

mal's head I flew with the force of a sky-rocket. Lighting with a great thump on the hard turf, I ran no trifling risk of a broken neck; but may have saved me, at the expense of its own demolition, and I was only stunned. But when Ichabod hurried to the rescue he found me bruised and faint, and with a sprained thumb that caused me exquisite pain for the time. So stupefied was I by the shock, that I did not hear the beat of hoofs upon the green carpet of the prairie, nor the sound of friendly voices, and was surprised, on looking up, to see that I was surrounded by a large party of equestrians, who were surveying me from the saddle with every appearance of interest. Riding-habits and side-saddles here in prairie-land! hats and feathers, too, of most lady-like elegance, and a pair of pretty, rather pale faces under the shadow of those plumed felts. Besides the two girls, there were a grey-haired elderly man, two younger gentlemen, and three or four mounted blacks in suits of striped cotton, one of whom led a couple of hounds in a long leash, while another had a buck strapped behind him on the horse.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" asked one of the young ladies in a sweet kind voice. Ichabod, as bold as a lion in general, was awkward and bashful when addressed by a lady, and seemed to be weighing the words of his answer, when I felt it necessary to reply for myself. On discovering that I was a stranger in the land, General Warfield insisted that I should accompany the party to his house, just across the Missouri border, where my injured thumb should receive every attention, and where he and his family would gladly welcome me. Yielding willingly to this hospitable persuasion, I permitted Ichabod and one of the negroes to help me to remount my Mustang, and we rode towards the Missouri boundary. The family whose acquaintance I had just made in so singular a way, bore no similarity to the travelling Americans whom it had previously fallen to my lot to encounter. General Warfield, his son, daughters, and nephew, had the well-bred air and unobtrusive demeanor which I had hitherto deemed exclusively insular. They asked me no abrupt questions as to my station or errand; they indulged in no diatribes against my country, nor in any extravagant laudations of their own; and I might have fancied myself the guest of some long descended family at home, but for the wild scenes and unusual objects that met my eyes as we rode along. It turned out that that General Warfield, a retired military officer, was a militiaman. Was of an old Virginia family, and had migrated to the newer soil of Missouri six years ago. There his children had grown to be men and women, in the hardy habits of that wild country, a mere outpost of civilization; and indeed they were returning from a hunting expedition into Iowa when they stumbled upon me in my prostrate condition; Three hours' ride brought us to the General's house, a large building of mangled wood and stone, with a pretty garden on one hand, and on the other the farm-buildings, the corrals for horses and cattle, and the negro huts. Within I found furniture of old-fashioned dark mahogany, partridge-wood, and bird's eye maple, old family pictures, pretty knickknacks picked up during a three years' residence in Europe, and the massive silver plate which had been handed down from father to son ever since the ancestral Warfield settled in Virginia in the reign of Charles I. I never knew anything so un-American, in respect to the usual standard of comparison, as the mode of life, the bearing, and tastes, of General Warfield and his high-spirited and amiable children. Here was no exaggeration of sentiment no outrageous national vanity, no rude indifference to the feelings of others, no prying, no pretension. I felt, as I conversed with them, how wide was the gulf that severed the North from the South. It was not diversity of interest alone, but diversity of habits, principles, and aspirations. Wide apart in heart and mind as the poles from each other, the citizens of the opposite ends of the Union had but the feeble Federal bond to delay that violent disruption and severance of which, even then, the signs of the times gave fearful warning. But it is not my purpose to linger on the happy days I spent beneath the roof of my kind hosts. Let me rather relate the information I received from General Warfield, when his friendly hospitality had caused me to confide in his ear my errand in America, and the ruin I had too much reason to anticipate.

"My dear sir," said the General, "I am glad you have told me of this—very glad. I can help you in this matter."

The General then proceeded to tell me that, in the first year of his residence in Missouri, Harvey, a notorious speculator, had begun the railway whose miserable wreck I had visited. He had given it up for want of funds, had become insolvent, and was reputed to have died in Texas. That he had received a real concession of land and authentic charters from the State legislatures, was undoubted. But the concession had been clogged by the express stipulation, that in two years Harvey should have a hundred and fifty miles in working order, and that the whole should be completed in four years. The conditions not having been complied with, the concession was null and void. The Great Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway Company had no right to a corporate existence.

"But," said I, "I of course perused the papers. I saw no mention of such a conditional clause." The General smiled.

"Depend upon it, Mr. Bulkeley," said he, "that erasure and forgery have been practised to make the old deeds sufficiently tempting to effect the only purpose their present holders have in view—that of raising cash in the London market. Colonel Sling—who, by the way, is no more a colonel, even of militia, than black Caesar there—is no novice at fraud. He was convicted at Jefferson city of a like offence, and I was present at his trial, and heard some of his antecedents; indeed, I was a witness in the case. But if you will take my advice, you will hasten back to England, and, if possible, save the funds in the hands of this confederate of his, this Bett, before the pair can abscond with their gains. Do not parley, but apply to the police at once,

if, indeed, it be not too late." Finally, General Warfield was so good as to accompany me to the chief town of Iowa State, where he introduced me to the legal authorities, by whom his statements were fully confirmed, and the Nauvoo and Nebraska declared a transparent swindle. In this town we suddenly came on 'Colonel' Sling, who had come out by the next packet, and was tracking me, no doubt in the hope of hoodwinking or silencing me in some mode or other. But when he saw the General, his swaggering air collapsed, a guilty crimson suffused his yellow cheeks, and he slunk away and entered a tavern without accosting us. And yet when, after giving hearty thanks to my kindly Virginia friend, I hurried to embark at New York, I had the honor of finding Colonel Coriolanus Sling, my fellow passenger. He now ventured to address me, but by this time I was on my guard against his specious eloquence, and he retired with an air of mingled effrontery and shame. At Liverpool, as I took my seat in the train, which I did without the loss of a moment, I saw Colonel Sling dart into the telegraph office. So busy was my brain with what was before me, that I did not during the principal part of the journey, attach any particular meaning to this proceeding of my treacherous ally. When I did think of its probable object, I struck my forehead, and could have cursed my blind stupidity, my dulness of conception. After all my haste, scampering as quickly as possible to the station at Liverpool, was I to be too late, after all? Was this Yankee rascal to be permitted to warn his brother knave in London through my attention, and was the paid-up capital to fatten the two harpies whose tools we had been? Heavy misgivings filled my heart as I arrived in London, hurried to Scotland Yard, and requested that a detective policeman might at once be ordered to accompany me to the residence of Dr. Titus A. C. Bett, cashier to the Nauvoo and Nebraska Company. Luckily I was a man of credit and character in the city; my request was granted instantly, and off whirled the hansom cab, as fast as hansom cab could be impelled by the most lavish bribe, on its way to Piccadilly, bearing me and a quiet man with a resolute, thoughtful face, in plum clothes. Ha! there is a cab waiting at the door as we jump out—I hot and breathless, the policeman cool and steady. The gaping servant-girl belonging to the lodgings comes quickly at our knock. It is morning yet, early morning, from a London point of view—not much after nine.

"Is Dr. Bett in?" "Yes, sir," replies the girl, "but he's just a going. He sent me out for the cab five minutes ago, and he's called away so sudden he won't take breakfast."

"Ah, indeed?" says the detective: "telegram, I suppose, eh?" "Yes, sir," replied the maid, "and he swore awful because I hadn't woke him up directly it came, two hours ago, along with the milk, but I didn't dare, 'cause he always stops out late, and always swears and scolds if I bring up his hot water before nine o'clock."

THE END.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MAJOR O'REILLY AND THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS. (To the Editor of the Morning News.) Knocknaboy, August 31, 1863.

Sir,—As I perceive that my name has been mentioned as one of the Irish who had proposed attending the Catholic Congress at Brighton, will you allow me to explain thro' your columns, that not only did I not attend, but that I had devoted whatever little leisure I possessed in preparing materials for a paper on the progress of Catholicity in Ireland since the commencement of this century? Unfortunately, the very serious illness of one of my children compelled me, at the last moment, to abandon my intention.

The Doctor of the Catholic University of Ireland, who had also made arrangements to be present, was likewise obliged, by urgent business of the University to remain in Ireland.

I felt the more this disappointment, as I had taken the deepest interest from the first in the project of my Belgian friends, which has produced such glorious results.

I am, your obedient servant, JAMES O'REILLY. WHAT USTER CATHOLICS HAVE SUFFERED.—If the three Orange ruffians from Ulster, who shouted in their wicked way in some of the streets of Dundalk, on last Saturday morning, gave gross offence to the Catholics who heard them, what must the annoyance of the Catholics of Ulster have been for a great number of years, when almost daily their ears heard the seditious Father of Ormondson assailing in a similar manner, by at least half the Protestants of the province? Not till the day of judgment will it be known what the Ulster Catholics have borne from the villainous conduct of rampant bigots, when they could not wound with the knife or the dagger, did their uncles to torture with the tongue. We in Leinster can form no proper idea of what the Catholics of Ulster have had to contend against during their lives. They live amidst a Protestant population, many of whom, no doubt, are good neighbors, but nearly all of whom, although they boast of their love of the Bible, act quite contrary to its precepts. The cry they raise of 'to U—l with the Pope!' shows the spirit that animates them. It is an abominable cry. It emanates from wicked and depraved hearts, where the evil one and many of his imps find a home. And yet wicked and abominable though it be, there is not a fair, or market, a racecourse or any sort of gathering in Ulster where Orangemen appear, at which this devilish cry is not raised for the purpose of wounding and insulting the feelings of the Catholic population. Is there anything of the spirit of Charity in such conduct? Is this the way the Catholics of Leinster, O'Connell or Maester treat their Protestant neighbors? The Orangemen know that it is not; but al-

though they should blush at the contrast, they still go on in their wicked career; and their hearts are so full of rancour and ill-will that they miss no opportunity to insult their Catholic neighbors. The Catholics of Ulster have never received the credit they deserve for their heroic endurance, and the gallant fight they have made for faith and fatherland. There have been days and years of danger; but they have manfully confronted the sanguinary foe who lay in wait to pounce upon and destroy them. They are steadily conquering that foe, and they will achieve the final triumph. Catholics are now the majority of the inhabitants of Ulster. Some years ago they were in the minority. But with the unbending heroism of their race and the fortitude which belongs to their faith, they have steadily progressed, and enlarged their possessions in the heart of Ulster. They reverse the Pope, and pay him due homage, whilst they despise those who envy the power and unbounded sway of his holiness; and they expect to witness the day which shall see Protestantism utterly defeated, and all its votaries converted to the Catholic Church, in which alone mankind will find salvation.—Dundalk Democrat.

"TO H—L WITH THE POPE."—Three ruffianly tailors lately arrived in Dundalk from Ulster, shouted this infernal Orange cry through Market-street this morning. They were, we understand, under the influence of whiskey; but whether sober or drunk, we would advise them to leave the town sooner than risk meeting any of our people. The ruffianism of Ulster will not be tolerated in this Catholic town; and the three tailors would do well to turn their Orange faces to Ulster again. The authorities are on the alert to put an end to such vile conduct.—Dundalk Democrat.

MARCHING IN LISBORN.—Belfast, August 30.—On Saturday night a large number of men and boys with drums and files, numbering about 300, marched through the town of Lisburn playing tunes, some of them threw stones and broke several panes of glass in different houses. It is believed that the reason for breaking the windows is, that the owners of them voted for Mr. Barbour at the late borough election.

SUSPICIOUS FIRES.—We regret to state that several attempts have been made to burn the residence and out-offices of Peter Quinn, Esq., M.P. Mr. Quinn resides near Poynton, in the County of Armagh, and the four separate attempts of the incendiaries have created considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Searching inquiries are being made on all sides, and to-day the magistrates were in consultation over the matter.—Newry Telegraph.

A YOUNG "RASCAL."—A Clonmel paper gives an account of a case brought before one of the petty sessions courts last week, in which a young pauper, aged about ten years, was the offender. The charge brought against the lad was of absconding from the Clonmel Workhouse. He pleaded guilty, but said that he had asked the Master for a pass, and was refused. The Mayor, who presided, inquired where he wanted to go, upon which the prisoner answered, "To the meeting at Slieve-na-muck." The Mayor sentenced the young agitator to imprisonment for three weeks, but, repeating, we suppose, of the unmerited harshness of his decision, permitted him immediately afterwards to be taken back to the workhouse. Now, here is a matter to which the Mail or the Daily Express should look instantly. It is evident that the influence of the Jesuits and Ultramarines is visible through the whole affair? Firstly, we have the fact that seditious feelings find a place inside as well as outside the walls of a workhouse and that not even the youngest are exempt from its influence. And then look at the conduct of the Mayor? What excuse can he find? Surely a year's imprisonment would have been little enough to punish this juvenile monster, who dared to attend a seditious meeting on such a place as Slieve-na-muck; yet he is let off scot free. O tempora! O mores!

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Inghierren, near Waterford, in this county, Francis Rowan, aged 102. It is a well ascertained fact that he was born in April, 1760. He lived in the reigns of five sovereigns, having been born in the last year of the reign of George II. He was a pensioner from the Revenue for over sixty years; and the Commissioners of Customs frequently required testimonials as to his being still alive. He outlived his wife only a few months, and she was reported to have been even older than he was.—Kerry Post.

THE CROPS.—At a moderate estimate, I consider that the whole of the crops, of all kinds, this year, will realize twelve to fifteen millions in excess of those of last year. But granted this, it will go but a small way towards placing the country in the position that it had been in 1859, before the series of bad harvests commenced. Having been so long circulating decline and suffering, partly in order to move the benevolent to aid our patient poor, and partly to refute the arguments of Sir Robert Peel and the prosperity-mongers, it is an agreeable and refreshing change to have to gratefully acknowledge the merciful bounty of Providence that has filled such of our fields as we have been able to till with an overflowing harvest. Early last spring I paid a visit to the west and north-west of Connaught, in order to ascertain, by personal observation, the exact condition of the poor in the localities from which the cry of distress was deepest and most general; and in the Recorder, I stated, as my opinion, that the present harvest, whether good or bad, would be the eve of a wide spread emigration of the small farmer class, and I now repeat that opinion. Next spring will witness an emigration such as has not taken place since 1847, when 215,444 persons left the country. Some short-sighted and other hard-hearted persons have looked either with unconcern or with actual delight upon this extirpation of the Celtic peasantry, but rest assured that it has now reached a pitch that must tell most seriously upon the landlord as well as the trading classes of Ireland. Low rents, diminished produce, a higher capital to stock-grazing lands, increased price of labour, and destruction of agent traders in all the provincial towns—these will be the inevitable results of the exodus of the small farmer class from the country. The Earl of Bessborough, who presided at the banquet after the Catholic Show last week in Kilkenny, and who himself is one of the best landlords in Ireland, sensibly warned the assembled proprietors that the 'Irish are ever a high spirited people; if they are not comfortable at home, we cannot be surprised at them leaving the land of their birth. If we do not give the peasants a home to live in, it is scarcely reasonable for us to expect that they will remain with us.' Such sentiments are natural from one who is surprised by some of the class in Ireland in every quarter that should endeavor a landlord to his tenantry. I have been over Lord Bessborough's estates, both in Kilkenny and Carlow, very frequently, and everywhere I found evidence that 'live and live live' is more than a maxim with him. Rarely absent from Ireland, he and his family are in constant and familiar intercourse with the tenantry, and the fruits may be seen in the neat village of Ptown and its vicinity, a locality which might favorably be compared with the best part of England. As an instance of his wisdom and liberality, I may mention that in his Lordship's absence from home, some years since, his agent, who is an Englishman—or, rather, the Catholic clergy to collision with their landlord. Lord Bessborough has a number of National Schools on his estate, and of these the agent was the manager. The agent's wife, aided by a Protestant Inspector, had the Scripture Lessons used by the Catholic pupils; but, on the recommendation of the Parish Priest, the parents forbade their children to read them, whereupon the lady had some of the recalcitrants expelled the schools, and others of them driven out of employment in the demesne. The Head Inspector, who was a Catholic, visited the schools, condemned the proceedings, and reported them to Lord Bessborough on his return home, who at once had a notice printed and sent to every one

of the Catholic tenants, assuring them that he would permit no interference whatever with their religious feelings while in his schools, and that the obnoxious books should be withdrawn forthwith.—Correspondent of Weekly Register.

CURIOUS AFFAIR.—Among the visitors at the fashionable watering-place Kilkree, county Clare, a gentleman of military style, who gave his name as Captain Wilmot, late of the Fusilier Guards, accompanied by his wife, has been staying. The lady was young and beautiful, and of attractive manners. They were visited, and got the entrée into some families of the highest respectability staying there, and were guests at a ball given by the bachelors of the copany. On the following day the startling intelligence became bruited that the gallant captain had been arrested as a member of the swell mob, and would be brought before the magistrates. Great was the curiosity to hear the whole story. Ladies said such a nice man could not be guilty, and the gentlemen declared that the lovely bride was grossly wronged. The petty sessions were held, and Mr. Chatteris Molony appeared for the accused. He is a gentlemanly-looking man, apparently about 40 years of age, pale features, fair hair and moustache, well dressed, and as cool as a cucumber.—Mr. Kennedy, sub-inspector, Kiltush, said that from information he received he was led to believe the accused was the writer of a begging-letter to Lord Wharnciff, which was written in the name of a Mrs. Campbell from Kilkree, who stated that her husband was insane; that he ascertained that the accused was in the habit of receiving letters directly from the post-mistress of Kilkree—sometimes directed to Captain Wilmot, sometimes to—Wilmot, Esq., and sometimes to Mrs. Campbell; but there was no person named Mrs. Campbell in Kilkree; that he searched the lodgings of the accused and found an immense number of letters, circulars, and testimonials, ranging over a period of eleven years. One was a counter-part of a letter he had received from Lord Wharnciff, and was lithographed. He also found letters addressed to "Dr. and Mrs. Campbell," various testimonials, apparently signed by members of the nobility, testifying the respectability of Dr. Campbell and the excellence of some of his religious works. The correspondence was so voluminous that he had hardly time to analyse it, but he could class it under three heads:—Letters seeking for money, written in the name of Mrs. Campbell, to purchase estates, accompanied invariably with a request that the writer's travelling expenses should be paid, signed "Temple B. O. Wilmot;" and letters seeking for books to be reviewed. Mr. Kennedy said he should ask for a remand for a fortnight. Mr. Molony resisted the application, and said there was no case whatever against his client. Capt. Wilmot said he had not represented that he had been a captain in the British army. He had served in the Turkish Contingent, and held the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He could show clearly, if allowed to go to London, that he was perfectly innocent of the charges. After some discussion the Chairman said it was the unanimous opinion of the Bench that Captain Wilmot should find bail, himself in £200, and two sureties in £100 each, or be remanded in custody till next court day. The Captain said it was impossible for him to get bail to such an amount, and he should therefore remain in custody.

FEMALE EMIGRATION FROM IRISH WORKHOUSES.—An impression has gone abroad that the extensive measures undertaken a few years ago by boards of guardians in different parts of Ireland for sending out to the British colonies female inmates of workhouses have not contributed to the welfare either of the parties so expatriated or to the countries to which they have been sent. The consequence has been that a prejudice has been created against the further pursuance of such a scheme for relieving the rate-payers at home from the cost, year after year, of such burdens. In 1850, 201 males, 400 females, and 270 children under fifteen years of age, were sent out or assisted to emigrate by boards of guardians in Ireland, in pursuance of the provisions of the Irish Poor Relief Acts. In the following year the numbers were respectively 300, 844, and 517; in 1852, 730, 2,634, and 932; in 1853, 493, 2,218, and 1,115; and in 1854, 463, 1,202, and 566. In 1855 this species of emigration reached its maximum, when the numbers were 359 males, 2,847 females, and 783 juveniles under fifteen years of age. The Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland has been the means of collecting a body of facts upon the subject of emigration as we trust, will place at rest all doubts that might be entertained in each quarter as have been misled by imperfect and erroneous information. In a circular to the members of that society from the Honorary Secretaries of the Social Science Department it was suggested to them to inquire into "the causes of the failure of Irish female emigration from workhouses." One of the members, Mr. Robert P. Clokey, took up the subject, and in a paper read before the society, and published in its journal for last month, that gentleman has shown from irrefragable testimony—from parliamentary papers, and from Emigration and Poor-Law Reports—that the Council of the Society "has allowed itself to be the rather positive exponent of an opinion of an erroneous opinion, and that the decline in recent years of female emigration from workhouses has been improperly assumed to be an indication or evidence of failure." Mr. Clokey enters very fully into details respecting the results of female emigration and Poor-Law Commissioners for the passage and welfare of emigrants. He passes by any discussion as to whether, under the present circumstances of the country, with a reduced population, the encouragement of pauper emigration is desirable. He, however, expresses his belief that the system adopted has been that recommended by the commissioners appointed in 1833 to inquire into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland—namely, that emigration is not an object to be perpetually pursued, nor is it the chief means of relief for the evils of Ireland, but "an auxiliary essential to a comprehensive course of amelioration." He restricts himself to the sole consideration of the question, whether female emigration has resulted in failure or otherwise. A great portion of his valuable paper is, therefore, taken up with extracts from parliamentary documents, reports of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, Poor-Law Commissioners' reports, &c., concerning the conduct and success of girls sent from Irish unions to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, &c. With very few exceptions, the results have been of a most cheering description. It is proved that the colonies require such aid; that, in general, the emigrants are well conducted on the way, and soon receive remunerative employment on their landing; that they give great satisfaction to their employers; and that they are constantly being raised, by marriage, from the class of hired servants. Mr. Clokey thus concludes:—"From the overwhelming authorities that have been cited, and from the statistics referred to, I think it has been satisfactorily shown that the emigration of females from the workhouses of Ireland under the Poor-Law statutes has not been a failure, but that, on the contrary, it has resulted—at a comparatively trifling expense, scarcely amounting, on an average in each case, to the cost of maintenance in a workhouse for two years—in relieving the public at home from a serious burden, at the same time benefitting the colonies, and enabling the emigrants to follow a useful, respectable, and independent career. It is also conclusively shown from the returns of emigration from the census tables, and from the statistics of poor relief in Ireland, that the decline from 1832 and 1855 to 1862 of Irish female emigration from workhouses has not arisen from any failure of the system of emigration pursued, from any objection to the character and fitness, or subsequent cause whatever affecting the character of previous emigration under the Poor-Laws, but that it has been concurrent with a diminishing population, an increasing independent emigration, a decreasing number of pauper children in the workhouses, and increased means of employment at

home with improved wages? The present is a very different time to that in which female emigration from unions was most in vogue, and the causes adduced by Mr. Clokey to account for the decline in this description of emigration have, we have already admitted, had the principal share in partially putting a stop to it. But the removal of the great pressure upon the rates by the sending out of many individuals, and the great good that has resulted therefrom, should induce a careful scrutiny on the part of the Poor-Law Commissioners and boards of guardians into the circumstances and character of those females still remaining within the walls of our workhouses. We hope that the fact of so large an increase having taken place in the emigration of female paupers last year is an indication that the authorities are duly alive to the importance of the subject. It is false sentiment, as it is false economy, to keep these people idle at home when they could be sent away to places where they would have the opportunity of being put into a position of rising into the dignity of becoming productive members of society, an advantage to the colonies, and a blessing to themselves.—Northern Whig.

We give the following extract from the Morning Herald, the organ of the Conservative party, not for the sake of its praise of Lord Derby, or because of its depreciation of the 'bucolic tendencies' of Lord Carlisle, but on account of the friendly spirit to Ireland in which it is conceived; and because it proclaims what we are convinced is a certain truth, that the people of England would sincerely rejoice to find Ireland flourishing, prosperous, and contented in the pursuit of active manufactures and trade. We have no doubt, and indeed we do not think that it is seriously disputed, for we have seen it proclaimed by avowed Liberals, that the material interests of Ireland are more consulted under a Conservative than under a Liberal Administration. But then those who make this admission hold that the advancement of the material interests of the country is a poor substitute for the distribution of places among Catholic lawyers by the Whigs; that is, we believe, the real point of difference. The Morning Herald says:—"To raise the character of Irishmen and to give prosperity to the nation, one would think that manufactures, trade, and commerce are essentially necessary. The real Government of Ireland is with the Cabinet in London. And unless that astute coterie is maliciously bent on a perpetuation of mischief and trouble, in the four giddy provinces, they will not lend themselves to the bucolic inclinations of the Earl of Carlisle. If, laying aside his rustic simplicity, he had only taken a glance at the statistics of our import trade in live stock and grain, and other general articles of food, he would see how ill Ireland can bear a foreign competition, and he might trace in this direction one real cause of the continual falling off in Irish agriculture. The demand is not so great and the supply gradually, but surely, diminishing.—Belgium is a formidable rival in almost every description of human food that a rural population can produce. France, too, presents her opposition. In grain Ireland is easily beaten out of the field by the Baltic and Black Sea commerce, and America, and even Australia, come in as universal purveyors.—Where is the chance for the Irish farmer or grazier here? Let him strain his utmost he cannot meet the low prices of the continental and Transatlantic markets. It is quiet clear, then, that Ireland must seek her account of wealth in another channel.—She ought not to dedicate herself wholly to agriculture. If she would flourish at all she must turn her attention to manufactures, and to an active trade and commerce. Farming, according to this view, is a trade of its own, and not the least progressive either, as we have often shown. But there must be the market for the produce. It will never do to go on investing capital, and labouring at a supply which the foreigner can furnish more cheaply. Besides, we must candidly avow that Ireland is far too biggared of her produce to her own people. There never was a population more starved in food and raiment. Everything that can be turned into money is sent elsewhere, and this money is in many cases spent out of the country. These are all deep causes for Ireland's poverty; and to lift her above want and degradation, above agrarian outrage, discontent, and dissension, agriculture must be relieved by a vigorous manufacture, trade, and commerce.—The Earl of Derby's late administration, with the true grasp of statesmanship, seized upon the real want of the nation, and commenced a steady and regular plan for the extension of Irish trade and general enterprise and industry. The Ministers then at the helm of Irish affairs saw that the boast of the country's agricultural fertility is not uniformly borne out from year to year; that, in addition to neglect of culture and bad culture, the frequent inclemency of the seasons is a great bar to constant and reliable success in the domain of husbandry. Ireland, with her vast power, her commodious harbours, her mineral wealth, and her ingenious, artistic, and, which, laborious population, would make a far better manufacturing and commercial country than one of mere agriculture. It is a notorious fact that the manufactures of Ireland, instead of keeping pace with their progress in the rest of the kingdom, have greatly decreased since the time of the Union; and who can say that her agricultural condition is prosperous now? It is indeed a melancholy consideration that a land so gifted with natural resources should have annually to deport some thousands of her ablest working hands to distant shores in order to obtain that subsistence which a moderate industry and occupation would produce in their own country. And although the policy of Lord Carlisle and the Whig government would appear to discourage Irish commercial enterprise, we think we may safely assert that the people of England would sincerely rejoice to find Ireland flourishing, prosperous, and contented in the pursuit of active manufactures and trade. Our interest, indeed, bears this way.—The competition presented by the continual Irish emigration to this country has naturally a very depressing effect on the English labour market. Irish distress is a constant pressure before us. The Kingdom at large is weakened by the annual drain of an able-bodied population to the United States and our colonies. The political relations of the two countries are disturbed in more ways than one by this wholesale exodus. When the Irish emigrant quits his native land, to which he is tenderly attached, he carries the Saxon as the source of all his miseries.—This may be very absurd, unreasonable, and unjust; but it is, nevertheless, the fact. The Federal States of America, as we all know, are crowded with a rowdy Irish population burning for hot conflict with England. Though we may afford to despise all this, and may well rely on the loyalty of Ireland herself to resist any such invasion, yet the antipathy implied is far from desirable. The time has at length come for a hearty and cordial union of both parts of the United Kingdom. This can be best done by assimilating the pursuits of both people as far as practicable. But Ireland must be her own regenerator. She has a noble example before her in sterile and inhospitable Scotland. The perseverance, the thrift and unconquerable labor of the people have made Great Britain—an island not much larger than Ireland—the foremost nation in the world. Agriculture, we must all own, had a great share in the national progression; but manufactures, trade and commerce, also went hand in hand, from age to age, with the labours of the field. Landlord and tenant, merchant and clerk, employer and employed in every walk of life, worked together till they all amalgamated as Englishmen; and whenever a hitch occurred, the party with the best means and opportunity had the wisdom to stop its extension before it grew into a wide hatred of classes, that bore of all thorough thrivance and strength in a nation. Ireland, too, has a splendid future before her if she will only forget hostile and bitter feelings and visions and sturdily putting her shoulder to the wheel, and in pushing forward every department of industry in the country that conduces to plenty and prosperity, and consequent content and happiness."