

feeling that all Protestant ladies are prostitutes.—Such is the libel pronounced by a flaming English Protestant, amid the cheers of the House of Commons, upon the Protestant women of England. It is not our doctrine—God forefend!—we are only deducing the inevitable inference to which Mr. H. Drummond's words necessarily lead. We are well persuaded that there are thousands of Protestant women in this country who exulted in Mr. Drummond's loathsome libels upon their Catholic countrywomen. Every one of these is open to the reproach of being what they think others to be. We go farther, and we declare our conviction that the most faithless wives and the most immoral daughters may be known, unerringly, by the exuberance of their commendations of the calumniator of the Catholics. Virtuous women, of every creed, must abhor the miscreant who accuses an entire class of females of immorality, merely because they prefer, with the Apostle of the Gentiles, to "do better" than marry. And, certainly, with the facts of daily recurrence which stare us in the face, it does evince matchless effrontery in the English Protestant, to impute immorality to Catholics—male or female, clerical or lay. The 'Crim. Con.' actions—the Divorce Bills—the Doctors' Commons proceedings—the frightful cases of adultery, seduction, incest, that fill the daily papers, ought, one should suppose, to impose some restraint upon Protestant tongues and pens, when alluding to the private lives of Catholics. And when the extent in which Protestant clergymen—all of the Evangelical caste too, from Dr. Dillon to the Reverend gentleman who figured in the latest trial for seducing his friend's wife—[the Puseyite clergymen stand unscathed amid these abominations, the Evangelical gentlemen—the promoters of "love feasts"—seem to be the gayest *Lotharios*—are mixed up in these deplorable exhibitions, is considered and to this consideration is added the statistical table, showing an addition to the English population of 75,000 bastards annually—to say nothing of the perjuries attendant upon affiliation and the infanticide consequent upon excessive demoralization—we must say that the audacity of those whose insulting allusions to our nunneries provoke such retorts as these, savours of infatuation. Their malice never sleeps—their eyes and ears are ever open to discover Catholic peccadilloes, and their inventive faculties are not blunted by excessive scrupulosity. Well, where is the result of their labor of hate? Can they lay their fingers upon one—even one solitary act of impropriety, committed in any or all the nunneries in this empire? We challenge them to name one: we defy them to their teeth, to name one. We pass from the cloister to the world, and here again we proudly challenge a comparison of Catholic with Protestant conduct. Catholic men may do many bad things, but Catholic women afford, by the unsullied purity of their lives, the most glorious commentary upon the influence of the Confessional. When Protestant Evangelism—when Methodism, the most profligate licentious of all—can stand this test of teaching, then, and not till then, may its votaries presume to question the morality of Catholics. When they cease to scandalize society by their debauchery, they may demand inquisitorial inspection of the nunneries. As matters stand, the less the "Evangelicals" say about morals,—the less they speak or print about female purity, the better for their own shame.—*Catholic Standard*.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

If we include the appeal from Gairloch, we have seven cases of deposition, and an eighth, the ugly-looking Whitsome case, referred back to the Presbytery, occupying the debates in the General Assembly. Drunkenness seems to be the favorite crime, diversified by instances of adultery, lying, profanation, Sabbath-breaking, &c. Indeed, in some of the cases the fearful truth is disclosed, that for years have men, appointed to teach purity, sobriety, and to enforce and exemplify all the loveliness and power of Christianity, been themselves wallowing in filth, their lives a stain upon our common humanity, and their deeds of darkness such that we dare not so much as name them. It is a picture fitted to make a man shudder. The Assembly has done its duty, however—whatever the motive—it has done its duty; and seven empty pulpits, and by-and-by probably an eighth, prove the havoc which is caused by admitting hirelings into the sacred office. There are two of the cases somewhat peculiar. We understand that in one of them the evidence of overt acts of drunkenness was constructive rather than direct: but to save the Assembly all trouble, the reverend culprit appeared in open court so utterly overcome that he was ordered to be removed. The other was Dr. Lockhart's case. The charges laid here were so atrocious that restrictions were properly imposed on the printer so as to prevent the pollution of such a narrative going abroad. And yet this man is the celebrated "Anglo-Scots," who figured so conspicuously in the Apocryphal controversy, who employed indignant capitals to vindicate the high character "of the Rev. John Lockhart," and who poured forth perfect torrents of invective against the impurities of Secession practice when contrasted with the high-toned morality of the ministers of the Kirk as by law established! "How is the mighty (talker) fallen!" It is a lamentable picture, and we turn from it in disgust.—*Scottish Press*.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S "PRIVATE PARTY."—The opposition excited throughout Bishop Philpotts' diocese has been so general, that the synod summoned to assemble on the 25th instant, in the cathedral church of Exeter, will, it is thought, be reduced to its proper dimensions, viz., a voluntary and private meeting of that prelate and a few of the clergy of his diocese who concur in his extreme opinions, and who join in his excommunication of Archbishop Sumner.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Cardinal Archbishop held a Confirmation on Whit-Sunday in St. George's Church, London, when about 250 people and some converts received that Sacrament. He had previously conferred, at his own private chapel, the Order of Deacon upon the Rev. Mr. Manning, the late Archdeacon of Chichester.—This gentleman is, I understand, to be ordained Priest next Saturday, and much fruit is anticipated from his exertions among those people who so lately admired him, and hung on every word which fell from his lips.—*London Correspondent of the Tablet*.

ENTERTAINMENT TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK BY THE CATHOLICS OF LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday evening the Archbishop of New York was entertained at dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool; by the Catholics of that town. The invitation was conveyed to his Grace by the Catholic Club and the members of the Irish Club, and many other Catholics were prompt to join in the demonstration of veneration and affection to the distinguished Prelate. The Bishop of Liverpool apologised for his absence on account of ill-health; and, owing to the shortness of the notice, the Bishop of Newport, who had also been asked as a guest, had not had time to answer. The company present, however, comprised most of the wealthy Catholics of Liverpool, and many also of the intelligent and industrious classes. All the local Clergy were invited as guests.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York, preached on Sunday, 8th June, at St. Nicholas' Church, Copperas Hill, Liverpool, on behalf of the schools of that church.

Dr. Newman is at present superintending the arrangements for a monastery on a large scale at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, for the reception of "Oratorians."

His Excellency Mgr. De Vykersloot, Bishop of Curium, has arrived in town to view the Exhibition, accompanied by his brother, Baron De Vykersloot, from Bruxelles, one of the members of the Belgian senate. Immediately upon their arrival, the distinguished visitors proceeded to Kentish Town, where the Bishop has taken up his residence in the house of the Rev. Hardinge Ivers, incumbent of St. Alexis, with whom his Excellency was acquainted abroad.—*London Correspondent of the Tablet*.

LEGHORN, JUNE 4.—Monsignor Minucci, Bishop of Florence, proceeded on the 31st ult. to the Church of Santa Croce, which, on the 29th, the anniversary of the battles of Montanara and Cortatone, had been profaned, and in the midst of the Austrian troops reconsecrated the edifice.

On Thursday morning Miss Ellen Cummins, of Ross (in Religion, Sister Mary Agnes Joseph), made the solemn profession of her vows as an Ursuline religious, and received the black veil at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foran, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, at the Ursuline Convent, St. Mary's, Waterford.—*Limerick Examiner*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—We rejoice to learn that his Grace the Most Rev. Doctor Murray, is steadily convalescent from his late illness, though not yet sufficiently recovered to officiate at the ordinations which are to take place this week at Maynooth College.—*Evening Post*.

RETURN OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—Our beloved Archbishop is again at home. The rumor that he intended taking passage from Liverpool in the "Arctic," on the 11th inst., proved well founded. He arrived on Sunday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, after a passage of eleven days and some hours. His Grace never looked in better health or spirits; his journey has restored to him the freshness of vigor that had been so severely tried by his many and overwhelming avocations when at home. On Monday, the day after his arrival, he visited the various Catholic Institutions of the city, the Sisters of Mercy, the Orphan and Half Orphan Asylums, St. Vincent's Hospital, Mount St. Vincent's, and the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. At this last mentioned place, the ladies and the pupils had prepared for him a beautiful and tasteful welcome. The young ladies, pupils of the Institution, all dressed in white, were presented, and an elegantly conceived address was made him in the name of the School, by one of their number. The bells rang merrily in honor of his arrival, and there were some tasteful ceremonies that we have not heard reported accurately enough to describe. At Mount St. Vincent's the Sisters of Charity, with their pupils, had also an address of welcome for their Archbishop, and there also the ringing of the bells announced on his approach a day of joy to the school.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Savannah, Dr. Gartland, has recently received a splendid present from the St. John's Catholic Total Abstinence Society of Philadelphia, of a Crozier, with basin and urn, and a candlestick. This present is creditable to the donors, and shows the high estimation in which the Rt. Rev. Prelate was held in Philadelphia.

THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN HUNGARY.—A Council of the Catholic Bishops of Hungary has been held lately. Among the principal resolutions was one to demand from the Austrian Emperor, that the Episcopate should henceforth exercise a greater influence over the Faculty of Theology in the University of Pesth. Another demand was that the State influence in Hungary, should be checked in the matter of all Catholic schools; that schools endowed by Catholics shall not be used for un-Catholic ends; and that the Bishops shall have a right especially to interdict every improper book from being employed in Catholic schools.

Mr. Pakenham, a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, whose conversion took place last year, has left the army, and has entered the novitiate of the Passionists.

CONVERSIONS.—The *Church and State Gazette* states that the Rev. James Orr, who was curate at St. Nicholas, Bristol; and who has lately been residing at Rome, was, with his wife, recently received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Franzoni.

On Sunday last, the Rev. John Rutherford Shortland, late curate at Knighton, near Leicester, and formerly curate of Ribworth Beauchamp, in the same county, was received into the Catholic Church, at the Oratory, Birmingham, by the Very Rev. Dr. Newman.—*Morning Advertiser*.

SPAIN.—A young Englishman, Mr. J. Witte, employed in erecting a steam-engine in the Almaden establishment, has embraced the Catholic faith. On the 18th of May last he made his solemn abjuration.—*Ami de la Religion*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The following eloquent address was delivered at the meeting held in Dublin, upon the occasion of the Simultaneous Meeting of the Catholics of Ireland. We recommend it to the attentive perusal of our readers, as a proof that the same gallant spirit of liberty, before which the genius of Protestantism has so often quailed, is yet alive in Ireland:—

Mr. Maurice R. Leyne in presenting himself, was received with repeated bursts of welcome and acclamation. He said—Sir, I do feel honored in having the privilege of a parishioner conferred upon me, and in being invited to address this meeting. Apart from the special purpose for which you are assembled, the presentation of a petition to Parliament—and which venerable constitutional usage you will allow me to say, very deferentially, but very frankly, I most heartily despise—I see urgent occasion for the Catholics of Ireland to deliberate upon the contemplated imposition of Penal Laws. (Hear, hear.) Differ as we may, Sir, upon the morality and efficacy of petitioning an alien and hostile Legislature, we must regard the design of England to make a felon of conscience as an oppression and a grievance; which every man who loves liberty should resist, whether he worship at the altar which we surround, in the communion of the Establishment, or the synagogue of the Jew. I grant, Sir, that, after all we have seen in this country of the disastrous results of religious controversy, it is scarcely to be wondered at that men who shudder at the crimes of sectarianism, and who curse the legacies of its bloody history, should hesitate to engage in a movement so commonly fruitful of mischief as religious agitation. (Hear, hear.) It is lamentably true that such an agitation may give birth to desperate animosities—warm into life the basest political reptiles—and array the people into hostile sections.—This is an eminent danger. But, Sir, beyond the chance of such contingencies, lies the great question of man's right to religious liberty. A question not to be paltered with in the generosity of political friendships—not to be bartered for the prospect of the greatest political gain. (Cheers.) Sir, I solemnly believe that neutrality upon this occasion becomes as culpable as expressed assent to the establishment of the most damnable of all despotisms—the domination of an Ascendancy, the subjugation of conscience to the lusts, the insults, and the robberies of a favored State-religion. For my part, then, as a member of a party who have preached no coward's or bigot's creed—(loud cheers)—who have taught toleration of opinion as well as resistance to oppression—(loud cheers)—I am not content to shrink from this contest, for I deem it a just and holy cause to defend a nation's faith against the violence of fanaticism and the sacrileges of law. Sir, it is a spurious liberality that is not stirred to indignation by this monstrous injustice. It is a giddy enthusiasm for the name of toleration, not a profound and wise passion for liberty, which affects to be scandalized by the pious fury of the Catholic people of Ireland when their Faith, its practices, and its ministry are doomed to proscription and profanation. (Loud cheers.) What, endure the Penal Law, and prate about the sanctity and glory of Liberty! What, endure the Penal Law, and rave about Equality and Fraternity. Sir, I abjure such shallow philosophy as I spurn these diabolical enactments, which honor repudiates, which conscience anathematizes, which faith defies. Let us ask, then, what means this frantic zeal of England? What means the virulent orthodoxy of its cabinet—the obscene intolerance of its senate—the purchased scurrility of its press—the blasphemous fury of its mobs? (Tremendous cheers.) Has England risen against some gross and brutalizing sensualism which tramples on virtue, charity, honor, and human love? or against some vain and empty rationalism which defies vice, and deposes the Omnipotent from his throne? No, Sir, this tempest of execration and criminality rages against that ancient and sublime faith which was preached by the humility, the agony, the miracles of the Redeemer. That faith in which Christendom was born and baptized, and which was, in the eras of her most transcendent human glory, the handmaid of her genius, the goddess of her chivalry. And to which, while empires have melted like the snows, and dynasties decayed like autumn leaves on the tree of time, and systems crumbled like the busy brains in which they were cradled, she has clung with fond and invincible fidelity, as the nurse of mortal affections—the consoler of mortal sorrows—the crown of mortal hopes. (Loud cheers.) That old, beautiful, God-guarded Catholic faith, from whose divine authority England once madly rebelled, but to which, in a happier hour, she is nobly renewing her allegiance, in the persons of her greatest teachers—the guiding intellects of her schools, her pulpits, and her senate.—And, oh! that faith which, in this, our own beloved land, has had a miraculous and indestructible vitality; in our glory, in our shame—still, still, burning in our firmament—lighting our failing hearts and our rifled homes with its eternal truth and enrapturing revelations. (Enthusiastic applause.) Ah, Sir, we Irish Catholics well know that this is no new struggle in which we are engaged. (Hear.) We know it has an origin older than the fourth day of last November; when that Christian of three religions, Lord John Russell, wrote his infamous libel on the Mother of all the Churches. Sir, the war for the extirpation of Catholicity dates its origin from the apostacy of the adulterous tyrant who, in the filth of his debaucheries, degraded the majesty of the king, and the higher dignity of the man—(cheers)—and ever since it has employed the faculties and resources of England:—

By the sword, and the bribe, by terror and corruption, they have labored to root it from the island. In vain, in vain. They would more easily have plucked the mountains from their foundations. (Loud cheers.) It has defied the splendid profligacy and warrior strength of the gallant deputies of Elizabeth; of dubious memory. It has defied the iron power of the Mahomet of a profane and sanguinary Puritanism, who re-baptised Ireland to its belief in the blood of her people. It was not drowned, with the forfeited diadem of the Stuarts, in the crimsoned waters of the Boyne. It was not banished forever with the fallen chivalry of the Brigade. And though, methinks, it struck hard blows at Fontenoy—(cheers)—it was not murdered at the gibbets of the old Penal code, or in the closets of the hangman House of Brunswick. (Continued cheers.) Despite of them all it is here to-day, divine, beautiful, powerful as ever in the heart of the priest, the soldier, and the citizen. It is displayed in full majesty in our temples—it is revered in the palace of the peer, in the rotting hut of the peasant—it is professed boldly, lovingly, defiantly, by a race who will only yield it when the land shall be reddened by blood, not shed by the guillotine of famine, but— (Tremendous bursts of cheering.) I hold you to that vow!—(Repeated acclamation.) But really, Sir, we, poor benighted Papists, are not so badly off after all. We have crowds of kind and active friends. There are whole regiments of pious people most anxious for our salvation, if we would only compromise our superstitions, and give up our singular infatuations about "the Pope" and "Holy Water." They say we are very good fellows in private life—that we have many excellent points—(laughter)—that we are very decent citizens and exceedingly jolly companions. They readily admit, that the men amongst us are strong-able, clever fellows; and as for the girls, why they are really very pretty little darlings. "The present company, I suppose, always excepted." They like our assistance uncommonly well in a field of battle, and they think it perfectly justifiable to buy and sell with us, provided the profit be considerable. (Laughter.) But then, our poor souls! They are doomed! We are excellent acquaintances on Earth, but totally unfitted for the select circles of "Paradise." (Laughter.) This contemptible cant, Sir, is not the language of our enlightened generous Protestant fellow-countrymen. It is the parrot-scandal of the impostors of conventicles—the orators of beer-barrels, and the recreant snufflers of the Priest's Protection Society.—(Cheers.) It is held by the sanctimonious pirates of Exeter Hall, who tell the starving to purchase food for the body by suicide of the soul, and by the coquetish evangelisers who distribute dubious halfpence, magnificent soup-tickets, and edifying blasphemies from robical reticules. (Laughter.) I am done with these poaching confraternities. Sir, it was rumored on yesterday, that the minister whose rule has been a dread calamity to Ireland, and whose tenure of office has been marked by such manifold violations of justice and humanity—that Lord John Russell has been driven from power. Sir, I did hope that such just retribution had fallen on the Whigs—that they had been disgraced and disarmed. But this is not the case. We have still, amid the ruins of our social state, to battle with the Whigs for conscience sake.—I tell you, friends, that after all it matters little how the administration may be designated who shall sit in Downing street. (Hear, hear.) The fanaticism of England has been too desperately aroused to permit the policy of persecution to be buried with the carcass of a cabinet. If the Whig fell to-morrow, we should have to wrestle with the Tory. Remember that Stanley and Walpole, that Lacy and Drummond, and the Inquisitors of Convents are still eager for the gibbet and the fagot. Remember that the Cardinal is not yet banished, and that the Pope is yet obeyed. Remember that the Hierarchy of Ireland is yet unfettered, and that the contumacious Synod of Thurles is yet unchastised. (Cheers.) Remember that the Catholic people of Ireland are yet Catholic, and that England has sworn to de-Catholicise them. Dream not of peace till this enactment be trampled on by the nation. (Immense cheering.) Sir, I came not here to-day to listen to any aspersions of any Christian sect, or to utter any blasphemy against conscience.—(Hear, hear.) I came here to feel the pulse of the Catholic, and to examine if this be indeed a true and manly rage which stirs your hearts and lightens in your eyes, and not a simulated passion, excited by political impostors who form public shams; who borrow the Sign of the Cross, and coin the pious enthusiasm of the people. (Loud cheers.) I believe it is the old spirit of your fathers which moves you.—I believe there is no farce played within these walls, around this sanctuary. (Loud cheers.) And I say to the government of England, that so loyally maintains the union, and boasts of our imperial identity, that they should beware, lest they are lighting a fire at this hour in Ireland, in which British connection shall be burned like a moth. (Cheers.) Brother-Catholics, brother-Protestants, brother-Irishmen, we are driven to this contest before the living and the dead. From the mount where Patrick prayed, from the shrine where Bridget vigilled, from the cell where Brendan meditated, from the wild sea-shore where Finbar had his visions, from the rock which Cormac dedicated, from the city where O'Tuathail was enthroned, from the scaffold where MacEagan perished, from the cathedral where Doyle ministered, from the fresh grave where Maginn sleeps; from the monumental ruins which speak with eternal tongues of the piety, learning, and heroism of other days, there issues to us a grand adjuration never to part with the Faith, but in all extremities, against the law and armies, against hell and death, to cling to it with love and devotion

"As strong as the pillar towers
And deep as the holy wells!"

(Loud cheers.) I deeply regret that in our time this occasion has arisen. I deeply deplore that authority has forced the election between neutrality and action. But since it is so, I am ready, not to exalt a spiritual despotism, not to hire my intellect in its service, not to bend my convictions to its will, but to defend the religion of my country. I take my stand before the altar where my father's prayed and—I leave the rest to God. (Mr. Leyne concluded amid vehement and long-continued demonstrations of applause.)

The Rev. John Walsh, Parish Priest of Cappoquin, died on the 2d ult., of a severe and protracted illness of seventeen years, which he bore with exemplary patience. He died regretted by all his parishioners, amongst whom he lived for thirty-one years and eight months.

THE PENAL LAWS.—GREAT MEETING OF THE COUNTY TIPPERARY.—A most numerous and influential meet-