

were beyond the brow of the height, at the head of the irregular Rapparee horse, when the first troop of blue dragoons swept past us, down on the flying infantry, after St. Ruth's fall. We gave them but little time to play their sabres; for we swept, in turn, down upon their rear with a clatter and a crash that they, too, will not forget."

"I also shall not forget it," said their companion, with a sad smile; "for that gallant charge aided me well in saving the remnant of our broken army."

"Who is he at all?" muttered Cus Russid to himself, as he rode close behind, listening to the conversation. "Be this blessed stick!" continued he, laying his hand upon the huge pommel of the dragon saddle, in which he sat perched like a hawk, "but he talks as big as if he was the greatest general on the universal earth." He was not left long in doubt.

"Aye, my brave fellows," continued the subject of his inquiries, "and I shall not soon forget the brave dash you both made at my side when we rattled down that night upon the English convoy at Ballinacree."

"An' cut them into mince-meat, as our little friend behind us observes," continued Sarsfield, laughing (for it was he); "and destroyed their baggage and cannon,—a thing I never could have done, were it not for the sure intelligence you gave me of the enemy's movements. But what road are we taking?" rejoined he, as he cast his bright eyes over a tract of country, where, a few miles in their front, an abrupt hill towered up, with a calm lake gleaming in the sunlight at its foot. "Now that my mission in the country is accomplished, and that I have seen what you can do in the rear of the enemy, I should be crossing the Shannon once more for Limerick, where, I fear, I am sadly wanted at the present juncture."

"Your mission is not entirely over, my lord," answered O'Hogan. "You have yet to see the men of East Limerick and the Tipperary borders, and to give them encouragement by your presence for a day or two. For the rest, we shall guide you safely across the Shannon, above Limerick, not below it; which latter would not be an easy task in the present disposition of Ginkel's troops. The water you see beyond is Lough Gur, a place frequently visited by the foraging parties of the English. To the front, then, Tibbot; and you, Brown Foot, fall back farther to the rear, and keep those black eyes of yours on every bush and thicket around, for we must be careful."

In this order they soon gained the shore of Lough Gur. Riding warily round the foot of the hill that towered above it to the north, they at length came to the eastern end of the lake; and there, at the side of a shaggy wood, they dismounted, and sat down to regale themselves from Tibbot's flask and the wallet of provisions he had carried all the morning at his saddle-bow.

Having satisfied their hunger, they looked around for Cus Russid, whose newly-awakened modesty would not permit him to sit down and join in their noonday meal; and, after a little search, found that inquisitive individual half-way up the hill, and peering with much apparent interest into a hollow recess between two boulders of rock.

"What were you looking for at the rock, Cus?" asked Tibbot of Brown Foot, as the latter, after being recalled to their resting-place, was in the agreeable process of finishing his repast.

"Wisha, faith, if the truth must be told, sir," answered Cus, "I was just sarcelin' for the doore through which my uncle, Rody Condon, got into Tir-an-Oge. 'Tis a queer story, an' will make you laugh, if I may make so bold as to tell it."

"Clear your throat first with the flask before you commence, my boy," said Sarsfield, smiling. "It will enliven your story, and mayhap enable you to add something of your own to the thread."

"In the whole barony, there wasn't a quarman than my uncle Rody," rejoined Cus Russid, thus encouraged. "He never went out in his life after nightfall that he didn't see a ghost,—Lord athene us an' harum!—or a sperrit o' some kind or other. The Headless Man o' Drumhorn an' himself were old acquaintances; an', as for the Green Woman o' Tiernan's Ford an' he, they were like brother and sister. The Good People—wid respect I pronounce their name this blessed day—lived kin as if they were his born childer; an' good reason they ought, for he never went out on a journey high or low idout takin' a cruiskeen o' whiskey in one pocket of his coat, an' a drinkin'-horn in the other, to thrate them, the crathurs, when cowlid or thirsty. Many a drinkin'-bout they had together in the old fourths an' castles by the lake, an' every one o' them in their promis' to take him to Tir-an-Oge,—for he was mortal niger to get a glimpse o' the doins there,—an' then puttin' him to sleep an' stalin' the whiskey,—small blame to them for that, anyhow!"

"Well, at any rate, one November eve, as he was comin' home from Bruff, after sellin' four pigs of his agin the winter, he sat beyant there by the lake, an' drew out his cruiskeen an' drinkin'-horn to relieve himself from the cowlid; for 'twas a frosty night. After, maybe, takin' about twice the full o' the horn, he saw comin' crass the hill towards him a little old atomy of a man, not much higher than my knee, an' all dhressed in gray to the very caubeen upon his head."

"Wisha, much good may it do you, that came cruiskeen, Rody!" said the little man, comin' down, an' plantin' himself forin' my uncle on the grass. "Would you like to see Tir-an-Oge to-night?"

"You know I would, Traneen Glas," said my uncle (for they seemed to be old friends); 'an' many is the time, you sohamer, you dissaved me on that head o' seein' it too. But a cead mille failthe for all that, Traneen! Rody Condon isn't the man to give a frind the cowlid shoulther while there's a sup in the cruiskeen. Here is health an' happiness, an' may the wheels of our carriages rowl on pavements o' diamonds!"

"The same to you, Rody," said Traneen Glas, after he had emptied the drinkin'-horn in his turn. 'Tis a rare sweet dhrop, anyhow. An' now let us be off to Tir-an-Oge."

"The devil rescue the morsel of us will stir out o' this till we empty the cruiskeen at any rate," said my uncle; an' with that they tackled to, an' never stopped nor stayed till all the whiskey was gone."

"The minit the last dhrop was swallowed, Traneen Glas elapped his hands together with a sound like thunder. Then a whirlwind came roarin' up from the lake; an', spinnin' like my uncle round an' round, it drove him like a cannon-ball in through a great doore opened betune the rocks beyant there. It took away his breath an' eye-sight, it was so loud an' my uncle looked around an' found himself standin' on the verge of a great green forest, in the midst of the most beautiful country the sun ever shone upon. 'Tis Tir-an-Oge every inch of it," said my uncle, as he came to a great meadow. All over this meadow were ranged thousands upon thousands of knights on horseback, their great spears stuck in the ground beside them, their hands upon their sword-hilts an' their armor glitherin'; but all seemed to be asleep, an' as still an' motionless as the old figures upon the tombstones in Kilmallock. At their head sat a great lord all in golden armor, with his hand also upon the gaddzin' handle of his sword."

"Mille gloria! if it isn't Garadh Earla an' his knights I'm lookin' upon!" said my uncle. The mighty earl awoke at the voice.

"Is the hour come, Rody Condon?" said he, in a great voice that went echoin' through the forest; an' with that he half dhrew his sword from the scabbard."

"Wisha, faith, my lord, 'tis nearly come!" answered my uncle; "for them bloody under-takers are spillin' an' robbin' in the world above, an' murtherin' us all like wild bastards. But wait till I come back from seein' my frinds, an' then, if you consider it time, my sowl to glory if I don't show you the way out; for the Sassanachs want a taste of some o' them long swords badly!"

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

(From Times Special Correspondent.)

LYONS, Oct. 8.

It is to be hoped that the majority of your readers have never experienced the sensation of having committed a fearful crime, and of having escaped from the imprisonment which it involved. I was the victim of this terrible consciousness yesterday in the streets of Lyons. A week having elapsed since I was hunted from its turbulent precincts, I thought the time had come when I might once more venture upon a voyage of discovery, in the hope of not being recognized, and I accordingly spent an hour in its crowded streets and agitated squares. Haunted by a vague sense of guilt, and fancying every man with piercing eyes and a hooked nose was a police agent, and every workman in a blouse his sanguinary employer, my attention was constantly distracted by a sense of personal insecurity from the sights and scenes around me. Fortunately these did not offer any features of novel or striking interest. The Place Louis-le-Grand was filled, as usual, with all the stages of manhood, women nursing babies, decrepit old beggars, and awkward squabs of Moblots going through their drill, and preparing for "the bubble reputation" which the French army has so far failed to achieve at the cannon's mouth. The whole neighbourhood is swarming with Moblots at present; not only Lyons, but the villages for some miles round have Moblots billeted upon them, much to the disgust of the inhabitants, who not unfrequently have serious cause to complain of their conduct; still they are angels compared to the France-Tiens. The Mayor of Vity, who has had both Prussians and France-Tiens quartered upon him, has publicly announced that the conduct of the former towards the inhabitants was incomparably superior to that of their own countrymen. Indeed, so notorious have the France-Tiens become that it has been found necessary to abolish them as a separate corps. The Moblots who pass in droves through Lyons are for the most part draughted from the South of France. They speak all kinds of incomprehensible dialects, are swarthy, but not ill-favoured as a rule, and are generally characterized by a gaiety which takes, not unfrequently, a cynical turn. Here, for instance, is a song they sing, conceived in a frame of mind quite the opposite of "Mourir pour la Patrie" or, rather, regarding the same idea from an opposite point of view. The song of the Moblot on his way to the war,

"Nous partons,	"Nous aimons
"Ton, ton,	"Pourant la vie,
"Comme des moutons	"Mais nous partons,
"Comme des moutons,	"Ton, ton,
"Pour la boucherie,	"Pour la boucherie!
"Pour la boucherie!	
"On nous massacrer,	
"Ra, ra,	
"Comme des rats;	
"Ah! que Bismarck rira!"	

In times like the present, when all work is at a standstill, and the streets of the large cities are encumbered with an excited and idle population, the smallest incident is sufficient to form the nucleus of an agitation which, like a spark falling on a magazine, may lead to a terrific explosion. The more one sees of Lyons the more resemblance does it seem to bear to a bombshell, with its large overpopulation, who, like grains of gunpowder, are individually smutty and insignificant, but, united, are capable of producing most violently explosive results. This idle crowd, as usual, was assembled at the corners of the streets, and notably in the Place des Terreaux, where men between the ages of 35 and 45 were drawing lots for the conscription. The constant plaudering of new proclamations is another cause of excitement, and, indeed, they are always interesting, as an indication of what is going on. There was one, unsigned, thanking the dangerous and unstable populations of La Croix Rousse and La Guillotiere for their loyal attitude during the last week of excitement; another urgently calling upon all good patriots to subscribe to the loan; another informing the army that their want of discipline would be severely punished; others con-voking meetings to prepare the list of candidates for the approaching elections; and one which excited my curiosity, and which, quoting a decree sup-

pressing religious schools, invited all the "Brothers of the Christian Doctrine" who had claims to make to appear at the Hotel de Ville. It seems that no less than 20,000 male and female children of Lyons receive instruction from the Brothers and Sisters of this religious order. The male teachers number 160, of whom 135 receive from the Commune an annual income of 650fr. each. By a decree of the Municipal Council, all these schools have been suddenly abolished, the children thrown back upon their parents or on the streets, as the case may be, and the Brothers ordered off to the defence of their country. The proclamation invited those who thought they could show cause why they should not be sent to defend their country to come and make their complaints in person. As a large proportion of the children under the instruction of these men came from La Croix Rousse, this measure, though ultra-democratic, has excited the greatest possible opposition and indignation. The lay schools only contain 6,000 scholars, the teachers receive doubly the salary, and do not do their work nearly so well. The objection to the teaching of the "Christian Brothers" on the part of the Municipal Council is the religious element which it involves. The disastrous effects upon so large a proportion of the juvenile population thrown out of all possibility of instruction, and less able to be taken care of at home than during a time of peace, have pressed themselves so forcibly upon the quarters principally affected that petitions numerously signed were taken by a deputation of 20 delegates to the Hotel de Ville yesterday for presentation to the Prefect. That functionary, not being trained like an English Cabinet Minister in the art of getting rid of disagreeable deputations, declined to receive them, on the plea of press of business. With the prison of St. Joseph so near, the deputation may be thankful no worse accident befell them, more especially as the day before some over-zealous members of the National Guard actually arrested some of those who had signed the petition, and brought them in as prisoners to the central quarter, charged with no other crime than that of being found signing petitions to protest against a decree of the Municipal Council. This has roused the indignation of the least nervous of the local papers, which has published an article reflecting upon this act, and elaborately setting forth the reasons why the arbitrary arrest by self-constituted policemen, without any kind of warrant, of citizens guilty of no breach of the peace or of public morality, is not consistent with the highest conception of civil liberty.

An order compelling all the priests to serve in the National Guard, under penalty of three days' imprisonment, has filled the clerical body with consternation and dismay, which has culminated in consequence of a still more audacious and sacrilegious act on the part of the Municipality, who are reported to have sent an order to serve in the National Guard to no less a person than the Archbishop himself. As might be supposed under these circumstances, priests are rarely to be seen. Yesterday for the first time in a silent by-street I observed two; they looked at me with the same timid, startled gaze with which I was conscious of looking upon everybody else. Poor creatures, how I sympathized in their feelings of suspicion and discomfort!

PARIS BY NIGHT AND DAY.

In some recent numbers of the *Moniteur* M. Gaston Tissandier, who left Paris in the Celeste balloon gives the following graphic account of the present appearance of that city by night and day:—"During the night the fortifications afford an extraordinary spectacle. Each bastion is confided to a battalion of National Guards, who for four-and-twenty hours watch faithfully at their post. Between every two cannons is a sentinel who overlooks the adjacent country, and warns every one who approaches to retire, firing if the order be disobeyed. A profound silence reigns everywhere, broken only by the passing of the patrols and by cries of 'Sentinels, look to yourselves!' The arrangements for lodging the National Guards are not yet completed; at present some sleep under canvas, while others obtain shelter in the neighbouring houses, ready to rush to their arms at the first cry of alarm. While thirty battalions thus guard the ramparts, others act as police in the streets. In the early part of the evening the Boulevards are as full of life as at the best of times, the cafes overflow with Gardes Mobiles, France-Tiens, and National Guards, who fraternize over a look and newspaper, awaiting with confidence the events of the next day. People talk about the Departments, from which they have but little news, and anxiously expect the army which is to deliver Paris. At half-past ten the lights in the cafes are extinguished, and at eleven o'clock all the streets are deserted and silent. During the daytime one perceives everywhere Moblots and National Guards practising the use of their guns on the pavements in the squares and places. The whole length of the Boulevards is covered with wooden buildings, in which the provincial Moblots are lodged, while in other parts are immense enclosures containing legions of bullocks and armies of sheep. The Champ de Mars is bordered with wooden houses to shelter the droves, and its surface is covered with tents, carts, and military stores. The garden of the Tuilleries is a cavalry camp, the Chateau is a hospital. The Palais de l'Industrie is filled with stores for the wounded, as well as an immense quantity of shells and cartridges. The aspect of the fortifications during the day is strange as during the night. Thousands of workmen, assisted by National Guards, are unceasingly engaged in the bastions, protecting them with bags of earth, with gabions and fascines, and forming new powder magazines, so that every cannon shall have its ammunition close to it. When I left Paris news of the surrender of Strasbourg had not yet reached it, and numerous battalions of National Guards were every day making a pilgrimage to the statue of that city in the Place de la Concorde. The statue was literally covered with flowers, hidden, one might almost say, under the crowns of *immortelles*. There was a platform erected by the side of the statue, and people were mounting it in turn, in order to inscribe their names in a large register, which is to be presented to the Alsation city when two million signatures shall have been obtained. Omnibuses and carriages come and go as in the past; thousands of idlers take a trip round Paris on the carriages of the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture, and have thus an excellent opportunity of passing all the bastions under review. The little steamboats on the Seine are crowded with people—National Guards, women, and children—proceeding to Point du Jour, where they can see the gunboats, or hear how and when the discharge of a shell against the enemies' works. These people generally prolong their excursion to Passy, whence they can see the Bois de Boulogne, which it has been found impossible to burn either by using petroleum or tar, owing to the trees being full of sap. It has consequently been necessary to have recourse to the axe and saw, in the use of which the provincial Moblots have shown themselves very proficient."—*Globe*.

The effects of this ravaging campaign are fearful to contemplate. On the first apprehension of a siege of Paris, it will be remembered that M. Thiers came before the Government with a strange proposal to lay waste a large breadth of territory all round the capital, with a view to starve the besiegers by the destruction of everything which might contribute to their shelter or support. What seemed chimerical and impracticable as undertaken by the French against the Germans is now being accomplished by the Germans against the French. They are making a wilderness of the whole country around Paris and around their own encampment. They do not, as M. Thiers intended, destroy woods or habitations, but they drain the land and the population of all

the resources on which an army could depend for its subsistence. Of anything that the peasant has the Prussian soldier claims the lion's share. Three months of such searching requisitions as are now carried on everywhere over a radius of 60 to 70 miles round Paris will leave the Isle of France and the immediately adjoining Provinces in a state of utter destitution. This for the Prussians is a defensive as well as an offensive policy. By taking what they want for themselves they leave nothing for those who may come after them. Were even the French to gather sufficient strength to overcome Prussian resistance, they would find between the Seine and the Loire a region so exhausted as to throw them entirely and exclusively upon such supplies as they might bring with them. It is seldom more than one army that can, on the same ground, make the war feed the war, and the Germans are such thorough reapers that little will be left for the French to glean after them. The distress the invader spreads around him wherever he appears is something unspeakable. All along the roads and in the towns of Normandy and Picardy are swarms of fugitives from the Eastern Departments in such a state of squalor and misery as chills the blood of the beholders. Nay, the distress even precedes the invasion. Most of the mills and workshops at Rouen, at Lille, at Roubaix, and elsewhere are closed, or working short time; a great mass of that industrious population is thrown out of employment. Even agricultural labour is at a standstill, and in Normandy, where the people by forbidding exportation have caused a great accumulation of corn and cattle, they being now threatened with Prussian inroads, are anxious to sell their stock and stores at merely nominal prices, and cattle of the value of 200fr. or 250fr. find no purchasers at 40fr. or 50fr. Every one must feel what aggravation of such evils the approach of winter will bring with it. Count Bismarck has warned his friends and enemies that, in the event of Paris having to surrender from famine, every possible means, either of throwing in provisions or of removing the suffering population, must be insufficient, so that thousands must inevitably be doomed to starvation. This terrible warning applies equally to the districts around Paris. At a distant period to support itself will be as much as the Prussian Army will be able to achieve by the utmost exertions of its own commissariat, and by all the tribute the most inexorable requisitions may wring from the peasantry. What will become of the French? It is vain, we know to hope, that the belligerents will pause to consider the probable consequences of their infatuation. An enemy stronger than either of them—Famine—is coming into the field, an enemy who is sowing now, while the war lasts, but whose harvest will be gathered when peace is at last allowed to set in.—*Times*.

Herr Wachenhusen, writing from Versailles to the *Cologne Gazette*, states that nearly all the women were mourning, in token of their patriotic feeling, and do not favor a Prussian even with a look. The old women go about the whole day in tears. In the hotel where he is staying the three women of the house sit behind the buffet and weep. If asked a question in the street they hardly deign to answer. Even the children are taught to fly from all contact with a Prussian. The inhabitants of Versailles admit that the army will enter Paris, but they predict that the struggle will be begun, and that even if the men are all killed the women will resort to the sword, poison and treachery, in order to rescue the capital. The words which Bismarck is said to have recently used in talking of the siege to a neutral friend are still accurately remembered. "We have," said the indomitable count, "70,000 cavalry. We will cut every line of railroad, every highway and pathway that leads into Paris. We will then leave the populous capital stored with a thousand elements of combustion to seethe in its own gravity. If, within a month, Paris does not come to her senses, and allow us to go back across the Rhine with Metz and Strasbourg as the trophies of our sword, we are not going to sit down during the winter before the French capital. We will burn this great hive of French bees, and scorch their wings, in order to teach them obedience." A French lady, who returned from Sedan, where her son lies wounded, in time to be locked in here, said that all the Prussian officers with whom she came in contact advised her earnestly not to return to Paris; "for," they added, "so sure as there is a sun in heaven, we will burn the town if it obstinately resists and long detains us."

AN "INCIDENT" TO BISMARCK.—WHAT THE PREMIER FOUND IN HIS BED.

At the Prussian headquarters in Meaux, the King occupied the front. Count Bismarck the back rooms of the Archbishop's palace. The apartments of the Count were on the ground floor, and looked out upon the extensive gardens to the rear of the palace. The 15th of September had been a very busy day to many of the Prussians, and not least of all to the Count. He was riding all day, and in the evening he had a long conference with the King. Tired with these difficult labors he hastened, when he reached his room, to prepare for bed. He had scarcely, however, begun to undress himself when he heard a rustling among the bedclothes, and on searching found there, to his astonishment, an infant no more than four weeks old. On looking closer he found by the side of this *enfant trouve* the following note: "My husband fell at Sedan; I have nothing to eat; despair forces me to part with my only child; it has been baptized Vincent." Nor does this curious story end here. To make it dramatically complete and symmetrical, the unfortunate mother committed suicide. The matter is said to have reached the ears of the King, and orders were given that the desolate infant should be sent to Berlin. Was ever a life so curiously begun?

RUSSIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

We shall not have long to wait for the European consequences of the ruin and partition of France. The power of the West to hold in check the ambitious schemes of the two great military States of Central and Eastern Europe has been suddenly paralyzed, and the minor States of the Continent, both North and South, lie at their mercy. While the issue of the campaign on the Moselle was doubtful, Russia pretended to be asleep. Her Government would do, and her journalists would say, nothing. For family reasons, her diplomacy was actively and successfully exerted to prevent the Danes from committing themselves to open sympathy with France. But not even for form's sake could the Czar be persuaded to articulate audibly a word on behalf of Belgium. If Uncle William found it necessary to infringe the neutrality of Luxembourg or Brabant, Alexander II., like a good nephew, would not interfere to prevent him. The turn of subsequent events took Russia by surprise, and found her unprepared. Her war department, long the paradise of jobbing and malversation of all kinds, had not even made up its mind about the pattern of the improved musket to be supplied to the army; her commissariat was on a peace footing, and her military chest well nigh empty. The first impulses of jealousy at German success were appeased by exultation at the humiliation of the victor of Malakoff; and second thoughts inspired the policy of going in with the winner, exulting with the fortunate, and conferring decorations on the princely leaders of the conquering host. Still, it is certain that Prince Gortschakoff no more anticipated the collapse of the French Empire, and the capture of the French army and its chief, than certain diplomats and Ministers nearer home; and until the last few weeks there was consequently no need to note particularly the speech or writing of the classes who, for the most part, have lain politically dormant in the dominions of the Czar during the last ten years. But the catastrophe of Sedan has waked up Russia as by the

stroke of a talisman. The change wrought in her position is palpable, tangible, incontrovertible. The great military Power, with whom alone till now she condescended to be matched or measured, has for the time being ceased to exist. Another, possibly a greater, has suddenly started into colossal development; but the instincts and the interests of Prussia can never be antagonistic in the same sense or to the same extent as the instincts or interests of France; and a thousand considerations of neighbourhood, trade, and dynasty make Russia and Prussia naturally sincere allies. Each, if it cannot give, can guarantee the other all it wants; and their interests are comparatively little either covets which the other would quarrel about. Give and take is the obvious policy both of St. Petersburg and Berlin. Russia will readily assent, therefore, to France being despoiled of Alsace and Lorraine, Prussia not objecting to the realization of the Empress Catherine's dream. The power of veto is gone. Europe has stood by and seen France ridden down; Europe still stands looking on, watching the work of decimation and destruction as it is daily rendered more complete. Europe must, therefore, take the consequences—not the aggrandisement of Prussia alone, but the reversal of the sentence of Sebastopol, and the reestablishment of Muscovite domination on the Lower Danube and the Dardanelles.

It may not come to-morrow, or the day after, but it will assuredly come; and then, what shall we have to show for the forty millions of money borrowed for the Crimean expedition, and for which we levy taxes to pay an interest of three per cent? It was voted a glorious expenditure at the time; and what Lord Palmerston would say or do were here, we do not undertake to tell. But he and Napoleon III. are equally silent now; and we, who paid the money and shed the blood, ask, but ask in vain, what will avail a twelvemonth hence? Russia's opportunity is come at last. Baron Brunnow and Count Ignatieff may deny it, feign not to see it; like admirable actors, may mildly laugh at it. They are very wise to do so, for the opportunity has come unawares, and time must be gained to make ready. But the opportunity is here, such as there has not been for more than half a century—we should rather say such as there has never been before.—*Examiner*.

THE GERMAN AT ST. CLOUD.

Herr Wachenhusen, writing to the *Cologne Gazette* from St. Cloud on the 29th, says:—"One day is much like another here. On our side the most perfect silence, according to orders; on the French side the greatest animation. They dig and scrape until the blood gushes from their fingers, and of an evening they sing before our eyes their *cancan* and their 'Marseillaise,' and other pretty songs, leap and shout half the night, until we are tired of it, and are as merry as if the world had never treated them better than now. I believe the *Corps Francs* and other volunteers have already plundered half the suburbs, and have taken to the second-hand dealers all the stolen articles that were vendible; they have therefore had a glorious time of it. The mob amuses itself, and the heroic youths, the *gardes* and *petits creves* of the boulevards, give themselves up to a gallow's humour, which will last until everything becomes topsy-turvy. Yesterday and the day before we observed something like a cloud of smoke, from which at times some jets of flame shot up. It was said to be the Bois de Boulogne on fire, but it was in quite a north-easterly direction, and judging by its duration, must have been very destructive. Yesterday afternoon, when our outposts, after eight days' service, were discharged, the chassepots, according to their custom, indulged in a paroxysm. They fired wildly on us, the cannons of the forts were thundering all the afternoon, and if anybody merely raised his head above the level of the battery a dozen balls or so whizzed around him. They practise shooting in this manner; less so, of course, in battles. Perhaps they were celebrating the fall of Strasbourg, which they must have learnt yesterday. The investment of the capital is so hermetical, even for diplomats, that a Russian and an American courier have vainly tried to enter Paris. Their passage was refused on our side, and both must amuse themselves at Versailles as best they can. Our position at St. Cloud is the most delicate in the whole line of siege. Not because the charpie which the Empress and her ladies plucked with their delicate hands is still lying here; not because everything reminds one of the sudden and contemptible fall of a dynasty which so perversely led its people to destruction; but because it is supposed that there are subterranean communications with Paris, by which intercourse is carried on, and which must be detected. I have already told you that wherever we enter abandoned villages and towns, the clocks still stand on the mantelpieces, but no longer indicate the hour. At St. Cloud this silence had its peculiarly interesting feature. I found clocks on the console tables of the Imperial chateau, which also marked the day. These recorded 'Sunday, 4th of Sept.' The end of the week was thus also the end of the dynasty. It is a pity that the splendid grounds have gone to rack. The flowers hang down their withered heads; the pheasants run about the park and look in vain for the land which used to feed them. In the apartments the finest pictures are torn from their frames, probably by the faithful servants. In the hunting-box still hang two oil paintings, in which the handsome Eugenie, on horseback, surrounded by picadors and matadors, is depicted as presiding over a bull-fight. Our patrols, of course, are stationed in the park. The reservoir is also surrounded by them. The patrols in their hats display the most various styles of buildings. Some are wigwags, some straw huts, some Swiss chalets, and others French cottages. They stand close together. I spent all yesterday with our most advanced patrols. They are comfortably settled under the trees, and one might indulge in the prettiest idyll but for the thunder of the guns interrupting our talk every five minutes, and the monotonous clatter of the chassepots so frequently breaking the thread of conversation."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCISCAN MISSION IN THE PARISH OF NEWBAWN.—The good Fathers opened the Mission in the Parish Church on Sunday, the 18th of September, with High Mass and Sermon, by the Very Rev. James P. Hanrahan, Guardian of the Franciscan Convent in Drogheda, and continued their sacred labors in Newbawn, Adamstown and Rahcen, till last Sunday, the 6th inst. All the exercises of the mornings and evenings were regularly and fully attended by the parishioners, and great numbers of the adjoining parishes. The Confessionals were crowded by devout penitents during the three weeks of the Mission. On last Sunday evening the last Sermons were preached in Newbawn by Rev. John O'Hanlon, and in Adamstown by Very Rev. J. P. Hanrahan, after which the Papal Benediction was given to the assembled multitude. The good Pastor and his worthy Curates, as well as the people, were well pleased with the blessed fruits of the labors of the Franciscan Fathers. Names of the Missioners.—Very Rev. Father Hanrahan of Drogheda, Superior of the Mission; Rev. Father O'Hanlon of Drogheda, of St. Francis' Church, Merchant's Quay, Dublin, and Fathers Furlong and Barden of Wexford.—*Wayford People*, 15th Oct.

The ceremonies in connection with the opening of the Convent of Reparation in this town, which were celebrated on Thursday, the 13th Oct., were attended by a large number of the clergy and the Catholic *élite* of the county. We regret being unable to give a lengthened account of the ceremonies.—*Id.*