

"You do well," answered Thiodolf, kindly; "and God forbid that I should bear the least ill-will to a companion in arms and in battle, who comes forward when danger is nearest and most urgent. It pleases me well, too, that you so mark yourself out by your beautiful armor; for brave warriors are glad when they can be recognized by the foe. It is for that that I so prize my wild bull's helmet; for no man, but myself, in the whole army wears the like."

Michael Androgens smiled rather scornfully when he heard the strange helmet compared to his choice and delicate armor; but Thiodolf gave no heed to this, and left the chamberlain with a friendly greeting.

The trumpet sounded for the second time—the troops moved and began their solemn march. The following song sounded from the Væringers band as they began their joyous march:

"As joyful in the varied crowd
We went upon the battle-row,
The lance we poised, the song we raised
With greetings the loved fair to praise.
Soon will come tidings from afar
Of gallant deeds achieved in war;
And low will whisper maidens bright
Fight bravely on, each gallant knight!"

They passed the imperial palace; the sovereign, with many of his attendants, stood on a splendid balcony and kindly greeted those below. Thiodolf, guessing that the blooming Zoe might be there also, could not help looking up, excusing himself with the thought, "It may be a parting for life."

The fair form appeared above, with tearful eyes; and as she returned the greeting of the young chief a green sprig flew from her hand, and fell on Thiodolf's breast-plate. Then he heard a sorrowful sigh; and as he looked round, Philip smiled at him with moistened eyes, and said, "Good-bye, my dear commander!"

A few steps farther on, the crowd parted reverently; a veiled female form appeared, and cried out, as she bent before Thiodolf, "Hail, to the noble northern hero! may he return victorious, the honor of this city! and may all sorrows be past and gone from his heart."

Then the veiled apparition passed on; and the wondering crowd murmured around, "It was the unknown Helper!" But soon all voices rose to give joy to the young hero, to whom had been vouchsafed a greeting so heavenly, on going forth into the field of honor. Thiodolf's quick swelling heart beat joyfully beneath the morning sun.

CHAPTER I.

Beyond the Danube, on the shores of the sea of Azoff, had appeared a mighty multitude, like a cloud of countless locusts thickening and darkening the air, from the most remote and well-known plains. Warriors, almost naked, of brown and ill-favored countenances, bearing before them, as their sole defense, immense shields, with strange weapons hanging over their shoulders, whose use could only be in part understood by foreigners, with now and then a horse appearing amongst them, but generally all on foot, yet rapid and fearful in their movements—thus came the Bulgarians across their boundaries, and the Greek empire trembled. Men thought of the time when this torrent had reached the outskirts of Constantinople, and lamentations were heard from more than twenty thousand families for their vanished loved ones, who had been borne back by the departing warriors into their endless deserts. On all sides the peasants took to flight; the citizens anxiously closed their gates; and the voice of prayer for protection and deliverance rose up to God and to His saints.

Protection and deliverance were at hand.—The fugitives soon met on their sad way the vanguard of the advancing army; and with no small consolation they saw amongst the other troops the tall forms of the Northmen, and heard that the Væringers were now taking the field stronger and more glorious than ever: they heard, too, that in its ranks was a young chief on whom all Constantinople, though so long accustomed to the noble northern warrior, gazed with wonder, as the flower of heroic courage and strength. The wanderers slackened their weary steps, attended to the women, and children, and sick; and, resting in friendly villages, looked on with quiet hope to the exploits of the army.

"Master," said Thiodolf one day to Helmfrid, as a group of fugitives halted near them, a part lying down on the ground which they had rescued, and looking at the soldiers with confident greetings, "Master, for him whose heart does not swell in his bosom with the joy of war, all that is great and noble has passed away. The Bulgarians are a deluded people to send to us such reminders; it will be small gain to the evil pleaders."

"Thou art right, dear Thiodolf," answered Helmfrid; "and as I know that the precious Icelandic gift of song has been granted thee in rich abundance, I would that thou shouldst put these thoughts into a lay, which our soldiers may learn and carry with them into the fight."

Then Thiodolf lifted up his powerful voice, which thundered through the ranks, and sang the following words:

"Fresh o'er the fair plains
Sounded the host from afar;
In each warrior's proud veins
Sounded the life-blood of war."

"Ye heroes, I mean
Ye will prove your swords' worth
In no gay festive scene,
In no game's joyous mirth."

"Mothers, now do you see
The brave and fast meeting;
With their babes to be free
Your shelter they're seeking."

"Hear ye now the sick groan,
For whom forwards ye bid?
And the child's asking moan,
Why like eagles ye fly?"

"The claw of the vulture
Will destroy and will cease,
While land rich with culture
Smoke and pillage now sees."

"Soft doves fly for cover
Where verdant fields charm,
While eagle-wings hover
To shield them from harm."

"The doves, naught now fearing,
Drink in their clear spring;
Refreshed appearing,
As they rest the tired wing."

"But the birds of the sky
Who in war's pleasures live,
With proud plumes will fly
Strong protection to give."

"They the vultures will cease
In their powerful flight;
What escapes quickly flees
To the waste far from sight."

"Then the doves o'er on meads
Springing up brightly green,
Soon from Væringers' deeds,
May this, brethren, be seen!"

The troops repeated this song with great delight, and its words were heard to sound through many a hot combat which was afterwards fought with the robber Bulgarians. Even the Greek soldiers learned the song; and the Væringers were soon called the Eagles, throughout the whole army. They quickly came to deserve this high name; for the Bulgarians, eager for prey and for fighting, came down upon them, and it needed many hard blows before the wild enemy again learned the fear which it once had for the assembled troops, and which their previous victories had a well-nigh made them quite forget.

At the close of a bloody day, Thiodolf sat silent and thoughtful before his tent. Near him, Philip was sharpening and polishing his arms, at times turning inquiring looks on his master. At length he arose and came close to him, making spear and sword clash together, and looked lovingly in the eyes of the northern hero, as he raised them at the well-known sound.

"Why dost thou take so much trouble, boy, with my good sword Throng-piercer?" asked Thiodolf. "It has not given a single blow during this whole expedition, and the foe keeps aloof and will never let us get at him. The King-spear and the Bear-lance I also carry in vain.—If thou only wilt keep the Falcon in good condition, and always, as heretofore, will seek it out for me on the battle-field, and besides keep a dozen other light lances in readiness; that is all that we need in this joyless war."

"Master," said Philip, and his face shone in heightened joy, "dear master, if thou wilt not look upon thine Armor-bearer as a boasting fellow who meddles in things for which his inexperienced youth is unfit, I would tell thee how we might contrive to force the foe to a stand still, and bring on a glorious close combat."

"Speak, dear boy," answered Thiodolf kindly. "And even if thy words do not lead to deeds, it is still brave of thee so earnestly to have fixed thy thoughts on noble things."

"The wisdom is not mine, dear master," said Philip. "I have learned it from one wiser than I. In one of the Greek bands there is a strong, gigantic trooper, who lets no comrade look upon his face; only his snow-white beard makes known that he is an old man, for it falls in two long curls through the links of his hauberk. No sound has been heard to pass his lips except in his dreams; but then his words are often mysterious, even almost prophetic. If he is asked concerning them when awake, he raises his hand with a menacing gesture and turns away in silence. After the last fight, I had to seek long after your beautiful Falcon-spear, you had hurled it so very far off; and I found it at last in a rocky valley, sticking in the skull of a Bulgarian who had fallen there in the grass. It was very bloody, and before I had washed it clean in the brook, night had closed in dark and cloudy.—Having with difficulty returned to our army, I got into the wing opposite to ours, where was the very troop to which the strange old warrior belongs. He lay asleep by the fire, and his companions made a sign to me to be silent, because just then his wonderful prophetic words were escaping from his lips in broken sounds. He murmured about the rocky valley and the flying Bulgarians, round whom a magic circle must be drawn; the others seemed not to understand him, for they were listening more in sheer curiosity than with proper thoughtfulness; but those words of rocky valley and enemy sank deep into my soul. I have since had no rest; I have inquired of all the country people, I have almost ridden to death my beautiful chestnut, and now I am certain of the matter. Dear master, we can surround the enemy in the rocky valley; truly and indeed we can; and he must wait for us, and we shall rejoice in a good knightly fight, man to man."

"How thou lightest up, boy!" said Thiodolf, smiling at him. "I thought at first it was the evening glow which so brightly rested on thy cheeks; but now I see well that the sun which gives forth those rays lies deep in thy knightly heart."

Then he made Philip repeat to him all that he had learned of the rocky valley, and the position of the Bulgarians; and he said at length, "Boy, keep all within thee pure; and the gods will see to that which is without; for I say to thee, there lie in thee the seeds of a hero such as thy fatherland has not seen for long."

Thiodolf hastened to Helmfrid, and after a short talk with him he returned, charged to begin and lead on the expedition. A few more arrangements on his part turned the scheme of Philip into a masterly manoeuvre.

"My dear brave boy," said Thiodolf, "it would rejoice me to entrust thee with the management of the whole expedition, but for that thou art yet too young. But to give thee thy due, thou shalt choose our war-cry for the attack which thou hast so nobly planned."

Philip looked down a few moments; then he said, with sunk eyelids and glowing cheeks, "If my master so highly honors me as to leave me the choice—Well, then, 'Zoe' is our battle-cry."

Thiodolf looked at him with surprise; a question nearly escaped his lips; but shrinking from giving words to a feeling, whose thought he avoided in his own mind as a destroying fire, he bent his head in assent, sounded his war-horn, and soon after rode forth with his young friend at the head of a stout Væringers band into the already dark night.

(To be Continued)

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it to the soil, and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right tendencies instead of wrong tendencies to the young mind.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE ARGUMENT OF ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT CONSTITUTIONAL WAR.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)
The inconsistency of the English press, and the dishonesty of the British Cabinet in the present crisis on the Italian Peninsula, are the just commentaries to form an accurate judgment of the past diplomacy and policy of this country in reference to Italy. The entire British press, without a single exception, have, since the expulsion of Charles Dix from the French throne in 1830, cried out for reform in the political government of all the Italian States.—Within the last ten years, since the expulsion of Louis Phillipe in 1847, there is no expression of ridicule, no language of malicious contempt which English journalism has not employed against the tyranny of Naples, the misgovernment of Rome, and the slavery of the Duchies. And in reference to the Austrian rule at home and abroad, all the writers of England depicted it as the most degraded despotism of modern Europe, and as the unimprovable code of Popish antagonism to progressive civilization. The prisons of Naples, the assassins of Rome, the rebels of Tuscany, the deism of Lombardy, the hypocrisy of Austria, the infidelity of Vienna, supplied jumbled daily articles on men, and creeds, and things, to the universal English press; and English tourists, English correspondents, and English Bibles transmitted to their friends at home deplorable accounts of the slavery, the immorality, and the Paganized Christianity of all Southern Popish Europe. Ereter Hall, our own Rotundo, and several of the townships in Scotland and Ireland re-echoed in holy horror with the thrilling descriptions of the fallen state of liberty and religion beyond the Alps and the Rhine; and some of the most eminent of our Parliamentary sages and Biblical statesmen have repeatedly argued during the last four years that the Revolutionists of Italy should even receive military aid from England in order to carry out their ideas of Reform in Church and State.

And if such has been the feeling and the language of the press, the conduct of the different cabinets and administrations has been still more emphatic and practical. An English Cabinet Minister complimented and flattered, in the year 1848, the principal Revolutionist at Rome; he received this man at the English Embassy, invited him to his table, and thus became by the fact, the companion, the abettor, and the accomplice of the Roman rebellion! A second English Minister, at the head of a procession of fifty thousand Englishmen, received Kossuth the Hungarian rebel, read an address of congratulation to him, sympathized, of course, with the Hungarian revolution, and thus identified the English Cabinet with the insurrection. An English Chancellor of the Exchequer visited Naples in 1849, wrote a pamphlet on the tyranny of the laws, and on the cruelties of the administration; and Lord Roden, accompanied by four others, travelled through Italy, examining the gaols, entering the cells, conversing with the prisoners, making presents of money amongst the culprits; and then returning home to protest before large English and Irish assemblies against the Constitutions and Administrations of all Italy. Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, so late as last February, have declared that the Italian Priests were "about the very worst species of Ecclesiastics in all Europe; that all foreign force should be instantly withdrawn; and the various States of Italy left to themselves, to frame their own laws of temporal policy and church discipline." And so associated, so identified was England with the enemies of the Italian rulers that she lent two millions sterling to Sardinia, to complete the fortress of Alessandria; and had agreed with France to send two ships of war into the bay of Naples to encourage the hopes of the Revolutionists, and to overawe the King into submission to the rebel democracy! In fact, the continued theme of the English Press and the English literature and social English sympathy during the last thirty years has been the public un concealed encouragement to rebellion: through all Italy; and the equally undisguised conduct of the English Prime Ministers and the English Cabinets during the last thirteen years has been an open appeal to the whole Italian population to rise up against the constituted authorities in Church and State, to throw off the authority of the throne and the altar; to get rid of the King and the Pope; and that they had the moral power of all England on their side; that they could also command to a great extent the English Exchequer; and above all that if circumstances were favorable to the revolutionary cause the British Navy might be placed at their service! The facts stated in the two paragraphs just written of this article are registered in the whole Press of this Country, are recorded in the speeches and the printed documents of the Cabinet Ministry, and are known to all Europe.

If these statements be accurate, and beyond all dispute undeniable, how can we account for the present bitter reproaches of the English press against the Italian policy of France? Is not this the policy which they have encouraged these last thirty years? Where is the consistency in *unsaying*, within one month, the things which have been said almost every day for upwards of a quarter of a century? How can France be charged as a criminal in doing what Lord Minto recommended in Rome—what Lord John Russell praised in Parliament—what Lord Palmerston justified in Birmingham? How has English journalism found out, in the space of a month, what it could not discover during the last thirty years? Or, how have the eminent Leaders of several past Cabinets learned, in the month of April, 1859, that their past policy towards Italy for a quarter of a century has been a blunder, a mistake, perhaps a fatal error? How can the English companions of Napoleon, in counselling ships of war to be sent to the Bay of Naples, now condemn him for carrying this English advice into practical execution? How can it be wrong in France to lend men to Sardinia against Austria, when England has, within the last two years, lent millions of money for the same purpose? If England flattered and dined with Revolution at home, surely it can be no crime, in the eyes of Great Britain, if France now flatters and dines with insurrection in Florence? If England thought it right to offer aid to the Italian confederates, how can she declare it wrong in France to do the same? Wherefore, then, the inconsistency of the English press, or the dishonesty of the British Cabinet? Will not all mankind cry out against the baseness of the one, and against the treachery of the other? And will not the voice of Europe and the whole world equally do justice to the unbroken word of Napoleon and to the firm consistency of the French Cabinet?

In view of the premises here advanced and proved, how now stand the political conditions of the four parties here engaged—namely, Austria, Sardinia, France, and England? Firstly, Sardinia being encouraged, assisted in money, and strengthened in her navy by England, has relied upon English truth; and from the very commencement of this Italian difficulty has, therefore, sincerely prepared to accomplish her hostile declarations. For good or for evil; right or wrong, she has kept her word. Secondly, Austria has sworn before all Europe that she would not attack Sardinia if France would remain neutral; and in this sworn pledge it is strict justice to say that Austria has broken her pledge in treacherous falsehood.—Thirdly, France from the beginning of the Sardinian movement, asserted that she would prepare her national force merely in an armed neutrality; and that she would not pass her frontiers if Austria did the same. Mankind can now bear testimony that she has rigidly kept her word till Austria, suddenly, unexpectedly, and perfidiously broke her pledge! I do not argue the course which this nation might hereafter do; I only reason on the actual course which she has followed; and this conduct is beyond all doubt an indictment of a violated promise and an unexpected declaration of war. In that hour France was released from her engagement of neutrality; and with the rapidity of French action, her war steamers issued from Toulon with armed thousands for Genoa;

while her soldiers climbed the heights of Saint Genevieve, walked to the neck in snow for two days, leaving their baggage and artillery behind at the foot of the mountain; and—merely carrying their muskets and cartouche boxes in their hands above their heads, as they trod their frozen march in slow and almost smothered steps across one of the old French passes into Italy! France has, therefore, kept her word of honor; and has also, at the sound of the first Austrian bugle on the Ticino, met the sudden challenge to war. Fourthly, and how has England maintained her national character in this crisis? She has decidedly abandoned Sardinia which she had so long encouraged! she has deceived France, which she so recently promised to accompany to the bay of Naples in a hostile demonstration in favor of the Revolutionists against the King! She has with her usual political perfidy reversed her policy, backed out of her diplomatic engagements, and has, within the last week, seemed even willing, if she dared, to join the cause of Austria. That is to say, she now seems anxious to enforce in Italy "the reputed despotism" of Austria, which during so many years of deceit she has denounced, through her press, her embassies, her literature, her pulpit; and which she has held up to public execration through every foreign court, city, town, and village where intrigue, influence, and money could advance her disastrous propaganda.

The strict historical truth in this case is—namely, that England has long ago enkindled the revolutionary spirit in all Italy and Hungary; that she has recently lighted the match in Sardinia, in order to commence the conflagration; that she has given to France unmistakable evidence of her willingness to join Napoleon in the revolution of all Italy, and in the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy; and that when the moment for action had arrived she retreated from her former oaths, turned approver against her former accomplices, and now stands before Sardinia, France, and rebel Italy, as an Informer and a Traitor! England is certainly on the very brink of falling into the precipice which she has long prepared for others: she is likely to be caught in her own trap, and to reel from her own shores the war which she encouraged elsewhere. The blow which she has aimed at other nations may re-act on herself; and it is more than probable that the depression of the funds and the vast expenses of the new warlike preparations (even if she be not drawn into the actual scheme she so long conceived and developed—namely, the remodelling of all the Catholic thrones and the extinction of the Catholic Church in Europe—Time will tell; and that time seems near at hand, when the supreme power of England will receive a check: when her dominant name will be lowered; and when the persecution of her laws and the bigotry of her administration will be branded before, not only her rivals but her masters, as being without a parallel in civilized Europe. In these remarks I am not expressing my own feelings; I am merely recording history: I am the rigid chronicler of events passing under our eyes.

In the present crisis England has used to exercise all her prestige. The union of Russia with France (if turned against Great Britain) would be enabled to re-erect the scenes of Sebastopol before the walls of London! What would prevent France and Russia from uniting to humble England, no more than France and England combining to overpower Russia? At the battle of Waterloo England taught France the power of allied forces! What is to prevent France from purchasing this dearly-bought lesson, and rehearsing it before the gates of the English capital? If Russia be sincerely united with France in the present war, the clear results of this alliance may be calculated—firstly, the revolution of Hungary; secondly, the total subjugation and division of Turkey; thirdly, the entire, the universal revolution in the polity, the territorial divisions, and the thrones of Italy; fourthly, the descent of Russia on the Northern frontier of our Indian empire; and lastly, the separation of Canada from Great Britain! Sardinia, Italy, France, and Russia, when fairly combined in war, can carry out this programme with much less expense, and with more assured success than the Crimean campaign was accomplished. Russia wishes such a course, in order to retrieve and revenge Sebastopol; and France actually wants this policy, in order to employ the army, and to keep up the enthusiasm of French glory. Once having conceded the neutrality of England in the present struggle, there is little doubt of the victory of France assisted by Sardinia, supported by all Italy, and reinforced by the multitudinous Russian armies and the numerous Russian fleet.

What can Austria do under such circumstances even aided by Prussia and the German Confederation? Austria has a weak fleet; Prussia has really no fleet; hence the united navies of France and Russia could walk the seas unmolested from the Sound to the Nile; not leaving a vestige of Prussian or Austrian power on all the coasts where their commerce or their fortifications are now recognized and felt. England will, therefore, require all her wisdom to escape untouched in the midst of the present struggle; and moreover she will find it necessary to put in practice at home the liberal laws which she demands abroad; to unite all her subjects in a sincere equality; to extinguish the bigotry which makes her church a libel on Christianity; and to apply to public purposes of utility, the revenues of "the establishment" which are at once a robbery of the poor, a swindle before God, and the incongruous funds for feeding overgrown sensuality, pampering prodigal luxury; and lastly, are the abundant source of spreading social hatred and rebellious dissatisfaction amongst the subjects of the Queen.

May 25th. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Irish news of the week is still the election proceedings. At Dublin the Liberals, after a well-sustained fight, were beaten by a majority, which in so large a constituency may be called a very narrow one, of some two hundred votes. Of votes representing the property, taxation, and intelligence of the city, Messrs. Brady and McCarth had a majority close upon 1,500, but that was rendered nugatory by the Orange Freeman, who represent only the pauperism and the vilest bigotry of the place. Out of North Dublin workhouse alone some twenty-seven of these "free and independent" voters were carried to the poll to vote for the Orange candidates. Messrs. Grogan and Vance will sit in Parliament as the members for Dublin, but it is absurd to say that they are its representatives. We are sorry to see that Mr. Kirk has lost his seat in Newry, which will be occupied by Mr. Quin, agent to a local landowner, and a thorough Tory. On the other hand, Mr. Spaight gives way at the poll at Limerick to Major Gavin.—Weekly Register.

TENANT-RIGHT.—This question which, but a few years ago, was solemnly declared to be the great and primary question of the country, is now scarcely more than breathed on any bustings in Ireland. So low has it fallen, through the mismanagement or worse, of factious demagogues, that men seem ashamed even to whisper the name of Tenant-right. We deliberately affirm that the cause of the Irish farmers has been sacrificed to a vulgar spirit of faction, and to the mean jealousies of trading politicians. Look back to the year 1853. In that year Tenant-right was made a cabinet measure; in that year a good Tenant-right Bill was carried by large majorities through the House of Commons. Look now to 1857. In that year, Tenant-right was laughed at in the House of Commons, and the bill, improperly denominated the "League Bill," was ignominiously refused a second reading. Now, in this year, 1859, Tenant-right, as we have said, is scarcely breathed.—Frisman.

Turf is enormously dear at present in Gort, where 6s. is paid for an ash load. Potatoes sell there for 2 1-2d. per stone, and oats 10s. per barrel.

THE ELECTIONS.—The Irish Elections are hourly being consummated, and already the boroughs, with one or two exceptions, have made their returns.—Notwithstanding the utter absence of any public organization of agitation to control, direct, or incite popular action, and render the elections a national campaign, not a series of disintegrated efforts, never, since '52, has there been such widespread revolt against Whiggery and Toryism; never such unmistakable manifestations in favor of the principles of the Independent Party. King's County at the last moment, to the surprise of friends and foes, throws off the yoke and declares for the League cause.—New Ross turns out a Tory, and Cashel a Whig, the new members in each case seeking and obtaining election as "Independent of, and in opposition to all Governments" not conceding the long sought settlement of the Land Question. Cork is banded in a noble and vigorous effort only by a disastrous blunder by which the battle has been, for this time, lost without a blow. In Galway, against all the powers of venality, bribery, and corruption, Colonel French has fought a contest which will command for him the honor and the esteem of every friend of political honesty and popular rights; a contest which we are confident will place him in the position of representative of Galway, when inquiry shall have been made into the practices by which some thirty or forty majority was exhibited by the hero of the Calcutta Cyprians. In Tipperary there is not even an attempt to dispute the seat of the gallant and youthful "Chieftain of the Glens"—while one whose perverse resistance to what he knew to be the feeling of the county, once plunged it needlessly into strife, has given an adhesion acceptable to his constituents and creditable to himself. The Marble City reiterates its resolution to be represented by none but a man of the honest party; and while the county has taken to itself a noble and a herculean task; that of executing righteous judgment upon two traitors to the people, and conferring significant reward upon two faithful tribunes. Amongst the former Ireland beholds one of the subtlest and most dangerous of the able and powerful men who by great talents and great treachery won and deceived the hopes of the Irish tenantry: in one of the latter a man whose genius was equalled only by his fidelity; who, as friend after friend fell off, and as adversity grew darker and deeper around the popular cause, stood firmer and closer by the standard, sword in hand, faithful and unflinching. Leitrim, challenged to pass its verdict for the third time upon the Independent member, emphatically pronounces its approbation of the man and the principles it declared for in '52. Wexford once more proves worthy of its proud post in the struggles of Ireland, armed and unarmed. In Waterford, where the most bitter and unscrupulous attempt, which the annals of elections could parallel, has been made not merely to defeat, but to crush Mr. Blake, he has triumphed over his dastardly assailants in a manner which renders their overthrow the more galling and humiliating to them, and gratifying to all hearts, for the violent and incontinent malignity attempted against one who had so many claims on the gratitude of every citizen in his native town. In Dungarvan, the adherents to Independent principles has been so resolute as to debar the mere attempt at a contest. In death no one expected a change. Whiggery made its dying effort in that county three years ago; and a Tory member for such a constituency may be looked for only with the reappearance of the Irish Elk and the Plesiosaur. Thus not only are all the Independent seats safe, but others have been, or almost certainly will be, won; and all this has been done under circumstances which were calculated to disrupt and disarm all effort of the kind. What more infallible indication could be given that our people are sick of British politics and British factions, and that the only party which they desire to strengthen is that which promises to be Irish not British—to make the safety of Irish households, the welfare of the Irish people, its highest aim and most sacred duty.—Nation.

On Wednesday night, says the Drogheda Argus, about half-past ten o'clock, a man came to the Primate's palace, in Fair-street, and stood there till he met the Rev. Mr. Harrarty, who was about going in. He told him that he was wanted to attend a sick call at the house of a man named Pentony, who resides near Killineer, on the North Road. It was not the reverend gentleman's night of duty, but, thinking that Pentony wanted him, he went with the man, who wore a large coat, with the collar over the ears, and his hat nearly down on his face, so as to be unrecognisable. When they got near the quarry, on the right side of the road near Killineer, the man told Father Harrarty to step aside, as that was the way to the house. The night being extremely dark he could not see the way before him, but walked on as directed, and stumbled right into the quarry, foremost on his head, but the fall, fortunately, was broken by a projecting bank, otherwise he must have been killed. His face was greatly lacerated. His hat was bulged in, and was cut through on the side, and it is probable that were it not for that the reverend gentleman would have lost his life. As it was he was greatly injured, and so stunned by the fall that he remained lying on the ground over an hour. On recovering he walked home slowly.—The man, after leading him to the precipice, made off; and it is to be regretted that the diabolical villain cannot be identified by his intended victim.—Father Harrarty has since been attended by Drs. Pentland and Morgan, and we are happy to announce that he is progressing favorably. His dispositions were taken to-day, and will be sent off to the Castle. On next day, hearing of the occurrence, Head-constable Morthug made enquiries at Pentony's house, and was informed by him that there was no one sick there nor in the neighborhood, and that he never saw any party. The affair is wrapped in mystery.

LAST COAST DEPARTURE.—Now that a great war is evidently on the point of breaking out—if, indeed, the first gun heralding the coming conflict has not already been fired—and it is impossible to say how soon England may be actually involved in hostilities and exposed to invasion in the most vulnerable portion of her dominions, the necessity of being prepared for such a contingency becomes a matter of the gravest importance. With such an extent of seaboard as the United Kingdom presents, there are few, if any, maritime countries so deficient of coast defences as Great Britain. As regards Ireland, there are scarcely half a dozen spots round its shores which would not be absolutely at the mercy of an invading enemy of any considerable force, so far as artillery and gunners to repel them are concerned.—Our own harbor may be said to be utterly defenceless. All it can boast of in the way of fortifications is Carrickfergus castle, the four guns of which are mounted for ornament rather than for use, and would be laughed at by the crews of a French flotilla of gunboats, which could burn or cut out the whole mercantile fleet in port, in spite of them. On our toy cannonades on the Queen's Island, we need not waste so much as a squib. Even if we had artillery to guard our port, we have no gunners immediately available, to work them at a moment's notice. A regiment of artillery, no doubt, forms a part of our garrison, but it is a young militia corps, and not yet practically trained to the use of ordnance. The nearest point from which we could secure assistance is Charlemont Fort, and the force there, never very strong, might be required in a dozen other places.—The fortification of Belfast harbor occupied the attention of our Harbor Commissioners some time since, and a correspondence with the Admiralty, we believe, took place on the subject. This, of course, elicited a civil answer—a stereotyped reply, amounting in those forms of expression which proverbially "bitter no parsnips," and there the matter ended, and rests to this moment. Not an additional gun had been planned "from the mouth of the Ford" to Black Head.—Belfast Banner.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Humphrys Jones, Esq., of Carrickfergus House, Clontarf, a magistrate for the county Monaghan.