

another hour, when, whoever has least game bagged, let him pay the piper; and, as I'm dead sure of having the most birds, and Bill may have some suspicion of the fairness of my shooting, though I have the most perfect reliance on his honor, come with me you, Neddy, as a witness that everything shall be done in the most sportsmanlike style."

"Fair, by Jove, Charley, I must say; as you know you're always suspected," says Bob.
"O, a guilty conscience—you know the rest," says Bill.

"So the arrangement was settled, and we set out well provided with all appliances for the bird murder, Bill taking a direction towards the mountains, while myself, with Neddy in my wake, took nearly the opposite one towards the shore. But when he had reached a furlong or so from the house, 'hallo, Neddy, you numbscull,' says I, 'close up, and let us rest ourselves on that heathy spot, near the stream—'"

"And was that the way you intended to kill your game? But help yourself; story-telling is dry work."

"Yes, Sir John: why this brandy improves with every glass. But I don't wonder at your question. Neddy asked me the same question, opening his eyes as wide as if he never intended to shut them."

"Did you think, you dunderhead," says I, "that I had the least notion of scrambling over bog and ditch, and you, with the scoff, to be along with me, when I made the bet?"

"By Gonny," says Neddy, with a shout, "though I always knew your honor to be as full of tricks as an egg is o' mate, I didn't think to play so capital a trick, to-day."

"That shows, Neddy," says I, "that you have as little brains as your master, who certainly showed himself no Solomon, to entrust him and brandy to my care. Here, quick—a pull, you backboard, while I stretch my battered legs on this soft patch of heath;—ho, how it does relieve one after a night's spree; and I never felt more bothered than after last night. And so you thought, like an ass as you are, that I was going to harass those legs, that are certainly not the best fitted for hard service, and for a bubble bet, too, for the devil a bird will Bill Ffoliot shoot till he goes back, barring he hits a gull or crow near the house. So here's another pull to his success. Holy Moses, how he will stare and curse when he comes to look for the prog, and find it *not est inventus*. Oh, my poor legs you are surely the worse for the wear to-day."

"Why, to tell God's truth, ah! shame the devil, they wouldn't make a good pair of under-standers, for Tom Saltry, the dancing master, at present, your honor," says Neddy, trying to smother his laugh.

"You're laughing, you impudent vagabond," says I, "but here, since this empty snuff-box, and I'll give you a toothful of it, though you don't deserve it; and, while we're resting I'll tell you a story about those same under-standers."

"I gave him the snuff-box full, and told him the story, which you have heard, Sir John.—Neddy, of course, enjoyed it, and, while he was laughing uproariously, I stretched myself on the heath for a nap, directing him to rouse me, should any one come near, and at all events, to waken me in an hour for our snack."

"If I was there, the cat-o-nine-tails of the trumpeter should have sounded the *reveille* on your bones."

"Neddy was more tender-hearted, Sir John; he remained by me—I wouldn't swear he hadn't another pull at the bottle—while I had a most refreshing nap, I was in the middle of a glorious dream, about brandy and tea, tobacco and promotion, when he woke me for the snack, though, I believe, the backguard gauged the hour by his stomach, and not by real time. Any way, we had scarcely finished, and I was only in the act of making a clearance of the brandy, which was nearly as good as your own, Sir John, (with a smack) when up comes Bill, disconsolate and lame as a tired hack, after carrying a jovial parson a long day's journey—I mean no disrespect to the Church, Sir John."

"Go on, you privileged vagabond!"
"The devil fire yourself and your fowlung," says he, wiping the perspiration off his face and offering at the bottle.

"I'm greatly afraid, Bill, that it's fooling you were to-day, and not fowlung," says I, turning down the neck of the bottle to show him that the brandy was gone, like the snow that was last year."

"And did you shoot nothing?" says he, looking as blank as a catchpole, when he finds the nest warm and the bird gone—he had himself a decayed seagull in his bag.

"Shoot! didn't myself and Neddy shoot the contents of the basket down our throats as I introduced; and faith pleasant shooting it was."

"It would have done your heart good, Sir John, to hear how he ramped cursed then. Why he merely came up to a trooper, or—a governor in a rage. But he turned his tail to Bob Coghlan's, without waiting for his dinner and wouldn't look at me for a year after."

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.
THE ORANGE RIOTS.

(From the Times Special Correspondent.)

The Royal tour through Upper Canada has reached as far as this dirty, stagnant little town, on the shores of Lake Ontario. The Royal visit here, though very brief, has been more than sufficiently long to afford a most unfavorable impression of both place and people. I am sorry to say that my narrative of enthusiastic receptions and grand displays, as far as this city is concerned, has received a very sudden check, and that Kingston which, with a few other towns in Upper Canada, boasts of having exclusive possession of the feeling of loyal devotion to the Throne, has set an example of insolent disregard of their Royal guest's wishes as has prevented the Prince from landing here at all.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ORANGE ROW.

In cases like these, when so much angry feeling is abroad, it is very difficult to collect impartial or reliable information, but the general facts of the case are as follows. The new towns of Upper Canada, have, within the last few years, become unpleasantly conspicuous for Orange organizations of the most bitter and intemperate kind, even for these

societies. In Lower Canada, the country round Montreal, and from Montreal down to Quebec, more than nine-tenths of the population are Roman Catholics. In a few towns in Upper Canada the Protestants and Roman Catholics are pretty equal in numbers; while in many, such as Kingston, Toronto, Cobourg, Port Hope, and Belleville, the Romanists are only as 1 to 10 or 12, or even less. As a rule, however, a large majority of the population of all Canada are Roman Catholics. What first led to the introduction of Orange Societies in Upper Canada, none, of course, can tell, though all are painfully aware of the fact, that since their organization, quiet and good-will have almost entirely fled the towns in which they are established; owing to the excessive war of petty bickerings going on between the two parties. Some of the most dangerous fights and disturbances which have taken place in these towns having been owing to the Orange processions and celebrations of the 12th of July; when the Romanists, too, have suddenly preached tolerance for all creeds, and generally enforced their arguments by a free fight with the Orangemen. There had been a comparative lull in these wretched quarrels for the last few weeks, when, most unfortunately, it occurred to the people of Toronto that the occasion of the Prince's landing at that city would afford a signal and favourable opportunity for a grand Orange procession and demonstration. Such an idea once started, of course, spread far and wide among the town, most notorious for dissensions between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics. The Toronto people decided upon having Orange arches, and receiving His Royal Highness with a great Orange procession. The Roman Catholics, of course, held meetings to protest against this. Both parties wrote bitter letters to the daily papers; third parties put forth opinions in peculiar organs on compromise matters, and, of course, made them worse than ever. A dispute of such a nature, of course, soon reached the ears of the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor General, and the former, as might be expected, at once wrote a letter to Sir Edmund Head, which the Governor enclosed to the Mayor of Toronto, with one equally strong of his own.

THE KINGSTON ORANGEMEN.

Kingston, though merely alluded to in passing, was the first place at which His Royal Highness was to land, and here it was tacitly understood that the question whether the Prince or the Orangemen were to give way was to be tried, so Toronto for a moment fell into the back-ground, and both parties concentrated their attention on this dirty little town. The resolution of the Orangemen here was soon come to. They determined that Orange arches should be erected, and that the Prince be received with an Orange procession in attendance on the Corporation, and with none other. I am assured that this resolution was encouraged to the utmost privately by the Orange leaders at Toronto. Who sent constant telegrams to Kingston exhorting them to stand firm, and insist on an Orange demonstration, and that 15,000 Orangemen would be in Toronto to do the same. This stimulated and further urged forward by Mr. Flannigan, Grand Master, a chief butcher of Kingston, and a captain of a troop of Volunteer and very Orange Cavalry, the thing of course went forward duly accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by the strongest protestation of loyalty and the constant assertion that what was being done was entirely for the Prince's own good. Two Orange arches were accordingly erected in the chief thoroughfares through which the Prince must pass. Except as sources of keen ill-feeling, these would have been totally unworthy of note, so poor and paltry were they both in design and execution. The one I saw, and as I am told the best, was merely papered with Orange paper and with a rather handsome model of the Ark of the Covenant at the top. The sides were filled with the Orange Societies' insignia, with portraits of Garibaldi and the Prince, the latter with the motto of "The faith of my forefathers and mine," with portraits of William III., of glorious pious and immortal memory; little banners contained the names of Baker, Walker, and Murray, of Londonderry fame, with scrolls of "No Surrender," and other mottoes equally inappropriate to the occasion. Whether public attention was so much engrossed in the erection of this trophy, which after the Prince's wishes on the subject could only be regarded as insulting, or whether they wished to render it more conspicuous by not erecting others I cannot say, but it is certain that scarcely any other attempts were made at decorating the town, and that the few other arches that were put up, were worse than any he had seen on his way through the woods from Arnprior to Almonte. Of course the Royal suite soon heard of this wanton discourtesy, and a private intimation, I believe, was conveyed to Kingston that the Orange procession must be given up, or the Prince would not land. The Mayor accordingly issued an order that there would be no municipal procession whatever, upon which the chiefs of the Orangemen met, and encouraged by Mr. Flannigan and Toronto telegrams decided with a good deal of hot-headed talk about giving His Royal Highness a lesson, that they would receive him with an Orange procession, and with such a display only, and that if the Prince did not like it he might leave it and not land at all.

THE PRINCE AT KINGSTON.

The Kingston steamer, with the Royal party, was expected to arrive about noon; but perhaps in order to show to some advantage the scenery of the Thousand Islands (though how that could have been imagined I am at a loss to imagine), perhaps with a view of allowing the people of Kingston time to change their minds, the arrival of the boat was much delayed. If this delay was made in the hope that the Orangemen would have better taste and more loyalty than to insist on insulting their young Prince and guest, was made in vain, for by 10 o'clock in the day the obnoxious procession began to muster in all sorts of tawdry finery, marching along to the tunes of the "Boys of Water," and "Croppies lie down." When they had really formed up in a long line to the number of some 800 or 1,000, it seemed difficult to believe that a set so worthless, and apparently so little entitled to the least consideration, could really form their procession in the town and begin a movement of insolent dictation to the Prince which, for aught is known, yet may lead the most unpleasant consequences in Upper Canada. They of course, were all Irish, and all belonging to the working classes. None were without Orange ribbons and cockades, many had the crimson cloaks of the Royal Scarlet Society, as it is termed, and all these faded symptoms of display were more or less stained with the unmistakable traces of dirty tavern wassail, which, in this country at least, forms a most important feature in all Orange organizations. Every third man carried a banner with "No Surrender" mottoes, or painted likenesses of King William, and a large minority had drawn swords, with which they flourished and vapored and marshalled the others, as if about to lead them into action direct. There were plenty of men who acted as chaplains to the Lodges, and who were dressed as much like clergymen as their dirty surplices could make them, with orange bows and orange ribbons over all. Their chief leader, a Mr. Robinson, in a medley costume, went about with others on horseback, haranguing each Lodge, exhorting them to stand by their colors, rather than give way. In making such arrangements the morning passed. The remonstrances and entreaties of the authorities of the town were of no avail; the Orangemen replied that either the Prince or the Orangemen must give way, and it should not be the Orangemen if they stood there for a month.

The spot chosen for the landing of the Prince was at the battery, a small work commanding the approach to the town from Lake Ontario, and surrounded by high stone walls, which prevented its being seen into from the adjoining street. Here the chief authorities of the town were in waiting, and here Captain Flannigan brought down his troop of Volunteer Cavalry, all wearing the Orange

riband and insignia on their uniforms, the gallant Captain himself being so covered with such tawdry decorations as to look at a distance like a General officer. This innovation in uniform was at once noticed, and Captain Flannigan was requested to take them off himself, and desire his men to do the same; but this he refused to do, and the news of his determination was quickly spread through the procession, and excited general admiration and applause. At last the steamer Kingston came in sight, was received with a Royal salute, and great was the excitement as she came alongside the wharf for every one made sure that the Prince was about to land forthwith, and the Orangemen cheered, not in welcome to the Prince, but solely and entirely for what they rather prematurely considered was their own, undoubted victory over their young guest. But an hour passed, and yet another, and still he did not land. At first it was said he was putting on his uniform, next that he was receiving addresses, then that he would land privately. At last the truth came out in the form of an official verbal intimation from the Mayor to the Orangemen that His Royal Highness would not land to join any partisan procession of the kind; that His Royal Highness would remain till 9 o'clock the next morning to allow them time to think over it, and if the demonstration were persisted in he would leave Kingston altogether. The chiefs of the movement, I am told, upon this held a short council, at which it was determined *non con* that His Royal Highness might quit Kingston if he chose, but that land he should not without the Orange procession to accompany him. With this resolution the procession at last broke up, and horsemen were flying through the town all night, warning the members of the lodges that the Prince might try and land privately at 8 a.m., next morning, and that, therefore, it behooved them to be out and stirring with their procession early. There was a masquerading procession through the town that night, and most of the houses refused to illuminate, and there was an immense amount of drunkenness, and a great deal of loud vapouring, stupid talk about their resistance to the Prince's wishes being supported by their Orange brothers across the water; that the Orangemen in Ireland could shake him on his throne, &c., with other nonsense of the same kind, which angry ignorant men will talk, but which one butly expected to hear from those who claim to be the only loyal subjects in Canada.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd, the Orangemen were again at their posts in procession round the battery, and so hour after hour passed till mid-day, and the thing began to wear a ridiculous and undignified aspect. There were the Prince and his party quietly in his boat inside the battery, and there were Orangemen outside standing obstinately in the road, as they had done all the previous day. At last Lord Lyons came on shore to inform the authorities that the Prince would leave in an hour, and to convey to an American company of Volunteers His Royal Highness's regrets that he would not be able to have the pleasure of seeing them at Kingston. The Orangemen, however, only considered this a *race to get them out of the way*, and remained as firm as ever. At last the Royal steamer moved out of the battery, and the Orangemen called out that he was going to land privately about two miles below the town. If such a step had been likely it would, one would have thought, have been a sufficient humiliation for the Prince to satisfy even the hot-headed bigots of Kingston. But this was not so, and off they all started at a run to get their procession to the landing before him. They had only the exercise, however, for their pains, for the steamer stood westward up the lake, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

When he was really gone the people were, of course, bitterly angry, though they affected to consider the whole thing a victory and decided triumph for the Orange party. A mass meeting was eventually held, at which some violent language was used against both the Prince and the Duke, and it was decided privately that all the Orangemen of Kingston that could follow to the places where the Prince was likely to land should at once do so, and meet him at the various landing towns with their flags and banners, and try everywhere to compel him to accept their procession, or not land at all. This was done accordingly, and a large party started at once for Belleville, the next town at which the Prince was to disembark. I have just heard by telegraph from that place that there the procession was again formed on the landing-wharf, and that His Royal Highness again refused to land, and went away in the steamer for Cobourg. I am on the point of starting for that town, which I shall reach as soon as the Royal steamer. Telegrams say that the people of Cobourg will not now allow an Orange procession, but to prevent this backsliding a number of the Orangemen at Kingston have gone up there, bent on making a procession at all hazards. I have also had several telegrams from Toronto, and fear, from all I hear, that there is every prospect of a riot at that place. The Orangemen are said to be determined on having their display, and the Scotch Presbyterians I am told are coming in there in large numbers from all parts of the country, bent on driving the Orangemen into the river if they attempt it. These, however, I hope, are only rumours, but, at any rate, I can send no detailed news by telegraph up to the evening of Saturday the 8th. The ball here last night was intended for 2,000 persons, and a magnificent supper was provided. There were 19 gentlemen present and 17 ladies, in a room almost as big as that at Montreal. Of course, it did not last an hour. People were frightened to be alone in such a huge apartment, and all came away.

COBourg, Sept. 7, 9 A.M.

The telegrams which I received from Belleville before I left Kingston yesterday were quite correct as to the Orangemen having again succeeded in driving the Prince from that landing. A number of them travelled over night, and were waiting at Belleville with their banners, bands, and other insignia. If anything were wanting to show the *animus* of this miserable persecution it was this step. The Orangemen of Kingston have, according to their notions, a right to do what they like in their own town, and, of course, having that place completely under their own control, might dictate whatever offensive ceremonies they pleased, as to the manner in which their guest was to be received. But when they had insisted on their own petty affront and carried it to an extent that drove the Prince away, they might surely have remained content with this most inhospitable and disloyal victory, and left other towns to decide for themselves whether they would allow their Royal guest to land or keep him wandering in a steamboat rejected from the very cities to which he had been invited. But there has been an aviciousness of insult about the Kingston demagogues that was not to be satisfied with merely expelling the Prince from that dilapidated township. It is not every day that men like Mr. Flannigan or Mr. Robinson have opportunities of compelling Royalty to bow before their opposition and turn back from their own town to avoid their insults. It is not likely that they will soon again have an opportunity of insulting another Prince of Wales, so Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson have made the most of the opportunity. The former undertook to go down with Orange banners to Cobourg, while the latter started at once for Belleville, the place where His Royal Highness intended to land yesterday morning. To do the people of Belleville were justice they had abandoned all idea of forcing an Orange procession on the Prince, and the Orange arches which had been erected had been denuded of their partisan symbols. The chief authorities implored the Orangemen not to assemble as Orangemen, and the latter signed a petition to the County and Grand Masters of the Lodges to the same effect, and that the Prince might be allowed to land. The Belleville Orangemen did relent, and no procession would have been formed but for the arrival of the men from Kingston.

The importation of these firebrands soon decided the matter, and their vulgar declamation about giving the Prince a lesson was, unfortunately, listened to by many of the Belleville deputy grand masters. The result was that an Orange procession was formed on the very spot where the Prince was to land, though I am assured that more than nine-tenths of it was entirely composed of Kingston men and supplied with Kingston banners. The Prince's steamer came, his Royal Highness saw the old "No Surrender" and other Orange flags, and, without making any stay at all, the vessel turned round at once and went away to Cobourg. For all any at Belleville knew, the Royal party might have been short of provisions on board, and, in fact, this would actually have been the case but for the care of Mr. Rose, who privately sent a quantity on board before the vessel quitted Kingston. But I almost believe the party might have been half starved before Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson would have furled a single banner or abated one jot of their persevering insolence. Before leaving Kingston the Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to the Mayor of the town, a copy of which I enclose. I may explain in reference to its concluding paragraph, that the Mayor and Corporation were invited to present their address on board the steamer while at Kingston, but they declined. By some this refusal is stated to have been due to fear of molestation from the Orangemen; if they consented to such an indignity, I am, however, sorry to say that, from all I have heard, I believe it arose from no other cause than that of strong sympathy with the processions. The Mayor, Mr. Strangé, is himself a conspicuous member of the Orange party, while his brother is sent only to Mr. Flannigan in the part he has taken to keep up this unfortunate movement.

No procession was attempted here, but in order to gland up the slumbering energy of the Society, Mr. Flannigan, with the Mayor of Kingston's brother came up by train from Kingston with a number of Orange flags, with which they hoped to arrive in time and find a sufficient number of Lodge men to carry them on to the landing place, and so again drive the Prince away. Their coming and their purpose were telegraphed to the authorities here, and by curious coincidence it happened that the train stopped so long at various stations that it soon got nearly an hour and a half behind time, to the intense annoyance and wrath of Messrs. Flannigan & Co. The result of this untoward delay was that the Prince had been received before the train arrived and so the chance of a further insult to the Royal guest was lost. The display of illuminations, fire works, and arches at this town has been very beautiful. The Prince went to a ball here last night, which passed off most successfully. In an hour or so he will start for Peterborough and Port Hope, en route for Toronto. Before he leaves Mr. Flannigan intends attempting something like an Orange demonstration, which, I fear, may end in his getting his head broken. It is said that all has been satisfactorily arranged at Toronto. I sincerely hope so, but, as some of the Kingston men are going up there, I fear the affair will scarcely pass over without some disturbance. The Kingston leaders have expressed their firm determination to follow the Prince everywhere, an announcement which had greatly raised the wrath of some American gentlemen, who swear that if they come after him to Niagara they will be thrown over the Falls. So bent are the Americans on giving him a good reception, and on consulting his wishes in every way, that I am certain it would cost the lives of half concerned in it if even the semblance of an Orange demonstration were attempted to be forced upon the Prince during his visit to the United States.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

COLLECTION FOR HIS HOLINESS IN THE DIOCESE OF DERRY.—The fidelity and devotion of the Catholics of Ireland to the Supreme Pontiff in the midst of the trials and difficulties by which he is surrounded, must indeed be as consoling and gratifying to him as they are creditable to them. As most noteworthy of the extraordinary efforts made by the people in every part of Ireland to contribute all they possibly could to the Papal Fund, we are truly delighted to find that in the diocese of Derry the collection amounted to the very large sum of £2,611 3s. This would be an exceedingly handsome contribution anywhere, but it is a most magnificent one when we take into consideration that it has been collected in a portion of the country where the Catholic population is smaller and the Protestant larger than in any other part of Ireland. All honor therefore, we say, to the generous and faithful Catholics of the North.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

OPENING OF THE NEW LOBBY TO CONVENT IN OMAHA.

It is delightful to witness the interest that is manifested by the pure old Celtic race in Ireland in the restoration of the sacred edifices of their country, and their enthusiasm and joy on beholding springing up around them, as it were by magic, churches and religious houses, rivalling in splendour those of the former days, from which are diffused plentifully the blessings of refinement and knowledge, and charity and peace amongst all classes of the people. And when it is considered that it was in Ulster that the Gothic storm of the Reformation had blown fiercest, and that in it chiefly were fought the last armed struggles for the faith, and when they look upon the venerable old romantic ruins and churches of the olden time, sundered over the face of the country, where still the ivy arch and crumbling pillar tell the glories of the past, it is no wonder that an oppressed and persecuted race would be filled with delight on beholding the restoration of those sacred edifices, where sheltered from the angry passions and storms which may surround them, can worship their God according to the dictates of their conscience.—And, is it not a theme of well-merited eulogy—the liberality which the over-faithful Irish people contribute towards their erection, supplying, at once, evidence of their great faith and piety? On entering the pretty town of Omaha, the attention of the traveller is immediately arrested by the new and spacious convent which was opened on Thursday last, so auspiciously and with so much *clat*. It enjoys all the advantages of a noble site, on one of those numerous pretty little hills which ornament so much the surrounding landscape. It stands close to the railway station, and when its grounds are all arranged with the hand of taste and elegance, as they soon will be, it will form a most agreeable and pleasing object in the scenery. It has been erected, I am told, at a cost of £2,500 from plans by Mr. Hatfield, and it is creditable to Mr. Doolin, for the efficient manner in which he has carried out the contract.—With some other visitors I had the honor of being shown over the different parts of the building by the highly-accomplished Superioress, and we were all most pleased with its arrangements. The apartments are spacious and well lighted, tastefully furnished as convents are, and being well ventilated, will make a happy and healthy home for the nuns and their pupils.—*Freesman*.

THE NEW IRELAND ACT.—The Northern Whig

publishes a comprehensive abstract of the Act for the settlement (it is to be hoped for some time) of the Irish land difficulty, one of the few measures which will make memorable the rather barren Session of 1860. It is only just issued from the printer's, and it will come into operation on the 2d of November in the present year. In a running comment upon its leading features the Belfast paper observes:—"The first point to which we desire to call the attention of the tenantry of Ulster is the fact that this is not a 'Tenant-right' Act and in so far it will disappoint popular expectation. It does not deal with the tenant-right principle directly but it is, nevertheless, a valuable measure to its extent, and one which Mr. Cardwell is entitled to credit for having passed. Under present circumstances, the

Chief Secretary could not, we believe, have carried a measure to legalize the Ulster custom and settle the tenant-right question on a proper basis. The temper of the late Session rendered such a project unattainable, and, contrary to public expectation and belief, we have therefore no Tenant-right Bill whatever as the result of the recent legislation on Irish land tenure; for the other Act that was passed—the Attorney-General's—was merely one for purposes of consolidation. The chief value of the present measure is, that the principle that a tenant is entitled to compensation for the improvements he effects is at last recognized by the law. Under its provisions improvements can be made either by the tenant or by the landlord, under the control and sanction of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions or a Judge of the Landed Estates Court. Compensation for the sums so expended is to be secured by an annuity of 2 1/2 per cent. for 25 years, commencing on the date of the charging order made by the Judge or Chairman when the improvements have been completed and certified. The second part of the Act has reference to leasing powers, and is very important. It gives the right to grant leases under the different titles of agricultural leases for terms not exceeding 21 years, improvement leases not exceeding 41 years, and building leases not exceeding 99 years (except in special cases), under the conditions set forth in the 25th section of the Act. The most interesting portion of the Act to tenant farmers is that which deals with tenants' improvements.—Part 3. Although the retrospective question is not touched, it is satisfactory to find that henceforth a tenant is to be protected in his interest in the soil created by his own labour and outlay, and that he cannot be turned out of his holding without being compensated for all the money he has spent and the labour he has bestowed in judiciously improving his landlord's property. We notice with satisfaction the significant wording of the last clause of the Act, which plainly refers to the Ulster tenant-right, and expressly provides that this Act shall in no way effect or prejudice that custom."

THE RETURNS OF AGRICULTURE AND EMIGRATION FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.—Owing to the very uncertain state of the weather public attention at this moment is most apprehensively directed to the state of the crops. Mr. Donnelly's report, therefore, possesses a more than ordinary interest this year, the more especially as it appears whilst the result of the harvest is still unknown, and awaited with the deepest anxiety. Opinions on this head have been as variable as the weather—now all cloud, and again all sunshine. The golden mean is always the safest guide according to the adage—*in medio tutissimus vis*. There is always considerable satisfaction and advantage in calculating from reliable sources, and the materials for the Registrar General's report are collected with such care, and by so large and efficient a staff—amounting to 4,000 individuals judiciously selected from the Constabulary and the Police of the metropolis—that we are accustomed to regard it in the light of an indisputable document. Add to this the most important fact of all, that the data furnished to those who are commissioned to obtain it proceed from what may be termed the fountain head in the matter—namely, the farmers themselves, who most readily afford to the enumerators the information they require, though the reverse of this obliging and unreserved disposition is shown by the British and Scotch farmers, the reticence of the latter arising we presume, from a disinclination on their part to let the world around them—their landlords amongst the rest—know how they stand, and what their prospects are. According, then, to the statistics before us it appears that cereal and green crops show an increase of some two or three per cent. on the extent of the same crops last year. In oats and potatoes there has, however, been some decrease, whilst the increase is confined to meadow and clover. This is perhaps attributable to the very great scarcity of hay last year. Compared with 1858, the average under wheat this year is considerably less, though it is somewhat more than last year, but then there was one-seventh at least less wheat sown in 1859 than in 1858. This year's wheat is calculated to cover 469,642 acres, that is about 5,000 acres more than last, and 7,700 less than in 1858. It is difficult to assign a reason for this serious variation, but it is evident that the wheat crop cannot be considered the safest or most profitable one by the farmers, or we should find it at all events occupying the same proportion of land as heretofore. In the oats crop, too, there is a decrease. This has been the case since 1856, when the breadth of land under this cereal was nearly 40,000 acres more than it is now. In barley, rye, peas and beans, there is likewise some decrease; but none worthy of special remark. The entire decline in cereal crops, as compared with those of last year, is computed at 15,225 acres. This is, however, no very large variation from last year's returns, but when contrasted with those of 1858, the falling off is so very large that were it to continue in the same ratio during any succession of years, the agricultural resources of the country would be materially deteriorated. It is more easy to account for the gradual decline in potato planting. The blight has continued to make serious inroads in the crop since it first committed such ruinous havoc in it; and the farmer, therefore, feeling less confidence in it, year after year, and considering the risk too great, has turned his attention to other green crops, the cultivation of which in Ireland has increased considerably of late years—the potato will nevertheless always be largely planted in this country as long as the decrease, to which it has now been subjected for several years, leaves two-thirds of the growth unimpaired. Turnips, which are also a precarious crop, have fallen off likewise during the last four years, whilst the culture of flax has increased about 25 per cent. during that period, and grass and clover exhibit an increase of about 157,000 acres, which will amply compensate the farmer for the deficiencies of last year, and the yield would necessarily have been greater still had not the wet weather militated considerably against it. However, with regard to the greater portion of the crops classified in the Registrar's returns, much will depend on the state of the weather during the remainder of the present and the beginning of the present month. Should it be tolerably seasonable, there will, in all probability, be an average crop, and as from various causes agricultural produce of every kind has run to a price sufficiently high, farmers will, I trust, be able to meet their engagements this year with tolerable ease, and lay something by for the future. We have not yet noticed Mr. Donnelly's returns of stock, which, we regret to find, exhibits a very heavy falling off of each kind, the value being one million and a half less than last year. The Registrar attributes this decline to the inordinate price of fodder during a portion of the year. The actual effect, however, appears to us to exceed the alleged cause, as the price of all kinds of fresh meat rose with the price of fodder, and the farmer was thus compensated, besides receiving an enormous price for whatever fodder he could sell. We have no doubt, however, that the excessive price and great scarcity of fodder compelled numerous small farmers to reduce the number of their stock. As regards horses, the cause assigned by the Registrar no doubt holds good. Turning from this series of calculations regarding the agricultural interests of the country during the present year, as contrasted with the last, we come with a saddened heart to the emigration returns. And here, alas! we find the decrease in our population going on as rapidly as ever. From the commencement of the year up to the close of Aug., a period of only eight months, more than sixty-two thousand emigrants have bidden farewell in two cases for ever to the land of their birth. From Leicester, 10,124; from Munster, 20,639; from Ulster, 19,646; and from Connaught, 6,890. The returns given show further, that during the last ten years one million one hundred and forty thousand nine hundred and eighty-two emigrants have left Ireland. This continual outstreaming of the population is becoming more alarming than ever. How are these losses