

without deliberation, therefore he made a very hasty breakfast, Miss Elliot's letter having terribly disturbed him, and took the express train to Lytham, working himself into a fury of anger during his journey. Marion was at the piano, Lillian reading, when their father entered the parlor; for, like all country houses, the hall door could always be opened by merely turning the handle outside, therefore the unsuspecting damsel had no conception that their father was near, till the shoulder of Lillian was seized in his firm grasp, and she was so violently shaken that the book fell from her hand.

A cry of mingled alarm and surprise broke from her lips as, struggling to free herself from that painful grasp, her eyes fell on the enraged countenance of her father.

'Papa, what is the matter? you hurt me,' said the terrified Lillian, spring from her seat as soon as she was relaxed in his hold; whilst Marion gazed timidly, unconscious of the cause of her father's presence there.

'How dare you receive the visits of those Leslies, when I have forbidden you to correspond with them? How dare you presume to encourage the addresses of that beggarly artist?' he exclaimed, now raising his hand to strike, in his anger, the beautiful young woman, who, recovered from her first fright, stood steadily confronting him.

'Herbert has only visited me in company with my old friend Catherine, papa. What harm was there in that? and as to his being poor, there can be no crime in that surely; only a misfortune,' replied the undaunted Lillian. 'It was yourself who taught me to admire him for the noble qualities he possesses, and—'

'Not another word, not another word: Herbert is making love to my pocket, to my pocket, do you understand that?' he thundered out, holding her forcibly in her chair,—his tall, stately daughter,—as if she had been a child.

'Let me go, father,' said Lillian; 'do not treat me like this, while the terrified Marion, stealing up to her sister's side exclaimed—'

'Do let Lillian leave the room, papa. I am sure we did not think there was any harm in Herbert and Kate coming here to see us.'

'No bandying words with me, for I'll not put up with it from either of you,' replied the enraged father, adding, satirically, 'and I suppose such a saucy young lady as yourself saw no harm either in your pretty sister's shameful proceedings; of course not. But I can understand perfectly well the reason why you both took a sudden fancy to Lytham, you wicked deceitful girls; but we'll see yet who will be master.'

'Father,' said Lillian,—by the way, Lillian always used the word father instead of papa when she was angry—you are very unjust to us both, to Marion especially. See now, she is far more saintly than poor I shall ever be, and you give her no credit for it; here the nuns have been writing, telling her to give up her will, and preaching up patience and resignation, and all that sort of thing, and you are as angry with her as with me, who have never thought of either the one or the other.'

'You shall practice both before I have done with you,' replied her father, ringing the bell; then turning to his daughters he said, 'tell Benson to put up your things together, and get ready to leave Lytham.'

And as the sisters left the room they heard the old gentleman tell the servant, who had answered the bell, that her mistress was to make up her bill, as circumstances obliged him to remove his daughters to Manchester immediately.

'That odious, spiteful Miss Elliot has this to answer for,' said Lillian; 'here is a pretty scene, Marion; I wonder what will be the end of it all.'

'Have patience, Lillian: do not thwart papa,' said the milder Marion; 'let all he says pass quietly by, as I have resolved on doing; do not meet violence with violence, for you know how absolutely you depend upon him; and Herbert has no home as yet fit for you to share. Nay, promise me, my own Lillian,' she added, 'he is so fond of us both; in time, I am sure he will relent.'

'Relent! yes, I shall believe it when I feel its effects in a little less harsh treatment, Marion. However, I will even follow your advice, which is prompted by religion as well as good sense, and you shall see what a humble obedient Lillian I will become.'

As hastily as, three weeks since, they had been hurried away from their luxurious home in Bowden, so hastily were the sisters dragged from Lytham by their enraged father, only two hours having elapsed from the time of his arrival to that of their departure.

Marion had learned to love the place from the moment that she had fallen into a better frame of mind, and she looked half sorrowfully at the prospect before her, as, leaning on her father's arm, she turned from the cottage gate. It had rained heavily all the morning, but the dry sandy soil scarce showed any vestige of the recent storm. The villas and cottages on the beach looked prettier than ever; and the sunbeams, now stealing through the still hazy atmosphere, shed a golden tint over the distant seas, and lighted up the sails of the old mill.

'Yes, I am sorry to leave Lytham,' thought Marion; 'for was it not in this quiet spot that I first learned to put in practice the all-important lesson of resignation and humility?'

'Go on, Marion; practice makes perfect in the ways of virtue as well as in worldly matters. We prophesy that you will make great improvement in time.'

She sighed as she stepped into the railway-carriage, taking a last look at the red brick villas and cottages clustering in the distance, and which an indescribable something told her she would never more behold.

A few moments more, and the peaceful village had vanished from her sight. A little longer, and she was far from the Fylde district; anon, the tall chimneys and factories of the great commercial town rose again before her eyes, and then, alighting at the railway-station, they found a carriage in readiness to take them on to Bowden.

(To be continued.)

AT A FENIAN TRIAL. The way to Green Street is a narrow way, and of the Whitechapel type. The courthouse is grim as ancient Newgate. Over the front is a sort of balcony, with a contrivance for carrying out the extreme penalty of the law, which has a hungry, and, let us be thankful, a rusty look. Nobody has been hung there these twenty years. And now, having passed the sentinel police, who have all an air of ponderous detestableness about them ever since Mr. Stephens put on his hat and walked out of jail, come with me into a snug berth, of which I am tenant by courtesy of the press. You are struck with the curious 'public' of which the open court is composed. Lay spectators are regularly sandwiched by constables; and those guardians of the peace are every where but on the bench.

There is a strange contrast in appearance between the judges—one is lean, with the Gladstonian order of face and manner, colder a little but not less precise than he, and equally fascinating in the charm of that lucid style, and that agreeable certainty of diction, which causes you always to feel easy about his safe arrival at the end of a sentence; the other is stout, and full-blooded, with plentiful waistcoat, but with a massive clever head. The bar is like what the bar is everywhere. The professional carelessness with which every thing is done strikes you as curious, when you consider what is to be won or lost by the prisoner. Glancing into the jury box, I experience a sudden sensation of pain, which, however, is on a personal score; in fact, my tailor is at present upholding the beam of the palladium of liberty, and I am afraid he is under the impression I owe him for several suits; but let that pass. The prisoner is reading the information sworn against him before the magistrate. He is very good-looking, about thirty years of age, dressed in black, and wearing fashionably-colored gloves, and a splendid beard and moustache. His trial has occupied the whole of the previous day, and the Solicitor General is now concluding on behalf of the crown. He is a terrible little man, that Solicitor General. He it was who cross-hacked Major Yerverton, and elicited from that gallant officer his private opinion on things in general. Listen to him, and see with what gradual but fatal art he draws away the frail planks upon which the prisoner might hope to escape. You think there is something almost vindictive in the force with which he drives home every telling point and demolishes the case set up on the other side; but no, he simply does his duty, and any heat he displays comes from that warmth of advocacy which is natural to him, and which has been the prime cause of his success. He speaks at considerable length; and at one portion of his address, the prisoner suddenly leans over the dock and beckons to his attorney, who, after consulting with his client, whispers to the junior counsel, who stretches across to his leader, who gets up and begs the Solicitor General's pardon, but he must correct him in an important date. The Solicitor General admits the mistake, and the prisoner looks at the jury triumphantly. This occurs twice; and then the court adjourns for half an hour, after which we shall have the judge's charge.

The reporters talk of the case as a surgeon would of a good subject. 'He is likely to make a speech when convicted,' said one gentleman to me, 'and they must keep back our third edition until I return, so I hope it will be over early.' Their Lordships resume their seats; silence is called; the jury becomes attentive, and the prisoner for the first time appears anxious, and moves to the front of the dock, where he turns his head, as if not to lose a word of the charge. It is delivered by the thin judge. 'He commences by going through the story of Fenianism; telling the jury the object of it was to dethrone the Queen, and establish a republic. His Lordship speaks slowly and measuredly, until he comes to mention Stephens, when his tone at once changes and becomes perceptibly emphatic. He calls Stephens the arch-conspirator. Talking with him at any time for the last six years was almost as good, or as bad, as penal servitude to all who enjoyed the doubtful privilege of his acquaintance. He went to work to establish a paper on the principle of Fletcher of Saltoun; he could teach the people to defy the law, by inoculating them with seditious ballads, and putting a seditious newspaper into their hands, and of this newspaper, the prisoner was a constant, and it was alleged, an editorial contributor. It was shown by documentary evidence that the prisoner was 'Shant' of that journal, whose verses had so tyrannical a twang. It was proven that he presided over the mysterious column for correspondents; and that he very often propounded questions to himself of a far from innocent character, for the purpose of having the answers spread abroad. He was Ollamb Podha, who recommended the early bottling of vitriol, or the timely use of drill books to the Ollamb Podhas in general. He was the 'Waterford Farmer,' who, it appeared, was anxious to add a Croppy pike to his stock of agricultural utensils; he was the 'Boyne Boy,' who was inquisitive on the score of contemporary history to the extent of requiring the number of troops stationed in Ireland to be told him; and he was the 'Tipperary Man,' who wanted to know whether he was obliged to stand being spoken of from the altar by Father Benedictus, who hebdomadally anathematised secret societies.

The documentary evidence was irrefutable, and was brought home to the prisoner in a strange, and almost romantic way. A prayer book was found in his possession, containing an entry of his mother's death in the most affectionate terms. The judge alluded to the fact as very creditable to the prisoner, whose cheek flushed, and whose eyes quivered at the mention of this. But this very memorandum sealed his fate. On being compared with the manuscript in the Irish People office, the writing was found to be identical. Then the prisoner's sister, who was produced in her brother's behalf, swore so delicately, nervously, and truthfully, and yet refused to swear that the manuscript was not in her brother's handwriting, that her testimony, if it bore any, certainly bore against the accused. And now the judge addressed himself to the case for the prisoner, according to a golden rule, that as the Crown spoke last to the jury, the judge should refresh their recollections on the points urged for the defence. He put them fairly, and with a noble leaning to the man in the dock. The man in the dock is nervous enough at this moment; he has taken off his gloves; his fingers are locked together, and from time to time he shakes his head with a despairing sort of gesture, at some friend near him. It is agreeable to follow, towards the conclusion of the charge, the course of the clear judicial intellect through all the devious passages of testimony, of argument, and of law, separating, arranging, untwisting, and sorting it all, for the convenience of the twelve gentlemen in the box. His Lordship finishes at last, having spoken for a full hour, and the jury retire to consider their verdict.

The lamps are lit by this time, and give the court a garish theatrical appearance. The prisoner is conversing earnestly with his attorney, and seems to be dissatisfied with something that had been done, or left undone, for him. And so half an hour goes by—and a sort of fog hangs about the roof of the court—in which there are many dark and light Rembrandtish corners; and the prisoner is casting such impatient, feverish glances towards the door from which the jury will re-enter, that it pains one to look at him. Another quarter of an hour, and the reporters think they will have to leave without the expected 'sensational' for the last edition. Hush! here they are!

There is an oppressive silence while the clerk of the crown receives a large sheet of paper from the jury, and reads it to himself slowly and deliberately. I look at the prisoner, who is very pale, and catch the two jailers at either side of him nodding to each other, and edging closer to their charge, with a movement of taking possession, as it were, which makes my skin creep. 'Gentlemen, you say the prisoner is guilty on all the counts?' The foreman replies 'Yes.' Then the prisoner is asked, amid a profound stillness, whether he has anything to urge why sentence should not be recorded against him, and is about to answer at once, when the judge compassionately cautions him to be careful, as he may, by injudicious statements, aggravate his punishment. The reporters gaze at him with a hungry interest. One gentleman shoves a pencil hurriedly into my hand, and asks me to sharpen it for him, to provide for an accident, or the exhaustion of the instrument with which he is at present setting to work. The prisoner grasps the bar of the dock, and commences a set speech, which is in every respect a failure. You feel he is trying to cut a figure, and that he has neither education nor capacity for the performance. He becomes so incoherent and crotchety that you wonder at the patience of the judge in submitting to the boisterous tirade in which he assails to the government, the Attorney General, and indeed almost everybody.—You find yourself gradually getting very disgusted with him, and rather relieved when the judge at last interrupts him, though not before the wretched man, in a desperate and unmeaning shout, has proclaimed his own guilt.

The judge then proceeds to sentence the prisoner, who relapses into a sullen silence, and only raises his head at the words: 'And the sentence of the court is, that you be kept in penal servitude for ten years.' Whereupon the man with the silly face grasps the prisoner's hand, as if he were congratulating him at having fallen in for a legacy; and half-a-dozen others immediately near the dock bid him good bye, which I am glad to see they are not prevented from doing by the police or the jailers. He gives away his gloves and his handkerchief, and then disappears to the cells under where he is standing, there to be fettered before his removal to Kilmainham jail.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—The Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a pastoral to his clergy on the observance of the Festival of St. Patrick. His Grace then proceeds to point out the damages of the Queen's Colleges. These Colleges (says his Grace) are only of the other day, yet we may conjecture what they are destined to be from the fact that the first work they sent forth to the light was a history of civilisation, in which our Divine Lord is blasphemously compared to an arch-indebtor or a heretic; whilst the latest fact to be recorded in their annals is, that one of the professors of Galway Queen's College, Mr. Cairns, has become a member of a London committee, established for the purpose of doing honour to Joseph Mezzini, the greatest infidel and enemy of Catholicity in our days, and the great promoter of all modern revolutions. On his return to Galway from his mission to London against Catholic education, Mr. Cairns, in his course of political economy, will be able to edify his pupils with an account of his hero's theory of the dagger, and his views upon assassination; or perhaps he will have time to write parallel lives of Joseph Mezzini, the founder and propagator of secret societies in Italy, and of an invisible Head Centre of Fenianism, who is endeavouring to apply to Ireland the theories of Professor Cairns' Italian Idol. All I shall add is, that if infidels and revolutionists are held up to public veneration by professors receiving large salaries from the state, we cannot but apprehend the greatest dangers for the future of our country. To prevent such dangers and evils it is necessary for Catholics to have public educational establishments of their own, in which the teachings and practices of the universal Church of Christ, and of our venerable and ancient Irish Church, shall be respected and made the basis of education, and youth protected from infidelity and error.

The Archbishop then traces at considerable length the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and of Protestantism in England.

THE 'TIMES' ON ORANGE JUBILEE.—The late Assizes for the County of Monaghan have resulted in a signal triumph for the Orangemen. They failed, it is true, to carry their second candidate at the general election of last year, but they have won all the verdicts in the trials arising out of it, getting every one of their friends acquitted, and every one of their enemies convicted. By far the most important of these successes was obtained in the case of Mr. Edward Gray, who was indicted for the murder of Peter Sheelin, at Castleblayney, on the 22nd of July last. After a two days' trial, a Monaghan jury, exclusively composed of Protestant farmers, has come to the conclusion that this gentleman was not the person who shot Sheelin, and on the next day two other men on the same side, who were seen by a great many witnesses beating the deceased on the head, were found 'Not Guilty' on that charge, we presume, because it mattered little whether he was beaten or not, since he was afterwards despatched in a more summary way. Mr. Whiteside, who conducted Gray's defence with great ability, put the whole matter in a light perfectly intelligible to an Ulster jury when he stated that Sheelin's death, however much to be deplored, might be a salutary lesson to riotous mobs of non-electors; and this observation is echoed by a respectable organ of the Orange party in the north of Ireland, where people are quite ready enough to take the law into their own hands without encouragement from Mr. Whiteside.

FENIANISM IN THE ARMY.—Important General Order of Sir Hugh Rose.—The following general order and circuit memorandum are to be read on three successive parades of each regiment and battery, and entered in the regimental order book:—Adjutant-General's Office, Dublin, March 8, 1866.

General Order—No. 371. The agents of a treasonable (the Fenian) conspiracy have done their best to seduce from their duty the soldiers of this army. The means which they use are worthy of their designs. By bribes in drink and money they seek to gain adherents to a cause which aims to substitute a reign of terror and spoliation for the Queen's Government. Those who hold lands which these conspirators covet, and those who differ from them, are doomed to massacre and assassination. They defy religion because it condemns them. They play, by the most treacherous and cowardly means, the destruction of the good soldiers who are loyal to their Queen and faithful to their oath. These infamous designs have proved an utter failure. Not a trait of the conspiracy rests on the army, excepting a few deluded men and the paid agents who were placed in its ranks for the seduction of the soldier. These wicked agents will meet with their deserts. This warning against an abominable conspiracy is not addressed by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland to the body of the army, who are as true to their duty as they ever were, but to the young and thoughtless soldiers who may be, and in some instances have been ensnared by falsehoods and treacherous temptations.

By Command (Signed), GRAHAM HAY, D.A.A. General. Adjutant-General's Office, Dublin, March 8, 1866.

CIRCULAR MEMORANDUM. Two cases have occurred in which furlough men from regiments in England have been guilty of the worst treachery. In one case a furlough soldier of the 17th Regiment assisted Fenian conspirators to resist the gallant and loyal police who endeavoured to seize them. In another case a furlough soldier of the 64th Regiment headed a band of cowardly miscreants who, in everpowering numbers, murderously attacked two drivers & battery Royal Artillery, and edging closer to their charge, with a movement of taking possession, as it were, which makes my skin creep.

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ery, at Kilkenny, because a loyal comrade brought a Fenian traitor to justice. Both these culprits are in prison, and will be speedily brought to justice.—Other instances have come to the knowledge of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland where furlough soldiers, forgetful of their duty, have associated with treasonable men, whose aim is the ruin of Ireland.—Furlough men are, therefore, warned that any man who is guilty of conduct unworthy of a soldier will be instantly arrested and brought to justice, and that any man abusing in the smallest degree furlough indulgence will be immediately sent back to their regiments with a statement of their misconduct.

By order of the Commander of the Forces, (Signed) GRAHAM HAY, D.A.A. General.

ARRESTS FOR HARBOURING MORRIS.—On Tuesday a number of the constabulary, belonging to the Fenagh district of this county, proceeded to Kilmaglush, to the house of a man named Edward Nolan, whom they at once arrested on a charge of harbouring Head Centre Morris, and had him conveyed to Carlow gaol. The prisoner is uncle to Morris, who so long evaded the police, and in whose house, as reported last week, he was ultimately discovered by Constable Cox and his party on Sunday week. We understand the charge to be preferred in the present case will not be one of complicity with the Fenian organisation, but merely of harbouring and concealing his unfortunate nephew. His case has created much sympathy in the neighbourhood, as he appears to be a man of nearly sixty years of age, and held a comfortable farm.—Carlow Post.

THE TRIAL OF FENIAN PRISONERS.—We believe we are correct in stating that the government have come to the conclusion of postponing, for the present, the trial of the prisoners confined on charges of Fenianism. The necessary warrants have been directed for their detention in custody under the provisions of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and it is understood that if they are to be tried at all it will be under circumstances very different from those which exist at this moment. The probability is that if the excitement attending daily occurring events calms down many of those now in custody may be liberated on assenting to quit the country, but that others who have made themselves prominent in the action of the conspiracy will be brought to trial, and, if convicted, severely dealt with. The Commission of Oyer and Terminer, which will sit in Dublin early in April, will only try prisoners charged with the ordinary class of offences.—Evening Mail.

DUBLIN, 16th Inst.—Four soldiers have been convicted of Fenianism. One has been pardoned, two have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and one has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and fifty lashes.

A young man named Roger Sheedy was arrested in Kilmashane on Thursday evening, the 8th March, on a charge of Fenianism, by Head-Constable Wilson, Acting-Constable Duffey, and Acting Constable Purcell. They came up to him in the town and asked him to come to the barrack. After some words passed between them he went with them, but as he turned the corner the Angelus Bell rang; some of them took off their hats to pray, but, on facing the barrack, he turned short at a corner and ran. He was at once pursued by them and several others of the force, both horse and foot. They pursued him by Oliver's mill, and across Moorstown Mountain; the horsemen and some of the others remained in the glen, and some of them were severely hurt; however, he succeeded in escaping them. It appears in August last this young man was accused of striking Head-Constable Wilson, and was prosecuted by Duffey and Purcell—the same three who were now engaged in his arrest. He stood trial in Limerick in January last, but had the good fortune of coming free of the charge that was brought against him.

Our own strong conviction is that the Fenian invasion of Ireland is a wild imagination which even those who conceived it have not now the least notion of reducing to sober reality. The current is altogether the other way. For one that comes now to Ireland from the United States, hundreds are flying to the United States from Ireland as fast as steam and sails can convey them. The name of the fugitives is legion, and though hundreds of the thousands might have been legitimately detained under the law, the Government have very wisely winked at their voluntary departure.—Weekly Register.

Fenianism will soon be at an end. The delusion seems to have already spent its force, and its sources are being rapidly dried up. Considering the extensive preparation of arms and ammunition, and the extent to which the conspiracy was ramified, it cannot be said to have died hard. The Fenians made and spoke pikes, but did not use them. Save an assassination or two, the movement has been remarkably bloodless, and the Government seems likely to extinguish the treason completely without the loss of a single life, without shedding a drop of blood. When the fever of political fanaticism subsides, the dupes will probably look back with astonishment at their infatuation; and as there is a general feeling among the Fenians that this was the last opportunity for Ireland—that she might be liberated now or never, the probability is that Government will never again be troubled with a movement of the kind. There is some vague apprehension among the people here that there will be a Fenian rising on Patrick's Day, and if not then, never. If next Saturday passes over in peace, then we may dismiss all fear, especially as the American Fenians threaten to commence the war against England on the Pacific Ocean.

A correspondent of the Belfast News-Letter states that:—'The recent arrests in Cookstown have brought consternation into the Fenian camp. Some people believe that the police have arrested the Head Centre of the Cookstown district, which embraces the towns of Oagh, Moneymore, Magherafelt, Cookstown, and their vicinities. In the circle it is believed there are 800 Fenians, and it is expected that very shortly a force of this number will be placed out of 'harm's way.' It is affirmed that rifles have been distributed, and it is well known that nightly drillings have been very common.'

FURTHER ARRESTS IN KILKENNY.—Considerable excitement was created in this city on Wednesday by a large body of police, under the command of Sub-inspector Bigham and Head-constable Sherin, patrolling the streets in search of suspected Fenians in the course of the day Sub-inspector Bigham and party arrested a respectable man, named John Kavanagh, at his residence in Walkinstreet. Kavanagh is relieving officer to the Poor-law Guardians of this city, and has always borne an excellent character. While Kavanagh was being lodged in prison, another party, under Head-constable Sherin, arrested two young men, named James Holland, Kilkenny militia, a mason, and William Dunphy, house painter. Holland was arrested whilst passing down Patrickstreet, and Dunphy whilst standing off the parade reading one of the daily newspapers. Nothing was found on the person of any of the prisoners, with the exception of a bullet mould found in Dunphy's pocket. A large party of the police escorted them to the county prison.—Kilkenny Journal.

THE ESCAPE OF STEPHENS.—March 15.—The Cork Examiner of this evening says it has good reasons for knowing that Stephens, the Head Centre, has recently left Ireland for America. Before his departure he advised the Brotherhood to devote themselves for the present more to peaceful pursuits than they have been doing for some time. His wife is at present in Cork, and purposes leaving by the Inman steamer to-morrow.

THE ESCAPE OF STEPHENS.—Stephens is believed to have escaped from Ireland at last. The Cork Examiner stated that it has excellent reason for knowing that he has left the country, and that previously to his departure he addressed the Fenians, recommending them to devote more attention to

peaceful pursuits that they have given for some time past. His wife is understood to be in Cork, and to be ready to sail by the next steamer for America.—Various rumors are afloat as to the means by which he made his escape. According to one report, he got away from Dalkey in a 'hooker,' while another account mentions that he is generally believed to have got away in an open boat while the American corvette Canandaigua was in the harbour of Dublin. It may be an uncharitable suspicion, but it is difficult to imagine that the vessel visited Ireland with an altogether friendly purpose. Her presence was decidedly objectionable in more ways than one—chiefly because it led the peasantry to believe that the American government intended to afford them substantial assistance, and to contribute to keep up the disturbed state of the country. Her crew also were almost entirely Irish; and, considering how widely spread Fenianism is among the Irish in America, it is not saying too much to assert that the visit of the ship might well be construed into a declaration of the sympathy of the United States government with the Fenian movement. It is also very remarkable that the complete escape of Stephens should have become known only after the departure of the Canandaigua.

The judges, in opening the assizes, almost invariably direct the attention of the grand jury to the Fenian movement. At Clonmel, on Wednesday, Dr. Ball referred to the fact that one of the most daring manifestations of the conspiracy had occurred in Tipperary since the leaders of the movement were tried in Dublin—an armed attack upon the police accompanied by bloodshed—a convincing proof of the infatuation of many of its members, whom neither the facility of their schemes nor the fear of punishment suffices to deter. He stated that there are 23 persons in gaol in virtue of warrants from the Lord Lieutenant, and they must remain in custody till either the Act expires or the same authority shall release them. He reminded the members of the grand jury that they could do much individually to restore order by example, kindness, and justice. By property, by education, and position they were placed in the front of the social system, and were they to recede from their allotted station and leave their tenantry exposed to temptation the result would be the gradual weakening of all the ties which bind the various classes of society together. It was to the honour of the gentry, of Tipperary that they had ever where done their duty in this crisis.

In Armagh, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald remarked upon the manifestations of party spirit in that county. Orangemen and Roman Catholics marching in hundreds through the country, carrying arms, and playing party tunes. This was to be deplored when all parties should be firmly united together to support the Queen's authority and resist treasonable movements. He was afraid that in that part of the country the humble classes were arrayed against each other in two hostile camps, regarding each other with distrust and enmity which a spark might cause to explode in criminal excesses. He relied on the grand jurors to use their influence to put an end to that state of things.

At Sligo, Mr. Justice O'Brien spoke at some length and very earnestly on the subject of Fenianism. He trusted the means taken by the Executive to crush out this criminal and foolish conspiracy would be successful, and that the people would see the criminality and utter hopelessness of the wretched and insane undertaking.

The subject of Fenianism was alluded to by Baron Deasy yesterday when opening the Kilkenny assizes. There are 11 Fenian cases on the calendar there, and all the rest are for trifling offences. He said the conspiracy had inflicted great evils on the country by causing the withdrawal of capital and producing a sense of insecurity, which prevented employment and materially affected trade and commerce. He trusted, however, that the people would soon see the folly and criminality of the conspiracy, in which those who are sheltered on the other side of the Atlantic urge on their dupes here to peril not only their liberties but their lives. In Roscommon, Mr. Justice Christian addressed the grand jury. He would not congratulate them on the state of the county. Nothing could look better on paper, for the calendar was light, but those statistics lose their value under the disturbing influence of political offences. It might be said hereafter, 'What value is this? We are told at the Spring Assizes, 1866, immediately after the Legislature had thought it necessary to adopt the most rigorous repressive measures, and even to suspend the Constitution.' He should not, therefore, offer them any congratulations on the state of their county. He thought it would be more prudent in him and others to suspend their judgment until better times arrived. The Chief Baron remarked upon the absence of Fenian offences in the county of Kerry. He was not surprised that the farming class in that county kept aloof from the conspiracy. He had known them long and well; they were a shrewd and quick-witted race, and they probably felt that if these designs had, for no matter how short a time, assumed even the appearance of success, they themselves would be the very first to suffer. No revolutionary attempt of a military character, whether coming from abroad or arising within the county, could be made without the farming population being made the first victims. The first exigencies of such a movement would necessarily be to obtain supplies of food. The farmer's cattle, the farmer's sheep, the farmer's pigs, the farmer's butter, and farmer's corn would be seized at once to feed the revolutionary forces, and how paid for? The farmer well knew he would not be paid in gold or in real money, but in Fenian bonds, and these he as well knew would be scarcely worth the value of the paper on which they were engraved. He was therefore not surprised that no sympathy had been evoked by the conspirators among the farmers of the county, and he hoped it would long continue so. He was not called on to express an opinion as to the wisdom or propriety of the course taken, at any time, by the Government of the country, but since the Act had been passed by the three branches of the Legislature, conferring ample summary powers on the Executive, he might now express his belief that it was a wise and beneficent measure—not a measure of repression or of punishment, but a measure of mercy, as a means of deterring those who might otherwise involve themselves in a course of proceeding, of which ruin, and ruin only could be the only result.—Times Dublin Cor.

THE IRISH-CANADIAN PARTITION.—There is a movement of no little importance now set on foot in Canada; one, we have no doubt, which will not rest until it includes all the Irish who yet dwell under the shadow of the British flag.

Whilst the Irish in the United States are almost unanimous in their adoption of the most extreme measures, there are still some who oppose it. They will now have an opportunity of showing whether their opposition really originated in a love to Ireland. We cannot wonder that where constitutionalists stand by and do nothing, that non-constitutionalists will arise to seize the question. This happened in Ireland, but constitutionalists, perceiving their fault, got up associations.

Probably, it is through the same reason that a similar movement is now commenced in Canada.—It will, no doubt, extend to Australia.—The Dublin Irishman.

The Cork Examiner states that, in the South, the constabulary are resigning in large numbers, in consequence of the inadequacy of their pay, and are emigrating chiefly to Australia.

Six baronies in Kildare were, by proclamation placed under the Peace Preservation Act.

A vessel containing several hundred barrels of powder has been seized by Customs officers in Carlingford.

Mr. Herbert was yesterday elected for Kerry without opposition.