

JESUS said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER: AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15—19



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth."—TERTULLIAN *Prescrip* xxii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gather elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebein.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. *Cat.* xi. 1.

Calendar.

- Nov. 4—Sunday—XXIII after Pent 1st Nov St. Charles Borromeus B C d com Oct.
- " 5—Monday—St Mark P C doub com of Oct 7th Oct supp.
- " 6—Tuesday—St Calistus I P M doub 14th Oct supp.
- " 7—Wednesday—VII day of the Octave sam.
- " 8—Thursday—Octave of All Saints doub.
- " 9—Friday—Dedication of Our Saviours Church at St John Lateran doub I class with Oct.
- " 10—Saturday—St Andrew Avellinus C doub com Oct and St Tripho &c Mm.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARGARET CLITHEROW, THE MARTYR OF YORK.

Published from the Original Manuscript, 1849.

Mr. Nicholson has rescued from obscurity a grave and instructive narrative of the heroic martyrdom of a woman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It had been written by her Confessor, the Rev. John Mush, and is now for the first time made public.

The mockery of a trial to which she was subjected, is thus recorded by her biographer:—

Her indictment was read, that she had harboured and maintained Jesuits and Seminary Priests, traitors to the Queen's Majesty and the laws, and that she had heard Mass, and such like. Then Judge Clinch stood up and said, "Margaret Clitherow, how say you? Are you guilty of the indictment, or not?" The Martyr being about to answer, they commanded her to put off her hat, and then she said boldly, with a mild and smiling countenance, "I know of no offence whereof I should confess myself guilty." The Judge said, "Yes, you have offended the Queen's Majesty's laws, forasmuch as you have harboured and maintained Jesuits and Priests, enemies to her Majesty." The Martyr answered, "I neither know nor have harboured any such persons. God defend (forbid) I should harbour or maintain those which are not the Queen's friends." The Judge said, "How will you be tried?" The Martyr answered, "Having made no offence, I need no trial." They said, "You have offended the statute and therefore you must be tried;" and often asked her how she would be tried. The Martyr answered, "If you say I have offended, and that I must be tried, I will be tried by none but by God and your own conscience." The Judge said, "No you

cannot do so, for we sit here," quoth he, "to see justice and law, and therefore you must be tried by the country." The Martyr still appealed to God and their consciences. Then they brought forth two chalices and divers pictures, and in mockery put two vestments and other church gear upon two lewd fellows' backs, and in derision the one began to pull and haul the other before the Judge and Council, scoffing and holding up a piece of bread, and saying to the Martyr, "Behold thy God in whom thou believest." Then they asked how she liked the vestments. The Martyr said, "I like them well if they were on their backs that know how to use them to God's glory and honour, for which they were made." Then Judge Clinch stood up and asked her, "In whom believe you?" "I believe," quoth the Martyr, "in God." "In what God?" quoth the Judge. "I believe," quoth the Martyr, "in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in these Three Persons and One God I fully believe, and that by the death, passion, and mercy of Christ Jesus I must be saved." The Judge said "You say well," and said no more. After a while the Judge said to her again, "Margaret Clitherow, how say you yet? Are you content to be tried by God and the country?" The Martyr said, "No." The Judge said "Good woman, consider well what you do; if you refuse to be tried by the country, you make yourself guilty and accessory to your own death, for we cannot try you but by order of law. You need not fear this kind of trial, for I think the country cannot find you guilty upon the slender evidence of one child." The Martyr still refused. They asked her if her husband were not privy to her doings in keeping Priests. The Martyr said, "God knoweth I could never get my husband in that good case that he were worthy to know or come in place where they were to serve God." The Judge said, "We must proceed by law against you, which will condemn you to a sharp death for want of trial." The Martyr said cheerfully, "God's will be done: I thank God that I may suffer any death for this good cause." Some of them said, seeing her joy, that she was mad, and possessed with a smiling spirit (a laughing devil). Mr. Dodd also railed against her on the Catholic Faith and Priests; so did the other counsellors also; and Mr. Hurlstone openly before them all said, "It is not for religion that thou harbourest Priests, but for wh—

d—m;" and furiously uttered such like slanders, sitting on the Bench. The Bench rose that night without pronouncing sentence against her, and she was brought from the hall with a great troop of men and halberds, with a most cheerful countenance, dealing silver on both sides the street, to John Trewe's house on the bridge, where she was shut up in a close parlour. The same night came to this Martyr, as she was praying upon her knees, Parson Whiggington, a Puritan preacher of notorious qualities, and ministered talk unto (harangued) her, as their fashion is. The Martyr regarded him nothing or little, and desired him not to trouble her: "for your fruits," quoth she, "are correspondent to your doctrine." And so he departed. All that night she remained in that parlour.—(Pp. 150—155.) We transcribe also the history of her martyrdom: heretical persecutors are just the same as their Pagan predecessors. The place of execution was the tolbooths, six or seven yards distant from the prison. There were present at her martyrdom the two sheriffs of York, Fawcett and Gibson; Frost the minister; Fox; Mr. Cheek, his kinsman; with other of his men, four sergeants, which had hired certain beggars to do the murder, three or four men besides, and four women. The Martyr coming to the place, knelt her down, and prayed to herself. The tormentors bade her pray with them, and they would pray with her. The Martyr denied, and said, "I will not pray with you, nor shall you pray with me: neither will I say 'Amen' to your prayer, nor shall you to mine." Then they willed her to pray for the Queen's Majesty. The Martyr began in this order: First, she prayed for "the Catholic Church, then for the Pope's Holiness, Cardinals, and other Fathers which have charge of souls, and then for the Christian princes of the world." At which words the torturers interrupted her, and willed not to put her Majesty among that company; yet the Martyr proceeded in this order: "and especially for Elizabeth, Queen of England, that God may turn her to the Catholic Faith, and after this mortal life she may receive the blessed joy of heaven; for I wish," quoth she, "as much joy to her Majesty's soul as to mine own." The sheriff, Gibson, abhorring the cruel deed, stood weeping at the door. Then said Fawcett, "Mrs. Clitherow, you must remember and confess you die for

treason." The Martyr answered, "No, no, Mr. Sheriff, I die for the love of my Lord Jesus;" which last words she spoke with a very loud voice. Then Fawcett commanded her to put off her apparel; "for you must die naked," said he, "according as judgment was pronounced against you." The Martyr, with other women, requested him on their knees, that she might die in her shift, and that for the honour of womanhood they would not see her naked; but they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the woman might unapparel her, and that they would turn their faces from her during that time. The women took off her clothes, and put upon her the long linen habit. Then very quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, the linen habit being placed over her as far as it would reach, all the rest of her body being naked. The door was laid upon her hands joined towards her face. Then the sheriff said, "Nay, you must have your hands bound." The Martyr put forth her hands, still joined over the door. Then two sergeants parted them, and with the inkle strings, which she had prepared for the purpose, bound them to two posts. So that her body and hands made a perfect cross. They willed her again to ask the Queen's Majesty's forgiveness and to pray for her. The Martyr said she had prayed for her. They willed also to ask her husband forgiveness. The Martyr said, "If ever I have offended him, but for my own conscience, I ask him forgiveness." After this they laid weight upon her, which, when she first felt she said, "Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! have mercy upon me!" which were the last words which she was heard to speak. She was in dying about a quarter of an hour. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, put under her back; upon her was laid to the quantity of seven or eight hundred weight at the least, which breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin.—(Pp. 191—195)

LONDON, September 7. Description of the Young Irelanders by one of themselves, in a Letter to Mr Duffy of the Nation.

It is not in the foreign Government, with its felony bills, its prisons and convict ships, the true danger lies, but in our own vices, follies, and weaknesses—our boasting. Heaven! how my ears tingle, and my temples throb, when I am twitted here about the