

**TYBORNE: AND "WHO
WENT THITHER IN
THE DAYS OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH." A SKETCH**

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Tyborne: And "Who Went Thither in the Days of Queen Elizabeth." A Sketch by Frances Margaret Taylor

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FRANCES MARGARET TAYLOR

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INTRODUCTION.

A FEW words of introduction for the following pages are required; for the writer is anxious that their purport should not be misunderstood. This little volume is not a work of fiction; it is simply intended as a sketch to illustrate in some sort another work comparatively little known, "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by Bishop Challoner; and in such an attempt there was no need for invention: incidents of thrilling interest, heroic deeds, and touching episodes could be found in every page; and the author's only desire has been to collect a few of these, and, with the addition only of fictitious names, weave the links into a chain, placing it in a form that might be attractive, at least to the young.

Bishop Challoner's work is, as we have said, little known; it is contained in two small volumes, with close, bad printing, and written in a quaint, dry style, which jars upon our more refined and

correct English ; and so, while our drawing-room tables are loaded with the bright and sparkling literature of the day, and our library shelves are filled with good stores of deeper and more absorbing studies, we have neither time nor inclination to turn to so uninviting an employment as a perusal of the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests ;" no time to read the simple history, grand in its very simplicity, of how men—ay, and women also—suffered, endured and died for the love and faith of Christ.

And it has an interest nearer still, for it is no old tale of Rome or Carthage, no record of sufferings borne on the echo of far centuries. These men lived and died near our own times ; they were of a long line, whose last descendants seem almost to touch us ; they are the martyrs on English ground, and under English laws.

In all lands, and in various ways, men have laid down their lives for JESU'S sake, and we reverence their memory. But a peculiar interest hangs over these ; they bear not the grand titles of old Spain, nor the soft euphonious names of Italy. They did not struggle with the infidel in the far-off East, nor stand at the stake in the forests of the New World. They are *our own* ; they have our own Saxon names ; they came from our own green villages and quiet towns ; they loved our smiling England as we do, and we

tread, day by day, the spots on which they suffered. There is hardly a town in England that cannot boast that there was shed a martyr's blood: York was deluged with it; on the gates of Warwick might their limbs be seen; Gloucester had their traces; and in the Universities they left their witness; whilst *Tyborne* was familiar with their last looks and their last words.

So fruitful a field has English history proved to the novel writer, that there is hardly an incident or a period that has not been painted. But *one* there is passed over in significant silence—the sufferings of Catholics under the Penal Laws. And this silence is the more strange because it has ever been found that the cry of religious persecution has in itself a power of drawing out the sympathy of men, and enlisting their *hearts* on the side of the oppressed, even if their *heads* did not follow. Was not this sympathy poured out on the Albigenses as “victims of the Inquisition?” and how few knew the deadly tendencies of their doctrines, striking at the root of all that men hold in common as pure and holy?—how many tales of youth borrowed their interest from the woes of the Huguenots—with how slight a knowledge of their real intentions?—and how bright an halo did not imagination cast around the struggles of the Covenanters of Scotland—forgetting that, to the full, they equalled their