

asking for leave, to Colonel Lake; borrowed £12 from the same brother, and went to Wicklow with his wife. He had been in very delicate health. His movements on the evening of the robbery were pretty clearly traced from office hours until he went home, by dozens of Civil Service witnesses, who saw him in the George Hotel, in Fleet-street, a place in which these Government clerks appeared to spend more time than in their offices—with the exception of an absence of a period that was variously estimated from half an hour to five minutes, during which no one knows where he was. It was proved by locksmiths that the safe had been very frequently opened by a key other than that possessed by Mr. Brown, and supposed to be the only one in existence. That the robbery was effected with a false key, therefore, is beyond a doubt. Thus the case stands, divested of numerous useless, embarrassing, and trifling points for the report of the commissioner. The inquiry reflects little credit on the social or moral character of a good many of the parties who have been dragged to the front.—Standard.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN.—Considerable anxiety has been felt within the past few days by the family of a commercial gentleman who resides in this city, consequent upon his disappearance under circumstances of a rather mysterious nature. It is stated that he went to the railway terminus last Wednesday evening, and left his luggage there, after which he returned to town. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. Communication of the matter was made to the authorities to-day, and the usual search has been instituted, but up to the present with no satisfactory result.—Cork Paper.

At Fortadown Special Sessions 22 Catholics and 11 Protestants were committed for trial to Armagh Assizes, charged with having taken part in a riotous and unlawful assembly in Portadown, on the 23rd July, on which occasion a furious affray occurred between a number of Catholics and Protestants, in which several people were seriously injured. The courthouse was crowded to excess and the utmost interest was manifested in the proceedings.

HOMICIDE IN THE COUNTY LOUN.—A telegram from Drogheda says, that as two men, named McGough and Murphy were fighting in the street, both being under the influence of drink, the former had to retreat to his house where he seized a heavy stool which he flung with violence at his opponent. It struck, however, his mother-in-law, fracturing her skull and she died shortly afterwards. The two men have been arrested.

THE HARVEST.—The improvement in the weather, in spite of the showers, has had the best effect in ripening and in saving the harvest. The reports from the provinces continue excellent, and there is now full assurance that under every head—meadow, clover, green crops, potatoes, and cereals—the yield this year will be considerably in advance of that for several years past.

The death of Charles J. MacDonnott, Prince of Coisvinn, is announced. The deceased gentleman was a fellow-laborer of O'Connell, and was greatly respected by the people, as the chieftain of a clan who paid him an unswerving allegiance.

DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—There was a great popular demonstration at Cavan yesterday in favor of home rule. There will be no election in Traler, Ireland, O'Donoghue, member of Parliament for that city, not having received the expected appointment to a Ministerial office and consequently not requiring reelection.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SIZE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEN.—The heroes of antiquity, esteemed godlike in their stature. In every exhibition of arms and armour thrown open to the observer, from the Tower of London to that collection exhibited in Somerset House by the Society of Antiquaries, and which has just been closed, abundant evidence is afforded that the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day. The ancient British and Roman arms exhibited in Somerset House could have been effectively wielded only by a smaller race of men than that of our time. The handless of the swords and daggers were too small to afford a firm grip to the hand of the modern Englishman, and even few women's hands would have fitted in between the guard and the extreme end of the hilt. In armour, again, it is a remarkable fact that none but the smallest and slimmest men amongst us could squeeze ourselves into the corsets worn by such heroes as "flattered the Volscians" at Cressy and Poitiers. Darnley's cuirass at Holyrood Palace cannot be got outside of a man of five feet eight and of proportionate build. Wallace's sword, a huge iron contrivance which few of us could swing, and which it is certain the hero of Scotland never wielded, has been found to be no more genuine than the poker still shown as Ballic Nicol Jarvie's at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and has been withdrawn from exhibition at Dumbarton Castle; and the armour of the Black Prince is too small for an average guardsman. It seems, then, that England, instead of producing a race inferior to that which flourished in the historic times, now breeds men of clearly grander and more athletic frame than she has hitherto done. In the light of this fact we must revise our early historic impressions. Richard Cœur de Lion the Prince of Crusaders, and the fear of Saladin, we must now be compelled to regard as, after all, only a light weight; Edward the First, that Longshanks who was the "Hammer of the Scottish nation," as being considerably short of the standard of our own Horse Guards, and the famous and splendid Black Prince as a hero of infinite more skill and energy but of very ordinary form, and with a constitution so delicate, that after a few years' campaigning in France, and a disastrous raid into Spain (where he suffered severely from the heat), he pined and faded and dropped into an early and premature grave. So much for mediæval giants.—Land and Water.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE PILGRIMAGE.—We submit a few extracts from English newspapers, as indicating the impression produced by the Pilgrimage on the correspondents of the Protestant press. The Morning Post observes, through its correspondent, when speaking of the devotion of the pilgrims: "It is difficult, however, to convey an adequate sense of the deep feeling with which the pilgrims have performed the various portions of their self-set task. I can testify to sobs and tears at some of the most impassioned passages of Bishop Vaughan and Monsignor Capel's appeals to Heaven for all imaginable blessings on our 'loved England.'" And again: "Indeed I do not well know what, in a moderate way, the Norfolk, Denbighs, Gainsboroughs, Stourtons, Cliffords, Maxwells, Stuarts, Langlaes, Jerninghams, and Talbotes are not capable of doing, 'au nom du Sacre Cœur.' Of course I do not mean to say that they are not prepared for downright martyrdom into the bargain. Certainly they seemed to me to be quite as earnest as, and rather more demonstrative than, even Irish Catholics. Archbishop Manning may be congratulated on the spirit of his flock." While speaking of the attitude of the French, in their reception of the pilgrims, the same writer says: "More curious as to the attitude of the population than as to the features of the landscape, I could not but notice the evident respect with which the inhabitants in the towns and villages regarded the religious demonstration of the English Pilgrimage. As we approached our journey's end the marks of interest became more and more numerous, and at several localities crowds, that plainly knew of our coming, welcomed us with no small enthusiasm. At La Charité, especially, there was quite an assemblage, including a large number of priests and local notabilities. By the way, I have

never seen finer faces of the benevolent and intellectual type than among some of the French clergy. It was not, however, until we had actually reached Paray, that I came to comprehend the depth and intensity of the emotions which underlie this extraordinary Pilgrimage movement. From a distance we could spy from the carriage windows long waving scintillating lines of lights, and could hear at moments the rising and falling of some solemn chant that sounded weird and mystical through the night. When we reached the platform the spectacle was one not easy to be forgotten. In every direction there were crowds, nothing but crowds. The white headresses of nuns shone out here and there under the flame of countless tapers against a dark background of blouses and gowns, and here and there semi-military uniforms of woodranger or gendarme. Generally by the nuns, one could see ranks of girls and children, white grandmothers and grandmothers, to judge by their gray hairs and bowed frames, seemed as anxious to press forward as any of their descendants. It was a complete representation of rural France that stood before me, and now I could distinguish above the psalms and hymns a shout of welcome strangely stirring to hear—'Vive l'Angleterre Catholique! Vive l'Angleterre Catholique!' The Times published on Monday a very fair description; and first we would quote a passage, in regard of the visions of Blessed Margaret Mary, which contrasts favourably with that which has been given by the Pall Mall Gazette and other papers. Space will not permit us to quote from all the Protestant papers; but we may observe that the tone of the letters in the Standard and the Daily Telegraph have been, on the whole, kindly. Among provincial papers the Sheffield Daily Telegraph contributes some pleasant impressions: "Paray-le-Monial is an exceedingly picturesque and beautiful town, clean and quaint in all its arrangements, save those tawdry bazars for the sale of objects de piete, which, as it seems to me, accord so ill with the noble architecture of some of the buildings in whose neighbourhood we find them in towns of the continent. As the procession passed along the streets singing together:—

Faith of our fathers, holy Faith, We will be true to the till death."

THE "LITTLE LUTHER."—During the past fortnight an unparalleled religious war in words has stirred up the feelings of the people of Glasgow to well-nigh boiling point. "Brother Alphonsus" the latest champion Orange mid-thruster trumpeted forth his determination to sacrifice his energy and intelligence such as they were, to rescue the poor benighted papists of St. Mungo's city from the unspeakable horrors under which they had so long and so hopelessly groaned, and moreover promised to reside in their midst for their spiritual benefit. After lecturing as men of his stamp alone can lecture, and "celebrating High Mass" in some of the vile Orange dens, this latest and brightest luminary of the Church established by law, found his friends in a position to enable him to take the City Hall for the due enacting of his blasphemous. To prevent disturbance or riot, which such a proceeding was well calculated to produce, the Rev. Mr. Munro applied to the superintendent of the police, in the absence of the higher authorities, to have the horrible mimicry of the Mass stopped. This much was accorded, but on the arrival of the Provost and bailiffs from London, the Rev. Mr. Munro's efforts to restrain the ribald mount-bank met with little sympathy, the "lecturer" got full swing, and his performances were received with infinite relish by the Orange and Presbyterian factions. An immense hall, crowded with the elect, raised this wandering light to a certain prominence amongst the more furious, the more morbid, the more depraved sectarians. The local daily Mail noticed, not unfavourably, the lecture (sic) of the "converted Jesuit," and now, borne gaily on the wings of the press, fortune seemed to have joined the ranks of his admirers. Indignant Catholics inquired whence hailed "the little Luther" as his chairman Sanson, so affectionately styled him and decent Protestants who went to hear "the shining light," came back disgusted and horrified at the filthy obscenity of "the latest great convert from Popery." Letters from all sides began to pour into the Mail, angry feelings were aroused when the publication of extracts from the Liverpool and daily papers describing the foul antecedents of the blasphemer who calls himself "Brother Alphonsus" gave an inkling of the true character of the admired and almost adored Baptist convert.

From the exposure published in the Mail it appears that this "precious vessel," after having obtained by dint of plausible lies a free passage from Dublin to Liverpool, through the kindness of Captain Dyer, B. N., made use of this gentleman's name in Liverpool to fleece several parties. He settled down in a well-known neighbourhood of the great seaport and opened an adventure school. He here married, but soon "saw the errors of his ways," as his better half declared in the Mail's correspondent, "after he had been drinking heavy." He had then deserted his wife under circumstances which left her no alternative but to resort to Brownlowhill Workhouse. The authorities summoned the now "converted Jesuit" to support his wife, and ordered him to give her 6s. per week; this, she asserts, he has never done but only sends her 6s. or 8s. every three or four weeks, and she will be very thankful to anybody who will give her his real address, not that she intends "to truck with that devil's clip of a vagabone," but that she is determined to bring him to the court to force him to send her the 5s. regularly. Before letting the Mail's correspondent depart, she apprised him of her strong and intimate conviction that "the devil's got a hold of him, and he'll never let him yet."

These facts, with the Belfast Police Court disclosures, and the palpable falsehoods with which the falling "star" met them, defy comment, but we hope, indeed feel perfectly certain, that the lovers of justice, truth, and morality, will before long, hear of a fitting sequel to this tale. Descriptive names given in jest, or bestowed by way of comparison in a hasty moment, not unfrequently are, as striking as they are appropriate, and we cannot help so regarding the nickname conferred by the chairman on his sweetly religious protegee of the Glasgow City Hall meeting—"the little Luther," is at once elegant, compendious, and true; and we beg to congratulate our Protestant friends on their new and highly respectable "Reformer."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—SEVEN IRISHMEN KILLED.—An accident of a most painful character occurred at Stonehouse, the township adjoining Plymouth. A fire recently destroyed all but the walls of the extensive cabinet making and furnishing warehouse of Snowdown and Co., and an order was made that these walls should be taken down as dangerous. Much difficulty was felt in obtaining men to do the work, but this morning it was commenced. During the operation a strong gale of wind was blowing from the north, and a sudden gust blew down a portion of the wall, forty feet high, burying eight laborers in the mass of masonry. Seven deaths was the result, and one man, Wm. Forster, was taken to hospital much injured. The men were all Irish.

SPIRITUALISTIC DIVERSIONS.—At a meeting in Bolton last Sunday, in the Temperance Hall, an address was delivered on Spiritualism. The building was crowded; large numbers having been attracted by an announcement that the meeting would be addressed through the medium of a "spirit." After a couple of hymns from the spiritualistic hymn-book had been sung, to the effect that they would go hand in hand with angels through the world and gather up the silver river about the throne of God, and after prayer and the reading of a chapter from Deuteronomy, the medium rose to address the meeting.

He assumed the appearance of one in a trance, never opening his eyes until the close of the service. At the close of his address the chairman intimated that the audience were at liberty to ask the spirit which had been speaking through the "medium" any question on spiritualism, but observed that no discussion would be allowed. A man asked who was the spirit that had been speaking. The "medium": I will tell you before I go. A baker named Jenkins asked how it was that the spirit did not make the "medium" speak grammatically. The "medium" said he could only play upon the body according to the condition in which he found it. The Rev. J. Deans a New Jerusalem minister: Will the "medium" say, then, whether persons speak grammar from the mind or from the body? The "medium": Do they not both live together? Without the brain a man cannot read grammar or anything else. Mr. Deans: Seeing that the spirit is speaking through the mind of the "medium," I should like to know where is the "medium's" mind whilst the spirit has possession. Does the "medium" know anything about what his own tongue has been saying this last half-hour? The "medium": Nothing at all; he is entirely unconscious. The "medium" was further questioned at great length, and the meeting became very disorderly and broke up amid considerable uproar.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.—The Standard in publishing a carefully compiled statement and comparative analysis of the results of the elections from 1863 up to the present time observes:—"The fact thus presented will be contemplated with the highest satisfaction by the Conservative party, but for the general public they possess an exceptional value and significance. They tell in brief the story of every seat which has fallen vacant since the last general election, and in doing so they mirror the fluctuations of public opinion throughout the country, and its attitude towards political parties. It is an utter mistake to suppose that the issue of the popular vote at a general election can be held to represent the mind of the country through all the years which elapse before the next dissolution. The constituencies record their opinion upon facts before them at the time, but it is quite possible that circumstances may occur immediately after which produce a wholesale change in their political sentiments. The statesman or the party in whom they may have confided may have utterly disappointed their expectations. They may feel that the Minister in whom they trusted has broken his pledges, and has been false to the professions of faith, of which they recorded their confidence in him. The vote which raised him to place and power cannot be fully recalled until the next general election, but they none the less repudiate and deplore it.

The Doctor, a journal published in England, learns that "the acute commercial element of the Americans" have made a profitable discovery, which, in point of usefulness, will be about on a par with their "wooden nutmegs." This discovery is that, by flavoring in a certain way, petroleum or other mineral oil can be metamorphosed into champagne which will, among ordinary people, and even champagne-makers themselves, pass current for the finest King or Moët and Chandon. The oil is said to be sweetened with glycerine, aerated by a soda-water machine, and largely sold, being consumed principally at public balls and other gatherings where economy is generally an object and cheapness the most appreciated quality in wine. This "petroleum champagne," the name given to this native American brand, is said to produce terrible headache, often severe diarrhea, and other bad consequences. The Doctor, having made these interesting but hardly welcome disclosures, winds up with a prayer that the report that some of the new wine has reached England may prove unfounded.

THE AMERICAN CONFESSION.—A numerously attended meeting was held in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, on Monday evening, to protest against the attempt now being made to introduce Anglican confession into the Church of England. The meeting was addressed by various clergymen, including the Vicar of Sheffield, and resolutions against the proposal were passed. One reason for this unpopularity of confession—at least to Anglican clergymen—is supplied by an Anglican lady, in a letter to the Church Review. She says:—"Mr. A. would hear my confessions, where I occasionally stay, but his wife is jealous of his being alone with ladies in the vestry, even though the door be ajar. Mr. B. would do the same, but he is afraid of the squire getting to know that such a practice goes on. Mr. C. would attend to me, but I know he would despise me for my confession and I should shrink from meeting him afterwards. The last time I went to an Anglican he told me that he would hear my confession, but he was afraid it was very much against the blessed Reformation—whatever that might be. I fear that there is much spurious Anglicanism afloat, as your last issue denounces."

In order to prevent the possibility of such a case as that of the Tichborne-Claimant ever again recurring, it is said that early next session a bill will be introduced into Parliament to the effect that if any presumed heir to property should leave the country, and through any eccentricity or any other cause purposely abstain from making his existence known, he shall be looked upon after the lapse of a certain number of years as dead in the eyes of the law, the property to go to the next of kin.

A minister who was changing his living took for the text of his farewell sermon, Acts xx. 22, "And I go bound in the spirit of Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me." "Ah!" said the laird, loudly enough, "weel ken I that the stipend is fifty pun better than the stipend here."

TWO WILLS CONTRASTED.—Two wills were recently presented at the Probate Office, which were in strange contrast to each other. It appears that John Stuart Mill, philosopher, died worth \$14,000; Benjamin Grigsby, potato merchant, of Shorehitch, died worth \$20,000.

CONVERSION TO THE CHURCH.—A correspondent informs us that the Rev. Verney Cave, M.A., a son of the late Sir John Cave, Bart., of Stretton Hall, Dorsetshire, was some time since received into the Church by Father Douglas of the Redemptorist Order.—Tablet.

UNITED STATES.

SECRET PERSECUTION.—Catholics in this country are no longer subject to legal persecution. We acknowledge it with thankfulness, not to the Protestants, who offensively as well as absurdly boast as if their toleration was a prodigy of liberality, but under the good providence of God to those in eternal divisions which make it practically impossible that they should unite to persecute the religion of one-fourth of the people of this country.

That our exemption from legal persecution is not to be attributed to the will of a large portion of them is certain; because moral and social persecution, which requires no act of legislation, and no political or religious agreement, has during the last few years, owing to the many conversions to the Catholic Church, been more active than ever. This social persecution is less known and less prominent than any other, for the very reason, which makes it of all persecutions the most cruel—because it falls not upon the body of Catholics, but upon individuals—upon silent sufferers, whose sorrows excite none of the world's sympathy or admiration, because it neither sees them or hears of them; because their blood is not shed upon the scaffold nor their days wasted in a dungeon, but whose hidden grief and sacred tears are recorded

by Him, for whom they are borne, and from whom, veiled at the altar, they have drawn strength for all that they have done and suffered. In daily life, our eyes fall upon many silent confessors of this class, who have deliberately surrendered their God, for the Heaven-born truths of Catholic faith, all social position, nay, even family recognition. This social persecution is limited to no class. All of us know persons, of character, education, refinement, against whom the doors of parents, brothers and sisters are shut; who are passed without notice by their nearest relatives and dearest friends—refused means of support and deprived of their inheritance by those who are never weary of extolling the liberty of private judgment, proclaiming the rights of conscience and railing against persecution, and whose only ground of quarrel is, that they have done what is their own conscience they have felt to be indispensable to their own salvation. All this is suffered, not for man, but for God. It is, therefore, no injustice and no disappointment to the sufferers to be without human praise or human sympathy. The facts of this constant, galling, social persecution, which is practiced in every community of this "religiously free" country, could hardly be made public without invading the sacredness of family life and outraging private feelings. But the facts exist as they stand well known, always mocking them, and proclaiming their mendacity, when they loudly boast of the toleration which is accorded to the Catholic religion in this country.—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

The practice of levying assessments for political purposes on the employees at the Post-office has hitherto been generally supposed to be confined to the period just preceding important elections. From this, however, the practice of creating a party treasury, with a permanent fund, there is but one step, and that step seems to have been taken by Postmaster Filley of St. Louis. Mr. Filley lately sent round among the St. Louis Post-office clerks a circular calling attention to the "necessity which frequently arises for the disbursement of money in securing political ends," and the consequent propriety of contributions from those who hold places of profit dependent upon the supremacy of the party, and respectfully advising the clerk addressed that a donation of so many dollars would be gratefully received, and at the same time handsomely acknowledging the receipt of the money.—New York Nation, Sept. 18th.

AMERICAN LAW AND MORALS.—The American papers transmitted by the last mail teem with narratives of murder, execution by Lynch law, and deaths by duelling. A considerable portion of the New York Herald of the 21st ult., is devoted to such reports. At Twin Springs a man named Keller murdered his wife, his two children, and his sister-in-law. A Vigilance Committee took him from the Sheriff and hung him. At Arkansas six men entered the court-house and fired at an attorney; in the evening the attorney's friends shot one of the men. At Milwaukee a man was murdered in the street, a riot ensued, and one of the police officers was killed. Four men fought a quadrangular duel, and killed each other at New Orleans. At San Francisco a father slew the deceiver of his daughter.—In Georgia two men shot each other to death. These are only a few specimens of the matter contained in the American papers. They reveal the weakness of the Executive power, and the existence of a reign of terror. The roughs have so long enjoyed impunity that they now defy the law. In America, as in other places, the weakness of magistrates establishes the supremacy of the mob.—Irish Times.

PLEASE DON'T!—Chicago was afflicted with something worse than a great fire last week. The Spirituists held a convention there. One of the members, a down eastern spinster made a speech in which she announced her determination to destroy christianity. Now, if the sweet dame was to make such a declaration to us, we would earnestly say to her: "Don't please don't!" If she wouldn't listen to our entreaties we would rally into negotiations for her with the managers of the nearest lunatic asylum. It is appalling to reflect that such a desperate character is abroad.

HORRIBLE FATE OF A HOT-AIR BALLOONIST.—WRELLA, Ia., Sept. 26.—Prof. Bailey ascended from the fair grounds to-day, with a hot-air balloon, hanging by hands to a cross-bar beneath. Just as the balloon started it took fire near the mouth, and Bailey did not apparently notice the fire until he was too high to let go with safety, but hung on until he had reached an altitude of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, when the hoop was burned away and he fell, reaching the earth a quarter of a mile from the point of starting. His body was frightfully mangled, and his legs were driven into the hard ground up to his knees.

There are more things in heaven and earth, &c. Let no one say that there's nothing in superstition while man is man and dreams are dreams. A Massachusetts lady dreamed the other night that her husband was dead. As soon as morning arrived, she frantically telegraphed, and found that he was entirely alive and well. Her fears were relieved. But observe the awful realization of that dream. Ere the day was done her pet puddle abstracted her new bonnet and tore that lovely thing into countless pieces! In the face and eyes of this story, can any body doubt that there is something in dreams?

There has recently been discovered among some papers at the U. S. Treasury Department the original contract between the Marquis de Lafayette and some merchants of Baltimore, whereby the former made over to the merchants his entire fortune as a pledge for the sum of £1,500, with which he raised a regiment for the Revolutionary Army.

The Evansville (Ind.) Journal is responsible for the story that a young man who had suffered some time with a cough found entire relief after coughing up a gold dollar. He remembers having several of these coins in his mouth one night in bed and that one of them disappeared, but he was not conscious of having breathed it into his lung.

That "honesty is the best policy" may be exemplified by the following little incident:—A man at Belmont, Mo., sold to a mill owner a saw log, which proved to be hollow. As he sold it for a sound log, he voluntarily went and gave back the price, and hauling it to his own yard chopped it up for firewood. In this operation he found ten five dollar gold pieces which somebody had secreted in it.

Boston City Hall was disturbed the other day by the presence of an odor which, although its strength was beyond dispute, could not be traced to its source. A search did not disclose it, and it was finally decided that a rat beneath the floor was its cause, and that the floor must be torn up. This was done, but without the wished-for result. The number of searchers for the smell was increased, and as one of them leaned against the wall to rest his back, his attention was drawn to an old coat and the mystery was solved. The coat had been worn on a fishing excursion, and into one of its pockets some one had put a tom cod, which had not been discovered.

Mrs. Kate Ferguson, the wife of a Cleveland printer, was frightened to death recently. She was walking on the street, followed by a small dog, when a dog-killer, seeing a chance to make a fee in his vocation, aimed the gun at the dog, which so frightened Mrs. F. that she ran screaming home, was seized with convulsions, and died in a short time.

Here is a little man with a long reach. A dwarf comedian known as "Little Mack," just 36 inches high, got into an altercation with a six-footer in San Francisco, lately, and actually cut the top of his

antagonist's head. Local papers ask, how did the dwarf get up there?

THE IRISH BRIGADE AT CREMONA.

By far the most interesting article in the last number of the Dublin Review to an ordinary reader is that on Mr. O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade."

The following condensed account of the gallant defence of Cremona will serve to show our readers the vigor and spirit with which the article is written:—"There were in the town of Cremona but 1,000 men in all, only 600 of whom were Irish. It was, through the contrivance of a priest named Cozzoli, a partisan of the Archduke Charles, together with great neglect of Marshal Villeroi's orders on the part of the garrison, Prince Eugene and an army of 10,000 men effected a quiet and secret entrance into the place during the dark morning hours of the 1st February, 1702. Before Marshal Villeroi was aware that anything unusual had occurred, the Germans were in possession of half the town, and Eugene was established in the Hotel de Ville. Never was a fortress taken so easily. The Austrians, not doubting of their complete success, congratulated themselves on a victory won without losing a man, without firing a shot. It so happened that a battalion of the regiment des Vaissaux, which was commanded by the Chevalier d'Entraigues, was actually under arms for review near the gate of the Po while the Germans were streaming into the town by other entrances, just as the winter dawn began to glimmer on the roofs of the city.

Strangely enough, it was not till now that the rest of the Irish troops, in their barracks near the Po gate, some of whom should have been up by daylight for review, were made aware of what was going on by the shouts, and firing at the barrier. In their shirts, and without half their officers, many of whom, and among them Major O'Mahony himself, whose landlord had forgotten to arouse him at the appointed time, awoke to find himself apparently cut off from all communication with his men. Nevertheless he resolved to conquer or fall that day at the head of Dillon's battalion; and with true Irish agility and ingenuity he actually contrived to rejoin them before they engaged the enemy.

Had Vandemont but had the *mas* to take the redoubt, defended only by 150 men, at the end of the bridge of boats, and to cross the bridge with his 5,000 men, it seems impossible that the remains of even those two battalions of heroes could have prevented his entrance. But so little trouble was apprehended from Vandemont that Count de Revel ordered the Irish to leave 100 men at the long-contested barrier, and to march to the gate of Mantua, which Lynch, one of the Irish officers who had been separated from his own men, had defended all day at the head of a company of Frenchmen, against Count de Kuffstein. Twice O'Mahony (who commanded the Irish after Colonel Wainhope had been incapacitated by a wound) led that countless handful towards the Mantua gate under a galling fire, and twice, after doing much execution on the Germans who lined the way, he was obliged to fall back upon his first position. It was after their second retreat, near three in the afternoon, that Count de Revel ordered that to be done which the Irish at first suggested, namely, the breaking up of the bridge of boats. Accordingly the 100 French and 50 Irish, who manned the redoubt, destroyed the works and retired in the midst of a tremendous fire from Vandemont's soldiers, burning or removing the boats under a storm of shot and musketry; a precaution which might as well have been taken at ten o'clock in the morning. And at last the Irish, now reduced to about one-half their original number, fulfilled the cruel order they had received to support their brave compatriots at the Mantua gate. They had eaten nothing all day; many who were still on foot were wounded, yet their ardour not only carried them as far as the gate, but pushed them on to chase the German cuirassiers beyond its barriers with ignominy.

The Imperialists kept up the conflict latest at St. Margaret's gate, by which they finally retired, when, after a conflict of about eleven hours, the fate of Cremona was decided by Eugene's abandonment of the city, "taken by a miracle," as was said, "and lost by a still greater one!" The "still greater miracle" was the persevering and unconquerable valor and, let us add, the steady skill of the Irish troops. During a long period of the day's conflict the resistance of Wainhope's and O'Mahony's battalions was all that prevented Eugene from taking complete possession of the place; and when we add to their achievements those of certain of their officers in other parts of the town, such as MacDonough at the Milan and Lynch at the Mantua gate, we shall fully agree with the hostile writer, Forman, when he observes that the Irish performed there the most important piece of service for Louis XIV. that perhaps any king of France ever received from so small a body of men. He adds, not without reason, that the salvation of Cremona was the salvation of the whole French army in Italy. Not London, nor Marsaglia, raised the reputation of the Irish troops so high as this affair of Cremona. The French were quick to acknowledge their debt to "les braves Irlandais." Count de Vaudrey declared that "les Irlandais ont fait des choses incompréhensibles;" and when O'Mahony, who was *par excellence* the hero of the day, was sent to Versailles to give an account of the action he was called upon to exchange compliments with Louis le Grand himself. And who knew better than Louis how to acknowledge the services of the brave with a grace which ravished the heart in that monarchial age? Although the king's own military achievements were mostly confined to his appearance before a fortress when his officers and Vanhan had secured its fall, the bronzed and wearied hero of Cremona doubtless felt as though he were commended by Mars himself during that hour when he was clothed with Louis at Versailles. To his further gratification, the king not only admired his prowess in battle, but we are told, "while changing his dress in order to walk in the palace garden," praised his clearness of his narrative and his agreeable manner of communication, an encomium on O'Mahony's outward polish not to be despised even by the man who kept the gate of the Po at Cremona, when pronounced by the monarch of whom Trajan remarks that "his language was perfect," and that during his reign "a good style filled the air." But Louis did not limit his approbation to compliments. O'Mahony was pensioned and promoted, and the conduct of the two battalions, now reduced by death, wounds, and captures to 250 men, was considered to shed so much lustre on the whole infantry force of the Brigade, that all the regiments were appointed to receive the strangers' pay originally denied to them. Whilst O'Mahony was knighted at St. Germain by James III., England and Ireland were ringing with his fame and with that of the Brigade.

In the English House of Commons it was justly observed that "those two regiments had done more mischief to the high allies than all the Irish abroad could have done had they been here; at home and left in the entire possession of their estates;" a truth which unfortunately was not acted upon, since not only were none of the dispossessed recalled to enjoy the property which William's generosity had settled on the Countess of Orkney and on a variety of Dutch adventures, but the penal code remained firmly riveted on the fettered and devoted island. Yet a thrill of joy and pride ran through the heart of Ireland as she lay chained on her bed of sorrow, when she heard of the achievements of her sons on foreign soil; and as the bards in more glorious times had celebrated Gaelic prowess with the clash of their harpstrings, so now the wandering minstrels who yet remained composed in honor of their exiled heroes at air which yet lives under the title of "The day we beat the Germans at Cremona."