

fine evening in the month of August, after a thoughtful walk in the forest, George was seated beside Jeanne in the work chamber. Anna was playing upon an organ in a neighboring apartment. She was executing upon this instrument, which a friend had lent her, one of those slow melodies in which one finds the echo of his most tender sentiments. The window was partly open, and all the perfume of the great woods entered in cool puffs, and joined its softening influence to the impression of the organ, whose sounds imitate with so much truth the plaintive human voice.

'You say nothing, George,' said Jeanne, 'and yet we are re-united; and when I refused to let you take my hand, you would be happy when it was in yours; and yet you hold that hand, and you keep it almost in spite of me. Why have you lost your cheerfulness, that mark of a brave man? Why does your expression become more sad in proportion as you look at me? Are my eyes so filled with suffering that they impart it to others?' as you read to us the other day in that book from which we have still so many good things to listen to. That is as I would always like to see you holding a book or a drawing. Idleness does not improve you. Take this sketch book and draw us something.'

'No, I am not happy,' said George, 'because I must so soon go. Here the evening is always filled with bitterness for me. Jeanne, I must tell you all; I cannot, I cannot leave you any more. My circumstances are secure and sufficient to warrant you in confiding your life to me: my mother has given me all liberty; it depends only upon yourself. If you have understood all the affection which I have for you, although I have said nothing about it, be my dear wife, and we will never leave each other again.'

'George,' replied Jeanne, disengaging her hand, 'you speak like a child, and I believed you a man. The fault is my own, and I will blame no one. I read in your eyes so much disappointment when I returned you only a single word, the day when you made your appearance alone in this chamber, and I suffered so much remorse for my harshness, that I let you return; and then came friendship, and then intimacy; and finally these tender relations, which rendered you happy for a few days, but now bring you unhappiness.'

'It depends only on you,' said George, 'that I may be happy forever.'

'Forever,' replied Jeanne; 'and who knows whether this happiness will endure any better than that which does not now satisfy you. Do you know even who we are? Do you know the condition of our pecuniary affairs? Do you know that my sister and I have only one existence, and that our lives would be broken if they were divided? No, George, I ought to have foreseen all this; I have for some time had a presentiment of it. Do not force your destiny: do not be influenced by the enchantment of a summer evening, by the perfume of roses, and the harmony of the organ. Listen to wise reason; give your mind time for your reflection. Misfortune is over us. Labor and study sometimes make us forget it; but family affairs, which leave us exposed to much hostility, require our undivided attention. We have never before confided this to any one, not even to that kind Madame Blanchemain, and until this business, which concerns the venerated memory of our mother, shall be finished, leave us, George, to our sorrows. Cherish a brotherly friendship for us, which will sometimes make us forget these sorrows, and be a wise man.'

'Dear Jeanne,' said George, 'the more of trouble you have, the more you belong to me.—The assistance of a friend may be able to clear up these business difficulties; his presence may make dishonesty stand back in fear; and as for your sister, what pleasure it would be to have her with us, leaving undivided what heaven has so well united.'

'Listen, George, and hear the command which I am about to give you. I have understood it all; I know who you are; I know all the devotedness of which you are capable; but to be assured that this devotedness may be lasting, it must be proved by absence.'

'I will submit to all, dear Jeanne; all which you impose upon me will be easy, provided that you promise me the reward which I expect.'

'You are about to go,' said Jeanne; 'you must be for a long time, a very long time, with out seeing us; but you will live for us, and we will live for you. It is not so hard as it may seem, George, for it is not my hand, my hair, or my eyes, which you love; it is my soul, and my soul will be with you. When you are absent, when you have lost sight of the white house, reflect well upon the last words of your Jeanne, and you will see that she has spoken truly. You will remain away thus—a year.—And then on such a day as this, when all the cold of winter, when all the frosts of absence, when the whole tide of society in the midst of which you are about to live, shall have passed over this arid of a day, of a bewitching summer evening, then, George, if your feelings are the same as to-day, come and seek your Jeanne, whom you will find in this same place waiting for you.'

'A year!' exclaimed George; 'and you, will you not suffer from this absence?'

'No, George; I feel within myself that I shall be strong and happy.'

'Ah, well,' said George, 'give me a pledge. I am going now. I wish to see you for the last time, Jeanne, as I first saw you when God placed you in my way. I will take out this pin which I have lent you, and which still fastens your black scarf.'

'No, George, no, my brother. Leave me this token of our friendship; I cannot return it to you before the end of the year; but listen still: (she arose, and in a little chest covered with black velvet, and loaded with curious copper ornaments, she sought a little cross of diamonds.) We have really suffered,' continued she; 'I can confess it to you without shame.—The value of this cross in money would have been very useful, frequently absolutely necessary for our daily bread. But it is also our talisman,

George. Our mother wore it, and inherited it from her mother. We have always kept it as a precious treasure. Take this cross; I cannot give you a better pledge. And now, adieu, and be of good courage. Anna, come and say adieu to our brother George, who is going away for a long time.'

George gave two shakes of the hand without adding a word, and descended to Madame Blanchemain, who comprehended nothing of his emotion. He recommended this good dame to take good care of her dear neighbors, and to write to him if anything important should occur; and with overflowing heart, and eyes brimming with tears, he departed.

XIII.—WEAKNESS.

Woman, that being so weak, so delicate, so fragile, so to speak, who appears destined for rest and light occupations, frequently encloses within her heart treasures of strength and energy, when her nature is not changed by the thousand vanities of a factitious existence.

Man, on the contrary, who lays claim to superiority and almost omnipotence, becomes disarmed and weak before misfortune. Thus he will not be astonished to find George, wholly changed, continuing with his accustomed diligence his daily occupations, but taking no pleasure in the various diversions which were offered him by the unceasing kindness of Monsieur and Madame Wolff.

Winter passed in quiet and self-collection, occasional messages and souvenirs came to relieve the tediousness of absence. Now George was no longer like himself. He no longer had that anticipatory spirit which formerly was the foundation of his character. He awaited orders, and executed them with great punctuality; but his thoughts were elsewhere. He fancied to himself Jeanne seated, all pale, in her great armchair, her sister watching beside her, and Madame Blanchemain talking idly of a thousand things to comfort her.

Jeanne, in her letters, did not let him see any sadness. She encouraged George by displaying a gaiety which to him was scarcely creditable, knowing, as he did, that this little household, into which he had dreamed of bringing ease and quiet, was disturbed by difficult business affairs.

The twelve studies for the Canada commission had been finished long ago; they had been greatly admired by Monsieur Wolff, and approved by Redoute, who sometimes dined at the house.—New works were demanded, and activity continued to reign in the little atelier of the white cottage.

Upon one of the first fine days of the year, George received a picture which he had not ordered. The note accompanying it said that it was the thirteenth gratis, according to custom in trade. It was a happy collection of myosotis, eglantines, roses, coreopsis, and iris, thrown in profusion in a moss basket; a white eglantine, slightly faded and withered, appeared dying outside the basket, on the very edge of the picture and seemed, as it were, to represent the monogram of the artist.

George uttered a cry of admiration, and fell upon his knees before the matchless page. He remained a long time in contemplation before the basket, fancying he could see the frail flowers agitated by the wind, and picturing Jeanne, worn out with labor, bowing her flexible and wearied form before this work of patience.

Then he endeavored to discover the mystical sense which there might be in this collection of flowers thrown together without any apparent order; and, it may have been the effect of chance, or it may have been intention, he found that these flowers, arranged in the order in which we have enumerated them, by taking the first letter of each flower, said *merci*! (pity.)

He could no longer doubt that the little eglantine, which was cast on the edge of the picture, with a drop of dew in the depths of its cup, was an emblem of Jeanne.

How many hours he passed in this silent tete-a-tete! He was still in the same place, when a letter was brought him, whose trembling writing he immediately recognized. The letter read: 'My dear Monsieur George:

'I have promised to tell you the truth, because our poor children are too brave and too proud to complain; and I must not let you be ignorant that they have had much trouble, and that poor Jeanne is greatly enfeebled. I do not know their affairs, for they will tell me nothing; but I have seen lawyers coming here.—Keep yourself from coming here; Jeanne would never pardon you for such a lack of courage. I prevent you only from coming, but you may find means, by some discreet friend, of watching over what passes here. I cannot tell you how, but perhaps you will find in your own heart some good inspiration. Adieu, and have courage. Your devoted friend,

'WIDOW BLANCHEMAIN.'

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The annexed passages are taken from a pastoral letter addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, to the Catholic clergy of Dublin, secular and regular, on the approach of the cholera morbus and other evils:—

Very Rev. Brethren—In our pilgrimage through this valley of tears, we find at every step that the life of man is a warfare upon earth, in which we are exposed to continual dangers and trials. At present we are menaced by scourges which, if not averted by the mercy of God, may sorely afflict us, and bring ruin upon us. In the first place the spread of the cholera morbus in several countries is the occasion of alarm. Many still remember the sad havoc of that people which was made by that disease more than thirty years ago, and the grief and desolation which it brought on so many families. Within the year, called into existence again by the superstition and fanaticism of Mussulmen during their visits to the tomb of the impostor Mahomet, it has already ravaged various parts of Africa and Asia, and having spread along the coasts of Italy, France and Spain is now menacing more northern countries. Let us hope that so destructive a disease may be checked by the frosts and snows of the approaching winter, or by the sanitary measures adopted by the governments of Europe. To contribute as far as possible to obtain so desirable a result, every class ought to assist in carrying out the precautions recommended

by the public authorities. It will be well, therefore, to exhort the poor to whitewash and cleanse their dwellings, to do so whilst the disease is still at a distance, to remove far from them the causes of all noxious evaporations, and, above all, to avoid debauchery, intemperance, and excess of every kind especially drunkenness. It is well known to all that moderation in eating and drinking, cleanliness, and the regularity of life, are great preservatives against the cholera and all contagious diseases. But whilst human means are to be employed, we are never to forget that the issues of life and death are in the hands of Providence, and that the Scripture tells us that unless God keep the house and watch over the city, vain are the labors of those who watch and toil for their preservation. Hence, it is our special duty to turn to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, and to beg of Him, in humble prayer, to avert His anger, to spare His people, and to pardon the offences of a guilty world. There never was a period in which sin more abounded on the earth than at present, or in which heaven itself was more daringly assailed. Many deny the existence of God—some pretend that He does not interfere in the affairs of the world—others that there is no God but the material universe itself; many, again, are so absorbed in earthly pursuits that they entirely overlook religious affairs, and think of nothing but gain, whether lawful or unlawful, and the accumulation of wealth, making to themselves an idol of gold, the only object of their adoration. Even dignitaries of the Protestant Church deny the divinity and inspiration of the Scriptures; and a professor in the University of Dublin does not hesitate to impugn the eternity of the pains of hell, a doctrine most distinctly laid down in the Gospel. Indeed, such is the extent of infidelity and indifference to every creed, such is the consequent corruption of morals in many countries, so many cases of poisoning, so many adulteries and divorces, so many child murders, so practical and systematic a denial of all religion, that we may say with the Prophet—'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is sad.—From the sole of the foot to the top of the head there is no soundness therein; wounds, and bruises, and swelling sores; they are not bound up, nor dressed, nor omented with oil.'—(Isai. i. 5.)

The next matter which calls for fervent prayer to heaven is the spread of the potato disease. This mysterious scourge, the nature and origin of which have hitherto baffled all the boasted skill of the present age, has manifested itself in several districts of this diocese, and may yet destroy the portion of the crop that still remains sound. You all recollect what evils it entailed on Ireland twenty years ago; how it occasioned the ruin of innumerable families, spreading famine and sickness, and death through the land, and how it was one of the causes of that emigration which is now depopulating the country. Let us all unite in fervent prayer to the Almighty, begging of Him to check the spread of the disease, to spare the people of His inheritance from a renewal of former calamities, and to avert a scourge which falls most heavily on the poor.

We shall now refer to another evil, I mean the various dreadful plagues which are destroying the cattle in England and several parts of the Continent, and with which the country is menaced—plagues which, injuring an important article of food, must seriously affect the health and welfare of the people in general, bringing, at the same time, ruin upon many useful industrious members of society, whose property may be seriously injured. Perhaps, however, these messengers of death have been sent to correct false notions, now very prevalent in many regions. In olden times the Egyptians were accustomed to adore crocodiles, serpents, and other disgusting animals; and the same practice is still maintained in countries which are unhappily buried in the darkness of heathenism. Among ourselves the fashion of the present day appears inclined to revive the Pagan superstition, by introducing a mitigated sort of cattle worship. Horses, oxen, sheep, and other brutes of the field are now made the special object of man's solicitude, to the exclusion oftentimes of all regard for his own species. Whole fortunes are expended on horses; nearly the same honors are paid to them as the Roman senate awarded to the steed of Caligula, or of some other Roman emperor. Laws are enacted to prevent the ill-treatment of dogs and asses, hospitals are instituted for them, and wonderful efforts are made to provide for the welfare and comfort of oxen and sheep. We do not wish to insinuate that any of the creatures that are the work of God's hands should be ill-treated; but we think that solicitude for the brute creation should not absorb all the attention of the rich and the powerful. There are other creatures that ought not to be forgotten—creatures made to the image and likeness of God, and redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ—members of the human race, but poor, weak, and unable to provide for themselves. Now, let us ask, how are they treated?—How are they lodged, how are they fed and clothed?—How to our workhouses, go to the back lanes and courtyards of the city, go through our streets, which are filled with half-naked, half-clad, half-starved men, women, and children, and you will be obliged to admit that less care is taken of the poor of Christ than of the irrational creatures that were made for their service, and that the condition of a portion of the human race—the lords of creation—is worse than that of the beasts of the field. Such a state of things is inordinate—it is not in accordance with the dictates of reason and religion. Our first cares ought to be given to man, and every effort made to mitigate the miseries and sufferings of our afflicted brethren. Undoubtedly, the Almighty is provoked when millions are expended upon racing and cattle shows, whilst the poor, who have been made to become citizens of Heaven, are neglected, oftentimes driven from their miserable abodes, and left to die of starvation on the high roads, or to live in want and destitution, treated with less consideration than the vilest animals. When things of this kind happen, may it not be feared that God will punish the inordinate actions of man, in order to bring him back to a sense of duty, and teach him to form a correct estimate of the relative value of things natural and supernatural, material and spiritual, and of the superiority of those who are made to God's likeness over the brute creation? It is said that God employs the things by which men commit sin as His instruments of punishment—*per quam quis peccat, per eadem et placetur*. Perhaps this is what brings on the scourges that alarm us. The excessive attachment of man to the beasts of the field appears to be punished by the diseases which now fall on them.—Man neglects or exterminates members of his own race to make room for irrational animals, and this cattle worship is punished by the destruction of the object of adoration. In this way we are taught, by the visitation of Providence, that there ought to be less solicitude about horses and oxen, and more attention given to the wants of suffering humanity, and to works of Christian charity. If the order of nature and religion were thus maintained, if works of mercy were more general, perhaps the world would not be so severely scourged, and God would look with more compassion on the wanderings of mankind. The Scripture tells us that the charity which abounds in good works covers a multitude of sins. Those who desire to avoid the scourges of God's vengeance ought to abound in the practice of this noble virtue, and in deeds of mercy to the poor.

In the meantime, let us pray that God may mercifully avert every plague from this afflicted country; may He avert the cholera, and check the potato blight; may He avert the cattle plague; and, above all, may He avert the plague of infidelity and immorality, of sedition and revolution, socialism and communism—a plague which is introduced and propagated by the circulation of bad books, immoral novels and romances, and all infidel publications.

† P. CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The speech which Lord Wodehouse delivered on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Queen's University is in one respect of considerable importance, as it sketched out more clearly than has hitherto been done the intentions of the Government with regard to the new Irish University. The principle on which that University is to be founded Lord Wodehouse states to be the very just and reasonable view that respect must be paid to really conscientious objections, although we may be unable to agree with them, and although they do not assume the form of specific religious belief. The intention was, when the Queen's Colleges were founded, that Protestant and Catholic should be educated together but experience has shown that a large number of Catholic parents feel a serious objection to have their children educated together with Protestants. Notwithstanding all Lord Wodehouse says in favour of mixed education, it is becoming only too manifest that the result of the long conflict between denominational and mixed teaching is to be decided in favour of the former, and that the perseverance of the religious bodies is wearing out the long and obstinate resistance of the State. Lord Wodehouse says that it is unfair that those who entertain a scruple against mixed education should on that account be deprived of the honour and advantage of academical degrees, and he therefore proposes to form a new University at which such degrees may be given. The plan seems to be to found a single University for Ireland, to which the several Queen's Colleges, including the College to be founded for the separate use of Catholics, may stand in the same relation as the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge do to the governing bodies of the University, or, rather, as the several affiliated institutions do to the University of London. The effect of this would be to place all sects and all institutions on a perfect equality, and, while allowing them to have a separate education, to bring them together for the purpose of examination merely. The disadvantage of this scheme obviously is that it is something very like a surrender, at least so far as the middle and upper classes are concerned, of the principle of mixed education,—a concession, in fact, that the difference between Protestant and Catholic is such as to render the plan for teaching them together impracticable, and this at the very moment when some of the leading Colleges of Oxford are devising facilities for the education of Catholics by the same conditions as Protestants. On the other hand, the plan has many and great advantages. The pupils of the Catholic College will be subjected to a secular examination side by side with the pupils of the Queen's Colleges already in existence; a healthy emulation will be created between the two classes of establishments, and the Catholics will be put on their mettle to show that they can teach something else besides the tenets of their religion. The degrees obtained in an examination in which the pupils of all the Colleges will be tested side by side will have a value very different from that of the degrees bestowed by each isolated institution. When this new University is established, Ireland, in its education as in so many other things, will be, theoretically at least, far ahead of England and Scotland.—Times.

ARREST OF TWO FEDERAL OFFICERS.—Two men named Fanning and M'Niff, who have recently returned from America, and state that they were officers in the Federal army, were arrested in Killeshandra on Wednesday last, which was the fair day of that town, when passing through on their way to the county of Leitrim. The police, of course, had good reason to suspect they were emissaries of the Fenian brotherhood. They were brought before a magis trate, who committed them to Cavan Jail until next petty sessions, and, I understand, on being examined, the inevitable six-barrelled revolver, and ammunition to suit, were found on their persons, as also a good supply of money.—Irish Times of Saturday.

FINDING OF CARTRIDGES.—On Tuesday afternoon, about an hour after the Lord Clyde steamer from Glasgow had come to her berth at the North-wall, some of the porters engaged in unloading her picked up underneath the bridge two small paper boxes, about three inches long by an inch and a half broad, which proved to contain detonating cartridges for revolvers. The circumstance attracted no particular notice at the time, and the finders afterwards amused themselves by letting the cartridges off. No claimant for them appeared subsequently. It seems, however, that some five or six deck passengers had come over here by the Lord Clyde from Glasgow, who were American in their appearance, and were known to have arrived in Glasgow shortly before the departure of the Lord Clyde, by the United Kingdom, one of the screw passenger steamers between that port and America. Before her arrival, the United Kingdom was boarded by a gunboat in Lough Swilly, and detained some time. Nothing in the conduct of the passengers alluded to attracted any notice during their passage by the Lord Clyde. They had a good quantity of ordinary luggage; but as they were leaving it was observed that a very heavy chest formed part of their chattels. It is supposed that the cartridges must have been dropped by some of the passengers alluded to.

'Take,' says the London Army and Navy Gazette, the population of Ireland to be, in round numbers, 6,000,000; deduct 1,000,000 for Protestants; take 2,500,000 away for women; take 1,250,000 from the males for old men and children, and there will remain, making the usual allowance for the sick, deformed, and those incapable of bearing arms, something less than 1,000,000 men fit for the field.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION FOR DUBLIN.—Our anticipations respecting a Special Commission for the city of Dublin are likely to be realised. It is out of the question that either the case for the prosecution or that for the defence could be ready in time for the Commission which will be opened on the 25th.—The informations are so very voluminous that it has been found necessary to print them, and, as the indictments will be lengthy and intricate, their settlement by the crown lawyers must, of necessity, take some time. Until the preliminary investigation shall have closed, no day can be named for the opening of the special, or rather extraordinary commission, for only one commission is issued for the city of Dublin at the commencement of the sovereign's reign, all other criminal proceedings taking place by adjournment. It is understood, however, that the trials will commence somewhere towards the end of November. The prisoners throughout the country whom it is intended to indict for high treason, misprison of treason, or treason-felony, will be tried at this commission.—Mail.

SEARCH FOR ARMS.—At seven o'clock this morning a large force of police, under the command of Mr. Hamilton, S.I., left Tuckey street, and proceeded to search a number of houses in different parts of the town for arms. The search continued up to eleven o'clock, and caused great excitement through the city, a large crowd of persons following the police to every place they went to. No arrests were made, and the only arms seized were about a half-dozen fowling-pieces and a few old swords and pistols. No pikes, rifles, revolvers, or treasurable documents were discovered. A large body of police, armed with muskets, proceeded to the house of Mr. Cornelius Murphy Old George's street, and made a search there. The only reason that Mr. Murphy can imagine for a search being made on his premises is, that he was acquainted with Mr. J. J. Geary, and occasionally went into his house.—Cork Examiner.

On Monday the prisoners M'Coormack, a saddler; Hopkins, a shoemaker; Reynolds, a tailor; Ward, and M'Auley, were brought before a bench of magistrates at Tuam. The informer in this case turned out to be a young man, William Faulkner, of unblemished character, who had voluntarily put his life in jeopardy to save

the lives of others, and had refused the reward assigned to Queen's evidence.—In his evidence before the bench it appeared that in the first instance, he had permitted the Fenian oath to be administered to him; and himself to be enrolled formally as a member of the Fenian Society, with the sole object of saving all his loyal fellow-townsmen at the expense of his own life. The oath was administered to him twice by Hopkins and Higgins, who has not yet been arrested; and he became acquainted with all the plans and designs of the conspirators. He at once put himself in communication with Mr. Blake, S.I., and, refusing all reward, laid open the conspiracy, and their plans from the first. They had arranged in the first instance to attack the police barracks, and while the police were engaged in repelling the assault, another body were to pike or butcher all who did not at once join them in arms or give them support. The formidable character of the conspiracy may be gathered from the fact that we find that in the town alone there are nearly 400 sworn members of the Fenian body.

The five prisoners were fully committed for trial at the assizes, without a dissentient voice on the part of the magistrates.

George Augustus Frederick Gillis, upon whose information the prisoner Moore was arrested, was arraigned before Mr. Stronge, in the office of the police Commissioners, Lower Castle-yard, for being himself a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and sent for trial for conspiracy with the members of the Fenian Brotherhood. The prisoner was then removed.

The Irish executive is still arresting Fenians so fast that Richmond and Newgate will scarcely contain the number of political prisoners—a number at present considerably exceeding that taken in '48.—This week a student and a hotel-keeper add some distinction to the staple crowd of hodmen, porters, tailors, and shop boys. Another batch of prisoners has been committed to take their trial for High Treason; and it is settled that Dr. O'Brennan is to be indicted for Treason Felony. The article upon which this tremendous prosecution is founded states as a 'well-known fact' that any Irish gentleman of Milesian blood, who goes abroad, is at once admitted to form matrimonial alliance with the most aristocratic, even with royal houses. The whole character and the degree of danger to Crown and Government, involved in this production may be judged by this one sentence. But at present, the Castle takes everything *au grand sérieux*. Fortunately the ordeal of the jury box remains.

It is rumoured that Lord Palmerston is so annoyed with the extravagant conduct of the Castle and the recent results it has produced, he has written a very warm letter to Sir Robert Peel, who has thereupon tendered his resignation. At the Foreign Office, ambassadors abroad complain that they have a bad time of it, giving explanations in answer to ironical inquiries about the state of Ireland.—Tablet.

ANOTHER INFORMER.—The Evening Mail of Saturday contained the following:—It is currently reported that the government have received information which will ultimately enable them to arrive at the root of the conspiracy in this country. According to rumour one of the prisoners now in custody, and against whom evidence of a serious character has been given, is expected to become a crown witness, and in all probability will be put into the witness box on Monday. A similar rumour points to the possibility of James Stephens being within the control of the authorities. Beyond stating that such rumours are current, we do not vouch for their accuracy further than to say that they are mentioned in well-informed quarters.

DUBLIN.—Further arrests of Fenians continue to be made, and warrants are out for the apprehension of many others suspected to be concerned in the movement. This morning a party of six policemen took into custody a young man named Walsh, who was employed in the brewery of Messrs. J. J. Murphy & Co. One escape may be mentioned which occurred last Monday, and the circumstances of which are somewhat amusing. Detonating cartridges entered the establishment of Messrs. Grant & Co., on Monday morning, and inquired if Mr. C., the young man he 'wanted,' was in the house. Luckily for Mr. C., it was he who the constable addressed, and, with great prudence of mind, he pointed towards a young man who was walking at the further end of the establishment, and said, 'There he is.' Carson went in the direction pointed out, and Mr. C. quickly put on his hat, jumped over the counter, and got out of the house, and, though a vigilant search has been made for him, he has not yet been arrested.

The Evening Mail states that:—The city is at present the resort of a number of Americans. No inconsiderable portion of these gentlemen 'have a bearing which unequivocally points them out as having received military training. Whatever their purpose in visiting the metropolis, there is no doubt that their movements are keenly watched by some of the most active and intelligent members of the detective force. It is stated that within the past week two sums of 1,000*l.* each, in gold, arrived in Dublin by hand. This money is supposed to have been forwarded from the headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood in America, to be applied towards defraying the costs of the defence of the prisoners in this country. That these costs will be very large is manifest from the magnitude of the cases, the number of the prisoners to be tried and the extent of the informations; and that every precaution has been taken to obtain the ablest counsel is apparent from the fact that Messrs. Butt, Sidney, Dowse, and Waters have been already retained, and that in addition to Mr. Edward A. Ransie the services of Mr. John Lawless have been secured as solicitor.

PLAYING AT FENIANS.—The dark designs of Fenianism were foreshadowed on Sunday night, after rather a ridiculous fashion in the doings of four sweeps, who were arrested under the following circumstances.—The poor fellows, whose eyes had become muddied because of more than their professional labours, were marching along the streets bearing slope arms with four joints of a sweeping machine. Once the gallant sweeps, in obedience to the word of command, were making a 'charge' with their imaginary pikes, when the police, who had been watching their execution of the order, rushed upon and captured the mimic pike men. The four worthies will appear in character before the magistrates this morning.—Belfast News-Letter.

An Ovarian correspondent writes as follows:—The authorities have deemed it judicious to direct that the staff of the Ovarian Militia shall have a guard both day and night to keep 'watch and ward' over the arms of the regiment, stored in their barracks; and also a guard over their clothing and accoutrements kept in the military store, situate about a quarter of a mile from the town.

On Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, a female infant, aged about four months, daughter of a woman named McGrath, residing at Kilkna, was left in charge of two children to be taken care of, who however went out to play, leaving the infant with two pigs in the house, who took advantage of the children's absence to make a meal upon the helpless babe.—They eat the fingers of the left hand, and the greater part of the left cheek, and would have eaten the poor little creature alive, were it not they were stopped by the heart-stricken mother who discovered them at their horrible repast. The infant is not likely to recover.

At no former period, for twenty years past, at this particular period (says the Belfast News-Letter), has the tide of emigration to Australia and America been on so large a scale as at present from the counties of Louth, Meath, Westmeath and Ovaran. On one day, lately, upwards of 200 took shipping at the quay of Dundalk.