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The Cornhill Magazine opens with "Framley Parsonage," which contains a succession of fair, political, and social sketches—just verging on personality. Ruskin's article, "Unto the last," is, like all his writings, singular; and therefore it is not so singular, after all, in being like its author, although on a new theme and in a new field. "Physiological Riddles," by Mr. Lewis, presents the same anomalies in physical science that Mr. Ruskin's observations do in moral; and a third article, it may perhaps be thought, sustains the aim of exaggeration, which it is a great error to mistake for excellence, in giving us under the head "Stranger than fiction," a serious recommendation to swallow all the monstrous nonsense of spirit-rapping and table-turning. Seasonably enough we find in Dickens's *All the Year Round* the following passage, which is well calculated to disabuse credulous minds of the impressions intended to be conveyed by the *Cornhill* article:—

THE SPIRIT OF IMPOSTURE.

Then the table reared itself up, and sustained itself in the air for some seconds; but again the medium's thumbs were underneath, and her knee was against the top. This I also most distinctly saw—for she is not very accomplished yet in sleight of hand, and a very little careful observation can detect the manner of her tricks. I was then touched underneath the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped by something flexible and springy, but not muscular. Others were under the chair, and so were out of the line of the medium's feet. And all the while this was going on I felt the young lady's knee work up and down against mine, as each person cried out who was touched, and she pulled the strings of her puppets at her will. Then an old, badly-tuned guitar was brought in, and played under the table. The field by the clergyman sang the Old Hundred in a low and tremulous voice, and while he sang a few simple chords were struck out, such as would have suited anything; but I deny that there was any attempt at known melody in the music, or that it was anything more than a coldly been produced as if by sweeping the hand or foot over the strings at certain intervals. But some of the believers were quite overpowered with this "manifestation," and one or two were deeply affected. To my ears, not perhaps capable of appreciating what to them seemed such heavenly harmony, it was a simple string sound, such as could have been easily effected by drawing the toes over the strings.

The whole chimeras described in this article might easily be referred to visual illusions, capable of being effected by the aid of the magic lantern and other means; but the idea of imposture of some, perhaps of several, kinds, it is impossible to discard, earnestly as we are entreated to do so. "The Second of the Georges" forms, after all, a better paper than any in this or any other magazine of the month. It is very able. "William Hogarth," by G. A. Sala, ranks next to it; but there is a scarcely repressed tendency to prurience, which is somewhat morbid. The "Roundabout" is a lashing bestowed on Yankee scribes who have long infested modern literary society.

The *Welcome Guest*—If rather more sparing of its illustrations—is as amusing as usual in its literature, which is all, indeed, by first hands. There is George Augustus Sala's "Ship Chandler," a naughty but powerful novel; Augustus Mayhew's "Finest girl in Bloomsbury," and "she is a caution," as they say in America. Others of the articles are by Cyrus Redding, (the wine taster) John Oxenford, Walter Thornbury, J. E. Carpenter, James Greenwood, E. L. Blanchard, &c., &c., a wonderful staff for a small and cheap periodical. Nor must we omit to state that Mr. Sala contributes an article on the late Robert Brough, of whom and of the Prince of Wales there are portraits—the latter with a pleasing memoir. Birkett Foster contributes the best illustration from the Black Forest.

Wails and Straps.

What a wretched thing is a bad temper! and the persons who indulge in this evil propensity what miserable beings they become, and an annoyance to all around them; instead of being loved, of being a use to their fellow creatures, they are hated and despised, everyone shunning them and wishing them out of the way—for who would live, if they could help it, with a cross person? and besides being a nuisance to their associates they debar themselves from many, very many pleasures, and the enjoyments of life. Can they love the glorious flowers? The sunshine to them sends no joy, no happiness into their hearts; and at eventide, when the moonbeams glisten and the night stars twinkle—that hour of peace and bliss—does it make them happy and peaceful? No! How can it? their bad temper blinds them to its pleasant and peaceful influence. Again, the bad-tempered loses another pleasure, and one which tends to smooth the roughness of the path through which our journey to the grave lies, and that is comforting our fellow-creatures in their hours of trouble and of sorrow. God loves that person whom He sees wiping with tender hands the tears from the eyes of the motherless and the fatherless; He listens with the great heaven-borne beaming in His eyes, to the words of comfort spoken to him by the broken hearted. The bad-tempered knows and does nothing of this sort, being wrapped up in his own miserable discontented thoughts. Then let it be our earnest and daily prayers to become good-tempered, and to be of use in this world, that we may not go down into our graves unwept, unhonoured.—*Leila.*

Our Correspondence.

[Communications on business, as well as on all other matters intended for the *Dorset County Chronicle*, should invariably be addressed to THE EDITOR (Mr. Wallace Eyfe, High West Street, Dorchester), and to no other person connected, or assuming to be connected, with this paper. We request especial attention to this notice, and cannot guarantee the insertion of communications otherwise addressed.]

The State of Europe.

In his late speech on bringing forward the Resolutions for the Defence of the Country, Lord Palmerston argued wisely and well on the present abnormal state of Europe as seen from a statesman point of view. If it can be said that we live in times of profound peace, it may be also said that, underlying that peace, there are to be found all the restless and revolutionary elements of war, ready to break forth on the first and readiest occasion. It is the destiny of France to be ever preparing for war and conflict—it is not in the nature of the Napoleonic epoch in which we live that the lance and the sword should be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, with its War, with its victories and defeats—conquest, with its terrors and triumphs—use are more suited to the genius of that Napoleon, whose uncle doted his last years in an exile and a captive of Great Britain, on breath as an exile and a captive of Great Britain, on the barren shores of an English island, washed by the restless and moaning surges of the Atlantic ocean. France, we repeat it, is ever preparing for conflict. With her seven hundred thousand men on land, and her seventy men of war at sea—her arsenals of Toulon, Brest, and Cherbourg, bristling with forts and fortifications manned and armed—Paris, surrounded with a strong line of fortresses, with one third of her population consisting of the chosen and picked men of the French army—her generals and marshals flushed and excited by a long career of victories in every quarter of the globe—her Sovereign a man of deep penetration of character, and much sagacity in swaying despotic power, gifted with an iron will and an energy of purpose which is granted to few men in our day—all these circumstances combined together point to that terrific uncertainty of purpose which must ever attend our alliance with a Sovereign whose words may have hitherto been words of peace, but whose deeds must surely, on no very distant day, lend us into all the horrors of a destructive and dangerous war.

The colours in which the history of nations may be written are not always to be tinged with blood; in the meeting between Francis and Henry, on the field of the Marston (field, has ever formed a bright page in the chivalrous history of the world. Napoleon met Alexander at Tilsit, but there were no peaceful results to the world. Napoleon the Third and Victoria have each visited each other as guests and sovereigns—hope, concord, and peace, have ever resulted from these meetings. Francis Joseph of Austria met Napoleon at Villafranca, after the battles of Magenta and Solferino, the conquered and the conqueror there met to dispose of kingdoms, people, laws, and states. Austria was then despoiled of some of her finest provinces, yet she also gathered strength and power ever since. The political and military organization of Austria are undergoing great and liberal improvements, and the genius and power of that great empire will, in the course of a few years, be second to none in Europe. The meeting which took place at Baden between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia, assisted by all the small kings of Germany, is of too recent a date to enable us to determine the precise bearing which it had upon the more recent meeting at Toplitz, between the Emperor of Austria and the Prince Regent of Prussia. The meetings at Baden appear to have consisted of a few hurried and interchanged visits, coupled with the unusual imperial *attendum* of a great amount of tea drinking. The meeting at Toplitz was more thoroughly formal and German in its character. Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers were present, there was a mutual ministerial interchange of crosses, orders, and stars, between the high personages present, and the usual high and formal courtesies observed among Sovereigns appear to have been strictly observed and followed out. Yet does this meeting between the Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia argue well for the future safety of purposes between the two great powers of Germany. It is well that it should be so. Viewing the recent meeting either in a political or social aspect, it is right that the great Sovereigns of Germany should be true and faithful to themselves and to the innumerable traditions of their country. If the hearts of the great German people were thoroughly as one in political principle and practice they were ever indissolubly united, Germany would be the great central power of Europe—her leading statesmen would be among the rulers of the world, and her people would be free, united, powerful, and happy. The late meeting at Toplitz argues well for the practical realization of this great future for Germany.—The fearful massacre of Christians in the East appears to have received a check from the threatened intervention of England and France. It would seem that we are to send ships of war, whilst the French send ships and men as well. The representatives of the five great powers have signed the convention for regulating the expedition.—Garibaldi is again on the move—he attacked Melazzo at the point of the bayonet, and after a stout resistance, he remained master of the field. This victory would have been sufficient for any other general, but not so for the humane-hearted filibuster, Garibaldi, who, on hearing that some of the inhabitants of the town had fought against him, had them all brought before him and shot on the spot. Comment on such atrocious cruelty is superfluous but for the additional recommendation that such conduct has been openly commented upon and sanctioned by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons. The Lords and Commons are fast working out the little strength that is left to them; during the past week they have, on many evenings, discussed the merits and demerits of nearly fifty questions in one single sitting; yet the amount of hard work to be got through at this late period of the session, which will require this full amount of high-pressure work to be continued for the next three weeks, ere ministers can obtain the faintest glimpse of white-ait, or members count on the remotest chance of a "day out on the moors." The motion on the Paper Duties Repeal will be one of great interest—the bookers on anticipate something very "strong" in the way of debate and in the political passage at arms that will then ensue between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli; equally "well up" in finance,

equal adepts in parliamentary life and language, men of equal talent and genius, they yet view this vexed question from different points. Mr. Disraeli watches with a cautious eye every false move of the ministry—and they have made many lately—whilst Mr. Gladstone, stung by his recent defeats on the China Vote, the National Education, and the Privilege Question, seems bent on carrying the last great question of the session.—It will then be seen whether the House of Commons deserves the peculiar epithet of Lords by that strangely eccentric but withal clever man, Lord Brougham, who, fresh from the labours of the Lord Congress, rushed into the House of Lords, and in his prefatory remarks, upon proposing some resolutions, took the opportunity of describing the House of Commons, "according to its etymological derivation, as a mere parliamentary—a mere colloquial assembly—a mere place of talk—a place of much talk, but a place of mere talk, and no work at all." How strangely this reads, at coming from all! How, however, greater powers of speech have been developed, and whose audacious powers of oratory have been most diffusedly displayed in this "place of small talk." The decadence of age may be profoundly forgetful of the powers and triumphs of its early manhood.

Our readers will remember that some short time since several parts of Ireland became suddenly infected with a frenzy fever on behalf of the Pope. His Holiness was in a "fix"—he not only wanted money, but he likewise wanted men, and the priestly emissaries in Ireland showed no lack of burning zeal in their efforts to obtain recruits to join the standard of the Head of the Church. A regular crusade was preached throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, from every pulpit, and from every altar there rang high praises of the love and generosity of the sovereign who wore the triple crown. Every Irish priest transferred himself for the time being into a zealous Peter the Hermit, and the result was that "a large supply" of "the noblest pantheon" went forth at the bidding of the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood to join the army of the Faithful in Rome, to enrol themselves under the banners of General Lamouricere, and to fight for St. Peter and the Blessed Pope. Thousands upon thousands of happy though half-starved Irishmen went off on this hair-brained adventure. But a very short respite of enthusiasm which they had indulged in from the "fun" of "saving his blessed Holiness." Many of these unfortunate "recruits" have returned to their native shores again, half-starved in body and sadder and wiser in spirit,—half-faded and travel-worn—several have died from fever and want, and more may yet become the victims of as mad a delusion as ever affected the brains of an enthusiastic Irishman. Their tale of woe and suffering began from the day they left the shores of Old England, and every day since bears sad record of misery and suffering, want and wear, and a great deal of real glory which must ever reflect the greatest disgrace on the parties concerned in it. From Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation* newspaper, in Dublin, down to General Lamouricere in Rome, every one seems to have lived with the other in cruelly maltreating these unfortunate Irishmen. If their tale of strange and marvellous indelicacy may be credited, the sooner General Garibaldi or some equally "fast, fire-eating, filibuster" takes General Lamouricere and his Holiness the Pope in hand, the better will it be for the interests of justice and humanity. F. S. M.

Chantry.

At the Creation the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy; and cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." Chanting, then, had its origin in heaven. If the angels give expression to their holy feelings in solemn, rapturous song, it is only natural for mortal men to imitate this example, in worship and adoration, in prayer and praise, before the altar or the throne of God. So general was the practice among our devout ancestors, that on the consecration of chantries at the Reformation, there were found some thousands of these minor monastic institutions, attached to cathedrals, abbies, and parochial churches, throughout England. A chantry, in Roman times, was a sepulchral chapel (the body being entombed near the altar), founded and endowed for a priest, or priests, to offer up masses, by chanting and singing, to release the soul of the deceased founder from the pains of purgatory. The service of the chantry priest began by a prayer for the good estate of the king living, and afterwards for that of the departed founder. And here we get the model of the Bidding Prayer (see 15th canon), enjoining, after the Reformation, to be used by all preachers before they began an official service, a form still used in cathedrals, colleges, by the sheriff's chaplain at assizes, &c., in which the Queen and all in authority under her are prayed for; and the good deeds of dead benefactors commemorated—"all who have departed in the true faith"—but in words that ignore the Romish error of purgatory. To show how numerous chantries were in England it will be sufficient to mention that no less than 47, well endowed, were attached to St. Paul's Cathedral alone in London; and "vast was the wealth accruing to the Crown by their dissolution." It was in the first year of the reign of Edward VI. that Parliament, assembled by a vote, handed over all the chantries in England to the disposal of the young monarch; and this they did at the instigation of Somerset, the protector and guardian of the king, for the purpose of replenishing the royal exchequer, which Henry VIII. had entirely exhausted by his lavish expenditure of the ill-gotten treasures from abbies at the Reformation. Somerset, with similar extravagance, dissipated the spoils from chantries. The princely pile, Somerset House, still standing on the bank of the Thames, was built by sweeping away three religious houses for its site, and all their revenues, with much other church property, were consumed in the erection of this single mansion, or palace. Cranmer, Edward's godfather and Christian guide, was the only person, "faithful founder," who counselled the young king against this utter spoliation. He advised that the practice in these endowments should be *rehabilitated*, i.e., reformed to meet the new religion; and that the greater part of the confiscated property should be applied for supporting the poor, for free schools, and for scholars at the universities. At any rate, he begged strenuously that a final consecration should not be made until Edward came of age—for he was well assured, by frequent intercourse with the young

Monarch, from his wise remarks, his piety and charity, and his learning, wonderful for his years, that a Conservative principle was deeply fixed in this king's heart; and that, when he had full power, arms, education, and the power clergy, would be the first objects of royal munificence. The correctness of Cranmer's opinion is fully borne out by the records we have of the foundation of Christ's Hospital. It was after hearing a sermon by Bishop Ridley, at Paul's Cross, that Edward determined on instituting this noble foundation for education—and at the same time, and from the same moving cause, he formed (in conjunction with the Lord Mayor and Corporation) out of the revenues of St. Bride's, Bridewell, a workhouse for the poor of the City of London, who were perishing from want of employment, and consequent poverty of the necessities of life. Indeed the sufferings of the people, throughout the whole of England in the intermediate time between the dissolution of religious property by Henry VIII, and the institution of the poor law by Queen Elizabeth, became extreme, aggravated as they were by most severe penal enactments against vagrancy. There was at that memorable period no power of the press to interfere between the people and their oppressors. The sermons at Paul's Cross by earnest Ridley, plain-spoken Latimer, and other stout-hearted divines, were their only defence against wrong and robbery. Cranmer was among the stoutest of the people, and used all his influence with Edward, as head of the church, to procure the vested right for the people in Chuntries, having first purged them from superstitious practices and Romish errors. His endeavours were in vain. Henry had utterly spoiled all the rich Abbies and Monasteries at the reformation, and now Somerset, the Protector! finished the ruin of religious property by confiscating to the Crown, at one fell swoop, Chuntries, and other minor monastic institutions. Some of them he jibbed away to private individuals, who, on payment of small fines, incorporated the land with their own estates. Others were granted by the Crown, on petition, for founding schools. Such were the several Chuntries spoiled in the endowment charters to the inhabitants at Sherborne. Among these was a Chantry at Lytchet, originally founded, 1381, for three priests to pray for the souls of Agnes Maltravers, and others kinsfolk of the lord of the manor. Even at this very early date we find a like bit of jobbery recorded in the History of Dorset. It seems one Tuberville, who then held the rectory of Lytchet, paid one priest only, and pocketed the surplus revenue for himself. At the dissolution in the second year of Edward's reign, Sir John Trenchard, then lord of the manor, became the possessor of the estate, and the 20 trustees (named in the Charter), on receiving the King's grant of the same. The gross value, therefore, by which the property was lost to the school for so many years, would be indeed "unaccountable," but from the extremely loose manner in which all charitable and religious endowments were managed in former times, as shown to demonstration by numerous appeals to Chaucery. It was from the greater notoriety of these appeals through the reports of the press, that the Rev. John Chaffis was induced to carefully look into the affairs of King Edward's School at Sherborne, by which the valuable estate at Lytchet was recovered. His first step was inquiry and investigation was made by a diligent perusal of the musty deeds and leases in the closets of the council chamber at the Alma House, to which he had access from being a governor. The next, a more arduous undertaking, was to search into historical records of monastic spoiliations, particularly on the dissolution and appropriation of Chuntries in the reign of Edward VI. The contents of the Alma House closets were the great assistants in accomplishing his first purpose; for it was from these musty stores that he and Bartholomew Watts routed out the chancellor's deeds, which routed out the Trenchards from possession of the school estates at Lytchet. In his search for useful information, among the books there he found *Dwyllyn's Heraldry*, Antony Wood's *Athenae*, Dugdale's *Monasticon*, and Fuller's *Church History*—ponderous folios containing curious details of the subjects of his investigation. Long and tedious was the research, but he was materially assisted in it by the Rev. James Knight Moor, the then under-master of the school, who devoted much of his leisure out of school hours to archaeological inquiries, and to whom the inhabitants of the Abbey town of Sherborne are greatly indebted, for it was he that supplied Gough and Nicolls with the most interesting facts recorded in the history of Sherborne, published at the beginning of the present century. This learned and excellent antiquary, wearied with long service, at last retired *unappointed*, to a country curacy at Sydling St. Nicholas. Sydling was that kind of living (?) which Cranmer was so anxious that Edward, in justice to the poorer clergy, should augment out of the confiscated chantry property. It is a vicarage valued in the King's Books at £13 ls. 0jd.; and the clear yearly value a hundred years ago was £30. About the same date we find Goldsmith describing the Vicar of Wakefield as—

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Thanks to John Bright, money payments have taken a wonderful turn since that date at Wakefield. A borough voter there now gets the whole annual income of the vicar for his suffrage at an election. Such is the progress of reform in the 19th century. The starving pit-lance doled out to vicars, as stipends for the present hour (not forgetting the good intention of Charles at his restoration, or the more substantial bounty of Queen Anne), affords a melancholy picture in Church History of charity and devotion in modern ages, compared with the endowments of our ancestors before the Reformation. It was then to Sydling that Mr. Moor, wearied with the laborious teaching of "small boys," retired without a pension,—not to be the vicar, but the vicar's deputy, on a salary, according to the rank held in the church, a salary growing

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

the further the recipient is removed from episcopal dignity. But why did he not get some recompense for his labours in, and benefits to, the town of Sherborne? Next to Mr. Chaffe, the merit of unravelling the records that led to the recovery of the Lytchet Chantry was his, and the trustees of the school would have acknowledged this if Mr. Fitch, the last in the line of the estate, had furnished them with the means. He, however, declined to do this till many years after the event; and so Mr. Moor was compelled to realize the truth of the proverb