THE PRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

· Ferdinand !' said the voice.

He stopped, he turned, she waved her hand wildly, and then leaning her arm on the table, buried ber face in it. Ferdinand walked to the table at which she was sitting; she heard his footstep near her, yet she neither looked up nor spoke. At length he said, in a still yet clear voice, ' I am here.' "I have seen Father Glastonbury,' she mut-

tered. 'I know it,' he replied.

'Your illness has distressed me,' she said, after a slight pause, her face still concealed, and speaking in a hushed tone. Ferdinand made no reply, and there was another pause, which Miss Temple broke.

I would that we were at least friends,' she said. The tears came into Ferdinand's eyes when she said this, for her tone, though low, was now sweet. It touched his heart. Our mutual feelings are now of little consequence,' he replied.

She sighed but made no reply. At length Ferdinand said, 'Farewell, Miss Temple.' She started, she looked up, her mournful countenance harrowed his heart. He knew not what to do; what to say. He could not bear her glance, he in his turn averted his eyes

'Our misery is, has been great,' she said in firmer tone, 'but was it of my making ?'

"The miserable can bear reproaches; do not spare me. My situation, however, proves my sincerity. I have erred certainly,' said Ferdinand; 'I could not believe that you could have doubted me. It was a mistake,' he added, in a tone of great bitterness.

Miss Temple again covered her face as she snid, 'I cannot recall the prst; I wish not to dwell on it. I desire only to express to you the interest I take in your welfare, my hope that you may yet be happy. Yes! you can be happy, Ferdinand; Ferdinand, for my sake you will be happy.'

O Henrietta, if Henrietta Lindeed may call you, this is worse than that death I curse myself for having escaped.'

'No, Ferdinand, say not that. Exert yourself, only exert yourself, bear up against irresistible fate. Your cousin, everyone says she is so amiable; surely____'

'Farewell, madam, I thank you for your counsel.'

'No, Ferdinand, you shall not go, you shall not go, in anger. Pardon me, pity me, I spoke for your sake, I spoke for the best.'

'I, at least, will never be false,' said Ferdinand with energy. . It shall not be said of me that I broke vows consecrated by tho tinest emotions of our nature. No, no, I have had my dream ; it was but a dream ; but while 1 live, I will live upon its sweet memory.'

'Ah! Ferdiuand, why were you not frank; why did you conceal your situation from me?" 'No explanation of mine can change our respective situations,' said Ferdinand ; I content myself therefore by saying that it was not Miss Temple who had occasion to criticise my conduct,'

'You are bitter.'

'The lady whom I injured, pardoned me. She is the most generous, the most amiable of her sex; if only in gratitude for all her surpassing goodness, I would never affect to offer her a heart which can never be hers. Ka-therine is indeed more than a woman. Amid my many and almost unparalleled sorrows, one of my keenest pangs is the recollection that I should have clouded the life, even for a moment, of that admirable person. Alas! alas! that in all my misery the only woman who sympathises with my wretchedness is the woman I have injured. And so delicate as well as generous! She would not even enquire the name of the individual who had occasioned our mutual desolation."

' Would that she knew all,' murmured Henrietta ; 'would that I knew her.'

'Your acquaintance could not settle affairs. My very affection for my cousin, the complete appreciation which I now possess of her character, before so little estimated and so feebly comprehended by me, is the very circumstances that, with my feelings, would preven our union. She may, I am confident she will yet be happy. I can never make her so. Our engagement in old days was rather the result of family arrangements than of any sympathy. I love her far better now than I did then, and yet she is the very last person in the world that I would marry. I trust, I believe, that my conduct, if it have clouded for a moment her life, will not ultimately, will not long obscure it; and she has every charm and virtue and accident of fortune to attract the admiration and attention of the most favored. Her feelings towards me at any time could have been but mild and calm. It is a mere abuse of terms to style such sentiments love. But,' added he sarcastically, 'this is too delicate a subject for me to dilate on to Miss Temple.' 'For God's take do not be so bitter.' she exclaimed; and then she added, in a voice half of anguish, half of tenderness, 'Let me never be taunted by those lips ! O Ferdinand, why cannot we be friends ?' Because we are more than friends. To me such a word from your lips is mere mockery. Let us never meet. That alone remains for us. Little did I suppose that we ever should have met again. I go nowhere, I enter no single honse; my visit here this morning was one of those whimsical vagaries which cannot be counted on. This old lady indeed seems, somehow or other, connected with our destiny. I believe I and greatly indebted to her.

"ECCE HOMO." BY ANGELIQUE, " Enfant de Marie." I. O, sinner, lift the eye of faith.

To true repeatance turbing, Bethink thee of the curse of sin, Its awful guilt discerning; Upon the Crucified One look, And thou shalt raad, as in a book, What well is worth thy learning.

11.

Look on His head-that bleeding head, With crown of thorns surrounded; Look on His sacred hands and feet, Which piercing nails have wounded; See every limb with scourges rent On Him, the Just, the Innocent, What malice hath abounded!

III.

It's not alone those limbs are racked, But friends, too, are forsking; And more than all, for thankless man, That tender heari is aching; Ob, fearful was the pain and scorn, By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne, Their peace for sinners making.

IV.

None ever knew such pain before, Such infinite affliction, None ever felt a grief like His, In that dread Crucifixion; For us He bore those bilter throes, For us those agonizing woes, In oft-renewed affliction.

۳.

Sinner, mark, and ponder well, Sin's awful condemnation; Think what a snortice it cost, To purchase thy salvation; Had Jesus never bled and died. Then what could thee and all betide But uttermost damnation?

VL.

Lord, give us grace to fiee from sin, And Satan's whes ensnaring, And from those everlasting flames, For evil ones preparing. Jesus, we thank Thee, and entreat, To rest forever at Thy feet, Thy heavenly glory sharing.

Hamilton, Out., 1880.

THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK

A Visit to the Byrne Family-Their Evidence-Personal Sketches of the Wit-

nesses.

I promised, in my last letter, to lay before your readers particulars of the evidence as to the several apparitions, which I collected directly on the spot. Be it observed at the outset that I took nothing at all upon hearsay. Such testimony, if gathered, would fill a volume, for everybody I met was full of what he had heard respecting the wonderful sights beheld at various times within the past six months on the gable of the now famous village church. The persons examined by me, and referred to in the narrative, are only such as declared that they saw with their own eyes what they described. Feeling the grave responsibility of the duty imposed on me, the duty of acting, in this extraordinary case, as the medium of communication between the people at Knock and the general public of this and other countries, I was governed by two principal rules of action, the first of them being to take none but direct evidence, and the second to test both the credibility and memory of the witnesses, by carefully noting their manner while I conversed with them, and by putting such questions as enabled me to judge how far the narrative given by each one was consistent with itself, and with the accounts afforded to me by others.

The apparitions to be dealt with in these letters are three in number-namely, that of the 21st of August, 1879, the eve of the Octave of the Assumption; that of the 2nd of January, in the present year ; and that of the 5th of January, the eve of the Epiphany.

For the convenience of the reader, I pro-For the convenience of the reader, 1 pro-pose to arrange the evidence so as to retain those dates in their proper order. On presenting myself at the house of Mrs.

St. John. He was to the left'of the Blessed answered, with an upward glance at her pro-Virgin. He appeared wearing a mitre and a | tectress, "They were as big as Mary !" long robe. He was partly turned away from the other figures, facing a plain altar, like marble, with a lamb on the altar, and a cross on the lamb's shoulder. There was a large book, like a missal, open on his left hand, and his right hand was raised up, with the two fingers next us bent. Did the figures appear to touch the ground?

No, they were about a foot off it ; there was uncut meadow that time in the chapel yard; it was about a foot high, and the figures seemed to be just touching the top of it.

When you saw them first, did they seem to to up against the gable?

When we saw them first (that was from the wall of the schoolhouse), we thought they were a couple of feet cut from the gable, and then, when we went on, they seemed to go back into the gable, and when we came close up they looked as if they were standing against the wall. I put out my hand, and thought to touch them, they looked so solid, and I found nothing. An old woman tried to kiss the Blessed Virgin's feet.

That evening, was the weather wet or dry? There was a heavy rain coming up from the South against the gable, but no rain fell on the ground within two or three feet of the wall

Was there any wind?

No. How long did you stay looking at the fig-

ures? From about eight o'clock till about half-

past nine, or a quarter to ten. Was there any change in the appearance while you were looking at it?

It was just the same all the time. Was it still there when you left ?

It was.

Why did you leave?

We heard that a woman in the village, Mrs. Campbell, was just dying, and we all made off to see her. Is she alive now?

No; she died a couple of weeks after. How soon did you go back to the gable of the church ?

In about ten minutes. The place was five minutes' walk from the village and the quite dark then. The min was pouring church. It is not on the high road, but a few still.

Was the space about the gable still dry, as before ?

No, it was wet when we went back. How many people saw the appearance, to

your knowledge? I think there were about twelve.

Why were there so few people to see such

wonderful sight? There would be a great many, but we were so rapt up in it that we did not think of calling anyone. Father Cavanagh's housekeeper tions. The care of a large and mountainous forgot to call him out to see it. When she did tell him at last that she was after seeing gies of body as well as mind, and hence it is the Blessed Virgin at the chapel, he thought little time Archdeacon Cavanagh has to spare that what she saw was the reflection of the from the calls of his spiritual stewardship, stained glass window of the Immaculate Conception. [This window is in the western transept.]

Did you ever see any strange appearance at the gable since?

Yes. three or four times since, at night. I saw lights, like stars, coming out through the gable in a blaze, and then disappearing, and I saw a beautiful light, like a moon shining, although the night was dark.

On the 21st of August, as soon as you saw the figures, I believe you came back for your brother Dominick 1

Yes: I ran back straight to the house; Dominick was tired after mowing all day, and he was lying on the bed. I asked him to come out to see the Blessed Virgin. First he didn't give heed to me, but when I asked him the second time, and ran away out again, he ran out after me up to the schoolhouse. Did your mother and your sister Margaret

come up at the same time? No; they came a few minutes after. I

I took my leave of the Byrne family with a decidedly strong impression in their favor. Everything I saw of them-their appearance. their home, their manners-and everything I heard of them from neighbors who have known them all their lives, led me to judge of them as honest, industrious, and respectable people, whose word upon any matter to which they solemly pledge it ought to be treated

with attention and respect. My next interview was with Mary M'Laughlin, Archdeacon Cavanagh's housekeeper, whose name has been so often mentioned during the course of this inquiry. She is a person of middle age, robust and florid, with a loud voice, a steady flow of good spirits, and a very hearty and cordial style of address. I found there was no occasion to ask her any

questions. She told me what she had to tell without them. On the 21st of August, she said-it was a Thursday evening-I wanted to go over to Mrs. Byrne's (the two houses are scarcely ten minutes walk asunder). About half-past seven o'clock I went in to Father Cavanagh (pointing to the sitting room usually occupied by his reverence). He was reading his Office at the time. I asked him for leave to go to Mrs. Byrne's. When he is reading his Office he never speaks to anyone, but he made a motion with his hand that gave me leave to go, and l went away at once. I only stopped at Mrs. Byrne's a few minntes, and when I was coming out of it Mary Byrne came with me to lock up the chapel. Our way was up alongside the wall by the school house.

She then described the apparition of the three figures and the altar on the southern gable. I need not set down her words, nor do any more than state that they expressed the same experience as that of other witnesses whose evidence is already before your reader. Mary M'Laughlin concluded : For a long time I didn't think of calling Father Cavanagh, but when I came back I told him we were after seeing the Blessed Virgin at the chapel.

The Archdeacon's residence stands about yards up a narrow by-way. No pastor in the land occupies a more modest dwelling. The low thatched roof, the rude whitewashed walls, the few diminutive windows, all might lead the passer-by to look on it as the home ot a small farmer, save for the low wall in front, the neat little wooden gate, and the narrow strip of grass separating the dwelling from the road. Here is the abode of a devoted ecclesiastic whose reputation for sanctity has spread far beyond the sphere of his ministra. parish makes exacting demands on the enerbut, of the time he can call his own, the greater part is spent before the altar of that church now linked with what may be perpetual fame.

I found the Archdeacon in his kitchenthe central apartment of his three-roomed dwelling-with its floor of clay, its open hearth, and huge projecting chimney. He was conversing with two or three of his brother clergy, and was surrounded by a little crowd of men and women of his flock, almost every one of whom had evidence to give of bodily ailments lessened or altogether got rid of by visits to the church of the Apparition. The Archdeacon came forward courteously to greet me. I was impressed, at the same moment, by the sweetness of his manner, and his commanding aspect. Though still in the prime of life, he is some what stooped, but so liberal in his stature that, even with the stoop, he towers over men of average height, and has to look a good way down in conversing with the general run of people. I must try

IRISH NEWS.

An application having been made by the Mallow Relief Committee, through Archdeacon O'Regan, for a grant from the Duchess of Mariborough's Fund a reply has been received to the effect that, for the present, the committee are unable to consider the request.

A man named Connors, from the village of Enocknagree, near Mill street, died last week from starvation. His body was conveyed to the workhouse morgue in Mill street on the evening of Thursday, the 29th ult., with a view to having an inquest. The district coroner, however, was ill, and it is said that one or two magistrates who were asked to act in his stead refused to do so fearing that a verdict of wilful murder would be brought in against the head of the Government.-Dublin Nation.

Margaret Martin, Straoflert, says the Letterkenny correspondent of the Freeman, writing on Saturday, who was removed to the lunatic asylum here on Saturday, suffering from in sanity, the result of destitution, died in the asylum to day. She refused to partake of any food since her admission, and had eaten nothing for four days previously. One stone of Indian meal given them by a charitable neighbor was the only food upon which Margaret Martin, her brother Denis, and another brother's child had to subsist for fourteen days before her removal to the asvlum.

IRISH TALENT ABROAD .- Mr. J. P. Leonard writes from Paris :- " This week, in several salons in Paris, two Irish young ladies caused, | by their remarkable musical talents, quite a sensation. Miss Augusta and Miss Lavinia O'Brien, of Cork, sang and played so as to obtain not only the enthusiastic applause of the numerous audience, but of such eminent musical composers as Herr Stephen Heller and O'Kelly. I do not know if there highly gifted young ladies, and their sister in London, who has one of the finest contraito voices heard lately, will visit their native city, but if they do the musical world have a

treat before them." The TRAVERSERS -- Messts. Killen, Davitt, Brennan, and Daly have either personally, or by attorney, been going through various technical courses, and roundabout formalities, as a necessary preliminary preparation for their trials. On applying to the Crown office for copies of the indictment, the traversers were informed that they would get them from

the Crown solicitors, as the master of the Crown office had no adequate machinery to comply with the application. Then the traversors wanted time to plead, as the notice given was too short. To obtain leave for an extension they should come the next day, Wednesday, and on that day they were given the privilege required. As to the date or trial, that is still uncertain. It muy be before the end of the present month, or not until the beginning of April .- Dublin Irish-

OUR WELCOME VISITOR .- Ireland wishes a

man.

coul mille milithe to Austria's charming Empress, who has come back to Erin to enjoy the chase over the fertile fields of Royal Meath. Her Imperial Majesty was favored with a delightful morning ns she sailed into Dublin Bay. The weather was as mild as midsommer, the sky was clear, the atmosphere screne and balmy, and the bright spring sun shed its exhilarating beams upon the beautiful Kaiserin as she stood on she deck of the "Shamrock" viewing the distant Wicklow hills and the brown heather slopes of Ben Eadar. A ringing cheer greeted her presence as she landed on Irish soil, and then glided through the underground passage to where the special train was waiting to convey her to Kilcock station. Evergreen arches with words of welcome crossed over her path as she was driven rapidly from the railway to

are you living now? On the little Indian meal your reverence gave me.

A man named Carty was next called in. Rev. Mr. Casey (to Carty)-How long is it since you were at work? Not since the 1st November last. Were you and your family badly off before I called ou you? Indeed we were, your reverence; we were starving. The only thing we had to try and live on was turnips until you gave us the little meal.

Carty, in reply to the chairman, said that he had eight of a family. He held half an acre of ground, for which he had to pay Lla year rent.

Rev. Mr. Casey-I have other men outside who will tell you that they were in the same pitiable state as that brought under your notice. Yes, I can bring fifty families who will tell you that is also their condition.

The rolloving officer stated that Father Casey had not in any way overstated the state of things in Kilroesanty. Father Casey-I trust the board will call

on the landlords to come forward and succour their needy tenants.

Chairman-That would come better from the local committee.

A local committee, consisting of Mr. Ardagh, the Chairman, Father Casey as treasurer, and Rev. Mr. Lano as secretary, was appointed .- Waterford Daily Mail.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan in a speech previous to the Liverpool election said :- That was the first charge that he made against Mr. Whitley and his Conservative friends. Charge number two was that influential agents and representatives of the Conservative party, some of them to his knowledge in constant communication with the party managers in London, so pressed upon them in Ireland the duty of entering upon the Home Rule movement, that the Irish thought that to hold back from their invitation would have been set down to sectarian mistrust, animosity and bigotry. Let Mr. Whitley deny that, and he (Mr. Sullivan) would give him the names of the Conservative agents. Charge number three was this, and it might do Lord Sandon good to bear it-that much as that nobleman prelended to denounce Home Rule, it was the Conservative party who supplied the money with which some of the earliest Home Rule elections were contested in Ireland, and the election of the only open and avowed Fenian candidate in Ireland-namely, Mr. (PDonovan Rossa, from Tipperary-was lought with the money supplied by the Conservative party. If Mr. Whitley doubted that assertion, he would give him the names of the Conservative noblemen who advanced the funds. Fourthly, said Mr. Sullivan, the members of the Conservative party who were most prominent and active in election matters when identifying themselves with the Home Rulers and Nationalists were before their eyes singled out for honors and appointments by the men who now composed her Majesty s Government. Lastly-he was telling them the story of how they had been betrayed by the men who now abused them in Liverpoo! -he charged those men with then and there leading them to believe, and he (Mr. Sullivan, for one, still did believe that certain of the Conservative statesmen then meditated what they called "dishing the Whigs" as to the Irish vots, by proposing to Ireland a Royal residence and a domestic Legislature. These were serious striemonts to make, and he made them with the full sense of his responsibility. And why? Because he noticed in the language of Lord Sandon and of the Copservative organs the nefarious attempt to put the ban of political outlawry and infamy upon Home linie and Home Bulers, whereas on the part of the Liberal candidate there was a manful avowal that the Irish case must be treated as one of argument, upon which they were entitled to be heard.

Axioms of Political Economy. "Whenever, in any country, the proprietor,

3

The page entered the room. 'Miss Temple,' said the lad, 'my lady bid me say the duchess and Lord Montfort were here.'

Ferdinand started, and darting, almost unconsciously, a glance of fierce reproach at the miserable Henrietta, he rushed out of the room and made his escape from Bellair House without re-entering the library.

SEATED on an ottoman in the octagon 🚝 brary, occasionally throwing a glance at her illuminated and crowded saloons, or beckoning, with a fan almost as long as herself, to a distant guest, Lady Bellair received the world on the evening of the day that had witnessed the strange rencontre between Henrietta Temple and Ferdinane Armine. Her page, who stood at the library-door in a new fancy dress received the announcement of the company from the other servants, and himself communicated the information to his mistress.

'Mr. Million de Stockville, my lady,' said

the page. 'Hem!' said her ladship, rather grufily, as, with no very amiable expression of countenance, she bowed, with her haughtiest dignity, to a rather common-looking personage in a gorgeously-embroidered waistcoat. 'Lady Ionia Colonnade, my lady.'

Lady Bellair bestowed a smiling nod on this fair and classic dame, and even indicated, by a movement of her fan, that she might take a seat on her ottoman.

Sir Ratcliffe and Lary Armine, my lady, and Miss Grandison. Dear, good people !' exclaimed Lady Bel-

lair, thow late yoo are! and, where is your wicked son? There, go into the next room, go, go, and see the wonderful man.

[To be Continued.]

Pond's Extract cures Pain and Injurice, however several Under any temperature, in all climates, it accomplishes the same wonder-ful results.

Byrne-which, as observed in my last letter, stands a couple of fields apart from the high road, and in the immediate neighborhood of the church-I found the family occupied in extending hospitality to quite a number of visitors. Some were neighbors, who had happened to drop in for a chat on their homeward way from the village; others-travellers from a distance-were anxious. like myself, to hear from the lips of the eye-witnesses a full and particular account of the wonderful apparition of last August. Seated beside the kitchen-fire, Margaret Byrne, the younger sister, conversed with a group of women and girls, while Mrs. Byrne entertained the rest of the visitors in the parlor, and Mary, the eldest sister, went busily to and fro, providing

some little refreshment for the guests.

I understand, Miss Byrne, I said, that you saw an extraordinary appearance here at the chapel at Knock?

Yes, sir, I did. When did you see it? On the 21st of August. At what hour?

About eight o'clock in the evening. There was daylight at the time?

There was; good light.

Where were you? I was going from the house to the chapel.

Were you alone?

No; Mary McLaughlin, Father Cavanagh's

housekeeper, was with me. Why were you going to the chapel at eight

clock in the evening? I was going to lock it up.

from her own lips, in her own house. The features regular and firm, his eyes blue, full was recently sentenced to five years' ponal reader will observe that this account is fuller and expressive : his whole air denoting than any of the others. and enters into several novel parciculars. The reason of this is simply that, as I found her prompt to answer, and anxious to clear up every point that seemed to me to suggest examination. I availed myself in a special degree of her sym-pathy and intelligence. Her manner during most of all in him was his fatherly tenderness the interview was serious and collected ; her | in speaking to his own poor people. self-possession was perfect; and, as I have before observed, she never delayed to answer except when an inquiry was made which called for an active effort of memory.

Margaret Byrne, the younger sister, was next called in. She was wrapped in a heavy shawl, appeared to be in very delicate health. She is tall. like her elder sister, but otherwise there is slight resemblance between them; for whilst Mary is dark-eyed, brown-complexioned, and quick of thought and speech, Margaret is very pale, with eyes of a bluish tint; she takes some time to reflect, and her manner of speech is slow, but this heaviness no doubt springs from the languor induced by long indisposition.

I asked her-Did you witness the apparition of the 21st of August? I did.

How was your attention called to it?

My sister Mary sent Catherine Murray back to the house to call me. I went with her to the wall of the schoolhouse, where Mary and my brother Dominick and Mary M'Laughlin, the priest's housekeeper, were together.

The witness then went on to describe the

an easy fluency : his manner when conversing upon interesting themes becomes thoroughly energetic, and he occasionally uses gesture with very telling effect to add to the expres-

In the course of our interview Archdeacon Cavanagh told me of the eagerness of the people who came in multitudes from far and gable. When the cement that was near at hand had been entirely picked away, the mortar was rooted out from between the stones. then the stones themselves were detached, and in a few days a large hole appeared in the wall. A second hole was soon after made. The sheathing of planks had to be put up, or else the wall would have rapidly disappeared. The Archdeacon went on to speak of several cases in which persons undergoing some form of bodily suffering, who applied to the parts affected water in which some of cement had been dissolved, or had drunk water collected from the ground in front of the gable were cured, or at least

afforded much relief. Referring to the apparition of the 21st of August, he said : When my housekeeper returned home that night, she said that she had seen the Blessed

Virgin at the chapel. At first, I gave no serious attention to her words, and afterwards,

servitude for assaulting Lord Fermoy at gentleness and benevolence. He speaks with Limerick, has received £27 from sympathisers in San Francisco, with the intimation that "more will follow." It will be vain for the self-styled newspaper organs of "law and order," in this country to pretend rot to see the deeper significance of this circumstance. The fact is, the justice-loving people on the other side of the Atlantic have been shocked by the severity of the sentence passed on Shea. They are not, we may be sure, less anxious than the most thorough-paced aristocrats near, to possess themselves of fragments of in England or Ireland to see the law cement or mortar from the wall of the southern | respected and its violation visited with adequate pualshment : but they have, doubtless, asked themselves as many here have asked, whether if Lord Fermoy were the assailant and Shea the assailed the same sentence would have been pronounced ; and the answer that comes up irresistably leads them to the conclusion that, as the case stands, justice has been grossly outraged. It is to be remembered that although Lord Fermoy was knocked down by Shea, he suffered no serious injury whatever. It is no exaggeration to say that had Shea been an Englishman who had kicked his wife to death in Lancashire his punishment would have been very much lighter .- Freeman's Journal.

> SAVED FROM STARVING BY A GOOD PRIEST.

At the weekly meeting of the Kilmacthomas Board of Guardians, Rev. Richard Casey, C.C., of Kilrossanty, and the Rev. Mr. Lane, A.M.,

generally speaking, ceases to be the improver, political economy has nothing to say in defence of land property, as there established.

In no sound theory of private property was it ever contemplated that the proprietor of land should be a sinecurist quartered on

Landed property in England is thus very far from fulfilling the conditions which render its existence economically justifiable. But, if insufficiently realized even in England. in Ireland these conditions are not complied with at all.

With individual exceptions (some of them very honorable ones), the owners of Ilish estates do nothing for the land but drain it of its produce.

What has been opigrammatically said in the discussions no 'peculiar burthens' is literally true when applied to them, that the greatest 'burthen on land' is the landlords

Returning nothing to the soil, they consume its whole produce, minus the potatoes strictly necessary to keep the inhabitants from dying of famine; and when they have any purpose of improvement, the preparatory steps usually consists of not leaving even this pittance, but turning the people out to beggary, if not to starvation.

When landed property has placed itself upon this footing it ceases to be detensible, and the time has come for making some new arrangement of the matter.-Stuart Mill.

British Grain Trade.

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the