

better than the wives and mothers who pointed her out as a model for the young to copy; better than the whole world save one, who for her guidance and direction held the secrets of her heart within his keeping in the tribunal of penance.

Poor Marion, like most of us, you can preach well to others; and like many well-meaning persons, you sadly want patience with yourself. You have not yet learnt the practice of that virtue on which you have descended to your pupils this very evening; you feel that inward commotion within you, that interior disturbance, where you would fain that all were at peace.

Child of earth, lose not courage; he, that poor, querulous, imbecile man, is left thee, perhaps, in mercy, so that by patient, meek endurance thou mayest merit a bright hereafter. Well for us, indeed, if in such a spirit we can accept our trials. Fleeing as an April shower, its pearl drops caught up by the sun's warm rays, were the tears which had lingered, just one moment, in Marion's eyes, and dashing them hastily aside, with a bright smile again on her face, she re-entered the room in which she had left her pupils, and walked some way home with them, till she resigned them into the hands of the house-keeper, who had come to meet them; and then returned to her certain far-from-cheerful home, for an hour's reading before she retired to rest.

CHAPTER XII.—UNDER A CLOUD—TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

'It is an old saying, that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. Herbert, I do not think we can well have a darker than this,' said Lillian, as, with eyes streaming with tears, she sat one burning August morning making up a black dress, as a mourning garb for her firstborn, its pale, cold little form now lying stretched in its gray coffin, in the adjoining room.

'Alas, my Lillian!' replied her husband, replacing in its envelope a letter he had just read, 'it has been a comfort amidst our own misery to know that poor Marion and your father were going on pretty quietly; but even that has come to an end. I really do not like, or feel satisfied with myself, even in our cruel emergency, using the five-pound note that darling girl has sent us this morning; and yet, without doing so, how are we possibly to lay our poor child in its grave?—But try and eat, Lillian; your strength will quite go, if you do not take some support; and yet there is nothing to tempt the sickly palate here,' he added, as he pushed aside the weak tea and simple bread and butter, which yet stood untasted before her.

'I cannot eat, Herbert,' she exclaimed, dropping the work on which she had been engaged, for she could scarcely see through her fast-falling tears. 'It is as you say, so hard to take poor Marion's hard-earned money, and see no way of repaying her; for, mark my words, my husband, as soon will yonder sun fall from the heavens as you will have justice done you by the disappointed author-publisher, for whom your brain has worked so many weary hours. Talk to me of picture-dealers; yes, they are bad enough, no doubt, but yet not so bad as this man Maunton.'

At this moment a double knock was heard at the door; and then Lillian heard herself called by name.

'How vulgar!' she exclaimed, as she left the room. 'I fear it will be some time before I shall get accustomed to all the horrors of our present situation.'

Herbert sighed heavily. If Lillian was fastidious, what then? Contrast her former stately home with the little square in Lambeth in which they rented an unfurnished first floor; for they had quitted some three months since the pretty, though humble, cottage in Brixton. A dark street has many nuisances, Lillian was wont to say. The eternal cries of water-carriers and Yarmouth herrings in the morning—the herd of unkempt, noisy children, who constantly hung about the doors of the houses, congregating in knots of fifteens and twenties, as they left a ragged school hard by—the Babel of discordant sounds in the afternoon—the repetition of the morning nuisance, with the increase of the vendors of sundry viands for the four o'clock tea or early supper of the mechanics, of whom not a few live in the small squares and back streets of Lambeth—all made up a medley of horrors on a small scale for the intellectual, gilded Lillian; we should not say on a small scale, however, for to the quietly or studiously-inclined, as well as to the delicate in health, whose throbbing heads so pant after quiet, what is so terrible as a noisy neighborhood? However, the back streets, which in a poor locality are always unquiet, must of necessity be the dwelling places of the needy-lady and gentleman; and heaven help them in their habitations, poor souls, especially if they have weak nerves? The Sundays, too; why, really Lillian almost wished sometimes that men whose

views were as strait-faced and narrow as a certain nobleman we would not gain their sanction, and rigid ends regarding the Sabbath; far better, she would say than this eternal din of cats-meat!—even the euphonious cry of cats-meat on the Sunday morning, when sundry hands were lifted up through area railings, and stretched out arms through half-open doors, betraying that the mistress of the house was still en deshabille, having enjoyed a prolonged rest because it was Sunday; and then the afternoons, when cry succeeded cry, strawberries and other fruits of the season, followed by winkles—we presume the word is abbreviated for the sake of the breath of the crier; however, these low sights and sounds formed a category of horrors for the sensitive, nervous lady, whose hard fate compelled her to endure them. To return from our digression.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.—When had men conspire it is time for good men to combine. The Calvinists, the Freethinkers, the bad Catholics, and the place-hunters in Ireland having conspired to thwart the very moderate plan of the Government for meeting partially the just claims of the Hierarchy and people of Ireland respecting the Catholic University, we have taken up in the Dublin Town Council Chamber, and that the resolutions proposed by Alderman M'Swinye have been approved by the Hon. Mr. Vereker and other Protestant members of the municipality.

As the Corporation took vigorous action last year on the same question, upon the motion of Sir John Gray, Alderman M'Swinye has satisfactorily explained in his very able speech why they should now renew their exertions to obtain for the Catholics of Ireland a privilege enjoyed in common by Catholics, Anglicans, and Protestant Dissenters in England.—Had the matter been left in the hands of the Ministers of the Crown and of Parliament there would have been no special cause for the interference of the Dublin Town Council. But as the Presbyterian Synod thrust themselves forward, indecently and impudently, to obstruct a measure of fair play to their Catholic countrymen, it became a duty with the Reformed Corporation of Dublin to make a counter demonstration on behalf of tolerance and justice.

It is impossible to imagine anything more impudent than the conduct of these bigoted Utopian Calvinists. They have their Queen's College at Belfast virtually to themselves at a great expense to the State; and they have and enjoy the great advantages of graduation at the Queen's University and at Trinity College. Yet they have effrontery to clamor against affording to the Catholics, who cannot conscientiously graduate at either of these Universities, a facility for obtaining academical degrees in the only way that can possibly be made available. The Irish Catholics do not object to their Protestant fellow-subjects of all denominations being favoured with the utmost facilities for completing a high class education. They do not complain that the Presbyterians of Ulster monopolise the endowment of the Queen's College at Belfast, under the false pretence of imparting mixed education. They see the monopoly—they are aware of the false pretence, and they make no complaint. All they ask is that they—the people of Ireland—shall be allowed the freedom of education which the Catholics of England enjoy in common with the Protestants of this country, and that a portion at least of those funds which the State provides nominally for their education shall be really applied to that purpose. We don't hesitate to denounce the present system a great fraud upon the nation. It is principally for the education of Catholics that the Queen's Colleges were founded in Galway and Cork; and as the returns prove to demonstration that the Catholics will not, because they cannot, conscientiously make use of these colleges, it is clear that the public money is grossly misapplied and wasted.

It is not a large staff of officials—Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Deans of Residence, Professors and Lecturers, that constitutes a college; but it is by this herd of nearly useless officials that the funds of the Queen's Colleges in Galway and Cork are chiefly consumed, and it is really for their use that the money is taken out of the Consolidated Fund. The Corporation of Dublin rightly protests against this scandalous waste, when the money is required for valuable public purposes, and when Parliament meets after the recess, the Lord Mayor will appear in state at the bar, accompanied by representatives of several other Irish municipalities, to present a petition in favor of such a measure of justice to the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of collegiate education as they have a right to expect.

If the obstacles to a reorganization of the Queen's University, so as to meet the legitimate claims of the Irish be insurmountable, let the attempt be discontinued, and a Charter granted to the Catholic University, and at the same time funds set apart for the accomplishment, through that channel, of the object which the Queen's Colleges have so signally failed to effect, namely, the imparting to the lay Catholics of Ireland of an elevated collegiate education. Trinity College is a college and a university for the education of Anglican Protestants.—What rational objection can there be to make the Catholic University a similar institution for the education of Catholics? If such an arrangement should drain the Queen's Colleges dry, and turn their halls into a desert, shut them up as unprofitable schools, and sell them to the highest bidder. Industry and capital will find use for them. At present they are a gross imposition.—Weekly Register.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—Mr. Gregory, member for Galway has forwarded the annexed conclusive answer to the application made to him to sign the declaration in favour of a forced system of mixed education in Ireland. The distinction drawn between permissive mixed and compulsory mixed teaching is as sound as it is obvious, and every thinking man who is not a proselytiser in heart will concur with Mr. Gregory that if the denominational system be essential in England it cannot be prejudicial in Ireland. The following is Mr. Gregory's reply:—Cool Park, March 29, 1866.

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have received a circular from your secretary requesting me to affix my name to a document affirming the necessity of maintaining as it stands the present system of mixed education in Ireland.

I regret that I cannot accept that invitation.—While I have no desire to overthrow the present system of national education, at the same time I am perfectly prepared to accept such modifications of it as will in a large number of cases permit the clergy of all denominations to combine religious with secular instruction.

This claim to educate their flock is the demand of a large proportion of our own clergy as well as of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been recognised in England by the heads of both parties and our chief public men, by Mr. Disraeli at Oxford, and by Mr. Gladstone, the two leaders in the House of Commons; by Mr. Hardy, the member for the University, and by Mr. Henley, who both laid down in the House of Commons last year without contestation, that doctrinal teaching and denominational education ought to be the rule of public instruction in England.

scribed in Ireland in spite of the remonstrance of the clergy both of the Churches of England and Rome. I remain, my lords and gentlemen, your obedient servant.

W. H. GREGORY.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—The most interesting article to be in Macmillan is on "the new Irish difficulty." There is nothing in it new to those who have really attended to Ireland, but for an English and Protestant pen it is more than usually fair. Everything shows that the English people are more and more opening their eyes to the necessity of allowing Ireland to be governed for the Irish and as the Irish desire. Of the Priests he says:—

"It is not in human nature that the ordinary Roman Catholic priest should be actively loyal to the English connection. He knows that he is distrusted and disliked by the majority of English Protestants. We can hardly read an article on Ireland in an English newspaper without seeing that nearly all the evils that affect Irish society are attributed to his influence and to his faith. He knows that the great pride of the English nation is its increasing war against the Church, which is to him the pillar and ground of the faith. He sees around him a Protestant clergy, owing their endowments to a conqueror's decree, and drawing from a tax on Irish land the means of spreading what he and the majority of the people believe to be a poison of heresy fatal to the soul."

And yet he adds— "I do not believe that any clergy in the world are more heartily devoted to their duties as pastors and rulers of their flocks. It is easy for Englishmen to sneer at men who embrace lives of celibacy and poverty, who deny themselves family endearments, the comforts of a home, the luxuries of wealth; for the men who refuse an endowment must, to the well-regulated English Vicar or Rector, seem simply insane. But the English Priest, miserably paid, cheerfully shares the poverty of his flock, while the demands on his time are such as would affright the most devoted High Church Clergyman of the Anglican establishment. It must be confessed that they undergo cheerfully, manfully, and with earnest goodwill, the work they have, as it were, laid out for themselves."

This is a statement which, as we know, only comes short of the truth. Still, such an account of the Irish Priesthood could not have been found in an English Protestant (and ultra-Protestant) magazine a very few years ago.

The events of next week, Reform and the Irish Church questions, are pregnant with interest to Irish politicians. The Ministry, who through the intimidation of the Scotch and Ulster Presbyterians, was deterred from extending the smallest measure of educational justice to a Catholic nation, would find themselves in a considerable minority in the division on Reform if the Irish Liberal vote were to average themselves, not on the measure, but on the Ministers, by either absence or opposition next week. Such course, however, they will not take; but trust to improved feeling and a better understanding of the Irish question, which it is difficult—so difficult to get understood by the British public. Judge Fletcher, by descent an Englishman, in his celebrated charge to the Grand Jury of Wicklow, in 1841—a charge frequently quoted by O'Connell—a masterly view of the causes of Irish discontent, all of which save one exist, differing only in degree, at the present moment, referring to the profound ignorance of our English neighbours, who, generally speaking, know about as much of the Irish as they do of the Hindoos. Does a visitor come to Ireland to compile a book of travels, referring to the profound ignorance of our English neighbours, who, generally speaking, know about as much of the Irish as they do of the Hindoos. Does a visitor come to Ireland to compile a book of travels, referring to the profound ignorance of our English neighbours, who, generally speaking, know about as much of the Irish as they do of the Hindoos.

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AN IRON MINE.—In a mountainous district called Smair Hill, in the county Longford, a seemingly inexhaustible vein of iron is being wrought upon since last June. It is already sunk to the depth of thirty feet, and the ore it yields is said to be of uncommon excellence and purity. Immense quantities of it are daily carted from the mine to the Crossdoney Railway Station, whence it is conveyed to Dublin, and afterwards shipped to Wales. Here it is sold to the owners of foundries at the rate—it is said—of £3 per ton, and this, all expense deducted, is considered a fine price. The ground containing the mine has been purchased from the Rev. Mr. Porter by Messrs. Ritchie & Son, Belfast, at a lease for thirty-one years. Although so lately turned to account, the mine is not of recent discovery, for some thirty years ago an attempt was made to raise some of the ore, but from want of capital or enterprise of the undertaking was relinquished.—Correspondent of Anglo Celt.

In a number of the Freeman's Journal, which has just reached us, we find the following advertisement:— "Found, on Stephen's-green, a Bank Note. The owner can have it on stating number and amount. As the finder is poor, it is hoped a reward will be given. Apply to H. Note, Office of this Paper." Think what this implies—the finder is poor. He would be justified in law as well as in morality if he had said, 'I am not bound to go to the expense of advertising. The loser may perhaps be a man too rich to care about it; or he may be too stingy to pay the cost of an advertisement, and will throw the loss upon me.' In the face of all these chances, this poor finder advertises to find the unknown loser; and, as far as we have seen, the action has appeared to his countrymen so simple and natural that no notice of it has been taken. This is in keeping with the other event we have mentioned. And this is the people which England for the last seven hundred years has been throwing away the opportunity of really uniting to herself, as France has united to herself, and Provence! This is the people to which she still refuses to sacrifice even an institution whose existence makes England a mark for every scornful finger in Europe. Let us admit that the estimate formed by all the world outside our own fair seas is wrong and unreasonable; that it is a good, natural, and just thing that a religion should be by law established in a country, although the whole of its people are fully persuaded that it came not from above, but from beneath, merely because a minority of the inhabitants of a neighboring country profess to admit it as a religion, and really do regard it as a useful political institution, if it so happens that that same minority possesses the chief po-

litical influence. Let us admit this to be not only true, but self-evident, and that the whole human race, except the sections of the English nation which exercises the chief political power, is wholly blinded not to see its truth, still considering the fact that as long as this institution is maintained, any real union between Ireland and England is out of the question, would it not be worth considering whether the institution, good and beautiful as it may be—let that pass—is worth so much that for its sake we should cause such a nation as this to be for ever, as it is now, our most deadly enemy. Even gold may be bought too dear.—Weekly Register.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

To the Editor of the Irish Times.

Sir—Knowing how widely your journal circulates in Connaught and Munster, I am anxious to draw the attention of your readers to a question of the greatest importance to the welfare of this country, viz., the spread of flax cultivation in those provinces, and the prospect of remuneration held out this season to the growers. Although my observations will have reference chiefly to the western province, with whose capabilities I am best acquainted, some of them will be found to apply to Munster also.

According to Dr. Nelson Hancock's valuable statistical tables, the acreage under flax in Ireland in 1865 was 16 per cent less than that of the previous year. The yield per acre is known to be from 20 to 25 per cent below the average. We learn from the Belfast Linen Trade Circular that the value of the flax and tow imported into the United Kingdom during the year was £500,000 less than in 1864.—Almost all the flax grown last season has been scutched and sold, yet the stock in spinners' hands are unusually small, and those of linens and yarns are, perhaps even smaller. Consequently, flax has at no time during the last half century reached so high a price as it brings at present, 80s, 9s, and 100s, per cwt being as common prices now as 50s, 60s, and 70s, were some years since.

Add to all this that cotton is about three times the price it was before the civil war in America, and must continue dear for years; that the cessation of that war has thrown open the markets of the United States to our linen goods, and that favourable commercial treaties with several European powers will greatly increase the demand for exportation to the Continent. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that additional factories and spinning mills are being built, and additional spindles and power looms set up, not only in Ulster and elsewhere throughout Ireland, but also in other countries.

From the most reliable information (the Belfast Linen Trade Circular, already quoted) it appears that the number of spindles in Ireland in 1864 was 703,412; in 1866 there are 897,032; and mills are in course of erection capable of containing 62,000.—The number of power looms in 1864 was 8,872; in 1866 there was 17,288, and factories are being built which are capable of containing 1,400.

Owing to this enormous increase of flax machinery it will be difficult, if not possible, to supply the demand for flax next season, and so serious are the fears entertained of an approaching scarcity that great efforts are being made to introduce its growth in countries which nature seems to have unfitted for it, and which lie at such distance from Great Britain that the expense of carriage alone must add immensely to the ultimate cost of the article.

Now, the province of Connaught contains about 2,500,000 acres of arable land, of which at least 1,500,000 are suitable for the growth of flax; and as this crop can be repeated every eight year, it follows that 187,500 acres might be grown annually (considerably more than was grown in all Ireland in 1861, or in any year previous to 1862), whilst all that it produced last year was 7,403 acres, or rather less than 4 per cent of its capacity.

The soil and climate are peculiarly suited to the growth of the plant; there is abundance of good water for steeping it; there are hundreds of unused waterfalls, where scutch mills could be built, labour is cheap and employment scarce; flax is very dear and grain comparatively cheap; yet less than 4 per cent of the available land of Connaught produces flax yearly. The proportion is still smaller in Munster. Of 4,320,000 acres of arable land in that province, not less than 3,000,000, are fitted to grow flax, and one eighth of this would give 375,000 acres yearly instead of which it produced last year just 4,580 acres, or 1 per cent.

I have thus tried to show that the present state and future prospects of the linen trade offer the greatest inducements to flax growers to extend their operations, and that the South and West of Ireland are eminently calculated to become great flax producing countries. I have shown that Connaught alone could produce annually 180,000 acres of flax more than it did produce last year, and I am well convinced that the difference of value last year between 180,000 acres of flax and an equal breadth of oats could not have been less than a million and a quarter sterling.

Calculating for Munster at the same rate, we shall find in this one item alone, the products of these two provinces falling short of what they might have been by the enormous sum of 3,850,000, or 11s 3d for every acre of arable land which they contain.

It is scarcely possible to over estimate the importance of this question to all classes of landholders, but especially to the peasant farmers. With their small holdings, they seldom require to employ hired labour, so that it costs them little more to raise a crop of flax than one of oats; yet when brought to market, the produce of the former sells for double, and often treble, that of the latter.

But there is yet another consideration—the immense amount of labour which such a breadth of flax would employ. The people of Connaught and Munster are quitting our shores by thousands, and seeking in the cities, forests, and swamps of America that employment which they cannot obtain at home.—The population of Ulster, on the other hand, is on the increase, yet the demand for labour and the wages paid for it are steadily increasing too; year by year what were luxuries to the working classes are becoming comforts, and what were comforts are regarded as necessities of life; they are better paid, better fed, better clothed, better housed, and better educated, and all this is owing to the growth and manufacture of flax, and to nothing else.

Surely, then, it is the duty of every one to endeavor as far as in him lies, to spread these blessings over every portion of the island; that our population, now eager only to escape, may be tempted to remain earning an independence for themselves whilst enriching their country; happy because comfortable; peaceful because prosperous.—I remain your obedient servant.

JOHN M'CREA.

Strabane, March 23d, 1866.

HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS.—The Paris Correspondent of the Sunday Gazette, writing on Saturday night, says, with respect to Stephens—

"I see statements made in the papers that Mr. Stephens sailed from the Liffey; but this report has been put in circulation merely with the view of throwing discredit on the Dublin police. The itinerary which I gave you last week was the correct one, if the Head Centre himself is an authority. I suppose it would hardly amuse you to learn any minor details of Mr. Stephens—that in an interview I found him exceedingly like his photograph, and that he has a restless, determined air about him, travels with all the copies of the late lamented Irish People bound in green morocco, and printed on gold-edged paper; and that as for himself he only contributed two leaders, in which flowers are substituted for facts. I was not indiscreet enough to ask him to tell me much, and aware that your correspondent is not a Fenian, he was far from being communicative. He did, however, venture to express great faith in the success of the present movement, and smiled at the efforts of the Irish Government to capture him. The night after the reward was offered for his apprehension he saw fifty men, any one of whom might have betrayed him. Three weeks ago, he had driven 27 miles in the county of Dublin seated with a couple of other gentlemen in an outside car; he had never assumed any disguise; he had found Richmond Prison to be organized that he only wondered that anyone had consented to remain in it, and the police so inefficient that he deserved no credit for eluding them. I found a strong desire on the part of Mr. Stephens that the Fenian Brotherhood should appropriate him invested with supernatural powers; and perhaps he was practising this art when he related such tales as that no two bigwigs could talk about him in the Castle but their conversation was immediately reported; and other stories of the watchfulness of his secret police. As far as I can see, the Fenian chiefs assembled here have no settled idea of the form of government which is to replace that of Her Majesty. They complain to the French that they have not the liberty of meeting nor liberty of the press; and yet, as I remarked to them, one of their most violent pamphlets printed for foreign consumption is published in Dublin, bears the publisher's name, and is signed by members of a committee.

It is usual for Patrick's Day to be celebrated here by dinner, which has been delayed this year, and will only take place on Tuesday. The Hibernian colony has divided into two camps—one which insisted on inviting John Mitchell, and another which thought that the Imperial Government might object. The latter camp has carried the day, and St. Patrick is not to receive the festive offering of Mr. Mitchell.

From inquiries which we have made it would appear that the famous 'Head Centre' really passed a night in this town, and that the letter of Kelly, published some time ago, is worthy of more credence than seems to have been given it. On the very night indicated in the letter, near to eleven o'clock, three men, clad in rough sea-faring garb, drove into the town from Ardaraun, and asked accommodation at the Black Bull Hotel. This could not be had, and they betook themselves to the Crown Inn, where they put up for the night. Their strange appearance attracted the particular observation of the hotel people, and it was remarked that they were much soiled and fatigued. One of them was tall, and of a military bearing. Another never took off his hat in the house, and seemed to avoid observation. This latter quite absorbed the attention of one of the girls and she most positively asserts in looking at the carte of Stephens that she fully recognises the features of the strange individual. She remarked at the time that his eyes were tender and his feet remarkably small, and these, we believe, are characteristics of the Fenian leader. They were very careful to fasten their bedroom doors on retiring to rest, and at first they were desirous of being awakened at four o'clock in the morning. They, however, did not stir till a later hour, and remained in the hotel till shortly before ten, when they proceeded to the railway station, took tickets for Liverpool, and left with the express train. That a connection subsists between the visit of these men and Kelly's letter is shown by the exact correspondence of dates; and all the people of the hotel observe a striking resemblance between the portrait of Stephens and the man whose odd demeanour so excited their curiosity.—Scotsman.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.—Mr. M. J. Collins, solicitor, visited the county goal on Wednesday and made inquiries into the treatment of the Fenian prisoners. He found that since attention had been drawn to the matter in Parliament a complete change had taken place in their treatment. When he first went to visit the prisoners their recreation time was limited to two hours a day. The recreation during that time was a sort of drill, and they were restricted in intercourse with each other, while no private communication was allowed with their solicitor. On Wednesday he learned from the prisoners that their recreation time was extended to about ten hours, they were allowed unrestricted communication with each other and with their solicitor, and they were provided with a day room, furnished with a fire, to which they can retire whenever they choose. All sorts of reading, with the exception of political reading, is allowed. In short, every restriction not necessary for the security of the prisoners has been removed. There are eighty-three prisoners in the county goal, of whom nine are American citizens. These men, we are informed, addressed a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, as also a letter to the American Embassy. Mr. Eastman, the American Consul had an interview with them on Monday. Judging from the statement of the Attorney General, it is probable that they will be set at large on condition of their going back directly to America.—Cork Examiner.

The Kilkenny police made an important discovery of arms and ammunition near the city of Waterford in a public-house on Tuesday. One of the rooms they found a beautiful revolver (American pattern) and a dagger. On searching in the garden they dug up an immense chest, filled with rifle bullets, ball cartridges, and a great quantity of powder. The owner of the house was arrested, and further arrests in that quarter are expected. Kilkenny county reaches to the city of Waterford.

A man named Quinn, said to have been actively employed in promoting the Fenian cause in Scotland, has been arrested in Sligo on a warrant from the Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. Andrew O'Brennan, editor of the 'Connaught Patriot,' who was arrested at Clarenmorris some days since, on a charge of using seditious language, was discharged on Tuesday last. Thursday had been appointed for his third examination, but on Tuesday, without any hearing before a magistrate, he was told by the officials of the goal that he was at liberty to depart. On Saturday another batch of Fenian prisoners consisting of 26 persons, arrived in Belfast from Dublin by the halfpast twelve train, and were received at the terminus of the Ulster railway by Mr. Orme, R.M., Commissioner Bailey, Sub Inspector Harvey, and a considerable body of constabulary, by whom they were escorted to the prison in Crumlin Road. Among them we noticed one whom we recognised as having been, on more than one occasion, charged in past years with offences of a political character. This arrival makes up the number of Fenian prisoners sent from Dublin to Belfast to 96.—Belfast News.

On Friday last the 30th inst., a commercial traveller from Dublin, apparently under the influence of drink, met some soldiers of the 64th Regiment, now stationed in Clodgehen going to their barracks. He called them Fenians, and struck some of them. He also said their captain was a Fenian. He was knocked down by one of the soldiers. When he got up he rushed at the soldiers with the intent of striking them. Provisionally two police came up together with Mr. Atkins, which prevented the soldiers from giving him a good trashing, which he justly deserved. For this he abused Mr. Atkins and kicked him calling him also a Fenian. Mr. Atkins was obliged to call the police, and give him in charge. He appeared next day before Mr. Taylor, and was fined 6s for his drunken freak. He said his reason for abusing Mr. Atkins was, he did not save him from the soldiers. This man next day accused Mr. Atkins as a Fenian, and also told the officer in charge the same. The consequence was an order not to have any of the soldiers deal with him. Really this is too bad, that a complete stranger, and one who is excited from drink, that his words should have any effect, when it is well known he (Mr. Atkins) is neither disloyal or a Fenian.—Cor of the Dublin Irishman.

GREAT FIRES IN BELFAST.—On Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, the most extensive fire which has occurred in Belfast for twenty years took place. The provision store of Messrs. Thomas Sinclair and Son, the largest in Ireland, was burnt to the ground. Estimated loss, £150,000.