



SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

(FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.)

MR. COBBETT IN IRELAND.—Cobbett's Register of this day is a strange mixture of good description, and absurd reasoning. He has seen a good deal of Ireland, and he gives a very striking account of the wretchedness of the people to Charles Marshall, labourer, Normandy Tithing, but the conclusion he draws, both in the letter to Marshall, and in another to Lord Radnor, are often most absurd. We say often, because in these letters, as in all his writings, his absurdity is always relieved by occasional acuteness. The letter to Marshall, is dated from Waterford, 6th October.

After some absurd observations on the supposed schemes of the "Scottish vagabonds" to reduce the English to this very state, in which he informs the farmers "that their wives will have no hats, bonnets, or caps; but must have a wad of straw tied upon their heads," he exclaims, "Mrs. West, and Mrs. Fagotten, and Mrs. Heathorn would look so nice, naked up to the knees, some rags tied round the middle, no smock, and their heads covered with a wad of straw!" He then adds—

"I have now been over about 180 miles in Ireland, in the several counties of Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford. I have in former years, been in every county of England, and across every county more than once. I have been through the finest parts of the United States of America. And here I am to declare to all the world that I never passed over any fifty miles in my life, and fifty unbroken miles of land so good on an average during the whole way, as the average of these 180 miles."

In going from Kilkenny to Waterford, he passed through a fair for cattle and fat hogs, at a place called Mullinavat. There might be four thousand people, and there were about seven acres covered with cattle, mostly fat, and all over the street of the town there were—

"About three thousand beautiful fat hogs, all lying over the road and the streets; and our chaise was actually stopped and blocked up by fat hogs; and we were obliged to stop till the civil and kind people could get them out of our way! There was a sight to be seen by me, who had never seen thirty such hogs together in the course of my life, these hogs weighing from 10 to 30 score each! Ah! but there are some but of this fine sight, reflections that made my blood boil: that the far greater part of those who had bred and fattened these hogs were never to taste one morsel of them, no, not even the offal, and had lived worse than the hogs, not daring to taste any part of the meal used in the fattening of the hogs. The hogs are to be killed, dried, or tumbled, and sent out of the country to be sold for money to be paid to the landowners, who spend it in London, Bath, Paris, Rome, or some other place of pleasure, while these poor creatures are raising all this food from the land, and are starving themselves."

We have often said that in Ireland all goes to the landlord—the farmer and cottier, out of the whole produce of the land, have only the potatoes for their own subsistence. "And this," says Mr. Cobbett, "is what we shall come to in England, unless we call upon our Member, Mr. Leech, to protect us." We trust we shall be protected from such a fate without the aid of any such cunning leech. If the people of England and the people of Ireland are to be reduced to potatoes and water, what is to become of all the fat cattle and fat hogs? No man would raise fat cattle and hogs without a market for them; and if neither the people of England or Ireland eat beef and pork, what is to be done with it? Are we to export it to Russia, or the United States of North America? Mr. Cobbett thinks the potatoes are the cause of the evil: that if the people of England do not make a stand against potatoes, we shall be victims to them in our turn. In his indignation against the accursed root, he issues the following anathemas:—

"I hope that all of you are well; and that not a man of you will ever again suffer a potato to grow in your garden, or be brought into your house; and if any one brings a potato into my house, except to stuff a fat goose or a fat sucking pig. Mr. Deane has my order to discharge that person directly. You have peas and beans of all sorts for summer; carrots, parsnips, beets, for winter; white cabbages all the year through; the best of bread, bacon, and pudding always; and if you still banker after that accursed root, without which Ireland could not have been brought to its present state, and which has banished bread from the labourer's house here: if you still banker after this accursed food, you shall go elsewhere to get it; for you shall not have it in the service (in house or out of house) of your master and friend, William Cobbett."

This is putting the cart before the horse. Men do not take a coarse food from choice, but from necessity; and they always abandon a coarse food when they can obtain a better. It is notorious that wheat has been continually encroaching on the inferior grains all over this island; and that it is only since about 1760 that wheat became generally the food of the labouring classes. In the reign of Charles II., oat bread was given to the servants in noblemen's houses in London; and now, barley and oat bread are to be found only in a very few remote districts. In Scotland as well as England, the consumption of wheat flour has greatly increased, and is increasing. In the same manner the consumption of animal food has greatly increased, and is increasing. A nobleman or gentleman does not consume individually much more than another man; and, as the object of all improvements in agriculture is to increase animal and vegetable production, the increased produce supposes an increased consumption by all classes.—The fat hogs and fat cattle of Ireland are consumed by English labourers and manufacturers, as Mr. Cobbett might have seen in Lancashire, and as he may see in almost every village of Kent and Surrey, where the labourer buys Irish bacon of the very best quality for three-pence per pound. There has been a great increase of population in England within the last century; but the increase of animal and vegetable food has increased in a far greater ratio. If in Ireland the people do not benefit by this increase, it is because, from the diseased state of that country, there are far more labourers than can be employed, and that the wretched peasantry, from being obliged to have a piece of land as the very condition of existence, will consent to live on any thing—even on potatoes and water—and promise anything for land. The introduction of Poor-laws would be extremely useful in diminishing the excessive competition for land, and putting a stop to the mendicancy and vagrancy, and the daring irregularities which prevent the employment of capital in agriculture and other branches of industry. The labourer is a beggar in Ireland, because there is no adequate employment for him, and he must, therefore, take anything that is offered to him. More than one cause has produced these miserable effects. The absurdity of the Irish, about their ancient civilization (which had no connection with arts or industry), makes them unwilling to allow that the laws and usages prevail among them, when the English

attempted the conquest of the country, were such as to exclude the possibility of all improvement. There was not a building in the country but churches and a few Danish fortresses on parts of the coast, when the English first invaded Ireland; and on the suppression of Tyrone's rebellion, when Ulster was reduced, there were no towns or fixed habitations.

The natives moved their wigwags from place to place—so that Sir J. Davies, on his second circuit, was astonished to find none of the collections of huts in the places where he had found them the year before. The blunders of the English Government have prevented the extension of better habits; so that an immense population, utterly unacquainted with the arts of life, and satisfied with the very lowest animal existence, has been suffered to grow up. The English people have been weak enough to suffer the Aristocracy to waste their resources in keeping Ireland barbarous. A dominant caste and a strict Church have been the object of the care of the Government; the people have been considered merely as instruments. The Government, however, is now honest. Civilization is making its inroads, and will in time complete the conquest of this country. But we must not suffer ourselves to be led away with the notion that the bad habits, and the vices, the result of original barbarism and subsequent misgovernment, can be remedied in a day. By way of illustrating the difficulty there is in rooting out long-confirmed habits, we shall notice a case lately communicated to us on the best authority. We may observe that combination enters into every transaction of life in Ireland. There is, indeed, scarcely any earthly object to which combination is not occasionally applied. And yet our English readers would guess a long time before hitting on the object of a combination which took place the other day in Ireland, and which, we should imagine, must be novel even in that country. Three armed men entered a house at night, into which they had previously fired shots, and swore the owner not to get married. "What!" it will be asked, "is Malthus making such way in Ireland that combinations to keep down the population are entered into?" Oh, no; the combination in this case is supposed to have been the work of a man who had a feverish interest in the property of the person sworn. Strange mixture of lawlessness and religion.

(FROM THE TRUTH TELLER.)

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a Fourth Letter to Lord Duncannon. It is full of the most bitter denunciations of the Whigs. We request the attention of our readers to the following passages:—

"My Lord—I write more in sorrow than in anger—more in regret than in hostility. It is true that you have deceived me—bitterly and cruelly deceived Ireland. But we should have known you better. You belong to the Whigs—and after four years of the most execrable experience, we ought, indeed, to have known that Ireland had nothing to expect from the Whigs, but insolent contempt, and malignant and treacherous hostility."

"You, however, had more of political character than any of your colleagues. "Of a fat value is it to Ireland that Earl Grey should have retired, if he has left to his successors the same proud and malignant hatred he appeared to entertain towards the Irish nation? Are the representatives of that sentiment predominant in the cabinet? I know that Lord John Russell cherishes feelings of a similar description. Ireland, in the unjust and disgraceful scantiness of her reform bill, felt deeply—and deplorably felt that hostility."

"I know, and every body knows, that Lord Melbourne wants sufficient powers of mind to be able to comprehend the favourable opportunities afforded him to conciliate the popular party—that is, emphatically, Ireland. In plain truth, my Lord, it is quite manifest that Lord Melbourne is utterly incompetent for the high office he holds. It is lamentable to think that the destinies of the Irish people should depend in any degree on so inefficient a person."

"Lord Lansdowne, too, is hostile to Ireland, with a hatred the more acute and persevering, because he is bound by every obligation to entertain diametrically opposite sentiments."

"In fact, I perceive, and bitterly lament that none of you have the moral courage to do justice to Ireland. You do not dare to act, in the government of Ireland, upon the principles of common sense and common political honesty."

All this, and more—much more—may be said in disparagement of the honesty and efficiency of the Whigs; and, after all shall have been said, the full extent of the baseness of that most detestable faction, may be very imperfectly depicted. And yet in those very Whigs whom he now denounces—in those very Whigs, of whom he and Ireland have had so long, so ample a trial—in those very Whigs to whom Ireland owes the Coercion Bill, did Mr. O'Connell within these four months, sign a declaration of confidence! If Mr. O'Connell has been deceived, let him blame himself!

Mark Mr. O'Connell's words!—"You (Lord Duncannon) had more of political character, than any of your colleagues." Yet, it was not in Lord Duncannon (for he at the time did not belong to the Cabinet) but in those colleagues without character that Mr. O'Connell was content to trust!

Again, Mr. O'Connell says, that Lord Melbourne "wants sufficient powers of mind," and his coadjutors, "courage and honesty," to do justice to Ireland. Yet it was to the Government of Lord Melbourne that Mr. O'Connell scandalized all honest Radicals, by giving in his adhesion! Richly has Mr. O'Connell merited the reward which the Whigs have bestowed upon him!

The Whigs have neither talents, nor honesty, nor courage to qualify them for the conduct of affairs in times like the present. True, the Whigs are changeable—and they may in that respect, be deemed well adapted for an age of transition. But the character of the age's tendency to transition is—

"Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er knows retiring ebb—but keeps due on,"

The tendency to transition which the Whigs exhibit, is the tendency of a weather-rock. But Mr. O'Connell, when he declared himself a supporter of the Whigs, was afraid of the return of the Tories to power! As if Toryism, in its naked colours could be more dangerous than Toryism under the guise of Whiggism and moderation! And as it, when the Whigs were driven from power, in consequence of their Tory propensities, the Tories could have maintained themselves in power, without the aid of that hypocrisy and those delusions on which the Whigs have traded! The Tories have really governed the country for two years past—and yet thousands of plain, honest, respectable men have submitted to the deceptions and equivocations of our ostensible rulers rather than aid in bringing back the Duke of Wellington to power! Heaven bless their innocence!

The Whigs bestowed on Ireland the Coercion Bill. Would the Duke of Wellington have dared to propose such a measure; or if we can imagine

him to have proposed it, would he have dared to defend it on such grounds as Messrs. Stanley and Macaulay in the House of Commons, advanced in support of that great "healing measure" of the Whigs? These gentlemen—the pride of the Whigged House of Commons—had the audacity to recommend to that House the adoption of the Coercion Bill, on the ground of its enormity—on the ground that such a monstrous measure could never become a precedent! The connection between the Duke of Wellington's government and brute force, was always suspected to be so intimate, that had any of his subalterns whispered in the House of Commons such an argument as that which fell unrebuked from the lips of Messrs. Stanley and Macaulay, the middle and the humbler classes of the community would have prepared for the worst; and we might soon have seen whether the spirit which carried the brutes and artisans of England triumphantly through the ranks of the chivalry of Charles the First, would have quailed before the conqueror of Napoleon, and all the force with which the descendants of the supporters of Charles might have played at his disposal. That, however, which the Duke of Wellington would not have ventured to undertake, the Whigs—the miserable, truckling, false, and cowardly Whigs—were permitted to accomplish. Yet had the Duke of Wellington met the demand for Catholic emancipation with a Coercion Bill, an immense majority of the people of England would have abated him in his object, although we trust, that they would have resisted, in his case, the use of the means which have since been most disgracefully accorded to the Whigs.

Again do we repeat that Mr. O'Connell betrayed the cause of Radicalism by his declarations of confidence in the Whigs;—and that he has solicited the return which he has met with.

ANOTHER RUGANTINO.—A daring robbery was recently committed, by night, at the manor of Charmes, near Leon, in France, belonging to the Baron de Marguerit. Suspicion fell upon a man, named Picard, a native of that place, at that time serving as trumpeter in the 8th Regiment of Artillery, in Garrison at La Fave. When brought to trial on the 20th August last he was condemned to hard labour five years. P., who is very young, has already been sentenced to imprisonment for theft by the Tribunal of correctional Police. One of his uncles died in the galleys; another is at this moment in the bagulo at Toulon, and the father of the young man was executed for murder. To this genealogy may be added, on the authority of M. Marguerit, that Picard's grandfather died in the bagulo, where he was confined for robbery. It seems that young Picard threads worthily in the footsteps of his ancestors, and promises to occupy a prominent position among criminals of the first class. When condemned by the Council of War to hard labour, Picard took advantage of the delay, previous to the execution of the sentence, to interest the Director of the military prison of the Abbey, in his favor. He took advantage of this circumstance, and on the 23rd Sept. contrived to effect his escape. But he was not long before he re-appeared in his own country to renew his former outrages. On the night of the 30th September a robbery, under very peculiar circumstances, was committed at Charmes, on the person of Monsieur Gomaed, Assistant to the Mayor of St. Gobain; an attempt at assassination was also made by an unknown person on the same spot. Both these acts were attributed to Picard, who had become the terror of the country. At length he was discovered near a wood in the neighbourhood of Charmes by a garde Champetre, who valiantly endeavored to take him prisoner, and who even succeeded in wounding him with a musket ball. He, however, escaped to the forest. On a subsequent occasion he was seen and pursued by 15 of the soldiers of his regiment, but without success. The country has lately been entirely raised against him; the King's advocate exerted himself to procure his capture; the Mayor of Charmes sent a detachment of artillerymen to hunt the forest of St. Gobain in vain for him. The only traces of him which they found were several articles of little value which Picard had stolen from the house of M. Gomaed. It is generally thought that he is favoured in his concealment by some of his relations, who are numerous; but though several domiciliary visits have been paid to their dwellings, they have been without result. The pursuit is still being actively continued; but it is thought that it will not be without extreme difficulty that they will succeed in getting hold of this second Rugantino, whose youth, strength, and boldness, coupled with a perfect knowledge of the country where he conceals himself, render him almost secure.

RUBINI.—A letter from Calais contains the following lively anecdote:—"You have heard of Rubini's adventure at Calais. We envy the Calaisians. A poor devil of a compatriot plagued the singer to get him out of difficulties by singing at a concert. The benevolent Rubini consented. He promised to be at Calais on such a day. The concert was announced in consequence, bills placarded, tickets sold. The evening arrived—but no Rubini. The concert was postponed. On the following day the singer could not fail to come. He had already left London, and was on his way to Paris. Disappointment again—Rubini made not his appearance; and our poor Italian poet was far on the wrong side of waiting for expenses. At last Rubini did arrive. But the idea of a concert was stale; none of the fashionable of Calais would risk being duped for the third time. "Sing for me in an opera," asked the distracted poet; "act Amlecia, in Figaro. I will ask eight francs for the boxes, and be a made man." "Print the bills," quoth Rubini; "I am ready." No sooner was it said than done. And as Rubini was hurrying to a Paris engagement, the opera was announced for that night. There was not time even for rehearsal. The curtain rose, and the Calais audience expressed loudly their approbation at beholding Rubini true to his promise. His fellow actor began a stave, which, to the astonishment of Rubini, was in French. It was the translation of Castel-blaze. "Cos e'!" cried Rubini aloud; "I don't know a word of your cursed French; but it's all the same—have at you in Italian!" and Rubini replied in his native tongue to the jargon of his interlocutor in French. Luckily the Figaro was a comic and spirited actor, who succeeded in turning the mutual blunder of his French self and of the Italian Amlecia to advantage; so that the audience were in ecstasies of mingled laughter and delight. Rubini rows the Marriage of Figaro was never so successful as in its polyglot form.—Atlas.

THE DEVIL'S ROCK.—A TALK OF THE SEA.

It had been blowing strong the preceding night, and though the wind was now somewhat abated, it still whistled among the ropes with that peculiar shrill note which is always indicative of its increase. The sea, too, had not fallen, and the waves only not breaking, rolled rapidly along in high and regular succession. This temporary lull was taken advantage of, in the close examination of the yards, masts, and all the rigging—the necessary precautions being used to prevent injury from the chafe which always takes place, more or less, by the uneasy motion of a ship in a heavy sea.

In spite of the monotony of life at sea, the hours passed quickly on, and, as evening approached, we found that she was in the neighbourhood of one of those rigas\* which abound in the charts of the Atlantic Ocean; but the actual existence of which, the experience of mariners has shown to be, in most cases, unestablished, and in all extremely doubtful. It was with us, therefore, rather a subject of merriment and jest; and the Devil's Rock, becoming, like Palmyra, the cause of much good wit, produced amongst us more laughter than apprehension.

Being the latter end of November, and the day beginning to close in early, the ship was made snug for the night; though, as the wind was fair, she was not put under that reduced sail which the careful mariner awaits an expected contrary gale. Under double-reefed top-sails, with a top-gallant sail set above the main one, our vessel shot rapidly over the billows, which, enabled into foam by her impetus, seemed, as it were, to rush after her for revenge, and howled angrily in their impotent efforts to arrest her. The dog-watches were over, and that half of the crew which kept what is termed the eight hours upon deck for the night, had taken their stations; and as we were scudding before a strong sea the helm was doubly manned, and the attention of the officer of the watch fully occupied in observing the ship's steerage and in taking note of the appearance of the sky windward.

It was, I think, the third or fourth day of a new moon, and though, consequently, her beams were weak and her setting early, yet she lengthened the twilight an hour or two, and made the actual darkness of the night much shorter. I believe there is not a man upon earth, who, at some period of his life, has not felt the strongest admiration at the beauty of the moon, or been warmed into some glow of thankfulness for her use; but even they who have experienced her greatest benefits upon land have little idea of the service she does the wanderer on the deep. As her pale rays dance over the waves, they assume a less terrific appearance—and amid the roar of the tempest, there is something inexpressibly cheering in her light. The lonely mariner looks up to her as a friend—and in the greatest dangers and distress, she seems to gaze on him with a pitying and sympathizing look, as though she promised safety and consideration.

I ought to apologize for this digression, but recollection of the danger from which we were that night rescued is sufficient excuse for this tribute of acknowledgment.

We had supped, taken our eighth glass of grog, and some of our society had already turned in. The captain had also retired to his stateroom, having left orders to be called at midnight—and I went upon deck to take merely a slight peep at the weather before going to bed; but, struck with the grandeur of the scene, I whirled away more time than I had intended. It was ten o'clock, and the gale freshening fast, and now and then the top of a wave rushing over the main-deck as the ship yowed a little on either side, gave warning that the sea was getting heavier. The top-gallant sail was taken in, and the mate observed that it would be soon necessary to close-reef the top-sails. The moon, by this time right astern in the western quarter, and about six degrees above the horizon, was beginning to be obscured at intervals by dark broken masses of cloud, which thus exhibited in strong relief, as summed a singularly sublime, though awful appearance; and at times, a wave rearing itself higher than its fellows, showed like a huge wall overhanging the stern, and seemed to threaten instant destruction to the vessel; but as it came closer, she rose majestically upon its huge top, and was borne along with irresistible velocity. I had walked the deck for some time, watching the deceptive and varying appearance of the waters now relieved by the moonlight, now darkened by the shadows of the passing clouds, and my thoughts chiefly intent on the scene, occasionally turned towards the termination of our voyage, whither we were now so rapidly progressing, and to the anticipation of the joys and comfort of Old England, and the delights of meeting friends and relatives unseen for many years. Whilst thus engaged, once or twice I thought I saw an unusual white wave a head; but as I could not fix it in my gaze, it did not particularly excite my attention. Two or three minutes more elapsed, when, on turning round to walk forward, the form of a wave, which could not be mistaken, met our glance. In a moment the cry of "Breakers!" went through the ship, and immediately was the silence and peace which had reigned on board for some hours, changed to the cries of terror and destruction. Everybody was agast—none knew what to do—so sudden, so unexpected was the danger, that before our minds could recover from the paralyzing effect of the first shock produced by terror, we were in the midst of destruction. Hope of safety there was none. Our ship was flying through the waters—the breakers not more than two cables' length from us, not only a-head, but several points on each bow.

The captain had rushed upon deck on the first alarm, and was already standing on the bowsprit, looking round with the gaze of one who sees instant and unavoidable destruction before him. Too sorely did he recognize in that view the existence of one of those mysterious reefs which had been the subject of our scepticism and ridicule a few hours before. His presence of mind, however, did not forsake him; without turning his eyes from the spot, he ordered the startled sailors to the braces. The idea of evading the danger by hauling the ship on a wind, for an instant presented itself, but it was too late.—Already were we in the midst of the dashing and foaming waters, with eyes whose powers were sharpened by despair; already could we observe

\* "Vigia," derived from a Spanish word signifying "to watch or look out," is a name applied generally to single rocks or small insulated reefs, rising perpendicularly from an unfathomable depth, and which are said to exist in various parts of the North Atlantic Ocean.

serve the black tops of a reef of rocks, as they were occasionally bared by the reflux of the boiling surf; and already had one or two mighty surges rushed over the deck, sweeping away every thing loose, and giving awful prognostic of the fate awaiting us—while the vessel was lifted on the brow of the tremendous billows—at the subsidence of which we expected to feel her grind on the subjacent crags. The screams of the passengers, now fully awakened to their danger, the silent horror imprinted on the countenances of the seamen—the roaring of the mighty element rendering nearly insupportable the orders shouted out by our still energetic captain—the mysterious uncertainty of the danger—even the name by which we believed it to be designated, and which seemed to throw a superstitious horror over the scene, altogether produced an impression which can never be erased from my memory.

At this moment, the moon, emerging from the dark clouds which were now gathering round her place of setting, threw a light on the scene—scarcely the only path which promised escape to us—apparently to the sharpened eye of our skilful pilot. The reefs among which we were entangled appeared to enclose us like a horse shoe, forming a barrier of surf a-head and for several points about the beam on either side; but by aid of the powerful moonlight, the captain detected a small gap in the line of breakers. Not a moment was to be lost, already it was so far to the bow as to make it doubtful whether our ship could fetch it. Providentially, the top-sails had not been further reduced to the close reefs as our mate had intended, and to this circumstance (under Providence) we owed our salvation. The helm and braces were instantly adjusted—the yards trimmed—the mizen hauled out—and the yard sprung to the wind; every eye was directed to the bearing of the place which we trusted would prove a passage through the reef. It bore well on the lee bow, and the first gleam of hope entered our hearts. The voice of the captain became more steady and confident, and the men obeyed him with more nerve and alacrity. We neared the spot fast—what a moment of suspense! We still hung to windward. "Heave the helm up," "Square the after yards," "Ease off the mizen sheet," shouted the captain, his voice now heard strongly above the roaring of the gale. "So—steady—draw the yards forward again—lass, lass!"—was the short and decisive command given as the ship shot through a channel scarcely a cable's length wide, and between two walls of gigantic breakers; the spray from the weather side flying over the deck like a hail storm, at the same time almost buried under the pressure of the canvas now proportioned to the increasing gale. The channel widened as we advanced, and we soon rounded the last of the tumbling breakers; and the suppressed feelings of our crew found vent in spontaneous cheers, as they found themselves in comparative safety. "In a few minutes the ship was laid to, while two men at the mast head and the captain with his night glass, carefully and anxiously scanned the horizon, especially in the direction of our future track. The opportunity was also made use of by close reefing the top-sails, and in making the necessary preparations for again scudding before a high and increasing sea.

We were still close under the lee of this mysterious reef, and its terrors, distorted and increased in the doubtful gloom of night, produced most awful reflections. It seemed to extend from NW. to S.E. in a semicircular direction; its course side turned to the East, and presenting, for apparently a distance of three or four miles, a line of tumbling and whitened foam. The narrow opening through which we had found our way was completely hidden by the altered situation of our vessel—and as little short of a miracle could have rescued us from so appalling a danger, so nothing but the testimony of our senses could convince us that we had actually passed through an tremendous barrier, and that the short period of a few minutes—less time than I have occupied in telling the tale—should have thrown us into an unexpected and inevitable a danger, and as suddenly snatched us from it.

The sails being now trimmed, the ship was once more put before the wind, and bounded buoyantly on. The white heads of the breakers grew less and less apparent, and only seen at intervals, whilst the sound of their thundering rush was lost in the hollow moaning of the wind. With eyes all alert in exploring the now darkened surface of the ocean, the past danger was talked over in the various styles of horror, boasting, and thankfulness—as the fears, the presumption, or plety of the individuals, comprising our little world prompted them. No one thought of turning in, but, seated in groups about the quarter deck, we waited for the remainder of this anxious night, till the dawn of day dissipated the still prevailing fears of a recurrence of a similar danger, and induced most of the talkers to exchange their late horrors for their snug berths. So ended this startling adventure—leaving an indelible impression on my mind of the reality and the terrors of the "Devil's Rock."

FERTILITY OF THE LAND.—Undoubtedly, every labouring man in this country, could, as in America, raise sufficient food for himself and his family, likewise a surplus to barter for other necessities, if he could, with equal facility, obtain a portion of land on terms to enable him so to do. That there should with us be so many destitute individuals cannot, with truth, be ascribed to any deficiency in the extent of our territory, while fifteen millions of acres of good waste remain uncultivated; neither can we assert the insupportable sterility of the soil, unless we can also assert that we have made proper exertions to put these forth, and that the attempt has utterly failed; for all experience proves that the earth is fruitful in proportion to manurance. Gray, "On the happiness of Sweden," observes, that "the natural fertility of the soil is not equal to the one-thirtieth part of the artificial fertility which may be created by the labour and skill of man; and the records of your society contain facts which go far towards confirming this opinion.—Labourers' Friend.

Mr. Brady, a Magistrate of the county of Clontarf, has been removed from the Commission of the Peace by the Lord Chancellor, in consequence of his having permitted an assault upon a person in Court.

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