

Where I trust there will be occasion for you to go again?
 "That is doubtful, my dear child. But tell me something of the great news which has stirred the whole barony into an uproar. Is it really true that Lord Hugh Maguire and his mother are expected at Fermanagh?" asked Father McMahon.
 "Yes, my dear Father, and you don't know how much I expect from their coming."
 "A millennium, perhaps," said the good man, laughing, "but don't soar too high in your hopes, my dear child; lest your wings fall you."
 "Father, how can you frighten one so?—Your tone is sarcastic. What am I to expect?"
 "Expect your relatives, of course, my child, and do the honors of Fermanagh like a true Maguire, until her ladyship feels 'at home.' I have not seen her for—let me remember—twenty, twenty-five—yes, twenty-five years.—She was then a proud, haughty and beautiful woman;—her son, Lord Hugh, was born here, and here her husband, the late Lord of Fermanagh, died, after which the family went abroad." Approaching footsteps interrupted Father McMahon, who, on turning his head, saw a stranger approaching. They courteously saluted each other, and Ellen Abernethy bowed her beautiful head with a half smile of recognition, as the stranger greeted her. He was the same, whose efforts to reach Fermanagh from the ravine she had described with such glee the evening before.

"I understood there were some fine old pictures here, madam, and I took the liberty to come and beg permission to examine them," he said in a courteous tone, but with a slight *patois*.
 "Our pictures, sir, are in keeping with all else at Fermanagh," replied Ellen Abernethy, rising.—
 "Their present state is unworthy of their tradition. 'But it may lead them a higher interest in your eyes, to know that Holbien, Vandyk and Rubens perpetuated the likenesses of those true and noble men of the past."
 "I venerate art, but still more do I venerate the memory of heroes and patriots who died in the breach of their country's liberty, rather than live to see it enslaved!" replied the stranger, who had watched the soul-like countenance of Ellen as she spoke with a peculiar interest, and an expression as if he had seen the face some time or other in dreams, and was puzzled to recollect when. His face was embrowned by a southern sun; his features were more noble than handsome; while his eye was so piercing in its glance that it seemed to read the heart. It was a peculiar eye, to be blazing like Arcturus on a frosty night, under such a heavy fringing of black. It was a light blueish gray, the iris well defined, and the pupil large and full of light.—His hair, which was parted in the middle of his head, hung in masses of raven black over his temples and neck. A small moustache, as black as his eyebrows, ornamented, but did not conceal the faultless symmetry of his mouth and chin, which were of that well defined and decided form which always indicates a well balanced talent for governing. But he was a hunchback, awkward in his movements, and ungainly in his person.—
 "What a thousand pities, thought Ellen Abernethy, that so splendid a head should have the misfortune to belong to so mishapen a person. But my life on it, he's neither trifler nor ingrate, but possesses a soul as true as steel. I wish Thelma was here, he is such an excellent physiognomist."
 (To be Continued.)

THE MOST REV. DR. MURPHY ON THE "RISING."

(From the Correspondent of the Freeman.)
 Killarney, Sunday Night.—The Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Lord Bishop of Kerry, immediately after the twelve o'clock Mass to-day, ascended the pulpit in the Cathedral and delivered the following address in presence of a large congregation. I feel sure it will have the effect on the public mind of neutralizing the exaggerated reports of the proportions of the Fenian outbreak in Kerry, and prove to all that the great mass of the people are well disposed and obedient to the laws of the country. —
 His Lordship said:—My dear Brethren.—It is the duty of the pastor of a diocese to give advice and correction when his flock have been led into any extraordinary folly, and to reprove and rebuke them if they have perpetrated any extraordinary crime. — It is also his duty, if they suffer unmerited disgrace, to justify them as far as he is able. Now, since we met here last Sunday some people in Kerry have been betrayed into an act of madness which we may safely say is without a parallel in the annals of lunacy. I should have thought that, considering the spacious accommodation afforded by our lunatic asylum, and the facility afforded by our board of governors, that there were few dangerous lunatics yet at large in this county. But I am sorry to say I was mistaken. It would seem that some dozens of that class left the town of Cahirciveen on Wednesday evening with the avowed object of making war on the Queen of England, and of upsetting the British Empire. I think there is not one inmate of the asylum who would not hold his sides for laughter if he heard it. Now, if this were only folly we might be satisfied to deplore it; but these people were answerable to God for their conduct, for they had, I regret to say, sense enough to know what they were doing was a grievous crime. It is just twelve months ago since I explained at considerable length in my last Lenten pastoral the deep guiltiness of rebellion against lawful authority, so they cannot plead that they were not instructed and forewarned. They resisted the ordinance of God, and by so doing they purchased for themselves damnation. I use only the words of St. Paul. But their guilt did not stop here. They had not advanced far upon their road when they perpetrated a foul, cold-blooded murder. It seems they first displayed their courage by disarming a coastguard station where their aims, if I am rightly informed, only one man to resist them. He was one of our flock. A man of the most exemplary life, not long married, as I am informed, to a young wife, whose life was as "edifying as his own. This man was going not only on his lawful but on his bounteous duty. He would not give injury or offence to any living man. When this band of rebels met him they demanded "the papers" that had been entrusted to his keeping by his superiors, but the brave, noble minded man, who preferred his duty to his life, boldly answered, no, and fearlessly rushed through that crowd, where we are told they were sixty to one. If they had had the courage to expose themselves to one sabre cut they might have dragged him off his horse and taken his despatches. They let him pass—the man they dare not face in front, and standing at his back, they shot him.—The blood-guiltiness of the act is surpassed only by his baseness and its cowardice. But then, we see in the midst of this horrid scene the beauty of a living faith. When the Christian man lay weltering in

his blood, the soldiers turned to his murderers, and he who a minute before refused to ask his life for even to take it at the expense of duty, asked them if there was one Catholic amongst them to bring him a priest; and this at least we must say to their credit, that they went with all speed to do. But the good and devoted parish priest of Glenbeigh, Father Magin, was already on the way. When he heard that this party had entered his parish, he few at once to where he thought danger and death might be, and where his ministry might be needed. They charged him with having put the police on their guard at the barracks, and he told them that he was prepared for the consequences. Then he administered the consolations of religion to the wounded man, and as yet—though in imminent danger, it has not pleased God to demand the sacrifice of that worthy life.—His hope and pray that he may live to be recompensed as he deserves. With this one shot the war upon the British empire began and ended. Several turned back immediately, horrified and disgusted at the bloody deed. Every step was then marked by desertions, and I feel quite sure, that on yesterday (two of the body did not remain together in arms.) Now, my dear brethren, I am grieved and saddened by all this, so that I could not take food or sleep, and I was humbled to the very dust, for my people made a false prophet of me. I had protested a thousand times that this thing never would be done in Kerry. When there was a question of sending military men twelve months ago, I resisted it, and went bail for your good behavior. Yet, I was not altogether mistaken. When I positively asserted that there were no Fenians in the county, I expressly made the exception of some wild and thoughtless boys, and I know that since that time some apostles of iniquity have been at work amongst us. I said that the country would never rise, and it never will. What was the extent of the insurrection? The highest number stated has been 300.—I have sent to make the most particular inquiry on the line of road traversed. I have the authority of three or four priests who saw the insurgents and spoke to them, and they believe that they were never more than sixty, and that before the close of the day they numbered only thirty-five. Whatever difficulty they may be about ascertaining the exact number of detached bodies, one thing is certain, that not one of the peasantry joined them on the way. On the contrary, I have the most certain assurance that the peasants fled from their homes at their approach, and many slept in the mountains for fear of being pressed into the Fenian ranks. Is it not evident that this must have been the full extent of the insurrection? That very night the military were in pursuit. For several days a thousand men were in pursuit, and not one armed man has been yet arrested. We know the country that is searched. Here is a rock-bound promontory, its few houses by sea guarded by coastguards or gunboats, a base line of only twenty miles. We know every path, ford, and bog in it. Now, without wishing to say anything ludicrous, will ask if there was only one fox, or even one rabbit in that whole promontory, should not a thousand men have started it in the space of three days? And yet there are people absurd enough to say that the country is in insurrection and some hundreds in arms. I did not wonder at the explanation given by a shrewd old woman—that it must have been an apparition of those phantom shades of the old chieftains who dwell under the lakes, and who are said in your legends to show themselves at rare intervals to some benighted people in Killarney, and then vanish into their fairy halls. I have been also told that the beggar women of Killarney, who are not wanting in boldness and perseverance, have generously offered their services to scour the woods and bring in all the Fenians alive. Besides the extremely restricted nature of the outbreak, I have had another great cause of consolation—namely, that with the exception of what we have heard of the taking of Dr. Barry's horse, no outrage was committed on the property of any persons by whom these unfortunate youths passed. They came by the houses of several of the gentry, of the McGillicuddy, of Mr. McGillicuddy Egan; they passed by Breen's Hotel, they passed by the seat of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, and called at the house of his steward. After a run of forty miles through rugged mountains they spent the night in the woods about the houses of Mr. Mahony, of Ouilenna; of Mr. Mahony, of Dunloe; of Mr. Day, of Beaufort, and though they were spent with fatigue, and footsore, and parched with thirst, they did not harm any one's property to the value of sixpence. This proves that the outbreak was not intended as one of rapine and plunder, or as a war on the gentry of the country, as so many anticipated. The latent monster which caused so many weak nerves to slake for the last two years has broken cover. We know its power and its propensities. I would like to know who will be afraid of it now. But for me the greatest gratification is that, as I ever maintained, Kerry people may be capable of acts of madness, but they are utterly incapable of acts of robbery, or of such like outrage. The next thing which consoled me was the conduct of the people of this town. On that remarkable night, when there was considerable alarm among the inhabitants, when it was thought that an insurgent force was marching on the town, the whole available police force was withdrawn and kept close in the railway hotel. As far as we were concerned they might as well have gone to Mangerton. You have been very indignant at this. But you must not blame the police. They should obey their orders, and if their orders had been to go out and encounter the insurgents or to protect you, they would have bravely done their duty. You must not blame your local magistrates. They have assured us that this was done by the general orders of superior authority. It seems that this force, which is established and paid for the protection of the lives and properties of the people, has general orders, whenever any imminent danger threatens the community, to withdraw into some place of safety and to protect themselves and any persons who may be satisfied to leave their property after them for the sake of life; and on this rule they acted on Wednesday night, both here and in Killarney. The whole town was in the hands of its own people. The public houses were open. The population was very much abroad in the streets. I know for certain that all the children and all the dogs were out, and yet not a finger was raised in insult or injury or dishonour. There has not been one complaint of any one individual. The same was the case in Killarney. The police remained under cover; there no magistrate to be seen. Father George and his two curates walked the town during the greater part of the night, and although the insurgent body was actually passing through the neighbouring hills, the town was as quiet as the neighbouring graveyard. If we must criticise the rules of one department of the public service, there is another to which we cannot award too much praise: At five o'clock in the evening a demand was made for troops; at six o'clock they were already on the way, and at two in the morning there were as many soldiers in this town as would keep all Kerry quiet if all Kerry were in rebellion. I have more to say to you, my people. Notwithstanding your good conduct, there is that of which you have reason to be ashamed. There is an absence of manly, outspoken, public spirit amongst you. You have outrage and disorder, but you do not show yourselves like men on the side of law and order. You do not make Fenians afraid of you. You seem to have been two sides, as if you were afraid of them. Why is it that the authorities and the gentry do not treat you with arms on such occasions? I know every decent man would use them properly. But this is not enough. The world should be convinced that such is your temper and spirit. What is the consequence? Oh! 'blush to talk!' There is here the noble family of Kenmare, known to the people of Killarney; by three hundred years of untroubled bounty, of more than royal munificence in almsgiving, of justice and generosity in their relations with the tenants of their vast

domains. The children of this house were shot amongst you a hundred times did I repeat to the father and the mother, to Lord and Lady Maguire, the assurance that there was no place on earth where their little ones could be so safe. And yet these children were removed because that assurance was not confirmed by your public spirit. Oh, tis a shame. The infant children of the woman who, on banded knees, attended your wives in your confinement, who received your newborn babes into her own arms and clothed them—of the woman whom I saw more glad and joyous when she returned from the track of equalled poverty, her garments decked with varnish than when diamonds blazed upon her brow—the lovely infant children of that woman had to be taken from Killarney to find protection in London, while she is on a bed of sickness far away. If it were to take a red-hot brand and burn infamy on every forehead the stigma would not be more indelible. And yet I who know you must bear this witness to you, that there is not a man or woman in Killarney who would not part his life to defend those loved ones, but you are afraid to show what you are. You are afraid of the Fenians. All this must change, and you must so think, and speak, and act that every evil-doer will be afraid of you. Now, let me give you a few words of advice of a purely business kind. I am told some people are foolish enough to take their money out of the bank; as if it could be safe in their pockets. You say that the bank will be attacked in case of an insurrection. Well, what of that? Don't you know that the money you lodge in bank to-day is in London by to-morrow's post, inasmuch as the head office there becomes debtor to you for the amount? Put back your money into the bank. If I had a hundred thousand pounds I would place them there. Another advice I give you. Keep in your houses at night, and send this advice all over the west of the country. The military must be sent in search of the fugitives. Now, if any poor peasants were so foolish as to leave their homes through fright, they would necessarily be suspected of complicity in Fenianism. The soldiers will not hurt you unless they find you in arms against the Queen. One word about the prime movers of all this mischief. If we must condemn the foolish youths who have joined in this conspiracy, how much must we not execrate the conduct of those designing villains who have been entrapping innocent youth, and organising this work of crime. Thank God they are not our people, or if they ever were, they have lost the Irish character in the cities of America; but beyond them there are criminals of a far deeper guilt. The men who, while they send their dupes into danger, are fattening on the spoil in Paris and New York. The execrable swindlers who care not to endanger the necks of the men who trust them, who care not how many are murdered by the rebel or hanged by the strong arm of the law, provided they can get a supply of dollars either for their pleasures or for their wants. O God's heaviest curse, His withering, blasting, blighting curse is on them. I preached to you last Sunday on the eternity of hell's torments. Human reason was inclined to say—"It is a hard word and who can bear it?" But when we look down into the fathomless depth of this infamy of the heads of the Fenian conspiracy, we must acknowledge that eternity is not long enough, nor hell hot enough to punish such miscreants.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC EDUCATION AGITATION.—This extraordinary agitation is slowly and sullenly approaching its end. It began and continued in a feverish, impassioned excitement, without either argument or principle to prolong its existence. The occasional sifal efforts we now witness are the exertions of a weakened, exhausted, dying man. The Regim Donum Ministers were, in their opposition to the Catholic University, and Catholic Education generally, simply bribed supporters of class ascendancy. The High Church Protestant clergy claim pre-eminence in the unblinking frontory that bigotry has yet attempted. They tell the Catholic that his religion is 'idolatrous and superstitious,' and that, therefore, his children should be educated in another. These pampered, tithe-fed Parsons seem to forget that the potato of the hungry Catholic has been converted into bread for their table; that the milk that should nourish his infant children has been changed into wine suited to the Parson's palate; that the poor have been made naked; that their hearths are without fire—their cold beds without clothes, that Parsons might go about clad in purple and fine linen, and feast luxuriously every day.—What has the great Establishment given the poor for this? What has it given them for the sweat extracted and given to the Parsons in payment of their 'pound of flesh'—the tithes? And yet these men come forward to oppose Catholic Education, or the slightest tendency on the part of rulers to acknowledge the propriety of allowing the parent to rear the child in his own faith. If the Protestant have a right, as his Parson tells him, to follow the Protestant religion, because his private judgment assures him it is the best, why should not the Catholic have the right to follow the Catholic religion when his private judgment tells him it is the best, and when his Church, which he believes to be infallible, teaches him that there is no safety in any other?—If we say the Protestant have a right to his private judgment, in the name of common sense what is there to make it wrong in the Catholic to follow his?—or why punish him for doing what Protestantism teaches he should do? But, to return to the agitation, it is, we say, rapidly vanishing. The only argument now put forth against unimpaired education, and that one founded on falsehood, is, that Catholics are not allowed to read the Scriptures. Catholics believe that there is an infallible authority left by Christ on earth to conduct His Church and to interpret difficult passages of the Scriptures as that authority explains them. But it is false that Catholics are opposed to the reading of the Scriptures, as the anti-Catholic agitators assert. The promiscuous reading of the Scriptures, without note or comment, is what Catholics do not sanction; but the authorities, whose guidance Catholics follow, recommend the reading of the Scriptures under circumstances where the unlearned and unstable cannot 'wrest them to their own perdition.'—*Mayo Telegraph.*

ARREST OF ONE OF THE KERRY RAIDERS.—Since the Fenian outbreak in Kerry the police of Cork have been on the look-out for the raiders, who, it is thought, will try to make off to America through this port. This morning an arrest was made, the prisoner being identified, beyond all doubt, as one of the party who attacked Kells coast-guard station, and subsequently shot the mounted policeman, Duggan, at Glenbeigh. It may be remarked that the police have in their possession the description of several of the young men supposed to have set out on their foolish mission at Cahirciveen. On the arrival at Queenstown of the ten a.m. train from Cork, a young man was noticed to leave hastily and proceed towards an emigration office. His movement being observed by a detective officer, the latter followed him and put some questions, which were not answered satisfactorily. The confused manner of the man confirmed the suspicions previously entertained by the officer, but, to make certain of his identity, he sent for a Cahirciveen policeman, who has been in Queenstown for the past week. The prisoner was immediately identified, as Timothy O'Connell, whose description appeared in the *Free and Cry*. He is a person about twenty-eight years of age, of tall and athletic build. O'Connell has a passage-ticket to America in his possession, and was about to proceed to-day in the *Onward* steamer. He was booked for the steamer which left last Thursday, but did not make his appearance on that day. A warrant for his detention has already been issued.—*Daily Express Correspondent.*

Two Fenian head centres, named Burns and Rea, have been arrested in Belfast.

The Fenian Raid.—We (Times) have been requested to state that the Fenian officer Captain Moriarty, is not related to the distinguished Catholic Bishop of Kerry, the rector of Tralee, nor to any gentleman of the same name in her Majesty's naval, military, or civil services. His proper name is said to be Shea.
 Nobody here seems to think that the Government reward of £250, which has been offered for the apprehension of O'Connell, or that of £500 for the discovery of the man who shot Constable Duggan, will produce any effect. The Irish peasant keeps faith in this way. He will have nothing to do with blood-money. But to denude the designs of rebels is a different thing from betraying them into the hands of the Government, and it is clear that some persons well acquainted with the Fenian designs have no scruple in betraying them by giving timely information to the authorities in the shape of anonymous letters. In the peculiar state of the country it is wisest neither to disbelieve nor to disregard these reports readily. As to a great deal of information which comes from the peasantry when questioned by the flying detachments, I think that not much reliance is to be placed upon it. One point continues clear—that the Fenian numbers never exceeded, if even they reached, 100. What number they might have mustered but for the causes I have described no one can tell. I fear it might have been considerable. The national impulsiveness might have induced many lukewarm supporters of the Fenian movement to join men who had gained even a small triumph, and who called themselves patriots.—*Times Cor.*

Mons Ainsare.—On Saturday morning an attempt was made to land in Dublin, in a rather singular manner, by two Irish-Americans, who are suspected to be connected with the Fenian Society. Detected from taking the ordinary passenger steamers by the examples made of the raiders a short time ago, it is supposed that the novel plan was adopted of travelling by a collier as a means of diverting suspicion. The police, however, were prepared for even this alternative. On Saturday morning the Draper, collier, from Whitehaven, which was being towed up the river, had arrived opposite Eden-quay, the police observed two men get into a boat from on board her, and attempt to land on the opposite side. The police were, however, waiting for them there, and seeing whose hands they would fall into, they climbed on board a collier lying near the quays. The police then rowed over into a ferry-boat and took them into custody. They gave their names as Wm. Jackson and John Phillips, described themselves as sailors, but refused to give any information as to their business. They are believed to be Irish-Americans who have served in the Federal army or navy. They were very respectably dressed, and it is believed they are rather important members of the Fenian conspiracy. It was rumoured through town on Saturday that one of the men was James Stephens in disguise, and we understand that this was telegraphed to some of the London journals as a fact. The rumour, however, was ill-founded, the ex-head centre was not on board the coal brig.—*Saunders.*

The suspension of the act of Habeas Corpus in Ireland has been renewed till June. Well, we were prepared for the fact, and are not astonished. The Government made the Lord Chancellor say on behalf of the Queen that she hoped she could dispense with this restriction; but the absurd little 'row' in Kerry has, in English minds, rendered that impossible. The Government are guilty of a crime at present, in the eyes of Major Knox and his Orange associates, in the fact that they do not proclaim martial law in Ireland and put it into full execution. Under the circumstances we cannot be very angry with them.—*Dublin Irishman.*

The *Dublin Gazette* offers a reward of £500 for the person who shot the mounted policeman, and £250 for the arrest of O'Connell the Fenian leader in Kerry. It is stated that O'Connell shot the orderly with his own hand. The policeman had a warrant for his arrest. O'Connell rode at the head of the Fenians on the horse of the policeman when they turned off through the Gap of Dunloe toward Kenmare. A belief prevails that O'Connell is no other than Stephens. Meany, the ex-Fenian Senator, had been tried at Dublin and found guilty of treason felony. Sentence was postponed pending the dissolution of a point which had been reserved, and which would be decided in the Court of Criminal Appeal.

We wish to heat that the silly Kerry men have surrendered without a blow. Unsupported by the priests, uncountenanced by the gentry, they are, in sober fact, merely used by adventurers to give the Fenian exchequer in New York another start. If they insist upon hard knocks, then we are sorry to say that they must have their wish; and the chastisement must be administered with sufficient energy to let them learn that, when they rise against the peace of her Majesty the Queen, they are simply running their heads against a stone wall. Perhaps nothing can enforce that truth on the impulsive fellows but grape shot and cavalry charges, though we hope to Heaven that such arguments will be spared; and while we sadly own that this movement must be 'stamped out,' like the cholera or the cattle plague, we feel an irrepressible disgust at those who can come cheerfully to that bloody conclusion, as though they were cattle, or an imperial pest, which they were doomed to extinction, and not our brothers, our neighbours, our political creditors.—For, while we cheer the soldiery on in these lovely Kerry mountains, we ought always to remember that the rising there is a final condemnation of our police to Ireland. True, we may wish to do her justice now—of late years indeed we have even tried to do it; but this kind of catastrophe was what we ought to have avoided effectually. There may be persons who think that this reckless folly goes far to wipe out the heavy debts of England to her sister; we, on the contrary, think that it writes across them a stern and summary order of the court to pay; and we only hope that the judgment may not be written in the dreadful ink of human gore.—We must say to Ireland, 'because you appeal to arms you must not have sympathy and justice;' we must not speak of her as a rebel country; we must not be afraid to love and pity her, lest she should think we fear her. Throughout this sad business, whether it be happily but short at once or whether it is destined for some time to annoy and distress us, we cannot, and we must not, carry fierce and blood-thirsty notions into our stern repression. Our conduct towards Ireland, even if she blazed with rebellion, ought to be as that of a strong sister towards a weaker one in a paroxysm of insanity—firm, unshaken, gentle, pitiful, hopeful. The history of our treatment of the country does not give us the right to launch curses at her, or to doom her children by hecatombs without a sigh. The assurance of our growing purpose to repair the past to her, the proofs we have given of that purpose, and the intolerable wrong she does to us in turn when before Europe she mows our peace and shames our reputation, these things give us the right—which we shall use to hold her hands and to restore her to reason, if need be by force. But if it costs one drop more blood than is necessary, no tears will efface that drop; and if one life be lost that might have been spared, the enemies, and not the friends, of English power will have the right to rejoice.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The greatest misfortune which Fenianism has brought on Ireland is the destruction of confidence among landlords and capitalists. It is of no use to tell a man that the plans of the Fenians are absurd, that Lord Strathairn and 1,000 of his 20,000 soldiers could drive before them any force which the Fenians might collect; and that he need not fear the provisional government of an Irish Republic will confiscate his land; he will answer that he has a wife and children in a country place, that he has a house to be burnt and horses and cattle to be stolen, or else that he has a mercantile or manufacturing business, the steady progress of which makes to him the difference between prosperity and ruin. For nearly two

years the gloom of apprehension has been settling on all classes of industrious and enterprising in Ireland. The owners of land, numbers of whom are new men, who have invested the hard earnings of their lives in the Irish soil; have been denounced; as tyrants and spoilers, and the denunciation has been echoed by demagogues on this side of the Channel. The doctrine which naturally fills the class of proprietors cannot but extend to men in all kinds of business. It is therefore, absolutely necessary for the well-being of Ireland that loyal and peaceful subjects in every district should be assured, as far as possible, of safety to life and property. It is painful to reflect upon such a scene as Killarney must now present. The families of a whole district taking refuge in a hotel of the principal town and lying there guarded by soldiers and police; offending women and children hurrying from their homes; gentlemen arming their tenants to resist an attack; are the consequences of a single gathering of a few hundred disaffected or idle peasants, probably with no settled plan of operations, but with the design of attacking and plundering. This outrage will again unsettle men's minds, which had become more composed through the seeming decay of the conspiracy, and the announcement in the Queen's Speech that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was to terminate. Months more of disquiet may, perhaps, also before the country recovers the social state and the tendency to improvement which were manifest before the Fenian conspiracy arose. But nothing will hasten this return to tranquillity more than such activity and watchfulness as will convince the conspirators that they cannot expect even a local and temporal success.—*Times.*

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.—The ridiculous movement of the Fenians in the county Kerry appears to have come to an end. It was a most foolish transaction, which no one in his senses could hope to succeed. It appears that the nucleus of the little army was composed of Irish Americans, who fancied, we suppose, that if they could only effect a landing in this country, they would be joined by thousands. They had heard so much of the enthusiasm of the young men who form the war party in Ireland, that they thought they might calculate on a vast number of men joining the standard of revolt. Disappointment must have made these persons wiser men, and they can now understand how difficult it is to collect a formidable force in this country to resist the English by force of arms.

The reports from Kerry tell us that those who joined the Fenian army were chiefly young men from the towns. They must have been thoughtless youths, who never considered what they were going to do but rushed into danger without calculating the difficulties they would have to encounter. Had they reflected on the nature of the enterprise in which they were about to embark, they might have seen how difficult it would be for a force of raw recruits to face an army of well trained soldiers, having all the appliances of war at their command, and a well supplied commissariat. But they never reflected on these matters. They heard of a few men dressed in green, and carrying firearms, marching through the county Kerry, and they rushed on to join them; but no sooner had they come to their side than all were forced seek safety in flight. The 'red coats' were upon them, and they fled for shelter to the woods and mountains of Kerry.

We deeply regret that any portion of the Irish people should be guilty of such folly, because this is not the way to liberate Ireland. 'Rings' of this nature have been frequently tried, but they all proved failures; and no young Irishman should be so ignorant as to think that a few thousand men, having rifles on their shoulders, and some bread and ammunition in their pockets, are capable of liberating any nation. To be successful in such an enterprise, it is necessary to have a large fund of the 'sinews of war;' generalis of tried capacity; faithful and able officers, and a large army drilled in a proper manner. The people Ireland have none of these requisites for warfare, and therefore in striving to free their country from the wrongs that afflict her, they must be content to wield weapons more harmless than the rifle or the sword.

The tannors of Kerry, knowing all these things, very wisely avoided ranging themselves under the banner of the Fenians, and wanting their assistance the movement became a failure. How the Irish Americans landed on one can say; and up to the time we write the place they have gone to is as great a mystery.—*Dundalk Democrat 25rd Feb.*

The 'long car,' the ordinary means of communication between Killarney and the West, brought me here on my way to Cahirciveen. I started not without some speculation among laughing bystanders whether the Fenians would not sweep down and carry back with them a special correspondent of their own to McGilllicuddy's Reeks or the Black Valley. This was likely to be valued by the Fenians less than a small cask of brandy, which would have proved an excellent peace offering to weary fugitives. Last week passengers were hiding their money in their boots, and concealing valuables in the 'well' which holds the luggage, while every peasant was looked upon as a possible Fenian who had comrades at his call, and might stop and rifle the car. No such alarms were needed now, and it was possible to enjoy the journey without much thought of Fenian marauders. At starting, as rain was falling, the driver conceded that it was a 'soft day.' When afterwards I ventured to suggest that it was raining, he thought it 'not much to speak of.' And when I put on a waterproof, he seemed almost to think a slight had been offered to the climate. Meanwhile, you wondered what the wandering Fenians would do on the mountain side amid those driving showers, and what dragged, miserable outcasts they must be. 'It is pleasant from the cliff to see the mariner tost on the ocean,' and from the car one thought almost with complacency of those who would be insurgents out yonder, who had meant so much mischief to others, and now were sure to be so hungry and wet, and suffering so much misery in their own persons.

At Headley-cross, just outside Killarney, 300 Fenians from the Killarney district were to have joined the Cahirciveen party. This was the statement in an anonymous letter, and the truth of these anonymous communications being established in many points, there is fair presumption in favour of this, when coupled with what has since come to light. Beyond Headley-cross, you see poor, wet land, sometimes nothing but a hopeless moor, supporting a live wire stock; and here and there a peasant cabin, close by which are sure to be several lean, haggard looking pigs. The telegraph line to Valentia runs along the road nearly the whole way, and the whole communication with the New World is thus at the mercy of any Fenian sympathiser. Both at Killarney, 13 miles from Killarney, and at Cahirciveen strong bodies of troops are now stationed. This morning patrols of Lancers passed the hotel, and parties of constabulary pass frequently. Notwithstanding these precautions the wires were broken yesterday between Killarney and Cahirciveen. The line was soon repaired, for in all these cases workmen are sent on cars to the spot without the least possible delay. Still the inconvenience is considerable, while no earthly good results to the Fenian, or any other cause.

The wounded police constable, Duggan, who is in a house about two miles beyond Rossbeg, is not yet out of danger; but he is free from fever. Dr. Spillwood has hopes of his recovery. It was early on Wednesday when he was shot; and probably owing to the information found upon him that there had been no rising at Killarney the insurgents waited and proceeded further along the main road. Meanwhile, the Rev. Mr. McGinn, the parish priest at Rossbeg, received what is here called 'a sick call'—a summons to attend the wounded man;—and was also told that the Fenians were coming to attack the police barrack. He immediately went there, and warned the four constables 'who were then in the barrack. Soon afterwards, in going along the road indicated by the messenger, he met the insurgents. Their scouts had seen him go to the police barrack, and a curious scene followed. Some threatened him for