

It surrounds them like the coils of a serpent, rendering them powerless and poisoning and killing them. It is an incurable mania, from which, if once bitten, there is no escape; and reminds one of the old story told by Moore, in his work on "The Search for Religion," where a tormented wretch fancied he was made of butter, and who, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, died with the cold sooner than come near the fire, or even enter a warm room. There are many biblical fables as insane on the point referred to as Moore's "man of fresh butter." They are excellent neighbors, agreeable companions, faithful friends; but the moment you tell them you are allowed to read the Scriptures they turn pale with rage, abuse the Pope, revile the church, and plainly tell you to your face that you would be excommunicated if you read one text in the Sacred Volume. It is a melancholy thing to see a human being, otherwise so rational, so utterly deranged, so hopelessly incurable, on a fact so universally known to every Catholic, man, woman and child in Ireland. But so it is.

The second incurable falsehood which these societies have succeeded up to this time in forcing on the public credulity is, the number of bibles and tracts which they say they distribute amongst the Catholics of Ireland! This statement of the circulation of Protestant Bibles is so familiar to every one who can read the public journals that it is only necessary to allude to it to be joined by all Catholic Ireland. In all public Biblical meetings, in the Rotunda, in the Music Hall, in all the provincial towns, &c., the statement put forward by all the speakers has ever till lately been, that tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions of Bibles, in English and Irish, have been circulated amongst the Irish Catholics.—And this falsehood has been published so often and so openly, and so confidently, and so numerically, that several Catholics for a long time believed it! The number of tracts, reviews, annuals, fly-sheets and bibles said to be given to Catholics by the Bible Society was so prodigious that on a moderate calculation they would cover the surface of the county Cork (where I am writing this letter), and they would besides thatch the houses of the poor in the county Mayo, while leaving a surplus quantity to meet the spiritual wants of all the converts! Now, as this story, or rather these statements, resolve themselves into matters of fact and fancy, I will render a service to the gullible subscribers to these societies in England, while I make the following challenge:—According to the speeches of the Biblical orators, enumerating the millions of Bibles, tracts, &c., distributed amongst the people, there ought to be at least one Protestant Bible or Biblical book in the hands of every person in Ireland who can read. Now, I ask any one Catholic, recognised Catholic in Ireland, if they have ever received one Bible, one tract, one fly-sheet, from a Biblical distributor in any one instance in their lives. I ask, has one person ever seen them receive such a book. I ask the name of the Bibleman who has ever dared to distribute any one of these Bibles, on any one occasion. I ask from the Bibleman the name of any one recognised Catholic who has ever received any one instance, any one of these books. There can be nothing more easy than to state in one word, a reply to any one of these easy questions. I can then insert the names of these Catholics, and we shall all have their answers in the next publication of this journal; and we shall learn in one week whether the speeches at the Rotundo are truth or falsehood; and above all, we shall ascertain whether the application of the hundreds of thousands of pounds collected for the conversion of the Irish, is a swindle on the generosity of England, a fraud on public opinion, and the most audacious, unparalleled lie ever published on any subject, in any age or country. What renders this lie so unpardonable, so infamous, is, that it is put forward for the cause of religion! making a mockery of God, degrading the Gospel and turning salvation into a base trick.—It is this unprincipled conduct which has made England and her church a bye word of scorn and hatred at home and abroad: which has stamped her missionaries as firebrands and revolutionists; which has driven her men of eminence and of honor from her ranks; and which has armed all Catholic Europe against her Gospel, as against the approach and the presence of a plague.

The wounds which these missionaries, these revolutionists in disguise, have inflicted on France are too recent to be forgotten, too deep to be soon healed. Hence the Emperor and his advisers have never lost an opportunity to check these English incendiaries, those notorious managers of his name and of the religion of his empire. At first they hired private houses by way of opening schools; they engaged several private rooms in the same locality by way of places of private prayer. These palpable dens of conspiracy and insurrection he closed through the police; and now when foiled in those secret meetings, they employ hawkers (colporteurs) to carry books amongst the disaffected, to decry the Pope, to ridicule Catholicity and to form knots of secret enemies of order and religion through the country. Expelled from Spain, driven from Naples, banished from Austria, ignominiously scouted from all Italy, they make a last attempt to revive their trade of discord in France. But the following circular from one of the prefects will show by its toleration the perfect liberty which the laws concede to all forms of religion: but it demonstrates at the same time its horror of the Bible Societies, its perfect knowledge of their nefarious designs, and its firm resolution to crush their concerted schemes:—

GENTLEMEN.—I have been asked whether the clauses of the circular of the 30th of July last, relative to hawking about publications connected with non-Catholic form of worship, where to be applied to all hawkers without distinction. I hasten to say that a negative reply cannot be doubtful. On this subject the terms of the ministerial circular of the 22nd of May last leave no uncertainty. The government does not intend to prevent the doctrines of any sect from being distributed by hawkers. Translations of the Bible and a great number of other Protestant books have been inserted in the official catalogues which constitute the rule for the surveillance of hawkers. After attentive examination by the permanent commission, it has been decided that these publications, which are highly moral, do not depart from the reasonable limits laid down for religious controversy.

It has been admitted that they contain nothing of a nature to irritate the public mind, or to awaken passions which do not belong to our day. They may, therefore, be stamped conformably to the detailed indications of the official catalogues. What the government wishes to prevent is that foreign societies disposing of extensive resources, should send agents into our country charged to produce agitation. It is with that idea that he has prescribed the prefects to make minute inquiry as to the origin and antecedents of the persons who apply for hawkers licenses. It is in this sense, gentlemen, that it will be proper to interpret and apply the instructions which I gave you in my circular of the 30th of July last.

Here is a Government circular, directed to all France, calling on the police to watch the motions of the foreign societies (of course English,) who came to France sustained by extensive resources; and who, although under the pretext of preaching the gospel, come there "charged to produce agitation." This is the circular of the French Government, the warning of the French Emperor himself; and is the precise statement which the writer of this article has constantly made in reference to the object of all the biblical agents in every Catholic country in Europe. These agents are, of course, earning their bread in their base calling; but they are every day adding fresh testimony to the bad character of the degraded Anglican Church and its supporters. This insane, infidel crusade was first undertaken under the advice and patronage of cabinet ministers, and was carried into practical effect by ambassadors, envoys, agents, and by millions of money. It is now an acknowledged total failure, leaving no mark behind but the disappointed malignity of England, and the lasting horror of Catholic Europe.

Although the efforts of all these bible societies and souper associations, as they are designated in the cutting irony of the Irish, have failed—not so the feeling of the leaders—and although, wherever I go, the abundant harvest meets the gladdened eye, and the rich pasture feeds the numerous herd, still as frozen as ever is the sympathy for the poor slaves of the soil. The wages are wrung, not given; and protection is an act of necessity, not kindness. The Irish outcasts would be driven to exile like their kindred and their race; or chained in the poorhouse like their departed friends, if their labor were not required for the lordly oxen or the tilled turp field. The marble-hearted advocate of a thinned population may say no to these statements, but I say yes. And I assert that, at no past period of Irish history, in modern times, has the feeling of hatred and exclusion been seated in deeper rancor than at the present moment. And the late conduct evinced by the Government in reference to the Lord Mayor's dinner, is neither to be ascribed to Lord Derby or Lord Eglington, but to the implacable fury of the biblical party among the landed proprietary in Ireland, who would petition the Queen for the dismissal of the Premier and the expulsion of the Viceroy, if they attempted to receive, even at the festive board, even the highest, most honored, most accomplished member of the Catholic Church. If Mazzini, if Bernier, if Kossuth, if Nena Sabib, were invited to the civic feast, they would each be saluted with less acrimony than an Ecclesiastical Prince who has been received in the palaces of Kings, and who has been awarded by the public voice the highest place of merit in the loftiest walks of science, eloquence and the arts. But he is a Papist, he is of Irish blood, he is a Catholic Bishop, he is the companion of the Pope; and if he were sanctified as Jerome, scientific as Paschal, learned as Thomas, and amiable as Fenelon, he could not assuage the temper of Irish Orangeism, or exact one generous feeling from the successors of Wentworth and Castlereagh.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

The following is an outline of the beautiful discourse delivered by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, at St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, on the day prior to his departure from Ireland. His Eminence glanced at the persecution which it had been the lot of the Church to endure in Ireland for several centuries, and stated that however specious might be the profession which Protestantism put forward for the purpose of misleading those whom they sought to make victims, yet, that these proselytising agents were actuated by the same spirit which animated Protestantism during three centuries of persecution; for it was by Protestantism, and on its account, the Catholic people of this country had been subjected to the cruelty of penal restrictions and social suffering. Protestantism had never been the friend of the people—it had always been most inimical to them, and the present deceitful guise which it put on was only adopted to effect purposes suggested by the most selfish considerations, and not springing from any love of religion or desire for the salvation of those upon whom they sought to practice their arts. The proselytisers principally directed their efforts against helpless and poverty-stricken children and the poorest of the poor Catholic population, whom they hoped by their offerings of temporal assistance in their need and misery to seduce from their best treasure, their Holy Faith. His Eminence impressed upon the congregation and upon all Catholics throughout the country, the immense importance of discharging the solemn duty of aiding and assisting in every way that lay in their power, the praiseworthy exertions of those who sought to rescue and protect these little ones from the greatest affliction that could possibly befall them—the loss of their religion. Dwelling further on this point, His Eminence said, that when children were taken away from the hands of their enemies they should be maintained, supported, and protected till the struggle was over and all danger at an end. Timely assistance was of the very greatest importance. A little aid promptly given to counteract the profusion of means put in operation by the other side might be the means of snatching many souls from perdition. Could there, he asked, be any greater charity than this, or which more united the soul of man with God, or could there be destitution more profound, or in which the soul was more involved with the body, than that which it was the aim of the Catholic Dormitory to relieve? The Catholic Dormitory Society was a useful means of protecting some little ones from the dangers that beset them. And was it not an honor to that parish to have originated such an institution? Did it not call for co-operation in its good work upon all who belonged to the parish—nay, did its claims not extend far beyond the parish, and solicit in the strongest manner the succour for the little ones of Christ, of all in every part of the city and of the whole country, who had at heart the rescuing of souls from the evil one? Ireland had undergone many trials, nearly every one of them for the Faith: it had to encounter immense efforts of power, wealth, influence, ingenuity, and cunning, made perseveringly for the purpose of recruiting the ranks of Protestantism, by the

...entirely upon purchasing of the Catholic children, these untold efforts had of late been renewed, and constituted what he believed would be the last trial Ireland would have to endure, and from which she would come as soothless and triumphant as from the much more desperate assaults of former times, when her children had no earthly means to fall back upon for their defence—nothing but an unshaken confidence in God and His all-powerful protection.—A brighter day had come, and even the power of the traffickers in souls was neutralised by the abundance with which God had blessed the land and put the poor beyond temptation. The temporary evils of which he was speaking were passing away, and they would have to continue their labor only for a time to defeat the iniquitous attempts to disturb the Faith which had been so closely and lovingly held by the people for long centuries—the Faith which St. Patrick planted, and which no other power would be able to root out. Having enlarged forcibly upon this branch of his discourse, His Eminence proceeded to speak of the relation in which Protestantism had heretofore and now stood to the people of this country, and in doing so, said what conceivable claim or inducement could Protestantism hold out to the Catholics of Ireland. Certainly not truth of doctrine, nor sympathy with those whom its agents approached like wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking whom they might devour: Of all countries in the world Ireland was the last in which Protestantism should dare profess an interest in the spiritual or temporal welfare of the people; and if it did so now, it was for the most selfish and wicked of purposes. What had Protestantism ever done for Ireland? What single blessing had it ever brought upon the country?—What happiness had it diffused amongst the people? Had it ever consoled and cherished the poor? No, but quite the contrary. It would be too long and painful a recital to tell all that it had done to oppress, to traduce, and to destroy. The people and their Faith, it was now palpable, could not be rooted out of this land, and a different system was pursued, and the wolf put on the sheep's clothing. Protestantism had been the direct instrument by which the sufferings of poverty had been aggravated and insulted; and it was avowedly in the name of Protestantism, and for its maintenance, contrary to the national will, that a dreadful and ingenious system of persecution had been organised and relentlessly carried out. When the Catholics of Ireland looked back over the dark history of 300 years, must they not at once ask why was it, if Protestantism was so beneficent as it would fain represent itself now, that it had done nothing during that dreary period to relieve the deepest distress—to mitigate cruel sufferings? Why did it not, while the people were trodden under foot during those 300 years, stretch out its hand to succour and console? Why did it refrain from doing so till a new order of things arose, and then, in a late time of famine and pestilence, come, for the purpose of its own sustenance, to make a time of trial also a time of temptation, by holding out bread to the starving, but only as the price of perversion? Must they not look at least with suspicion upon men who never came until they thought the opportunity a favourable one for seducing poor creatures in their misery from their Faith? Their object was plainly a wicked one. How different had been the mission of the Catholic Church! Driven from every place, it followed the people to their lowly cabins, which became its strongholds, the fortresses of religion, impregnable to every assault.—The priest had abided with the flock amid every danger, and cheered them by his holy words, and strengthened them by his ministrations. When Protestantism bore down heavily upon them he was their comforter—he instructed the young, advised with the old, shared and sympathised in their sorrows, and was beside them in death to prepare them with the sacraments, and point to the eternal home of the just where they might hope to obtain the reward of their virtue and devotion. The powerful ministrations of the Catholic Church sustained not only the faith but the patience and virtue of the millions and millions who had passed over this land, condemned by their oppressors to do so in poverty and affliction. It was too late now for the proselytiser to come with his proffered aid, when no other course was opened to him—when religion had regained her ascendancy—not the ascendancy of power, but the ascendancy of zeal, of constancy, of duty in everything that related to God—of, in fact, that assertion and celebration of religion in its forms and practices so manifest in this city and through the breadth of Ireland. It was too late (continued His Eminence) to come now to the people, when they had battled through their trials, and tell them to throw aside the staff which supported them along perilous paths—to pluck away the rudder which had steered them through so many tempest-beaten seas of tribulation—to rob them of that bread of life which nourished their fathers and gave them the endurance of martyrs, and was for themselves the bread of salvation. It was too late now to tell the faithful Catholics of Ireland to abandon the barque of Peter when its sails were magnificently unfurled to favoring breezes, and when it was sailing nobly across an ocean tranquil as compared with what had been its stormy state—when the sun was shining out, almost for the first time, after a long darkness, unrelieved only by the fire of that deep faith, hope, and charity which had burned so brightly within them. Surely this was not the time to tell the people to quit that barque and plunge into the waves which were filled with tawny and devouring creatures that followed the ship, ready to snatch in a moment any one so unfortunate as unwarily to place himself within their reach. His Eminence, having spoken for a brief space upon this point, adverted to the likeness of proselytisers entrapping children to wolves, who gathered around a fond mother clinging to her children, and seeking to tear from her those objects of her affection. These men came with biting tongues—tongues sharp as a sword—they came reviling sacred things—they came scoffing—they came denouncing—they came challenging—nay, they came blaspheming what they knew ought of. These men came not with the pure power of sanctity, or with the dignity of exalted piety, or of that simple Christian learning which without guide and without words, without reputation of the same thing, spoke wisely, and nobly, and effectively to all men. No, they came with words of wickedness; they came with the appearance of godliness, but denying its power—denying the offering which God never ceased to make upon the altar for the salvation of mankind—denying the sacraments—deriding the mother of God—deriding the saints of God, and everything that was sacred and holy. By such means did they seek to effect their purposes.—He spoke next of individuals; he knew not any of them; he never had to deal with any of them, but he had read their writings; he saw them published on every side, and he had had the opportunity of observing that they followed in the wake of the Church wherever she went; on her mission of peace, endeavoring, but vainly, to counteract that divine mission. They were the men who sought to scatter tares in the field where the good seed had been sown. It was not by such agents as those that God sent forth His truth to the world, or that His work would be done. No, it was a self-denying ministry, who, from the beginning, blessed by God, went forth amongst their enemies as sheep amongst wolves, ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives in vindication of their holy religion. He entreated of them not to allow one step to be gained upon them—not to suffer a single little one to be numbered among the lost. These little ones were defenceless, and the Catholics of the parish, of the city, of Ireland, should assist them as far as they could, individually and collectively, by providing shelter for the flock. Let each of them, if possible, become a shepherd; and take, at all events, one little lamb upon his shoulders, and bear it safely to the fold; and if they did this the Great Shepherd would reward them. They could not do a greater service to God, or a greater benefit to His holy Church, or perform a more substantial work of mercy, than by counteracting and

preventing, as much as possible, this miserable attempt at the conversion of souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. For doing this their parish would receive additional blessings from God. He entreated of them to proceed in their noble work. This was the last time previous to his departure from Ireland that he would have the opportunity of addressing such a noble assemblage. His last words in public on that occasion should have been in favour of a charity having such an object, and in protest, humble but earnest, against the infamous attempts made by these men to disturb the religious peace of the land. His Eminence concluded by stating that he would proceed to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the mass on behalf of the institution and its members, and all who assisted in the noble work, begging of God that he would increase their zeal, bless their labours, and bestow upon them temporal happiness here and everlasting glory hereafter.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL CONFERENCE.—The Freeman's Journal states that the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, the Most Rev. Dr. Macfalle, and the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, are expected in town to-day. It is understood that the purpose of their meeting is to confer with the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen on matters connected with public education, and that their deliberations will be preliminary to a general meeting of the Irish bishops, to be held next month. It is just possible that, ere long, the public will be in a better position to understand the policy of the recent visit of a prince of the Church to Ireland.

The consecration of the new Catholic church at Araglin, in the parish of Kiltworth, diocese of Cloyne, took place on Sunday, the 19th ult. This building is another of the many proofs daily presenting themselves of the undiminished attachment of the Catholics of Ireland to that Faith to which their fathers clung with unshaken devotion through centuries of persecution and suffering.

DEPARTURE OF HIS EMINENCE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—His Eminence left Kingston at nine o'clock on Friday morning, per mail steamer Cambria for Holyhead, en route to London. The intended departure of His Eminence could have been but very imperfectly known in the city this morning, never less the eight o'clock train from Westland-row brought down to Kingston a considerable number of persons who were anxious to obtain a last glance of His Eminence, and receive final benediction ere he quitted Ireland. At half-past eight o'clock His Eminence left Sans Souci, near Booterstown, in a private carriage belonging to Surgeon O'Reilly, and proceeded by the Rock-road to Kingstown. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Bourke, and Surgeon O'Reilly, whose guest at Sans Souci His Eminence was last evening. As the carriage proceeded along the road, groups of people assembled at various points, cheering His Eminence with great enthusiasm, and some followed the equipage a considerable distance, with the view of getting his blessing, which he bestowed upon them, to their intense gratification. Shortly before nine o'clock the carriage drew up at the departure pier, outside which the Cambria lay moored, with steam up, the blue peler flying at the mast head. As soon as His Eminence went on board, accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Bourke, the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the pier thronged the gangway leading to the steamer, and reached the deck, where they immediately knelt in groups to receive His Eminence's benediction, and kiss his hand. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen came down by the 8.30 train, and went on board, to bid farewell to His Eminence, and several other clergymen, including the Rev. Mgr. Yore, and the Rev. Pastor of Booterstown, were also present to bid His Eminence a respectful adieu. The crowd surrounding His Eminence on deck, while the steamer was preparing to sail, increased considerably every moment, and the most intense eagerness was manifested by all to touch his hand, and have bestowed on them the gift of his blessing. At length the last bell rung, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen quitted the steamer, followed by Surgeon O'Reilly and the clergymen present at the scene, and then, with visible reluctance and sincere regret, the large number of persons who had paid their final respects to His Eminence passed along the gangway to the pier, which they lined from end to end. Before the ropes were cast off, His Eminence came forward to the side of the steamer; as he did so, groups of ladies and gentlemen facing him knelt down, and then His Eminence, who seemed to be considerably affected by the warm feeling displayed by the assemblage, gave them his benediction. A moment afterwards the Cambria moved away from the pier, and steamed slowly towards the sea. The people then cheered His Eminence repeatedly, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in token of farewell. Several ran along the pier to its extremity; and as the steamer passed the harbor entrance, and proceeded on her voyage, they expressed their feelings in loud bursts of cheering, repeated again and again till the steamer was far out at sea.

The following is the gracious reply of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman to an application made by the Sisters of Mercy to preach for the Hospital of the Mater Misericordiae.

Waterford, Sept. 14th, 1858. "Dear Rev. Mother—I am sure you will believe me when I assure you that nothing but impossibility could prevent my doing anything in my power, by preaching or lecturing, in favor of your noble Mater Misericordiae Hospital. It is, indeed, a building and institution conceived and commenced in the most generous spirit of charity. I cannot fear that so Catholic an undertaking will fail to receive every support in a city like Dublin, where that virtue seems to be so truly appreciated and practised, and my voice could have added but little to the natural instincts of its spirit. As an edifice, it will be not merely an ornament to the city, but a lesson so well understood and observed abroad, that what is done for Christ in the person of his poor and infirm, should vie with what is done by man for himself and his gratifications. A splendid theatre and a mean hospital makes a sorrowful contrast in a Catholic city. I pray God most earnestly to bless this glorious work and all your community. Begging in return your good prayers, I am, ever your affectionate servant in Jesus Christ, "N. CARD. WISEMAN."

It having been rumored that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster intended to honor Ross by a visit on Tuesday last, a meeting was held in the Tholsel on Sunday at one o'clock—the Rev. James Walsh, P.P., in the chair—for the purpose of devising the best means of paying a mark of respect to His Eminence. The meeting was addressed by Father Walsh, Father Neville, and Dr. Howlett. A committee was appointed to draw up an address and name a deputation to present the same to His Eminence. On Tuesday morning it became known that the distinguished Prince of the Church was staying at Aylwardstown, the residence of Peter Strange, Esq., and that His Eminence's arrangements would not permit him to visit Ross.—Accordingly, some of the members of the deputation made arrangements to proceed to Aylwardstown to present the address, and one o'clock found them on the road accompanied by several of the inhabitants. The band headed the procession, and, on arriving at Mr. Strange's, drew up in front, and played some music suited to the occasion. His Eminence, having given his blessing to the people assembled (the number of whom was very considerable) the Rev. James Walsh read the address very clearly and distinctly, and His Eminence replied at some length, and thanked them most sincerely, adding that the time at his disposal did not permit him to visit Ross, and, in conclusion, gave the episcopal blessing to the delighted assembly. Thrice hearty cheers were then given for His Eminence, and the band struck up some appropriate airs.—Westford People.

The arrangements for the establishments of the new land tribunal, the "Landed Estates Court," are progressing satisfactorily. Petitions for sales are receivable at present, as the recent Act empowers the judges to receive them during the Long Vacation; but the fact does not seem to be generally known, as very few petitions have been lodged since the month of last July.

English capitalists are in treaty for constructing a line of railway from Clonmel to Cappoquin.

THE HARVEST IN ULSTER.—It is not a week since complaints were rife in the northern papers of impending mischief being done to the crops by the then unfavourable state of the weather, wet and stormy as it had been during the early part of September.—Matters have happily taken a better turn, and the Banner of Ulster concludes a long review of the state and prospects of the harvest in these terms:—"With such glorious weather as we have had for the last few days there will be no cause of complaint. Farmers are working double tides, and the lands are being cleared with almost magical rapidity. Reaping may be reported as finally finished, except in rare cases, and on very late lands. Stack-yards begin to assume the appearance of later autumn, and old sites are often found too small to contain the ample produce ready for storing. We may safely predict that by the middle of next month there will be safely stacked at the farmsteads in the north of Ireland the largest quantity of unthreshed grain ever seen in this country." There are further reports from the north, equally as favorable as the foregoing.

There are very distressing accounts from the counties of Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway, of heavy floods, which arose on Friday night and Saturday morning. There was great damage done by the overflowing of the river Feale, which forms the boundary between Kerry and Limerick. Five or six persons were drowned.

A CORPORATION IN DIFFICULTIES.—The Corporation of Belfast, at one time regarded as a model for the united kingdom, has been for years past plunged in a sea of difficulties, and its affairs are at present the subject of a Government commission of inquiry, which, according to existing appearances, is not likely to close its labors before the next meeting of Parliament. In its composition the town-council of the Capital of Ulster is as essentially exclusive as the old Dublin corporation. In it Toryism has ridden rampant since the year 1842, and how well these gentlemen have discharged their duty to the citizens of whose interests they were the guardians may be learnt from the following remarks which appear inter alia in a high Conservative journal (the Newry Telegraph):—"The influential town of Belfast has been literally in Chancery for several years. Why has this been so? We apprehend that the demon of Cupidity, leagued with its kindred demon Revenge, has been at the bottom of it. The disastrous results are but too manifest. The trade and character of the place seriously injured, improvements suspended, families ruined or driven into exile, or mourning over the graves of some who have fallen victims—numberless persons suffering under privation, because their money lent, and the interest upon which they depended as means of support, are all looked up by the Chancellor's decree. These are only some of the lamentable fruits of the suit in Chancery. It is hard to divine how even Chancellor Brady, looking at all these things as the inevitable consequences of his decree, could, as an upright judge in equity, place an entire town in Chancery. The deed was done, nevertheless. It is to be hoped that a way of escape is speedily to be reached." Between politics and polemics the people of Belfast seem to have a pretty busy time of it.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—A sale of goods and chattels of a rather novel description took place on Wednesday at the Custom-house, in Cork. The receiver of droits of Admiralty put up to auction about 800 fathoms of the Atlantic telegraph cable, which was found about two months ago. There were two lots, each containing about 400 fathoms, which, after a tolerable share of competition, were purchased by the receiver himself at 10d per fathom. The balance of the proceeds, after deducting receivers' dues, will doubtless scarcely satisfy the demands of the salvors.

Some leading English journals are very pathetic in their lamentations about the expatriation of the peasant population from large districts in Scotland, to make way for sheep and kine. But there is no lament for the sufferings of the poor people of Donegal, excluded from the mountains where their cattle had been allowed to graze, and confined to narrow strips of land for which they are sorely rack-rented, and charged besides with enormous taxation for the loss of sheep charge, inflicted upon localities which had been, for ages, as peaceable as any other portion of the United Kingdom. We find, by the following announcement in the Daily Express, that the Government, not satisfied with the burdens already inflicted upon the wretched people of Gweedore, are determined to levy fresh taxation upon the poorest district in Ireland:—

GWEEDORE, COUNTY OF DONOGAL.—We understand the Government are about to issue a warrant for the levy of £1,645 arrears now due for expenses of the extraordinary police force up to the 8th of August last, and that a further expense of about the sum quarter is still going on for police; also that the county of £400, or thereabouts, is ordered by the county treasurer for collection, on presentments for compensation for sheep destroyed since the time of last levy. We can see no remedy for those unhappy people but emigration by wholesale—that is, if they can muster the means of proceeding to some distant land where they would have a fair prospect of gaining a subsistence.—Dublin Evening Post.