

tion of the Saxon people at Nockmeslove, in 1073, Otto of Nordheim had made a speech, which for solid reasoning, and moving eloquence, perhaps equals any effort of our own Patrick Henry! Its stirring accents rang throughout all Saxony, and its effect was not only to thrill every bosom, but to cause the war cry "to arms! to arms!" to be heard from every valley and hill top! To show in what light the oath of fealty to the king was viewed in those days, we will present the following extract from Otto's speech: "Perhaps you hesitate to break the oath you have taken to the king, because you are Christians! What! to the king! So long as he was king for me—so long as he showed himself such, I have scrupulously observed the oath I had taken: since he has ceased to act like a king, and to discharge the duties of a king, I owe him fealty no longer. Courage then! we do not march against the king, No,—but against the enemy of our liberty; against the enemy of our country, &c."

This reasoning only alleges a principle generally received in the middle ages: that *obedience and protection* are correlative terms, and that the former ceases to be obligatory, where the latter is wanting. According to this principle, Henry could have been deposed without the sanction of the Pope; and in fact the princes of the empire seriously thought of doing so before Gregory had spoken. The Saxons, in appealing to the Pope had not only expressly recognized in him the power of deposing princes; but had said, that the German empire was a *fiat* of the holy see. In fine, Gregory, while declaring under all the circumstances, that the Saxons were absolved from their oath of allegiance to Henry, did precisely what every American and every lover of liberty would have done.

[To be concluded next week.]

All letters and remittances are to be forwarded, free of postage, to the Editor, the Very Rev. Wm. P. McDonald, Hamilton.

## THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1843.

There is always something so insolently offensive, so jeeringly abusive, so spitefully insulting, and (on his own risk) so peremptorily dictatorial, in the school-boy scribble of the *Toronto Church Editor*; especially when he touches on any thing connected with his detested *mother Church*; that we think it but fair, (and indeed we are forced by him in self defence) to contrast with her, his adopted parent—his *parliamentary* step-dame—begotten by the murderous lecher, Henry the Eighth; taught her new-fangled catechism by the courtly pedagogue of the baby King Edward; put aside by the Catholic Queen Mary; and finally recalled, dressed out in a new fashion, richly endowed with the spoils of the Catholic Church, and proclaimed by act of Parliament the *Church of England*—subordinate always to the *lay power* that called her into existence, the *Sovereign of the land*, man, woman or child, as chance may be.

Only mark the contemptuous sneer of the *Toronto* pedagogue, against such a character as the Rev'd. Richard Waldo Sibthorp. That gentleman had been falsely represented as scrupling after conversion to pray to the Saints, and *worship the Virgin Mary*: In answer to this misrepresentation, he is reported to have said: "Assuredly I do not worship her; (as Protestants say Catholics do; but much, nay more, as Protestants would their Queen) but I ask her intercession," &c. *Poor Man!* says the *Church Editor*, "has his common sense been so volatilized as to make him imagine that when he prays to the *Virgin Mary to forgive his sins*, and to deliver him from all dangers, he is only

asking her intercessions, and is not worshipping her, &c." "The worship of the *Virgin Mary in preference to the Almighty*, is one of the characteristics of Popery." Had we just now time and space, we would prove the *Editor's common sense* to be worse than *volatilized*—to be quite *capsized*—by the most weighty, downbending and overpowering prejudice, while he so foolishly affirms that Catholics *worship the Virgin Mary in preference to the Almighty*.

But let us once more show off his boasted Anglican Church, which, though but national in her origin, language, name and nature, is now of late styled, only by some of her own members, the *Catholic*, or universal one: though, with much more propriety, might England's Government be styled the *Catholic*, or Universal Government! How earnestly she now aspires to break her connection with her kindred Protestant sects of every description, under whose *cross* surrounding and super-incumbent weight she risks being finally prostrated. How fondly would she now adopt the distinguishing titles, and glorious attributes, of her who was from the beginning and will be to the world's end, the sole beloved of the heavenly bridegroom, and rightful mother of all his children!

### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

In malitia sua letificaverunt regem; et in mendaciis suis principes.

They have made the Kings glad with their wickedness; and the Princes with their lies.—*Oceano*, ch. 7, v. 3.

Every one knows that it was to humour King Henry the Eighth in his lewd propensities; and to gratify with the spoils of the Church, the greedy minds of his unprincipled courtiers; that the Anglican sect of Protestants was first formed and established.

Under the minority of his Son Edward, and the long subsequent reign of his daughter Elizabeth, it was new modelled, frequently trimmed and adjusted in its faith and discipline; and finally settled, and proclaimed by Act of Parliament the religion of the land: a snug, little national synagogue, with neither priest nor prophet for its head; but one better befitting its lay—legal character; the man, woman, or child born, or acknowledged, the legitimate sovereign.

Let us view the thing, ere it vanish quite: for it is getting rather old of its kind. Its main props too have been blown down of late: and its loose foundation yielding to the super-incumbent weight; the whole seems tottering towards its downfall. Let us mark then, while it yet stands, and is still resorted to, by the more fashionable and courtly cast of our home-born christians—this *Anglo-regal* and parliamentary portion of Protestantism.

Without stopping to comment upon the indelible record inscribed by history on its blood-smeared portals, regarding the character of its lustful, murderous and rapacious founder; and the base and selfish motives, which he, and his unprincipled agents had in view, in the erection of such a fabric; all which, however, shows that none of God's work was there; since, considering the architects and their inten-

tions, it is clear that they laboured not from his inspiration, like *Besaleel* and *Oliab*, in the construction of his tabernacle: Exod. 31. let us examine the work in itself, and see if this *Samaritan* boasted edifice be really more perfect, holy and august, than the older one of *Juda*, erected on *Mount Zion*.

In its external appearance, it is a kind of miniature of the one, in opposition to which it was raised. The mitre is seen engraved upon its walls; and even though sparingly, the cross of the Redeemer; but over both are placed the emblems of a power, on which it more depends; the regal sceptre and the crown.

Let us look at it within.—We see here no altar; no victim; no sacrifice; and consequently, no priesthood: for a priesthood without a sacrifice, till the Protestant reformation, is a *novelty* quite unheard of in the universal world. What is then become of the Saviour's "everlasting priesthood, according to the order of Melchizedech; who offered up bread and wine, as priest of the most high God?" Where is that *universal sacrifice* and *pure oblation*, which, according to the last of all the prophets Malachy, 1, 11; "was to be offered up in every place, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, among the converted Gentiles."—Where is wisdom's banquet, Prov. 9? Where is the Saviour's "living and life-giving bread? the true bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world:" better than even the miraculous "manna: his very flesh to eat; and his very blood to drink?" John 6. Is it only what we spy here on their *communion table*? the vintner's drug and the baker's crumb? Is this then the fulfilment of all the ancient figures?—This their wondrous accomplishment, that was so to surpass them all! What! Nothing in substance and reality, but an earthly crust, and the juice of the grape? this indeed is all, that in common with its protesting brethren this regal parliamentary sect affords.

But, at least in its ceremonials, and external forms of worship, it has not stripped itself so shamelessly naked, as its legal sister the Presbyterian Kirk, and the rest of its protesting kindred. Yet the scanty rags it wears are none of them its own. They are but some shreds purloined by the wanton, wayward daughter from the well stored wardrobe of her venerable mother. With these she decks out her dwarfish form; and emulates her envied parent's unrivalled state and comeliness.

All the forms of worship in this singular sect are but an imperfect, dry, dull mimicry of the Catholic rites and external observances. Its whole devotional code, is nothing but the mangled remains of the Roman liturgy, translated from the universal language of the universal Church into the vulgar idiom of the peculiar spot, for which this ecclesiastical monstrosity was designed. Nor in all this new church service, or *book of common prayer*, as it is called, do we find any thing original, or honestly got; any thing it can properly call its own; but the many curtailings, necessarily made from the Catholic original, in order to adapt this last to the *negative* nature of the protestant creed, and

a few not very creditable additions more of a political than a religious kind, such as the mock-martyrdom of that truckling monarch, Charles the first: the restoration of his lewd and licentious son, Charles the Second; and the glorious accession to the English crown of the Dutch deliverer William; all for royalty, and loyalty to him or her, who reigns the head and idol of this church establishment; and finally, though first in time, the office for *Cecil's holy day*, as James, his royal master, styled it; that shameless libel on the innocent Catholics *born and unborn*; the *gunpowder treason*; with all its fiend-like execrating prayers, told yearly over every where throughout the British dominions, with peal of bells and cannon's roar; to rouse, if slumbering after centuries past; and keep, if possible, for ever alive in the breasts of the ignorant, credulous, and deluded multitude, (as the sure means of preventing their return to popery;) the same fell spirit of remorseless hatred to the Saviour's church, which had been infused in to their minds by the lying authors of this villainous contrivance.

In the whole of this puffing, parliamentary, pigmy church, we witness nothing but the work of selfish, greedy and unprincipled worldlings; who have exhausted every art of deception to secure to themselves and their families, indolent ease and affluence at the expence of the public.—And that public, who were such losers by the expulsion of their former laborious & beneficent clergy: a clergy that, like an exuberant field, returned a hundred fold to the sower the seed thrown into it; by founding universities, and establishing numberless free schools; by building and endowing hospitals, and places of refuge for the sick and indigent: by erecting and keeping in repair, their Presbyteries & religious dwellings, and by rearing churches worthy of the august religion they professed; churches, still the ornament and boast of their nation; and all this without any pecuniary exactions, or legally extorted contributions from their hearers; Yet that public, for whose advantage, all this, and vastly more was done; could be brought to exult in the suppression and oppression of such an order of men; and to applaud the very plunderers of this, their common property; of which their Catholic Clergy were but the legal keepers: and to hail the introduction in upon them of a greedy, craving, all-consuming, yet never satiated set of locusts; who feed and fatten with their hopeful brood upon the hard earned fruits of the labourer's industry; which brood, at the incumbent parent's death, are thrown, quite unprovided for, a precious charge upon the community: that public, the English, who hold themselves so wise, could be so befooled and outwitted by their selfish and crafty rulers; as with joyful acclamation to make over to them, and their heirs for ever, the precious mine; from which they derived such inestimable advantages; and to accept, in return, from the hands of their titled swindlers, a numberless poor to be provided for; and in order to prop up, and perpetuate the new order of things, a national debt, that can never be extinguished.