

creed began with a fearful contradiction...

"So terrible was this baptism of blood and fire, that the very air of the country became tainted. The smoke of burning pyres (says the historians of the day) floated from county to county, and you might smell the Christianity of England on the sea."

"A bill of attainder was passed by Cromwell's active interference, and the consent of the judges depriving the accused of all means of defence, Cromwell himself was the first victim."

"Thus, during three centuries the Church has been the enemy of God and man! thus it has abetted vice, and thus it has encouraged tyranny. But the eyes of earth are on it, and the nations of the world are saying: 'Away with the counterfeit of religion—the libel on the divine teachings of the Saviour.'"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.—With deep regret, we have to announce the death of the deeply beloved, revered and patriotic Bishop of Cloyne, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy.

DEATH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER MATHEW.—This announcement which we make with the most unaffected sorrow, will bring sadness into many a household throughout Ireland!

REMOVED CHANGES IN THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.—Whether wellfounded or otherwise, rumours are very prevalent at this side of the channel to the effect that, in consequence of some ministerial "movements" now all but matured, an important change is about to be made in the Irish government.

RESTITUTION.—Mr. Michael J. Riordan, forage contractor, Cork, and who had been formerly connected with this city, transacting business for the Commissariat department, this week received, through the Rev. H. Malone, of the Franciscan Convent, Limerick, the sum of £40 restitution money.

placed on his back upon sharp stones, and a load of many hundred pounds weight laid upon her, slowly crushing her to death, by forcing the sharp stones from underneath through her ribs and backbone.

"The usual mode adopted by the Queen and Church for capital punishment, was to hang the victim for a short time, then cut him down alive, rip open his belly, tear out the intestines and throw them in the fire, pull out the heart and hold it up, strike off the head, cut up the body, boil the head and quarters, and then hang them up against the city gates. One hundred and eighty-seven were thus ripped up and boiled in the last twenty-six years of Queen Elizabeth, and every one of them merely for refusing to attend the Queen's State Church and hear the Common Prayer!

"The Dissenters were burnt as heretics, the Papists as traitors; the Papists and Dissenters were drawn, coupled together on the same hurdle, to Smithfield, and the term 'stakefellow' was then first used in common parlance. Then Burns astounded his tyrants by the grandeur of his death. 'Then perished the beautiful Anne Askew, daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, and maid of honor to King Henry's Queen. Her life was a romance. She was arrested for heresy, charged with saying, 'God dwelt not in temples made with hands.' 'Acquitted once, she is again arrested by the Church, determined on her destruction. Worn out with examination at Guildhall, and condemned to the flames, she wrote to the King and Lord Chancellor Wriothesley—but in vain. The King turned her over to those fiends. She was stretched on a rack in the Tower, to make her accuse others of like opinions; she suffered without a word. The Lieutenant, Sir Anthony Knevet, refused to let the jailor stretch her a second time. Even the savage King sanctioned his conduct. Then Wriothesley and Lord Rich racked her with their own hands, pulling off their gowns to do it better. She never groaned or spoke, though she fainted on being taken down. 'A scaffold was erected in front of St. Bartholomew's Cross, where the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Wriothesley, and more of the King's council sat to witness the execution. Three others suffered with her: one a working man, another a priest, and a third a Nottinghamshire gentleman, of the Lascelles family, who was a member of the King's household. The execution was delayed until darkness closed, to make it look more dreadful. Anne Askew was brought in a chair, racked until unable to stand; but her triumphant countenance and the smile on her beautiful face, wrought her companions to enthusiasm. She refused apostacy at the price of her life, and so did they. The pile was kindled—it was a sultry evening of June, and as the heat attracted the hovering vapors, the dense multitude heard with superstitious awe, a loud peal of thunder roll over their heads, while a few heavy raindrops fell among the flames, like God's acceptance of that spotless offering. 'It may be said that Cranmer's acts were controlled by the will of Henry; but Henry died, and Edward the Sixth, an amiable child of nine, a mere plaything in the hand of Cranmer, could put no restraint upon the royal churchman. French and German Anabaptists suffered in numbers; even the exploded sect of Arian could not escape his persecution, and one of its obscure disciples perished in the flames. The blackest act remains. Cranmer had an old lady of Kent, Joan Boacher by name, a friend of poor Anne Askew, arrested and condemned to be burnt alive for a quibble about the exact nature of Christ's body. The King's signature was necessary—Edward the Sixth, not yet fourteen years of age, shuddered at the thought; he implored the grim murderer for mercy; Cranmer terrified the innocent child with fears of Hell; the boy signed in tears, but said, 'you must answer before God for this! 'This clerical murderer, however, when his turn came, proved the veriest recreant upon earth. The Marian persecution turned the balance once more for four short years. Cranmer was one of the sufferers. When a prisoner he is promised a bishopric—and how does the son of Mammon act? He signs a recantation with his own hand, and five papers, most fully acknowledging the doctrines he had opposed, and calling himself a mischief-maker, a liar and blasphemer! He is burnt notwithstanding. 'The acts of Elizabeth's reign were, like Draco's, written in blood. It was death to make a Catholic priest, death for him to enter the kingdom, death to harbour him, death to confess to him, death to say mass, death to hear mass, death to deny or even not swear to the Queen's supremacy, while those who had no money to pay fines, were publicly whipped, and had their ears bored with red-hot irons; then an act was passed, banishing for life all those not worth 20 pounds, who refused to go to the Queen's church, and if they returned, the penalty again was death! But this was only a part of the atrocity: England earned the name of the European Japan. A Mrs. Ward, for having helped a priest to escape from prison (he having said mass), was imprisoned, flogged, racked, hanged, ripped up, and quartered. A lady of the name of Clithero, belonging to a wealthy family at York, who had relieved some priests, was

produce first class army, if we had any occasion. We shall consider Mr. Peggs, and a study of the same subject by Professor Oliver Byrne, which has been for some time lying on our desk, in a week or two. It is, for all possible that Russia, or France, or America, or, for that matter, even England, may be attempting to invade Ireland within the next few years—in which case it may be well we should lay out all back for our tactics on that venerable and very excellent authority, the Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy's 'National...

"The investigation into the circumstances connected with the above awful murder is still going on. No arrest has been yet made, but the Dublin papers received this day state that the police have become acquainted with particulars of some importance which from their nature must be kept secret. On Saturday and Sunday the police were engaged making enquiries in the city and suburbs. It would appear, from all that has transpired, that the murder was effected by some person who must have gone alone and committed the awful deed. The mother and sister of the deceased are thrown into poverty by the murder—as Mr. Little was their only support!! Who is the murderer?—Limerick Reporter, 9th ult.

IN IRELAND, BUT NOT IN IRELAND.—[The following article from the Dublin Evening Mail is so reasonable & worthy to the groundless and disingenuous invectives contained in the Morning Chronicle, relative to the conduct and feelings of Irishmen in connection with the barbarous assassination of Mr. Little, that we transfer it with no small pleasure to our columns. The outspoken truth, the honest indignation and unbiased opinion expressed throughout this well-merited rebuke of the English journalist, are such as to entitle the writer to the grateful acknowledgments of Irishmen of every creed and class, and we would be sorry indeed to be the last in doing that justice to the sentiments he so ably expressed on this subject, though we may differ widely and materially from him on other points.—Dublin Telegraph.] 'The murder of Mr. Little,' says the Morning Chronicle, 'promises to add one more instance to the many previous examples of mysterious and unpunished crimes which are already on record in the Irish annals.' 'Asking our candid contemporaries pardon, we must take the liberty to remark, that the murder of Mr. Little rather smacks of the motives to bloodshed which peculiarly characterize the most civilized metropolis of the world. In its object and its accessories it bears a horribly distinct similitude to a vulgar English assassination; nor can we doubt that the manner of its preparation was suggested immediately by an outrage, of very recent occurrence, within one hundred yards of the temple of British justice in Westminster Hall. The method adopted to stun the victim, by falling him while he was wholly unsuspecting of any evil intention, just as a butcher falls an ox before cutting its throat, was manifestly borrowed from the murderous and fatal assault on Cope, in Parliament street, Whitehall, last month. In both cases plunder was the object, and in order to effect that, without resistance or discovery, a treacherous blow was dealt to the unwary victims, which deprived them instantaneously of consciousness and, of course, of the power of raising an alarm. So far, therefore, this fiendish act may justly be characterized as an English murder. It was done after the pattern most recently imported from the sister country; but whether the hand which wielded the murderous instruments be even native here, time alone can unfold. It is yet hidden in the cloak of mystery; but the insinuation of the Morning Chronicle, that its concealment is aided by the usual means which render the detection of crime in Ireland so difficult, is in this instance utterly groundless. Except the wretch who committed this crime, we are satisfied that there is not an individual of any rank or denomination in our community who would not gladly assist the pursuits of justice to bring him to condign punishment. The peculiar difficulty of unravelling this mysterious deed has nothing whatever to do with the strange workings and idiosyncrasies of our social system: it lies in the fact—of which there seems not a question—that the design and the act were known to only one human being; and he laid his plans so warily as to have prevented the discovery of the deed for so many hours during which he was doubtless enabled to get rid of any overt evidence of his guilt. His extreme caution and self-possession were made manifest to the first glance at the scene of this fearful tragedy. The absence of all appearance of struggle shows that he had such a mastery over the foul and cruel fiend within him, as to bide his time, after gaining admittance until the violent onset could be made with perfect security. A further evidence of calculating forethought is the pile of bank notes left untouched on the table, although they were more portable than coin, and the greater number of them being probably, pound notes, were, therefore, not so liable to be traced to the previous holders. Does not this prove that even the cursed greed of gain, for which he did not scruple to shed innocent blood, could not constrain him to compromise the safety of his vile body by affording a possible clue to his detection? Where so much cool circumspection exists, there must be also a great power of controlling emotion, and taking measures quietly for secreting all evidences which it is necessary to keep out of sight. In tracking out such a criminal, justice has a deep and crafty game to pursue; but we are confident that he will be overtaken; and the Morning Chronicle may be certain, that the efforts which are made to secure him will not be balked by any movement of popular sympathy or connivance "even in Ireland."

IN IRELAND IN INDIA.—The following narrative is condensed from the Freeman's Journal.—"Sir William Brooke O'Shaughnessy, our distinguished countryman, on whom Her Majesty has just conferred the honour of knighthood, is a native of Limerick, and obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service in 1830; nearly at the same time he became physician to Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe, Governor of Agra. A medical college having been established in Calcutta for the education of natives, he was appointed its Professor of Chemistry. His taste and genius being directed to scientific pursuits, he acquired a distinction that at once pointed him out as the fittest person to superintend the laying down the electric telegraph, when it was decided to extend to India the advantages of that discovery. Accordingly in 1850, a line was laid under his directions from Calcutta to Diamond Harbour, at the mouth of the Ganges, from which the mercantile body of that city derived so much benefit that he presented him with a sum of £2,000, and as he was then proceeding to London, requested he would sit for his portrait to one of the first artists at their expense; it is now in their council-chamber. Under the direction of the Governor-General, he has since completed telegraph lines from the seat of Government to all the Presidencies. Sir William Brooke O'Shaughnessy is a descendant of one of the most ancient and illustrious of the old Irish families, who possessed a large territory in the counties of Clare and Galway up to the time of William III., but were held to have forfeited them in consequence of their fidelity to King James. Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy, who held a commission in the army of James, and whose portrait is exhibited among their family portraits in the gallery of the Ormonds at Kilkenny, was the last possessor of the Loughcooter estates near Gort, having left Ireland for France after the treaty of Limerick with the army of James, and died there. The estates were held by the Crown for some years, until an occasion arose on which it was necessary to bestow a suitable reward; there was a conspiracy to assassinate William at Kensington, called the Kensington Plot which was discovered, and perhaps, William's life saved by a Mr. Prendergast, whom Macaulay describes to be a 'Roman Catholic gentleman of good family in the south of England.' He was rewarded with a grant of the O'Shaughnessy estates. His son, who was created a baronet, Sir Thomas Prendergast having died without male issue, they descended to Lord Gort through the female line. These

recently passed from that family through the numbered Estates Court to Lord Gough. We understand Sir William is now engaged in carrying out by direction of the East India Company, a direct line of communication from London to Calcutta.

One of the last of the mythical line of Irish Giants, in the person of Shawn Naontree, was tried at Conemara, on Friday week, for the murder of a woman by his unusual stature, being a man of extraordinary physical symmetry, namely, seven feet in height, and weighing over twenty stone. His family, the Joyce's, have been for many years one of the wonders of Conemara, about whom traditions have 'spun long yarns' as the representatives of the 'Giants of the West,' which their stature and proportions induced the belief that the Joyce Country contained such specimens of the human family. He died at the age of seventy, and has left four stalwart sons, as worthy representatives, who boast that their kindred was never conquered by the Sassenag, yet Death has been more victorious.—Mayo Constitution.

MAYNOOTH AND THE NON-CONFORMISTS AND BIGOTS.—Mr. Roebuck has pronounced against the agitation which proposes to sacrifice Maynooth to the morbid bigotry of the ultra fanatics, joined for the occasion by the ultra Radicals, who call out for the disendowment of all religions. Mr. Roebuck, in a recent speech to his constituents at Sheffield, declared in the plainest terms that he could not go against Maynooth; till he saw, in the first place, the Irish Church Establishment—the most monstrous anomaly in the world—reduced to proper and becoming proportions. The Non-Conformists are 'wrath' against Mr. Roebuck in consequence; and in their weekly organs, they endeavour to prove the hon. and learned gentleman inconsistent with his professions as a Reformer, and at war with his opinions as a Voluntarist. We need not observe, that common sense and common honesty fully approve of the course taken by Mr. Roebuck, and that it would be a ridiculous and disgraceful combination in politics, to see him walk in the lobby against Maynooth with Messrs. Drummond, Chambers, Newdigate, Spooner, &c., who of the same gentleman, on the Irish Church question, would vote resolutely and determinedly in support of that bigoted enormity and scandalous nuisance. We think the Non-Conformists, whatever their opinions may be to the contrary, have begun at the wrong end; Maynooth has a multitude of enemies on all sides, for no other cause except that it is the only Catholic institution in Ireland supported by the State. The Church Establishment is an unparalleled iniquity in the face of Christianity and Civilization; but because it is sustained by enormous riches, it has, and it will continue to have, a host of supporters in Church and State, who live and grow fat on its plunder. We cannot condemn a policy which has no recommendatory ingredient; and we must applaud the manliness and intrepidity of Mr. Roebuck, in enunciating his hostility to a proceeding on the part of Mr. Aldrich, and his fellow-laborers, which is strongly objected to by the Catholic force and spirit of the entire country. As the Session of Parliament approaches the policy and purpose of the Spooners, Newdigates, Chambers of *hoc genus omne*, becomes every day more fully developed; and the plan of attack not only on Maynooth, but on the immunities, manumissions and liberties of the Catholics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is so far propounded that there can be no longer the slightest doubt on the subject. The trumpet has been blown—the drums beaten—the standard raised—and the forces ready for immediate battle.

GREAT BRITAIN. CONVERSIONS.—Mrs. Pringle Simpson, relict of the late Joseph Pringle Simpson, Esq., Barrister at Law, was received into the Catholic Church, at Berwick on Tweed, by the Rev. Thomas Hanigan, on the 3rd ultimo.

A correspondent informs us that Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Earl of Oxford, had been recently received into the Catholic Church, at Farm street, Berkeley square. His lordship was born in 1813, and married, in 1841, Miss Harriet Bettina Frances Fellow, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Fleetwood Fellow. Lord Walpole is a distant cousin of the celebrated Horace Walpole, of literary celebrity, the collector of the treasures of Strawberry Hill. The first Earl was the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, renowned for having been the first who reduced political corruption to a system, and, consequently, the founder of the Whig policy. The Earl died in 1797; but the barony of Walpole reverted, under special remainder to a distant cousin, who eventually obtained in his favor a revival of the earldom in 1806.—Tablet.

THE INCOME TAX.—One improvement which the public will evidently require is a speedy re-arrangement of the income tax. The scattered meetings in provincial towns, and the set meeting in London City, are not the sole evidence of the popular feeling—the spaces between those scattered signs are amply filled up by a gentle movement, which, as the year advances, will impart itself to local bodies, will probably give extension and support to the association for the reduction of the income tax, and will most certainly influence members looking to a dissolution of parliament. From his antecedents, therefore, we may expect that Lord Palmerston will "keep his weather-eye up" in reference to the income tax.—Spectator.

A new Congress of Paris is now decided upon. The English Ministerial papers which protested against it, as needless and useless, have changed their tone: there is, they now say, no reason against it. France, Turkey, and Sardinia, and probably Austria, supported Russia in demanding it, so that England was compelled to give way. Prussia, it is said, looks forward to it for the settlement of its own question of Neufchatel.—Weekly Register.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—We are informed that Lord John Russell will, in all probability, return from Florence early in January, the primary object of the noble lord's return being to take office. It is also said he will be created a peer, and take the lead in the House of Lords, as the Earl of Granville's health is much impaired.—Standard.

We have some significant symptoms for the weather-wise in England. Lord Palmerston has determined on filling the bench of Bishops with sound Evangelical Low Churchmen. The mere fact that the light-hearted Gallio, who careth for none of these things, and who, in face of his constituents, has denied original sin, and has announced that all men are born virtuous, should select men from the Calvinistic section of the Church as the quarter whence its chief Pastors are to be taken, is a sufficient proof on which side, in the opinion of that judicious bottleholder, lies the strength of the country. And as long as the present juggling diversion of the constituencies lasts, we think Lord Palmerston is right. The Times has already taken the alarm, and invites the triumphant party to make a moderate use of their victory. Major Bessford proclaims that the Conservative party will shortly adopt a new line, and will sacrifice its old leaders. With the rallying cry of Protestantism, or, in other words, no Popery, a great effort will be made, and the growing importance of the entire Polish question will receive its full recognition. The Denison downfall, and the "weak uncertain sound" given by the trumpets of Exeter and Bangor, are strains which show the current's direction, while at Brighton a still stronger symptom has appeared. The Bishop of Chichester, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Bessford, and the Rev. Mr. Woodward have vainly tried to hold their own before the indignation of a public meeting; and the names of Roskell and Bley, once dear to Sussex agriculturists, have gained a new illustration by their triumphant frustration of a High Church scheme, which they demolished by the cry of "No auricular confession!"—Tablet.