

all, lords and ladies, seem to name as the object of the former riddle, may now solve the one I have begun."  
 "Thiodolf was pressed to obey the princess; he bent his head in quiet sadness—for, alas! he had but too well understood Zoe's meaning. Accustomed, however, according to the manner of the North, to these ingenious games of riddles, he quickly turned the double meaning of her verses into rhyme, and said, after a pause:—  
 "Oh! leave it to its lonely round,  
 Poor reptile of the dust;  
 Its lot is fix'd—not what it will,  
 Alas! but what it must."  
 "It presses on to meet its death:  
 And building its own tomb,  
 Prepares, whate'er the charms of life,  
 To meet its coming doom:  
 "Content if from its web of death  
 It weave for woman fair  
 A garment meet for beauty's form,  
 A robe both rich and rare."  
 "The silkworm!" cried many voices, without letting him speak farther; and a general praise was heard on all sides of the skill and gracefulness of his answer. Only he was reproached with not having answered the princess in the same measures which she had employed.  
 "He had good reasons for it," said the lovely Zoe, repressing the tears which stood in her eyes. "The order of the game had been before disturbed, and that by me. But see now how the mist is spreading like a covering over the meadows. All pleasure is at an end; for the flowers veil their heads, and the slender flowering branches let fall dew like tears. Oh! let us cease our sports, and return to the chambers where there is still light."  
 She veiled her fair head, as if to guard against the damps of night, and looked thus like one of the lovely flowers which, she said, were drawing a veil of mist around them. The court dispersed; and Romanus took leave; and Thiodolf remained alone in the low silent spot. He could not tear himself from the flowering orange-tree against whose stem Zoe had leaned when she sat, as if under a canopy of love. Involuntarily he sank down on the grass among the flowers which had been heaped up to form wreaths and carpets for her; and as he thought on Zoe's tears, he broke forth himself into bitter, irrepressible weeping.  
 The moon had risen and shown brightly through the branches of the orange-tree; the waters of the fountain sparkled like gold in its light, and the meadows lay around cool and clear; Thiodolf's tears had become calmer and gentler, when Romanus passed through a distant walk with his late, and sang the following word, which the soft evening breeze brought distinctly to Thiodolf's ears:  
 "Can this be true which now mine eye perceives,  
 What erst but ancient fable could relate?  
 Chained round the hero strong the princess weaves,  
 Who, though he struggles, still adores his fate."  
 "In vain, beyond the farthest distant land,  
 Gold boughs o'er golden apples glow above;  
 They shine untouched by Hercules' strong hand,  
 He deeper sinks in the soft woes of love."  
 "Do all sounds mock me?" murmured Thiodolf, springing up. "Or—ah!" and he sank back again on the grass, "would they rather allure me on?"  
 Romanus sang on:  
 "Fair Zoe! balm of life! on whom love's queen  
 Her gifts, as on a darling child, hath strewed;  
 Gods even must with joy in thee have seen  
 Their own celestial grace again renewed.  
 "Of an heroic love is rumor loud,  
 Or might a minstrel claim thee as his own;  
 But if thou lovest to lean on warrior proud,  
 Both with unfading wreaths the bard will crown."  
 Thiodolf lay as if sunk in a magic dream;—the strains, as if they meant to draw him after them, sounded farther and farther through the dark grove; death and life seemed struggling in the breast of the youth. Then there whispered close to his ear the sweet voice of a woman:  
 "Thiodolf, Thiodolf, hearken unto me, knightly and beloved hero!"  
 He dared not look in the face of the slender form in floating white garments who bent over him, deeming that the only danger which he must and ought to fly was now approaching him. He therefore buried his face in the grass, and answered:  
 "Blame me not, noble lady, that I dare not reply more courteously to your greeting. You see before you a man sick unto death."  
 "Ah, Thiodolf! poor Thiodolf!" whispered the figure, "I know that too well. But your cure lies in your hand and in mine."  
 "That is what the goddess Freya has often repeated to me in dreams," answered Thiodolf. "She was white-veiled like you, and whispered in sweet accents like you. But she bears a face which will never smile kindly down upon me but in dreams; and poor Thiodolf can never be cured till it smiles upon him waking."  
 "You mean the face of Zoe," said the figure, hardly audibly. Thiodolf shook his head silently. "O thou changing, unstable man!" continued the veiled lady with much emotion; "how, then, has it been with thy childish heart? Hast thou not wooed Zoe with looks and sighs? Or dost thou turn from her because she is not heiress to the throne?"  
 An instinct of love, which passed through the youth's bosom, impressed still deeper in his heart the belief that it was Zoe herself who spoke to him. He buried his face yet more completely in the moist, cold grass, and was silent. Then said the apparition:  
 "Poor, deceived knight! how art thou ashamed of thyself! In sooth, I pity thee much."  
 "Lady!" said Thiodolf, half rising up, yet without looking at the stranger, "lady, if I am ashamed of my own weakness, yet am I not so worthy of pity as you may fancy. Listen to me calmly, and you shall hear true, honest words from a Northman's heart. My life belongs to a heavenly image which is passing through the world in deep concealment, after having been twice seen by me—waking, I mean, for in dreams I see her almost nightly, and I saw her long ago in forebodings—only then I deemed that it was Freya, the goddess of love. It may not besem noble heroes to name the sweet beauty who graciously hearkens to their love. But the lady

who proudly and with averted looks passes by, and draws hearts after her to which she gives no return, she may well be named. The image in my heart is the princely maiden Isolde."  
 "Image!" echoed the veiled figure, gently sighing. "Image! oh, wilt thou, then, lavish thy life on a dead image?"  
 "Ay, lady! hopes unfulfilled here will surely, if only we hope aright, have a blessed fulfillment in Walhalla. There will Isolde bring me a victor's shield, more golden than the moon's disc which is now shining on us through those branches."  
 "And Zoe?" asked the white figure with a trembling voice.  
 "Yes, Zoe?" sighed Thiodolf. "It is true she took me captive with her sweet looks and blooming cheeks; but so may the Great Father help me! Isolde's name, the light of Isolde's beauty, ever breathed and streamed to me thro' the golden nets. Yet, in truth, a creature who has once been captive is no longer pure and beautiful as when it drank in the gales and springs of a blessed freedom. I am become unworthy of Isolde's looks."  
 "Then claim Zoe's hand. I tell thee I can and will win her for thee."  
 Thiodolf was silent; at length he said with a sigh, "Cease, thou fair, alluring spirit, that temptest me with so sweet words; oh, cease! I may become yet more deluded, even yet more sinful; but I will live Isolde's, I will die Isolde's; thou hast my word for it as a prince, for a prince am I; my ancestors were great in noble, manly deeds, and neither in war nor in peace will I ever be other than they were."  
 "Isolde is lost to thee, lost forever," said the figure, in a low, solemn voice.  
 "But I am not lost to Isolde," was Thiodolf's answer.  
 "Not lost?" asked the apparition. "Thinkest thou so! Isolde is unworthy of thee; yes, thou unhappy one, the haughty maiden is unworthy of thee."  
 Then the youth angrily sprang up, and his heavy armor rattled. The figure drew back trembling.  
 "Forgive me," he said; "I deemed it was a man—but he stopped; for she who now stood before him was not Zoe, but the fearful unknown Helper. She stretched out her arm covered with her veil towards Thiodolf, and said:  
 "Thus, then, I devote thee, thou noble hero,  
 To the purifying flames of an earthly love until thy death."  
 Then she gathered her veil yet closer around her, and with bent head went forth into the entangled paths of the grove. Thiodolf said, slandering:  
 "It may yet have been the goddess Freya!"  
 and he hastened out of the moonlit garden to return home.  
 As he passed beneath the windows of the palace, Zoe's voice was singing to her lute:  
 "Love shakes his golden curly hair,  
 Allures and then his gifts display;  
 Yet if our hands to touch them dare,  
 They turn to darts with fiery rays."  
 "With heart of flame I flee away,  
 I seek the gods' Olympian land,  
 Where Muses nearer to me stray—  
 Ah! they but fan the burning brand."  
 (To be Continued)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY AUSTRIA.  
 Motion and Position of the French Troops.  
 (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The writer of this article has contended, during the last six months, that France would not declare war against Austria. The argument on which this opinion was founded was derived from various sources—viz., firstly, from the ancient alliances of the surrounding nations; secondly, from the modern and brittle connexion of Napoleon the Third with the Gallic throne; thirdly, from the combination of the old Waterloo Allies against any threatening military assumption in the Nephew of the St. Helena victim; and, fourthly, I advanced the opinion referred to from reliable Foreign Correspondence. Now that actual hostilities have commenced between France and Austria, it so happens, notwithstanding the opinion so long defended by me still remains untouched and unaltered, since it is Austria and not France which has given the challenge, and named the very day and the hour when she would strike her tents and open fire on Sardinia. This short preliminary explanation, in my present letter, may interest the readers of *The Catholic Telegraph*, as well as my immediate friends; but to myself personally these remarks are of considerable consequence, since, after an uninterrupted course of political writing during nine years, I have made no mistake in leading facts; nor have I as yet fallen into serious error in my political calculations. And I claim small personal merit for this unimpeached accuracy, since I have always copied, with some modifications, the matured local foreign views of distinguished men living on the spot, rather than follow my own comparatively uninformed judgments. It is true, therefore, to say, from admitted premises, that France has not declared war: and the propositions, which are now universally conceded, are—namely, that Sardinia, flattered and supported by England, provoked the war: that France, menaced on her frontier, armed for a future hostile contingency: but that, beyond all doubt, Austria has delivered a precipitate message for instant battle, and within three days has entered a foreign territory, and has advanced to the attack.

Some idea can be formed of the time when a conflict between the belligerent parties must occur, from a description of the positions, localities, and distances from each other of the contending armies. Sardinia has two capitals—namely, Turin and Genoa. Turin is the first and the principal city, and Genoa is the second. Turin is inland: and Genoa is on the sea coast of the Mediterranean. These two cities are each something less than fifty English miles from the Austrian lines, and about seventy English miles from each other. Turin is about seventy English miles from the coast on one side; and about fifty English miles from Briangon, a French town in France on the French side of the Alps. Hence France can give aid to Turin by two routes—namely, by despatching steamers from Toulon to Genoa, a distance of about one hundred and seventy five English miles: or by crossing the Alps from Briangon over Mount Genève, and halting at Suza in Sardinia, about thirty-six miles from Turin. Yesterday morning (Wednesday morning) an advanced guard of eight thousand French soldiers advanced from Briangon to cross the Alps on their way to Suza: and yesterday morning, too, a fleet of steamers were preparing to embark thirty thousand men at Toulon for Genoa. Again, the Austrians are encamped on the Austrian bank of the river Ticino, which separates Sardinia from the Austro-Italian dominions. If we draw a straight line from Genoa to Turin, the river Ticino runs nearly parallel with this line: hence the distance from Genoa to Turin is about seventy miles it follows

that the Austrians can select any part of this parallel of river for seventy miles to make their descent upon Genoa or Turin. These, as accurately as I can describe the territories, &c., are the position, localities, and the respective distances of the advancing armies.

Austria, it is said, has two hundred thousand men concentrated on the Ticino: and as Genoa and Turin are about equi-distant from her lines—namely, about fifty miles, she has no advantage in point of distance in making her first assault on one city, rather than on the other. But it will be said that she can easily arrive at Turin before the French army can cross the Alps: or before a French steam-ship fleet could reach Genoa. This statement is denied on one hand from the fact that Sardinia can oppose her march to Turin with eighty thousand men, aided by the strategical barriers of eight rivers which Austria must cross before she can reach the capital—namely, Ticino, Terdoppia, Sesia, Cervo, Baltea, Orca, Doria-Riparia, and Clusone. And if, on the other hand, she should prefer an assault on Genoa, she has in this route five rivers to pass—namely, Ticino, Terdoppia, Tanaro, Staffora, and Cicala; and when she will have fought her wars across these five rivers, she will then have to force the narrow pass over the mountain range which surrounds Genoa, where ten thousand men could admittedly repulse one hundred thousand men, and maintain the pass against the entire Austrian force till the French troops arrive. It may be again fairly calculated that from the facilities which France has at her command by railroad and steam marine, she can, within one week from yesterday, convey eighty thousand troops over the Alps to Turin; and one hundred thousand men by sea to Genoa: and hence from the obstacles which Austria must encounter and remove before she can reach either Turin or Genoa, it is a clear case that France will occupy these cities before the Austrians can arrive. And this point being once conceded (from a view of the distances, and the means of transport) the two battalions arriving from France every week, day, and hour, ought to place the fortunes of war, in the present instance, in favor of Napoleon.

The first gleam of success, of even partial victory, that flashes from the French sword, the entire Italian Peninsula will, it is to be feared, rise in simultaneous revolution. Naples can scarcely be retained in allegiance on hearing the shout of French triumph; and the Duchies will certainly join the French standard; and if French troops did not garrison Rome and protect the Pope, Pio Nono should, in all probability, be obliged to take refuge in Paris or Vienna. This contingency, while it overturns order in Italy, will still give prestige and power to Napoleon, since it will decay Austria, and add crowded adherents to Gallic standard from the millions of willing revolutionists of every part of the already distracted Peninsula. In opposition to these anticipations of French success, it might be, perhaps, said, that Austria, too, can bring her thousands into the field with the same rapidity as France, and thus Greek will meet Greek in equal conflict. This reasoning, under the new complication of alliances which has taken place so late as *last Friday*, is not accurate. Within ten days, France will have an army on the *Rhine* of two hundred thousand men ready to enter Austria; and she also proposes to send a fleet of thirty steamers, and thirty thousand men, to Trieste, within seventy miles of the boundary of Hungary. And hence she has actually commenced at this hour, while I write, the march of her Rheinisch army, and the despatch of her Illyrian fleet. By her Rheinisch force she meditates to weaken the Austrian army in Italy; and by her fleet she attempts to renew and rekindle the Hungarian revolution. It may be argued in this place, that under these circumstances, Prussia and the Germanic Confederation and England will join Austria, and thus swamp even the gigantic host of Napoleon. This objection is answered by the recent alliance on *last Friday* between France, Denmark, and Russia—namely, that as long as the present conflict is confined solely to Austria and France, Russia will not interfere, will merely preserve an *armed neutrality*. But the moment that Prussia or Germany or England take the side of Austria, in armed assistance, in that hour, Russia will enter the Austrian dominions, raise Hungary and aid France with her whole Imperial power by sea and land!

This new Russian alliance will, therefore, give probable victory to France, and will inflict the most signal defeat on Austria. But if Austria shall in due and early time sue for peace, and beg for French clemency, she must purchase this ignominious submission by, perhaps, the loss of half her dominions. In this anticipated hypothesis Russia will have taken ample revenge on England for her Crimean expedition; and she will have humbled Austria in the very dust for refusing her support on the same occasion. If France should thus triumph in this case; or if (as some fancy) by extraordinary mediation, or by incredible Austrian sacrifice, peace were made on the field of battle when the two hostile armies pause in line and lift the glancing steel; still Napoleon will maintain the mysterious character which he has already acquired throughout Europe—namely, that if he once take up an idea for practical accomplishment, he will carry out this conceived plan at the risk of his crown or his life. This character, if successful, will render his future name the bulwark of French order; and will make his decision be the terror of European policy. If the last week, however, has developed new, unexpected complications, which up to this day have altered the decision of Cabinets, perhaps some new arrangements may be introduced in the next week to change the present complexion of affairs into a more peaceful and happier expression of the Royal and constitutional mind of Europe: like the moments of a dying man the peace or the conflict of mighty armies now hang on the fleeting seconds of a single hour.

Whatever may be the result of the mighty warlike preparations now being executed in the Italian Peninsula, the future Historian will transmit to posterity the thrilling fact—namely, that England has laid long ago the train for this awful explosion. Since the year 1815 she has been encouraging the revolutionary spirit in Naples, in Rome, in Florence, and indeed, in all Italy. She has labored now nearly half a century through her Ambassadors, her Agents, her Journals, her Tourists, her Writers, her Preachers, her Bibles, to decay the Constitutional policy, to lampoon the Religion, and to ridicule the Church, authority through every city and town and village and hamlet in all Italy. Tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling have been expended in this work of English revolution and irreligion; and some of the most eminent statesmen in France, Austria, and Naples, have at once arraigned England for this criminal propagandism; and have often stated that by a just and natural reaction from all Europe, England must at some future day be involved in a national disaster, and sink under a merited national chastisement. The kings and the rulers of England have been often warned of the calamitous issue of this political and religious malice on the part of all the succeeding British Cabinets; and a permanent prophecy rolling onward from year to year has been published through all the Catholic countries—namely, that a period of retribution is fast approaching when England will be punished for the persecution of her domestic laws, and for the malicious deceit of her foreign policy. Whether this popular vaticination to prove the *universal impression* raised throughout Europe of the political and religious perfidy practised by British Cabinets in all the surrounding Catholic courts and countries. If she be drawn into a new quarrel in 1859 by the two powerful Empires of France and Russia, with all their auxiliary alliances, the old prophecy may be soon fulfilled.

The ambassadors and the agents of England may very soon have something more to do than ridiculing the Pope, bolting the King of Naples, preaching in Florence, and scattering infidel tracts in Pisa. The coming summer may develop some favorable oppor-

ties for Irish liberties, when the military necessities of England may be compelled to relax her exclusive persecution, and to grant to Ireland the just concession of impartial laws. If a Continental war should break out, involving England in the quarrel; and if Ireland stand firm, united, and true to her national interests she may hope, by legal, peaceful, and strictly constitutional agitation, to wrest from the Parliament those measures of justice so long withheld from this long-oppressed, enduring, and downtrodden nation.  
 April 28. D. W. O.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

**THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.**—The Rev. John Holland, late of Passage West, county of Cork, parish priest, has left unto his niece, Catherine Holland, his interest in the lands of Kilnap, in the county of Cork, as long as she remains unmarried, but at her marriage, and, if not married, at her death, the interest in the said lands to revert to the Superior and community for the time being of the North-Presentation Convent, in the city of Cork, in trust, to apply the rents and profits thereof, as far as they would extend, in the clothing of the poor children, who should from time to time be educated in the poor schools of said convent. And if there were no convent in the parish at his death, the testator, by his said will, directed his executors to hand over in trust to the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese the sum of 500*l.* towards erecting a convent in the parish.—*Times*.

In Ireland, the news of the week consists simply of the accounts of electioneering progress, the final issue of which is yet distant some days. A great meeting of the Liberals was held at Dublin on Monday, at which Mr. W. B. Brady, son of the Irish Ex-Chancellor Maziere Brady, was unanimously accepted as the candidate. Considerable hopes of success are entertained. Mr. Brady made an able speech on the occasion, devoted chiefly to a refutation of the statement that the Dorcy Government had deserved well of the Catholic body. At Kilkenny on Tuesday, a meeting which was intended for the "Furtherance of the cause of Tenant Right and Reform," came off, but in consequence of the rivalry of Mr. G. E. Moore and Mr. Sergeant Shee, each of whom seeks to sit with Mr. Greene as representative of the county, it simply presented a scene of the greatest confusion, at which no speaker on one side or the other, succeeded in obtaining an audience. Mr. Sergeant Shee, at one end of the platform, supported by his friends, attempted to address the assembly, while Mr. Moore, supported by his friends, made a similar effort at another part of the platform, and at the same time; the natural consequence of which was that neither was heard. Above the din which prevailed, Mr. Moore was understood to charge Sergeant Shee with being "an interloper" and an "intruder," and that he sought a seat only for his own interest; to which the learned Sergeant retorted that Mr. Moore was not a Liberal but a Tory, who had commenced political life by opposing O'Connell, that he had in the famine days opposed Lord George Bentinck's proposed grant for public works in Ireland, and had, on the contrary, supported the Government Coercion Bill of that period, "by which his countrymen were branded as assassins." In the meantime, a number of resolutions, supposed to be in favour of Tenant Right and reform, including vote by ballot, were pantomimically put to and adopted by the meeting, which lasted several hours. We cannot avoid saying that we should much prefer seeing Mr. Moore seek and succeed in obtaining the representation of Mayo, with which he is connected, and where he is known, which is about again to return two Tories, although it was but a few years back sufficiently Liberal to send two Catholics to Parliament of whom Mr. Moore was one, than oppose in Kilkenny Sergeant Shee, an undoubted Liberal, who from past representation of the county and other connection with it may fairly be considered as having the first claim. It is not improbable that the result may be to ensure the return of Mr. Ellis, the only Conservative candidate, and thus the Liberal strength of the county will have been idly wasted.—*Weekly Register*.

The Clergy of Meath, so celebrated for their honesty and independence, have issued an able address to the Electors of that county. It is a defence of their faithful and patriotic representatives, Messrs. Corballis and McEvoy, against the insolent assaults of Mr. George Henry Moore, who charged these honorable gentlemen with "treason" and "falschood," and "Sadlerism," because they refused to vote into office little "mummy" Russell, whom he (Moore) assisted, some years ago, in inflicting the "justice and mercy" of an infamous Coercion Bill on Ireland. It is most honorable to the Meath priests that they should have stepped thus between their faithful representatives and the outrage sought to be inflicted on them.—*Irishman*.

The normal element of enthusiasm in Irish elections is quite wanting at present. What new developments of public opinion may be forthcoming in Ireland we will not pretend to predict; but this fact is clear, the popular mind has gone, and is going everyday further away from the Whigs. After the Catholics had broken with them in 1851, the old traditions and associations were still so strong that the Independent Leaders and Press too often found themselves in advance of their public. Now we have some Independent Leaders and Newspapers tacking fast, though in a drift incoherent way, towards Whiggery, just as at the time when the instinct of the people most assiduously insisted not to have Whiggery at any price. Why not? In the first place, places have become exceedingly scarce. Twenty years ago, when the Whigs did what they pleased in Ireland, a Lord of the Treasury had ten times as much patronage to give away. There was not a Parish Priest in the country who could not have a tie-watership, a clerkship in the Post-office, or even a Sub-Inspectorship of Police for the asking, and one such place per annum kept a whole parish in a liberal frame of mind. There is no such thing now. If Fraddy Mac Shane wants the tie-watership he has to go and grind Pneumatics, Anatomy, Conology, Numbistics, and jurisprudence—send in his certificate of vaccination, and pass the competitors' examination. And after all, for what? 27*g* a-year, with 23 increase in five years time. Twenty, by no means "golden years ago," 27*g* a-year was an amazing income to a young Papist—but since that period Australia and America have been to all intents and purposes for him, so to speak, discovered. He can earn half a guinea a day as a "navvy" on the Geelong Railroad—or if it comes to that, get a tide watership on far easier terms from the Government at Washington through Congressman MacNamara, of Smith O'Brien County, Illinois. Now this was the class, the first-born of Emancipation, for whom places were wont to be begged—but now *navys* change *toni cetera*. Well, what besides? Talk to the first plain man you meet on a country road. In the simple breast of that honest son of nature and the Church, there is an idea that troubles him at his prayers and in his sleep—the idea that one of the dead dragons of the Latter Days, which he has read in Pastorini and Columbkille, is hanging over the Head of the Church—and he has a Papist instinct that the Catholic policy is not with Palmerston and Russell. Then he says, all this blackguarding and bullying bothers him. But didn't Lord Derby promise us Tenant Right, and after all he is a real gentleman, which is more than can be said for the Whigs. But, at all events, what did they promise? Why, they promised not to give Tenant Right, and for once they kept their word.—And after all, since the people can't be always going against the gentry—and when the gentry say they mean to do right, sure they ought to get a chance as well as another. To the——with the Whigs? On the other hand, what the real leaders of the Irish people have to say, and what the policy which they advise is already known. It is expressed in natural

and noble language in the address of the Clergy of Meath, a document of general authority and acceptance.—*Tablet*.

**KILKENNY COUNTY MEETING.**—The Kilkenny Co. Meeting took place on the 23rd ult. The only account of it which has as yet reached us is in the *Kilkenny Journal*, which reserves its report till Saturday. The journal says:—  
 To-day it would be impossible for us to give an account of the meeting. For the first few hours no one could be heard, but gallant Father Tom O'Shea overbore every opposition, ably supported by the Rev. Edward Rowan, Father O'Keefe, of Oloogh, Arch-deacon O'Shea, and several other of the faithful and true Priests of the People's cause. The banquet took place in the evening, and was most numerous and respectably attended. About 300 persons sat down to dinner, but we must wait till Saturday to give a full report of the proceedings.  
 A letter was read from his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, dated St. Jarlath's, Tuam, April 17, 1859.  
 From the coming demonstration in your ancient city, the most favorable results are justly anticipated, and it is hoped that such a banquet, at such a time, to the friends and supporters of the Ballot, Tenant Right, and Religious Equality, will be as influential as it will be reasonable. The Ballot must be the first and must be the last theme to be urged, enforced, insisted on in future, both within the Parliament as well as at all popular conventions. Tenant Right and Religious Equality are noble objects, worth struggling for—goals for which the Irish people have been long panting and have suffered much for, and which they cannot still hope to reach except through the emancipating medium of the Ballot. This will be following up—nay, consummating the just, and necessary, and every intelligible policy adopted by the country in '51 and '52 regarding which there has been recently, no doubt, some real and more of affected misconception. That policy bound all who were parties to it to oppose indiscriminately every administration, of whatever political complexion, that would withhold from the protection of the tenants' industry and conscience the united influence of the cabinet. In the enunciation of that policy there was no ambiguity, nor in its interpretation, for a length of time. There was no question of the relative merits or misdeeds of Whigs or Tories; questions which would open an interminable field of discussion, and which could never be brought to an issue, as long as the good qualities of either were viewed through the gratitude or the hopes of their respective admirers. But there was questions of opposing all the English factions, be they Whig or Tory, or of whatever denomination, that would continue to gamble, as they have hitherto done, with the holiest interests of the Catholic people, for their own selfish ascendancy.  
 Nothing has occurred since its adoption to require the abatement or modification of that policy. Nay, everything that has occurred only shows the necessity of its more stringent renewal and continuance, until its aim is achieved in the free schools, and in the free freemies, as well as in the free temples of the Catholic people. The Ballot will form the condition of that more stringent renewal, giving to the claims of Tenant Right and religious equality a force which must render them irresistible.  
 It is most gratifying to the friends of Tenant Right and religious liberty to find the eminent talents and unblemished integrity of the late member for Mayo, Mr. George Moore, so much appreciated by the men of Kilkenny. Had he been less gifted, or less honest he would not have encountered the virulent hostility with which ministerial power and treacherous corruption so unscrupulously assailed him. If the freolders of Mayo were invested with the shield of the Ballot it would fail the combined influence of the Treasury and of the betrayers of the people to remove him from its representation, without that protection, such is the enthusiasm of the people in his favour, that they would rush into the danger of bringing on themselves the renegeance of their landlords, if it were not deemed prudent by the clergy not to risk wholesale evictions, and it is most creditable to Mr. Moore that he preferred the safety of the tenantry to his own certain return. He has been made the victim of an unprincipled faction as ever yet lent its dishonest services to sacrifice the interests of the great mass of the Catholics to the intrigues of some few of that body, who seem to be of opinion that the only end of Emancipation should be to invest themselves with the vicarious patronage of the government. That he and all those who remained faithful to the honest and comprehensive policy of 1852 should be the objects of the incessant calumny of the corrupt cannot excite our wonder, but the whole tenor of his parliamentary career, continually struggling for just legislation for Ireland, as well as for the outlines of making such legislation practicable, sufficiently refutes the calumnies of his assailants.  
 The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross, writes to the Kilkenny County Club—Cork, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and many other constituencies have unmistakably pronounced that justice must be done to the tenant class. The discussion of it has been unfortunately postponed by the late successful attempt on the part of the author of the Durham letter to displace the Tory ministry. But it must soon again command the attention of Parliament, and occupy in its debates a position more prominent than has been accorded to it up to this. Those who had to watch over its progress were few indeed—but they were true, and they have battled faithfully and with brave hearts for poor Ireland. To brand them with treachery, with dishonesty, is a wretched requital for their fidelity. Their phalanx is small, and, as usual, the old enemy of our country—discord, was anxious to creep in among them. May God avert it from their ranks! Union and harmony should be their motto—our study to strengthen their influence by sending to Parliament men whose aspirations for the welfare of Ireland cannot be questioned.

**THE COUNTY WATERFORD RAILROAD.**—The desirability of promoting this railroad was brought under the attention of Mr. J. Orrell Lever, M.P., on his recent visit to this city, and received his approval. He considers it most desirable to promote it, and thus connect the port of Waterford with the Western part of this country. He is quite prepared to assist in such a project, which must very largely benefit the traffic with South Wales, which he is so desirous to support.—*Waterford Mail*.

French agents are said to have been very active of late in purchasing provisions for the army in Dublin and other parts of Ireland.  
 On Thursday night last, says the *Whig*, two navies, named Peter Swan and Henry Degan, were arrested by Constables Armstrong and Waters, on the charge of having murdered a man named John Wilson, in the month of February last. The information on which the arrests were made must have been given privately, as not an individual in the neighbourhood appeared to know anything of the intended captures until the persons were secured, and when the matter became known the greatest excitement was evident in all parts of the town. It will be recollected that on the morning of the 13th of February, Wilson, who had been employed on the railway, and was a married man, with a large family, was found dead at the foot of a cutting on the line of railway near Crossgar, and that from circumstances which presented themselves at the inquest it was presumed that he had been accidentally killed; and it actually considered by many that the unfortunate man met with his death while in the act of stealing some canvass belonging to Mr. Moore, the railway contractor. But murder, it is said, can never lie concealed, and there is scarcely a doubt that in the present instance a most wicked and cold-blooded murder has been discovered, which the perpetrators must have believed would never have come to light. On Friday a private investigation took place before D. B. Franks, Esq., R. M.; Robert Heron, Esq., J. P.; and James S. Crawford, in the county jail, Downpatrick, the result of which was, we understand, that the two prisoners had been committed for further examination.