

THE ENGLISH HIERARCHY—PROTESTANT MALICE.

The consistent Protestant is an Atheist. But as men are generally inconsistent, so the true developments of heresy are but rarely seen. Men do not reach always in this world that goal to which they are tending, whether morally or intellectually, and so the great majority of men never arrive at the end of their logical journey. They will often forego their principles, and acquiesce in opinions which contradict them, rather than take the trouble of defending them; and thus sometimes acute observers are deceived when they tell us that certain changes have occurred, when, in reality, there has been no change at all.—Enmities are long in dying away; but when these are the result of personal interest, there is a greater vitality in them, and it requires supernatural influences to remove them when self-love has so much to do with them. They may sleep for a time, and even seem to have disappeared; but at the very time when they are believed to be extinct, then they rise again, and show themselves in greater bitterness than before.

Historians tell us that in Catholic times the English nation hated the very sight and name of a Cardinal. It was a byword that a Cardinal in England could do nothing but mischief, and that evil only followed him through it. Whether this was a prophecy or a proverb, it matters not; for it is clear enough that a Cardinal in England must have been extremely displeasing to the "nobility, gentry, and Clergy," if he did his duty. The fact is certain, Cardinals were always unpopular and disliked here; and if the "old Catholics" disliked them, we cannot expect them to be very much in favor with heretics. A Cardinal is a Prince of the kingdom of Heaven, and must be an unpleasant sight to a man who thinks only of the kingdom of earth.

The elevation of his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster to the dignity of Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, has given occasion to the enemies of that Church to blaspheme. They are indignant at the outrage, and denounce the Pope and the new-made Cardinal. But what excites the ire of our contemporaries the most, is the fact of the creation of the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster; this is the crowning wrong; that the Pope should presume to appoint a Bishop with a title, which title is within the dominions of Queen Victoria. Well, the Pope has done it; he has made Westminster an Archiepiscopal See, and he has given to Dr. Wiseman, now a Cardinal, jurisdiction over the souls of all men living within the limits of his See, excepting Jews, Quakers, and unbaptised Protestants.

It is "one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence;" it is "an insult to the Church and Crown of England;" it is anything else you please; but there it is—the work is done; the Pope has done it, and we must accept it. He may be a foreign Potentate; but if Englishmen choose to acknowledge his authority, they have a constitutional right to do so. We are as much entitled to believe in the Pope as in Johanna Southcote. An Englishman has, whether rightly or wrongly, a clear right, by the law of the land, to go, if he please, to Hellfire, and also, if he chooses, he may go to Heaven. This being so, it is afterwards of little consequence to the rest of his fellow-creatures how he carries his plan into effect, provided he does not rob them, injure, or malign them. It is not robbery to erect Westminster into an Archbishoprick, nor an injury, nor an insult. It is a matter wholly beside our duty to the State. The Established religionists do not recognise our Bishops—we ignore theirs; their parochial divisions are no rule to us, and their ecclesiastical necessities do not supply our wants. They have seized, certainly, upon the ancient titles, divisions, and tithes, and have so far trespassed upon us; but, admitting them to be in possession, without discussing its invalidity, we, too, may divide the country according to our own requirements. The Wesleyans have their districts and circuits, and local and central authorities. The Irvingites have their angels and their grand prophets to superintend and direct their inferior agents. These two have partitioned the kingdom among them, and bear spiritual rule over some, at least, of the deluded subjects of the British Crown.

The Pope is the High Priest and Ruler of the Catholic and only true religion; therefore, he is assailed at once by the enemies of God; their instinct tells them where the danger lies, and they cry to the people to stone the servants of God, as it was done in the beginning. Cardinal Wiseman is to be "derided and disavowed" when he comes to London; that is, people are to pelt him with mud, and to hoot him in the streets: "brickbats and bludgeons" are being stored for use, when his Eminence returns from Rome.

Every religion but one may do what it likes in this country, and no man will call it into question. But the Catholic Church must be quiet; her duty is to be silent, and not to disturb the repose of England. It is very natural it should be so, for people see clearly enough that other religions have no power, influence, or authority. They are mere galvanised bodies, and sink into inactivity as soon as the battery is at rest. But with us the case is different: the respectable infidel and the easy-going heretic sees at once that it will be very uncomfortable with him, if what we say be true. So he wishes us to be quiet; for if we remain quiet, he will try to forget us, and, by consequence, the unpleasant truths of what we are the visible exponents. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that the creation of an English Cardinal should stir up the wrath of Englishmen, and that they should be especially inconvenienced by the mere rumour of his possible arrival in England. Of course, it is easy to talk of penal laws, and, perhaps, not impossible to have them re-enacted, but it will be at the expense of some treasure and more blood. Time will show whether men, who have no religion of their own, are prepared, out of spite to those who have, to put them

under civil disabilities again, and to make themselves the preachers of Atheism, by denouncing that which alone is true, and which alone claims to be true.—Does a Protestant hate persecution? We think not, and there is no little evidence to be had in the least suspected question, that penal laws and Whiggery may thrive again. We owe the penal laws to the Whigs, and if we live long enough, we may be their debtors again. The Church is showing herself more and more in England, and in proportion to her visibility and uncalled-for interference with men's sins, will be the hatred with which the easy, the respectable, and the thriving sinner, politician, or tradesman, will regard her, and whether in his place in Parliament or elsewhere, he will do her what mischief he can.—*Tablet*.

TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC SYSTEM OF TRAINING CLERGY, AND TO THE CHASTITY OF IRISH WOMEN.

(From the Catholic Miscellany.)

Every now and then we meet with some acknowledgement, by Protestants, of the wisdom that guides the Church in the formation and management of her institutions, and of the watchfulness with which she guards the morals of her children. The last that we have noticed, is by a writer in the *Westminster Review*, who places the training of girls and of our clerical candidates in England, on precisely the same platform in respect to purity; and holds them up together as models for the imitation of those who are engaged in educating the young. The passage to which we allude, contains the following expression of opinion:—"If instead of permitting among all ranks, careless association with the coarse and bad; and enforcing, in addition, among the higher classes, daily perusal of the works of a licentious age, the education of boys were to be conducted with any degree of the same watchful attention to purity that marks that of girls, and that of young Catholic Priests, (in this country at least) the gain to the whole tone of public morals would, we are convinced, be something beyond estimation."

The guarded clause "in this country," marks the intention of the writer, not to speak of the Catholic system save in England, (where, probably, he has had opportunities of watching its operation and results) and gives greater weight to his testimony. The essential features of that system are the same everywhere; and what he has observed of its good effects in Britain, he may find in every country where the discipline of the Church has freedom to act.

In another part of the same article, there is a long extract from one of Mr. Mayhew's letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, and in the midst of an "awful statement" of what was witnessed in one of the "low lodging houses" of London, the narrator remarks that the Irish (who forced by necessity, sometimes take shelter therein,) are generally married; and that "of all the women that visit these places, the Irish are far the best for chastity."†

†*Westminster Review*, No. cv., July 1850, p. 254. †lb. p. 264.

A WESLEYAN "CONVERSION."

In a recent number of our English contemporary, the *Boston Herald*, we find the following dismal illustration of the demoralizing and soul-deceiving working of Methodism:—

"About a month ago, Mrs. Lenton, liquor-merchant of Spalding, was robbed by a servant to a considerable extent. Notwithstanding that she had made a confession of her guilt, Mrs. Lenton declined to prosecute. The girl being a Methodist, it was considered by the leaders of the Methodists that she had fallen from grace; consequently her name was erased from the class paper. Last Sunday, however, this lost lamb was at a prayer-meeting, convened for the purpose of her re-conversion, restored to the fold. It is a remarkable fact, that, during the time she was committing her depredations upon her mistress, she delivered her religious experience at a love-feast, and frequently prayed extemporaneously in public, for it is asserted that she is highly gifted in prayer!"

The case of this poor hypocritical pilferer speaks for itself, and requires no comment.

God says: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

Methodism has invented a shorter and an easier pathway from perdition!

The above-mentioned "lost-lamb,"—who, be it remembered, had been in the habit of detailing publicly (like the Pharisee in the Temple) her religious experiences, at the very instant when engaged in plundering a too-confiding mistress,—this convicted impostor is whitewashed, and restored to "grace," by the hot-bed process of a single prayer-meeting, convened especially for the purpose!

Such is the morality of Methodism, in the year 1850!

Popery is bad; but not half so bad as this hideous burlesque of Christianity. If ever, since the days of St. Jude, "the grace of our God" was turned "into lasciviousness, surely that sin was committed by the class leader of Spalding, and his deluded or deluding confreeres!—*The Church*.

SPLIT OF THE PUSEYITE PARTY.

An event has at length taken place which will not be a matter of surprise to any Catholic, but which, nevertheless, is of as much interest and importance as if it took the world totally unawares. The Puseyite party has broken up into two sections: Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Mr. Hope, Mr. Watson, and the others of that school, who want "to have Popery without the

Pope," on the one side, and Mr. W. Palmer, of Worcester College, Mr. G. A. Denison, Mr. H. Hoare, and the *via media* party on the other. This crisis was brought on, or at least preceded by a singular move on the part of a member of the "Bristol Church Union" committee, the Rev. Richard Ward by name, formerly of the new district church at Leeds. It appears that this gentleman actually placed on the books of the society a resolution to the effect that "the supremacy of the Church in this country be restored to its original head, the Pope." Our readers may well ask why he did not himself return to his allegiance to the See of Peter, instead of endeavouring to have the question debated in some Bristol Church Union or other. However, we may easily understand that a man who had been acting entirely with a particular party, imagining that the effervescence and agitation he continually saw in his own small faction pervaded the whole of that huge cauldron, the Anglican Establishment, might possibly be deceived into supposing that the Anglicans, in a collective sense, could ever be reconciled to the Catholic Church. We suspect the progress of events will soon disabuse him of that expectation, if he really entertained it.—*Tablet*.

ACHILLI IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

(From the Truth Teller.)

A writer in a late number of the *Dublin Review* (supposed to be Dr. Wiseman) paints the character of the notorious Achilli, in the following paragraph, with an exquisite fidelity to the original. The Protestant journals of our city, it will be remembered, were by no means backward in awarding a large share of praise to this infamous man. Were he to come to this country, we have but little doubt that he would be feted and lionized from one end of the land to the other:—

At last his overt acts of vice rendered severer measures necessary. In February, 1831, he was proved to have caused the ruin of a girl of eighteen. The same crime was a second time committed, with a person of twenty-eight; and the third with one of twenty-four years. The second offence came to light in September, 1833, the third in July, 1834. All three were in the diocese of Viterbo. What formed a foul aggravation to one case was, that the place in which the crime was committed was the Sacristy of the Gradi church. For the first and second of these offences, the Dominican friar Achilli was not only deprived of his professorships, but had his faculties withdrawn, that is, was invalidated for preaching, hearing confessions, and exercising other acts of his ministry. To hush up the scandal of the second case, a large sum had to be paid to the father of the victim.

Our readers have a right to ask, what is our authority for this confident and detailed statement. As we shall assert nothing for which we have not authentic and forthcoming vouchers, we reply, that this portion of our narrative is derived from the official report of the judge, who was at that period head of the police of Viterbo. But, further, we have these particulars confirmed to us both by the highest ecclesiastical authority in that city, and by the distinct and independent narrative of a companion of Achilli's, already quoted. The latter thus proceeds in his narrative:—

"Under these circumstances, the poor religious were ashamed to show their faces, for the reproach which this worthy" (*questo galantuomo*) "had brought upon them. After this there came to light other similar, and perhaps more disgraceful, acts, committed by Achilli, at Viterbo, Monte Fiascone, and other places much frequented by him."

From this plain narrative, it would appear that Achilli's three professorships in *esse* at Viterbo, and *in posse* at Rome, are, the first equivocal, and the last chimerical. He was prevented from acting as professor at the Gradi, or in the Lyceum, by the interdiction and banishment inflicted on him by Father, afterwards Cardinal, Velzi; and he was deposed with ignominy, and deprivation of clerical faculties, from his chair in the seminary! Is it credible that such a man had three professorships offered him at once, and two in Rome? And one, at least, of those, in the mother-house of his own order, which had deposed him from teaching in a provincial convent? The whole story is a contemptible figment, without one word of truth, and, therefore, in strict keeping with the entire narrative.

But how comes it that after such flagrant guilt, any person could be appointed to the responsible post of Visitor of the convents of his Order, in the Papal States, and Tuscany, as Dr. Achilli tells us he was? Well, indeed, may such a question be asked; and it is easy to answer it. No such person ever was so appointed. No Achilli ever was Visitor of the Dominicans, as stated. In fact, the ordinary Visitor of a religious Order is its Provincial; and Achilli's statement that he was made Visitor, is equivalent to asserting that he was elected Provincial, which even his effrontery would not venture on. For the Provincial of an Order like the Dominican, is a well-known and public functionary; and a young sub-lieutenant in the life-guards might as well try to pass off as having been Commander of the Forces in Ireland, as a Friar of half-a-dozen years' standing in the priesthood, pretend to have been Provincial. The plain facts of the case are these: the Provincial of the Dominicans in the Roman States was, at that time, the ex-Regent of the Minerva, F. Brocchetti. This good man, wishing to reclaim, if possible, Achilli, and to show how he believed him to be sincerely penitent, took him with him on his tour of visitation, to the great and avowed displeasure of many of the Order, who were not by any means so convinced of Achilli's repentance.

DEATH OF CALVIN.

On the 19th of May, the vigil of Pentecost, a day on which it was customary for the ministers of Geneva to sup together, Calvin intimated a wish that the repast should take place as usual, but in his chamber. An arm-chair had been prepared for the sick man, who took his seat. "My brethren," said he to his colleagues, "I come to see you for the last time, and after this, I shall never more sit at table." Then his lips opened and murmured some words of prayer. But soon he asked to be alone. "They are about to

remove me to my bed-room," said he to them; "a wall shall not prevent me from being with you in spirit."

He passed a bad night: the air which the sick man breathed painfully, revolved in his lungs like columns of fire, whilst the coldness of death seized upon his legs, his right side, his tongue, and paused around that eye which had so long held the consistory in awe: this was the last organ that expired in Calvin. On the 27th, he lost consciousness, and the agony commenced: at eight o'clock in the morning he had ceased to breathe. "On that day," says Beza, "the sun went down, and the greatest luminary that ever came into the world for the direction of the church of God was withdrawn to heaven. On that night and the following day, there were great lamentations throughout the city: the prophet of the Lord was no more."

Beza adds: "There were many strangers who came from a distance and marvelously desired to see him, dead as he was, and urged to be allowed this... But, to prevent all *calumny*, he was taken away about eight o'clock in the morning, and about two hours after noon, he was borne in the usual manner, as he had ordained, to the common burial place, called Plein-Palais, without any pomp or parade whatever; there he now lies, expecting the resurrection which he has taught us, and for which he has constantly labored."

This *calumny* of which Beza here speaks was public rumor, which recounted strange things regarding the last moments of the reformer. It was said that no one had been allowed to enter the death chamber, because the body of the deceased bore traces of a desperate struggle with death, and showed a decomposition in which the eye would have seen visible signs of divine anger, or mark of an infamous disease; also, they had hastened to veil the face of the corpse with a black cloth, and to bury it before the rumor of death had been spread through the city, so great fear had they of indiscreet looks! But it chanced that a young student, having glided into the chamber of the dead man, lifted the cloth, and beheld the mysteries which it was their interest to keep concealed. No one had asked him to reveal the secret. He wrote:

"Calvin died, smitten by the hand of an avenging God; the victim of a shameful disease which ended in despair."

This student was Harennius, who had come to Geneva to attend the lessons of the reformer.—*Audin's Life of Calvin*.

"Calvinus in desperatione finiens vitam obiit turpissimo et fadissimo morbo quem Deus rebellibus et maledictis comminatus est, prius excruciatu et consumptu, quod ego verissime attestari audeo qui funesum et tragicum illius exitum et exitum his meis oculis presens aspexi. Joann. Harennius, apud Pet. Cuzenium.

[Specimen of evangelical regard to truth:—Ed. T. W.]

The Roman Catholic Bishops in Canada East have issued a pastoral letter, forbidding the people of their charges to read any Bibles or tracts, or even newspapers.—*Zion's Herald*.

That's a lie!—*Boston Pilot*.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The subjoined passages, in a letter written from Mexico by an Army Surgeon after the battle of Chapultepec, which will afford the reader a vivid idea of the horrors of war, are from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:

"Heaps of dead and wounded presented themselves to my vision on every hand as I approached the castle. The wounded Americans were carried in as fast as possible; the Mexicans, tho' there was every disposition to give them the attention humanity required, had to bide their time. Our losses had been heavy, but theirs greater incomparably, notwithstanding the shelter they had enjoyed to the last moment from their defences. Their dead bodies lay in masses of tens, twenties or more, wherever there had been concentration; some there were gasping in the last agonies, with their dark faces upturned to the sun, like fish thrown on shore by the angler, writhing and struggling in death; others lay motionless, but an occasional gasp, an upheaving of the chest, alone gave evidence, that the vital spark had not entirely fled. Upon entering the castle I was arrested by some Mexican officers, who besought me to see a person, apparently a general officer, to whom they were attending. One moment sufficed. A ball had passed through his neck, and another through his head: he was speechless and motionless, the blood was passing into his windpipe; but his dying eyes seemed to say he knew his own condition, as I believe he did. As his case was hopeless, I passed immediately on, only pausing a moment to gaze on the fearful mutilation of the human bodies lying around. There were crushed heads mangled limbs, and bodies; brains, hearts, lungs, and bowels released from their natural confines; eyes hanging out from their sockets, and all the lacerations and confusions that follow the use of fire-arms, the sabre, or the bayonet. Brave officers, who had just participated actively in the fearful scene, told me they had enough of the horrors of war, and hoped never again to witness them. I soon was earnestly engaged in my occupations, lopping off crushed limbs and dressing wounds, snatching occasional moments to glance at the movements of the troops as they moved along the cause-ways, by the aqueducts, to the city. I was fagged with labor, hungry and sleepy; but there was no rest to be had there. I passed the night operating and assisting the operations of others. At times I threw my weary person down on one of the benches for a little sleep, to enable me to continue my labors; but sleep had fled far from me, and the groans and cries of the sufferers, the heavy tread of sol-