I am perfectly aware, Mr. St. Barbe," Miss Cecil calmly responded in answer to my angry outburst, "that our preachers hate the Jesuits, and say all manner of evil against them, for they regard them as their deadliest enemies. In all my life I have never seen one of them, except this very Campion, the writer of this little book, and of him I never can think without emotion. He was brought as a prisoner to London, three weeks after it was published, and taken to the Tower gagged and bound, on horseback. It was market- day; I was standing in Cheapside, near the cross, and I saw how his countenance beamed with holy joy while the populace surged around; I saw how reverently he saluted the cross. A few days later, the Queen expressed a desire to see the noted Jesuit; I was one of the few per- sons selected to accompany her to the house of the Earl of Leicester, where the interview was to be held privately. How Leicester, Bedford, and the Queen herself were all deeply touched by the calm, modest de- meanor of the young man, just en- tering upon the prime of life, thus brought face to face with death in its most terrible form. The Queen made him most brilliant offers, pro- mising him the highest dignities, the richest benefices, if he would re- nounce his allegiance to the Pope. He declined them all, but so gently, that it was impossible for her to be angry, and we all expected his par- don would follow. Far from this, on the very next day he was placed by her orders on the rack, and so cruel- ly tortured that he could not raise his hand in the presence of the Judge. And then, in the terrible condition to which he was reduced, no reme- dies having been given to him, he had to appear in public disputation against our most learned and able theologians, concerning the contents of this very book. He silenced his op- ponents so completely, I heard my father say, that all further disputa- tions were prohibited. After that a most scandalous trial took place; it is enough to read the official report, though in that a great deal is sup- pressed. Last of all he was execut- ed at Tyburn, forgiving his enemies, praying for the Queen, like the holy martyrs of old. Such was the mal- igned Jesuit, the author of this lit- tle book! Now I ask you as a favor to read his "Rationes decem, his ten arguments in defence of the Pap-

acy, for which he, and many of our best and noblest fellow-countrymen— witness Sir Thomas More—have laid down their lives. But first of all try to lay aside your prejudices against the name of Jesuit, so far as to give the reasons he adduces your deliberate and impartial con- sideration."

This I promised to do, and put the pamphlet, which I had long been desirous of possessing, into my pocket. Yet I went on railing against the Jesuits and repeating the slanders that I had heard or read about them. At length Miss Cecil begged me to leave off, and think what a lovely evening it was. The crimson glow of sunset had faded from the sky, and the moon had risen; a light breeze whispered in the tree tops, and ever and anon the sound of the flowing river fell on our ear. But fair and tranquil as was the face of nature, I was not in a mood to en- joy the beauty of the scene, my mind was too much agitated to feel its charm. Miss Cecil walked in si- lence by my side for a considerable distance. When I looked at her re- fined and aristocratic features, the turmoil within my breast rose high- er. Was this adorable creature to become a Papist? My whole being rose against the thought, and I re- solved to spare no effort in order to snatch his prey, as I said to myself, from the evil one. As we approached the palace, I spoke to her on the subject, imploring her with passion- ate earnestness, not to listen to the seducer, but for God's sake to think of the consequences a change of re- ligion would involve.

"The consequences," she repeated, "Which consequences, the temporal or the eternal? And pray whom do you mean by the seducer? There is but one question to be answered: what is the truth taught by Jesus Christ? And when one is satisfied on that point, there only remains to act in accordance with the words: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

CHAPTER XVII.—When Miss Cecil and I reached the palace, we found a page waiting to conduct us to the Queen's presence. We handed over the kerchief; the Queen at once sent away my companion, and inquired whether I had confessed the fair Ju- dith, and what was the result? I re- plied that Her Majesty's penetration had not been at fault; there were, it was true, some clouds of doubt which disturbed the serenity of Miss Cecil's faith, but I trusted they might be dispersed before they threatened a storm. She desired me to be more explicit. Fortunately for me at that moment the Earl of Essex was an- nounced, and I was dismissed, the Queen saying that I must at some other time tell her more about my penitent's state of mind. I answered that the seal of confession must not be broken; she laughed, and gave me a playful tap of the shoulder as I withdrew, a sign that I was in great favor.

That night I could not sleep. After tossing on my bed till midnight was past, my mind dwelling continually on the objections Miss Cecil had stated, I rose, and lighting a taper, sat down to read the "Rationes decem." The arguments were so irre- sistible, couched as they were in pithy latinity, that I could not help reading the book all through. More than once I threw it aside angrily, and paced up and down my chamber to still the agitation it awakened; but each time I took it up again, and read some more. Campion's rea- son struck me like so many blows; I could have cried aloud, as with phys- ical pain. The mishandling of Holy Scripture by the Reformers, Luther rejecting the Epistle of St. James, his followers rejecting other books, the Genevans repudiating the Book of Esther, just as the Manichees did St. Matthew's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, the Ebionites the Epis- tles of St. Paul; the wresting of the sacred text by recent expositors for the support of their own opinions, the example cited by Campion, be- ing the words Miss Judith had men- tioned. "This is my Body" to which most contrary meanings were at- tached; the impossibility that a Church out of whose pale there is no salvation, should be an invisible Church; the Occumenical Councils, from the first four of which, recog- nized by Parliament in the first years of Elizabeth's reign, the Je-

suit drew proofs of the primacy of Peter; the sacrificial character of the Mass, the veneration of the saints, etc.; the authority of the early Fa- thers and their exposition of the Sacred Scriptures; the testimony of history; the obvious contradictions and false conclusions in the tenets of modern innovators; the fair flowers of Paradise, the hate and rage of hell; the hierarchy on earth, the Church with her missions, her col- leges, her canon laws, her clergy, regular and secular; the splendid ad-ornment of her cathedrals, the pious institutions of our forefathers—all these and more besides, that I can- not now recall, burst in upon my soul with tempestuous force, shaking in their foundations those religious convictions which, imbibed in my childhood, had every year grown with my growth.

My first feeling was one of rage against the writer of a book whose object was to overthrow all that I had hitherto regarded as sacred, and call upon me to venerate what till then had been an abomination to me. It was actually a satisfaction to me to know that the man had met his end at the hangman's hands. But this state of mind could not last long; my own good sense told me that an outburst of anger was no an- swer to arguments founded on rea- son, and evidence adduced from Holy Writ and from history. So I took up Campion's pamphlet again, and tent my whole mind on the en- deavor to detect the fallacy on which his argument rested, but try as I might, I could discover none, and the dawn of day found me in as much perplexity as ever.

As soon as it was light, I went out into the park, to cool my fever- ed blood in the fresh morning air. It then occurred to me that a special commission had been appointed by the Queen to answer this Jesuit's pestilential pamphlet. I was in Paris at the time, consequently I had heard nothing of the controver- sy. I resolved forthwith to return to London; at my uncle's house I should be certain to find the refuta- tion and the protocol of the com- mission, and then it would doubtless be easy work to draw the poisoned shaft out of my own and Miss Ju- dith's heart. I determined besides, that as soon as this was done, I would ask for the young lady's hand; for the service I should have render- ed her would give me a claim to it, and I knew that the Queen approved my suit.

Hastening back to my chamber, I wrote a note to Miss Cecil, telling her that I had read the "Rationes," and acquainting her with what I in- tended to do. I begged her to make my excuses to the Queen, and herself to take no step towards Papistry un- til she had received the report I would give her of my investigations. Having sealed the letter, I gave it to a servant with orders to deliver it at once; and immediately after breakfast I rode away from Rich- mond, with a far heavier heart. I must confess, than I had brought to it the day before.

While I was waiting at Putney to be ferried across the river, I saw Lady Tregian with her three chil- dren. She had taken the Queen at her word, and was actually asking alms for the love of Christ of the passers-by. She spoke to me, and embittered as I was against the Pa- pists, I could not help being touched by the humility she showed, and by the sweet innocent face of the little girl with whom I had been so pleas- ed the day before. I slipped a few gold pieces into the child's hand, and told the mother to apply to Wal- singham on the same or the follow- ing day; I would see if I could get him to do something for her. She thanked me, saying God would re- ward me, and that her children should pray for me.

I experienced a feeling of relief, as I crossed the river, for a good deed acts as balm upon the wounded spir- it. My way led me past Tyburn, where Campion had ended his days on the gallows, while I was still at some distance from it. I noticed a stream of people all going in the same direction as myself. In answer to my inquiries, I was informed that two Popish priests were to be hang- ed and quartered for high treason, and I then remembered hearing this casually mentioned at the Court yesterday, as a matter of every day occurrence. I never was a friend to these scenes of horror, but the an- ger excited by Campion's book still glowed in my breast, and induced me to make an exception for this oc- casion. So I rode with the crowd to Tyburn, where I arrived just as the two condemned men were taken from the hurdles and placed in the hang- man's cart. I managed to get near enough to see them well, and hear all that was said. They were young men; their countenances were pale and grave; but they betrayed none of the fear of death that I should have expected idolatrous priests to feel when summoned to appear be- fore the judgment seat of God. The

words they addressed to the people, with the halter already around their necks, bore the stamp of truth. They died for the ancient faith of their forefathers, they said, and were traitors neither to the Queen nor country. Some of the bystanders clamored for them to be cut down before life was extinct, but I am glad to say the sheriff did not al- low this. When at last he gave the order, I rode off, not caring to wit- ness the butchery that ensued.

The heroic and truly Christian manner in which these men met death impressed me deeply. There was no doubt that they were in good faith, confident of the truth of the religion for which they suffered. I tried to persuade myself that they were duped by the Jesuits, at whose door I was fain to lay the death of these innocent persons.

I did not find Walsingham at home; he had gone to some meeting of the Privy Council. But Gray, the head of the Government offices, a small, spare old man, brought me the books I asked for; the writings of Aymer, of Jewel, of learned professors of theology at the universities, altogeth- er a host of volumes bearing on the subject of Campion's "Rationes decem." The protocol of the com- mission and the report of the dispu- tation in the Tower, the latter writ- ten by his own hand, were also laid before me.

"There is plenty of learning in these big books, sir," the old man said. "Greek and Hebrew too." But there is not a complete and conclu- sive refutation amongst them all. Any one who wrote that would in- deed do good service to the Gos- pel."

I asked him some particulars about the disputation in the Tower. He shrugged his shoulders and said it had fared ill with Campion. The un- fortunate man had been tortured on the rack within an inch of his life, and half starved to boot; yet he maintained his cause, albeit a bad one, so valiantly, that an end had to be put to the debate, as the im- pression produced on the audience was the reverse of what was desired. Walsingham had foreseen this, and wished a first trial to be made be- fore the Privy Council. But our di- vines were so certain of victory, that they would have liked to have held it in St. Paul's. True enough they had the better of him as far as voice and elocution went; but whenever a clear, definite an- swer to his arguments was de- manded of them, they had recourse to declamation and abuse. In a word, it was a failure; and the com- mission itself was even worse, for our divines began to fall out among themselves. "Well, Mr. St. Barbe no offence, sir, but I have learnt one lesson from it: Believe what Her Majesty the Queen, the true Head of the English Church, and her Parlia- ment propose for your belief, and be- ware lest you be drawn into contro- versy on matters of faith with the devil and his agents, the Jesuits, or you will surely get the worst of it. Always barring better understanding and sharper judgment, and herewith, I wish your excellence a very good day."

So saying the dapper little man trotted away. I applied myself dili- gently to the books and the reports before me; the more I read of them, the more convinced I was of the ac- curacy of Gray's description of them. So much dry learning, greek and latin quotations, heavy argu- mentation and inconclusive proofs, interlarded with abuse of the Pope and his followers, at last, tired and fretful, I laid the books aside, and leaving the house, to get a breath of fresh air, when I met my uncle com- ing upstairs.

He took me into his cabinet, and made me give him a full account of what had occurred at Richmond. He seemed very well pleased with me. He laughed Miss Cecil's difficulties scorn, and said they would die a nat- ural death, as soon as she was mar- ried, and her idle time filled up with the cares of the nursery and the household. "As soon as this business about Mary Stuart is done with," he said, "I shall myself ask Burgh- ley and Her Majesty to give you the young lady's hand. I have just heard something more about Bab- ington and his companions. One of the barmaids out there at the Blue Boar, played the eavesdropper; they seem really in earnest about these plans and mean to attempt the coup. I am afraid my spy was rather im- prudent, it will not do to let them suspect that they are watched. You must try to make acquaintance with one or other of them. I have a pic- ture her of Babington and all his crew which Philipps—that fellow can do everything—copied for me. The likenesses may not be very good, but you may know Babington by his costly and fashionable clothes. He is to be seen nearly every evening in the "Paris Garden," and they have a gayboat on the Thames—you might ask them to instruct you a

little concerning Miss Cecil's doubts, and even pretend you wished to be- come a Papist yourself. Those con- spirators seem such silly fellows, you may catch them by birdlime." At this moment Lady Tregian was announced. I began hurriedly to tell my uncle her story, but he already knew it all. Her husband was an old acquaintance of his. "They are obstinate recusants," he said, but I quite agree with you that they must not be allowed to beg in the streets. She may join her husband in the Clink, if she chooses. She would not be the first lady of noble birth who has voluntarily shared her hus- band's captivity. The children will easily find a home in the house of some popish gentlefolks. It is won- derful how willing they are to make sacrifices for one another. There are the Bellams, for instance, at Har- row-on-the-Hill; they have nearly ruined themselves through paying fines and assisting priests and other Papists."

I slipped out by a side door, in or- der not to be present at the inter- view between my uncle and the un- fortunate lady. Later on I heard that she gladly accepted the propo- sal that she should join her hus- band in prison. The children had been taken in, for a time at least, by Lady Paulet, step-mother to Sir Amias, and as fervent a Catholic, as he was a rabid Puritan. It will read- ily be imagined that the courage and conjugal devotion displayed by Lady Tregian—I may here remark that her voluntary incarceration lasted for twenty-eight years—added to the heroic death of the two young priests, together with all that I had read in the books, I had been studying, serv- ed to strengthen the doubts, Miss Cecil had already raised in my mind.

However I determined for the present, as far as possible, not to let my thoughts dwell upon theological questions, and to follow Gray's ex- ample by laying all the responsibil- ity of my religious tenets at the door of the Queen and Parliament.

The next day I went to the Paris Garden and asked if Babington was there. He was not; but he was evi- dently well known, and I was told he would probably make his appear- ance before long. To while away the time, I went to the butts, and prac- tised pistol shooting. A man who had been sitting at a table apart, wrapped in his cloak, with a glass of grog before him, followed me, and after looking on for a space in si- lence, remarked that I did not seem much used to pistol practice, and gave me a few hints. I handed the pistol to him, and said I must have a proof of his skill before I took him for my master. He replied that an old soldier like himself must be an adept at that business, and three successive times he hit the heart of the Turk, which had been erected as a target. I complimented him on his dexterity, and looked more closely at him; he was a man of average height and muscular build; in walk- ing he dragged one leg slightly, the result as I afterwards heard, of a wound he received at Antwerp. His complexion was pale, but sunburnt; the peculiar expression of his eyes, which were shaded by dark bushy eyebrows, staggered me a little, and made me ask myself whether the man was quite right in his mind. There was however nothing in his demean- or to strengthen this suspicion. When I had finished my number of shots and was about to depart, the stran- ger came up to me and said had he not heard me inquiring for one Bab- ington? I answered in the affirma- tive, and asked if he knew him? He replied that was the very question he was going to put to me, giving me at the same time a searching look. I wished to make Babington's acquaintance, I rejoined; and he said he wished to do so too, adding we might perhaps later on become ac- quainted with one another through Mr. Babington. "Very possibly," I replied, and I told him my name. "St. Barbe," he repeated, "I do not think I heard that one mentioned. All the same my name is Savage, John Savage." Thereupon he bowed and left me. Such was my first in- troduction to that unhappy individ- ual.

(To be continued.)

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