

my Lord, as that adamant chain of demonstration, which encircles the three parts of the work in question, was not broken before it was knit together, so it never will be broken, till *the Gates of Hell prevail against the Church of Christ.*

The Right Rev. Author evidently flatters himself that, at all events, he has solved three of the enigmas, or paradoxes, which I had pointed out in his Catechism: nevertheless, they still are as fast closed as ever. For is it not evident, that *Religion*, of no description whatever, excludes any man from Parliament, except the Catholic? Did not Lord George Gordon, a M. P. profess himself a Jew, wear a beard about a foot long, and die in the embraces of a Jewish harlot? Did not Edward Wortley Montague, another M. P. believing himself to be the son of the Great Turk, declare himself a Mahometan? And those our civil and military officers, who, in the island of Ceylon, a few years ago, joined in the public worship of Budho, the brother idol of the blood-stained Jaggernaut, are they excluded from Parliament on this account?—As to ‘the *inviolable* covenants of the two unions,’ which the Prelate maintains, must ever exclude Catholics from all power: it is still matter of demonstration that one of them, which, according to him, *has been violated* more than once, does not so much as allude to them; and that the other alludes to them for the express purpose of acknowledging, that they *may* be admitted into Parliament!—As to his third paradox, it suffices to say, that his Right Rev. Author still maintains that his Majesty cannot lawfully accept of *The Veto*, and yet that we violate our allegiance, by not conferring it upon him! Thus, according to the Prelate, we are *traitors* for not committing an unlawful act!

Thus much I have said, in answer to the Prelate’s ONE WORD to me, which word, however, is seen to embrace so great a variety of subjects! With respect to his Lordship’s THREE WORDS to General Thornton, they are confined to *The Declaration*, by which every Member of Parliament is required to swear—not his belief in the Articles of the Church of

away, sunk into despair, starting continually, and exclaiming: ‘*I am a lost man! I am a lost man! I dream of nothing but of hell-fire!*’ How unlike the end of his confrere, Austin Jennison, who having been struck dumb by his conscience, in the pulpit, which so ill became him, hurried the same day from his living, near Edinburgh, his pretended wife and property, first to London and thence into France, about the year 1788, where he died in penance and peace. Doran blew out his brains, near Newbury. A detailed history of the converts to, and apostates from, the Catholic Church, in this kingdom, since the defection of Henry VIII. would form a most interesting and useful work.