

court them to Emania, the palace of the king, and of this legion the young Fiachy was the commander. Before completing the first day's march, some misgivings seem to have flitted across the minds of the brothers, but they were allayed by the frank and fearless, brave and honorable Fiachy, who told them to have no fear, and to be of good heart. But every spear's length they drew near to Emania, Deirdri's feelings became more and more insupportable, and so overpowered was she with the forebodings of evil, that again the cavalcade halted, and again the brothers would have turned back but for the persuasions of their escort. Next day, towards evening, they sighted Emania. "O Naeisi," cried Deirdri, "view the cloud that I here see in the sky. I see over Emania a chilling cloud of blood-tinted red." But Naeisi tried to cheer her with assurances of safety and pictures of the happy days that were yet before them.

Next day came Durthacht, chieftain of Fernmas (now Farney), saying that he came from the king, by whose orders the charge of the escort should now be given to him. But Fiachy, who perhaps at this stage began to have misgivings as to what was in meditation, answered, that to no one would he surrender the honorable trust confided to him on the stake of his own father's life and honor, which with his own life and honor he would defend.

And here, interrupting the summarized text of the story, I may state, that it is a matter of doubt whether the king was really a party to the treachery which ensued, or whether Durthacht and others themselves moved in the bloody business without his orders, using his name, and calculating that what they proposed to do would secretly please him, would be readily forgiven or approved, and would recommend them to Conor's favor. Conor's character as it stands on the page of authentic history, would forbid the idea of such murderous perfidy on his part; but all the versions of the tale allege the king's guilt to be deep and plain.

Fiachy escorted his charge to a palace which had been assigned for them in the neighbourhood; and, much to the disconcerting of Durthacht of Fernmas, quartered his legion of Dalriadians as guards upon the building. That night neither the chivalrous Fiachy nor the Children of Usna disguised the now irresistible and mournful conviction, that foul play was to be apprehended; but Naeisi and his brothers had seen enough of their brave young custodian to convince them that, even though his own father should come at the palace gate to bid him connive at the surrender of his charge, Fiachy would defend them while life remained.

Next morning the effort was renewed to induce Fiachy to hand over the charge of the returned exiles. He was immovable. "What interest is it of yours to obstruct the king's orders," said Durthacht of Fernmas; "can you not turn over your responsibility to us, and in peace and safety go your way?" "It is of the last interest to me," replied Fiachy, "to see that the Sons of Usna have not trusted in vain on the word of the king, on the hostage of my father, or on the honor of my father's son." Then all chance of prevailing on Fiachy being over, Durthacht gave the signal for assault, and the palace was stormed upon all sides.

Then spoke Naeisi, touched to the heart by the devotion and fidelity of Fiachy: "Why should you perish defending us? We have seen all. Your honor is safe, noblest of youths. We will not have you sacrificed, vainly resisting the fate that for us now is clearly inevitable. We will meet death calmly, we will surrender ourselves, and spare needless slaughter." But Fiachy would not have it so, and all the entreaties of the son of Usna could not prevail upon him to assent. "I am," said he, "the representative of my father's hostage, of the honor of Ulster, and the word of the king. To these and on me you trusted. While yet you were safe, you would have turned back, but for me. Now, they who would harm you must pass over the lifeless corpse of Fiachy!"

Then they asked that they might at least go forth on the ramparts and take part in the defence of the palace; but Fiachy pointed out that by the etiquette of knightly honor to Ulidia, this would be infringing on his sacred charge. He was the pledge for their safety, and he alone should look to it. They must, under no circumstances, run even the slightest peril of a spear-wound, unless he should first fall, when, by the laws of honor, his trust would have been acquitted, but not otherwise. So ran the code of knightly honor amongst the warriors of Dalriada.

Then Naeisi and his brothers and Deirdri withdrew into the palace, and no more even by a glance, gave sign of any interest or thought whatsoever about their fate; whether it was near or far, brightening or darkening; "but Naeisi and Deirdri sat down at the chess-board and played at the game."

Meanwhile, not all the thunders of the heavens could equal the resounding din of the clashing of shields, the clash of swords and spears, the cries of the wounded, and the shouts of the combatants outside. The assailants were twenty to one; but the faithful Fiachy and his Dalriadians performed prodigies of valor, and at noon they still held the outer ramparts of all. By the assailants nothing had yet been won.

An attendant rushed with word to Naeisi. He raised not his eyes from the board, but continued the game.

But now the attacking party, having secured reinforcements, returned to the charge with increased desperation. For an hour there was no pause in the frightful fury of the struggle.

At length the first rampart was won. A wounded guard rushed in with the dark news to Naeisi, who "moved a piece on the board, but never raised his eyes."

The story in this way goes on to describe how, as each fosse surrounding the palace was lost and won, and as the din and carnage of the strife drew near and nearer to the doomed guests inside, each report from the scene of

laughter, whether of good or evil import, failed alike to elicit the slightest motion of concern or interest on any way or another from the brothers or from Deirdri. In all the relics we possess of the old poems or bardic stories of those pagan times, there is nothing finer than the climax of the tragedy which the semi-imaginative story I have been epitomizing here proceeds to reach. The deafening clangor and bloody strife outside, drawing nearer and nearer, the supreme equanimity of the noble victims inside, too proud to evince the slightest emotion, is most powerful and dramatically antithesized; the story culminating in the final act of the tragedy, when the faithful Fiachy and the last of his guards having been slain, "the Sons of Usna" met their fate with a dignity that befitted three such noble champions of Ulster.

When Fergus and Duthach heard of the foul murder of the Sons of Usna, in violation of the pledge for which they themselves were sureties, they marched upon Emania, and in a desperate encounter with O'Conor forces, in which the king's son was slain and his palace was burned to the ground, they inaugurated a desolating war that lasted in Ulster for many a year, and amply fulfilled the dark prophecy of Karavee the Druid, in the hour of Deirdri's birth.

Deirdri, we are told, "never smiled" from the day of the slaughter of her husband on Emania Green. In vain the king lavished kindness and favors upon her. In vain he exhausted every resource in the endeavor to cheer, amuse, or instruct her. One day, after more than a year had been passed by Deirdri in this settled but placid despair and melancholy, Conor took her in his own chariot to drive into the country. He attempted to jest her sarcastically about her continued grievance for Naeisi, when suddenly she sprang out of the chariot, then flying at the full speed of the steeds, and falling head foremost against a sharp rock on the road side, was killed upon the spot.

Well known to most Irish readers, young and old, is Moore's beautiful and passionate "Lament for the Children of Usna."

Avenge and bright fall the swift sword of Erin On him whom the bright sons of Usna betray'd— For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in. A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er the blade!

By the red cloud that hung o'er Conor's dark dwelling, When Ulid's three champions lay sleeping in gore—

By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling, Have wafted those heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted, The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwept, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections; Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall; Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections, Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

THE SURRENDER OF VERDUN—GALLANTRY OF THE FRENCH.

The special correspondent of the Daily News writes:—Another French fortress has capitulated. This afternoon, when I rode into General Manteuffel's headquarters at Etain with Count Eilenburgh, I received the official intelligence. The first commandant of Verdun is General Guerin de Watpash; the sub-commandant—whose name France should never forget if her history ever relates the incidents of the present campaign—General Marrier. Verdun has been bombarded, it is true, by two strong batteries, the one situated due north, the other east, of the place. On the 13th and 14th of October a perfect hurricane of shells was poured upon the devoted town; but with no effect, at least so far as the ardour of the garrison was concerned. Then General Marrier, putting himself at the head of some 3,000 men, made a sortie in a north-eastern direction. At the point of the bayonet, without firing a shot, he drove back the German advanced posts. He then attacked the batteries, dismounting and spiking the guns; returning safe to Verdun, where his small but brave force of 7,000 men has held out ever since. The German Generals, intent upon the capture of Metz, could spare but an inadequate force for the siege of Verdun. General Manteuffel, no doubt, received excellent intelligence about the German forces around Verdun; and profiting by his information, he made the vigorous sortie I have described. The German troops acknowledge the bravery of Marrier and his garrison, and take off their caps to him with respect; for none can value and respect a brave and determined enemy more than the officers and soldiers of the invading army. The officers belonging to the garrison of Verdun have refused to give their parole, and will consequently be made prisoners of war; the men will share the same fate; but the garrison marches out with all the honours of war, colours flying and bands playing. The immediate cause of the surrender is not precisely known. In a conversation with the Prussian officer sent to treat with him, Marrier expressed himself as follows:—"Since the capitulation of Metz and Sedan, and the destruction of the French army, I do not see what good it would do my country to hold out any longer, exposing my men to sickness and the heavy fire which no doubt you will shortly open upon us. Political affairs also induce me to surrender Verdun, although I can hold out many days longer against all your efforts. I have saved my honour and that of my officers and men; more I cannot do, especially when I do not know for whom or for what I am fighting." Some fragments of the Sedan army are said to be at Verdun. The artillery fire was especially good and well directed. Our loss in the sortie made by the French was very severe—officers, as usual, suffering most; in the artillery alone two were killed and seven wounded.

WHY METZ FELL?

Colonel Valcourt, of the Metz staff, has presented to the Minister of War an official and very lengthy report about the army of Bazaine and the surrender of the fortress, of which the Standard gives the following extract:— There was not since the 18th of August a serious sortie, and those that were made were intended only to excite Bazaine to his country and to history. In the second place, he would not make a supreme effort, which would have thoroughly surprised his army, and would not have left him supreme arbitrator of the destinies of France. In the third place, as soon as he was convinced that he could not bring France and Prussia to entertain the idea of the restoration of the Bonapartes, he hastened

the moment of surrender as early as the commencement of October. In the army itself a committee had from the 12th of October, a certainty that the capitulation was about to be signed by Bazaine. Marshal Canrobert was very frank about the matter to the officers of his staff, telling them to prepare to make a stay of some weeks in Germany; after which (added he) we shall return to our old position under the Bonaparte dynasty. The Committee of Defence then tried to find some devoted citizens who would accept the role of delegates from the Government of National Defence. These citizens prepared warrants of arrest against Bazaine, Leccub, and Frossard, naming Gen. Ladmiraal commander-in-chief of the troops. Many officers, both of the Staff and Engineers, formed a strategic plan which would reunite in a few hours around Metz the regiments opposed to all thought of capitulation. The officers replied that they had 20,000 resolute men, and it was a question of action sooner or later against the act of capitulation. This plan, having excited great enthusiasm in the army gained adherents little by little; but a great many felt the foolishness of these efforts, and deplored the incessant demoralization with which the whole army appeared to be possessed, from the generals to the soldiers. The absolute inaction in which Bazaine had left the greater part of his troops since the engagements of August 31st and September 1st had brought into the camps untold vagabondage—prostitutes promenade with impunity among the bivouacs on the arms of officers.

GENERAL BISSON ON THE CAPITULATION OF METZ.

General Bisson, an officer of the French army in Metz, has written a letter on the subject of the capitulation of that fortress. Among other things, he says:—The generals of division were never consulted under any circumstances. Each time that the commanders of the corps assembled them it was to inform them of the accomplished facts. The responsibility for what has taken place must be laid upon Marshals Bazaine, Canrobert, and Leberuf, and Generals Ladmiraal, Frossard, and Desvaux. General Bisson at one time proposed a sortie, but received no reply. On the 18th, at a meeting of the generals of divisions of the Sixth Corps, Marshal Canrobert stated that Prussia would not recognise the Government of Paris, but would willingly treat with the Regency. General Boyer, he added, would go to the Empress to prevail upon her Majesty to accept the proposed terms, and the army of Metz would then be taken to a city of France where a new Government would be proclaimed. General Bisson goes on to say: On October 24, Marshal Canrobert informed us of the Empress's refusal, and said that General Changarnier had gone to Prince Frederick Charles to propose the summoning of the former members of the Legislative Body. When the capitulation was announced, I proposed instead a last sortie. The generals of division received on October 24th a confidential letter, asking them to deliver up their eagles to be burnt.

ALLEGED INTRIGUE BETWEEN BISMARCK AND THIERS TO RESTORE THE EMPIRE.

The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph at the German headquarters at Versailles, writing on the 10th ult., says:—M. Thiers, during his prolonged stay there has been in conference with Count Bismarck for several hours daily. This has given rise to various conjectures. The great difficulty of the hour is the disorganization of France, aggravated at this moment by the rising of the southern cities against the only semblance of constituted authority at present in being—viz., the Committee of National Defence. Any government concluding a peace upon the only terms that will be accepted by Germany, would be doomed to execration, and could achieve anything like durability only if it were supported upon a sufficient number of bayonets. Accepting this postulate as sound, it is evident that the German way out of the supreme difficulty is to bring about the establishment of some authority with which she can treat, and of whose pliability to her mediations she is well assured. It matters nothing to her whether that authority be acceptable to the French people or not, so that it can only be made to last long enough to serve her own purpose. Common intelligence points to the imperial prisoner as the only person in whose favour a sufficient large force of the captive French army could be conjured up to place him *ad interim* at the head of public affairs, while there can be little doubt that he would prove plastic enough in the hands of those upon whom his resurrection would depend. It is even thought, and not unreasonably, that he could obtain concessions from Germany which would never be accorded to a Republic, and that a sort of tacit bargain might be made with the French nation, as, for example, take back your Emperor, if only for a while, to suit our convenience, and we will let you down in the matter of territorial cessions and pecuniary indemnities a good deal easier than you desire. The theory finds favour that M. Thiers is being won round to agree to the Emperor's re-installation, and that the veteran Orleanist is to act as the apostle of Imperialism. I am convinced that the present dead lock is fast becoming unbearable not only to the crushed and hopeless French, but to the victorious and triumphant Germans. Who can doubt that the four Marshals of France would lend themselves to a military pronouncement in his favour, or that the army looked on with insults in its misfortune by the Republicans who have usurped the Imperial power would delight to give aid in forcing their old master down the throats of his calumniators and foes. What could stop the Emperor on his way to the Tuileries if his escort consisted of 300,000 French soldiers, backed up by 500,000 Germans? Not all the mouthings and vituperations of the Reds; not all the yells and protestations of the pavement gentlemen. That M. Thiers should be won over or not to a programme having for chief article the restoration of the Empire may appear to outsiders of little moment; but Bismarck knows best, and if his excellency deems it worth his while to proselytise any individual Frenchman to his views you may depend upon it that man's co-operation is estimated by him valuable in the extreme.

A STRANGE STORY.

M. Regnier, the French gentleman who contrived to bring General Bourbaki from Metz to Chiselhurst, has just published an account of his motives for taking that step, and the means by which he accomplished it. M. Regnier, it seems, is a small landed proprietor in France, who has studied, though he has never practised, law and medicine, and who has an insatiable and most persistent passion for mixing himself up in other people's affairs. Directly the Empress arrived at Hastings, he went to her and urged that she should remain on board one of the French fleet, which would be as good as French soil, and thus maintain the Regency as a *de facto* Government. The Empress declined, but allowed the Prince Imperial to write his name on several photographs of Hastings, and entrust them to M. Regnier for conveyance to the Emperor. With these M. Regnier rushed to Ferrieres—and had several interviews with Count Bismarck. The latter said: "After the taking of Sedan a treaty ought to have been signed; and a few words that I dropped then in an interview, at which were present Messieurs de Castelnaud and Pietri, might have, if they had been willing, given rise to more serious pourparlers, but they appeared unwilling to understand them. When we find ourselves face to face with a Government *de facto* and *de jure* able to treat on the basis we propose, then we will treat." M. Regnier proposed the surrender of Metz and Strasburg in the Emperor's name, and ob-

lained, pass from the Count through the Prussian lines, around Metz. He saw Bazaine who confessed he could hardly hold out beyond the 18th of October, and that only by ceding the horses, and was willing to treat. While Bourbaki went to Chiselhurst, Regnier returned to Bismarck, who, however was dissatisfied with his authority to make terms for Bazaine; and when he returned to England he found Bourbaki had lost his head, went about declaring he was a ruined man, and his character gone, and so spoiled every thing. The Empress gave Regnier an interview and refused to countenance his schemes. The extraordinary part of the story is not that the whole plot came to nothing, but that M. Regnier should have been received either by the Empress or Count Bismarck so readily. As far as the latter is concerned, it shows his anxiety to find some one to treat with.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HOW THE FIRST BATTLE OF ORLEANS WAS LOST.

A characteristic account is published of the former battle by which Orleans was lost. It is written by a Swiss volunteer, and is published in the Berlin *Zerker*. The writer says his corps had scarcely arrived at Orleans when there was a cry, "The Prussians are coming! There was a fight. One day, after the fight at Etampes, the general took position about three hours' distance from Orleans, by a woody hill, about 100 feet high. On the right hand were troops of the line, Garde Mobile, and some cavalry; in the centre artillery and National Guards; on the left line again, and cavalry. We lay at the edge of the wood covered by the trees; the line were among the willows and other bushes adjoining the wood. About eight in the morning we sighted the Bavarians. They were superior to us in artillery as well as cavalry. They formed for the attack at nine o'clock. They came on and gave us a morning salute with their grenades. Scarcely had these made themselves felt when the line, these Bonapartist dregs, threw away their guns and ran. Our commander saw that they were about to throw themselves on us, and would cause immense confusion. He ordered us to fire upon these Imperial mercenaries in order to bring them to halt, but in vain. They fled in another direction and have probably been taken prisoners. There had been three battalions of them, of which only one, consisting of Bretons, kept its position; these fought bravely. As the Bavarians saw the flight they rapidly advanced. A well-aimed platoon fire received them, our muskets being excellent. Whole ranks of the enemy were shot down. That was a strange music in which especially the sounds of our "coffee mills"—mitrailleurs—made themselves heard; they did them immense harm. Our batteries too did well, and rendered useless several of the enemy's guns. When our commander saw the confusion among the Bavarians, who had become startled at their immense losses, he ordered us to advance. Soon we were in their front before they had fired a shot. Now at them with the bayonet. We attacked, but they prepared the butt end of their muskets. Thus for two hours mutual murder, but supported by Mobiles we mastered the enemy and drove them to flight. All went well. Our right wing too had proceeded to the offensive; the enemy were beaten everywhere. It was noon, my watch pointed to twelve, when suddenly there came an order from the general to withdraw. The centre had already retired; the right wing seemed about to do the same. On our retreat the enemy showed courage again, besides they must have received considerable reinforcements, for more and more fresh troops were led into fire. By our abandoning our position the fate of Orleans was sealed.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. CAVANAGH, PARISH PRIEST.—We sincerely regret the sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Cavanagh, P. P. Collon, which took place on Monday morning. The Rev. gentleman had celebrated Mass on Sunday, and appeared during the day in his usual health; but next morning he became suddenly ill from, it is stated, an affection of the brain, and in some time after expired. His death has caused grief and mourning throughout the Parish, and not only amongst his own flock but also those of the Protestant religion, by whom he was much respected. The Rev. Mr. Cavanagh succeeded the late Dr. Kieran as Parish Priest of Collon, in 1848, and since then he has been indefatigable in discharging his onerous duties; teaching, preaching and performing meritorious works, not the least of which has been his efforts to create a more kindly feeling between the different parties in the village of Collon, in which he was most successful.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

CARDINAL CULLEN ON FREEMASONS, FREEMASONS, AND NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS.—A pastoral letter from his Eminence the Cardinal was read on Sunday last at the different chapels of the diocese of Dublin, in which the following passage occurs:—Notwithstanding the advantages we enjoy, it is our duty to be continually on our guard lest the wolf should invade the fold. The enemy goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; and infidelity, worse even than heresy, spreads from country to country like a canker, and brings certain destruction with it. The present spirit of the world—a spirit of disobedience and insubordination, now so prevalent and so easily propagated—instead of teaching men to bow down their intellect in obedience to faith, drives them on to opposition, not only to the Church, but of God himself. What is worse, the agents of the wicked one are provided with means of spreading every evil, everything corrupt, by the licentiousness of the press. Even among ourselves mischief unhappily is done in this way, and a press calling itself national or Irish not unfrequently assails religion and its ministers, and defends Fenianism, Freemasonry, and secret societies, the bane and the scourge of every country where they take root. Our intended public instructors go even further; and whilst calling themselves patriots and votaries of liberty, exult in that triumph of military despotism and brute force by which the temporal power of the Pope, that was founded on the best of titles, and exercised in the most gentle and paternal manner for the welfare of the people, has been violently and sacrilegiously overthrown; and Rome, the common home of all Catholics, has been made the prey of unprincipled manurers. In such circumstances should we not be full of our future prospects, and should we not do everything in our power to bring up the rising generation in the fear and love of God, and to make deep religious impressions on their minds. Should we not also continually caution all classes against dangerous reading, bad and immoral books, and newspapers pretending to be patriotic, but tacitly spreading revolutionary and infidel principles? Should we not exhort all to the practice of virtue, to the frequentation of the sacraments, and to the performance of the works necessary for the sanctification of their souls? Those who are trained to act in this way will not sacrifice the interests of eternity for the fleeting and delusive promises of happiness ever increasing, and unbounded liberty in this world.

SYMPATHY WITH THE POPE.—Extensive preparations are being made for holding a great Catholic demonstration in the Irish metropolis. This meeting will take place before the close of the present month, and will be the most imposing assemblage held in the city for many years. A numerous and highly influential committee of Catholic gentlemen is now almost daily occupied in completing such arrangements as will render this meeting a great success. The subjoined requisition to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop has already been most numerously

signed, and ere it is presented to his Eminence it will be quite a moving requisition—which in itself would be an emphatic denunciation of the Catholic people of the Archdiocese. The following is the requisition:—"We, the undersigned, request your Eminence to convene a meeting of the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Dublin, to give expression to their feelings of sympathy with the Holy Father under his present trials, and to protest against the late invasion of the remnant of the Papal States, and the occupation of the city of Rome, by the Government of Victor Emmanuel."

ROSCOMMON ABBEY.—We are glad to learn that the preservation from further destruction and desecration of this noble structure is proceeding with. Sir William Wilde writes to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, whose cordial letter on this subject we insert. Sir William also acknowledges the receipt of £1 from the Rev. Peter Waldron, P. P. of Annadown, county of Galway; St. Jarlath's Tuam, Oct. 27, 1870. Dear Sir William—I beg to acknowledge your kind letter regarding the ruins and restoration of the Abbey of Roscommon. The zeal you have evinced for the advancement of this work is most creditable. As a token of my sympathy, I beg to enclose my mite, which you will be good enough to place at the disposal of the committee. In forwarding to you my subscription in behalf of the Abbey of Roscommon, I feel an anxiety, I must own, to interest your zeal and taste in favour of a similar project—the restoration of the Abbey of Knockmor, in our neighborhood. They are kindred monuments, not only as to the object to which they were devoted, but likewise as to the illustrious men who had the chief share in their erection. Enough has been given to bigotry and barbarism, and it is high time to essay the peaceful arts of Christian restoration.—Believe me, my dear Sir William, your faithful servant, J. JOES, Archbishop.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS SCHOOLS.—Pursuant to a resolution passed at an adjourned meeting, held last Sunday, a respectable and numerous deputation representing the Parish Committee, went through the town on Tuesday to solicit aid and subscriptions towards the necessary preparation of the Schools and the erection of a suitable residence for the "Christian Brothers" in Ballinrobe; and, we are happy to say, their mission was most successful. They received in a few hours the sum of £235 in cash. There were a few of the principal inhabitants absent when the deputation called at their houses; but of course, they, like others, will respond promptly and liberally to this pressing call of duty. The cheerfulness and liberality with which some came forward, is really beyond all praise.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

MR. MCCANN'S DEATH.—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* announces the suspension of Webb, Bewley, and Co. shipbuilders, with liabilities amounting to £150,000. A resumption of business, it is said, may take place.

THE IRISH NATIONAL TEACHERS.—The national teachers of Ireland have met and passed resolutions in favour of such a change in the system under which they serve as will protect them from arbitrary and unjust dismissal by managers and patrons, whose authority over them is, they think, excessive, seeing that State pays nearly 90 per cent. of their salaries.

A clerk in the Post Office, Cork, named Morgan, has been arrested on suspicion of stealing letters containing money. Some of the letters were found in his possession. He will be brought before the Magistrates for examination.

LADY AVONMORE.—Under the heading "Perplexing position of the Mesdames Yvelotown," the *M.B.* calls attention to this extraordinary question, and says:—The peerage is an Irish one, and, by the verdict of an Irish court of law, Miss Theresa Longworth is the wife of Major Yvelotown. She is now, therefore, Lady Avonmore; and, as the wife of an Irish peer, is entitled to her jointure. How is this difficulty to be settled? On one side of St. George's Channel, the widow of Professor Forbes is Lord Avonmore's wife; while here, in Ireland, Miss Longworth is his wife; and his English and Scotch wife has neither title nor status.

POLICE RAID IN KILLESNALE.—On Saturday last a party of police, about eighteen in number, under charge of Sub-Inspector Scott, visited the house of James Quinn, cooper, for the purpose of searching for arms or treasonable documents. They acted under warrant "from information received," &c., and made a most diligent search, but were unsuccessful in finding what they wanted. This is the second time within the past fortnight that the Royal Irish were put to the trouble of searching Mr. Quinn's house. They then proceeded to Patrick Tracy's house in the same street, where they found a large strong chest, which was at once taken into custody and broken open. It was found to contain a lot of German correspondence, it being the property of a German watchmaker who lodged there occasionally. Finding nothing else treasonable enough to reward their labors, they proceeded to the house of Denis McCarthy, tailor, where they tore open his bedclothes, disturbed his old bed-ridden mother to search under her in the bed, but were still unsuccessful. Annoyed with their ill luck, they made one more search in the town, this time James Dunne, tailor, being the object of their attentions, but were again doomed to disappointment, although they made a diligent exploration. The inhabitants of this unusually quiet district were quite surprised at the repeated and persistent domiciliary visits of the Royal Irish to the houses of industrious tradesmen, who never gave cause for such outrageous abuse of power.—*Cor. of Irishman.*

GLOUNTANE, MALLOW.—An accident of a shocking nature ending in the death of a respectable man, took place lately in this neighborhood. Some men were cutting timber for Mr. N. W. Ware, Woodford, when a heavy tree fell on the Steward, crushing him most heartily, and in such a way as that his life was immediately despaired of. Medical aid was at once procured, and everything done that could be of any use to comfort the poor sufferer, who died after four days of severe suffering. His name was Michel Buckley, and he is much regretted by all who knew him.—*Cork Examiner.*

MORE SPECIAL PROCLAMATIONS.—We had hoped that we had seen the last of Special Proclamations under the Peace Preservation Act. In this anticipation we regret to state we have been disappointed.—The *Gazette* of last evening contains two of those formidable and strangely worded "instruments." They are dated the 8th Oct., and they proclaim that the Lord Lieutenant and the Privy Council have found it necessary to declare that on and after the 9th instant the provisions of the second portion of the Peace Preservation Act of 1870 shall be in force in