

by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the power of speech. She died soon afterwards in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clue to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I travelled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavored to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth noticing in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hillside sloped away gently into the plain over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *cure* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and the more extraordinary still, the name was not inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

'A countryman of yours is buried there,' he said. 'I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts.'

'How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?' I inquired.

'It was suppressed by his own desire,' answered the priest, with some little hesitation. 'He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reason for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, "Let my name die with me." Almost the last request he made was that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person.'

'Some relative, I suppose,' said I.

'Yes—a nephew,' said the priest. The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed color also, for the priest looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

'A nephew,' the priest went on, 'whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial place, and asked about him, I was free in that case to disclose all I knew. "I should like my little Charly to know the truth," he said. "In spite of the difference in our ages, Charly and I were playmates years ago."

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the priest, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

'Can it be!' he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face.

I gave him my passport, and looked away towards the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. O, Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate!—Why leave him to find you here? The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlor, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said when I had done:—

'I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorized to tell you—but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear'—he stopped suddenly.

'Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?' I asked.

'No,' said the priest, looking away from me; 'as a son.'

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

'In telling me all about what you term the Family Mystery,' said the priest, 'you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?'

'I only knew what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumor in the neck, or as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumor in the neck.'

'She died under an operation for the removal of that tumor,' said the priest in low tones. 'And the operator was your Uncle George.'

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

'Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over,' the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. 'He rests; he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his "little darling." He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?'

Not I. Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

'It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation,' continued the priest. 'Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumor, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded to all her natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle did not hesitate. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is needless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand that had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for some moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of his child.—Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: "I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at the worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and my misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your

pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me than I am good, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!" He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw or heard from him again.'

I know the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to my one, his own family included. My father had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

'Your uncle told me,' the priest continued, "that before he left England, he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart to quit his country and his friends for ever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the Hotel Dieu. And to this place he returned to hide, to suffer, and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out of doors towards evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking towards England. That place seemed a favorite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the fireside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there."

The priest ceased and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned towards England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile? Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which had once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The *Cork Examiner* says:—"The arrival of the telegram announcing the execution of the convicted prisoners, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin, caused an excitement unequalled even by the startling news which agitated the community on the 6th of March last. Although for a short time before public opinion regarded the event as almost certain, the news that it had really occurred was received at first with almost general incredulity, and it was only when successive telegrams had confirmed the first announcement of the tragedy; that many people could bring themselves to believe that the deed had been done. The popular suspense in the country districts was no less deep and universal than in the city. The people had been anxiously watching at the railway stations for every rumour from Cork, and the passengers by the early trains were besieged with eager inquiries. Everywhere the one topic engrossed all conversation, and till the last hope was dispelled a merciful commutation of sentences was confidently discussed. The decisive intelligence was received with every manifestation of feeling—a feeling not confined to particular classes, but strongly shared by persons vehemently opposed to the principles for which the doomed men suffered. Judging from the tone of public comment the execution of the prisoners appeared to have excited the most wide-spread and bitterest sentiments of sorrow and indignation. It was feared that the step taken by Government might be followed by some undesirable demonstrations, and the soldiers in garrison have therefore been confined to barracks after half past four o'clock during the past few days in readiness for any contingency that might arise. Armed patrols of police patrolled the city on Saturday night and last night, but the streets were on each occasion more than unusually quiet and deserted. Immediately upon the announcement of the execution, a large number of shops, particularly in the North and South Main streets, were closed and shuttered as a mark of mourning for the unfortunate men, and business in these establishments was suspended throughout the day. On Saturday the rush on the newspaper offices assumed the form of an actual panic, the resources of the publisher being taxed to the utmost to supply the clamouring crowds. Yesterday, in most of the Catholic churches of the city, after the usual prayers for the departed, a special appeal to the faithful was made in behalf of the three deceased, and received, it is most needless to add, a fervent response from the congregations, who were deeply affected. On the entrance gates of several of the churches of the city appeared a placard printed on superfine glazed paper and with a deep mourning border having the words—"O for your charity pray for the repose of the murdered patriots, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin. God save Ireland!" This placard had no doubt been put up during the night. Prayers were also offered for their eternal repose after each Mass at Queenstown and in different other churches through the country. On yesterday numbers of the young men of the city wore crepe round their hats, with the addition in most cases of green rosettes. Funeral processions were also formed. A gentleman from the city driving out by Glountane, near Carrigrohilly, met a procession of upwards of a hundred men, most of them of respectable appearance, all wearing mourning badges and attended by an immense crowd. Yesterday the excitement aroused by the event had of course cooled down considerably. Nevertheless, even gentlemen of adverse faith and hostile politics were heard to characterize the execution as a cruel and barbarous proceeding, and to express their sympathy with the large class whose sympathies are wholly with the sufferers.

Cork, Monday.—The wide-spread and all but general sympathy existing here on behalf of the men who suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Saturday was plainly shown after intelligence of their execution had reached the city. In less than an hour the greater number of the shops were in mourning, so far as putting up shutters went, and any one not aware of the inciting cause would naturally be led to the conclusion that some great benefactor had ceased to exist, or some national calamity befallen the State. In addition, at the street corners groups of people congregated and with bated breath and significant gestures carried on conversation. Along the two main streets, George's-street, Oastle-street, and all the avenues for traffic at the north and south sides of the city, the majority of the shops were half closed; but the owners of public houses, many of whom reaped harvests out of the Fenian organization, were conspicuous in their display of sympathy and deep feeling for the three men who ended their days on the scaffold. These demonstrations continued throughout the entire day, and until the places of business were closed at night, and altogether the city presented an appearance from noon to near midnight that was strange in the extreme. During the night parties of armed police patrolled the streets. Fearing any disturbance more than the usual vigilance was exercised, but all remained perfectly quiet. Yesterday in the city and rural districts the Fenian sympathy was manifested by the wearing of crepe on the

arm and in the button-hole, and in some instances the wearers were rather demonstrative in their exhibition of grief. No occurrence for many years seems to have occasioned such a general sympathetic feeling as this; and yesterday printed notices, surrounded by a line of deep mourning, were posted on the chapels calling on the people to pray for the souls of the murdered patriots, and ending with the sentence "God Save Ireland."—*Cork Constitution*.

THE PROCESSION.—DUBLIN, Dec. 3.—The extraordinary spectacle presented in the City of Cork on Sunday last is a subject of varied comment in the journals. The *Press* which contributed to produce it surveys its handiwork with the satisfaction which an artist would feel in pointing out his favorite points in a *chef d'œuvre*. It is full of exaltation and enthusiasm. The *Cork Examiner* raises a cry of joy which the *Freeman* responds to with the redoubled force of an Irish echo. 'Nearly 15,000 persons, the former states, "walked in solemn procession." The latter, fired with military ardor declares that "the people, numbering over 40,000, marched in a solemn funeral procession." The *Cork Herald* proclaims that "the procession was about 30,000 strong, while the *Constitution*, which is highly unimaginative, sets down the numbers at "4,000 men and 2,000 women, girls, and boys." Whatever the numerical force may have been, it is stated to have represented "almost every town in the country; and the *Examiner* remarks that there would have been half as many more, and of a higher social grade, "but that there is a certain hesitation among many about joining in a demonstration which might be supposed to identify them with the Fenian organization." It may be reassuring to timid people to have the admission, on such excellent authority, that there are half as many more of a higher social grade who disown Fenianism. The *Constitution* putting this less delicately, says there was "not one man of any position here or anywhere else to be seen in it." This does not tally with the more complimentary description of the *Herald* which states that after the hearse came the members of the Young Men's Society, the gentlemen connected with the several drapery establishments, some students of the Queen's University, and mercantile men." In the same journal the motive which induced the women to take part in the demonstration is candidly admitted to have been "not so much to exhibit their regret for the violent death of O'Brien, Allen, and Larkin as to evince their sympathy with Fenianism and their abhorrence of the red hand of tyranny being lifted against those who honestly endeavored to free their country." The *Freeman*, with characteristic gallantry, expresses warm admiration of the female contingent. Its reporter exclaims in impassioned terms, "it has been my lot to have witnessed many public displays and great gatherings of people, but like others, I was not prepared for the imposing spectacle of a procession of young ladies of the educated middle classes." He could judge of the accomplishments at a glance. "It remained for Cork," he adds, "to make such a comedy and at the same time portentous innovation." Although not equally impressed by the appearance of the 'Fenian Sisterhood,' as the *Herald* frankly calls them, all the reporters concur in the description of their dress. They were profuse in their display of the national colour. Crapes were very generally worn with the green, 'but the predominant colour,' we are told, 'was the green.' Salwaris and tiny children had their share of it lying from their coats or around their caps, but the show of it by their fair sisters threw them altogether into the shade.' Many of them appeared absolutely covered with green, while the young boys of the monastery and other schools wore in addition to ribbons green neckties. The features of the procession have been already described, but a few more particulars may be of interest. The haberdashers had made a good harvest of the opportunity. Up to 11 o'clock on Saturday night they had been busily engaged 'selling green riband by the mile,' as the *Freeman* informs us. One establishment disposed of 721 worth, and others were more fortunate.

But while the popular journals are exulting in the demonstration of Sunday, it is viewed in a very different light by the Conservative organs. The *Daily Express* has the following observations:—

'The Government have now an opportunity of showing their determination to enforce the Party Processions Act with impartiality. If the display at the mock funeral in Cork on Sunday last be not a violation of that law, it is impossible to imagine how it can be broken. It was intensely and openly seditious. The organs of the agitators leave no doubt on that point. The *Cork Herald* avows that its object was "to express sympathy with Fenianism; and that "sympathy with Fenianism means hatred of England;" and the *Cork Examiner*, owned by Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., says that the people intended thereby "publicly to express their sense of the motives which had brought them (the Manchester murderers) to an untimely doom, and the harshness of the decree which consigned them to it." When we read the glowing accounts of what the Fenian sympathizers did, and do not yet hear that any steps have been taken to prosecute the leaders, we ask in amazement what is a party procession? The Legislature never could have intended to suppress loyal demonstrations only, and to permit declared sympathizers with Fenianism to march with impunity through a large city in open day bearing among them the emblems of sedition. We trust that the Government, therefore, will at once bring the Cork offenders to justice, or will declare that they cannot hope to prosecute the Northern Protestants with the slightest prospect of success.'

The *Evening Mail*, after commenting upon the means which were employed to excite the people, observes:—

'After all the efforts that have been put forth, the resulting demonstrations are marked with the agitator's brand, and not with the characteristics of a spontaneous sentiment. It was an organization of religious confraternities, rather than of trades; and, in order that the rising generation might not escape influences so benign, the boys of the Christian Brothers' School were prominently introduced. It is said that no priests were present, but societies were there in groups over which the Roman Catholic Bishop has control. The Cork procession, though it will teach, as we hope, our English friends much, ought not to be unfairly held as evidence that the Irish people are in any excited condition in consequence of the late determination of the Government to make the laws respected. It had none of the features of an outburst of Irish feeling. That it was a defiant breach of the law need hardly be said. It offers a signal opportunity for the display of that "impartiality" which has been boasted of as a reason for pursuing loyal men with most legal zeal and parade of indignation. With the merely peaceable ending of such an event all responsibility does not cease.'

The *Freeman* contends that no breach of the law was committed by the procession, but it will be difficult to persuade the people of Ulster that even handed justice is administered if such demonstrations can pass with impunity in the South while 105 prisoners are present in gaol awaiting their trial for taking part in loyal though illegal processions in the North.—*Times Cor.*

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—The news of the execution of the Fenian murderers in Manchester has not elicited any demonstration of sympathy or indignation here. While every person of humane and generous feeling must deplore the necessity of vindicating the law by so terrible an example, yet a deep impression prevails that no other course was left open to the authorities after the attempts at intimidation which were made by the friends of the prisoners. There is reason to expect that it will have a salutary effect upon the disaffected classes. They have been taught by a certain class of journals to believe that under no circumstances would the British Government venture to enforce the extreme penalty even for the

highest crime known to the law where it can be construed as a political offence. They are now undecided, and it is to be hoped, will profit by the lesson. The national press is, of course, highly incensed at the failure of its efforts to frighten the Government; and speak in no measured terms of the conduct of the jury, the Judges, and the Crown. The *Nation*, which is the most able and respectable of the popular organs, has an article on what it calls "the tragedy at Manchester," and another article, headed "Hypocrisy unmasked," and written in the same spirit, discusses at length the evidence given at the trial, and asserts that upon such grounds the Crown might doom three fourths of the population of Ireland to the fate of the convicts. The *Irishman* is published in mourning sheets. There is no expression of repentance for the language which it used—indiscreet, to say the least—while the fate of its friends was trembling in the balance, but in a strain of half tombs, half blasphemy, it seeks to draw a mischievous lesson from the 'Holocaust.'—*Times Cor.*

DUBLIN, Nov. 26.—The Fenian executions are still a fruitful topic of discussion in the journals. In most of the organs which profess Radical principles they are condemned in strong terms. The *Evening Post*, for example, compares the treatment of Ireland to that of Poland. The *Freeman's Journal* compares Allen and his companions to Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell. The *Cork Examiner* says the Irish people will believe that three of their fellow countrymen 'were offered up on the scaffold as a sacrifice to the spirit of hatred and brutal revenge,' and adds, 'we, at least, shall not attempt to persuade them to accept injustice as one of the inevitable decrees of Providence.' The reckless perseverance with which a portion of the press endeavours to embitter their national prejudices and represent the executions as a cruel and unjustifiable tragedy may produce a crop of future mischief. In admirable contrast with the tone of such journals is an article in the *Northern Whig*, which enforces with ability and earnestness the true moral to be drawn from the scene on Saturday. The *Whig* observes:—

'A stripping of 10 and two other Fenians have died for Kelly and Deasy, and, of course, much Kelly and Deasy care. Stephens is in Paris, avowing himself with suspicious ostentation to be in great poverty, and borrowing money from his friends to pay even the expenses of the advertisements he issues for pupils as a teacher of English. Kelly and Deasy are skulking in places best known to themselves, evidently not disposed to run any risk. The challenge had been openly given for this Fenian organization if it possessed any vitality worthy of acknowledgment by its enemies to show itself. It slunk away to its fitting home, the slums of Salford Manchester, and Liverpool, and allowed its wretched dupes to die the Fenian's death. It is capable of midnight assassination of the most atrocious threats, and the vilest bombast. When, however, it is resolutely confronted, whether it be by a dozen Irish policemen, or openly braved, as on Saturday morning at Manchester, by all that can stir the blood in, like the bully and coward it is, thinks nothing of its solemn pledges and is only anxious to save its own skin. Compare this conduct with that of Garibaldi and his volunteers near Rome. And yet we have read in the Irish organs, which alone abuse the liberty of the press, and are themselves a proof that never before did a Government tolerate so much, that Garibaldi, for whom the whole Italian people have such a passionate veneration, is a mere filibuster, while Kelly and Deasy are heroes!—*Times Cor.*

SEARCH OF ARMS IN CORK BY ALLEGED FENIANS.—Some excitement was occasioned in the city on Saturday morning when it became known that the extensive establishment of Messrs George Richardson and Son, gunsmiths, Patrick street, had been entered during the night, and a considerable number of firearms removed. On inquiry we were informed that the work in the factory was suspended as usual at half-past five o'clock on Friday evening, and at half-past eight the shop was closed. At half-past eleven, having seen all secure, Mr Richardson retired for the night, after depositing the key of the back door, which opens into William street, in its usual place of keeping—the desk on the counter. The proprietor and his family reside in the upper portion of the premises, and they do not appear to have heard any noise during the night to alarm them. Saturday morning Mr Richardson was astonished to find the key of the back door in the lock on the outside, and, on making a search, he found that four large cases of new revolvers, containing about thirty each—some six some twelve, and others of sixteen chambers—had been abstracted from shelves inside the counter. From the large glass case in which the guns are ranged he missed eight new Snider rifles, not one of the many muzzle-loaders, which were there also, having been removed. It is also believed that a small quantity of revolver cartridges were taken, but this is not certain. No violence whatever had been resorted to, and there seems little doubt that the robbery was either committed or facilitated by some person well acquainted with the premises. All the weapons taken were of the newest pattern. A meeting of magistrates was held in the city on Friday, Mayor presiding. The object of the meeting, which was strictly private, was, it is understood, chiefly to consider whether or not the extraordinary occurrence at Messrs Richardson's, on the previous evening, would necessitate magisterial interference with the proposed procession on Sunday. The matter having been discussed, it was decided that no step should be taken to prevent the procession.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Active measures were taken on yesterday by the authorities for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a clue to the person or persons by whom the arms were stolen out of this establishment on Friday morning, but no trace has been discovered nor have any of the articles been yet found. The affair presents some highly singular features. For instance, a number of ordinary rifles arranged in racks near the door by which the burglars apparently entered were left untouched, nor were any of the glass-cases filled with guns of various kinds meddled with save the one containing the Snider rifles. An open box containing a large number of ordinary pistols lay at the near end of the counter but was evidently undisturbed, while the cases in which were the revolvers, and which were in a much more convenient position were forcibly opened with it, would appear, some of the tools from the workshop, and by a craftsman of some kind, the lip of each being neatly burst up with coarsely a brittle of the timber, as if the burglar had actually been careful not to disfigure the boxes and had done his work in quite a leisurely manner. A rifle with a short dagger-bayonet fixed on the muzzle was found lying on the floor near the door as if dropped by the thieves when leaving. The number of arms taken is 130 revolvers and 9 Snider rifles—among the latter the prize rifle won by Mr O'Sullivan (Mr Richardson's secretary), at a recent rifle shooting match. The key of the back door was found in the lock inside, the door itself being open. The watchman of the district says that he met three men that morning at the corner of William street, one of whom knocked him down. Upon getting on his legs he ran down the lane, where he met two others, one of whom 'snapped a cap' or 'fired some sort of shot at him.'

On the 26th ult., Cols. Warren and Halpin, with Capt. Costello, were removed from Mountjoy prison to Kingstown, whence they were forwarded to one of the English convict prisons. During transportation they were manacled, but were not dressed in prison garb.

O'DONOVAN (ROSSA).—It is said that O'Donovan (ROSSA), who was for a long time the most unmanageable prisoner known to the convict prison authorities, has lately become one of the most docile of his class. A considerate treatment has worked his reformation so far.—*Daily News*.