

An old man stepped forth from the doorway of a neighboring hostel, muffled in a dark green cloak, and led after him a small coal-black horse with thick neck, clumsy head, and grizzled mane, but otherwise of a striking and handsome make; the horse snorted, pawed wildly on the ground, and snapped now at the strange horse now at his own rider. The old man raised his long wrinkled arm threateningly, and the animal was still.

Julius, suppressing a shudder which began to creep over him as he looked upon these strange figures, inquired: 'Are you the messenger, good friend, whom the Colonel Haldenbach promised to send for me here?'

'At your service, sir captain,' said the huntsman, taking off the tall cap from his snow-white head. The evening sunbeams shone red, and almost bloody, upon the scarred and wrinkled visage of the old man. He then swung himself with youthful agility into the saddle of his prancing steed, and dashed along in his rattling career over the uneven pavement so quickly, that Wildeck's noble Arabian could scarcely, with all his efforts, keep pace with him; while the groom was left far behind. At first starting it seemed to the count, whose attention was now fully awakened, that the townspeople looked after him, and shook their heads; nay, even that some crossed themselves, or stretched out their hands, as if imploring him to stay. But he continued his wild flight scarcely knowing whither or wherefore he went.

By and by the hunter was obliged to ride more slowly, owing to the rough uneven ground over which they passed, and more especially since the road to Finsterborn soon left the beaten track, and led over steep mountain ridges, and again into unto untrudged valleys. The difficulty of the path, over which the wonderful steed of the huntsman trotted with such strange ease, obliged Wildeck and his groom to increase their efforts to follow; but Julius, remembering his reputation as the boldest and most skilful horseman of his regiment, naturally disdained to check the precipitous haste and fury of the old hunter.

It was already deep twilight, when a sudden turn of the path showed the dim outline of an old castle straight before them.

'Ho! valiant guide,' cried Julius, 'is yonder castle Finsterborn?'

The old man looked round him with a solemn gesture, laid his finger on his lips, and shook his head. At the same time it seemed as if an inward shuddering convulsed his whole frame. He now slowly stole along the path which led right under the walls of a moss-grown castle, and along the edge of a deep precipice. It seemed as if here the old man feared the very echo of his horse's tread. But from the castle there proceeded the soft sound of a lute; and a female voice sung to it the following word:

'Dark hours of trial stern!  
For bloody wounds that burn  
From vengeful times remote;  
So fearful to discern—  
So changelessly devote;  
Will ye from your dread behest  
Now and never more have rest?  
Will ye never more forbear?  
Ah! no more corpses bring;  
And no new suffering  
Wander! for thyself beware!'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Julius, 'surely that is Rosaura's voice!'

A shrill cry sounded from the castle. A lute thrown from a broken window, flew whizzing down the precipice close by Julius' head. The old huntsman wildly spurred his steed; and in the renewed flight dashed over rocks and stones through the darkness.

Clear shone the lights in Castle Finsterborn, and cast down their bright radiance into the valley, so as almost to dazzle the eyes of the travellers. Bugle horns were heard from the battlements, sounding forth sweetly inviting airs in full long-drawn tones. 'Heaven be praised!' said the strange guide, putting his horse at an easy pace, while he drew a deep breath.

'This hard ride has been rather fatiguing for you, my old friend, has it not,' said Julius, good-naturedly.

The huntsman courteously but firmly replied in the negative, though it was easily seen that it was said somewhat in jest, for he could hardly speak for exhaustion. 'I am very well pleased however, to find ourselves at our journey's end,' added he; 'but there are many other reasons for that.'

'And you do well not to send the horse reeking into the stable,' answered Julius. 'One can see that you are not only a bold and expert rider but also a very prudent one. In this way the hardest riding will not harm a good steed.'

The old man looked round upon Julius, on whose blooming countenance the full light from the castle window fell at that moment, and inquired in a strange low voice: 'Are you really the Count Wildeck, sir captain? Count Julius of Wildeck, the only remaining branch of your ancient house, and perhaps the last?' And on Julius replying that it was so, he added: 'Now, then, the good God will dispose of all for the best.'

They rode along almost close to the brink of a frowning precipice, through the sounding archway, and at last halted in the court-yard, now almost as light as day with blazing torches and illuminated windows. Haldenbach, who stood waiting at the door, came forward with a friendly and courteous greeting.

Julius had held himself prepared to meet with strange things on all sides on his arrival at this castle, but all seemed to go on quite in the usual way. The host entertained his young friend calmly and cheerfully at a richly served supper-table, and pledged him to the noblest wine, which he drank out of an antique massive goblet. Both betook themselves to rest, after agreeing to meet at the earliest dawn equipped for the boar hunt; only, at bidding Julius good night—as if the evening was not to pass away altogether without something mysterious—the colonel spoke in his ear, in a tone which seemed between earnest and joke, these words, 'Lock carefully the door of your chamber, and draw the bolts too. One cannot always know.'

He went out, leaving the sentence unfinished. A lofty chamber, hung round with antique tapestry, received the wearied youth; he scarcely

thought of the warning of his host, and looked upon it, at the most, as a joke, intended to try his courage. So little did he care, that he slept soundly with unfastened door until the rays of the morning sun, falling upon him, awoke him from his slumbers, and he sprang up to prepare himself for the chase. In a short time he was mounted and ready.

His host stepped to the door, and inquired, 'Did you sleep well, Count Wildeck, last night—and did you carefully secure the door?'

'I slept extremely well,' replied Julius, laughing, 'and I neither turned key nor drew bolt.'

The colonel shook his head thoughtfully, but invited the youth, with apparent cordiality, to walk in and join him in his morning draught, preparatory to the hunt.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER LAVELLE'S LECTURE

ON THE RIGHT OF REVOLT.

Tuesday evening, the Rev. Father Lavelle delivered a lecture on "The Catholic Doctrine of the Right to Revolt," in the Round Room of the Rotundo. Long before the hour at which the lecture was to have commenced the spacious room was well filled by a most respectable audience. On the Rev. Lecturer presenting himself, he was greeted by loud and prolonged cheering, which was continued for several minutes.

The chair having been taken, by Mr. H. J. Ryan, the Lecturer said that it was his first duty to return his sincere thanks for that great mark of your esteem and appreciation, and to express a hope that by no act of his, while he had the honor of discharging the duties of an Irish priest on Irish soil (great cheers) would he ever lose that esteem. He was one of those who considered that the Priest and the Patriot were not incompatible in an Irishman, and while he lived he should act up to his convictions in that respect. He was aware that his subject was a delicate one. Outlawed, or attempted to have been outlawed, by an alien ministry, and deprived by a Whig minister of the common right of every man to defend his person and his home—to address the people of Dublin on the right of the subject to revolt against a tyranny (tremendous cheers) was a matter of some consequence. He was one of those who did not fear the light. It was only those who feared the light of truth, feared it because truth, and right, and justice should be finally asserted (hear, hear). He wished to lay down a few propositions as to the duty of the sovereign and the right of the subject. It was established beyond all controversy that the People were the sovereigns in whom all right and all power were centred, from whom that right and power proceeds, and to whom, in case they were abused, such right and such power should revert (loud cheers). They should not expect much originality in the subject—it was rather common-place, but a question on which lecturers might eloquently discourse. It was vast and complicated in its nature—yet as he had within the last eight days to prepare and lecture in Cork and Belfast, and to spend some time in travelling, it was impossible for him to handle the question as he should have desired. He did not consider it derogatory to the character of an Irishman or Irishwoman to read the poems of Tom Moore (cheers). He read and wept over those poems and while doing so he saw that the sun would one day, and soon, shine over his liberated country.—(The Rev. Lecturer here read the poem entitled, "The Parallel," at the conclusion of which he mentioned the name "Terrence Bellew MacManus" (tremendous cheering). Yes, it was his fervent wish that the Lady of Nations might soon lie low in the dust (cheers). He would submit those propositions, that all human governments were of human origin, proceeding from humanity—that the welfare of the community at large should be the object of government—that government was entitled to respect and obedience as long as it enacts and administers good laws, and no longer—that when, instead of being paternal in accomplishing its ends, it turns tyrant, then respect and obedience cease to be duties—resistance becomes a right, and ascends to the dignity of a duty (great cheering). As he was not in a pulpit, teaching dogmatic theology, he drew from all sources, from the teaching of Catholic divines down to the statesmen under whom it was their happy lot to be governed at that moment (hisses). The Catholic Church had not pronounced any dogmatic opinion on the right of resistance or revolt, but the unanimous teaching of divines showed that it was, at all events, stamped with her silent approval. She never said to the tyrant, "thus far and no farther must thou go without forfeiting the fealty of your subjects;" nor to the subjects did she ever say, "this is the line of your obedience, thus far shall thou obey, and no farther." In the course of his lecture he would show how different was the conduct of the Catholic Church from that of the Church established by law. The prelates and doctors of that Church condemned to perdition any subject who should bear arms against their king, under any pretence whatsoever. Their canons of 1640 dictated this; and this doctrine was prescribed in the Thirty-nine Articles, the formula of that creed. Yet, the people who signed and swore to that degrading doctrine did not scruple, within a few years after first to depose, and then to sever the head of their King. So much for the doctrine of the Church of England. Eternal perdition to the subject who should take up arms against a government, no matter how hideous or intolerable (laughter). Catholic divines say, if the yoke of your tyrant is intolerable, depose him if you can. The English Church says the contrary. Yet, the dictum of the contemptible statesman who rules the destinies of this country is, that the former is the Church which degrades the soul. Henry the Eighth maintained the divine rights of kings, although *Magna Charta*, the work of Catholic barons and Catholic people, had taught his predecessor, John, the source of his power. Elizabeth improved on her father's divine right. She succeeded in staying a general outbreak of her people by promulgating the doctrine, that any one who raised his arm against her power should be damned. The Book of Homilies was exhausted in establishing the divine right of her Majesty; her successor, James entered the lists with the famous Bellarmine, who was foolish enough to propound the doctrine that kings had no divine right at all (cheers). James, of course, being a king by divine right, took exception to such a democratic theory, and wrote very bad Latin in defence of his thesis. He would just take up St. Thomas, who was called the angel of the schools, not more remarkable for the unaffected sanctity of his life than for his profound learning. "If any man," he says, "was intended to live alone, like many animals, he would not require any one to govern him; every man would be his own king under the supreme command of God; inasmuch as he would govern himself by the light of reason given him by the Creator. But it is in the nature of man to be a social and political animal, living in community, differently, from all other animals; a thing which is clearly shown by the necessities of his nature. Nature has provided for other animals food; skins for a covering, means of defence—as teeth, horns, claws—or at least speed in flight; but she has not endowed man with any of these qualities; and instead she has given him reason by which, with the assistance of his hands, he can procure what he wants. But to procure this one man alone is not enough; for he is not in a condition to preserve his own life; it is, therefore, in man's nature to live in society. Moreover, nature has granted to other animals the power of discerning what is useful or injurious to them; thus the sheep has a natural horror of his enemy, the wolf. There are also certain animals who know by nature the herbs which are medicinal

to them, and other things which are necessary for their preservation. But man has not naturally the knowledge which is requisite for the support of life except in society, inasmuch as the aid of reason is capable of leading from universal principles to the knowledge of particular things which are necessary for life. Thus, then, since it is impossible for man alone to obtain all this knowledge, it is necessary that he should live in society, one aiding another; each one apply to his own task; for example, some in medicine; some in one way, and some in another. This is shown with great clearness in that faculty peculiar to man, language—which enables him to communicate his thoughts to others. Indeed, brute animals mutually communicate their feelings; as the dog communicates his anger by barking; and other animals their passions in various ways. But man, with respect to his fellows, is more communicative than any other animal; even than those who are the most inclined to live in union, as cranes, ants, and bees. In this sense Solomon says, in Ecclesiastes:—"It is better, therefore, that two should be together than one; for they have the advantage of their society." Thus, if it be natural for a man to live in society, it is necessary that some one should direct the multitude; for if many were united, and each one did as he thought proper, they would fall to pieces, unless somebody looked after the public good, as would be the case with the human body, and that of any other animal, if there did not exist a power to watch over the welfare of all the members. Thus Solomon says:—"Thus, where there is no one to govern, the people will be dispersed." In man himself, the soul directs the body; and in the soul the feelings of anger and concupiscence are governed by the reason. Among the members of the body, there is one principle—one which directs all; as the heart or the head. There ought, then, to be in every multitude some governing power.—(St. Thomas de *Regimine Principum*, lib. i. cap. 1.) The force of that passage could at once be seen, that society required some kind of government; that that government should come from the body of the people, and that as long as it should faithfully discharge the duty reposed in it, it was entitled to respect and obedience; but the moment it neglected that compact, power should return to its source. When examining whether infidels could have dominion or supremacy over the faithful, St. Thomas says:—"It is necessary here to consider that dominion or supremacy is introduced by virtue of human law; the distinction between the faithful and infidels is by divine law. Divine law, which emanates from grace, does not take away human law, which is founded on the law of natural reason; therefore, the distinction between the faithful and infidels, considered in itself, does not take away the dominion or supremacy of infidels over the faithful." Cardinal Bellarmine expresses himself in these words:—"It is certain that public authority comes from God from whom alone emanates all things good and lawful, as is proved by St. Augustine in almost all the tenor of the 45 books of the 'City of God.' Indeed, the wisdom of God in the Book of Proverbs, chap. viii, cries out—'It is by Me that kings reign; and further on, —'It is by Me that princes rule.' The prophet Daniel, in the second chapter, 'The God of Heaven has given me the kingdom and the empire; and the same prophet, in the fourth chapter, 'Thy dwelling shall be with cattle and with wild beasts, and thou shalt eat grass as an ox, and shalt be wet with the dew of Heaven, and seven years shall pass over thee, till thou know that the Most High ruleth over the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will.'" After having proved, by the authority of the Holy Scriptures, this dogma, viz.—that the civil power comes from God, the illustrious writer explains the sense in which it ought to be understood:—"But," he says, "it is necessary to make some observations here. In the first place, political power, considered in general, and without descending in particular to monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, emanates immediately from God alone; for being necessarily annexed to the nature of man, it proceeds from Him who has made that nature. Besides, that power is by natural law, since it does not depend upon man's consent, since they must have a government whether they wish it or not, under pain of desiring the destruction of the human race, which is against the inclination of nature. It is thus that the law of nature is a Divine law, and government is introduced by Divine law; and it is particularly this which the Apostle seems to have had in view when he says to the Romans, chap. xiii., 'He who resists authority, resists the ordinance of God.'" It was clear from those authorities that God Almighty never gave man a Divine right to do wrong (continued applause). Liguori says the power of making laws belongs to a community, and not to an individual. Divine right is the principle, the power, "Sic volo sic jubeo," or as Louis the 14th says, "Moi Royaume," "I am the kingdom." When the governing power loses sight of the end for which it was established and enthroned, when, instead of protecting the people, in advancing their moral and material happiness, that government becomes the scourge of the people, then he (the lecturer) would say that resistance, if it were likely to end in success, was not merely a right, but a duty (hear, and great cheering). Soires says—"The dominion of tyrants cannot be of long duration, since it is odious to the multitude, for that cannot be long preserved which is opposed to the wishes of many." And he goes on then to show why, and thus continues—"This is manifest, if one only considers the source by which the dominion of the tyrant is preserved. It is not by love, since, as we proved, there is no friendship for the tyrant in the bosom of the multitude; while tyrants cannot trust the fealty of their subjects, and perhaps even it will not be regarded as opposed to fealty, according to opinion of many, should tyrannical wickedness be met in any way feasible. It remains, therefore, that the rule of the tyrant is supported by fear. Hence do tyrants exert all their might to be feared by their subjects. But fear is a fragile ground. For those who are subjected by fear will, the moment the opportunity offers of doing so with impunity, rise up against their rulers the more vehemently in proportion as they were restrained against their will. Like as if water were shut up by force, when it finds an issue it flows with more vehemence. Nor is the fear itself without danger, since from excessive fear many are driven into desperation, and desperation drives one to boldly make any attempt, and therefore the dominion of a tyrant cannot be of long duration." And in lib. i. c. vi. he says—"Neither is such a multitude to be supposed to act unfaithfully in deposing a tyrant, though it might have previously submitted to him for ever, because he deserved all this in not keeping faith with the people as his duty as King required. Thus the Romans drove out the proud Tarquin, whom they had elected king, on account of his own and his children's tyranny, substituting an inferior—namely, the consular power—in his place." Here he quotes several other instances of deposition, such as that of Domitian, Archelaus, &c. Again—"We answer that fealty and civil obedience granted to kings, though founded and rooted in the natural law, must, with greater truth and exactitude, be said to proceed from the human law, because it is not immediately from the natural law, but on the supposition that men are bound together in one political body, or at most, supposing a part or convention among men themselves, as the obligation of a vow to God and an oath among men is of the natural law. And hence it happens that the obligation of obedience as to its matter and mode is not the same among all men who are born in the kingdom, but in each person according to the primary condition and institution of the part between the king and the people, and which is usually known either by the written laws, called *lex* or by custom from time out of mind. And hence it happens that the bond of such fealty or obedience, either does not hold betimes, or betimes even may be rescinded, according to the conditions in the first covenant between the king and the kingdom, or at the dictate of nature's own law, essentially included. Such

may be the perversity of the king against the common weal, or in violation of the league and covenant made with the kingdom; that the whole kingdom can rescind the parts; depose the king, and free itself from obedience and fealty." Suarez says—"I say, in the second place, that a war of the commonwealth against the king, though aggressive, is not intrinsically bad; however, it ought to embrace the conditions of a war otherwise just, in order to be justified. This takes place only when the prince is a tyrant, which occurs in two ways, as Cajetan remarks: first, if he be a tyrant in dominion and power; second as to rule. In the first case, the entire state, and every member of it, has power against him. Hence each one can free himself and the commonwealth from the tyrant." In the second case, John Huss taught the same; nay, and respecting every civil governor, which was condemned by the Council of Constance. But the entire can rise up in war against such a tyrant; nor would edition, properly speaking, be excited in such a case (since this name has a bad acceptance.) The reason is, because the entire state is superior to the king. For, since it gave him the power, it is supposed to have given it on the condition of his governing wisely and not as a tyrant. But he it observed that he must really act as the tyrant.—Stegarr says—"The same also seems to be said of the murder of a tyrant, who unjustly invades the country; or he alone can be killed; but not he who is the lawful prince, but rules as a tyrant, unless after he is lawfully deposed." Sylvius says—"If you ask what is a State to do which is tyrannically oppressed by its legitimate prince? With the author of the work about the 'Rule of Princes,' St. Thomas, it must be said—that if there be not a notable excess, it is more expedient to bear with tyranny for awhile, than by taking action, to become involved in many dangers, themselves greater than than the tyranny. For it may happen that they who proceed against him cannot succeed, and thus provoked, the tyrant becomes more violent. Therefore, it appears that action be taken against a less insolent tyrant by public authority, that he be deposed by the commonwealth, either by its assemblies, or by a superior, if such they have. Nay, that he may be slain, or ordered to be slain, when public tranquillity cannot otherwise be secured, and when greater dangers are not apprehended as the consequence. For the royal power was given by the commonwealth to the king, by which it may be again taken away, if it tend to the manifest ruin of the commonwealth—for it is not supposed to have given that power but in as far as it was necessary to the government and safety of the State. But if there be no means of escaping the tyranny, we must fly to God by prayers and repentance." Brecaun says—"You will say, 'What if the tyrant go so far as to become intolerable, and that no further means are left? I answer, he is then to be deposed by the State, or by a council of the State, or some one having authority from it, and is to be declared an enemy, in order to proceed against his person. For then he ceases to be prince." Pius IX. says—"The precept of obeying the power itself is never violated by any one without guilt, unless, indeed, something be ordered opposed to the laws of God and the Church." After quoting all those writings, might he not ask, what kind of laws were those in Ireland which empowered a man to drive out tens of thousands to deaths, for exercising the noblest of duties? He himself saw sixty-nine poor people driven along a road, and forced as far as the will of the tyrant could send them. He saw an old man of eighty-two summers, and his old wife of three score and fourteen, and their children, and their children's children, driven out of a house which had been built by the grandfather of that old man, and in ten minutes afterwards that house was levelled to the ground. The reverend lecturer then applied the doctrine of the English Government during the last Italian war. The Queen said she should steadfastly maintain the principle that no force should be employed to impose upon that people any particular form of government. He would ask, that no force should be used to impose a particular government upon the people of Ireland [great cheers.] The Rev. Lecturer concluded an able and interesting lecture amid loud and prolonged applause.

A vote of thanks was passed to the reverend gentleman, which was carried amid applause, sustained for several minutes. The proceedings then terminated, and it was estimated roughly that the receipts of the evening will not fall much short of £100, which will be distributed in relieving the poor of the West.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

All-Hallows College is a standing proof of the great faith and piety of the Irish people; for, by means of their pennies, and shillings, and pounds, the superiors have been enabled to erect buildings that would do honor to the ages of faith, and send more than three hundred preachers of God's Word to almost all parts of the earth, but especially to those countries where infidelity and vice of every species reign supreme, but where now the light of revelation is spreading far and wide. All-Hallows College was founded exclusively for the benefit of foreign missions; none are allowed to enter who are not determined to leave country and friends, and forever at the end of their ecclesiastical studies.—*Morning News*.

THE TUAM RELIEF COMMITTEE AND LORD PLUNKET.—How long is Ireland to be insulted by this Lord Plunket of evil fame? He keeps up bravely the traditional nepotism of his family; but he has diverted it into a most disgusting channel. The Plunket name has had, of late years, anything but a grateful sound in the ears of these kingdoms, whether English or Irish. Whether his recent displays of brutality and ignorant sectarianism have given it a more welcome "ring" when struck upon the ears of English public opinion, we know not. We hope and trust not. But in Ireland the very whisper of it is odious. We suppose that no man ever concentrated on himself, and justly, such a load of public odium and disgust. The whole soul of the man seems to be possessed with a spirit of vulgar and tyrannical sectarianism. Throughout all his proceedings there is not the least evidence of a zeal arising from any sincerity of conviction. We could forgive him for that; however much his belief might indicate a narrow forehead, or his way of propagating it, a vulgar and undisciplined heart. But no! Every step indicates that he is influenced by that most base of all the forms of pride—the insolent and overbearing resolve to make every dependent think and believe as himself. Almost all his tenants prefer to keep the soul-elevating religion of their fathers, to embracing the credulous superstition of which Lord Plunket has been appointed a chief minister by the State. But Lord Plunket's vulgar pride cannot endure this. What right have tenants and laborers to have a creed and conscience of their own? When the State has provided them with an arch-minister of the established religion of such an excellent family as Lord Plunket's, how can they dream of clinging to their Irish Hierarchy, to the real Bishops of a real Church? The thing is not to be endured. And so a gang of Plunkets is organized. There is the "tulchan" bishop at the head, and under him are the bishops, the bishopings, male and female. They open a school where Plunketism is taught in its integrity by an enlightened catechist of the sopper species. Next the Plunket gang enter on an active course of from-house-to-house visitation: Soft words are tried, and all the theological persuasion in the power of these omniscient missionaries—which, to say the truth, is not much. If the Plunket missionary exertions ended here we could not complain. But with the soft words come those diabolical "sopper" temptations, wherein the poor victims are literally tempted to save themselves, starting children, or wives from ruin and death by the sale of their children's souls. Falling this horrid alternative these succeed

the menace. "Abandon every hope of a hereafter your Creed supplies you with, hand over your children to be perverted by a Truth which alone can save those dear little ones' souls, or see yourself and all most near, and dear to you turned forth from the humble houses around whose hearths yourselves and your forefathers have cultivated the blessed domestic affections for centuries, homeless and penniless upon the wide world.—*Northern Press*."

THE DISTRESS.—The most harsh and trying weather that has been experienced for many years has been superadded to the previously existing distress and throughout this and other numerous counties, the people are suffering severely. Indeed, were it not for the timely exertions made by the Catholic prelates and clergy of the province, and the co-operation they have received from some of the gentry and trading classes, the winter of 1861-'62 would be memorable in after time for an amount of deaths from starvation and cold beyond any period within the present century, if we except the terrible deaths of 1847-'48. In districts of this town and the outlying parishes, hundreds of poor people have been rescued from death through the aid given by the Sisters of Mercy, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, supplemented by the coal distributed by the Fuel Relief Committee; but notwithstanding this timely relief it is now known and admitted by every honest man in Sligo that great distress still prevails.—*Sligo Champion*.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST.—Notwithstanding all that has been said, principally on Sir Robert Peel's authority, in denial of distress in the west and south of Ireland, the cry of the sufferers is now heard distinctly through the length and breadth of the land; and it is probable, nay almost certain, that the echo of the cry in your impartial columns will do more to fix the attention of the benevolent public than all the declamation that has appeared for the last two months in the columns of the *Nation* and in other kindred journals. In Sligo (says the *Champion*) where Sir Robert Peel was told there was full employment and no lack of food, there are no less than eight hundred families receiving relief from one or other of the charitable committees now in operation. If it were not for the timely aid thus afforded a fearful amount of suffering, and perhaps death, would have had to be recorded. Be it remembered that the Government are still "considering" the subject of distress. What is the Dublin Mansion House committee about? Has it been snuffed out by Lord Carlisle? I do not know that the Mansion House committee is doing anything, but I believe Lord Carlisle is so far turning a deaf ear to the wail of the sufferers.—*Standard*.

On Tuesday evening the Rev. Patrick Lavelle delivered a lecture in Belfast on the condition of the poor in his parish. The attendance was exceedingly large, and the rev. gentleman's reception was most enthusiastic. In the course of his most interesting lecture he mentioned the case of a poor widow to whom his curate had administered the last rites of their Holy Church. Whilst performing this duty he had been obliged to shelter himself as best he could from the rain which fell in torrents through the roof of her unprotected cabin. He gave the last shilling he had in the world to send for bread for that poor woman, but before the bread arrived her soul had gone before the judgment-seat of God, and, as the curate said, "in this Christian country the poor woman died of starvation." The rev. gentleman then gave a most eloquent and graphic account of the origin, progress, and results of Bishop Plunket's proselytising career in Partry, the character of the schools established by him, and his treatment of those who could not be induced to attend them. The sad narrative was listened to with the deepest emotion, and frequent bursts of indignation interrupted the speaker. The deepest commiseration was manifested for the sufferers, and a subscription list was opened for their relief.

The special correspondent of *Sunder's News-Letter*, who has done admirable service of late in making known the real state of the western districts of Ireland, describing in detail the condition of the little fishing village of Tip (County Mayo), says:—"Looking at the dwellings of their people, one would be inclined to regard them as the most oppressed, degraded, wretched beings on the face of the earth. The burrows of the African Bushmen can scarcely be filthier, or more devoid of the comforts and decencies of civilised life." This is a pretty picture to be presented to the world of a portion of the United Kingdom, within a day's journey from the metropolis of the empire on which the sun is said never to set, and which boasts of being the very herald of the world's civilization.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—ATHLON, JAN. 30.—Mr. Fetherston, coroner, held an inquest on this day, on the body of a poor man, name unknown, who was found lying upon a dunghill, near his town, on the 28th inst., in an exhausted state. He was removed to a neighboring house, and subsequently to the workhouse hospital, where he died immediately after. He was unable to speak. A verdict was returned that deceased died from want and exposure to cold.—*Freeman*.

A poor man named Patrick Wright, died suddenly in a ditch, at Carhunavilane, Clare, on the 10th of January.

THE STORM IN IRELAND.—During the past week (says a letter from Dublin), the weather has been of the most wintry character. We have had a succession of storms, accompanied by heavy rain, and intense cold. A number of wrecks and disasters, attended with loss of life, have taken place in the channel, and it is apprehended that, for some days to come, we must expect dismal tidings from sea. About 200 vessels have run for safety into Belfast Lough. On Sunday morning, owing to the recent excessive rains in the mountains, the Bray river overflowed its banks, and flooded several cottages on the south side of the Dargle Road. Many other Wicklow rivers are also swollen to such an extent that the lowlands about Newcastle and Killoughter are submerged for miles. The recent inundations have done a great deal of damage to the corn fields and other grounds under tillage along the banks of the Suir, and the roads adjacent to it. Many of the environs are impassable, being all under water. The overflowing of the Nore and Anner has also been productive of great loss to the farming classes, vast quantities of hay, turf, and in some instances, even cattle and sheep, having been swept away by the violent mountain torrents. The houses along the quay have been submerged, and all traffic on the river Suir has been suspended in consequence of the inundations. There has also been an unusually high flood in the Barrow, on each side of which the lowlands are inundated. The Queen's County side has suffered very considerably, the flood being the highest experienced during the past ten years.

THE FALL OF CASTLE RACKRENT.—The old mansion in the beautiful demesne of Tempo, in the County Fermanagh, which was the scene of that remarkable Irish story, "Castle Rackrent," by Miss Edgeworth, has disappeared—having recently been taken down by Sir J. Emerson Tennent, who is rebuilding it. It was the castle of the Maguires, an ancient race, ennobled by James the Second, from whom the estates passed into the family of the present proprietor. The house, which he has just removed contained the apartments in which Miss Edgeworth placed the long imprisonment of Lady Cathcart by her husband, Colonel Maguire, (who was the *Sir Kit* of the tale), and the window out of which the forlorn lady, to preserve her diamonds from her husband, threw them down to a beggar-woman, who faithfully conveyed them to the person to whom Lady Cathcart wished them confided, and from whom, many years after, she received them in safety, on her escape from confinement.—*Illustration*.

Died, at Roundtown, on 30th of January, Bridget Fleming, aged 102 years, for many years a recipient of out-door relief from the South Dublin Union.