

reasonably expect that we could have time to measure, or tempo to regulate our parrying blows.

THE TIMES.

After eleven days of painful parturition the *Times* has produced an Editorial handling of no ordinary dimensions. Its beauty is exactly in the inverse ratio of its weight. We heartily feel for its party if their clumpishness be entrusted to such unskilful hands. Fortunately for us, they had the folly to publish a portion of our articles, from which the public will observe that we have acted on the defensive throughout, and that the *Times* itself has been the cowardly aggressor. We address to them the question which we have already put to the *Guardian*

Who began this quarrel?

Who gave the first provocation? Who flung down the gauntlet? Who first struck, and struck repeatedly, their patient, silent, unoffending brethren?

The whole community knows, their own readers are well aware, that the infamous notoriety, the diabolical crime of stirring up religious feuds amongst a people who were disposed to live together in peace and good will, rests upon the shoulders of the Editors of the *Times*.

The *Times* opened this unchristian warfare, and now, after having enkindled the flame, the Pharisees run about crying Fire, Fire, and falsely charge their innocent neighbours, as the real incendiaries.

"O for a forty-person power

To chaunt thy praise Hypocrisy!"

But in spite of all their brazen insolence, their unblushing hypocrisy, we will not suffer the *Times* to escape from this terrible responsibility. They beguile the impious strife, and they must now suffer from the consequences. They are not ashamed to avow that they did it too, for base political motives. They did not attack us forsooth as *Catholics*, but as *Politicians*. What a nice distinction for the acute logicians of the *Times*! After having endured repeated blows we ventured to remonstrate. These godly men turn round and say to us with the blandest air imaginable "Good friends—sweet friends—we struck only the political parts of your body, but with your religious members we have nothing to do. Pray don't be angry." No, no, Pharisees and Scribes of the *Times*! There was a time when we might have borne it with a patient shrug—for sufferance was the badge of all our tribe." But that day has vanished, and no matter in what capacity you may assault us, we will teach you that we are more worthy of your respect than you imagined. You have laughed at us, scorned our nation, cooled our friends, heated our enemies; and what's your reason? We are *Catholics*. Hath not a *Catholic* eyes? Hath not a *Catholic* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons. If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you poison us do we not die?"

We are thus forced to borrow weapons from a Jew, to teach common humanity to the Christian Scribes in the *Times*, to the Right Reverend, Very Reverend, and other ghostly writers, leaders and abettors of its offensive assaults upon our creed and nation. Let the *Times* make a graceful apology for its numerous attacks upon Catholics and Irishmen, and we will readily consign "to the tomb of all the Capulets" the memory of this sickening feud, and withdraw any severe expressions to which our wounded feelings have given vent.

The *Times* begins by an allusion to our Calendar in which they say "every day is marked down for some religious observance, which in our Protestant ignorance we can neither make head nor tail of." Like the beautiful portico of a splendid building, this classic opening reveals to us at once what we are to expect from the ponderous lucubration which follows. We must however inform them, though we despair of illuminating the "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times*, that if they turn to the Calendar of Feasts and Fasts in their own half Popish Book of Common Prayer, they will find, if we mistake not, Ash Wednesday, and the Feast of St. Matthias the Apostle of whose election a certain holy Book called the *Acts of the Apostles* makes mention. They would also perceive, if their "Protestant ignorance" were removed, that we have within one week three

commemorations of the Passion of our Blessed Redeemer, in order to excite the minds of Catholics to salutary meditation on all the tragic circumstances of the Great Atonement in which Christ loved us even unto death. Thus, one relates to the Agony, the Prayer and Bloody sweat of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemani; another to the *Thorny Crown* which pierced the tender head of "The King of the Jews" the painful Diadem of the King of Lore; whilst a third has reference to the *Nails* which fastened to the Cross the hands and feet of Him of whom it was written "They have dug my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones," and to the *Lance* which transpierced His precious side, the side from which flowed that Blood which "pacifies the things that are on earth and the things that are in heaven." We could also point out to them in the same week a commemoration of Peter the Prince of the Apostles, on whom, as upon a rock, Christ founded that Church which they impotently assail, and which the gates of hell can never destroy.—We could add the Feast of a sainted successor of the same Peter in that wonderful see of Rome from which the immortal Gregory the Great sent his holy missionaries to convert the heathen ancestors of the people of the *Times*, to the knowledge of the True God.

After having lent our humble assistance to the correction of the axiomatic "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times*, we must express our serious opinion that Protestantism and Ignorance are so nearly allied, that one cannot exist without the other. No man would be a Protestant if he really knew what he was protesting against. Protestantism is based on falsehood, its essence is deception, its food is calumny. It imputes to the Church from which it has rebelled, the most odious doctrines—doctrines which she abhors more than her calumniators—and thereby cruelly imposes on the hapless and ignorant victims of its treachery. The very term *Protestant*, as applied to a religious believer, is an exponent of ignorance, an empty sound, an unmeaning title, a mere negation, an idea without point or substance, a common noun which may signify anything or nothing, which can be applied to ourselves as well as to the Editors; for we too are staunch Protestants. We protest against all unscriptural doctrine, against all schismatical divisions, against all calumnies and misrepresentations, against all lies and fables, against all rash judgment and detraction, against all superstition and infidelity, and all idolatry and blasphemy. We fervently pray too, that the "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times* and such benighted fellow creatures, may be speedily dispelled by the light of truth, and that the veil of error may be taken away from their hearts, as in the case of the illustrious band of converts at Oxford, and Cambridge, and Leeds, and London, whose learning and research prove the truth of our assertion that it is impossible for Protestantism to exist, unless through ignorance of Catholic tenets.

This *Times* talks of "the tolerant spirit" of their creed. He need not go farther than Ireland to prove this modest assertion. Any one but slightly acquainted with the history of that unhappy country, could relate wonderful examples of this "tolerant spirit."

In its mandarin dissertation on the Famine in Ireland, the *Times* confines its defence to the "alien Government," overlooking altogether the accomplices in English guilt which we took the liberty to mention. Such small animals as "the domestic tyrant, the iron landlord, the grasping title-proctor and the surplised plunderer" are unworthy of the consideration of the *Times*, or perhaps he fancied in his "Protestant ignorance," that that gigantic monster of iniquity and oppression, the Irish Established Church, had no share whatsoever in the creation of Irish misery, or that the Irish landlords &c. were brilliant specimens of the "tolerant spirit" of his creed.

We again proclaim to the *Times* our conviction that England and the Irish Church, and Irish landlords, and Irish tyrants supported in their long career of oppression by English bayonets, are suffering, and will suffer more, than the hapless victims of famine themselves. Their existence was a dying life, a lingering death, an unvaried round of agony and torture. Death in any form, with the hope of a glorious resurrection, must be a happy exchange, a supreme relief to them. The punishment of the haughty nation, which for three hundred years has violated