

on whom its business had devoted, the first glance at the two hundred who filled the benches of the City Assembly was irresistibly impressive; and on closer examination of the proceedings, as every feeling of anxiety disappeared, it was supplanted by the pure, earnest spirit which pervaded every man, but some half-dozen perhaps, of that Assembly.

For a democratic, deliberative assembly, the place of meeting was admirably adapted. An octagonal hall, capable of holding about three hundred persons, with three of its sides cut off by the Chair, gallery, and entrance; a long table running through its centre, and rows of raised benches all round—simple in all its arrangements, and completely without ornament. The very look of the room suggested work, and not words—a suggestion which the exclusion of reporters, and the standing orders, were admirably adapted to enforce, if there were need.

If the assembly, as a whole, was impressive, it became more and more so as it was examined in detail, and as its proceedings were observed. For those who knew most of the men present, personally or by repute, this minute observation of its inner workings became every second more concentrated; for on every face around is some marked individuality, or the type of a certain representative character. Presbyterian ministers, Catholic priests, farmers, citizens, journalists—to this general classification the meeting is evidently reducible—but to how many shades of character and phases of meaning within it!

It is moved and seconded that Dr. McKnight, of the Ulster Banner, do take the chair; and after some modest delay, you observe a mild-looking middle-aged man at last seated, amid cheers in all varieties of accent from the whole meeting, but with the ringing reasonance of Ulster unmistakably predominant. Ulster men regard the Doctor highly, I can tell you, and good cause they have. And it would be hard to pay them a higher compliment than to make the organ of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Ulster Tenant Right, Speaker of this National Congress. Mild looking enough is the Doctor—but watch the earnest energy with which he speaks, how his eye flames, and the voluble force with which his voice drives out whatever thought he is enforcing, and the high conscientious motive which obviously rules all his actions, and the certain square set determination in his head. And observe how affectionately these Ulstermen all regard him. Really there is no mistaking the Doctor's influence. May he be sentenced to smoke acrid pigtail, and puzzle his brain in vain over the metaphysical subtleties of an exterminator's conscience, who cries *nego* to it.

Under the Chair is a long desk for the Secretaries, with three as pleasant faces behind it as any in the Conference. One of them, a young, handsome fellow, of Saxon temperament, one would say, and of some two or three and twenty years, is Mr. William Girdwood, of Lurgan, in the County Armagh, gentleman solicitor, one of the Northern Deputies to London. The next is the Reverend William Dobbin, of Anaghlin, whom it was said they would bring to the bar of the Lords some months since for heresy ament "the sacred rights of property." Now, no one would suspect Mr. Dobbin of schism even, he looks so mild, and smiles so blandly, whenever he rises to the meeting, and particularly when he does allude to the rights aforesaid; as he takes occasion to do pretty frequently; feeling a strong necessity to speak the flattest heresy in the most seraphic spirit possible. Mr. Dobbin is about thirty years of age. But who is this stalwart agrarian Reformer alongside of him. Gracchus in a soutane—with a fist to fell oxen, and a voice to put the fear of God into a rack-renter, if anything could. That, Sir, is Father Tom O'Shea, of Callan. Just as much as McKnight's name typifies the Ulster Tenant Right, Father O'Shea's does the Southern movement that has grown so amazingly within the last nine months. About six years ago, under the shadow of Walker's column, in the Virgin City of Ulster, the Doctor, with some half-dozen others, established the Ulster Association. It is another name for the province now. Last December, as well as I remember, Father O'Shea, and his condjutor, Father O'Keefe, founded the Callan Tenant Protection Society, round which the whole Southern members have since gathered. And the Conference means, in the main, the alliance of those great forces. Whoever is skilled in drawing conclusions from such tangible premises, may augur awkward results to the landlords, if they do not capitulate in time.

And now, looking right down to the end of the table, passing a dozen or so very white Presbyterian cravats, and about the same number of ecclesiastical *rabbits* agreeably interspersed, and noticing among the laymen the massive head, and portly Yorkshire look, of Frederick Lucas, (who is discussing the principles of valuation in the most affectionate way possible, with sundry shining lights of the kirk,) there, besides Mr. C. G. Dully, you may observe a tall and remarkably handsome young man, with nothing of the cleric very observable in his aspect, but rather a subdued military dash in air and apparel—a Lieutenant of Volunteers in multi, one might fancy. But that, Sir, is the Rev. David Bell, of Ballibay; and, if faith, I could almost swallow the Westminster Confession, to be of his congregation. He has taken you fairly by storm before he speaks a word, there is something so frank and open—almost boyishly so—in his face. But when he does speak, you recognise a real orator. It is my impression—take it for what it is worth—that, except Thomas Meagher, there is no man born in Ireland this generation who has so much true, native eloquence in him. And although, to use his own words lately, he always "sticks to his text" when speaking, still, there are occasional indications of an under-current of deeper disaffection than what he bears to the landlords. I marked him talk about representatives with an '82 accent; and in a little, appropriate allusion that he made, to "the enemy," on one occasion,

should not feel surprised if he meant to include the Castle. This is mere speculation, however.

In the seats behind sit about twenty stout farmers, with something more akin to Northern characteristics than the generality of Southern Delegates. These are the Wexford men. They are headed by Dr. Meyler and Father Parle, of Newtownbarry, as hearty a specimen of a young national priest as ever doubt the theology of moral force. It is better than fifty years since there was common cause between the men that followed Henry McCracken through the streets of Atrim, and Father Murphy down the hill of Oulart; and now we see them together again, and forever. Forever, friends! For this Wexford deputation has its instructions, above all other things, to have a Union with the North. Banners flying and bands playing, five thousand men—(Shelmalier *gallow-glasses*)—marched twelve miles of the Dublin road with them the other day, and it was their last word to them—UNION WITH ULSTER.

There is Father Redmond of Arklow, and I thank him for my heart for it, and so will Ireland. He was the first man to repudiate all names and symbols of disunion. No man shall forget the hearty enthusiasm which hailed his denunciation of all attempts to divide the people—no man can fail to remember the generous glow which fell on the assembly, like a second sunlight, when Dr. Rentoul, with his rugged Derry accent, clinched, as it were, the cordial union of the provinces. A union not of name alone neither. On every question that was discussed, on every side of the discussion, men took their places, and stated their views in utter oblivion of creed or province: The Conference was Irish, and Irish only. And on every point that involved a great principle, an unanimous vote was taken. "Discuss the question all day if you will it, but we must have an unanimous vote." This was the spirit of the proceedings. It is nothing to be told and cogitated in St. Stephen's, to be heard with horror by the exterminators, and to give hope and heart to our poor exiles in America, this unanimous declaration that the Irish tenant shall have perpetual tenure, and a regulated rent in future. It is a thing to move England more than men think. As Thomas Carlyle said the other day, this Irish tenant agitation is very likely to become "soon an English and a Scotch one too." And if it does?—

On the benches all round close on a hundred Catholic priests take an anxious and active interest in the proceedings. They are most of them parish priests from the agricultural districts, of simple, pious, and unpretentious appearance. But they generally speak with a solid, vigorous common-sense, and they are not unfrequently nuncios from a diocese or a deanery. Scattered among them one sees younger men—the fine young priests of the last ten years' missions—forming a pleasant contrast with the young Presbyterian ministers. One of them sitting silently and alone, with a spiritual look, somewhat rigid and ascetic; perhaps, for so young a man, is the Rev. Bernard Daly, whose admirable letter in the last *Nation*, it is to be hoped, the Council will take into their early consideration.

It is a great Democratic Assembly—a great example of Democracy in Ireland. Of Irish aristocrats no such assembly could be convened. Writing amid its excitement and anxiety one catches but its prominent features. And there is more, much more, to be said of its men and modes. But as we are just going to ballot for the new Council, I will write no further, but say what more I have to say about it, next week, if you let me.

THE CROPS.—COUNTY CORK.—The Rev. Timothy Murray, C.C. Lisivane, Clonakilty, writes to us, under date August 16th:—"The progress of the potato disease is much slower than was anticipated a few days ago, when the weather was cold and rainy. Harvest is completely set in, and the weather most favorable. The yield is likely to be above the average. Fish was never more abundant on this coast, but the poor fishermen are badly off for want of efficient materials to catch it; and a vast portion of the ablest and best of them have emigrated to America, whither the whole adult population of this part of the country seem determined to go as soon as they possibly can. The thousands who have emigrated during the last four years are continually drawing off the remainder of the able-bodied population; so that at present it will be extremely difficult to save the entire harvest, for want of hands."

POTATO DISEASE.—As the discovery of the cause of the potato disease may lead to the discovery of its remedy, any fact tending to disclose this cause must be deemed important. Now, it is a fact, to which public attention has not yet been sufficiently directed, that insects of the small beetle kind are found, at this particular season, infesting the diseased roots in vast quantities, especially after warm rain; and there is good reason to believe that they lay their eggs in the potatoes, which is the cause of the rot—like those insects in America which are said to cause the toes of the Americans sometimes to rot off. These insects are exceedingly active and tenacious of life; and as they are likely to go on multiplying—for grubs are found in the rotten potatoes—the only way of saving the sound part of the crops, until some efficacious remedy shall have been discovered, will be to commence digging up the potatoes whether they be quite ripe or not, as soon as the disease makes its appearance. When once the disease begins, it continues to spread; but if the diseased part of a potato be cut off, the rest of it will regain sound.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

THE POTATO CROP IN THE SOUTH.—The idea which is impressed on our mind in consequence of all that has reached us up to this moment, is, that the potato is not materially damaged as yet—that the tuber is generally safe—and that there will be more than sufficient for all human consumption. We are fully aware of the fact, that in some instances tubers have been destroyed; but we draw our conclusions from the evidence before us; and that evidence is generally favourable.—*Cork Examiner.*

TUAM.—The fatal disease is gradually, but still with steady pace, progressing. It is quite useless to speculate on the extent of the damage lately sustained from the present blight. All we can yet state with

certainty is, that the blight upon the leaf is universal—that the disease in the stalk does not yet seem to be as fatal as in previous years—and that several instances of damage to the root have come within the range of our own actual observation.—*Tuam Herald.*

KILKENNY.—FAILURE OF THE WHEAT CROP.—We deeply regret to have to state that the worst accounts came into town on Thursday and Friday with regard to the wheat crop. On Thursday, the Feast of the Assumption of the Ever Blessed Virgin, a large number of the country people thronged into Kilkenny, as is usual on holidays, and from one and all the most gloomy accounts were heard. Several gentlemen have called at our office to confirm the reports of extensive blight by their experience of their own lands. During the last three weeks, an atmospheric influence during some mornings has nearly ruined the hitherto partially blighted ear. In some places the produce will not be worth the labour of the harvesters. In other places, the farmers don't think it worth while to cut the wheat. Purchasers cannot be got to take the produce of a field at *ll.* an acre. One farmer cut down his "wheat" with scythes, packed it with pitchforks into carts, and then threw it into a manure heap.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The scarcity of salmon in the rivers Suir, Norc, and Barrow, during the present season, has been such as to amount nearly to a total failure. We have been informed that the salmon fisheries in the various rivers of Ireland and of Scotland have been this year unprecedentedly unproductive. The fact of the failure in the salmon fishery being so general, forbids the conjecture of its having arisen from causes confined to any particular locality. The passage of large quantities of salmon fry to the sea in the months of April, May, and June, gave the hope of an abundant supply of peal at this period of the season; but so far from this being the case, hardly a salmon was to be seen.—*Waterford Mail.*

MONAGHAN, AUG. 17.—The flax crop may be said to be gathered, and a fair acre has brought from £14 to £15, and some as high as £16—the Glasslough and Crieve Flax Companies giving those prices for the green flax. We do not think the potatoes are getting worse.—*Monaghan Standard.*

Mackerel fishing has been successfully commenced in the bay of Dundalk, and large takes of this exquisite fish are frequently made.

IMMENSE TAKE OF HERRINGS.—The Claddagh boats were out again on Friday night in search of herrings, which have visited our bay in large shoals. The take was immense—every boat in the little fishing fleets being laden to the gunwale with herrings. Our quays are literally covered with fresh herrings, which are now selling at the rate of two shillings a thousand.—*Galway Vindicator.*

STEAM-SHIP CANAL FROM KILKENNY TO INNISTOGUE.—A gentleman has mooted the propriety of forming a Steam-ship Canal from Kilkenny to the tidal water of Innistogue, and he has lodged £400 in the Provincial Bank as a beginning, and as an earnest of his good faith. His name is not given—why we cannot say; but of the fact that the money is actually lodged, we have been assured by the respectable manager of the bank, Andrew McKean, Esq. It is computed that £320,000 would be sufficient for the completion of the undertaking. The distance is only thirteen miles.—The promoter calls upon eight hundred men in the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, and Wexford, to come forward with £400 each, or else raise the money in £5 shares.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The Cork and Brandon Railway Company held their meeting on Wednesday. The traffic receipts for the half-year were £1,610, and the expenditure £1,695. No dividend was declared, and the directors announced that they would discontinue the payment of interest.

RECENT EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—We are glad to perceive the favorable opinion pronounced by us, of the blacking manufactured by Messrs. Alcock and Co., has been fully ratified by the judges of the exhibition. Alcock & Co.'s blacking has been awarded the special certificate for superior merit. To be thus credentialed by a body so eminent must be a circumstance most encouraging to the enterprising manufacturers, and likewise instrumental in securing for their blacking still larger patronage than it has yet enjoyed.

BELFAST MANUFACTURES.—Messrs. Coates & Young, of this town, are at present constructing a pair of engines, of seventy horse power, for a splendid steamer, the *Oscar*, lately launched by Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, and to be screw-propelled. We may also mention that the celebrated 240 horse-power engines of the *Aurora*, made by them, have been transferred to the iron steamer *Camilla*, now plying between Liverpool and Havre.—*Banner of Ulster.*

NEW SWIVEL BRIDGE.—A most valuable and economical application of Mr. Forsyth's well-known Hercules to the purposes of a swivel bridge, has just been completed by Mr. Barry D. Gibbons, of the Board of Works. It has 50 feet open, one end turning upon a centre, and revolving upon a circular railway. Its weight is upwards of twenty tons; and so nicely is it poised and adjusted, that a weight or power of two hundred pounds freely moves it. Two pillars, joined by a graceful arch, gives stability, and, at the same time, lightness to the structure. This bridge is intended for Belmullet, to cross the canal cut from Belmullet to Blacksod Bay, and which enables ships of all sizes to cross without encountering the dangerous navigation of the contiguous western headlands. Not the least feature in this structure is its economy, as it cost about 300*l.*, when it would require four times that sum for the ordinary swivel bridge. The Grand Canal Company can, by adopting this plan, remove the greatest nuisance in or near this city—Ringsend draw-bridge—at a comparatively small sum. This dangerous mode of approaching a most populous locality, is alike disgraceful to the company and the citizens at large.—*Advocate.*

PROSELYTISM.—At the Petty Sessions of Ballinrobe, on Monday, the 12th inst., took place the trial of Mrs. Correlly, a respectable shopkeeper of the town, for alleged rescue of John Moran, whom a constable had arrested at her door for calling out "Jumper" after a Scripture reader, named Connell.—It appeared that the constable cut his prisoner's mouth, and caught him roughly by the neck, when Mrs. Correlly begged him to let the prisoner go, and laid her hand on his arm in entreaty. No person except the woman laid a hand on or said a word to the police, and the man was dragged out by three other constables, who came to assist their comrade, and when outside the door he fell or was dragged down, as witness stated, and was again cut. Mr. Courtney Kenny, one of the magistrates presiding, said the forbearance of the people, under such circumstances, was highly creditable.—Another case

of the police, against Catherine Shendan, a little girl ten years old, whose offence was calling out "Jumper" also, was then heard. The constable stated there would have been a rescue on this occasion, but for the interference of the Rev. Mr. Conway.—Mr. Arabin, the resident magistrate, pronounced the occurrence a great shame to the people of the town, and said it was his determination to make them behave themselves better.—Rev. Mr. Conway said this was the language of a man endeavoring to support those who were leading a crusade against the peaceable townpeople, and sowing the seeds of animosity amongst them. It was different from the opinion of the people's conduct, expressed by Mr. Courtney Kenny, an old and respected inhabitant, and one who knew the people well.—The indignation of the Rev. gentleman was shared in by the vast majority that crowded the court, and cheers, loud and long, re-echoed from all parts of the building.—The Bench protested against the interruption, and directed the police to make arrests of any persons found cheering. A scene of great excitement ensued. The police having moved towards the body of the court, the people became more excited, when the Rev. Mr. Conway interfered, told them the Court was not adjourned—to respect the law, and to go home, as they could do no good there.—Mr. Cuffe, a magistrate, said those who appeared to have control over the people ought to be the first to be made an example of.—Rev. Mr. Conway said he was endeavoring to allay their feelings, and send them home quietly.—Colonel Knox, a magistrate, said he gave that advice too late; it was like advising that the man's ear should not be nailed to the pump. (Cheers.) The cheering continuing, the Rev. gentleman again entreated of the people to leave the court, and not put themselves in the power of the law.—Mr. Cuffe told one of the police to have an eye on the Rev. Mr. Conway, and if he created any further disturbance, or uttered a word, to arrest him first; that he would rather put him in custody than any person in the crowd who might be led to act improperly.—Rev. Mr. Conway made no reply, but stood looking towards the Bench, with apparent coolness and indifference.—Mr. Cuffe said he was determined the Court should be respected. He was senior magistrate, and therefore put himself forward as he did; but he was certain he only expressed the opinions of his brother magistrates, and he would tell every one present that, if necessary, he would send down to the barrack and order out a party of military to preserve order.—The magistrates again retired, and several persons left the court, and loud and repeated cheering followed outside.—After some time the magistrates returned to the bench, and the Chairman announced the decision—that the case of rescue against Agnes Correlly was dismissed. Moran to give bail himself in *2*l.**, and two sureties in *2*l.**, to be of the peace for twelve months.—*Tuam Herald.*

EXECUTION IN WATERFORD.—The execution of the unfortunate man, Christopher, for the murder of the bailiff (Hogan) at Eagle-hill, took place on Saturday on Ballybricken, at seventeen minutes before one o'clock. The culprit ascended the place of execution (accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Tracy and Kent, &c.) with a firm step, and addressed the people in front of the platform. He spoke in the Irish tongue, and stated that he was no more guilty of the crime for which he was then about to suffer than the reverend gentlemen who attended him. He then knelt and prayed, stood up again, asked if his brother and other relatives were there, and told them to have no malice or ill-will to his prosecutors. The hangman then adjusted the rope, put a white cap over his features, pulled the fatal bolt, and in a moment poor Christopher was launched into eternity. When the culprit was praying, the multitude (about 4000 or 5000 persons) took off their hats, whilst some knelt and prayed. After hanging for twenty-five minutes, the body was carried in by Jack Ketch for interment. A soldier fainted during the time. Is it not an awful thing to hear a man, believing firmly in the truths of christianity, declaring his innocence on the brink of the grave, with the rope around his neck? We hope this is the last victim of the horrid land system.—*Waterford News.*

(From the Northumberland and Durham Correspondent of the Tablet.)

NEWCASTLE.—PROGRESS OF INFIDELITY.—For some time back public lectures have been delivered here for and against the truth of Christianity. Crowds of the population have been admitted into one of the largest public buildings in the town, on the payment of one penny and twopence each. At these meetings, blasphemy unfit for mortal ears has been received with marks of applause, by a great portion of large and crowded audiences of well-dressed persons. Splendid fruits of Protestantism! in a locality where more money has been subscribed for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the propagation of Christianity, amongst heathen nations, than any other district in the North; and now its population has become inundated with the floodgates of infidelity—no longer confined to debating societies, but rampant infidelity, boldly challenging, by placard on the walls, the teachers of revealed truth to combat in crowded assemblies. Only a few days ago, in this month of August, a meeting assembled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, consisting of nearly two thousand persons, to discuss the question whether God existed or not! Frightful blasphemers were cheered by, if not the great majority, nearly so, of a great meeting, consisting of fathers, brothers, and sisters—a fact which, in such a district, is worthy of serious consideration and record. So deeply did the meeting seem to have been saturated by the poison of Satan, that the part of the meeting opposed to the Atheist was pointed out as "the Christians" in ridicule, as if the term "Christian" had become one of reproach. Long ago, good and holy men foretold the consequences ultimately of Protestant teaching in this land; now the end cometh, and this horrible state of public feeling is painfully manifest. The Dissenters are attempting to stem the torrent of iniquity, by announcing counter lectures in behalf of Christianity. But what can they do? Where have they armour to resist the pitiless pelting of the Atheist, who can silence them by their own contradictions, and reference to their principles, and insubordination to Christ's authority on earth?