

MEMORABLE.

TO

BY A. MACKAY.

BRIGHTEST of all the gems that shine
Around my mortal way,
Owner of every charm divine,
Shining with heavenly ray—
Dearest of all the hearts that e'er
My soul's affections won,
By Heaven and Earth, I truly swear,
I love but thee alone!

Though age should bend my tottering limb,
My cheek grow wan and pale,
The lustre of my eyes wax dim,
My love should never fail.
Though Time should scatter o'er my head
Its chilling wreaths of snow,
My love, though its young fire had fled,
Should still retain its glow!

Though Time should dim the loveliness
So brightly round thee shining—
Should rob thee of each angel grace,
In life's dull eve declining—
Should spoil each lustrous golden tress
That wantons o'er thy brow,
I would not love thee, dearest, less
One whit than I do now!

For thee, while bloom the flowers of Spring,
While Summer's sun doth shine,
While Autumn's leaves fall withering,
And Winter's storms combine,
Affection's ardent stream shall flow,
And love shall ever bloom,
Nor ever change or end shall know,
But with the silent tomb!

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers! Wherever ye bloom,
With your soft-tinted leaves, and your fragrant perfume;
Whether in spring ye come forth from the ground,
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful flowers, I love ye well!

Behold a young girl in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away;
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air;
While her fair hands are twining from summer bowers
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful flowers!

The scene is now changed, for years have flown—
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown.
And the lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well;
But flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confess'd!

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church bells;
The white-robed bride is smiling now
'Neath the budding wreath from the orange bough;
And bright-eyed maidens before her strew
Beautiful flowers of every hue!

There's a voice of sorrow—for time hath fled—
A wife and a mother lies cold and dead;
They've laid her to sleep in her snow-white vest,
With a young babe clasped to her marble breast;
And flowers are there, with their perfum'd breath,
Decking the bud and the blossom in death!

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;
Deep in the gloom of the cypress shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made:
And o'er her still the sweet flowers bloom—
They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb!

Beautiful flowers! ye seem to be
Link'd in the fond ties of memory
Companions ye were in our childhood's day—
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;
And barren and drear were this wide world of ours,
Lacking the smiles of the beautiful flowers!

A. L. D.

Happy Ignorance; or, Church and State. A Religious Adventure. With Notes by the Editor. Chapman and Hall.

This little book might have been written by the wise and good Doctor Arnold. It has many of the peculiarities of his opinions, and it is full of his large-hearted tolerance and Christian charity. But it is not written so earnestly as we should have looked for from him. It wants his compact force of style, as well as those flashes of generous indignation with which he lighted up a subject that moved him strongly. But it is quite free from the prevailing vice of slovenliness, both in thinking and writing; and is the evidently careful production of a thoughtful and sincere man. That he is a clergyman of the Church of England we can hardly doubt. Evidences of the information and habits of reasoning which belong to that class, pervade the volume; though powers of original reflection, added to a probably long personal experience (it is not a young man's writing) of the evils of Church dogma, government, and discipline, have excited him to opposition and distrust of his order. It is clear that he thinks it better, with Arnold, to uphold principles than to preserve institutions; and his strong belief that his principles are in great present danger of falling into disrepute, because of the vices of institutions which profess to exemplify them, would seem to have suggested this book.

It is in the form of a romance; but the framework is in that respect slight, and presents little interest. Opinions and arguments constitute its value; and indeed its leading incidents are in the nature of arguments. Some century and a quarter back, a party of plain, sober, virtuous emigrants, sailing for the South Seas, are supposed to be thrown on a rich

and uninhabited island. They have lost the ministers who had accompanied them; with, indeed, every person on board who bore authority, or could be reputed to possess superiority of education. To the bottom, too, with the ministers, have gone, the Bibles, the Prayer Books, and a considerable cargo of controversial divinity. The only religious fragments saved, are several copies of St. Mathew's Gospel, and some Psalters. Nor can the imperfect memory of these simple folk at all supply what they have lost. Although the things usually hardest to learn are usually hardest to forget, even the children forget their catechism; and as for the grown-up people, the most accomplished of them can but read and write in a plain fashion, say the Lord's Prayer, and remember the inexpressible comfort of Christ's precept and example. "All that they knew was their duty to God and man; that they knew, and they did it. It is quite surprising how very ignorant they were." The early ecclesiastical and civil government of this small unlettered republic is afterwards described; and a lapse of some hundred and thirty years is supposed to bring the reader up to 1846.

A circumstance hardly less curious than the original colonization of the island happens in this year. It has all that past time been walled round with brass from external communication: but now there suddenly descends into the very centre of it, no one knows from whence, some half-dozen English ecclesiastics of various persuasions; with a keen-eyed little man in a grey coat; and heaven knows how many bibles, breviaries, religious tracts, prayer-books, metaphysical and controversial volumes, and histories ancient and modern. The president and his people received them, much as Dido and her Carthaginians received Eneas and the Trojans; and with something of the same result in the way of unsettlement and disturbance. The four most prominent of the new visitors are a Roman Catholic Bishop, a Church of England clergyman, a Methodist and a sort of sensible rationalist (the little man in the grey coat) or philosphic scholar. The divines lose no time in expressing their dissatisfaction with the appalling ignorance in respect of religious duties and obligations which pervades the colony, and propose straightway to supply this deplorable defect with their own peculiar views. The president listens quietly, but doubts whether he can bring himself to interfere with his own simple-minded preacher.

The weekly discourses which he gives us, retrace, I allow, only the simplest truths of Christianity. But these simple truths press not the less on the heart, because they are equally comprehensible to the learned and the ignorant, and are clear of all those points of controversy on which you and your rivals do not agree. Neither yet is there any impressive portion of the mind which these truths fail to touch. Every motive, every sentiment, everything which leads us either to love, or to hope, or to fear, has always its nourishment in the plain, the certain, the obvious—always evaporates in the controversial and the difficult. I grant that there is, or ought to be, a science, or, if you will, a philosophy of religion, just as there is also a philosophy of poetry or of sentiment. But then, at the very moment at which we begin to philosophise about anything, it has lost its effect.

However, he at last consents to listen to each in his turn. He invites them to expound and discuss their several views, and takes in the grey-coated philosopher as a sort of *amicus curiæ*. Out of this rise a series of dialogues, forming some half or so of the book; and the result of them is to convince the president that it will be best for the colony to shut up the three divines apart from everybody else, and leave them to dogmatise as they please—with each other only. They have not been shut up many weeks, however, before the death of the president releases them; and the new president fails to interfere in time to prevent their pouring forth profusely everything that they either knew or thought about religion. The consequence is shown in a picture of the stripes and heart-burnings which rend and distract the colony after a lapse of thirty years. The reader is projected into 1846 to observe it, and the lesson is highly instructive. The grey-coated philosopher alone, of the original disputants, has survived these years; and he is now re-introduced as the counsellor of a new president, who sees that something must be done in the way of Church and State reform, if the colony is to continue to exist, but knows not how to set about it. What remains of the volume is a series of arguments on this head, in which, as we have intimated, many of Doctor Arnold's views appear, set forth with great acuteness and sobriety of thought, and much calm beauty of language.

We need not remind the admirers of that great and good man, of what kind the vision was which closed the vista of all his human speculations. He spoke of it in his last prayer before he so suddenly died, when, among the things he hoped, with God's leave, to do before his life closed in, he instanced "that great work," if he might be permitted to take part in it. The great work was to put in practice his theory of an all-embracing Christian Church, which is much in the nature of the remedy to which the good-hearted earnest president and the keen-sighted philosphic Alexis eventually come. They determine, as Arnold had in his own mind determined, that the civil power is better able and fit than the clergy, not only to govern, but to fix the doctrines of the Church; they have come to the conclusion that Christianity is at once so real and so universal, that it ought not to be held to belong to one set of persons, or to one institution, but to all; they appear to think, moreover, that there is no difficulty in any of the more important religious doctrines, which men of plain sense and honest meanings may not see through sufficiently for all human purposes, and fairly consent to accommodate; and that, in short, the State which pays one set of divines, ought, with due regard to the principles and leading doctrines of Christianity in every case (but not limited to any peculiar dogma), to pay all.

This is accordingly, in some sort, carried into practical realisation; and something of the effect produced by it is thus quietly glanced at.

And it also appears that they all, somehow or other, discovered that the only possible way of relieving it effectually was actually to treat their impoverished and unhappy, and even their vicious and criminal brothers and sisters as still connected with them by the brotherly and sisterly tie. The old lesson was now at length learned, that the cloth of serge and the cloth of gold are of the same workmanship, and that it is desirable to weave them, as far as it may be possible, into one pattern. It was also found out that it is not possible to show this desire convincingly without feeling it; or to feel intently without showing it; or to show in real habit or act without confirming it.

Happily also, most happily, in the great and common effort which was now made, even the biblical critics made the discovery that there exists a meaning in the word "charity," and an emphasis in the meaning of the word "peace," which these words had never before, or never since the first age of Christianity, been known to possess. This discovery seems in a great measure to have arisen from the bringing together, as is aforementioned, the many professors of the rival creeds, in the pursuit of the same really useful and benevolent object; and thus proving the practical unimportance of the questions which severed them.

And what especially requires to be mentioned is, that though the active and the busy, whether high or low, whether learned or ignorant, derived in general the benefits which have been here spoken of from the getting rid of the common controversies about religion, yet the race of the merely idle and imaginative went on in all things very much as before. The Brightons, the Cliftons, and the Cheltenham of the colony still retained a class both of reasoners and preachers at once ingenious and mystical and consequently also disputatious and vain.

Notwithstanding this exception, the one great, and rare, and cheering figure of religious harmony was tolerably distinctly visible to the last spectator of this singular picture as its prominent object. The man of real business, and who made real efforts both to do and to learn his real duty, was at this time seldom seen to be distracted by the unintelligible and the difficult from the good and the plain. The ordinary clergy, too, themselves, of all ordinary congregations, shared this benefit. It had travelled upward very generally out of the experiments made practically on the masses, that the culture of the heart, and the imitation of the Saviour,—that thankfulness for good, and submission to evil, and the looking through all varieties both of study and of toil to the hopes and consolations of a happier world,—is to be considered as constituting nearly the whole true end of the Christian calling. And this notion had, perhaps, gained footing the more uncontradictedly, because a report had obtained credit that on one occasion, even in London, a group of lawyers had deserted the Temple Church for St. Giles's, in order that they might get what they felt they wanted, instead of what they did not want.

But the reader will thank us for going back a little for some extracts from the earlier dialogues. They show a spirit not less devout than active and inquiring; and to which religion is a practical thing, resulting in daily goodness and active beneficence, not a mere form of words. There is hardly a page of this little book which is not, in some form or other, a protest against the pretences, the half-truths, the assumptions, and the bigotries, which of "sweet religion make a rhapsody of words."

In the course of a discussion on apostolic succession, the Roman Catholic Bishop reproaches Alexis for his vicious habit of resting everything on moral evidence and on documents; observing that he would not listen to an apostle himself, even though an apostle could, in these later ages, be re-called from the grave. Alexis answers:

Nay, would I not crawl even on my hands and knees as far as Jerusalem, though only for one day, one hour, of conversation with either Peter or John? How many are the questions which I could ask—questions, perhaps, as to the connection of the two dispensations, the Jewish and the Christian; questions as to any of the unrecorded acts or discourses of the holy Founder of our common religion; and on a thousand other subjects into which our reason would gladly inquire, and which happily might afford nourishment to our faith! But I should not lose my time in putting any questions to them concerning church authority. On that point it is, I think, pronounced too clearly to allow me to doubt for a single moment that if the seed be but sown and the plant watered, the God who gives the increase does not inquire whether this happy result be produced by the instrumentality of Apollon or of Paul.

We have subsequently an exposition of certain tolerant views of Alexis on some points of Roman Catholic doctrine which strikes us to be put in a very masterly way. The tendency of the whole volume, as we need hardly repeat, is to warn men against needless conflicts on the score of differences of opinion:

It was one of his singularities to have imbibed the notion, that it is very possible to entertain both a foolish and a superstitious hatred of even superstition and folly. He thought that he had observed on many occasions that the *talking nonsense* is not by any means a clear indication that the people who talk it *act* nonsensically. He had seen in his communications with the common people, that even while they fall into the most obvious intellectual fallacies, they yet often apprehend very well the right and the wrong; and he knew that in the army, the soldier who believes that every bullet has its billet, does not the less take care to get out of the way of the bullet, let the billet go whichever way it will. It was also a part of his creed, that whenever people of any decent sense or conduct in the ordinary commerce of life fall into outright contradictions, it is but fair and charitable either to give them credit for meaning something else than what they say, or at least to imagine that though they practise on themselves, or are practised on by some delusions of words, they may still be fit for something better than to be drugged with hellebore, or sent to Bedlam.

On these principles Alexis, Protestant as he was, thought that it became him so to expound, if not the doctrine, yet the folly, of transubstantiation itself, as not to tax all those persons who hold it with that frank insanity which it really does seem at first sight to denote; and still less, and this is the point most to the purpose, with the holding any thing of an essentially irreligious belief. He knew that all the assertors of the doctrine contend that there is a perpetual miracle, and that they decry all reference to sense and reason in the whole case. But still he did not perceive that even this renunciation of sense and reason necessarily intercepted any portion of that piety which is the ultimate end of religion, or indeed did much real harm of any sort to those who made it. He was also of opinion, that in order to have no nonsense in religion, it is plainly necessary either to make all religious men wise, or else, on the other hand, to make religion so simple, that it shall be understood by the ignorant. For all these reasons, therefore, although this great error of transubstantiation, no less than that of the worship of the saints, was an error which he could not but wholly reject, it does not seem to have been a point on which he was exceedingly sensitive. He had seen, or had thought that he had seen, at times when he had witnessed, though without partaking in, the service of the mass, as much at least of real devotion, as he had ever seen in his own communion. The folly of the creed, or of the expression of it, did not appear to him to vitiate the sincerity which he saw in the practice; and indeed it is very possible that he must commonly have been regarded by his personal friends as a man of somewhat too extensive a charity. He certainly had no preference for the Church of Rome over any other particular church. Perhaps of all churches he distrusted that church the most. But he was in all cases exceedingly ready to waive even grave and real objections to mere doctrinal errors, provided he saw, or thought he saw, that they were not inconsistent with the true service of God and of Christ.

Most beautifully is it afterwards said, in the course of a

dialogue with the Methodist on the subject of belief, and of the insufficiency of man's unaided judgment:

No human being who, in the calmness of the night and in the absence of passion, consults honestly the monitor within his breast, can fail to be guided by it to all that truth of feeling or sentiment which is all He requires of us in preparation for the future union with Himself. I will not say that through the prejudices of evil education, a man may not be led even conscientiously into some errors—errors from which *our* ignorance may as yet have saved us, from which *your* creed may have emancipated you. But all such errors are venial—are but as the dust of the balance; they shall not stop his progress to eternal life. Every man who is truly conscientious has entered on the road to that life by the light given him; and, at every step which he takes in that road, more light shall be given, and he shall at length have abundantly. The only safe guide, moreover, of a man's conscience to its verdict on the religious state of his mind consists, and can only consist, in the evidence of the facts or works which he does, coupled with reflection—that is, with a reasoning and intelligent reflection—on the principle on which he does them. The principle has been valueless if it have not been active. The actions are of no worth but for the sake of their principle. But, in all cases whatever in which both the evidence is complete and the reflection dispassionate, we have all the conditions which God allows to us on which to form a decision; and on these, and these only, we do form it as best we may.

A subsequent talk takes place with the Methodist on his habit of intruding religious solemnities and sour gravities into every attitude and employment of life; and this is condemned by Alexis, not only as dangerous to the growth and observance of religion—

I once knew a wise Methodist, who told me that it was his most rooted unhappiness that his only daughter, then a child, showed no sense of religion; 'wherefore,' he added, 'I take good care not to press the subject too much, or to try to make her *suck it in*,' these were his words, 'faster than it will come.' This speech made a great impression on me; and I have since had much reason to be convinced, that the improvements which have of late taken place in many parts of England in the education of the labouring classes have not been in any respect more really promotive of their religious improvement, than in the partial substitution of history and geography, or other secular studies, in place of the eternal Bible lessons of older times.

—but as an incentive to hypocrisy. The truth and temperate feeling of this passage are much to be admired.

Alexis. If a man impose a false character on the world, it certainly is a great palliation of the imposture that he imposes it on himself also. But still, even they who have this excuse are, in one sense, and that a Scripture sense, clearly hypocrites. To be a hypocrite is to wear a mask, to assume a character not the true character. It is not always implied that the wearer himself knows, or is conscious, that it is a mask only.

Methodist. But were there not masks in Vanity Fair?

Alexis. Let Vanity Fair answer for itself. Perhaps, besides the gay masks, there may have been also some few grave masks to be found in it. All I say is, that the features concealed under the grave mask are almost always, and characteristically, bad features. One of these features is spiritual pride—a bad exchange for thoughtless display. Another feature is selfish cunning—a worse sin than social excess. Every degree, moreover, of insulation from the inoffensive habits of common life, is at least one step to a want of charity for our fellow-creatures. The natural tendency, therefore, of this error of yours must, as it seems to me, be this: that though your religion may repress many visible exorbitances, yet your version of it must aggravate the dominion of secret sins—those sins which deprave the mind inwardly, and in the greatest degree. Do not, however, imagine that I suppose it actually to produce these evil consequences in yourself, or in such men as you. If the heart be, as I am persuaded yours is, really with God, you have a preservative *there* which will protect you from even the delusions of your own theories, and carry you as well, though not better, in that straight-cut coat of yours, in the way of his laws, as if it had been made in the newest fashion of the month in which we left England, and showed the very gayest colour of Iris's bow.

Most admirable, too, most wise and charitable, is what Alexis retorts upon the Methodist, when that worthy person has defended the value of doctrinal disputation by the example of St. Paul.

Every man who has any error to correct must correct it as he can; and if we are ever compelled to fight St. Paul's battle over again, let us try to fight it as he did. But still, my good friend, let us not fight it at all, if we can help it; let us not make it our willing design to lead any people, especially the ignorant, into barren and difficult ground. Also, for our own sakes, if we find any study in which we are tempted to engage, a bewildering study, let us abstain from plunging into it unnecessarily. Let us, as surely we ought, act in this matter just as we would also act in teaching any other particular science whatever. If in teaching a boy grammar we find that he does not talk Scotticisms, we do not try to unteach him them: we should probably think it little better than a very idle waste of labour to attempt to teach him what they are. So also in practical surgery: if it be the belief of the student that the application of hot oil, or of the actual cautery, is the best treatment of gun-shot wounds, it may probably require much time, and thought, and difficulty to drive, and perhaps at last to drive but imperfectly, that error out of his head. But this is no reason for bringing any such disputation into our medical schools in the present state of the science. * * * * I pray do not of yourself put any such matter into the heads of these poor ignorant people here. And above all things, do not encourage them to commute any real desire which they may have to make themselves better, into any theorising on how they came to be so bad. Teach them to be pious, pure, temperate, lowly, kind; and set before them the patience of Christ, and God's great love to us in him. I doubt, I really doubt, whether there be anything else in which you can do any direct or positive good. Do of this as much as you can. If any obstacles arise, infidel or judaical, meet these too, as well as you can when they rise before you. I do not say that a time may not arrive, or a place exist, in which you may have to deal with Voltaires and Gibbons, with Calvins and Shuffbottoms. But always consider this as your misfortune; never make it your choice. Do not encourage the disposition to substitute the exercise of the combatant who is beating the air, for the actual labour of the field. If you do—if you in point of fact substitute *any* mere opinion, true or false, in the place of religion itself—I see not that you have gained by rejecting those claims on behalf of church-forms or church-authority, which you, as I think justly, repudiate in the Church of Rome. Indeed, I am inclined to think your error worse than the Roman; inasmuch as if you place less dependence on forms, you will be led to place more on dogmatism; and I really account of this last error as the worst of the two.

Our last extract is from the same conversation, and points

acutely to the danger of a too great absorption of the mind in religious studies:

As far as you make the study of religion an affair of the intellect, you ought always to pursue other studies also at the same time, if you would make that study safe. Religion itself is most properly an affair of the heart; as such, it is no less within reach of men of the most limited than of the most extended mental acquirements; and men whose understandings are contracted, as I said before, by rigid necessity, naturally require less food for their thoughts than men who breathe in a freer atmosphere. But then, again, on the other hand, as the gripe of necessity relaxes its hold, some mental or intellectual occupation takes, and must take, its place. It is a law of nature so to be. And if people possessed of any considerable powers of understanding employ those powers on nothing else but religion, the risk is great that they will make out for themselves a diseased religion; and, sometimes, perhaps, the more diseased the greater their powers. In all mental pursuits not strictly mechanical, our occupations, if they are to be healthy, ought to be various. It is in no way less useful or necessary for the man to be taught to employ, and to employ variously, all the faculties of the mind, in order to protect him from mental error, than it is to the child that he be taught to exercise all his limbs, and in different ways, if we would save him from distortion of body. Only consider, my dear sir, how many faculties we all, or at least most of us, have. There is the imagination, the reason, the desire of knowledge, the impulse to act. All these are doubtless implanted in us for some end; they all *will* have their vent somewhere, though some in the greater degree in persons of one age or temperament, some in those of another. And one great point for us, as I think, is to provide that the vent which we find or encourage for each of them shall be healthful and safe. The imagination must and will be amused. You may amuse it safely with fiction. No mere tale not actually licentious ever did any other harm than that of perhaps enervating a little the powers of the heart or the understanding, by tempting them to digress somewhat too much from the path of serious duty. But this, though an error, is not an error of much moment, and differs not in point of character, from the mere taking an overdose of the gentlest medicine, or from the eating too much of wholesome food. Again, the understanding must be informed, or at least must think itself so. Open, therefore, to the understanding the fields of science and history; and this you may do without any fear of exhausting them. Also, in all these studies and pursuits, let the controlling and sanctifying principle of religion be always with you—that is, always within summons, often invoked. You will else be often betrayed from the line marked out by your guiding star. But then, again, on the other hand, if you indulge your *imaginings* on the topics of religion, or if you *confine* the use of your understandings to these topics, you tempt, I think, both your imaginations and your understandings to outrun the limits which truth and reason prescribe. You believe perhaps, that you occupy yourselves with religion only. But still you seek, and cannot help seeking, relief and variety. You cannot, of course, have this in religion itself. Therefore you look for it, and, inasmuch as you eschew everything else, must look for it in the things about religion—that is, in its doctrines. Accordingly you endeavour, though you cannot do it, to philosophise; you attempt, though you have never learned, to theorise. There are no people, as I imagine, who are more extreme philosophers and theorists, in their own bad way, than your people are. But philosophy and theory are, and must always be, except to some gifted minds, the province of dreams and confusion—dreams and confusion on which I suppose that we need not be careful to animadvert, so long as they take not the guise of religion or duty, but which, when they do take that guise, tend to deprave us.

We shall probably hear the writer of this book (of whose name or character we know nothing, beyond what the book itself suggests) stigmatized as a rationalist, a latitudinarian, an unbeliever. We believe him, on the contrary, to be a man of a very religious and devout spirit, as he is evidently a firm believer in Christianity. And we counsel all who take up the volume to do so in the temper of the wise and learned Hooker, who teaches us that as it is not hurtful, neither should it be scandalous or offensive, to hear the differing judgment of honest men. "Be it that Cephas hath one interpretation, and Apollon another; that Paul is of this mind, and Barnabas of that; if this offend you the fault is yours. Carry peaceable minds, and you may have comfort by this variety." —*Examiner*.

The Comic History of England.

MR. A'BECKETT continues his labor with untiring vigour and extraordinary talent. Whatever opinions may be held as to the utility of this undertaking, there can be no dispute as to the surpassing qualification of the writer. Amidst the multitude of brilliant things in the current number, we hardly know how to make a selection for extracts, but give, as a sample, the new genealogy of the woman from whose "eyes," in the estimation of many persons, the "gospel light" first proceeded—the famous Anne Boleyn:—

It is now time for us to speak of the commencement of that spirit of Bluebeardism which ultimately gave the most glaring coloring to Henry's character. He had always been a little flighty and indiscriminate in his attentions to the fair sex; but he had hitherto treated Catherine with respect, until he met with Anne Boleyn, or Bullen, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who was descended from a former Lord Mayor of London, but by a series of clever match-making—a talent for which was inherited by Miss Anne—the family had succeeded in allying itself, by marriage, to some of the proudest aristocracy in the land. One of their earliest "dodges" had been to repair the plebeian word Bullen, by omitting the U and substituting an O, which got it to Bollen. In the course of time, having been allowed an inch in the way of license, they took an L, or at least one liquid absorbed another, and the word now stood Bolen. Subsequently a Y, without a why or wherefore, was dropped in, and the Bullens, who had probably acquired their name, originally, from having been landlords, or perhaps potboys, at the "Bull," had now assumed the comparatively elegant title of Boleyn, which has since become so famous in history. Sir Thomas Boleyn, the father of Nancy, had long lived about the court, and had been employed as a deliverer of messages, or ticket-porter, for Henry VIII., on some important occasions. Anne, who was born in the year 1507, had in very early life gone out to service as maid-of-honor—to the king's sister, Mary, who, when going over to be married to Louis XII., took the girl abroad, where she picked up a few accomplishments. On Mary's returning home, a widow, Anne Boleyn found another situation with Claude, the wife of Francis I.; but, after remaining in another family or two for a short time in France, she returned to England, where we find her in 1527, engaged as maid of honor to Catherine of Aragon. Henry having become deeply enamoured of Miss Boleyn, who had shown a strong determination to stand

no nonsense, was suddenly seized with religious scruples as to his marriage with the queen; for he found out, seventeen years after the event, that he had done wrong in allying himself with his brother's widow. The fact of her being now an oldish lady of forty-three, added, no doubt, considerably to the pious horror of the king at the step which he had taken. He accordingly began to think seriously of a divorce; and when Wolsey was sounded on the subject, the cardinal, for reasons of his own, yielded a prompt concurrence. He was anxious to pay off Catherine, on account of a quarrel he had had with her nephew, the Emperor; and thus, in the words of the poet of Dumbarton Castle—

He sought to consummate his fiendish part
By breaking a defenceless female's heart.

He was sent as an ambassador to Francis, ostensibly to arrange about the marriage of Henry's only daughter, Mary, but really, as it is believed, to induce the French king to consent that Wolsey should be a sort of acting pope during the investment of the castle of St. Angelo, where the Spaniards and Germans had made the real pontiff a prisoner. Poor Clement bore his ill-fortune with patience, though, as long as the investment of the castle lasted, he used to say it was one of the most unprofitable investments in which he had ever been involved, and that nothing but the excessive tightness prevented him from selling out, for he was quite tired of the security.

The story of Wolsey's downfall is told after the following fashion:—

Soon after the trial of his cause, in which he thought proper to assume that he was entitled to a verdict, Henry set off on a tour, accompanied by Miss Anne Boleyn, who, in spite of Hume's panegyric on her virtue and "modesty," appears to have been what is commonly called a very pretty character. Wolsey was not invited to be one of the party, but he rode after the court, for he was one of those hangers on that are not to be shaken off very easily. He came up with the king at Grafton, in Northamptonshire, and was very kindly received, but the next morning he was told distinctly that he was not wanted in the royal *suite*, and that he might go back to London; after which he never saw his master's face again. Henry being anxious to ruin his late favorite *selon les regles*, took the very decisive method of going to law with him. Two bills were filed against the cardinal in the King's Bench; but Wolsey, nevertheless, proceeded to the Court of Chancery to take his seat, just as if nothing had happened. None of the servants of the court paid him any respect; and it is probable that even the mace bearer, the ushers, and other officers omitted the customary ceremonies of preceding him with the mace, and crying out, "Pray silence," upon his entrance. On his expressing his readiness to take motions, he was responded to by one general motion towards the door, in which the whole bar joined. Being thus left quite alone, he amused himself in giving judgment in some old suit, which had lasted so long that the parties were all dead, and he consoled himself by saying that this accounted for the fact of nobody appearing on either side. The king, hearing of the cardinal's proceedings, gave orders that he should be forbidden the court altogether, and when he went to take his seat as usual, he found the doors closed against him. When he got home to York-place, where he resided, he was told that two gentlemen were waiting to see him, and on going up stairs, the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk requested to have a few words with him. They told him that the king intended to come and live at York Place, so that Wolsey must "turn out," to which he made no objection; but when they insolently and tauntingly demanded the Great Seal, he declared he would not trust it in their possession without a written authority. "How do I know what you are going to do with it?" cried the cardinal, holding it firmly in his grasp, and returning it to the seal skin case in which he was in the habit of keeping it. The two dukes having exhausted their vocabulary of abuse, retired for that day, but came back the next morning with an order, signed by the king, for the delivery of the Great Seal, which Wolsey gave up to them, together with an inventory of the furniture and fixtures of the magnificent abode he was about to vacate in favor of his sovereign. The catalogue exhibited a long list of luxurious appointments, and commencing with "a splendid set of curtains of cloth of gold," went on with—a ditto—a ditto—and a ditto, down to the end of the three first pages. The neatness and variety of his table-covers cannot be conceived, and his magnificent side-board of gold and silver plate was, in those days, unparalleled. He had got also a thousand pieces of fine Holland; but, as the chief use of Holland is, we believe, to make blinds, we must regard his purchase of this material in so large a quantity, as one of those blind bargains which are sometimes the result of excessive opulence. Having made over all those articles to the king, Wolsey, left his sumptuous palace, and, jumping into a barge, desired the bargeman to drop him down with the tide towards Putney. The river was crowded with boats to see him shove off, and he was assailed with the most savage yells from the populace. As the bargeman gave Wolsey his hand, and pulled him on board, the poor cardinal stumbled over a block of Wall's End, when an inhuman shout of "That's right, haul him over the coals," arose from one unfeeling brute, and was echoed by countless multitudes. . . . The king now seemed to take some compassion upon his former friend, and sent down a medical man to see the prostrate cardinal; though we are inclined to attribute this anxiety for his health to a desire to keep him alive until the process was complete for depriving him of all his property. At all events, a Parliament was suddenly summoned, and a bill of impeachment promptly prepared against the fallen and feeble Wolsey. There were no less than forty-four articles in this document, which contained, among a variety of other ridiculous accusations, a charge of having, when ill with a fever, "come whispering daily in the king's ear, and blowing upon his most noble grace with breath infective and perilous." This would, indeed, have been convicting him out of his own mouth; but, though the Lords passed the bill, it was thrown out in the Commons, through a speech of Thomas Cromwell, who had been secretary to the unfortunate cardinal. Wolsey had always felt that when he did fall, he should fall not only as Shakspeare said, "like Lucifer," but like an entire box of lucifers, "never to rise again." Directly the cardinal learned that the bill had been defeated, his appetite returned, his cheeks resumed their colour, and furrows began to fill out, for grief had been at sad work with its plough all over his countenance. He had still a good deal of property left, but the king began tearing it away by handfuls at a time, until Wolsey had nothing left but the bishoprics of York and Westminster. Even these were a good deal impoverished by Henry, who made a series of snatches at the revenues, and divided the amount among Viscount Rochford, the father of Anne Boleyn—who used to say, "I am sure papa would like that," whenever there was a good thing to be had—the Duke of Norfolk, and a few other lay courtiers. Wolsey was at length completely beggared, by treatment that was of such an impoverishing nature as really to beggar description. He had nothing left him but a free pardon, a little plate—including two table-spoons, which his enemies said were more than his desert—a small var. of furniture, comprising, among other articles, an arm chair, in which he was tauntingly told he might set himself down comfortably for life, and a little cash for