

One thing, at least, is indisputable, that the Whigs will never forget, and the Tories will never forgive: not your *mutability*, but your *pliability*, on that trying occasion. But, my Lord, I should give myself little trouble to ascertain the extent of your political integrity, did it not afford some clue to the labyrinth of your polemical dexterity. That the late reverend expectant, Philpotts, should have been a trader in religion, as well as a speculating jobber in politics: that he should have made it a convenient stepping-stone to ten or twelve thousand a-year, is a matter of no surprise to those who weigh, in the balance of experience, the views and motives of our *religio-political* pamphleteers. But were "a saint in lawn" a peer of Parliament—a bishop of Exeter to continue the unholy traffic, it would form a fair subject of just & severe animadversion. I do not mean, my Lord, to affirm, with the prophet Nathan of old, that "thou art the man who has done this thing;" but I contend for it, that those who have fallen under the lash of your public censure, of your fulminating anathema, have a right, not only to demand proofs of its justness, but to criticise your public conduct, and to question and canvass your motives. There is no use, my Lord, in mincing this matter. If you believe the holy Scriptures, you must confess that idolatry is a heaven-excluding sin; when, therefore, you anathematize as idolatrous all those who teach, preach, and practice the celebration of the mass, you obviously, and, by a necessary inference, consign them to eternal flames. In this black list, therefore, of *damned and pre-damned*, so charitably furnished by your Lordship, are to be comprised some hundreds of millions of Christians now living, and fifty thousand millions already dead. For you will not venture to deny what the homilies of your own Church proclaim—that, for one thousand years before the Protestant Reformation, there was not a single Christian Church throughout the whole world, whether orthodox, heretical, or schismatical, that did not preach and practice, the sacrifice of the mass; neither will you expose yourself to the contempt and derision of the learned, by pretending to question the following historical fact—that Luther, when he abolished *private masses* in the 16th century, did not profess to be guided by the authority of God-revealing, or the authority of God-inspiring, but by the persuasion and arguments of the devil. This astonishing fact, Luther by a just judgment of God, has divulged with *his own lips*, and published in the German with *his own hand*, and afterwards procured the narrative to be translated into Latin by his familiar disciple Justus-Junus. Luther's own history of this most singular conference, is to be found in the seventh tome of his works, published by himself, Wittenburg edition, page 480; and 6th tome Jena edit, article, "Von der Winchel Mesz." Now, my Lord Bishop, according to your *pious arithmetic*, this infernal theologian has saved more souls in one little corner of Europe, and in the short space of two hundred and fifty years, than the Divine Author of Christianity throughout the whole

habitable globe, during a period of *eighteen centuries*!!! Here is food for the Arian—here consolation for the Jew; here encouragement for the infidel.—Where, then, are the golden promises of Jesus Christ to his Church, of *unity, sanctity, apostolicity, and universality*? Why, the impious attempt of the imperial apostate to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, to restore the synagogue, & re-establish the Jews, was not a more direct effort towards the falsification of the promises and prophecies of Jesus Christ, than is your Anti-Christian *denunciation*. It comprises every Christian of Asia, Africa and Europe, down to the period of Luther's deformation. So that, for 1200 years at least, Christ was abjured, denied & deserted by all mankind. There is another unit still, my Lord, to be added to your gratifying catalogue, the mention of which may not "so-lace ears polite." The whole population of the interminable Russias, with their dreaded autocrat to comfort them, are involved in your exterminating sentence; for they likewise retain and celebrate the mass.—But my Lord, as it is not my intention to argue the question seriously & elaborately at present, because there exists a possibility that your candor will render it unnecessary, I shall be contented with proposing to your Lordship the following alternative: I call upon you in the name of the dead whom you have calumniated and insulted, either to retract publicly your charge of idolatry, or if that reasonable satisfaction be denied us, *I challenge you in the face of the English nation, on whose unsuspecting credulity you would impose, to meet us within a month, either at Liverpool or Manchester, and maintain your charge by a viva voce discussion before an English audience and in the most public place*. In expectation of a reply at your earliest opportunity.

I remain, my Lord,  
Your obedient humble servt.,  
P. MAGUIRE,  
P. P., Ennismag Rath.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF TYRONE POWER.

It was not, I believe generally known, that Power was a Roman Catholic. In fact, I was not aware of it myself, until one day at a large dinner party given to him, where all the guests but himself were Protestants, some observations against Popery, were made by a gentleman present. Power instantly arrested the speaker in a good-natured but serious way. "Stop, my good sir, don't run so fast, perhaps you are not aware that there is an humble defender of that faith present;" and seeing us all stare rather doubtingly, he added, "yes, gentlemen, although an unworthy member of the *ould church*, yet I am a sincere one; and if I do not attend to my duties as I ought to do, it is not for want of knowledge; I cannot plead *dis-belief*, I cannot *ridicule* my religion, nor have it abused by others, without defending it. And let me tell you, Protestants as you are, you cannot avoid doing homage to the learning and piety of the early Fathers; ay, and to the despised churchmen, who, in what you call the 'dark ages' preserved the Holy Scriptures from destruction, who fought against your tempo-

ral kings for liberty very often, and most successfully; although it is the *modern* fashion to decry them as the constant abettors of tyranny; bad men there were and too many of them in the church in every age; so was there a Judas among the apostles; but I tell you that you Protestants owe much more to 'another church' than you have ever given her credit for; has not she kept your faith sound and orthodox in all *material points*; and as to what you call her *superstitions*, believe me they are full of poetry, and in some measure, necessary to draw out the feelings of the *millions, the poor and despised lower classes*. And I ask, can any man of generous feeling; I care not how much opposed he may be to Popery—as you call it; can any man withhold from the Irish people his unbounded admiration at the constancy with which they have clung to their *despised church*? Pains and penalties, bribery, the gallows, transportation, acts of Parliament, general and special, wars, famine, in fact, every known spring of human action has been tried to make them abandon the faith of St. Patrick, but in vain! How stands the case at this moment? Your English church, with all the tithes and all the lands of the Catholic church, all the patronage of the government, and with learned men enough, has succeeded, to be sure, in retaining 800,000 members out of eight millions: the Presbyterians count about as many more, and *we are the balance*! No law exists to oblige us either to go to mass or pay our clergy; and yet our chapels are not large enough to contain the congregation of steady worshippers, and our priests and bishops are decently supported, not pampered with large incomes, but kept above want. Now, if we are to apply the democratic rule of *majorities*, by my faith, I think *we* must be right, and *you* are wrong. But, come, this is too serious a discussion for a dinner-table, and therefore, I will end the theological part of our entertainment, by giving you a *successful instance of conversion* which took place in the county of Tipperary last year. You must know that there has been going on in Ireland latterly, what the pious evangelicals call the '*second reformation*' and the zeal for making converts from Rome, has at length reached some of the nobility; Lord S— is amongst the number, and, finding that he made no headway among his Catholic tenantry, by sermons, or tracts, or argument, he finally thought of a more energetic mode of proceeding. You are probably aware that in Ireland it is all-important to a poor farmer to get a renewal of his lease, as there is not land enough for all the applicants; his landlord, therefore, has him at his mercy whenever the lease expires. Lord S— had an old tenant who had been born on the estate, and his father before him, and whose lease expired just as the religious mania for making converts was at its highest point; this man whose name was Michael Murphy, had three sons, and it therefore was to him a matter of life or death to retain his farm. When he called on Lord S— to arrange about the renewal, his Lordship thus addressed him:

"Well, Michael, I am glad to see you; you have always been a good tenant and an honest man; but Michael, with all my desire to serve you, I must not forget my duty to the Protestant cause: it is wrong for me to patronize Popery on my estate, and therefore, before I renew your lease, you must promise to renounce your errors and join our church."

Poor Michael was thunderstruck; he was, though an ignorant man, a devout Catholic; and as soon as he could speak he threw himself on his knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed, Oh my lord, my lord, don't be so hard on me entirely; don't be after destroying *me soul* entirely; sure wasn't I born on your noble, hospitable, & brave father's place, & my father before me; and haven't I grown up with your lordship! and think, what a cruel thing it would be, after I have been travelling the *right road for over sixty years, to ax me now to take the wrong one!* Oh! may the blessed Virgin soften your lordship's heart this day, and unsay that word! The orthodoxy of his lordship could not withstand this affecting appeal to his good feelings, he therefore said, 'Well, Michael, I do pity you; you are an old man, you had no education, you cannot be blamed, perhaps, for following the errors of your youth, therefore, I excuse you; but upon the condition that you give up one of your boys, for I have set my heart upon a convert from your family, and I must insist upon this.' 'God ever bless your lordship,' replied Michael, 'that's a more *reasonable* proposal, and so I'll go home and consult my *ould woman* and whatever she agrees to, I'll do.' 'Very well,' said Lord S— 'go home to your wife, and come back to-morrow with your answer.'

The morrow came, and so did Michael, looking quite composed. 'Well, Michael, what does Peggy say?' asked Lord S—. 'Faith, my lord,' replied Michael, 'Peggy thinks it will answer mighty well, and so she agrees to your lordship's request, and many thanks to you for *letting me off*.' Lord S— was overjoyed at this speedy success of his new plan, but, inasmuch as it was the first convert he had ever made, he was curious to hear by what process of reasoning Michael induced Peggy to consent: he therefore asked: 'but, Michael, what did you say to Peggy, and what did she say to you; come, tell me all that passed.' 'Why, then, please your lordship,' returned Michael, 'when I got home, we sat down over the fire, and I just out and *tould* her all your lordship said to me, and *axed* her what we were to do.' 'Well, Michael,' says she, 'shure I'll never answer for you to give up this bit of ground, as 'tis our only support, and so we must just give up one of the poor boys to be made a Protestant of, (the Lord save us from harm!)' 'And Peggy, says I, 'I thought as much myself, but which of the boys shall we give up.' 'Oh,' says she at once, 'I'll fix it, shure there's our son Pat, and you know *he's going to the devil any how, faith, he may as well go through the Protestant church as any other way*!' This was the first and last convert made by his lordship; and I understand he has now nearly regained his common sense, having discovered that good Catholics are rather better than bad Protestants!—*The New Mirror*.