

tion returned with more violence, to overwhelm and dismay me. Matilda, leaning on the bed, with hands clasped and her eyes fastened on Arthur, preserved a deep and mournful silence. Her soul had already interiorly made, with profound grief, yet entire resignation, its sacrifice of all this world's happiness.

The marquis sympathized with us. "You suffer more than I," said he; "yet I, in my turn, feel all your sorrows." We could not reply. Mr. Billingham spoke of our friends at Remembrance Hill. Arthur employed the remainder of the day in prayer and writing. He addressed a letter to the duchess of Salisbury, his mother. He wrote also to his sister, to Henry, and a note to Lorenzo, containing these few words:

"My Beloved Matilda—I owe every thing to you, after God! my happiness, my faith, my consolation in my present condition. If I knew you less, I would exhort you to fortitude; but my heart, enlightened from above, already enjoys the happiness which shall replenish yours, in thinking that you shall have (if, as I hope, God will be merciful to me) in heaven, and happy for eternity. Your best friend and brother,

"ARTHUR OF ROSLINE."

He afterwards wrote a most affectionate and touching farewell to Matilda; and advice for his son Edmund, when he should be of an age to read it. Then, passing with Mr. Billingham to an adjoining room, he put in order all that might have disquieted his conscience. He then rejoined us, perfectly composed. We obtained leave from our kind jailer to pass this last night with Arthur. We were satisfied with regard to Lord Walsingham. Richard's two sons attended him, though with his servant; and they had told us, should Henry's reason return, we would be immediately informed of it. Mr. Billingham seeing Arthur much fatigued, begged him to take a little repose, promising to awake him at daylight, in order to say the prayers for the dying, and to make the preparation for death; this he desired. The marquis yielded to his entreaties, to which we had joined ours. He soon fell into a sweet and peaceful sleep, which convinced us that the tranquility he manifested, was not only apparent, but real. Mr. Billingham and Matilda continued to pray whilst he slept. I was not in a condition to imitate them. I fixed my eyes upon my friend—upon him whom I loved as a father—and I felt a rending grief, which my efforts to conceal only aggravated the more. I repeated to myself a thousand times, that in a few hours he would be torn from me forever! My troubled glance rested on a crucifix placed on Arthur's bed; a secret voice said to me—"that my Saviour, dying upon an infamous wood, had sacrificed all for me; that He asked of me my friend, and that he only required him for our mutual good; and that I ought to resign him." This thought, and the feeling of love and resignation which it produced, sensibly affected me. My heart swelled with grief and gratitude; my tears flowed gently; I fell upon my knees and prayed with fervor; submitting with resignation to the fate which menaced. The marquis slept until four o'clock; he awoke, himself, and smiling, complained mildly that they had not waked him sooner. We gathered round him; and I conjured him to grant us a moment's conversation, before commencing our prayers. He pressed my hand.

"When you see Lord Seymour," said he, "remember me to him. Let him preserve the recollection of our friendship! I shall ask his salvation of God, at that great moment, when, I trust, nothing will be refused me. Say to Henry that I have frequently thought of him. Console my dear Matilda; and comfort each other in thinking of heaven, and of the happiness experienced in dying for the faith." He walked a moment with a thoughtful air; then returning to us, "Let us pray," said he, "we can converse after."

Mr. Billingham would not permit the marquis to kneel. He seated himself on the edge of his bed, and prayed about an hour and a half; after which, he celebrated mass. We all communicated. Arthur remained absorbed in the possession of his God, until Mr. Billingham, fearing that he might become too weak, entreated him to take some refreshment. Richard placed upon the table, tea, wine, and fruit; it was Friday, nevertheless, he offered broth to the marquis, who refused it, although his state of health would have allowed him to take it. He drank a cup of tea, and some wine, and ate some biscuits, making us partake with him. A calm cheerfulness shone upon his countenance, and his naturally lofty and proud expression was tempered by a heavenly mildness.

"Sidney," said he, "it is not men who have placed us in these circumstances. It is God, through his grace and mercy! Promise me never to admit resentment or revenge into your heart. The true Catholic pardons and loves his enemies. The desire of their conversion is his only revenge. I would suffer a thousand deaths, could I save them for eternity."

As he concluded these words, Richard re-entered with a person whom we did not know;—and presenting him to the marquis, said: "This is Lord Macdonald, who, for the same cause, shares your captivity, and awaits, also, the same fate."

Lord Macdonald appeared to be about forty years of age; his step was proud; his expression gloomy and haughty. His countenance brightened at sight of us. He seized the marquis' hand. "We shall perish for the one cause," said he, "but, may the just anger of heaven attend our persecutors and their posterity."

"I do not wish that," mildly interposed Arthur; "rather may their eyes be opened to the truth; and, may they obtain the grace of eternal salvation! But, let us leave them," he continued, "and think of ourselves. O! my friend, and brave companion in arms, have you maturely weighed the importance of the moment we are approaching? You are a Protestant, my lord, are you assured that your religion is infallible? Think well what will result from it; not a life of fifty or sixty years of happiness or misery, but an eternity of either!" Lord Macdonald gazed upon the marquis, with an incredulous and surprised expression.

"Are you not, then, of my religion?"

"No, I am no longer a Protestant. I have studied, fathomed my doubts and difficulties, and have preferred to the religion which gives birth to them without removing them, that in which there are none, but in which all repose, on a firm and infallible basis. But, my esteemed friend, what matters it what I am? the moments are few; think seriously; ponder well on the price of your soul, and the nature of eternity. Without entering into discussions, which time will not permit, suppose that we doubt, in general, of all religions; that we incline not to any in particular; is not one which all the others agree in acknowledging capable of conducting us to the haven of salvation, more sure than those which have not this distinctive character and inestimable privilege? Divest yourself of all prejudice and human respect; these phantoms should fly before the touch of death, which scatters shadows, and leaves truth naked. Ask, in sincerity, and uprightness of soul, to know the truth, and the acceptable manner of serving the supreme and awful Judge, who cites us to his tribunal;—and I am confident, my lord, that He will not reject your prayer."

Lord Macdonald remained, for a moment, silent; then, "You strangely disturb me," said he; "I have often had doubts of my religion, but the desire of dying in the faith of my parents has always triumphed over such reflections. It appears to me impossible that a God infinitely good should condemn me for having adhered to the faith in which he caused me to be born."

"Because you were born in error, is this a reason that you should die in it?" replied Arthur. "Penetrate yet further into the tomb, and it will not be long before you find Catholic ancestors. Ah! my lord, if God whose designs are impenetrable, and whose mercies absolutely free, has allowed our parents to die in error, will you refuse him the power of enlightening and saving us? There is but one way—one religion which leads to salvation: there is but one pastor—one shepherd; and, but one door to enter into heaven. Out of the Church there is no salvation. I conjure you, O! my beloved friend, reflect, and tremble at not being in this only road. It is a disinterested friend who entreats you. My soul, disengaged from all prejudice and passion, and about to rush into the arms of him who calls it, is intimately convinced of having a long time wandered along the borders of the same precipice, where I now find you. I tremble, and would give a thousand lives to make known to you the truth which shines upon me. But He, alone, who disposes of hearts, can enlighten you; He holds in his hands our present and future destinies. He anticipates, He solicits you; and no one has ever been condemned who rejected not the grace which was offered him."

Lord Macdonald, with a thoughtful air, regarded all who surrounded him. He asked who I was? "He is my ward," replied Arthur;—"and this lady is my wife." "You are happy," said Lord Macdonald, with a bitter smile; "that miserable Richard has not allowed me to see any body." My looks asked Richard why he had acted thus? He understood me. "For me, my lord," said he, abruptly addressing me, "I am not an angel. I know not yet how to return good for evil. I have received from this prisoner only contempt and injuries. Every thing displeased and irritated him. He expected, no doubt, to be treated here as a prince. What would he have done, had he been wounded and badly taken care of, as was at first the marquis of Rosline? I have not received an order to admit those who demanded to see him; they had not the tickets of admission. It is true that Lady Matilda, also, was unprovided with it, but she implored this favor with such mildness and earnestness, that touched besides by the virtues of the prisoner whom she solicited to see, I at once conducted her to him; after which, for greater security, I sent her to the governor of the prisoner for a written permission."

Arthur smiled sadly: "Misfortune sours, and often changes the character," said he. "I would not have you to believe that I have always had this empire over myself, for such is not the case. I have but too much violence and passion with which to reproach myself; and it is time, in embracing a religion which prescribes the most tender charity, and the practice of every virtue, that I should commence to reform my life."

"You suppose that I don't know you," replied Richard; "do you not remember James Mixton who was in your service about two years? he is my nephew; you dismissed him unjustly, and were inflexible; even after you had discovered his innocence. At present he lives in the bosom of a happy family; a flourishing trade procures him an honest competency. To whom is he indebted for this? To you, my lord."

"I have only fulfilled my duty," said Arthur, "and the wrong which preceded has not been effaced from my memory. That injustice still weighs upon my heart; and to prove it to you, see here a note which I have written for him.—The difficulty of procuring his address, has alone prevented me from sending it." He took from his pocket-book a letter, which he gave to Richard, who showed it to me. It was thus conceived:

"If you still remember Arthur of Rosline, believe that he wishes not to take away, in quitting this world, either your honor, or remorse for the injury he inflicted upon you. Will you charitably forget his wrongs, and receive, in memory of him, the sum of two hundred pounds sterling, which shall be immediately remitted you by the Marchioness of Rosline, in order to increase your business? I die a Catholic, faithful to God and the queen."

"ARTHUR OF ROSLINE."

The marquis requested Matilda to perform his promise on her return to Rosline castle. He afterwards related to us, that a short time after his marriage, he had taken Mixton into his service; and that once, when he was absent, Catholic prayers had been taught to a child whom a relative had, in dying, confided to him, and who resided in his castle. He added, that discovering it on his return, he was thrown into a violent rage, suspected Mixton, and ordered him immediately to quit his service. He afterwards learned from Matilda that she alone was guilty of it. He would not, however, recall what was done,

glad to seize upon this pretext to have none but domestics of the reformed religion. Mixton was then gone, and the marquis, generous in the midst of his injustice, had given him a thousand pounds to establish himself as he should judge proper.

"Alas!" continued Lord Arthur, "Matilda knows to what extent I was irritated against her, when I formed the least suspicion that she thought of instilling her religious principles into the mind of my child. May my death, with its circumstances, expiate my sins."

He then conversed some moments with Lord Macdonald about the friends of the queen. Mr. Billingham, seeing him much fatigued, suggested to him again to take a little repose. He lay down without hesitation; but, we saw clearly that this was to put an end to a conversation which diverted him from the great object of all his thoughts; for he slept not, but prayed with the most profound recollection.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

IRELAND AND THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The modern history of Christian mankind has recorded no such fact, or system of facts, as the records of the British Protestant Church Establishment. I have no intention in this article to discuss either the moral practices or the doctrines of this society: my object is to renew, if I may so speak, public attention on the extravagance, the folly, the tyranny, and the injustice associated with this institution. If it professed to be what it really is—namely, an ecclesiastical plunder, an imposition on those who differ from the national church, men would regard this deceit as a mere penal law, and would endure its infliction as a grinding political grievance. But when this swindle is put forward as a part of the Gospel, as a consecration of Christianity, as the ordinance of God, it presents itself to the mind, in the compound crime of injustice and hypocrisy. It is a libel on God to introduce His name in connexion with this palpable robbery of the poor: and it is a grievous injury to the feelings of men to be compelled to pay in the name of the Lord, an impost conceived and exacted in the spirit of malice and infidelity.

This system could have never been maintained in these countries during such a lengthened period, if a fierce religious opposition had not been encouraged and kept up in raging vigor during the times that are past: and it is true to say that neither the plunder nor the injustice, nor the hypocrisy have in the aggregate inflicted such a pernicious amount of evil, as the political rancour, the social hatred, and the religious fury of this deadly scheme of national antagonism. Every thing perfidious in principle, base in practice: every thing degrading in creed, false in profession, treacherous in design, has been ascribed to the Catholicity of all nations; and the Protestant rising generations have been so taught from their infancy, so indoctrinated in their maturer years, that any sacrifice in labor and money would be cheerfully borne, sooner than permit contact with popish society, and have the cheat of this religious conspiracy detected. The English people, otherwise so honest, so generous, have been made the principle dupes in this flagrant combination and ecclesiastical fraud: and hence the learning, the influence, the wealth of this church establishment have been employed, and strained, and taxed to the last point of their power, to keep the English nation in an unceasing delirium of horror, hatred, and fear of the morality, the faith, and the very persons of Catholics at home and abroad.

It is only by the close study of these facts, and by a correct knowledge of all the circumstances that one can comprehend the almost incredible statement—namely, that upwards of five million pounds sterling have been annually collected in England and Ireland, for the suppression of Catholicity in Europe and elsewhere. As long as Catholicity could speak and publish the crimes of the state Church, so long would the brand of plunder and apostasy be affixed to the establishment: and hence the English Bible societies were supplied with these enormous funds, were backed by the learning and power of the state, and were dispatched through all the neighboring Catholic countries, to deny our creed, to belie our character, to raise a cry of horror against our very name, and to efface our profession. But while foreign kingdoms were exposed to this malicious and infidel crusade, it was in Ireland that the principal assault was made. Ireland is the fortress of the faith, which has never been taken, and which has never surrendered, during the long conflict of upwards of three hundred years. The battles she fought may be read on the tombs of the illustrious dead scattered everywhere through the Island of Saints; the terrors she has sustained can be traced in the crumbled walls of her ancient churches; and hence the submission, the conquest of Ireland has been the favorite scheme of all the enemies of our faith, from the first year of the English Apostasy to the present hour.—In this protracted warfare, unequalled in modern times for the display of national virtue, political probity, and martyr-courage, Ireland presents the historical prodigy of poverty overcoming riches, weakness conquering strength, and a nation in chains setting at defiance tyrant power. Within one hundred years England and Scotland yielded to the enemy, betrayed the fidelity of their fathers, and sold their ancient Church for English gold, while Ireland presented her bosom to the sword and her throat to the knife, and won victory for her creed and her name, in spite of the seductions of the minister, the bribe of the perjurer, and the terrors of the executioner.

What a commentary on the character of this Church Establishment is supplied by the fact that in every scheme she has undertaken for the suppression of Catholicity she has utterly and totally failed.—She has failed not only in her conspiracy to change the creed of other peoples, but she has failed to retain her own congregation. In her own metropolis, the seat and centre of her power, a smaller number of her citizens attend her worship than those of other denominations. With all her money, her benches in her Church are empty, her pulpits is shunned, her gospel is despised. With all her learning the Methodists surpass her, the Independents are more eloquent, the Infidel Conventicles are more consistent. Foreigners hate her, her own subjects despise her. A Church without a creed, a ministry without a profession, she stands at this moment before all mankind a living example of the malediction which attends apostasy. On spiritual grounds it is clear that everything must wither over which the frown of Heaven is darkened; and on temporal principles no set of men, no nation can be influenced for any long time to profess, for the advantage of others, a palpable public swindle, to worship for the aggrandisement of others an admitted lie. What a lesson has England received in all these premises! After millions, and tens of millions, and hundreds of millions, and thousands of millions of pounds sterling being expended in this scheme of falsehood, malice, and hypocrisy, her failure is now recorded in every Catholic country in Europe; while her most disastrous failure in India is a thrilling confirmation of the inherent vice of the entire system of her gospel and her ecclesiastical regime.

Her fatal policy on this point, the bigotry of her past cabinets, and the insane insolence of her Bible Societies have banished her in horror from every city and town in Catholic Europe; while the folly of her rule in India, and the incredible Superstition of her Military Officers in the East, have precipitated a revolution, which has cost her rivers of blood and millions of money. With her prestige lowered at home

abroad, with her armies decimated, her power exhausted, and her flag in report can be felt on the now-begging gates of several foreign palaces to be admitted into the friendship of the very Sovereign whom her Ambassadors have so lately insulted. She is now the slave, the sycophant, in place of being the director of the neighbouring states; and she now lives in comparative submission, supported by the alliance of the very Power which so lately she set at defiance or despised. If any untoward or fatal results from her past conduct should ever happen to England, the future historian must own that she has lost ground on the continent by the reckless policy of bigoted cabinets, and that she has become weak at home from the injustice, the tyranny, and infidelity of her Church Establishment. The cabinet and the pulpit, the ambassadors and the bishops, revolution abroad and infidelity at home will hereafter be recorded as the elements in the decline of England.

Ireland has heard with delight that England does not intend in future to proselytise by force and by bribery the people of India: and Ireland has learned with joy that the followers of Juggernaut will be in future exempt from paying tithes to the Protestant Church of Hindostan. This decidedly is a step in the right direction. It makes a commencement in India of a practice which should have long since been adopted at home: it separates so far the Church from the state, and disencumbers the English Gospel from the charge of force, patronage, bribery, and fraud. This is good news for Ireland: and we hope that the favour extended to the disciples of Juggernaut will not be withheld from the followers of Christ: and that the time is fast approaching when we shall be exempted from paying a tax towards the support of men who malign our creed, belie our character, and persecute our race. Ireland is already grateful for the kindness and the patronage, and the toleration already granted to our poor Catholic soldiers and their children in India: and we shall feel redoubled acknowledgment and lasting gratitude if the government will release our conscience from the Church Establishment grievance, and put us on a level in this regard with the worshippers of Juggernaut. Ireland is certainly grateful for all government favors already received: but the time has come all over Europe when injustice in any shape will not be borne in silence: and when redress must be conceded to the indignant voice of public popular complaint. Remonstrance, complaint, and public exposure are now more than at any past period of our history powerful weapons in redressing popular grievances. Potentates cannot now sit in the company of kings, or take a part in royal councils, for the amelioration of other states, if they are themselves tyrants at home; they cannot claim religious toleration abroad if they are persecuting bigots at home. And there can be no doubt that in the present age of improved civilization and of rapid international communication, bigotry and persecution must ever yield before the scorn of the surrounding nations and the indignation of public reproach. August 12, 1858. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The visit to Ireland of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, naturally occupies a large share of public attention. A glance at the report in another page will show that His Eminence has been accorded a welcome of which Emperors and Kings might justly be proud, and which is gratifying in the highest degree to His Eminence, inasmuch, as it distinctly marks the devoted attachment of the people of Ireland towards the Holy See. In the person of His Eminence, not only as a Prince of the Church, but as the illustrious head of the hierarchy of England, the people of Ireland also recognise a champion of whom Catholic Europe is proud. The Fraternity Societies in Ireland are aglow at the warmth of His Eminence's reception, and the English press would, if possible, ignore it altogether. But the fact is palpable, that the visit of the Cardinal has aroused the most enthusiastic feelings of the Irish people, who have demonstrated in the strongest possible manner their love and affection for the Holy Catholic Church, and for that distinguished Prelate, who is just now the special object of their admiration.—Weekly Register.

Lord Palmerston has granted a site for a Catholic chapel at Clifton, county Sligo, and subscribed £40 for its erection.—Freeman.

We are informed by a correspondent that Guy Lloyd Esq. Croghan, has called on all his tenantry to take leases of their holdings for twenty-one years. Such a procedure, strikingly at variance with the 'mopping out' being practised by a great number of the landlords of the country, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Lloyd as a Christian and a landlord. We heartily wish that others would follow the example so nobly set them, and afford to the tenantry in a Christian feeling the protection which is denied them by British legislation.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN BELFAST.—On Saturday morning, about half-past six o'clock, a fire of a very destructive nature occurred in Smithfield. The large cabinet and upholstery concern of Mr. David Ruddell has been completely destroyed. St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel, which adjoined Mr. Ruddell's premises, has also suffered, but not to a serious extent. Mr. Ruddell estimates the value of the property destroyed at £4,000, and his insurance in two offices—namely, the West of England and the Equitable, amount only to £1,000. All the books and property in his office have also been burnt. The injury done to the chapel will be fully covered by insurance with the Atlas Office. It did not transpire how the fire originated. The house property destroyed belonged to Mrs. Maguire, of Chapel-lane, who was Mr. Ruddell's landlady, and it is to some extent covered by insurance.—Belfast Mercury.

A terrific thunderstorm occurred a few days ago at Killeen, near Armagh. Among several strange phenomena witnessed during its continuance was the following:—"There arose a whirlblast which lifted into the air nine cocks of hay, which were borne up until they appeared as specks somewhat the size of small birds, and at last vanished completely out of sight. There were 17 haycocks in the same place, and of the nine removed nothing has since been heard."

Mr. Spurgeon's visit to Belfast has set its local press by the ears, one portion of it taking exception to his preaching on the ground of its extravagance, while the other praises him as a model divine. Under these circumstances it may not be out of place to afford the public an opportunity of judging which side has the best of the argument. The following is an extract from his last sermon:—"I do hate the Antinomian doctrine, which says you can be saved while you live in sin. Christ never will save any of his people in their sins, but he will save them from their sins. I understand you have very little of that doctrine among you here. But you have got people here, members of your Church, poor worldlings, mean and pitiful wretches in God's sight, who live not as heirs of Heaven, but in dishonesty and unrighteousness—merchants, too, perhaps, who call in their servants and say—'John have you sanded the sugar?'—'Yes.' 'John have you put chicory into the coffee?'—'Yes.' 'Have you watered the rum?'—'Yes.' 'Have you damped the tobacco?'—'Yes.' 'Very well, come into prayers.' Plenty among you, I'll be bound, whose yardsticks are not such that you would like the inspectors to see them. Your church would like the inspectors to see them. Your church is like Noah's ark, clean and unclean crowded into it. Your fruits you must judge of you. Practical piety is what we want in these days. I heard a man once talking of saving faith. I did not know his idea of the matter until I saw him, when, putting his collection on the plate, feeling by the edge whether the piece was a trepenny or a fourpenny. That was his idea of saving faith."

Some recent attempts to carry out the campaign into the counties of Tipperary and Waterford have been unsuccessful. Through the activity of the local authorities, the meeting at Carrick-on-Suir was promptly suppressed, and the cutting of the crops with sickles proceeding without interruption. The ringleader of the riots one Collins, is still at large, but a reward has been offered for his apprehension, and the police are on his trail. The Clonmel Chronicle says:—"This spirit of disaffection among the harvest laborers is, we learn from our Ballingarry correspondent, sought to be raised in the neighborhood of Lanespark, where cradle-sives have been extensively in use. Wednesday evening last two threatening notices were found by the steward of the Irish Land Company, Mr. Nicholson, posted on trees. Those notices warned the steward from getting corn out by sickles; and threatened a speedy and violent death to those who should engage in such work. Information having been conveyed to the local constabulary, an investigation was held before Mr. John Langley, J.P., Knocknaree, but no clue was had as to the writer of the threatening documents. The police have been kept in constant patrol on the Land Company Estates, and no violence has since been attempted. It is strange that the laboring classes do not see the utter inutility of such senseless outbreaks. One would imagine that the example set in Kilkenny ought to have had a salutary effect upon them. The authorities are on the alert in every quarter, and on the slightest appearance of disaffection they are prompt in preventing the spread of those disgraceful attempts to check the advance of agricultural progress."

STATS OF KILKENNY.—The Kilkenny Moderator of Saturday says:—"It affords us the greatest gratification to be able to state to-day that perfect order and tranquillity appears to be everywhere restored in our county. Reaping machine and corn mowing are in operation in every direction, without disturbance of any kind. Guards of policemen are placed on the former, as a precautionary measure."

THE POTATO CROP IN IRELAND.—The Tuam Herald has the following statement. A few paragraphs of a similar import have appeared within the last few days in the northern journals, but they have not attracted any attention, as the general belief is that the great bulk of the crop is perfectly safe, and that for cheapness and quality it will have no parallel since the year 1844:—"Within the last ten days we regret to be obliged to state that the fatal plague-spot has fallen almost universally upon the leaves of the potato crop. There is scarcely a field within several miles of this town untouched. Up to the present time the stalk is safe, and while the stalks continue untouched our experience hitherto has taught us to know that the root suffers, comparatively speaking, little or no injury."

SEEKING HIS PROPERTY.—The Earl of Essex has been seeking his property in this locality during the week. He draws some £6,000 from it, but we are, we believe, safe in saying that none of the family were here since the days of the first earl, the favorite and the victim of Elizabeth.—Death People.

Colonel Brown, C.B. has resigned the Commissionership of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. He is to be succeeded by Colonel Henry A. Lake (of Kars), C.B. unattached, Aide-camp to the Queen.

DOXNOR.—Sunday being what is commonly called 'walking Sunday,' over 20,000 persons visited the scene of the celebrated fair. A few tents were erected in the vicinity of "the green" for the sale of refreshments. The crowd was most orderly, and the police arrangements prevented any confusion arising to the ordinary carriage thoroughfare.

Of late a considerable trade is done in the exportation of geese from Belfast to England and Scotland. Flocks of 200 to 300 each are daily shipped from Belfast, the wonder being where the dealers succeed in picking them up. It appears the geese are eagerly bought by the English and Scotch farmers for the purpose of feeding them on stubble and grass lands until about Christmas, when they are sure to draw double and treble their original price in this country.—Belfast Mercury.

In the year 1851 there were upwards of 4,500 paupers in the workhouse of this city; now there are only 500, most of whom are invalids. This is a fact which at least shows an immense decrease of pauperism; but if the great barriers to agricultural improvement and national prosperity were removed, Ireland would soon be the happiest country on the face of the earth.—Kilkenny Journal.

The list of military promotions in the Gazette of Tuesday contains the name of Lieutenant Luke O'Connor, who has just been promoted to a captaincy of the 23rd Regiment. It is a remarkable fact that Captain O'Connor, who is still a young man, entered the army during the Crimean war as a private soldier, and such was the military skill and bravery displayed by him during the war that he in a very short time obtained rapid promotion. He was, we believe, promoted to the rank of Ensign on the field, and shortly after made Lieutenant. In addition to the high rank, Captain O'Connor's bravery has placed him in the service; he also has had conferred on him medals by Her Majesty and testimonials of equal value by Napoleon the 3rd, and the King of Sardinia. This is a fact to be pondered by Sir Robert Carden, Lord Mayor of London, whose insolent and unbecoming remarks at the Mansion House on the Irish people we noticed last week.—Weekly Register.

STATE OF IRELAND.—The Celt, instead of being driven out, is spreading his roots deeper and wider in the soil. There has not been, as had been anticipated, an influx either of Saxon money or Protestant Bibles into Ireland. On the contrary, the Catholic merchant and grazier have showed out the Protestant nobleman and squire, and the Pontificate of Pius IX. is now toasted in baronial halls that used to resound with drunken shouts to the "glorious and immortal memory." Ireland of 1858 is indeed a contrast to the Ireland of thirty years ago. She was then enslaved—trodden down by a ferocious faction—a reproach to humanity and a shame to the empire. Her extraordinary rise and progress are now proclaimed even by her bitterest enemy, the truculent Times. In the same article which pours out the foulest calumnies upon the Irish Priesthood and people, the transcendent improvement of emancipated Ireland is admitted. Irishmen used to be considered incapable of working out any enterprise to a successful issue.—The very clever Scotch laughed at their pretensions to any knowledge of the principles of banking, and even less-conceited John Bull pooh-poohed the notion of speculating in Irish railways; but it turns out that while Scotch banks are a gigantic bubble and English railways are unapparently going to ruin, through gross mismanagement, the Irish banks and railways withstand the severest monetary crises and commercial shocks, and yield good dividends upon investments. In agricultural pursuits too, the progress of Ireland is almost marvellous. Science has everywhere displaced the rude system of other days, and what is equally important at least, the laborer is considered worthy of his hire. To drunkenness, dissipation, and extravagance have succeeded sobriety, thrift, and frugality; and all that is wanting to effect the complete regeneration of that country, is the removal of that huge abuse, the Protestant ecclesiastical establishment, which has been the source of most of the evils that have befallen her, and still prevents that social harmony and blissful concord which Lord Bglintoun so warmly advocated the other day, in his eloquent address to the citizens of Londonderry. Already we behold the near fulfilment of the prediction in Moore's beautiful lines:—"The nations are fallen but thou still art young, Thy sun is but rising as o'er her east; And though slavery's gloom o'er thy morning hath hung, The full noon of freedom shall blaze round thee yet."—Weekly Register.