

eyes that convinced me you had Maguire blood in your veins. Tell me something about the old family? Do they still hold the estate?

'It is in the family yet.' The youngest son of the late lord, by a second marriage, is now the chief of the Maguires and lord of Fermanagh,' replied Ellen, somewhat bitterly.

'Is he a good landlord?' asked Mr. Wardell, in a subdued voice.

'Alas, sir!' would that I could answer yes—but it is far otherwise. There never has been such misery known in the Barony as now.'

'And his mother—the proud English dame?' groaned Mr. Wardell.

'She is living at present at Fermanagh, broken in health and spirit.'

'So,' said Mr. Wardell, with a sigh: 'a bad landlord and a miserable tenantry. What a train of evils! Could money help them, Miss Abern?'

'Not there, sir; nothing can help them there but the grave. It might have been otherwise—far otherwise, if—the rightful heir had come into the property.'

'Who is the rightful heir?' asked Mr. Wardell, almost in a whisper.

'Desmond, the eldest son of the late Lord Maguire. It was said that he died abroad when a mere boy, whither he had gone with his step-mother and her son.'

'Said!' repeated Mr. Wardell, whose heart beat loud and quick.

'Yes, sir. It was said so, but many doubted the story, and suspected foul play. And lately—'

'What? It's a strange story, like a romance!' he faltered.

'It has been ascertained that there is good reason for believing that *you* foul play towards him, but that he escaped by some miracle out of their hands, and is still alive.'

'Gracious God! Miss Abern, is there the remotest hope of such a thing being true? I would give all that I am worth in the world—day, life itself—to be assured that Desmond Maguire yet lives!' exclaimed Mr. Wardell.

'Sir, you are strongly moved! Perhaps you are a kinsman?' said Ellen Abern, who was overwhelmed with astonishment; but as you are so deeply interested, and evidently a friend—'

'Friend,' groaned Mr. Wardell with bitter emphasis; 'yes, if a willingness to give my life to serve him is a proof of friendship, then I am his friend.'

'Then, sir, it can do no harm to assure you that he—Desmond Maguire, I mean, is still living.'

'Where—in God's holy name?'

'In Spain. But, sir, this agitation cannot be otherwise than injurious to you.'

'It is life to me, Ellen Abern—life and hope; and, if I could, I would kneel at your feet and thank you for the glad tidings you have brought me!' he exclaimed, while 'ears of thankfulness' rolled down his cheeks. 'But how did you learn this? Perhaps you may be deceived?'

'I learned it from one who has known him in Spain from his childhood—a Spanish gentleman named Enrique Giron.'

And as she mentioned this still tenderly cherished name, a soft glow suffused her cheeks.

'Giron! Giron!' repeated Mr. Wardell, musingly; 'that is the name of the Spanish branch of his mother's family. But where did you know this man?'

'He was in Ireland, seeking for two persons named Ward, mother and son, without whom it will be impossible to establish legally, Desmond Maguire's identity. My last letters say that there cannot be the slightest trace of them found, and the senior Giron, almost hopeless of discovering their whereabouts, is tempted to relinquish the search.'

'Go, Miss Abern—write instantly. My God! I fear I shall die with excess of joy—Write, and tell him they are here—in this city—in this house. Behold in me and in that bowed old woman over there, the persons you seek—the Mary Ward and her son—'

'Mr. Wardell!' said Ellen Abern, bewildered and frightened, 'be calm. You rave—you have been too much excited.'

'Ellen Abern,' he replied solemnly, 'I am in my sober senses. My brain is clearer this moment than yours. Thankfulness, that I have been spared a great crime, has driven the last cloud from it. Now let the work of true reparation begin. Write instantly, and tell them in what terms you please, that you have discovered the persons who can restore Desmond Maguire his inheritance. I will think what is to be done afterwards. But go now—nor lose a moment. He lives! He lives. My God! I thank thee—he lives!' and thus murmuring, as Ellen Abern, trembling with agitation, left the room, the stern man bowed his head and wept like a child.

(To be Continued.)

FRENCH 'AFTER THE SCHOLES OF STRATFORD ATTE BOWE.'

It is all very well for people to find fault with the Paris hotels and restaurants for raising their prices on account of the Exhibition. Little they know what the unfortunate persons attached to those establishments, and, indeed, all those who are brought into contact with the British tourists, have to undergo. There are out already some half-dozen little vocabularies or phrase books published apparently for the purpose of rigging up the English visitor with a kind of 'jury' French sufficient to carry him through all the difficulties of a sojourn in Paris. They differ as widely as possible in the views they take of pronunciation of the French language, but all agree in supplying the confiding purchaser with a tongue eminently calculated to drive waiters, railway officials, and others to the utmost pitch of desperation. Here, for example, is 'the Englishman's French Interpreter and Paris Guide, containing what to say and how to say it, and what to see and how to see it.'—It is, we are informed, 'specially recommended by and to be had of, the Universal Tourist Company (Limited),' which we presume is a sort of improvement on the notable enterprise of Mr. Cook. Mr. Cook's flocks and herds, as far as we are permitted to know anything of the habits of so strange a people, never seemed to trouble their heads about the language of any of the countries through which that gentleman led them. Perhaps they had some vague notion that it was somehow included in their tickets, like washing or cab fare, but probably they merely looked on it as one of the disagreeables of travel

like bad smells in the streets, grease in cookery, and other discomforts, for some abstruse reason incidental to foreign parts, with which the less an Englishman had to do the better. The patrons of the Universal Tourist Company seem to be somewhat more advanced in ideas, and to recognise occasional communication with the natives as a thing to be desired. The better to assist them, 'the Englishman's French Interpreter' prints over against the French, suitable to a variety of emergencies, what he calls a 'pronounced column' of which he says that it will secure the correct French pronunciation, if care be taken to give 'the full English sound of each letter.' But, egad, as Dangle says, the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two. Either his notions of French pronunciation have been strongly influenced by the persons for whom he writes must belong to the Cookery family. What does the reader make of 'Drar' Bross oze thaver? 'Baing from?' On referring to the French opposite to them it will be found that these words mean 'sheets,' 'hair brush,' and 'cold bath.'

In addressing a lady you say 'Madam.' Oheese is 'fromage,' a salad with herbs 'no slard, soup 'ah lar ju-lien.' Is it possible that by asking for 'shooter brossel' you might get what you were looking for, viz.: Brussels sprouts, but it is a pity that some more direct means of obtaining boiled beef, a dish always popular with Englishmen, could not be devised than calling for 'Deu boollay.' The trustful visitor at a 'restorant,' who, after saying 'donney moah kek shoze ah maun-zjay,' proceeds to specify 'poashon' and 'eun peezgohn' giving the full English sound to each letter, will probably get something that will very much astonish him, but certainly not fish or a pigeon, as the interpreter gravely assures him. We are not sure either that 'poah' would bring a pear for his dessert, though the guide does not seem to have any doubt about it. That fatal canine letter is evidently a sore puzzle to the poor interpreter. He seems not to know what to do with it when he finds it and to be unable to do without it on other occasions, as in 'Zje voyr,' 'Zje ne swee par,' 'Bel ner foh der glaso shokolart, &c.; but is not the only peculiarity which indicates that his French is of the same 'scholre' as that of Obaucers Priorese, to whom 'F enchoe of Paris was unknown.' The ordinary difficulties of French pronunciation are treated by him in a way that makes the dialect of the late Albert Smith's tourists pure Parisian by comparison. He puts down what you may compromise about it, 'Koambiang,' 'Shemang,' 'Savong,'—which has the advantage of serving for either 'soap' or a 'philosopher.' 'Boofay,' 'Laytoot,' (altute), 'Dufu,' 'Der le froyde,' 'Jeh eraw' (je crois), 'Au rewar' (revire), and so on, all done in a style showing that he for one will never, never, never be a slave. One touch unconnected, however, with pronunciation, is thoroughly British. Among the 'familiar words and sentences' is 'what will you take?' which is translated 'kais ke voos aller boir,'—'boir' it appears, is the French for 'to take.' 'To drink' it seems, is 'boovay,' at least that is what follows 'maunzjay,' which is 'to eat.' It is terrible to think that there will be, nay, that there are now thousands of people loose in Paris who are constantly stopping unoffending inhabitants, and addressing them in this way:—'Diet-moah, seel yoo play, kel ay lah root der ark der triumph der la twall,' or 'Bwor der Boollong,' or 'Shan zay lee-say,' or whatever may be the particular lion they are hunting at the moment. Also asking of officials on the shay-mang der fare, 'ou ay ler koovoir poor?' and 'koambiang der tong restong noos ecece' making insane inquiries as to the difference between a 'voy-arge sampl' and 'bilrey dallas ay der retoo,' and in case of non-comprehension on the part of the person described as 'cong-dicture,' vehemently demanding interviews with 'ler shafe der gar.' Some there are too, it would appear, who, emboldened by success, plunge into foreign life on this lingo, and proceeded to take lodgings as coolly as if they were at Camberwell. We have them saying cautiously but fluently, 'Voyong see 'er lee ay bohng kar say lah leasung, ayeel' contentedly, 'Sesee mer content,' and finally, 'Jeh, dezire mer koobshay, mayz coay ler cabben-nay.'

This sort of thing, we imagine, is very common just now in Paris. The French are proverbially a very polite people; they don't swear, but they charge according.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

'Ireland and her Churches'—by James Godkin.—London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.—While more than repaying perusal as a historical narrative, will extract a laugh from the most barren in such commodities. In the second part of his work the talented author describes with graphic pen the care with which the Bishop propagates little deane, such as feasons and 'venerable' archdeacons. We remember with what jealousy the late Mr. Conway of the *Evening Post*, used to point to the quality in the sons of mixed fathers that makes them venerable a short year or so after they have reached their legal majority. Mr. Godkin confirms what the journalist told us in our teases puzzled naturalists to account for—namely, that it is permitted to a bishop to appoint pious archdeacons from his own circle and to transplant his olive trees into the vine-yard of the Lord at any age. It is permitted to an Archbishop to preside over all manner of choice animals—fat, lean, and picturesque; to invest the money of the faithful in travelling chariots and all sorts of fancy articles. The wealth described by our author raises to blush on the purple cheeks of staid, old-fashioned, while the working curate starves on 75s a year. We wish Mr. Godkin in pointing to the assets of some of the Right Rev. Aristocratic Bishops, imported from England for the instruction of the wild Irish in Gospel truth, had taken the trouble of giving his readers—ourselves among the number—a little information touching the personal property and chattels of a dead father of the Primitive Church. We wonder— and with modest curiosity suggest the inquiry, how many thousands were left by St. Paul—how many fat livings the Apostle procured for his relatives and family connections—how much fine furniture, couches, &c., ministered to the flashy confines of early sanctity. Well, but all the while that this foul nepotism and luxury are permitted to the Establishment, a Catholic pastor is pronounced a felon if he celebrates the sacred rite of marriage between one of his own flock and the humblest member of the staff of the Church. Illegitimacy and impurity are made by an alien Parliament to track the steps of the pious and poor minister of the people's Church. His services, so far as the law is concerned, carry no joy or honor to the homes of the poor. He is a bigamy and a res. a persecution. Is this contrast to be endured a moment longer than England's difficulty permits its removal? It has well been said that nothing in the shape of an oppressive absurdity ever equalled the Law Church. The whole thing is a disgrace to the name of religion; and yet there are to be found thousands in England and Ireland who do not blush to say that it is no grievance. 'De quibus non est disputandum,' and who can presume to question the sacred tastes of the 'venerable' Anglo-Normans sent over to gather tithes, collect Celtic cash, and lay the foundation of gigantic fortunes for their lucky descendants? We are confident Sir John Gray is well posted on the Church question; yet, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Godkin's lucubrations would add not a little to his lore, and, therefore, do we commend it heartily to his notice, and the notice of such as may have the courage and honesty to join him in another onset. His last gave the rotten fabric a pretty good shock. Let him repeat the blow, and return to the charge.—*Mayo Telegraph.*

A Liverpool paper says that it was reported that the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland had been dogged by Fenians in the streets of Dublin, and that he was obliged to take refuge in a shop in Sackville street on his way home.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* says:—Some light has been thrown on the Dangarvan mystery by the arrest of two men near Middleton, in the county Cork. On Tuesday Sub-constable Farrell and another policeman, when patrolling the road near Ballydonn, met two travellers whom they took for cattle drovers on their way to Cork. They wore old frieze coats, but the sharp eyes of the policemen detected something of the Yankee cut in the slouched hats and square tied boots which had been carefully disguised with mud, and had the angles somewhat rounded with a pen knife. They gave their names as John and Patrick Orr, and said they were from Ballincollig, but in such an embarrassed manner as to confirm the suspicions of their captors. On one was found an instrument branded 'Army Knife, Uiten,' which comprised a knife, fork, and spoon, each of which could be drawn out and used independently. On the other was found a very fine silver lever watch, and a pocketbook containing some coins, a card of the Connecticut Clock Company of New York, with a cipher on the back 'William A. Stephenson, 126 Adelphe, Brooklyn,' a watchguard composed of alternate links of ebony and copper, and a handsome gold ring with an oval in opal. The constable, believing that a man in old corduroy trousers and tattered frieze coat could not have come honestly by such articles, handcuffed the prisoners. One of them then said, 'Well, as long as we have run we are jowled at last.' To which his companion replied, 'We are nabbed, Pat.' The reporter of the *Cork Examiner*, who gives these particulars further states:—

'They had gone but a little way when the first man turning to his captors, said: "There is no use, I suppose, in concealing it—since I am taken I might as well say my true name is Patrick J. Keane, late Captain of the 99th New York Volunteers." And my name, added the other prisoner, "is Frederick Fitzgibbon, of New York."

He was then informed of the landing of the men at Helvick Head. The prisoners were brought before Mr. Ryan, R.M., at Middleton, and in reply to his inquiries Keane repeated the statement that he had made to the police, adding that he was born in Ireland, but had emigrated 19 years ago. That he, with others, had left New York for Ireland 15 weeks before, that the vessel had been detained by adverse winds and other circumstances till the 1st of June when they had landed at Helvick Head, being then out of provisions, and having on board only half a pint of water. Keane resolutely declined to state for what purpose he had left New York, or what was the nature of the business he intended to transact in this country. The other prisoner, Frederick Fitzgibbon, said he was a native of Dublin, that he had embarked from New York in the same vessel as his fellow-prisoner, but he also declined to tell the name of the ship, or to state what was the purpose of his visit to this country. When asked if they had any relatives in Ireland to whom they might make reference, both stated that no connections of theirs lived in this country. Keane said he was a married man, and that his wife lived in New York. Both prisoners, while under examination, behaved in the most unobjectionable manner. Keane is a man of middle height, square built and of a swarthy complexion, with a sharp daring countenance, and of a very military appearance. Fitzgibbon is somewhat less in size. Upon being committed to gaol Fitzgibbon immediately proceeded to write a letter to his relatives in New York requesting an immediate supply of £40 or £50 to extricate himself from his difficulties. Keane merely requested that a pocket-comb which had been among his effects when searched might be returned to him, as he did not wish to dress his hair with the prison combs. The inference from these disclosures is that these two men belonged to the party who landed at Helvick Head; that this party consisted of American officers specially detailed to act as leaders during the recent rising; that they had left New York for that purpose sometime about February 1st, which would bring them to Ireland about the 5th of March; but that having and an unfavourable voyage they had only arrived off the coast on Saturday, when starvation—a word used by one of the prisoners—forced them to land. The whole party were conveyed from Dangarvan to Waterford on Wednesday under a guard of military and police, commanded by the resident magistrate, Mr. Redmond. A large crowd of people met the cavalcade near the town, and accompanied it to the doors of the prison. No manifestation of any kind took place. The feeling predominant in the people was more one of pity for the folly of the youths than sympathy with them. They are all quite young, generally strong and healthy looking, and are remarkably well-dressed. Twenty-four of them were brought in. The Earl of Huntingdon, accompanied by Mr. Armstrong, J.P., Mr. Fitzgerald, J.P., and Mr. Gould, R.M., visited the prison and inspected the prisoners shortly after their arrival. There are now 35 persons in Waterford gaol under suspicion of complicity in the Fenian movement.

A demonstration occurred on Sunday week in Dublin at the funeral of a supposed Fenian named Stowell who died after leaving Naas gaol. A procession of 500 men passed through the streets, bearing shoulder high the coffin, which was covered with green and laurel boughs. Some carriages followed.

There are 24 political prisoners still confined in Nenagh Gaol. We are at a loss to know why they are retained, when there is much less attributed to many of them than to those already admitted to bail. We are of opinion that some of the local magistrates should interfere and not permit the Nenagh Gaol to be crowded unnecessarily and unjustly at the nod of an old dusky stipendiary like Gore Jones, who should be superannuated for the last dozen years.—*Tipperary Advocate.*

THE SUPPOSED FENIAN LANDING AT DUNGARVAN.—No light has yet been thrown on the unusual occurrence which, on Saturday, spread so much excitement in Dangarvan. On yesterday morning Constable Norris and two sub-constables arrived in this city from Youghal, having in custody the two strangers who had been arrested in the latter town on Saturday evening, John Donovan and John Palmer. Palmer is much older than was at first stated, being apparently between 35 to 40 years of age, remarkably powerful in build, and of decidedly military bearing. The other prisoner is rather squat in figure, and does not seem to possess either the coolness or intelligence of his companion. Both were lodged in the county jail, where Mr. Cronin, R.M., was soon in attendance, but an investigation into the circumstances under which the prisoners were arrested was deferred in the absence of necessary witnesses. Both Donovan and Palmer are very guarded in their manner towards the officials and exhibit great reserve in connection with the recent affair at Helvick Head.—*Cork Examiner.*

A ticket-of-leave man named Andrew Doyle has been victimizing the farmers in the county of Westmeath. From one he got hospitable treatment and a good outside coat by assuming to be the brother of a priest; from another he got a coat, also pretending to be the son of an old friend; from another he got board and lodging for some time, and departed with out paying. The hospitality of a fourth the thief rewarded by stealing his horse, for which he was committed for trial at Mullingar on Saturday. The victims were reluctant to give evidence against him, because he had told them he was 'on the shun,' by which they understood that he was a Fenian keeping out of the way of the police.

One hundred and thirty ewes belonging to Mr. Traut, of Dovea died on Saturday night from the inclemency of the weather after being shorn. There being such a vast tract of country there without a house, except a church without a congregation, and a police barracks for the accommodation of the War correspondents of loyal newspapers, it is just possible that the owner of the sheep may not be aware of the occurrence yet.—*Tipperary Advocate.*

ORANGE DEMONSTRATION IN BELFAST.—The disturbances of the peace of Ulster had a field day, inside the walls of the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday. The gathering was the work of a local Orange print, which is never in good humor with itself or any other person, only when talking of the dire oppression suffered in those dark days by Orangemen, and the favors heaped upon Popery and Romanists. But the whole affair was a complete failure and must form a theme for much fun to all who think it worth while to pay any attention to the raving of the Orange fanatics. Dr. Drew was there; and so were Johnston of Ballybeg, Stewart Blacker, Revd. Charles Seaver, and a few other nobodies.

The Catholic reader may well ask what these Orangemen want. And if he desires us to reply to the question, we really cannot tell him, except that the Orange faction wish once more to have their heels on the necks of Catholics, and possess license to purp the green fields of the county with Catholic blood. They have full liberty in this Catholic land to say their prayers, go to Church on Sundays, attend to their worldly affairs, and at festive gatherings to drink the 'impious and inglorious memory' of the Du cuman. No one asks to molest them night or day, waking or sleeping; and if they only conduct themselves like decent fellows, the Catholics will fraternize with them cordially and act the part of quiet neighbors all the year round.

But it will not satisfy the little colony of Orangemen in Ulster to possess this sort of liberty. They must be masters, and have Catholic slaves to shoot, trawlay, and insult in the most outrageous fashion. Now, it can do no harm to tell them that they will not be allowed the freedom to do these things. If they insist on being disturbers of the peace, the law must step in and punish them, as it does with all other people who become a nuisance by their misconduct; and it is because there has been a law enacted to punish Orange rowdies that the brethren feel so annoyed.

The expression of opinion at the Orange gathering on Wednesday, was most ludicrous. Mr. Stewart Blacker was in the chair, and his doleful lamentations relative to the threatened attack on the Church Establishment were pitiable. What does he want? Surely he cannot consider it a Protestant grievance to see Catholics relieved from the cruel and odious duty of paying Protestant ministers, from whom they receive no consideration, and leaving Protestants to pay those who instruct them in their faith. They talk of civil and religious liberty, and boast that they are its champions, but let them prove their sincerity by putting their hands in their pockets and paying their persons, as they pay their doctors and their tailors. The Catholics have been plundered in this way long enough, and it is time to relieve them from the yoke of sustaining a Church in whose doctrines they do not believe. Would Protestants submit to pay Catholic bishops and priests? We are certain they would not; and why should they ask Catholics to pay Protestant bishops and parsons?—*Dundalk Democrat.*

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE IN IRELAND—ITS GENERAL FEATURES—ITS VICTIMS IN DUBLIN.—For more than fourteen months a mysterious disease has been displaying a rapid and fatal activity in Ireland. The first case occurred as far back as the 18th March, 1866. An apprentice to a surgeon in Dublin had felt unwell, and remained indoors during the day, taking his meals, however, as usual. He had a bad night, and complained of headache in the morning; and his master then remarked some spots upon his chest. Dr. Stokes, an eminent Dublin physician, was immediately sent for, and saw the patient at 11 a.m. He found him perfectly collected, and in apparently ordinary strength; but the left arm and the left breast were covered thickly with large purple patches of the deepest hue. Both medical men recognized that they were in presence of a case which, if an attack of typhus fever, was certainly such as neither of them had ever witnessed before. When Dr. Stokes had returned two hours later, a great change had taken place. The patient was as self-possessed as before, but the left arm and breast were now completely black. At half-past one the young man was sitting up in bed, discussing his case with his master; and, as he complained of great thirst, the latter went from the bedside to the window to mix a cooling draught, but upon turning round almost instantly he saw to his horror, that collapse set in, and by 2 p.m., within little more than twenty-four hours of the first sign of indisposition, within eight or nine hours of the appearance of any formidable symptoms, and within half an hour of being in full possession of all his faculties and of a considerable amount of muscular strength, the patient was dead. A few other cases occurred during the spring and early summer, all presenting the same general features, and all fatal; but with the appearance of cholera in August, the strange disease vanished. With the approach of spring, however, it reappeared. One of the earliest of the new cases was that of a healthy child about five years old. Here the first symptom of illness was noted at 8 a.m.; at 11 a.m. a small purple eruption appeared, generally diffused over the body; at 1 p.m. the whole body was covered with large purple patches; coma gradually supervened, and at 3 p.m. she died. The last audible utterances of the child were complaints of cold. Another case occurred at the Portobello Cavalry barracks on the 17th of April. An officer had complained on the previous morning of feeling slightly unwell. He got feverish towards night, had little sleep, suffered from headache, and was occasionally incoherent. In the morning, about 9 o'clock, purple spots appeared, which spread rapidly in size and number, until the whole body became covered with them. Collapse set in with his usual suddenness, and at 11 a.m. he was dead. Within ten minutes after death the superficial purple hue had given place to a rose red. In the following week a boy about nine or ten years old was attacked in the same rapid way. When seen at 1 p.m. his body was all dotted with purple specks; the pulse was scarcely perceptible at the wrist, but the action of the heart was perfect; he was in full possession of unimpaired strength and mental faculties, and felt so little ill that he complained bitterly of being kept in bed. At 7 p.m. he was dead.

In the beginning of April the first provincial cases were noticed. They are connected with the troops who had been engaged in pursuit of the insurgents through the Galtee mountains. Two or three soldiers, a married woman, and a couple of children were attacked; the woman and one of the soldiers recovered, the others died. The fatal cases were remarkable for great suffering, which no skill seemed capable of relieving. Indeed, the children appear to have screamed themselves to death in the violence of the pain which no efforts could mitigate. In all these cases there were indications of considerable inflammation of the brain and spinal column. A special interest attaches to these military cases, as throwing some light upon the question of contagiousness. The mother of these children washed for some of the soldiers of the 5th Linc. column, among whom we have just mentioned the attacks of the disease occurred, and in this way the disorder may, it is conceived, have been communicated. At this moment a woman is in the Meath Hospital in Dublin with her young child, both suffering from the same malady; and Dr. Stokes, who has them personally in charge, has declared his conviction that it is an unquestionable case of contagion.

It appears, then, that a strange and a terribly fatal disease exists in Ireland, and as yet chiefly in Dublin. The general features of the preliminary stage are bilious vomiting and sometimes purging, and usually headache of unparalleled intensity with incoherency. Then comes the purple eruption, accompanied, in most cases, by great debility, and followed by collapse and death. The duration of the illness is of a threefold variety. In the first, where the period is reckoned by hours, one case was fatal in four hours from the occurrence of the first symptoms, but the average is eighteen hours. The second variety includes from three to six days, from

the first indications of indisposition to the fatal issue. The third variety, in which alone any recoveries have taken place, embraces a period extending seven weeks. It is hardly necessary to say that in Dublin great interest is felt upon the subject among the members of the medical profession, and considerable anxiety has been awakened among the general public. Already the Medical Association of the city has held two meetings, in one of which detailed and authentic reports of the cases observed were presented and read, while the other was devoted to a discussion of the character of the disease. It is not unnatural that upon the latter point, medical opinion should be divided. Some consider it to belong to the family of blood-poisons, of which in these countries typhus and typhoid fevers have heretofore been the chief specimens; and they refer as proofs to the purple eruption and the rapid development. Others consider that it is a new form of cerebro spinal malady, appealing to the headache and injected character of the spots, and to the appearances usually presented by the brain and spinal column in post-mortem examinations. They also cite, in confirmation of this view, the morbid sensibility of the surface, the dilation of the pupil and temporary loss of vision, the twitching of the muscles and convulsive spasms, the muscular rigidity and curvature of the spine which often accompany the disease, and the displacement of the head, paralysis and other affections which frequently retard the very few cases of recovery. Others again, suggest that two distinct types of disease exist in these cases, and by their commingled symptoms give occasion to confusion of diagnosis and pathology. All important as the decision of these matters must be, the time has hardly come when it can be given on a safe basis of a sufficiently extensive and searching induction. Meantime it is fortunately too clear, with the steady and rapid increase in the Dublin death-rate from this mysterious complaint, that its attacks deserve the closest and most watchful attention, not only from the medical profession, which is thoroughly on the alert, but also from the public and the government.—*London Chronicle.*

FALL OF FOUR HOUSES IN NEWRY.—Friday evening.—This morning early much excitement was created by the fall of four new houses in the course of erection at the head of the new street, close to the boundary wall of a garden. During the excavations for the foundation of the houses the wall became undermined. The weight of an immense bank of earth of which it was the support, caused it to give way, and knocking them down. One of the houses was inhabited, and fortunately the occupant was out at the time. The workmen also happily escaped having been a few moments before called away. The men in the employment of the contractor, Mr. Maginnes in order to show their sympathy for him have offered their services for a week gratuitously.

A NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.—An interesting spectacle was afforded the other day to a large number of persons who assembled on the ground of Trinity College, in Dublin, to witness the locomotion of a steam carriage, constructed by Daniel M. Dowell, late engineer of the Jamaica Railway, and adapted for travelling on ordinary highway. The carriage, which is capable of being worked to eight horse power, and of travelling on a level road at the rate of 20 miles an hour, was driven at a rapid pace over the grounds, the inventor acting as driver, and Mr. Hingston, chief steward of the college steering. Its performance evoked the admiration of the spectators, and eventually the Provost and several members of his family seated themselves in the carriage, and were driven round the courts of the University. The carriage, when travelling at its maximum speed—20 miles an hour—can be brought to a standstill within 10 yards. Its entire weight with all its tools and appliances, is only two tons.

The *Newry Examiner* says that on the 18th of May Constable Adger, on the complaints of a few who were duped, arrested one of those stupid cheating auctioneers who give his name as Samuel P. McKenna, for a breach of the Towns Improvement Act, by swindling. He imposed on the credulity of the by-standers by putting coppers into a little parcel instead of silver, and three of the spectators purchased for silver an equal number of pieces of copper.

EMIGRATION FROM TUAM.—This week a number of respectable young persons from this town and vicinity left the Terminus for America. The sight was, indeed, heart-rending. It was fit to move to tears the most cruel despot. Our country is becoming a vast wilderness. The bone and sinew of our people are fleeing the land as if it were a pest-house. When will there be an end to the alarming exodus? We felt intensely at the sight of children and parents bidding a long, and a last farewell to each other.—May God comfort the aged parents left without their hopes in their old days, and the young departing from under the guidance of their fond parents.—*Connaught Patriot.*

On Saturday the Government Emigration officials at Liverpool furnished us with the usual monthly returns of emigration from Mersey. The increase in the exodus during May over the month of April is something enormous, and no doubt had the past month been more propitious a greater emigration would have taken place. In the course of the past month there sailed from the Mersey 37 ships under the act from Liverpool, with 17,098 passengers, of whom 16,442 were steerage and 656 cabin. The nationalities of the steerage passengers were 4,418 English, 376, Scotch, 6,440 Irish, and 5,168 foreigners. Of the 37 ships which sailed 30 went to the United States with 14,144 passengers, of whom 432 were cabin, and 13,752 steerage. Of the steerage passengers 3,611 were English, 272 Scotch, 5,802 Irish, and 4,067 foreigners.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

'An Irishman who knows both sides of the Atlantic' explains in a Dublin journal what he considers to be a great national danger. The American propaganda, he says, rapidly achieving the moral and social ruin of Ireland. Sentiments and principles ignorantly and unadvisedly picked up on the wharves of New York, or about the platforms of swum orators, affecting the most sacred relations of life, are being systematically imported into and naturalised in Ireland. The notion that hereditary property especially in land, is morally wrong; that the clergy are a kind of revered marshalsea men, who ought only to be suffered to go to large on Sundays; the American presumption in favor of youth and against age and experience; that no law need or ought to be obeyed which does not re-echo and reflect the democratic sentiment of the hour; the god-as-you doctrine of personal equality—these are the new dogmas out of which (if unchecked) a revolution is as certain to be wrought to Irish character and Irish conduct as the kindred revolution was wrought, a century ago, in France. Holding these views, the writer's object is to invite the earnest attention of the well-educated and well-disposed men of Ireland to the fact that the mental and moral constitution of the country is at this moment attacked with the most dangerous and insidious malady to which it has ever been exposed.

Ireland—that is, the great bulk of the people—are not in the humor to go to war. They are shrewd enough to see that there would be no chance of success under existing circumstances, and they do not see the necessity of wading through blood to secure their rights. They recollect, too, that the wisest politician of the present century declared that when England was at peace, Ireland should keep quiet; but that 'England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity.' These foolish emigrations of Irish American officers, then, should cease, for they will not be able to do anything but mischief in this country. The small efforts they have made, and the poor results that followed them, only prove what we have often stated—that no one might be afraid of what Fenianism could effect in Ireland.—*Dundalk Democrat.*