

IRELAND.—What a magnificent country is this—scenery of infinite variety and beauty, and land and rivers teeming with abundance! Where shall we find opportunities supplied by Nature of greater national blessings and happiness! yet, after all, what horrible mischiefs have the passions of man and bad legislation worked for it! And where are we to find hope, as long as England persists in forcing institutions on the country alien to the habits of the people, and, therefore, the certain cause of endless dissatisfaction! Take the Church, for instance, established by law: it is hated by nine-tenths of the people, and has been so ever since its establishment; yet it is still upheld in all its uselessness, and ostentations and offensive pride! With the greater part of the landlords living out of Ireland, the representatives of social order must needs be the Clergy, as standing between the higher orders and the numerous and excitable poor. But the Protestant clergy cannot be conservators of the peace, because they have little or no influence; and can it be expected that the clergy of the Catholic Church will support the government in general, when they see a church, called by England the National Church, so much favoured and yet so powerless; a church indeed useless, as far as regards the mass of the people, and useful only, it may be said, in keeping up irritation against British legislation? Much is said by the Irish of their grievances, but surely this is one too obvious to be disputed. If the huge Church of England were Catholic, and kept up for the pleasure of English Catholics, would Protestants (the vast majority) be satisfied? And yet all people wonder that the great body of the people of Ireland are dissatisfied, when such a monster grievance every where presents itself!!

—Notes on Ireland.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. C. HALL.

The hut was low, built of shingles; it consisted of but one room. Nevertheless it was clean, orderly, and to us, accustomed to southern cottages, comfortable. An old woman was spinning, and a cheerful girl, plain, but of pleasant countenance, was in the act of putting some small fish into the everlasting three-legged pot. 'Ech!' she exclaimed, 'but the leddy is wet;' and down she bent to pull off our shoes and chafe our feet, while the good dame hung up our dripping cloaks, and assured us it would be fine by-and-bye; and when she would have us sit close to the fire; and after some whispering between mother and daughter, a little round table was brought from the dark corner, and covered by a clean white cloth; and the little fishes were dished, and potatoes, full and burry, raked from out of the ashes; and if we had not partaken of this genuine hospitality, we should

have given offence to those who meant so kindly. The old woman spoke with clannish devotion of her old landlord, Dr. M'Donnell. She only wished he was able to come to Murlough Bay, and then she was sure he would build her another "house." She was quite self possessed from the moment we entered until we departed; there was no southern shyness mingled with the national hospitality; the ease of the manner of this poor woman and her daughter was perfectly well bred. When she had placed all she had to offer, both asked permission to resume their wheels; and they conversed with us and speculated on the weather. And the old woman spoke of the traditional feuds between the Macquillans and the M'Donnells, and assured us that Fairhead was better worth seeing than the Causeway, and told how her husband and her other children were at 'work' in the doctor's fields. And at last, when the boat came in sight, and the rain ceased, she rose, and 'cloaked' us carefully, and clasping her hands, bade God bless us, with rustic grace and earnestness we have not forgotten; the girl watched our departure, but the mother returned to her wheel. We have often thought of the humble cottage of Murlough Bay. We do not remember to have seen one who industry and cheerfulness make a greater stand against poverty. We have been in many huts, where the inmates sat unrepiningly, side by side with misery as if it were their sister; but here was resolve to displace misery by industry—the effort gave dignity of independence to the poor inmates.

CLOTHING.—The dress from birth should be loose, so as to admit of the free use of the limbs; and in point of warmth, it should be carefully suited to the season. The whole surface particularly the extremities, ought to be well protected during the cold weather; the opinion that infants may be hardened by exposing them to the cold air in a half covered state, is erroneous in all cases; and in children of a delicate constitution leads to the most pernicious consequences.

Youth is the season for silence and observation, while it is for old age to be communicative. In youth, the eyes and ears have acute perception; but in after years, when the eyes grow dim, and the ears become deaf, the tongue should be employed to convey to others the accumulated knowledge of life.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Men are never so ridiculous by reason of the qualities they do possess, as for 'those they' affect to have.