

experiment once, and it failed, because they preferred their religious prejudices to their political predilections and tendencies. And, as it was before, so it would be again.

The last attempt at revolution and a Republic was in the year 1848, and that was so poor, so weak, so unsustained by popular feeling, that the sole records of it are to be found in a few proclamations of the *Dublin Gazette*, and some parchments in the Clerk of the Crown's office for the County of Tipperary. If the Government of the day had not noticed it, no one would have believed in it; and it would have had far less hold on the memory of mankind than the trial of Daniel Ryan (Puck) or the Carden abduction.

Little of Republicanism as there was in Ireland in 1848, there is still less now. We are not aware that there is a single Republican left in the country. The leaders of 1848 have vanished, and so has Republicanism. The ablest, the bravest, the greatest, and the truest Republican of them all—by education, and by religion—John Mitchell—is now in Tennessee. Another of them is, as we have heard, a thriving merchant in San Francisco; a third, Mr. Meagher, has turned out a very accomplished lecturer, and a great admirer of Mazzini; a fourth has devoted himself to his profession, and is accumulating a fortune at the United States bar; a fifth has proved himself to be possessed of Protean abilities—for he is at the same time a Colonel, a Counsellor, and a newspaper Editor; a sixth has won honor for himself by repudiating many of the notions with which he left Ireland; and the seventh is so little of a Republican now, that he has taken the Oath of Allegiance, to qualify himself to be a Member of Parliament.

If, then, this be "Ireland's opportunity" for becoming a Republic, it is an opportunity of which she cannot avail herself; for there are no Republican leaders in the country.

As to the Irish people themselves, they really want something more substantial and more beneficial to them, as a working and industrious nation, than a Republic. The Irish have had two bitter experiences of a Republic—in their own country, as subjects of an English Republican Government—in the United States, as subjects of the Great American Republic. In both, they have suffered a remorseless, ruthless, pitiless persecution—here, from the Cromwellians—there, from the "Know-Nothings." The Irish are aware that under a Republican form of Government there may and can be no safety for bishops, priests, monks, or nuns. This is the Irish experience of a Republican form of Government. Why should they expose themselves to all the horrors of a civil war to bring such a calamity upon their country?

They not only know what they themselves have suffered from Republics, but they see what those who profess the same faith with themselves have suffered from Revolutionists and Republicans.

They have heard, for instance, of the doings of French Republicans, of Hungarian Republicans, of Roman Republicans. They know that the French decapitated a good and generous King—a reforming King—that they established a Republic, and massacred archbishops, and bishops, and priests, not to say one word of women, and of the poorer classes, whom those "liberty-loving" Republicans hung at lamp-posts, shot down with grape-shot, or guillotined by hundreds, or drowned by thousands. The Irish people have also heard of the Hungarian Republicans, who rebelled against the mildest, kindest, tenderest, gentlest, and best of human beings that ever held a sceptre, and that the use these self-same Hungarians made of their power was to crush to the earth another nation—a nation of Catholics—the Croations; even forbidding them the use of their own language, and justifying all their deeds of tyranny by the example of England—declaring they were acting as England had, as they maintained, rightfully acted towards Ireland! The Irish, too, have heard of the Roman Republicans, who shook off, for a time, the temporal sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff—the most paternal form of Government ever established on the earth—and substituted, in its place, a Republic, the annals of which are written in the blood of priests, and whose days of mal-administration were counted by the groans and sighs of an afflicted and misused people.

With such examples of "the Republican form of Government" before them, why should the Irish wish for much less fight for, "a Republic?"

The nationality of Ireland consists in, for it is inextricably interwoven with, its Catholicity. You cannot separate the one from the other. It is within the Sanctuary, and nowhere else, that the sacred fire of nationality has been preserved unquenched and inextinguishable. Ireland feels this—knows this—is convinced of this. What temptation, therefore, can this world present to it, to induce it to put at risk the sacred deposit of the faith, when it perceives that wherever a Republic is established, or that revolutionists succeed in their rebellions, there Catholicity suffers, and there the Church is despoiled, and there the religious orders persecuted; that the closer revolutionists advance towards "a Republic," the more stringent becomes the persecution of the Episcopacy, and the Clergy, and the more urgent as well as more shameless the sacrilegious robberies of the Altar.

Spain, Portugal, and Sardinia have had their revolutions. In the two first, the legitimate Kings have been set aside to place usurpers; the crowned shares of revolutionists, on the throne. Sardinia is fast travelling the same road; and as it goes along it imitates them by persecuting Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests, and spoliating the Church.

Ireland has had a foretaste of what is the success of a revolution—"a glorious revolution"—and what the result of a Cromwellian Republic, in the spoliation of its own Church, and the transference of its property to the Law-Established Church of foreign rulers. Ireland, too, has at this instant bitter ex-

perience of the evils that may be caused by the denunciations of Bishops and the vilifying of Priests, without enduring or desiring to endure the additional affliction of a blood-stained revolution, or the curse of an infidel Republic. It is bad enough for us to witness the vituperation of those who are the most loved, and most justly venerated of our Hierarchy and our Clergy; but Catholic Ireland cannot, we trust, in Heaven—never will witness what is now passing in that country, which was once justly known as Catholic Spain.

There is no such scene as this, as yet, enacted in Ireland; but who could guarantee us against such a scandal if there were revolutionists amongst us, and a people weak and wicked enough to cooperate with them in establishing a "Republic?"

We know well there are certain parties, to whom revolutions and the establishment of republic are a gain. These are ambitious young men with some talent, and no fortune; persons who can write paragraphs, make speeches, and have no property to lose. To such persons all revolutions, and every description of a Republic are a certain gain. They made in their time Dr. Marat, a newspaper editor, the absolute ruler of France; they made Thiers, a newspaper editor, and Guizot, a newspaper writer, Prime Ministers; they made Mazzini—a pamphleteer, schoolmaster, and writer in magazines—a triumvir; they made Kossuth, an obscure lawyer and journalist, a governor—and they have made Azeglio, a writer of unreadable novels, Ambassador from Sardinia to the Court of St. James's. Those persons who seek to guide public opinion, and, at the same time, personally to represent it—are sure gainers by agitation, and cannot be losers—because they are in for a double profit to themselves, increased political influence, and probably an increased sale of their writings. It is not so with those who live by their industry; they are sure to lose by every convulsion—sometimes the means whereby they live—oftentimes existence itself.

We have said so much for the purpose of showing the transatlantic journals, who take an interest in Irish affairs, that "Ireland's opportunity" will not be devoted to pike making, nor pike sharpening, nor the purchase of guns.

Ireland, because it is Catholic, owes its fealty to the Sovereign that Providence has placed over it:—but it owes no allegiance to the English oligarchy. Its hope is, that it may aid the English people in overthrowing that oligarchy; but it certainly does not contemplate changing from the aristocratic oligarchy of England to that which Burke called "a plebeian oligarchy," be that "plebeian oligarchy" composed of the Orangemen of the North, or "a plebeian oligarchy" of bishop-denouncers in Beresford-place.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN IRELAND.

(From the Tablet.)

During the last fortnight our metropolis has been unusually gay. We have had much to break up the dull monotony of our lives, and to impart a festive and a joyous air to a city which the penitential exercises of Lent had rendered uncomfortably grave and sober. Dublin has witnessed, in the short space of two weeks, triumphs and ovations enough to cheer her for a twelvemonth to come. There was the grand cattle-show—in itself quite a triumph—telling of vanquished enemies, wasted fields, houses levelled, and Desolation securely seated on her throne and proclaiming all this—as well, at least, as the triumphal car that of yore climbed the Capitol, dragging after it the barbarian foes of Pagan Rome. Then again, and in appropriate connection, heard we not, from the region of the Round Room of the Rotundo, the victorious shouts of the champions of the Established Church—at the gatherings of the "Irish Society," the "Irish Church Missions Society," and the "Church Education Society?" Really, after all these shows, and shouts, and exhibitions, if Popery be not at length driven from the field, and utterly extirpated, it is a marvel, and a mystery. To speak truth, however, if one could help being overawed by the majesty and dignity of the proceedings in the Rotundo, if the feelings arising in the mind from the overpowering character of assemblages, which comprised the representatives of almost all orders and professions—which was graced by the presence of what are called the Bishops of Cashel and of Meath, of a Lord Roden and a Lord Mayo, a Judge Crampton, a Whiteside, and a Napier, and numbers of needy Scripture-readers—the mitre, the pulpit, the aristocracy, the bench, the bar, and the rabble—if one could resist the feeling of reverence called up by such a goodly show as this—if one could bear to look with a quiet and a scrutinising eye upon the details of the proceedings, he could see enough to cause in his mind serious misgivings on the subject of the defeat and discomfiture of Popery. The most striking of these significant circumstances was the demand for more money. The cry for reinforcements, for our shattered and half despairing army at the Crimea, was no whit louder or more earnest than that which rose from the devoted and disinterested adherents of each of the societies afore-mentioned; you would say that each society was in the market, acting as its own salesmaster or auctioneer, and trying to get the most money for itself. There is evidently a very jealous sort of feeling between these exemplary associations.

There is going on between them a regular and an ill-disguised scramble for money. The Irish Society says it is older; that it carries on the work of proselytism in the native Irish tongue; and that it can put facts in place of arguments, to show that it is "peculiarly suited to the circumstances of the times, and to the national feelings of the country." It appears that this society has entered into an agreement with that of the Church Missions, in virtue of which the former was to ask no subscriptions from England, nor the latter from Ireland. This compact has not, however, been very strictly adhered to, as the Irish

Society rather lugubriously laments in the following passage from the report of the committee:—

"The deputation visits of the agents of the Irish Church Missions throughout the country could not fail to affect the sources from which the income of your society was mainly to be derived. The hopes expressed in your last report, that the assurances given your committee by that of the Irish Church Missions, that no efforts should be made to collect funds in Ireland which might injure your pecuniary interests, has thus been defeated. But still your committee are induced to indulge the expectation that the urgent appeals of the Irish Church Missions Society in Ireland will cease and leave, according to agreement, that field of collection to the Irish Society without rival pressing applications."

This is really a hard enough case by the poor old Irish Society. The field of collection in Ireland is not left to it by its rival—the Church Missions Society—though it had scrupulously avoided, for the small consideration of three thousand a year, going in on the English field. However, as the English field it still the field of the Lord, the President, Earl of Mayo, who has a reason of his own for knowing the value of fields of this sort, advises the Irish Society to throw up the £3,000 a year which it receives from the Church Mission Society, and to go back to the English field of collection as it did in the good old times. "I would like, I confess," observed the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, "to see the Irish Society and the Irish Church Missions disentangled from one another, and I would like to see the Irish Society going to England as they did before, and taking nothing from the Irish Church Missions. (Hear, hear.)" All through the case for the old Irish Society was as well worked up as possible. The grounds of the appeals, however, were none of the very strongest. The Bishop of Cashel put it on ground that, like himself and the Earl of Roden, the society was growing old, and the report hints that this fine old society is entitled to credit and support for what it has done in trying to be alive at all, and to keep its emissaries in existence. "Your committee (it says) are enabled to give an encouraging report of the success which has attended your society's labors during the past year. It is true that open conversions from Romanism have not been as numerous as in some preceding years, and that in some districts the success which has attended the labors of your agents is not, as yet, so apparent as might have been expected; but when your committee survey their missionary field as a whole" (not the "field of collection"—the Church Mission fellows are despoiling that), "and consider how much progress has been made in many places, and that in all your districts a persevering testimony has been borne to the truth, notwithstanding the determined opposition which has been given by the agents of the Church of Rome, your committee feel that you have abundant reasons to be encouraged." It then quotes a letter from one of the superintendents of a district not named. It states—"That we are in existence at all is no small matter to have to report, after the fierce and continuous onslaught made upon us by the titular Roman Catholic Bishop in person, with four Missionary Priests, aided by all his Clergy." Subsequently the report complains that owing to the financial position of the society some of the Scripture-readers and teachers had to be discontinued, and declares that no extension of the sphere of operations can take place without "generous and liberal aid," and "a considerable increase of funds." This, to say the least of it, is a broken-hearted sort of appeal. Nor was its despairing character in any respect relieved by the statement of the Earl of Mayo, and his revival of the recollections of bygone and better days. He recollected the time when the Irish Society made its first converts in Kingscourt, and, indeed, it was a truly interesting thing to see these first converts of the society coming out of the superstitious county of Meath, the county in which he resided. The question had often been put to him—"You have worked well in Kingscourt for a long time, but why do we hear nothing now about that locality?" This Earl of Mayo, who, with such cool insolence talks of what he calls the "superstitious county of Meath," because the wretched arts have utterly failed by which his lordship has long striven to destroy the heavenly religion of that noble county; this great Earl of Mayo, whose dull bigotry we commend to the notice of the Catholic aristocracy and the Catholic people of Meath; this sainted earl of refined liberality and of lofty sentiment, actually went down in his own august person some two years ago, as he told the meeting, to ascertain why nobody heard news from Kingscourt, and what did he find? Why he found not even one of these interesting converts; he found fewer Scripture-readers, but these few animated with the same spirit as of old.

Well, as we were saying, to do them justice, the old adherents of the Old Irish Society did laboriously, and quite in an old fashion, work up the case for this venerable society. The speaking was altogether in character. The garrulity of old age—its feebleness, its drivelling passion for fabulous anecdote—permeated the puling rhetoric of the orators. In this style of eloquence we think the goodly Bishop of Cashel bore off the first honors. Nearly half a column of *Savanders* is filled by the report of a story told by his Lordship of the heroic valor, and incredible intrepidity, and perfectly superhuman resolution displayed by one Pat-Brien, a Scripture-reader, in a combat with—what? Our readers would never guess—with a great big turnip, which one Michael Markes had scooped out, and in which he inserted a candle, whose light streamed through the great big mouth, and eyes, and nose, which the said Michael Markes had given to said great big turnip. The story came to his Lordship in a letter from America, where all the parties happen to be. He gave the story as it had come to him, and it doubtless presented many fea-

tures of encouragement." These are the very words of the Bishop of Cashel! The encounter was a very protracted one, and far more interesting than that of Don Quixote, when he engaged in deadly fight against the windmill. It was gravely affirmed, that the Devil himself would not frighten the same Pat Brien, the Scripture-reader, and we believe so.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The illustrious Father Mathew is returning from Madeira, in, we regret to state, but partially improved health.—*Limerick Reporter*.

The Archbishop of Tuam has addressed a pastoral to his flock, in which he strongly deprecates the further progress of emigration. His grace speaks as follows:—"The progress of exhaustion was so rapid and so intense during the last seven years as to leave the old country a wilderness; but, even of the few who have remained, a great many are yet intent upon emigration. Of the extent of the depopulation which has taken place, some estimate may be formed by the present high wages farmers are compelled to pay for labourers during the present spring. In this town and the vicinity, where before now men could be got to work for from 8s. to 1s. a day, the price ranges now from 1s. to 1s. 6d. This, in itself, is a fact which shows both how the country is thinned of its population and to what an extreme the system of eviction was carried on. No matter, however, we wish we could arrest the progress of emigration, which though diminished in extent in proportion to the awful exhaustion which has taken place during the famine, is still going on in the West. While the Irish Catholic race was treated with kindness in America we never uttered a word of remonstrance or warning; but, now that all parties agree in complaining of the dreadful persecutions which await them from all the powers of 'Know-Nothingism' in the hitherto boasted land of liberty, we feel it our imperative duty to raise our voice in protest and reclamation. Bad as home is, and cold as is the prospect that awaits our people under a system of laws that obstinately refuse security for tenant industry, it is better to remain and battle with the ills they know than fly to others of a more revolting kind. A quiet death in the old land of the saints, with the aid of religious consolation in that awful hour, is better than contact with the awful demoralisation and almost total absence of religious comforts which await the emigrant beyond the Atlantic."

THE REV. MR. HUGHES.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that this rev. gentleman will soon be re-engaged on his mission, and no longer a victim of "the law's delay." We trust that good will result from the peculiar trial of the rev. gentleman, and that bigotry will ere long encounter an efficient legislative rebuke. As the French proverb has it—"Il rit bien qui rit le dernier."—*Newry Examiner*.

A PRIEST'S HOUSE DEMOLISHED.—Mr. Malone, the sub-inspector of constabulary at Borrisoleigh, Tipperary, has offered, by orders of Government, a reward of £20 for the discovery of a party who a few nights ago proceeded to the lands of Coolderry, in the barony of Kilmamanehan, and levelled an unoccupied house, the property of the Rev. Wm. Morris, P.P.—*Saunders*.

The *Corke Reporter* gives an account of a suicide by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. W. Hamilton, of New Ross, county Wexford. The act was committed with circumstances of peculiarly horrid deliberation. He appears to have got out of bed, placed his washing-basin upon the dressing-table, elevated the glass to such an angle as would give him a perfect view of his throat, and enable him to make the fatal incision which put a period to his existence. His surgical knowledge, unfortunately, enabled him more surely to commit the fatal deed. With his razor he cut exactly the carotid artery, and then held the wound over the basin, until he had lost so much arterial blood as rendered the destruction of life certain, and he fell back exhausted, with a loud and terrible groan. The gentleman who first discovered him, Mr. Hymes, called out his name through the door, but the only reply was this death groan; and he declares such was its effect upon him, that he shall never forget it. Upon the alarm being given, it was found that the deceased, with too fatal precaution, had locked the door; and when they burst it open he was discovered stretched upon the ground, his neck and hand covered with the blood which was still slowly exuding from the wound. Upon the table was the basin nearly filled with blood, and at the right hand-side of it lay the razor, which bore abundant evidence of the deadly purpose to which it had been applied.

CAVAN ELECTION.—The Conservative candidate has been returned in Cavan by a majority of upwards of 300 over the Liberal and Catholic ex-Solicitor-General of the Durham-epistle government. On the result we have no opinion to offer, either in the way of regret or of congratulation. The sympathies of the Liberal electors were with Mr. Hughes, who, we are told, is a very good lawyer and a most respectable private citizen.—*Tuam Herald*.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—At the Graigue Sessions, Mr. Turpin presented a pair of white gloves to James Gibson, Esq., assistant-barrister, it being the first instance of a maiden session for that district.

DEMAND FOR LABOURERS.—In the Queen's County the demand for labourers has been so great, that some are receiving 2s. per day. In fact, the few men capable of doing a day's work in each town are so much sought for, farming operations will have to remain a stand still until hands can be secured. The Queen's County Militia have taken all the able-bodied, and few, except in invalids can be had to do out-door labour.—*Carlow Post*.

The *Limerick Chronicle* of the 16th ult. announces a great falling off in the number of emigrants:—"The tide of emigrants from this port has at length been stayed. The vessels announced to sail this month for Quebec, were, for want of the enormous numbers of passengers who were wont to secure berths in the spring ships, from our quays, each delayed a week behind, the time mentioned for their departure, but without success. On Saturday, the *Jessy*, capable of accommodating 300, cleared out with only 56 passengers. Last evening, the *Jane Black*, with accommodation for 350, sailed from the docks with only 136; and this afternoon, the *Triumph* left with 78 adult passengers—all for Quebec."

Lord Cloncurry, in one of his letters to Dr. Grey (published in Mr. Fitzpatrick's *Memoir of the Patriot Peer*) says:—"What have not these men to answer for, who made the cry of Reform, the ladder to place-bidding and selfish display."