

Blessing the Shamrock.
BY MILES O'REILLY.

God's blessing and His holy smile
On the green leaf of Erin's Isle
On the shamrock immortal
From Irish hills, though far away
Through this bright western land we stray,
From every leaf there comes a ray
Of the olden light—the olden day,
While gazing on the shamrock.

Saint Patrick found upon the sod
This emblem of our triple God,
And taught us to adore it
The mystery of our creed divide,
How One in Three distinct may shine,
Yet Three in One, as leaves combine,
And their joint blessings intertwine—
This a lesson from the shamrock.

And the three virtues which are dear
To Irish hearts are emblemized here,
Within our three-leaved shamrock—
Fidelity, that knows no end
To country, sweet-love, faith, or friend;
Courage, that no reverse can bend;
And hospitality—all loving,
Their types within the shamrock.

So may heaven's blessings, choice and chief,
Bestow each petal of thy leaf,
Our own immortal shamrock;
And mayest thou, in this western clime,
As long ago, in Ireland's prime,
The emblem of a faithful band
In God and country, through all time,
Our green and glorious shamrock.

And may our proud and ancient race,
Uprooted from the dwelling place
Where grew this votive shamrock,
Still keep this sacred emblem true,
Secure to memories dear and true
Of the land where our kindred lie,
In the green graveyards beautied by
Thick verdure of the shamrock.

God bless the old dear spot on earth—
God bless the green land of our birth,
Where grew this sacred shamrock;
And blessings on this generous land,
Which welcomes with a lavish hand,
Each year, the sad and stricken band
Of exiles from the silver strand
Where grows the saintly shamrock.

TALBOT.
THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER V.

Arrests were quite common at the time of which we write. It was often sufficient for imprisonment, for an unknown term, to wear a long beard, or a pair of square-toed boots. All foreigners were looked upon as dangerous characters, as bitter enemies of English rule in Ireland.

Many who came to Ireland, either for the purpose of foisting upon the beauty of its scenery, or for the purpose of regaining the vigor wasted in distant climes, were seized by order of the Government, or by order of its very zealous officers, and flung into miserable dungeons. There was, indeed, some reason for the man who cried out:

"Hurrah for Carrick, where there is neither law nor justice!"

So the whole town was astonished at finding Hall on the next day a free man. He was not forced to return to his country, one of the usual conditions for obtaining liberty from the hands of English justice. On the contrary, it was whispered by those who seemed to know something about all kinds of secrets, that the Chief of the Police had mistaken him for another man. It was also rumored around town that Hall was treated to a box of good cigars and some fine old Irish whiskey. This may be true—we doubt it ourselves. It is not the usual conduct of British officials in Ireland.

As soon as the liberated prisoner made his appearance on the street, Jack the Prophet thus addressed him:

"So you have suffered for justice's sake, do ye mind?"

"I guess I've suffered—I don't know for whose sake, though," said Hall with a grin.

"I suppose," said Jack, "there must be great excitement in the whole of America when the sad news of your arrest was proclaimed there, do ye mind?"

"I should think there was," said Hall, assuming an air of dignity—"still it did me very little good. Just him, my honorable friend, of a full-blooded, free-born, heaven-blessed American citizen, rotting in a dark, damp cell on the soil of Ireland, without rhyme or reason. I'll be wretched if I do not—if I do not take a note of this," and looking Jack square in the face, he thrust both hands in his breeches' pockets and drew out a large note-book from one and a pen from the other.

"I was once in America myself, do ye mind?" said Jack, who was rather anxious to lay claim to the honors of being an American citizen.

"In what part of America were you?"

"In New York City, and I passed some place called Staten Island, do ye mind?"

"Perhaps you mean Staten Island, do ye mind?"

"Yes, I think it was Staten Island, do ye mind?"

"Well, never mind, old boy. How long did you hold out in New York?"

"I didn't—didn't hold out there at all, do ye mind?"

"What! didn't you tell me that you held out in New York?" cried Hall somewhat excited.

"I didn't talk at all about holding out, do ye mind?" said Jack, very much puzzled.

"Perhaps you don't fully understand me. How long did you live in New York?"

"Only twenty-four hours and some minutes."

"Only twenty-four hours! Did you go there to see what Jack it was? Way did you leave our country so soon? Was it too small for you?"

"I left your country because I had no business there, do ye mind? What need was there of a new prophet in the United States. Every newspaper is the oracle of some great prophet, do ye mind? The H— and the T— and all the others—legion is their name do ye mind—can tell all about the past, present and future. They can tell the secret sins of men's minds; they can see clearly from their comfortable rooms in New York what is happening in the South Sea or around the North Pole; they see the dagger of the assassin in the mountains of Italy; they can hear the crackling of crockery in the streets of China. Most of the American politicians are prophets; they can foresee what will never happen, do ye mind?"

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"I'll bet my old hat that you didn't lose your time while in New York," said Hall, who seemed much amused by Jack's remarks.

"I didn't lose much time, but I lost a little sum of money, do ye mind?" said Jack in a tone of disgust.

Here Hall burst into a loud laugh, and clapped his hand against his thigh, which he had raised upon the ground for that purpose.

At this juncture a vast concourse of people came rushing along the street, and crying out:

"To the river!—the boat-race—a leg of mutton on a grassed pole!"

"The Irish are a wonderful strange people; I can never understand them. I feel as if I had been dreaming ever since I came to this island. All the gods must have been engaged in making this race. What does all this mean, my dear and honored fellow-citizen?" said Hall to Jack with a smile.

"Come, march along with me, if you wish to partake of some unpolluted merriment, do ye mind?" was Jack's only response.

Hall and the Prophet, on their way towards the river, paid a visit to a public house, in which they took something both warm and strong.

Just as our friends arrived the excitement had reached a high pitch. The tide was "full in." The breast of the Suir was smooth as a sheet of ice. The yaws were laid to stakes in the water, and the well-tarred cutts, and painted pleasure-boats danced upon the waters to the lively sound of the rich music that arose from all sides. During all this time some jolly boatmen in one of the yaws had been fastening a long, grassed pole a few feet above the surface of the water, and parallel to it. To the end of the pole a leg of mutton was attached by a short cord.

"I'm bound to get that mutton," whispered Hall to Jack, "what must be done?"

"All ye have to do," said Jack, "is to walk upon that pole until you lay your hand upon the meat, and the mutton is yours, do ye mind?"

Before Hall had time to go and offer himself as a candidate for the mutton, our old friend Larry stepped up to the boatmen and asked them to let him try it.

A broad smile now ran from face to face. All strove to get nearer the pole, to see Larry's performance. A few of the young chaps—who are never very reverent for individuals of Larry's stamp—cried out with all their might, "let him on long legs." "Go in, old fellow." "The mutton is yours already." "Put a man in the crowd can equal Larry on a grassed pole." "I go halves, Larry."

Larry trotted the gunwale of the boat with the pride of a Nelson. He smiled on the crowd as he walked over to the pole. But the moment he set his foot near the end of the pole, his smile died away from a face dark with some unknown passion. Larry's feelings were subject to no laws. This was the reason why his conduct was a puzzle and a mystery to all who knew him. As he placed his right foot on that terrible sleek pole, his heart began to grow faint—his eyes grew so dim that he could see no one but the mutton on a grassed pole. "I go halves, Larry."

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"Remember your duty to your country, do ye mind?" cried the Prophet, as Larry passed him in post-haste. The fugitive would not even throw a glance at the speaker.

"For a man who has the hydrophobia, he runs well," remarked a wit in the crowd.

"Ah, man, if Larry were as dead as a herring, with his two legs cut clean off, he would beat any man here running," said an admirer of Larry's fleetness.

"You remember how he ran away from the pealers the other day," chimed in another.

"Larry could beat a goat running," said another speaker.

No sooner had Larry's mastlike form disappeared in the distance than Hall stepped nearer the pole.

"I'll bet a five dollar bill with any man in the crowd that I'll get that mutton," he cried in a high shrill voice, at the same time thrusting his right hand in his breeches pocket.

"Hurrah for Mr. Wall! Hurrah for Mr. Wallington! Hurrah for Mr. Hall! Hurrah for Mr. Wall!" now echoed like thunder from both sides of the river.

When Hall placed his foot on the pole with great care and gave his toe a scientific move, a deep silence reigned; all eyes were fixed upon his square-toed boots. He lifted his left foot—he laid it down; he lifted the right—he laid it down. All admired his remarkable skill—science, they thought, is a grand thing. He gained a few steps on the meat.

"The prize will soon be his. These Yankees are wonderful fellows. It is a shame on our country to allow a foreigner to take that mutton, do you mind," were a few of the whispers that passed among the crowd of excited gazers.

He again lifted the right foot—the left unfortunately slipped; he flung his arms wildly apart in vacant space, and fell with a terrible splash in the water. Now peals of laughter were heard all around.

"These Yankees are not half as smart as they pretend to be," said one of Mr. Hall's first admirers.

"They are good for nothing but boasting," said another.

"By this disgraceful tumble our country has been delivered almost miraculously from a great humiliation, do ye mind," remarked a solemn tone in the boat.

Poor Hall, who did not know how to

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swim, went tossing round like a sea-horse for a little time. The boatmen, seeing his danger, threw him a rope, which the unfortunate man seized with both hands, both his legs and his mouth. In a moment he was laid upon the locker of the yawl. It was some minutes before they could persuade him to let go the rope. The fear of death was in his soul. Power, it is to be well for him if he had the hydrophobia, like Larry," said one in the crowd with a smile.

"You must not treat him too roughly now boys," said an aged gentleman; "he is a stranger among us. True Irishmen are always kind and good towards strangers. Besides, the Americans are our best friends. I love America nearly as much as I love Ireland. Think of all our friends and companions in America. Would we wish them to be treated badly? Surely not. Let them treat strangers well."

"Do you fear you, Mr. Power, it is true that we should treat all strangers well, but more especially the Americans. Sure, they fought and beat, long ago, our own old enemy, England. The Americans are fine fellows, but the English are bucaughs," said a dozen voices, as our acquaintance, Mr. Power, concluded his advice.

Mr. Power was quickly lost in the crowd.

When Mr. Hall had fully recovered his senses, the Prophet thus spoke:

"You are more a wiser though a watter man, while the Suir would be pleased."

"Let him take a note of that," cried a rough voice.

"Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise," said Hall, as he shook his whole body and stamped furiously on the boat.

Many who had the happiness of seeing a boat race on the Suir would be pleased to see one here described—but we must forego the pleasure it would give us to gratify them for the present. As Jack and Hall left the quay before the signal-gun was fired at the cottage, we are reluctantly compelled to follow their example.

CHAPTER VI.

The Catholic priest is ever the friend of the poor and afflicted. The spirit of God that fills his heart makes him ever ready to sacrifice all the comforts and advantages of this life in order to assist the despised and unknown ones of Christ. The prison-cell, the desolate and gloomy garret of some poor tenement-house, the pestilential halls of city hospitals—these are the ordinary spheres of the Catholic priest's duty.

The priests of Ireland differ in no respect from those of other countries, except in this, perhaps, that the misfortunes of their people, in days gone by, called upon them for more than the usual amount of self-sacrifice and devoted generosity. With reason are the Irish people proud of their clergy. The priest was the poor man's friend in joy and sorrow.

"Who, in the winter's night,
Sogarth Aroon,
When the cold blast blows,
Sogarth Aroon,
Come to my cabin door,
And on the chimney floor,
Kneel by me, sick and poor,
Sogarth Aroon?"

"Who, on the marriage-day,
Sogarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Sogarth Aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
Sogarth Aroon?"

Father O'Donohue, the parish priest of Carrick, in the time which we write, was a real Sogarth Aroon. By nature and grace he seemed fitted—as far as poor man can be fitted—for his holy vocation. He was about thirty-six years of age, rather tall, and well-proportioned. His face was full, round and somewhat ruddy; his large jet black eyebrows, his lofty nose, made him dear to all. The little "everlasting" smile that played on his lip, and seemed reflected in his bright gray eye, was but a ray of the deep sunshine of his soul. His spirit of self-sacrifice, his love for the poor, his humility and kindness, his consoling and cheering words, made him dear to all. The little children playing on the street were wont to rush over to him in order to get his smile and his blessing. The poor, old people, too, thanked God the day they had the happiness of seeing Father O'Donohue. His presence was a joy to them.

Some days after the arrest of Mr. Hall, as the good Father was reciting some prayers in his library, Mr. O'Connell and his new friend, Mr. Kelley, entered his apartment. They were ushered in by a young lady whose picture might be hung on the walls of the modest and lovely faces of our female saints. She bore a striking resemblance to the good parish priest. The same air of nobility, softened by a look of virgin modesty, was plainly visible in her. Miss Kate O'Donohue—she was the only sister of the good priest—was then ripe with the beauty, accomplishments and virtues of nineteen years. After she had introduced the two young gentlemen, she retired with grace and modesty. A slight increase of the richness of the rose on her cheek was the only token given that her heart beat a little faster than usual.

When Father O'Donohue had finished his prayers, he welcomed with great warmth Kelley and O'Connell. It seems that the former gentleman had already visited him, as he appeared to need no introduction.

"My dear Mr. Kelley," began the good Father, after the three had been comfortably seated, "I have thought seriously over your plans; I have prayed, and even offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in order to obtain light to direct you, so that I am now prepared to give you my answer."

"I hope that it is favorable, Father," said Kelley, with a look of distrust.

"I am sorry to say," responded the priest, with much gravity, and in a tone full of fatherly affection, "that your project does not please me, Mr. Kelley. Ireland is not strong enough at present to cope with England, unless, however, we can never obtain any good result from secret organizations. When the tree is bad, good fruit cannot be expected. You may say that the ob-

ject of your society is good—namely, the redemption of the slaves. I grant willingly that the avowed object is excellent. But does the end justify the means? Besides, secret societies have very often many ends besides those known to the public, and even to the ordinary members. Be assured, my dear Mr. Kelley, that secret societies are a curse in all times. Look to France—look to Italy—look to South America—look round the wrecked world, if you wish to view the fatal effects of the revolution. And revolution is the monster brought forth by the secret societies. I would die in peace if I saw Ireland free and prosperous. But I candidly avow that I would feel little pleasure in seeing some of the revolutionists at the head of affairs in this country. Let us recall the words of the great French orator, Vergniaud, and let us beware lest similar things may be said to us in the future.

"The blinded Parisians," he exclaimed, "presume to call themselves free. Alas! it is true they are no longer slaves of crowned tyrants; but they are the slaves of men the most vile, and of wretches the most detestable—men who continue to imagine that the revolution has been made for themselves alone, and who have sent Louis the XVI. to the guillotine, and who may be entranced at the funeral of their king."

"May God save Ireland from the sway of the ungodly. May the crown of Ireland never be worn on an infidel head. This is my warm prayer. My dear Mr. Kelley, we must not forget that the bann of our Holy Church lies heavily upon all secret societies."

The good Father warmed up as a picture of the manifest evils arising from Freemasonry, Communism and Orangism crossed his mind. During his stay at Rome, Paris, and London, he learned much of the mystery, crime and disorder which in our day disgrace those cities come from unlawful associations.

The two young friends seemed deeply moved by the thought that they had come there to solicit the aid, or at least the approbation, of the kind priest for a thing that he so strongly disapproved. He had Young O'Connell was already beginning to repent of the interest he had taken in the formation of a Fenian Circle in the town. Even Kelley seemed very sorry for having introduced such a topic as Fenianism for the good Father's consideration.

"I fear, Rev. Father," Kelley ventured to remark after a few minutes of silence, "that you do not fully understand how things are. The Fenian Brotherhood is chiefly composed of the best and most faithful Catholics of Ireland. I am—"

"Stop," cried the good Father, "O'Connell, you see that it cannot be classified with such accused societies as those formed by Orangemen, Freemasons and Communists. Even the best Catholics of Ireland already belong to it."

"I do not doubt," responded the priest, "that many excellent young men have joined the Fenian Brotherhood, but I rest assured that they have been deceived by crafty wretches, and that a short time will be sufficient to make them repent of their action in this matter. I wish my poor countrymen would remember the words of the great O'Connell, in his address to the people of Ireland in 1847:—"

"Here the good Father stood up, and walked over to a little book-case, in the corner of his library, in which he had all the works relating to Ireland. He took out a few pamphlets of O'Connell's speeches and addresses. He then read the following passages:—"Would that the youth of Ireland would treasure them up as the words of their illustrious father. O'Connell is, indeed, the father of the Ireland of to-day:"

"Fellow-countrymen," wrote the Liberator, "we tell you nothing but the truth. The Fenian Brotherhood is a fit has never been produced by Whiteboyism, Ribbonism, or any other species of secret association. Such associations are forbidden by the law of man; and as they are necessarily productive of crimes, they are more powerfully forbidden by the command of God."

"Fellow-countrymen, attend to our advice; we advise you to abstain from all secret combinations. If you engage in them you not only meet with our decided disapprobation in conjunction with that of your revered clergy, but you gratify the designs of the most bloody faction that ever polluted a country—the Orange faction. The Orangemen anxiously desire that you should form Whiteboy and Ribbon, and other secret societies; they not only desire it, but they take an active part in promoting the formation of such societies."

"They send among you spies and informers; they try to instigate you to crime, and then to betray you to punishment. They supply their emissaries with money, and they send them to different parts of the country, holding out to the people the pretence of being friends and fellow-sufferers. The Fenians are not few and remote of such instigators; and it is quite natural that the Orangemen should adopt such means when the country is disturbed; it is the Orangemen's harvest. He is then employed in the constabulary force, and in the police, and he obtains permanent pay in the voluntary corps. He shares the rewards with the informer, and often keeps him to mark out his victim. He is able to traduce the people and the religion of the land. The absence of constitutional law enables the Orangemen to exert ruffian violence with impunity—and thus, by means of secret and Whiteboy Societies and outrages, the Fenian Orangemen are able to gratify his predominant passions of avarice, oppression and cruelty."

"You could not please the Orangemen more than in embarking in secret societies, Whiteboyism, and outrages."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE CROMWELL OF KERRY!

A VISIT TO THE KENMARE ESTATE OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL, M. P.

As you drive along the main roads of the Lansdowne property, in the neighborhood of Kenmare, the appearance of the dwellings represent a marked improvement upon those on other estates in the country—for example, of Lord Ventnor or Lord Bannock.

The Standard newspaper, by its Commissioner, writing in 1879, however, describes these houses as "whited sepulchres."

I will not endorse the strength of this language; but I do say that, in point of the social comfort of their lives, there is little, if any, difference between the state of the Lansdowne tenants and the others whom I visited.

For many reasons I was anxious to see Lord Lansdowne's tenantry. I wanted to see how a nobleman with ample means and credited with large views regarded his tenantry, and how his tenantry regarded him. I hoped to find proof that a high-minded landlord could, even under and in spite of the existing system, elevate his tenantry morally and socially.

I had noticed, too, accounts widely differing in the public press of the management of this estate. In the Daily Telegraph, for instance, on the occasion of his leaving the Government, it was written:

"In Lord Lansdowne the Ministry have lost a statesman of promise, whose accession is all the more important on account of his cause. For generations the Lansdowne estates have had a high fame as models of management, the liberality and justice of the noble owners having succeeded in producing what may be called English comfort on Irish soil."

In the Dublin Freeman's Journal, on the other hand, and about the same date, I read:

"To ordinary Englishmen the Marquis of Lansdowne only presents the spectacle of a great Whig magnate who has deserted his party. Irishmen better understand the motives of a man who has inherited the traditions of the most cruelly managed estate in all this afflicted land."

I cannot adopt either of these statements; but I must say that I failed to see any signs of "English comfort," and, so far as the sentiments of the district is concerned, the language of the Irish organ more closely approximates to the truth.

For other reasons this estate was interesting. Its history is typical of many estates in Ireland. In September, 1654 Dr. Petty came to Ireland as Physician-General to the English army. Until June, 1659, his salary was 30s. a day, and he had private practice. Within a few years he was the owner of above 50,000 acres in Kerry, and as he states in his will (a remarkable and interesting document), he had in Ireland, "without the county of Kerry, in land, reversions, and remainders, about £3100 more." In the same document he quaintly adds that he dies "in the practice of such religious worship, as I find established by the law of my country." He was a strong-minded able man—the author, amongst others, of the "History of the Down Survey" and of the "Political Anatomy." This was the founder of the Lansdowne Estate.

The management of these large estates is in the hands of Mr. Townsend Trench, son of the late Mr. W. Stewart Trench, to whom he succeeded. It is difficult to say how far the judgment of the community over their own powers as land agents were and are exercised is just or reliable.

Unquestionably father and son were spoken of almost universally with fear and dislike—to use no stronger language.

It was painful to notice the moral dread of agent and bailiff in which many of the tenants live. I noticed nothing like it elsewhere in Kerry. Their conduct may be misjudged, but assuredly no kindly recollection of the late Mr. Trench seems to survive, and no kindly feeling towards his son, the present agent, exists.

Lord Lansdowne, although he resides a portion of the year at Derron, near Kenmare, does not seem to be generally known to his tenants. Those on the Iveragh portion of his property have hardly seen him since his visit there on the occasion of his attaining his majority. More than once, when—some harsh case being cited to me—I suggested to the tenants to appeal to Lord Lansdowne, the answer was always the same, "Oh, he leaves it all to the agent," or, "It's no use—it all rests with Trench."

Even plans conceived—and, I believe, kindly conceived—by landlord or agent—of emigration, for instance—are looked upon with distrust. Nor is this remarkable, for in the years of the Great Famine this estate was not only the scene of some of the most awful miseries of that awful time, but it was also the place from which a large emigration took place under the auspices of the late Mr. Trench, which has left to this day bitter memories behind it.

In his so-called "Realities of Irish Life," Mr. Stewart Trench describes, in a painfully graphic way, the state of things in Kenmare Union. He writes:

"At least 5000 people must have died of starvation within the Union of Kenmare. They died on the roads, and they died in the fields; they died on the mountains, and they died in the glens; they died at the relief works, and they died in their houses. So that whole streets and villages were left almost without an inhabitant, and at last some few, despairing of help from the country, crawled into the town, and died at the doors of the residents, and outside the Union walls."

It was at this time that the author, then succeeding to the management of these estates, set on foot his scheme of emigration; and, as he phily puts it—

"In little more than a year, 3,500 paupers had left Kenmare for America, all free emigrants, without any objections having to be brought against them to enforce it, or the slightest pressure put upon them to go. Matters now began to right themselves. Only some fifty or sixty paupers remained in the House, chargeable to the property of which I had the care, and Lord Lansdowne's estates at length breathed freely."

He adds, in another place, that the rate of transportation of these emigrants amounted to a sum less than it would cost to support them in the workhouse for a single year. This, I believe, means, or

then meant, less than £4 per human being.

This is one point of view of the question. I do not doubt that this was a scheme approved of by the then Lord Lansdowne from humane motives. But its execution seems to have been grossly faulty. Its history is still told on the hillsides of Kerry and the traditions of the place kept alive the story of the Lansdowne Ward in New York hospital, where many of those ill-starred emigrants fell victims of disease and death.

It is curious that the present agent seems to have denied strenuously the existence of distress on the Lansdowne estate in 1879-'80, and to have refused to act upon any of the several relief committees established in the neighborhood. To Mr. J. A. Fox, the Government inspector, to Mr. Fletcher, a member of the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Committee, and to the Rev. Canon Bagot, representing the Mansion House Committee, he is reported to have given emphatic denials of the existence of any distress in the district. Indeed, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the first occasion on which he admitted its existence was in April, 1880, when he applied to the Mansion House Committee for funds to promote a new emigration scheme.

I mention with pain one fact. Miss M. E. Casack, known as the Nun of Kenmare, one of the sisters in the Convent of Poor Clares, in Kenmare (alady not less known for her active benevolence than for her literary work), in her printed expression of thank to America for the funds entrusted to her for relieving the distressed tenantry, says, under the date of Easter Week, 1880:

"One land agent said to me that when he saw the distress coming he told his noble master that it would be the best thing for him ever happened for the landlords—they would have their tenants at their mercy."

She adds:

"These same land agents were the principal cause of the distress being denied, for clearly if the distress were admitted, to demand rents, and rack rents, from the starving people, would have been too gross an act of inhumanity."

It can hardly be doubted to whom this language refers. I hope it may be shown to be the result of some grave misapprehension.

This lady, by her public appeals, collected a sum of about £15,000, which was in large part expended in South Kerry. She assured me that many tenants of Lord Lansdowne had been recipients of blankets, of three National Schools, attended principally by the children on Lord Lansdowne's estate, namely, those of Larch, Lelund, and Coppars (one of them being situated outside the entrance of Derron House), she had to supply clothes to cover the children. She had done so, she told me, in consequence of statements made to her by the schoolmistresses, that for the sake of decency, they could not otherwise allow the children to attend the schools, even if their parents were willing to permit them to do so.

A gentleman conversant with the action of the Relief Committees in the town informed us that fully half of the relief which passed through the committee had been given to Lord Lansdowne's tenants. He said:

"The people came crying to me for it; in fact, on his estate there were tenants who called on me personally between the dates of the meetings of the committee, asking me for the relief, and they were given supplemental orders for meal."

He added