

more and more upon me, and an irresistible force impels me towards her. She alone can fill the yearnings of the immortal soul. She alone speaks with the Voice of God. Oh, surely if she is not quite right, she must be fearfully, fearfully wrong! Where is truth if it be not with her? No one else even pretends to be what she says she is—Christ's one Immaculate Spouse. She paused, astonished at her own boldness, and looked down in confusion. There was a long silence.

Clara, said Mr. Wingfield, at last, 'I thought you had promised me to put all these thoughts aside, as a temptation of the devil.'

And so I have, as far as was in my power, exclaimed Clara; but sometimes they are more than I can bear. This struggle will undermine my health. I feel it.'

Mr. Wingfield looked at her; he saw it was only too true. 'What are your occupations?' said he.

She detailed them.

'Would you undertake to do something for me,' said he, 'while you are in the country?'

Clara's cheeks flushed—nothing could have pleased her more.

'I am afraid it will be rather dry work,' said he, drawing a packet out of his pocket. 'I want this translation of one of St. Francis de Sales' works looked over and corrected. I hope it will not be too disagreeable for you?'

'It will be for you,' replied Clara, in a low tone; and he proceeded to show her what was necessary to be done.

'It will take you some time. All this must be carefully compared with the original—made into good English, not Englishified French.—Perhaps you will find it necessary to make a new translation altogether. I am not satisfied with this at all.'

Clara was proud of the honor she thought bestowed upon her. She did not suspect it was merely to keep her mind engaged far away from controversy that this was given her to do, and she thanked him with unfeigned gratitude. Mr. Wingfield saw he had succeeded; and after some time Clara went on her way home, with a lighter step, and her mind considerably relieved in comparison to the state in which she went.

CHAPTER XIX.—FATHER RAYMOND.

'Say, who is he in deserts seen, Or at the twilight hour? Of garb austere, and dauntless mien; Measured in speech, in purpose keen; Yet blithe when perils lower.'

Father Newman.

The door of the dining-room was ajar as Clara passed into the house, and Douglas's voice called out her name. Her heart beat faster; but she had foreseen the consequence of her act that afternoon, and she entered with a firm step and calm look.

'Where have you been, Clara?' said her brother, in cold, stern tones.

'I was obliged to go out,' replied Clara quietly.

'That is no answer,' said Douglas. 'Have you been making an appointment with Mr. Wingfield? Answer me—yes or no. I will have none of your evasions and white lies.'

Clara's color rose; 'I do not know, Douglas, what right you have to require me to answer any question you may choose to put to me; but as you seem already to suspect the fact, I may as well simply say that I have been to confession. I have been honest, and forewarned you I would do so whenever I felt that I required it.'

'And, pray, have you been doing that disgusting thing?' said he.

'Douglas,' replied Clara, 'I have told you what regards myself personally; but you will find it rather difficult to make me tell what might possibly implicate a third person.'

Douglas paced the room in high indignation. 'I suppose you will not think proper,' said he, turning keenly round, 'to dispute my will when I tell you Mrs. Selwyn will take charge of you into the country to-morrow. Your conduct has hastened her departure.'

'I am ready,' said Clara, sadly; 'and perhaps Douglas, when we meet again, you will see that you are a little unreasonable.'

He stopped suddenly short. 'Clara, what would your father have said to your proceedings? You would have brought his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Sometimes, in the midst of your high professions of religion, ask yourself that.'

'Ah, Douglas,' replied Clara, in a tone of mingled reproach and sorrow; 'had dear papa been alive, it would indeed have been otherwise. Would he have treated me or poor Alan in the harsh way you have done, Douglas, whatever had been our faults? Oh, Douglas, look at home first before you tax me with injuring his memory.'

She could not stand it; she burst into an agony of tears, and hurried up stairs, leaving Douglas stung to the quick, for he could not but see that her reproach was just.

Her sad preparations were soon made; and the next morning Clara was handed into the carriage by her brother, to set off on her exile. Mrs. Selwyn was in an amiable mood, and talked incessantly; and this beguiled the road.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The first visit, last week, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin to any of the dioceses has elicited most gratifying traits of Protestant respect and liberality towards his Eminence. On Sunday, the 2nd inst., the Cardinal officiated in Arklow, blessing the very bell of Archbishop Redmond's church. The terrible struggle of '98, of which Westford and South Wicklow were the main theatre, its massacres, the burning of chapels, the hanging of priests, its detests and its victories, left for many a year, bitter memories, and sectarian distrust. The Protestant gentry deemed it prudent, after the suppression of the rebellion, to encourage the disbanded yeomanry and militia to settle upon farms on their estates as a 'protection against the apprehended rising of the oppressed Catholics. This precautionary measure proved for many years, a source of deep irritation, until, at length, as the popular passions toned down, these waifs and strays by intermarriage, and conversion became absorbed generally, in the Catholic population.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

In Ireland, the 9th ult., Sunday was solemnly observed as a day of special devotion for the protection of the Holy Father.

THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.—Warder Byrne and James Stephens.—Dr. Ryan said that most of the members had seen a strange letter in the morning papers of to day, giving a full and true account of the escape of James Stephens from Richmond Bridewell.

Chairman—Full and true account! (a laugh). Dr. Ryan—Well, pretending to do so. Well, when I read that letter, I thought it bore apparent evidence of its falsity, and an attempt to prop up James Stephens in this country and America in the same way as has been heretofore done. The Board of Superintendence have received a letter from the brother of Daniel Byrne, which the chairman has requested me to read to the Council. The letter is as follows: To the Board of Superintendence of the City of Dublin Prisons Hamilton-row, Sept. 12, 1866.

Gentlemen—I beg to say that the letter in this day's Freeman, purporting to be written by my brother, Daniel Byrne, late warder in Richmond Bridewell, must be a fabrication, as he has been to Australia.—I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant, PATRICK BYRNE.

This Patrick Byrne is a most respectable man with whom many of the Council are acquainted; and I think the very fact of his statement of his brother having gone to Australia gives the lie direct to those allegations in the published letter (hear, hear).

The Council then proceeded with other business. About ninety steerage passengers were landed at Cork last week by two steamers which arrived from America. They found that they could live more comfortably in Ireland.—Dundalk Democrat, September 15.

IRISH RAILWAYS.—On the 10th ult. an Act was passed to enable the Public Works Loan Commissioners to make temporary advances to railway companies in Ireland. It recites that, in the present state of the monetary affairs of the kingdom, it is expedient that provision should be made for short periods. Advances may be made to £500,000, and charged on the Consolidated Fund. The repayment of a loan, with the interest thereon, is not to be later than 12 calendar months from the date of the advance, and if the principal money or interest secured by any debenture or other security given under the Act, remains unpaid at the expiration of six months after it has become due, the Commissioners may appoint a receiver. A security given is to be exempted from stamp duty.

THE WEATHER IN IRELAND.—The weather reports from the Irish provinces are much less satisfactory than was the case a week ago. Torrents of rain and heavy squalls have prevented the farmers from bringing the grain into the stackyard, and much injury has been done in consequence in many districts. The weather has been worse in the south of Ireland, and all the cereals in stock have been injured more or less in the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, by exposure. In many parts of those counties a considerable quantity of oats is still standing. Potatoes, too, show more traces of blight since the unsettled weather began. The rains, however, are not universal or continuous, and some parts of the country have escaped them altogether. The intervals of sunshine are being as actively turned to account as the dearth of labor will permit, and there is still a hope that the Irish harvest will be, on the whole, a fair one. The breadth of land under cereals in Ireland is in no year now very large, and this year it is even less than usual. The green crops were not more luxuriant in the memory of the oldest farmers. Ten days of sun would now place all the perishable Irish crops beyond risk of injury. The wet weather causing an adverse close of the harvest, the markets show an advance of three shillings per quarter in wheat.

It was fearful to look at the rural districts during the week, and observe the condition of the cereal crops. What was made into stocks was nearly all prostrated by the storm; what was on ledge was being washed by the gale, and much of the grain scattered on the ground. There were not hands enough to cut and save it during the broken weather. The people have been banished, as if they were beasts of prey. If August and September were very fine, the help we have might be sufficient, but all agreed that if broken weather should set in, there would be a fearful story to tell; and the experience of the past week proves that the fears thus expressed were well founded.

Some farmers we have spoken to on the subject, say that the damage is not so severe as might have been imagined; but there can be no doubt at all that the quality of the corn must be much deteriorated, and if favorable weather does not set in, there will be heavy losses entailed on many of the farmers. In several of the late districts, such as those between Dundalk and Newry, and from this to Crossmaglen, Newtownhamilton and Castleblayney, nearly all the corn is uncut, and it must have been much injured. Where there are heavy crops, they have been prostrated to the earth, and in that position they will not ripen.—Dundalk Democrat.

DUBLIN, Sept. 7.—The almost constant rain is causing a good deal of anxiety about the crops, all of which promised to be fully an average yield, if there was only a little dry weather to save them. Late as it is, there is still much hay in the field, and a great deal of it has been damaged in the north and west, and even in lowland districts not far from the metropolis. Much grain also still remains out in the fields, partly uncut, though fully ripe. The difficulty of getting hands for harvest work is generally felt, so that the farmers are not able to take advantage of the brief intervals of fine weather. With regard to the potato crop, the accounts are conflicting. From some quarters the reports are alarming, and it is said that the disease is proving fatal more rapidly than for several years past. On the other hand, it is affirmed that the injury is comparatively trifling, and is confined chiefly to late planted varieties. At all events, says the Belfast Whig, As the disease has not exhibited itself until a period when the tubers have advanced to maturity, we may reasonably hope that, on the whole, the proportion of unrotted potatoes will not form a large percentage of the entire yield.

The flax crop is good, and when properly treated nothing pays better. But a correspondent from Armagh, in the Daily Express, remarks that—

This staple crop of Ulster is not coming to market in so good condition as had been anticipated. The unfavourable weather injuriously affected it in the steep and spread, and some of the most experienced persons in the trade state that for many years there was not so indifferent an article exhibited for sale in the market generally. As a consequence, the price has become lower and it may be lower still; at least, the buyers are of that opinion.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Our accounts from all parts of the country of the state of the crops is anything but agreeable. There is no doubt that the gates of the earlier portion of the week prostrated nearly all the corn that had been uncut, while it scattered in all directions the stocks that had been standing in the fields, which looked as though they had been trampled upon by multitudinous troops of cavalry. Hay experienced the same fate; and when with drenching rains, a leaden sky, and a thick and murky atmosphere, it was quite out of the power of the farmer to make the slightest movement towards drawing home the grain where it had been cut, or of reaping where it had not as yet gone through the process of the sickle or the scythe. Some few weeks ago we stated that the weather reminded us very forcibly of the autumn of 1848; but we had no notion at the time of what was to follow, or of the wholesale frustration in many instances of the far-

mer's hopes, which have doomed the smaller farmers at least to the probability of further and severer trials than those which they have experienced for some years past; and it is universally admitted, even by consolidators and exterminators, that on the small farmers the strength and stability of the country rest; it is they that support the manufacturer, the shop keeper, the artisan; it is their pence, shillings, and pounds that diffuse a circulation of money among the drapers, grocers, the tobacconists, &c.; they are the mainstay of the Queen's revenue in Ireland; and however largely the great farmers are regarded, and however anxiously they are sought for, the removal of small farmers must be attended with the drying up of those sources of national wealth which constitute the power and position of a nation. It is the prospect of that numerous, industrious and hardworking class of men that is most to be apprehended in the existing state of facts; it is they that cultivate the soil; it is they that raise the potato and fatten the pig, and produce the staple product of the land. The large farmer has his broad acres thrown into grass, and as long as the Rinderpest keeps at the other side of the Channel, it is little indeed to him if the crops fail, if the tempest should rage; and if every other interest should suffer; it is little we say to him, personally, for he is the last to feel the sore and sad effects of the visitation which menaces with annihilation the small farmer, who, in general, possesses but little of the selfishness which characterises other classes, and whose open hand and generous heart supported the Irish poor, before poor Ireland was cursed with the blight of the Poor Law as it is at present, worked to the detriment of every industrial person who comes within the influence of its taxation.—Limerick Reporter.

PALMERSTON ESTATES, SLIGO.—It is already rumored, and I believe this rumor is well founded, that the rents, particularly on the Cliffrony estate, are to be raised 25 per cent. above their present letting, and I understand this was in contemplation previous to the death of the late Lord Palmerston, and is now to be carried out by his successor.—Irish Times.

There have been more than twenty cases of Cholera in Dublin during the week, most of them proving fatal. Amongst the victims was Mr. John F. Nugent, publisher of Moore's Almanack.

FIVE MEN DROWNED.—We regret to learn that as a boat, which brought a pilot out from Coaly Point, to a barque, timber laden, and belonging to Messrs. Garvill, Newry, was returning to the shore she was upset by the storm, and five men were lost. They were James Towly, two brothers named McGeahy, and two named Kenne. The boat drifted to land, but as yet the bodies of the unfortunate men have not been found.

Captain Joseph Gleeson was released from Mountjoy Prison, on Thursday. He was conveyed by the police on board the Company's steamer, which sailed from Queenstown yesterday. We need not tell our readers that the Captain is brother to Brig.-Gen. Gleeson. Captain Gleeson won his company by his bravery during the war in America. He joined as a private soldier. He is about 23 years of age.

Accounts have reached the Daily Express of a terrible accident at the residence of Mr. C. Cobbe Newbridge, by which five lives were lost:—

A number of labourers were engaged in clearing out a tank of liquid manure, when, having reached a thick sediment at the bottom, they proceeded to shovel it out. The first man who descended into the pit and stirred it instantly fell dead, being suffocated by the effluvia, and four of his companions who went successively down to assist shared his fate. Their names are Luke Flynn, James Wren, Michael Shannon, and Patrick Smith. Laurence Shannon, Michael's father, narrowly escaped being numbered with the victims. Seeing his own son lying in the pit, the old man could not be prevented from attempting to rescue him, but he had scarcely set his foot on the ladder when he was overcome by the exhalation, but providentially fell over at the top, and medical assistance having been obtained he recovered his consciousness, but is still suffering from the effects of the foul gases. The five poor men perished in as many minutes, the light of life being quenched instantaneously as they entered the pits. A noble instance of courage and self-possession in connexion with this accident deserves to be recorded. Warned by the terrible fate which had befallen their companions, the men who were at the top of the tank were afraid to venture down to recover the dead bodies. A young fellow named Smith, however volunteered to descend. Some persons endeavored to dissuade him, but he said, 'I know how I'll do it, and, procuring a rope, he fastened it round his body, and, inhaling a supply of pure air, he suspended respiration until he descended rapidly and drew up one of the bodies. His example was quickly followed by another man, by whose aid they were all brought up. They were removed to Donabate, to which place the party of labourers belonged, and there await a coroner's inquest.

ARRESTS IN LONGFORD.—The people of a town were not a little surprised on yesterday, a report having gone abroad that two respectable young lads, named John Kennedy and John Campbell, were arrested as they were leaving the courthouse after the Petty Sessions business had concluded. Kennedy is a lad about eighteen, and for the last two years a student of St. Mel's College. He is the eldest son of Mr. Felix Kennedy, corn merchant, and it may with truth be said that there are few who know him but will regret to hear of the arrest of one whose manners were so agreeable and engaging. Since the suspension of the Habeas Corpus it not unfrequently happened that the innocent suffered with the guilty, and there are those who regard the present case as an illustration. From the very high estimation in which his father is held by his fellow townsmen, there is a pretty good reason to hope that Kennedy will very soon be set at liberty.—Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

A CONTRAST: FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The Irish Times correspondent of Sept. 10 says:—Mr. Pope Hennessy's pamphlet on the French frontier question will be published to-morrow by Mr. Hardwicke, of Piccadilly. It is entitled Napoleon the Third and the Rhine. It is likely to make a remarkable sensation not merely, nor perhaps so much in England, as in France. It is written in a style admirably easy, clear, condensed, and epigrammatic. In a very few pages, it presents a complete study of the subject both in its historical and political aspects. I need hardly say that its one point is that the Rhine frontier is absolutely essential to the territorial consolidation of the French Empire, and to the establishment of a proper balance of power in Europe, as Europe stands since the exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

A report on the growth of flax has been published by Mr. Donnelly. From it we gather that the cultivation of flax, in Connaught and Munster, which, considerably decreased, and that, though there is, on the whole harvest, an increase, it is solely confined to Ulster.

FENIANS IN IRELAND.—The Dublin correspondent of the New York Journal writes as follows:—

WHAT IS WANTED.—No matter what Stephens and his co-workers may assert, the mass of the people are far from being Fenians. No doubt the organization is extensive—perhaps it is the most extensive ever formed in Ireland; but the men composing it belong to a class incapable of accomplishing its object; and no one is better aware of this fact than Stephens himself. The Fenians proper are the farm labourers and peasantry, so to speak. The farmers themselves are not connected with the movement; the land owners, shopkeepers, and in fact tradesmen, all keep aloof from it. There is not a man worth \$1,000 connected with it. Contrast this state of things with former rebellions in Ireland, when men of standing and importance, clever men, led the way, and it cannot but appear how miserable

the present movement really is. Even were those men successful they are not the men to govern; and I firmly believe the country would relapse into semi-barbarism and assuredly semi-infidelity. These are facts, and not the emanations of one in any way leaning towards England. What Ireland wants is justice at the hands of her rulers, not separation from England. She wants, as was stated by the Dublin Corporation, a proper landlord and tenant law, an equitable educational system and religious equality, with alternately a parliament in College Green. With these the people would be satisfied, and these Fenianism cannot give them.

Whether Stephens has any intention of carrying out his frequent promises, I am not fully satisfied.—Of one thing, however, I am certain—the majority of Fenians have lost in him, and the idea that he is a British spy gains more credence each day. The feeling has been rendered more strong against him and suspicious further verified by the release of his brother in law, George Hopper yesterday, although he had only served out some six or eight months of the two years to which he was sentenced. The lenient punishment allotted to Hopper, in comparison with that of the other prisoners, has been always looked upon as rather compromising Stephen's patriotism; and this further leniency seems to compromise him even more.

THE LATE ALDERMAN DILLON.—One of the purest, ablest, and most patriotic Irishmen his country has seen for many years has been suddenly summoned from this world. A telegram which we have received from our Dublin correspondent gives us the painful news of the death of Mr. John B. Dillon, who had, since the opening of the present parliament, represented Co. Tipperary in the House of Commons. Mr. Dillon was a man of great ability and culture, a politician who had read, and thought, and seen much, and who retained in his maturer years all the purity and freshness of that attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty which had led him when younger into extremes and even into dangers. In 1848 Mr. Dillon attached himself to the political fortunes of Smith O'Brien. Mr. Dillon was opposed to anything like armed rebellion, and stood by poor Smith O'Brien's side during the whole of that unfortunate episode. When the hopelessness of the attempt was finally made clear, Mr. Dillon succeeded in escaping to France, and thence to the United States, where he lived for many years an unobtrusive, earnest, dignified life. A few years ago he returned to Ireland, and soon became distinguished as a leader of what was called the National Party. Last year he entered parliament, and his calm and earnest manner, and the fullness of knowledge which he brought to bear on the subject, always secured him a hearing when he felt called upon to address the House. One of Mr. Dillon's strongest motives in entering parliament was to endeavor to bring about a cordial understanding and union between the English and the Irish Liberals. His great hope for the future of his country was founded on the probability of a wise and generous legislation such as that union might secure. 'If such an alliance cannot be brought about,' he said long since to a friend in London, 'my hope from parliament and my career there end together.'

Mr. Dillon was one of the foremost promoters of the banquet to Mr. Bright, which is about to take place in Dublin. He was an ardent advocate of Reform for England as well as for Ireland, and had a mind thoroughly free from illiberality of any kind. He had quite a boyish simplicity of nature, which lent indeed an additional impressiveness to the influence of his clear and vigorous intellect. His country will deeply regret him; and short as was his occupancy of a seat in the House of Commons there are men there who, strangers to him a year ago, appreciated his character, and will hear with pain of his untimely death.—Star.

The vacancy created in the representation of the county Tipperary by the death of Alderman Dillon has already, it is stated, candidates to compete for filling it. Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., the distinguished orator and lawyer, has, we are told, signified his intention of offering himself to the electors for approval; and a Waterford paper mentions the name of Mr. William Malcomson, of the firm of Messrs Malcomson Brothers, as another candidate. The great services of the latter gentlemen in connexion with the trade and manufactures of the South of Ireland are it is said, favorably looked upon by the tenant-farmers of Tipperary.—Saunders.

A MODERN 'PLANTATION.'—The wholesale desertion of Ireland by its people is saddening to any Irishman who takes thought for an ancient land and a race who, when Patrick brought them Christianity over the sea, 'looked upon it, and loved it.' The Shamrock of the Apostles waves above the ruins of the Druid's Oak—the Faith which it typifies has been kept with unshrinking constancy through centuries of violence and guile, but the living possessors of that priceless inheritance are leaving their native shore in swarms, to spread or lose that Faith, according to the lot of each, in foreign lands. The great Irish event, which cannot be ignored, is the Irish emigration. However people may differ in their thoughts about it, they think they must. You cannot pass it over. All Irishmen, worthy of the name, look upon it with grave regret—enlightened Englishmen, taking imperial views of the matter, do not like it much. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli, gave it careful prominence in a speech lately. He considered it a thing to be deplored, and stopped by legislation in some way, if possible. There are, no doubt, some who view this national catastrophe with pleasure—some who would gladly see the Irish small tenant replaced by beasts for the market—others, by strangers from England or Scotland. But the most narrow-minded and, we hope, the smallest class of them, is composed of persons who rejoice at Irish emigration, as affording the chance of turning Ireland into a Protestant country by putting Protestants in the deserted homes of the Catholics—and converting the farm when they cannot convert the man. But, of this class even there are very few who would go farther than taking advantage of emigration as it might occur. We mean that very few would put out Catholic tenants on those bigoted grounds. One would imagine that no landed proprietor in this country, at least, would act in such a manner. An ugly story has just come to us which, if true, proves that the thing is not only possible among us, but is an accomplished and progressing fact. The scene of this story, the estate that forms the stage on which this unusual drama is said to be enacted, lies in the South of Westford Co. People have heard and read of the Plantation of Ulster—the forcible colonization of Northern Ireland with Scotch Presbyterians by James the First of England and Last of Scotland. Even at the distance of three hundred years that little episode of English History does not present a very amiable appearance. Some persons have actually called it barbarous—an act of barbarous times it is called by others who would look on it as impossible of repetition in any degree now—an uncouth fossil and no more. If our information be correct it is no fossil—it is not dead nor sleeping. In the South of the County, we are told, there is an estate of which the proprietor appears to have inherited the narrow notions of the English Solomon together with his way of putting them into practical shape. This landowner, it seems, has determined to enrich our local history with a Plantation of—; a small imitation of the Plantation of Ulster. We hear that this proprietor is clearing Catholic tenants off the estate to fill their places with Scotch and Ulster Presbyterians. We are told that the rent has been refused because it was offered by Catholic tenants—who must go from their land to make way for the followers of Calvin and Knox. We are told that a Protestant tenant, going to America, and wanting to sell the interest of his farm to a Catholic, would not be permitted to do it he must find a Protestant purchaser, or do without one. We have not heard whether the landowner in question entertains conscientious objections to a te-

nentry of Turks or Jews—perhaps not. Now, as this looks a serious affair, we shall not for the present name the estate or its owner. We would not, knowingly, cast an imputation on the character of any person without being justified by facts. We shall, therefore, inquire fully into the affair next week—and, if we discover that we have been misinformed, we shall certainly be happy to say so; and to congratulate our Country on the fact. But, if we find that the tale is as true as it seems improbable in this nineteenth century, it will be our duty to tell the whole affair plainly, particularizing the facts, and no longer concealing the names of individuals. That duty we shall truthfully discharge.—Wexford People.

IRISH MANUFACTURERS.—There is a feeling manifesting itself through the land in favour of reorganizing our woollen manufactures, and erecting flax spinning mills to give employment to the people. In Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Cavan and other places men are becoming alive to the fact that it is a shame for this country to be disposing of its wool to foreigners, when they themselves could convert it into clothing for our people. They remember that in other days vast employment was given by woollen manufacture, and that it prospered so well even in the time of the 'Glorious Revolution,' that England became jealous and called on the Dutchman to destroy it. And this usurper, as he directed the masters of Glencoe, so he did order the murder of Ireland's woollen manufacture, to please his English friends.

But thank God, the Irish outlived his vengeance; and they are as buoyant to-day as if they never met an adversary; and if they persevere in the course pointed out by numbers of enterprising men in the country, we have no doubt that broad-cloths, flannels, blankets and other woollen fabrics will soon be turned out from Irish looms.

Ireland can manufacture hats, caps, boots, shoes, stockings, shirts, sheeting, and a vast number of other articles, and make a splendid frieze, and tweed; and what is to prevent her extending her enterprise and manufacturing fine cloth, flannel and blackets? Every pound of wool grown on Irish sheep should be manufactured in the country; and an effort made to supply all the wants of our population. Limerick lace is not surpassed in the whole world, and Burlington stockings are said to be the most beautiful in Europe. Why then should we despair of rivaling the manufactures of Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham and Manchester?

Let a sober spirit of manufacturing enterprise take possession of the minds of Irishmen. There is no necessity for any wild speculation. The best way to act is to study well what is to be done, and then make a fair beginning, and go on increasing. The young men of Ireland who may deem their best course to be emigration to a foreign land, should strive and stay at home, and turn their minds to manufacturing industry. Thousands who go to England and America, enter factories, and enrich their employers; and would it not be better for them stop in their own country, and aid it to obtain prosperity?

With regard to flax spinning, there is less difficulty in commencing it than most people imagine. A moderate capital, sound commercial knowledge, and steady business habits make more successful in the spinning of flax. There is a good market for the yarn in Belfast, so that there is no difficulty to be surmounted in disposing of that article. We wish we could induce thirty men in and around Dundalk to invest £1,000 each in a flax spinning company. Six of them to form a directory, and to render an account of their management every three months. The profits of a mill of large dimensions would be enormous in the year. The employment it would afford would prove a source of much good to the working classes in Dundalk, and serve the commerce of the town.

It is time, we think, that something should be done to employ our young people, as we see nothing that will do so well as a flax factory. Louth has grown 2,695 acres of flax this year, so that we have an abundance of the article at our doors, and plenty of hands to turn it into yarn. All we want is the money to erect a mill and purchase the machinery. But if Dundalk declines to furnish the capital; if its native merchants lack the enterprise necessary for such a profitable business, we trust they will go the length of inviting men from Belfast or Portlaw to come amongst us, and employ our idle hands. We will accompany half a dozen of them to Belfast, where we may lay a statement of our case before some of its manufacturers. We can tell them that we have 1,000 boys and girls going idle through the streets, doing nothing except learning idleness and mischief; that these people require work; and that we have grown this year in Louth 161,700 stone of good flax, and that any one erecting a factory in Dundalk to spin yarn, would find it a profitable speculation. If the minded men of Dundalk will do nothing themselves, we ask them to do this, in order that if one factory is built it may encourage timid men to follow such an excellent example.—Dundalk Democrat.

HIS MAJESTY'S 3RD BUFFS.—A rumour, which we believe to be utterly unfounded, has been industriously spread respecting Her Majesty's 3rd Regiment of Buffs. This old and famous regiment had scarcely left the camp, for India, when a canard was circulated that the men declared themselves to be all Fenians, had taken possession of the ship, and forced the helmsman to steer for New York. When this story died out, it was reported that the regiment had killed some of their officers, and turned pirates. This last story was ridiculed and forgotten but has been most wantonly, not to say wickedly, revived. No letters have reached the United Kingdom from the ship since the day she sailed, and there exists no way by which intelligence could be conveyed from her to these countries. She proceeded on her voyage, and has not been spoken of since her departure. Had any vessel communicated with her, and learned that anything extraordinary had occurred, authentic information of the facts would have been given without delay to the relatives and friends of the officers on board, who had endeared themselves to many during their stay here. We believe the story is altogether baseless, and we can sufficiently strong terms condemn the publication of a gossamer very great pain and anxiety upon the friends and relations of officers and men.—Irish Times.

A MODEL OF INFORMERS.—We (Irishman) take this extract from the Belfast News-Letter: and it might be interesting to learn why should a man who is charged with forgery be thought truthful as a betrayer? Now that the present Attorney-General has shown himself more liberal than his Liberal predecessor (in the writ of Error affair), it is to be hoped he will investigate the cases of those imprisoned by him by M'Kee. The warning Judge Fitzgerald gave Warner has had no effect:—

'On Monday, shortly before two o'clock, Bernard M'Kee, the alleged informer against the Fenian prisoners arrested in this town, was lodged in the Police-office, on the charge of carrying a musket in a proclaimed district without a license. It appears that when the prisoner, who was arrested at the General Post office, in company with a soldier, was requested by a constable to show his authority for carrying arms in a proclaimed district, he produced a document purporting to be a license signed by one of the resident magistrates of Belfast, and which, it is said, is not authentic. The prisoner attempted to destroy the document, and succeeded in tearing it into several pieces. M'Kee, after his arrest, became very violent, and abused several constables, who were required to bring him to the Post-office. It is said that the prisoner had in his possession a copy of the search-warrant entrusted to the police to examine public-houses.'