

fully given millions to see him a lifeless corps. When they or their Minions sent Martin D'Estorie the greatest duelist then in their dominions, to challenge him to mortal combat without the slightest provocation on the part of the challenge, did he not meet and prostrate this great, this Goliath-like, this legalized assassin ; and sent him to his long home ; and when he obtained his seat for Dublin city, they bribed another man to shoot him in the vehicle in which he was chaired ; and the man declared that he was not able to lift or move hand nor foot from the time the intended victim came in his view, until he left it, though he was to be paid five hundred sovereigns for committing the murder. This last I was told by Mr. Walker of Belfast, who was one of the Orange Association, and had every means of getting genuine information from head quarters. When he was thrown into the Richmond prison by the grossest perjury ever heard of, there was not an Official from Peel down to the petty Constable, that would not have gloated over his destruction ; and when the wretched Lyndhurst pronounced the reversal of his sentence, he was so much agitated that he was scarcely audible—he was so much grieved to be compelled to pronounce such a sentence. Now, I ask, who it was that plucked him out of their murderous grasp ?—none but he who holds the keys of life and death. He who bearded the Lion in his den—he who assailed the Iron Duke and the Ministry, in the face of the nation, in his place in Parliamen—he told Peel on his advent to power that the Irish nation hated him, and that they despised him as much as they hated.

This is the man that no bribe can seduce, nor no terror overawe ; possessing a mind superior to fear—to selfish interest : true to that God whom he worships, and true to the religion which he professes ; and he is confessedly a man of as much information as yourself. Yet he cannot see so many deteriorating things in his church as you pretend to see ; nor can he find so many men of real worth as you did. These ideal men of yours are invisible to every one but yourself. Did I not well observe that you were mad and have a devil. Gregg only said that his blood was got cold with age ; but that would not suffice you nothing short of a coward, a slave, and a paltroun. This tasted equally sweet with Popish superstition, &c. &c. &c., along with the invisibles. But