

fated mother, who died a few days after in a hospital, incessantly repeating while life remained, "My child! they have murdered my child!"

Raphael glided away as soon as the weather would at all permit, from scenes which he could not long have witnessed without betraying his feelings. He was, moreover, fearfully anxious on account of his grand-mother, and longed to know how it had fared with her amid this universal desolation. Though the weather was still very severe he set out at once, and after a tedious journey, he arrived at the close of day within half a league of his own castle. Having left his sledge at an inn on the road-side, saying that business called him for a few days to the interior of the country, he set out on foot, and just as the last gleam of daylight faded from the earth he stood at the entrance of the well-known avenue which led to the castle. The gate lay open, and he entered with a sinking heart for all around bore the traces of devastation and neglect. Large fragments of ruins blocked up the passage; the long grass grew on the pathways, no sound was heard, nor no light was visible in the castle, and all was dark and silent as the grave. Raphael felt the silence oppressive and he ventured to call aloud, but no one answered—no voice was heard in reply, not even that of his faithful watch-dogs. He approached, and entered by one of the doors which lay wide open, but place was empty and desolate, and after groping his way through the old familiar halls and chambers, he became fearfully impressed with a sense of awe and loneliness. The floors were everywhere covered with shattered and broken furniture—the drapery of the windows waved to and fro in tatters in the cold night wind, while heaps of straw were spread in the larger apartments, and the hearths were strewn with crockery, and dirty, broken kettles, giving woeful evidence that the place had been occupied as a temporary barrack.

"Alas! the Russians have been here!" murmured Raphael, mournfully, "but what have the barbarians done with my dear grandmother—can they have poured out their vengeance on her noble and venerable head?" Descending to the court-yard, he bent his steps towards a neighboring farm-house, whose inmates had ever been faithfully devoted to his family, and where he hoped to learn something of that which yet he dreaded to hear. It was dark when he knocked at the door, and was admitted by the farmer himself.

"Can you shelter a traveller for the night?" demanded Raphael.

"Come in, sir," replied the peasant, respectfully; "it is only the cold that makes us keep the door shut, for we make it a rule to leave it open for any one who stands in need of supper or bed."

Raphael entered the house without making himself known, and was shown to a seat near a cheerful fire, where the mistress of the family was preparing supper. The good man took his seat in the opposite corner, and waited in respectful silence for his guest to open the conversation.

"I think," said Raphael, in a disguised voice, "that when I was last in this neighborhood the castle hard by was inhabited—indeed, I had calculated to call there on business. Can you tell me what is become of the venerable lady who lived there, I think, with her grandson?"

The honest peasant changed countenance, and it was easy to see that the subject was a painful one to him. "Our good lady," said he, with deep feeling, "is gone to a better world than this, to reap the reward of her virtues!"

"What! is she dead?" cried Raphael.

"Yes, dead, master! and not of old age, neither."

"Great God, then, how did she die?—what happened to her?" said Raphael again, with uncontrollable emotion.

"If you were acquainted with that noble lady," replied the farmer, "you may have known the extent of her courage. Well! the Russians having taken possession of her castle, she protested against such injustice, and asked by that right they took up their quarters in her dwelling. Because," was the reply, "the government wants to punish your grandson, who is at this moment pursued as a traitor." The high-spirited lady instantly replied, that it was she who had brought up her grandson, and had instilled into his mind those patriotic sentiments which every Polish noble ought to cherish. This confession drew upon her all the fury of the Russians, who first gave her up to the punishment of the *knot*, and then threw her out upon the highway more dead than alive, where she soon expired in the arms of her faithful servants, before they had time to seek an asylum for her."

"God of mercy!" cried Raphael, with a shudder, "what revolting cruelty!—not even extreme old age could shield her from their brutal vengeance! they had no pity on her hoary locks."

"Neither hoary locks nor flaxen ringlets are any passport with them," replied the worthy farmer—"they make no distinction, all are alike.—Will you believe it, sir, three months ago, or thereabout, we saw a neighboring lord, the Count Bialewski, carried past here with his lovely daughter, on their way to that infernal Siberia? But behold you—even worse than that—the sweet young lady, who is more of an angel than a woman, I'll swear—had publicly suffered in Warsaw before they left it, the horrible punishment of the *knot*. Yes, truly, the wretches had the heart to mangle her delicate flesh with their dreadful lash—did you ever hear of such atrocity in your life, sir, as we see in these days of ours?"

The words died on the quivering lips of Raphael, and the tears which before he could scarcely repress, now burst from his eyes. The farmer, surprised by his strange emotion, fixed an enquiring eye on his face.

"My good friend," said Raphael, making a strong effort to speak composedly, "I knew all these of whom you speak—yes, well I knew them—not then, surprised to see these tears which I cannot express. It is useless now to tell you who I am, for the knowledge of my name might hereafter bring you into trouble, and even danger, should I myself be discovered."

He then obtained an account from the peasant of all that he heard concerning Rosa and her father, and though the whole amounted but to some rumors which had flown about the country, it was yet sufficient to rend his very heart.

"Yes now," said the farmer, as he concluded his recital, "we see nothing around us but desolation—the rich and the poor are alike the objects of Russian vengeance. They trample us under foot and oppress us in every way they can think of, and worse than all, they would force us to give up our holy religion, the old faith of our fathers. In our neighborhood here, they have shut up the monastery which was a school for several parishes, and a hospital for the sick and diseased of all the country round. They are threatening us with Russian priests, too, and just now, and I am told, one of them is being forced on the people of Count Bialewski's domains."

"Is the Abbe Choradzki still in that parish?" broke in Raphael, as a new source of anxiety opened on his mind.

"Yes, I dare say he is, but we have heard it said that his church is to be closed forthwith, because he preaches up firmness and fortitude to his people, and gives an example of pious zeal to all the district."

"Alas! what a trying situation for that excellent priest," said Raphael, "but as you seem to think that he is still living, I must go and see him, ere yet he falls a victim to the blind fury of the oppressor. Are the roads which lead to Bialewski's castle still open to travellers?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the farmer, "you can easily go there, if you know the country well enough to find your way."

"Well, then, will you be kind enough to awake me at three o'clock in the morning, that I may go to ask a last blessing from the worthy priest, before he is called to receive his crown of martyrdom? Good night, my kind friends."

Raphael then entered an inner chamber, and threw himself on the bed which had been prepared for him, but he could not sleep. Ever before his eyes was the harrowing picture of his dear, his venerated parent, expiring under the ruthless blows of the Russians, and the savage executioner mangle with his ponderous lash the delicate form of his Rosa—his young bride. Thus passed away the tedious hours of night, and just at the moment when his wearied eyes were closing in a broken slumber, he was aroused by the voice of his host telling him that the appointed hour was come. In a few minutes Raphael was ready to set out, and on taking leave of his kind entertainers, he would amply have rewarded them for their trouble, but his offer was firmly declined; nothing could induce the worthy farmer or his wife to accept even the smallest reward.

"Well, then," said Raphael, as he warmly shook hands with his host, "I must prove my gratitude in some way, and since you will not receive money, I must give you my confidence. I am Raphael Ubinski, the grandson of your lamented lady—surely you remember me?"

"My God!" cried the farmer, literally petrified with astonishment, "how is it that I have failed to recognise your lordship! But if you will have the goodness to wait a moment, my lord, I will attend you on your journey—it is my duty to do so!"

"Not so," returned Raphael promptly; "I will not have you leave your home merely to follow me—no, stay where you are, and farewell till we meet again." And he moved away with a light and rapid step. A clear moonlight guided his way, and as he knew every turn and short-cut across the country, the day was but just dawning when he came in sight of the hamlet which lay around the castle of Bialewski. The bell of the parish church was tolling, as though for a funeral service, and though it was neither Sunday nor holiday, the church stood open, and was lighted up as if for some solemn service, while the villagers and country people were seen thronging in from every side. Raphael knocked at the door of the presbytery, and the priest himself appeared.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" he inquired, as his eye fell on the supposed stranger.

The good vicar looked grave, and his usually calm countenance was much disturbed, so that Raphael saw there must be something extraordinary going forward, and that he had no time to lose.

"Why, reverend father!" said he, "can it be that you do not recognise one of your old acquaintances—Raphael Ubinski?"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the priest in astonishment, "is it possible that you are? Surely you do not know the danger to which you expose yourself?"

"Nay, I should think there is but little chance of my being discovered," returned Raphael, "when even you did not know me!"

"But what has induced you to venture back amongst us, my young friend?"

Raphael gave him a rapid sketch of all that had passed since he had quitted Lithuania with the Count and his children—how they had been separated by the tide of events, and how he had resolved to brave every danger in order to snatch those beloved ones from exile, if God would permit him so to do.

"Alas, yes!" said the pastor, with a deep sigh, "your mournful fate has been long known to me—and, notwithstanding the greatness and the multiplicity of the obstacles which lie in your way, I do hope that God in His great mercy will enable you to carry out your generous intentions. Yet, I cannot but regret that you have shown yourself here, for, alas! the consequences may be fatal to you!"

"I was too near you," said Raphael, with a mournful smile, "not to venture a little for the pleasure of seeing you. But tell me, I pray you, what is going on here, that I see you all so early, and such a bustle of preparation among the people?"

"We also have our trouble," said the vicar, in a tone of deep sadness, "and to-day they are to reach their height; but though the hour of trial year, fiery trial be come, I trust that God will sustain us.—Since the Russians have lately taken possession of the country, there is scarcely any species of insult and annoyance but we have undergone. Of course, the church property was at once confiscated, for spoliation ever goes before persecution; but now they begin to thirst for our blood. They have gradually suppressed many of our churches, and would fetter the clergy of those which remain unclosed, by obliging us to mutilate and alter the unchangeable liturgy and doctrines of the Church. We are forbid to keep open schools; forbidden to receive converts, or to preach the Word of God—nay, we have been a thousand times prevented from administering the sacraments to our poor people; in short, for several months past we have been compelled to witness the increasing encroachments of heresy, carried out and maintained by violence. And how many holy priests have protested against these odious encroachments, even till their voice was silenced by the fatal stroke—while many, many others of our brethren have been transported to the Siberian deserts, that vast and dreary sepulchre, wherein the Czar hopes to stifle the cries and groans of his victims. Our turn is at length come. I have received orders to cease at once the celebration of the divine mysteries—to shut up my church, and give up the key to a Russian priest, renouncing for ever the functions of my ministry. I am now about to celebrate Mass for the last time, and to address some words of consolation and encouragement to my beloved flock, that may help to strengthen them in their faith, and in their resolution to die rather than give up one article thereof. For myself, I go to offer up my life in defence of the rights of our holy Church."

"I shall go with you," said Raphael, moved even to tears by the noble courage of the man of God.

"Nay, my dear Raphael!" answered the priest, as he pressed the hand of the generous young man, "it is your duty to preserve your life for the sake of your friends. And I shall have to wait some time in the church, so you had better not come."

Yet Raphael did go, for he would not be refused, and having entered the church with the priest, he stationed himself in the shade of a pillar, so as to escape attention, if that were possible. As to the people who thronged every corner of the sacred edifice, they were far too much intent on their own sad thoughts, and absorbed in the fervor of their devotion to pay any attention to a stranger whose ap-

pearance was studiously plain and unassuming. The priest soon appeared in the sanctuary, and the holy sacrifice was offered up in solemn silence, broken only by the sighs and low murmured wailings of the faithful. It was the last time that they were to assemble in that dear and venerable temple, erected by the zeal and piety of their fathers, and which it had been their own delight to adorn by every little sacrifice they could make. Never again might they gather around that altar where they had so often received the bread of angels. At the moment of the communion the whole people went forward, as one individual, and with the most affecting tenderness of devotion, received the blessed sacrament—the nourishment and support of their souls. Such was the divine specific which exalted above all human fears the martyrs of the early days, and the Church offers it not with less confidence to her children when eighteen centuries have proved its unfailing efficacy in nerving the souls of her children for the dread battle with the enemy of salvation. The mass being ended, the priest once more took his place in the pulpit, and standing erect, his face bearing the impress of radiant hope and firm confidence, he addressed his people for the last time:

"Be not surprised, my dear brethren, if I thus, in defiance of an unjust prohibition, appear again before you, to repeat once and again, while opportunity remains to me, the glorious truths of our holy religion! You know, nevertheless, that I have ever exhorted you to respect the laws and the commands of your rulers, preferring peace and order to all things else. Now it becomes my duty to speak for otherwise, and to remind you that the laws of man must necessarily be subservient to those of God. It is true we must render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but at the same time we must render to God the things that are God's. It is God, then, who has invested me with my authority, saying unto me, 'Go teach all nations, instructing them in all things, whatever I have commanded you. Here, then, Cæsar no power—I must speak, since God has commanded me, even though it be at the expense of my life. Oh, brethren! how could I remain a 'dumb dog' when so many dangers hang over the fold, heavier still than those which have come upon it. It has long been manifest to us that they are resolved on destroying our faith—that their object is to separate us from that Church beyond whose pale there is only discord and uncertainty. Yes, they would make us apostates as well as slaves. Hitherto they have tried stratagem and bribery, and these have ye nobly resisted. But now they resort to force, to open violence, and perhaps before another hour passes you will see a heretic priest, escorted by soldiers (oh, my God! is it thus that truth would spread her doctrines!) come here to profane our temple and defile our sacred altar with his unholy ministry. He will call upon you in the name of the Emperor, to adopt his belief, and will menace you, under the same high authority, with the most dreadful punishment, in case you resist. Oh, my children! will not your unanimous answer be, 'we must obey God rather than man?' and together we will yield up our lives in proof of our faith in God, and of our devotion to the Church by him established on earth. Let us shrink from no sacrifice that may contribute to preserve to this unhappy country the pure light of that Gospel which is to save the world. Yes, the entire world, and not any particular nation or nations.—Should they at any time put forth the pretext of nationality when urging you to embrace a faith which is confined, we may say, to their own empire, remember that the question is not to respect and obey the divine laws, or to increase the glory of God, but to favor the selfish views of princes and statesmen.—Truth is one and indivisible—it is the same for the Russian as for the Italian; and since all must recognise the necessity of a religion which accurately defines and firmly maintains the relations existing between man and his Creator, so that religion, to be true, must be one and universal—vivifying all nations by her sacred and immutable doctrines, even as the sun gives life to the world by his incorruptible rays. For the rest, 'the tree is known by the fruits'—your holy religion is the same in all parts of the world; her means of conversion are persuasion and tenderness; her true missionaries are never sparing of their own blood, but never shed that of others, and everywhere she has left imperishable monuments of her greatness and of her charity.—Error, on the contrary, has but two means of subduing souls, and each of them more detestable than the other: that is to say, oppression and corruption. Its course is marked by ruin and wretchedness, and it can only retain mankind in its toils by plunging them into the darkness of ignorance, and by permitting them to gratify their most violent passions. But why will you ask, does Providence so often permit truth to be led captive in the chains of error? It is that we may learn its full value, and above all that we may become worthy of its inestimable blessings. When God wished to establish His Church, he purified the pagan world by the fire of persecution; and now, when that Church requires purification from the sins of her people, it is still persecution that he raises up to effect his end. Who may dare deny that we have drawn down upon ourselves these severe chastisements? We have suffered the truth to be darkened and well nigh corrupted amongst us; we have too long rejected the most energetic means of safety and preservation; we have, in a thousand instances, tampered with error; can we, therefore, be astonished if God unchains the strong winds of his wrath to separate the chaff from the grain? Let us, then, brethren, endeavor to propitiate the avenger of sin by the most unlimited devotion; let us manifest before our persecutors the zeal and the courage of the primitive Christians, confessing our faith amid privations and even torments, so that bearing our cross willingly, and even joyfully, we may ensure a final triumph to the cause of truth and righteousness. Let us above all, supplicate the great and good God that his sanctifying grace may sustain us under every trial and every torture, even to the last moment of our lives. It is almost certain that I now address you for the last time; preserve then my last words as the last bequest of a father who will never forget his children. If I am sent from you into exile, you shall ever live in my heart; and if I am to be slaughtered, as so many of my brethren have been, then I can serve you more effectually, before the throne of the Most High!"

(To be continued.)

received the sum of at least nine hundred pounds in his traffic of human blood.

The French press has often rallied the English Legislature on the iniquity of two of their social moral laws, viz.—firstly, the indescribable baseness of a cuckold husband being paid *in cash* for the seduction of his wife; and secondly, the unutterable horror of rewarding *perhaps* perjury, in paying a public informer for betraying, transporting, or hanging the confederated companions of his infamy. The French say, that the man who can receive money for the prostitution of his wife, is a "man prostitute" of the very lowest type of brutal degradation; and again, that the wretch who can swear against the laws of his country and his sovereign in illegal secret combination, and then redouble his infamy by taking a bribe to screen himself from punishment, and to betray his associates into permanent servitude or death, is a monster whose compound character may be expressed in the crimes of treason, perjury, and murder. And hence that the laws which pay a base husband in a public market for the virtue of his wife; and again, which rewards a dubious, or a perjured approver for becoming the assassin of his corporate infamous society, are a blot on the Religion of England, and a criminal disgrace to their common law. The case of the Cornacks, who are now universally believed to be innocent; and the statement made by Sir Robert Peel, of the murder perpetrated near Clonmel, are two instances, which will long appear before Irish society, of the danger and the crime of rewarding an informer, for selling the blood of his neighbors. The French punish "the Seducer" with a proportioned rigid imprisonment and hard labor in the Galleys; and they discover the rebel, the confederate in treason, and the murderer, as best they can, through the information of their watchful Police.

I have reason to believe that at the present time the infamous offspring of Paddy McKew are going through Ireland, frequenting the Fairs, to Public houses, the Funerals, the places of rural amusement, trying to entrap incautious youth into a sworn agrarian confederacy; and I am assured on authority which I cannot doubt, that these bloodmongers, are followed every where they go by Government detectives, spies in the disguise of jobbers, pedlars, sailors, militiamen, &c., who receive information of the meetings of the deluded victims, transmit their names to the Castle, and facilitate their arrest whenever the central authority is prepared to complete the criminal evidence, and to secure their transportation. These statements which I here make should therefore act as a renewed warning from me against all communication with "Secret Societies;" and, above all, against forming any acquaintance with suspicious strangers who lie in wait for their prey: and only want *not a proof*, but a plausible appearance of guilt, on which to build material for perjury, bribery, and the hangman's rope.

Ireland has seldom presented a phase of more bitter sectarian malice, or of more rabid political persecution than at the present moment. The Orange Press of England and Ireland; the liberal organs which represent a certain section of public opinion, have never in my remembrance expressed such unmitigated, such unappeasable malignity against everything Catholic in Ireland, as within the last year: and if appearance can be relied on, one should suppose that the anti-Irish faction in this country only want a plausible pretext to re-enact the pious ferocity of Cromwell, or to renew the heartburnings of '95. If the reign of Louis Napoleon in France and the approaching Reform in England did not menace the persecutors and the bigots of these countries, the poor Irish Catholics might have to endure an annual visitation of expulsion, famine, sickness and death.

The murder of Mr. Ely, and the attempted assassination of Mr. Nixon, are foul instances of deliberate crime, over which every man of moral feeling in Ireland, amongst all classes and denominations, have raised a heartfelt cry of horror. But while all the Irish population have joined in denouncing the assassins, can any one who has read the truculent articles in the malignant press referred to, avoid saying that the lies of these organs against the Catholic clergy, their accusations against the entire Catholic community as being accomplices in mind and feeling with the unknown murderer, is an instance of savage fury, reckless lying, unbridled hatred, and sanguinary intent, which, according to the true interpretation of moral guilt, brands the writers of that press as near akin in feeling and in vengeance to the actual assassins who fired the murderous bullets.

This is not the place nor the time to speak of the crying persecution of the whole people of Gweedore. They were never found guilty of the destruction of the three thousand Scotch sheep; yet they were compelled to pay their full value of £3,000! There is no evidence of even their participation with this criminal act; and yet they were punished with a second infliction of a police tax of £1,200!!

There is no evidence of their having had any guilty share or knowledge of the late attempt on the life of the Rev. Mr. Nixon: the contrary evidence would appear from the fact of the assassins having their faces undisguised, and being therefore strangers; and yet they are all charged as being deliberate accomplices; their houses visited by the Police; and an increased tax imposed on them as avowed confederates of the murderers!! This conduct in the public authorities will bring on them, I fear, universal suspicion; will expose them to the charge of arbitrary severity, and will seem to established a conviction in the public mind that the bare suspicion against a Catholic district is evidence sufficient to obtain a verdict for their punishment.

When the lamented Mr. Little was foully murdered, at the terminus of the Broadstone, the murderer being still undiscovered, why did not "the Castle" proclaim the whole Railway establishment, send the police to be quartered in the terminus, and impose a galling, odious, insulting tax for murder on all the Proprietors? Wherefore the difference? I could also bring forward the murder of Mrs. Kelly, the murderer being still at large. Why not proclaim that district?

Why not impose a murder-tax on the surrounding inhabitants? If the people of Gweedore, without a proof or evidence of their guilty participation, are to be taxed for an attempt at assassination in their district, what locality can be safe from a similar insulting vengeance? The Catholics of Ireland are giving their sanction to these unfounded charges—against the innocent people by their silence in the presence of this grinding infliction: and if they had the spirit of their enemies, or the honor of their fathers, they should call a public meeting, denouncing the assassins, sympathizing with the victims, but protesting in the strongest language consistent with the laws against the arbitrary infliction, the repeated punishment poured out upon a whole people, without the shadow of a proof of even a suspicion of their direct or indirect guilt.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ENGLISH DESPOTISM IN IRELAND.—A mighty outcry was made in England lately in favor of Messrs. Park and Watts, the English Engineers, who were taken on board a vessel, which, freighted with armed revolutionists and materials of war, they were working to the coast of Naples. Great was the uproar raised against King "Bomb," as the ribald prints of England would call a King who had as good a right to his proper name and title as Queen Victoria has to that which is usually given her. Furious were the threats launched against him for having dared to imprison those English worthies and detain them for some months without bringing them to trial, and though ultimately he gave them free pardons, the cowardly howl which asked for the destruction of his power and the rush of filthy billingsgate which was accompanied, have scarcely yet subsided. How would England have acted in like circumstances? We venture to say that the Park and Watts who would fall into the hands of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (who has not been nicknamed by the Neapolitans) on such an occasion would have a worse time of it than those who were imprisoned but well cared for and ultimately pardoned by King "Bomb." We all have heard much of the *espionage* in France, and of the suddenness and secrecy of the arrests which have been made by the Government of the Emperor—the insinuation being that nothing like it could take place under the glorious British constitution; but lest we may have to go back to Irish history—so far as ten years—for illustrations of how British rule is managed in Ireland, the Government of the present day is very busy exhibiting to the world the falsehood and meanness of its own pretences and the depth of its hypocrisy. The Lord Lieutenant's proclamation offering a large reward to spies and traitors—an enormous temptation to every villain who may find himself able to swallow false oaths without hesitation and swear away innocent lives without compunction—that proclamation which renders insecure the life of every man in Ireland who is known to entertain principles disagreeable to the English Government—how before Europe, and the Emperor of France and the King of Naples may take a lesson from it. They snatch up men quickly, it is true—take them out of their beds, perhaps—just as it has been done by our worthy rulers in Skibbereen—but then they do not prate of the stability of their thrones or the freedom of their institutions, and, besides, they have to deal with men who are conspirators, and who know how to conspire, not with such harmless youths as those who have been so violently seized and so brutally treated in the South of Ireland within the last few weeks. We do not doubt, however, that his Imperial Majesty is taking his lesson, and studying attentively the workings of the glorious British Constitution in Ireland.—*Nation*.

ARREST OF A LADY ON A CHARGE OF WRITING SEDITIOUS LETTERS.—On Thursday evening Dec. 21st, the Fethard police escorted into Clonmel a young lady-like and extremely delicate girl, named Ann Walton, and had her committed to jail on charge of having written several seditious letters—one in particular—which we understand constitutes the head and front of her offending—written on the 20th inst., and calling on her Majesty's forces "to rebel and mutiny," as the language of the committal expresses it. Inquiries made at the jail have failed to elicit any information respecting the position and connections of the prisoner. We could learn nothing more than that she is a native of Fethard, and that the warrant of committal was signed by a county magistrate, we believe the Hon. Mr. French, and that the documents which it is alleged she has written are in the hands of Mr. Monaghan, Sub-Inspector of police. To all appearances, the accused is highly respectable and intelligent. We mention, *en passant*, that rumors touching her sanity freely obtained circulation. Her conduct during the preliminary investigation previous to her committal, and her demeanour in the jail since, are not, we understand, calculated to sustain the imputation.—*Tipperrary Examiner*.

A communication from Kerry, supplied by the correspondent of the *Mail*, embodies some facts of general interest. The idea of a Special Commission, if ever entertained, is wholly abandoned. With the exception of the principals, all the prisoners have been admitted to bail, bound over, however, in heavy recognisances to stand their trial at the ensuing Spring Assizes. The evidence of the approver, it seems, has been sustained by other parties, whose voluntary appearance in the capacity of "informers" forms the strongest episode in the whole proceedings.—

KILLARNEY, Sunday.—The excitement that prevailed here in the early part of last week, and which, as stated in a recent communication, had, to a considerable extent, calmed down within the last few days, was revived on Friday afternoon by the arrival from Kenmare of three cars with a strong escort of constabulary, having in charge two prisoners, closely handcuffed, who had all the appearance of men in a comfortable and respectable position in life; their names are John D. Sullivan, the proprietor of a public-house, and Denis Hallissy, a master baker, both residing at Kenmare, who are severally charged with being engaged in the Phoenix conspiracy. The party proceeded direct to the constabulary barracks, where, as on a previous occasion, they obtained refreshments, change of horses, and a fresh escort, and then proceeded to the county jail at Tralee. At a later period of the evening, shortly before the arrival of the 4 p.m. train, a four-wheeled pair-horse car, with six of the constabulary fully armed and accoutred, drove at a rapid pace to the terminus. The party it is said, were charged with the protection of Daniel Sullivan, the approver, who was expected by that train, but he did not make his appearance; and, as he has arrived safely at Tralee, it is conjectured that he must have left the train at the Shinnagh station, and proceeded to his destination across the country *à la Castleisland*. Sir Matthew Barrington arrived from Cork by a subsequent train, and proceeded to Tralee this morning, where he was aided by three stipendiary magistrates—Mr. Davies, of Bantry; Mr. Bannon, of Killarney; and Mr. O'Donnell, of Listowel—in holding an investigation at the county gaol, the result of which has not, of course, transpired. A young man, named John O'Conner, also a native of Kenmare, who has for some time past been employed in Tralee as an assistant draper, was arrested in the latter town on Friday last, by Constable Walker of that station, and lodged in the county jail, making in all 16 persons at present in custody. I am gratified at being in a position to state that it is generally believed that none of the rural population of this extensive country are mixed up in this infamous conspiracy. The farming classes were never in more prosperous circumstances; the revolution in their social condition is wonderful—they are now well

REV. DR. CAHILL'S SECOND LETTER ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

On this day week past, Wednesday, the 8th inst., I directed a public letter to certain classes of the Irish people on the subject of Secret Societies. The readers of the *Catholic Telegraph* cannot forget how I stated "that at the moment I was writing my advice to the dupes of these confederations, the names of the leaders, their parents' names, and their residence, and their character, were in the hands of the Chief Secretary at Dublin Castle: and again, that their own companions would be the first (as has ever been the first in Ireland), to give information to the government, the first to receive the blood money, so well known in this country, and the first to swear away the lives of their associates." My letter was written in this town on Wednesday; and on Thursday evening not less than eighteen persons were arrested in the County Cork, on the evidence of Sullivan, the informer, one of their own body. When this man will have prosecuted these unfortunate young men, he will have