

THE PROTESTANT BISHOPS IN THE GAZETTE.

"Physician, heal thyself" was an injunction delivered before the Bishops of England undertook to deal with their own case; and they have thrown discredit on the rebuke. Set a thief to catch a thief, if you like; but do not set a bishop to reform a bishop, still less to reform himself. He does not do it well; and the attempt, failing, is a glory inverted. The episcopal attempt, failing, is a glory inverted. The episcopal attempt, failing, is a glory inverted. The episcopal attempt, failing, is a glory inverted.

One of the last accusations was that implied in the statement of the Horfield case; which appeared to exhibit a prelate as trafficking in renewal-fines, and pocketing more income than his stipulated allowance. The whole case was denied, as a scandal; but in the Gazette this week appears a new set of regulations by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, preventing such affairs for the future. So that Sir Benjamin and Mr. Horsman are not idle grumblers after all. The new regulations bind down each bishop to give in, half-yearly, an account of his receipts, and to pay over, half-yearly, any amount beyond the half of his specified revenue; also especially to report to the Commission the renewal of any lease for which the fine exceeds £100; the lease not to be renewed except with the approval of the Commissioners. Thus is that grievance disposed of. No more will any bishop be obliged, or able, to rake up old accounts for a series of years past to play surplus against decrease; no more will bishop judge himself in foro conscientie the amount he ought to pay in conscience is such a slippery arithmetician! No more will he be embarrassed with nice perplexities as to the commercial interests of the Church, and in his zeal for religion suffer himself to be betrayed into unintelligible shufflings of renewals, commendations, and inductions. No—each quarter-day of spring and autumn must he deliver in an account for the half-year ending on the previous quarter; three months, however, being allowed him to bring his mind to bear upon temporal affairs.

The special grievance may be blocked out, but still the new arrangement is not quite satisfactory. It is to take effect only on bishops appointed after the 1st of January, 1848,—prelates before that revolutionary era being allowed the option of accepting the income specified in a new schedule as a substitute for their present incomes; and they still reserve to themselves salaries ranging from 4,200*l.* for Llandaff to 15,000*l.* for Canterbury. Some prelates, therefore, if they please, may continue to act on the Horfield-and-scandal plan: so difficult is it to get a bishop to squeeze a bishop! Again, we notice that the new regulation guarantees the bishop a payment if the revenues of his see should fall short of the stipulated amount: which is fair enough, only it shows the sharp eye which a bishop has for business.

For bishops, be it remembered, are the authors of these new regulations: the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are bishops and some friends of bishops. And it is not pleasant to see the right reverend ministers of affairs which are not Cæsar's so very keen in financial affairs, their own revenues being the matters in issue. In almost any other case of the kind, where gentlemen have some pecuniary interest involved in a question of public benefit, such gentlemen would retire from the consultation; but most especially might that delicacy be anticipated where even professional and technical etiquette points out the matter in issue as one peculiarly improper to be handled by the persons concerned. In duty and spirit, the true priest is as much above an ordinary gentleman as the priest Master is above Cæsar; but in action the priest does not think it necessary to rise to the gentlemanly standard. Rather he defends his gains with acrimonious eagerness; is not averse from exhibiting himself as striving to keep reform of his own finance in his own hands, lest it be too thorough: denies avowments which are afterwards substantially confessed, in dilatory, reluctant concessions; allows that to bind his order it is needful to use the close stringent language without which the legal conscience ranges in unreproved license; and displays all this sharp, minute solicitude, at a time when the Church is "in danger," and is especially suffering under a charge of the idolatry of the golden calf.—*Spectator*.

ORANGEISM.

The British outcry against the "Papal aggression" has resulted in a practical fact in the land which owns its heresy to the ferocious temper of John Knox. In England, people were satisfied with making speeches, signing addresses, and turning helpless malservants into the streets to sin. But Scotch Whisky was too potent for such quiet demonstrations. In that land, where drunkenness and Puritanism hold a divided but equal sway, a more serious manifestation of Protestantism was made, and now, it seems, the zealous preacher finds himself in danger of the law, and the Scotch judges at Glasgow have pronounced sentence of death upon the disciple of Lord Roden and the clumsy follower of the Prime Minister of England.

In August last, an enthusiastic Orangeman took counsel of the whisky cask, and the inspirations thence derived proved too powerful for his debilitated reason. The mythic prophesies of Delphi sat on a three-legged stool over the fissures of a perforated rock, out of the deep abyss of which issued forth the hot steam of a maddening enthusiasm, and then poured forth to a credulous audience the raving follies of an excited brain. So in Glasgow the devout Orangeman, after an appropriate session over the whisky bottle, rushed forth into the streets, and began to magnify his Protestant divinities. He was inspired like Mahomet, and denounced death against every one who did not pronounce the formula of his misbelief. The only clear notion that he had was, that the Pope must be destroyed, and every one who belonged to him. His devotion was so intense, that he could not tolerate the existence of a single person who did not join in his cry.

The wretched Orangeman, armed with a knife, went into the streets of Blantyre Works village, proclaiming his murderous intentions. He was not in jest, but seriously meant to stab the first Catholic he could find. He caught hold of one man, but he was a Protestant, and, under the dreadful circumstances he was placed in, we are not surprised that he made an

honest confession of his misbelief. The most inveterate dissembler, being a Protestant, would, in that case, have dealt honestly with his raving interrogator. The man of whiskey was not altogether satisfied with the oral confession of their common heresy, so he required of him the secret sign of brotherhood—what he called the "Orange grip"—the signal probably by which those are known who have been admitted into the more recondite mysteries of this Babylonish religion. The poor man who was thus required to make the more solemn evidence of his profession, contrived to make his escape from the unwelcome and self-appointed inquisitor. Whether it was that he feared the result in either cases, or that he knew not the secret sign, does not appear. He very wisely contrived to make his escape, and so saved his life.

The true Orange Protestant, thus deluded, became more reckless, the excitement he was laboring under became greater through rage, at the escape of his victim before he could accurately ascertain the precise character of his religious conviction. Whiskey and rage combined, made him now terrible in his zeal, and the next person he met with received the knife without any previous interrogation. No questions were asked, and the Orangeman drove his knife into the body of an unoffending man. The unfortunate victim of his fanaticism proved to be a Protestant, like his murderer and thus the Catholics escaped from the snare laid for them. When the evil deed was done, the officers of the law seized upon this new prophet, who was consigned to gaol, subsequently tried for murder, and now lies under sentence of death.

This is murder, but the guilt of it lies upon other men than the miserable Orangeman who committed it. They who suggested to the mob that pelting a Cardinal might be a good deed, and those who wished to send a war-ship to the mouth of the Tiber, are not wholly innocent of this cruel tragedy, perpetrated under the suggestions of Scotch whisky. People who wrote on the walls of London and elsewhere, "Down with the Pope," and "Down with the Mass-houses," are the real instigators of diabolical deeds; and the Orangeman was not more wicked, but only more consistent than those popular preachers who suggested that hearing confessions should be a capital offence. The lying traditions of the British Reformers have sunk deep into the popular mind, and there is much reason to fear that they will be obliterated only by the wildest infidelity. Some twenty years ago the commander of a British vessel was in imminent danger of running upon a rock, whereby his ship must have been inevitably dashed to pieces. He escaped unhurt, and called upon his crew, by way of thanksgiving for deliverance from death, to join with him in his act of devotion, which was, "Three cheers for the king, and damn the Pope!"

MARTYRDOM OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN CHINA.

A letter from Hong Kong, addressed to the *Univers*, gives the following details of the execution of M. Schöffler, a missionary priest:—"On the 4th of May, about noon, by order of the grand mandarin, elephants and horses were prepared, and two regiments of satellites were under arms. The muskets were loaded, and every one expected that it was an expedition against the rebels which was being fitted out, for that an attack was to have been made on the haunts of some brigands. It was soon, however, understood that all the preparations had been ordered for the execution of M. Schöffler. The mandarin, fearing that the Christians would endeavor to rescue their missionary by force, wished to intimidate them by this display of troops. When his intentions were known, all the town showed the greatest affliction. The gaolers, the prisoners, and all those who had had any connection with the missionary, expressed their sorrow and regret. M. Schöffler, on the contrary, was smiling with delight, and he prepared to walk to the place of execution with greater ease by dressing himself as lightly as possible. The mandarin was apprehensive of a riot, and he took up his position on the ramparts, surrounded by his troops, all ready for action. The execution took place outside the town. The cortege of the martyr was arranged in the following manner:—Before him marched a soldier, carrying a board affixed to a pole, on which was written—'Notwithstanding the severe prohibition against the religion of Jesus, a European priest, named Augustin, has dared to come here clandestinely to preach and seduce the people. When arrested, he confessed everything—his crime is evident. Let Augustin have his head cut off, and throw into the river. Fourth year of Tu Du; First of the Third Moon.' Eight soldiers, with drawn sabres, marched by the side of M. Schöffler; 100 men armed with muskets or lances formed the head of the procession; two elephants formed the rear-guard.—The martyr held up his chains when walking; he walked quickly, as if hastening towards his triumph, and continually offered up thanksgivings. He was surrounded by an immense crowd; the greater number of these Pagans were struck with religious admiration; there were some, however, who railed and blasphemed. On arriving at the place of execution, the martyr fell on his knees, kissed the crucifix three times, and at the request of the executioner he took off his coat and turned down the collar of his shirt. The executioner having afterwards tied his hands behind his back, the martyr said to him 'do your business as quickly as possible.' 'No, no,' replied the mandarin, who was informed of what M. Schöffler had said; 'follow the signal of the cymbal, and only strike at the third sound.' The signal was given. The hand of the executioner trembled. He struck three blows of his sabre on the neck of the victim, and was at length obliged to cut the flesh with a knife, in order to detach the head from the body. In Cochina China those who are present at executions are accustomed to disperse immediately after it is over; but on this occasion, although the greater number present were pagans—for there are very few Christians at Son Tay—they rushed forward to collect some drops of the blood, and get some portions of the garments of the martyr. It was remarked that an inferior mandarin, a Pagan, before the execution, threw a coat of white silk and a piece of white linen at the feet of the martyr, in the hope that it would be stained with his blood. M. Schöffler, thinking doubtless that they belonged to some Christian, took them up and placed them inside his shirt next his heart. When the chief mandarin was informed of what his subordinate had done, he ordered him to receive several blows with a stick; he, however, went off very delighted with the possession of his precious relics. The Christians obtained the body of M. Schöffler, but the head was thrown into the river, and had not been found when the above letter was written.

A WISCONSIN DEBATING CLUB.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, the question for this evening is, which conferred the greatest benefit on man, Mr. Christopher Columbus, or General George Washington! On the affirmative, Messrs. Van Deezzer, Dusenbury, and Penix; on the negative, Messrs. Foster, Milligan, and Sampson. Mr. Van Deezzer has the floor."

Mr. V., the village lawyer, a smart dapper looking man, arose and taking a sup of water out of the cup which was before him, did depose:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen and Ladies—I arise to advocate the affirmative of this question; that is to say, that I affirm that Mr. Columbus did a greater benefit to mankind than General Washington. In order more fully to digest the interrogatory just propounded to enter into the merits of the case, I will give a brief, succinct, and condensed account of Mr. Columbus's life and exploits. Sir, who was Christopher Columbus? Sir, echo answers, the greatest man of his times. Sir, Columbus was the offspring of a man of the same name, who was an indignant basket maker in a small town called Rome, situated on the river Tigris, a stream which takes its rise in the Pyrenean mountains, and flows in a south easterly course into Gulf of Mexico. At an early age Columbus evinced a decided talent for the sea, and occupied the leisure hours of his infancy in perusing books of travel and works on navigation. It was while engaged in these pursuits that he inadvertently met with the works of Robinson and Cuscoe, and Captain Cook, and the definition he made from them was that far away over the trackless main, hitherto untrudden by the foot of man, was an undiscovered country.

"As he approached to manhood, he was filled with a desire to discover that country which he so often saw in his youthful dreams; actuated by this desire, he petitioned the great Pontifical Pope of Rome to give him three yaws and a jolly boat to carry out his design. That distinguished man at first refused, but his wife Cleopatra, being pleased with the promising looks of Mr. Columbus, actuated with the magnanimity which is a caricature of her sex, prevailed upon him to grant Columbus's request, whereupon, providing his vessels with stores and men out of his own pocket, Columbus got ready, and on a certain month, and on a certain day of a certain month, and in a certain year he set sail from the Holy Sea of Rome, and after a long and tempestuous trip, he set foot, at last upon the Plymouth Rock, in the Island of Juan Fernandez; it was on that occasion that he exclaimed—'Breathes there any man with soul so perfectly dead as never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land!'

"Sir, Mr. Columbus did not long survive the hardships of that voyage, and was taken prisoner by the King of the Canoon ball Islands, and with all his crew cast into chains and slavery, where he died an ignominious natural death, with his whole crew, leaving not one to tell the tale. Peace to his ashes and there'n."—*Boston Pilot*.

German Democracy has a fearfully strong representation in America. In all our large cities there are organized associations, leagued together, and acting under a central power in Europe. These are the associations which at Hoboken year after year, in exact accordance with the Manifesto, which we have quoted, have denounced our Washington and his associates as aristocrats, and have avowed that the Constitution of American Republicanism must all be overthrown, and replaced by their Social Democracy. One of their champions Herr Frederick Hecker, some few years ago held forth in Tammany Hall, in a speech which the press of the city was too cowardly to report and denounce; saying that the "true Democrats" in America had a work to perform;—to make all the "moneyed aristocrats in the United States about a foot shorter"—illustrating the expression by a motion of the hand as if cutting off their heads. These are the men who have repeatedly and gallantly denounced in the *St. Louis Republican*, (a paper that does honor to the Democratic party of this country,) as a band of desperate ruffians who are certain to involve this country in political troubles, and which it is the duty of patriots of all political parties, to shake off and disown at every sacrifice. These are the men and the associations, whether called "Turners," "White coats," or what not, that after some slight timid censures by papers in New York, have since been lauded by nearly every daily paper in this city—by the hacks of party politicians for fear of losing some dozens of cut-throat voters, by non-political mercenary prints, for fear that their clerks might rattle a few pennies the less in the coffers that are filled by the obscenities, and the lies of the cheap newspapers.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

MORALITY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—"The Woman's Rights Convention" held its sitting in Worcester on the 15th and 16th of this month. Several able speakers (mostly of the softer sex) were present who endeavored in a very eloquent style to prove that the fair portion of the creation are a very ill-used class, and that instead of minding their household affairs, and instead of leaving the cares and toil of business, fighting and law-making to their husbands, that the business should be altogether reversed. There was one gentleman there who spoke of morality in general, and in this State in particular, and as a proof that the population were rising in the scale of goodness he read the following table of Divorces granted in Massachusetts for ten years past:—

Year.	Divorces.	Years.	Divorces.
1841	69	1846	92
1842	43	1847	101
1843	68	1848	102
1844	95	1849	131
1845	98	1850	140

In Mr. Channing's opinion, the increase of Divorces did not keep pace with the increase of the population, and hence the improvement. This is very absurd logic for the increase of population is mainly Irish, and the Divorces relate almost exclusively to Americans.—*American Celt*.

A FATAL JEST.—A young lady in one of the seminaries of New York, indulged in the pleasantry of frightening a school-mate, by appearing before her in the solemn dress of the grave. So perfect was the deception, so terrible the shock, that the frightened young lady fell senseless to the floor, and has not yet recovered her reason. It is feared that she is a maniac for life.—*Boston Pilot*.

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