

do battle against men than against vain subtleties, and it appeared to him that history was his congenial domain. And what history is more fascinating, more pompous, than that of the Church, which during centuries has been the history of the Universe? What interest it excites!—the Popes establishing the unity of doctrine; the Popes actual sovereigns of the world, bestowing and withdrawing kingdoms; the Popes kneading all Europe, and drawing from the divine type of the Government of the Church all terrestrial monarchies. And what a dream that which depicts how unto the throne of the Papacy, the highest and most splendid of all thrones, Sixtus V., that mere swineherd, raised himself one day! Napoleon kings and Louis Philippe millionaires darken and dwindle into meanness beside the swineherd of Montalto.

Always in pursuance of his ambitious schemes, the Abbé Tigrane has followed the movement of the large section of the French priesthood which, in the first part of the Empire, pronounced itself in favour of the Gallican Theories. It may be that the party which defended the "liberties of the Church of France," maintained by the First Council in the famous organic articles of the Concordat, was no honester than its opponents, but it was certainly more active, and held out greater opportunities to a young zealot, as Mgr. Dupanloup probably knew in those days. Roqueburn, Tigrane's bishop, is in the other camp, and the peasant priest, the Gallican—who has counted upon the bishopric as his own—declares open war against his superior, the white-handed aristocrat from Rome. The story of their struggles is thoroughly repulsive: no caricature of the Communalists' debates presents a picture of greater disorder, fiercer envy and hatred, than this faithful description of a faithful partisan. Tigrane is Superior of the Seminary, and has all the communities on his side; Roqueburn most of the regular clergy. And at mass, at the visitations and ordinations, the parties howl and gibe at each other. Violent insults are exchanged at the séances of the Diocesan Officiality. Tigrane in his fury even strikes his friend and factotum in the face. "Brutal peasant," "keeper of unclean animals," "beggar," "aristocrat," "unworthy bishop;" these are the epithets used in the assemblies of that class which the Syllabus pronounces beyond and above all civil authority, above criticism, above law. "Pour être bon dans la souffrance il faut être plus qu'un homme," wrote Lamennais,—and nearly every member of these assemblies suffers, suffers from denied ambition, from poverty, from a hard cruel discipline against which there is no appeal. Vainly during ten years whenever a bishopric becomes vacant Tigrane hurries to Paris; in vain has he courted the civil authorities by editing, with a very explicit preface, Bossuet's 'Declaration to the Assembly of the Clergy of 1682'—he is forgotten, albeit the Empress herself had said to him at Compiègne:—"Vous le serez." Laymen can scarcely conceive the full meaning of the Episcopacy in the Catholic Church. Today a man is a mere soldier lost in an army of ninety thousand (there are about 90,000 ecclesiastics in France), and to-morrow suddenly, without transition, he is General. The *désservant*, the *curé doyen*, the canon, the Grand Vicar, all possess the same limited canonical rights: the Bishop alone possesses sacerdotal privileges in their plenitude. He is Prince of the Holy Roman Church, he is Monseigneur, the Pope addresses him as Venerable Brother, and pronounces no dogmatic decision without his advice; He goes to Rome "*ad limina apostolorum*," and is received at the Vatican with the honours awarded to a sovereign. And then, after the mitre, there is the hat—who knows?—the tiara perhaps. Urban IV., was he not the son of a cobbler at Troyes? John XXII., was he not an obscure native of Cahors? There is fascination yet in clerical dignities in France. The philosophic age has not destroyed one of these possibilities, or dimmed one of these splendours. What wonder that the false democratic colour such perspectives give the clerical profession attracts the labouring and lower bourgeois classes by thousands? Nor is it difficult to believe that, once ordained, ardent natures like those M. Fabre describes drop easily, insensibly, from trickery to infamy in search of the sacerdotal auriola. In a passionate dispute, Tigrane brings about the death of his bishop. The

Prince of the Church is seized with apoplexy while endeavouring to render back insult for insult. This time the Abbé will make sure of his mitre. His protectors in Paris are supplicated, the clergy of the diocese are brow-beaten; there are open brawls and wrangles over the dead bishop's coffin—to which Capdepon, as Vicar-General, refuses the entry of the cathedral. The cathedral is broken open at night by the opposite party, and the bishop watched *en chapelle ardente* by a crowd of timorous quarrelling monks and "regulars." And the candidate for the mitre chooses this time of expectancy to recant before his clergy in favour of Rome. He was Gallican because the civil authority compelled him to conceal his veritable opinion. He makes clear the double meanings in his preface to Bossuet, and closes the Assembly crying, "Long live Plus IX.!" M. Fabre does not appear to see anything peculiarly reprehensible in this life-long hypocrisy, in this time-serving deceit practised by a priest. That and the clerical battles, the violence, covetousness, hatred and suspicion that pervade his book, are merely misplaced "ardours" and "petulance of the blood."

L'Abbé Tigrane obtains the bishopric, and the appointment is ratified at Rome. A deputation from the diocese goes to the Vatican to protest against the ratification, but is rebuked, and receives a lesson on the Papal policy from Cardinal Maffei. The vices of the new Bishop might equal those of Clement, but, were he useful, the Pope would sanction him. The Church accepts aid from all quarters. The new bishop had lied during ten years. "*N'importe*. The Church never lies, Monsieur. It is not in the power of the Church—being the Truth—to lie. Only—struggling of old with pagan princes; in the middle ages with semi-barbarous kings; in our days with the entire universe risen against her—to accomplish her divine mission throughout these centuries, she has ever needed *souplesse* and cleverness. The Cardinals Caprara and Consalvi were forced to lie to General Bonaparte, as M. l'Abbé Capdepon, untaught in Gallican intrigue, lied to Napoleon III. But can one lie when one saves the Church?" "*O Sainte Eglise Catholique*," writes M. Fabre, "*il faut bien que quelque chose de divin réside en toi puis que les prêtres n'ont que réussi à te perdre!*" This is the spirit in which the book chronicles some characteristics of the French priesthood which cannot be excused or palliated. But its spiritual aim is the least important part of the work. It is chiefly interesting and edifying as being written by one who is a firm believer, and has evidently lived many years in the intimacy of priests and clerical partisans. His frank relation of experience will not be relished by M. Veuillot. E. J.

MR LOWNE'S PHILOSOPHY OF EVOLUTION.

The Philosophy of Evolution. (An Actonian Prize Essay.) By B. Thompson Lowne, M.R.C.S., F.L.S., Lecturer on Physiology at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, Author of the 'Anatomy of the Blowfly,' and the 'Teratological Catalogue of the Hunterian Museum.' John Van Voorst.

Somebody has made a general remark about prize sheep and prize essays, that the former are useful only for making candles, and the latter for lighting them. The essay before us having accomplished that whereunto it was sent, that is to say, having won a prize of one hundred guineas in illustrating the "Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty" as seen in evolution, its author seems to be himself rather at a loss to find any higher use for it than that indicated above. He does not "claim a place for it with the more solid works of original research" which he has quoted, nor does he "expect to convert any to a belief in evolution." But he has got the hundred guineas, and he hopes that his little book "will not be unacceptable to many who wish to reconcile the theory of evolution with the highest aims of human thought." The sentence is beautifully rounded off, though there may not be much meaning in it. Surely no one will confess such grovelling ignorance as to ask what may be "the highest aims of human thought."

Mr Lowne is an intelligent man, well up in his subject; but we fail to perceive in his treatment thereof any genuine philosophic enthusiasm, and we regret to say that we do