

feebly-drooped, its little head, and turned inward to her breast, a waxen corpse upon her knee.

The blow was struck, and all was over. Henceforth Grace was alone in the world; no consolation left her, save such as religion could afford; a desolate, weary woman, whose counsel must be taken in solitude, and brought forth in courage; for happiness she had none; comfort and joy were gone for ever—laid, like pale flowers, on that dead baby's bier, perhaps to bring forth future fruits of greater good, but never to bloom again in their former shapes.

Her fingers were busy for a time, but her heart was away; and blinding tears obscured her hand, and blurred her work, so that often she had to do over again what she had already finished. This kept her up long past her usual hour, and to the time when Herbert returned.—Returned from whence, and what?

(To be Continued.)

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

My Lord—If the slow tortures of hunger which the mass of the people throughout the famishing districts are so patiently enduring, more not your compassion with a view towards their relief, it is high time, at least, that you should take precautions against the total disruption of society in Ireland. If you have no sympathy for one class of the population to which it has been hitherto an habitual stranger, do not refuse to extend it to another cherished portion of the community, to which such sympathy has been seldom denied. And, to use a very familiar illustration, you will not fail to reflect on the rent which must take place in the social edifice, when the class that forms its lowest stratum may, its very foundation—is loosened and displaced. Of this terrific crash of the higher stories, on the subtraction of the strong one at the base, we have had such a memorable instance but some twelve or thirteen years ago as would never be lost, it was hoped, on landlords, legislators, ministers, or any others who have influence in directing the common weal. And yet so little heeded now is that instructive lesson on each mutual dependence of all classes of society on each other for their common safety, that it would seem to rank among the chronicles beyond the flood. It is hard to expect wisdom where such recent and disastrous experience makes so slight an impression.

Nay, more, so far from profiting by that bitter lesson, it would seem as if there was a desire to repeat the infamous policy of that period. The clearance of Ireland of what was assumed its superfluous population was then deemed the panacea for the entire tribe of its chronic distempers. And how eager was the desire to effect that political cure, and how keenly it was followed up to its supposed consummation is attested by the written record, 'the Celts are gone with a vengeance'—the ominous epithet with which the accredited organ of English policy hailed what he hoped to be the extinction of the Irish Catholic nation. But though that unnatural hope has been cheated by the resiliency of this vigorous race, the same destructive policy has not yet been abandoned. It assumes new names; it is disguised under plausible projects; it enters into fresh combinations, hitherto untried, but still it is at work, the same persevering and untiring foe—ever ready to check the growth of a native, numerous, and prosperous Catholic population.

Why is it, I may be permitted to inquire, has the existence of Irish destitution hitherto, and now of an Irish famine within certain districts, been so stubbornly denied? Why have the verdicts of coroners in all other instances of inquests on the deaths of individuals so generally unimpeached, been so flippantly arraigned when recording deaths from starvation? And why, if Government was unwilling to give food to the famishing, check or diminish the supplies which the benevolence of the distant nations of America was ready to pour into Ireland to save the lives of thousands of their kindred? And as it is confessed that numbers of the people have no other food nor money to purchase it, nor employment to procure the most scanty wages, why not undertake, without half a week's delay, some public works of obvious local and national benefit, which would enable the destitute to procure wages, to live by their honest labour, and save themselves and the country from the reproach of mendicancy? Is it that no such works are yet wanted for the improvement of Ireland? It will hardly be asserted that its lands are sufficiently cleared, or its swamps sufficiently drained, or its long line of rocky coasts sufficiently supplied with the rudest harbours or jetties of any kind, to give the poor fisherman protection amidst the frequent storms, in one of which, within the last few days, some boatsmen of Boffin Island have perished, and they perished, too, in endeavouring to bring from Westport some food for their starving families. Not only are the great bulk of the small landholders without food, or money, or credit; they have parted, besides, with their most precious articles of raiment and of furniture, to ward off the dreadful approach of famine. The facts of this simple recital are beyond the reach of contradiction. The occupation of the village usurer has disappeared, in the apprehension of insolvency to which the poor are reduced, and hateful as was his calling, and exorbitant as were his exactions, they are now remembered with a kind of regret in comparison to the total want of accommodation which is now their lot. Then their wearing apparel and furniture were generally safe, but now those lending offices are absorbed by monstrous establishments, multiplying in every town, in which the night and day covering of the country people are deposited, and generally without redemption. Few have had, especially of late, more frequent or melancholy occasions than I have had, of ascertaining the ruinous condition of the people from the most trustworthy sources. It is all the same tale of unmitigated distress, expressed in the four significant words—no food, no money, no employment, and no credit, except by pawn—an office once but little known—and now, alas! the most frequented by the rural population. No more striking evidence could be furnished of the intensity of Irish distress, nor more incontestable witness could be brought to rebut the denial of its extent, than to transport an entire Irish pawnbroker's establishment to the London

Exhibition, with its variegated assortments, to enable the impartial judges from foreign nations, to contrast the value of British and Irish manufactures, and to feel how crying a must be the longer that would oblige respectable families to reveal in a public office such domestic destitution.

With such evidence of wide-spread distress, which no longer can be controverted or concealed, and with equal evidence of the necessity of works of improvement to afford the means of subsistence to the workmen, which only the resources of Government can carry on, the plain conclusion is, that the destructive policy is still paramount; and that there is no wish to save the people from starvation.

Hence, instead of loud and clamorous appeals for relief, which would have been sent forth from distress beyond the water, and which, as in the recent case of Lancashire, would have received, even from the peers of the realm, a ready and suitable response, it is now the sullen silence of a people resigning all hope but to Heaven alone, and brooding over the despair to which they have been consigned.

The question of famine has lately assumed a new and an alarming phase. The issue is not now the existence of famine, and the consequent necessity of saving the lives of the people; but the issue raised by political economists, is, whether it be not better for the interests of the British empire, and particularly for the comfort of the English and Scotch consumers, that the people of Ireland should be left to starve, and their places supplied with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen.

With such cruel theories propounded from high places, the denial of the famine, or rather the indifference to its effect, can no longer excite surprise. The effects may be hurtful to the Irish people, it is true, but they should be reconciled to the consoling consequence, that from the extinction of their race the English and Scotch people would derive a more plentiful supply of beef and mutton. The only question with those political economists seems to be, to which of the two foreign markets the Irish prefer being sacrificed. But as England is for the English, and Scotland is for the Scotch, our people as naturally think that Ireland should be for the Irish; and, therefore, leaving the large Scotch and English markets to provide for themselves out of the Cheviot flocks and herds of Durham, they prefer not being sacrificed or banished for the interests of the one or the other.

We have already too much of those desolating doctrines. Their propounders should pause ere exciting to phrensy a high-minded and excitable people by assuming that so many of them have no business in a land which Providence, in its wise decrees, has destined rather for the habitation of quadrupeds.

If so, it is obvious that the people are not to expect relief from their rulers. Nay, more, they should rather expect to be abandoned in accordance with an expression to which some are said to have given utterance, that in letting the people starve they are only co-operating with the designs of Providence! With such heartless maxims swaying the conduct of public men, whose whole code of moral duties consists of a vague notion of the interests of the British empire, it would, no doubt, appear to them excessively wrong to accuse them of cruelty. They may be mistaken in their calculation of the measures that will ultimately prove most beneficial in extending its sway. But with anything like cruelty to the poor and helpless Irish race, it would be most cruel to upbraid them. They are only doing them a service in ridding them of a vexatious train of misfortunes—the natural consequences of their imbecility—and as well might the kind-hearted Indian savage be charged with cruelty when he lets his aged parents die before their time, to relieve them from the infirmities of old age, as to accuse the benevolent baronet of cruelty, whose only ambition is to diminish the amount of the Irish people's sufferings by the diminution of their numbers, and to give a corresponding increase of numbers and enjoyment to the British people—I have the honor to be,

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

LANDLORD AND TENANT IN IRELAND.

(From the London Spectator.)

The real obstacle to the fair consideration of this question is to be found in the inveterate application of English ideas to Irish facts—of rules deduced from the social condition of the one country and applied to the very different social condition of the other. Land, the most secure species of property, and desired for political and other reasons, pays a low rate of interest, and has, therefore, in this country long been the investment only of the very rich. Landlords are, as a rule, able, and, in order to keep complete power over their estates, are always willing to erect the requisite farm buildings and effect the necessary permanent improvements at their own expense. The cultivators, again, are men of capital and intelligence. Farming is to them only one of many means of subsistence—that, probably, which they prefer, but would, nevertheless, abandon if it would not yield them the ordinary rate of interest on their capital. Between men of this kind, who meet on equal terms, and interference of the law is always unnecessary and mostly mischievous. Their bargains are sufficiently regulated by their private interests and by the operation of the laws of supply and demand. The social condition of Ireland is altogether different. The cultivation of the soil is not one pursuit among many, but the only pursuit of the population. There are no manufactures. Capital has never accumulated in the hands of the middle classes.—What little there is, is required to carry on the retail trade of the country. There are practically no farmers in any sense in which Englishmen use the term—no middlemen between landlord and laborer, hiring land on the one hand and labor on the other, in order to make a profit by agriculture. The land is cultivated by the peasantry, who take a few acres directly from the landlord. In such a country the persons who want farms are necessarily very numerous; the landowners, of course, are comparatively few. The tenant must get a farm or starve; the landowner can wait and make his own terms. Landlord and tenant, therefore, do not in Ireland meet on equal terms.—Tenants must take such terms as they can get. They can neither enforce, nor, indeed, afford a lease. The landowners, on the other hand, are usually poor, and cling on the tenants' shoulders which are in England always discharged by the former. 'It is admitted on all hands,' said the report of the Devon Commission in 1845, 'that according to the general practice, the landlord builds neither dwelling house, nor farm offices, nor puts fences, gates, &c., into good order before he lets land to a tenant.' Now, land cannot be cultivated without buildings, and the tenant, therefore, must erect them in the best way he can. Yet he may be ejected at a moment's notice, and lose the whole result of his labor; or what is more usual, the landowner may get into debt, and the mortgagee raise the tenant's rent in exact proportion to the improvements which he has effected in the property at his own expense. It is idle to tell the tenant he should make a bargain; he is in no position to do so. And the question is, whether under these circumstances there is anything unjust, anything contrary to principle, in the demand of the Irish people that the State should superintend the dealings of landlord and tenant and ensure justice to the weaker of the two? The real fact is, that in England the State has constantly interfered in similar cases. What else is the Factory Act, which limits the hours in which it is lawful for women and children to work? What else, indeed, is the Truck Act? Laborers were numerous; they were compelled to take any terms from their employers, who began to pay them in goods instead of money. The State, seeing this to be an engine of oppression, interfered and prohibited the practice. It did not pretend to raise the rate of wages, any more than in Ireland it could lower the rent of land, but it can and ought to see that justice is observed by the stronger party in his relation with the weaker. The demand has so often assumed in

the mouths of its supporters an unreasonable aspect, that it has been involved for the most part in odium or ridicule. Yet the position constantly assumed by the Times; for instance, that the tenant can obtain for himself, if he pleases, all that he asks from the law, is opposed to the plainest facts of the case. This was recognized seventeen years ago by the Devon Commission. At the head of it sat the late Lord Devon, a man by nature little inclined, even if his habits of thought as a successful lawyer and a position as a great peer had not forbidden him, to sympathize with extravagant ideas of any kind. His four colleagues were selected from the upper classes—They took an incredible mass of evidence in every county of Ireland from witnesses in every class of life. Yet while they expressed a preference for leaving the remuneration for improvements to private agreement wherever it was practicable, they declared that in Ireland a legislative measure was necessary to provide for cases in which the parties were unable to agree. They recommended that the tenant should have power to serve notice on his landlord of any proposed improvement in farm-buildings, offices, or exterior fences, the suitability thereof to be reported on by mutually chosen arbitrators, with power to the assistant-barrister on such report, and after examination to decide and certify, the maximum cost not exceeding three years' rent. If the tenant was ejected or his rent raised within thirty years the landlord to pay such sum, not exceeding the fixed maximum, as the work should then be valued at.' Is it uncharitable to ask whether in a House of Commons, which was less essentially a house of landlords, this recommendation would have been so long a dead letter? The necessity for such a measure is probably by no means as urgent now as it was then. The Incumbered Estates Court has transferred the land to a wealthier class of men, and emigration has somewhat diminished the numbers pressing on it for existence. But though diminished in severity, the old pressure still exists; and where injustice can be done with impunity, it would be a sentimental weakness to imagine that it will not be done. Nor could the landlord be really injured by such a bill. The moment the assistant-barrister has reported in favor of the improvement he can step in and carry it out himself. The effect of the bill in compelling the landowner to carry out desirable improvements would be the most valuable form of its operation. And where he cannot or will not, he ought not to be permitted to stand in the way of the public interest.—For the public is deeply interested in the efficient cultivation of the soil, and the possession of land has always been held to be subject to restraints such as it would be unjust to enforce on other kinds of property. The State has always exercised the right of resuming land which is required for public purposes on giving compensation to the owner, and it has equally the right to lay down the rules under which it must be held. The landowner's property is really rather in the value of his land than in the land itself. Besides, throughout the province of Ulster the system of tenant-right already prevails. The outgoing tenant sells the good will of his farm to the incoming tenant, even where he is a mere tenant-at-will. In Ulster, therefore, the law only would be altered, not the practice, and landlords would only do on compulsion of law what they now do voluntarily under the pressure of opinion. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the tenantry of the three other provinces will ever cease to demand what their countrymen practically enjoy—the benefits of a system which exists by their side, and which landlords and tenants alike are ready to uphold.

PROPERTY IN PEAT.

(From the Nation.)

What can you make out of your peat? asks the Englishman, travelling past the three million acres of "useless bog" with which nature has dotted this island, reflecting the while on the fact that Ireland has little or no coal, and that it is the possession of coal which has made England a manufacturing power. Science enables us to answer in a composed manner, that not only a great number of things have, and a still greater number can be made out of peat; but that under a process lately originated, the substance is likely to become a much more valuable manufacturing agent, and article of export, than coal itself. Already several of our towns are illuminated with gas made from peat, which has two advantages over that of coal—firstly, from its being cheaper; and, secondly, from its purity from sulphur, renders it less deleterious; its light is, indeed, fainter, but this proceeds from the rudimentary and imperfect method hitherto applied in making pressed peat, which consisted simply in compressing and drying the substance, so as to deprive it of water. It was found, however, that with the latter it lost several valuable elements held in solution, and that as the fibre with which it is integrated, from its cellular texture, retained a large proportion of moisture, it was necessary to get rid of the latter, in order to increase those qualities of density and dryness upon which its capabilities and value as a fuel, an illuminating element, and a charcoal—the most valuable that can be produced for smelting iron—depended. For some months past experiments have been in progress at the Ballymena station of the Northern Counties Railway, the object of which is to produce a superior description of Condensed Peat for household, manufacturing and general purposes; and those have already resulted in such complete success, that a Company has been formed for carrying on the process, which is as follows:—The machine which has been invented for the purpose consists of a conical receiver, in the centre of which works an Archimedian screw, which disintegrates the fibrous matter of the peat, whose larger undecomposed roots and fibres are rejected from a waste pipe, while the minutely triturated substance passes through a conical strainer, enclosed in a heated chamber, at the bottom of the machine—the substance falling on a moving band, by which it is transferred to a brick machine, where it is evaporated and formed into blocks, which—being then placed in a drying shed, through which a current of air, produced by a fan like apparatus, passes—are soon found, without any further compression, to become as hard as oak, and far denser than any peat produced by hydraulic pressure. This machine makes some ten tons of peat per hour; four or five tons of wet bog peat are required for one of the manufactured article, and this is produced at a cost of about 3s 6d per ton. Very little power is necessary for the operation, which is carried on continuously, and with extreme rapidity. The substance, thus solidified, burns strongly, evolves great heat, and diffuses it more widely than coal, is impervious to water, smokeless, produces less ash than coal, wood or coke; it is incapable, also of self ignition, improves by keeping, and while the charcoal—a ton of which can be prepared from two and a half of the prepared substance, and which is, beyond comparison, the best that can be applied for smelting purposes, and for locomotive fuel—can be sold for 14s. per ton, the value of the oily extract, which can be applied to many uses, covers the entire cost of producing the charcoal. There is reason to believe that this peat is the purest fuel yet discovered for general purposes, in virtue of which property, its heating power lasts longer than any other. Experiment has shown its superior adaptability to every process of iron manufacture; and when we consider the small cost at which its charcoal is produced, and the fact, that the iron made by its application is treble the value of that formed by means of coal or coke, we may fairly conclude that its unrivalled properties will in a short time cause it to be largely used in all the departments of iron and steel manufacture—and no less as a generator of steam and gas, especially, as, in connexion with its superior value, in many ways, a considerable saving can be thus obtained by its use.

But it is not as a superior smelting substance, as a fuel, and a gas, that the "new compressed peat" can be made available; it is only necessary to subject it to a second straining, refining, and solidifying process to render it a material capable of being applied to very many of the purposes of art and manufacture, now subserved by clay, plaster of Paris, gutta-percha, wood, ivory and bone, even—so great is its specific gravity, strength and density—to some of those of stone and iron. Implements and ornaments of the most delicate forms can be shaped and carved from this substance, which bears a close resemblance to ebony, and which, when polished, exhibits a fine lustre. But the objects to which a material possessing so many and valuable qualities can be turned are too obvious to need allusion; suffice it to say, that it may serve to originate what Ireland specially wants, new branches of industry; at the same time that, in its simple manufactured state, this substance promises, in no little time, to constitute no inconsiderable export trade, uniting, as it does cheapness of production with qualities which, as regards its manufacturing application, do not attach to either wood, coal, or coke. At present, however, we can but call attention to this new and improved process; and, while wishing the Company whose project tends to render available one of Ireland's greatest Resources, a deserved success, trust that the public mind will be generally directed to a subject which has so many and important aspects, commercial and industrial, as that of utilizing for both objects the vast and exhaustless mine of wealth which it is now ascertained is lying fallow in the three million acres of Irish Peat, which, as we now find, is a substance not only superior to, and cheaper than coal, regarded as a fuel or gas producing element, but capable, in the general uses to which it can be turned, of attaining a value compared with which that of England's coal fields sink into insignificance.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT KILMURRY.—On yesterday one of the most important and most magnificent ceremonies of the Church took place in the consecration of the newly constructed Catholic Church of Kilmurry, a parish situated about nineteen miles to the west of this city. The Church is built on the side of a hill commanding a prospect of a fertile valley, bounded in the far distance by a range of mountains, which possessed yesterday in the bright sunlight a richness of purple beauty, that combined with the variegated hues of the nearer portion of the landscape, made a scene of the most delightful character. In the immediate neighborhood is the demesne of Warren's-court, than which none is more beautiful in this country, and the massive woods and thickets of which added a variety to the view to be had from the Church that was alone necessary to complete the perfection of the peaceful scene. It is built in the Romanesque style of architecture, and possesses the merit of being so admirably arranged in its various parts that from any seat in it a good view of the altar can be obtained, and every word delivered therefrom is distinctly audible in any portion of the building. The clear length of the Church is 108 feet; the breadth of the nave is 32 feet; and the two transepts, one at each side, are 28 feet in length, making with the breadth of the nave, a length of 88 feet from the end of one transept to the end of the other. It will thus be seen the building is large, and the arrangements as to seats, &c., are most commodious. A pretty stained glass window ornaments the altar end of the building. The altar is of veined marble polished most beautiful, and is surmounted by a tabernacle in pure white marble, of very handsome design and tasteful execution. The roof is of pine, and is supported by iron girders which, while giving strength, add grace to the building. Altogether the church is a model of neatness and good arrangement. The entire cost of the building, we believe, about £4,000, exclusive of the gratuitous labor furnished by the parishioners. The site of the building was granted for a lease of 900 years.—Cork Examiner.

MISSION OF CARRIGALLAN.—DIOCESE OF KILMORE.—On the 4th instant four of the Dominican Fathers, the Very Rev. Father Meadth, Drogheda, who conducted the mission; Father Lynch, Tralee; Prendergast, Dundalk; and Fitzgibbon, Cork; opened a mission, assisted by the local clergy, in the above-named parish, which they continued until Sunday, the 25th ult., when it closed with the solemn Papal Benediction. Never, for centuries past, was there anything in this part of the country to equal this grand religious demonstration. The labours of those good men were incessant. From half-past five in the morning until nine at night (excepting a very short time for refreshments) their time was continually devoted to the pulpit and confessional. The impressive discourses of the learned conductor, the profound theological knowledge of all, so eloquently and zealously poured forth, have made deep, and it is to be hoped, lasting impressions, on the minds of all who had the happiness to be in attendance. The crowds on the occasion were immense. It was computed that there could not be less than four to five thousand people present daily during the last week. The confessionals were crowded, and although on few days during this week were there present less than from twenty-six to thirty confessors, many of the applicants for sacraments were disappointed. The venerable and venerated Prelate of the diocese the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, attended on Wednesday of the last week; the Right Rev. Dr. Brady, Lord Bishop of Perth, during the whole week, adding by their presence grandeur and dignity to the sacred duties of the mission. Nor were the benefits conferred by this great mission, inferior to none held in Ireland for years past, the clergy, Rev. C. O'Reilly, P. P.; Dominick McBreen, C. C.; and people of the parish, are under everlasting obligations to the Father, God bless the Dominican Fathers, who so zealously worked this mission. They are a blessing to the people, an honor to their country, and a credit to their Order.—Correspondent.

NEW CHURCH AT KILLESHANDRA.—On Thursday, the 20th ult., the parishioners of Killeshandra were favored with the spectacle of a cherished work fairly launched. The first stone of the new church which is designed to supply the place of the present tottering and inconmodious edifice, was laid with all possible solemnity. To this end the worthy Pastor, Rev. J. O'Reilly, has labored with zeal, the operation of which no obstacle has or will impede. It was only in September last he made an appeal to this people, to which they responded with a noble and generous heart. He has, within the short period of a few months, collected a sum of money approximating to £1,000. This amount will fall far short of meeting the anticipated expenses, but, he expects, with the assistance of God, to get additional aid from the other good Catholic people of Ireland.—Meth People.

We are rejoiced to be able to state that the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath, is, and has been for some time past, greatly improving in health. The illness which attacked this estimable and revered Prelate, at Navan, and which caused considerable anxiety in the diocese over which he presides, has now entirely passed away. Enjoying a tour through France at present, the change of air and scene has had a most invigorating effect upon his Lordship, and his constitution already shows the benefit of it, in throwing off any lingering signs of debility that remained after his illness. This announcement we make, knowing the high regard and affection in which the Bishop of Meath is held from end to end of the large and populous diocese committed to his pastoral charge, and which we trust he may long be spared to adorn with his virtues and patriotism.—Morning News.

Miss Ellen Casey, of Kilmacothomas, in whose Sister Mary Catherine, died in Lismore Convent, on the 15th ult., in the 30th year of her age. The death of this pious child of the Lord was deeply deplored by her holy Sisterhood, and by a large circle of affectionate friends, but by none more than the poor, to whose wants she was a ministering angel in sympathy as well as advice. After the High Mass and Office for her soul, her remains were interred in the neat little grave-yard adjoining.—R. I. P.—Waterford Citizen.

FRESH PLUNKET EVICTIONS IN PARTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

Mount Partry, May 31, 1862. Dear Sir—Some time ago I apprised you and Miss Plunket against Stephen Quinn and Pat Darmody, morris last month; this day has witnessed its heart-rending execution. The sheriff and his posse stole a march upon us all, and before Stephen could think twice he was flung out of the house, his wife in a swoon dragged out after him, his children taken out of their bed of measles, even in relapse, and all pitched on the very dungheap which the poor man was actually engaged in removing.

I witnessed the former, the grand three days' evictions by the meek and merciful 'bishop.' I saw John Prendergast and his wife and eight children by the ditch, but I must confess no scene ever wrung my heart like that presented to me two hours ago, at two o'clock this day, when I saw men, women, and dying children, chairs, boxes, beds, pots, &c., all flung pell-mell outside what was up to that the house of an honest, industrious, and solvent man. I could not stand it—my heart sickened—my blood boiled. The tears of the women and the woe-begone looks of the sick children flung thus on the straw, with no roof but the canopy of heaven, went to the inmost core of my heart, and I turned off, not in sorrow, but in rage, I avow, that the Irish people would, even for a day, tolerate such infamies. This unfortunate man would not one penny rent. His only crime was that he sold me the stones of some old walls for a school I was engaged in erecting, in opposition to her ladyship's proselytising establishment, and now for this enormous guilt is he, this last night of the blessed month of May, an outcast on the world, and an outcast at the hands of a lady—the daughter of William Cunningham Plunket. I confess, Sir, I do not wish to trust myself to reflection. I confess, Sir, I do not on this proceeding. My feelings are so harrowed at the sight—my notions of right and justice are so outraged, that I could hardly write with due deliberation. It was scenes such as those of this day, with their causes and consequences, that first drove me into print. Godless Colleges, Church Establishments, ruined industry, national contempt—these are bad enough; but, Sir, extermination, according to law, whether in Kerry or Erisk—whether in Gweedore or Partry—is what my soul of souls rises up in red rebellion against. Special commissions are issued to convict, without loss of time, the murderer of a landlord in Tipperary. Will there be a word for ever about the wrong committed yesterday in Cappaduff? Is the life of poor Stephen Quinn and Pat Darmody, with their helpless families, of no account before the Maker of us all. It was a crime to take the life of Mr. Theibault—is there nothing wrong in despoiling and slowly destroying entire peasant families? The Recording Angel was there when the 'officer of the law' entered the house. Think you, did he note down that swoon of the delicate mother, when her wail and agonising cries, her streaming tears, feebly echoed to the plaint of the sick and bedridden children? Did he record that despairing struggle between the husband and the sheriff's men? Did he draw a picture of the scene outside, where men, women, and dying children were flung among beds, boxes, and furniture? Or did the Almighty from above view the revolting scene with the same solemn approval as did English law and as do English legislators? I do not say one word about the immediate cause of all this misery. She is only asserting her 'rights,' as her brother and herself have done often already. The English Government, the English garrison, I look upon as the real culprit in legally sanctioning such deeds; and the people themselves next in guilt, for allowing their perpetration.—I remain yours, &c.,

PATRICK LAVELLE.

THE RECENT PLUNKET EVICTIONS IN PARTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

Dear Sir—I hope my letter to you on the late harrowing extermination of poor Quinn and Darmody arrived safe. I have now merely to add that up to this moment the unfortunate creatures have been out under the wide vault of Heaven, day and night, in sun and cold, rain and storm. Last night and this morning, and at this moment, twelve o'clock, the very flood-gates above seemed, and seem still, open. Yet there are the unfortunate people crouched under a garden wall, beside a few coals, and guarded by her Majesty's constabulary! One of the sick children was taken in last night by a humane neighbor; but the terror of the Hon. Catherine would not allow any one to take in the poor wife or husband, who awoke this morning literally steeped in wet beside the wall. It is awful, Sir, I am after seeing Mrs. Quinn a few minutes ago, and I fear very much for her mind. For God's sake make the case known as widely as you can. Let the world be made aware of the doings of our Irish landlords of the Plunket type under the sanction of English law. Never blame me, my friend, for my hatred of English rule. The sight of Mrs. Quinn and her dying child, flung out there under rain and storm would of itself give me enough of our rulers.—Yours, &c.,

PATRICK LAVELLE.

Mount Partry, 4th June, 1862.

DESTITUTION AND STARVATION.—The Rev. A. O'Dwyer, P. P. Killeen, county Galway, writing to the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, says:—"Will you believe it, when I state it as a fact, that I don't think there are 20 families out of 800, in this district, who at this moment are not suffering hunger? Some of them, and I believe the greater part, are subsisting on one meal of Indian meal straight in the day, and some more that have not meal at all. It would, indeed, grieve you to see all the poor creatures suffering. They are without food, they are without clothes, they are without any earthly comforts whatever, and this they are bearing with the most extraordinary patience and resignation to the Divine will."

Mr. Wm. V. P. Hickman, speaking of the distress existing in the parish of Atheryn, says:—"There is, to my own knowledge, deep and dire distress existing among the people for want of employment; this is a fact—the poorest living on half-boiled Indian meal—bad substitute for food, only able to keep life and body together, and, constantly used, producing dysentery and death. Such have I seen, and many, which is known to the people's own clergyman and God alone. What is the remedy applicable? Follow Lord George Bentinck's plan—advance money to the Atheryn and Erisk line—make it in sections—get rid of tape, and save the people to reap the prospective, plentiful harvest, I hope of God."

The Rev. Thomas O'Connor, writing to the Mansion House Committee of the distress prevailing in Loughglin, county Roscommon, says:—"It is growing too great for the efforts of our local committee, although very hardworking and painstaking. They are giving weekly relief to about five hundred persons, and we are obliged to refuse relief to applicants whose distress we know to be very great, but we give only a little to those in extreme want. If we put all who apply on our relief list, our little funds would disappear immediately. It is painful to have nothing for poor creatures whose contentances indicate hunger and want. It is painful to hear the accounts of the misery in the houses of small farmers. Many of them have nothing whatever but the few eggs which they convert as soon as laid into Indian meal; many of them have now nothing to pawn, and as distress progresses the pawn offices are no resource. Notices from pawn offices in the neighboring towns are posted up, stating that they will receive no more pledges; they are already full of the clothes and other effects of the poor. A beggar now calls at many a cabin door, and calls in vain—the best proof of the distress that prevails."

Since the famine years of 1846-47, there has not been so much deep distress and misery felt as at present in Shrule, in the county Mayo.