

worse, of cherished prejudice. When we hear high talk of the "incorrigible idleness," as the cant phrase goes, of the Irish, we are ashamed of the ignorance or illiberality which dictates the charge. Those who know the people, their habits and impulses—and it is they alone who have the to judge—know well their great capability of endurance, even in the midst of the most disheartening influences, and their spirit of patient unflagging industry, which only requires proper channels for its display, proper motives for its exertions. And on this the question of Irish industry hinges. Without the motive, which every man in this highly favored country has before him, to urge him to exertion, where, we ask, would be the evidences of an industry? It is all very well to point complacently to what we do and what we can do: but let us conceive ourselves as placed under the same depressing influences which have so long acted on the working population of Ireland; let us be made each day, as it drags its weary length along, to feel, in the intensity of its bitterness, that we are slaves in fact, if not in truth; and let the enslaving influence of such a system bear heavily its iron hand on all our social and moral capabilities, not for a year, but for a lifetime—not for a lifetime, but for generations—and what think you would be the condition of our population generations hence? We know of no surer method of dispelling the day dreams of our self-sufficiency, than by trying to impress ourselves with the stern supposition as to what we would have been, had years of temptation and suffering been our lot. It has been truly said, that a one hour's walk amid the busy haunts of men will suffice to dispel the book notions of the study, regarding men and manners; so in like manner, we think, that a day's experience of the work—a day-life of Irishmen placed amidst favorable circumstances, and having a motive for working—would dispel at once the falsehood of the charge so unthinkingly and unfeelingly made against them.

HENWIFERY.

The flesh of fowls is a delicacy of the most substantial kind; and that it is within the reach of the middle classes, and occasionally even of the poor, is a matter that we may congratulate ourselves upon; for, from the turkey "brazed" and roast goose down to the smaller fry of ducks and chickens, the whole race seem warmly and richly associated with holiday keeping, and with "mirth and jollity," ably supporting the roast beef of Old England, and paving the way for the plum pudding—those pillars of our national hospitality of which we are justly jealous. Notwithstanding our love of beef, it is a notorious fact that few at a dinner party are found to partake of the large joint of beef, the *piece de resistance*, whilst they can get fowl; and, in an economical point of view, fowl is decidedly preferable to beef, for the weight of bone in the bird, in

proportion to its weight of flesh, is very small indeed, whereas the weight of bone in the beast is a large per-centage upon the weight of its flesh, for nature having adapted the fowl to rapid transit, built its bones very thin, and, instead of filling them with marrow, as in the beast, filled them with air; whilst a beast of burden, like the ox, had to be heavily boned and gristled to resist the strain upon his system; and it must be borne in mind that "he who buys beef buys bones;" it is, therefore, evident that, in the country at least, and in most country towns, fowl is cheaper than flesh, in as far as really digestible food is concerned, there being so much waste with the inferior joints of meat, and few can afford to have the *prime of ox beef*. Animals are all more or less affected in their general health and character by the food they subsist upon, although we cannot always trace from cause to effect, so clearly as we can in butter tasting, of the turnips that the cow had eaten. Dairy-fed pork is the opposite to porker's flesh that had been fed on butcher's offal. Sheep fed on certain pastures are noted for the superiority of the mutton. The flesh of many sea birds tastes so fishy as to be scarcely eatable. Carnivorous animals and birds of prey are not eaten at all; and, unless the editors of public journals, and such like influential parties, cry down the practice of feeding chickens upon flesh meat, we shall very soon find the farm-fed fowl a rare bird, for the transition from fresh roast beef, as recommended by the highest authorities now, to raw carrion is so very easy, and so much more economical, that we need not wonder at the improvement being very soon tried and in active work. I should just as soon think of making my dinner off the carcass of a carrion crow as that of a chicken fed on flesh of any kind. It is a common practice with beginners to give parrots a bone to pick, and they seem very handy at it.—Parrots thrustled peck their own feathers at moulting time, and get quite disgraceful in plumage; and precisely the same complaint is now raised against domestic poultry when fed with flesh; they quarrel and peck each other at moulting, and it is only at such a critical period as moulting time that we find the want of proper food.—China fowls always moult badly, so much so that when they have changed their coat once or twice they become *turncoats* indeed, and bear no resemblance to the majestic, happy bird with maiden plumage. Had finely-powdered bone been given to birds instead of flesh, the case would have been very different, for chemical analysis sheweth its fitness, where lime and gelatine are so much needed; but a very little research into the admirable arrangements that Nature has made to reap that which she hath scattered (or as the Bible has it "strawed") will show that these domestic birds are the gleaners after the reapers, and the chances are that that which hath been cast upon the earth will be earthy; so that we see earth, and even stone, not only admissible into the stomach of the fowl, but actually necessary to be there for its health and well-being. Food containing the same proportion of earth or sand, taken into the stomach of a horse produces frightful agony and death. When fowls assume any other character than gleaners and pickers up of

* "Turkey boiled
Is turkey spoiled,
And turkey roast
Is turkey lost;
But for turkey brazed
The Lord be praised."—*Old Cookery Book*.