

Apostolic Benediction bestowed on you be then as an assured testimony of our love towards you; may it be as a certain presage of eternal life and happiness, which we wish you and your flocks, and which we implore of the Sovereign Pastor of Souls, Christ Jesus, to whom, as well as to the Father and the Holy Ghost, be honor, praise, and thanksgiving for all eternity.

THE MERE IRISH.

In a recent article upon the Foreign Enlistment Bill, the Times used one of those heartless expressions which have so often indicated its savage hatred for the Irish people. Even the Morning Herald is compelled to protest against an outrage so indecent and ill-timed. Here is the eloquent remonstrance of our contemporary:

"As for the Irish—troublesome at all times—they are gone—that is, the surplus is gone—gone with a vengeance."

Would any one believe that an Englishman, not to say any human being now existing, could pen such a sentence as the above, in reference to the most fearful national misfortune which has fallen upon any people of modern times, and which ended in the death or expatriation of nearly 3,000,000 of his fellow-creatures? Yet such are the terms in which the government organ speaks of the fearful event in which its own influence was so disastrously and fatally exerted.

"Gone with a vengeance." Even the Times does not venture to say "thank God," but we can well fancy that the thanks which it dares not offer to the Giver of all Good are practically bestowed upon the trinity which it and its abettors really worship—Mammon, Belial, and Moloch; for every one of those demons had their share in the awful cruelty perpetrated on the Irish in 1847 and 1848. It required the cunning of Belial to persuade the well-meaning English nation that the best mode of preventing a recurrence of a famine in the next year was to prohibit cultivation in the present. Nothing less than the avarice of Mammon could have taken advantage of so terrible a visitation to sell up the Irish proprietors, and remorselessly clear the lands of the occupiers when purchased for half their value from the ruined owner. Lastly, it must have required the cruelty of Moloch himself to turn such misfortunes into the means of expatriating the blood, bone, and sinew of the country. Surely Englishmen will have little difficulty in connecting the present nefarious scheme of hiring foreign mercenaries with the natural and inevitable consequences of the awful national crime into which they were betrayed in 1847 and 1848.

Listen to the words of one of the best men in Ireland, when writing of his own prospects of raising men for the too-late embodied militia. "The Whig massacre of the Irish in 1846 and subsequent years has left but few recruits, for in 1846 children who would now serve as recruits died in numbers, and though the population may be diminished only by 2,000,000, we are now but a nation of old women and cripples." Well, gentlemen of England, how like you the consequences? As the Times tells you, you will have the "placid blue-eyed German instead of the 'troublesome Irish.'" We fancy, however, that even the Guards, glorious fellows as they are, would rather have the 88th by their side, however "troublesome," than any German corps, even were they as stout men at arms as the "Lanz knechts" of old, which they never will be. The Irish are well used to have their blood poured forth like water all over the earth, and then find that the snobbery—the word is good Florentine—of England—gives all the glory to the bear-skins of the Guards, and the bonnets of the Highlanders, because they look picturesque in a print-shop. As for the Guards, however, we have not a word to say—they have been through the whole of the desperate fights of the Crimea; they have been first in honor as in place, in renown as in loss—but we must dissent from attributing the whole glory of Alma to the Highland brigade, which did not lose above 15 or 20 men killed—and, totally according to the new cant—ignoring the 23d, 7th and 33d, every one of which battalions lost more in a single company than the whole Highland brigade together. As the Times seems to congratulate the country upon the expatriation of the Irish, we will just point out one of the consequences of the first Whig expulsion of the inhabitants of what is—with bitter irony—called the "sister island." The Whigs were the so-called statesmen who drove out the Irish under Sarsfield after the wars of 1688, as they were the men who expatriated their successors after the famine of 1846. We hope that the war, which the question of the right of search is almost certain to give rise to with America in the spring, may not produce similar instances to that which we are going to quote; if it should, however, the nation will know what they owe to their connivance; at Whig policy in depopulating Ireland—600,000 of whose sons died in the service of France in little more than one hundred years after the expulsion of 1688.

We quote from the correspondence of Marshal Saxe the following remarks:

"I question if there are many of our friends who dare undertake to pass a place with a body of infantry before a numerous cavalry, and flatter himself that he would hold his ground for several hours with fifteen or twenty battalions in the middle of an army, as the English did, without any charge, being able to shake them, or make them throw away their fire—this is what we have all seen."

Such was the description given by a noble enemy of the "Infernal column" of the English at Fontenoy. Now, we ask, what stopped and destroyed that column? The Irish Brigade—banished by the Whigs; and it is such subjects as they were that we are again

expatriating to make way for Belgians and Germans. Oh, glorious policy!

We say Belgians: or the gross equivocations of Mr. Sydney Herbert, in the House of Commons, on Friday night, when questioned by Colonel Dunne, will not do away with the fact—that which we assert most positively—that whether it was "impossible or not"—the Duke of Newcastle has been negotiating with General Vandermeere and Colonel Palma for a mercenary legion of Belgians. Have Englishmen so totally forgotten the flight of those heroes at Waterloo as to submit to such an outrage as to have these men placed again in the same line with themselves? We shall close this article by pointing out some of the illustrations, during the last fifty years, of that people whom the Times congratulates its readers upon having got rid of "with a vengeance."

Among Irish orators, England's parliament has enjoyed, in the eyes of the world, the credit of the reputations acquired by Grattan, Canning, Sheridan, Burke, and Plunket. As ministers, she has had the services of Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington, and Palmerston—two of whom struck down Napoleon. But England has done great things within the last fifty years. Let us consider the names that are indelibly associated with those great achievements. England has conquered India, and the conquerors were Wellesley, Hastings, and Wellington, and Gough. She was victorious in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo. We need not record the name of the great warrior, for every one can recognise it. These were great wars; but we have had others. There was a war in Afghanistan; who did the work, while victory followed our banners? We answer Keane and Dennie! There was a war in China; who did the work? Gough and Pottinger. There was a war in Scinde—who did the work? Sir C. Napier; and the 22d Regiment, whose red "Guebre blood," as his brother, Sir Williams, calls it, we shall take leave to consider, in spite of the Times, as superior to the dark puddle which stagnates in the veins of Belgian and German mercenaries. There were two wars in the Punjab; and whose name is connected with the hard-won battles which gave the empire of old Rungeet Singh to the crown of England? Whose but glorious old Gough, who has won seven pitched battles, but is not a field marshal, because no ministerial claptrap required his promotion. England, however, has derived reputation from feats of individual daring which have never been equalled, performed at Silistria and Herat. Who defended those beleaguered cities, upon whose fall the fate of continents depended? Why, James Butler and Eldred Pottinger? England has discovered the North-west Passage, and we ask who met at Melville Island on the completion of that great achievement? The glorious three were McClure, Kellett, and McClintock, and it was Mechem who first came on the track of the lost Collinson. There are, moreover, some men now, or lately commanding in the Crimea, whom even the Times, that strikes at all, and throws out its calumnies broadcast, has not ventured to malign; and their names are De Lacy Evens, Pennefather, and Torrens. Finally, we shall add, that three years ago England was proud of three generals who had fought campaigns, commanded in chief, and won pitched battles, and they were all Irish. At present but one survives—for Napier and Wellington, alas! are gone. As for Lord Grey's assertion the other night, that the present Commander-in-Chief, was in this position—made, too, in the presence of Lord Gough—it is simply one of those statements which no one acquainted with the tortuous incapacity of that noble earl to realise a simple truth, either of fact or politics, will be surprised at. Lord Hardinge never commanded in the field; and once when, as Governor-General, he interfered with the actual Commander-in-Chief he very nearly destroyed the military supremacy of England in India, as we had occasion to show a few days since. The statements which we have made above have been wrung from us by the malignity with which the ministerial organ pursues those who have inclination and capacity to be the equals of any subjects her Majesty possesses both in loyalty and fidelity, and yet the Times exults in an unseemly manner at their destruction and expatriation. Does England endorse the sentiment? We know it is not so; but if there be one so denationalised; let him employ the Times to match our list, if it can. We see that the consistent organ of the government wishes to send Sir Charles Trevelyan to take order in regard to all matters which have gone wrong in the Crimea. God protect our poor fellows! Sir Charles was the "crowning mercy" of the Irish famine. Why do not the Cabinet send Mons. Soyer to cook non-existent provisions at Balaklava?—they did so in Ireland. The appointment of the excellent and kind-hearted cuisinier however, was only a bitter jest—but Sir Charles Trevelyan's missions to Ireland was a well calculated coup de grace—effectually did he use the dagger of mercy—and right well was he paid for his work—of which we see the judicial effect in the Foreigners' Enlistment Bill.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Redemptorist Fathers of Limerick acknowledge the receipt of £50. from Henry O'Shea, Esq., Mayor, towards the building of their new church at Mount St. Alphonsus.

A Son of Charles Bianconi has been appointed one of the Chamberlains to Pope Pius IX.

The Sisters of Mercy, Galway, acknowledge to have received, through Francis Blake, Esq., Cregg Castle, from his brother, Walter Blake, Esq., of Ross, Edges, the munificent donation of £100 for the Magdalen Asylum, House of Mercy, sick poor visited by the Sisters of Mercy, and the several poor schools under their management.

The Hon. Colonel Cole has been returned for Ferranagh in the room of the late Sir Arthurbrook.

In every respect, except in human riches, religion is on the increase in Ireland. Notwithstanding the miracle of un-Catholic governments, the efforts of anti-Catholic bigots, the mammon-hunting and bribing un-Christian Protestant parsons, Catholicity triumphs in Erin's land. The Catholic See has increased even in our own times, the Bishops are augmented, and the priests, both seculars and regulars, are multiplied. The number of churches within 50 years has increased at least threefold, and nunneries and convents have more than doubled. The origin of the Christian schools has worked wonders in the education of the humbler classes, whilst the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus, with its mighty seminaries, has almost miraculously advanced the education of the higher classes. The labors of the members of the different religious orders, is not only doing the ordinary duties of the ministry, in celebrating the Divine mysteries, preaching, teaching, hearing confessions, administering the sacraments, and instructing youth, but in leading Retreats, conducting missions, and attending to all the other spiritual exercises of their respective institutes, have perhaps never been equalled. This union of all priests has successfully defeated all the combined efforts of fanatics, hypocrites, and schemers, who, by money, lies, and corruption, attempted to de-Catholicise Ireland. The members of the various conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, now established in every city and county in Ireland have performed miracles of charity, whilst the members of St. John the Evangelist and St. Joseph have gloriously exhibited the love which consists not in looks or in words, "but in deed and in truth." The Young Men's Societies, founded by the noted Irish priest, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of All Hallows' College, are producing a combined religious, moral, and literary organisation, which must produce the most general and lasting benefits, whilst colleges and seminaries have been much increased, the formal establishments of the Catholic universities, under the express sanction of the Holy See, and of all the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, will, it is hoped, soon restore to Ireland her ancient title of "the Island of Saints and of Doctors." Never, perhaps, in her best days did she accomplish so much for the missions of all lands as she is now effecting by her college at Drumcondra, from whence yearly proceed noble-hearted missionaries to almost every country under heaven. The following table from Battersby's "Registry," just ready, will show the steady but advancing state of Catholicity in Erin. If we compare this return with that lately published in Castlereagh's "Despatches," as to the state of Catholicity in Ireland in 1800, what a contrast! Even in the archdiocese of Dublin, whilst we had then but 48 curates with 28 other assistants, we have now 145 curates; then 43 regulars, now 150. The other religious houses, schools, and charities have increased threefold. Taking both returns on a general average, we may estimate the present number as double that of the former. Summary of the Catholic Church in Ireland:—Archbishops, 4; Bishops, 31; parish priests, 1,007; curates, 1,328; churches, 2,291; convents, 69; nunneries, 133; monasteries and Christian Schools, 115; colleges and seminaries, 29; regular clergy and in colleges, 438. The exact number of regulars has not been returned in some places; they are about 400, and ought to be at least 600. Total of all the Catholic clergy, 2,804, being 62 above last year, not half the number required for seven millions of Catholics.—Thus Ireland, although sunk in poverty, is glorious next after Rome as the seat of Catholicity and charity. She has again, as in the 5th and 12th centuries, her Papal Legate; she has now, as then, her succession of Bishops; now, as in 432, after her conversion, she glories in the Holy and Immaculate Mary as her chief patroness; now, as then, she is the centre point of the mission; now, as then, she is the long and strong hold of "the faith once delivered to the Saints."—Catholic Standard.

STATE OF THE COUNTY LONGFORD.—We (Midland Counties Gazette) have again to congratulate the clergy and people of Longford on the peaceful and orderly state of their county. The going judges of assize during the last two years and the assistant barrister at each recurring quarter sessions have in variably congratulated their respective grand juries upon the diminished and diminishing criminality of the county. The quarter sessions calendar presented to Mr. O'Hagan on Thursday exhibited a most remarkable absence of crime. There can be no doubt that the present peaceful and orderly state of the county Longford, is mainly attributable to the incessant exertions made by the Bishop of Ardagh and His Lordship's clergy to suppress those secret societies, which were so long the nurseries of crime in this and adjoining counties.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—The greatest extent of land in Ireland is in the hands of farmers holding from 50 to 100 acres, the total area of this class being 3,855,960 acres, of which 28.3 per cent is under tillage, 51.2 in grass, 16 in fallow, 1.1 under wood, and 17.8 bog or waste land. The class next in extent comprises the landlords between 100 and 200 acres, who occupy 3,197,289 acres, in this class the tillage is 21.5 per cent, the grass is 52.5, and the bog 23.4 per cent, the proportion of this class is above that in any other, but in the two next higher it decreases, owing to the great extent of bog or waste, which enters into the classes of farms above 200 to 500 and above 500 acres. The average rates of produce to the statute acre in Ireland at large, during the years 1847-53, were about as follows, viz:—Wheat, 6.6 to 4.4 barrels of 20 stone, oats 8.4 to 7.6 barrels of 14 stone, barley 9.3 to 8.4 of 16 stone, bere, 8.6 to 7.7 barrels of 16 stone, rye, 8.2 to 7.8 barrels of 20 stone, beans and peas 28.4 to 26.6 bushels; potatoes, 57.7 to 31.0 barrels of 20 stone, turnips, 16.4 to 14.3 tons, mangold-wurzel 18.5 to 17.5 tons, cabbages, 14.2 to 13.9 tons, flax, 41.4 to 38.4 stones, and hay 2.1 to 1.9 tons. Since 1649 the holdings in Ireland between one and five acres have decreased by 18,761, those between 5 and 15 acres, by 35,195; those between 15 and 13 acres by 11,256, and those above 30 acres by 4,899; making a total decrease of 69,602 holdings within five years. In the class of holdings of one acre and under the increase within the same period was 3,806. The gross total quantity of live stock throughout Ireland in 1853 was as follows, viz:—Horses 447,543 upwards of two years old; 39,097 of one year old and upwards; and 58,145 under one year; 21,316 mules and 148,720 asses; 1,961,678 cattle above two years old; 609,087 of and above one year old; and 722,547 under one year old; 2,191,285 sheep of one year old and upwards; and 951,371 under that age; 393,522 pigs of one year old and 751,423 under that age; 296,182 goats; and 8,660,728 poultry. The concurrent number of holdings exceeding one acre amounted to 549,554.

Mr. William Carleton, the celebrated Irish writer of fiction, announces that he is about to leave Ireland for America, and to close the remainder of his days in Canada.

On Saturday, Dec. 16th, a sealed order was received from the Poor Law Commissioners, at Loughrea workhouse, dispensing with the Protestant chaplain, as no Protestant paupers were inmates of the house.

Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, who fell in the light cavalry charge at Balaklava, was son of the late Major Nolan, who, while in the 70th infantry, distinguished himself in the Peninsula and Indian campaigns. The Father of Captain Nolan was a native of Carlow, and belonged to the ancient clan of that name, a Catholic family.

THE INCOME TAX.—The collectors of income tax around Dublin are now demanding the whole year's impost of fourteen pence in the pound, which will not be actually due before next April. Such an application of the whip would be sufficiently galling in itself; but the omens with which it is charged are positively alarming. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer must thus take the present time by the forelock, what can we expect but that fresh demands shall arise when the period comes at which the tax now levied would be fairly payable.—Evening Mail.

PROTESTANT PERSECUTION.—What words of mine (says the author of the Geraldines) will adequately describe the cruelties committed upon the persons of Patrick O'Healy, Bishop of Mayo, and Cornelius O'Rourke, a Franciscan friar, who were both charged with high treason? Their hands were tortured—their thigh bones splintered by strokes of the hammer—and they were finally gibbeted, when their murderers could wring no confessions from them. Eight years did they exhibit the instruments by which those holy martyrs were put to death, and they now lie buried with them in the Franciscan convent in Askeaton.—How shall I describe the agonies and sufferings of Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, on whom savage malice inflicted a systematised and protracted process of barbarity? He was bound to the trunk of a tree—he smeared his feet and thighs with salt, butter, oil, sulphur, pitch, and ardent spirits—his boots, too, were filled with this horrid preparation—think you they needed the match and flint? Was not this fit material to kindle flame? One hour did this fire prey on his emaciated limbs—the next was employed in administering restoratives. Again and again did they smear him with the aforesaid preparation, till his muscles and arteries were melted in the flame, and the teguments of his bones were consumed. After five days devoted to this torture, they led him forth in the dawning, fearing that there would be commotion if they sacrificed in the open day. Now, on that very morning, when others were wrapped in slumber, the Archbishop was placed on a hurdle, and whilst on the way to the place of execution, was met by a pious friend (one perhaps who privately supplied him with means of subsistence) who, seizing the prelates hand in token of love, ever after bore upon it, indelibly impressed, the figure of a scarlet cross! Here behold the evidence of sanctity and the reward of gratitude.

Who is not familiar with the history of Richard Creagh, Primate of Ireland? He was offered every favor which Elizabeth and her ministers could confer, provided he renounced the supremacy of the Holy See. When he refused, they charged him with having offered violence to the daughter of his gaoler. They even bribed the girl to swear this charge against him. They then appointed the day and place for hearing the accusation, and invited a great number of the Irish nobility to be present, in order to witness the infamy of a man who had held such exalted station, but wonderful is the power of innocence. When the girl came into the court, though urged by the solicitations of the archbishop's enemies, and promised every reward, which they could so readily give, she was struck with horror in the contemplation of her perjury, and grew sorry for what she had already done. Think you that she grew agitated and confused? No such thing, for when interrogated as to the charge they thought she was prepared to maintain against the prelate, she replied, with an oath, that she believed that man to be not only innocent of what was alleged, but that he was a saint, and had never touched, even the hem of her garment. But though virtue triumphed, the deadly hatred of his enemies still survived, and the illustrious prelate only escaped this snare to be incarcerated to the end of his days in the Tower of London. The ecclesiastical history of O'Sullivan gives you ample details of the martyrdom of Cornelius O'Dubhane (Volgo O'Dnane), Bishop of Down and Connor; and Patrick O'Luareainn, priest. This is from one author alone. Let us now turn to another who, in the following extract, refers to but a brief period in Irish history. It shows how our bishops were treated by those people who insisted: there should be no more bishops in politics.—"Sad, indeed was the condition of the Church and people of Ireland at this period: The young and the old—the venerable bishop and the youthful priest—were torn from under the very altar; dragged from their holes in the earth, where they burrowed like vermin; or caught as they crept from them to administer the sacraments to some dying sinner, and instantly put to death. O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, was, in 1651, bound in chains, and cast into prison in Limerick; and neither threats nor promises were spared in order to induce him to abandon the Catholic faith. This, however, proved unavailing; he was hanged, and his head being taken off, was placed on a pike, and raised on the citadel, where it remained until after the restoration. About the same time, Egan, Bishop of Ross, was tortured and put to death in that town. He had for a long time been concealed in a cavern of a neighboring mountain; but, having left his retreat to visit a dying person, he was discovered on his return; and, on his refusing to renounce the faith was given up to the fury of the Puritan soldiery. His arms were struck off, his body on the spot, and he was then brought to a neighboring tree amid the jeers and scoffs of his tormentors, and then hanged to one of the branches by the reins of his own horse. Emir Mathew, Bishop of Clogher, being loaded with irons, was cast into a dungeon in Enniskillen, where he was at length freed from his sufferings by being hanged. His body was afterwards torn out and burned; and his head was placed on a pole in the public-market-place. Arthur Maginnis, Bishop of Down, being old and infirm, died at sea, endeavoring to escape his enemies. Of the other prelates, the celebrated Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, escaped to Ghent, where he died on the 23rd of August 1678. Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel, after being hunted for a long time through the mountains of Tipperary, at length found him aylum at Compostella, in Spain. The Bishop of Cork and