

next in order was called upon to try whether it might be in his power to lay claim to the same good fortune.

THE NINTH JUROR'S TALE.

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

"Or man, or spirit I answer thee! Behold me here—behold me!"

"I was musing On things that are not of this world: aye dallying With dreams that others shrink from; and commingling With disembodied Nature in her den Of lonely desolation, silent and dark."

JULIAN the Apostle.

Gentlemen, said the Ninth Juror, I should have at once to pay my forfeit with a good grace (for I never changed my memory with anything like a story), but for an accident which I will relate to you, as an appropriate preface to my tale. In the course of last autumn, it happened that business called me, for the first time in my life, to visit the city of Paris. If any one of the company has had either the good or bad fortune, as the case may have been, to see that celebrated capital, he must have observed, to his great perplexity, perhaps, and grief, that the houses in some of the streets are numbered in no irregular a manner, that it is often a matter of no little difficulty to ascertain an address, however minute a note one may have taken of it, on leaving home. It was in such a state of mind, that I was picking my steps to and fro, on a dirty November morning, in the Rue de la Harpe, one of the dirtiest thoroughfares of the arrondissement to which it belongs, being led by my classical curiosity, to search for that famous relic of the Roman times in France, which is known to modern tourists under the name of the Palais des Thermes. I had turned aside into an entry, with the view of once more consulting my map and guide book, without the risk of being rolled into the channel, by some liberty-loving waterier, when a good woman, who stood at an adjoining shop door, and conjectured by my proceedings, on what enterprise I was bound, said something of which the words "Palais des Thermes" were the only ones that conveyed any meaning to my ear. On my nodding assent, for I understood her countenance better than her words, she gave utterance to a good natured volley of instructions, out of which the words "out contre—parle cochere—a droite—" and "en face," were all I could comprehend, but they were enough; so, with a civil "Merci," I hurried on towards the porte cochere, of which she spoke, and gazed with surprise, and I confess, some little disappointment on the mouldering walls of alternate brick and stone, which had been for so long a time the seat of Roman splendor and authority. Dean Swift, by a fine stroke of satire, makes Gulliver express his disappointment at finding the cathedral of Brobdingnag only three thousand feet high, and with as little reason, I felt a certain damp on my spirits, on finding a palace in which the Roman emperors had feasted fifteen centuries before no better than a mass of ruins.

As I do not choose to bring any body into trouble, more especially, when they have been civil and obliging to one, I shall not tell you where it was, that I picked up a certain Greek manuscript, containing the facts of the story I am about to tell you; I can only say in general terms that the concierge who shows those "interesting remains," as they are called in the guide books, is a very civil person. If you should desire to know any more, I can only answer you by a sentence known to tourists in search of chambres a louer in the streets of Paris—Parlez au Portier.

With your good leave then, continued the Ninth Juror, drawing the candle nearer to him, and taking from one pocket a manuscript, and from another a pair of spectacles, the one of which he laid upon his knee, while he fixed the other on his nose, with your permission, I will read for you the story of the Chénides, the Lame Tailor of Macel, as the writer styles himself, though evidently a person of very superior mind and understanding.

"What!" exclaimed a Juror, "are you going to read all that Greek for us?"

"No—no," he replied, lifting his spectacles from his nose, and gazing under them at the speaker, "this is not Greek. I had it done into English, as our forefathers expressed it, by a very clever fellow, a relation of mine, who lives in the County Cork; and as I have no head of my own for spinning a story, I will give you this by way of substitute if, you desire it."

No person expressing any objection, the Ninth Juror adjusted his spectacles, and prepared to read.

THE SACKS OF ROME.

A lecture, by Lord Talbot de Malahide, on the sacks of Rome, was delivered recently before the British and American Archaeological Society in that city. His Lordship said—In giving a short account of the sacks of Rome it is not my intention to describe the various sieges which it underwent. I have considered whether I should have begun with the burning of the city by the Gauls, but the accounts of this event are so meagre and there is so much controversy upon the mode in which it was taken and relieved that I shall pass it over with the remark that we cannot but be surprised that the critics who ignore all that took place previous to the year a.c. 399 have no great fire to account for the destruction of records and chronicles that formed the foundation for the histories of Livy and Dionysius. We will make a great jump to the reign of Honorius. Italy was quite defenceless against the barbarians. Stilicho had protected it against their invasions, but on his death at Ravenna in inglorious ease, seeking himself with cock fighting and other amusements of an Oriental court. Thinking, as it appears, that Rome, after the repairs he had made in its walls, was able to protect itself, he made no attempt to stay the triumphal march of Alaric and his Visigoths. After making a show of attacking Rome three several times and exacting on each occasion heavy ransoms, he made a he made a formal siege in the month of August, and entered the city by the Porta Selara, by treachery, it is said, on the 21st of August, 410. Rome, though much fallen from its former splendour, and reckoning a population of not more than 300,000 souls, after having had nearly 2,000,000 in the time of Trajan, was still wealthy and retained most of the monuments of its greatness. The senatorial families had enormous riches, and lived with as much luxury as in the time of the Cæsars. Their mode of existence was very much the same as at Constantinople. They had immense palaces, with gold and silver plate, and every luxurious appliance, and large numbers of eunuchs and slaves. They took no part in public affairs, and though nominally for the most part Christians, were vicious, frivolous, and apathetic. The lower classes were unwarlike and idle, and spent their whole time in the baths or the circus. Even the clergy were not free from the degeneracy of the times, and although some were zealous in disputing the points of Arian and other controversies, or with the establishment of monasteries and nunneries, the majority partook of the general corruption. There was no attempt at resistance, and the victorious Goths poured into the Eternal City staring at the wonders which met them at every step, putting the population to the sword, and sacking the palaces, houses, and public buildings. They even attacked the monasteries and churches at the commencement, but by Alaric's interference were persuaded to desist, and particularly to spare the Basilicas. They did not attempt to enter St. Peter's, and

respected the right of asylum. Whatever was precious or valuable they seized without remorse, and committed great outrages on the inhabitants. It is not, however, believed that they willfully injured the public buildings or works of art; even the gilt statues which adorned many parts of the city were respected. It was reserved for the Emperor Constant the Second and Heraclius to carry out the wholesale spoliation of these last remains of Roman and Greek taste. They do not appear to have burned many buildings with the exception of the palace in the gardens of Sallust, which they came upon at their entrance into Rome. Alaric stopped the sack after three days, and withdrew his army, taking with him a large number of captives, among the rest Placidia, Honorius's daughter. He died shortly afterwards. Forty-five years afterwards Rome underwent another calamity at the hands of Genseric, the King of the Vandals. The historians have related how died Aetius, the last great Roman general, who conquered Attila at Chalons, and how his master and murderer, Valentinian III., met a similar fate; how his widow, Eudoxia, is said to have invited Genseric to invade Rome and rid her of her odious second husband, Maximus. Genseric entered Rome in the month of June, 455, through the Porta Pertusa (one of the old gates of the Leonine City) without resistance except the prayers of Pope Leo, who does not appear to have been so successful as he had been with Attila. Rome had somewhat recovered its losses of 410. The population had, however, diminished by half, to about 150,000. But there were still some wealthy families, and the Palace of the Cæsars, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, were intact. The Vandals did not spare them, but, though the sack lasted 14 days and was carried on in a most systematic manner, there is no record of their having burned or destroyed any of the public monuments. They got an immense amount of plunder, and among the rest they carried to Carthage the sacred vessels of the Jewish temple which had been brought to Rome by Vespasian and Titus. The further adventures of these interesting relics are curious; but there is much doubt about their ultimate fate. It is however, believed that after the taking of Carthage by Belisarius they were carried to Constantinople and from thence sent to one of the churches at Jerusalem. What became of them afterwards is not known, but it is not likely that they returned to the Tiber. Genseric evacuated Rome after a fortnight's stay, carrying with him an immense booty and several thousand prisoners, including two princesses, Eudoxia and Placidia. This was the death blow to Rome. The respectable inhabitants were entirely ruined, and most of them were scattered as slaves or beggars through the provinces. The next important event in the history of Rome is the fatal visit of Robert Guiscard and the Normans, during the war between Pope Hildebrand and the Emperor of Germany about the investitures. Henry IV., having recovered from his humiliation at Canossa, came breathing vengeance, and with a powerful army entered Rome on the 21st March, 1084. He was invited by messengers from the popular party there, who were tired of the rule of Pope Gregory VII., although he was supported by many of the barons. He took refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, and his partisans held the Colian, the Palatine, the Capitol, the Insula Tiberina, the bridges, and the Septizonium. Having established himself at the Lateran with the anti-Pope, Clement III., he called an assembly of the Roman Senate, deposed Gregory, appointed Clement, and had himself crowned by him as Emperor at St. Peter's. He could not take the Castle of St. Angelo, but stormed the Septizonium. On the approach of Robert Guiscard with his army of Normans and Saracens, whom Gregory had called to his assistance, he made a rapid retreat, and left the Romans to their fate. Robert Guiscard entered Rome on the 20th May, 1084. The inhabitants, though they had but little to lose, were no longer the passive unwarlike mob of former times. They made a strenuous resistance on several occasions, which provoked Robert Guiscard to set fire to the city, which he did at two different times. These fires were most destructive, particularly in the neighborhood of the Campus Martius and the Lateran. At this a great many ancient buildings and churches were destroyed. The Forum also suffered much. He released the Pope, and having quelled the insurrection, sacked the city. There was not much wealth to seize, as Rome had become very poor and miserable, but the inhabitants were dreadfully ill-treated, and 1,000 of them were sold as slaves to the Jews. He destroyed many parts of the city, and from this date we must reckon the depopulation of the Colian and Aventine Hills.—Robert Guiscard left Rome in June, 1084, and Gregory accompanied him to Salerno, where he died 25th May, 1085, laden with the curses of the Romans, whilst he was assembling an army to bring himself forcibly back to Rome. We have seen how much Rome suffered from the sacks of the Goths, Vandals, and Normans, but it had then a long respite. In spite of the chronic anarchy which prevailed there for centuries, the Pope had gradually assumed the ascendancy, and the city had wonderfully increased in wealth and cultivation. It had not, however, recovered its former numbers. Large tracts were depopulated, and it did not contain more than 86,000 inhabitants—about the same as in the reign of Servius Tullius. Vice had also kept pace with increasing prosperity, so that at the beginning of the 16th century Rome was considered both the wealthiest and most corrupt city in the world. It had lost the veneration by which it had been illuminated during the dark ages, and there was a universal cry against the enormities of the Papal Court. This will in some measure account for the moderate sympathy which was felt at the time for the horrible fate which it underwent at the last sack. The cruelty and rapacity of the triumphant barbarians were dreadful, but were far exceeded by the excesses of the Imperialist army in 1527. There were, however, sufficient warnings at Rome to prepare this superstitious population for the calamities which were in store for them. All the contemporary historians mention that some time before the arrival of Bourbon a low person of the neighborhood of Sienna, of mature age, red hair, naked, and haggard, with great show of devotion, named Brandano, had foretold to the Roman people the certain ruin of the priests and all the Roman Court and the reform of the Church, and went about preaching in the heart-rending tones to the citizens and the populace the necessity of humiliation, as the hour of trial was at hand. And he addressed towards the Pope himself, without regard to his position, the most contemptuous words, proclaiming on the part of the Most High his ruin and that of the whole city. He was apprehended and kept in close confinement, which, however, did not prevent him from proclaiming with still greater vehemence and effect the doom of Rome. A vast number of the people had, as is usual in these cases, the most implicit faith in his predictions. Among other portents a mule produced a foal within the palace of the Cancelleria, and a large piece of the walls which unite the Papal palace to the Castle of St. Angelo suddenly fell. A few months before an arrow struck accidentally the sacred image of our Lady in the Church of Sta. Maria di Trastevere and knocked the crown off her head and the child from her arms, which were both broken to pieces. The sacred Host, which, according to custom had been, after Holy Thursday, deposited in the tabernacle of the Pope's chapel, was found the following Thursday morning, God knows how, thrown on the ground, and it occasioned great consternation and alarm. The Constable de Bourbon, who commanded the Imperial army after the fatal battle of Pavia, led his troops through Lombardy and Tuscany, committing horrible excesses both on friend and foe. He ultimately stationed himself at Sienna, commanding both Florence and Rome. He began by threatening Florence, but the

citizens of that energetic little city, partly by bribery and more by the resolute attitude of defence which they assumed, conjured away the storm. The Pope also had attempted to stop Bourbon's march, through Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, who went to him and endeavored to prevail upon the troops to retire. It was, however, all in vain. He and the other superior officers were obliged to hide themselves from the rage of the troops. Frundsberg, who commanded the Landsknechts, was so shocked at their conduct that he died of a broken heart. When it was proposed to the Spaniards to stop their march they ironically replied that they felt so much the burden of their sins that they could not dispense with the Papal absolution. Bourbon now left his artillery at Sienna and proceeded rapidly towards Rome, and arrived under the walls on the 5th May, 1527. He found Rome and the Pope quite unprepared. St. Peter's and the Vatican had a short time before been sacked by the Colonnas, and there was not a trained soldier within the walls. Attempts were made to raise money; the Pope sold five cardinals' hat at forty thousand ducats each, and a few nobles contributed small sums. The English Envoy pledged his property to raise one thousand six hundred scudis. Renzo da Ceri, one of the Orsini, was appointed commandant, and he hastily enrolled shopkeepers and valets to the number of 3,000, and also some of the Roman tribes. This officer was quite unfit for his post. He had no authority over such a tumultuous host; and besides he neglected many ordinary precautions. He thought by closing the gates of the city to strengthen the resistance, but it had quite the opposite effect, and only increased the sufferings of the population. Bourbon encamped opposite the Leonine city, which was weakly defended by the walls erected by Leo IV. between 848 and 852. His headquarters were at St. Onorio which was not then included within the circuit of the fortifications. Indeed the only walls were those of the Leonine City, and the old walls of Aurelian and Honorius round the Janiculum. There are different accounts of his forces. Gregorovius's statement is as follows:—16,000 Germans, 5,000 Spaniards, 2,000 Italians, 500 hommes d'armes, 1,000 light cavalry, amounting in all to upwards of 30,000 men. Bad as was the position of the Pope, Bourbon's condition was not much better. He had no siege artillery nor ladders, and no provisions; and he could not expect to draw much from the Campagna. The army of the League was near at hand and if Rome resisted for a few days, to give time to the Duke of Urbino to arrive, he probably would have been obliged to give up his attack on Rome. He felt this so much himself that after trying to get admission into Rome on the pretence of marching to Naples, which proposition was indignantly rejected, he tried to persuade his troops to give an immediate assault. However, they were so much fatigued that he was obliged to postpone it till the following morning. Rome was stormed on the 6th of May, 1527. Sciarra Colonna watched the Milvian Bridge, German, Spanish, and Italian troops poured into the city, and all Rome was theirs with the exception of the Castle of St. Angelo, which held out to the last. The Pope had taken refuge there with 13 cardinals, several ambassadors, and a crowd of noblemen, merchants, men, women, and children nearly to the number of 3,000. A vast number were cut out, and two cardinals were drawn up in baskets after the portcullis had been lowered. No proper precautions had been taken for victualing the castle, and although necessary were hastily collected from the shops in the Borgo, the refugees suffered much from want of provisions during the long siege. The Pope endeavored to come to terms with the troops, but they were so elated with their success that they would hear of no proposition until they had sacked the city. The savage hordes now overran the whole city, massacring men, women, and children without distinction, and then breaking into the palaces and churches in search of plunder. Even the churches and monasteries were not in the least respected. The Palace of the Vatican, the Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Papal Chapel, the Sancta Sanctorum, and other holy places were turned into stables and dwellings for the lowest class of German and Spanish sutlers. Nothing was heard but blasphemy and the most horrible desecrations of the most holy places. Many holy paintings and statues were destroyed. The Gothic respected sacred edifices and property, but we can see no such acts of piety in the year 1527. Lutherans, Spaniards, and Italians alike mocked the sacred ceremonies. The Landsknechts rode through the city upon asses, dressed like cardinals, with the Pope in the midst of them. The Flemish tapestries, which were designed by Raphael, were carried away and sold to the Jews. But it is not true that they lit fires in the stanzas of Raphael or mutilated the ancient statues in the Vatican. A vast number of manuscripts and documents were scattered and destroyed. The Vatican Library had a narrow escape. The Prince of Orange saved it with difficulty. Nuns were carried away from their cloisters and altars to grace the barracks of those dissolute soldiers. Ladies of the most aristocratic type were paraded in a state of nakedness through the streets, accompanied by licentious courtizans dressed in purple mantles and golden crowns, with priests in women's clothes. According to Brantome, marchionesses, countesses, and baronesses, served as menials to the common soldiers, and long after the respectable women of Rome were nicknamed the relics of the sack of Rome. The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, of St. Andrew and many other saints, the true wood of the cross, the holy thorns, the sacred oil, and even the holy Host were trodden under foot. Through all the streets you might see the scum of the population carrying great bundles of rich ecclesiastical vestments and ornaments, large sacks full of gold and silver utensils, great numbers of prisoners of every rank and condition dragged to places of confinement; in the streets many bodies of noblemen cut to pieces, covered with blood, and many of them still breathing; men, women, and children killing themselves by throwing themselves out of their windows to avoid the outrages of these savages. After three days the Prince of Orange attempted to stop the sack; but his followers were quite as violent in extorting ransoms and torturing those who were not disposed or unable to pay them. In many cases they had to pay them several times over. After having ransomed themselves from a troop of Spaniards they were attacked by the Germans, who made similar exactions from them. They were very bitter against the cardinals. They carried one day the Cardinal of Aracoeli, in a hearse as if he were dead, through every street in Rome, chanting the funeral service, to a church where they had a mock sermon full of ribaldry on the morals of the Cardinals and prelates. They afterwards adjourned to their own residences, where they held their orgies drinking out of holy vessels. A long and tedious negotiation ensued between the Pope and the Emperor. The Imperial troops were admitted into the castle of St. Angelo, and a treaty was signed between the two parties by which he was to be released in December 9. As, however, the Pope was still kept a close prisoner, on the night of the 8th he contrived to escape by letting himself down the walls, and took refuge at Orvieto. This closed the siege of the Castle of St. Angelo, and shortly after the Emperor's troops evacuated Rome. In reviewing the results and consequences of these events, the amount of plunder was something fabulous, amounting what with spoils and ransoms to between four and six millions of crowns. A vast deal of valuable property was scattered or destroyed. Works of arts, pictures, statues, and all moveable articles of vertu disappeared; large sums of money were doubtless buried and concealed, and some of this was never recovered. The moral atmosphere of Rome was wofully disturbed and slow-

ly if ever recovered from the blow. The fine arts were utterly crushed. The great artists of Raphael's school were scattered through different cities of Italy and France; and Rome may be said not to have had subsequently anything worthy the name of a school of painting or sculpture. The Papal Court became more decent, and in the course of time the scandals which had formerly shocked Christendom were very much abated. Nepotism prevailed, however, in great force, and the relatives of Paul III., Paul V., Urban VIII., Innocent X., amassed gigantic fortunes. Architecture also revived, but unfortunately the reigns of Sixtus V. and Urban VIII. were greatly instrumental in the destruction of many of Rome's ancient monuments. The time had not arrived when we were to have a series of conservative Popes who, beginning with Clement XIV., were to bestow some care and attention on ancient Roman art. All amateurs of antiquities will feel eternal obligations to Pius VI., Pius VII., and particularly the present Pope, for the due protection which they have extended to all historical monuments, and it is to be hoped that their successors in the rule of the Eternal City will follow their example.—Dublin Freeman.

THE UNCHANGING FAITH.

One of the reproaches constantly brought against the Church is, that its faith has a dead fixedness, which prevents progress in spiritual knowledge, and renders it impossible for the Church to meet the necessities of modern times. It is argued that circumstances have changed greatly during the last few centuries, and with them have come new wants; that a faith which is unchanging, and unchanging, however well suited the truths it comprehends may have been to enlighten and guide previous ages, cannot solve the problems of human existence in the age in which we live. It is assumed, too, that a faith thus unchangeable and unprogressive is virtually dead, and must cause spiritual and intellectual stagnation in those who hold it.

Now, that the faith of the Catholic Church of today is the faith of ages long past, we cheerfully admit.

The same truths are symbolized in her worship, taught in her catechisms, and proclaimed from her pulpits to-day which were symbolized, and taught, and preached when Protestantism had no existence. The Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Eucharist is adored now as then. "From the rising of the sun unto the going down," the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up now as then. The Glories of Mary, the Mother of God, are recognized with the same veneration to-day, as before Luther arose as the representative and propagator of free-thinking, confusion and dissension; and as, still further back, before Nestorius was condemned at Ephesus, in the Church, then under Mary's patronage, and bearing her title. The Athanasian, Nicene and Apostles' creeds are still held, with as firm faith, as in the days of Chrysostom, of Augustine, of Ambrose, of Basil, of Hilary, of Athanasius, and of the Apostles. The same veneration is paid to the relics of Saints as was paid to the ashes of St. Polycarp and the mangled bones of St. Ignatius. There is the same looking to the Holy Roman See—the Rock—for constant confirmation in the unity and never-failing purity of the true faith, as in the days of Ignatius, and of Irenæus of the Councils of Nice, of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon.

There has been, therefore, fixedness, unchangeable sameness; yet there has been no stagnation, no deadness, or want of life. New heresies have arisen, which required more explicit definitions of that faith, and in due season and the "opportune" time those definitions have been made. New events have come to pass, and new conditions of society, which have required the application to them of the unchangeable truths of the unchanging faith, and the application has never been wanting, when it became necessary. The mouth of Peter has never been closed, nor his voice silent. Time and again it has been lifted up, that all the world might hear it—and those who did not hear, did not, because they closed their ears—in hatred, in instruction and counsel, in warning, in rebuke, and in denunciation. Thus, what was previously implicit has become constantly more explicit; what was always held in principle, has been more fully explained in consequence, and its applicability to given circumstances.

The faith of the Church has never changed, yet has it been always full of life, quick and powerful! Like the master of a house, whose treasure is inexhaustible, the Church constantly brings forth, according to the needs of her children, things both "new and old." Old truths, old principles, old, yet never obsolete, and never, by any possibility, capable of becoming obsolete; because they are true, and, therefore, unchangeable and eternal. But the Church also brings forth new things, as well as old; new applications of truths, or, rather, applications of truths to new circumstances, to new facts, new forms of wickedness, new manifestations of error.

We have examples of this constantly in history. The doctrines of the Divinity our Saviour and of the Trinity have come down, unchanged, from the time of the Apostles, yet frequently the Church of the early ages had occasion to define them on the one side and on the other, so as to explain their import to the faithful, and erect barriers against the inroads of heresy. Theologians and Doctors meditated upon these mysteries, and expounded and illustrated them more and more fully, and thus the faithful children of the Church were fed with the pure milk and strong meat of divine truth committed to the Church to teach; and which she has ever taught, dividing and distributing it to mankind, in every age and country, according to their necessities.

Nothing can be more illogical, or contrary to experience and common sense, than to speak of the faith of the Church as inducing "stagnation of thought," or impeding progress in knowledge, because that faith is fixed and unchangeable. The relations of numbers and the laws of computation are unchangeable, yet no mathematician, no geometer, or astronomer has felt himself hampered and impeded by their unchangeableness. No scientist has ever dreamed of making this unchangeable fixedness of mathematical truth the basis of a charge that mathematics stand in the way of scientific progress.

The natural institutions of society, the Family, the State, are of divine ordination, and intended to endure as long as the world shall endure. The relations in which man stands to God, his fellow-man and to himself, are all controlled by fixed principles. The nature and attributes of God are unchangeable. The essential nature of man, of truth, of holiness, and of sin, are also all unchangeable. The divine revelation made by our Saviour, and by Him committed to the Church to be taught, is unchangeable, and yet in the universality of its unchangeable truth, it comprehends all that man, in any and every age, country, and condition needs to know, in order to obtain redemption and salvation. This truth is what the faith of the Church comprehends, what has been committed to the Church to teach. And as truth is unchangeable, the true faith, is, and, in the necessity of the case, must be, unchangeable. To make this characteristic of Catholic faith, a ground of objection and reproach is as absurd as it would be for an arithmetician to find fault with the multiplication table on the ground that it never changes, or for a scientist to object to the law of gravity because it acts immutably.—Catholic Standard, Philadelphia.

There is one disadvantage in having girls in the composing room. The young man who goes up to see how much matter there is left over seems to have a terrible time finding the galley—it takes him an hour generally.

AN ENGLISH ESSAYIST ON IRISH EDUCATION.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON IRISH CATHOLIC CLAIMS. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes as follows to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette: Sm: An assertion made in the preface to my account of German higher schools, that "before Prussia compelled Roman Catholic students to attend university instruction she gave them Roman Catholic universities to go to," has met and still meets with so much denial, and the matter at issue is so important, that I will ask you to afford me space for an explanation. In my preface I was contrasting the position of the university student in Ireland, if he is a Roman Catholic, with the position of university students in Prussia and Great Britain. I remarked that, whereas in England and Scotland Protestants had public universities where religion and philosophy and history were taught by Protestants and in Prussia both Catholics and Protestants had public universities where these matters were taught by professors of the students' own confession, in Ireland Catholics had no such university, and we would not let them have one. Writing for the general reader, I applied the term Catholic or Protestant to universities as he himself, I thought, would be likely to apply it; meaning by a Roman Catholic university not a university where no Protestant might enter; and where even botany and mineralogy must be taught by Catholics, but a university where the Catholic students would find religion taught by Catholics, and matters where religion is interested, such as philosophy and history taught by Catholics too. In speaking of a university as Protestant I mean the same limitation to be understood. I had also a right, I think, to say that while we would not give the Irish a public university where religion, philosophy, and history were taught by Catholics, we English and Scotch, had for ourselves public universities where religion, philosophy, and history are taught by Protestants. This is indisputably so as to religion; the only question can be whether it is true as to philosophy and history. Can anyone think that a Catholic could be appointed to a chair of history or philosophy at Oxford or Cambridge? No one. But a distinguished Scotch Liberal—eminent alike by rank, office, talents, and character—assured me that as to all chairs of philosophy and history the Scotch universities were now un-Protestantized. In law, no doubt; but in fact? In fact, they remain exclusively Protestant. My Scotch informant himself supplied me with the best possible proof of it—for when I went on to ask him, "Would it be possible, then, for the government to appoint an eminent Catholic metaphysician—Father Dalgairns, for instance—to a chair of metaphysics in Scotland?" my informant answered instantly "Of course not; it would be a national outrage." But really the Irish Catholics could hardly desire for themselves anything more agreeable than a national Irish university where it should be a national outrage for the government to appoint Mr. Bain or any except a Catholic, to a chair of mental philosophy. Irish Catholicism is a natural, existing fact, and certain to exist for a great while to come. It is not going to disappear because it is not so enlightened as the religion of the "Fortnightly Review" or so pure as the religion of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. For a very long while yet our only course will be to take Irish Catholicism as a fact and do the best we can with it—now, the worst we can do with it is to shut it up in itself. True, Catholicism has political inconveniences in its Ultramontanism, social inconveniences in its confessional, intellectual, and moral inconveniences in its denial of the necessity and duty of private judgment. All these incidents of the religion of Catholics, however, Catholics have accepted because their religion itself was so attractive to them. They will not drop these things because we dislike them; and most certainly they will not drop their religion to get rid of these things. They will get rid of them, or of what is bad in them, not by a sudden change, not by a wholesale conversion, not by ceasing to profess themselves Catholics, but only by the slow advance of culture in the body of the Catholic community itself, only by the general widening and clearing of European thought being felt through this community. This is a truth which statesmen cannot lay too much to heart; and it is the gravest possible condemnation of our policy towards Catholicism in Ireland. For what are we doing in Ireland? Forcing Catholicism to remain shut up in itself because we will not treat it as a national religion. And why will we not? In reference to two fanaticisms; a secularist fanaticism which holds religion in general to be noxious, and, above all, a Protestant fanaticism which holds Catholicism to be idolatry. But Catholicism will not disappear, and at this rate it can never improve. Mr. Lyon Playfair made an excellent speech the other day on the defects of the Irish schools. The Times had an excellent article remonstrating against these schools being treated with a slack indulgence unknown in England; against grants without examination and teachers without certificates. But Mr. O'Reilly says that what the Irish ask for is training schools here, as there are Protestant training schools here, and aided on just the same terms as the English and Scotch training schools; then we shall be quite ready, says Mr. O'Reilly, to forgo grants without examination and teachers without certificates. And really there is no answering Mr. O'Reilly, supposing the facts to be as they are stated; the Irish have a right to training schools like those in England and Scotland, and it is but fanaticism which retards education in Ireland by refusing them. It is the same thing as to universities for Irish Catholics. Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill is spoken of as the extreme of concession ever to be offered by England to Irish Catholicism. Yet that famous bill was in truth—if one may say so without disrespect to Mr. Gladstone, who had to propound his University Bill under the eye of his Secularist and Non-conformist supporters—simply ridiculous. Religion, moral philosophy, and modern history are probably the three matters of instruction in which the bulk of mankind take most interest, and this precious university was to give no instruction in any one of them! The Irish have a right to a university with a Catholic faculty of theology, and with Catholic professors of philosophy and history. By refusing them to Ireland our fanaticism does not tend to make one Catholic the less—it only tends to make Irish Catholicism unprogressive. So long as we refuse them, sir, I persist, instead of congratulating myself with the Times on our admirably fair and wise treatment of Catholicism—I persist in thinking that, where we are put to the test, our treatment of Catholicism is dictated solely by that old friend of ours—strong, steady, honest, well disposed but without somewhat narrow-minded and hard natured—the British Philistine. Your obedient servant, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

Five years ago there was no religious quarrel in Germany. Catholics and Protestants dwelt together in peace, displaying mutual courtesy and forbearance. Political strife there was, but existed only in books and pamphlets, and hardly awake an echo in the world without. It was left to follow its own law, and found no interpreter in royal edicts, no commentary in legislative decrees. It had not yet occurred to any one to suggest that a good Catholic could not be a good citizen. Nobody dreamed that Christian devotion was opposed to civic virtue. Facts were all the other way. It would be monstrous