

threatened also, as well as insulted. Unable to cope with us in argument, they cried out for pains and penalties, for applications to the Governor and Memoria's of the Secretary of State, for the prosecution and banishment of our Clergy. And after having given those various proofs of their desire to elicit religious truth, and their love of *free discussion*, they wind up their tortuous arguments with the "gutter vomitings" of the "carriage-dial" in their last number.

We are sure our readers will follow the advice of the Apostle which we proposed to ourselves when we read this last *canine garbage* of the absurdity called Protestantism.

"Beware of Logs. Beware of Evil Workers!" Philipp. iii. 2.

N. B. We will continue our refutation of Protestant arguments and our contradiction of Protestant Lies.

Is the Church of England a "degraded creature of the State which made her, and could unmake her to-morrow—or not?"

Is the Queen the Head of the Church in *temporals* only?

Those are two important questions raised in the Protestant Press, to which we are determined to give a convincing answer at the first opportunity.

#### EXETER HALL VILLAINIES—THE IRISH FAMINE.

We copy the following Letters from a recent number of the *Tablet*, and in doing so, we beg to express our full concurrence in the sentiments of their Protestant and Catholic writers. We have before denounced in no very measured terms, the diabolical arts of those Protestant Pharisees, who in the present awful calamity are attempting to cram Bibles and Tracts, instead of food, down the parched throats of our starving fellow-countrymen. The execration of the whole Christian world will assuredly fall on those inhuman monsters who refuse to relieve the agonies of the famishing body, unless on condition of the souls' apostasy from conscience and from God. And these men call themselves Christians, and Bible readers, and Preachers of the word of God! Only imagine a sacerdotal miscreant at the bedside of an Irish peasant who is expiring from starvation. With an Evangelical Tract in one hand, and a loaf of bread in the other he subjects the dying creature to more than the torments of Tantalus. He holds in his impious hands the scales of life and death, and cries out to God's image, as the heathen tyrants did to the primitive martyrs—Sacrifice your conscience, or you perish! If you become a hypocrite, I will save your life; if you do not accept the Protestant Bible, or the Anti-Popery Tract, you starve! No Bible, no Bread! No Tract, no Drink to alleviate your last pangs, or restore your exhausted energies! And this is called the Propagation of the Gospel!!!

Oh God of Justice, wilt thou not avenge this! Oh Father of the Poor, wilt thou not, "on account of this wretchedness of the needy, and the groanings of the poor, arise, and defend thy own cause" against those mid-day Devils?

Oh Protestantism is this thy fell spirit, or is it thus thou readest the Gospel of love! May heaven preserve us from such specimens of the good Samaritan. We would consider it a mild punishment if the whole batch of bigots who have concocted this cold-blooded scheme, were consigned to the tender mercies—not of "the Old gentleman"—but of Nicholas the woman-and-child-murdering tyrant of the Russias, to be by him transported to the frozen wastes of Siberia which are not half so cold as their own petrified and icy hearts. We certainly shall not be sur-

prised if we hear soon that some signal malediction of God shall fall upon the accursed heads of those demons in human form.

The Protestant Bible and Tract, and the Protestant Proselyter only wanted this last infernal ingredient to commend them to the eternal hatred and disgust of the Irish Nation. It will be remembered and treasured up in our heart of hearts long, long, after the present dire visitation shall have passed away!

"STEPNEY.

"A Protestant reader of your truly valuable paper sends with his respects the enclosed, being the half of his note towards the present distress in Ireland, the remaining half will be given by him to the authorities who collect on behalf of the Queen's Letter.

The writer takes this opportunity of remarking how deeply his feelings were wounded at a sermon in his own parish church on Sunday morning week, wherein the preacher, speaking of Romanism, thus expressed himself—"Popery, that withering curse!" How any (I was going to say Christian!) Minister of God's Word could dare so to speak of any Church which has "Our Blessed Saviour" for its foundation-stone, (and who will behold enough to say the Roman Church has not?) he cannot imagine.

The writer trembled for the poor preacher at the time, for he felt and feels now, that it was blasphemy!

As a lover of the Church of England, but never, never a despoiler or enemy of the Church of Rome, he must protest against such doctrine, or, if such is the doctrine of his Church, the sooner he renounces it the better.

May the Great Head of both your Church and his accept this humble gift, however unworthy the giver, and in his own appointed time soften the terrors of His present afflicting hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

MOORGATE-STREET.

Sir—I am compelled again to put my hand in my pocket and pull out another sovereign (in addition to others given at public collections) through the witchery produced by the perusal of the letter of that wonder-worker, "Father Thomas," contained in your last publication, wherein he so forcibly portrays the miseries of the famishing inhabitants of the parish of Kilmoo, at the utmost extremity of the south of Ireland, and the nefarious means adopted by those imps of the Father of Lies, the *soul-kidnapping swaddlers*, to convert the starving people to Protestantism, through the fascination and at the rate of so many *puggins* of soup and *bundles* of frize.

This trifles I take the liberty of enclosing to you herein, and request you will be pleased to let it be forwarded, if possible, to the Rev. Laurence O'Sullivan, Parish Priest of the above parish of Kilmoo, Crook-haven, in the south of the county of Cork, in aid of my poor and now grievously afflicted parishioners, among whom I was born. It grieves me that my means are not commensurate to the impulses of my heart to assist them more liberally, and to enable that worthy Priest to counteract the diabolical tricks of those *Psalm-singing deceivers* who avail themselves of the present famine to pervert my poor countrymen; I am consoled, however, with the conviction that their triumph will be short lived, for as soon as the Almighty will be pleased to remove this heavy scourge from the people, they will pitch the religion, soup, &c., as well as the said wretched imps in sheep's clothing, to their prompter, promoter, and father—the Old Gentleman.

Convinced that you will forgive the trouble and comply with my request, I remain, Sir, your constant admirer and reader.

M. C.

Since the above was sent to press, we have seen the following admirable letter from the gifted President of the Irish College at Rome, which contains some strong allusions to this woe-lending subject of Proselytism in famine.

"Irish College, Rome, March 8.

My Lord—I beg to forward to your Lordship 20*l*. to be distributed in any way you think best among the poor. This sum is to