

Hotel de Harancourt, had once been the possession of Count de Harancourt, a person of wealth and a judge in the City of Toulouse; and that, a good many years back, the count had died, leaving an only son, to whom his wife had given birth a few years before, at the expense of her own life. That boy, Theodore de Harancourt, was deaf and dumb, and the guardianship of him had been left to Arlemont, a maternal uncle. For a time Theodore had remained in the Hotel de Harancourt at Toulouse, and was brought up along with a child nearly of his own age, an only daughter of Monsieur Arlemont. But M. Arlemont, having some business to transact at Paris, took the young Theodore with him to that city, accompanied by a single attendant; and in the capital, unfortunately, the boy died, as the medical certificates testified, which M. Arlemont brought back to Toulouse. That gentleman then succeeded to the property, according to the destination of the late will, and had continued in undisputed possession of it ever since.

Such was the substance of the information given to the Abbe de l'Épée, by the landlord of the inn where the good priest and his pupil had taken up his abode. Thoroughly satisfied that his charge was the heir of Harancourt, and that M. Arlemont was the cruel invader of his rights, the Abbe then looked around for legal countenance and advice, in the attempt to reinstate Armand (as we may still call the youth) in his rights. One man, M. Beauvoir was spoken of to him, as having the character of being the most able and upright advocate in Toulouse. To M. Beauvoir, the Abbe accordingly went with Armand. It chanced, happily, that the advocate was an enlightened man, and one who took a deep interest in the human pursuits to which the Abbe de l'Épée had devoted his life. When the latter, therefore, in commencing the narration of Armand's history, mentioned his own name, M. Beauvoir expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing a man whose character he had long held in honor. The Abbe then proceeded with his relation; and when he had put the whole story in a clear light before the advocate, it is hard to say whether astonishment or indignation at the conduct of Arlemont was uppermost in M. Beauvoir's mind. Of Armand's being the son and heir of the Count de Harancourt, he entertained not a doubt after what he had heard, and he readily pledged himself to lend all the aid in his power to procure the restitution of the youth's rights. As a proof of his willingness, he insisted and prevailed on the Abbe to come to his house with Armand, and make it their residence until the cause was investigated.

Let us now leave the Abbe and his young companion in the house of the advocate, and inquire if peace or happiness existed in the Hotel de Harancourt. Let our readers imagine to themselves a magnificent study, redundant with every appliance which luxury could invent for the comfort of its possessor. But its possessor cannot enjoy comfort; since the hour when the thirst of wealth tempted him to expose his orphan nephew to the streets of Paris, M. Arlemont has known no comfort or peace of mind. Even the fond cares of his daughter Pauline, a lovely girl of eighteen, cannot quiet the demon of remorse. In her prattle she often speaks of her poor cousin, the old companion of her childhood, unaware that in doing so she stabs her father to the heart. Such had long been the state of things in the Hotel de Harancourt, and such was their condition at the time when the scene took place which we are about to describe.

M. Arlemont was seated in his study, when a servant announced the names of Abbe de l'Épée and M. Beauvoir. The reputation of de l'Épée, as the instructor of the deaf and dumb, was well known to Arlemont; and the re-appearance of Theodore to claim his rights—a thing alternately dreaded and hoped for by the conscience-stricken uncle—at once struck his mind as being indicated by the Abbe's visit. Arlemont grew pale with agitation at the thought of detection and exposure, and he could scarcely summon confidence to meet his visitors. When they entered, he endeavored to cover his emotion under an appearance of haughtiness. He demanded the cause of their visit. The venerable de l'Épée stepped forward, and with a calm simplicity which was natural to him demanded restitution of the possession cruelly and wickedly taken by M. Arlemont from the heir of Count de Harancourt. All his fears confirmed by the address, Arlemont could only stammer out a brief denial of Theodore's being in life.

"He is in life," exclaimed the Abbe, "and has returned, by the blessing of Heaven, to claim his own."

The Abbe then stated the circumstance of the youth having been so long under his charge, and again warned Arlemont of the shameful exposure that would inevitably ensue, if justice were not readily and voluntarily done. Arlemont, however, had recovered, in part, his presence of mind; and although his good genius "struggled hard" within him for the ascendancy, again he denied the existence of the son of Count de Harancourt. He was, moreover, in the act of ordering his visitors to quit his house, when the door of the room was suddenly opened, and a servant and a woman, with pale and agitated looks, rushed into the presence of Arlemont and his visitors. "He is come!—he is come!" exclaimed the servant, addressing M. Arlemont—"he is come from the grave to punish us for our cruelty!" Here, continued the man, pulling some papers from his pocket, and throwing them at his master's feet, "here is the vile price for which I sold my soul! I have seen him—he is at the door—he wants to punish us!" In saying these words, the man fell down on the floor in strong convulsions.

The Abbe de l'Épée hastened to assist the poor wretch, saying at the same time to M. Beauvoir, "This is the associate in the act; he has seen our young friend waiting outside for us. Bring him in!" M. Arlemont scarcely heard these words. He sat on his chair dumb with dismay and horror at his servant's mysterious and ominous language. M. Beauvoir was not long in bringing Armand into the apartment. As soon as Arlemont beheld the youth, he exclaimed, "It is he! it is he!" and buried his face in his

hands, as if to hide his victim from his sight.—But, in a few moments, actuated seemingly by an unaccountable impulse, Arlemont rose and threw himself at the youth's feet, holding up his hands at the same time as if entreating for pardon.—The noble boy, though at first he shrunk from the sight of one who had injured him so much, soon showed that he comprehended the newly awakened feelings of his relative, and endeavored to raise him, directing de l'Épée at the same time by signs to announce to Arlemont his forgiveness of all that had passed. To the servant, also, who had recovered his consciousness, and who also knelt in an agony of remorse at Armand's feet, the Abbe spoke words of pardon at the request of his young and generous friend.

The first oppressiveness of shame once in some measure over, M. Arlemont confessed all, and professed his readiness to make restitution of what he had so fraudulently taken, and to depart from the abode which was not his own. From the shame of further exposure, the generosity of Theodore (as we may now name Armand) saved his erring uncle; for the youth pledged all those who were cognisant of the truth to silence. This was the spontaneous act of Theodore, and the magnanimity of it rewarded de l'Épée for all his labors. But, in the young de Harancourt's mind, other causes besides those that were obvious and superficial, were at work to prompt him to this conduct. He remembered too vividly the playmate of his childhood—the daughter of his uncle—not to have regard to her feelings.—The meeting of the cousins was deeply affecting. Pauline, informed that Theodore was still alive, without being shocked with the tale of her father's guilt, was led to M. Beauvoir's to meet her cousin, with the consent of her father, on the second day after the disclosure had taken place. Each of the cousins at once recognized each other, and, alike unsophisticated in their feelings, they expressed, by the most affectionate embraces, their delight at a re-union so long un hoped for in this world.

This history is nearly concluded. So deep was the contrition evinced by M. Arlemont, that the Abbe de l'Épée, ere he returned again to his noble labors in the cause of humanity, consented that Arlemont should continue in charge of Theodore's possessions, under the superintending eye of M. Beauvoir, who was appointed the young de Harancourt's actual guardian. Perhaps the strong affection which the Abbe beheld the daughter of Arlemont and Theodore evince for each other, was partly the cause of his consenting to this arrangement. In no point was the good Abbe deceived in his hopes for the future destiny of his former charge. The penitent Arlemont did not long survive the re-appearance of the wronged heir of Harancourt, but he continued till the end faithful to that better course to which he had returned. And within but a few years after the Abbe de l'Épée had gone back to Paris to resume his charitable and glorious career, Theodore and Pauline were united, the noble qualities of the former wiping away from the mind of the daughter of Arlemont all sense of the deficiencies with which he was afflicted. These deficiencies, indeed, neither obscured his intellect, nor could they conceal his virtues.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

After forty-four years of active interference in the political affairs of the South of Europe, England has at length accomplished her will. Since the battle of Waterloo in 1815, she has never omitted an opportunity of deriding the dynasties, ridiculing the religion, and denouncing the constitutional laws of all the southern Catholic countries. Her policy in this revolutionary scheme has been an undisguised attempt to limit the powers of the throne, to enlarge the area of revolutionary popular action, and to diminish the liberties, the privileges, and the immunities of the Church. With a bridled monarch, a licentious populace, and a powerless hierarchy, the remaining space (in the English programme) would be narrow, indeed, towards the abolition of the old monarchy, the introduction of British laws, and the extinction or partial overthrow of Catholicity. This scheme was carried out with success in Spain in the year 1833; in Portugal in the year 1834; and hence there could be no just reason to suppose that a similar attempt with due preparation could fail in the neighboring Catholic countries. The succession to the throne was changed in Spain; the Church revenues were confiscated; and the monastic religious (male and female) to the number of seventy-five thousand were expelled from their plundered convents. The same British policy was consummated in Portugal; and the two ancient dynasties of the Spanish Peninsula became the subservient dependencies of English supremacy: leaving a servile Crown, a hated constitution, and a wounded prostrate Church.

These premises were, however, only a prelude to the still more extended plan of the British cabinet.—Scions of the Coburg family were already destined and named for all these imperilled thrones. This ambitious family can live and thrive in Catholic and Protestant waters; and can furnish, therefore, at pleasure, and according to order, male and female stock, to meet all the matrimonial exigencies of the crowned heads of Europe. A Coburg sits, therefore, on the throne of Belgium; a Coburg wears the Crown of Portugal; it was by a violent struggle on the part of Louis Philippe that two Coburgs were not married to the Queen of Spain and her sister; and thus the English stratagem, in the wide conspiracy throughout Southern Europe, had in view, not only the formation, the construction of surrounding tributary thrones, the debasement of Papal authority, the license of modern infidelity; but this scheme involved, too, the still deeper plan of infusing Coburg blood into all the Southern Royal families, and thus placing a relative of the British Monarch on all the Catholic thrones of Europe. These statements are not the suspicions or the gratuitous conjectures of historians or politicians; no, they are the recorded acts of the British successive cabinets during the uninterrupted administrations of nearly half a century; and they form an essential substantive part of English history, just as true and authenticated as the late Indian mutiny, or the present battle of reform in the House of Commons. Incredible as this English conspiracy will be considered in the next century, for its unprincipled conception and practical injustice, nevertheless it stands before future men with the same historic evidence as the crimes of the Reformation, or the usurpation and cruelties of Oliver Cromwell. But how vain are the efforts of men when opposed by a just Providence. During this past half century of British conspiracy just referred to, it now turns out that our Cabinets have been employed all this time, and with enormous expenditure, too, in sketching out new thrones, not for the Coburgs, but for the Bonapartes. The storm which England had unheeded and intended to subvert at a given preconcerted time, is now silenced by France. The French Emperor is

now the Jove of the English tempest. And the crowns which our legislators had destined for the Princes and Princesses of Hanover, Wurtemberg, Brunswick, and Saxo Gotho, are likely now to be distributed amongst the children of Victor Emmanuel, the descendants of Murat, and the relatives of Louis Napoleon! How much disappointed and chagrined, therefore, must be the British Prime Ministers, when they learn that the work of half a century has not only been turned to the advantage of other nations; but still more, that the disasters which they had planned for other peoples may react against themselves, burst on their own shores, and perhaps in the end imperil the British Crown itself. The future historian of England may record the fact and the warning, namely, that it would have been far more prudent in British statesmen to support Naples and Tuscany, and Austria, than to revolutionise them; and that it would even be more constitutional in English jurists to aid the old Roman Pontiff in his royal prerogatives, than to rise a mob to shoot at him and to expel him from his dominions. The best answers that can be given to all this past conduct of Great Britain is, that she is at this moment exhausting her Eschquer to bribe recruits for her army; and throwing herself in her distress for protection on volunteer corps, in order to guard against a terrific contingency, a fatal domestic assault, which, for nearly fifty years, she has been maturing against her prosperity, her peace, and her very independence: and that, too, by a course of reckless foreign policy, and insane bigotry, of which there is no parallel in the history of Europe.

One of the most singular facts connected with the social history of the English people as a nation, is the utter passiveness with which they look on while their cabinets, their responsible ministers, are guilty of the most indefensible official misconduct. It is difficult to account for the total indifference with which the British public read in the newspapers authenticated statements where tens of thousands of their brave army have spilled their blood, and where millions of money have been expended in furtherance of an unprofitable or a reckless policy, which a prudent cabinet and a temperate legislation could have avoided. Almost all men of experience and authority on Indian affairs, with Lord Ellenborough at their head, now declare that the Indian mutiny, which has cost so much blood and money, has been caused by the united combination of folly, bigotry, and tyranny. The greatest enemies to British rule, the native Bengal army, were left armed to the teeth; the gibing contempt of the English officers and missionaries in their proselytising attempt to teach them Protestantism, is now branded by every man of sense in the British service as the second cause which matured the late mutiny: while the tyranny in collecting the rent, in gathering the taxes, or in punishing the natives, will ever remain a blot on the English character. Reckless misconduct, therefore, in all the public offices of the Presidencies has without contradiction produced that rebellion in all its appalling accompaniments and mournful consequences; and yet not a word of remonstrance or complaint from the English people!

Again, Nicholas the late Emperor of Russia, in his bitter complaints against England, has often declared that he would have never crossed the Pruthi and attacked Turkey, if he had not been encouraged to do so by the leaders of the British cabinet. The men who move in the first circles of English society, the most distinguished men of rank and official position in England, loudly and undistiguishedly quote these last words of the dying Emperor of Russia; and hence again, the Crimean campaign which has cost this country so much treasure and blood, has not only been permitted, but has been avowedly encouraged and promoted by British diplomacy. In that campaign England forfeited the friendship of Russia, lost forty-two thousand of her best troops, the very flower of her army, and she expended several millions of money on what is now known and believed to be an unnecessary war; and still not a voice of reproach is raised against this wicked policy by the English nation. In this case Russia charges England with perfidy towards Nicholas, and will for ever brand her with treachery and ingratitude in her alliance with France. This feeling will, in some measure, explain the unexpected position which Russia has now taken in reference to the campaign in Italy.

In the present struggle, too, between Austria and Sardinia no one denies that the entire Italian difficulty has been created by English hostile diplomacy; and if the secrets of future Justice could be known, not a pound of expenditure or a drop of blood on both sides that ought not to be placed to the criminal revolutionary account of England. Although for the present her armies are not engaged in Lombardy, and have, therefore, escaped the common carnage, still England will lose more in the Italian war than she has suffered in the united conflicts of India and the Crimea. She is already branded with the usual reproach of "perfidy" by Austria; she is publicly denounced in the streets, in the theatres, and in the camp of Sardinia as "treacherous"; and although it is the interest of the French Emperor to conceal his hostility to her, in this Italian crisis, the world can interpret the English sense of his resentment in the military and naval armaments which, as well in the interior of the country as well as all round the coast opposite Gaul, she is accumulating for the National defence! While I write this letter the French army have entered the capital of Lombardy; and the French fleet is under weigh to bombard Venice; to invest the lovely city, the Queen of the East, by sea and land; and to proclaim the victory of the French Eagle from the Alps to the Straits of Messina. No doubt France may receive, in the varying fortune of war, a momentary check, a temporary check; but victory to the French arms is as certain as defeat to the Austrians; and then indeed a future retaliation is reserved for the enemies of France which no apology can propitiate, or no revenge can fully disarm. No writer need be afraid to state what England herself openly and publicly publishes through her hasty volunteer clubs, and her crowded, her almost impressed navy. That she dreads the present Napoleon more than she feared his uncle, is evident from her multitudinous preparations. And for once she is right in her calculations; since in 1806 she had opposed to her only the single foe, France; while at present she is menaced by the combined armies of France, Italy, and Sardinia; and threatened by the powerful allied fleets of Cronstadt and Cherbourg.

The reader is surprised when he reads this statement of the bigotry of England in all Catholic Italy; surely, he has only to turn one page of Irish-English history, and he will behold the same bigotry surpassed in Catholic Ireland. Bigotry in the Poor-house; bigotry in the National Education of the poor; bigotry among the Magistrates; Orangeism in the Lunatic Asylum; Orangeism in the Bar; Orangeism at the Gasts. Bigotry at the Press; bigotry in the Pulpit; bigotry among the Landlords. Where is the sound spot on all the surface of Catholic Ireland where an unceasing, an overpowering, an emancipating, dominant bigotry does not cover the whole territorial soil and infect and kill and devour the poor defenceless Catholic population? And when a hanger-on at the Phoenix-park, a puffer at the Cattle Shows, or a hungry expectant will raise his bribed voice, open his gorged mouth, and contradict these statements of mine, let the best read account of the Monthly Irish exodus from Liverpool alone, and he can there behold in the sad departure of ten thousand homeless, expatriated wretches, the eloquent evidence of the bigotry, the hatred, and the cruelty of England towards the name, the race, and the creed of the faithful persecuted Irish. A crowbar from the Landlord and a rope from the Jury-box may be taken as "the crest and coat of arms" of unfortunate Catholic Ireland.

June 12.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A correspondent of the *Londonderry Journal* repeats the rumour that the Queen will visit Ireland this summer.

MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., AND LORD DERBY.—Mr. Maguire, M.P., has, on the memorial of the Town Council of Cork to the present Government, been appointed a magistrate for the city.

The late William Fagan, Esq., M.P., for Cork, has left an estate of £2,000 a year, and £51,000 to his second son. His eldest son is attached to a convent on the Continent.

The law adviser of the Castle has given it as his opinion that the act for raising volunteer corps does not extend to Ireland. A short bill will be at once brought into Parliament remedying this defect.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

RETURN OF MR. C. G. DUFFY.—The *Melbourne Herald*, received by the last mail, says that it is not unlikely that Mr. Duffy will, at an early day, revisit Ireland. He has been living in strict retirement since his secession from the Ministry.

WELCOME HOME.—After a rapid, but what we are sure must have been a pleasant trip through the United States of America and part of Canada, William Smith O'Brien has returned to his native land, the shores of which he touched on Thursday last. We hope to learn that his health and strength have profited by his excursion, as we are certain his patriotic heart must have been gratified by the scenes he saw around him wheresoever he turned his steps in the new world. There, because that he had dared and suffered for Ireland, and never, when oppression most sorely tried him, swerved an inch from the high and noble principles for which he staked his life—there for these reasons, he was honored by all men, and almost worshipped by his own countrymen. Kind farewells and enthusiastic welcomes went with him, and met him on his way as he traversed the enormous expanse of the American Union; and even after he had embarked for Ireland, when the vessel's steam was up, and while her paddles hurried her through the water away from the shores of America, in another ship, side by side with the vessel in which he sailed, went hundreds of his countrymen for miles away to sea and bade him their last farewells on the bosom of the Atlantic. A King and not a bad one either—might pass among his people with fewer demonstrations of respect and affection than those which were paid to William Smith O'Brien during his progress through America. Royal receptions are often made to order. Royal addresses and deputations are prepared and attended by persons whose places of great or petty emolument under the Crown render such proceedings acts of penance, if not of necessity; but there was no occasion for the Irish people in America to flock around William Smith O'Brien if their hearts did not urge them to do so; yet wheresoever he went there were hundreds, ay, thousands of his countrymen waiting to welcome him to address him, and to listen to his replies as if every word he spoke was good news to their hearts. To one less kind by nature than he, these attentions would have at length, become fatiguing, and would often have been declined; but though often weary from the toils of travel, he never refused to gratify those who came to see and hear him and press his hand. Long will his visit be remembered in America. The sons of those who thronged around and greeted him on American soil will hear his name spoken in accents of kindness and affection, and speak of him with respect. Hoping, again, that he has returned to his native land improved in health and spirits, we bid him cordially and heartily welcome home.—*Nation*.

THE LIMERICK TRAGEDY.—Application has been made in the Court of Queen's Bench on behalf of the magistrate and the policeman implicated in the shooting of the people at Limerick, to enable them to have the venue changed. The application was granted. On the finding of bills, therefore, by the grand jury, should any bills in the case be found, the venue will be changed, and the succeeding portion of the "play" will be brought off elsewhere than at the scene of the actual occurrence. There is perhaps a fitness in the thing. If the friends and relatives of the unfortunate victims on that occasion are to be mocked and laughed at, it is as well for the sake of decency that some other place besides the crimsoned streets of Limerick should be selected for the performance.—*Nation*.

LORD BISHOP PLUNKETT AND THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—It is a lamentable fact that there sometimes occur in this country exhibitions of religious rancor of so unmistakable a nature as to shock the minds of sincere and moderate men of every creed professing Christianity. Nor are such exhibitions confined to any particular class or rank; they are common to all, but the discredit which they earn and the indignation which they evoke is increased one hundred fold when those who hold a high, and it may be a dignified position, are the aggressors. In this town of Tuam, our readers are aware, the exemplary community of the Christian Brothers carried on their labor of love, imparting day by day, week by week, all through the year, the blessing of a sound, religious, and secular education to more than 300 boys; the children, chiefly of parents too poor by far to procure themselves the performance of that sacred duty. The school premises, as every one here is aware, were erected by the people of Tuam at their own expense, the cost being about £700. Connected with them, and also erected by the people of Tuam, stands the residence of the brotherhood. Our Protestant Bishop of Tuam is the landlord of the ground on which the buildings are erected; and a short time ago the lease held by the Christian Brothers expired. What will even the most earnest of those who believe in the creed of Lord Plunkett think, of the conduct of the dignitary of "Gospel Faith," the man who, of all others, ought to set an example of toleration—not to say liberality? what will they think, we say, of the conduct of such a personage, who, forgetting everything that attaches to his sacred calling, and regardless of public indignation and of the injury he may cause to a large section of society, ventures to play the part of an inexorable oppressor towards those over whom he happens to hold strictly legal power? Yet, such a case is that of Lord Plunkett and the Christian Brothers. The Right Rev. Prelate, despite every entreaty, has evicted the community of these schools and residence, using the sheriff for the purpose; that all men may see the means by which the "Church Established" desires to exemplify Gospel maxims. Wide-spread and deep as is the indignation which this proceeding has evoked, it will be increased when the general public are informed that it is the intention of his lordship to turn the Christian Brothers' Schools into a proselytising depot. We confess a sense of shame in having thus to dwell on circumstances with which our readers are well acquainted. It was our duty, however, to express what we believe is the opinion of the public at large, and we think will be the opinion of the public of every other part of Ireland, as a rabid display of bigotry for which there can be found, even in this country, few parallels.—*Tuam Herald*.

What on earth does this mean?—"A correspondent inquires, says the *Belfast Whig*, why the night cantabes 'are taken from their stations every morning at four o'clock, for drilling in May's-fields? We were not aware of the fact until asked the question; but we have since learnt that it is true. One-half of the constables go off, morning about, at four a.m., and are 'drilled' from that hour until six. We would like to know how much less valuable the property of the town is between these hours than at any other period of the night; or, if a robbery were perpetrated in the absence of the constables, would the parties who made the recent change be accountable for the depredation? Are the government drilling the Belfast 'loshials' to meet a foreign invasion?"

We have to congratulate the laborers in the cause of the Irish tenant. Hard as it always is (the more the pity) to gain attention for a purely Irish grievance, no cause has suffered from the difficulty more than theirs. But a new and powerful laborer has entered the field in which many zealous and eloquent men have ineffectually spent their labors and strained their lungs. The second Baron Plunkett feels the pain of being a degenerate son. How much his father did for Ireland history will tell. His soul rebels at the thought that it will have nothing to say of him and he has resolved to earn a place among the benefactors of his country. Inspired by this noble ambition, he has evidently taken good advice as to the means of gratifying it which lie within his power.—They are very different from those of his father.—Plunkett was an orator and a statesman. His grasp of mind enabled him to take large and comprehensive views of political subjects. His eloquence made him their most powerful advocate. The result was that he found the laws of his country oppressive and unjust, and left them not all that could be desired, but wonderfully reformed. No flatterer, of course, could suggest to the son that the means by which his father worked were within his reach. He is chiefly known as a bishop who, being unable to write anything for himself, paid another person to write a "charge" for him. The faithless man, on the use of whose purchased brains he had reckoned, dishonestly sold to the pitiable bishop a copy of one of the best known controversial writings of the day instead of something new, which the equally unscrupulous purchaser intended to deliver and publish as his own; and the credit of which was to assist in pushing him up to a still higher seat, and larger revenue, among the Protestant hierarchy. So incredibly ignorant was the poor man of the literature of the day; even of his own profession, that, not detecting the fraud practised on himself, he boldly committed himself to that which he had contemplated, and gave to the world the charge of the "Archbishop of Canterbury" as the spontaneous expression of the deep and anxious feelings which tortured the soul of Thomas Lord Plunkett, "Bishop of Tuam," and holder of we know not how many more lucrative posts. The mixture of knavery and folly in this transaction, and the pain which most men's conscience would have felt at its being found out and exposed, would have made them anxious to be heard no more of, and glad to batten in the shade upon the revenues they had grasped before the exposure took place. Lord Plunkett is a man of another class; he could not resign the ambition after fame; but what had passed seems to have convinced him that his only chance of obtaining it was by exposing on the largest scale the emptiness of his head and the baseness of his heart. And thus, no doubt, he might benefit his country, for nothing would so surely lead to a reform of the law as so conspicuous a demonstration of the use to which it might be put by a powerful man equally without head and without heart. Who can say that he might not live to see himself the cause of reforms as important as any effected by his father? He has clearly done his best. We lately published some "rules for the tenantry upon Lord Plunkett's estates," for which we were indebted to the Rev. P. Lavelle, the zealous priest of Partry, county Mayo. The tenants are, of course, Catholic to a man. The rules required them to send their children to a proselytising school. Their position was peculiar. It was his lordship's "earnest wish, and he desired to impress strongly his own wishes in the matter, and the advantages to be derived from complying with them. It was not Lord Plunkett's intention to compel on pain of eviction any tenant who may conscientiously disapprove of the school." This mention of eviction will hardly be understood in England. In Ireland nothing could be more intelligible. It answers to the piteous plea of the beggar who accosted Gil Blas, holding the while a loaded blunderbuss to his head. It would be uncharitable to suppose he meant to fire if refused, he was only explaining his "earnest wish" even if the gun did go off other reasons for that might easily be found; and so no doubt if a tenant who refused to send his child to the school were evicted, it would be for some good reason. Any how, Lord Plunkett took care to show that the gun was loaded. "Previous to May 1, a notice to quit will be served on each tenant as a useful and necessary check." This needs no comment; if it had, Lord Plunkett is careful to give it. Is he a man likely to waive powers which the law gives him? Is "his character a constitution to his subjects," as Madame de Staël in flattery assured Alexander of Russia was his own case? Upon that too he has thrown light. In the city of Tuam, though Bishop Plunkett has no flock, Lord Plunkett has much land. On a spot, held from him by a lease renewable for ever, and therefore equal to a freehold, the Catholics of Tuam, at a cost of £1,000 collected chiefly from the pence of the poor, have erected schools managed by the Christian Brothers. That the title was good for ever no one doubted.—But Lord Plunkett, as we have seen, though personally as ill furnished with head as with heart, has the means of paying for the brains of others. His lawyers have found a flaw, the lease is forfeited, and although the Christian Brothers offer to pay an increased rent in consideration of the buildings they have erected, he has proceeded to eviction. The Sheriff, who no doubt had a job little to his taste, came on June 1, to turn out some 300 boys who were in the school, and take possession, but the mothers interposed so much passive resistance, that he was unable to complete the odious task. The leading inhabitants of Tuam have since united in a petition to this "Bishop" to abstain from taking advantage of the law. Hitherto, it has been without success. We would remind our readers that, when the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, in accordance with the first law of the being of all heretical sects, split in two some eighteen years back, the seceders complained that some Scotch landlords refused to allow them to purchase sites for schools and meeting-houses.—The grievance was so keenly felt that Parliament interfered. A bill to arm the "Presbyterian Free Church" with compulsory power to take the useful sites was introduced, and made rapid progress. We are not certain whether it ultimately passed, or whether the landlords found it necessary to give way.—One way or other the liberty of the Scotch Presbyterians was effectually secured. In what degree will the far more cruel tyranny of Lord Plunkett call forth a similar feeling? The answer will enable us in some measure to estimate the willingness of our legislators to grant equal measure to Scotch Protestants and Irish Catholics.—*Weekly Register*.

THE IRISH PRESS AND "INDEPENDENTS."—The *Irishman* says:—"A large number of our members have been returned on the understanding that they would give no 'factious opposition' to Lord Derby's Government. We quite approve of that; but let them beware also of giving anything like a 'factious' support to Lord Derby's Government. 'Measures, not men,' should be the motto of really independent members. If Lord Derby introduces any good measure for Ireland, let it be supported; but under no circumstances let a body of nominally independent Irish members be found the supporters of a Tory Government. Nay, if Lord Derby's Government fail in any respect to fulfil the just expectations of the country, let it be hurled from power, no matter what Government may succeed it. Our opposition to the Tories must not be less decided, earnest, and continuous than our opposition to the Whigs. Both parties have for years been using Ireland for their own selfish ends. Ireland must now learn to use them for her ends." The *Nation* says:—"We are referred to the fact that all the argument and contest on the part of the followers of that principle resolved themselves into a contest against Whiggery alone; and we are directed to the records of the strife in which are to be found perpetual assault upon the Whigs and no attack upon the Tories. This is a mere confusion of the object of a plan of action with the circumstances incidental to it. The policy of Independence made us more hostile to the Tories than we were before, and consequently provoked no contest with them.—"