

them, a the old knight went on deck to superintend the work of causing the disabled galley, in which they were, to be towed in by his own, in which he had arrived just in time to the rescue, on the first sounds of the cannonade. Angela sat on a cushion beside her brother's couch, gazing out of the window, as the white battlements and forts glided by, tinged by the rising sun into a pale gold-color, the sea lying below them, imagining in its tranquil bosom the very form of the sentiments as they passed on the walls. With what different feelings had she expected to enter, at her gallant brother by her side, pointing out each spot, still fresh with the glories of only some fifty years back, when La Valette was Grand Master, and the Turks retired, after leaving their tents of thousands perishing beneath those ruined walls, unable to subdue the high courage of a handful of wounded and worn-out knights. She turned to look at him; but so pale and wan were his features, as with closed eyes he lay motionless on the couch, that were it not for the gentle breathing, and the slight movement of his lips, she might have fancied the spirit was departed. He was evidently praying, and she knelt and prayed beside him in silence, till all was ready for their departure. Four brothers-at-arms raised the wounded knight in their arms, and placed him in a litter; and in a few minutes they were treading the shores of Malta.

They stopped at a palace in a street near the water's edge. So early was it, that they passed almost unnoticed; but in that mansion all were already on foot.

'Is your mistress up?' said Sir Diego, as the menials crowded to the door.

'She is, Sir Knight,' was the reply; but is occupied in her oratory.'

'Then disturb her not,' replied he. 'Bear this wounded knight to a chamber, and I will go and break the news to her myself. Not a word, he continued sternly, as the terrified women, recognising their young master, would have broken out into lamentations; 'brave knights require not tears when they are wounded in the defence of the Cross.'

He was obeyed at once. Silently they bore the young knight up the marble staircase, graced on either side by flowering shrubs and evergreens, into an apartment on the first floor. Sir Diego, having composed with his own hands his nephew in bed, turned to the maiden, whom he had not suffered to be parted one moment from his side, and who now stood trembling between expectation and sorrow.

'Now, Angela di Mendoza,' said he, 'it devolves upon me to break this tale to my sister and your mother, the lady of this mansion.—Have you any sign by which I can bring you to her recollection?'

Without speaking, Angela took from her neck the steel chain and reliquary, and placed them in his hands. As she did so, the door opened, and a lady of majestic and still beautiful appearance was seen on the threshold, her silver hair alone betokening an age which her unobscured and lovely features seemed to belie. But still there was an expression of calm and subdued suffering if you scanned them more narrowly; and now she glided noiselessly forward, and stood by the bed before Sir Diego had time to prevent her. The maiden's heart beat wildly against her bosom; her whole soul seemed going forth from its tenement, as her yearning gaze fixed itself on the lady.

Angela di Mendoza had seen her mother. And silently that mother gazed on the pale features of her one child, unconscious of the presence of the other, so long sought, so fondly cherished, in the depths of her loving heart, as the last beautiful pledge of the love of her long lost and to her eyes martyred husband. Her tears flowed not, though her lips indeed quivered with a mother's anguish; but she met his look of love as his languid eyes opened upon her sweet and beloved face, hanging over him with a smile almost of exultation, as she greeted him with words that might have fallen from the mother of the Maccabees.

'Ferdinand, my son, now indeed thou art a Knight of the Cross, for thy blood has flowed in its defence; and brighter joy is thy mother's this day than when first she pressed her lips on thine infant-brow, her first-born treasure.'

The young knight's face lighted up with a smile of radiant sweetness, as he turned his head to the other side of the bed, where Angela stood half concealed behind the curtains.

'Said I not, Angela di Mendoza, that our sweet mother was a very St. Sympherosa in her maternal love?'

But who can describe the start and thrill that ran through that mother's heart, as at this strange speech wonderingly she raised her eyes and they rested on the form of the shrinking girl? Silently Sir Diego led her forward, and placed in his sister's hands the chain and reliquary he had just received.

'Know you this lady, Angela?' said he, as the tears that flowed not over the wounds of her son streamed rapidly over the long lost well-remembered object, and she gazed into the features of the maiden before her.

'My mother! my mother!' burst at last from the lips of the sobbing girl; and in an instant more she was locked in her opened arms. The voice, the features, the sacred reliquary, could not be mistaken, and Emilia di Mendoza recognised at once her long-lost child.

Long, long they remained in that embrace, the child murmuring mid her tears words of love, that sounded like the cooing of the gentle dove in her lone nest mid the forest-glen, 'Mother, my own sweet, gentle mother!'

But Emilia di Mendoza spoke not. Her love, her joy, were too deep for words. She could but gaze again and again on the fair head pillowed upon her bosom, and again and again kiss the open brow, the fair eyes, the dimpled mouth, as one by one they crowded over her memory; and she seemed to forget the fair maiden before her in the remembrance of the lovely child who was torn from her arms more than twelve long years before, and of whose fate she never could gather a trace. The springs from her gushing eyes alone, like a very fount of water, seemed to be

never more to be closed, and betokened the grateful outpouring of her full heart.

The two knights contemplated the scene before them till the big tears of sympathy stood in the eye of the one, and made its way silently down the cheek of the other amid his smiles.

'And how has this miracle come to pass?' were her first words. 'My God, my God, how have I deserved this at Thy hands?'

'Twas our Lady of Phalermos and the great St. John, sweetest mother,' murmured the enraptured Angela, to whom the bliss of that moment was till then unknown, unimagined even, because unfelt before. 'They saved our precious Ferdinand.'

The mention of his name made the mother turn towards him.

'Nay, sweetest mother,' he murmured, in reply to her inquiring looks; 'this is life and health and balm to me!'

But the first transport over, Emilia di Mendoza recovered all her recollection, and soon gathered from Sir Diego the extent and number of her son's wounds, though the old knight persisted in asserting that it was only loss of blood, and no vital part had been injured. He acknowledged, however, at the same time, that any more excitement would be very bad for him, and bring on some fatal consequences. Indeed the now slightly flushed cheek of the young knight betrayed that the strength he showed was but the effect of fever; and luckily at that moment the first surgeon of the island, who had been sent for immediately on the galleys touching the shore, entered the room. This gave Sir Diego an excuse for requesting the mother and daughter to retire, and leave the examination of the knight's wounds to them.

For long he hovered between life and death; prayers were offered up in the churches; vows made to our Lady of Phalermos; and candles and lamps lighted at her shrine. Like guardian angels, his mother and sister hovered over him, and all that art and nature could afford were exhausted to procure him relief. Angela had spoken to her mother of the protector of her childhood, and Emilia's tears had mingled with her daughter's while listening to the self-sacrificing life and saintly death of the wonder-working Carga.

One evening, as they were seated together watching the feverish uneasy slumbers of the knight, Angela's head was laid, as was her wont, upon the lap of her mother, while she looked up earnestly in the now worn and pale features of her newly-found parent. Emilia's hand rested on the glossy hair, which she gently smoothed down almost unconsciously, while her eyes wandered from the thin pale features of her son, reduced now almost to a shadow by continued suffering, to the blooming countenance of the beautiful girl, and then at last fixed themselves on the picture of our Lady of Phalermos, which hung in front of the bed within sight of the sufferer.—A sudden inspiration seemed to cross her features.

'Angela, my child,' said she, after a pause, in a low whisper.

'Yes, sweetest mother?' was the as low rejoinder.

'Thou sayest the Martyr-Bishop of Syria worked miracles in his lifetime.'

'Many, mother mine,' returned the maiden; 'nay, some I have seen with my own eyes.'

'Promise, then, that we will go and visit his shrine, bearing thither rich gifts when the translation of his relics takes place, if he restore thy brother to health and the service of Christ.'

'Ah, mother dearest, many a time has this promise come across my mind; but I dared not think you would consent to such a rash vow, and I put it by as a temptation.'

'Let us then take it together, before this image of our Blessed Lady.'

Mother and daughter knelt down in prayer. Earnest and full of faith were their supplications.—and could the Martyr-Bishop disregard the request of his adopted child? When they rose and looked again on the bed, Ferdinand di Mendoza was sleeping the quiet sleep of returning health.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Catholic Prelates of Ireland have assembled in Dublin, where they are engaged, it is said, in the consideration of the offer of the Government respecting the Catholic University.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The annual Orange anniversary of Ulster has once more come and gone; and if it has passed over with less of the customary turbulence and violence, we owe the unwonted quiet to the presence of a body of military and constabulary sufficiently large to overawe the disaffected.

It is not our intention to enter upon a discussion of the origin, objects, or tendencies of Orangism.—These are all tolerably familiar to our readers. Our purpose is to show what is the duty of the Government in relation to the Orange Confederacy and the peace and welfare of this country, and of the nation at large. The Orange Association has been very leniently dealt with by the Executive and the Legislature. It is true that the institution has been condemned by almost every Government within the last half century. Whig and Tory—from Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Derby to Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston—have alike denounced it. Laws have been passed to break it up, and stop its party displays; but so dexterous have been the managers, and so mild has been the course pursued towards it by the respective Governments of England, that scarcely is it struck at in one way until the same object is attained in another.

The history of the Orange organisation shows the difficulty of meeting the machinations of its leaders by direct legislation. The Party Emblems Act, and the Party Processions Act, in addition to the laws against the administration of secret oaths, are essential to that are required in the way of positive enactment; but we may here remark that an opinion has been expressed that, were the law of Ireland the same as that of England, the Orange Confederacy even as at present constituted, would be illegal. But whatever the Parliament might enact, some modern Mr. Joseph Napier would no doubt be found to enable the association to evade the law by a dexterous manipulation of its rules. What we would counsel the Government to do, and what we would urge Irish Liberals to insist upon their doing, would be to declare Orangemen or Orange sympathisers ineligible for any office, employment, or mark of honour in the gift of the crown. Particularly should the Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant be weeded off all Orangemen, and of all who exhibit Orange proclivities. The first Administration of Lord Palmer-

ston attempted something of this kind; but Lord Derby shortly afterwards succeeded to power, and Lord Chancellor Brady's circular to the Lord-Lieutenants of Counties directing them to recommend for the Commission of the Peace no gentleman who would not make a declaration to the effect that he did not belong to any Orange Lodge, and that so long as he continued in the Commission of the Peace he would not have any relations with the Orange Society, was never acted upon.

Since then, we have had the Derrymacash murders, the Belfast riots, the annual processions, and all the yearly displays, and perpetual bickerings which come of the system. However much Orangism may be repudiated in form by the respectable classes, it is secretly connived at, and used for electioneering and other party purposes, and nothing will ever put an end to the evils of which it is the parent until something is done to ostracise its members and sympathisers from the pale of respectable society. The organisation is kept up by those who trade on the passions of the multitude; and it is very well known that the majority of respectable Protestants and Conservatives, throughout Ulster, knowing as they do that Orangism is antagonistic to real Protestantism and intelligent Conservatism, would rejoice if the Orange Society were dissolved or rendered innocuous in the way we suggest. But the system of terrorism practised by the Orange Lodges, and the exigencies of party leaders, such as the Whitesides, the Napiers, and the Cairneses, prevent the opinions of those moderate men from being heard. It would be a real blessing to them to have the Government dealing with a firm hand with the aiders and abettors of the organisation. Something, we think, we may remind the Government, is due to the Liberal party in Ireland. The recent general election has shown how the Orange leaders have acted throughout Ulster, and what little chance the Liberalism of this province has of making itself heard in the councils of the nation in face of the well-laid plans of the Orange Lodges. But, while Ulster is almost well-nigh prostrate at the feet of the Orange Society, other parts of Ireland have nobly sustained the principles of the Liberal party, while throughout Great Britain the majority of Liberals seat to the new Parliament is greater than at any time since the passing of the Reform Bill. The time, therefore, is favorable for the Government dealing with this question. If they allow the opportunity to pass away, they will not be doing their duty to themselves, or to the Irish Liberal party, and their supporters in the new Parliament will not be doing theirs if they do not compel the Government to act upon the policy indicated in Lord Chancellor Brady's letter of 1857.—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON IRISH ORANGISM.—The province of Ulster presents at the present moment a social phenomenon to which the press of England, headed by the Times, is properly calling public attention. It is difficult on this side of the Channel to realise the extent of rancour and hatred which, in the name of a Divine religion, is now disgracing an otherwise prosperous portion of the empire. But the private intelligence we have received during the past week confirms general rumor, and puts aside doubt or indifference on the subject. We boast of our national tranquility, but in no other part of Europe, perhaps, does there rage a social war so bloody and relentless—so unjustifiable and so unchristian—so defiant of all law and reputable order as that which so unhappily curses a considerable portion of our Irish fellow-citizens. The recent elections have only brought to the surface the hateful party spirit which for which has more or less affected all classes and creeds; perverts justice; destroys social confidence and neighborhood; and is a scandal and a stigma upon their common Christianity. We have occasionally a local riot in England, but for a parallel to the senseless, brutal, malignant, and continually recurring sectarian tumults of Ulster we must go to the annals of a darker age—to the wild deeds of the savage. The recent cold-blooded murder at Castleblaney may be taken as an index to the general civilization of Ulster. A peaceful man, named Peter Shevlin, a dealer in poultry, was returning home by an afternoon train from the above town, on the day of the county election, when for no offence except that of giving his vote to the Liberal candidate, he was brutally attacked by two men with bludgeons on the railway platform, and deliberately shot dead by a third, against whom a verdict of wilful murder has since been returned. The attacking party belonged to a body of riotous Orangemen of the neighboring town of Ballybay, who had been escorted from the polling-booth to the station by a military force, but were no sooner within the precincts than they wantonly began the fatal outrage. One of the men charged with being accessory to the death of poor Shevlin, named John Cien, is described as 'grocer and farmer,' and this marks the respectable yeoman class from which the ranks of Orangism are recruited. It is a mistake to suppose that these men are naked, bungy ruffians, such as infest the back lanes of great cities; there is nothing of the Arab life in their birth or training; many of them are the substantial burghers or freeholders of the locality, and have the countenance of the Protestant clergy and gentry of their vicinages. It is this feature of the case which makes it so extraordinary, but which the notorious events in Belfast have so fully illustrated. Belfast is the commercial and intellectual capital of the province; it is a place of great and rapidly increasing importance; has colleges, schools, churches, and other institutions, with a numerous staff of clergy, editors, teachers, and civil functionaries, who exercise a great influence over the whole northern part of the island. It is well known that the Mayor of Belfast, many of the magistracy and Town Council, and especially the aged Dr. Cooke, are in open sympathy with the Orange faction, and, consequently, impart a prestige and respectability to the party rioting of the whole province. Unfortunately, the clergy too are as much infected with the local beatism as their flocks. As a matter of conscience they are party men, and abet what they think the cause of God and country; but, were it otherwise, the evil is too deep-seated and widespread to be eradicated by individual exertion, however enlightened and well-intentioned. The misfortune is, that law and legislation perpetuate it. One section of the community is favored by the State; the other section has been cruelly persecuted for centuries; and it is not in human nature—at least, not in the nature of the people of Ulster—to be at peace when gross injustice, or even the memory of it, is kept alive in their midst. Religion is by far the most powerful of all human interests; and among a sensitive emotional people, it is only natural that systematic attacks and insults by one party on the faith and feelings of the other should excite the social animosities and brutalities we now mourn. In these we have the unmistakable fruits of Protestant ascendancy. An ecclesiastical policy has been pursued in Ulster which has produced the disgraceful social state of barbarous hatred and sectarianism which is a stigma on British civilization.—*London Inquirer.*

The case of murder at the late elections for the county Monaghan, came before the Queen's Bench Chamber on Saturday, Judges O'Brien and Fitzgerald presiding, on motion to admit three of the prisoners to bail. The prisoner Edward Gray, a victualler of the town of Ballybay, is charged by the verdict of a coroner's jury with the wilful murder of Peter Shevlin, at the railway stationhouse in Castleblaney on the 22nd of July last, the polling-day for the county Monaghan election; and Steen and Glen are charged by the same verdict with having aided and abetted Gray in the murder. On the occasion in question a number of voters from Ballybay came by train to Castleblaney to vote at the polling-booth erected there. Great excitement prevailed, and when the Ballybay men were waiting for the return train at the railway terminus, to which they were escorted by a troop of mounted soldiers, the riot took place between them and the party who favoured the

Liberal candidate, in the course of which the murder was committed. A great many witnesses made in the information against the prisoners. Of these, one swore positively that Gray was the man who fired the fatal shot, and another made an identification of his shape and general appearance. The other two prisoners, it appeared, had struck the deceased, but the medical evidence showed that death could not have resulted from the wounds which they inflicted. The present motion was grounded on the affidavits of the prisoner and three other men, residents of Ballybay, two of whom had, together with Gray, been of the party of voters that had come to Castleblaney to vote on the 22nd of July. The affidavits of Gray stated that the fatal occurrence took place in the heat of the riot, when volleys of stones and other missiles were being fired at the persons with whom he was returning home, but that Gray did not fire the shot which killed the deceased, but was sitting in a carriage of the train when it was fired. The defendant also stated that he was in a delicate state of health, and suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgia pains, and was unable to stand upright or even to lie in bed without support, and that he had been obliged for several months past to have a person sleeping in the bed with him to assist him to dress and undress and otherwise during the night; and that he believed the effect of his imprisonment being continued till the assizes in March next would be prejudicial to his health and dangerous to his life. The affidavits of the other persons stated that they saw the man who fired the fatal shot, that he was not Gray, but a total stranger, and that they could not recognize his features again. Mr. Barry, Q.C., opposed the motion. There being a conflict of evidence between the informations and the affidavits in support of the motion, and there being no medical certificate as to Gray's health, the Court refused the motion to admit Gray to bail, but on account of the doubtful nature of the evidence of preconcert between Steen and Glen and the person who fired the shot granted it with regard to them, on condition that they gave bail themselves in 100l, and procured two sureties in 50l. each.

The Cork Constitution gives some particulars respecting the spread of Fenianism in the county of Cork, and the increased boldness of its members. If the following statements be correct the authorities are very remiss in allowing matters to rise to so serious an extent. The Cork paper says:—

That the Fenian Brotherhood are daily numerically increasing in this locality is unquestionable; that they are growing more and more careless as to whether their movements are observed or not is also quite apparent. Little attempt is made at concealment or secrecy. They no longer seek the cover of the night to practice their evolutions or to hold their meetings. In open day they assemble, not on unfrequented mountains or lonely out of the way places but close to the city, and even march along the public roads in military fashion, in closely packed and well ordered ranks. They discuss their plans and avow their intentions almost without reserve. At least such a state of things exists in this part of the county, and to a greater extent than is generally known. During the present summer the members of the organization in each locality have been in the habit of assembling at dusk every evening in some convenient place, previously arranged by the leaders. Here they go through a course of instruction as regularly and attentively as the soldier of the line—were formed into squads and taught setting-up drill, and when they can hold their heads erect and keep their shoulders square in a soldier-like fashion are marched, in slow and quick time, are then shaped into a company, told off into sub-divisions, fours, &c., in which formation they perform all the evolutions requisite to make the company eligible for its place in a battalion. They are also instructed in the use of the rifle. At certain periods the squads are marched in from the various parts where they have been instructed in the elementary drill, are formed into companies, equalized, and work together as a battalion does on parade, deploying into line, forming close and quarter distance columns, squares, &c. from the halt and on the line of march, in which movements great particularity is observed with respect to the dressing and time kept by the men as they go through these manoeuvres. While the main body is engaged at drill sentries are thrown out along the roads and on the ditches for some distance round, so as to form a complete cordon, and on the approach of any one unconnected with them the signal is passed; in an instant ranks, regular and orderly as military training can make them, collapse and fall into disorder, a football is thrown up, or they present the appearance of being what the outposts will tell the inquirer they are, a party of men engaged at a goaling match. Sunday after Sunday during the present summer this has been going on in the suburbs of the city. In the south liberties especially appear to be most of their favorite haunts. Frankfield, Lehen, and places in that locality are frequently visited by them. The roads there are not much frequented on Sunday, and the ground is such as to favor the moderate degree of secrecy the brotherhood seem to consider necessary. They are constantly seen assembling and drilling. Yesterday fortnight a gentleman saw immense crowds of men going from different sides of the country along the roads converging at a point near Frankfield. He inquired where all the people were going to, and was told a goaling match was to be held there. He watched them, and soon saw them assembling in a dense mass in a large field. Some one from among them mounted on an eminence and apparently addressed the others in a speech. When he had concluded he was succeeded by another and another, and after several other addresses had been delivered the whole mass of people fell into ranks and were put through a series of military movements by several commanders. They then marched out of the field in column of sections, and the gentlemen timing them found that two hours elapsed from the time the first rank passed out of the field till the last left it. Yesterday week a body of about 200 young men were seen at Ardaraug at drill. Seeing they were observed by a man whom most of them knew to be a Protestant, and consequently not very favorable to their views, they first endeavored to induce him to become a member, and, failing in that, they suggested that he would show his wisdom and prudence, and consult his personal safety and welling by keeping his mind to himself on the subject. That locality seems to be a favorite rendezvous with the brethren. They congregate there at dusk almost every evening in parties varying from 40 to 200, and not unfrequently at night people in their beds can hear the tramp of large numbers of men marching past their houses. Another of their favorite review fields is at Lehen, where about three weeks ago 300 of them, in training for camp life, bivouacked all night. On the following Sunday about 600 assembled in a field near the same place and spent the day at drill. In the neighborhood of Middleton and Oaslemartyr every Sunday large forces muster in the same way and for the same purpose, and occasionally encamp in the open air all night. At the drills the management of the rifle and bayonet is taught by sticks emphasized for arms. It is not to be supposed from this fact that the brotherhood are destitute of firearms, for they boast of the possession of large stores of rifles and ammunition ready for use when the proper time arrives. The drill instructors are stated to be pensioners and militiamen, who are paid for their services.

THE PLAGUE AND IRELAND.—One visitation is likely to be followed by another. While the cattle plague rages and spreads in England, another pestilence has already reached Marcellis, killing at the rate of ten per day. The cholera comes up slowly from the south east and advances steadily to the north west. Its arrival in England may be expected in the beginning of September, and, if it come, among ourselves a little later. An epidemic in human beings after a cattle epidemic is always a terrible one. The report of the Prussian Government on the Russian murain

shows that when the cattle disease abated in virulence an epidemic followed, and committed dreadful ravages among men, women, and children, though male adults suffered most. The present epidemic broke out four years ago in the north-western provinces of India. We know little of its line of march until in May last it appeared in Egypt. In less than a month Cairo lost 5,000 of its inhabitants. Other cities suffered still more severely. Constantinople received the infection from Asia Minor, and soon after the Egean Islands were attacked. Sicily, Malta, and Italy were next visited. In Ancona, one half the cases proved fatal, and some eight thousand people quitted the place. Next Marcellis was reached, and in due course it will extend to our own shores. We know little of this mysterious disease, but some points seem to be well established—that it originates in certain atmospheric and climatic influences, and describes, at each appearance, a sort of geographical course, selecting in its progress predisposed subjects in predisposed localities. It appears farther, from the experience of medical men, that contact or even proximity to persons suffering from the disease, though not at all necessary to its generation, does, nevertheless, promote it. In predisposing localities predisposed individuals will be attacked, though there may be no one else ill in the same place, but when some one else has brought it they will be likely to have it. In London and Dublin the march and progress of cholera in previous attacks was in the midst of the fever districts.—These districts were as familiar to the medical officers as if they had been traced out on a map. In London, before a single case of cholera occurred in 1857, some medical men named the very spots and houses which would furnish victims, and their information proved correct. Cholera has taken up its permanent abode in Ireland and England since the first great visitation. Cases of diarrhoea with choleraic symptoms are frequent. In the last week of July there were twelve deaths from it, cause, which declined to six the week after. The last returns of the Registrar-General report the deaths of two infants from cholera. Every summer some cases occur. These, however, are only sporadic.—The seeds of the true cholera are always present, but the epidemic form does not ensue unless developed under some peculiar condition of the atmosphere. That such a condition now exists in Europe there can be little doubt, and just as little that its power will be exerted in England where another form of pestilence has preceded it.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Precautions against the spread of the cattle plague into Ireland are being enforced in Dublin rigorously and zealously. The Lord Lieutenant has power, and intends to exercise it, of forbidding the importation of cattle from foreign countries. He is in doubt as to his powers with regard to cattle shipped from England, and has referred the matter to those who seem to take an unusually long time in such an emergency for their decision. The greatest apprehensions are entertained of the spread of the infection through the cattle shipped from England to the Curragh, for the victualling of the Camp. On this point, also, the Lord Lieutenant has made pressing representations.

APPREHENDED APPEARANCE OF THE CATTLE DISEASE.—Mountrath, Aug. 16.—I have it on good authority that this disease made its appearance in this county (Queen's), so far back as the commencement of the month of last June, and it is stated that several head of cattle have died of it, but it appears that some, by being properly treated, recovered. I have heard that on one property alone ten cows and some sheep died of the disease, but some of the former which had been attacked with it recovered. I have also heard that in this or some adjoining county a cow died, and was skinned, and the skin having been conveyed for the purpose of sale and thrown crossways on the back of a horse which had some sores on his back, that the horse got infected and died, and what is more strange that some dogs which eat of the dead carcase of the horse, which was but partially buried, died also. From this it would seem that the disease, if the same which has been so destructive in England and the continent, was not confined to kine alone. I have heard also that the epidemic, which I believe it to be, has shown itself in the counties of Tipperary and Cork.

DISEASED MEAT IN MAYO.—We have been informed that several deaths which have occurred amongst the peasantry during the present month have been traceable to the use of diseased pork, and as an epidemic is raging amongst those animals, large numbers having been carried off, the flesh too frequently being used by the lower order, and, as a consequence, a species of English cholera attacked the partakers of this unwholesome food. Our attention has been called to this matter by an inquest held by Colonel Rutledge and George Maloney, Esq., R.M., at Curragherow (Kilcommo), on the bodies of John and Martin Sheridan, who it was found by medical testimony had come to their deaths after eating a small quantity of diseased pork, and which was also partaken of by members of the same family, but who fortunately, by medical care, recovered its poisonous effects. The jury very properly, under the direction of the presiding magistrate, appended the following to their verdict:—"We the undersigned jurors, from the evidence we have heard, are of opinion that the said Martin and John Sheridan came by their deaths by eating unwholesome food, and we would earnestly caution the poor people of this neighbourhood to abstain from eating the flesh of diseased animals, as we regret to say that there are persons unprincipled enough to purchase these carcases and dispose of the same to the poorer classes.—*Mayo Constitution.*"

DUBLIN REVISED.—The International Exhibition was open, a very beautiful and very interesting sight, but comparatively few went to see it. A review in the Phoenix, or a flower show, "draw" far better than all the display of foreign art or native manufacture. The forty something regiment carried the day, as it always did, and the bright-eyed belles of Dublin bestowed their sweetest smiles on those Dunderberies, not one of whom did not believe that he owed his success to his personal captivations instead of to that intensely national tendency which induces everything Irish to do the honors of Ireland, I sauntered down to the Four Courts, and it did me good to hear an equity pleading in a brogue that sounded like an Arabian harp over the bog of Allen. Some of those I remembered as jesters were here as judges, not looking so happy at the change as gratitude might have made them. The idlers with the red noses were there still, a shade dusker in garment and a tint rosier in proboscis, but the same in the tone of slang, jocoseness, and slovenly despair as I had ever seen them. A sort of everlasting decrea nisi seemed to hang over them, and unless they could be born again, nothing could make them barristers. Here, however, there was great change. The large incomes that the bar yielded in the days of O'Connell, existed no longer—the leading men not having even half of what the great pleaders realised in those times.—I asked often for the explanation: whether the Irish had grown less litigious or more economical in their litigations? Was property less worth fighting for? or were the men who conducted the battle less estimated as pugilists? None could tell me. Perhaps, after all, the crowd never work so vigorously at the pumps where the ship has been making leaks as when the craft has only started a plank and can soon be made staunch again. There was a look of dreary weariness, of tired-out attention, over every count I entered; and it was only when the crier bawled out silence, that I knew the court was sitting, and that it was not respectful in the jurymen to yawn so loud.—*Cornelius O'Dowd, in Blackwood's Magazine for August.*

We are sorry to hear that the Dublin International Exhibition does not "pay, and that it is feared the guarantors will be called upon to make up deficiencies.—*Athenaeum.*"

On an average about 4,000 people daily visit the Dublin exhibition.