

writ, 'That the sins of the parent will be visited on the offspring, and when capable of discerning the iniquity of a parent's ways, they ought the more scrupulously to watch their own conduct, and endeavor to win the favor of Divine Providence by faithfully observing His law and avoiding evil, for it is certain he is not an avenger of sin unless through our own willfulness.— Yet will their sin call for vengeance against the bad parent for their example and neglect. Ellen's pride was roused by Mrs. Buckley's talk, though she affected to disregard it. It flattered her vanity to think that it was more his mother's persuasion that prevented William's proposal, than that he did not love her sufficiently to run any risk for her sake. Her quiet sorrow quickly gave way to resentment, and it was all directed to Mrs. Noonan; she resolved to shun her old, sincere, long-tried friend, so quick did the tempter do his work. Ellen herself, placed the barricade between her and the only true comfort or consolation she could hope for, namely, the society of the good and virtuous Noonans. She began with a deliberate falsehood; she desired her mother, no matter who came, or inquired for her, to say she was gone to town, and on no account to say that she was ill. The Noonans expected her all the day, all the evening. It was seldom that a day passed when the weather at all permitted, that she did not call at some hour. When supper passed, Mrs. Noonan and Sally began to express surprise that Ellen did not come, if it was only for company, and Willie gone from them. Mrs. Noonan felt uneasy, she feared Ellen may be ill, and though it was late, she took her cloak and set off to the cottage to inquire for her. Sally was surprised to hear, on her return, that she had not seen her—that the servant told her she was in town. It was strange her being out at that hour, but they would hear how it happened when they saw her. The next day Ellen continued in bed, and one of the Miss Buckleys, without any ceremony, came into her room, the excuse being to show her some embroidery which was being made up for a bride. Ellen was at first inclined to be displeased at the intrusion, but Miss Buckley did not affect to understand her. She had a good-humored, off-handed manner, which might pass for goodnature; she had a very facile tongue, inheriting the failure of her mother, and work-room anecdotes and scandal, added to her mother's miscellaneous collection, lost nothing in her telling. She was careful, however, in the subjects she selected on this her experimental visit to Ellen, and she made the utmost exertions to amuse without shocking her by unseemly levity. Ellen was caught in the snare, and amused, thought she had been unfairly prejudiced against her by the Noonans; and, when Jane Buckley said she'd come in the evening and take tea with her, and that she should take a little walk in the orchard, Ellen's objection was very weak, and finally she consented. Jane Buckley—a flatterer, artful, and an unscrupulous falsehood-teller—soon gained a fatal ascendancy over Ellen, who was gentle, confiding, and pliant in disposition to a fault. As we before said, she was very cautious, in the commencement, not to say or do anything which might hurt Ellen's delicacy or her nice sense of rectitude, until association with herself undermined it little by little, and prepared her to see the mask withdrawn without experiencing a shock which would be inimical to their intimacy. Ellen, too, gave way to a most prejudicial indolence; the needle-work, even necessary for herself, and which used to be her pleasant employment, she was soon glad to find her officious friend most willing to execute for her, an occasional present from Ellen fully repaying her.— Even Ellen's household duties were shared by Jane Buckley. Poor Ellen for a time could not bear to care for a few geraniums which William had given her, and which were once so tended; but, seeing them one day almost withered, it was not in her nature to let them die, and so she watered them, her tears flowing plentifully. She had, indeed, many a lonely and remorseful moment, caused by her estrangement from the Noonans; but pride would not let her yield, and the baneful influence of her bad companion interposed between her and her better feelings.— Meantime Mrs. Noonan came and sent to see Ellen, but to no purpose; she was always in town, or absent somewhere, and hints reached her of her companionship with the Buckleys. They were the last persons in the parish that she would have suspected Ellen for forming an intimacy with, and artfully enough they kept their secret in the beginning. She was really grieved, for she loved Ellen almost as well as her own children. At length she contrived to meet Richard Mannix, and she expressed surprise that Ellen never came to see them, or was to be seen when they called. The father knew nothing of the matter; he thought Ellen went there as usual. On his return home he spoke to Ellen on the subject, and advised her not to give up her friends the Noonans; that she could not have better. Ellen had not much to say in explanation. Jane Buckley was present, and she did not interfere until he went out, and then she over-ruled his opinion, and said there was no use in fretting her father by telling him; but, if he knew how things were, he would never ask her to go there; and that she would be a mean girl, without an atom of decent pride, if she held any intercourse with Mrs. Noonan, who encouraged an attachment between her and her son, that she might show the parish that he might get her if he liked, and then left her there. Ellen, inclined herself to be proud, yielded; not with the full conviction, however, that she was doing right. (To be continued.)

THE DESOLATION OF DERRYVAUGH.

Bad work has been done in Donegal; work full of sorrow and of sin; work that will bear bitter and bloody fruit. There are bursting hearts to-night, there never before sat sorrowed to blossom or crime to blacken. Raving, maddened, passionate hearts, given up to the devil's tempting, despair of God, and hating man! Wee, wee, will come of all this. War—merciless and sweeping—has been launched upon the rugged valleys of Donegal. From out the deep and lonely gorge of Glenveigh there is a wild cry of anguish and despair! Never, never heard before, upon that steep mountain side, the shriek of unhoused, homeless woman—unhoused by desolat-

ing—no doleless by the faithless and unjust—rises piercingly to heaven. Childhood covering in the blast. Strong men silently heaving and wrestling with the maddening devil of revenge. The crash of tumbling walls—the hiss of quenched and trampled hearths—the shout of terror—the wail of mortal fear; these, make the scene this springtime brought for the peaceful peasant-people of the glens around Lough Barra!

Forty-five families, numbering nearly 200 persons, have been evicted, at one swoop from their holdings at Glenveigh, county Donegal. The author of this wholesale desolation is the landlord, Mr. John G. Adair. The *London Standard*, a Protestant journal, strongly reprobates the inhuman proceedings at Glenveigh. In words, the argumentative force of which there is no controverting, it says:—"Every right-minded man in society abhors murder; but then, in exact proportion to his hatred of this fearful criminality, every right-minded man in society will necessarily reprobate cruelty or criminality of every other description, no matter who its victims may be. Mr. Murray, it is true, was assassinated in open daylight; but then the deed was perpetrated far away among the mountains, probably some miles from any human habitation and to visit this crime indiscriminately upon a population so widely scattered, is a policy admitting of no defence on the grounds of religion, morality, justice, or even of common reason. Had there been any witnesses of the crime in the mountain solitude within whose precincts it occurred, the fact must have been regarded as entirely exceptional—a species of rare accident in contrast to the natural order of events. In such circumstances as these the punishment of a whole community for not having revealed a crime which nine-tenths of its numbers, humanly speaking could not possibly have known, otherwise than by a species of miracle; is an act which say the least of it can claim no good man's sympathy."

We shall make one more quotation. It is from a description of the actual scene, written by a reporter who was present at the evictions, and whose account of the melancholy affair will be found in another part of this paper:—"The first eviction was one peculiarly distressing, and the terrible reality of the law burst with surprise on the spectators. Having arrived at Loughbarra, the police were halted, and the Sheriff with a small escort proceeded to the house of a widow named M'Awad, aged 60 years, living with whom were six daughters and a son. Long before the house was reached loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figure of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the house where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony. Forced to discharge the unpleasant duty, the sheriff entered the house and delivered up possession to Mr. Adair's steward, whereupon a "crowbar brigade" of six men who, when brought from a distance, immediately fell to, with right good will, to level the house to the ground. The bereaved widow and her daughters were frantic with despair. Throwing themselves on the ground, they became almost insensible, and, bursting out into the old Irish wail—then heard by many for the first time—their terrific cries resounding along the mountain side for many miles."

Those cries will smite a million of hearts in Ireland—those bitter tears will make the blood run quick and hot in Irish veins. And truly as we trust in God, do we believe that the wrong-doers—the oppressors of the widows and the orphans—will yet have their reward. Man may be silent; class-made law may shelter or approve; but there is a Tribunal before which the wail of a widow's anguish does not plead in vain. Once more to a fate less merciful than death is super-added against the hapless victims, poisonous calumny! Slander comes to blast their character, lest, perchance, contemplating their desolate fate, a tear of sympathy might fall! Raft of house, raft of land, rest of home—outcast, plundered, and forlorn—they must also be robbed of their last possession—their character and fair name. While they stand surveying through their tears, the roofless and ruined walls that once made their happy, peaceful, and contented home, lo! the desolator's crowbar in hand, his "murderer" at them as they skulk away. Base calumniators, these were no murderers. A steward of Mr. Adair was indeed, most fully slain some months ago at Glenveigh. That the hand that slew him was not Irish may yet be proved. As for the peasant, no evidence incriminating any one of them has been procured, though even perjury has done its most against them, and though the police have been most active in their search, and large rewards have been offered for the discovery of the criminal. Under these circumstances Mr. Adair steps in, sets himself over all authorities, and to punish the unknown author of a crime, blindly strikes down the innocent inhabitants of an entire village. This system, which Lord Derby attempted to inaugurate and which other men have adopted and put into practice, is a deadly danger to society. It strikes at the root of social safety. It is precisely that order of things which cannot be tolerated in any civilized country. The law should be enforced and criminals punished by the State, and not by individuals to inflict a terrible punishment on persons who are not criminals at all? Can it be said that a Government worthy of obedience, and entitled to revenues from the public, exists in a country where a man is allowed to turn out to destitution an entire community, because that amongst them may possibly be some one or two or three persons who have committed an offence which has aroused his anger? These are the questions that occur to every mind on hearing of such deeds as those of the Right Reverend Lord Plunket, at Partry, and Mr. Adair at Glenveigh. It is not difficult to guess what answers will be given to them by every man who is not poisoned with enmity against the Irish people. It is easy to imagine what replies will be given to them by the outraged hearts of the evicted tenants, and from the hundreds of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land who sympathize with them. What has occurred a few days at Partry and Glenveigh, may occur anywhere else to-morrow. The honest people who are now busy tilling, for a small profit, the land of which the forefathers were owners, may, before the crops they are sowing shall be ready for the sickle, be deprived of house and land for ever, without any fault of their own. The virtuous families that to-night cluster round many peasant's hearth, may, a few months hence, to suit some crotchet, or gratify some resentment of the landlord, be cast out to starve on the roadside—to beg or steal—to fill the prisons, the workhouses, or the bells of the nearest towns and cities. The danger is common to the peasantry of Ireland, and the fault is their own if they do not make common cause against it.—*Nation*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE AND THE CATHOLICS OF LISMORE.—The Catholics inhabitants of Lismore, headed by their excellent Parish Priest, the Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty, V. G., some time since forwarded an address to Pope Pius IX., deploring the troubles that beset His Holiness, and recalling to mind the strong link that has ever bound faithful Ireland to the Holy See. It adverts also to the aid so munificently afforded by the Pope in the times of Irish distress and famine, and concludes with these remarkable words:—"We cannot believe that France at this crisis will be unmindful of its glorious antecedents, when its brightest memories mingled with the achievement in which the authority of the Holy See were consolidated against all its enemies of whatever race or nation. We will not believe that the Emperor of France, who has had his army of occupation in the Eternal City for the last ten years (by which he has saved the bad and encouraged and protected the

good), will now desert the course which has conferred lustre and honor on his name and elevated the reputation of France wherever civilization, order and religion, justice and humanity prevail. In fine, Holy Father, we wish from our heart of hearts that your Holiness may triumph over all your enemies, the enemies of social order, of religion, of peace, of freedom, and recommending ourselves, Holy Father, to your prayers and beseeching your Apostolic Benediction.

"We remain with sentiments of unaffected and unbounded veneration, Holy Father, the spiritual subjects of your Holiness.

(Signed on behalf of the Parishioners of Lismore and Union.)

"Patrick Fogarty, P.P. and V.G., Chairman, Diocese of Waterford and Lismore, County of Waterford, Ireland."

To this address, His Holiness has been pleased to forward the following reply:—"POPE PIUS IX.

"To his beloved Son, Patrick Fogarty, Parish Priest of Lismore, in the Diocese of Waterford and Lismore.

"Health and Apostolic Benediction. "Beloved Son, We have received your most dutiful and welcome letter, and with it that expressive address which the Faithful of your parish sent to Us in their name. Both communications supply the most ample evidence of the special affection which you and your flock entertain personally for Us, as well as your undying devotedness to the Chair of St. Peter.

"We are well-assured, indeed, on the same authority, of the profound grief and unspeakable regret with which you heard of the painfully perplexing condition to which We have been reduced by the audacious designs and wicked machinations of men to whom everything that bears the name and even the appearance of righteousness is absolutely hateful, who are at this moment engaged in a most merciless warfare against Us, against the Catholic Church, and the Apostolic See, and who, having trampled under foot all ordinances human and Divine, dared to invade and injuriously appropriate to their evil uses the patrimony of St. Peter, and to overthrow as far as in them lay our temporal authority. Under these circumstances most afflicting, the united sympathies of yourself and your flock afford Us no trifling consolation, and have justly entitled you to the highest meed of praise which it is in Our power to bestow. It is Our most earnest wish at the same time that you and your flock would ceaselessly pour forth the most fervent prayers to the Almighty, to the end that He may not only rescue His Holy Church from the many grave perils by which she is menaced, and daily add new and more brilliant triumph to those which she has already achieved, but that He would also seasonably succour and strengthen Ourselves, and console Us in the midst of the many and varied tribulation by which We are unhappily surrounded. And as you well know, beloved son, how ripe are the evil tendencies and revolutionary spirit of the times and to what an extent Our Holy Religion is almost in every place at present persecuted. We pray you to avail yourself of every the least opportunity which the legitimate exercise of your ministry may afford, of defending under the guidance of your Bishop the cause and doctrine of Our Holy Church, and of labouring with all the energy you possess in the glorious and profitable work of the salvation of souls.

"Finally, as a pledge of Our paternal love in your regard, We most affectionately impart Our Apostolic Benediction to you personally and to each individual member of your flock.

"Given in Rome at St. Peter's on the 23rd of March, in the year 1861, being the 15th of Our Pontificate."

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE BISHOPS IN DUBLIN.—We *Dundalk Democrat* are correct in stating that on the 23rd of April there will be a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops in Dublin. This meeting of the Venerable Episcopacy will be for the purpose of deliberating on matters of grave, religious and national importance—amongst others the vile system of National Education, which has many years ago shown the cloven foot, and is, therefore, by its origin, unworthy the bishops, the priests and the people of Ireland!

FATHER LAVELLE'S REPLY TO THE SLANDERS OF THE MORNING POST.—The following letter has been sent to the *Morning Post*, but, as might well be expected, was refused insertion. Such is *fair play* with a vengeance!

"To the Editor of the Morning Post. "Mount Partry, April, 1861.

"Sir,—In the name of justice and honor, I ask of you to publish this letter.

"You have fearfully arraigned the unfortunate creatures lately evicted by Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam. You have put them down as 'thieves,' 'peasants to the neighborhood,' persons 'to whom the word rent was a mockery,' and, as such, justly evicted by the Right Rev. landlord.

"Now, sir, as the person best fitted to pronounce on their character, I hereby declare—First—That so far from being the hated criminals you describe them, only three out of these seventy people were ever yet summoned even to a common petty sessions court for the smallest criminal offence, and these long after Lord Plunket had taken proceedings against them. This being the fact, to which I challenge contradiction, is it not a cruel thing, after flinging the poor people adrift on the world, to pursue their humble but honest characters with the grossest slanders?

"Second—So far from the 'word rent being a mockery in their ears,' not one fraction was due by a single individual among them. In fact, Lord Plunket's own agent has settled that matter. For, in a letter addressed to the *Times*, in December last, he expressly avows that "it was not to recover rents, or because they were defaulters," that the people were evicted.

"Thus then are the two sweeping charges made against the poor people, distinctly answered.

"The Charge of criminality, false as it is, was quite an after thought. But, apart from every other consideration, the very contradictions into which Lord Plunket and his apologists have fallen, in alleging motives for his proceedings, ought to satisfy every candid mind as to their utter utility.—Thus the first pretence alleged, so early as the spring of '59 by Mr. Martin, Lord Plunket's attorney, was 'stripping the land.' In this there is no criminality. Next, an anonymous writer undertakes to specify reasons entirely different in each particular case, and for their truth, Lord Plunket, in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, pledges his word of honour. The only allegation of criminality among all these was that the sons of two assaulted a Scripture reader, who was after attempting to tear the capular of a woman's bosom. Two months later, however, in December last, his lordship swears in the courthouse in Ballinrobe that his real object was to stripe the land, and to prevent the Priest from 'acting as landlord,' although in the reasons, for the truth of which he had pledged his word, there is not one syllable about stripping, or my acting as landlord. Finally, his agent in the letter referred to, comes out with a new set of reasons applied to all, and then, for the first time, put forward, to the effect that the evicted people were criminals of the darkest hue, and, as such, sent adrift even in winter, and even at the point of the bayonet.

"I humbly submit that where there is so much contradiction there cannot be entire truth. Nothing is easier than to allege motives, nor is there a landlord in Ireland who would not, to-morrow, find scores of them for the eviction of every tenant on his estate.

"Witness the fate of the poor outcasts of Glenveigh, at this moment.

"What, then, is the real criterion of truth where there is question of motives? It is not a man's un-

form conduct—his admitted acts, and those of his authorized representatives? Now, as regards Lord Plunket, what are these? I appeal to the judicial evidence of eighteen uncontradicted witnesses at a public trial in Galway during the last summer assizes, testifying to deeds of coercion which it would be almost impossible to believe were they not thus authenticated. Constant domiciliary visits from the Bishop's own daughters, his minister, 'Scripture-readers,' 'mission teachers,' bailiffs, &c., the forcing open of doors in search of children, the hiding and flight of parents and children—the threats and the service of notice to quit—the eviction of those who boldly refused their children—the refusal of those who sent them to school after being served with notice to quit—the formal printed notice of the Bishop's 'earnest desire,' which he would 'impress at every opportunity,' that the children should be sent to his school—the backing up of the 'earnest desire,' with a threat of notice to quit—the convocation of the parents within the same week, once at the school and again in their village, to give up the children—their final refusal, and the consequent demand for possession of their land, according to threat, on the following morning. These are specimens of the facts revealed to the world at the Galway trial; and to these I confidently appeal as the only true index to Lord Plunket's motives.

"In his letter to Lord Cowley, Plunket asserts, that of all the people evicted there was only one child of an age to attend school. This is simply false—absolutely reckless. The fact is, that since he began the work of proselytism up to the evictions, they had each, with one solitary exception, from one child to three children of that age, but by ludicrous shifts managed to escape the infliction of sending them.

"Thus Martin Lally replied to the demand, the 'earnest desire' for his child, that he was only three years old when he was seven.

"John Boyle on the contrary, made his daughter out too old for school, and got a grown girl to personate her.

"Michael Henaghan and his wife ran away from the lady and minister, leaving the child to make her own apology.

"Michael Cavanagh put his daughter aside, and pointing to a cradle in which lay his little grandchild, replied 'Take the cradle and all.' Yet Lord Plunket ventures to assert that people thus 'earnestly desired,' thus answering, and thus acting, had no children at all!

"Now, sir, it is a most important fact to bear in mind, that Lord Plunket never evicted a man who sent his children to school. The following who would not send them were swept off the land by himself and his sister:—

Children.	Children.
John Durcan..... 4	Widow Walsh (2nd) 4
Widow Walsh..... 4	Thomas Lally..... 2
Watt Staunton, jun. 2	Martin Lally..... 10
Martin Lally..... 9	Patt Murray..... 5
Matthew Lally..... 7	Ned Joyce..... 6
Michael Smyth..... 3	Patt Lally..... 4
James Costelloe..... 5	Ned Mara..... 5
Thomas Boyle..... 3	John Boyle..... 8
Austin Higgins..... 4	Michael Cavanagh..... 7
Patrick Walsh..... 6	James Henaghan..... 5
Patt Staunton..... 6	Widow Lally..... 4
Widow Cain..... 3	Michael Henaghan..... 7
Michael Walsh..... 3	John Walsh..... 3
John Boyle..... 5	Tom Quinn..... 7
Patt Boyle..... 6	

"Now, the above list does not include the names of some fourteen families evicted out of Toumkeady by Lord Plunket's relative to enlarge his Lordship's farm—or of twelve more families evicted by Miss Plunket after she came into possession. They merely represent the people who would not send their children to school and were evicted. And when we find that no one who sent his children was ever disturbed, are we not forced, unless we advocate our reason, to conclude that these, too, had been spared had they likewise submitted?

"Lord Plunket would now pretend that religious feelings exercise no influence with him in his relations with his Catholic tenants. Well, apart from the above, I have now to state that at this moment there is not a single Catholic left by him within a mile of my parish church, while their places are occupied by bullocks, sheep, or Protestant settlers.—They have been gradually swept away with a vengeance, until now not one is left.

"The poor Catholic caretaker, who has continued to send his child to school, has been rewarded with a good holding, out of which a recusant was evicted.—Converts and Protestants are getting their share of the spoil.

"Instead of remitting a part of the rent to the poor tenants after two fearfully trying summers, he has lately made them pay for bog which a thousand generations will not see exhausted. A single drain fence, or house he has never made for his tenants, but one house for a Protestant settler; and with all this he keeps the notice to quit always suspended over their heads, so that they live in a state of continued uncertainty and alarm.

"To show his sense of the proper and seemly, let me instance the following fact.

"Shortly after my appointment to the parish I was met on the high road by two of his ministers, one of whom fung at me a challenge to controversy. I declined accepting it, was pursued along the road, called a 'minister of Antichrist,' and asked 'was I married?' This conduct one of them has since admitted on oath in presence of Lord Plunket. I wrote to him at once about the matter, and his reply to my complaint was—I confess I can see nothing improper or unseemly in the words or conduct of these gentlemen on that occasion.' Commentary on such a 'confession' would be quite superfluous.

"Such the conduct, the acts, the moral sentiments of Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, and Peer of Ireland. Let him, in the face of them all, invoke motives as he will, rational and honorable men must draw their inevitable conclusion.

"I now challenge Lord Plunket to the test. If I have unjustly libelled him, let him try the issue. I, beforehand, and hereby pledge myself to put on the file the simple plea of justification.

"I remain your obedient servant, "PATRICK LAVELLE."

RESISTED EVICTION—PRESENCE OF POLICE AND ARTILLERY.—Tuesday last was the day appointed for the eviction of the Cormacks of Coolagh, a respected family who have held those lands for the last century, and who were universally esteemed for their virtues through many generations. This extreme step excited considerable surprise, and many persons doubted that it would ever be put into execution; but the rumors which prevailed throughout our city on Monday evening left no doubt of it, as the police authorities in the neighborhood of Callan sent in the most urgent demands for every man of police and military the city could afford, stating that hundreds of armed men were assembling from all parts around Coolagh, to defend to the last the ancient homestead of the Cormacks! Great was the excitement which prevailed in Kilkenny, certainly not lessened by the rushing, at full gallop, of several pieces of artillery through our streets on the Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, to the scene of the eviction. Coolagh House was barricaded in military fashion. Every door, window, loophole, was barred, bolted and bastioned—iron gates and every defence available were thrown up, inside—three doors to be broken into before an entrance could be gained. The police numbered several hundred, and the four pieces of artillery, with a full complement of men, under the command of Captain Morris, Royal Artillery, were stationed on a height opposite Coolagh House, to pour a storm of round shot on the doomed residence, in case of active resistance. Several hours were occupied in smashing the outer doors, and about one o'clock an entrance was effected, when the furniture was thrown out upon the lawn in front of the mansion. About two o'clock,

the Artillery were told by the sheriff that they might return, but on account of some threatening, and a rumored assault on the bailiff the order was countermanded. When full possession was taken of the house, the passive resistance ceased, and the attention of the bailiffs was directed to the clearing off of the stock. The artillery then returned to Kilkenny, after witnessing a very painful scene.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

THE GLENVEIGH EVICTIONS.—We have received a very interesting communication from an intelligent correspondent at Letterkenny, containing the latest intelligence respecting the Glenveigh evictions; but from the late hour at which it reached us, and the limited space at our command, we regret our inability to give more than a condensed summary of our correspondent's letter. He states, that during the two first days, the poor people evicted found shelter at night in the cabins of their remaining neighbors, and during the night of the third day the unfortunate people had, for the most part, no shelter but the mountain side and the sky overhead. On the fourth day, the relieving officer was in attendance with conveyances for those who were unable otherwise to reach the workhouse. None of the poor people were prepared to go with him, as all had some little matter to arrange, reluctance to leave their beloved homesteads being, in truth, the prevailing motive. On the following Friday, forty-three heads of families applied for admission into the work-house at Letterkenny, and each told to the guardians his sad tale, with a simple, natural eloquence which made a deep impression. On learning that all property in their possession must be applied to their maintenance in the work-house, the majority returned to their desolated cottages to make final arrangements. On Sunday, twenty-nine individuals were lodged in the work-house, the relieving officer having sent conveyances for all who were unable to walk, and five others have since been admitted. The evicted people had been under the impression that the expense of their maintenance would fall upon Mr. Adair, and on learning that this would not be the case, but that the expense must be paid by the electoral division of Gartan, every tenant occupant of premises over four pounds sterling valuation, being assessed for that purpose, the poor fellows exclaimed, that while they had hands to work their old neighbors should never be taxed for their support! Hence, none but the infirm and helpless entered the work-house, the remainder being still wandering in the neighborhood of their desolated homes, without any definite prospect for the future. In consequence of the mountainous nature of the country, our correspondent adds, the total valuation of the division is under £700, and from the addition made by Mr. Adair to the work-house inmates, the next rate is expected to be fifteen shillings in the pound! In reference to the blame thrown on the relieving officer at first, our correspondent says he received no notice of the day on which the sheriff was to execute the writ; and afterwards, when he did attend, none of the people would come with him.—*Derry Standard*.

THE LATE EVICTIONS IN DONEGAL.—Our readers will remember the recent evictions in Donegal of persons on the estate of Mr. J. G. Adair. The following letter on behalf of the unfortunate people, has been addressed to Mr. Adair by the Rector and Priest of the parish where the evictions took place:—

"Sir,—We, the undersigned, regarding with horror and indignation the foul murder of the late Mr. Murray, of Glenveigh, and wishing at all times to have the criminal, if possible, brought to justice, and the stigma of such crimes removed from the place where such a dreadful act occurred, and convinced that Mr. Adair, in the extreme course he is about to take with the district of Derryveagh, does not contemplate his own interest, either at the present or in the future, and satisfied that it is none of his object to punish the innocent, but solely to compass the ends of justice, beg to state that it is our sincere and settled conviction that the guilty party may as well have been from any other part as from Mr. Adair's estate. We give this our opinion after long and diligent inquiry and mature reflection. It is like the study of guilt to have few accomplices and those upon whom suspicion rested in that quarter have been acquitted by the concurrent testimony of respectable witnesses. We flatter ourselves with being among Mr. Adair's best well-wishers in a responsible position in this part of the country, and that he would not suspect us to be capable of suggesting any course which we could think he might have reason afterwards to regret. Therefore it is that we would beg he would reconsider his resolution, and not visit so many of God's creatures with dire destruction, most of whom cannot by any possibility have any complicity in the imputed crime. Really, two families, or two members of one family, could not trust each other in the perpetration of such a crime. Most of the people of Derryveagh we know to be quiet, harmless persons, and not capable of lending themselves to the infliction of injury or even pain on any human creature; and we conscientiously believe that there has been no such thing as combination in Derryveagh, and that the act, whoever may be the perpetrator, was the result of an unpremeditated conflict, and not of preconcerted deliberation. We trust, therefore and pray that Mr. Adair will not deny those wretched creatures who are already sufficiently punished, the favour of permitting them the indulgence of retaining their humble shelter. If we had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Adair, we think we could point out strong grounds for the suggestion we have made. We refrain for the present from alluding to the alarm and dismay with which the community regards the consequences and disasters to itself, or turning so many human beings to utter desolation, and in the hope that our expostulations will receive Mr. Adair's favourable consideration.

DANIEL KATH. HENRY MATURIN.

Mr. J. G. Adair. P. S.—Sir,—If I knew you had not your mind inexorably made up, I would go to your place to speak to you about matters.—D. K.

OUR OWN WORK.—We have received from numerous correspondents during the week questionings as whether anything, and if anything, what is being done for Ireland. We are glad that this anxiety exists, for it marks, we believe, a readiness and a desire to engage in any labor which will really advance this Irish question of ours, and push forward our long-pending cause towards a triumphant issue. We answer at once—something is being done. And to that brief answer we shall not add a word until our impatient correspondents shall have heard from us a word or two of counsel on what, we conceive, must be the future conduct of our national struggle. It would be easy enough to rush forward with a design for a patriotic society, the functions of which would be feeble and unimportant. A weak organisation, intended for very light work, may be knocked together in a little time; but if we are to have an organisation made to do hard and heavy work, it must be wisely conceived, massive in its proportions, slowly and carefully built up. Now, the work we have to do is exceedingly difficult in its nature. The obstacles we have to surmount are formidable. We have to contend with the English power in Ireland. An organisation which will do nothing towards diminishing that power is well nigh worthless; an organisation capable of materially reducing, not to speak of destroying it, must be a strong one; but, if once brought into existence, it will be worth the time and labor spent in its construction. Such an organisation must be composed of men who are earnest and "thorough" in the matter, who are fully determined to labor hard, and make sacrifices if need be. The power we speak of will not be beaten by men who wish to "take their ease." If our disaffection towards it could make it disappear, it should long since have gone from amongst us; if speaking and writing could prove fatal to it, we would not now be groaning beneath its