

blest of all the mailed warriors on board sprang into the sea, and swam in complete armor thro' the surge to land, then stood before Malgherita and Pietro, greeting them, and said as he pointed to the ship: "I have been carefully building that for you all through the winter, and, if it seems good to you, we will in a few days sail forth upon the joyous sea, and I will steer you with my own hand back to your gay southern land, whereby I shall also see it after my own fashion."

Then first they saw that it was Thiodolf who spoke to them, and they very heartily thanked him. But he urged them to come quickly with him to Nefolf's dwelling, that they might there get all in order for their intended journey.

CHAPTER XV.

Nefolf and Gunhilda looked grave now that the departure of their nephew and of the guests, who had become very dear to them, drew so near. But they thought that the right time was come, and they hastened to prepare all things quickly and properly for the beloved travellers.

There was, indeed, much to be thought of in the furnishing of arms, meat, and drink, as well as of apparel and ornaments. Amongst other difficulties, no one knew what was to be done with young Thiodolf's tame wolf. To take it with him, his uncle thought, would never do; and little as Thiodolf could understand how there could be any company in which his dear wolf could seem strange and unnatural, so little would he set himself against the authority and experience of his father's brother. "I will leave the noble fellow here with you," said he; "only take good care of him for me. I will first have a little quarrel with him, and you shall take him under your protection, so that he may the better be used to you; else, when he misses me for too long a time, he will run away from you, and, may be, will give you a few tugs all round as he takes his leave. It is true his teeth are not very sharp; he blunted them a good deal on my armor when I first took him, as he often gnawed at it in his wrath; so, at the worst, he will not bite you very badly."

But Aunt Gunhilda said that it would be better not to put this to the proof.

One day, therefore, Thiodolf went up to this wolf, and tore out of his mouth a piece of raw flesh, which he was devouring. The angry beast sprang at him, and the contest began. Thiodolf had taken, instead of his usual weapons, a knotty club, that he might not by accident kill his fierce favorite; the combat was, therefore, a hard one for him, and almost dangerous; indeed, he bled before it was over; but at length the beast was forced to fly, howling, to take refuge by the hearth. Then the old man stood up, as they had agreed, and the wolf beneath his garment, while Thiodolf retreated. Since that day it was not easy to make the wolf leave Nefolf's side.

"That is now settled," said the uncle. "But, dear nephew, what sword dost thou think of taking with thee? With thou look out for one quite new and unused, or one with which noble deeds have been done, and which bears some old and renowned name?"

"Uncle," answered Thiodolf, "I have thought it over many times. First it seemed to me that I should go into my father's grave, and fetch thence his strong sword, which is called Schurebrand."

"Truly," said his uncle, "thou wouldst then have the best of all swords. Schurebrand could open for himself a hot path through the fight, and shields and breastplates break before him like glass. But I am not sure whether it would please the old man in the grave. Dead heroes are wont dearly to love their weapons."

"That is what I afterwards thought," answered Thiodolf. "I had meant not to fear my dead father, and to assure him that now I can use the good sword Schurebrand much better than he. But no way would I do anything that might displease him. Even if he said 'Yea,' and yet afterwards, in many a dark stormy night, he should seek through the grave for his trusty weapon, and then should shake his bony head at his covetous Thiodolf—No, uncle, that must never be."

"Thou art quite right, thou brave son of Asmandur," said Nefolf; and he stroked his cheek. "Besides," continued Thiodolf, "it is a very good thing when one names an unnamed sword, whose name afterwards waxes glorious with one's own. There hangs in the corner a very beautiful sword, with silver hilt and dazzling bright steel scabbard. It has a lovely sound if you draw it out and then thrust it in again. That sword, as I think, is well worthy of receiving name and renown from Thiodolf."

His uncle took it down from its place and gave it to his favorite, saying, "It has not yet been used by hand of man; it is the brother of the sword which the great Helmfred forged for himself when he, many years ago, sailed away from this island; and therefore was it that no man ever seemed to deserve the honor to wear it at his side. But wear thou it henceforth in Odin's name. I deem it will prosper with thee. How wilt thou name it?"

"Throng-piercer it shall be called," said Thiodolf, "for I think that with it I shall pierce so bravely many a throng of enemies that they will quickly give me place."

Nefolf would next have given a polished helmet to his nephew; but the youth liked better to wear a head-covering that he had prepared from the head of a mighty wild bull, which his father had slain while in the Norwegian mountains. It was held together by strong iron bands, and still adorned with the immense horns. It is true that Malgherita said she should tremble before him when he showed himself with his wild cap; but in this he would not be shaken. In all other respects his armor was rich, complete, and brilliant.

When the night before their departure had arrived, Thiodolf stood erect in complete armor on the grave-stone of his father, and sang aloud in the stormy darkness a song to the honor of the dead; so that his powerful voice was heard in many neighboring dwellings. Among others came forth the following words:

"What here, in measured lay,
I may no longer sing,
Renown shall from a distant land
In sounding echoes bring."

Thou wilt rejoice, thou dead,
If, by my warlike deeds,
I weave a glorious laurel wreath,
To crown thy funeral weeds."

Malgherita lay the while in strange dreams.—The elves formed circles around her, and screamed shrilly into her ears that she must not forget the "good people;" for with them there was no narrow, confining dwelling-place, but even in the south she should hear of them, though, indeed, almost always in her sleep. Then they repeated the mysterious riddle of the two sisters and the two swords, and the rest of their wonderful communication, until, in the dawn of the cool morning, Pietro, ready for the journey, stood beside her bed and awoke her. The trumpets of such of Thiodolf's followers as were already in the ship blew loudly, to call the others from the shore.

All was grave and solemn at the leave-taking, and very calm. Uncle Nefolf and Aunt Gunhilda laid their hands on the heads of the young travelers, then kissed and pressed them very close, while their tears started, but without a word being said, till the old man shut the heavy doors and bolts of the building with a mighty noise behind the departing guests, as if to keep himself and his wife from following them.

As now the three went together through the valley, and the sea more and more opened upon them, looking unspeakably solemn and mysterious in the rosy glow of morning, half-veiled by the early mists, Thiodolf said: "I cannot help thinking now of a very beautiful tale which your Christian priests used to relate; I mean of how the white Christ was slain and buried, and yet rose from the grave, and went about the earth to comfort His true friends, who were mourning so heartily for Him, for they had hoped that He would deliver them from many evils as a king and hero. Besides, they had spent so many blessed peaceful hours with Him, and the sweet remembrance of such hours never passes away from a true heart. And when they now did not rightly know how it would be, whether He had arisen from the grave or not—for a very few had seen Him since with their own eyes—then some of His most beloved friends went a fishing in the early morning on the sea-shore, that brave soldier whose sword struck so sharp when his Master was taken was among them, when suddenly the true white Christ stood on the shore and called them to Him; and at first they knew him not, but at last they saw who He was, and rejoiced—ah! they rejoiced so very much. Truly He must have been a good spirit, your white Christ."

Pietro and Malgherita were deeply moved by the relation, so full of meaning, which poured from the lips of the true-hearted youth; they could almost think that they saw before them the Sea of Tiberias in the Holy Land. They longed to speak more to him of the holy narrative; but there sounded a deafening blast of the trumpets. Soldiers came with messages and questions to their young leader; and as Malgherita was seized with a womanish terror at embarking, and the knight was busied with tender care for the safety and comfort of his young wife, they both forgot everything else; and all only gave their earnest attention to what was just before their eyes.

At length all were on board, the anchor was raised, and the ship bore away with swelling sails into the open sea, in the direction of the rising sun. The Iceland sailors sang joyous songs under the brightening blue sky; and many sea-birds swept on rapid wing over the heads of the travellers, as if to accompany them to the last with parting greetings from the land. All were well pleased; only Malgherita, who sat at the helm between her husband and Thiodolf (the young leader himself had determined to steer), looked about her at times uneasily; and the clearer the day became the more anxiously did her eyes glance over the deck.

"What is it ails thee, fair lady?" asked the steerer at length; "thou seemest to miss something in our vessel."

"Ah no, Thiodolf," answered she, "I miss nothing. Rather I fear to see what I would fain never came before my eyes in my whole life. I know you are a good kindly man, and that one may freely speak out with you. See now, in our native land they say that you heathens never go to sea without carrying with you fearful idols, and that is what I so greatly dread. It must be a hideous sight."

"A hideous sight!" said Thiodolf, laughing; "I do not know that. See there that great hammer on the fore part of the ship? That is Asa Thor's hammer. We pray to it, and we sacrifice to it sometimes; that is all."

"Ah, you are but hiding something from me," said Malgherita. Where are then Mahmoud, and Apollo, and Trevisant, the horrible lords of heathendom?"

Thiodolf laughed yet more heartily, and said: "Whether among other people there are those gods whom you have named, I know not, though I shall probably learn it in time during my voyages; but as for us, we know nothing of any such wonderful names."

"But, in God's name," cried Malgherita, "what then do you believe? You must have some belief."

"Yes, truly," said Thiodolf. "We believe in the hero-father, Odin, and in his dead son Balder, and in all the great Asas, and besides in the Almighty Father, who will rule over all in full power when the world has been destroyed by fire."

"Pietro," said Malgherita, turning to her husband, "does it not seem to thee as if thou heardst a child stammering the mysteries of our blessed faith?"

Pietro bent his head in thoughtful acquiescence; and the three friends had henceforth often talk on the same subject, but there always came some interruption which called them away to other things; now it was a ship which was seen in the blue distance, and of which it could not be known whether she were friend or foe; then a terror of Malgherita's at seeing something unexpected in the sky or on the waves, or perhaps a loving jest of Pietro's, when he would liken his lovely wife to one of the fair heathen goddesses of whom Thiodolf spoke.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE CONTINENTAL PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The various nations of Europe are so knit together by alliances and treaties, and so closely connected by territorial passable boundaries, that a declaration of war made in any one country against another, must menace even some of the surrounding neutral kingdoms with the dangers of revolution, while it must necessarily involve the allies of the belligerent parties in the same active warfare as their principals. Even without declarations of hostilities, the enlistment, training, and rendezvous of large military forces, the preparations for active service of a numerous warlike marine, has in all similar cases, alarmed the neighboring powers, necessitated explanations as to the cause of the unusual armament, and has always resulted either in the disbandment of the original suspected troops, or in the continued hostile demonstration of all the surrounding courts. Examples of these historical premises have been frequent throughout Europe; and there can be no doubt that the most certain remedy to secure peace against the approaching hostile aggression of an arming state, is to present on all sides such a counter preparation of warlike forces, as to render any aggressive attack the probable or the sure national ruin of the offending party. The best security for peace, therefore, is to be always prepared for war.

These views will go far to explain the present hostile attitude of Austria and France, and will, perhaps, demonstrate that there is no immediate fear of war being declared by either or by both of these nations. It is in the recollection of our readers that in the Continental revolutions of the year 1847, when the Hungarians rebelled against Austria, the late King of Sardinia, taking advantage of this event, invaded the Austrian Italian dominions, and attempted to attach the Lombardo-Venetian territory to the crown of Sardinia. Marshal Radetzki, the Austrian General, in a series of defeats, reduced and annihilated the Sardinian troops with such a consuming success, that the death alone of the Sardinian monarch, and, indeed, the forgiving moderation of Austria, saved the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel from being expunged from the map of Europe. The disgrace of this disastrous campaign still rankles in the heart of Sardinia; and the fact of Napoleon the Third being called to the throne and to the empire of France since that time, has made them forget both the Austrian moderation and their own calamities, and has raised up in the universal nation, sanguine though, perhaps, not just hopes, that the hour is not far distant when, by the aid of France, they can not only retrieve their fallen glory, but even take revenge for the blood of their countrymen.

In the present warlike demonstrations of Europe, Sardinia has, beyond doubt, thus taken the initiative; many circumstances have (in her ardent enthusiasm, perhaps vain delusion) contributed to drive her forward in this her desire to take revenge on Austria. The entire kingdom had been swollen with pride by the gallantry of the Sardinian troops in the Crimea; by the compliments paid to their General de la Marmora by the French and English Commanders. They have again heard with delight the continued rumours that Napoleon looked with sympathy on the Italian revolutionists. They read with pleasure the united condemnation of France and England pronounced against the King of Naples and his domestic policy; and the unpleasantness continually recurring between the French and Austrian Cabinets have still more inspired their last hopes that a revolution in Italy, headed by Sardinia, could not fail to be joined by France, and thus end in complete final success.

Under these impressions, therefore, Sardinia has brought her military force to the last point of number of which her population is capable. She has put her chief fortress in a position of resistance as if to meet an immediate assault; and she has throughout every branch of her war departments exhibited all the signs and preparations of a Nation about to engage, in the present year, in a deadly National conflict. Sardinia has entered on these strategic plans before either Austria or France made the slightest movement in their exterior military demonstrations; and it was not till Italy began to speak and write Revolutionary opinions that Austria had ordered her troops to concentrate on the Italian frontier. Hence it is a fact, which is not denied, that Sardinia has taken the initiative in what is now called "the European difficulty," and this fact being once admitted, it may lead the inquirer on this subject to form a just opinion in solving the difficult question, namely, whether it is likely, we shall have a war between France and Austria in the Italian Peninsula.

There is besides the foregoing circumstances, a new item of political importance which must be examined before we can commence to draw our legitimate conclusions. We must not forget that the first Napoleon had bestowed the kingdom of Naples on his celebrated cavalry officer, Murat. The descendants of Murat still dream of being hereafter reinstated on the throne, thus given by the first Emperor. They, therefore, watch every political convulsion in Naples, swallow with joy every demonstration unfavorable to the present monarch, encourage as far as they can every revolution which might banish Ferdinand, and restore their own royal pretensions, and in a word they are enemies placed at the gates of Naples, waiting for the opportunity of entering the city, and seizing the crown of the person whom they all call "the last of the Bourbons." It is said that neither Russia or England, and of course France, would be hostile to this revolution; but, on the contrary, would lend it all the aid which moral encouragement could bestow. A large party within the city, a large English revolutionary party have disturbed the King and his people these many years past with these menacing considerations; and there can be no doubt, that with Sardinia in the north, Lombardy and Venice in the east, and Naples in the south, Italy does present a territory which requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the King of Naples, and of the Emperor of Austria, to preserve it from the phrenzy of revolution, and the horrors of war. With these premises before us, I fancy it will not be perhaps very difficult to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the present menacing attitude of Austria and France, without adopting the public argument of a mutual declaration of war.

In fact, Austria seems to be doing what every Cabinet in Europe would do under similar circumstances—namely, filling all her Italian garrisons with tens of thousands of troops of all arms, in order to meet the apparent revolutionary movement which extends from Genoa to Naples. And, again, France is adopting the course which any prudent Court would adopt similarly situated—namely, making provision by land and sea lest the Italian revolution should extend to her people, inflame the Red Republicans, the Orleansists, or the Legitimists, and thus imperil the dynasty of the Bonapartists. The entire warlike attitude of France and Austria can be, therefore, reasonably and satisfactorily accounted for without any intimation in either of those Courts of making a public declaration of war. It might as well be argued that Great Britain is about declaring war against some neighboring power, because she has given instructions to the Admirals of her Channel fleet, and to the crews of her reserve, and to build fortresses along the whole coast opposite France. The Queen, too, has decided on sending training ships to all the principal seaports, in order to prepare thousands of boys, between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, for the Naval service of line-of-battle ships, and thus to procure at a moment's notice, from all points of her extended coast, an overwhelming number of what may be called a sea Naval Militia, to meet some unforeseen and dreaded attack from some enemy, some powerful foe, close on her shores. It is vain to conceal the fact that England, at this moment, is laying the foundation of the largest naval preparations known in all her past history, from a reasonable and just fear of the overwhelming naval and military

power of France. But since England has no idea of declaring war against Gaul; hence upon the same principle Austria and France, each in their own sphere and defence, have armed their millions: to the teeth, in view of the hostile combination, which appears to be formed between Sardinia and the entire Italian Peninsula.

No doubt there are persons of distinguished names and of accurate sources of information, too, who boldly assert that France only wants a pretext (and there must be a pretext) for seizing at one and the same time the two Cities of Venice and Naples. They contend that the enormous amount of transport ships which the Emperor has ordered to be in readiness, can have no other meaning; and they add, that the number of line-of-battle ships and of war frigates now placed in commission, must have for their object the most gigantic naval struggle and military landing of troops ever contemplated heretofore in Europe. The idea of this class of politicians is, that with the grandson of Murat on the throne of Naples, with Prince Louis Napoleon, in Venice and Lombardy, as a new kingdom; and, again, with the aid of the King of Sardinia (always reckoning on the neutrality of England), France could surround its new imperial throne with several fast friends, secure the permanence of the Bonaparte dynasty, and set the world at defiance. This argument requires much corroborative proof: it would be a scheme of the boldest invasive genius; it would contradict the famous saying—"L'empire c'est la paix." Yet it is very hard, impossible, otherwise to account for the enormous marine preparations of transport and line-of-battle ships on any other hypothesis. There are no other hostile points where their services could be employed except at Venice and Naples. No one dreams that an invasion of England is contemplated, since an exterior mutual friendliness exists between the two Courts; hence all arguments seem to favour the opinions of our correspondent, namely, that if a fair pretext or offence be given to France by Austria, or if the circumstances of the revolution should draw Napoleon into the quarrel, he will let loose his armed forces to liberate, as they say, all Italy, and to gain two kingdoms for his relatives and friends.

Alas! for poor Ireland, what feelings oppress her children, as we glance at these foreign revolutions. Ireland has been faithful to England in the midst of privations not known in any other country; she has been loyal in the face of insults which history has not recorded of any other people; her sons have fought the battles of England, by sea and land, with a courage which has never been doubted or impeached; and yet in the end of ages of persecution, and insult, and exclusion, she is, notwithstanding her fidelity, loaded with chains whenever a hostile Minister or a sectarian Administration take the whim of governing her with one foot on her heart and the other on her throat. Our brave Irish Catholic soldiers, the heroes of the East and of Sebastopol, ask, as their reward, only a roof to shelter their aged parents, in their own country; and the answer received is, the demolition of the cabin in which the faithful soldier was born. They demand for their mothers and sisters protection from banishment from the green hills where their ancestors of twenty generations lived; and the reply they get is, an order to the poorhouse, or the emigrant ship. They go on their knees at the gates of England, begging a morsel of food, as the last request, from the Landlord, for whom they toiled in poverty and servitude, and the consolation received is, the liberty of the highway, starvation, or chains. On the broad surface of the earth there is not at this moment a race of such rampant tyrants and bigots as a certain class in Ireland; and under the canopy of the skies there is no other people who have borne such trials, received such insults, and who are persecuted with such relentless and inappreciable political and sectarian hatred as the noble, faithful Irish people. But the hour is certainly coming, and perhaps is not far distant, when England will regret, the wholesale extermination of the Irish, and when her future exigencies may be the penalty which will follow this criminal annihilation of her Catholic subjects.

Thursday, Feb. 3.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A circular from the Bishop of Belley announces the establishment of a Trappist Monastery, in the unhealthy country of Dombes (Ain). Land has already been purchased, and a plan of building laid out.—Great results in the regeneration, material and moral of this wretched district are hoped for.

THE LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Edmund Hayes, Q.C., was yesterday sworn in Justice of the Queen's Bench, Mr. Francis Fitzgerald as a Baron of the Exchequer, and Mr. John George as Solicitor-General. Of the three who have attained these high honors Mr. George is the only one who had a seat in Parliament, having sat for the county of Wexford for a few years as a supporter of the Conservative party. The Freeman's Journal, referring to the Parliamentary career of the new Solicitor-General, observes:—"In announcing his nomination to this office some time ago, we referred to his attachment, as a politician, to the extreme Protestant party. On reference, however, to the pages of Hansard it appears that he never voted either against the convents or against Maynooth. The Times, in publishing the division list on the motion for leave to bring in a Bill for the inspection of nunneries, which took place on the 10th of May, 1843, reported him as among the 'ayes'; but this was an error, as it appears from Hansard that he was absent from the division. On the 34th of May, 1854, he spoke in favor of Mr. Whiteside's Bill to disable nuns from disposing of their property in favor of their convents, but there was no division on that debate. In the course of his speech on that occasion he condemned Mr. Chamber's proposition for subjecting convents to inspection, though expressing his approval of Mr. Whiteside's affecting the acquisition of property by conventual institutions. We thought it only fair to notice these particulars in Mr. George's Parliamentary career, after having, on a former occasion, impugned some of his votes under a mistaken impression."

The Tenant Right meeting at Fermoy, and the victory obtained over the partisans of mixed education and the Queen's Colleges at Cork, follow the defeat of the Irish Landlords as hopeful signs of revived and healthy action. When the heart of Catholic Ireland beats vigorously and synchronously, the blood circulates and communicates its vital powers to the extremities. May we not hope that Ireland is again collecting her strength against the common enemy, and that English Catholics may take courage to fight for Religious and Civil Liberty under her banner?—Tablet.

THE PHOENIX ARRESTS IN BELFAST.—THE INFORMANT AT LAST.—All doubt as to the identity of the informant has now been dispipated by his information, which have been received by Mr. Rea, attorney for the prisoners. That gentleman, however, does not feel at liberty to communicate any of the contents, or the nature of the evidence of the contents, but particularly as the publication of the informations of the approvers and the other witnesses have already gone before the public. The name of the man is Henri D'Alton, and he resided at 3, Eliza street. By trade he was a stucco plasterer. He is the person on whose information, in the first instance, the arrests were made. That information was sworn, we believe, on a Saturday, and the arrests took place on the Sunday evening following. Kelly and Carolin, who subsequently became approvers, are supposed to have offered to do so only after having found that the police had been made acquainted with the movements of the society. It is understood that D'Alton has, since making the information, been at large, and pursuing his ordinary avocations as a stucco plasterer; for, from the fact that, on Monday last, some police were inquiring for him in the direction of Eliza-street, it

would seem he has not been detained in any sort of custody, except perhaps, under a sort of police surveillance. We are unable to state whether the inquiries after him were satisfactory to those who made them, or whether or not he is at large at present.—Belfast Mercury.

THE PHOENIX CLUB IN KERRY.—As our assizes approach, the police authorities, resident magistrates, and a good array of detectives are on the alert in Killarney and in the Kenmare district. Scarcely a night passes, we understand, in the latter locality, that some party or other is not arrested, taken out of bed and put into a bridewell, to be there discharged in ten or fifteen hours. Up to this present writing, however, nothing in the shape of real game—a genuine Phoenix—has turned up in that ilk. New informers, ditto. In Killarney, however, where Mr. Davis, R. M. of Bantry, has again made his appearance, and with Mr. Cruise, the local magistrate, has been on the quiver, with Mr. James O'Connor, the redoubtable detective, who has been also busy at his work, a supposed Phoenix has been bagged and an informer.—Tralee Chronicle.

THE STATE PRISONER IN KILKENNY.—We are surprised that the authorities have thought proper to refuse bail for the appearance of Martin Howe, who was arrested for being connected with the secret societies. Elsewhere the government have let out prisoners on bail, and we see no reason why our local authorities should not adopt a similar course. We feel confident that our esteemed resident magistrates will reconsider the matter, and grant the prisoner's application.—Kilkenny Journal.

SYMPATHY FOR THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.—A public meeting was held in Barnsley on Wednesday evening, February 2, in the large school-room, Market street, to take into consideration the arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings of the government in Ireland, and to take steps to aid a subscription to defend the young men recently incarcerated in the county jails on a charge of being members of a secret organization. Mr. Thomas Garbett was called to the chair. He opened the meeting by stating the object for which it was called. He said it was the duty of every lover of liberty and fair play to denounce in unmistakable language the proceedings of the Government in Ireland, and to sympathize with the young men recently arrested in that country. Mr. Michael Segrave proposed the first resolution, which reprobated the recent proceedings of the Queen's government in Ireland as arbitrary, tyrannical, and unjust, eminently calculated to encourage perjured spies and informers, to swear away the liberty and lives of honest and honorable men. He said that he did not at all feel surprised at the recent proceedings of the government in Ireland. So long as Ireland remains on the map of the world, there will be always found a portion at least of her sons to adhere to the underlying principles of nationality, which will and must one day be accomplished.

Mr. John Waley felt great pleasure in seconding the resolution. He thought the spy system which the present government had introduced into Ireland, was the greatest curse that could be inflicted on a country. He detailed the workings of the spy system in the days of Robert Emmett, and plainly proved that there could be no security for any man's life or liberty in a country where large sums of money were offered for the services of perjured spies and informers. The resolution was put from the chair and carried unanimously.

Mr. F. Milford proposed the second resolution:—"That cordially and heartily sympathizing with the young men who have been ruthlessly torn from their homes and families, and committed for trial at the ensuing assizes, by secret inquisitions in the county gaols—Resolved, therefore, that we deem it our duty to co-operate with whatever Defence Committee may be established in Ireland, to aid in defraying expenses, and by means thereof obtain, if possible, for the prisoner a fair and impartial trial. Mr. Milford said, it was the duty of every honest man to sympathize with the men who were now suffering in Ireland by the strong hand of oppression. He (Mr. M.) as an Englishman not only sympathized with the young men now incarcerated in the goals of Ireland, but he contended that they had a perfect right, nay, it was their bounden duty, to use all and every honorable means at their disposal, to accomplish the national independence of their country.

Mr. Keith, in seconding the resolution, said he felt surprised at the apathy of Irishmen on the subject, and hoped that meetings would be immediately held not only in Ireland, but in every town of importance throughout England and Scotland.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to. On the motion of Mr. J. Boyle, a committee was appointed to carry out the foregoing resolution.

A vote of thanks having been given to the Chairman, the meeting separated.—Nation.

THE GALWAY ELECTION.—RETIREMENT OF SIR T. N. REDINGTON.—Sir Thomas Redington's fate should be a warning. He—a Catholic held office in Dublin Castle while Lord John Russell was insulting and forging new fetters for the Catholic Church. He was soon after ejected from power, and has ever since vainly endeavored to regain his lost position; but the various constituencies he has tried have all rejected him. Galway has selected instead a man who has already done more to advance her interests than any Whig Catholic is ever likely to do.—I mean Mr. John Orrell Lever, who will go to Parliament to assist in promoting the great question of a Reform in the representation, in addition to promoting questions of a commercial and industrial nature more immediately affecting Ireland. It is but fair to Sir Thomas Redington to add, that he complied with the wishes of the deputation, who begged him to retire, very readily; and, in doing so, spoke of his successful opponent very handsomely.—Tablet.

THE LAND QUESTION.—A correspondent of the Evening News states the following as the results of the Encumbered Estates Act:—

There can be no doubt that it was the confident expectation of the conquering class that the Incumbered Estates Court would have the effect of rooting out of the country, the great mass of the native cultivators of the soil, and of planting in their place others supposed to be more servicable to the would-be disposers of events. So long as it was supposed that the measure in question was working out this design, and that the land, and what remained of the people of Ireland were about to be quietly devoted to the purpose of raising 'green crops' and beef for the gratification and enrichment of the 'landed gentry,' why Ireland was commended and 'encouraged' to go on in the path of 'progress,' which it seemed to have chosen. There was not much said even against the people on the Thomond estates for purchasing their own farms. We may say that even that act was in fact commended, although the Times could not conceal its chagrin at the property having fallen into the hands of the 'mere Irish.' Any one reading its comments on the subject will see this.—However it was only regarded as exceptional to the main and final effect of a measure which was to have laid Ireland under Anglo-Saxon energy and capital, for the honor and glory of our Anglo-Norman conquerors; and so was passed over without much grumbling. But when the accounts are balanced it is found in reality the most important and the most striking work which the Incumbered Estates Court has accomplished, is not the weeding out of the aboriginal people, but the uprooting of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon adventurers of former days, to make room for the native people whose progenitors had been displaced by violence and fraud.

At Bantry quarter sessions, a verdict of £15 damages was obtained against the master of the Castle-town workhouse for assaulting a pauper inmate, and breaking one of her ribs. The case was previously dismissed by the magistrates at petty sessions. Several stands of unregistered fire-arms have been taken possession of by the police in the King's and Queen's counties.