

ber unmercifully knocked down by a lay minister of State, and their destroying rival in Ireland endowed by a Protestant Premier!

Well, the priesthood and Sacraments being abolished, every one is left to the exercise of his private Judgment, and the innumerable divisions which have sprung from this prolific principle of descent, form the unsightly mass, called *Protestantism*! We said nothing about the Sacrament of Matrimony, for a blacksmith can perform that solemn rite, in one part of the Great Protestant kingdom, a civil magistrate can tie the knot any where else, and a divorce, with permission to marry again, can be had from the Lay Divines in the Upper House, any declaration of our Saviour on the indissolubility of marriage, notwithstanding.

And this is *Protestantism*, the religion of negation, and abstraction, and independence, and lay domination,—which has rejected the authority of God and of his Church, and set up as a standard of Faith for each of its members the Dead Letter of the most incomprehensible and mysterious volume that was ever written—which, without any proof that it is God's Word, puts a translated Book from an ancient and difficult language, into the hands of all its votaries, no matter what their ignorance, and makes an insidious appeal to their pride of understanding, and tells them that they are fully competent to expound it, and allows them indiscriminately to grope their way to the True Religion, through its mysterious pages, and thus creates as many religions as there are individuals, each claiming for himself the possession of truth, and fiercely denouncing every one else, and no authority whatsoever recognized for the settlement of their multifarious disputes, and unholy wranglings! Thus

—“Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, Holy Chiefs
Have made a battle royal of beliefs,
Or like wild horses, several ways have whirled
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing with such furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse.”

So it was from the beginning of the Reformation, and so it will be to the end. There was, however, one point of union between those fierce and terrible combatants, one cry in which they were all sure to join—opposition to the mother that bore them, resistance to the Church which existed for fifteen centuries before the name of *Protestant* was heard of, which now with increased glory, proudly rears her venerable head after three centuries of unexampled persecution, and which will exist long after the silly name of Protestant shall have been consigned to oblivion, and the Protestant Reformation seen only through the dim twilight of tradition, like the Arian and other congenial heresies of old. Founded on a rock as immutable as Christ's promise—always ancient and ever new—the Catholic Church has shone as a Glorious Light to the whole world. Assailed from within and without, each successive struggle is but the harbinger of a new victory. The billows of heresy and schism, of infidelity and error, have dashed against her sides in vain; the withering blasts of fifty persecutions have swept over her, but she has not once bowed her majestic head. For countless ages the tide of time has rolled by her, bearing to destruction on its swelling bosom, every of the works of man, but she remains unmoved; whilst each generation as it passes, bends in obeisance before Her, proclaims her “the same yesterday, to day, and for ever,” and salutes her as the Queen of Eternity.

THE CROSS.

Many of those sly sinners who would swindle us out of our political rights because we are Catholics, affect unusual surprise at the recent deviation from our usual course. They are so deeply concerned in our success as a religious periodical, that the good souls cannot bear to see us launch out into the troubled waters of politics. Only think of that shocking *Cross*, that “exclusively religious Paper” to speak out in so bold a tone for the last few weeks, and to attack us poor Protestants of the old Tory school, merely because we indulged in the harmless

amusement of ridiculing their religion and their priests, and calling on all the Protestants in the country to put down these insolent papists! “Oh! did you see the attack in the *Remish Journal* on our dear angel of a man, who never did any thing to offend them, except the innocent freak of refusing to dine at the same table with two of their priests” Did you see the unmerciful assault on the poor Editor of the *Guardian* who “never had a quarrel with them in his life” and whose only crime was, that he printed in his harmless paper some abuse of monks, nuns, cakes, wafers, and other Popish abominations! Did you see the coach and six they drove through the grammar of the *Times*, and the profane caricature they drew of the Church of England and their wicked allusion to the Church of bullets and bayonets in Ireland? Did you read their vain boasts about the conversion to Rome, of all the most learned and pious of the English Protestant Clergy and the members of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, who they say, discovered genuine popery in all the fine old writings of the Holy Fathers which were deposited in those Colleges! Did you hear the scoffing and irreverent language in which they spoke of those sainted champions of Protestantism, Knox, Calvin, and Luther—men of incomparable meekness, of spotless characters, and mortified lives! Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh dear! Who'd have thought it! Who could believe that those ignorant Romanists should be able to say any thing in their own defence or write one sentence of good English, or with their “unpretending little sheet,” be able to hold out so long against five of our Journals, and a score of our most accomplished writers! Is it not grievously painful to hear such benighted creatures quoting Latin and English classics, and Protestant divines, and the blessed Book of God, which these Editors must have stolen from the priests, and slinging them in our teeth, and taunting us with our stupid ignorance, and telling us that Protestantism is on its last legs, and that we are tearing out each others vitals, and that private Judgment will swallow up the whole of us, and that the entire world is moving in the direction of Rome!”

Such are some of the horror-stricken exclamations of the canting Pharisees, and crafty politicians of the day, and the cream of the joke is, that notwithstanding the breathless, and almost exhausted state of infantine helplessness with which they utter them, the cunning rogues do not believe one word of them. Then, their deceptive notes are so varied, and so discordant that they can never harmonize. One time, these pestilent Catholics are naturally slavish and unfit for liberty—at another they are not only liberal, but red hot Radicals. Now, they are brute ignorant, and are kept in that besotted state, by their priests—and again they are schooled into all kinds of dangerous knowledge by those same priests. To day, they are priest ridden, to-morrow they are throwing off the sacerdotal yoke. This week the Catholics are quiet, peaceable, and deserving a fair share in the public offices of the country; before the close of the next, a shrill blast from the trumpet of intolerance calls upon all true Protestants to exclude them from all power, and to resist every encroachment of Rome. If we remain quiet we are treated as cowards, and kicked and cuffed according to every caprice of our gracious masters. If we speak out in our own defence, straightway a senseless and brutal clamour is raised against us. If our priests go into society, the “innocent and unoffending brother” of the Editor of the *Guardian* thinks himself privileged to insult them; if they stay at home, they are “olden monks herding together” a “nest of hornets” a “low set of Jesuits.”