

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO CONVERT THE POPE

MOST of us are aware that, at intervals during the last three centuries, efforts have been made by well-meaning persons to realise the pathetic dream of a re-united Church, something not quite Protestant and not quite Catholic, based upon those principles of compromise which are so dear to the English heart. But none of them, I suppose, has ever been made with so little appreciation of the facts, so quaint a misunderstanding of values, as that described by its author in a book entitled 'Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1850,' by George Townsend, D.D., Canon of Durham, published by Messrs. Rivington in 1851. I am suspected, I do not know why, of being infected with that April Fool's Day spirit which delights to palm off literary frauds on the public. Let me explain, then, that the volume really exists, and that my quotations are all genuine. Nor let it be supposed that I am the victim, any more than I am the author, of an imposture. Canon Townsend has his niche in the Dictionary of National Biography; he is no fiction of a Tractarian humorist, he is solid fact. A visit to Durham might even supply us with his portrait, but I have felt the pilgrimage to be unnecessary. I think I see the old gentleman well enough as it is; white-chokered, well-tailored, earnest, whiskered after the fashion of his time. He had got his canonry, I suppose, before 1840, and was not therefore affected by the findings of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which cut down its value to a beggarly thousand a year; he liked, clearly, to do himself well, and was not infected with the enthusiasm of the Evangelicals. But the Oxford Movement had equally passed him by; he was a low Churchman of the old school, a complete

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fundamentalist in his attitude towards the Bible—as who was not, in his day?—and an Englishman à l'outrance. How did such a man condescend to take an interest in the corrupt politics of the Vatican, or the insanitary population of the Seven Hills?

I think it was due to an odd streak of logic in his composition, which drove him on from strength to strength, regardless of prudent counsels and shaking of heads in high places. He realised, it seems, that the numerous prayers which an Anglican has to offer up in the course of his ministry for the welfare and guidance of the Universal Church cannot be said with any real meaning when your practical interest is centred entirely in the national church of one people, sparsely represented even in its dominions overseas. He wanted to do something about it; to establish an effective contrast between the Christianity of his own country and Christianity on the other side of the channel; and his sublime confidence in the rightness of his own position convinced him that there was only one course open—he must persuade the erring Christians of the Continent to change their minds. How he took the first steps in this direction had best be described in his own words:

‘Ten years have elapsed since I commenced a laborious work on the Pentateuch, entitled “Scriptural Communion with God.” The sixth and final part was completed at the end of last year (1849) immediately before I left England for Italy. As the reunion of Christians, or the establishment of the truth, unity and concord for which we pray, by unpoperizing the Church of Rome, was the frequent subject of my private prayers to God, the meditations on which those prayers were founded were embodied in various dedications, prefixed to the last four parts of that work. The third part was dedicated to Pope Gregory the XVIth. It related to the mode in which the work of

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the reunion of Christians might be commenced that as laws must be rescinded by the powers which enact them, and as the bulls of Popes have frequently been rescinded by their successors, the bull, therefore, which decreed that twelve doctrines be added to the Nicene Creed, as Articles of faith, may be rescinded by the present Pope, or by any of his successors, without propounding any condemnation of the articles themselves. If this was done, the propositions which the Council of Trent commended to the approbation of the Roman Catholic Church might be reconsidered in another Council, summoned under the authority of Christian temporal princes, of whom the Bishop of Rome might be one; and in this mode the hope of a better state of Christianity might dawn upon the world.'

The fourth part of the book was dedicated in the same sense to the sovereigns of Europe, the fifth to Queen Victoria, and the sixth to the Universal Episcopate. 'And the Dedication is concluded with the words of the despair with which I was conscious that I might as well have spoken to the dead themselves, for the present time at least'—he was addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury—'Can your Grace do nothing—nothing to remove the mutual hatred of Christians?'

It does not appear that either Gregory XVI, or Queen Victoria, or Dr. Sumner, made any reply to these overtures. The Pope must have been on his death-bed, I imagine, when his volume appeared. Queen Victoria was much occupied at the time with the cares of the nursery, and the remaining secular princes of Europe were mostly hurled from their thrones by the revolutions of 1848. Archbishop Sumner did not want to hear the word Rome mentioned at all; it was but a year or two since Newman had made his submission, and a storm was already brewing over

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the Gorham controversy which was to determine the ecclesiastical career of Archdeacon Manning. In fact, there could hardly have been a less opportune moment for Canon Townsend's activities; but the more distracted the state of Europe, the more confident he felt that the summoning of a new Council, to supersede and undo the Council of Trent, was the only remedy for every disorder.

At this point fate intervened. The labour of educating six volumes of spiritual consolation from the sometimes arid material of Leviticus and Deuteronomy could not but tell upon the constitution of the writer, though he were a man so tough of fibre as Canon Townsend. A change of scene and climate was the doctor's ultimatum—we are in the period when it was fashionable to recommend the Grand Tour. At first, the patient demurred; then a salutary thought struck him. Why not consent to travel, and make this the excuse for a personal interview with the head of the corrupt Roman Church? 'I would proceed to the Vatican,' he says—Canon Townsend is always sonorous in his phraseology—'and seek an audience of the Pope, whom I had so often addressed from a distance, as an almost imaginary personage; I would appeal to him . . . to begin, and to commend by his great authority, the reconsideration of the past. In proportion to my magnificent independence, should be my extreme and deferential courtesy. In proportion to my zeal to serve the cause of peace, on the basis of Truth, should be my caution never to offend. The very attempt to gain admission to the Vatican would subject me, I well knew, to the charge of enthusiasm, fanaticism, and folly . . . I well knew, that disinterestedness is always folly, in the opinion of the selfish, the formal, and the dull.' A man who could thus imitate the style of Gibbon was not likely to be put off, it is clear, by any ordinary dissuasions.

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But one curious difficulty he did experience. A stickler for the methods of primitive Christianity, as exemplified in St. Paul's epistles, he felt it would not be etiquette to demand an audience at the Vatican without a recommendation from some bishop nearer home. And this, he complains, was prohibited by the laws of his country. I find it difficult to believe that if Dr. Sumner had furnished the Canon with letters of introduction, either of them would have been prosecuted under the act of King Henry VIII in restraint of appeals. I fancy the true difficulty lay rather in the Archbishop's attitude towards the journey; I cannot resist quoting Dr. Townsend's account of it, because it is so beautiful a model of the attitude adopted by all Archbishops of Canterbury on all similar occasions. 'My venerable friend the Archbishop of Canterbury, though he declined to comply with my request that I might use his name, in the most general manner, as one desirous of the peace of the Church, when I should see the Bishop of Rome; and though he discouraged rather than encouraged my persevering, expressed to me, in his answer to my request, every kind and friendly wish.' That was all very well, but it was hardly a Pauline recommendation. Thereupon, Canon Townsend devised a scheme which does remarkable credit to his ingenuity. He would go over to Paris, call on the British Ambassador, get an introduction from him to the Cardinal Archbishop, and so extract from the Cardinal Archbishop the fortifying documents he needed. He realised, like others who have undertaken similar errands before and since his time, that an Englishman who goes round leaving cards, instead of sitting about in the lounge of his hotel, always goes down well on the Continent. Canon Townsend had little honour in his own country; Monsieur le Chanoine would carry all before him in the polite society of France.

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There was a further difficulty which does not seem to have daunted him as it might have daunted the modern peace-maker. He had received, no doubt, an excellent public school education; but in those days there was no school certificate; he could not speak a word of Italian, or a word of French. But he had a resource here of which neither the Archbishop of Paris nor the Pope of Rome could boast. Mrs. Townsend must have been a remarkable woman; I am sorry that her husband's reticence makes it so difficult to form a distinct picture of her. But though there was no Somerville in those days, and no Girton, it is clear that she talked both French and Italian without difficulty. Had not Canon Townsend a right to carry about with him a sister, a wife, like the apostles? Certainly he had, and I think it is quite possible that he would have found it difficult to organise the expedition without her. As she had got to go, she would come in very handy as an interpreter.

For the rest, her husband rightly argued that, if he talked his best school Latin to foreign ecclesiastics they must at least show a polite affectation of understanding him. It is clear that he used this method a good deal. Between Valence and Avignon, for example, he travelled with a priest who, to his evident surprise, was 'neither vulgar nor slovenly in his appearance, nor sheepish in his looks or demeanour,' and he opened up at once with the phrase 'Intelligisne Latinam, Domine?' The only trouble was the difference of pronunciation. Canon Townsend gives it as his opinion that 'the Continental pronunciation of the Greek is better, and of the Latin worse, than our own.' But, whether it was better or worse, it was inevitable that a man who read Latin 'as spelt' should tax the patience of his Continental interlocutors. However, he seems to have got on well enough. He did not, I think, make the mistake of adopting unneces-

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sarily Ciceronian turns of phrase; his Latin was of a more pedestrian order. Thus, when his cabman pursued him into the cathedral at Naples, complaining that he had not received his full fare, the Canon ordered payment to be made, and explained to the priest who was awaiting him '*Ecclesia non locus est controversiae,*' a sentiment which was excellently received.

It was, then, in the guise of an ordinary English tourist, anxious to learn what these dam foreigners look like when they are at home, that Canon Townsend set out on his memorable journey. To the last, his friend Dr. Gilly, the historian and advocate of the Vaudois, tried to dissuade him. He records, under January 22nd, the day of his sailing, the ineffectiveness of these protests. 'If God could make Saul the persecutor Paul the Apostle, God can make the Bishop of Rome himself the opponent of the old Popery. Modern experience shall not destroy my faith that, in spite of all present appearances, men shall be one fold under the one great Shepherd. I will never sacrifice Truth, but I will persevere to speak peace, as the will of Christ, and of God. Wednesday, the 23rd. Arrived at Meurice's Hotel in Paris, where we had previously ordered apartments.' It must be confessed that our hero did not emulate the unkempt appearance or the fanatical deportment of earlier agitators, like Peter the Hermit. He travelled in style, with at least two servants—I am not certain of the exact number—to wait upon himself and Mrs. Townsend. And from the first he used, and found himself justified in using, the methods of a feudal class. Lord Brougham was staying at Meurice's, and Canon Townsend was well dug in with Lord Brougham. For Lord Brougham, it appears, had made some utterances in the celebrated case of *King v. Williams*, which were unacceptable to the clergy; when he came

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to Durham, therefore, on circuit, the other Canons did not ask him to dine; but, with a Providential broad-mindedness, Canon Townsend did. 'At eleven o'clock, the earliest hour permissible by the customs of society, I called upon Lord Brougham. The conversation was animated and interesting.' What Lord Brougham thought we do not know, but he promised to provide letters. And at eleven the next morning Canon Townsend was round again. 'At eleven I was with him, and, while he breakfasted, renewed the conversation of the preceeding day. After a lively and interesting conversation on Wycliffe, and the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages . . . his Lordship gave me some letters of introduction to his friends at Rome.' 'I am not acquainted,' he added, 'with Pio Nono nor with the Archbishop of Paris, but here is a letter to the Marquis of Normanby' (then Ambassador in Paris) 'and most sincerely do I wish you success in your (and he added some words of eulogy) mission.'

Next day, the Canon is at Lord Normanby's. He 'observed that he read Lord Brougham's writing with some difficulty, as it was very peculiar, but that he saw something in the letter that referred to my going to Rome.' Poor Lord Normanby! He should have been more careful. As it was, he got a long allocution, in which the Canon explained his intentions in full detail. Under this treatment, like everybody else who met Canon Townsend, he succumbed; he would write a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Paris. But he warned our hero to be careful. 'He informed me that at the present juncture there prevailed at Rome a great deal of jealousy on the subject of conversion; that any attempt in that direction would be looked upon with much suspicion.' Canon Townsend remained unperturbed. 'I told his Lordship that my object, in one sense, was not conversion; that, in the commonly understood sense, I did not intend to

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put myself forward as the opponent of Popery’ and so on, and so on, till Lord Normanby hastily agreed to see the Archbishop of Paris himself, and let Canon Townsend know the result.

The next day was Sunday. Lord Brougham called, with eye bandaged as the result of an accident, to say good-bye; it was due to this accident, he explained, that he was forced to travel on the Lord’s Day. ‘We wished him a pleasant journey, and a useful life.’ Let it not be supposed from this that Canon Townsend was lax about Sunday observance. Here are his impressions of the Continental Sunday: ‘If we had not been grieved and shocked, we should have been amused by the vivacity of the people in the streets, whom we passed on our way. They seem to imagine that religion being a very dull, uninteresting matter, they must chase away its dulness by external and most intense gaiety. They seem to be utterly ignorant of the delightful fact that a Christian’s duty is a Christian’s privilege, and that to keep the Lord’s Day holily is only to keep the Lord’s Day happily, to increase inward felicity, and to anticipate the pleasures of the immortality that is before us.’ ‘If we had not been grieved and shocked, we should have been amused’; what more appropriate description of the Englishman in Paris? But I must not linger too much over Canon Townsend’s impressions of Travel. It is enough to say that he faithfully admires every building, picture and view which his guide-book recommends to his admiration, but seldom without some melancholy reflections upon the local representatives of the human species, their ignorance of the Bible, and their superstitious veneration for the Virgin Mary.

The interview with Mgr. Sibour, then Archbishop of Paris, took place on the following Saturday. The interpreter was a gentleman not named, but described as ‘the former Roman Catholic correspondent of the

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Times.' Canon Townsend appears to have been particularly careful on this occasion to observe his own principles of 'caution never to offend.' He wanted letters to the Pope, he said, that he might converse with him on the expediency of summoning, in conjunction with other Sovereigns, another General Council. No word is spoken of the interdicted Bible or of the twelve articles added to the creed by the corrupt Council of Trent. The Archbishop, however, seems to have scented an equivocation about the term 'Council,' and asked on what principle Monsieur wished to see it assemble? The Canon talked vaguely about common Christianity and a common danger from the infidels; he referred to the negotiations in Queen Annie's time between Dupin and Archbishop Wake. Mgr. Sibour's next question was an unexpected one. 'And,' said he, 'is Monsieur a Puseyite?' Canon Townsend has vividly depicted for us his annoyance. 'I was sorry,' he says, 'to be thought to have touched that pitch, and to be defiled with the touch; I was sorry to be regarded as one of those imbeciles, who imagine that either Christian peace or Christian holiness can be restored to the universal Church by bringing the Church of England into conformity with the Church of Rome,' etc., etc. But he does not seem to have expressed his horror in very outspoken terms. All he said was 'I am an Episcopalian Christian, and I can assume nor bear no other appellation.' It is doubtful whether the Archbishop was much enlightened; however, he promised the letters of recommendation to the Holy Father, and, sure enough, on the following Tuesday they arrived. In a fortnight Canon Townsend was off to Rome, with the key to the Vatican in his pocket.

By diligence all the way to Lyons, by steamer from Lyons to Avignon. At Valence he finds a golden inscription to Pio Nono; 'this marble monument,' he

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says to himself, ' with its inscription, shall be to me an omen of the reception I shall experience, and of the probability of the useful or useless results of my mission. I read the inscription. It was the memorial of the gratitude of the canons of the cathedral of Valence to Pio Nono; for what, I exclaimed, for what reason is the gratitude? I could with difficulty believe the evidence of my senses, when I read that the gratitude of the Canons of Valence to Pio Nono was here commemorated, because he had permitted the bowels of his predecessor, who had died at Valence, to rest here, while the body was conveyed for its burial to Rome! What would be thought or said in England, if the Canons of Winchester had raised a memorial to Bishop Sumner, because he permitted them to retain the bowels of Bishop Tomline, while his body was buried at St. Paul's? If this act would be deemed absurd in England, why not in Italy?' Quite so, quite so; only somehow Bishop Tomline does make it funnier.

Undeterred by the sinister omens which the entrails provided for him, Canon Townsend pressed on for Rome. He went from Marseilles to Genoa by sea; for the rest, he was dependent on the diligence, and it was not till the twentieth, after four weeks of travel, that he set foot in the city. The time of his arrival was hardly propitious. For more than a year Pius IX had been absent from the city, owing to a popular insurrection, and it was not many months since French troops had entered the capital to restore order there. The Pope was still at Naples, and the date of his return uncertain. The English Consul recommended that Canon Townsend should proceed to Naples at once, without communicating his plan or his desire to anyone at Rome. This was too much to expect; nor did our hero's good fortune desert him. He made friends with Father Mesaheb, a Maronite Jesuit from

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Mount Lebanon—so at least he is described—was taken round by him, argued freely with him on theological points, and secured an introduction from him to the antiquarian, Cardinal Mai. The interview proceeded on the now familiar lines. Latin was spoken, with interpreters present in case Italian were needed. 'He bowed, and permitted me to proceed, as I had done with the Archbishop of Paris, I fear at some length, to submit to him the object of my visit to Rome,' etc. The Cardinal seems to have insisted chiefly on the practical difficulties of summoning an international council to discuss the danger of infidelity and Socialism in the then state of affairs. But he took all the Canon's views in good part, and, when, before leaving, his visitor pointed to some English books with the observation, 'it could not be expected that the nation which had produced such works could ever again be submissive to Rome,' contented himself with replying *Paulatim*. 'He was evidently . . . impressed with the conviction, which seemed indeed to be general among his brethren, that England was returning to the adoption of the Papal additions to the faith of Christ. I sighed at the mistake, and again expressed my conviction and my hope that this could never be; and he said again with emphasis, *Paulatim*.' There is something pathetically typical, in that troubled Rome of 1850, about the Canon's haste for action and the Cardinal's readiness to wait upon the future. They parted good friends, with a warm invitation to Cardinal Mai to come and stay at Durham any time when he was evicted from his country. They exchanged letters, on which Canon Townsend comments, 'The only stumbling-block between us is this steady, invincible determination never to be reformed.' He found, as others have found before and since, how difficult it is to arrive at a complete agreement with a man who will not adopt your own point of view.

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It is actually on record that our Canon visited St. Peter's on a Sunday morning. 'Can I keep the Sabbath, or Lord's Day, holy, by going there? Yes. I wish to see how the common Lord of the Sabbath is honoured by those who assume to be more peculiarly His servants.' The sermon was 'upon the whole, unobjectionable,' but the line must be drawn somewhere. 'I could not kneel at the elevation of the Host.' It must not be supposed that his sturdy Protestantism was ever stampeded by its alien surroundings. He was visited by one of the English converts—I wonder which? He was not impressed: 'Discussion in conversation, when there is but little or no previous reading, becomes tedious.' He is invited to attend the consecration of Cullen as Primate of Ireland; 'I refused to sanction the insult to my Church and country.' More profitably, he consents to perform a wedding service in the Lutheran chapel. 'One of the princesses of Prussia had given a very beautiful covering for the Altar, and had adorned it, in the most elaborate gold embroidery, with a grouping of the Cross, an anchor, and flowers. I congratulated the company present . . . and reminded them that the flowers of life most abounded in beauty and fragrance when they were blended with a good hope of the future and entwined round the Cross . . . Much enthusiasm was kindled by a few observations of this nature, and the Lord's Day was not desecrated, though all was cheerfulness, and joyousness, and smiles.' But he remained true to his purpose of working for re-union, and, when taken to task by some gentlemen of the Scottish Free Church, represented to them that, though some supporters of Popery might justly be called serpents and a generation of vipers, 'this could not be said of all.'

On Friday, the twelfth of April, the Pope returned to the City, amid the eager expectations of a large

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crowd, which knelt to receive his blessing, and of Canon Townsend, who bowed. On the 13th, an audience was solicited; on the 25th, word was received that the Holy Father would receive Signor Townsend the following day in private audience, '*unitamente alla Consorte.*' In just over three months the indomitable peace-maker had triumphed over every obstacle, and stood on the threshold of his great enterprise. There were minor regrets; the Italian gentleman, who was to have interpreted was unable to be present, but Mrs. Townsend readily volunteered to supply his place; and again 'I was sorry that I had not with me my academic dress. My wearing the robes of an English clergyman would have been but the more proper observance of the courtesy which was due to the Pope as a temporal Prince, and as the Bishop of the greatest of the Western Churches. I assumed the usual evening dress required by society in England.' At half-past five they were ushered into the presence. Why Pio Nono should have been dressed in 'the long white fine cloth Dominican robe' or wearing the 'Dominican cap on his head,' I am unable to discover. He received them alone with the utmost graciousness, asked Mrs. Townsend whether she had been to Italy before, whether she admired the country, what objects in Rome had interested her most, in what language her husband desired to converse? Then the Canon was let loose; not, he hastens to assure us, in a speech, but in answer to the Pope's questions. He asked for a General Council of Christians, at which the Pope was to have precedence, though not jurisdiction. The usual practical difficulties were urged in reply. There was no discussion of details. 'It has been said, I know not why, that I alluded to the celibacy of the clergy, and the giving of the cup to the laity. I said nothing of the kind.' We learn from another passage that Mrs. Townsend understood Latin; apart from that, it is

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quite clear that the Canon did not mean to suggest any programme of reform for the Roman Church until the Council should be already in session. He presented a document for the Pope to read, enshrining his appeal. 'I am a Protestant,' he explained, 'and I have always been an enemy to your Church, but there will not be found in this document any expression which will be personally offensive.' Mrs. Townsend hastened to reassure the Holy Father about this: 'No, no, mio marito e troppo buono' and so on. Many Christians in England, the Canon explained, would rejoice in the hope of the reunion of the Churches. I cannot find that he had much authority for this remark, for it appears that all his friends had discouraged the expedition. But it did service on this occasion as on others. 'Yes,' said Pio Nono, 'there are in England many persons of good will.' 'There are many good men there who would rejoice in peace,' replies the Canon, and explains in a footnote that the Pope was quoting from a false text of the New Testament when he talked about 'men of good-will.' All modern scholarship, I fear, is against Canon Townsend and with the Pope on this point. Asked whether he knew Dr. Wiseman, our hero cautiously explained that he lived in retirement, and was not personally known to him. Then, after a forty minutes' interview, the intrepid couple took their leave, bowing themselves out as if from the presence of the Queen. Some Cubans who were admitted after them 'both knelt down, as to God . . . We had not done so. We had rendered every respect to the Pope as to an earthly sovereign; we could not venerate him as our God.'

The text of the memorandum left with the Pope is then given. It defines the object of the Council, 'restoring to the Catholic Church the ancient discipline and the primitive union,' but says nothing about the Council of Trent, or the twelve popish additions to

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the Nicene Creed. In fact, it is a document which Dr. Pusey might have written, and I suspect that Pio Nono took the Canon for a Tractarian. We learn, on the authority of an English gentleman who had an interview soon afterwards, that he thought the *Canone di Durham* an excellent and good man, but found his Latin difficult to follow; 'he did not think the proposal of summoning a Council would lead to the desired effect.' And here a misunderstanding seems to have arisen. The Canon had a visit next day from Monsignor de Merode and Dr. Grant, of the English College, who told him that 'his Holiness had read my memorial, and desired to converse with me further on the subject of its contents.' It would appear, from what followed, that a mere polite expression of interest was somehow misconstrued into a summons for a fresh audience. It was with that hope that Canon Townsend left for Naples, promising to wait on the Holy Father on his way home.

I have no time to describe that splendid visit to Naples; how they were shewn round the Cathedral sacristy, and Mrs. Townsend was not allowed to touch the chalices, though her husband was, on her assurance that he was a Canon too; how they attended the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood—the Canon, under the impression that Mr. Neumann, a chemist of Berlin, had reproduced the alleged miracle in his own laboratory, saw the liquefaction perfectly, and bears witness to it. When they returned to Rome they found that the Pope was not expecting a fresh discussion with them, and did not like, on their side, to press for a second interview, since there was naturally a great press of business at the Vatican. Accordingly, on the 27th of May, they set out from Rome on their homeward journey. Did Canon Townsend feel that he had failed? I think not, at the time. It is clear that there was one Catholic doctrine of which he had no

appreciation—he did not realise that the decisions of a Council are irreformable. He thought of a Council—he uses the parallel himself—as if its decisions could always be changed later on, like the decisions of an English Parliament. And he believed, or at least tried to persuade himself, that a new General Council would find no more difficulty about repudiating Transubstantiation, than a Labour Government might have about dropping the artificial silk duties.

But there are other passages, scattered throughout the book, which talk the language of despair. I do not like the methods of those critics who profess to find traces of different documentary strata in Canon Townsend's beloved Pentateuch. But I confess that I am inclined to apply the method to his own Journal, and suggest that these defeatist passages were put in later, when the book was preparing for the press, in the light of subsequent events. Both at Rome and at Naples he observes the volcanic character of the soil, and speculates whether Dr. Cumming is not right in supposing that the whole of the south of Italy, from Rome to Naples, is shortly to be destroyed by fire. 'Oh for that warning voice, which he who saw the Apocalypse heard cry in heaven, that I might be heard in my appeal to the Bishop of Rome when I say, Repent, Repent, rescind your additions to the religion of Jesus Christ!' But Dr. Townsend *had* seen the Pope, and did not say anything of the kind. Again, as he looks back on Rome on leaving it, he breaks out into a tremendous denunciation of Rome, and of the traitorous spirits in England who encourage its pretensions. 'Go on, Church of Rome. The divisions of England strengthen thee! The traitors of England love thee, and give thee power. Fill up the measure of thy ancient iniquity. Send out the unrequired bishops to insult us, the unrequired priests to mock us. Go on! The government is indifferent, the

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people are torpid, the Church is silent.' And much more to the same effect. Now, why should a clergyman who has gone out to Rome to promote unity in Christendom, who has been received with the utmost kindness by an archbishop, two cardinals and the Pope himself, all of whom are content to point out that the time is not ripe just yet for the summoning of a general council—why should such a man feel, as he leaves the city, so deep rooted a grievance against its inhabitants?

The answer is that he did not feel it at the time; he put that part in afterwards. He went back to England with the consciousness that his memorandum lay on the table in the Vatican, wondering what reply it would provoke. On September 29th, little more than two months after his return, a bull was issued restoring the English hierarchy, and on October 7th Wiseman issued his pastoral from the Flaminian Gate. Poor Canon Townsend! Here was his journal, I take it, already advertised and undergoing its final process of polishing, with all the nice things he said about Popes and Cardinals, and all the nice things Popes and Cardinals said about him; and then suddenly, this official insult to Lambeth, this gratuitous affront to the feelings of Protestant England. He did the best he could; he put his journal into shape, let in a few passages to emphasise the hard-heartedness and all-but irreformability of Rome; then he sent it to the press, tacking on at the beginning a preface in which he lets himself go.

It is a strange preface to such a work. He explains that the journal was written, with the exception of a few sentences, 'long before the promulgation of the late unscriptural, absurd and insolent bull of the Pope, whom I visited at the Vatican.' He expresses the hope that the Papists of the Continent will be brought to their senses by a fresh reformation. But

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how is this to be secured? By resisting Papal aggression in England. The resistance, he assures us, must be of three kinds, Political, Christian and Ecclesiastical. First by way of political resistance, we must repeal the Acts of Catholic Emancipation. Next, by way of Christian resistance, we must maintain our protest; our motto must be, No peace with Rome. I do not understand what he means by ecclesiastical opposition, and I am very doubtful if he did himself; the fact is, Canon Townsend was rattled. 'If I could have imagined the possibility of the folly and crime which the Pope has committed, I would never have entered Rome.'

It would be possible to point, or at least to suggest, all sorts of morals as a tail-piece to Canon Townsend's story. I prefer to leave it without comment, as the story of an honest Englishman who really did set out to do great things on his holiday, really did think that he could turn the Grand Tour into a grand slam, and failed so unexpectedly. He lived to 1857; he was not permitted, therefore, to see the summoning of the Council which he recommended, or to mourn the definition of Infallibility which was its principal result. He did not live to see a Bishop of Durham who supports Disestablishment, a Dean who is a teetotalter, or an Archdeacon who rejects the Mosaic authorship of his beloved Pentateuch. And somewhere, I suppose, in the debris of the Vatican archives lies his memorandum to the Pope, all written fair in Italian, a document of our mortality, and a warning, if only it were remembered, to a new generation of peace-makers which has forgotten it.

R. A. KNOX.