

and her friends are knitting woolen nightcaps for your little heathen children—which she will see forwarded by the first opportunity. Matters in Ireland are only so so. What they want there is more stringent and severe laws against paupers. Lord Muff who just returned from an American buffalo hunting trip, tells us that when the poor Irish arrive in America they are transported thousands of miles off to a place called “Far West”—I suppose a penitentiary. If our government would only follow the example and send all the Irish beggars a few thousand miles west of Dublin, the streets would then be fit to shop in—which is hardly the case now.

We should have liked to have heard more about that tribe of heathens living on the banks of the Columbia River. Professor Surface (who knows everything) tells us that these wretches mostly live on apples, which they dry on strings for winter fodder. Is that so?

There is nothing new here. Poor, dear Fred. had to sell out in the guards; for, between us, he was rather unlucky at the last “Derby.” Would there be no chance for Fred. to get an office under Government in your Colony? Of course, the Governor being such a nice gentleman, would be sure to give the preference to persons of blood; and as for the blood of the Skewtons, it is well known that it flowed at Hastings.

I trust your arduous labors may be abundantly blessed in establishing the true “Apostolic Church” in the new-born