

ten years, while two other children, a boy and a girl, not more than five and six, squatted on the damp clay floor, which was strewn with straw and rags...

The same hoarse voice that had spoken before he entered, made answer, in a kind of scoffing laugh, from the chimney corner: 'To be sure they have, why shouldn't they?'

Pierce turned towards the place; there was no fire upon the hearth; but upon the hob, and deeply shaded by the projection of the huge chimney, sat a man about forty, without shoes, stockings, coat, or vest; a small clothes and soot-stained shirt his only covering...

'Ay, there they is, now,' he continued, as Pierce stared at him in silence: 'one, two, three of them; and I'm their father, and what am I to do with them?'

'Where is their mother?' asked Pierce. 'Avoch, and what a question you put on me; I went down the bosheen, yesterday, after the proctor left us, and I told them she was gasping; yes, I told them my wife was gasping, and the good Christians wouldn't believe me; and yet she was stiff afore me when I cum back, and I buried her without a wake, or a sheet to wind her in; and see here—here's what she left me.'

He stooped and took up a bundle of dark rags, which, from the weak cries that immediately reached Pierce's ears, he discovered to be at once the cradle and swaddling clothes of a newborn infant. The man laid the babe on his lap, and added, 'And I'm to sit up all night and watch this dainty bit in a cradle, and feed it, having nothing more than a few cold potatoes; ay, there's three of them for you, and I'm their father, if you want to know it, and what am I to do with them? sure that's just the way it's wid me, a-vid.'

Pierce was sure that this same man now sat before him. The rest of the company were not particularly distinguished, being young fellows, gay, heedless, and uncharacterized. The table was covered with slops of liquor, and the whole behaviour and appearance of the men showed they had been, for some time before Pierce's entry, trying the potency of the home-brewed ale, some of which Doran also procured for his friend and himself; as, with half a cake of oat-bread, it was the only refreshment the old colluch could or would produce.

Perhaps, joined to the riotous mirth that now went on, serious business had been in debate before the appearance of Shea; for he could perceive that, in the midst of their wildest hilarity, whispers and looks occasionally went round; at all events, he certainly missed the accompanying hubbub of the bagpipes, previously heard at the door; and being at the first circumstance, and particularly mentioning the last to his companion, 'Come, Murthock,' cried Doran, slapping on the humpy shoulders a stupid-looking blind creature, who was seated apart from the others, and who, his music silent, seemed to have sunk into sympathizing nonentity, as if he had only existed while his instrument was at work, or as if the breath that gave him life had been blown into his lungs by one of its complex pipes, part of the stock by which it was itself vivified, and that, the one exhausted, the other must fade away: 'Come, Murthock, strike up Andrew Carey, or Sheelin-a-gig, or something that's hearty.'

The bent and lethargic figure instantly got a little motion, as the bellows gave the first puff, and he answered, 'Hah! hah! I wouldn't doubt you, Rhia Doran; you war always the boy for my money; faith, and I'll give you purty nate music as left ever a poor piper's bag; then, as he played it, a very discordant air. 'Och, murth, murth, your pipes want a drink, Murthock, they're so sorrowful; here, man; take this, and try something that won't set us crying.'

'Sua, sua, sua, Rhia Doran; you war never fond of being sad yourself, and small blame to you, for your blood is hot and strong; he seized the noggin, and stretched his neck to have a good guzzle; that was the Whiteboy's Lamentation; another draught;—bud stay now till I'll give you the Whiteboy's Delight; here goes. 'Do so, Murthock; something that has fun in it, or by this blessed liquor I'll take you to the threshold, cut you bags, and let your music about the field.'

'Never fear,' said Murthock, stirring his arms with somewhat quicker motion; though he only repeated the former air (if air it could be called which air had none) in more jiggish tune; in truth, except in the instance of his having been born blind, nature never intended Murthock to a musician; his strains, did not fail, however, to impose on his audience, and inspire them with many a vociferous shout, at which, well pleased, the creature smiled in self-flattery, and then plied his bellows more and more shrilly, and his drone grunted more and more deeply, as if in ill-humor, with its own music; the whole effect not unlike a noise to which, we believe, it has sometimes been locally compared, namely, a litter of young pigs making clamorous demands on their poor worn-out dam, which, in gruff expostulation, she admits or rejects.

death of half a nation, the assertion. After the ice of temperance and self-command is once broken, there is no heartier tippler than a sorrowful man; the sudden and wild relief he has received, he will wildly endeavor to keep up, and this can only be done by successive libations; so Pierce drank on as rapidly as any round him; felt his heart grow lighter and lighter; and at last, to Murthock's extreme consolation, became as noisy as any other man in the hovel.

In the midst of his utmost enjoyment, the little rustic prig, who sat by his side, laying his hand on Pierce's arm, said, 'But, misha, my poor boy, that's three—you're still in the hunt for Alley Dooling, you hear; and isn't it a strange thing to be supposed, and a shameful thing to be hard spoken of, that you're living to this day of your life among the neighbours, and never joined yourself to the jolly lads, that, saying nothing of their glory in the good cause, are the only living souls to help you to a sight in her?'

Pierce was about to reply with much vivacity, when one of the young peasants, commencing by a prefatory yell, sung out: 'Yes!—' 'They must lave off their tithing an rackin' iv acres, or we'll roast 'em as brown as a loaf at the baker's; An' we'll nip off their ears, and we'll lave their heads bare. As they do wid the calves in the county Kildare.'

'These lines were chorussed by the whole set, at a mad shouting pitch of voice, that made the rattles of the roof ring again, and Pierce could scarce get in his earnest question of—'Do you, to the little man—' or do any of you know where Alley Dooling is to be found?'

'Fair and asy, now,' replied the schoolmaster, who seemed by general consent, or undisputed privilege, to be official spokesman, 'for it's fair and asy that goes far in the day; do we know anything iv your sweetheart, is it? Maybe we do maybe we don't; and, case we do, what's the reason, I say once agin that you're not like a son of green Ireland, the crature doing as mooch as you can, and sorry in your heart that you can't do more, against the rievlin, plundering, murdering raperies of tithe-proctors, the bitter foes iv ould Ireland's land; slinging at home, because the slow doesn't strike hard on yourself, and an' never heeding the moans of the poor neighbours, that are left to starve, or rot like ould horses in the ditches, because the sassench clergy, that doesn't care a crooked straw for them or theirs, must have grand houses to live in, and costly fastes, where there's the mate iv all kinds, every day in the year, Fridays and all, and wine galore to drink?—the orator paused in his set speech, now for the hundredth time repeated, to ply his noggin, as speaking is dry work, and with a bitter and indignant regret, no doubt, that this was not the wine to which he alluded—'why, you don't look like a boy that 'ud be a sprissoun, or afear'd to do a thing because a bit of danger might lie in the way?'

He here made another pause, as if inviting some reply; and, as Pierce looked up to speak, he observed a leer on the face of the younger part of the assembly, which he suspected might be interpreted into scorn of his want of spirit, hinted at in the latter part of the pedagogue's address; his eyes, rapid as lightning, glanced on Doran, who all this time continued his half-sitting posture at one end of the table, coolly tapping it with a switch, to ascertain whether or not the general sneer was borrowed from him; but his friend's countenance betrayed no mark of anything insulting or disagreeable; then, knitting his brows, and looking hard at the fellow who wore the broadest grin—

'Is there any man here,' he asked, 'who dares to question my courage, say I fear danger?—' The lad, immediately apprehending his meaning, changed at once the expression of his features, and thrusting his hand in smy across the table, 'Never a one 'ud say id to your father's son, Muster Pierce, a-bouchal,' he exclaimed; 'but, assuming a jocosse cast of face, and winking at Pierce, while he nodded at the orator, 'there's one thing Moutreen left out in his oration, and myself was going to put it in his mind, that it's from us poor cratures iv Romans that we are, —go viod a Dieu vrv!—it's from us, and we have the sin iv id on our heads, the sassench clergy takes what buys the mate they ates at a Friday, and will we be afther lettin' 'em do a thing that no' Christianen sowl 'ud do, barrin' he was a dog?'

(To be continued.)

In a recent number we (London Tablet) announced the publication in China of an important edict, by which the magistrates were everywhere ordered to treat the Christians with the same favour as all other subjects of the Chinese empire, to require of them nothing contrary to their faith, and to leave them entirely free in the practice of their religion. We now learn that this edict has been favourably received by the authorities and by the people; that at Canton a large space inside the city has been granted to the Catholic Missionaries for a church and other religious and charitable edifices. Another site has also been granted in Canton for a House of French Nuns, and for the Association of the Holy Childhood. At Tien Tsin a magnificent pagoda has been given up for Catholic purposes, through the exertions of the French Ambassador.

We had also to mention, a little time ago, the conclusion of hostilities between France and Cochinchina, together with a certain cession of territory to France, and the stipulation for the free and secure exercise of the Christian religion in those vast regions, where the blood of martyrs has so lately fertilized the soil. Thus, in the extreme East, the providence of God is extending the Empire of Grace, to compensate the Church for the losses which the crimes and indifference of her children are bringing on her in the West. But, besides what is going on in Asia, there are agencies at work in the east of Europe, from which results of incalculable importance to the Church may not unreasonably be expected.

The Count de Maistre thought that it might well come to pass that the Te Deum would be sung in the Church of St. Sophie, at Constantinople, before the end of the century; and M. l'Abbe D'Alzon, Vicar-General of the Bishop of Nimes, who, when in Rome, received from the Holy Father himself the commission to interest himself and his congregation in the work of the conversion of the Bulgarians, says, that the oldest commentators on the Sacred Writings place the end of the Mussulman empire about 1880. That will be as God pleases; but the fact is that an astonishing longing for restoration to Catholic unity has, of late years, arisen in the hearts of the Bulgarian population. The Abbe D'Alzon tells us that two

years ago the conversion of some 4000,000 Bulgarians was not only a likelihood, but a reality nearly came to pass. Against the time when existing obstacles shall be removed, the reconciliation of the nation with the Church, charity is making all due preparation. Institutions have to be founded, instruction has to be imparted, a Clergy has to be trained, and the work is already in hand. M. l'Abbe D'Alzon says that the chief human cause of this strange revival of a longing for Rome among these races, which have long been looked upon as hopelessly separated from Unity, are: first, the incredible tyranny of the Greek Clergy; and their simoniacal exactions; secondly, the hostility to Russia which is felt by the Bulgarians, a feeling strengthened by the influence of the Polish refugees.

It is strictly in order that the admission of the subordination of the Spiritual Power to the Temporal Power should lead to schism; and a schismatic Church, in which the Spiritual Power is controlled by the State, must divide again, and renounce the hope of extending beyond the limits of the State. The undue predominance of the State over the Church led to the Eastern schism. The Patriarch of Constantinople had at first many nations and races subject to his spiritual sway; but when, after the dismemberment of the empire, different nationalities constituted themselves, each wanted its own independent National Church.

The Servians got a National Church; the Russians got a National Church; even the Wallachians and Moldavians have their own National Churches. The Bulgarians now demand to have their own Church. The Hat'humsain guarantees liberty of conscience, and the Turkish Government does not interfere. But while all the Bulgarians are agreed to repudiate the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, they divide into two parties on the question, whether they shall form themselves into a separate Church, like the Church of Russia, independent both of Constantinople and of Rome, or whether they shall seek for reunion with the Apostolic See.

The power, and intrigues, and gold of Russia are not spared to give strength and encouragement to the former. On the other hand, the prayers and charity of the Faithful are appealed to, to help in procuring material necessities for the latter party, to enable them to build their churches, and to provide them with the means of performing their liturgy. The Holy Father Pius IX. has interested himself especially in this work; and a recent speech by the Abbe D'Alzon, on the Bulgarian Missions, pays a tribute of homage to the faith and courage of the glorious Pontiff, and describes the wonderful workings of Divine Providence in a passage which deserves to be reproduced.

'Pius IX. knows neither what a life nor what a death Providence is preparing for him. He knows only that he is the Successor of the Apostles, and he resolves to continue their mission. Perhaps, even, it would be easy to explain the bitter trials of his old age by the manner in which he has accomplished his Apostolic duties. No Pope, perhaps, ever sent so many Missionaries to the extremities of the world; certainly no Pope ever instituted so many Episcopal Sees, or restored so many in the very places in which heresy and schism had abolished them. This is an incalculable increase of Ecclesiastical power for which Satan was sure to try to take revenge by the hands of men. Three hundred new Bishopsricks, or nearly three hundred, established by one Pope! Three hundred citadels whence the Soldiers of God sallied forth for new conquests. Was it likely that the Devil's legions would stay motionless behind the gates of Hell, at sight of such a menace. Now a terrible and magnificent spectacle has been reserved for us to witness. The human resources of the Church were never so reduced; and the power of Her enemies was never at so great a pitch. The wisdom and knowledge of the World never came so near to achieving the destruction of the Scandal of the Cross, and never, of this we may be sure, will the Hand of God have been so manifest, as when the support of every arm of flesh shall have been withdrawn.'

When Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, two Roman citizens calmly bought and sold the very ground on which he was encamped. Pius IX. with less pride, but with equal fortitude, does the like. He knows not for how many nights the Revolution may allow him to sleep in the Vatican, and with a glance, that includes the whole wide world, he looks to see where the harvest is ripening, to send his workmen thither. The West seems to be collapsing in the shadow of doubt and disbelief, when his Apostolic eye discerns in the East some symptoms of awakening. He encourages them, he blesses them, he looks for men to whom to say, as the Saviour said to His disciples, 'Go and preach.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday the Most Rev. Dr. MacNally conferred the Order of Priesthood on the Rev. P. Donnelly, and Rev. M. Traynor, who lately completed their studies in the College of St. Spirit, Louvain. The Ordination took place in the old Parish Church, Moatglass.

CONVENTION.—Be pleased to give me space in your columns, in order to lay before the public that I have been required into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Maher (St. Francis Priory, Kilkenny), after straying for eleven months in the Church of England. I now return to the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, with sincere sorrow for my past error.—James Quinlan—Stoneyford, August 18, 1862.—Kilkenny Journal.

CONVERSION TO PROTESTANTISM.—William Scully, Esq., of Ballynacloogh, Golden, youngest son of the late Deans Scully, Esq., Killekeel, together with his family, abjured the Catholic religion, and joined the Communion of the Church of England on Sunday last. On Mr. Scully leaving the sacred edifice, he was met by a crowd, who groaned and hooted him for a considerable distance.—Nenagh Guardian.

MISSION IN QUIN BY THE REDSMPTONIST FATHERS.—On Sunday, 24th ult., the mission, which had been held during the past three weeks in Quin by the Redemptorist Fathers from Limerick, under the guidance of Father Bridgett, was brought to an auspicious termination. On Saturday 570 children were confirmed by the Most Rev. Dr. Plannery, who expressed himself in terms of the strongest approbation as to the moral culture of the people and the pious training of the youth. The visitation sermon was preached the next day by the Very Rev. Dr. Bridgett, who acquitted himself of his task in a manner that elicited the warmest acknowledgments of his Lordship. The Rev. Daniel Oorbert is the parish priest of Quin.—Limerick Reporter.

and continued them in the Dominican Monastery at Rome, where he remained six years, and was ordained Priest by dispensation, at the early age of twenty-three. He was in Ireland that the labours of his life began, and there he is still affectionately remembered. During the cholera time of 1830 and 1831, his industrious labours and devoted zeal were very remarkable. He was also an eloquent and distinguished preacher at St. Andrew's, Westland-row, and Thomas street. He was consecrated Bishop in Dublin on the 27th August, 1837, and arrived at the Cape in April, 1838. Here he founded a Catholic mission and here he spent his days. They were well spent. When he came, there were but seventy Catholics in Cape Town—there are now 3,000. He acquired property for his church to the amount of about £20,000, which, with a library of nearly £2,000 in value he bequeaths to his successor. He died surrounded by his Clergy and friends, most of whom had been day and night in attendance upon him, during his brief illness. May the good man rest in peace!—Cape Argus.

A NEW CONVENT OF MERCY.—On Thursday week a community of Sisters of Mercy, from Saint Joseph's, Tullamore, accompanied by the Reverend Mother, Mrs. Cantwell, took possession of the new Convent of the Immaculate Conception, lately erected at Rochfortbridge. Shortly after their arrival, the Lord Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, who is now, thank God, in perfect health, drove out from Mullingar to welcome the good Nuns, and to inaugurate the new foundation of Mercy, which is destined to confer incalculable and lasting blessings on the present and future generations. Nothing could equal the joy and gratitude of the people when they beheld the accomplishment of their long-cherished hopes and fervent aspirations, the presence of the angelic Sisters of Mercy amongst them. Too much praise could not be given to the zealous Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Robbins, for his great exertions and anxious toil in procuring such a priceless blessing for his people, and to Richard Coffey, Esq., Newcastle; Miss Shell, Cottage; Mr. Garvin (the West) and all the people, for their generous and cordial co-operation in bringing the great and good work to so triumphant and glorious a consummation.—Freeman's Journal.

THE BURNING OF THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE CORK.—At a private meeting of the finance committee of the corporation of Cork held on the 29th ult., an application was read by the Town Clerk from the Commissioners of the Board of Works, requiring an assessment on the rateable property in the city of Cork, to the amount of £7,300 to replace the building and the property alleged to have been maliciously burned by the fire which took place in the western wing of the Queen's College, in this city, on the 15th of May last. There was no discussion on the subject, further than an order being made to refer the application to the Town Council Presentment Sessions, which meets on the first Monday in September. The application, it is anticipated, will be negatived by the council, and it will then go before the recorder and a petty jury, who will try the question of malice. Should the Crown get a verdict on this issue, the jury will then be required to assess the amount of damage. The corporation will resist by counsel and witnesses the appeal before the recorder. Should the verdict be against the ratepayers for the full amount claimed, the assessment will amount to about 16d in the pound on the total valuation of the city.—Post.

FEDERAL RECRUITING IN IRELAND.—The Queenstown correspondent of Saunders makes a rather surprising statement, namely, that, although every steamer returning from America brings crowds of Irishmen flying from the Federal conscription, their countrymen are beginning to emigrate to the States in considerable numbers! His explanation of this singular phenomenon is, that there is 'some secret conspiracy at work deceiving the people.' This is not impossible. The Phoenix Club, which is still in existence, is known to be in communication with the emigrated Celts in New York, and it is not unlikely that, through its means, the unfortunate peasantry are being deluded into emigrating to the States—in other words, into allowing themselves to be placed in such a position that, on reaching New York, they must starve or enlist. That this plot is being carried out, through some agency, is also confirmed by recent intelligence from New York, to the effect that many emigrants, on arriving there, have joined the Federal army. Of late, too, there have been remarkably frequent and exciting appeals addressed to the Irish in the States and at home. In fact, it is easy to perceive that a systematic effort is being made to draw as many of them as possible into the Federal army. The telegraphic news from America, published in to-day's papers, contains a paragraph which perhaps gives some insight into the influence that is brought to bear by the Federal agents in Ireland in their recruiting operations. It is to the following effect:—'General Corcoran has made a speech at Washington. He told the Irish to complete their work in America, and when it was over they would make an opportunity for themselves elsewhere. If such language succeeds in its purpose in the States, where the Irish see daily the awful results of the war, it is not to be wondered at if it meets with a response among the peasantry and the disaffected here. The correspondent of Saunders in his letter, thus alludes to the matter:—'No other feeling than one of astonishment can be excited at the continuance of emigration from these shores to America. It cannot be believed that the agricultural population are so grossly ignorant, in these days of penny newspapers, of the gains as for some time past at the other side of the Atlantic as to rush heedlessly into the train-melms of the craven crew who wait to clutch them. These reckless creatures must have heard the wallings of those who bi-weekly land upon those shores, after escaping from the Yankee press-gang. They must have heard of the insults heaped upon their countrymen who had preceded them on the voyage—how they were hunted throughout the streets of the towns of the Union, as if they were canine brutes affected with hydrophobia, in the hope of worrying them into submission to face fatigue, famine, disease, and death, in the pestiferous swamps of the sultry South. These and all the other brutalities inflicted on the wretched Irish who sought the shores of America to enjoy freedom, that they were misguided into the belief that they did not breathe at home, have not checked the emigration from this country. Every week the stalwart youths flock to the outward bound steamers, to quit the place of their birth, to which Providence now promises an abundant harvest and agricultural and commercial prosperity. This can alone be accounted for by the belief that some secret conspiracy is at work deceiving the people. There is one fact that is not generally known, that 'passage tickets' arrive to parties by every mail as if from parties whose departure from the land of their birth had been forgotten, and the possession of these tickets, with promising letters, induce many to quit their homes. There is much reason to suspect that these tickets have been paid for by the United States Treasury; and as evidence of the efforts made by the Government to mislead the people of this country and seduce them to the shores of America, the following circulars are ample. They were received in this town on Friday last by Mr. Devine, United States Consul at this port:—

Department of State, Washington, Aug. 8. 'At no former period of our history have our agricultural, manufacturing, and mining interests been more prosperous than at this juncture. This fact may be deemed surprising in view of the enhanced price for labour occasioned by the demand for the rank and file of the armies of the United States. It may, therefore, be confidently asserted, that, even now, nowhere else, can the industrious laboring man and artisan expect so liberal a recompense for his services as in the United States. You are authorized and directed to make these truths known in any quarter and in any way which may lead to the migration of such persons to this country. It is be-

lieved that knowledge of them will suffice to cause them to be availed upon. The Government has no legal authority to offer any pecuniary inducements to the advent of industrious foreigners. WILLIAM H. SEWARD. To Mr. P. J. Devine, United States Consul, Cork. (CIRCULAR NO. 18.) Department of State, Washington, Aug. 8. 'It is expected that until further notice you will not issue a passport to any citizen between the ages of 18 and 45, and otherwise liable to the performance of military duty, who you may have reason to suppose shall have left the United States subsequent to this date. WILLIAM H. SEWARD. To Mr. P. J. Devine, U. S. Consul, Cork. 'No man is so great a doer as to believe the object is merely to procure skilled labour in agriculture, manufactures, and mining. It is human material for the war is needed, and these circulars are a mere subterfuge to reduce men within the grasp of the provost-marshal. Will the British Government take no notice of this enlistment for foreign service? Will Russell not at least caution the subjects of her gracious Majesty the Queen against being entrapped into military slavery by such wily frauds? It is hoped that a stop—an immediate stop—will be put to Yankee man-stealing in Ireland.—Morning Post.

Several young men of foreign tounure, yet of Irish breeding and birth, have been passing, within the last few days, through this city, on their way home from America, whence many are coming, not willing to sell their lives or services for the 'almighty dollar,' on paper, in the sanguinary and suicidal war between North and South. Sad indeed it is that the magnificent country from which they have returned should be wasted in the insensate—the patricidal strife in which the blood and wealth of the Republic are sacrificed to no national purpose.—Limerick paper.

The war at present so fiercely waged in the United States—although 4,000 miles distant from the great capitals of Europe—may have somewhat disturbed what diplomats jauntingly term the balance of power, and driven some crowned heads to seek new alliances to supply the place of old friends. One thing is clear, it has upset the balance of king calico and completely uncrowned a monarch who was rapidly devouring half the globe. The cotton lords of England had made themselves a power in the State, superior to the old landocracy of the country. They monopolised the most profitable labor of the kingdom they rung from the sweat and blood of England—from the feeble child and the withered toiler in their mills—that enormous wealth which made them legislators and purezza aristocrats; but the whole fabric was based upon a false principle. The great agricultural interests, on which lie the foundation of every nation's wealth, was destroyed by the corn laws. False theories on political economy and the balances of trade occupied the minds of capitalists and legislators. The welfare of the multitude was thrust aside that a few monopolists might enrich themselves at the expense of a nation's strength. The sturdy yeoman, with his good yew-tree bow, gave place to a race of venal speculators and gany shoopmen. In latter days Goldsmith's lines were quite forgotten—

'There was a time, ere England's ills began, When every rood of ground maintained its man; England, having established a superficial system of prosperity, and stretched her commercial sceptre over the most distant portions of the earth, became deaf to the voice of reason, and insolently spurned the appeals for reform at home. What is the consequence? She now finds herself dependent upon America for cotton to feed her mills and corn to feed her people. Her factories have long since been placed on our door relief by the war, and should any difficulty arise between the United States and England, starvation will stare the whole population of Great Britain in the face.—Galway American.

At present the people in the rural districts have work only during five months in the year. They are idle during seven months; and consequently, where more than half the year is spent in doing nothing, there must be poverty. This, then, is one of the great causes of our destitute condition. It is this unfortunate state of things which causes so many to wear bad clothes, to use indifferent food, and to be in a condition which is only one step from pauperism. We have capital in abundance, and millions of hands to work, but we have no stirring men of enterprise to use the capital for employing idle hands. Our rivers give a water power not surpassed by any nation in the world, but the water rushes on to the sea unutilized. We have genius and mechanical skill in abundance, but there is no one to call them into action. Is it not a melancholy thing to see a fine country and a hardy population so woefully neglected? The farmers have for many years been struggling to pay their way with bad crops of wheat rotten potatoes, and, in many instances, light crops of oats and barley; and few of them have resolved to change the system which has brought distress to so many homes, and adopt a better one. They have been told over and over again that they should sow a considerable portion of their land with flax, but they cannot be got to do it. They will continue to plunder themselves by sowing wheat, which is not a paying crop, except in one year out of ten; and the country has lost millions of money by the ridiculous perseverance of the people in planting too much potatoes. Many farmers, some eight or ten years since, commenced to sow flax, but they soon gave it up. 'It was too troublesome,' they said, and they could not continue it. That is, it gave a great deal of employment, and they did not want anything which could not be turned quickly into money. Now that is just what Ireland wants, in order to afford work to her idle people, and enable them to use good food, wear good clothes, and live in comfortable houses. We know men in this county who have made from £20 to £30 an acre of flax, which was grown on land that would not pay £5 an acre if sown with oats or barley. We see by Mr. Donnelly's 'Agricultural Statistics' for 1862, that there were 362 acres of flax grown in the county Louth last year; but this year only just half that quantity of land was sown with flax. This we consider a great misfortune. We do not care what people say in opposition to cultivating flax; we are convinced that it is a better paying crop than any other; and if we desired a proof of our statement, we have only to point to the prosperity of Ulster, which owes its wealth to the growth of flax and its manufacture into yarn and cloth. An acre of flax may be made to produce £1,000. Nearly £900 of that would go into the pockets of the working classes, and hence its great value in enriching the country. In the nine counties of Ulster there were 146,248 acres of flax grown this year. See what employment that will give in scutching, spinning, weaving, and bleaching. It will, at the lowest estimate, produce nearly five million pounds sterling; and defuse wealth and comfort through all classes of the population. But in Louth and in other counties the small farmers prefer wrestling with rotten potato crops, and bad corn crops, to cultivating flax, which would give great employment to their half-fed children, and rescue them from the dire poverty that surrounds them. To say the least of it, we are a foolish people in sending all our wool out of the country to be manufactured by foreigners when we should strive to manufacture it ourselves; and to purchase calico from the English, when we could grow flax and produce linen, the manufacture of which would give work to our poor and idle people, who are in misery and wretchedness, because they cannot obtain employment.—Dundalk Democrat.

Department of State, Washington, Aug. 8. 'At no former period of our history have our agricultural, manufacturing, and mining interests been more prosperous than at this juncture. This fact may be deemed surprising in view of the enhanced price for labour occasioned by the demand for the rank and file of the armies of the United States. It may, therefore, be confidently asserted, that, even now, nowhere else, can the industrious laboring man and artisan expect so liberal a recompense for his services as in the United States. You are authorized and directed to make these truths known in any quarter and in any way which may lead to the migration of such persons to this country. It is be-

lieved that knowledge of them will suffice to cause them to be availed upon. The Government has no legal authority to offer any pecuniary inducements to the advent of industrious foreigners. WILLIAM H. SEWARD. To Mr. P. J. Devine, United States Consul, Cork. (CIRCULAR NO. 18.) Department of State, Washington, Aug. 8. 'It is expected that until further notice you will not issue a passport to any citizen between the ages of 18 and 45, and otherwise liable to the performance of military duty, who you may have reason to suppose shall have left the United States subsequent to this date. WILLIAM H. SEWARD. To Mr. P. J. Devine, U. S. Consul, Cork. 'No man is so great a doer as to believe the object is merely to procure skilled labour in agriculture, manufactures, and mining. It is human material for the war is needed, and these circulars are a mere subterfuge to reduce men within the grasp of the provost-marshal. Will the British Government take no notice of this enlistment for foreign service? Will Russell not at least caution the subjects of her gracious Majesty the Queen against being entrapped into military slavery by such wily frauds? It is hoped that a stop—an immediate stop—will be put to Yankee man-stealing in Ireland.—Morning Post.

Several young men of foreign tounure, yet of Irish breeding and birth, have been passing, within the last few days, through this city, on their way home from America, whence many are coming, not willing to sell their lives or services for the 'almighty dollar,' on paper, in the sanguinary and suicidal war between North and South. Sad indeed it is that the magnificent country from which they have returned should be wasted in the insensate—the patricidal strife in which the blood and wealth of the Republic are sacrificed to no national purpose.—Limerick paper.

The war at present so fiercely waged in the United States—although 4,000 miles distant from the great capitals of Europe—may have somewhat disturbed what diplomats jauntingly term the balance of power, and driven some crowned heads to seek new alliances to supply the place of old friends. One thing is clear, it has upset the balance of king calico and completely uncrowned a monarch who was rapidly devouring half the globe. The cotton lords of England had made themselves a power in the State, superior to the old landocracy of the country. They monopolised the most profitable labor of the kingdom they rung from the sweat and blood of England—from the feeble child and the withered toiler in their mills—that enormous wealth which made them legislators and purezza aristocrats; but the whole fabric was based upon a false principle. The great agricultural interests, on which lie the foundation of every nation's wealth, was destroyed by the corn laws. False theories on political economy and the balances of trade occupied the minds of capitalists and legislators. The welfare of the multitude was thrust aside that a few monopolists might enrich themselves at the expense of a nation's strength. The sturdy yeoman, with his good yew-tree bow, gave place to a race of venal speculators and gany shoopmen. In latter days Goldsmith's lines were quite forgotten—

'There was a time, ere England's ills began, When every rood of ground maintained its man; England, having established a superficial system of prosperity, and stretched her commercial sceptre over the most distant portions of the earth, became deaf to the voice of reason, and insolently spurned the appeals for reform at home. What is the consequence? She now finds herself dependent upon America for cotton to feed her mills and corn to feed her people. Her factories have long since been placed on our door relief by the war, and should any difficulty arise between the United States and England, starvation will stare the whole population of Great Britain in the face.—Galway American.

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