

ing among her clergy that they will attach a peculiar meaning,—not justified by the words,—to declarations of which they cannot approve. The Church of England is apparently approaching the crisis that must determine the character of her future career. As a Church, she is restless of her political chains,—as a political institution, she has ceased to afford pre-eminent support to the state. "No Bishop, no King," is now an antiquated reminiscence of times when the distinction between the Church and the state was less accurately perceived.

PROTESTANT REFORMERS AS JUDGED BY PROTESTANTS.

The Northern Whig, a Protestant paper, devotes an article to the "Fathers of the Reformation" from which we make some extracts:—

"It is perfectly true that Knox was no Saint any more than any of the other great national Reformers. He was a bold, unscrupulous man, with many faults. He was, however, eminently suited for the work for which Providence raised him up; by his splendid intellectual gifts and the vigor and energy of his character, as well as by his many faults. Heaven rarely makes us of quiet, good men to work great national reformations. The characters of the best of the Reformers will not bear close investigation. Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, though adhering to the old Church, were better men than any who left it. Of Luther alone, the best hearted and most loveable of the Reformers, can it be said that his failings lean to virtue's side? 'The mild Melancthon,' as he is a sort of angel, was just like his neighbors, in more respects than that one; and it appears to be forgotten that he joined with Luther and the other unscrupulous German Reformers in solemnly signing the famous dispensation to the uxorious Elector of Hesse Cassel, granting him permission to indulge his fancy for a duality of wives. Morally, there was not a better man amongst the whole lot than Knox, with the exception of Luther. Of Calvin's moral character, the less that we say the more we do spare his hateful memory. But if Calvin was the most malignant, Cranmer was undoubtedly the basest of the whole of those men whom Providence chose as its instruments to forward its good work. Cranmer, indeed, merely came into the position of being a Reformer as part of his occupation as panderer to all Henry VIII's adulteries, and the Minister of all his cruelties, ready to help him in murdering either Roman Catholic or Protestant, as either might be troublesome to Henry, and ready to divorce a wife or procure a mistress for him, or to get rid of the mistress when her novelty was worn off, and to make room for a new favorite; his life during the reign of Henry being spent mainly in the promotion of adultery and murder for the sake of Court favor, and after Henry's death in the concocting of treason against his old master's daughter. In comparison with this wretched minister of lust and cruelty, John Knox, though he might with considerable propriety have been hanged for wilful fire-raising, was a hero, a patriot, and a saint. Knox's hands were unstained with blood; more by good luck than owing to his virtues we admit. Knox held that it would be proper to put to death a Roman Catholic priest, after a third conviction, for saying Mass but still, no man's death fell into his hands; and even by his legislation, he gave his enemy three distinct chances for his life. But with Cranmer, neither Protestant nor Catholic, man nor woman, had a day longer to live than Cranmer pleased; if Henry but gave the word, Cranmer prepared the stake and the flames, besides committing various murders on his own account. He burned John Frith and poor Anne Askew for being Protestants and plucked a poor tailor from his shop-board, for some leanings in the same way, and burned him also; and afterwards turned Protestant himself to please bloody Harry, and to get a continuation of all the Royal adultery business, and then began persecuting on the other side—burning poor Joan of Kent, for some heresy of which no person has ever been able to give an intelligible account; and laying hold, also, of a poor foreigner, happening, at the time, to reside in London, and burning him, also, for a mistake on the subject of the Trinity. Of atrocities like these Knox is entirely innocent; and besides this, no one can doubt that Knox would, if called upon, have been ready to attest his faith at the stake. But Cranmer, who had indiscriminately burned men and women because they did not instantly follow him in all his shiftings and changings, and doublings and apostacies; Cranmer the accomplice in all the crimes of Henry, in addition to the crimes which he compelled young Edward VI. to commit, had a great objection to suffering a hair of his own head to be touched on account of his faith, and certainly did not die till he could not help it—till in fact, all his roguish, arts to keep himself safe were exhausted. Intellectually, between Cranmer and John Knox, there is no comparison. Knox's intellectual greatness has been emphatically noticed by Milton, whose judgment in such a matter will be held to be as good as that of the Morning Chronicle or of Mr. Gladstone. In this respect Knox has no superior amongst the Reformers. We admit that, as a master of sheer, downright scurrility, he must, indeed, yield the palm to both Luther and Calvin, though, he was far from deficient in abusive eloquence; but he had higher gifts. Luther, great in action and in conversation is contemptible in his writings, which nobody reads, as they are utterly devoid of information, or interest, or mere literary talent. Cranmer's writings are only read by those who admire his worthless character; Calvin's only by theologians and the students of rancorous invective. Knox wrote as vigorously as he acted. He was indeed, 'a fellow of infinite wit of most exquisite fancy.' There are passages in his History of the Reformation which no one of the Reformers could have written but himself. There is a descrip-

tion of a grand row in the streets of Edinburgh, when a Protestant mob attacked a Roman Catholic procession, which, in picturesque description, is equal to anything that Macaulay ever penned; and in fun and humor would not have done discredit to Sydney Smith. Amongst Knox's minor failings, was a passion for low and indecent scandal; and the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, is the object of several disgraceful attacks in his history; his charges against her being all of them downright falsehoods, but falsehoods which it may be granted, that Knox himself believed; for Knox was not only a woman-hater, but held that a Roman Catholic lady must necessarily be no better than she ought to be. But his scandal is seasoned with splendid humor; nothing can be finer in its way than its remarks on the *liaison* which he imagined existed between the Queen Regent and Cardinal Beaton. On the quickness with which she received company after her child-bearing, he is intensely malicious, but not more malicious than witty. In short, after all that can truly be said against him—and that is not little—he was a man with the heart and soul of a man, and a reasonably honest man, and possessed of a conscience; and that is what cannot be said of Cranmer, in whose history no trace of the existence of a particle of conscience can be detected, and in whom all manliness was lost in selfishness and sycophancy, which made him an accomplice in every crime by which he hoped to please his brutal master and to advance his own interest. In short our correspondent is fully justified by a review of Cranmer's life and actions in suggesting that *The Morning Chronicle* ought to mend its illustration in the following manner:—"The Gospel had its Iseariot, and the Reformation its Cranmer." To call John Knox a saint is ridiculous; but to call Cranmer anything else than the basest and meanest of scoundrels is a direct insult to all honesty and truth."

PROTESTANT DEVELOPMENTS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Times writes as follows respecting the *Agapemone*, a sort of Protestant convent established by the Rev. Mr. Prince, a Protestant minister:—

Mr. Prince—so its founder is called—was a zealous Church of England clergyman. Endowed with some powers of eloquence and the gift of a persuasive voice, he was not satisfied with preaching in his church, but did the same also in open air. His Bishop, no friend of street-preaching, admonished him to restrain his religious fervor to his congregation. Mr. Prince, on this, resigned his curateship, and with the help of some of his old parishioners, established a new congregation and opened a place of worship in a small house in Bridgewater, which he called "the abode of love." The modest chapel was, however, soon deserted for the actual residence. About three miles from the borough, is an extensive assemblage of several distinct buildings and grounds, situated on the beautiful Quondack hills, and commanding a most splendid view as far as the Bay of Bristol. In the first years of its establishment—six or seven years ago—the new sect was praying for and expecting the arrival of "the day of grace." But when the new property was bought, Mr. Prince, thanks to some sudden illumination, found out that that day has come—professing, moreover to have come to the self-knowledge that he is "the Lord." The gates of the *Agapemone* were accordingly closed, and its inmates—fifty or sixty persons, and all more or less, wealthy people—were reputed to be in Heaven. No one was admitted, and curiosity was efficiently deterred by half-a-dozen blood-hounds, ready to rush against any indiscreet lookers in. The people of the neighborhood saw, now and then, some of the heavenly couples riding and driving out, like common mortals, with the finest imaginable horses, and in carriages shining with gold and silk; but the doctrine, as well as the train of bliss of the inmates, remained a mystery sealed to stranger's eye.

Some two years ago, rumors were, however, set afloat about strange doings in the celestial abode, and people began to talk of violent recusations being imposed upon some of the members, who tried to escape from so much happiness. This led to a sort of revolution. Mr. Prince at once opened his paradise to all visitors, and the *Agapemone* was no longer shut up so closely from the public eye. A few of the inmates profited by the change and fled, but the secret of the dogma, and its precepts, was, and is still unrevealed. Visitors flocked from all sides, and were very courteously showed everything but the dwelling houses. The whole property is a large garden, with here and there a conservatory walled with exotic plants in rich blossom, a cage of birds or pheasant house, a transparent case of working bees, and small shady shelters, provided with comfortable sofas. The so-called church or chapel occupies a large portion of the garden. It is a high building with colored long windows, that lend a dim light to the strangest place of worship I ever saw.

On entering it I was first struck with a splendid piano of Erard, incrustated with gold. It gained the prize medal at the universal Exposition of 1851.—Harps, violins, and other instruments surrounded it, all of them being of exquisite workmanship. Opposite to the piano stands close to the wall a wonderful musical box, which is at the same time used as an organ. This wonderful instrument, the masterpiece of a German artist, and the object of delightful wondering with all the visitors of the *Agapemone*, has some eighteen pipes, with pieces from operas and polkas and waltzes. I heard the overture of the "Freischutz," by Webee, and that of "William Tell," with a waltz by Strauss, and I never heard such music. Sitting in large fauteuils and immense sofas, we (I and my friends) listened with religious silence to that music, executed not only with the precision usual with such machinery, but with real feeling and expression; admirable *pianissimos*, and astonishing *crescendos*; so as to wake "an allusion" that we listen to living performance. These different instruments are all in the lower part of that large hall, which was evidently built for a Church. The higher part is distinguished by two stairs running across the whole breadth of the apartment; and on that platform stands—well, what do you think stands?—a first-rate billiard-table, and on the opposite side small tables for whist or other games—the back ground being occupied by an immense fireplace of marble, with a mantelpiece of carved oak. One of the lady

visitors, more indiscreet or less tolerant than the rest of the company could not help asking our *cicerone*, (and they all have an air of beatitude,) "Is this a place of worship?"

"No," answered he with a smile, that was half-ironical and half-affirmative.

We visited then the stable. There were twelve superb horses in it, but some more out on a drive. One would think that with all this—and who knows what there may be of more, but hidden enjoyments?—he could make life sweet and comfortable. One of these chosen few has hanged himself, and his corpse was found, after a fortnight's search, some three weeks ago, in a wood, suspended on a tree, and the eyes eaten out by birds. His name was Williams, and if, while living, he thought himself to be in Heaven, why, I really do not know where he may be now, poor fellow.

The *Agapemone* is, as you see, in no very good odor, and people—*intra muros, et extra*—have something against it. Mr. Prince, however, is a very prudent man, and not only that, he does not make any propaganda, but he actually closed the list of his followers—rather an exclusive heaven—and so people are less inquisitive and more indulgent towards the institution, and they think that it is, after all, no business of theirs, if some filthy fools have entrusted a rogue with the administration of their income, and live so happy as to hang themselves at last. It must also be said that Mr. Prince has many adherents among the enlightened shop-keepers of the borough, and that they find it in their interest to call him "Milord."

The N. Y. Church Journal (Protestant) contends that Romanising tendencies are even less injurious than Low Churchism. Our Protestant cotemporary does not seem to entertain a very high opinion of these "Men of God" who founded the Protestant religion:—

"Surely the extravagances of the anxious bench—the disgusting scenes of a camp meeting,—the assumption of Christian perfectibility,—the doctrine of personal assurance, the making religion consist merely of feelings,—the claim of miracles,—all of which were more or less involved in the Wesleyan movement, and, in the great Reformation itself, besides such things as may be found to its prejudice in England, where there was least of evil, look at the coarse invecitive of Luther,—his beastly manners,—his doctrine of 'sin boldly only believe more boldly,'—his toleration of polygamy, in which Peter Martyr and Bucer joined with him,—the sacramentarianism of Zuingle,—the burning of Servetus,—the belief taught by Calvin of God's creating men in order to predestinate them to eternal damnation without giving them power to escape it,—the incessant controversies between the continental reformers,—the refusal of Swiss and Lutherans to commune with one another,—the denial of communion by the latter to the English refugees in the time of Mary,—the disgraceful wrangling of these same refugees at Frankfort, among themselves,—the awful tenets of the Anabaptists, and their shocking incencies,—the despoiling of Altars, the robbing of churches, and the diversion of endowments for sacred and charitable uses, in order to enrich profigate courtiers,—the blasphemy uttered against the Sacred services so great that Edward VI. issued proclamations against it,—the maltreatment of the clergy,—the general licence and licentiousness,—the increased immorality both acknowledged and deplored by the Reformers, and cast in their teeth by the Papists:—Surely these things are at least as bad as anything we have seen in our day;—infinitely worse they are, of course, from the very character of those movements which were destructively reformative, not conservatively so, as in the present case.

Or, again, if the question be one of loyalty to the Church, of breaking the bonds of communion,—what are the few men we have lost in these days, to the thousands, aye, millions, of Wesleyans who have gone out from the Church! What are they in comparison to those almost countless children of the Reformation—in England, and on the Continent, and in America—between whom and us no intercommunion exists? All these separations are results, more or less remote, of the Reformation; and whatever be the advantages gained by that great revival, it has lost us the communion, not of Rome only, but of almost all Protestantism. What greater loss and crippling to us than this, could have happened? O that all who oppose the false claims of the Roman See were only united under one banner of Evangelic faith and Apostolic order,—with one heart, one mind,—one Lord, one faith, one baptism! But it is not so; and the Reformation, by the force of circumstances, has resulted in this. Men have adopted its principles they have used their private judgment in applying them,—and the result of their doing this is their separation from us,—a separation, not by tens and twenties, but by millions. What are we to say, then? Are principles dangerous because some of those who embrace them leave our communion? If so, on what set of principles shall our heaviest censure lie?—Which have been followed by the most numerous and the most crippling desertions,—those of Wesley and of Luther, or those which have had a revival in our day?"

THE PATRIOTIC FUND AND PROSELYTISM.—The Rev. Mr. McEvoy, P.P., Kells, has addressed the following letter to the Marquis of Headford in reply to the circular of that nobleman calling a meeting on the subject of the Patriotic Fund:—

"Parochial House, Kells, 15th Nov., 1854.
My Lord,—I am but this moment honored by your Lordship's circular, calling a meeting of the magistrates and gentlemen of this neighborhood in the Court-house of Kells, on the 14th inst., for the purpose of collecting subscriptions in aid of the Patriotic Fund, according to the intentions of her Most Gracious Majesty."

"In reply I beg to express my cordial concurrence in the object of such meeting. Humanity, patriotism, duty, justice, plead aloud in favor of the destitute wives and orphans of the brave, who, in defence of the principles of freedom and civilization, may yield up their gallant spirits in the war with Russia."

"While, however, thus expressing my humble approval of the voluntary contributions of benevolence for so hallowed a purpose, I am free to direct your Lordship's attention to tears in reference to the allocation of such funds that are not a little calculated to mar the success of her gracious Majesty's most excellent appeal. The apprehensions alluded to, and long, long existing in the public mind, have, unhappily, been much increased by the late flat refusal of

the government to allow Catholic Chaplains, aye, even one, to the navy, and by the revolting expulsion from the barrack hospital at Scutari of the good Father Mulloy, who, be it remarked, was enabled, not at the expense of the government, but by the noble beneficence of the Earl of Suresbury, to undertake his arduous mission, and to carry the consolations of religion to our gallant expiring countrymen.

"These, however, are not the only grounds on which Catholic fears are alarmed. While to Catholic soldiers, whom their chivalrous defence of the glorious principles of our constitution has left weltering in their gore, the sustaining ministrations of their loved and holy religion are with reckless cruelty denied every clergyman recommended to a military Chaplaincy by a notorious professedly proselytising society (I mean that styling itself 'the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,') every Clergyman so recommended is promised by the Secretary at War, *olius* the government, an allowance of one hundred pounds a year, with the usual field and other allowances.

"When, then, 'the land of soldiers and of sorrow' (our own dear isle) beholds the mangled bodies of her children—some (to use the graphic language of Father Mulloy)—some without arms—some without legs—others without life, strewn around—and when we call to mind why they fought and for whom they fell—when, lifting our tearful eyes from this sad scene, we behold the anointed minister of religion (in the venerated person of Father Mulloy) as he reaches the hospital door met at its threshold by the armed minions of British authority with firelock and fixed bayonet, and forbid at his peril to bring the Bread of Life and the Last Sacraments of the Church to the dying Irish Catholics, who had bravely fought in defence of Britain's honor, and fighting thus, fell to rise no more—when, too, Catholic Ireland now beholds pampered proselytising Parsons go forth not to minister to, but remorselessly to mock the spiritual destitution of, Irish Catholic chivalry in the writings of their last agony—when Irish Catholicity beholds in this sad sight the consummation of England's systematic cruelty and ingratitude, no wonder the bitter reminiscences of three dark and dismal centuries should revive—no wonder the slumbering embers of religious animosity should be fanned into active life—no wonder that in the deepest recesses of the Irish bosom there should lurk the dark suspicion that the corporal wants of the families of the fallen brave form but the specious guise under which their immortal souls are sought to be destroyed.

"But, my lord Marquis, if I thus dwell on the fears that pervade the public mind in reference to the future, allocation of the Patriotic Fund, it is not for the unworthy purpose of detracting from its acknowledged justice and transcendent merit. Ten thousand times farther still am I from wishing to cast even the shadow of a shade of suspicion over the high and honored name of the nobleman who, in your lordship's respected person, is entrusted in this county with the execution of her Majesty's commission. Did I entertain a design so dark and unworthy, long years of intimate acquaintance with your lordship's uniform and distinguished liberality could not fail to reproach me with my guilt; nay, every bush and tree of these beautiful and extensive premises—your own personal and munificent gift—would raise their united voices in your lordship's defence, and cover with confusion your ungrateful assailant. Why, then, do I point to the apprehensions of Catholic Ireland on the subject in question?"

"It is, my lord, for the purpose of reminding you and other noblemen similarly commissioned that it is the confidence inspired by your and their exalted character that induces the humble writer as well as the Priests and people of Ireland generally to contribute their humble mite. In antecedents unsullied and honorable as are your lordship's, Irish Catholics feel their best guarantee that 'the religious convictions of the wives and orphans of the fallen brave shall not be tampered with, and that the 'Patriotic Fund' shall never be perverted to the foul unhallowed purposes of sectarian aggression. I have the honor to remain, my lord, with unfeigned and high respect, your lordship's very humble servant, "N. McEvoy, P.P."

THE PATRIOTIC FUND AND PROSELYTISM.—A very important question has been started as to whether or not the fund now in course of collection under the Commission of her most gracious Majesty will be liable to any of those abuses in the management and distribution, which too often render public charities mere agencies of proselytism. The Bishop of Clonfert touched on this point in his speech at the Loughrea patriotic meeting, intimating that there were grounds for apprehension, looking to former precedents. His Lordship on that occasion received from the Marquis of Clanricarde the strongest assurance that in the present case no such fear need be entertained. Many of our readers will probably desire some more authoritative assurance than that of a Whig nobleman, who is not even a member of the Government. It would be desirable also to know how the patriotic fund of 1803 was managed in respect of proselytism, and whether the Royal Hibernian School in the Phoenix Park, is to be the model of the institutions which will be founded for the orphan children of our brave Catholic soldiers.—*Tablet*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The despatch of reinforcements to the seat of war continued without intermission. Every available steamship was taken up by the Government; and it is stated in the London Times that the British Government is now paying at the rate of £3,000,000 per annum for the charter of steamers alone; besides the cost of fuel.

The alarm in England seems to be subsiding as to the position of the allied armies in the Crimea.

A winter campaign in the Crimea will evidently take place, and wooden barracks for 20,000 men are being shipped by the British Government.

Canada's New York steamers were taken up by the Government for war purposes, only the Boston steamers will run during the winter.

The Collins' line have changed the day of departure from Liverpool, to Saturday.

The Pacific, however, leaves on her regular day.

Lord Raglan has been raised to the rank of Field Marshal.

Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, left his home to take passage from Liverpool, in the steamer *Arctic*, but while waiting in that city, he received a letter from his wife, earnestly urging him to defer his journey, on account of a remarkable presentiment that she had. He accordingly acted on her advice, and thus, perhaps his life was saved.