

that they should make the best use of the means actually within their reach. The church in those ages opposed no obstacles to the reading of the Scriptures; on the contrary, her most strenuous efforts were devoted to the encouragement of this practice, which was declared to be most conducive to spiritual perfection. Mr. Buckingham entered into a lengthened and eloquent vindication of the church in the middle ages, against those aspersions, and pointed to her universal practice in many respects, as an evidence of her real feeling towards the Scriptures. In the earliest ages, translations were made of the Bible into French, Anglo-Saxon, English, Gaelic, Gothic, German, Italian, Bohemian, Arabic, Armenian, and Russian, which were avowedly made for the use and benefit of the laity, as he proved by many authorities. The spiritual teachers urged their flocks to pursue the reading of the Scriptures, as the best guard against temptation and the surest help to virtue. Books of prayer and meditation, consisting of selected extracts from the Bible, appropriate to various circumstances, were composed by the monks for the use of the laity; the gospels were read and explained from the altar in the native language; laymen often gave Bibles to churches and monasteries, and bequeathed copies of the Scriptures to their children; in the monastic libraries, which were open and accessible to all, Bibles were found in abundance, and it was a favorite work of charity to bequeath Bibles to be chained in the churches for the use of the people. In the monastic schools the study of the Scriptures formed a principal feature in the course of education; by kings and nobles the reading of the Bible was pursued with zeal and assiduity; and no means were left unemployed to mark the veneration with which all classes regarded the sacred volume.

We have been compelled to content ourselves with a mere outline of the matters treated of in Mr. Buckingham's lengthened and brilliant lecture. It would be vain to attempt to convey to our readers, in the necessarily circumscribed limits of this report, any of the evidence by which he sustained his various propositions, but it was most abundant, curious, and convincing in its character. In maintaining views so diametrically opposed to the general current of popular opinion, he naturally laboured under the greatest disadvantages, since at every step some deeply rooted prejudice had to be attacked and overthrown; but it is due to him to say that throughout the whole discourse, he never, for a moment, departed from the dispassionate and gentlemanly tone of scholar-like courtesy which has characterized his previous lectures. Each position he maintained was supported by the citation of numerous and overwhelming testimonies, and if there were any present who did not fully concur with him in his conclusions, they could not fail to be struck by the new and interesting views which he opened to them of the spiritual condition of our ancestors.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Buckingham will deliver the concluding lecture of this course, in which he proposes to adduce some further testimony with regard to the Bible in the middle ages, after the invention of printing; and to add some observations on the political and social features presented by that period of history. We have never, on any occasion, witnessed, in this city, so large an assembly of scholars, divines, and literati, of all classes and creeds; and we were gratified to see, from the large attendance of the gentlemen, that the beauty and fashion of our city felt an equally lively interest in such topics. As the room may be inconveniently crowded on Tuesday next, we would suggest to the eloquent lecturer the propriety of giving his closing lecture in a more capacious building.

#### TIME WILL END.

Who is the man living that shall not see death? Mortal men dwell in houses of clay; their foundation is in the dust, and they are crushed before the moth. Neither they who trust in wealth, nor the man of power, can redeem life from the grave. It is the place appointed for all the living. There the oppressor and the oppressed sleep together. The servant and his master will lie side by side. There the indolent and voluptuous find a couch, and the weary and heavy laden a resting place. Rulers and ruled, lofty and low, exalted and humble, rich and poor, bond and free, holy and vile—all are there. They lie down in the dust alike, and the worm shall cover them. In that war there is no discharge. Age, sex, beauty, wealth, circumstances, entreaty, prayer, piety, or blasphemy, are alike unavailing with him who leads the nations into dust.

#### AUSTRIA.

##### THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

The Times gives the following graphic description of some of the events of the siege by a member of the University of Oxford, who only arrived in Vienna the day before the murder of Count Latour:—

"Vienna, Nov. 9.

"As the regular post, long interrupted, is resumed to-day, I am at length able to write you some account of the dreadful scenes which I have witnessed here during the past month. While travelling in Greece in September I caught at Thermopylae a malarial fever, of which I was very nearly dying; and as soon as I recovered was sent to Vienna for change of air, where I arrived just in the time to see the insurrection of the 6th of October, the murder of Count Latour, and the massacre of some of his officers on the altar of the Cathedral, whither they had fled for refuge—deeds as horrid as any perpetrated in the first French revolution. It is now certain that the leaders of the insurgents here were acting in concert with the chiefs of the late revolts at Paris, Frankfurt, and Berlin, and that they had intended, in case they had repulsed the Imperial army, to abolish property, set up the guillotine—in short, establish a *Republic Rouge*, and a Reign of Terror on the French model. Europe at a large cannot be thankful enough that this greatest and, probably, last effort in favour of Communism, has been so signally defeated,—chiefly, as all allow, through the instrumentality of Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, who marched on Vienna contrary to express orders, and when, indeed, he had been attained of high treason, 'determined,' as he said in his proclamation, 'to save the Emperor in spite of himself, or, if it is the will of Heaven that the Austrian monarchy should be dissolved, not to survive its downfall.' The old generals who recollect Austerlitz, Moscow, and Leipzig are comparing with the most brilliant exploits of Hannibal and Napoleon Jellachich's march across Hungary—a hostile and most difficult country—at a time when the Emperor had repeatedly ordered him to submit to the rebels, and had left his army wholly unprovided for. On that dreadful night of the 31st October, I saw the glorious fellow, a young and magnificent looking man, by the blaze of the burning houses, and the flashing of 200 cannon, lead his wild Croats and Servians to the storm, his tall white plume shining, like Henri Quatre at Ivry, as the pole star of the whole army.—All agree that he is one of those remarkable men who are raised up from time to time to mould the destinies of nations.

"For some days after the 6th of October the insurgents here, like our Long Parliament, waged war against the Emperor in his own name, and preserved tolerable order. But, after the *corps diplomatique*, all the nobility and gentry, and 60,000 of the principal citizens had withdrawn and when Jellachich and Windischgratz had completed the investment of the city, the mask was thrown off, and the terrorism indeed became awful. The university—that is, not the 'dons,' but the students, who exercise an influence in Germany which it is hard for an Englishman to understand—guided by some foreign emissaries of revolution, usurped all authority, arming the mob from the spoils of the Imperial arsenal, and forming it into an Academic Legion. They dominated over the Convention, the National Guard, and all moderate men; in short, it was a second conquest of the Presbyterians by the Independents, or of the Girondins by the Montagnards. There were no means of escape; ruffianly press-gangs burst continually into all the hotels and cafes, forcing every one, without exception, at the point of the bayonet and pike to take arms and work at the barricades. You may imagine the exasperation into which we strangers and all respectable Viennese were thrown by such outrages, perpetrated on us in the name of liberty; and what a 'bore' it would have been to have got shot, as some foreigners I knew were, whilst forced to fight for so detestable a cause. On October 23d the Imperialists summoned the city to surrender conditionally, and at the expiration of the forty-eight hours' thinking time (*bedenkzeit*) as Jellachich called it, the attack began most punctually on the insurgent outposts. From three o'clock p.m. on the 25th, until the evening of the 31st, the fighting continued, with little intermission by day, while at night the heavens were all in a blaze with the glare of burning houses. 200,000 men were, in all, employed on both sides—a far greater number than fought at Waterloo; but the loss

does not much exceed 2,000, as both parties were so much under cover. The grand attack on the suburbs (from which the city, properly so called, is separated by a broad glacis and regular ramparts) began at ten a.m. on Saturday, the 28th, and after eight hours' tremendous fighting left the Imperialists in possession of the Belvedere Palace, which commands the city to the east, and of the Leopoldstadt, the Southwark of Vienna. On Sunday morning, the 29th my friend H—and I managed to escape from one of the advanced barricades, whither we had been pressed, into the Leopoldstadt, where we were most kindly received by the troops, both officers and men, to whom we were able to give valuable information as to the real state and disposition of the rebel forces. There the devastation is dreadful. The Jagerzeile, the beautiful street leading to the Prater, had been the scene of the hardest fighting of all, as it had been fortified by a succession of barricades, built up to the first floor windows in a half-moon shape, with regular embrasures, and planted with cannon. This was strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses, but they, and the pools of blood all about, did not strike us so much as the horrid smell of roast flesh, arising from the half-burnt bodies of rebels killed in the houses fired by congreve rockets, which we saw used by the troops with terrible effect. Half of the houses in this beautiful suburb are thus burnt down, while the other half are riddled with shell and shot. On every side you may see weeping wives, sisters, and daughters, picking literally piecemeal out of the ruins the half-consumed bodies of their relatives.

On Sunday evening the city, dreading a bombardment from the Belvedere, agreed to surrender but the capitulation was shamefully violated, when early the next morning the approach of the Hungarians to raise the siege was signalled from the tower of the cathedral. Then came the real crisis; most of the troops and guns were removed from the Leopoldstadt to meet the enemy in the rear, while the remainder set to work to barricade the bridge which connects the suburb with the city, so as to prevent a *sortie*—H—and I, and some other foreigners, dreadfully exasperated by the treatment we had met with from the rebels, and excited by the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' offered the General our services, which, as men were scarce, were thankfully accepted, and setting to work in good earnest under the direction of the engineer officers, we soon erected—soldiers and civilians working together—a strong breastplate of paving stones—[N.B. Macadamising the streets of the continental cities would effectually prevent revolutions]—from which the six cannon left us swept the bridge with such a murderous fire of grape that a rally became impossible.

"Of course we were fired on continually from the ramparts, and I for the first time literally tasted blood, which was dashed over my face and clothes when a round shot carried off the head of an artilleryman by my side. All this time the roar of cannon, the whizzing of rockets, and the roll of musketry in our rear, told us that the Hungarian army had joined battle, while in our front, from all the ramparts, tops of houses and churches, the rebels were firing signal guns, and waving flags to cheer them on. It was a clear, sunny, autumn day, and all felt that there were trembling in the balance, not only the fate of the grand old Austrian Empire—'An *Siegen und ein Ehrenreich*,' the monarchy of Charles V. and Maria Theresa, and so long the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks—but with it the peace and safety of Europe. At length the firing behind us gradually slackened, and then died away, and towards sunset the victorious Imperialists marched back from the field of battle, having utterly routed the Hungarians and driven 3,000 of them into the Danube, which will roll their bodies down to Perih—a fearful tidings of their defeat. You may fancy what cheers now arose from the Imperialists, and what yells of despair from the rebels, whose offers of a conditional surrender were now scornfully rejected. That night and the following morning (Tuesday 31st) were devoted to the needful repose of the troops, wearied by the incessant fighting of the past week; but at 3 p.m. a tremendous bombardment of shells and rockets was opened from the Belvedere Gardens, and as soon as it got dark Jellachich stormed the ramparts, the troops getting into the City just in time to prevent a general plundering and massacre by the armed mob of all the respectable citizens, and to save the unvalued collection of art and literature in the Imperial Palace, to which

rebels had set fire in their impotent rage and spite. The adjoining church, however, where the hearts of the long line of Austrian Emperors are interred, and which was rich in splendid monuments, has been burnt to the ground. So were the tombs of the French Kings St Denis rifled by the revolutionary mob.

The morning after the storm we marched into the city with the victorious troops; pretty figures, indeed, after even our four days' campaigning, as of course we had escaped on Sunday with nothing but the clothes we wore—now torn and disfigured with blood and dirt. Martial law is of course proclaimed, and the leaders of the revolt are being shot in batches as they are caught. We have seen the execution of several of the chief students, who had rather 'fraternised' with us as English University-men on our first arrival, but who latterly had become too great men to condescend to notice or protect us from outrage; so we feel no pity for them.—The great body of students who have borne arms are to be forced to serve as common soldiers among the savage Croats, Jellachich daily remarking, in yesterday's proclamation, that 'as they had been pleased to play at soldiers without being called on, they should now have an opportunity of exercising the profession in a legitimate way.' Tranquility and confidence are already betwined, and thousands of the fugitive families are daily returning. But it must be long before Vienna can become what it once was—the very head quarters of pleasure and amusement; indeed, in constitutional countries (and a constitution has been granted to Austria), where men have something more serious to attend to, there can probably never exist the light-hearted gaiety for which the Austrians were once so distinguished.

**MARCH OF STARVATION. CASTLEBAR.**—The condition of Castlebar, from starving beggars, is truly horrible. The streets are constantly rendered almost impassable by stools of human skeletons, in a state we aver, of nudity, importuning the inhabitants for food. To see those creatures of God's creation picking up the filthy entrails of fish, turn pions, &c., out of the filthy sewers, and devouring them with as much zeal as if they had undergone the process of cooking, is indeed shocking. Out-door relief, we may say, there is none, and in-door assistance cannot be afforded, the Vice Guardians finding it difficult to provide sustenance for the poor already in the house, the number of whom far exceeds that for which the establishment was originally built; the sheds recently erected are also filled.

**ADDERGOOLE.**—In the Poor-Law division of Addergoole the condition of the starving population is, we learn, awful. Thousands of human beings may be seen prowling about the hamlets and fields, devouring decayed potato peels and green herbs. Applications are daily made to the Vice-Guardians for relief, which those officials cannot afford for want of money; and we very much dread they will find it difficult to get money, if left dependent to the rates.

**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY AND THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.**—A long correspondence (for which we have not room this week) has taken place between the Roman Catholic Clergy of Granard union and the Poor Law Commissioners on the subject of the report made by Captain Long, in which he charged the Clergy of the Granard union with exciting their flock from the altar to tumult and sedition. The result has been that Captain Long at last stated that he did not intend to substantiate the charges; and when further pressed, wrote a letter of apology stating his regret at having made such a charge, as he had since learned it was untrue.

**OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.**—The public profanation of this day, which shocks the traveller in France especially, has awakened the zeal of the Pious Bishop of Langress, who has formed an Association to promote its due observance. Leaving to others to combat the sophistry of some persons, who contend that the legal enforcement of it would be a violation of the liberty of worship guaranteed by the charter, he has enlisted a large number of devout Catholics in an effort to correct this lamentable neglect of divine worship, as also to atone for the horrid sin of Blasphemy. He has sought and obtained the sanction of the Pope, who has graciously directed his own name to be inscribed as a member of the Association. This is worthy of Jesus.