

Frisk—I wouldn't cross his threshold again. Never fear; but the grass'll grow green enough on that same threshold, maybe afore you or I goes home yet!

Cauth, said Bryan, for the first time addressing the old woman, who sat a silent listener in the chimney corner, 'Cauth, have you anything for Shaun to eat and drink?—the best you have isn't half good enough for him.'

'Cauth,' repeated Shaun, catching at this first intimation of another being present, 'an' who is Cauth, if it's a fair question?'

Bryan would have been puzzled to answer, but Cauth relieved him of the task. 'One that knows you well, Shaun, and danced many's the time to your music years and years ago, near the foot of Slievenamon, eastward? There was an evident attempt at disguising the voice, but it could not deceive Shaun. He started, turned his head quickly towards the speaker, and said in a voice very different from his usual tone:

'Slievenamon! no—no—not there! The Lord save us all! what brings you here—all the way from—'

'Sit over and take some breakfast,' said Cauth quickly; 'there's a cup of tea that'll do your old heart good, and some white bread from the big house. God's blessin' on the giver, and that's young Mrs. Esmond herself. Come, Frisk, good dog, here's some cold strabour for you, and milk, too, my poor fellow.'

'The milk isn't as plenty with you now, my woman, as it used to be,' said Shaun in a low voice as Bryan placed him at the little table. A change had come over his buoyant spirit that even the snows of age could not chill, and Shaun was many degrees paler than when he entered the cottage, with the happy smile had vanished from his face. Words seemed hovering on his lips which he did not care to speak, and troubled memories were evidently at work in his usually tranquil mind.

Cauth, too, appeared ill at ease, watching the piper's face with a keen scrutinizing glance, and shrinking fearfully as often as he opened his lips to speak. Bryan noticed all this, and when Shaun, having finished his scant breakfast, observed that it was time for him to be moving, the old man rose with alacrity, saying that he ought to be on the Rock long ago, there was always so much to be done there and only him to do it.

As the two old men left the cottage together, Cauth followed them to the door. 'So you're gone,' Shaun, without as much as sayin' 'God be with you.'

'I be here and so I was,' said he, turning back his head. 'Well, God be with you; but he did not offer his hand. 'Will you keep my secret?' whispered Cauth, for God's sake do! 'I will—God pity you.' And Shaun was gone. (To be continued.)

THE DANGERS OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

(From the Lenten Indult of the Right Rev. Reverend James Brown, D. D., Bishop of Shrewsbury)

It requires but little observation, and a slender acquaintance with what is passing around us, to satisfy every thoughtful mind that the great effort by which the evil one is striving to accomplish his malicious purposes at the present moment, both in regard to individual souls, and to the world in general, is by increasing and establishing as far as possible a disregard for the principle of authority. He knows full well, that, exactly in proportion as men are drawn away from authority, so will the pride of their hearts expand, and their self-sufficiency will lead them on into every danger. By destroying all reverence for that authority which Christ established, he is able also to set up his own kingdom, and to enlist into his service all those who are weak enough to be ensnared by that confidence in their own wisdom, with which he inspires them, and that security in the guidance of their own judgment, with which he flatters them.

But, beloved brethren, that you may see how this mischief is working around you, and that you may be warned by the misfortune of others against a danger which may perchance ere long assail yourselves, we would remind you of that which every day witnesses in this our unhappy country. Separated as it was three centuries ago from the Catholic Church, breaking away from the only safe anchorage, the rock of Peter, it has been drifted onwards, from gulf to gulf—tossed about by every wind of doctrine, till as last it is hastening with fatal rapidity to that deepest and most deadly abyss—the abyss of infidelity. Those who profess to be its teachers, are divided among themselves into a thousand varieties of opinion; the chief among them have agreed to abandon the very essential truths of Christianity; and now, as if to close the sad career of their wanderings, and to descend into the lowest depths of unbelief, they publicly question, and as publicly deny the divine truth, and the inspired teaching of the Scripture itself.—This is the belief in revelation uprooted, and the very basis of religion ruined and destroyed.

But it is not in our own country alone that these lamentable results have followed from the rejection of authority. It has long been the misfortune of Germany, the cradle of the so-called Reformation, to take the lead also in encouraging and diffusing the principles of infidelity. The evils occasioned indeed by Voltaire and his followers in the last century, fearful and gigantic as they were bore but little comparison with the sad fruits which have followed, and are still following, from the spread of German rationalism. With its subtle insinuations, its professed learning, its boasted researches, this pestilent system is corrupting thousands of souls, and blighting every virtuous principle in the hearts of its innumerable followers. In the colleges and universities of Protestant Germany it may be said to reign supreme;—and from thence it is sending forth through that country, and through the world, its infamous publications, tainting the sources of knowledge, and infecting with its fatal poison every channel of information. The evils to which we have above alluded, as now more publicly manifesting themselves in this country, have long existed in Germany; there they have long since attained their fearful maturity, they have long ago been yielding their accursed fruit, in the

ruin of all faith, and the loss of all Christian principles.

Our purpose, however, in alluding to these painful subjects is not so much to point out their sad results, as to warn you against the cause which has produced them. As that cause seems to be pressing nearer and nearer to us in its operation, so must it be our duty to admonish you the more plainly and the more earnestly of the danger which is at hand. Now what is that cause to which we refer? Whence spring these evils, so fatal, and so vast, against which we desire so anxiously to guard you.

Without entering into the question further than the present occasion will conveniently allow, we may at once affirm that the parent of all this accursed brood, this loss of faith, this rationalism, this infidelity, is the ascribing to the reason of man powers and rights which God has not given to it. When the beneficent Author of our being vouchsafed to bestow upon us the gift of reason, He bestowed it for His own purposes, and He gave it in such measure and with such powers as He thought fit to confer. In one man He has bestowed it with greater capabilities, in another with less; but in all it is His gift. It is no natural right, no essential prerogative, resulting from the nature of things. It is but one of those many favors, which we have received, with our being itself—from the hand of God. Hence follows its dependence; hence the limitation of its power. As it came to us by the free disposal of God—so must it in all things be subject to Him by whom it is bestowed. Had reason been given to us so that we could fathom every mystery, solve every problem, and measure every truth as it is in itself, absolutely and completely, we should have been no longer creatures but gods, we should have been not the subjects but the equals of our Almighty Creator.

Now, beloved brethren, it is precisely because they wish to give to reason this undue pre-eminence, because they wish to withdraw it from that subjection which belongs to it in its very origin, that the false teachers of the day are led away from faith and from truth, into every excess of error and infidelity. The only authority which they admit is the light of their own reason—their only guide the working of their own minds, admitting only such conclusions, and adopting only such inferences, as may satisfy their judgment, and may seem to them to be correct, and rational and true. Under such a system it is not difficult to understand how it happens that what they call science takes precedence of authority, and the calculations of men are regarded as safer and more deserving of credit than the teaching of revelations.

Beware then, beloved brethren, of the first approach of such fatal delusions. Let not the pride of your intellect, or the flattery of others, ensnare your better judgment. Conscious of what you are, limited beings, limited in the faculties of your mind no less than in the powers of your body, cherish within you that humble spirit which becomes creatures that have been built up from the dust of the earth—that have been called out of nothing by the voice of your Creator. Remember that it was the undue desire of knowledge that led to the first sin of our first parents in Paradise, that it was the desire of becoming like God, which opened the way to all those evils which have since deluged the world. It was the presumptuous pride of Adam which caused the fall of himself and all his race. In the very pains, and toils, and sufferings of life; in the bitterness of your sorrow, and in the pangs of disease and of death, you have a constant monitor before you, and within you, to warn you against the deceitfulness of pride, whether it be the pride of the body, in its beauty and its comeliness, or the pride of the mind, in its presumption, its rashness, and its folly. "The beginning of the pride of man is to fall off from God, because his heart is departed from Him that made him"—says the Sacred Scripture—"for pride is the beginning of all sin: he that holdeth it shall be filled with malediction, and it shall ruin him in the end."

What we have written may seem perhaps to apply only to the higher and more educated classes, and to be but little suited to the majority of those whom we are addressing, whose circumstances and occupations belong to a different position in life. And yet, beloved brethren, it is for these especially that we have deemed it necessary to enter upon the subject before us, and to them we most earnestly wish to address the warning which we have already repeated.—For the experience of every day too clearly shows that the devil is seeking, at the present moment, to spread the unsound principles and infidel arguments to which we have alluded, as much amongst the lower, as amongst the upper classes of society. Of this we have proof more than sufficient in those impious publications which are circulated so cheaply and so assiduously in every direction.

As the result of such teaching, we are constantly horrified with those flippant assertions, as criminal as they are absurd, which are now unfortunately become so common among our people—that every one has a right to judge for himself—and that no one is bound to believe that which he does not understand. But, beloved brethren, you may rest assured without further argument that the parties who hazard such foolish expressions as these, betray a degree of malice or of ignorance which renders them at once undeserving of credit or attention. They do know, or they ought to know, that in themselves, in the constitution and operation of their own being, and in the countless works of nature around them, there are presented at every step difficulties which they cannot solve, secrets which they cannot fathom—natural mysteries which defy all their scientific researches, and effectually baffle all their most elaborate inquiries. But if these men, who will believe nothing but what they can comprehend, nor admit anything which they cannot explain, are hopelessly puzzled, confounded, and put to silence, by these simple facts, which this lower order of things, the mere order of nature, presents, what shall we think of their presumption and their madness, when they venture, upon these flimsy grounds, to question or reject those nobler and sublimer truths, which revelation has propounded for our belief. If but one

grain of sand upon the shore, the intimate nature of which they do not understand, is sufficient to convict them of ignorance and of folly, what must be their recklessness and impiety, when they blaspheme the teaching of God, and raise their puny voice against the sovereign declaration of Eternal Truth. In them indeed is verified the word of the Psalmist, 'Iniquity has lied unto itself.'—Ps. xxvi. 12. By that very reason, which they extol, which they worship as their God, they stand convicted: for when she has led them on by what she calls arguments, and proofs, demonstrations, she brings them at last to the conclusion that there is a something above those which they cannot reach, something around them which they cannot penetrate, something within them which they cannot explain.—To them may we address those words of Job: "Peradventure thou wouldst comprehend the steps of God, and thou wouldst find out the Almighty perfectly? He is higher than heaven, and what wilt thou do? He is deeper than hell, and how wilt thou know?"

We entreat you, therefore, beloved brethren, to be much upon your guard, in these times, so that you be not led astray by the fallacies of pretended science, nor by the boldness of weak and presumptuous reason. Let each of these be taught to keep within its own province; as the servant of truth, not to lead it into captivity—to give additional beauty and brightness to that lamp, which God Himself has entailed—not to extinguish it in the darkness of scepticism and infidelity. Whilst you pursue, freely, if you will, but prudently, the paths of knowledge, ever remember, as you travel onward through the wonders which God has scattered around you, that there is One, whose ways are beyond your search and whose thoughts you cannot reach; and when you meet Him thus, in all His works, but most of all when you meet Him in yourselves, cry out with the Apostle: "O the depths of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? For of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things; to Him be glory for ever. Amen."

Whilst we exhort you, beloved brethren, to hold fast the faith which you have received, and to cherish, as a thing of priceless value, the privilege you enjoy of being members of the Catholic Church, we cannot but remind you also again of your duty still to pray with fresh fervor, and unabating confidence, for the Supreme Head of that Church on earth. Since we addressed you last Lent, another year has passed over Him, and it has left Him as it found Him, unmov'd and unfa'ling; with the same assurance in the rectitude of His cause, and the same trust in the protection of His Heavenly Master. The clouds that hang still around His throne, may be less dark, and the storm which had assailed Him may have somewhat abated, but he still needs, and most justly claims, our tenderest sympathy, and our most fervent prayers.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRISH DISTRESS.—DIOCESE OF CLONFERT.

(From the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Derry Bishop of Clonfert.)

We have neighbors to whom charity binds us, and to them we are to manifest our brotherly love, not in word, but in work and truth. The distress which prevails may by its intensity and extent almost deter us from attempting to relieve the sufferers. And it is perfectly true that no amount of private alms that can be calculated on will clothe the naked or feed the hungry of this Diocese. We are not in the habit of revealing our poverty to the world, and we may not, therefore, be supposed to suffer from it as grievously as other Dioceses in the West. But, if this letter of ours be read by these elsewhere whose sympathy we dare appeal to, we entreat, this time, for our wretchedness in Clonfert a share in their charities. Our own personal knowledge, and the testimony of Parish Priests and Curates intimately acquainted with their respective flocks, are to the effect that, since the disastrous years of the famine—perhaps even then—there was not such actual want, nor were the prospects so disheartening. We do not mean to enter here into a consideration of the causes of this deplorable state. Whatever they may have been, the consequences, as far as their mitigation may depend on the Government or the Legislature or individuals, should be dealt with promptly. Leaving to others to indicate in detail the public measures that should be taken, we implore of the proprietors of land to act indulgently towards the distressed tenants; we beg of the wealthy in every class to give employment to labourers, and we desire to impress upon all who can afford to give alms to be generous to those who cannot earn a livelihood.

DIOCESE OF CLOYNE.

(From the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne.)

We regret, beloved brethren, to be forced to say, that, Lent or no Lent, fasting will be this year the rule for the greater number of the working classes. Undeniable proofs of general and severe distress are every day accumulating. Three successive bad harvests and an unusually protracted continuance of wet weather have been deprived the poor of employment, of food, of money, and of credit. In the midst, then, of the saddening statements made to us by those who thoroughly understand their position, we need not exhort them to the practice of fasting which has already become a matter of stern unavoidable necessity. To them we feel obliged to say,—in a spirit of humble resignation to the will of God,—offer them as a penance for your sins; look forward to the reward you may thereby earn; for that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Sufferings of every kind, mental or bodily, coming from the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, or from the malice of men, or from the infirmity of human nature, must be met in the spirit with which our Divine Redeemer submitted to the cross, that He may thereby purchase the salvation of mankind. In this way did the Apostles and saints of old prepare for the glorious crown of martyrdom they are now wearing in heaven. And in this way, did the poor—Catholic poor of Ireland—look on the famine of '47 and '48. To those whom a higher position placed beyond the dangers of that disastrous period it was instructive to hear, as it is to remember, the simple but touching words in which the poor, inspired and sustained by the heroism of faith, expressed their fixed purpose of submitting to the fate that awaited them. In the midst of starvation, with their little ones crying about them, they were ready to lie down and die, rather than purchase by apostacy the comforts to which they were temptingly invited.

Their conduct proved how thoroughly a zealous and sympathizing Clergy had succeeded in imbuing their minds and hearts with religious teaching, and in making them feel in every thing the presence and the action of Him by whom the very hairs of their head are numbered.

(From the Special Correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.)

BALLINROBE, CO. MAYO.

I do not exaggerate when I assert that hundreds of the humbler class of townspeople, who, in better times, were able to maintain themselves and their families by their own industry, are now without employment of any kind which would yield them even a moderate subsistence, and judging from present appearances, I must add there is little hope in the future of any material improvement in the prospects of these poor and much to be pitied people. I repeat there is little hope in the future for them, because in this district, as in others which I have investigated, the small landholders will be unable, owing to their own reduced means, to employ many labourers to do the usual spring work in the fields. I have certainly ascertained that some of the more extensive landholders—men of large capital and large resources—who feel the pressure of the times in a much lesser degree than their humbler neighbors, the small tenant farmers, will probably give some employment during the spring. But the amount of employment from this quarter taken altogether will, I believe, be wholly inadequate to sustain even a tithe of the population who must live by their labour; and what then, may be asked, is to become of the vast unemployed majority, with their wives and children, during the next six months, till the harvest season. At home—about Ballinrobe, in any part of the county Mayo, or even I venture to say any part of the province of Connaught—those honest, toil-worn, but unfortunate people will not find a single week's employment. Unless, then, there is speedily provided in the district from which I write, just as there should be provided in the other districts of Mayo and Galway, which equally require it, being equally impoverished, some certain and permanent means to the people of earning their daily bread, I see no other resource open to all who do not succeed in escaping to England or Scotland, in the hope of finding labour in those countries, than a precarious subsistence upon charity, for the short time that charity can bestow it, and after that the hopeless, almost lifeless, pauperism of the workhouse. The subjoined figures show clearly that pauperism has been largely increasing in this district during the last two bad years:—On the 21st of January, '61, the number in the workhouse was 208; on 21st January, '62, the number was increased to 243, and on 21st January, '63, it was still further increased to 263. It will be seen by these returns that since January, '61, public pauperism has increased in this union 53 per cent, a significant fact, clearly illustrating the low and wretched state to which the people have been reduced during the last two years. The rates for the town division, as might be anticipated, have risen considerably this year. In '62, the rate was 1s 6d, and in '63 it is 2s 6d, or 40 per cent. higher than the preceding year. I am informed that one-third of this increase is caused by the failure of last year's rate to meet the expense of the paupers of the town, the number being far more considerable than was estimated for, and that the balance of the increase, which is equal to 26 per cent. over the rate of '62, is imposed, in anticipation of there being a larger number of admissions to the house this year than during any preceding year since the famine of '47. The small landholders are at present living on potatoes and meal, but their supply of food, I am led to believe, will by no means last till summer—indeed with some the season of scarcity has already set in, and what the hopes are in the future of these poor landholders I am sure I cannot tell. Many of them would gladly make an effort to get away from the country to America or Australia, if they have any little means at all available, which I doubt very much, from the fact, of which I had ocular proof, that the greater part of the household goods and wearing apparel of the tenant farmers is at this moment stored under a heavy, I may say irredeemable, mortgage debt in the large and respectable pawn-broking establishment in this town. But let me repeat what I have been obliged to state several times already in my previous letters, that money relief, either from local or general sources, or both combined, can afford no real improvement in the condition of the mass of the people. Temporary relief may keep out the wolf of hunger for the hour, or the day, from the homes of some, but it assuredly cannot give a certain means of living for months to come to the mass of the people. Reproductive employment, not alms, is the real and only remedy for the poverty that exists in this town and district.

TEAM

I believe I did not mention in any of my previous communications a fact which struck me forcibly at the very beginning of my journey from Galway westwards, and has been confirmed at every stage of my progress through Mayo to the town from which I now write—namely, the remarkable diminution amongst the small landholders of horned stock, sheep, swine, and even poultry. I was not unacquainted with the circuit of country, comprising about 140 miles through which I have just passed, and from my previous knowledge of it I was capable of being impressed by the significant fact which I have mentioned, that cattle, sheep, pigs and fowl, small though the last item is, have during the last couple of years decreased enormously amongst the tenant farmers and minor landholders in the west. My own personal observation in this respect is confirmed by the statements made to me by several respectable and well informed farmers. They tell me that, owing to the pressure of the last two years on the agricultural population, the tenant farmers, with very few exceptions, were obliged to sell the greater part, many, indeed, had to sell all, of the live stock they possessed in order to discharge the claim against them for rent, for meal, and for gnaou. The sheep, the pigs, and poultry of the humbler class of small landholders went in a great measure from them in the same way and under similar exigencies. There can be no doubt whatever of this fact, and I record it as a strong and significant illustration of the pressure upon the tenant farmers caused by two successive bad harvests, and of the consequent decrease amongst them of the little property which for years before they had been able to keep together. When, in addition, I repeat what I have already had unhappily to state of every district I visited—that much of the household property, the feather beds, the blankets, the coats, the cloaks, the shawls of the family, even the bundles of homemade yarn, of the same industries but unfortunately class are at this moment stored in the pawnbrokers, with little prospect of being redeemed, I think there is ample evidence supplied of the greatly reduced circumstances of a numerous and important section of the agricultural community in the west. The condition of the class next in order—namely, the cottier and field labourer—which is also unimproved, deserving sympathy and needing assistance. I believe the population of Tuam is about 7,000, of whom the vast majority are people of the humbler class, who live in the extensive suburbs of the town. I explored the greater part of the suburbs and found the cabins of the people, mean-looking without and wretched within, dwellings, in truth, of a very low type, but accurately suggesting the sad and impoverished state of the inmates. The vast majority of the lower section of the population have not, as I could learn, any certain means of earning a subsistence, and are consequently put to various shifts and contrivances, known only to themselves, to eke out a bare living on the commonest food—potatoes and a little yellow meal. Trade in the town, which formerly was noted for a steady and safe business, is almost at a stand still, and of course when commerce declines amongst the shopkeepers, the

humbler class are sufferers also. This is the case here. The various little resources which were open to the industrious few years ago, when business was good, and enabled men to earn a support in the minor branches of trade, are now completely cut off. Agricultural labour also up to this has been nearly altogether suspended, as much from the inability of the farmers to give employment as from the wet and stormy weather which has prevailed for weeks past locally. It may be stated with perfect truth, as the general condition of the humble people of the town, that a large proportion of them are in deep, many of them, indeed, in dire, distress, and that some are afflicted by want and misery in their very worst forms. The workhouse returns which I append show the large increase in the number of admissions to the house during the past year over the preceding year: On the 26th Jan., '62, the number in the house was 272; on the 26th Jan., '63, the number was 361. This shows a very large increase, the greater part of which has occurred during the last three months. In January, '61, there were but 210 in the house, and the increase of 142 since then shows clearly enough the extreme pressure on the people for the last two years, and especially the present year, although, of course, it does not fully indicate the extent of the distress amongst the population, for in Tuam, as elsewhere, entering into the work-house is the exception, not the rule amongst the destitute—none, in fact, but those who have actually to face famine accept the alternative of the poorhouse. The rate on the town division in '62 was 1s 11d, in '63 it is 2s 8d, and it is feared by the guardians, owing to the weekly large increase in the admissions, that a supplemental rate on the town will be necessary before the year expires. The bounties sent through His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, the Lord Archbishop, are, I believe, daily, and almost hourly, being distributed by the Clergy and by the Sisters of Mercy amongst the most deplorable objects of compassion; but, large and generous as these bounties are, they can only afford a small relief to a limited number as compared with the numerous impoverished population on every side that requires charitable assistance till better times come round. A judiciously administered system of out-door relief would, I think, be the most efficient, as it certainly would be the promptest, mode of alleviating the extensive distress in this town.

The people, if they had means, would fly off in thousands, as from a plague spot, such is their discontent at the awful prospects before them. The population of this parish is 5,000. All without exception are suffering unprecedented distress, all feel in a greater or less degree the depression of the bad times, but I state unhesitatingly that more than one-half of this number are without food—with little or no means, and unable to till their land for want of seed, and for want of money to pay for labour, and that unless largely assisted they will be obliged to turn out on the world's wide waste before many weeks. There are at present hundreds eking out a miserable existence on a very small allowance of Indian meal mixed up with turnips—without milk or butter or any other sustaining condiment. I refer you to the statement of the reporter of the Freeman's Journal, who visited this place last month and whose report of our condition is published in that paper of the 20th ult. It is on behalf of those suffering people I appeal to the charity of the generous English public, Prelates and Priests, peers and peasants, trusting through the grace of God that my humble appeal will not be in vain.

If the Almighty has blessed some with affluence, may their hearts be moved with tender compassion for the afflicted members of the Lord, and inspire them to give affluently—in less favourable circumstances out of the little bestow a little. God loves the cheerful giver. The widow's mite is acceptable in the sight of the Lord when given in His name, and for His sake.

I remain, faithfully yours,
MICHAEL CULLY, P.P.
St. Patrick's, Loughborough, Feb. 17, 1863.
DIOCESE OF KERRY.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the Times:—

Sir,—I would presume to solicit the insertion of the accompanying letter in your columns, at your own convenience. It is written by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, a prelate of whom you, on more than one occasion, have made deservedly favorable mention. I received the letter to-day, and therefore too late for reference to it in the House of Commons.

I have the honor to be, sir, yours faithfully,
JOHN FRANCIS M'GUIRE.

House of Commons, Feb. 28.

Killarney, Feb. 20.
My dear Mr. Maguire,—From the reports which I constantly receive from all parts of my diocese, even from those which in other times were comparatively prosperous, I can state that there exists throughout very severe distress.

The farmers have no money, and in most cases no home-grown food. It is, therefore, no wonder that the stagnation of trade among the shopkeepers and artisans should amount almost to a complete suspension of business.

A respectable draper in Tralee told me that he did much more business during the famine of 1847-48 than he does now.

A poor farmer from Iveragh told me last week that twelve months ago he had eight cows. He has been obliged to sell six of them to buy meal and pay rent. I fear his case is far from being a solitary one.

In this state of things the privations of the labouring class must be severe.

The Superior of the Christian Brothers in Dingle told me that the children in their school sometimes faint from hunger.

United, generous, and, to some extent, successful efforts are being made in several localities to relieve the most necessitous.

I perceive that you have paid a well-deserved compliment to Lord Clonbrooke for the large employment he gave in this town, which tided us over the winter. In Tralee the relief committee collected over £200 and by alms and employment assisted about 500 families.

In Kenmare the Ven. Archbishop O'Sullivan gives breakfast every day at his own expense to 150 children. In this town I have been enabled by the aid of some charitable persons to bestow a like dole on about 200 children frequenting our schools.

We must also acknowledge with gratitude to Divine Providence that the plentiful importation of Indian meal has made the food of the poor very cheap.

The great difference between this time and 1848 is that then there was money without food, now there is food without money. Another important difference is that there was then a population to be starved, which does not exist now.

I fear much for the season that is approaching. Employment and economy may aid well people alive, but they will not provide seed, manure, and labor for the small farmers, nor will they enable the labourer to plant his garden and cow-ens, without which, and with only casual employment, he cannot get on.

For all this, if a remedy exists, it lies deeper than I can fathom.

I remain, dear Mr. Maguire, yours very faithfully,
D. MURPHY.

J. F. Maguire, Esq., House of Commons, London.

IRELAND JUDGED BY ENGLAND. (Translated from the News from La France of the 17th February.)—A writer in La France of this day, under the heading "L'Irlande jugée par l'Angleterre," fills four columns of that important paper. I take a few extracts from it, just to show how well informed the French are now on the treatment Ireland receives from that "illegitimate" to which M. Fernand Labouat, the talented writer, with a palette which one would not expect from such a sharp observer, recommends her to be united, "Par des liens de complète égalité." Irishmen, he says, have it all in their own hands, and in proof he makes the following assertion:—"In a country where the