

THE DEVIL IN THE COUNTY WICKLOW.

BY DR. J. T. CAMPION.

Now, this is a story in so veritable a hobgoblinism that I am able to produce two witnesses to vouch for its authenticity. Indeed, the whole details are so circumstantial and occurred in so common a way, that they must force conviction upon the most incredulous and sceptical reader.

So much by the way of preface, always a very necessary preliminary, when a writer undertakes to plunge upon the precincts of the spiritual world, or rather, the world of spirits.

There were three of us: Duncan, an ecclesiastical student; Darwin, neophyte in medicine; and the author, an artist and odd-fellow, a privileged *incognita*, known only to the publisher and printer, and always admitted to be an exceptional literary promulgator.

Then there were three of us (not reckoning the ghost), and the site of the scene of action was "Cherry Orchard," Enniskerry, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, within a pistol shot of "Teahinch," and in the immediate vicinity of "The Dargle."

Darwin's mother had taken the cottage of Cherry Orchard at the close of the summer, for change of air, and remained in it until the east winds of October drove her back into Dublin, a full week before the completion of her stipulated occupancy.

So young Darwin stayed behind and held possession, and, like "Willie's peck o' maut," "I and Duncan went to see," and maybe we did not make a glorious week of it. No, it was not all roistering and dissipation. Nothing of the kind! On the contrary, our days were spent in the most rational manner possible, considering that we were three young plants, fresh from the hotbed of the metropolis.

For example, we knew that Teahinch was sacred to the memory of Gratian; we knew that the bright silvery stream flowing before this suburban mansion of his was the favorite spot where he loitered, and along whose verdant banks he strayed, whilst composing some of those grand patriotic orations which were to live forever.

To be sure, Darwin essayed to personate the illustrious orator of Ireland, by folding his arms, looking sternly into the water, and stamping out a dozen of daisies with his irate heel—whilst Duncan, pointing to the "arrogant impostor," assured me that patriotism was a contentious link with religion, a truism which we had all just read that very morning from a funeral oration over a French celebrity.

Then, after repeating Byron's lines, in honour and remembrance of the glorious dead, we retired into an adjoining grove, and proceeded to engrave our several names on the banks of the most inviting trees. Darwin gave his signature in Arabic letters, a language in which he had begun to tamper. Darwin contented himself with three modest initials, whilst I incised a monogram, intended to act as future trade-mark to an infinity of future triumphs.

Those inscriptions lived a few years at least, when we three met again, and curiously looked for their existence. The growing bark was just beginning gradually to fill them up, and reject their further presence, shuffling us off their mortal coil in the gentlest and oiliest of manners possible.

Then we haunted the Dargle, and intruded into its very minutest beauties, launching upon a tri-shouldered rock decorated with mosses and trailers, and affording a liquid mirror at the foot of molten light and silver, and dining down in a cool and delicious alcove formed of huge boulders in the bed of a dried-up mountain torrent, and or-plumed and shaded by wild ash, sumachs and willows.

After our banquet, we usually sought the plane of a muscled torrent, which, after hurrying down through rocks and brushwood and hazel copses, with rapid carol and noisy glee, at length expended itself in an articulate cascade, supplemented by a running brook, which, in the shade of drooping boughs, and the framing of an emerald sward, looked like the drainings from the golden cups of the noon-day deities, which the pagan poets loved so graphically to portray.

In such a foreground we frequently sought to be the prominent figures, stretched at our ease, and either reading some of Longfellow's delicious poems, or repeating them from memory, or a fiery ballad of Thomas Davis, a sweet song of the poet, Williams, a mystic chant from "Mangan," a national outburst from "The Belfast Man," or a sweet lyric from some of the young Irish poetesses of the day.

Now, this was all rational enough, in the way of mere idleness, but I am obliged to admit that the nights of those days were not spent by any means so balmily or poetically as their depicted forenoons. No indeed—on the contrary—the unken shaded, silent cottage of Cherry Orchard, often stared out on the fields with blazing window-panes, and often, too, the welkin rang to the roar of some enrapturing joke, or the terrible tattoo for a favourite song, the scream following a happy jest, or the wild halloo accompanying the protracted struggle of an extemporised wrestling-match.

Later in the night, also, I am free to confess, John Jameson was introduced, if not personally, at least in spirit, and then, toast and sentiments were the consequences, and healths, and "hip—hip—hurrah!" and "right-good-tellows!" and loud defiance to anybody, either within or without the company, to deny the facts of said promulgated assertions of goodness and fellowship. Sometimes, also, might be heard the crash of frittered glass, and the exchange of violent personalities with the intrusive owner of the demolished property, and the fierce declaration of the destroyer of his property being able and willing to give a cheque there and then for more than the intrinsic value of the body and soul, and cottage to match, of the narrow-minded proprietor.

The slamming of a door usually followed, accompanied by a very unusual "bah!" during the intonation of which might be seen three thumbs distended wide, and appended to three noses, with the elongation of all the fingers of all the hands, and all gazed in the direction of the egress of the unwelcome expostulator. However, I must hasten to add, that on the night of the ghost there was no such thing as any approach to high revelry, distracting wittoisms, uproarious jokes, nor any acrobatic exercises of any kind whatsoever. No loud voices, except in occasional explosions, and nothing pandemoniac except at the close of a game, when the mine of silence exploded, and all its pent up angry elements kept showering about the head and ears of the party, until time healed the evil.

By this, of course, the reader understands that the trio were engaged at cards. Yes, that is just about the fact. All hands turned in for pitching into the pasteboard, and at the work we went with that sort of vivid gusto which usually characterised all of any of our adopted works in the willing service of Momus.

It was Saturday night—above all nights in the year (as the old gossips say)—and it was late at night, too, and later still when the play became fast and furious, and the gamblers began to wear corrugated brows—to stare at their cards steadfastly—and to eye each other with peculiar distrustful, impatient air so common to all men who lie in wait for their fellows with felonious intent upon their prosperity and the illest feelings against their success, or even momentary advantage.

"Play!" cried out a party in suspense; like, as Byron writes:—"Some strong swimmer in his agony." "Play first and think after," gibed another performer, who had the game in his hand.

"A shilling to sixpence," betted a third, "that Duncan plays the wrong card, and then perspires in proving that if he did anything else that he would have violated the most sacred spirit of the game."

"If nobody will play," changed in Darwin, "I'll draw the money." "Strike, but hear me," expostulated the dilatory player.

"Twelve is striking," observed the artist, "and you're a promising ecclesiastic to run us into Sunday morning." "Have you the knave?" asked the hesitating limb of theology in a most anxious and supplicating tone.

"Don't you wish?" was the ironical rejoinder. "Play, and be damned to you!" swore a youth with cards of hopeless surface.

Was it the hour? Was it the oath? Was it the general profanation?—or was it but the freak of some peeping juveniles on the watch, that a loud tap was distinctly heard upon the window-pane.

The cottage was far away from any other dwelling, and stood in the midst of a large field, flanked by a deep-running stream, with a dense grove in the background. It was the hour of midnight, and the sudden tap started our whole party.

The key was prudently and silently turned in the hall-door, and Darwin, in a sweet conciliatory tone, asked through the key-hole—"Who's there?" No reply.

Again and again was the hospitable query repeated, but only with the same result. "I vote that we sit down and finish the game." "I second the motion."

And down we sat accordingly—a little sobered, to be sure, by the strange interruption, but still ashamed to admit anything like a scare on account of a mere peck at the window.

All agreed to deal the cards anew and begin the game afresh, and a modicum of grog was introduced to equalize the general circulation.

This threw a new spirit into the party, and the cards began again to come down, with a will, upon the sounding board. The trump was openly announced in the frankest and fairest fellowship, the game became alive, and the players laughed, and joked, and gambled, and sipped, and sipped again until a great crisis arrived when all depended upon the cast of a last and single card.

There was a momentary pause—all held their breaths and opened their eyes, and bent their bodies forward in anxious expectation of the coming event whilst the player, holding the final card aloft, kept them in impatient suspense, until, at last, he slid the important missive, face downward, across the table, to be turned up by his opponents, to their own confusion or enchantment.

At this critical juncture, and before a hand could be stretched forth to solve the exciting mystery, another and a louder tap sounded from the window-pane.

All eyes were instantly strained in the direction, and then upon one another. "It's a sell!" pronounced Darwin. "Palpable lark!" added Duncan.

The artist compressed his lips, and was silent. "Dog, or devil, or Dane!" cried the medious, emptying his glass, "I'll challenge him!" So saying, he sprang forward, unlocked the door, and flung it wide open.

Darwin was, sooth to say, a little—very little—screamed, and so he blustered out, as he stepped abroad under a bright moon as a blustery sky—"If you think we're frightened, Mr. Kaickner bocker-kocker, you're damnably mistaken. Ha, ha, ha!"

The mocking laugh was absorbed into the silence and as we looked out we plainly beheld the challenger standing foolishly in the meadow, goggling about him in every direction, and evidently at a sore loss as to what he was to say or to do next with his dumb tormentor.

"Come in, Tom. Whoever it was he's gone away—there's no sign of a human being anywhere." "He may go to hell, the playboy," sneered the valiant Darwin, as he re-entered the cottage and banged the door after him.

"Let us go to bed," suggested Duncan, experimentally, "it's just as well." "No man here shall do anything of the kind with my consent, or without my special wrath, until we finish our game to the very last trick."

next coming of his diaphanous monitor. Accordingly, he stood on guard alone, advising the game to be continued within as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

But the whole affair began to wear so lugubrious an aspect—in the midnight, the sullen silence, and the gloom—that there was no heart to second the adventurous ghost-setter. Duncan and the artist spoke beneath their breath, deprecating the useless daring and bravado of their friend, who, to their further dismay and disgust, whistled upon his watch but in a marvellously low key, a rather profane but fashionable ditty.

The wind began to sigh heavily, the fire in the apartment went out, and the soot began to fall with a startling noise down into the empty grate, as if—as if—as if—the listeners thought the same thing)—as if the discomfited ghost was creeping surreptitiously, headlong into the black chimney-flue; but they did not interchange their dismal surprise. Full ten minutes passed away in this horrible suspense, when a loud, long, well sustained snore informed the tremblers that the watchman was traitor to his trust.

"Pull him in," suggested Duncan, "and let us go to bed at once; it really is not right to profane the Sabbath, and to defy a palpable warning." "Will you go?" demanded the artist, "the fellow is so headstrong in his liquor that—"

"No doubt," assented the divine, "but I fancy I have the key to him in his stormiest hour. But his reverence was a trifle mistaken in his placatory powers, for no sooner did Darwin hear his magnetic voice in his ear, and felt his electric fingers upon his shoulders than he darted at him like a hawk upon a heron, and after whirling him about for a moment like a teetotum, shot him out into the night, and clapping his knee against the door turned the key—actually despite of the most frantic protestation.

"Ah! let him in—let him in," cried out the artist compassionately. Darwin, most obstinately, put his back against the door, and positively refused to accede to any such opposition.

In the meantime, the only candle on the premises was beginning to burn very low, not to say, suspiciously blue. The fire was out; the table was slobbered with drink and littered with greasy cards; an ale-house smell pervaded the whole apartment, whilst the melancholy sigh of the winds and the woods abroad made everything so cheerless and so sad, that any further attempt at a joke or a stroke of merriment was like tickling a skeleton or playing dice upon a tombstone.

All this time Duncan was knocking piteously for admission, and in so earnest and tremulous a tone, too, that the artist urgently entreated the janitor not to keep him abroad any longer.

"My good sir, I refuse your petition with costs," exclaimed Darwin, in quite a forensic style. "I refuse it also on principle. What does the moralist say?—Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when—you know the rest. Very well. Bring up a parson same way from the egg—set him at the devil in his youth—like training a Tauridor to kill a bull, or a hedge-hog to gobble a beetle—and I'd warrant you we'd have less of Messieurs Lucifers, except in fast brats' fuseses, and variegated sulphur matches."

"If you will not let me in out of this horrid pitch darkness," whined the voice, outside. "Are you afraid?" demanded Darwin. "Am I?"

"Well, conquer your fear and do your duty, like a true son of the Church." "You won't open the door?" "No, certainly not." "Then open it a bit, and hand me the glass of grog I left on the table, and the pipe, and a few matches."

"Yes, I think I'll do that, but I will not open the door. Go to the window, and I'll transfer them into your possession." "I'd prefer the door." "And I'd prefer the window. I'll just lift it a bit, and let you have the viands."

The viands were accordingly transferred, the young divine at once announced his determination not to stay there to be scared to death, but that he would forthwith proceed to Enniskerry and put up at the hotel until morning.

"See here," cried Darwin, in a sonorous and rufous voice through the keyhole "you have but one demon to face in Cherry Orchard, but if you go out on the dark road, with the black trees and the blacker shadows all around you, and the wind moaning and groaning, and the moon blood-red over your head, and the murderous woods all"—

"Ah, let me in, let me in," sobbed the terrified outsider. "Not a toe, Duncan, my man," was the hard-hearted rejoinder. "I leave you my dying curse," wailed the disconsolate petitioner.

"And a look of your hair on a bramble. I'll look out for it at daybreak. Don't forget it in your hurry." A gurgling sound immediately followed this interesting colloquy. It was melancholy Duncan swallowing his welcome measure of alcohol.

Then all again was silent as the tomb, but only for a moment, for Darwin, having imbibed a fresh stimulant, proceeded to sing a song—a song well trod, too, yet still savoring of death and the sepulchre.

"King Death was a rare old fellow," roared Darwin, "and he sat where no sun could shine, &c. But wait. Here's the pack of cards to the good. I'll read your fortune for you. I can do it. I learned the trick from a gipsy—a real gipsy."

"You first, you see, mumble a slave or two in the name of the 'old boy,' and then you—" A terrible dash at the window panes interrupted the incantation.

The artist sprang back as far as the room would permit, but the semi-screamed Darwin, either believing the present gloomy greeting to be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, or in a spirit of reckless bravado, rushed over to the window, violently dashed back the unbolted shutters, and was as instantaneously met by a sight that made him roar aloud with uncontrollable terror, and the next instant measure his full senseless length upon the sounding floor.

worst and hope for the best, so, our forsaken friend first finished the grog at a single gulp, and then was about lighting his chibouque, preparatory to a tramp to Enniskerry, when, lo, immediately above his head "tap," "tap," "tap!" went the mysterious knocking on the glass.

He felt a choking gasp within his throat, his heart beat violently, and his knees began to tremble and weaken; in fact, he was gently going off into a swoon, when his eye suddenly alit upon the cause of all this night-long alarm.

A tall, lank cherry-tree grew close up by the cottage, its bony branches leaning against its walls, the lower ones touching the lattices, so that when the wind blew in gusty blasts from the south-west these branches were sure to rattle away upon the window-panes, as they accordingly did on the eventful night in question.

"Well, well," muttered poor Duncan, wonderfully relieved, and very soon wonderfully amused. "I see I have exercised the Wicklow devil. Let me see how I can exercise the two imps inside. Here goes."

He seized the mischievous tree with both hands, and gave it a tremendous shake. The tattoo on the glass was tremendous; then, igniting a bunch of the fuseses, he seized the safe ends between his teeth, and as they blazed away he pasted his face against the window-panes as closely as he possibly could, and waited for the result.

The tattoo brought Darwin instantly to the spot, and the white face and lucifer flames of the outsider perfected the catastrophe. Darwin's terrified roar was a triumph in itself, but his tumble on the floor was akin to the Russian indemnity. Yet Duncan was not satisfied—his wrath was not thoroughly satiated; he shot up the window-sash, scrambled into the room, and completed the ilder demolition of the artist, who sank helplessly into a chair at the demon's palpable approach, and, with a weak and imbecile smile upon his lips, patiently awaited to be incontinently gobbled.

The demon danced a saraband over the body of his prostrate friend, made a series of salams to the thawing artist, and, finally, gave himself the greatest credit possible for his first but most undeniable success in the art and mystery of spiritual exorcism.

Darwin endeavoured to pretend and impress his ecclesiastical friend with the fiction that it was all a mistake, and that he himself was only taking a snooze, and the artist another; but the attempt was made in such a sickly and trembling manner, and with such serious faces, that it was quite clear that the two young men were sold, and the parson was master of the situation.

Ah, me—many years have passed since those juvenile freaks, but Darwin is not a doctor yet; Duncan has levanted to Australia; and the artist is the writer of this very true sketch of "The Devil in the County Wicklow."—From the St. Patrick's Day Number of the "Shamrock."

ENGLAND'S GAOLERS SELF-CONDEMNED.

The whole world heard some short time ago that Color-Sergeant MacCarthy was declared by a Dublin jury (mostly Protestant) to have died in consequence of the cruelly harsh treatment which he received from his relentless English gaolers.

As soon as this verdict was returned proceedings were taken in Parliament to have the case fully investigated. Government promised a complete and public inquiry.

But what did government do? It (being afraid) appointed a London official of its own, a police magistrate, to hold a secret inquiry and to report thereon. Everyone who understands public affairs is well aware that this meant "whitewash every official."

The London official went to work, heard his witnesses (not in public, not on oath, and not cross-examined), and of course, he has brought in a verdict which clears them all, and may get him a baronetcy, for he is still only a knight.

The examination was secret, one-sided and uncontrolled. There never was a more complete attempt to blind the public as to the real points at issue. The system of prison cruelty was on its defence, and how has it been defended? It has been defended by an unworthy attempt to screen prison officials. All the evidence is on the one side. It is all interested testimony, secretly extracted, and is without any, even the slightest, claim to be recognized as of any weight with those whose only object is to arrive at a full knowledge of the truth.

The whole thing would fitly be called a farce were it not for the painful fact that the victim of all the alleged cruelty has been "done to death." The accusations in Dublin at the inquest were made in open court, on oath, by several witnesses, supported by two well known and experienced doctors, and all the witnesses were cross-examined.

The defence is—contrary to solemn government promise—secret, not on oath, and not cross-examined. Did Sir James Ingham, Knight (soon to be baronet, perhaps), for a moment think that the truth would be told by prison officials accused—and it is not yet legally proved to be a wrong accusation—of gross cruelty to men whom it was their duty merely to detain—no more? He is not such a fool.

Color-Sergeant MacCarthy's death was caused (as was proven) by the terrible cruelties to which he was subjected in prison; and the poor, shabby attempt to shift the blame on the Dublin procession (though we admit that that was injudicious) must fall. The poor man was deprived of all the comforts he would have had in an ordinary hospital. He (though weak) was forced to do a strong man's work, he was fed upon miserable food, confined in a little dungeon filled with poisoned air, robbed of necessary sleep by frequent disturbance, and obliged to drag his mattress to the door to catch a little air.

And yet we are coolly told that he was "treated with as much leniency as was consistent with penal discipline and the precautions which became necessary to prevent his escape." Dr. O'Leary, M.P., a most distinguished medical man, and Dr. Kenny both gave most damaging evidence against the government. Why were they not called? The answer is plain. Government knew that the truth was the one great thing to be avoided. It will be said that they were not prison officials. But are accused to be their own sole witnesses? English law does not allow a man in the dock, even for his life to be his own witness.

Is there no remedy for this greivous, this hideous wrong? There is. Let Mr. O'Connor Power (if he be, we firmly believe him to be, really in earnest) insist on the full and fair performance of the promise made to him in Parliament by the Hon. Secretary that the inquiry would be public. This course, and this alone, will convince the public at large that Color-Sergeant MacCarthy was not brutally killed by those who were (unhappily for him) appointed to be his gaolers. To the English Government we say, "Gully or not gully, what sayest thou?" Answer honestly, and without any false pretence. We pause for a reply.—London Universe.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.

A. M. Sullivan, the distinguished orator and writer, is fast gaining public acknowledgments from aspiring nationalities. Recently he was thanked by the Poles for the advocacy of their cause, and since then he has received a letter from Greece expressing gratitude for his sympathy with those who are seeking independence. Mr. Sullivan is one of the very few patriots who are consistent enough in conduct that what is good for their own country is good for every other.

THE RELEASED PRISONERS.

MR. J. P. O'BRIEN IN CORK.

The Cork Examiner of Tuesday the 26th. March says:

At an early hour yesterday evening bands and tar-barrils passed through the city. About eight o'clock a torchlight procession went through the principal streets and stopped before the Victoria Hotel. These bands, &c., turned out for the purpose of giving welcome to Mr. John Patrick O'Brien, a released Fenian Prisoner, who is at present in this city. When Mr. O'Brien appeared at one of the windows of the Chamber of Commerce, cheer after cheer burst from the excited crowd thronging Patrick street. Mr. O'Brien was introduced by Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy. He thanked the crowd for the very hearty welcome they accorded him. He then spoke at some length of the cruel treatment which the Fenian prisoners had received in the Government prisons. He spoke of the death of Sergeant McCarthy as nothing else than a cruel and brutal murder. He said Sir James Ingham, who was at present holding an enquiry into the conduct of jail officials, was doing his best to whitewash the authorities from their slow and malignant murder. When the speaker mentioned the names of certain Government officials the crowd hissed fiercely and several times gave vent to their feelings in loud groans. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. O'Brien called on the assembled Corkmen to demand from the Government the release of all the Fenian prisoners. A resolution to this effect having been passed, the crowd dispersed.

A NEW CLIMATE FOR LOWER CANADA.

The proposal, which was first ventilated in the columns of the Daily Post twelve months ago, to block up the straits of Belle Isle with a view of producing an alteration in the climate of Lower Canada is being discussed with considerable spirit, not only in the Dominion of Canada itself, but throughout the States of America. At first the project, which, from its gigantic proportions appeared somewhat startling, was met with some opposition, on the ground, first, that it was impossible of being carried out, and second, that even if the work were executed, it would not produce the desired effect. The first ground of objection amounts to very little in as much as high engineering authorities on both sides of the Atlantic have stated that although the work is a stupendous one, and would require a vast expenditure of time and money, it is one quite capable of accomplishment. The proposal, we may repeat here, is to block up the entrance to the straits, through which a vast force of Arctic water makes its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, bringing with it huge accumulations of ice, which have the effect of withering all manner of vegetation along the northeastern shore of the gulf, the chilling influences of this ice being felt far inland in the lower portions of the Dominion. On the other hand, the influence of the Gulf Stream are from time to time felt on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but the influx of the northern waters and the icebergs from Baffin's Bay more than neutralises the genial effects of the Gulf Stream, and makes the winter longer and vastly more severe than it otherwise would be. It is this northern winter which carries blight and blast along with it even as far as Montreal, protracts the winter, and gives to the climate of Lower Canada that Arctic tone which is so detrimental to the interests of the country and its people. With the Straits of Belle Isle blocked, we have shown before that in all probability this state of things would be altered, and that the climate would be more in accord with our own, because the Arctic current would be left to pursue its natural south-easterly course into the Atlantic Ocean. The experience of the present winter goes far to prove what we have been contending for. There was a remarkable absence of ice about the straits and along the eastern shores of Newfoundland and Labrador during the summer, and at the fall of last year, and the result has been a winter of an almost unprecedentedly mild and open nature. Captain Graham, of the Allan line of steamers, who has studied this question deeply, and has had large experience in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is confident that if the ice remains away during the remainder of this winter, the Gulf will remain comparatively open, whilst the summer will be unusually early. As there is hardly anything which more effects the climate of a country than the temperature of the sea water surrounding it, this fact goes a good way to indicate that if not only the ice but the Arctic waters could be perpetually kept out of the straits, the climate of Lower Canada would undergo a modification which would be of immense advantage. Moreover the full benefit of whatever portion of the Gulf Stream which would be driven into the Gulf of St. Lawrence would operate in raising the temperature of the water now washing the north east shores of that portion of the Dominion, and vast tracts of country which are now barren and unproductive would be as fertile as is Prince Edward Island, which receives considerable benefit from the Gulf Stream, and is but little influenced by the ice and water which find their way through Belle Isle Straits. The proposal, we have said, has been freely discussed, and the Press of Canada and the States has given it the fullest publicity, whilst no one has met it with anything like well defined opposition, except that it will involve great cost. Canada, however, has large resources, and a project which is calculated to result in so much good, costly though it may be, is not likely to be allowed to lie dormant for want of enterprise, more especially when its object is to remove, or at all events modify, that from which Canada suffers so much—an immoderately cold and rigorous climate.

THE DEBT OF TURKEY.

Turkey is, perhaps, the most interesting country in the world. Why so? A few figures published recently give a very conclusive answer. Turkey, it appears from these figures, is in debt to the extent of £260,000,000, and has successfully managed to make nearly all the powers of Europe her creditors. Her floating debt is 1,500,000 francs, and her consolidated 500,700,000 francs. Of this she owes to England 200,000,000 francs, to France, 100,000,000, to Germany and Austria 500,000,000, to Italy 375,000,000, and to Belgium and Holland 250,000,000. No wonder that Turkey should excite such interest throughout Europe.

HOME RULE IN NEWRY.

From the action the Home Rule organisation of Newry has taken for the purpose of recruiting its ranks the movement in that stirring town is considerably reviving, and several persons who have hitherto held back, or have been apathetic on the matter, are now enrolling themselves as members. The committee met on last Friday at the Home Rule Hall, Castle street, when those who were previously appointed to canvass the town gave in their returns, which were of a very encouraging and satisfactory character. As nearly as can be estimated for so far, about 600 additional members have been secured, most of whom paid cheerfully the usual initiation fees.—Correspondent of Ulster Examiner.