

mother's death, and the idea that she was going to give up her lover quietly, was too preposterous. He was the first who had offered her the worship of his heart, and she felt decidedly disposed to favor him. Besides, the excitement of having a love-affair on hand which was against parental authority rather pleased her than otherwise. Lydia Langrish is but a moral type; and there are innumerable young ladies whose 'dear Beverleys' have grown heroic in their eyes by the simple fact of a cruel parent's opposition. Miss Norton was one of these, and Sir George was now to her more beautiful and more fascinating than ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Norton soon found that naught but immediate flight would have the least effect in putting a stop to the unpleasant courtship. He accordingly desired his daughter to make preparations for returning home. Miss Norton saw her father was resolved on this, so did not venture on further opposition, at least openly.

On her return home, she never alluded to her attachment to Sir George; but corresponded secretly with him. To accomplish this purpose she gave all her letters to Miss Danver, a young lady of her own age, whose father's demesne adjoined Edendale.

Miss Norton really possessed a very fine voice; Miss Danver also sang very well. Georgina Norton professed to be most anxious to sing duets with her friend; and quiet, unsuspecting papa never for a moment thought of the plans and plots which lay concealed under this devotion to Polyhymnia. One day, however, he was undeceived. Miss Norton had made up a parcel of music to be sent to her dear friend; it was already in the hands of the servant, who was to take it to Fortington, Mrs. Danver's place, when there fell out of it on to the ground a letter directed to Sir George Fasten. Mr. Norton happened to pass at the moment, and saw it.—He was speechless with astonishment. Was he to be thus contradicted by his daughter? To be deceived; to be played upon in this manner?—He could not bear the thought. He was very angry; and Georgina, who had never known him out of temper in her life, was almost terrified at the wrath she had excited. She did not write to Sir George for some days, but soon devised a new manner of correspondence. She desired Miss Danver to write to him, and tell him the cruel persecutions she suffered for his sake. In return Miss Danver received a letter from her friend, the most affectionate effusions. These were detailed to Miss Norton, who told her father that she had not received any letters from Sir George for a long time.—Then the kind-hearted father repented of his anger; kissed her, and told her she was a good girl. Little did he suspect the double-dealing. Georgina Norton was so much affected by these demonstrations on the part of her father, that she was oftentimes inclined to give up the affair entirely; but then she thought of Sir George and the fascination was too powerful. Sir George in one of his letters implored the girl to run away with him, if her father was so unreasonable as to refuse permission for her to marry in the usual manner. He declared that he could not live without her; that her absence made him feel completely desolate; that her sweet face was ever present to him, &c. Georgina believed it all, and thought her father unkind and suspicious. She, however, demurred a long time before actually promising an elopement; but at length was overcome by the gentleman's eloquence, and desired her friend to tell him that she agreed to his wishes. He wrote such a reply, thanking her in the most earnest terms for her kindness; professing that the devotion of his whole life would be insufficient to prove his gratitude and his love. In short, he deceived Georgina fully as much as she deceived her father.

The day was at length fixed for the elopement. Georgina asked Miss Danver to spend the day at Edendale, in order that she (Miss Norton) might the better pass unnoticed, while making preparations for departure. She implored her friend to keep Mr. Norton amused and interested with her conversation.

On this memorable winter's night Georgina went to her room to dress for the journey.—She looked round the comfortable chamber, where every thing wealth could procure was lavished with no sparing hand. She looked at her mother's picture, which seemed to cast a reproachful glance upon her; her jewel-case even seemed to change its character, and turned monitor as her eye fell upon it, and she remembered the numerous presents it contained from that father whose only fault was over-indulgence. She saw with remorse the pretty writing-desk, the work-box which stood on her table,—all were gifts from that parent; and the idea of her old father deserted in his gray hairs did occur to her, and she thought how he would weep and cry. She remembered how miserable he was when he had no one to read to him or pick up his spectacles; and she thought of her mother's words on her deathbed, 'be a comfort to your father when I am gone.' She trembled when she thought how different her conduct was now; and she paused. The battle raged fiercely within her, and at one time it seemed as if the good spirit had conquered. The prayers of her childhood hovered on her lips, and one tear unconsciously fell on her hand; she started, for she was of late unaccustomed to feeling softened by any thing. She felt half impulse to rush down to her father, beg his forgiveness, and promise never to leave him. But she tarried, and gave the bad spirit within her bosom time to recover somewhat its influence; and the words recurred to her which Sir George had used in one of his late letters, 'I know you are a girl of spirit and no coward,' and she exclaimed, 'I am no coward!' She put on a warm cloak, and even the cloak made her shudder. Her father had bought it for her one day as they were driving out; she had complained of feeling cold, having forgotten to bring wraps sufficient. Even at that moment she was inclined to draw back; but the words, 'you are no coward,' rang in her ears.—She put on a warm velvet bonnet, and tied over it a thick lace veil. She went noise-

lessly down the back stairs, and was on the lawn in a moment. The evil spirit had conquered. Meanwhile Sir George was at the hotel, at Rugton, not more than a mile from Edendale, making the best bargain he could with one of his numerous creditors, telling him that by that hour on the morrow he would have ample wherewithal to satisfy him. But the creditor doubted his words; he had been put off with promises too long. The bailiffs were to be down at Rugton in one hour's time, and to seize Sir George, should Mr. Allen, the creditor, find him still unable or unwilling to pay him. Sir George, while leaving Mr. Allen in the drawing-room, made his escape out of the hotel by a back door, he, Mr. Allen thinking he had only gone to his bed-room; and great was his dismay when the missing gentleman did not return. The bailiffs had arrived; but where was the defaulter? He had, said one of the waiters, driven off in a post-chaise in the direction of London.

Georgina Norton had hurried down the avenue as quickly as possible, reached the gate, gently lifted the latch, and found herself on the high road. She soon arrived at the four roads which had been agreed upon as the place of rendezvous, and as she came to the spot she heard the sound of carriage wheels. The noise startled her, and yet why should it do so? she knew well her lover was in the vehicle. The carriage stopped, and Sir George descended; he hastily assisted her in, and desired the postillion to hurry as quickly as possible.

(To be continued)

FENIANISM.

To the Editor of the London Times.

Sir,—A period of difficulty is often a special opportunity. Fenianism has been for some time occupying public attention. We may easily make too much of it or make too little. If we understand it aright we shall deem it of its dangers, and may convert evil to good.

As an attempt at revolt it is contemptible. Its adherents are not, as yet, numerous; the Catholic clergy have from the first denounced it, as they denounced the attempted rising in 1848, and as they always denounce secret societies; and the farming class, with good reason, hate and fear it. The sect consists, in the main, of very poor and ignorant persons, though with a considerable mixture of young men who hang loose on the skirts of society and whose education has been an irreligious one. It includes, doubtless, honest enthusiasts, who, if the movement gained a temporary success, would fall early in their attempts to check its excesses. As for foreign assistance, Ireland has long since learnt what that means. It always came too late and ended in desertion.

But Fenianism has another side to it. It proves that long-continued discontent, taken in conjunction with the circumstances of our day, can, to a considerable extent, alter even a national character. There are dangers worse than those of a revolt, he cause more insidious and less remediable. 'Fast' politicians exclaim, 'Ireland was always disloyal.' This is a random reading of history. Fenianism is a new and Jacobinical movement. It is out of harmony with the Irish character and annals. There is no other country in which, for so many centuries and under such repeated rebuffs, the instinct of loyalty survived so long. Professor Goldwin Smith well remarks in his excellent work, *Irish History and Irish Character*:—

'So far as willingness to submit to governors is concerned, they are only too easily governed.—Loyalty is the great feature of their political character; its great defect is want of independence, and of that strong sense of right by which law and personal liberty are upheld.'

The great and successful struggle of this century, that for Catholic emancipation, was a constitutional one. Mr. O'Connell never endangered his popularity when he asserted his loyalty to the Crown, and denounced the shedding of 'one drop of blood.' The few Sovereigns who have visited this country have been well received, and many an Irish noble, of the later race, has found himself almost a clan chief in his own despite.

There was one exception—the rebellion of 1798.—That rebellion was produced by protracted wrong, and it bequeathed to a country then on its way to better things 31 years more of oppression and indignity. But its root was in Ulster; its leaders were not Catholics; and it was quickened by that French Revolution which had at that time scattered widely over England, as well as over Ireland, the contagion of Jacobinism.

The danger now comes to us not from France, but from America, and comes by no fault of hers, but by necessity. Slavery abolished, she stands with her face to the light. But how is the Irish peasant in America to discriminate between a properly coincident with Republican institutions and one derived from such? How is he to learn that the only institutions which could exist in America might work ruin in an old country like Ireland? He is not an impartial critic. Since the beginning of the famine years about one-third of Ireland's sons have been driven from Ireland by stress of poverty. What if such a state of things existed in England or France? Emigration is better than the workhouse; it often leads to wealth; but the poor as well as the rich love their homes—woe to the land if they do not!—and when emigration becomes colossal, the emigrant sometimes thinks, whether rightly or wrongly, that the laws are at fault, either by enactment or omission. On landing in a new world he hears exaggerated statements, mixes natural feelings with erroneous impressions, and becomes at once a valuable American citizen, and an Irish Jacobin. Such is Fenianism. It comes from without, though with a ready response from within; and therefore, however checked at any particular time, the disease is renewed with every westerly wind. England has two Irelands to deal with, and one of them out of her reach. In time she may have a third in Australia. Here is the true danger. In the noble old times obedience might, indeed, sometimes be challenged by the wrong claimant; but in itself it was deemed a thing to be proud of, not a thing to be conceded with a sense of degradation—that is, assuming, of course, that the authority obeyed was itself a loyal authority, the true exponent and virtual representative of the subject's interests, his feelings, and his honor. A moral basis was thus supplied for political stability. It is otherwise now. Ireland is surrounded by what is calculated to perplex if not to seduce. She still has her anomalies. She often hears a revolution spoken of as if it had been the first foundation of the constitution; and with Continental revolutions the most eloquent writers have commonly been in almost indiscriminate sympathy. All these things work dangerously under the peculiar circumstances of Ireland. Loyalty goes; and the respect for law has not come. Nations are disaffected till their affections have been gained.

With the American part of the difficulty we cannot deal. What remains is this—to leave no fuel at home for a foreign flame to play with. It is one of those periods which require large action, and create an opportunity for it. How begin? Ireland is full of hard problems, made harder by her transitional condition; but there is one on the solution of which the right working of all other remedial measures mainly depends—the ecclesiastical settlement of the country. Of that settlement the Church Establishment is the positive side; but it has a negative side likewise.

In all national physical distress, and religious vicissitudes, have proved the chief causes of disturbance. What is the way to union? Material prosperity can only advance by degrees. The more reason then for dealing with the question that admits of being settled. In this question all the jealousies of Ireland meet, as the nerves of the body are said to meet in the hand. Elections, and the suffrage, the Poor Law system, Mayo's, the convents, schools, colleges, from the appointment of a Minister to the appointment of a turnkey, under all alike the same sinister 'subauditur' lurks. Above all, this question alienates those true loyalists who cannot support injustice, which they know to be, however prescriptive; not order and civilization, but chronic anarchy. Catholics without loyalty to their faith may be serviceable to the State, but are never loyal to it. At war with the religion of a people, authority saws off the branch on which it is sitting. The bad musician quarrels with his instrument, but there are harmonies in Ireland still for a skillful hand to draw out. We have also to produce, that respect for law, which cannot exist until the primary laws are all of them respectable.

But the Fenians, we are told, do not quarrel with the Ecclesiastical Settlement. Of course not. Bitterly would they quarrel with any one who set 'this frame of things the right side up.' It is while statesmen show their wit by keeping the social pyramid standing on its apex, not its base, that the Fenians see their chance of overturning it.

What is the Ecclesiastical Settlement? It is one by which the whole of the ancient religious endowments of Ireland were, and are, taken from a nation and given to a small minority—taken from the poor and given to the rich. To the latter no blame. They have inherited their position, and suffer from it, as some of them know, scarcely less than the rest of the community. This is no landlord question.—From the land a sacred reserve was set apart. Its purpose was to provide religious ministrations for the people on the land. It is alienated, and the people have to provide their religious ministrations at their own cost, imperfectly, and with the note of inferiority. This is a question not of theology, but of morals. Let it be conceded that the new teachers came with a message of peace and truth. But they took possession of the Church property. Their voice was the voice of Jacob; but their hand was the hand of Esau. The nation at large refused to change. Its Church—let us speak plainly—stands disinherited by ancient laws, and legally at least, proscribed by recent. This the Ecclesiastical Settlement of Ireland. Whenever the Irish people are contented with it, expect soon to find that the spirit of Jacobinism has eaten through its very heart. Do they miss over the past? The present Ecclesiastical Settlement is the past embodied and monumental; and the popular recollections of ancient sorrows are but the weeds which grow in its shade.

'What, then,' it will be asked, 'does Ireland require?' I answer, 'Religious equality.' I use this term advisedly, and in contradistinction to a more formidable one. The abolition of the ascendant Establishment would be but one means out of many for effecting equality. If no better be permitted, to this it must come at last. But there is such a thing as levelling up as well as levelling down. The principle of equality once heartily accepted, men of sense will not be long in finding both just and gentle means of applying it. If the wound of the nation can be healed without inflicting a wound upon any section of the nation, surely this must be the wisest and best course? No Catholic needs for more. Religious communities do not flourish; as is too often assumed, at each other's expense. More often each one benefits indirectly by that which benefits an honorable competitor. 'The State,' we are reminded, 'has a conscience, and must therefore make a confession of the truth.' The truth it has to confess is, that the nation has ceased to possess unity of faith, but that it preserves a love of justice and a respect for social order and political security.

In times not wholly unlike our own there lived a man who was at once the master foe of Jacobinism, against which he ever bent a Pythian bow, and the foremost friend of the Irish Catholics.—Mr. Burke, in 1780, addressing his constituents at Bristol, who were discontented with his conduct on Irish affairs, he said fearlessly:—

'It is proper to inform you that our measures must be healing. Such a degree of strength must be communicated to all the members of the State as may enable them to defend themselves and co-operate for the defence of the whole. Their temper, too, must be managed, and their good affections cultivated. England and Ireland may flourish together. The world is large enough for both. Let it be our care not to make ourselves too little for it.'

As the revolutionary principle asserted itself more and more the more plainly did Burke indicate where safety was to be found. In 1795 he insisted upon it.—

'That in Ireland particularly the Roman Catholic religion should be upheld in high respect and veneration, and should be, in its place, provided with all the means of making it a blessing to the people who profess it.'

Again, he said,—

'Let them (the Irish) grow lax, sceptical, careless, and indifferent with regard to religion, and so sure as we have an existence, it is not a zealous Anglican or Scottish Church principle, but direct Jacobinism which will enter into that breach. Two hundred years dreadfully spent in experiments to force that people to change the form of their religion have proved fruitless. You have now your choice for full four-fifths of your people of the Catholic religion or Jacobinism.'

He lifted a warning and reproving voice. 'The worst of the matter is this: you are partly leading, partly driving, into Jacobinism that description of your people whose religious principles, church polity, and habitual discipline might make an invincible dike against that inundation. What is that day was called Jacobinism is now called 'Fenianism.'—How would it have fared in Ireland to-day if the exhortations of Mr. Burke, from his earliest tract to his latest political letter, (dictated in 1797 from his death-bed), had been attended to?

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

IRELAND, Jan. 10.

The Church Establishment in Ireland, illustrated exclusively by Protestant Authorities. (Warren, Thomas street, Dublin.) In this pamphlet the opinions of the chief leaders of Liberal public opinion in England between 1830 and 1845 will be found carefully digested, with an explanatory preface.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

DEATH OF THE REV. D. HARDEN, S.J.—With very great sorrow indeed we record the death in his early prime of years, but in his maturity of virtue, piety and sanctity, of the Rev. Daniel Hayden, S.J., a native of Carrick-on-Suir, County Waterford, and a gentleman whose great amiability of disposition, generosity of heart, and truly noble characteristics, won the regard and love of every one who was acquainted with him. He had not been as yet called to the priesthood before he was summoned to receive his eternal reward at the hands of the Just Judge; but he had not been long a candidate for holy orders in the great Society of Jesus, and, if life had been spared him, he promised at no distant day to become a distinguished member of the illustrious order which has given to the church some of its more brilliant ornaments.—*Limerick Reporter.*

JURY PACKING.—A remarkable protest from Roman Catholic rate payers in the county of Cork; suggests a new view of the evils of jury packing. Hitherto, when this subject has been made the theme of de-

clamation by agitators, the grievance has been put to the credit of persons tried for criminal offences. At present there is no suggestion that the Fenian prisoners would have been dealt with more favourably by any jury, unless it was literally one of their peers; but the protesting rate-payers of Cork complain, for at least the Cork Examiner complains, in their name, that their social and legal status is damaged by their exclusion from the responsibilities of citizens. There is substance in this grievance extrinsic as well as intrinsic. It seems to us that the burden of executing the criminal law, ought not to be taken off Roman Catholics, or arbitrarily thrown upon Protestant fishermen. In the protest and comment of the Cork Examiner we have a statement that this has been done, and we know ourselves that many highly respectable Roman Catholics were ordered to stand by on the Dublin trials. We believe very few of them, or of their Protestant fellows who were challenged, felt the exclusion to be either an insult or an injury; but now that the matter has been stirred, we must say that we think Protestant jurymen have a very serious grievance to complain of in being constantly called upon to undertake more than their share of the labor and popular disfavor which attends upon the performance of this part of a citizen's duty, especially in political trials. Governments which have systematically disowned Protestantism in all other matters have been ever ready to assist in the execution of the law, and have sometimes not shrunk from turning the loyal willingness of Protestants to do their duty into an element of the discord by which they govern.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

It cannot be regarded otherwise than singularly unfortunate that an opportunity should, through any mischance, have been afforded for cavilling at the shape in which the Cork panel presents itself. Of course the panel was not packed—there is not a shadow of pretence for saying that it was: but by one of those unlucky chances, which those skilled in the doctrine of probabilities may calculate at their leisure, the result turns out pretty much as if the Catholics had been told to stand aside. By some curious freak, which nobody can account for, it has happened that in the great Catholic county of Cork, this startling fact is presented that but forty Catholics have been returned on the panel out of three hundred and ten. As Mr. Butt puts it.—There are 3,000 names on the jurors' book. Of these 2,000 names certainly not a third are Protestants, and selecting from that jurors' book, in which there are three Roman Catholics for every one Protestant a panel is arrayed or which there are only 40 Catholics out of 310—in other words, in which the proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics is as 8 to 1! This is the curious result arrived at. Nobody is of course, to blame for it. We are fully convinced of the perfect innocence in the matter of the High Sheriff, his subordinates—all in fact to whom the slightest culpability could be attached. But still the inscrutable result remains as a mystery, a puzzle of which the country, in the eternal interests of justice, demands the solution.—*Drogheda Argus.*

LANDLORD PERSECUTION IN MONAGHAN.—We have barely space to advert to Mr. Shirley's shuffling letter, which admits and denies everything alleged against him, and which is completely disposed of by the few words which we publish from Dean McMahon's pen. The Dean convicts Mr. Shirley of one false statement; the circumstances of the case settle all the others. Mr. Shirley's character as a landlord will not sustain him in his effort to cushion facts under a vague denial of his existence. He has avowedly noticed some of his tenants because of the part they took at the election. All the tenants noticed—even the non-electors—took the same side, and the conclusion is inevitable. We should be glad to hear what Mr. Hoey has to say to Mr. Shirley's assertion; and we venture to predict that, if that gentleman tells all he knows, even the frontony of the Farney proprietor will not enable him to face the chapter of revelations.

BURNING-DISHESD MEAT AT MALTON.—A very unusual scene took place at Malton on Wednesday, in the public burning in the cattle market of the carcasses of a cow and sheep, both of which are supposed to have the riderpest when slaughtered. The cow, it seems, had been removed (by certificate) from a farm in the neighborhood on Saturday last, apparently healthy, but upon being slaughtered unmistakable signs of disease were apparent, and the result was that on Christmas day the carcass was condemned as unfit for food, and ordered by a magistrate on Tuesday to be burned on the following day. A sheep appeared somewhat stupid when sent in from the Wolds at the same time, and being dressed was like wise condemned. The two carcasses were smeared with tar and publicly burned on Wednesday. From these cases it appears that disease may lurk in the flesh and cannot be detected during life.

STILL DOORSHAMING.—The quarterly return of the marriages, births, and deaths in Ireland, just issued by the very active and attentive Registrar-General, Mr. Donnelly, again proclaims an alarmingly steady decrease of the Celtic race. Hear what the inexorable figures of the Registrar-General announce:—

'The estimated decrease of population in the first quarter of the year was 6,864; during the second quarter it was 12,905; and in the past quarter, as already stated, it was 12,357; making a total decrease for the nine months of 46,024 persons.' In the face of this statement the anti Irish press is still repeating the gross falsehood that Ireland is hourly growing more contented and happy, and that the country is in a most thriving condition. What! the country thriving while the people are being trampled out. It is blasphemy to say that the country is prosperous while the population is decreasing. While the process of voluntary and forcible ejection thins the population, it is mockery to say that the country is growing healthy. Nothing can be more appalling than the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General. The terrible reality, that death and emigration still keep increasing over the births, must surely prove even to the veriest blockhead or hypocrite, that the downward course of the country is incontrovertible. A system that encourages such a state of things—that enables one man out of every thousand to become enormously rich out of the produce of the land, while those who labour and toil to cultivate and improve the soil live in downright destitution, or are forced to emigrate to procure a livelihood for themselves and children—surely should be execrated by every lover of good government. Well, this is exactly the system which forces the Registrar-General every quarter to print, in black and white, the fearful words, 'decrease in the population.' Surely, some of the Irish members will note and bring before parliament this evidence of the decline and fall of the Irish Nation the first week of its meeting. The government press is engaged in propagating the gross falsehood, that Ireland is becoming prosperous. Let but the quarterly return now before us be exhibited in the House of Commons, and no more will be necessary in the way of confutation.—*Mayo Telegraph.*

There is scarcely a doubt that within a couple of years this country will undergo a change that no one, even a few months ago, could have contemplated.—To fatten for ages sheep and oxen will again be turned up by the hard hands of the husbandmen, and all the government needs do is to give security to the occupying tenant that his industry will not be interfered with; the small farmer being once secured in his home, a class now hostile to England, are made firm friends, and as work for idle hands must by this means be trebled, the labouring man will find unhopd-for comforts in the change from his present poverty to high wages and constant occupation. If justice be done to all by the incoming parliament, Fenianism will meet its death blow; if not, it may be looked on as an institution firmly fixed in the country.—*Drogheda Argus.*

MISS STEPHENS' SUPPOSED TO BE IN CORK.—During the early part of Tuesday, Head Constable O'Neill called at the Victoria Hotel to make inquiries respecting two gentlemen who had passed the night there, and had left at half past six this morning. The gentlemen gave their names as Owen and Patrick. They arrived last night, and we understand, had only a small quantity of luggage. It is stated that one of the two was Mr. James Stephens, the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood. The police received private information of their arrival, but it reached them too late to be useful. From the continuance of the searches for Stephens in different parts of the country, it is apparent that the authorities place no reliance on the statement that he has escaped to the Continent; and it will be remembered that a few days since our readers were informed by a correspondent that a close search was made for him in the neighbourhood of Kanturk, showing that he was believed to have been recently in the country. How far the information on which the inquiries and the search were made may be reliable we are unable to say.—*Cork Examiner.*

The correspondent of a Dublin paper says that recently a funeral party entered a church-yard situated in a solitary part of the county of Wicklow, lowered a coffin into the grave, covered it and went their way. The police of the district went to the cemetery in question, and disinterred the coffin found to contain a quantity of pikes.

PRECAUTIONS IN CORK.—On Friday three steamers arrived at Queenstown from America, and forty persons disembarked, about whom the civil authorities felt some concern, they were tracked by detectives from place to place, until they finally left this city for their respective destinations. Previous to this an order was transmitted from the civil to the military authorities, which caused one to be issued by the latter confining the troops to quarters; but, on the arrival of Major-General Bates at the barracks, half the men constituting the garrison were deemed sufficient to meet any emergency that might arise, the others being allowed to leave barracks for recreation as usual. A party of men who landed from the steamer went at once to Ballincollig. They were followed by a detective, who did not loase sight of them until they returned to this city and left by the Great Southern and Western Railway.—*Cork Constitution.*

The Cork Herald reports that telegraphic instructions were received by the military authorities here on Friday to keep all the troops of the garrison within barracks, and the cavalry with horses saddled ready to mount at a moment's notice. The immediate grounds for this precautionary measure are only to be surmised.

The same paper announces that great excitement was caused at Kanturk on Thursday, by the arrest on a charge of Fenianism of a person named O'Keefe who resides near that town. The prisoner is in a good position, and his arrest has naturally occasioned a considerable sensation in the peaceful locality to which he belongs. We learn also, that the Mitchelstown constabulary have been on the alert during the past two or three days, in searching for the members of the Fenian Fraternity. Their pursuit up to Friday was profligate. It appeared that the constabulary in the different county districts are complaining of the severe duties to which they are now exposed, in consequence of these repeated Fenian alarms, and their discontent is increased by the fact that their pay is less than the wages of ordinary labourers. It is expected that the pay of the force must be doubled to prevent the occurrence of the wholesale resignations with which the authorities are threatened.

The *Monster News* states that in the course of last week a party of police, under Sub-Inspector John Monaghan, accompanied by two other pickets of police, under their respective officers, proceeded to Lower-Ballingarry, county Tipperary, and made a most minute search about the hill of Farrerory for the escapee Head Centre. The fact of this being the memorable spot where Stephens stood in '48 with his associates may account in part for the movement. The police searched every where, with the utmost closeness, within the memorable scene of '48. They searched the zone of a person named Sulvan, in Interfer, and the tract of country lying between that and the county Kilkenny, without discovery of the object of their pursuit.

REMOVAL OF FENIAN PRISONERS.—Ten of the Fenian prisoners who had been convicted at the Dublin and Cork special commissions on a charge of treason felony, were removed on Tuesday morning from the Mountjoy Prison for transmission to an English convict prison. They were conveyed to Kingstown by the special passenger train, in charge of a body of the B Division of the Metropolitan Police and prison officials, and on their arrival at the Carlisle Pier were given in charge to a detachment of marines, under Captain Nore, from the Royal George, who acted as a convict guard to Holyhead, per the mail steamer Ulster, Captain Triphook. The prisoners were handcuffed. On their arrival at Holyhead they were transferred to another convict-guard, which conducted them to prison.

FENIAN PRIVATEERS.—We have seen a private letter from California, which mentions that two smart iron-clad screw vessels are about to be launched from the ship-building yard of an Irish settler, in St. Francisco Bay. It is generally believed in St. Francisco that these vessels are intended for privateering purposes by the Californian Fenian Circles. The brotherhood, it seems, is very powerful in this district of the Pacific coast—so much that they have always sent the largest contributions of any received at the Head Office in New York.—*Cork Herald.*

FENIANISM IN MONAGHAN.—FIVE MEN ARRESTED.—On Monday morning, at an early hour, from information that was given to the authorities, Sub-Inspector M'Kelvey, of Monaghan, with a strong party of constabulary from this town and from Castleblane, proceeded to the townland of Tybolland, and there took possession of five houses within a short distance of each other. In these houses the police arrested five men, the charges preferred against them, it is said, being that they were members of an illegal society called the Fenian Brotherhood. The names of the men, who are all farmers, with the exception of one, are—Patrick Conlan, Peter Dugan, James Agnew, Edward Roche, and John Lennon. Roche is a National schoolmaster. The arrests, which took place about five o'clock, were made simultaneously, and two or three of the men were taken from their beds. The sub-inspector afterwards searched the houses in which the prisoners resided, and it is stated that several weapons were found concealed. The prisoners were marched to Castleblane, the residence of E. W. Lucas, Esq., J.P., committed them to Monaghan jail on remand for a week. Great excitement prevailed in the town when the prisoners were being escorted to the prison, and many exaggerated rumours were circulated. It is expected that the prisoners will be brought before the magistrates at the petty sessions on Monday next. No information can yet be obtained as to the grounds for the warrant upon which the men were arrested. It is said that a person who belonged to the neighbourhood has turned approver. *Belfast News-Letter.*

FENIANISM IN ARMAGE.—A correspondent of the *Irish Times*, writing from Markethead on January 15, says:—I have just received information from reliable authority that the police have succeeded, in arresting at Killylane, in this county, fourteen men on the charge of being members of the Fenian Brotherhood. The arrest has caused great excitement in this part of the county, and it is to be feared the excitement is not likely soon to subside, as it is generally believed that other arrests will shortly be made.