

I have made half my impeachment—the bitter half is yet to come—I mean my charges against our statesmen in reference to their conspiracy against the Catholic Church. During the last twenty-five years there was scarcely an ambassador appointed to the foreign Catholic courts who was not as malignant against our creed as Macaulay, as reckless a correspondent as Sir Francis Head, and as gross a story teller as Drummond. All the envoys, the consuls, the attachés, the messengers were the same. Half their despatches were written about the Pope, the Mass, Purgatory, the Blessed Virgin, and the Bible. Old colonels, admirals, captains, together with a numerous swarm of swaddling young men, were the continued hangers on at all the embassies. Lies of Priests, Nuns, Convents, and school-girls were every day sent to England under the head of "Our own Correspondent." Bibles were shipped in thousands to all Catholic countries to the care of the English embassy, and when the traveller looks and sees the French, the Austrian, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Neapolitan, the Sardinian, the Bavarian ambassadors solely attending to their diplomatic duties, and not interfering with, or maligning, or proscribing the Protestants of foreign countries, the conduct of England in this case is so mean, so fanatical, so bigoted—in fact, so insane—as will furnish the future historian of England with the blackest and most disgraceful page in her strange history. (Cries of "Shame.") Go where you will all over the world for the last twenty-five years and you meet an old captain preaching the Bible and abusing the Pope; and while all the world is acquainted with the courtesy, the breeding, and the gentlemanly bearing of an old military man, that same world is equally surprised to hear an old cavalry officer singing psalms, to see Mars, dressed in a powdered wig, preaching on a tar-barrel, and Neptune in lawn sleeves kneeling in prayer and public scorn in the market place.—(Loud laughter.) Tens of thousands of Bibles have been printed, and millions of money have been expended in this farce, this mockery of the Gospel; and it is a truth which admits of no contradiction, that wherever this hypocrisy has been enacted it has engendered public ill-will, produced social slander, and has invariably ended in doubt and avowed infidelity. And the strangest part of this ferocious cant, this malevolent sanctity, this malignant clarity is, that while England sends money all over the world to preach against Catholicity, she liberates Jews, who deny the whole Bible—she endows Unitarianism, which denies the divinity of Christ—she patronises Methodism, which hates the supremacy of the Queen. In the various towns in England the laboring men are never seen at church, the sworn testimony of Protestant Clergymen before committees of the House of Commons. The report of the Earl of Shaftesbury states the frightful immoralities of factories and the universal ignorance of the working people. It is stated there are forty-nine known conventicles of open infidelity in London. The tradesmen class of England and Scotland read Tom Payne, and avow their belief in his doctrines. [Hear, hear.] The churches are empty on Sundays, and a universal tendency exists amongst the working classes towards a torpid, incurable infidelity. [Hear, hear.] Is it not, then, a strange phase in Protestantism to behold it so totally careless about English ignorance, acknowledged immoralities, and avowed infidelity, while it pretends such zeal for Ireland, which stands free of these charges? Is it not a clear case of the grossest deception of the public to send thousands of Bibles to Ireland, where they are not wanted, while they take no pains to substitute the same book for Tom Payne, which is universally received by the classes referred to? (Loud cheers.) The Methodists may deny the supremacy of the Queen—the Calvinist may assert that murder, perjury, and all crime, are not the actions of men, but the prearranged decrees of God—the Presbyterian may unsheath the broadsword of Scotland against the Established Church of England—Tom Payne may be bought and read without a rebuke—Unitarianism may deny Christ's divinity, and the Jew may spit on the Bible—and we hear no Shaftesburys from Exeter Hall, no Drummonds in the senate, no Chief Justices on the Bench, no Whatelys in the pulpit speak a word against the wholesale extinction of Christianity.—But let one word of respect be uttered towards the Virgin, whom the Archangel honored and the Saviour obeyed—let the picture of St. Paul be placed in the church of which he was the strongest pillar—let a woman exercise her inalienable right of her liberty, and retire from the world to a life of voluntary seclusion, the same Protestantism extends its mouth and makes a roar to shake the nation, tens of thousands of pounds are collected to eradicate the foul crimes of possessing a cross, lighting a candle, hanging a painting, or living a single life, while all the reformation sins, and crimes, and infidelities that ever the world saw are unrebuked, tolerated, rewarded, endowed and practised. (Loud cries of "True, true.") Take away the whole of Christianity, but don't light a candle; read Carlisle, Payne, anything, but don't look at a picture; be a Protestant infidel, but don't be a Popish believer; let soldiers, sailors, fellows of colleges, any one, remain single and live as they like and where they like, but shun, hate, abhor, and execrate a Catholic lady who does the same in a convent; deny God the Father, and be an Atheist; deny God the Son, and be a Deist; deny the Holy Ghost, and be a Greek; be anything, follow any doctrine you please, take away any part of Christianity, or take away the whole, but persecute, chain down, expel, and exterminate the Catholic gentleman who believes in all the articles of Faith, but dares to respect the woman who brought forth, nursed, and protected the Saviour, or who dares to have in his house the cross, the emblem of salvation, on which the Messiah died. Bow down before a child in the cradle as the head of the Church, but don't dare to recog-

nise the smallest authority in an old Bishop called a Pope; obey an infant as the appointed, consecrated teacher of all mankind, although that infant can neither speak, walk, open its eyes, or know any one object in nature, but don't presume to learn anything from a learned, pious old man called a Pope; receive your Faith as many articles as may be agreed on from a majority of the House of Commons for the time being; receive this Faith amended, enlarged, modified, and altered every year as this majority may think fit; and although this majority is composed of barristers, attorneys, merchants, ironmongers, cheesemen, gamblers, turfmen, sportsmen, old admirals, captains, colonels, brewers, distillers, graziers, cotton-spinners, and engineers, still look on them as the very identical men appointed by Heaven to put duty on tea, to make turnpike roads, and to save the soul in Great Britain and Ireland; but don't dare, on the peril of your salvation, to adopt any one opinion, or follow any one practice coming from a convention of old Bishops, because the stain of Popery will eat into your bones, and you will be lost for eternity. (Roars of laughter, which continued several minutes.) This is the religion which is spouted at Exeter Hall, declaimed in the senate, charged from the bench, and preached from the pulpit. (Loud cheering.) It is an infatuated medley of slander, lies, blasphemy, perjury, infidelity, tyranny, and folly. It has made the name of England be branded with horror in every part of the civilized world. She stands at this moment all over Europe gibbeted on the pillars of public scorn for an insane bigotry and a piebald creed, such as have never been witnessed in any Christian country on the face of the earth. But their mission is at an end all over Europe. A remarkable man has overthrown them—Napoleon III. He has restored peace to France, crushed revolution in Austria, Lombardy, and Naples; "our own correspondents," and the Bible-readers, and the old captains, are all returned to Exeter Hall; and the French eagle that passed the bridge of Lodi, soared over the field of Marengo, and gazed in the sun of Austerlitz, never beheld a more signal victory under the electric command of the old Emperor in the most intoxicating hour of his brilliant glory, than the triumph which the young Emperor has achieved in first striking down sanguinary political disorder, and then seeking the Father of the Faithful, the successor of the Fisherman, in his fallen retreat, and placing him again on the throne of the Caesars. [Here the whole audience cheered and waved their handkerchiefs.]—Since Elizabeth first planted this system in this country, Ireland has paid this Church upwards of four hundred millions of money! This is certainly an astounding amount of cash; and when we ask what has it done for Ireland in exchange, the living and the dead of three hundred years say that, without increasing its own ranks, it has produced incurable rancor, and has entirely failed as a religious institution. Here we have it, at the end of three centuries, galling the generous English people with lies of conversions, incapable of keeping its old flock, tending every day to infidelity, trying to maintain its absurd and incongruous faith by misrepresentation and calumny of others, and seeking to make converts to its tenets by mixing gruel with Genesis, thickening beef soup with extracts from Deuteronomy, and keeping their faith warm by Bradford blankets and Kilkenny coal. (Loud cheers and continued laughter.) In Ireland during the last few years this new phase of Protestantism has assumed rather a comical aspect—I mean the Protestant Alliance, not the respectable Protestant Clergy of Ireland. These new missionaries seem to place more confidence in oatmeal than in the Apocalypse; and their touching appeals are made first to the stomach, as being the nearest point to the heart—holy weavers and devout discarded policemen from England are hired at ten shillings a week to make evangelical soup as a cure for Popery, and as the sure sign of the true Protestant Faith. (Loud laughter.) All these missionaries wear tight white cravats, and are therefore called in Connaught by the appropriate name of an ancient fighting faction in Ireland known as the "Caravats;" and as a matter of course they are opposed wherever they go by another remarkable Popish faction called the "Shanavests"—let the Caravats preach where they will the prayers always end in a fight with the Shanavests. (Loud laughter.) Bibles and brickbats, prayer-books and pitchforks, Papists, police, and Protestants, curses, cut heads, and court-houses, are invariably the apostolical accompaniments and the blessed results of these holy fights for the beatification of Ireland. [Laughter.] The ancient Apostles, being only twelve in number, and generally old men, could have never sought their way through all nations on this new principle of the blessed Reformation. Peter would have been killed if he attempted it the first sermon he preached, as he should have fought single-handed against three thousand persons. But the English missionaries being so numerous, having eight million pounds sterling annually to procure soup and justification, with Lord Palmerston at their back, they calculate that, by the aid of gunpowder and Stilton cheese, they can easily change the conscience of the Irish, and by making them liars, hypocrites, perjurers, and infidels, they will, it is presumed, after a few years' practice in these reformation virtues, be fit to become members of the new Holy Alliance. (Cheers.) The latest appearance of the Caravats in large numbers took place on Saturday, 30th July, when one hundred of the faction from England, Ireland, and Scotland appeared about ten o'clock in the morning at the King's-bridge Terminus, and took an apostolical excursion trip to all the towns on the line to Cork. I saw them, for I travelled with them. It might be called rather a holy spree, in which religion and revenge, faith and frolic, seemed strangely mixed up. The whole scene looked more like what might be called a spiritual lark than the mission of God. The Apostles in their

day could not afford to have a divine spree of this kind at Corinth. They were too poor to sport at Damascus in well-slaved groups, and they had no act of the Roman senate to sustain them while slandering, mocking, and insulting the Jews and the Greeks. (Cheers for several minutes.) You have all read the result of this late lark of the reformers; the result was as might have been expected. The mission ended in a flight in Limerick, in which the Abbey boys of the Violated City worsted the English Caravats. [Rapturous cheering and loud laughter.] One saint crept under a bed for protection, another apostle was discovered in a hayloft, and recognised by the London boots which he wore on his holy feet, and a third was taken into a butcher's shop, where he hid behind a quarter of fat beef, the infallible sign of the true Reformed Church. [Loud laughter.] And let it be publicly known it is to the priests of Limerick they are indebted for their security against the maddened rage of the people under their most unprovoked and shameful conduct in calling the citizens "Priest-ridden idolators." [Cries of "Shame, Shame."] It is high time for the Lord Lieutenant to instruct the magistrates and Sir Duncan McGregor and all his force to put an end to this unbridled exhibition of pampered apostasy, and to save our common Christianity from being branded as a mere name, in order to cover the red crimes of Sectarian malice, public slander, and insatiable persecution. [Here the entire meeting cheered loudly.] I have heard one Irish song which exactly suits these sainted spree-missionaries—a song which they can sing at home over their wine when returned to England and Scotland:—

We boxed in Kilkenny, played cards in Tralee,
Broke doors in Belfast and got drunk in Ardee;
We danced at the races, and loved at the fairs,
While thinking of bright eyes, and not of our prayers;
And what's that to any one whether or no,
Shin thesin tu tueslan na bonin shin vo!

(It would be impossible to give any just idea of the successive fits of convulsive laughter which followed these lines.) The conduct of these emissaries of the Protestant Alliance, immediately before the arrival of our gracious Queen, is anything but respectful to the Monarch; they should hold a greater respect for the head of their Church than to awaken any religious acerbity by slander and bigotry on the advent of her coming. Oh, what a monument she could raise to her royal name if she would spend a month in Ireland, tread our soil as a friendly visitor, behold our rivers and valleys, read our character with her own eyes, and see the richness, the fertility, and the inexhaustible treasures of our country. (Loud and hearty cheers.) We have mineral wealth under our feet which would employ all our idle hands; we have fisheries to feed all our poor; we have waste lands to maintain double the amount of our laboring classes; and we have a generous, arable, and grazing land unsurpassed in the whole world. God and nature have bestowed on Ireland every natural gift which could exalt a people and make us happy. (Rapturous cheering.) The generous English tourists are happy to see it; they boast of it and publish it on their return to England. The English character is generosity, and truth, and manly justice. (Continued cheering.) Would to Heaven the Queen of England would spend a month looking on the glorious national picture. Would to Heaven she permitted her heart to feel it, and carried back the favorable impression to the throne of England. (The whole assembly cheered loudly.) And if she inquired what can be the cause of our national poverty in the midst of such plenty—of our national animosity in the midst of such generosity—of our national divisions in the sight of the national advantage of English union, I reply, firstly, we have been deprived of the power of making our own laws. (Loud cheers.) The laws of property that are made for us are enacted for the rich against the poor. The English statesmen have centralised all our commerce in England. The Irish are merely tolerated in their own country; they are the near residents, not the neighbors, of the aristocracy; they are the slaves, not the subjects of England; they are known, but not protected by the laws; they are met, not as the equals, but the inferiors of the English party; and the cities have more the appearance of a garrison in an enemy's country than the free towns of united corporate inhabitants. (Vehement applause.) This part of my case only regards the body and political liberty, while there is a new grievance which enters the conscience, reaches the soul, and stops the blood, in the insatiable malice of the Protestant Church, which plunders the poor of their just rights, and poisons at the same time the source of Irish society by an unceasing slander, an eternal lie, an undying bigotry, which converts this island into a theatre of insult, plunder, slavery, and tyranny, which maddens the living and dishonors the dead. (Loud cheers, mixed with murmuring.) Oh! if the Queen could see and fully comprehend this multiplied source of the miseries of Ireland, and if she would raise her queenly voice over the storm which rages over all our institutions, and if she would breathe the command of national peace by giving a home to the poor Irishman by encouraging trade and silencing the abuse and the calumnies of the Protestant pulpit, she would in the year 1853 lay the foundation of the permanent prosperity of Ireland. (Rapturous applause.) And when she will have arrived amongst us, there is one act which would do justice to the laws, give happiness to the hearts of millions, be received with joy in every free country, and add to her brow laurels which not one of her ancestors ever received from the people of Ireland. I am anxious that she should surpass all her family in generosity to Ireland—that she shall equal herself—and that on her departure from amongst us we can all congregate on the shore, make the harbor echo our cheers, ask the Wicklow Mountains to return and re-echo the public joy, and claim the Irish heart to the beach to

salute the royal flag and watch the lessening mast till it sink below the horizon of the glad waters of the Irish Sea amidst the grateful shout of a nation's gratitude. The act to which I allude is, that the Queen, during her stay in Ireland will from herself, from her own heart, from her own royal bounty, uninfluenced by any deputation or petition, will by an act, all her own, extend the grace of her royal pardon to Smith O'Brien and his companions in exile. (At the conclusion of this sentence the whole assembly rose in an instant and cheered, and cheered with an enthusiasm which has never been witnessed in the Rotundo since its foundation.) Humble as I am, I can command the gratitude of one million of Irishmen in England; I can certainly vouch for the thanks of two millions of men in Ireland, and I undertake to enlist the good will of millions in America; and from this place I tell the Lord Lieutenant, whom I respect very much, and Lord Aberdeen, who has earned our regard, that they never tendered a more salutary advice to their royal mistress than the humble sincere, loyal, peaceful suggestion which I here give. (Rapturous cheering.) She is the head and the model of all her subjects; let her, then, set the elevated royal example of forgiveness, and we shall follow her, and we shall forgive. (Loud cheers, and "We will.") Austria has forgiven—France has forgiven—Italy has forgiven—let England forgive, and we forgive, and let us begin from this day an era of peace for the happiness and prosperity of Ireland. (Again and again the cheering was renewed amidst loud cries of "We will, we will forgive.") Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, I thank you from my heart; you make me very happy, and you make me proud in being enabled to boast to America of the fond regard of my countrymen towards me, and you send me from Ireland stamped with your approval of my conduct, and having in my arm the popular power of the Irish nation. (The learned and Rev. gentleman resumed his seat amidst a demonstration of applause again and again renewed, which lasted several minutes, and which has never been surpassed in any assembly in Ireland.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to be able to state that the venerable Bishop of Down has so far recovered from his severe illness as to have been able to hold an ordination in his private chapel on Violet Hill on Friday the 29th ult., when he raised the Rev. James McKenna, of Maynooth College, to the holy order of priesthood. Mr. McKenna is to be stationed at Dummore.—*Catholic Standard.*

REPRESENTATION OF CORK.—Mr. Sergeant Murphy has issued a farewell address to the electors of Cork, in which, after announcing his appointment as commissioner of the Insolvent Court, he says:—"I am delighted to believe that, in separating from you, I am placing in your hands the power of committing the trust I held to the care and guardianship of an old and tried representative. While Cork is prepared to adopt a gentleman with the personal and hereditary claims of Francis Bernard Beamish, it may fairly take its stand with the proudest constituencies of the empire."

THE LATE ELECTION FOR CLARE.—The period allowed by the rules of the House of Commons for petitioning against the validity of the late return have expired, the two re-elected members have begun to draw breath freely. Their joint address of thanks only appears in the local paper of yesterday, and as Colonel Vandeleur has abandoned, if he ever entertained, the notion of disturbing the election, it is to be hoped that party asperities will be permitted to die out in Clare.

THE ATTENDANCE AT THE EXHIBITION.—The number of visitors to the Exhibition on Monday amounted to 11,416. It will be seen that the attendance was the greatest, and we may add the most varied, since the opening of the Exhibition. The receipt at the door were more than 25 per cent above the average, and amounted nearly to £500.

PROSELYTISM IN MAYO.—The following extract from a letter which we recently received from the parish priest of Partry, throws a lurid light upon the abominable means used by the children and grandchildren of Lord Plunkett to coerce the unfortunate Catholic peasantry on their property into the semblance of apostasy and an outward show of perversion to Protestantism. Is it not marvellous that in a part of the Queen's dominions where such crimes against society are and can be perpetrated under the forms of law, the people abstain from insurrectionary acts and keep the peace? Would Wilts, or Kent, or any other English county be peaceable under similar stimulants to violence and insubordination? If Mayo were not Catholic, these proceedings would long since have driven the peasantry to madness:—"Owing to our poverty, I feel much troubled by the daring attempts made by the Protestant Bishop Plunkett and Sir Robert L. Blass in taking possession from the poor people to compel them to send their children to proselytising schools; also by the Hon. Miss Plunkett, who is positively wild in her zeal to make proselytes or "jumpers" of her tenants here. She goes from house to house, and those who refuse her are sure of being dispossessed, and their houses and places are given to some "jumper" from the north or some other quarter. This parish is tormented by those traffickers of human souls. It is hard to describe the miseries of the poor, their suffering for the last seven years of famine, their privations, their nakedness, the hunger of their children, and the attempt now made to destroy their souls. Much is talked of in the papers about proselytism, but I verily believe that the attempts made here, in this parish, are ten fold more vehement and numerous than in those places mentioned, such as Conemara, Kells, Cong, &c. &c. The cause is this. The greater portion of the parish belongs to Bishop Plunkett and his relatives; besides, he built a new church here, which he must fill with converts, for there never was known a Protestant here till he came into it. He also has a sporting lodge here. No one will get employment but a jumper. Even the road mending he has taken to himself, and his own horses, carts, and steward work on the same. The poor are deprived even of so much aid. This is our state—nay, it is a hundred times worse than I can depict it."—*Tablet.*