

would serve as a full interpretation. They gave him a piece of old sailcloth to lie on, and he became a fifth passenger. There was a smart breeze blowing up the gut, which rolled the waves of the great Atlantic in quick succession upon them, so that it appeared very difficult to encounter the passage. With the force of stout tugging, however, they brought her down the shore in shelter of a high promontory, until they got right before the wind, then, hoisting a jury mast and spreading a small sail, they turned her head about. It is difficult in the gulf of Swilly to manage a boat, chiefly if there is a strong breeze blowing up the throat, the waves roll in such quick succession, and don't give her time to ascend them as in more natural swells.

Young O'Fallon was at the helm, and the father, seating himself in the centre, and keeping the peak of a distasteful hill for his aim, kept the mast as a kind of medium, and belloyed directions to Phelim as she stemmed the sweeping current. Had he laid her side to the waves one of them would have capsized her in a minute; and had he laid her head to them, she would have cut the wave and must inevitably have perished; but, like a true seaman, helming her a weather, he took them in a slanting direction, and rode them as tight as a cork.

"Helm a lee—steady boy," cried the captain. "Helm a weather, and snuff her up against the breeze. Mind the sand bank."

The sky was shaded over with lowering clouds, which seemed passing across the moon in hurried confusion; and, sinking betimes in the hollow between two seas, the tops of the highest hills disappeared from their view; again, mounting the next, she skimmed it like a feather, and in this manner they arrived at the farther shore.

Any person acquainted with this ferry, will have no difficulty in comprehending O'Fallon's method of steering through these short seas, as they are called by mariners.

The two reverend strangers being landed, bade an affectionate adieu to their benevolent host and his son, wishing them a safe return, and directed their rightly course towards the royal court of Ailagh, which now was mouldering in ruin.

"I have often," said Tuadhur, "performed in that mansion, assisted by others of superior skill, when O'Donnell, with all his followers, and when Hydaire O'neaght, I mean O'Dougherty, with his, besides many others, were present; but even at this time, royalty had long departed. Alas! it brings tears to my eyes to behold the naked walls and deserted chambers of Oilleagh* na Riagh. That ample court is now become quite green and covered with moss, where once the well caparisoned fiery war-horse champed the foaming bit, proudly bestrode by daring Baldearg; or where the nervous hunter, bounding erect, and pawing the ground with his horny hoof, snorted for the chase; while the deep-mouthed hounds, coursing through the lofty oaks that clothed the banks of sacred Foyie, made hill and dale, thicket and valley, ring to their cries. How many a winter's morning have I mounted yonder turret, and stood amazed to see the dappled stag sweeping from hill to hill, the deadly pack still hanging on his train with murderous cry, while the fearless horse, over bank, brake, and precipice, shot like a Parthian arrow; and, after leading his hundred foes some six miles chase, I have seen him plunge in the rapid Foyie, and glorying, shake his branching antlers as he swam with the ebbing tide.

"His deer drank of a thousand streams; a thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs."—Oss.

"'Twas here that wassail, mirth and revelry passed the winter's night, when Erin's congregated bards, from sweet-toned strings, made Oilleagh's spacious halls re-echo back the orphic symphony. Now, as I view thy shattered ruins pointing to the pale moon their roofless heads, and stretching their dusky shadows o'er the wild, how awful, how death-like! What a change! 'tis like the midnight grave, save when the howling wind tears from its long-known bed a rolling mass, and shoots it thundering down the glen."

"Three stones, with heads of moss, are there: a stream, with foaming course; and dreadful rolled around them is the dark red cloud of Loda. High from its top looked forward a ghost, half formed of the shadowy smoke. He poured his voice at times amidst the roaring stream. Near bending beneath a blasted tree, two heroes received his swords, Swarran of lakes and Starro, foe of strangers; on their dun shields they darkly leamed, their spears are forward through night; shrill sounds the blast of darkness in Starro's floating beard."—Oss.

* Ailagh, north-west of Londonderry, was in former times one of the three principal seats of Royalty in Ireland, i.e., Teamara or Tara, in Meath, Eamhain; and Oilleagh na Riagh or Ailagh; and here the king of Ossory was held prisoner for a considerable length of time.

† In early times the Irish were famous for stag-hunting. I have seen the antlers of the Moose deer dug out of marl pits eight or ten feet under ground; and below the white limestone rock, in the mountain of Ballyness, county Derry, fifty feet under ground, I've seen fragments of them raised in abundance. The antlers of a deer, with the skull quite fresh, were raised beyond Drogheda by a peasant; the teeth were turned a little black and, when resting on the skull, the horns outtopped a tall man's head. This individual was my author. The Irish chieftain was usually buried with a bow, arrows, and horn of a deer by his side.

(To be Continued.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM ON THE HOME RULE AGITATION.

The following correspondence will be read with interest:—

12th September, 1873.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—The time has now arrived when it is especially desirable to ascertain the opinion of all the friends of Irish Legislative Independence on the movement which so deeply affects the best interests of the Irish people. There are many Home Rulers who looking to your Grace as a staunch, consistent, life long friend of your native land, deem it of great importance that you should honor us by giving public expression to the sentiments with which you regard our present agitation. May I therefore respectfully beg that you will state your views on this absorbing topic; views

which will carry the weight of your wisdom, your experience, and your spotless patriotism.—I have honor to remain, my dear Lord Archbishop, your Grace's humble servant,

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ANSWER.

ST. JARLATH'S COLLEGE, TUAM, Feast of St. Januarius, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—You will be good enough to accept my apology for the delay in acknowledging your interesting letter, occasioned by my being engaged until the middle of this week in bringing to a close the visitation of the diocese, with its accompanying duties of confirmation.

However important the subject of your letter, it requires no elaborate reply, since the principles on which the justice of Home Government rests are too clear and uncontested for debate or controversy.—Nought is wanted but an honest disposition to yield one's assent to the obvious arguments which the light of reason and history afford. The advocates of the self-government of Ireland are not vainly discussing untried or delusive schemes; but, walking by the light of experience, they calmly and firmly demand the restoration of the right of which they were in peaceful possession, and of which they have been robbed by such an extraordinary combination of fraud, of violence, and of cruelty as scarcely can be paralleled in the annals of any other people.—The iniquitous measure of the union has never been accepted or acquiesced in by the nation.—Nay, it has been repeatedly and uniformly exhibited as an oppressive and disastrous measure; and, among several illustrations of the national feeling regarding it, I need but refer to O'Connell's formidable national agitation for its repeal.

He has passed to his immortal reward; but his spirit, because it was the spirit of justice and of peace, still lives among the Irish people. More intense and wide-spread than at any former period of our history; determined as they are not to be satisfied without their national legislature, for which they are so justly pining.

For me, I have no recollection of any time in which I did not rejoice in an Irish parliament, or grieve at its abstraction, or sigh for its restoration. And, with the conviction which I felt of its benefits and of the disasters which followed its extinction in thickening succession, I entertain a strong hope that the Irish people will be faithful to their best interests. They will, I trust, peacefully and constitutionally achieve the realisation of native rule, without which we cannot expect sound Catholic education for the youth of Ireland, or continued peace and prosperity for the United Kingdom.

I have the honor to be, with sincere regard, your faithful servant,

J. JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam, W. J. O'N. DAUNT, Esq.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF IRELAND.—AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.

A writer in the *Limerick Reporter* gives the following excellent account of his trip to the North of Ireland to see the dedication of Armagh Cathedral:—

When you cross the yellow Boyne for the first time, and take a glimpse at Drogheda, which seen from the lofty viaduct appears somewhat like the city of Waterford, but by no means so extensive, or full of towers, ancient and modern, thoughts of that bitter legacy which the defeat of King James on the banks of that ill-fated river has bequeathed to Ireland, crowd upon you, when in the words of the quaint old ballad which the followers of the Dutchman sang:

Then stantly we the Boyne did cross,
Our enemies to battle,
Our cannon to our foes' great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle,
In majestic main our prince rode o'er,
His men followed after;
With blows and shouts put foes to rout,
The day we crossed the water.

Facts wedded to doggerel which are treasured up in the hearts of William's followers, who dream that north of the Boyne all should be theirs, and that the people of the remaining provinces of Ireland should be their abject slaves. The river runs in a rather turbid course near the town which was the *Urbs Potentia* of the Romans; but which is more famed to-day for its wonderful bridge or viaduct—the emanation of Sir John MacNeill's engineering skill and genius—than it was in far distant times, when, no matter how well the old bridge spanned the stream, it was insignificant in comparison to the splendid structure which is now the admiration of every one who beholds it. This viaduct consists on the south side of 12 arches of 66 feet span, between which and three similar arches on the north side, the communication is maintained by a lattice bridge of three beams, each 55 feet in length, and 90 feet above the level of high water, sufficient to allow vessels of any size to pass under. In 1641, Sir Henry Tichborne and Lord Moore held the town against Sir Phelim O'Neill, and in 1549, under Sir Henry Ashton it was held against Oliver Cromwell, who at length, however, took the town by storm, accompanied by circumstances of fearful ferocity and atrocity, so that according to Lord Clarendon, "except some few who during the assault escaped at the other end of the town, there was not an officer, soldier, or religious person belonging to the garrison left alive!" James II. sojourned here previous to the Battle of the Boyne. But all is now peaceful—trade, and commerce, and manufacturing industry flourish in Drogheda. There are, no doubt, many objects of interest to the antiquarian in and about Drogheda; but to the student of Irish history and the politician "July the first at Oldbridge town" absorbs all the others; and we pass the viaduct with rather better memories of the past when we find the Orangemen of the present day as rampant, as audacious, as pugnacious, and as vindictive as ever they were in the most palmy days of their anti-Irish triumphs. I cannot say much to praise of the picturesque beauty of the North. In picturesque-ness and beauty, the South far exceeds the North, and our Keepers range, our Galties, our Slieveannagh and Comragh are immeasurably grander, nobler, and finer in outline and form than the Mourne Mountains or Slieve Gullion. The North, too, though looking somewhat more improved, has not the same richness and fertility as the South; but the more northerly you go, the greater and more palpable are the evidences of industry and of that prosperity of which the North can boast, in a far and away greater and more substantial degree than the South. Tillage is more extensive; the rotation of crops appear to be better attended to; the flax harvest have been already made, and in the fields the ricks of the saved fibre are carefully weathered thatched. The chimneys of factories rise amid foliage here and there and everywhere. All these evidences of industry and thrift speak loudly for themselves in the estimation of every observer, as we proceed northwards, though the Irish race predominates there; but the mixture of Scottish Puritanism and Presbyterianism, the fierce, hot, Orange spirit, awakes in the mind of the old race and creed, a corresponding antagonism and emulation which develop the best qualities of the latter, and bring out a superadded amount of patriotism and devotion to the old faith, which in the South not quite so lively or emphatic in demonstration, though in the South the overwhelming majority of the people are all of one way of thinking in religion and in politics. Indeed, the scene which Armagh presented on Sunday could scarcely be approached, not to say surpassed in any part of Ireland south of the Boyne or the Bann. In

my sketch of that glorious, that truly memorable and historic scene with which I furnished the readers of the *Reporter and Vindicator* on Tuesday, I endeavored to convey some idea, however distant, of the reality of one of the most remarkable events which has taken place in Ireland, in modern times. Within the city of Armagh itself, teeming though it does then with the noblest memories of Ireland's past glories, around and about the city, Orangemen in its most savage, truculent, virulent, and audacious form is shown unmistakably to prevail, no matter what may be said to the contrary by those who will not believe the testimony of their senses, as was significantly proved by the stoning of the monster train on its return to Dublin on Sunday night, and by the efforts that were made to upset it; yet notwithstanding the fact that in the interests of England, as antagonistic interests to those of Ireland, Armagh has been for ages an English garrison in the midst of the fiery and unconquerable O'Neills; yet Sunday showed that Catholic Ireland can be represented in the Metropolitan, Primatial, Archbishopric of St. Patrick, now with more than a quondam splendor and with a vivid faith all the stronger and the more earnest in consequence of the ordeal through which our nation has passed at the hands of her persecutors. We feel that we stand on ground sacred to the best and the holiest traditions of our great Apostle, the glorious St. Patrick. We know that it was amid these hills that Patrick founded the city to which Pope Celestine gave the first Pallium that ever graced the shoulders of an Irish Archbishop; and that notwithstanding the irruptions of the Danes, and of their more treacherous and implacable followers in the work of persecution, the Normans, notwithstanding internecine fights, and cruel and dreadful wars, Armagh still continues to hold Primatial dignity, and that the heart of the exile is always turned towards it no matter how far distant he may be from the home of his birth. It was here that Brian Boromhe, king and martyr, made his offering of gold to God and Patrick, when making his tour through Ireland, before the battle of Clontarf. It was to Armagh, ultimately, after the signal victory of Clontarf, and after that they had been buried for some time in the Church of St. Columbkille at Swords, near Dublin, that Melmuiry, Primatial of Ireland, had the remains of the illustrious warrior king who, at the venerable age of eighty-eight years fell in the arms of victory, with uplifted cross in his hands, and those of his beloved son, Mervyn O'Brien, who fell at the same time, aged seventy-three years, conveyed afterwards, and placed with regal honors in a magnificent mausoleum, in his own Cathedral Church. Between the North and the South—between Armagh and Thomond, there is a strong bond of ancient, enduring friendship, which is destined never to fail as long as we know that the ashes of our most famous native king, and those of his son, mix with the earth of Armagh.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

I have already given you a description of the new Cathedral built on the top of a hill of co-equal height with that of the old Cathedral which is now dedicated to Protestant uses; on the hill to which the rock which St. Patrick had saved from King Daire. The proceedings of Sunday and Sunday evening can never be forgotten by those who took part in them.

The old Cathedral is extremely well worthy of a visit, and a visit I was enabled to pay it on Sunday after the services of the day at the new Cathedral; it is full of sculptured monuments; it is venerable in appearance; it wants, however, all those attractions which the religion to which it was originally dedicated can alone impart to it.

The Library is another feature in the town of Armagh, which is exceedingly interesting. It is under the care of the learned and able Dr. Reeves, Doctor of the Law, who has given so much to Irish literature and whose works are so highly valued. I went through the library with great pleasure and feasted my eyes on some most curious books. Among others on a splendid copy of the Acts sanctorum of Colgan, and a beautiful Primer or Office book of Queen Mary, printed admirably on vellum, and splendidly illustrated.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Early in the twelfth century, after the devotion, intrepidity and heroism of the first Crusaders had resulted in brilliant victory to the Christian arms; after the Holy Sepulchre had been regained to Christendom, and the Kingdom of Jerusalem established under the virtuous Godfrey de Bouillon and his successors, there arose in the Church several orders which were at once military and religious. Of these the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Knights of the Temple were the most famous. Both these orders of Christian knighthood rendered signal service to religion during the Crusades, but their destinies were doomed to be dissimilar; for while the Hospitallers not only survived the Crusades but exist to this day, the career of the Templars, though, perhaps, more brilliant for a while in the eyes of the world, was cut short several centuries ago. During two hundred years the Templars, by the heroic valor and military skill which they displayed in behalf of the Church, gained extraordinary renown and enormous wealth. But riches proved the base of an order whose first members had called themselves "poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." When poverty was banished from among them, pride, intemperance and insolence crept in, while rumor whispered of evils even worse. In the reign of Philip the Fair, King of France, the most heinous crimes were charged against the whole order, though how far the accusations were warranted is doubtful. This much, however, is certain—many Templars confessed themselves guilty, and whether or not the whole order were implicated, the moral delinquency of certain of its members is an established fact. In consequence of the conflicting statements of historians, the whole affair is involved in much obscurity, but on a calm review of the case we are induced to think that the following points may be affirmed in regard to it: (1) It is unreasonable to suppose the whole order of Templars guilty of the heinous crimes laid to its charge; (2) it is incredible that the offences charged against every member of a numerous community could have so long remained secret; (3) the moral guilt of individual Templars cannot reasonably be doubted, both because many of the inculpated knights confessed in different places and various circumstances the crimes alleged, and also because of the weight of authority and testimony against them. While, therefore, we must condemn the cruelties practised upon the Templars by Philip the Fair, we may rest assured that the Church acted wisely in suppressing the order which from a brilliant ornament had become a scandal to Christendom. In the year 1312, at the second session of the General Council of Vienne, Pope Clement V. published the decree of suppression, which, though provisional in form, was final in its effect. Two years later James Molay, the last Grand Master, pleaded guilty to the crimes laid to the charge of his order, but afterwards, finding his confession had availed him nought, he retracted, and declared that his brethren were not guilty of the crimes alleged against them. Thereupon the Court of Philip the Fair pronounced him a perjurer and condemned him to be burned alive, which barbarous sentence was carried out with great fortitude, and by his solemn protestations induced the crowd to believe him innocent.

Among the many pious associations to which the ages of faith gave birth, the guilds or confraternities of Masons held a distinguished place. Many of the magnificent cathedrals, churches and monastic buildings which have been the wonder and admiration of succeeding generations owe their erection to the pious labors of the associated Masons. These

confraternities were formed in many countries of Europe under the protection and guidance of the Church, and included among their members noblemen and even ladies of high birth, who, moved to a zeal for religion, disdained not to assist manually in the labor of erecting beautiful temples to the glory of God. It is, indeed, instructive and edifying to reflect on the devotion and self-denial of these our ancestors in the faith, and much as we may be astonished at the splendid structures which they have handed down to us—undestroyed by time, neglect, or defacement—yet our wonder will cease when we contemplate through the long vista of past ages the spirit of faith and zeal which animated these Masons of old. In some respects we may consider the Freemasons of modern times to be the degenerate successors both of the Templars and the Masonic Guilds of the middle ages, notwithstanding that the real aims of the former are so diametrically opposed to the original objects of the two latter. After the order of the Temple had been suppressed, some degraded knights fled to Scotland and there formed themselves into a secret society, vowing implacable hatred and eternal vengeance against Pope and King. The better to disguise their designs, they affiliated themselves to Masonic guilds, and took from these the insignia and technical designations of their sect. Later the society, favored by Protestantism, seems to have spread throughout Europe, although this definitive organization, as we now know it, dates only from the first years of the eighteenth century.

In the pamphlet below quoted Mgr. de Segur graphically describes the constitution, history, aims, and doings of one of those widely organized and occult societies which have played such an important part in many of the events of later times. Although the eminent Prelate reviews more particularly the aspect and working of Freemasonry in France, nevertheless, as the views and operations of this nefarious association are not confined to one land, so the exposition of its real principles and aims cannot fail to be of general interest. When we learn that by means of an ever-active propagandism Freemasonry is continually spreading far and near its subversive and atheist doctrines, that its extensive net-work embraces in its coils each sex and every age from the child upwards, that its numbers princes in its ranks—the better to compass their ultimate destruction—that its allies in the press are numerous and influential, and, lastly, that as long ago as 1867 it already counted 8,000,000 members, of whom 1,600,000 were French—when we think of these facts it becomes evident that modern Masonry is a very powerful organization; and its power, as we shall endeavor to show, is exerted wholly on the side of evil. There are two distinct kinds of Masonry, and of these one is more or less open to the eyes of the world, while the other is hidden in the most profound secrecy. Nevertheless these two form but one and the same society, directed by one and the same chief. "Freemasonry is one, its point of departure is one," says Frere Ragon, one of the most approved writers of the Masonic sect.† Of these two species, the Freemasons, ordinarily so called, form the exterior shell, or rather the body, while the Masons of the back lodges, that is the Carbonari—men aiming at the destruction of the State, of Christianity, and of society itself—constitute the soul. Freemasons and Carbonari then are one; and in the same manner as the soul gives life to the body so do the Carbonari direct and control the Freemasons, and hold them, by means of a rash and impious oath, more or less completely in their hands. To the exterior Masonry belong the immense majority of members. According to *Le Maccagnie* of August, 1867, out of a total of 8,000,000 there were hardly 500,000 active members. These last are masons in active service, but still not necessarily the Masons of the back lodges—the villains who deliberately wish to destroy the Church and society, and who under different names form the secret societies properly so called. "The eight millions of men initiated into the exterior Masonry," says Mgr. de Segur, "are something like a flock which for the most part knows not where it is being driven. These men are used as a depot whence recruits can be chosen like a herd of cows which can be drawn at will; or again as so many loud trumpets sounding forth everywhere the praises of Masonry, developing its influence, attracting sympathy to itself and money to its coffers. But behind the crowd who eat, drink, sing, and talk about morality, the true Masons hide in a very wonderful manner all their plots."

We shall see how the ranks of Masonry are recruited, and this exposition will throw much light on the true character of the organization. We shall see that the means prescribed by one of their authorities are—first, to separate young men from their families husband from wife and children; and, secondly, to draw their victims into sin and corruption. Now we ask, are not such means truly and literally Satanic? Let us hear one of their secret chiefs who rejoiced in the name of "Little Tiger" on the subject of recruitment: "The most essential thing is to isolate the man from his family and to ruin his morals. He is sufficiently inclined by the bent of his character to fly from the cares of the household and to run after pleasure and forbidden enjoyments. He is fond of long gossip at the cafe and of idling away his time at the theatre. Carry him away, attract him, make an important man of him in some way or another, teach him discreetly to weary of his daily occupations, and by this stratagem, after having separated him from his family, after having shown him the painfulness of all his duties, excite in him the desire of another existence. Man is a born rebel; provoke then the desire of rebellion almost to explosion, only take care that the explosion burst not forth."† It is by these and similar means recommended by the same authority that some few obscure but designing men succeeded in withdrawing their unsuspecting victims from the influence of domestic life and the practices of religion, in initiating them into the exterior circle of Masonry, and in thus making use of them for their own ulterior purposes. "When you have initiated," continues Little Tiger, "into certain minds a disgust for home and religion, let fall a few words in order to arouse in them the desire of affiliation to some neighboring lodge." Well enough may these occult promoters of iniquity laugh at the vanity or stupidity of some tradesman or other who humbly demands to be admitted among the favored bands of workmen chosen for "the reconstruction of the Temple of Solomon." Well enough may "Little Tiger" exclaim: "I am lost in admiration at the sight of human stupidity." For a fuller exposition of the lying means by which Freemasonry is recruited we must refer our readers to Mgr. de Segur's excellent little work, from which our quotations have been taken.

In the exterior circle of Masonry there are three principal grades, viz. those of apprentice, companion and master. In France, aspirants to the honors of Masonry are not admitted to these several grades without great ceremony. It is, in fact, necessary to pass through a strange and quasi-frightful ordeal, and to take an oath of secrecy, each time the candidate ascends in the Masonic scale of honor. In the preliminary ceremonies of initiation the candidate is introduced blindfold into the "closest of reflection," where presently he reads aloud him such encouraging inscriptions as this: "The greatest sacrifices will be required of thee, even that of thy life. Art thou prepared?" He is then obliged to make his will, and to answer in writing the following questions: "What are the duties of man towards God?"

* *Les Franc-Maçons.* Par Mgr. de Segur, Paris. † *Le Grand Orient de France*, in approving his writings, declared that they contained the pure Masonic doctrine.—Vide Mgr. de Segur. ‡ Letter to the Piedmontese "Vindicta," January 18, 1822.

What are his duties towards his fellow-men? What are his duties to himself?" Doubtless the chiefs of the sect have their own reasons for instituting these inquiries, and for thus ascertaining how little sense of religion still remains in the minds of the aspirants, and, consequently, how ripe they may be for the work of Masonry and for advancement to the higher grades. Certain it is that these questions are not prompted by any moral or religious motive, since it becomes abundantly evident, in the course of the work before cited, that the chiefs are the sworn enemies of religion and morality, and it is a fact that, however blasphemous or atheistic may be the answers given, the candidate is always admitted, in proof of which we may cite the case of Froudhon, who replied thus: "Justice to every man. Devotion to one's country. War against God." The limits of this article preclude the possibility of at present following the free and enlightened candidate through all the puerile ceremonial, phantasmagoric danger, and absurd farce which it seems to go, together with a sprinkling of impiety and hypocrisy, to make up the process of initiating an apprentice Mason, but we hope to return to the subject in a future number.—*London Catholic Progress.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRISH PROSPERITY.—The land is the staple of Irish industry, there being only a slender amount of manufacturing energy outside of the linen trade, localized in a few Ulster counties. In point of fact, the main elements of manufacturing industry, raw materials, and motive power, exist only sparingly in Ireland. There is abundance of water power, far greater than in England and Scotland; but coal, as the best source of steam power, is of inferior quality, and small in quantity; turf, though abundant, remains to be condensed so as to form suitable fuel for any but fixed engines; while the ancient woods have been almost entirely removed and planting neglected; coal, with regard to geological uses, is widely diffused; but most of it is anthracite or non-bituminous, and the seams are in general very thin. Utilization of the vast pent bog which cover nearly one-seventh of the Kingdom, with the two-fold object of securing an ample supply of condensed fuel and of reclaiming the soil when the superincumbent bog is removed, is one of the leading industrial problems of Ireland. Iron ore of excellent quality abounds in Leitrim, Waterford, Antrim, and many counties, while lead (with silver), copper, iron pyrites (for sulphur), manganese, rock-salt, and other sources of mineral wealth are generally diffused. The exquisite marbles and building materials are unsurpassed in abundance, durability, variety and beauty. The clays for pottery and stoneware are rich and abundant. A large quantity of all these raw mineral materials is sent to England for smelting or manufacture, or to be otherwise utilized. If we turn to agricultural products, we find extensive maling, brewing, and distilling, arising out of cereal tillage; we find tanning, saddlery, soap and candle making, and some woollen textile fabrics, arising out of pastoral farming, as also the great sheep and cattle trade, and that in butter and cured provisions; while flax culture supplies the staple for the linen manufacture in Ulster. The cotton manufacture employs over 4,000 hands, and is increasing. Of the minor localized industries, Irish poplins, mainly confined to Dublin, deserve prominent mention, as they are admitted to be the first in the world in point of delicacy and finish and give employment to a considerable number. The fisheries, once a source of great national wealth, have for many years been declining, the cause of which decline we shall explain hereafter.

To the land then we must look as the main source of Irish prosperity. As in other countries, the two branches of tillage and pasturage have fluctuated in extent from time to time, influenced by various circumstances. The repeal of the corn laws, which O'Connell and the Irish vote supported, brought into competition with the Irish farmer the more favoured corn-growing countries; Egypt, the basin of the Lower Danube, and the shores of the Baltic, with the vast prairie tracts in North America that extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Corn raised under nominal or low rents, moderate taxes, and a steady ripening climate and on a richer soil, was brought at cheap freights to undersell Irish growers, whose soil was poorer and whose climate was fickle and damp—excellent indeed for vegetation, but uncertain for ripening and harvesting, July, August, and September being three of the wettest months in the year. In addition to these disadvantages the grower had to contend with heavy rents and oppressive taxes; and the result, as might be expected, has been that, from the opening of such an unequal contest nearly thirty years ago, to the present time, the Irish farmer has been prudently retreating and abandoning husbandry for pasture. With his usual sagacity, O'Connell saw that while protection was economically indefensible, and would be abolished in defiance of the Irish vote, it had a double aspect: for, while it protected the producer it oppressed the consumer, and thus, in the case of bread-stuffs, worked to the disadvantage of the masses. Yet there are not a few ignorant or designing demagogues, who attribute to the misgovernment of Ireland this change in agriculture, a change adopted by the Irish farmers with a view to higher and more certain profits. During this same period, the progress of trade and commerce, and the advance in profits and wages in England and Scotland have been unexampled; and, as a consequence, the demand for and the price of animal food are immensely increased. Thus Ireland, as a producer, is thoroughly protected, although in the matter of bread-stuffs she is over-weighted. Her rich pastoral plains, her "weeping skies" which reader her "the emerald isle," and her proximity to the prolific hives of British industry where the demand for animal food is greatest, all completely protect her graziers and flockmasters against foreign competition. Under the conjoint action of both these causes, as regards cattle and corn, a serious change has taken place in Irish agriculture within the last thirty years the extent of land under cereal crops having rapidly contracted; while the area under pasture, meadow, and green crops has been greatly enlarged.—*Tribune.*

THE CRISIS OF CLARE.—The Evening Post, in noticing the census report of the County Clare just issued, calls attention to several interesting matters connected therewith. Between 1841 and 1871, the population decreased from 286,394 to 147,864, or 48 per cent., or by 138,530 persons; being two to three times the population of the county Carlow. The Post says:—"It is the most Catholic county in Ireland, and with the least admixture of Anglo-Norman, Cromwellian, or Planter blood. These and its isolated situation account for the large number, 4,457, who speak Irish only, while 63,713 speak both Irish and English, so that 58,145 persons, or 49 per cent. of the whole population, are bi-lingual. The census population in 1871 were as follows:—

	Persons.	Per cent.
Catholics	144,440	97.7
Epis. Prot.	3,027	2.0
Presbyterian	63	0.2
Methodist	230	—
All Other	113	0.1
Total	147,864	100

The Catholic population is still nearly 98 per cent. of the people, and all others little over two per cent., and these 3,324 Protestants, of all creeds, chiefly in a few towns. In fact, the two towns of Ennis and Kilmurragh contain 1,150 Protestants, or more than one-third of all the Protestants in the whole county Clare. Catholics are less now, in the general population, by only one in 1,000, than they were in 1861.