

have given in the beginning. Trusting that this explanation will appear satisfactory to the Right Honourable the Governor in Council, I have the honour of be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

J. FENNELLY.

Catholic Cathedral, Malras, Oct 23, 1848.

Ecclesiastical Department. No. 356.

Extracts from the Minutes Consultation. Dated the 7th November, 1848.

Read again the Town Major's letter dated 10th October, 1848.

Read also the following letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Fennelly.

Here enter 23rd October, 1848.

1. The Right Honourable the Governor in Council considers the explanation afforded by Dr Fennelly to be perfectly satisfactory, and had the officer commanding H M 25th Regiment investigated the cause of the Priest's refusal to perform the funeral service over the remains of the late private O'Brien, he would have seen that it is not a matter in which Government could issue any orders. Roman Catholics must abide by the rules of the religion they have been born in or have adopted; and if they do not, they must take the consequences.

2. Resolved that the Right Reverend Dr Fennelly be informed of the view taken of his explanation.

(A true exact)

J. F. THOMAS, Chief Secretary.

DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

The following remarks occur in a recent number of the *Freeman*. What would the English paper say if, while English landlords were devising means to cast off their own shoulders the just burthen of pauper relief, those paupers were perishing by scores and hundreds? Would they fall short of stimulating the people to insurrection? What would they say if the following melancholy catalogue, the product of a few days of famine, were to be served up in their columns?—1. Daniel Bermingham, Thurles, died from want and exposure to cold. 2. Denis Brazel, Borrisokane, starvation. 3. Mary Coonan, of a broken heart, eviction. 4. Michael Griffin, Kilmurry, famine, the last of a family of four! 5. John Downes, a young man, famine. 6. Denis Cleary, Mount Cullon, famine. 7. Pat Cullinan, famine. 8. P. King, famine; eight of his family reduced by starvation to a state of idiocy. 9. Michael Lyons, Bruff, famine and cold. 10. Widow Creagh's two orphans, Bruff, famine. 11. Michael Murray, his wife, and an able youth named Connell, Galway, famine; the three in one day. In the same district ten starvation deaths in the last fortnight. 12. A woman and three of her children, Ballintubber, found dead together in a limekiln. 13. John O'Hara, Castlebar, famine. 14. A poor man, name unknown, Galway, famine. 15. Two women and a boy, one family, Castlereagh Union, famine. 16. James Kerr, debility and exposure to cold. 17. Bridget Collins, Birdhill, famine. Such is a brief summary of the last famine events. All have been extracted from the local journals of one day; but how small is the proportion between the deaths recorded and unrecorded. One finds its way into print while hundreds never pass beyond the locality where wretchedness was relieved from the pangs of this world.

EVICIONS AND STARVATION.

The southern and western journals give further most painful accounts of evictions and deaths from starvation. The clearance system is swelling the tide of pauperism on the one hand, whilst all who possess the means are voluntarily emigrating, many still abandoning their business and farms, leaving behind them a miserable, half-famished, and broken-down population. The *Limerick and Clare Examiner*, describing the progress of eviction, says:—"The ruined Castle of Kilmallock is swarming with paupers having no other home, and filled with everything foul. The dens in Goat's-lane, in the town of Tipperary, are crammed with refugees and wretches, herding together in filth and immorality. The neighbourhood of Kilsinane is overrun with the destitute rushing in for relief to the benevolent ladies who dispense it to all." The *Galway Mercury* has an account of the deaths from destitution in the islands of Gorunna and Killceen. "Most of these creatures (says that journal) were found dead in the fields, where they wandered in quest of food." This is a

terrible exhibition of the condition of the southern and western districts; and, no matter how favourable may be the future circumstances, and propitious the season, slow must be the progress towards recovery in districts thus devastated by famine, and utterly disorganised.—A scene on the estate of Lady Carbery, near Bruff, is thus described by a visitor:—"After a pause I entered, and, oh, what a sight! There lay stretched on a little hay two creatures who died of actual starvation, and two more crouched around a hearth where one bit of faggot burned..... With tears of anguish streaming down her careworn and hallowed cheeks, the mother told me that they were obliged to live for an entire week on one meal of turnips and one pound of Indian meal, which, I need not remark, was no proper nutriment. The cry of hunger from her children was most awful, and she had not a morsel to give them. Their breasts got swollen, and death ended their struggles." There is another picture worthy of being preserved as one of the trophies of our humane rulers. Pat Cullinan fell and died on the road, near Kilmurry. "The skin was torn off the large toes in the repeated efforts to move to some house for shelter, and his face was all covered with blood. So offensive was the smell from his person that it required great exertion on the part of the bystanders to keep the dogs from tearing him to pieces even before death." The surviving members of the families from which these and similar victims have passed away are described as being "not only skeletons, but idiots."—*Freeman*.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PAPACY.—"The va. to the Church of the temporal power of the Pope (says Mr Urquhart, writing in 1843) is, that he is not the instrument of temporal ambition. The Pope, so long as he is independent, can be engaged in no political design or contest in which he uses religion, as might be the case on the part of the Czar or Sultan, who are chiefs of great empires. The Pope, unlike these, has neither conquered, purchased, nor extorted a religious character; but being a Churchman, a sovereign character was conferred upon him a thousand years ago, and it has remained such as it originally was in limit and jurisdiction. He has neither extended nor contracted his frontiers. In the full bloom of ambition he has not acquired a foot of soil, and in the zenith of power he did not abrogate a single law, abolish a popular right, or impose an additional tax. Singular contrast, in prosperity or adversity, with the sovereigns of Europe, the Pope, in his greatest authority, has not extended his dominions, nor in his most abject fortunes renounced or yielded any title of his rights."—Urquhart's "Reflections on Thoughts and Things, Moral, Religious and Political," Part 3, pp. 32, 33.

PROGRESS OF STARVATION.—Yesterday we placed before our readers twenty-three distinct cases of death by starvation. To-day we have to add no less than sixteen cases to that fearful list. This, it should be observed, is not a full estimate of the number of victims that fall daily by the destroying hand of famine. Many and many a death occurs, as the Rev. Patrick M'Hale well observes in his letter, which we publish to-day, "in a remote part of the parish, and too far distant to be reported to the coroner." The number of coroners' inquests is but a very remote index of the increase or decrease of deaths by starvation. It is but as the straw on the current, indicating the direction of the dark tide that rolls beneath it. The actual loss of life there is no verdict to declare but that of the recording angel who writes it in the judgment book of God. Some of the cases whose facts are detailed in this publication are peculiarly horrifying. "The mother of her three orphan children were found dead in a limekiln in the townland of Culladeor, parish of Ballintubber. Their bodies were in a decomposed state. The police got some straw thrown over them, and then covered the four with earth."—*Freeman* of Tuesday.

DUNGARVAN.—The condition of the people here is daily growing worse. The cottiers have been all exterminated. In every part of the rural districts you see the ruin of tumbled-down cabins, hundreds of their inmates have perished, and what survived the general destruction are now located in our poor house here, as a burden on our struggling shopkeepers. Thus the poor are swept away from the land. The landlords now want to "limit the area of taxation," with

a view to saddle all the burden of supporting the paupers on the shoulders of the people of the town. It is a well known fact that a few landlords, not a hundred miles from Dungarvan, have turned out of their little dwellings over 1,600 souls, within the last two years.—Correspondent of *Tipperary Vindicator*.

HORRIBLE DOINGS AT THE KANTURK UNION.

"The Parish Priest of Kanturk was appointed Catholic Chaplain to the workhouse of that union. His Curate, the Rev Michael O'Donovan, under the sanction of his Bishop, attended the poorhouse as the representative of the Parish Priest, discharged all the duties of Chaplain there, and was to all intents and purposes really, though not nominally, the Catholic Chaplain of the workhouse. Things went on thus, we know not how many months or years, without any objection being made from any quarter. Guardians, commissioners, and paupers acquiesced in the arrangement. On the 6th of November, 1848, and at several subsequent dates, the Rev Mr O'Donovan, the recognised acting Chaplain, entered in the Chaplain's book and in the visitor's book, strong protests against dreadful sufferings to which the poor were subjected in the union workhouses. We will give the reverend gentleman's catalogue of horrors in his own language:—"Kanturk, Nov 6.—I have been to the fever hospital in the discharge of my professional duties; I have seen with pain and almost horror the crowded state of that hospital; no fewer than three in several beds! I hereby enter my solemn protest against such a state of things, and my deep conviction that, ere long, some fearful epidemic must under such circumstances, sweep away, by the score, the wretched inmates of this house.—M O'Donovan. Nov 10.—The weather is intensely cold and frosty, and yet I find the infirm male ward without a fire! The cripple, the infirm, the paralysed, in a room, imprisoned, under lock and key, on the earthen floor, without fire, in such weather!! I make no comment. I simply record the fact.—M O'D. Nov 15.—Once again I record my solemn protest against the crowded state of the hospital. In a room twenty-one feet in length, and seventeen in breadth, I find thirty one persons, both boys and men; and for the accommodation of this number there are twelve beds, each bed or bedstead two feet three inches broad!!! and yet more strange, the intendant informed me that there were frequently over forty in the same room!! Verily, if the cholera get among the inmates of this establishment, it will be true to say of it—It is a human slaughterhouse!! Nov, 18.—I have been to the hospital, and have observed a very strange circumstance. There is no classification of diseases! Fever and dysentery, colds and rheums, are side by side. I have to remark also that the dead are stretched on the landing, to the great horror of the living. There is no dead house! On the 4th of December the Rev. M. Donovan, in a letter to the commissioners, imploring an investigation, said—'Only think, gentlemen, that the inmates of this house have been without change of linen for four, five, and six weeks; that there has been no classification of disease; that over forty sick people have been huddled together in space intended but for twelve patients; that the dead bodies have been left entire days on the landing-places of the hospitals, unconfined and unshrouded, to the horror of the living; that the poor children are covered with filth, and at this inclement season have not a sufficiency even of dirty rags to cover them; that old men—the maimed, the crippled, the paralysed—have been left to perish of cold, on an earthen floor, without shoes, or stockings, or fire, on the 10th of November, when the thermometer was far below thirty degrees' This was a fearful representation. Did the Vice-Guardians or the commissioners deny the truth of the Reverend gentleman's statements? They did not. The appalling facts were not gainsaid. It appears they were too manifest to be denied. What, then, was done? Hear it, you Vice-Guardians, and embryo Vice-Guardians, and all you crowd of expectant place-hunters, and learn how official duty is to be done. The remedy for the fearful atrocities we have described is to exclude the Rev. Mr. O'Donovan henceforth from the workhouse!!! Reader do you stare in amazement? What we state is a literal fact. The Vice-Guardians, thinking all would be well if exposure were crushed, forbade the reverend gentleman all access to the report books in the first instance, and afterwards had him

ded in the office of Chaplain, because it was the Parish Priest, and not he, received the appointment!!!—*Freeman*.

A SCRAP FROM FUNGH.

We have not often had the pleasure of inserting a finer poem than the following—fine alike in its philanthropy and truth. It redeems many of *Punch's* sneers at poor Ireland.

THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE.

A beggar maid crouches at England's door;
Squalid and sad she crouches there alway,
Shivering, unsheltered, thro' the winter frost,
Scorching, unshaded, thro' the summer day.

The sun comes up upon that beggar's lair,
Her gaunt and grasping hand, her rags of green
The sun goes down upon that beggar's stare,
All listless, save when stirred by hunger keen.

An idle spade is lying at her feet,
An idle distaff broken on her knee;
But in her wail mingle soft notes and sweet,
And thro' her woe break flashes of strange gloe.

She is not, sure, a beggar born, or pride
Momently lights that face all shrunk and scarred;
'Tis a gaunt skeleton of strength untried,
A wreck of beauty, sore misused and marred.

She might be one of ancient race and strong,
Fallen to fate of harlot and of thrall,
In whom doth jostle memory of wrong
And bitter hopelessness, and hopes of gall.

And as forth fares proud England, day by day,
For toil or traffic, pleasure or parade,
Still doth she find this beggar in the way,
Like Lazarus at Dives' portal laid.

Still that gaunt hand is on her robe of pall,
That hollow voice in her unwilling ear,
And ceaseless still that cry for bread doth fall
Which, hunger prompted, heart of stone must hear.

Nor pity only bends her to the cry,
She knows that desperate wretchedness is mad,
'Tis easy raising fire, the means hard by,
And treasonous poison may be cheaply had.

And she is rich, and richer fain would be;
And beggar drudges work for scanty pay;
The pauper's dole for pauper's bait may be,
Whence better fed and clad would turn away.

So day by day the beggar's dole is given
With grudge and grumble, ling'ringly and loath—
A charity without that gracious heaven,
Which bleaseth giver and receiver both.

Every such gift the giver leaves more hard,
And the receiver more unthankful finds;
By acts which should unite is union barred,
And pity chafes the sore, e'en as it binds.

This should not last—and must not—neither can;
Oh! England, lift this beggar-maid forlorn,
Leaving on one, with heart and right of man,
No curse save that whereunto man was born—

In the brow's sweat to earn the needful bread
Strengthen those feeble hands to dig and spin.
Till listless, lazy Pauperdom be fled,
And the day's work its fair day's wage a hal win.

What interest urges, urges also love;
Let England to that beggar stoop her knee,
Lift up her rags, her matted hair remove,
And in that squalid maid a sister see!

Sister, that but step-sister's lot hath known;
Sister, that oft has cursed, and struck, and striven;
Sister, that hath, as England's self must own,
Much to forgive—as much to be forgiven.

THE CHOLERA.—From the central depot in the South cholera is rapidly spreading into the rural districts, and hitherto with deadly effect.—

On Saturday there were nine cases of Asiatic cholera in Ennis, and two deaths; and on Sunday morning the number reached fourteen, and the deaths eight. In the miserable district of Ennistymon the disease had also appeared; and so ill prepared is the population from previous misery and debility, that the disease is likely to find there a wide field.

Neither give to all nor contend with fools.
No sweet without sweat, no gains without