

at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

**MRS. WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for all diseases of children, such as teething, wind, colic, &c., is a reliable remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system; gives rest to the mother and health to the child.

**SPINAL DIFFICULTIES** RESULT from imperfect circulation of blood through the spinal column. **BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** and Family Liniment rubbed in well, invigorates the blood vessels, strengthens the back, and effects a cure. Resulting from colds, pains in the back will be relieved by one application.

**MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.**  
The Death of a Popular Story Writer.  
Formerly Known as "Cousin May Carleton."

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, the popular story writer, died at her residence, 10 Lewis avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mrs. Fleming's first attempt at literature was a short sketch for a weekly paper in St. John, N.B., where she was born. Her maiden name was May Agnes Carleton. Her first story was published by the *Sunday Mercury*, of this city. For several years she had been writing for the *New York Weekly*, her contract being to furnish one story each year. Her stories were all printed in book form as soon as they had run their course in the *Weekly*. Some of her stories have been published in several foreign languages. Of this Mrs. Fleming was proud, although it brought her no pecuniary profit. Among her stories the most successful ones were: "Guy Rivalcourt's Wife" and "A Wonderful Woman." She also wrote "A Terrible Secret," "The Revenge of a Mother," "One Night's Mystery," "Silent and True," "Carried by Storm," and "Lost for a Woman." For the last few months she had been engaged on a story entitled "Life at Stake." Before her marriage Mrs. Fleming wrote under the nom de plume of "Cousin May Carleton."

Mrs. Fleming was intended to sail for Europe on April 19, taking her youngest son with her. She was to remain abroad, writing, travelling, and sight-seeing, just as long as she liked it, her health having begun to fail about two months ago. Her husband is in business in St. John, and her only daughter and two older sons are being educated in different convents. Mrs. Fleming was about 50 years of age, and had accumulated about \$20,000. She was a devout Roman Catholic.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**ATTEMPT TO MURDER HON. GEORGE BROWN.**

ATTACKED BY A MURDEROUS EMPLOYEE.

Toronto, March 25.—About four o'clock today a young man named George Dixon, alias Bennett, assaulted the Hon. George Brown while in his room in the *Globe* office, and, drawing a pistol, shot him in the thigh. The assailant was formerly employed as engineer at the *Globe* office. About two weeks ago he was arrested on a warrant charging him with neglect to support his wife. When the case came up in court, it was shown that not only had he deserted his wife, but that he was living in

ADULTEROUS RELATIONS WITH HER SISTER.

The case was adjourned, with the understanding that the defendant arrange matters, he being admitted to liberty on his bail. For several days he has been hanging around the *Globe* office, seeking to be re-employed. Today he visited Mr. Brown's room several times; but he did not succeed in meeting that gentleman until about four o'clock. About that hour Mr. Brown heard a rap at the door, and rising from his seat he opened it, admitting Dixon, and then resumed his seat again. Dixon presented a paper, a certificate of good character, which he asked Mr. Brown to sign, but that gentleman refused to comply with the request, because he was not acquainted with Dixon, and could not speak as to his good conduct. At first Dixon grew angry, and, drawing a pistol from a back pocket, he

POINTED IT DIRECTLY AT MR. BROWN'S BREAST.

The latter jumped from his seat and knocked the man's arm down, but the weapon discharged and the ball struck Mr. Brown in the thigh, passing through the fleshy part. He immediately grappled with his assailant, and a hard struggle took place, Mr. Brown calling "murder" and "help." The employees of the office, attracted by the cries, hastened to Mr. Brown's assistance, but the latter had already wrested the pistol from Dixon's hand, and had thrust him to the floor. He was secured, and an officer was sent for, who took him to police headquarters. On being searched 42 cartridges were found in his pocket. He was under the influence of liquor. Immediately after the shooting, Dr. Thorburne was called to attend Mr. Brown, who was driven home.

THE WOUND IS NOT DANGEROUS,

but the physicians say Mr. Brown's age is against him. At 9 o'clock he was easy and able to converse with his friends. The prisoner will be brought before the magistrate on Saturday.

LATER.—Upon the arrival of the policeman, Hon. George Brown, pointing to his assailant, said, "That is the man who shot me." Bennett asked what he had to say, and replied, "I have nothing to say about it." He was then taken to the police station and searched, when fifty cartridges were found upon him. The revolver from which the shot was fired was a No. 2 Smith & Wesson, and had three of six chambers loaded. As soon as it was discovered that Hon. George Brown was wounded, a carriage was sent for Dr. Thorburne, who soon in attendance. In removing the clothing of the wounded man the ball fell to the ground. When the wound was examined it was found that the ball had passed clean through the upper portion of the thigh between the muscle and bone, inflicting a painful, but by no means serious wound. After the doctor's examination, Hon. George Brown proceeded to his residence, where he is now under treatment.

March 26, 2:30 a.m.—Latest reports state that Hon. George Brown is much more tranquil, though still suffering from nervous prostration. He has received a letter of congratulation at his escape from the Governor-General, and letters of inquiry and congratulation from cities in the United States. Bennett to-night stated to the detectives that he had intended murdering Joe Banks, head engineer, and it was only when Mr. Brown laid hands on him to turn him out of the office that he fired at him.

**LETTER FROM LACHINE.**  
THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor.—The great fault with me, as with thousands of others, is that I am too ambitious. I was not satisfied with the pick and shovel and a dollar a day, and yet I wanted for nothing. I ate enough, I slept well, I worked with good humor and I had a few spare hours for reading the news and saying my prayers. What more, I ask, could any mortal require? But yet I was not satisfied, and the demon of ambition came and took entire possession of me. I envied almost every body, one because he had a beautiful wife, another, his possession of a splendid

Newfoundland dog, and still another because his cheque was good in the Bank of Montreal, while as for me I possessed nothing but excellent health and a new shovel, the two most valuable gifts in the world if they are only properly appreciated. All this came of writing my first letter to the Post. People after that enquired who was Myles O'Regan, and invited me to dinner, but especially when I expressed an intention of starting the *Scorcher* did they look after me and flatter me until my head was turned, and I saw a gold mine in every cumbent that fell across my path. The first thing which suggested itself to my mind was a Government situation, but, as you are aware, that chimera came to exactly nothing. When a man is grossly disappointed he thinks of revenge, and hence it was that I thought of a new religion and commenced collecting subscriptions for a new church, to be called the O'Regan Tabernacle. My attempt, I regret to say, has not been successful. I obtained about a dozen converts, but they were no acquisition to any religion. I am not uncharitable enough to suppose that their souls within are as unpropitious as their faces without, but as a general rule, the owners would not be requested to sit for likenesses of the twelve apostles. I forgot to tell you that I had taken an office for the *Scorcher* in Lachine, so that I had no difficulty in finding church accommodation for my dilapidated-looking flock.

"Gentlemen," said I, "before commencing the service I must apologise for the absence of seats. The truth is, I did not expect such a large and respectable congregation the first Sunday, and was rather unprepared. Before next Sunday, however—no rather before next Sabbath—if our religion last so long, I have no doubt the wealthy among us (here a look of ineffable disgust swept over the faces of my congregation), the wealthy among us, I say, will come down handsomely and enable me to procure a few chairs. The service is over for the present, but my friend here (pointing to a cynical-looking Yankee), will pass round the hat." Whether it was through shyness or suspicion I know not, but none of the congregation would lend my collector a hat, and his own was out of the question—being full of holes. In this emergency his native genius came to his aid. Quietly getting his hands together and making a hollow of them, he went from one to the other. As for me, my heart palpitated; I felt that a crisis had arrived in my life. I was resolved to stand or fall by the collection.

The first man called upon shook his head sorrowfully, the second sighed, the third closed his eyes softly, the fourth peered inquisitively into the eyes of the collector, the fifth shouted, "If I had a quarter, do you think I would be here?" and, in a word, never as much as a cent was collected.

"Gentlemen," said I, "seeing the want of appreciation among you for a new religion I move, seconded by Mr. Edward Alasworth, that the O'Reganites be dissolved or resolved into their original elements." (Carried over.)

"I move softly out into the snows of Lachine, a heart-seared man and a sorrowful." "Mr. O'Regan," said my late abortive collector, "I hope you are not discouraged. A man named Jones and myself once went into the same kind of business out West a few years ago, and would have succeeded only that we could not agree about the title. My name is Snooks, and I wanted to call the new religion the 'Progressive Snookites,' and had my way for five or six months, until the affair grew prosperous, when Jones, one fine morning, without consulting your humble servant, had a board attached to a telegraph pole in front of the church inviting the faithful in to the 'Nineteenth Century Jonesites.' This busted the thing in a week, a division took place, and, though there was money in the concern at first, the split spoiled everything, and I gave it up as it did not pay dividends. *Nit deperandum pluribus in unum.* Notwithstanding the advice of my friend Snooks, I have concluded to retire from my religious position and dedicate all my abilities in the future to my proper avocation."

Mr. Editor, I am melancholy, sad, and lonely; the world has no joys for me any longer, death is no terror, life is not worth living; the *Scorcher* is not worth editing, society is a bore, and even the fifteen puzzle has no attractions. Everything seems to fall in my hands, and even my food does not agree with me. Last night as I was in this frame of mind Mick Dunn came along laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks; when he saw me he advanced and accosted me.

"Good morning, Myles."

"Good morning, Mike."

"It is lovely weather."

"The devil thank you for that."

"Why, man, what has put you in 'bad humor; have you applied for the position of Recorder of Montreal and been refused? You deserve it; when you came to this country did you not drop that unfortunate O, and call yourself Regon, or Granville, or Macpherson, or anything but O'Regan?"

"Come with me," continued Mike, "and forget your troubles; where is the use of re-pining, you may yet obtain that School Commissionership you have been looking after, or, perhaps, draw first prize in the Havana lottery."

"Yes, but I haven't a ticket."

"What of that, man, nothing is impossible to Providence. Come with me to the 'Widow's' and I'll get her to make you as fine a glass of scotch as Julius Caesar in all his martial splendor had to go to bed without, for the reason that Calphurnia was not so clever as the 'Widow' at mixing drinks. She's a regular jewel, I tell you."

When a fellow is down in the mouth he does not require much pressing to drink scotch, and off I went to the widow's with Mike. She kept a little grocery or huckster's shop at the corner, and, although her name wasn't Molloy, I could see at once that my friend Mike was her white-haired boy. There was an apartment at the far end, bounded by barrels, and there were small kegs for seats and on these kegs on many a Saturday night our gang settled the affairs of Spain, set up kings, established Republics and gave laws to the world generally, while imbibing our scotch. It is astonishing how wise liquor makes a man in his own opinion, and how easily. He sees everything with the eyes of genius and he cannot be wrong. He thinks every one a fool whose opinions he tolerates because he is generous, except him self, who is a greater philosopher than Plato, a greater orator than Demosthenes, and a greater general than Napoleon. How much better could he have managed—at Waterloo (than the Corsican). He would never have sent two such men as Grouchy and Vandamme to oppose Blucher. The man inspired by scotch can correct the Latin of a professor, and has no hesitation in pointing out to the engineer wherein he has made a mistake in the gradient of a road, because of his ignorance of mathematics.

The widow received us cordially, and smiled like a fish upon Mike. She is about thirty-five years of age, a French Canadian, and is as benevolent as she is handsome. She ushered us into the 'apartment,' where we found a number of the blasting

gang already assembled, discussing my failure in establishing a new sect, but the less said about that now the better. We ordered scotch, and it was brought. The beautiful beverage is made up of Jamaica rum, a dash of hot water, but not over much, a morsel of clarified butter, the whole seasoned with a little nutmeg and an arrangement of the widow calls *je ne sais pas*, and it is a drink fit for the gods. The recipe came long ago from old Ireland, but the degenerate descendants of the emigrants who brought it have fallen away, and now they know scotch no more. I tasted off my glass, and immediately felt a wonderful improvement. I called for another, and felt that life was not so bad a thing after all, a third made me willing to embrace all mankind, a fourth to speak of my aristocratic friends in Ireland, and a fifth so utterly reckless and jolly that I felt surprised how it was that trifles could disturb such a demigod as myself. As Tom O'Banister says, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, and song and good-fellowship became the order of the night. I know people whose singing would bring them a fortune, where an attempt of mine would get my mouth broke, but nevertheless in my *ecstasie* state I fancied I was a second *Sumus Rex*, and warbled forth a song of my own composing:—

I have a lover, an Irish hussar,  
Who rides like a prince on a coal black steed;  
His eye it is bright, but his brow is a star,  
(A blow from a Russian he got in the war),  
But, alas, my poor lover is poor indeed.  
Having naught but his sabre and his coal black steed.

After finishing the verse I heard a general snore, and much to my disgust found that my companions were all asleep except one, whether it was through the influence of my song, or both combined, I know not. The one who was not asleep was Adolphus Smudge, from Berkshire, England. Adolphus is a typical Englishman. He believes in his soul that not only are the English the greatest soldiers in the universe, the greatest sailors, poets and philosophers, but that England is the only real white nation. They never lost a battle in all their history, they are descended from ten tribes, their mission is to convert the world to Christianity and teach them how to chew tobacco. All the world should be subjects of Her Majesty if they wished to be saved in this world or the next, and any man that could not speak the English language like Smudge was a poor miserable wretch. He admitted the Scotch and Irish were also white people, and assisted England to terrify the universe, but nevertheless—well, there's no use in talking—they don't belong to the ten tribes. Smudge is one of those frank, honest, Englishmen who are so bluff and free, and talk so nobly about equality before the law, while spreading their legs apart, and putting their thumbs in the arm-holes of their vests to appear more British and majestic, who indulge in patriotic utterances about the cottage homes of England, but who, if a lord comes along, contract themselves until one fancies they are trying to crawl deep down into their own boots. Smudge would crawl along the Atlantic cable to kiss the toes of old Beaconsfield, and would bow and cringe to royalty so long as his fat knees allowed him, and still was disgusted with the benighted Papists and their superstitious gauds. "I say Myles," said Smudge, "that Parnell is a rebellious agitator and should be arrested—and, besides, you Irish are always fighting among yourselves."

"Well," I rejoined, "we won't this time, men. So take that, and that, and that, and consider yourself an idiot."

I remember no more, Mr. Editor, after that. I dreamed all night about scotch and the battle of Fontenoy, and woke up next morning in my bunk with a swollen lip and a parched throat for the first, and I hope, the last time in my life. Hence my present melancholy and stern resolution to stick to the pick and shovel.

Yours, &c.,  
MYLES O'REGAN.

**THE ENNIS-CORRY EMBUTE.**  
Reported by a "Herald" Representative—Parnell Assaulted—Origin of the Riot.

New York, March 29.—The *Herald's* cable gives the details of Parnell's ill-treatment at Ennis-Correy yesterday at a meeting to select candidates for Wexford's Parliamentary representation. Parnell and two of three candidates, Byrne and Barry, travelled from Dublin by train. At several stations large crowds had assembled to cheer them. At Farna many shouted for Chevalier O'Clery, who is the third candidate. At Ennis-Correy the reception was lukewarm. The meeting was arranged for two o'clock. The point of vantage was already occupied by O'Clery and six priests. Parnell's party had decided that Rev. Mr. Kenny should preside, but the meeting selected Rev. Mr. O'Germon, who was assailed by a man named Murphy. A scuffle ensued, and at priest flung his assailant off the platform. At this moment Parnell and Barry were seen advancing at the head of a large crowd, with a band and green banners. The assembly numbered not less than 15,000 men. Amid much confusion Parnell retired. Byrne, Parnell's candidate, was rejected.

ENNIS-CORREY, March 29.—The cause of the riot yesterday was as follows—Chevalier O'Clery, member for County Wexford in the late Parliament, seeks re-election as a Home Ruler, while Parnell has nominated two other candidates as Obstructionists, one of whom is very unpopular. O'Clery's party, some ten thousand strong, took possession of the platform. When Parnell arrived, accompanied by members of the Ennis-Correy Club, he attempted to get on the platform and was received with shouts of "No dictation." His friends were thrown off, several with bleeding heads. Armed police were drawn up near the platform. Had the Parnell party been numerous assaults would have been many. London, March 29.—The attack upon Mr. Parnell is the sensation of the day in Ireland. Before sailing for America, Mr. Parnell visited Ennis-Correy, and received there great evidence of popular approval. That he should be now so maltreated and abused in the same place is considered to be an exceptionally curious circumstance, to be accounted for only on the supposition that the land interest has influenced the people to make a demonstration against him. Mr. Parnell was very roughly treated. His clothes were torn in the attempt to hustle

him, and it was only by an apparent miracle that he escaped without serious injury. He frequently warned off malicious blows aimed at his head. To the last Mr. Parnell continued to indignantly denounce the outrages of which he was made the victim; and while going to the railroad station, after the meeting had been broken up, he announced his intention to visit Ennis-Correy and address his people next Sunday.

## THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK

The Diary of Cures—Another Hundred Cured—Sight, Hearing and Strength Restored—Extraordinary Cure of Jeremiah Sullivan—His Story in His Own Words—Letters and Direct Testimony.

(FROM THE "NATION," SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

104. Michael McNulty, Kilgariff, parish of Ballaghaderreen; paralysis of the right arm. He is now so far recovered as to be able to move his right hand to his forehead.

105. Martin Murphy, Ballinacree, parish of Balla; hip disease.

106. Mary Byrne, Kilmore, parish of Kilmore; large lump under the tongue. The lump has entirely disappeared.

107. James Aton, Tain; defective sight.

108. Patrick Alcock of Kilfree, parish of Gortin; defective sight.

109. Mary Grady; defective sight. She has recovered the power of one eye.

110. Patrick Fogarty, parish of Crusheen; weakness of the left foot. He has experienced a considerable improvement.

111. Jeremiah Sullivan, parish of Rath-harry (Rev. A. O'Leary, P.P.), Clonsilla, county Cork; polypos, or flesh growth in the windpipe. He came to Knock with his father on Sunday, the 1st of February, and got rid of his ailment on the 4th in the manner about to be related. The following is his statement, as given in his own words to the parish priest:—"I have been suffering from a hoarseness for the last 18 months. I consulted four of the neighboring doctors, one after the other, and to no avail, as none of them was able to ascertain the nature of the disease. Finding myself daily getting worse, I came to the city of Cork, and consulted the most eminent doctor there. On the third day he found my ailment proceeded from a flesh growth or polypos in the windpipe. The conclusion the doctor came to was that there should be an operation, either externally or internally, either of which would be very dangerous. Hearing of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Knock, I decided on visiting the place. I arrived on Sunday morning, February 1st. Thanks be to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, I coughed off the polypos on the morning of the 4th of February, after my third day's visit here. This account is quite complete in itself. I may, however, add that on the occasion of my last visit to Knock, I met, at Mrs. Byrne's house, a young lady from the city of Limerick, who had come with her brother to the scene of the apparition, in the hope of restoring him to health. She told me that, one day, while she was in the church, her attention was attracted to Jeremiah Sullivan and his father. They were praying with a fervor of gratitude as if some great blessing had been conferred upon them. She concluded they had come to Knock in the hope of effecting a cure, and that the object of their visit had been achieved. Entering into conversation with them, she learned the full particulars, precisely as I have just had them before your readers. She described Jeremiah Sullivan as a well-grown, fair-haired, good-looking youth of 17 or 18. She also told me that the polypos was preserved. Considering that it mystified no fewer than four doctors, and that the eminent physician, who at last discovered the reason of the hoarseness, thought the cause could not be removed unless by a dangerous operation, it would be of interest to know if the polypos has been examined by any doctors, and, if so, what they have to say about it.

112. John Smith, parish of Virginia (Rev. John O'Reilly, P.P.), county Cavan; general weakness of constitution, loss of appetite, and want of sleep.

113. John Coan, Plougna, county Mayo; paralysis.

114. Thomas Hare, Tain; paralysis.

115. Bridget Mary McNery, Clonsilla, county Roscommon; blindness of right eye. The eye had been sightless for the space of 18 years. The following letter affords the best evidence on this case that anyone could desire:—"Dear and Very Rev. Archbishop, I have the great pleasure to inform you that my eye sight continues to improve. I had the great happiness of visiting Knock on the 2nd inst. On the following Wednesday, immediately after Mass, I could see my hand for the first time in eighteen years, and every day since my sight is improving, thank God. In the year 1861 I received a severe wound in my right eye, the result of a piece of spring steel striking me by accident. All that could be done for me by medical skill was done, and of no avail. After a year's suffering I completely lost the sight, till the aforesaid date. I purpose, with God's help, to visit Knock on the 25th March next. Very reverend sir, no words could describe the happiness I feel in soul and body since I had the privilege of visiting that holy place. I beg to be excused for trespassing on your valuable time.—Thanking you for former kindness, believe me, very rev. sir, your faithful and obliged servant, Bridget Mary McNery.—Very Rev. Archbishop Cavanagh."

116. Margaret O'Neill, Dublin; hip disease. I related the particulars of this cure in a former letter. Miss O'Neill had been suffering from the disease about ten years, and was obliged to make use of an umbrella to assist her in walking. Not feeling any need of the umbrella after she had visited Knock, she left it there in token of her cure, and I saw it not long ago among the sticks and crutches deposited in the receptacle at the gable. Your readers will remember the published letter of Mrs. O'Neill, expressing her joy and gratitude because of her daughter's cure and requesting Archbishop Cavanagh to allow her to make some gifts to the church in token of her own and her daughter's thankfulness.

121. James Carney, Pultog, Co. Cavan; a very bad sore foot. He had been suffering from it for years.

122. Mrs. F. Carney, Tonnasparke, Co. Cavan; intense pain in the middle finger of the right hand. The cure was effected by bathing the finger in water containing some of the cement.

123. Mary Healy, Backs; scrofula.

124. Miss Sinar, Dublin; a nervous affection.

125. Bridget Mary Galvin, Cork; hip disease. She had consulted several doctors, been five weeks in a Cork hospital, and seven months in one in Dublin, and all to no good purpose. This case has been noticed more fully in one of my previous letters.

126. John Kelly, parish of Kiltbridge, county Roscommon; paralysis of the right side. As

an effect of the disease, his right shoulder rose up so that he could scarcely wear his coat. The shoulder has now gone back to its natural place.

127. Ellen Reay, Limerick; rheumatic gout. She has obtained great relief. During her visit to Knock, the swelling in her hands and feet became much less, and she felt her strength improving.

128. Mary Kate Ryan; fainting fits and involuntary movements of the eyes.

129. Sarah Morris, of Woods, parish of Ballagh; paralysis. She was suffering from the attack from the 18th of December, 1878, till the 1st of January this year. On the last named day she visited Knock, and was entirely cured. Mr. Ignatius O'Donel, of Swinford, certifies in the following terms upon her case:—"I saw her myself on or about the 22nd of December, when she had not the use of her limbs, and on seeing her yesterday, after she had walked seven miles, she did not seem to be a bit tired.—Ignatius O'Donel, Swinford, February 5th, 1880."

130. Mary Phillips, Kiltilla, parish of Bunsadon; paralysis. She left her crutch at Knock.

131. John Noonan, parish of Clonsilla, county Fermanagh; a running sore on the face. He had suffered from it for twenty-five years.

132. Pat Mulloy, of Curry; restored to sight.

133. Mrs. Madden, of Prospect; dry retching. She had been a sufferer for years.

134. A gentleman, whose name is not recorded in the diary, caught cold in his right eye about twelve months ago. He suffered a great deal since, especially at night, and was obliged to give up writing. He placed himself under the care of two eminent medical men—one distinguished as an oculist—but no improvement was effected in the condition of his eye. By bathing it in water containing cement from Knock he has been entirely cured.

135. Thomas Cochrane, Belfast; blindness of right eye. The sight has been completely recovered.

136. Edward Gibbons, Meelick, parish of Claremorris; mental derangement.

137. Mrs. Armstrong, Claremorris; debility. She has been unable to put her foot to the ground, but now can walk with ease.

138. Pat Conway, Limerick; lameness. He left at Knock the stick that he had been obliged to use for the past six years.

139. Thomas Dooner, of Roskeery, county Roscommon; evil.

140. Owen Crichton, Bunsconlon; evil.

141. Charles O'Donel, Donegal; constant headache and pain in the shoulder.

142. John M'Cormick; sore eyes and very defective sight.

143. Pat Connor; hip disease. He left his stick at Knock.

144. Andrew Bourke, Kiltish; lameness.

145. Martin Doherty, Ballaghaderreen; lameness.

146. Sarah Graham, Ballymote; debility. For four months she had not been able to go to Mass, but now she can walk about on all occasions.

147. Honora Magrath; sore knees. She had been unable to go on her knees; now she can do so without any difficulty whatever.

148. Alice Dwyer, Kennaui, county Tipperary; blindness of the right eye. She is twenty-nine years old, and had been stone blind of the right eye all her life. The sight is now restored.

149. Bridget Ryan; had pains in all her joints about eight years ago, and was unable to move until she was brought to Knock. She is now recovering strength.

150. James Connor, parish of Strokestown; dislocation of the hip, the result of an accident twelve years since. The bones of the hip used to move in and out. He is wonderfully improved, and is confident of complete recovery.

151. Mrs. Noon, Glasgow; defective sight.

152. Daniel M'Garthy, Ryden, near Oldham, England; paralysis. He had been unable to bring down his foot any lower than the level of the knee. Since his visit to Knock, he can stretch out the leg.

153. Sarah Piora, Meath-street, Dublin; paralysis. For fourteen years she was unable to place either of her feet upon the ground. She had to be supported by a chair under each arm, and another behind her back, and her legs were bent back beneath this latter. She suffered continually from pains the most intense. The pains are gone; she can now stretch out her limbs; and is improving in health and strength from day to day.

154. Mary Anne Nolan, Cole-street, Dublin; paralysis. For years she had been a cripple, moving only by the help of a crutch and stick, and unable to stand erect. She can now not only stand without either crutch or stick, but can move about with very slight support.

155. Belinda Mash, Ballina, dumbness. She had been unable to speak for six years past. She is now restored to the usual power of utterance.

156. Maggie Morley, Lismaskee; an evil.

157. John M'Mahon, Glasgow; lameness. There were several evils in his leg, and he had been unable to use it for two years, but on his visit to Knock experienced such an improvement that he left his crutch behind him.

158. Patrick Boyle, Glasgow; heart disease.

159. John Fox; sore leg; had been five years suffering.

160. Edward Scully, Meath-street, Dublin; defective sight and feebleness. He has recovered both his sight and the use of his limbs.

161. John Mooney, parish of Drumlish; nervousness and constant tremor.

162. Anne Keenan, Moate; sores on the leg.

163. John M'Dermott, parish of Furry; running sores on the leg; had been a year in an infirmary without deriving any benefit.

164. Valentine Gillic, Virginia; defective sight of the left eye.

165. Pat M'Cormack; defective sight. When he came to Knock, he was so nearly blind that he was unable to go through the Stations of the Cross unless led by another person. After a few days, he was able to find his way about without assistance.

166. Michael Cull, Bird Hill, county Tipperary; blindness. He was stone blind; had been a patient in four of the Dublin hospitals; experienced no improvement; and, when he came to Knock, was unable to move a step without a guide. After a short time, he could see the flame of a candle, light his pipe for himself, and find his way about.

167. Owen Halpin, Meath, Drogheda; deafness. For ten years he had been quite deaf. On the 18th of February, the first day he visited Knock, he put a piece of the cement in his ear, and immediately recovered the power of hearing.

168. John Keogh, Loughrea; pearl on the right eye.

169. Teresa Mary Martin, (a young girl), Castleblayney, Monaghan; sore knee, caused by a fall a year ago.

170. Rose Anne Ward, a girl of ten; lump in the neck.

171. Bryan Lovett, Longford; an evil of seven years' standing.

172. John Brennan, parish of Kiltmagh; a swelling, the effect of a fall from a horse. For a long time he had been rendered quite unable to do anything towards earning his living. Now he is entirely cured, and able to work as he was before his fall.

173. A daughter of Richard Walsh, of Newport, was restored to sight by bathing her eyes in water containing a piece of the cement.

174. John Roache, parish of Roskeery, county Roscommon; blindness. He received his sight at Knock on the 22nd of February, after having been stone blind for seventeen years.

175. Bridget Glynn, county Clare; lameness of the right foot.

176. John Brennan, parish of Curry, county Sligo; hip disease. He has been suffering from the disease since November, 1878, and spent three months in hospital without any improvement in his condition. He is now almost as well as ever.

177. John Malley, county Clare; deafness and severe pain in the stomach.

178. Pat Ryan, Edward-street, Limerick; defective sight.