

the one shepherd." A converted Methodist makes an excellent Catholic. The late Catholic Bishop of this district, the Right Rev. Dr. Bramston, was a converted Methodist. The Rev. Mr. Mason had been a popular Methodist preacher; he became an eminently useful Catholic priest. How I wish Methodists would read his "Earnest Appeal to the People called Methodists." I wish it, because Catholic truth does rejoice in, and prosper by, calm, temperate and deliberate controversy.

I now come to the forth and last excuse for not answering me. It is quite characteristic, and perfectly worthy of you and your cause. Here it is in your own words:—

"4. Because Mr. O'Connell's character as a controversialist, and a public man generally, but viewed more especially in reference to the oath taken by Roman Catholic members of parliament, disqualifies him from the office of a public censor; and at once releases this committee from all obligation to meet his challenge, and compels it, for the sake of its own reputation, to refuse him even the usual courtesy of a reply."

Gentle Pharisees, I thank you! You have been well described in emphatic language by the most awful authority. How I enjoy the sanctimonious hypocrisy of your malignant piety! It makes you adept in the worst of arts—vituperative calumny. I doubt much whether the most skilful dame of the fish-market may not be edified as well as instructed by the rancor of your scolding. And yet, I think I see you turning up towards Heaven the well-practised whites of your eyes, and hear you exclaim against *me*, for being intemperate and abusive. It is truly quite consistent with your habits and manners; first, to use the most unmeasured calumny, and secondly, to accuse the victim of your abuse with the very crime you commit against him. I admit that in this you are the general followers of your prototype, John Wesley, who, as I have shown, first roused the Protestant mob to burn the houses of the Catholics, and then accused the Catholics of having themselves burned their own houses.

Let us, however, quietly examine what this piece of what in Ireland is called "swaddling Billingsgate" contains. It is as full of matter as an egg is of meat. We will turn it up, if you please, and the last of it shall be first.