

Sir George, in a low, downy voice, all was quiet; no footstep, but his own could be distinguished. What if mademoiselle should have been looking for it? Rather awkward that, but at any rate it's all right now. He entered the greenhouse, deposited the letter in the proper place, and with the utmost haste he reached his room, threw himself on the bed and fell asleep. In his dreams visions of Kate appeared, looking fiercely at him; and then these would be succeeded by horrible apparitions grinning at him and mocking him, and he tossed from one side of the bed to another uneasily. 'There is no peace for the wicked,' and he felt none.

Towards ten o'clock Kate began to reflect that she would do well to doff the fiery of last night, and array herself in more suitable toilet. The beautiful dress of the night before was torn at many places, crushed, and soiled, and Kate sighed as she looked at it. 'Such is life,' thought she; 'a few bright happy moments, and the heart is broken down by affliction.'

Her first care was to go to the conservatory and search for the missing epistle, to try again if there was any chance of finding it. She remembered the pot under which it had been laid; lifted it, and there was, to her astonishment and glad surprise, the letter, apparently just as she had left it. 'Can I have been dreaming?' thought she, again and again. 'Have I taken leave of my senses? Here is a mystery indeed! I suppose I must have been bewildered, and not searched in the proper place.' She immediately went to her room and locked it up safely. 'And now for breakfast,' thought she. 'How am I to face mamma after last night's conversation?'

The bell rang to summon the family and guests, and Kate entered the breakfast-room. Mrs. Ashwood looked chilling and icy, at least to Kate; and Mr. Ashwood's good-morning was very short, and his brow was ominously contracted. Kate felt wretched. Was she to undergo a second persecution, apropos of her refusal of Sir George? was her life to be always miserable?

Sir George came down very late, and was received most blandly—nay, almost affectionately—by his host and hostess.

'Sir George, will you ride with me to-day?' inquired Mr. Ashwood.

'Thank you, no,' was the response. 'I am much obliged; but I am leaving to-day. My servant has all my traps ready before now.'

Mr. Ashwood urged him to remain. He had a last lingering hope that he might be brought to propose a second time, and that Kate, wearied out with resistance, might succumb. He pressed his friend to remain; all in vain. Sir George had said he would go, and he did not intend to alter his determination. Somehow there was a great heaviness over that breakfast. The young ladies—not initiated into the family secrets—imagined that they and every one else were fatigued after the night's dissipation. Some of the young men suspected something of the truth, and others did not. Many yawned; and all were glad when it was over.

CHAPTER IX.

Before Sir George quitted Warrenstown, he went into Mr. Merton's room, and the following conversation took place:

'Now, my dear fellow,' began our worthy friend the baronet, 'before I leave, I wish to give you one word of friendly advice. The Ashwoods are laying a trap for you; I can see that. They want to catch you for the fair-haired one; and I advise you to take care, else you will repeat your imprudence. They did their utmost to catch me; but I was too sharp; I saw through it all. When the matter became too apparent, which it certainly did last night, I began to think the sooner I was off, the better. Make what use you please of my information and experience; but, believe me, sincere interest in your behalf prompted me in my present communication. Those girls are not half as well off as you may think. Old Ashwood's kites are flying here and there. Beware, that is all. He is speculating on getting these girls well married, and spends more than he can afford. He will have to shut up yet. He is living far above his means; and here he shook his head knowingly.'

'Mr. Merton replied, 'I feel deeply grateful for your kindness, and beg leave to say I can take very good care of myself; and bowing very stiffly, he wished Sir George good-by. The latter withdrew biting his lips.'

He then went to the study to take leave of Mr. Ashwood, who expressed his deep regret at the part his daughter had acted towards his esteemed friend; lamented much that she would not consent to what would have had the approbation of all her family; requested a continuation of his friendship; and hinted that Kate was still very young, and might change her ideas; that she was very fond of home, and feared to leave it. These and such like remarks did Mr. Ashwood make.

Sir George responded, 'I feel indeed much obliged to you for your high appreciation of me. I deeply regret the melancholy circumstance which obliges to break off so very desirable an acquaintance; but I fear you are under some mistake when you imagine that grief for leaving her family is the cause of your daughter's refusal. If report speaks truly there is a far more serious impediment in the way, an Irish farmer, who, if I can believe all I am told, is much favored by the young lady. I wish her every success; but Irish estates are oftentimes sadly encumbered. It is a pity to see two loving hearts divided by such absurd considerations as beef and mutton. Ladies, however, sometimes overlook such matters before marriage, and sadly rue their want of consideration afterwards. My respects to Miss Ashwood, and best wishes for her happiness. I must wish you good-by,' he said at last; having, however, before his departure, sown the seeds of discord much deeper between father and daughter; with this pleasing sensation he consoled himself for his disappointment, and quitted the house.

The remainder of the day was passed in misery and anxiety for Kate; she feared a recurrence to the subject uppermost in her

thoughts; she knew well she had incurred the displeasure of both her parents, and she was also uneasy lest they should become indignant with Charles, for taking Fitz James's part in the disagreement between him and them. Kate was, however, too unselfish to be entirely absorbed in her own affairs, and it was with heartfelt pleasure she perceived that Mr. Merton's attentions to Fanny were really becoming serious. She appreciated him highly, and considered that he would be of all persons she had ever met the most suitable for her sister. She was uneasy, however, lest Mr. Hernan might still be preying on Fanny's heart. She knew how deep had been her sister's affection for him; and she feared lest she might be too much absorbed in her disappointment to allow of her entering into another engagement, or rather becoming attached to an old suitor, for no verbal promises had been exchanged between her and Mr. Hernan.

The two sisters might be seen walking in the twilight up and down a long, dark, oak-wainscoted gallery, conversing eagerly.

'Fanny,' began Kate, 'are you still in love with James Hernan?'

'No,' was the response; 'I can't say. I am. He is about to be very well consoled, and I am not going to fret for an individual who no longer cares for me. Besides, I have now come to the conclusion that no man is worth sorrowing for. The genus homo is an inferior animal, and certainly knows right well how to take care of himself. My romance in life is quite gone. I loved Mr. Hernan deeply; but I hear he is to be married in a few days, and I have torn him from my heart. I don't care the least who I marry; papa and mama may dispose of me as they please. A woman I consider is not her own property; she belongs to her family till she is married; to her husband afterwards. If tomorrow or next day I am told to marry, why of course I shall do so. You are different, Kate; and indeed, dearest, I hope and pray that you may be married to Fitz-James.'

This conversation was a great comfort to Kate; she did not like to probe Fanny too far, to discover whether she were or were not aware of Mr. Merton's admiration; but she had found out that Fanny was not wedded to sad recollections, and was willing to marry.

The next day a riding-party was proposed;—Fanny, Mr. Merton, Edward (Kate's youngest brother) who has not as yet appeared much on the scene, and Kate, were of the number. The two girls looked very pretty. They formed a complete contrast to each other. Kate, the beautiful brunette with olive complexion and tall slight figure, had on a black hat with scarlet feathers, which became her extremely. Fanny was fair as the snow; the color of her skin might vie with the lily; she had blue-and-white feathers in her hat. Kate was always fond of equestrian exercise, and her spirits rose somewhat as she proceeded. They rode on a long way, and arrived at a beautiful wood. The trees were very fine, and a pretty rivulet gurgled over pebbles in fantastic whirls and eddies. Soon, however, they became excited by the intelligence that the hunt was not far distant; and setting their horses at full gallop, they came up with the huntsmen and hounds in full pursuit of Reynard. The two girls were excellent horsewomen, as also Miss Curlingford, a great friend and near neighbor, who was with them. All joined in the chase. They had not proceeded very far when there was a sudden shriek and scream; Mr. Merton's horse in jumping a ditch fell, and pitched its rider. He was lifted off the ground, but he groaned with pain. His leg was broken.

He was slowly conveyed to Warrenstown in a postchaise hired in a neighboring town. The amusement of the day was now changed into gloom, for young Merton was much liked, and all felt sad on his account. The poor sufferer endured agonies the whole of that dismal drive. On returning to Warrenstown he was put to bed, and Dr. Leech was sent for, who set the leg, and ordered perfect stillness. Edward used to sit with him a great deal, and so did Mrs. Ashwood; but he found this state of things very melancholy. Then kind Aunt Sarah did her utmost to raise his spirits; besides, he was not the most amiable of patients, and often repined at his hard fate, which compelled him to lie on a sick bed, apart from all the amusement and gaiety belonging to his age. But, however, the great cause of his misery was love. He never discovered how attached he was to Fanny till an impediment was raised to his seeing her. For of course the young ladies did not visit him in his room.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MR. DOWSE AND THE IRISH BRIGADE.—The Dublin correspondent of the Tipperary Free Press writes:—'The letters which passed between Mr. Dowse, Q.C., and Mr. O'Connell, relative to the statement made by the former, that the Irish Brigade 'ran away' at Spoleto, gave rise to a good deal of gossip on Saturday. Without any doubt whatever the assertion was unfounded. At Spoleto the Brigade manfully defended an old, ill-provided fortress, and though numbering but 300 men, held out twelve hours against 7,000 or 8,000 of the best Piedmontese troops. It was only when they had not a cartridge left that they consented to surrender, and the bravery with which they fought won the admiration even of their enemies. I am very sure Mr. Dowse used the phrase unguardedly and in the heat of certainly one of the ablest speeches delivered at the bar for many years, yet it was to have been expected that when informed of its inaccuracy he would at once have dissociated himself from any endorsement of a calumny. As far as the matter has gone, the opinion prevails that there is sterner stuff in the gown of the junior counsel than in the silk of the Q.C.; but it is a matter of regret that the correspondence should have been rendered necessary, as it was, in order that the honour of our countrymen in Italy should be upheld, as it has well been, by Mr. O'Connell, not alone in this instance, but when the weapons were keener and the odds more desperate.'

FUGES OF ELSTON.—According to the Freeman one of the results of the recent election in the county Monaghan is to be evictions on the most extensive and indiscriminate scale. The paper I have mentioned says that over thirty notices to quit have been served since the election on Mr. Shirley's Farney tenants. Many of them are represented as solvent tenants, who fulfilled their contracts, owed

no rent, and received notice only, because they refused to vote for Sir G. Foster. Among them are the Very Rev. Dean McMahon, parish priest of Oarickmacross, and Mr. Peter Hoey, one of the oldest and most improving tenants on the estate. He has it is said, expended £1,000 on the house which he is noticed to surrender. Commenting on this proceeding, the Freeman says:—'Of course, the law empowers Mr. Shirley to dispossess them all. He is not bound to give any reasons. They are tenants from year to year, and the landlord, at any time, may step in and demand possession. He may disconnect the process with political motives, but the notice to quit, following on the heels of the election, raises a strong presumption that the tenants are to be punished for their votes. Would Mr. Shirley place himself for a moment in the position of these men, and ask himself how would he feel if he were punished by a superior power for having voted against its wishes? It were well for the peace of the country and the mutual confidence that should always subsist between landlords and tenants if these election proceedings were forgotten, and those notices to quit withdrawn. To evict such men as Dean McMahon, Hoey, and other solvent and respectable tenants, would sow the seeds of discontent in the county which might produce disastrous fruit.—Mr. Shirley is not vindictive. On the contrary, we have heard he is gentle and generous in many things—though he has a will of his own, and a very stubborn one in matters political. We may find fault with his principles, just as he may with ours; but he is entitled to hold them and advance them in every way permitted by the constitution. It is only when he would punish in others the offences which he considers high party virtues in himself that he comes under the jurisdiction of public opinion. We would impress on Mr. Shirley and those who represent his property in Monaghan to follow the example set by other landlords, and leave conscience free. In England it is scarcely ever forced. In Ireland liberty was the exception—now it is the rule. The late Sir Robert Peel said, to evict a tenant because he refused to vote in a particular way was a tyranny than which, if general, he could conceive none more fatal to the liberties of the country, or more injurious to the true interests of the landlords themselves.'

AN IRISH LANDLORD AND HIS TENANTS.—If you would find an Irish landlord the impersonation of savage cruelty—at once the disgrace of humanity, the shame of Christianity, and the curse and scourge of society—without one redeeming ray of good in his character, seek him not among the old aristocracy of the country. How often have we found pleasure and consolation in this view of the landlord and tenant relations in Ireland? In detailing the monstrous proceedings of proprietors against occupiers, we have always delighted in pointing to the fact, that there still existed among us landlords endeared to the people by all the ties that bind the good, the true, and the noble in the strongest bonds of amity and genuine affection. There, assuredly, is something in ancient descent and ancient family—the memories of the past, the history of ancestors—which stand between a landlord and his passions, and bid him let the descendants of those men live who served under his forefathers—who shared with them their fortunes in peace and in war—who fought under them in the bloody field, and bore their laurels in the day of victory.

For such landlords the word 'country' has a meaning. Its honour is not contemned, its people despised, nor its history without its value and its lessons. No; the tyrant landlord of the vilest kind must be an alien upstart—one who values the country, not because his family's fame is inscribed on its historic page—not because he has a title to share in the wealth of its high name, and has a long line of ancestors who make it dear to him, owing to their sufferings or successes in its cause—but in proportion to the money it will yield him to buy that petty greatness with which title-aspiring upstarts hope to cover the meanness of their origin.

The effort at present being made by the tenants of the O'Donoghue, M.P., to prevent his estates from passing to other hands is a striking illustration of the mutual esteem and confidence that exist between a benevolent landlord of the 'old stock' and an independent tenant. Such a feeling as the whole matter indicates, none of the upstart race could possibly inspire. The tenants, in their plain, straightforward address, inform all whom it may concern, that the old estates of the O'Donoghue are likely to pass from his family unless a powerful effort be made to prevent such an event. They then say that the O'Donoghue family have ever been kind, generous, and liberal with the tenantry, and, as a recognition of the fact, the tenants desire to purchase back the property and present it as their free gift to their esteemed landlord. Here is, surely, a specimen of Irish gratitude such as one rarely meets in history. It is not, however, to be wondered at, when we consider the nature of the regard in which the Irish peasantry hold their benefactors. There is not a tenant on any estate in Ireland that would not do the same thing to-morrow, could each landlord present such claims to tenant gratitude as can the gifted young O'Connell of the Glens. Besides doing their duty in giving honor where honour is really due, the tenants of the O'Donoghue are setting a noble example to their class. Nothing can be more becoming in free men than the desire to show those above them that they never desert known friends in the hour of need. Would, that the national press could say that the general relations between the owners and cultivators of the Irish soil were such an one to ensure, if need might be, acts equally meritorious as those that now cover with honour the tenants of the O'Donoghue.

PRASANT PROPRIETORS.—The Cork Examiner of Dec. 22 says:—

This notion of a Land Company for the purchase and resale of estates has been long an object of ours; but it was not until recently that it assumed somewhat of a tangible shape.

The object of the company, which we may say has been formed, would enable the occupier to become the owner of his own farm. But it does not follow that he should purchase it at once. In many instances he could do so at once; but where he could not do so at once, he could be enabled to do so in time. Where he could pay the entire purchase money, he might do so, and thus at once become the absolute owner of his small property; but where he could not pay the whole, he could possibly pay the half; and where it was not in his power to pay the half, he could pay the quarter. And in these cases favourable arrangements could be made, with the assistance of the Land Discharge Act, by which loans are much facilitated, to bring about as soon as possible the grand object of his ambition—absolute ownership. Of course the company would select such estates for their purchase as offered, in tenants and in capability of improvement, the most favourable materials on which to work. If well worked, and every legitimate precaution would be taken to secure its being so, it would not only be a financial success, but it would assist to lay the foundation of quite a new order of things in Ireland. It is probable that it will not be the only undertaking of the kind in this country; but the intention is to confine its operations to the southern counties, and to keep its management in this city.

By the loss of the steamer Isis, bound from London to Cork, in Ballycree Bay, near the latter port, ten seamen, three deck passengers, and three soldiers (one, if not all, belonging to the 48th Regiment) have perished. There were saved four cabin passengers, four soldiers, and sixteen of the crew. Of those who left the ship, the captain only survives. The rest were drowned by the destruction of a raft. The rescued persons were taken off the wreck by the lifeboat of the City of London, outward-bound Inman steamer.

EMIGRATION.—The number of persons who left the ports of Ireland, during the nine months ending the 30th September last, was 27,661, being 5,523 more than the number during the corresponding period of last year; the increase in July amounting to 667; in August to 1,790; and in September to 3,096. Of the 27,661 persons who emigrated during the past quarter 14,730 were males, and 12,931 females.

ESTIMATED DECREASE OF THE POPULATION.—There would appear to be a decrease of 12,357 in the population of Ireland, estimated according to the returns of births and deaths registered and of emigration received for the past quarter, the deaths (16,852) and the number of emigrants (27,661) amounting to 44,513, whereas the number of births registered was only 34,156. The estimated decrease of population in the first quarter of the year was 6,864; during the second quarter it was 22,805; and in the past quarter, as already stated, it was 12,357, making a total decrease for the nine months of 42,026 persons.

Provisions, in general, were higher in Dublin during the past quarter than during the corresponding period of last year. The price of Messrs. R. Mauders and Co.'s 4 lb. loaf, which was 6d in the first week of the quarter in 1864, fell to 5½d in the last, while in the first week of the past quarter it was 6d, and in the last week, 6½d; the rise in the price took place in the tenth week. The average price of oatmeal in the Dublin Corn Exchange, for the third quarter of 1864, was but 10s 8d; for the past quarter it was 15s 3d, ranging from 14s 3d to 17s, the latter price being obtained in the week ending Saturday, 19th August. The price of potatoes, at the Dublin potato market for the past quarter, was 2s 8d to 4s per cwt.; in the corresponding quarter of the past year, it was somewhat lower, being from 2s 7d to 3s 10d. Beef maintained a very high price during the quarter, the range of price per cwt. during the quarter at the Dublin Cattle Market being 56s 6d to 67s 6d, the highest weekly quotations, 60s to 72s, was for the week ending 2d September. The average price of beef for the third quarter of last year was 51s to 62s 6d per cwt.

The number of persons in Ireland receiving indoor relief weekly, during the third quarter of 1865, averaged 46,632, being 3,266 less than the average for the corresponding quarter of last year; the number receiving indoor relief on Saturday, 8th July, was 50,085; the number for Saturday, the 30th Sept., was 46,384.

Three weeks ago the American Telegrams brought us a pithy sentence from the New York Herald:—'The Fenian Leaders in America should be handed over to the Police.'

While yet the Fenian Organisation was unripened, in the hour when it was girding its loins to strike the blow it had ever openly threatened—the American Press turned upon the Fenian cause. Full some fattery, servile adulation, unlimited hyperbole, was suddenly changed for insulting derision, coarse caricature and open hostility. For the war on the South was over; and Irish recruits were required no more! The Yankee nation had bought their blood and cheated them out of the price.

The Fenian Leaders should be handed over to the Police! This was not the language of the Herald and its contemporaries towards those Fenian Leaders and their cause, while Irish Pat was bought as food for powder. It is to us a mournful consolation and satisfaction that when this base swindle on our people was being carried out, we resisted it in the face of clamour and clap-trap. We, at least, have had no complicity, innocent or criminal, in the fraud. We knew that if the South should be subdued by the North, the victorious North would make no war on England. On the contrary, we felt, and we frequently and plainly expressed the conviction, that in such an event the American Republic, so far from making war on any one, would keep the peace most religiously for many years to come. We were of opinion that in place of entering upon new wars and more waste of national expenditure, that most practical, business-like, and matter-of-fact people, would rapidly set about the work of recuperation; retaining only an army to watch the subjugated South. We were of opinion that America thus engaged, would be in no mood for a war with England on our account. Moreover, we denied that even a certainty that the North would undertake such a war for us, would justify us in engaging in a war up to a friendly people who never did us wrong; and we did say that if this nation of ours could only buy her freedom by helping to slay or subjugate another people, we would rather she remained in chains for ever. But these were only sober words of reasoning, and they were little likely to be calmly and fully weighed in an hour of high excitement. Besides, we had some not over-wise Irishmen here at home, week by week, declaring that 'the cause of the North was the cause of Ireland; and that he who abhorred the invasion, desolation, and slaughter visited upon the Southern people, was 'playing the game of England.'

We can imagine the bitter feelings with which some victim of this cruel deceit—some war-washed relic of humanity, pale and sickly, maimed for life by bullet or sword—an honest, ardent, and impulsive Irish youth, who had left his father's home believing he was to buy the surety of Ireland's freedom—sits down to-night and reads the language of the Northern journals on Fenianism and the Irish cause! The bitter truth is before him now. The cheating voice that falsely swore alliance with the cause of Ireland, was not the voice of 'America,' but the voice of a dominant Northern faction—a genuine offspring of that 'mother country' whose tones were treed in the gibe and scoff at Ireland that now prevail all over Yankeeedom.

There is a moral in this sad story for Irishmen. A just and righteous cause can be effectively served only by just and righteous means; and neither nations nor individuals attempt to 'do evil that good may come' without failure, disaster, and remorse. When next our countrymen are promised 'the freedom of Ireland' as a bribe for aid in subjugating another people, let them spurn the bargain which, odious in principle, would, in result, but bring them a betrayal as heartless as that which we chronicle to-day.—Nation.

DARING OUTRAGE.—On Friday week, at Pintown, on the verge of the town of Roscrea, four men, whose faces were blackened, came to where a man named Staples was ploughing a field, the property of Mr. Brown, of the Hotel, Roscrea, beat the horses, broke the plough, fired several shots, and warned the man ploughing not to come there again. It is supposed that the cause of the offence is that the ploughing was hitherto given to another party. The police are scouring the country with their usual activity, and are most likely to bring the offenders to justice.—Daily Express.

We (Tablet) learn from the Dublin papers that a special meeting of the Committee of the National Association of Ireland was held on the 21st instant in Dublin. The Evening Post tells us that 'there was a protracted discussion on the past and future policy of the Association,' which terminated in the unanimous adoption of the following resolution, proposed by the Right Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Kilmore, and seconded by the Right Rev. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne:—

'That, confiding that the conduct and management of the National Association will be in strict accordance with the fundamental principle on which it was first originally established, viz, independence of all political parties, we declare that the political interests of Ireland require that the Association should be sustained and strengthened, and we earnestly urge immediate and energetic action for that purpose.'

ESCAPE OF HEAD QUARTER GEARY.—We have received reliable information that J. J. Geary, for whose capture a large reward had been offered by the Government, remained in Cork nearly three weeks after the appearance of the proclamation for his arrest. He then effected his escape from Cork by assuming the garb of a sailor. In this disguise he proceeded to Queenstown, where he contrived to embark in a sailing vessel for one of the American ports. He is now in New York.—Cork Herald.

A NEW FENIAN INFORMER.—It is currently reported in Limerick, that a young man, occupying a respectable position in that city had recently left for Dublin, and placed himself in communication with the Castle authorities in reference to the Fenian organisation in that city. In consequence of the probability or the contrary of the rumor, it is also said that a number of young men have taken their departure for America, in order not to give an opportunity for holding a special commission in Limerick.—Cor. of Cork Herald.

Active measures appear to have been taken by the government within the past few days, in order to be prepared for any attempt at insurrection or disturbance of the peace. The ordinary 'beats' of the police have been doubly supplied with men, who are armed with cutlasses in addition to their batons.—Patrols of cavalry have been added to the usual mounted police in the suburbs of Dublin. The pickets in the Castle and its neighborhood have been doubled, and sentries are placed upon the gates. At the Viceregal Lodge similar precautions are taken. The whole of the militia in garrison are kept under orders to be ready at a moment's notice. The horses of the cavalry and artillery—as they appear to have been for the past three weeks—are kept in their stalls ready caparisoned without the bridle bits removed from their mouth.—Express.

Some of our contemporaries predict the precautions taken by the authorities in Dublin. To persons ignorant of the cause, the precautions are perplexing; but government may be presumed to be in possession of information that warrants them. There are a great many mischievous Americans amongst us, and with a very few exceptions, the whole of the lower classes of our own population are ready to second anything they propose. Even these exceptions would have no option. If they did not join they would be murdered; and in this city, more than a week ago—before, in fact, the precautions were taken—there was a rumour that on Christmas Day Dublin was to be sacked. The sacking would not have been confined to Dublin, but this and every town worth pillaging would have shared the fate of the metropolis. The action, to be successful, should be simultaneous. The Fenian funds are low, and a robbery of the banks and mercantile establishments and private residences would have recruited them. Something of this kind may have reached the government as the meditated result of the conspiracy which they so originally connived at until it became strong enough to require the measure of retribution which it is now adopting. But retribution is not repression; and the country will long have to reap the consequences of that most culpable—we may almost call it—complicity. Before our contemporaries are much older they may hear of other things that will surprise them. It is not for nothing, neither is it without collusion, that non-military persons find their way into military yards and military forts.—Cork Constitution.

We understand that the men of the Constabulary force are resigning still in very considerable numbers, and the ranks of the whole force are at the present moment deficient by upwards of 2,000 men. In extraordinary emergencies and threatening times the regular army in Ireland is able and eager to crush down any domestic enemy which may appear before it and any foreign foe who should be meddlesome enough to land upon our shores. But upon the constabulary at all times depends the peace and order of the country, and the detection and capture of criminals. The ordinary duties of the Constabulary have doubled since the Fenian movement was organised and the diminished number of the force of this kingdom to which they belong, which influences the men. On the contrary, the active and stirring performance of their duties has in itself a great attraction. But they have reason to complain that they pay receive is inadequate for their support and that, while large concessions have been made, from time to time, in behalf of the regular soldiers and the navy, the Constabulary has not received a single mark of favor.—Irish Times.

The ardent spirits amongst the Fenians are apparently by no means discouraged by recent events.—Their notions about the feasibility of surprising and capturing the garrisons are as firmly fixed as ever. Omden Fort has recently been strengthened by a reinforcement of forty-five men. The sentries have been doubled, and the greatest vigilance is observed, no one being allowed to enter without proper authorisation. Notwithstanding this, on Sunday week before daybreak a corporal stationed in the front was found walking about with a civilian who had no business there. They were brought before the captain in command, and the corporal, having been interrogated, stated that the person with whom he was in company was a brother of his from the county of Meath. The captain sent for the police-constable of the district, in order to give the civilian in charge. The constable asked what the offence was, and on being told the circumstances under which he was found in the fort, he said that that appeared to him to be a military offence, and he demurred taking him into custody without some specific charge. This the captain would not make, and the man was let go. The corporal, however, was placed under arrest, and still remains so. It appears that at one side of the fort a ditch has been levelled and a trench filled in order to carry out some improvements, and at this point the man must have entered, as he did not pass the sentries. His design can easily be inferred. Special attention seems to have been paid to this fort lately by the Brotherhood. On the Sunday week previous to the occurrence mentioned a car drove from Cork to Crosshaven containing three persons, two of whom were unmistakably Yankees, and the third a member of the Brotherhood known to the police as residing at Blackpool, in this city. They left the car at Crosshaven, struck into the country, entered the fort by the same means as the corporal's 'brother from Meath,' and were for a long time within, when they returned and drove back to Cork. The supposition is that the Yankees were military men, and that they were taken to the fort for the purpose of becoming conversant with its construction and details, with a view to its transfer to the Fenians.—Cork Constitution.

FINDING OF RIFLES.—The police have good reason for knowing that a consignment of arms was received some time ago in Cork from England, where they were manufactured to order for the Fenian leaders, and they also received information that very recently the rifles and ammunition had been distributed amongst the members of that society in view of immediate service. This statement was too startling to be implicitly relied on; but it has just received confirmation. Sub-constable Lorimer, of Blackpool Station, on Saturday night, discovered, in an old unoccupied house in York street under the roof of the wall, two new English rifles, of English make, well finished, and constructed for the 'bayonet.' The arms were carefully wrapped in blue wadding and apparently never used. They could not have been long there, as they were but very slightly rusted. There was also on the wall with the rifles a package containing twenty-two rounds of rifle ball cartridge, made up in the same manner as those used by the military. The police have information that a considerable quantity of rifles and ammunition is hid away in the neighbourhood of Blackpool.—Cork Constitution.

The Fenian convicts, we believe, have only been sent temporarily to an English prison, their ultimate destination being Gibraltar.—Mail.