had very little time, however, to think, for, before he could sit down, up starts the Methodist preacher, and clappin' his two fists in his sides, chimes in in great style along wid them.

"'Jack Rafferty,' says he—and, by the way, Jack was his name—'what the dickens does all this mane?' says he; 'I'm amazed!'

"'The divle a particle o' me can tell you,' says Jack; 'but will your reverence jist taste a morsel o' pudden merely that the young couple may boast that you sat at their weddin'; for sure if *you* would not, *who* would.'

"'Well,' says he, 'to gratify them I will; so just a morsel. But, Jack, this bates Banagher,' says he again, puttin' the spoonful o' pudden in his mouth, 'has there been drink here?'

"'Oh, the divle a *drop*,' says Jack, 'for althe' there's plenty in the house, faith, it appears the gintlemen wouldn't wait for it. Unless they took it elsewhere, I don'make nothin' of this.'

"He had scarcely spoken, when the person, who was an active man, cut a caper a yard high, an' before you could bless yourself, the four clargymin were hard at work dancin', as if for a wager. Begad, it would be impossible for me to tell you the state the whole meetin' was in when they seen this. Some were bounce wid laughin'; some turned up their little fingers a thrifle too often.

"'Be goxty, it's a burnin' shame,' said one, 'to see four clargy in such a state at this early hour!' 'Thunder an' sunze' what's over them at all?' says others; 'why, one would think they're bewitched. Holy Moses, look at the caper the Methodist cuts! An' Father M'Sorley! *Hanam an diouul!* who would think he could handle his feet at such a rate! Be this an' be that, he cuts the buckle, and does the treblin step sigull to Paddy Horighan, the dancin'-master himself! An' see! Bud ceas to the morsel—the minister an' the person that's not hard at *Pease upon a trencher*, an' it of a Sunday too!' 'Hurroo, gintlemen, the fun's in yez althey all—what's more power to yez.'

"The sorts o' own fun they had, an' no wondher; but judge o' what they felt, when all at once they saw ould Jack Rafferty himself bounein in among them, an' off in it away like the best o' them. Bedad no play could come up to it, an' nothin' could be heard but laughin', shouts of encouragement, and clappin' of hands like mad. Now the minute Jack Raffert left the chair, where he had been carvin' the pudden, ould Harry Connolly comes over and claps himself down in his place, in order to send it round, of coorse; an' he was scarcely seated, when who should make his appearance but Barney Heraghan, the piper. Barney, by the way, had been sent for early in the day; but bein' from home when the message for him went, he couldn't come any sooner.

"'Begorra,' said Barney, 'you're girly at the work, gintlemen! Oh, blessed Phadrig!—the clergy too! *Hanam an diouul!* what does all this mane? But, divle may care, yez shan't want the music while there's a blast in the pipes, any how!' So sayin' he gave them Jig Palthogue, an' after that Kiss my Lady, in his best style.

"In the meantime the fun went on thick an' threefold, for it must be remembered that Harry, the ould knave was at the pudden; an' maybe he didn't serve it about in double quick time too.—The first he helped was the bride, and, before you did say chopstick, she was at it hard an' fast before the Methodist preacher, who immediately quit Father M'Sorley, and gave a jolly spring before her that threw them into convulsions. Harry liked this, and made up his mind soon to find partners for the rest; so he accordingly sent the pudden about like lightnin'; an' to make a long story short, barrin' the piper an' himself, there wasn't a pair o' heels in the house but was as busy at the dancin' as if their lives depinded on it.'

"'Barney,' says Harry, 'jist taste a morsel o' this pudden, divle the sich a bully of a pudden ever you ett; here, your sowl! thry a snig of it—it's beautiful.

"'To be sure I will,' says Barney, 'I'm not the boy to refuse a good thing; but, Harry, be quick, for you know my hands is engaged; an' it would be a thousand pities not to keep them in music, an' they so well inclined. Thank you, Harry; begad that is a famous pudden; but blood an' turnips, what's this for?'

"The word was scarcely out of his mouth when he bounced up, pipes an' all, an' dashed into the middle of them. 'Hurroo, your sowls, let us make a night of it!' The Ballyboulteen boys for ever! Go it, your reverence—turn your partner—heel an' toe, minister. Good! Well done again.—Whisa! Hurroo! Here's for Ballyboulteen, an' the sky over it!'

"Bad luck to sich a set ever was seen together in this world, or will again, I suppose. The worst, however, wasn't come yet, for jist as they were in the very heat and fury of the dance, what do you think comes hoppin' in among them but another pudden, as nimble an' as merry as the first! That was enough; they all had heard of—the clergy among the rest—an' most o' them had seen, the other pudden, and knew that there must be either the divle or a fairy in it, sure enough. Well as I said, in it comes to the thick o' them; but the very appearance of it was enough. Off the four clargy danced, and off the whole weddiners danced after them, every one makin' the best of their way home; but divle a howl of them able to break out of the step, if they were to be hanged for it. Throth it wouldn't have a laugh in you to see the priest an' the parson dancin' down the road on their way home together, and the minister and Methodist preacher cuttin' the buckle as they went along in the opposite direction. To make short work of it, they all danced home at last, wid scarce a puff of wind in them; the bride and bridegroom danced away to bed; an' now, boys, come an' let us dance the *Hoya Lacig* in the barn 'idout. But you see, boys, before we go, an' in ordher that I may make every thing plain, I had as good tell you, that Harry, in crossing the bridge of Ballyboulteen, a couple of miles below Squire Bragshaw's demesne-wall, saw the pudden floatin down the river—the truth is he was waitin' for it; but be this as it may, he took it out, for the wather had made it as clane as a new pin, and tuckin' it up in the tail of his big coat, contrived, as you all guess, I suppose, to change it while Paddy Scanlan an' the wife were examinin' the key; an' for the other, he contrived to bewitch it in the same manner, by gettin' a fairy to go into it, for indeed, it was purty well known that the same Harry was hand an' glove wid the *good people*. Others will tell you that it was half a pound of quicksilver he put into it; but that doesn't stand to raison. At any rate, boys, I have told you the adventures of the Mad Pudden of Ballyboulteen; but I don't wish to tell you many other things about it that happened—*for fraid I'd tell a lie.*'*

* This superstition of the dancing or bewitched pudding has not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, ever been given to the American public before. The singular tendency to saltation is attributed to two causes, both of which are introduced in the tale. Some will insist that a fairy-man or fairy-woman has the power to bewitch a pudding by putting a fairy into it; whilst others maintain that a competent portion of quicksilver will make it dance over half the parish. Will some of the seniors of the Chronicle try the latter experiment as a means of creating some amusement to raise up the drooping spirits of our citizens at this trying season. We do not mean to say to them to try the *first*—as we will not say there are "fairies" here—*for fraid we'd tell a lie!*

## THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.

*[From the London Times, July 5.]*

As though it were not enough that the eastern portion of Europe should be given up to fire and sword, a civil war has broken out once more in the Spanish Peninsula. It would be premature as yet to offer any very confident suggestions as to the scope or extent of this insurrection, or as to the designs of its chief promoters and leaders. One thing only is certain—that never have the Administrators of power in any European country since modern history began, sunk lower in the estimation of a people than Queen Isabella and her ministers in the opinion of the Spanish nation. Everything in Spain is prepared, and has long been so, for an outbreak. Whether the present insurrection is of a character substantially important to effect its professed object it is not for us as yet to say. Everything about both the Government and the court of the Spanish Queen has their own peculiar, and unsound. It would be idle to speak, with regard to the bulk of the Spanish people, of the effects of an abuse of the form of liberty. Save in so far as it served as a war cry and as an inscription upon a banner, the idea of a Constitution never had a serious hold upon the Spanish mind. Deficiency never wrote for Sovereigns a more true one than we see them in our day. When the Queen-mother is presented to the inquiring eyes of the world in the form of a beautiful young woman, who bends her knee with devotion, or of a dame with the sublime in her spirit speaks, the Spaniard is a Constitutional. He is slow to comprehend the nice distinctions upon which we set so much store. The Spanish people, if they are in insurrection, have not risen for an enthralled Press, for corruption at election, or for the more extensive of despotic power. They required something far more personal to the honor and chivalrous sentiment of every individual of the nation than matters of State policy, her they would consent to take up arms against the Throne. Such a motive has been found in the disgusting immorality of the Court. A certain license has been taken by crowned heads at various epochs of the history of Europe, but we question much if at any period of modern history—even in the Courts of Central Germany at the conclusion of the Seventeenth Century—there was a more thorough and pervading fulness of life than has prevailed in the Nineteenth Century at the Court of this young Spanish Queen, who was raised to the throne by the devotion of a loyal people. There may be other reasons thrust forward as the more prominent causes for this insurrection, but the one which has added force and vigor to them all has been the hopeless depravity of the Spanish Court.

From the telegraphic despatches we publish today it will be seen that the insurrection has already assumed the most formidable proportions. Madrid is covered with barricades. It is said that a body of the insurgents, four thousand strong had taken possession of Campo del Moro, at the distance of a musket shot from the Palace. The Director of the Artillery, Gen. Campuzano, had refused to advance for the purpose of dispersing them, although he protested throughout that the Queen owned no more loyal subjects. The Spanish Throne is an evil case, when its most loyal subject refuses to draw a sword in its behalf. The garrison, too, of Madrid is not to be depended on—at least another principal officer has made their presumed disaffection a reason for declining to take any active steps in support of the Queen's authority.

The report which we have received goes even further than this, and speaks of a "fraternization" between a portion of the garrison and the insurgents. It tells us, too, of a summons addressed to the Queen on the part of General O'Donnell, desiring her to resign her crown. A regency is mention of which Narvez should be a member, and, if member, then he sole chief. In opposition to these rumours, which all come evidently from one source, there is the poor suggestion, on the other side, that the insurgent forces in the field have suffered a defeat, and have retired upon Toledo. The authority for this rumour is the telegraph, which is in the hands of Government. It may no doubt be true, but it does not come before us in any way which entitles it to any great credit.

THE IRISH EXODUS.—During the famine years of 1845-46. Ireland had sunk to the lowest depth of wretchedness. Wages fell to a point so low that the laboring man scarce received the means of supplying the slenderest physical wants of himself and his dependants. Pestilence raged throughout the land, sweeping away myriads with slow fever, and leaving desolate the homes and hearts of the survivors. The unhappy people, distracted and appalled by the misery which they had endured for so many years, and completely overwhelmed by the intolerable burden of present suffering, appeared to lose all attachment of their native land and fled by hundreds of thousands across the Atlantic, in search of a happier and better home; and in every name of Ireland became the epitome of every social misfortune. In the year 1845 the number of paupers, or those receiving either in-door relief under the Poor Laws amounted to two millions and forty-three thousand, being near a third of the entire population, and the emigration from Irish ports alone—comparatively a small part of the whole—amount to nearly one hundred thousand; but the darkest hour precedes the light of day and from that time to the present, the history of Ireland has been one of steady and unprecedented progress in material wealth and prosperity.

The emigration of so large a portion of the youngest and most industrious population, combined with that from England to Australia, in consequence of the discovery of the gold mines naturally produced a great increase in the value of labor throughout Great Britain. The passage of the "encumbered estates act," in the year 1849, threw a large amount of the landed property of Ireland into the market, and caused its transfer from the impoverished and careless proprietor to active and enterprising capitalists of the United Kingdom. For the four years ending with 1851, six hundred and fifty thousand acres had been added to the cultivated lands of the Island. These and other causes tend to ameliorate the condition of the agricultural labourer, but it is in the manufacturing departments of industry, and chiefly in the muslin trade, that the greatest development of Irish progress has occurred.

The number of acres cultivated in flax, which in 1847 amounted only to fifty-eight thousand had risen in 1851 to one hundred and forty thousand. The increased culture of the raw material has not been attended with an equal developement of the manufacturing interests which has increased steadily but slowly, owing to the competition of other nations. The manufacture of sewed muslins has however increased in even greater ratio. During the period succeeding the famine years already referred to, some capitalists, whose benevolence was at least equalled by their shrewdness, conceived the idea of establishing industrial schools, for giving employment to women and children in that species of needle-work. The Exhibition of Dublin and Cork, succeeding to that of London, afforded them an opportunity for bring their goods into competion with those of other nations, and in consequence of the demands thus created, the manufacture of sewed muslins has risen to a comparatively trifling amount to an annual value of several million pounds and is now estimated to afford employment for near three thousand persons.

The influence of these various causes, in promoting the social and material welfare of the people of Ireland, is shown in the rapid decrease of pauperism. The number of persons receiving relief under the poor law for the year 1852 averaged a little over one hundred and fifty thousand, while as we learn from the report of the committee, just published in London, the number receiving aid during the year 1853 was less than that of the previous year by at least forty thousand.

WHEAT CROP OF CANADA.—We learn from a gentleman who has traversed Canada from London to Montreal, and visited much of the interior that the wheat crop of Upper Canada, will far exceed that of any other year in its amount.

It is estimated that a third more was sown last year than the year before and it all looks flourishing. The surplus last year is estimated at 7,000,000 bushels. This year it is calculated the surplus will reach 12,000,000 bushels. Estimating the price at only $1.40 per bushel, it gives the farmers $18,000,000 for wheat alone, for a foreign market.

The Canadian farmers last year enjoyed great prosperity and this season bids fair to add largely to the contents of their coffers. The united circulation of the Banks is over $22,000,000. Of this sum, it is estimated full $15,000,000 is now in the hands of the farmers.

The notes of the banks do not return upon them, sufficiently for ordinary transactions of the day, and hence there is a great scarcity of currency for daily business. Every bank in the province has made application for increase of capital to the amount of $15,000,000. The Canucks are rapidly becoming a "go-ahead" people.

Thousand of labourers are wanted to secure the grain harvest. The railroads now employ all laborers offering, at high wages. Harvest labor is up to $1,37 1-2 per day.—[Rochester American.]


BURNETT'S PURIFYING SYRUP.—If your pigs have the kidney worm feed them sulphur. Give a table-spoonful to each for a week. If your pigs are mangy or lousy, feed them sulphur.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

We get the following very valuable and important testimony in favor of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, from the spicy and highly respected Daily Evening Transcript:—

Proprietors, April 16.

We take pleasure in recommending this valuable medicine, and in doing so feel that we are doing our duty. We do not say this from some humanity, or from the announcement of his great number of cures from such or such a disease, but, from the knowledge of its virtues, as we have found them in our own families, and in our business relations with our fellow-citizens, we feel it our duty to give our testimony to its efficacy, and to say that we have seen no medicine so universally good, and we have found it