

ing any remark of my own. This is my last point in this unpleasant subject, and I now fearlessly assert that in all your political career, during the last six years, there is no one phase in your official capacity which places you before your country in so discreditable a position, as the clear proofs of your having witnessed the grossest lies published against Catholic states and people, while you held in your hands the very official documents, the bare inspection of which would in one day have spared this country such scenes of degrading bigotry, as has no parallel in any country on the face of the civilized world; and these demonstrations leave no doubt whatever as to lie the seventh.

What a suitable time it was to open a mission of Godliness, and just when the Pope was driven from the Vatican! when Naples was enveloped in the flames of revolution! when your friends and your correspondent, Kossuth, had nearly overturned Austria! and when your victim, Charles Albert, was on his death-bed, broken-hearted! No language can sufficiently condemn the palpable scheme of revolution, devised by a set of British officers, under the appearance of prayer and the word of God. What a Godly, appropriate time, to commence the work of the Reformation of Tom Cromwell and Somerset! But, above all, my Lord, what an appropriate set of apostles began the work; namely, Captain Walker, Captain Wilson, and a full military staff of evangelizers! How like the work of God, in such hands, and at such a time. I am surprised that the French never conceived such a holy design as this, during the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, and sent a batch of French officers to Munster, like Ledru Rollin, General Cavaignac, and others, to evangelize the Irish, just at the moment when Hoche was approaching Bantry Bay with ten thousand men. Why, my Lord, the heart sickens at contemplating the palpable audacity of the English spies, in their cool attempt to persuade the world that they mean to preach the Gospel, while the swords and the muskets of their perjured apostles appear beneath their crimsoned surplices.

My Lord, I am not influenced by any desire to give the