

How is it, my Lord, that for years and years, from boyhood to manhood, from the Tracts published by religious fanaticism, to the volumes written by hireling defamation, our minds have been filled with the stratagems and horrors of the Papacy. The human mind was said to be enslaved by it, and the freedom of the gospel to have fled at its approach. And even now in the middle of the nineteenth century—in the full blaze of science and literature—those monstrous calumnies are believed, and even amongst those who knew better, the instances of a generous defence are exceedingly rare. And notwithstanding all this, the Papacy is on the increase. From her persecutions and her blood, missionaries have sprung up, carrying her doctrines, *per ignes et hostes*, over the whole earth. And how is it so? This is a question, my Lord, which as Churchmen we should propose to ourselves, but which neither misrepresentation nor bigotry, nor intolerance can answer. However painful may be the acknowledgment, it is only an homage due to truth to declare, that the Priesthood of the Papacy has long since shamed the general conduct of our clergy. Be their religious practices “superstitious mummeries” or not, they wield, for the most benevolent purposes, the greatest engine ever wielded by human power. Their regularity of life—their abnegation of self—their general developement of the most refined humanity—their attendance in the sick chamber undismayed by the most fatal disease, where they frequently inhale the incipency of their own death—the instructive resignation under which they fall victims of the sublimest charity, entitle them in a supreme degree, to the sanctifying virtues of religion, and illustrate their excellent conservatism of peace and order. I do not, therefore, marvel at the hostility arrayed against a movement that presents in relief the unquestionable superiority of the Papal Priesthood over the Established Church. My Lord, although I am firmly attached to the principles of the Church of England, I cannot deny my testimony of respect and veneration to the virtue and excellence of the Roman Catholic Church. I do not understand the prevalent doctrine which attributes exclusive excellence to its own little community. If I correctly understand my own Church, this is not the character of her teaching.

My Lord, I am no friend to the Pope of Rome, beyond the admiration of an enlarged humanity, and heroic benevolence. Deep penetration, profound judgment, and gigantic grasp of intellect, will not be denied to Pius the Ninth, by the most superficial observer of the age. A man of this stamp will always command respect; and I would presume, upon your Lordship's concurrence in pitying the stunted intellect that is unable to appreciate him. If the Pope has acted in strange departure from these great guides—if he has usurped the authority of our Church—surely his bishops are amenable to the law, who are already found obeying his behests. They are within reach, with Cardinal Wiseman at their head; and if they have violated constitutional rights, why not arrest them? Arrest them, my Lord, by all means. But they will cheerfully endure it! Enact new laws, impregnated with the spirit of judicial murder, and try these spiritual aggressors by them. This also they will endure. Pack a jury, secure a verdict, and let a *religious* Lord Jeffrys pronounce sentence. Good, my Lord, but stop not here. Strike down the power of a free press, choke the channels of justice throughout the country, convert England into an Aceldema, and let the atrocities of the French Revolution grow pale in the contrast of Protestant extermination of Christianity. Nay, my Lord, hesitate not, but let the work be accomplished, and the spirit of the rabble, and the pickpockets of the country, be gratified. Let the greatest conservatism of peace and order be prostrated to the ground, and the Moloch of infidelity triumph in its ruins. But,