

teentedly, knowing that you would come presently?

"The old place is so natural to me that it seems strange to me to think of going away," she replied, smoothing back the long white locks from her temples. "Let us imagine that the old, old times are here, and I will sing a brave lay for you, if the piano is not ruinously out of tune."

Ellen Ahern opened the instrument—how her heart thrilled as she thought of the last time she had sung there; but feeling how worse than useless were such thoughts now, she drowned them in a wild outburst of music which startled the echoes in Sir Eadna's old heart until it was full of the thrilling emotions of yore. Amidst this storm of melody swelled her voice, loud, clear, and breathing the fullest expression as she sang the wild and plaintive song:

"How oft has the Banabee cried  
How oft has death untied,  
Bright links that glory wore,  
Sweet bonds entwined by love!  
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!  
Peace to each faithful eye that weepeth!"

—MOORE  
And so enrapt was she in the theme she sing, that she heeded not the shadow that darkened the door, or the familiar form that stepped softly forward with his finger on his lip and laid his hand on Sir Eadna Ahern's shoulder, with a look which implored silence. But the last sweet note of the stirring song was hushed. Ellen Ahern's fingers wandered lightly over the keys, and she rose from the piano; but when she turned and saw who had been listening to her, she stood motionless and pale, as if frozen to the spot. It was Don Enrique.

"Aileen a sulisth, have you no word of congratulation or welcome for your kinsman, Desmond Maguire?" said the old man, rising.

"My kinsman? I thought he was in Dublin. Don Enrique—I do not comprehend. I thought you were in Spain, Senor Giron," she said, with a bewildered air. "Let us go away. You know, I hope, that I was not aware of your being here?"

"Ellen," said Lord Desmond, coming to her side, "would you leave me now that I have just found you?"

"I do not know—excuse me—who are you? I do not understand it. It seems such a mystery," she said, feeling that her strength was failing her, and attempting to move away.

"One moment, Ellen, then bid me leave you forever," said Lord Desmond, taking both her cold hands in his. "Do you not recognize me? Or is it because I have disguised with an unguainly disguise, that gave me the appearance of a deformed person, that you do not know Enrique under his true name of Desmond Maguire?—Forgive me, Ellen—it was to tell you this, and the history of my love for you, that I so perseveringly sought to see you in America."

In an instant the mystery was all cleared up! How simple! She might have known it before! And such a tide of joyful emotions rushed into Ellen Ahern's heart that she reeled, and must have fallen had not the strong arm of Lord Desmond supported her.

All was explained, and as they lingered on the old terrace in the purple twilight, with the sound of the waters in the ravine twinkling upwards like silver bells on the hushed air, and the evening star, bright and serene like an angel watcher above them, Ellen Ahern whispered the words that made her the promised bride of Desmond Maguire, who, although he was her kinsman, they were not related within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity.

Shall we leave Fernanagh?  
Had we time we would linger yet longer there  
with those whom we have wept in their sorrows,  
but there is no need. Imagine the events that followed crowning their lives with happiness.—

A bridal at St. Finbar's—a grand and sumptuous feast at Fernanagh, where the most conspicuous object on the board was the magnificent set of silver wrought by the cunning hand of the great master, Benvenuto Cellini. Where two old men, one an aged priest, the other the last link between the glory and the sorrow of the Maguires, sat on the right and left hand of the beautiful bride, and while one claimed and blessed her as his child in Christ, the other said, fondly, "Aileen a sulisth, I am now ready to be gathered to my fathers, if it is God's will."

There was also among the guests an eminent American merchant and his young and fair daughter, who received especial attention as the honored friends of Lord Desmond, but who seemed to shrink modestly from it, even while they won the regard of all by their dignified simplicity and intelligence. Nor will we tell what that proud and happy Lord Desmond Maguire regarded his gentle bride; or how, in after years, the same devoted, chivalrous and calm affection, crowned his life with a serene happiness.

THE END.

EXTRAORDINARY ASSEMBLY OF THE BISHOPS AND OTHER DIGNITARIES OF CHRISTENDOM IN ROME—THE EIGHTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER AND THE CANONISATION OF THE NINETEEN MARTYRS OF GORCUM IN HOLLAND AND OTHER SAINTS.

Compiled for the Weekly Register by a Father of the Order of St. Francis.

Majorum bene dilectionem nemo habet, ut animam suam ponat quis pro amicia sua.—St. John xv. 13.  
"Spectaculum facti sumus mundo et angelis et hominibus."—1 Cor. iv. 9

SECOND PART.

(Continued from last week.)

The second martyr was Father Jerome, Vicar of the convent. He was born at Weert in the year 1528. Having entered into the Franciscan Order, he visited the Holy Land, and remained for some time in Jerusalem, on which account he was called the pilgrim of Jerusalem. His piety was singular, and he was a faithful observer of all the religious constitutions. His zeal for the salvation of souls was unbounded, and so blind and prompt was his obedience that he always called the places to which he was sent his paradises, so ardent was his love to fulfill the commands of his superiors. In his zeal for religion, and for fatherland, he ever admonished with holy freedom those placed in authority, whenever he discovered them violating the precepts of the one or the laws of the other. Bold and energetic, like a true

soldier of the Cross, he preached with eloquence and power against error and vice whenever dangers appeared imminent and, even when taken prisoner he never ceased to encourage his brethren, to fortify and strengthen them, that they might gloriously terminate the combat which they had entered upon so heartily and so well.

The third martyr was Father Theodorick van Embden. He was a native of Amerfort, or Amerfort, and was born in 1518, of very respectable parents. His family was numerous, ranking amongst the principal Catholic families. In his youth his friends and patrons offered him a benefice; others promised him great dignities in an abbey; but neither riches nor rank had any charms for him, and his only ambition was to clothe himself in the poverty of Jesus Christ in the Order of St. Francis, in which he lived happily. His superiors appointed him director and confessor of the nuns of the Third Order at Gorcum, in which office he labored with zeal, prudence, and edification, until God called him to the crown of martyrdom.

The fourth martyr was Father Niclas or Niclasius Janssens, or Johnson—or, according to Estius, Niclasius John Adriaensen. He was born in Heze, a village in Dutch Rempen, on which account he is usually called Niclasius van Heze, or Hezicus. Before his entry into the Franciscan Order, he was sent to the University of Louvain, and during many years he attended the lectures of that celebrated institution. He obtained the title of Bachelor, and was much esteemed by the celebrated Doctor of Theology, Martin Ruyvenor, afterwards the first Bishop of Ypres. But feeling an interior call to the religious life, and being convinced that God had called him to enter into the Franciscan Order, he cheerfully joined the brotherhood, and became a model of sanctity by the practice of Christian virtues, even in an heroic degree. He was unerring in his study of the Sacred Scriptures, and eventually attained a high character for profundity of thought and depth of wisdom in his explanations of the sacred volume. His advice was frequently sought, and his aptitude for giving counsel and for solving the most difficult problems was proverbial. His arguments were eloquent, solid, invincible; and he was always eminently successful in carrying his point, for his dicta were based upon the inspired writings and the works of the learned fathers and doctors of the Church. To restore quiet to the wavering, certainty to the doubting, and solace to the unfortunate, he quoted largely from the maxims of the saints, with whose lives he was a familiar acquaintance. He had a time and place for every thing; and so carefully did he husband his time that no portion of it was wasted. When not engaged in the indispensable duties of a monastic life, he employed his leisure in translating out of Latin some useful treatises upon piety and mortification, in order to guard the faithful from the errors and corruption of those evil times. He was gifted with the spirit of prophecy, for, in the midst of peace and when danger seemed remote, he predicted the speedy advent of a ruthless persecution, which would be devoutly felt by the Catholic people. The little world in which he lived was incredulous; so far from believing him his ratiocinations were treated with derision. Time, however, wrought a change, and their incredulity gave place to alarm. Their fears began to increase, and their sorrows to become more intensified as they beheld the first outbreaks of heretical malice increase in magnitude and become more criminal by excess. When persecution became the order of the day, and the reign of terror an accomplished fact, then the holy man, whose prophecy had been discredited, became an angel of peace and the messenger of consolation, and to console the terrified people he reminded them of their duty, preached resignation, and impressed them with the belief that "it was the will of God." As we proceed in our narrative we will see how tranquil the holy Niclas was; his constancy and magnanimity, his benevolence of heart and his fervid devotion, the care with which he watched over his brethren in their sufferings during the period of their incarceration, will come out in bold relief, and proclaim the heroism of his virtues and the sanctity of his life. At the time of his martyrdom he was about 50 years of age.

The fifth on the list of martyrs was the scintilla Willebad a Dane by birth. When the hour of his conflict came he was aged 90 years; he was tall of stature, but by leading a most austere, penitential life he had a very ascetic appearance, and his body was much attenuated. In his native country (Denmark), he was clothed in the Franciscan habit. After the lapse of many years he went to Gorcum, where he was most kindly received by the brethren of the Order; and in that place he studied the Hebrew language in order to qualify himself to instruct the people of his adopted country. He was a man of primitive habits; a child in simplicity, a lover of silence and retirement, a zealous and active laborer in gaining souls for heaven, a man of prayer, constant in holding sweet converse with God, our Immaculate Lady, and the angels and saints. Even at the close of life, during his detention in prison, he was seen constantly on his knees, and a conjointly with holy Niclas pouring forth his soul in fervent prayer; and this he did so placidly, and with so much calmness, that it might be supposed that he was an inmate of his cell instead of being a captive in chains. His prayers were long and almost uninterrupted and thus he continued until a cruel death paralysed his tongue and rendered his heart throes.

The sixth of the glorious band was holy Godfrey of Merve, or Merville, near St. Frouin, in Belgium. He was zealous and fervent in hearing confessions and he took care of the sacred utensils, &c. of the Conventual Church. He spent his leisure hours in printing, and in painting pictures, which he distributed amongst the people.

The seventh martyr was the pious Anthony, of Weert, or Werden. He was indefatigable in preaching the word of God to the people. He was specially adapted for this work of the ministry; for he was gifted with great fluency of speech, was a good declaimer, and had prepared himself for the task with much care and labor. He was remarkably for austerity of life, but his demeanor was free from asceticism, and by the suavity of his converse and the joyousness of his manner, he won the hearts of those with whom he came in daily contact.

The eighth martyr was also named Anthony. He was a native of Hornaer, or Hornaere, in the village of Gorcum. His parents were poor, but pious people. He was indeed a holy Franciscan father. He was a powerful preacher and announced the Word of God with immense fruit. But the secret of his success in the pulpit lay in this, that he preached more by example than precept.

The ninth in the catalogue of sacerdotal martyrs was the sanctified Francis Rodius, or Rodes. He was born in Brussels. He was very young, exceedingly pious and energetic, and would have become a great worker in the vineyard of the Church if God had not willed that in early life he should wear a martyr's crown. To these nine martyrs of sacerdotal rank we must add two lay brothers of the Seraphic Order.

The tenth martyr was Brother Peter Vaude; Hymolen from Asca, a village in Brabant, and in the propinquity of Brussels. He was very faithful in the observance of the rule of St. Francis.

The eleventh and last of the Franciscan martyrs was Brother Cornelius Wicanius who was a religious of great simplicity. He was born at Dorsete, a village now called Wick in the territory of Utrecht. He was very remarkable for the spirit of prompt obedience and for his dove-like innocence. As a sample of the primitiveness of his manners, it is recorded of him that being on a certain occasion, commissioned by the Father Guardian from Bois la Duc, where he then resided, to Utrecht, he promptly went without asking what he had to do. Having arrived at Utrecht, he was sent back again to ask what was

his commission, and this he did with the artlessness and simplicity of a child.

II.  
NAMES, DESCENT, AND CONDITION OF THE OTHER EIGHT MARTYRS.

With the nine martyrs named above there also suffered, at the same time and place, one St. Leonard van Vechel the eldest parish priest of Gorcum. He was born in the year 1527, at Bois la Duc, and pursued his studies in the great University of Louvain.

The next was Nicholas Poppel, the second parish priest of Gorcum. He was a native of Welsden, a village in the Kempen. His parents were poor, but virtuous and industrious. His original intention had been to enter into the Society of Jesus, then recently founded, but was dissuaded from his purpose by the entreaties of Nicholas van Vechel, who argued that at that juncture good secular pastors were much needed.

The third in this second catalogue was Godfrey van Doyner, or Doney, who was born at Gorcum. Having finished his preliminary studies in his native place, he was sent to Paris, in which city he was elected rector of its famous university, was honored with a doctor's cap and delivered public lectures with great applause. For some time he refused, through humility, the priestly dignity; but subsequently, he was induced to receive holy orders, and was appointed the pastor of a town on the frontiers of Holland. He, however, resigned his living, and being fully satisfied with the income of a small benefice, he led a holy and austere life at Gorcum until the arrival of that happy day when his brows were encircled with the glorious crown of martyrdom.

The fourth in this list of heroes was John of Oosterwyk, or Oosterwickau. He was born in a village of that name near Bois la Duc. He was a canon regular of the Order of St. Augustin. He went from the monastery of his Order, located near Bril, or Bril, to Gorcum, to be the director of the nuns of his own Order. He took to them rules for leading a life more strictly in accordance with the spirit of their institute. Later on, the Reformers of Calvin's school having taken and plundered the monastery in which John had formerly resided and it having come to his knowledge that one of his brethren had suffered martyrdom, he ardently longed to follow him, and by similar means; and transported with joy he lovingly exclaimed, "Oh! if God would grant me such an exit, how happy would be my lot!" His prayer was heard—his request was granted, and thus, by a cruel death, his former companion in life became his associate in heaven. These fifteen were already, and for a long time in the Castle of Gorcum, when their number was increased by the arrest of four others.

The fifth in this second list of martyrs was John of the Province of Cologne, and a native of that renowned city. He was an illustrious member of the Order of the Friars Preachers, instituted by the great St. Dominic. His superiors sent him to the parish of Hornaer, or Hornaere, to take the pastoral charge of the faithful. After Gorcum had been taken by the Calvinists, and its people were left without pastors, he often went thither to administer the Holy Sacraments to the faithful. One day he was called upon to baptize a child, and whilst on his errand of mercy was taken prisoner by the enemies of the Church, and was shut up with the other suffering confessors.

The sixth on this list was Adrian van Beck, of the Order of St. Norbert. He was born about the year 1522, in the village of Hiltrebenek. He received the habit at Middleburgh, in 1547. In 1572 he was sent to Holland as pastor of the village of Munster, not far from the Hague. On the 7th July, in the same year, he was violently attacked in his own house by the soldiers of the Eriel. They took him and his curate, James Lacon, prisoners. They were lodged in the same prison with all the rest, and with them suffered martyrdom.

The seventh in the number of these martyrs was James Lycop. He was born at Audenarde in Flanders, in the year 1541. He, too, belonged to the Order of St. Norbert. In the 25th year of his age (1566) he was miserably seduced by the errors of the Iconoclasts of the 16th century, left his abbey, denied his religion, and not being satisfied with apostasy, he even became a minister of the pretended Reformation. But God, who in His eternal decrees had destined him to wear the martyr's crown, touched his heart, and after running a short career in the ways of novelty and corruption, he bitterly bewailed his lamentable fall, retraced his steps, sued for pardon, and obtained it, placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his grieving superiors, submitted to all the penances imposed upon him, burnt a little book containing heretical doctrines which had been composed by himself, and sought in solitude that peace and forgiveness of which he stood so much in need. In a short time after his return to religion he was sent to the Abbey of Marienweerd to do penance. In that holy retreat he spent much of his time in writing against the errors of the Reformers, in order to repair, as much as possible, the great scandal of his wretched fall. After a long trial, during which his superiors had ample proofs of the sincerity of his repentance, he was sent to Munster where Adrian, his brother, was pastor, that he might assist him in his ministry; and after Adrian's death he remained in the same place as curate to Adrian van Beck, with whom he was subsequently associated in the honors of martyrdom.

The eighth and last in the second list was Andrew Wouters, or Walters, whose birth-place is not known. He was a secular priest and pastor at Heynort, or Selnort, near Dordrecht, or Dort. It was related of him that he had been very slothful and remiss in the discharge of the duties of the ministry, that he had been disorderly in his conduct, and not sufficiently in his ways; but the Divine mercy was largely extended to him, and he received a superabundance of grace to enable him to atone for the errors of the past, to wash away the spots on his soul, and to merit the extraordinary favor of shedding his blood in the cause of Jesus Christ. If in his fall he witnessed to the weakness of degraded humanity in his conversion and on the gibbet, he bore testimony to the Divinity of Catholicism and to the omnipotence of God.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday, the 16th of June, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale left St. Jarlath's for Donmore, where he was honored guest of the respected pastor, Very Rev. P. Duffy. On Monday the Sacrament of Confirmation was conferred upon 300 of the parishioners who had been prepared for its worthy reception by the zealous care of their respected clergy.

FUNERAL OF THE MOST REV. DR. KILDUFF.—LONGFORD, June 24.—On this day all that was mortal of the Most Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh, was consigned to the tomb beneath the sanctuary of the noble cathedral of this town, attended by everything that could bear testimony of the affectionate veneration in which the illustrious prelate was held by rich and poor. From Friday evening up to yesterday the remains lay in the exquisite Norman chapel attached to the college situated in his full pontificals. The say bearers of the remains were four of the clergy of the town followed by a vast crowd. All that was mortal of the departed were received at the principal entrance of the noble pile by the choir of priests in attendance, who preceded the remains to the place prepared for them in the choir. The psalms prescribed by the ritual for such an occasion having been chanted, the office for the dead was recited throughout the night. From an early hour this morning all the roads leading to the town were thronged by persons of all classes, coming to take part in the solemn ceremonial and to attend the funeral. The coffin containing the remains was placed on a catafalque in the choir surrounded by

unbleached funeral wax lights. On the lid of the coffin the three mitres and pastoral staff of the late bishop were placed, also a gilt shield bearing the following inscription:—

The Most Rev. John Kilduff, D. D.  
Lord Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.  
Died June 21, 1867.  
In his Forty-seventh year,  
And the Fifteenth of his Episcopacy.  
R. I. P.

The clergy having entered the church in procession, took the seats prepared for them in the choir. Then followed the dignitaries, and the Most Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonmore, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Bishop of Drogheda, and the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry, the presiding prelate. Amongst the dignitaries and clergy present were:—The Very Rev. Mgr. Woodcock, Rector, O. U.; the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President, Maynooth; the Very Rev. B. Russell, O. P.; the Very Rev. E. Murphy, O. P.; and the Very Rev. Dean Farrelly P. P., &c.

The prelates having been conducted to the seats prepared for them within the sanctuary, the solemn office for the dead commenced. At the conclusion of the ceremonies within the church, the Lord Bishop of Derry pronounced the absolution of the dead, and the remains of the deceased bishop were borne from the cathedral on the shoulders of four of the clergy. In the long line of carriages present was that of the Earl of Granard, but his lordship wrote to express his regret at not being able to be present at the funeral in consequence of his having to remain in London for some time on urgent business. On the procession approaching the entrance to the military barracks gate, a squadron of the 11th Lancers, in full uniform, rode forward, and as the hearse passed the soldiers lowered their lances as a mark of deep respect to the memory of the honored dead. For the same object the officers belonged to the regiment walked in the procession in their full dress uniform. The people fully appreciated this graceful tribute to the memory of their departed bishop, which was not only worthy of the dead but also of soldiers and gentlemen. The remains having been taken from the hearse they were conveyed through the immense crypt to the vaults beneath the sanctuary as the choir of priests chanted the psalms proper for the burial of the dead. The last prayers having been said by the officiating prelate, and the sad requiem in pace having been intoned, the tomb closed on the ashes of a faithful servant of God.

After the funeral the clergy assembled in the Cathedral when the Very Rev. Dean Dawson was elected Vicar Capitular of the diocese.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS IN NEWAGH.—Newagh, June 21.—Timothy Gleeson, younger brother of General Gleeson, and who has been in jail since January last, under the warrant of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, has been ordered by the authorities to be admitted to bail on his giving security—himself in the sum of 50l. and two sureties in the sum of 25l. each—Jeremiah Fogarty, William Dwyer, and John Ryan, Drogheda, who have been in custody for alleged complicity in the rising of the 5th of March, and who stood charged with having fired Roskeen police barrack, and shot one Patrick Tracy, was also admitted to bail on Tuesday by J. R. Flemming, Esq., E. M., to take their trial at the ensuing assizes. There are now but thirteen prisoners in custody in the jail of Newagh.

CAPTURE OF AN ALLEGED FENIAN.—A man named Murphy was captured at Lockberbie station on Saturday night. It appears that, along with some others he had newly arrived at Liverpool from New Orleans and at once taken a ticket for Beattock (Moffat), but the telegraph overreached him, and when the train arrived at Lockberbie, Captain Jones, of the Dumfries constabulary, was in attendance, and conveyed him to Dumfries goal. There is a rumor, that the telegram described Murphy as one of three Fenian assassins, who had arrived from America by the Scotia, and it is added that he had upwards of a £1,000 on his person.—Edinburgh Courier.

Saturday morning Acting Inspectors Carey and Nolan arrested two respectable-looking men of rather Yankee appearance on the arrival of the mail steamer at the Carlisle Pier. They were brought up to town by train and were privately examined, with the view of making inquiries into the correctness of the statements which they made. They were remanded. They gave their names as Owen Dwyer, of Memphis Tennessee, United States, and Bernard Larkin, Newtown, London.

A FENIAN FLAG.—On Sunday morning last a Fenian flag was found floating from the flagstaff on Vneegar Hill. It will be remembered that Sunday last was Whit-Sunday, the anniversary of the outbreak of unfortunate rebellion of '98 in this country. The flag—a most expensive one—was beautifully executed, and had on it the following:—An artistically designed harp in the centre, over which was inscribed, "Remember '98" and underneath the words "Erin go-Bragh." On either side of the harp was inscribed the name of Captain P. Crowley, General T. F. Burke, Captain McClure, and Captain McGafferty, followed by the words, "For Ever." The flag was taken possession of by the constabulary, and the flagstaff has been removed also.

The Daily Express is horrified at the following occurrence:—On Sunday last a band composed of about twenty members passed down and up the Bray and Wicklow Railway, performing as the trait stopped at all the stations. The performers in their caps disclosed the customary emblems of disloyalty—wreaths of shamrocks on a green ground, and the harp without the crown. For the last three years or so the respectable and loyal of the Bray and Wicklow localities have been spared this kind of offence.

A reform meeting was held in Belfast on Saturday, which was one scene of confusion from beginning to end, and it broke up in disorder.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN KENMARE.—An exposure of certain proceedings of the Kenmare Board of Guardians, which seem incredible in a Catholic community, appears in the Nation. The facts are these:—Soon after the Fenian outbreak, in the early part of the year, a detachment of soldiers was sent to Kenmare for the protection of the district and was to be stationed in the Union Workhouse, no other place being available for their reception. The Guardians had some difficulty in finding room for the soldiers in the ordinary wards, and, as a solution of the difficulty, appointed to their military guests the apartment previously used as a Chapel by the Roman Catholic inmates.

At the conclusion of the criminal business connected with the Quarter Sessions for Carlow, on Tuesday, June 25, his worship passed a high tribute to the energy displayed by Constable Thomas Dewart, of this town, in two cases which he had been mainly instrumental in bringing forward. The barrister said he had behaved remarkably well in both, showed considerable sagacity in bringing the parties to justice, and hoped the authorities would take proper cognizance of the facts, as the bench spoke very highly respecting the manner in which he had discharged his duties. His worship concluded his brief complimentary remarks by stating that they would be happy to report the circumstances to the police authorities, who, we have no doubt, will treat the case with the favor it deserves. Constable Dewart has been for some years stationed in Carlow, and during that period has always proved himself a most efficient and popular officer amongst the people of every class.—Carlow Post.

From a conversation which took place in the House of Lords it appears that the government are inclined to commit the task of fortifying police barracks in Ireland to the landlords of the buildings, assisted by the county inspectors. The combination of talent thus secured will not fail to produce some very remarkable specimen of military engineering.

The Registrar-General's return of the emigration from Irish ports in 1866 shows that the number of emigrants was 101,251, a decrease of 1845 from the previous year's emigration. The emigration from the several provinces was in the following proportions: In every 100, 37 were from Munster; 26 from Ulster, 17 from Leinster, and 12 from Connaught, the rest not being distinguished. Three were three males to every two females; 47 per cent. went in March, April, or May, 30 per cent. embarked at Queenstown, 21 per cent. at Dublin, 18 per cent. at Belfast, nearly 10 per cent. from Londonderry and Moville. Of the whole number nearly 10 per cent. were under 10 years of age; 14 per cent. were between 10 and 25; 55 per cent. (more than half) were between 20 and 30; 12 per cent. were between 30 and 40; 7 per cent. were above 40 years of age. The rest were residents of other countries. 58 per cent. of the males were between 20 and 30 years of age, and 23 per cent. of the females were between 15 and 25.

Emigration still goes on, and is on the increase, we are informed by special returns. Nothing could more accurately testify to the general discontent of the people, and the want of wise legislation for them. It can never be too often repeated that the records of the proceedings in Parliament, as far as Ireland is concerned, are made up only of statutes of restriction and coercion in every shape, size, and effect. Laws that the country has prayed for, that would give impulse or assistance to industrial developments or commercial or manufacturing prosperity, never were passed, and the oppression is strong in the mind of the country that they never will be passed. The consequence is that the people turn their eyes to the West, and hope to find in the great Republic the sure and fortunate homes that are denied them at home. This is the explanation of that extraordinary phenomenon, the Irish exodus. Extraordinary it is, for all the countries of the world reveal no such spectacle as this flight of a nation. Twenty years ago the people were 9 millions strong in Ireland. In the natural course of the increase of population they should number twelve now, whereas they have dwindled down to five, and still no sign arises in the heavens to proclaim that the deluge is over and the drais ceased. The emigrant ship is freighted as heavily with its human cargo when we have lost half our population as it was the first year of the Irish Hegira.

FATAL ACCIDENT, LOSS OF THREE LIVES.—One of the saddest accidents that ever occurred in Youghal or its neighborhood took place on the eve of Corpus Christi, involving the loss of three lives, and shocking to think of, the entire destruction of the dead body of a woman, which was entirely burned to ashes. The circumstances are as follows:—A young man named Bowden, lately returned from America to his native land, found his only sister married to a man who treated her very badly. The brother took her to his own home, a small farm and cottage that he had purchased, about three miles from Youghal. Here he tried to make her as happy as his small means would admit of for which he was amply repaid by her sisterly love and kindness. All went well. He was cheerful and hard-working, for love lightens labor, until the first cloud came to obscure the light of their happiness. The poor woman was attacked by a fatal and contagious disease. All her brother's unceasing care and watchfulness could not avail, and she soon breathed her last. The disease being of so dangerous a nature, the neighbors were warned not to attend the wake or go near the house, for fear of the contagion being communicated to them. But the brother who had said by her in all her suffering would not desert her at the last moment. For two successive nights he closed not his weary eyes, but remained by the body praying for rest to her soul. His vigil was shared by two of his warm-hearted neighbors, poor women who forgot their own troubles when trying to console one who was enduring greater, and whose love for the deceased could not change even in death, or dread of becoming victims to sickness themselves. The rest of the terrible story is absolutely horrible to relate. The three watchers had spent two nights and days without sleep by the side of the remains. The third night approached, it was to be the last to elapse before the body was consigned to the earth; and with that strength of affection, which is the characteristic of Irish homes, the brother and his two friends resolved to overlook nature and keep their sad vigil still. They sat up together to a late hour of the night, but appear to have succumbed to weariness, and fallen into a deep sleep. From that slumber they never awakened; at least one would hope so, for if the sleep were broken it were only to find death imminent, and, after a brief but fearful anguish, to close their eyes again in death. Wayfarer returning late saw lights burning in the cottage at an advanced hour of the night. In the morning the neighbors came for the funeral and found the house a heap of smoking ruins. At some time in the night the fire had broken out, and, clasping the quick and dead in a fiery embrace, had reduced the dwelling and all it contained to smoking ashes. The circumstances of this terrible occurrence—terrible in suddenness, impressive in its awful lesson—will never be known for certain, and can only be surmised. It is usual in the country to place lighted candles around the remains of the dead—a solemn and even beautiful usage, typical, perhaps, of the brightness into which the pious hope of friends transport them. The body of the woman placed on a bed had been thus surrounded, and the natural surmise as to the cause of the accident is that some one of the watchers sleeping heavily close by the remains disturbed one of the lights. The candle falling upon the bed of combustible material would originate the fire. The smoke and acrid gas emitted by the remains would dull and overpower the senses of the sleepers, and render them helpless, almost if not totally, insensible. The flames would quickly extend to the other articles of furniture in the room, and upon the funeral pyre thus made three lives be sacrificed almost unconsciously. Strange to say no one observed the fire in its progress. Not the slightest suspicion of the fearful occurrence existed until the people came in the morning to attend the remains to the grave. The melancholy work of searching for the bodies was at once begun. A few charred bones alone rewarded the labors of the friends of the victims. The occurrence has caused a feeling not alone of sadness but of awe and terror in the neighborhood. So fearful an event—one so intensely dramatic in its slightest circumstance, and so awfully tragic in its close—has never before been reported in these columns.—Cork Examiner.

THREE MEN DROWNED.—The Belfast papers report that three men were drowned in Lough last week. Four persons named David Simms, John Scott, John Harland, and a man named Grogan went out in a yawl for a cruise in the Lough. The party returned at about nine o'clock and Simms came on shore. The others went out for another cruise, but did not return; and nothing was heard of them for two days, when a cap was picked up, and identified by Grogan as his that of her husband. The Lough was dragged and the boat was found, and contained two of the bodies. It is not known how the boat was upset.

About nine o'clock on Wednesday evening a young man of the name of Joseph Fortune, a shoemaker, a resident of this town, the only son and support of a poor widow woman, went to bathe in the River Slaney, at a place called St. John's, when almost immediately after going into the water he was carried of his depth, by a strong tide running at the time, and although a tolerably good swimmer, was drowned in a few seconds. The body was not found till some hours afterwards, when, of course, life was extinct.

The grand lodge of Ireland has issued an address, cautioning the Orangemen throughout the country from appearing in procession during the July anniversaries.