

those who attended on her, that she appeared on that night in a happier state of mind than usual. Next day, at her usual time of walking, wrapping herself in a large mantle which she occasionally wore, she stole out, and proceeded by an unfrequented path in the direction of the southern chain of hills. And thus it was that she had disappeared from her home.

At the foot of the highest of these hills, there was at that time a small village called Barna. It was completely surrounded by woods, the remains of the ancient forest that once clothed the whole of that wild and romantic district. At the upper end of this village, there was a green glade in the wood, sloping up the foot of the mountain; and in a level hollow of this glade, beneath a huge sycamore-tree, the villagers were accustomed to sit on holiday evenings, listening to the strain of some wandering musician, or the tale of some ancient 'shanchie,' or story-teller. One evening they were all not a little astounded at the sight of a young and beautiful lady, dressed in white, and sitting on the verge of the glade, smiling at them and watching their merriment. It was poor Rosaleen Weston. How she had reached the place, and how she continued to subsist during her sore and toilsome journey, she was unable during the whole of her after life—and it was a long one—to remember. But there, however, she was, to the no small wonderment of the villagers. First, they thought her a spirit, and were inclined to scatter in consternation to their homes. By degrees, however, their curiosity got the better of their fear. They waited, gazing silently upon her, until at length she rose came down to the tree, and spoke to them. Then they soon found out what she was, and the sad mental malady into which she had fallen. In that quiet hamlet she lived for nearly a month, and was treated kindly and tenderly by the poor villagers, who soon grew to love her for her simple ways, her beauty, and her artless talk, and more than all, because, as they said, her mind was gone, and that it was their duty to tend her and guard her well. She had found a green spot amid the wood, which she said was her lover's grave; and day by day she visited it, decked it with flowers, and sang sad songs over it.

One day, about a month after her arrival, she was sitting on the green spot in the wood, weaving a garland of flowers. Suddenly she heard a step behind her, and, on turning round, beheld her lover.

She started to her feet, flew to him, clung fondly around him for a moment, and then dropped down into a long but quiet swoon. When she awoke, John Fitzgerald was bending over her, and sprinkling her brow with water. Strange to say, her mental malady was quite gone; and she now remembered every thing distinctly that had happened previous to that terrible moment her brother had given his fatal and treacherous news on the lawn.

John Fitzgerald had been only slightly wounded at Vinegar Hill. He had, some time after the battle, returned to his native place, where he contrived to evade the officers of the Government.

Hearing of the disappearance of Rosaleen, he had made search for her during many a weary day, and was now rewarded well for his trouble.

'How can we go home?' said Rosaleen.—'Ah! John, it was a weary time for me; and yet I hope we will be parted no more. And yet I fear my father and brother.'

'We will not go home,' answered her lover. 'The priest of this parish is my father's cousin. He will marry us; and then we can easily reach France, where I trust to be able to advance myself in the profession I have chosen,—as a soldier.'

They were married; they contrived to reach France also, and there John Fitzgerald prospered in his profession. About eighteen years afterwards, a carriage drove by the village of Barna, where they still remembered the White Lady. It stopped at the little inn by the wayside. In it were a dark, military-looking gentleman and a lady, who desired that the heads of the different families in the village should come to them. To each they gave a present of money; for the sake, they said, of the poor young lady that had received such kindly shelter there many years before. Away again rolled the carriage over the great plain, and, stopping only to change horses at an occasional town, at length arrived at the foot of the mountain, and before the gate of old Fitzgerald, who was still living. It was Capt John Fitzgerald and his lady, the still fair Rosaleen.

At this part of his manuscript, the doctor goes so deeply and profoundly into the analysis of human feelings that it is impossible to follow him in his lucubrations. The reader will easily conceive the joy of old Fitzgerald and his son and daughter in law at their meeting after so many years' separation. Rosaleen's father was dead; and her brother married and flourishing—as if he had never done wrong—upon his ancestral estate. Probably he had repented of his bad deeds; else, I am sure, the erudite and somewhat irascible doctor would have done him poetic justice in his manuscript. After some time old Fitzgerald also died, and Capt. John succeeded to the estate.

On finishing my notes from this part of the manuscript, the doctor, guessing to what I had arrived, raised his head somewhat, and put back his white hair from his forehead. Still gazing on a page of 'The Lancet,' however, he said, half to himself and half to me,—

'June 30, 1853, eleven o'clock, p.m., Capt. John Fitzgerald and Rosaleen his wife, cheerfully and without pain and surrounded by their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, both died—died on the same instant.'

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

'Do you think she will love me less, Tibbot?' 'Well,' answered Tibbot, leaning back in his seat beside the bed, whereon his young companion-in-arms, Walter de Bermingham, lay pale and ill from the wounds he had got in a recent tourney,—'well, that depends much, I think, on the way she has loved you heretofore.'

If Maude le Poer be the girl you have often pictured her to me, she will be true; but then, if she be like those light-hearted dames we met at the last revel in Dublin Castle, I fear for you, Wattie.

'She is light-hearted enough, truly,' said Wattie, raising himself wearily, and looking sadly upon his companion, with one eye (he had lost the other in the tourney); 'but then she has always been true and good, and will not forsake me for this sad accident,—if accident I may call it; for all know that it was done falsely and treacherously by my antagonist.'

'It surely was,' answered his companion; 'for I saw the deed done myself, and can speak fairly on the matter.'

'Yes!' resumed the other darkly, falling back upon his couch as a twitch of pain shot across his still feverish brow. 'Ah, Tibbot! it was an unmanly blow, to strike me when I was unhorsed and helpless on the tourney-ground. But, by the good faith of my body, John de Lacy shall pay dearly for it when we next come face to face!'

'That,' said Tibbot Burke, 'may occur soon enough, if you are well in time to join the march of my Lord de Bermingham and his army northward. The De Lacys have all joined the standard of Edward Bruce; and there will soon be a battle. Stir up your heart, man, and get well once more; and when we stand side by side on the onset, the best De Lacy of them that comes in front of our spears we will make pay for the unknighthly blow.'

'I care not to meet any one but him,' resumed Wattie. 'From him I have sworn to take what he has taken from me, whenever we meet, be it in peaceful hall or on the field of battle. But it is hard for me to get well with this trouble on my mind about Maude le Poer. I have not seen her since that luckless tourney-day; but, when I do, I fear that the loss of this poor eye of mine will make a sad difference in her favors. And yet we are betrothed, Tibbot. Surely she cannot break her vows. And yet,' continued he, with a sigh, 'I have known others to break them for a fair sighter cause.'

'Think not upon it,' said Tibbot Burke cheerfully. 'Why, man, if a poor fellow depended on his mere good looks now a-days for getting a wife, he would have but little chance of matrimony. Your Maude will stick to you while you have the money, even had you lost both your eyes.'

'I hope so,' said Wattie, in a more cheerful tone. 'And now, Tibbot, I will pluck up my heart; and who knows but I may be well enough to undertake a journey in a few days? An I be, my first care will be 'boot and saddle,' and off to Dublin to see Maud.'

'Good!' answered Tibbot Burke; 'and I will accompany you; for I see no use in loitering here any longer, when the whole community is up in arms to repel the Bruce. We can then go both together into the coming battle, where you may meet De Lacy, and repay him for the blow that has cost you so much.'

A week after, and the two young squires were riding across the Pale, attended by a stout clump of spears, and bound for Dublin, where the army of Lord de Bermingham lay, before commencing its march to the north to meet Edward Bruce, brother to the renowned Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Edward Bruce at this time, proclaiming himself King of Ireland, was supported by several native princes, together with many of the most powerful Anglo-Irish lords.

It was a bright autumn evening as Wattie de Bermingham and Tibbot Burke, at the head of their spearmen, approached the western gate of Dublin. The two young squires were what was called brothers-in-arms; that is, a mutual friendship was sworn between them; and each, by his vow, was bound to defend and aid the other in all straits and misfortunes, with his worldly gear, with his sword, and with his very life, in cases of extremity.

As they rode onward by the Liffey shore towards the ancient city, they beheld the whole sloping plain, from the river to where Phibsborough now stands, covered with tents, amidst which many a bright spear-point glittered in the rosy light of the descending sun, and many a gay banner fluttered that bore the arms and cognizances of the stout lords and barons of the Pale, who were then gathered with their strong muster, waiting for Lord de Bermingham to lead them forth to battle.

'Lead the men forward, and procure them a place to camp for the night,' said Wattie.—'Meanwhile, I will push on for the city, ere the gates are closed.'

With these words, he rode down the busy streets of the city, his mind in a strange tumult at the thought of meeting so soon with the lovely Maude le Poer, who was one of the handsomest and richest dames of the Pale. At length he halted before a huge stone mansion; and there, giving his horse into the care of his gilly, or attendant, he entered beneath the massive porch, and was soon in the presence of his lady-love.

'How did she greet you, Wattie,' asked Tibbot Burke, as his companion joined him after next morning's reveller.

'I faith, agreeably enough,' answered de Bermingham; 'pleasanter than I thought, notwithstanding my disfigurement.'

'Tush,' said Tibbot. 'Call it no disfigurement, man! I warrant me that your other eye will be sharp enough to pick out your foe from the Bruce's ranks during the battle, which they have told me, is sure to take place.'

'Doubtless but it will!' returned his companion; 'for I think, an I were stricken blind altogether, I could still pick him out amongst a thousand, for two reasons.'

'Methought,' said Tibbot, 'that you had but one reason for encountering De Lacy; namely, to avenge yourself for the loss of your eye.'

'An eye for an eye I surely will have,' answered de Bermingham. 'But I now have another reason for trying a mortal tilt with De Lacy; and that is Maude le Poer's command.'

'Good,' said Tibbot Burke, in high admiration of the warlike parting word of Maude. 'May Heaven send me a high-spirited wife like that. But, hal! there sound the clarions, warning us to prepare for march. You will soon have an opportunity of executing the command of your lady-love.'

In the centre of the camp was a large pavilion, in front of which stood the great standard of Lord John de Bermingham, general of the Anglo-Irish army.

Before this standard, the general, in full armor, was seated upon his horse, his principal knights and barons around him, giving the various orders for the march. The tents were soon struck, and the followers of the different leaders arranged in stern array behind their various ensigns. It was a splendid scene. The fresh morning sun glittered on numerous spear-points, and plumed helmets; and the early breeze as it blew up the plain, wafted upon its wings the farwailing cheers of the thousands who thronged the strong ramparts and battlements of Dublin, as the army, after extending itself into one long line with a last wild burst of pipes and clarions, took its way northward to the battle-field, whence many of those who filled its numbers were fated never to return.

Wattie Bermingham and his brother-in-arms, with the spearmen they led, marched on with the centre body, which was commanded by the general in person.

'As for me,' said Tibbot, 'I expect my spurs at last; for I am sure it will be a gallant fight.'

'And I also,' returned his companion. 'I will either win my spurs, or die.'

It was a calm, sultry noon when the two hostile armies came in sight of each other at a place called Faughard, near Dundalk. The Scots were inferior to the Irish in point of numbers; but then they were led by experienced and renowned generals, and expected a complete victory in the contest, which soon commenced. Lord de Bermingham, who was also a brave and practised general, had taken up an advantageous position at the foot of Faughard Hill, and when the first line of the Scots rushed obliquely upward to attack him, his heavy-armed knights and spearmen drove them back with considerable loss into the hollow. By a simultaneous movement on the part of the two leaders, both the armies, wings and centres, at last came together with a terrible shock, and mingled in the confusion of a general battle.

As young de Bermingham and his friend passed out to the front in order to seek some opportunity for distinguishing themselves, they beheld an Anglo-Irish knight named John de Maupas, several spears-lengths before them, riding in full tilt against Edward Bruce, who, according to his wont, fought in the van of his army. Bruce and some of his knights were at the moment engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Irish general and a few of his principal leaders, when de Maupas, coming up, struck his spear through the neck of the Scottish prince, and bore him to the ground, where he was trampled to death by the raging horses. Alan, Lord Steward, who was by the side of the Bruce, whirled round his huge two-handed sword, and with one blow, slew de Maupas, who fell over the body of him he had so lately overthrown.

'Look look!' exclaimed Wattie Bermingham eagerly, as the combatants now swayed to and fro, and grappled with one another, man to man. 'See, Tibbot! There goes the De Lacy's banner beneath in yon boggy hollow. Follow me; for I must find him! And with that he spurred downward, and was just in time, with his friend, to join in an attack which the Anglo-Irish were making on foot, upon the left wing of the Scots in the swampy hollow. And now his heart bounded with a fierce delight, as, soon after dismounting, he was brought in the rushing attack almost face to face with his hated foe, young de Lacy, kinsman to the earl of that name, who was that day fighting on the part of Edward Bruce. About three paces in front of him stood Tibbot Burke, engaged in a deadly struggle with a gigantic Scottish knight, who seemed to be the comrade of young de Lacy. Poor Tibbot went down with a loud clang, mortally wounded before the Scotsman, who, in turn was brought to his knees, and slain by the heavy sword of de Bermingham, as the latter bestrode the body of his brother-in-arms.

'Yield thee, thou blind dog!' shouted young de Lacy tauntingly, as Wattie now turned to him. The answer was a heavy blow upon the shoulder, and then a thrust in the eyes from de Bermingham's long sword. The weapon went right through the brain of de Lacy, who fell dead almost without a groan.

'An eye for an eye I shouted de Bermingham; and now God and my lady-love to assist me in earning my spurs!'

He dashed quickly into the thickest of the enemy, and performed such deeds of valor, that ere night, when the Scots were completely routed, he was knighted by his kinsman, Lord de Bermingham, in the presence of the assembled leaders of the army, amongst whom was the father of Maude le Poer.—To the latter he was married some time after; and the only regret he felt on the bridal day was, that his faithful brother-in-arms, the gallant but luckless Tibbot Burke, was not alive to be a witness of his happiness.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS ON BOTH SIDES.

In the present aspect of European affairs, the following short sketches of some of the individuals whose names will most likely figure largely in the dramatic personae of the gigantic war drama about to be enacted, may not prove unacceptable:—

FRANCE GENERALS.

Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, is 62 years of age. He is descended from an ancient Irish Catholic family, who took refuge in France with the Stuarts. Young MacMahon, educated at the military school of St. Cyr, went to Algiers, was aide to General Achard at Antwerp, and after returning to Algiers was present at several affairs particularly at Constantine. He filled several offices, and after the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency was made General of Division.

In 1855, he was recalled from the army of Algiers and placed in command of a division in Bosquet's Corps in the Crimea. His command assaulted and carried the Malakoff, in which, notwithstanding the desperate assaults and self-devotion of the Russians, he maintained himself, and virtually decided the fall of Sebastopol. He distinguished himself in the Algerian campaign of 1857, commanded the second Corps in Italy, and won the battle of Magenta, which gave him his name and baton as Marshal of France.

Marshal Canrobert is over sixty years of age, having been born in 1809. He was educated also at St. Cyr, and went to Algeria with his regiment in 1835. He was employed in a large number of those destructive enterprises which were thought to be the necessary, though cruel, policy of the French Government, to subjugate and keep in order the reckless valor of the Arab tribes, impatient under a foreign yoke. Canrobert was sent to Turkey in 1854, in command of the first division of the Army of the East.

He was at the battle of the Alma, and was slightly wounded. Two days afterwards, when St. Arnaud, commander-in-chief of the French, was dying, he turned over the command to Canrobert, who moved immediately on Sebastopol, constructed several batteries, and opened fire with the intention of carrying the fortress by a coup de main, but finding this impracticable, he forthwith laid down a plan of gigantic investment. He was wounded at Inkerman. His mode of procedure not being satisfactory to Lord Raglan, the British commander, Canrobert was relieved by Pelissier from the command-in-chiefship, and resumed duty at the head of his own corps. In 1856 he was made marshal of France. In the Franco-Austrian war he was at the head of the Third Corps. He was at Magenta and Solferino.

The history of Marshal Changarnier is well known. Born in 1793, he graduated from St. Cyr. In 1815, and from 1823 until 1843, he was constantly on ac-

tive service, principally in Algeria. He commanded the National Guard when Cayenne became Chief of the executive power, and in 1848 he added to that command that of the troops of Paris, which numbered 100,000 men. A declared adversary of republican institutions, he was considered ready to destroy them by violence in the interest of the most opposite, of monarchical ambitions, and everybody agreed that he followed the role of Monk.

Marshal Bazaine is now 61 years of age. He has the high reputation of being one of the bravest officers in the French army. He rose from the ranks, and in five years from his enlistment gained his sub-lieutenancy and his cross on the field of battle. In 1837, he served in Spain, and when the war of succession closed he went back to Algiers. He performed valuable services with his men at the siege of Sebastopol, particularly at the reduction of Kinburn. After the retreat of the Russians he was governor of Sebastopol until its final evacuation by the allies. He commanded the French contingent in Mexico, after General Forey, where his success was brilliant. Bazaine, in council, advised Maximilian that an empire in Mexico was possible.

The Comte de Palikao was born on the 24th of June, 1796. He was employed at an early age in Algiers, and distinguished himself there as a cavalry officer. Recalled to France, he was put at the head of the 21st military division at the siege of Limoges. Invested with the chief command of the French expedition into China, he had the honor of accomplishing that almost fabulous invasion, which brought the arms and banners of the French and English even to the capital of this vast and distant empire. In recompense for these great successes, the Emperor had already elevated him to the dignity of the grand cross of the Legion of Honor on the 26th of December, 1860, and had made him Senator on the 4th of March, 1861. On the 22nd of January, 1862, he conferred on him the title of Comte de Palikao. In 1860, when he was given the grand cross, he could count 42 years of effective service, 28 campaigns, and one wound.

THE PRUSSIAN GENERALS.

Amongst these men, we suppose, he included the King of Prussia, William Frederic.

His eldest son, the Crown Prince, Frederic William, is married to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria.

He it was who commanded the Army of the Oder at Sadowa.

Prince Frederic Charles is another of the Prussian commanders. He is 69 years of age, and commanded the army of the Elbe at Sadowa. He married on the 28th May, 1827, the Princess Marie Louise Alexandrine, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar.

General Manteuffel entered the army when 17 years old. He accomplished many diplomatic missions, especially in Austria. In 1857 he was attached to the Minister of War as chief of his personal staff. In 1858 he was called to the King's household as grand chamberlain, and became lieutenant-general and adjutant-general. After the convention of Gastein he was made military and civil governor of Schleswig, where, during the disputes which occurred between the two great German powers, he led the Prussian troops, while the Austrian Governor of Holstein unsuccessfully defended the claims of Austria. In the month of July, 1866, General Manteuffel took command of the army of the Main, and directed operations against the German States of the South. He was charged with dealing very rigorously with his quarrelsome compatriots during these successful operations. For instance, he demanded from the city of Frankfurt the payment of a war levy of 60,000,000 of francs, which the magistrates refused to furnish, preferring to submit themselves to pillage. When the war terminated Baron de Manteuffel was sent on a mission to St. Petersburg to induce the Czar to take a favorable view of the reorganization of Germany as accomplished by Prussia.

Gen. Von Moltke, the Chief of Staff of the Prussian forces, was born in Mookelsburg, in the year 1800. His father was an army officer. He was educated at the military school of Copenhagen, and entered into the service of Denmark. But afterwards, when the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, where his father owned property, was under consideration, he accepted the German side of the dispute and took service with Prussia in 1827, gradually rising to a position in the Staff ten years later. Shortly afterwards he visited Turkey, and was invited by the Sultan to assist in the efforts that monarch was then making to improve the military standing of the quaint Turkish army by the introduction of European reforms. He seems to have been engaged in the service of different States for several years subsequently. It was not until 1858 that he acquired his present position in Prussia. He published a report of the Austro-Italian war of 1859, with reference to a plan of an expedition which he had projected; but he states that the rapid movements of the French Emperor, who had an army that "he could rely on," rendered his plan nugatory. When at length the Schleswig-Holstein question developed into a war, his services under Prince Frederic Charles, commanding the Allies against Denmark were of the greatest service. His highest abilities were, however, not exhibited until the breaking out of war between Prussia and Austria. His knowledge of technical detail and the science of war enabled him to take part in drawing up with Bismarck the plan of that wonderfully successful campaign, and he expressed himself as never for a moment lacking confidence in it. He took a personal part in the battle of Sadowa, and arranged the subsequent negotiations which resulted in peace. Prussia has thorough confidence in his abilities, and he shares with her great War Minister a hold on the popular heart, although personally reserved almost to taciturnity, and devoted to the study of her favorite science, his writings upon which are of great and recognized value.

General Von Roon, the Prussian general, states man, and military writer and minister, took 33th of April, 1807, was educated at the military school, and entered the army as an officer in 1827. After having, from 1824 to 1827, pursued the higher courses of the general military school, he was employed as a teacher in that of the cadets at Berlin, and devoting himself to the investigation of military and geographical sciences, distinguished himself therein. He has published a number of works, some of which had great circulation. He held successively various commands since 1848, and accomplished many important missions. He was charged, on two occasions, with the mobilization of the army, especially in 1859, when Prussia was preparing to interfere in the war of Italian independence, which was suddenly suspended by the treaty of Villafranca. To him was confided the direction of the military education of Prince Frederic Charles, whom he accompanied to the University of Bonn. He was called on the 16th of April, 1861, to the Ministry of the Marine. His name is prominent in the history of the extensive modifications of Germany, accomplished to the profit of Prussia by the force of her arms or the adroitness of her diplomacy.

It will be seen from the foregoing that all the Generals are aged men, some of them being past 70 years of age, and all having seen sixty. This remark does not hold good of the so-called Royal General, who, however, will, we imagine, be little more than a lay figure, while the movement of the hosts will be directed by the above professional and veteran fighters. As a rule it does not seem wise to employ, in the rapid military operations of the present day, men who have already exceeded the generally allotted span of life. Nearly all great commanders effected their most brilliant achievements before forty; and, though there have been a few as bold will always be the season for successful aggressive contest.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On the 23d ult.; the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, accompanied by his Secretary, the Rev. T. M. McIlroy, had the happiness of a private audience with the Pope. After treating on the concerns of the diocese, and the interests of the Holy See as concerned therein, the Bishop delivered into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the filial tribute of his clergy and faithful people, amounting to over £700.

The Holy See has appointed the Very Rev. T. W. O'Keefe, P. P., Doneraile, and V. F. of the diocese of Cloyne, Bishop of the See of Auckland, New Zealand. His lordship has received pre-emptory instructions to proceed without delay to Rome for consecration in order that he may set out as early as possible for the scene of his future episcopal labours.

THE MOST REV. DR. DORRAN. — An influential meeting of the Catholics of Belfast has been held in order to give a suitable reception to the most Rev. Dr. Dorran, Bishop of the Diocese, on the occasion of his return from Rome, where he has been attending the meetings of the Oecumenical Council. Bernard Hughes, Esq., J. P., occupied the chair; and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Alexander O'Rourke, Peter Maculey, James Ross, D. Fagan and others. It was unanimously resolved that an address and banquet should be given to his lordship, and an address and committee was appointed to frame the address and make suitable arrangements for the banquet. — Northern Whig.

DEATH OF THE MOST REV. DR. DORRAN. — The lamented death of this very distinguished prelate took place on the 28th ult. at Camo, near Roscomon. Dr. Dorry was born June 19, 1811, at Moore, diocese of Tuam. He was educated at a school in Ballinacree, and afterwards, at Maynooth. At the latter place he achieved the highest success in all his studies, and so brilliant was his college career that he was at the close of the ordinary college course, appointed junior dean of his college. He left Maynooth in 1836, and was appointed by the Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Cohen, parish priest of Ballymacard and Ga-teen. He was consecrated Bishop of Clogher in 1847. His administration of the diocese was very successful. During the term of his episcopate he laboured hard in building churches and schools, and in founding religious houses, and in satisfying in every way he could the spiritual wants of his flock. Last December he proceeded to Rome to attend the great Council, and returned in April, when he found his health rapidly giving way before that terrible malady, disease of the heart. His death will be mourned as that of a highly gifted man, an eminent prelate, and a lover of his country.

The strike of the tailors at Cork has proved infatigable. On Monday, employees in several other branches of trade declined to work at their present rates of remuneration. Women and girls, and even the newshaws, have joined in the turn-out.

MORALITY OF CORK. — It seems to be a melancholy fact, to whatever cause attributed, that drunkenness is alarmingly on the increase in the city. On Saturday night scarcely a man of a certain class, and many women of the same order, were to be met in the busy quarters, but were more or less under the influence of liquor. There was, however, little brawling. — Examiner.

MARRIAGE OF THE DAUGHTER OF LORD O'HAGAN. — On Saturday evening the 2nd inst., the marriage of Lieut.-Colonel John M'Donnell, J. P., of Glasnevin, in the county of Antrim, with the Hon. Madeline O'Hagan, daughter of the Lord High Chancellor, was celebrated in the Catholic Church of Babely. The marriage was performed by the Very Rev. Canon Russell, President of Maynooth College, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Rooney, parish priest of Oloran. The ceremony was performed by a nuptial mass and blessing, and by a brief but beautiful and touching exhortation addressed by Dr. Russell to the bride and bridegroom.

COMBINATION OUTRAGE IN CORK. — A desperate outrage (says the Cork Examiner) was attempted at Messrs. Eamesh and Crawford's brewery, by a section of the firm's employees who are at present on strike for an increase of wages. Some of the disaffected body went into the establishment, and laid hold of the engineer of the department whom they secured, and with a great deal of determination endeavoured to put him into the machinery which was then in motion. He, however, resisted them, and assistance soon arrived. Being defeated in their object the fellows decamped, and have not yet been heard of. Warrants are out for their arrest.

CITY OF DUBLIN ELECTION.—THE REGISTER.—The recent seat in the representation of this city will be filled up before the lapse of many weeks in the House of Commons on Monday night Mr. Fortescue announced that a Bill will be brought in to disfranchise the Freeman whose names are mentioned in the schedule of the report of the Royal Commissioners, and that when the Bill is passed there will be no objection to the issuing of the writ; and inasmuch as the disfranchising Bill was brought in and read a first time, it is probable that the election for the city will take place before the close of August, or early in September. The day which demands the most immediate attention is, the payment of the rates which qualify for the Parliamentary franchise. The Conservatives are, as usual, actively at work in this direction; and surely it is not too much to expect that no Liberal will lose sight of the important fact, that Friday next will be the last day for the payment of the necessary rates. Those rates will have to be paid at some not far distant time; there is, therefore, no excuse for delay, which will result in depriving the defaulter of having his name placed on the Parliamentary register. — Evening Post.

PETER BARRETT. — For the third time Peter Barrett was, on Thursday week, put on his trial in the Court of Queen's Bench for shooting at Captain Lambert. The process of 'carefully selecting' a jury was gone through, as usual the Crown freely exercising its privilege of ordering jurors to 'stand aside.' Owing, however, to the paucity of jurors in attendance, the exercise of this privilege was on this occasion limited; and when only ten jurors were left unchallenged by the Crown, it was found necessary to put on the jury two of those who had been ordered to 'stand aside.' The case against the prisoner was stated by the Attorney-General. When Captain Lambert was about to be examined he expressed a desire that the prosecution should be abandoned; but Judge Fitzgerald would not listen to a suggestion of the kind. The case was, therefore, proceeded with, and the same evidence was given as that which had been tendered on the two former trials. Captain Lambert's cross-examination revealed serious discrepancies in that gentleman's evidence; while the case made by the Crown was, in other respects, seriously shaken by the speeches of Mr. Butt and Mr. McDermott. As was generally expected, the jury found it impossible to convict Barrett, who on the handing in of the verdict of 'Not Guilty' was immediately discharged. Mr. Butt and Mr. McDermott were vociferously cheered by the crowd which had assembled in the Hall of the Four Courts. Barrett was waited for, but he did not make his appearance till the crowd had dispersed. His father and mother, however, received the wild congratulations of the crowd; and Barrett himself, whenever he has been since recognized in the streets of Dublin, has been the object of a popular ovation.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Chief Justice of