

dering pleasure; it was as if the unearthly delicate eyes, of whom the strains spoke, had themselves brought those strains out of their wild echoing grottoes. But then again the true-hearted powerful voice of the singer restored her confidence that the sound came from the breast of a man where beat a living heart.

And she was right; for as the song ended, Thiodolf came, with a smile, out of the thicket at the foot of the hill, hung the lute to which he had sung on a tree, and went up to the maiden, greeting her heartily. She greeted him gently in return, and bade him sit on the grass beside her; for his song about the elves had pleased her, and she would willingly hear more of those wonderful beings whom he called "the good people." He granted her wish so soon as it had passed her fair lips, and told her much concerning the elves—how they were very little, but most wise creatures, dwelling in beautiful habitations beneath the earth—how, both by word and deed, they helped those who were friendly to them, sometimes even supplying them with household-stuff and arms, but returning every insult with much sharper and more painful insults.

"Shame!" said Malgherita; "who could provoke the kindly little creatures? I would give much to know for certain that they are always around me here."

"They certainly do not stir or move from thee," answered Thiodolf. "They would be very silly elves if they had not a special pleasure in serving thee, for thou art very nearly the fairest maiden that ever trod the earth."

Malgherita turned away with a confused blush, plucking and plating some blades of grass.—Then she asked, "Have you, then, ever seen these elves, Thiodolf?"

"Yes, indeed," answered he, "whole troops of the n—only in my dreams, though. But I have heard them singing, really and truly, when awake—at times when I have been alone, by night in distant woods; and I am much mistaken if they have not often helped me in my fishing and hunting."

"Greet the good people from me," said Malgherita, smiling; "whenever you meet them again, either sleeping or waking; they please me much."

"That tune to which I just now sang my little song," said Thiodolf, "we call, after them, the good people's tune. But it commonly sounds freer, and runs to the ends of the lines much more boldly and simply. This time your Provencal song, which flowed so softly over your lip, put a graver measure in my head; and the good people's tune was altered to that."

He stopped short, and looked at Malgherita, as if wondering and inquiring. And when she asked the reason, he answered: "I am only thinking whether thou art not thyself a bright child of the good people, who, after their custom, art making sport of me. Thou mayst have risen out of the sea with thy lover. Men tell many a tale of elves where the same thing happened."

"It may be," said Malgherita; and a shade of sadness passed over her fair face. "Truly I did rise from the sea with my lover; but he is no unearthly elf; and still less was our terrible coming out of the sea a jest. We are two poor shipwrecked beings, and I a frightened wandering dove."

"Only be happy," said Thiodolf; "I have many sports for thee in my mind, and one especially, which will make thee think that thou art again in the midst of thy south country. But I must wait for the opportunity."

Malgherita smiled gratefully, and went back with him to the house, where the old people and Pietro were already sitting at the door. Thiodolf repeated with great joy that he had now indeed promised something to the maiden which pleased her, and it would certainly come to pass even better than she expected.

CHAPTER V.

Since this time Thiodolf was but seldom, and then unwillingly, away from Malgherita; and she, too, liked to have beside her the true-hearted kindly Icelander, who spread out before her a whole treasure of beautiful, though sometimes fearful, elfin stories. Now, as he almost always called elves, after Icelandic fashion, the "darlings," and yet to please Malgherita strove to speak in his broken southern dialect, it might happen that words which could be misunderstood fell upon Pietro's ear, and for many days made him become more and more grave and gloomy, though Malgherita in her guileless innocence remarked it not. Thiodolf, too, who meant well to all men, never had a thought that any one could deem otherwise of him, or could therefore wish him evil.

Then it happened one evening that the youth spoke of the Iceland breed of falcons, and how true they were to their own master, if he treated them kindly, so that only in death would they part from him.

"You speak of hounds, probably," said Pietro; and he laughed scornfully. "As concerns falcons, you must abate a good deal of what you say."

"I am no trafficker, so why should I abate of their value?" said Thiodolf, good-humoredly.—"And I was not speaking of hounds, but of falcons. He must be a wiser fellow who would say one word and let another escape his tongue. But, as it seems so incredible, I will fetch my favorite falcon; you shall keep him in your chamber; and if he takes any food from your hand, I will forfeit him to you. Then, after three days, let him fly away; and he will follow me to the farthest end of the Island, where I will go this very evening."

But Malgherita forbade the trial, saying that it would be wrong in God's sight to torment a good faithful creature, only for the sake of proving which was right.

Thiodolf smiled joyfully at this, and said, in his broken Provencal language, "If the pretty maiden will it not, there is an end of the wager. It is a very good thing that fair Malgherita is so kind to the falcon; his master thanks her for it; and it is like of the good people to be so gracious to the poor little creature."

Malgherita nodded, agreeing to what he said, and Pietro was silent; but after a while, when all the others were engaged in other talk, he softly touched Thiodolf's shoulder, and whispered

in his ear, "I must speak to you alone. Let none know of it." Therewith he left the hall, and Thiodolf quickly followed him.

Pietro was standing in the court; but when Thiodolf drew near to him, he silently went on, beckoning the youth to follow until they came to a distant wood. There Pietro loosened from his belt a battle-axe, which he had taken out of the armory of old Nefolf, and always wore at his side near his dagger, saying, "Make ready, Thiodolf. We must fight together."

"Praise be to Odin and all the gods of Walhalla," cried the Icelander, "that such a wise thought has come into my head! We two young men have been too long gazing at each other idly without trying our strength. But lay aside the battle-axe; the thing is very sharp."

"Does not, then, that long sword cut which hangs at thy side?" said Pietro, with a displeased smile.

"Truly it cuts but too sharply," answered Thiodolf; "and therefore will I go and fetch blunt weapons, wherewith we shall not hurt one another in our trial of skill."

"Blunt arms! trial of skill!" cried Pietro;—and his wild laugh rang through the forest.—"The strife about the falcon thou couldst indeed forbid, O Malgherita; but here the bloody strife shall be ended undisturbed; and one of us, if not both, must part with life in it."

"Ay, is it so?" said Thiodolf. "Wilt thou indeed fight for life and death? Well, it is not the first time I have so fought. Come on, thou dear stranger knight."

His sword was drawn, and he awaited what Pietro would do. Thiodolf had taken his dagger in his right hand, and was brandishing it to and fro, preparing to fling it; so that it could be seen he meant to decide the combat by one mortal throw. Thiodolf looked sharply and steadily, now at Pietro's eye, now at his hand.

The small, glancing weapon flew, and Thiodolf's sword met it so firmly in its rapid course, that it sprang up whirling in the air, and then dropt on one side amongst the bushes. Then the combatants fell upon each other with battle-axe and sword. Pietro did not wield the ax with the strength and ease of a northern warrior, but he moved more lightly and dexterously; so that Thiodolf saw himself attacked now on this side, now on that. This gigantic Icelander did not for that move from his place; his feet remained as if rooted in the ground; and only his long gleaming sword swallowed the strokes of the rapid Italian; so that it seemed almost as if Pietro were thundering the blows of his ax upon a slight enchanted tree, which was defended on all sides by strange lightnings.

The lightning defended him well, and Thiodolf stood calm and un wounded; but the ax did not defend so well, for the northern steel suddenly pierced Pietro's right arm; his weapon fell; in the vain endeavor to recover it his foot slipped, and he too fell to the ground. Thiodolf stooped over him, and placed the point of his sword at the breast of his vanquished foe. "Dost thou yield?" asked he.—And as Pietro was silent in angry shame, the harmless victor broke forth in a loud clear laugh.

Pietro's anger rose and he cried out, "Strike me at once, thou churlish, scoffing boor. Thou mayest well laugh over the mad fate that has let thee conquer a knight like me."

"Nay," answered Thiodolf; "I do not laugh at that—it seems quite natural. But it makes me merry to think how many attempts thou madest to hew me down, and at last they caused thee thyself to fall on thy nose. Yes, yes; so it is. Who sprang upon his prey and broke his own teeth? that was the wolf in the trap. For the rest," added he more seriously, "reviling does not become your condition, and yet less one who thinks himself a pattern for courteous knights. I may be a boor, for I often till the ground; but I am also the son of a hero and a prince. You may ask all Iceland if it is not so. And that I am no churl—See!"

With unlooked-for dexterity he bent over Pietro, grasped him round the body, and placed him on his feet; then smiled, and said, "Couldst thou do this? only try; I will lie down. But, indeed, I am somewhat too heavy for thee."

Pietro stood before him, crimson with shame; and, with a slight bend of his head, stretched out his hand in token of reconciliation. Thiodolf shook it violently, looked at Pietro's wound, which, being trifling, he bound up quickly and without giving pain, and then said, "Now tell me, dear knight, why did we let fly at each other so very seriously? I could not ask before the fight: for it is better to say 'yes' at once to such invitations than to seek long for the bow or wherefore. But now the feast is ended, may I know in whose honor we have entertained each other?"

Pietro seemed not yet to have recovered the power of speech; but it was a much gentler feeling that now held him silent than his former vehement spite. At length he said, in a low voice, "Ask me not to tell thee, young hero. I was blinded by a great, bewildering error, which thy bright joyousness has caused to fall from my eyes like scales."

"I noticed something of the sort myself," answered Thiodolf, "when in the midst of thy challenge thou spakest of Malgherita. But, sir knight, as a reasonable knight, how could such a thought come across thee, even in thy dreams? Hearken, I will confide something to thee; I am very fond of Malgherita, and like to give her joy; but even had she not been another's bride, I should never have wooed her."

"This excuse," said Pietro, suddenly becoming gloomy, "almost forces me to ask anew from thee a bloody reckoning, and on better grounds than before. Thou shalt not so speak of my lady."

"Why not?" asked Thiodolf, laughing. "I might as well woo one of the elfin women as Malgherita.—The little creature would be obliged well nigh to dislocate her neck if she would look into my eyes; and there would be no pleasure to me in kneeling before her. She does very well for thee."

Pietro could not but laugh; and Thiodolf, fetching some water from a near spring, washed the blood from his friend's garments, and most carefully concealed the hurt. "Malgherita must know nothing of this," said he; "for the delicate flower has quickly pearly tears in her eyes; and thou art her chiefest joy. Besides, then there might come the telling of the whole story; and it seems to me as if it would be vexations for one who has a betrothed to speak to her of a fight without victory. Or is it otherwise?"

"No, no," answered Pietro, smiling, but ashamed; "it is as thou sayest."

Thiodolf searched for Pietro's dagger in the bushes, and with it gave him good advice to go to fight in future rather with a sword than with the northern battle-axe, which was sure to bring him to the ground; and then they returned arm-in-arm to the castle.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON DISCORD IN ITALY. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

There is no concealing the fact that the revolutionary discontent has risen and extended itself into a most menacing magnitude: and it is equally certain that this state of things beyond the Alps has called out the armaments of the surrounding countries on a scale of the largest war preparations. Many causes have combined to excite the Italian mind at the present time, rather than at any intermediate period be-

tween this year and 1848. They are aware of the coolness which has long existed between Austria and England: they know the unforgiving grudge which Lord Palmerston bears towards Austria ever since the imperative demand which the Emperor made on the English Cabinet that Lord Palmerston should be dismissed from the councils of the Queen. The Italians are also intimately acquainted with the encouragement which England has given to the King of Sardinia in his opposition and defiance of Austria.—They know, too, that England has lent two millions sterling to Sardinia, to forward the fortress of Alessandria, to extend her artillery, and to give additional strength to every branch of her military service. The facts, therefore, of these two cases go to convince the Italians that England is at once hostile to Austria and favorable to Sardinia. And these acts go to prove a still stronger point, since they demonstrate, from unmistakable premises, that in the event of a conflict between Austria and Sardinia, England would decidedly, as far as she could, take the part of Sardinia, and would supply her with funds in the prosecution of the war. The conduct of England, therefore, up to this period, has, beyond all doubt, proclaimed this position, and has thus, so far, encouraged the revolutionary hopes of the Italian subjects of Austria.

Secondly.—They have read, during the last two years, the diplomatic rupture between Naples and the Western Powers, which meant France and England. They are aware that France and England have on different occasions deplored the state of political feeling in Naples, and have requested that the King would so change the constitution and the administration of law as to give more liberty to his people, and thus secure a permanent amongst his subjects. The Italians are acquainted with the fact that Ferdinand not only refused to make any changes as suggested by France and England, but actually dismissed their Ambassadors with contempt, and set the Western Powers at defiance. These premises go also to encourage the revolutionists to the extent—namely, they believe that if the people of Naples joined the Lombard Revolutionists, England and France would hold themselves neutral towards the Sicilies; and would not trouble themselves in extinguishing a flame which they long since foresaw, which they wished to subdue in its early stage; but which having now risen into an invincible, consuming conflagration, they will leave it its own devouring element as a sign and a proof of the supineness, the obstinacy, and the neglect of King. This is the reasoning, this is the class of ideas, which at present govern the mind of the Lombard-Italians; and which make them believe that if the Revolution broke out to-morrow, they are more than a match for Austria on their own ground: first, however, taking it as granted that France and England will be neutral; and secondly, that Sardinia can enter the field with seventy thousand men of all arms, equipped, combined, and commanded by their countrymen and idol, General de la Marmora, of Crimean celebrity.

The leaders of the revolutionary party put forth still further hopes of encouragement. They know that Russia owes a grudge to Austria which can never be forgiven. In the revolution of 1848, Russia aided Austria in subduing Hungary, and, indeed, quenching the entire rebellion; yet afterwards, during the Crimean campaign, Austria joined the Western Powers, and has thus inflicted a wound in the heart of the Russian, which can never be healed. In the forthcoming struggle, therefore, the Italians think that Austria would stand alone; and if this position be once granted, the Revolutionists contend that single-handed Austria must fall before the combined Italian and Sardinian forces. In addition to all these points of argument, employed by the Revolutionists, there is one, which is admitted to be stronger than any thing yet adduced, namely, the moment the first blast of war is heard from Lombardy, the Hungarians and their associates, seventeen millions in population, may instantly renew their former rebellion: so that this universal attack from all quarters on unaided Austria must necessarily eventuate in the downfall of the Imperial dynasty. These are the ideas of the Revolutionary party, not concealed in muttering hesitation, but spoken publicly and uttered with confidence by the whole Italian population. And so menacing is the position of affairs in the Peninsula, that Austria has at this moment no less a force than one hundred and fifty thousand men on the frontiers and within her Italian possessions.

I shall present to the reader two tables of population by which he can see at a glance the comparative strength of the contending parties. The first table will show the population of all Italy; the second table will point out the population of the entire Austrian Empire. The Italian population, although at different times receiving admixture of blood from conquest and other causes, may still be said to be derived from a common stock, and to belong to the same original; while the population of the Austrian empire comprises no less than sixteen races, differing in customs, religion, manners, and language; and more than the half of these races smart under the oppression of a stranger, and burn with rage to throw off a foreign yoke. This last consideration, too, furnishes additional hopes to the Revolutionists, since they assert that the one race, the one blood, engaged in the same one cause of liberty, must ultimately prevail over a foe who maintains tyranny by the aid of soldiers, who are themselves the victims of slavery, who hate the service in which they are engaged, who abhor the Emperor who rules them, and who only want the opportunity to rush on the Austrian with a more deadly ferocity and revenge than the Italian who stands in the field in hostile line of battle.

POPULATION OF ITALY. 1 Lombardy..... 2,474,000 2 Venice..... 2,084,000 3 Kingdom of Sardinia..... 4,470,000 4 Kingdom of Naples..... 7,752,000 5 Duchy of Tuscany..... 1,360,000 6 Do. of Parma..... 440,000 7 Do. of Modena..... 390,000 8 Do. of Lucca..... 145,000 9 States of Church..... 2,471,000 10 Republic of San Marino..... 8,000 21,483,000

RACES COMPRISING THE POPULATION OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE. Population 1 Lower Austria..... 1,343,652 2 Upper Austria..... 846,982 3 Tyrol..... 827,000 4 Styria..... 923,982 5 Carinthia and Carniola..... 743,217 6 Illyrian Coast..... 455,317 7 Bohemia..... 4,004,852 8 Moravia and Silesia..... 2,110,141 9 Galicia..... 4,395,369 10 Hungary..... 11,404,320 11 Transylvania..... 1,963,435 12 Military Frontier..... 1,101,281 13 Dalmatia..... 364,933 14 Lombardy..... 2,495,929 15 Venice..... 2,079,688 35,050,533

THE PROPORTION OF THESE VARIOUS RACES IS AS FOLLOWS:—

Sclavonians..... 18,500,000 Germans..... 6,000,000 Italians..... 5,300,000 Wallachians..... 900,000 Magyars..... 4,500,000 Armenians..... 150,000 Jews..... 600,000

In examining the foregoing tables one is struck with the number of enemies (subjects in appearance) who lie within the bosom of the Austrian Empire.—About seventeen millions are sworn deadly foes of the Austrian rule: the Hungarians alone are eleven

millions. On first principles this country must be despotic, since it is, generally speaking, difficult to govern so many hostile races without employing a severity to check their tendency to revolution, and to overcome their natural enthusiasm to recover their lost freedom, and independent liberties. These tables again show an overwhelming majority of population in Austria over Italy, so that if a Revolution in Hungary, &c., be not admitted, Italy—all Italy—can have no chance against the Austrian Power. A glance at these tables will therefore convey to the reader a more correct idea of the power of Austria with her armies, and of the pretensions of Italy without army or money, than a volume of history: and will again demonstrate that the habitual grinding despotism of Austria over her foreign races and subjects is the clear cause of the permanent discontent of the Italians. They in common with their foreign dependencies write under her dominant lash. If they resist, resistance redoubles their torture: if they rebel, rebellion trebles their chains. If they secretly combine to throw off their yoke, their secret societies are banished or imprisoned for life: their press is gagged; their speech is smothered; and a repression, like a ton weight, presses on the back of each individual, till he abandons all idea of revolution, and heartily enters into a sincere allegiance to the State. This is the condition of things which has made Lombardy and Venice a prison and a penal colony; which calls upon Europe for reform; which cries to Heaven for relief, and which will ever form a theatre for rebellion and tyranny, till national liberty and impartial administration of laws produce respect for the Government and confidence in the people.

There is no use, in this place, to preach the amiable theory to Kings—namely, to respect in their vanquished subjects a thirst for liberty; to earn their allegiance by equal laws; to win their love by impartial favors, and to conquer their rebellious tendencies by royal benevolence. No: Kings will never learn this lesson. They will, on the contrary, subdue rebellion by the last, force their subjects into eternal enemies, by ceaseless injustice, and crush out every feeling of humanity by burying them in a bottomless pit of slavery: and thus every anguished nation is doomed for centuries to a hell of political and social torture.

Those amongst the Italians who can take a clearer view of their inability to cope with the Austrian forces, still cherish hopes of success founded on a belief that Napoleon the Third and the entire French army sympathise with the Patriots (as they call themselves), and will join them when matters come to a crisis, and when both parties are in the field.—Those who believe that the French could, under the existing circumstances, take part with the Italians, evince a complete ignorance of the standing policy of Europe. The various members of the German Confederation have long ago entered on treaties of mutual protection: and since the time of Napoleon's defeat in 1815, they have renewed these several treaties: and they have bound themselves each to supply a certain quota of armed men in the event of any foreign power invading any of the members, and attempting to wrest from him any part of his dominions. The various subsidies of men so combined for mutual defence and protection are called the federal army; and the various proportions of men allotted to each state has been settled at the German diet, and can be seen in the following table:—

FEDERAL ARMY. Men 1 Austria..... 94,822 2 Prussia..... 79,484 3 Bavaria..... 35,600 4 Wirttemberg, Baden, &c..... 30,150 5 Saxony, Hesse, Nassau, Luxemburg..... 23,263 6 Hanover, Mueckenburg, Brunswick, Lu-beck, Hamburg, Bremen..... 28,007 7 Saxon Duchies, Hohenzollern, Hamburg, Frankfurt..... 10,902 302,288

In the hour, therefore, when Napoleon will be so foolish as to make war upon Austria without a sufficient cause belli, he will have to encounter, besides the present forces of Austria, the Federal Army of 302,288 men! Independently of other grave reasons, it is not likely, therefore, that Napoleon, or the French people will be guilty of this eminent folly; and hence, for the present at least, we shall soon find that the cry of war raised by the revolutionists, and partly echoed by Sardinia, shall cease after a short season; and the presence of the Austrian armies in Lombardy and Venice will have the effect of restoring to the public mind its wonted tranquillity.

No; the only game which Napoleon could play in this case would be to find means of having himself called on to make peace between the parties. He might, in these circumstances, after some reasonable time, make a little quarrel of his own, remain in possession of Lombardy till its adjustment, and ultimately seize the Provinces as compensation for his trouble and expenses. And if in the end he erected these Provinces into a separate kingdom like Belgium, and bestowed it on his cousin Louis Napoleon, like Leopold in Belgium, he would have in this case the consent of Russia and England; and he might set all others at perfect defiance. If Napoleon shall ever be induced to intermeddle in the Italian question, something like the above scheme will be his policy; but never, never will the French nation agree to a voluntary and unconditional rupture with Austria and the German Confederation. D. W. C. January 18, 1859.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE LANDLORDS AND THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.—We very much fear that unless the Catholics of the empire, and of Ireland especially, bestir themselves in time the ensuing session of Parliament will be productive of more mischief than they seem to have a conception of. They have only to watch the movements and proceedings of the landed proprietary, and to mark the tone of the Government organs on both sides of the Channel, and they will find an ominous concordance, a significant understanding between them, strongly indicative of collusion and conspiracy against their most vital interests. Independently of this inherent desire to abrogate or to render next to nugatory the act of Catholic Emancipation, as well as any and every act passed in our favor, the recent arrests in Kerry, Belfast, and elsewhere have furnished the Government with some shadow of a pretext for retrograding, as regards Ireland, in the policy which successive Administrations have thought it most desirable to pursue for some years past. The opportunity will, therefore, be seized for occupying a considerable portion of the session with the introduction of, and debates upon, measures of an arbitrary and unconstitutional nature in reference to this country. The party in power will thus have two topics on which to engage the time and attention of Parliament, namely, the prospects of a Continental war and the unsatisfactory state of Ireland; and a recent article in the Morning Post furnishes pretty clearly what is to be expected in this point of view. Here is the opening paragraph:—

"The state and condition of Ireland is daily becoming more and more serious, and we are not, therefore, in the least surprised when Mr. Roebuck declared—as he did at the Sheffield meeting—that the Reform Bill will not be the prominent topic during the next session of Parliament. Foreign politics and India will, doubtless, occupy a considerable space in the deliberations of the collective wisdom about to assemble; but we shall not be at all surprised if the condition of the sister kingdom does not also, at a very early period of the session, monopolize a great share of the public attention."

What an invaluable good-rod for a Tory Government shrinking from the dire necessity of introducing a Reform Bill! Never did anything half so fortunate occur to a perplexed Ministry before. Mr. Bright might as well have kept his bill in his pocket, or deposited it on his bookshelves, for it will most assuredly be shelved by the Government if he does not undertake the process himself. The nobility, the Legislature. Such, for instance, as striking from the jury panel two-thirds at least of those plebeian Papists who are now on it, with several other infractions of the constitution that may be decided upon at tropolis. The Catholic priesthood will, however, be the chief objects of assault, and animadversion; hence we venture to say that Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate, with the rest of that ilk, never spent half so happy a Christmas as the last since they were school-boys. How delightful to these erratic worthies must have been the anticipation of the coming session! and with what pleasurable sensations must the "House" look forward to these gentlemen's re-lash-ait philippic against Pope and Popery! The quarry at which the Orange factions in both countries are aiming at is distinctly pointed out in the next passage which we give from the same print:—

"Any amendments of the law, however stringent, will fail of their effect till the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, both secular and regular, become better acquainted with the Government and institutions of Great Britain—become anxious to promote obedience to the constituted authorities, and to discourage agrarian crimes as well as crimes of conspiracy and rebellion. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Ireland may be, in round numbers, estimated at about three thousand members. Hitherto recruited from the class of small farmers, innkeepers, publicans, hucksters, pedlars, and farm laborers; so that they have a thorough acquaintance with the mass of the Irish population, agricultural and trading, in cities and towns. The organization of the Irish Church, independent of this, is much more perfect and elaborate than that of any other Christian community of men. Irrespective of their social acquaintances and solidity with flocks, they have other means of knowing the inmost thoughts, wishes and aspirations of the communities among which they reside. Loyal and well affected men could and would, under these circumstances, control the assassin's murderous hand, reclaim the conspirator, and denounce the rebel. When and where and in how many instances have the Romish clergy of Ireland done this? Yet, unless it be generally and freely done, all legislation, however severe, by the British Parliament against conspiracy and murder, yet not unconstructive task, for this same British Parliament (which may be called on to pass exceptional laws for Ireland) to inquire how many of these three thousand priests and bishops of Ireland have taken the oath of allegiance to her Majesty the Queen."

"This same British Parliament which may be called on to pass exceptional laws for Ireland? The principle gist of the preceding passage lies in this parenthesis. The clergy of the huge incubus that weighs down and paralyses the country are to be left in undisturbed possession of their sinecures and the enormous wealth derived from them. Whilst exceptional laws are to be framed against the clergy of three-fourths of the Irish people. And why not?—What better treatment do men deserve who are merely recruited from the class of small farmers, innkeepers, publicans, hucksters, pedlars, and the like? Catholics of the plebeian race are not fitted to serve on juries. What pretensions, a fortiori, can their sons, brothers, kith or kin, have to be priests, preachers of God's word, and teachers of His commandments? What need of ceremony with them? Throw sops to one and all of the ensconced Clergy, and if they will not do the bidding of the government—then, why, enforce the exceptional laws. The Apostles and Disciples of the Redeemer were, it is true, fishermen, carpenters, publicans, and toll-keepers. But times have changed vastly since then. The church of those days gave all she had to the poor; now the poor are compelled to give all they have to the Church—that is, to the Reformed Church. The unreformed Church still adheres as far as it can to the good old custom. Unremitting in its unenvied calumnies against all orders of the clergy, the Post comes at last to that belied fraternity, the Jesuits—these, it conceives are fit objects of groundless rancor and vilification to the public in general. The Post insinuates that if the Jesuits were expelled from the country, there would be one incentive less to Irish discontent."

"By the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, passed thirty years ago, it is required that the names of these Jesuit priests should be lodged at the Chief Secretary's office, if we remember rightly, and also with the Clerk of the Peace. But the act has never been once complied with, so that native members of the order have all this while disobeyed the provisions of an important Act of Parliament. When, then, the peasant sees and knows that among three thousand Romish priests a large majority never once took the oath of allegiance, and further, that not one Jesuit has registered his name according to law, what can we expect from a flock witnessing such perverse and disloyal examples?"

"The Post longs for the re-enactment of the penal laws, and a crusade against the Jesuits would be a most popular as well as a most Christian diversion. The publicans appear to be the next objects of Orange hostility just now. They are, according to the Post, the most dangerous and malignant people in the world. But it often happens, adds this oracle, that the publican is the brother, the father, or the cousin of the priest; or if not his relation, his "fond familiar friend." Now, what is the deduction from all this, but that the priest and his kindred are alike rebels, ruffians, and cut-throats? What is to be done in this terrible dilemma? The Post has the usual panacea—the mammon of unrighteousness, which it boldly and unblushingly offers to those who have scorned and spurned the bribe intended to withdraw the shepherd from the care of his flock:—

"Till then, you elevate the Irish priest, convert the Irish peasant, and put the law equally and impartially in force against priest and peasant, we see little chance of improvement for Ireland."

Thus saith the Post. It is as we have said, the old nostrum prescribed anew. You cannot in these days persecute the priests as your forefathers did, pay them, therefore, and they are yours, body and soul. Now, we say to the people and their representatives, beware of this conspiracy between the nobility, gentry, and the press. True, there is nothing new in it, but the perseverance and determination that have carried it on for so long a period may succeed in the end if you be not vigilant. Raise your united voices, therefore, and exert your utmost strength against the iniquitous combination, and you will not only resist, but overcome it like so many of those who have preceded you.—Dublin Telegraph.

TENANT RIGHT.—"Out of evil cometh good," says the proverb—and out of the attempt to place the tenantry of Ireland beyond the pale of the British Constitution will arise benefit to that long-suffering class. The publicity given to the circular signed by Lord John Hill and Mr. Napier has drawn more attention in England to the question of landlord and tenant in this country than all the speeches at all the meetings of the Tenant League put together, and you may safely put it on record in the Journal that a Landlord and Tenant Bill for Ireland will be brought into the House of Commons early in the session, and under auspices calculated to insure its becoming law—passing both houses—provided there is no interruption by a dissolution of Parliament. In any event, this important question will not much longer be left in its present anomalous state.—London Journal.

We have been informed on the very best authority that the county was never so peaceable and orderly as at present. Elsewhere in our columns we describe the absence of crime that characterises the city, but for several weeks past there has not been a single instance of crime in the entire county.—Kilkenny Journal.