

the irradicable enmity of Austria—you have prevented an alliance with her—you have lost her assistance in the present struggle—you have given strength to Russia, and in my soul I look upon you, from your revolutionary conduct, as the principal accomplice in the destruction of the allied armies in the Crimea. Has it ever occurred to your lordship, in reading the Continental journals, in studying the speeches of ministers, and observing the conduct of cabinets, that you have never heard any abuse of the Queen of England—never observed any officer of any court advise the confiscation of what you call your Church property—never knew any ministerial papers to be paid for unceasing calumny of the English court, of the English religion, of English manners? And, again, has the idea ever presented itself to you, that no Catholic country has ever employed lying Bible-readers, has ever hired Clerical slanderers to visit the houses in England, or in any other Protestant country, and by tracts of blasphemy, by a force of infamy, passing all credibility, promulgating lies against everything Protestant? One moment's reflection will teach you the contrast between England and Catholic Europe on this irritating subject: and if (as I can assure you) Catholicity feels deeply wounded by this lying practice of infidel Protestantism, will you tell me how has our gracious Queen been able, at her late visit, to look France in the face, or how can you have the hardihood to raise your eyes in the presence of your master and England's present superior, the Emperor Napoleon? Be assured, my lord, these are questions of deeper import than strike the eye at first sight. You ridiculed France when you thought France was weak. You now flatter France when you see France strong. Your press despised the Emperor when you fancied he was an outcast; and now you fawn on him when the cannon of Boulogne is heard in St. James's, and the Champ-de-Mars, under a French sky, reveals the glancing sheen of one hundred thousand lifted spears in the presence of your Queen. But then the royal *entente cordiale* is a guarantee for future peace! Aye—when England found it her interest to strike France, she did so, as an expiring voice from St. Helena has told; and, believe me, when France shall find it her interest to return the blow, that same voice will sound in the ears of France like the summons of resurrection, and arm millions of her children in coats of steel to avenge the national stain, or advance the imperial interest. Aye, *entente cordiale!* Pshaw! Wait, my lord, till the Crimea shall be evacuated—wait till France takes possession of Asia, and plants her Eagles on Turkish soil firmly—and time will tell the tale—that your petty auxiliary battalions, with their stupid commanders in dreary senility, shall be ordered home by your imperial master, giving to England, of course, some commercial advantages, but keeping for France the possession of the soil which she alone has won, and pushing her conquests and their real glories as far as the Indus. In fact, England deserves from France merely the freight of her ships in deporting the munitions of war. Her office has been that of carrier to the French army. She was late at the Alma—she was asleep at Inkermann—and she owes her life, beyond doubt, on that occasion to the French—she was mad at Balaklava, and she was beaten at the Redan.

And how could it be otherwise? All her generals are all Swaddlers to a man—they are all old Bible-readers, tract-distributors, street-preachers, and psalm-singers. Between the gout and the Bible they were late everywhere, and beaten everywhere. Old Raglan was in bed at Inkermann—old Simpson praying in a trench at the storming of the Redan—and old Burgoyne laid up with the gout, while the men walked up to the middle in mud, in last winter, as they staggered, lay down, and died on their way from the shore to the camp. And, as an illustration of the ineradicable and incomprehensible disease of Swaddling inherent in the nature of these old jibbering generals, they have never, in one instance, borne testimony, or said one little kind word in their despatches of the invincible courage of the poor Irish who stood in the front rank of the raging battle—who flew with lightning flash against the red iron shower of death, and, with an Irish cheer from their faithful hearts, buried their victorious steel in the bosom of the enemy, and saved, and won, the day. Yet, not a word of praise from the English and Scotch generals—the old gouty chiefs—the hoary, senile, armed Swaddlers in the Lord.

But the time may not be far distant when the Irish people and Irish courage may receive more patronage—when England will recover from the gout—when the Protestant Clergy will learn to preach sermons, and not Orange orations—and when the mania of lies, and swaddling, and Biblical bazaars, and Protestant lace, and Lutheran hosiery and evangelical needle-work shall cease to be a national necessity and be succeeded by a compulsory voice of truth, shame, and common sense.

Ireland has fallen into a lethargy, within the last eight years, from the paralysis of famine and persecution; she has lost her speech from the terrible stroke, and she can never forget that, while lying in her bed of sickness, the treacherous Protestant Church sent her emissaries to try and rob her of her faith in her last struggle of existence, and thus to add damnation to death. But I here counsel Ireland, now that her present living children have escaped this national grave, to resume their former energies; to meet every week in Dublin, to raise the old shout of defiance against your English bigotry; and I undertake to say that within two years the Protestant Church establishment will begin to crumble before the indignant combination of all classes; and the tyranny of England will crouch to the voice of united Irishmen under the approaching pressure of European policy.—I have the honor to be your lordship's obedient servant, D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

FREDERICK LUCAS.—May God be merciful to his soul. He was as great and good a man as ever spent life and death in the service of Ireland. Happy for him, lying dead to-day in Slaines; he has escaped the corroding anxiety, the unprogressive and unprofitable struggle, the calumnious atmosphere through which he carried so brave and buoyant a heart to the last; and none who knew the pious purpose and deep devotion of his life can look towards Heaven and doubt that he is there. In the presence of that thanksgiving hope, all earthly considerations fade. But when we return to remember how, in the proud flight of a career so full of performance and promise, he has been suddenly stricken down; and how unlikely it was that he, of all men, so strong, so earnest so overflowing with life and energy, and of such a noble ambition, pledged to labors so holy—that he should fall thus so suddenly, and leave so vast a vacuum behind—it may well move our awe as well as our sorrow. For his was a future into which men looked far and confidently. No one was ever witness of the working of that clear and capacious intellect for a single hour who did not conclude that it was in him to do far greater things than he had ever yet essayed. His character had many sides, and was always growing. He had the gifts of a Catholic publicist as strongly developed as they are in Brownson or in Venille—he had the heart and the head of a Catholic statesman as markedly characterised as in Montalembert or Valdegamas—since O'Connell, no man has attained to such tribunitial power in Ireland; since O'Connell, so great a Catholic layman has not appeared in Irish or British affairs.—*Nation*.

THE LATE MR. LUCAS.—A meeting of the council of the Irish Tenant League was summoned for last Saturday, to consider the most suitable means of expressing their sense of the loss sustained by the party in the death of Mr. Lucas.

MEATH ELECTION.—Mr. Henry Meredith, a nephew of Sir William Somerville, is the Whig candidate for the representation of Meath. His address to the electors is in print, and sets forth as his political creed that he is identified with the views of the Liberal party; that he is an advocate of their social, civil, and religious rights; that he is for the fullest religious equality, without favor or partiality to party, sect, or creed; and, to crown all, he promises (nothing easier) to support a good tenant-right bill. A correspondent of *Saunders's* writes,—"A second candidate, it may be almost said is in the field, although his address has not appeared. He is Mr. Francis Brodigan, barrister, of Piltown-house, Meath. He is a large landed proprietor. He was a candidate at the last election for the borough of Drogheda. Being a Catholic, his principles, I believe, are identified with that creed. Both gentlemen may be considered natives of the county." Another candidate has entered the lists in the person of Mr. John Arthur Farrell, of Moynalty, a member of an old Catholic family. His political creed may be learnt from the following passage in his address to the constituency:—"I avow my anxiety to promote the welfare of the religion to which I, in common with so many of you, belong, by procuring for the Catholic Church in Ireland the fullest freedom of action, and to gain for her members perfect equality with their fellow subjects in all civil and religious rights. In furtherance of these views, I shall endeavor to obtain the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and all other laws which impose any disability, disqualification, or penalty upon Catholics, clerical or lay. I deem it necessary that the Catholic bishops and clergy should be enabled by law to hold and transmit to their successors all property vested in them for ecclesiastical or charitable purposes. I shall exert myself to procure for Catholic soldiers, sailors, and others employed in the service of the Crown a due measure of religious attendance and instruction."

Considerable anxiety was felt in town during the last few days in consequence of a seizure made by the collector on some property belonging to the Archbishop for income tax. So strong was the feeling of indignation on this subject that we understand Mr. Moylan, the auctioneer of this town, refused to have anything to do with the transaction; and we are told that it was deemed advisable to pay the tax this day, lest in the intensity of the popular excitement prevailing consequences dangerous to the public peace might ensue. Surely the Irish episcopacy and clergy are bound to bless the Parliamentary pledge-breakers who have saddled them with this unjust and uncanonical tax.—*Tuam Herald*.

The *Limerick Reporter* announces the seizure and sale of a cow, the property of the Rev. Richard O'Brien, a parish priest, under a warrant issued by the Commissioners of Income-tax.

ENCUMBERED ESTATES COMMISSION.—In a new batch of petitions there is one presented on behalf of the owner, for the sale of the Perceval estates in the counties of Sligo, Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Tipperary. The gross rental is set down at £5,772; and the encumbrances to be discharged amount to £145,000.

RAILWAY TO NORTH MAYO.—We (*Nation*) understand that a company has been formed, and is already registered according to the prescribed form under the act for constructing a railway from Strokestown to Castlebar, with branches to Sligo, Ballina, and Westport, in continuation of a line, which is immediately to be constructed by the Midland Great Western Company from Longford to Strokestown. "The North Western Railway of Ireland," as the Roscommon and Mayo line is named in the registry, will pass through the centre of the county of Roscommon, and thence to Castlebar, the county town of Mayo. The chairman and deputy chairman of the Midland Great Western Company have become members of the provisional committee of the North Western line, and have already taken a large quantity of the stock; thus affording the strongest evidence of their determination at once to carry the project into effect.

FOOD PROSPECTS.—As the last week in October is the season for coming to some fair conclusion with regard to the quantity and quality of the harvest and its probable produce a Southern paper (the *Tralee Chronicle*) reports as follows for the county of Kerry:—"The haggards are all filled, and the potatoes dug and housed; most farmers have thrashed some corn, and the yield is tested generally. The turnip crop, which is now an essential one in Kerry, is still growing, and continues its growth longer than in any other part of the south of Ireland. Our corn produce will be about an average. There will be more inferior wheat than last year, and the oat crop will not weigh up to

the standard of 45lb. per bushel; very little of it will be got to weigh 43lb. Barley is not so much grown as it was, and appears to have produced a more inferior grain than the oats; so that on the whole our corn produce will not weigh, though it may pay as well as that of 1854. The potato crop, it was supposed, would turn out a very bad one. Since 1848 the crop was not blighted so young or more speedily, and yet the quantity lost by the rot was never so small as it will be this year. The crop is short, as the size of the potatoes is small; but most people think, compared with last year, we shall have as large a supply of food in the northern half of our county. In the mountain baronies, certainly, there will not be anything like it, and the price will be higher generally on that account. There is, however, too much fear of scarcity; and, with the prices of agricultural produce of all sorts as high as they are, the farmers can afford to keep their servants instead of discharging them on the coming winter, and thereby increasing the demand for employment, which must always be greatest when food is dear."

MILITARY DEFENCES AT DUBLIN CASTLE.—Measures have been taken recently to isolate the approaches to the Castle, and make it still more defensible in an engineering point of view. The barracks will be shut out from Stephen Street by the removal of the houses on the north side; and the walls and erections near Hoey's Court leading to the lower gate are now in process of removal. In Little Ship Street a strong bastion will be made, and cannon of heavy calibre placed in the embrasures commanding all the approaches, and the necessity for such a work in a military point of view was pointed out several years ago by the Duke of Cambridge when in command of the garrison. It is now felt that a great mistake was made in disposing of the well known George's Street barracks, but means will be adopted to enlarge the defences on that side of the Castle. It is scarcely necessary to add that the projected arrangements are in no way suggested by the present state of the country, which, happily, has never been more peaceable and tranquil.—*Scandlers*.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—The Cork Constitution announces, that on Friday evening, Mr. Fagan, one of the borough members, received a letter from the Irish Chief Secretary, stating that, in conformity with the prayer of the petition addressed by the chief magistrate and citizens of Cork to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Admiralty had directed that, so far as the service would admit, a portion of the Baltic fleet would winter in Cork Harbor.

The Assistant-Barrister for the county of Mayo, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, in opening his court at Westport, took occasion to animadvert in severe terms upon a passage in the celebrated speech of Sir Archibald Alison, which, it may be said, fairly challenged the rebutting case made for his Irish clients by the learned and indignant Chairman. After alluding to the decrease of crime in the county with which he was officially concerned Mr. O'Shaughnessy proceeded to say:—"Knowing, as I have known, the quiet and peace which have prevailed in this county and the surrounding ones which, except one, form this western province, I confess I read with surprise, and I am sure, you also, if you have not seen it before, will hear with equal surprise, the paragraph I am about to call your attention to, assailing the peaceful character of this province and holding it up to the British empire as one so involved in civil brawls that we were obliged to call in Highland regiments to preserve the peace of the country. These are the words:—"Because, being steady well conducted troops, they could be trusted to put down civil brawls in the manufacturing districts in England and the south and west of Ireland, where their own troops could not be equally trusted." This language was used at a dinner, given in Glasgow to celebrate our Crimean victories, by a celebrated historian, Sir Archibald Alison. Now, gentlemen, upon the peaceful character of this part of the west of Ireland there can be no better authority than I am, residing in this criminal court as I have for the last five years—a court in which almost all crimes but those involving homicide, are disposed of; and I do not hesitate to say that this statement is utterly unfounded. First, there were no civil brawls, as described by Sir Archibald Alison, and therefore no Highland regiment could be called in to quell them. So much the contrary is the fact, that I believe there is not a more peaceable province in the British empire than the west of Ireland, to which fact many of Sir Archibald Alison's countrymen who have settled in it could bear testimony. And, further, I am assured that no Highland regiment has been in this country for 10 years past; nor as I have been informed, in the province. But, gentlemen, this eminent historian has gone further, as you must have perceived, for not content with assailing the character of the province, he attempts to tarnish the loyalty and fidelity of Irish troops, and particularly that body to which is mainly confided the preservation of the order and peace of the country—I mean the Irish Constabulary. Sir A. Alison says:—"Highland regiments were called in because our own could not be trusted." This is equally without foundation, I believe, and I know such to be their character in Ireland—that a more efficient, loyal, and in physical bearing, whether for civil or military purposes, a finer body of men does not exist in the British empire. They are a body of which all Irishmen may be justly proud. It was not, therefore, becoming of any man, still less of an eminent historian, to make such groundless imputations upon the character and honour of a country and its troops, and that without the slightest provocation; for he might have otherwise indulged in the utmost praise, and deservedly, of his Highland countrymen. I will only add that, if Sir Archibald Alison be as flippant and inaccurate in the grave matter of history, as he has been in this instance, he will not be a reliable guide to follow as a historian. Gentlemen, I need not apologize for these observations as not within my province, for I am sure you will feel it to be, rather my duty, if the peaceful character of the country be groundlessly assailed, to avail myself of the authority of this bench to vindicate it."

PROTESTANTISM ON THE DECLINE.—If the good folks in Scotland, who attend missionary meetings, believe the "glorious and gratifying reports" which are retailed to them by well-paid missionaries and sowers—they must believe that they have only to give once or twice more and "Popery" will be driven from the soil of old Erin. We know many otherwise sensible persons who hug this delusion day and night, and give very liberally on the strength of it. We have done all we could to enlighten and save these foolish persons from spending their money; but with little effect, we fear. We are, however, very sanguine that

the following statement from two respectable Protestant ministers who are anxious at the same time to deal out still more soup with one hand, and delusion with the other, will cause our over-credulous neighbors to pause ere they part so freely with their money to a pack of mercenary missionaries who clearly obtain it under a false pretence.

The *Cork Examiner* says:—"We find in the Constitution of Thursday last, a report of a public meeting held on the previous Thursday, at the French church in this city, 'to declare the names of the ten orphans elected by votes from the seventeen applicants, and to lay before the public the present position of the Protestant Orphan Society.' Amongst the speakers was the Rev. Mr. Mangan, who used these words in the course of his address:—"It had been a cause of regret that emigration had gone to such an extent in this country that a fearful diminution has taken place among the Protestant population. What course should be taken to fill up the place of those who are gone? The best and surest way was by rearing up a young Protestant population." These are the words of a Protestant clergyman, speaking in the presence of a number of his brother clergymen, and before an audience of several hundred persons of the same persuasion; and yet there was not one found to dissent from the statement thus authoritatively made. But there was another speaker, the Rev. Mr. Williamson, a clergyman of considerable celebrity, and of a character much respected by those who differ from him in religious belief. He dealt with this important subject at some length, and even entered into details, in corroboration and illustration of his more general statement. The Rev. Mr. Mangan attributed the "fearful diminution" that had taken place among the Protestant population to emigration; but the Rev. Mr. Williamson, while admitting that emigration was one of the causes, asserted that neglect was another and most potent cause. If a Catholic journalist or speaker had the hardihood to state that in any one parish in Ireland the Protestant population had decreased 90 per cent. he would be laughed at or hooped at as a speaker of untruths; but when it is publicly stated by a Protestant clergyman of ability and prudence, by one devoted to his faith, it becomes a very serious matter for the consolation of those who calculate upon the fancied increase of Protestants, and corresponding decrease of Catholics, as a means of settling differences, and making this country all that Exeter-hall could desire. The Rev. Mr. Williamson gives a case in point, where a venerable Protestant in another parish has the unhappiness to see his three living sons and their families "worshippers in a Romish chapel." Such, indeed, is this clergyman's idea of the change which emigration and neglect have wrought in his church, that he regards the war of aggression now being carried on against Romanism, as an illustration of the old adage which shuts the stable door after the steed is stolen.—*Northern Times*.

IRISH PROSPECTS OF THE FUTURE.—There is still nothing in the tone of Irish journalism to hold out hope to the piratical vagabonds in the United States who have considerably taken the grievances of Ireland into their calculations of future conquest under the black banner. Orange and Green—Protestant and Catholic—repudiate alike the intervention of Filibusterism. This is one of the most hopeful features in the aspect of Irish affairs. The *Evening Mail* and the *Freeman's Journal* are as one upon the question, and an influential Cork paper (Liberal and Catholic), indignantly denouncing the project of an invasion by the marauders, hits upon a recent raw spot in the social system of the United States as special grounds for Irish hostility. "All the world knows, says the *Reporter*, 'that to be an Irishman in the States of the Union now is to be under the worst and most intolerable ban of political and social exclusion. The great aim and object of the native American race—as they call themselves, though descended mainly from Irish stock—is to drive our countrymen not out of the Union, but to make them in it 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'—little better in privileges and immunities than the negro himself. From this persecution of their race the Irish are flying from the States into Canada, to find there the freedom and the position denied them by the Republic. The hour is certainly a strange one in which to think of an American-Irish invasion of Ireland in aid of the Czar of All the Russias."

Referring to the same topic, the *Galway Vindicator*, the western champion of Young Irelandism, writes:—"There is not a particle of revolutionary spirit existing in Ireland. The national enthusiasm which was created from 1843 to '49 has all vanished. 'Old Ireland' and 'Young Ireland' have long ceased to have a political existence. In fact, extreme party politics have all died out, and the vehemence, which once characterized leaders on both sides, and which produced party contests so hot and fierce, has fled from among us. The predominant feeling in Ireland now is one tending to industrial pursuits, the prosecution of improved modes of tillage, and the sober cultivation of habits which produce national wealth. The population which existed 10 years ago has been diminished by a couple of millions. They were thinned or scattered by death and emigration. The multitudes who assembled on the hillsides at Tara, or Tipperary to listen to the music of O'Connell's voice, and to respond to his impassioned appeals, are not now forthcoming. The very landlords have been swept away in the social revolution which has taken place. The Encumbered Estates Court has done its work and changed the *terrarium dominos*—the lords of the land who ruled it with a rod of iron under an old and exploded regime. In a word, change is the peculiar word which best describes the condition of Ireland—changed landlords, changed tenants, changed notions of industry, and changed social habits which lead to prosperity. And it is to such a country those Filibustering-adventurers would direct their course and expect to be met by thousands of revolutionary Irishmen? We wish to undeceive them, and have them understand the true position of affairs. Therefore, Heaven knows, many flagrant abuses to be corrected in Ireland, many reforms to be made in our religious and social institutions, and a great deal of our rights and liberties, as Irishmen, yet to be won and preserved; but we believe we speak the general opinion when we say, that all this is not to be affected by any other means than public opinion and the operation of these constitutional forms, which are yet left us. All the reforms we seek could be brought about by the absence of internal divisions among ourselves, real Parliamentary representation, and the charities that are born of Christianity; but never by imbecile revolution or the foreign aid of Filibustering-adventurers." (The *Freeman's Journal*, the organ of the popular party here, and a vehement supporter of national