

your place, and was to those who should dare to shelter you, or give sanction to this unnatural rebellion—depart, be wise in time, or ruin and disgrace inevitably await you.

In the dead of the night, Blanche descended the narrow stairs that led from her apartments. She carried in her hand a sealed packet, and was met by a dark figure which advanced from a deep embrasure in the wall; his arms and legs were bare, and his long shaggy beard mingled with the wolf-skin vest which descended to his knees, and was girt round his slender waist by a brass belt, in which was stuck an axe, serving the double purpose of defence and for clearing a passage through the thicket; on his head he wore a close cap of red felt, from beneath which his black hair escaped in massive locks. This was Ar Charo (the stag)—a name he had received on account of his great fleetness and endurance. Though of mean rank he was faithful and trustworthy; he was the chief of the two runners who had attended Blanche on her visit to the convent of S. Iva, and she now placed in his hands the sealed packet, together with a key leading to her apartments, desiring him to carry the former to the Lady Abbess with all possible speed, and to deliver the answer into her own hands.

The ready messenger set out on the wings of the wind, and arrived at the convent as the community were assembling in the choir for matins. Upon receiving the packet the Lady Abbess withdrew to the cell of Sister Cyril, to whom she communicated the contents. This communication briefly related what had passed at the chateau since Blanche's return, and the necessity of her immediate action. "Truly," said she, "you were well inspired to commend me to the favored child of the Holy Virgin, the sainted servant of God, Salua, the Blessed; for when, on quitting your holy abode, you gave me your blessing, and pronounced that venerated name, a bright light appeared before me, and within it a flower of marvellous beauty supported on a stem; from it came forth the sweetest music, which seemed to be a hymn to our Blessed Lady. This, and the brilliancy upon which I gazed, filled me with wondering awe, and I became unconscious of external things, and my real position.—When the music ceased, and the light faded away, I began to consider that, though I had read of such visions appearing to saintly persons, they could not happen to me, since they argued an extraordinary love of the Divine Spirit towards a particular soul, and are often, if I mistake not, the reward and encouragement on earth of generous sacrifices, virtues, and merits. I therefore conclude that it must be some delusion, and humbled myself before God, to whom I raised my heart in love, imploring his protection and forgiveness; but the more humble I felt, the deeper, holier, and more irresistible was the joy that filled my whole soul—a grace so sensible that my body seemed no longer of earth, and my spirit was bedewed with tears of bliss, and a voice seemed to say within me, 'This is divine love!' but ever, as my understanding returned, I dreaded more and more this visitation in proportion as I comprehended the immeasurable majesty of the Creator, and the utter nothingness of the created."

"It was in this state that I made my journey unconscious of fatigue, till I arrived at the church of Our Lady of Folgoet; and here the mystery was partially explained, for, feeling the responsibility of my actions a thousand times increased in the important decision I was called upon to pronounce, I mustered all the energies of my inmost soul, and threw myself, in mute but fervent prayer, on the compassion of Our Lady of Folgoet and Salua, the Blessed. Then it was that I saw the same light and the same flower springing out of his tomb before the high altar, and the same sounds accompanied the vision. To doubt any longer would have been as unworthy as impossible; I received the truth as it was offered, with the simplicity of a child, humbled even to annihilation at my nothingness.

"Returned to the chateau, and having passed the first ordeal before my father, I was mistress of my time till the dreadful hour of noon on the following day. The interval, till the first shade of evening I passed in prayer, when I summoned my attendants, and rode to Our Lady of Folgoet. The heavens were charged with masses of black clouds, which obscured the moon, and the stifling air announced an approaching storm. I entered the church, and sent my attendants on to the neighboring town of Lesneven, desiring them to return after the space of two hours. I placed myself before the high altar, and was soon lost in prayer. By degrees all consciousness was suspended, and a vision of the life of Salua passed before me. So vivid was this vision, and so wonderful the revelations it contained, that I should fain to describe it to you: it filled me with confidence for the future.

"At length I was aroused by the return of my attendants, who had been detained by the storm of which I had not been conscious. I hastened back to the chateau, sought my mother, and had the happiness to receive the blessing of one parent at least. What I now ask of your great charity, most reverend mother, is to continue your good prayers, and to send by the trusty bearer of this the habit of your order."

"We will lay down the thread of our narrative for a few moments, whilst we give the history of Salua, whose interposition is so prominent in this tale. An exception to the saints of God, he was deprived of all ordinary intelligence. He was born in the year 1350, in a shed rather than a cottage, situate in the little village of Kerbrant, near the town of Lesneven, in the province of Leon, in Lower Brittany. The piety and virtue of Salua's parents were equal to their poverty, and their industry was not less than their primitive simplicity. As he advanced in years, every endeavor failed to impart instruction to him, and it became evident he was entirely without capacity. In prayer he could never get beyond 'Hail Mary,' and with the exception of the words 'Salua, a deus vobis' (Salua is hungry), and a word or two on very rare occasions he was never known to express himself consecutively. There was something

singularly interesting in the youth of Salua, an infantine simplicity and innocence which the misery that surrounded him could not conceal. He was slight in form, but active; his hair was yellow, and of a fine texture, and kept with remarkable care; indeed, the cleanliness of his person altogether contrasted strangely with his ragged attire; his complexion was pale, and his features delicate; he had large light blue eyes, over which the lids seemed to droop, and obscured the soft light they emitted, though he usually cast them down on the ground; he had a pensive rather than a melancholy expression, and was mild and gentle to a touching degree.

Such was Salua at the death of his remaining parent. Cold and hunger rapidly consumed the natural beauty of youth, but this did not lessen the interest he excited. Now that his parents were dead, he seemed to think there was no longer a place for him in the social world, and, yielding to his solitary position, he withdrew to the forest, and took up his abode in a cave at the foot of ancient oak, near a spring; here he remained till his death, with nothing but a stone on which to rest his head, and a few dried leaves on which to repose his body. He frequently visited the town, and in a plaintive tone sought what little nourishment he required. There were some houses at which he never asked charity, but avoided with sadness and repugnance; these were the abodes of vice. Salua preserved his innocence by austerities, and nourished his piety by constantly invoking the sweet name of Mary in a manner peculiar to himself, at times in a low melodious voice, and again making the forest ring with his wild ejaculations. In the cold of winter he would climb the oak, and swinging upon one of its branches, would shout with extatic joy the holy name on which he seemed to live. At other times he would submerge himself in the spring of water, and sweetly murmur forth his usual song.

During the wars of de Blois and de Montfort for the dukedom of Brittany, a party of soldiers penetrated the forest, surrounded his retreat and with oaths and threats demanded which party he espoused. 'I am for neither,' cried he, 'but for Mary,' making the forest re-echo with his wild exclamation. Upon this the wondering men left him unmolested.

On another occasion, a pack of wolves, attracted by his cries, were about to devour him; but whilst they gazed with famished eyes, he changed his joyous for a plaintive tone, and at the sounds of 'O Maria!' they turned and left him unmolested.

At length the sand of his probation was run out, sick unto death, and suffering with patience increasing anguish, he ceased not to murmur his sweet ejaculation. Suddenly his cave was filled with light, in the midst of which Our Blessed Lady, surrounded by angels, appeared, responsive to his call; whilst she smiled upon him his pain ceased; and, as she retired, with his hands clasped he drew himself after her, and expired with her name upon his lips. His body remained by the spring, but his soul overtook her who lingered on her way, and whom he had served so lovingly to the end.

On the following day his body was discovered by the peasants, and buried beyond the reach of the wolf at the foot of the oak, and but no one said, 'God rest his soul.'

Thus the waters of eternity seemed settled over this neglected being; but the glory of God is his own, and when the idiot was forgotten, Brittany was made to ring with his name, and princes and nobles, the lame and the blind, the believer and the unbeliever, the sceptic and the scoffer, ten thousand pilgrims at a time came to visit this patch of earth; some to glory in his name, others to procure his miraculous intercession, but none to doubt or to deny the living miracle before them. From the earth where Salua was buried sprung up a lily, tall and graceful, and whiter than frosted silver; on every leaf of its flowers was written in gold his favorite ejaculation, 'O Maria!'

In the presence of thousands of witnesses the grave of Salua was opened, and his body exposed to view; it was unchanged, nor were the rags in which he lay at all perished; on his face was an angelic smile, and rays of light shot from it; a sweet perfume arose from the grave, and the stalk of the lily springing from his mouth, which retained its usual form, the lips somewhat open, as if uttering his favorite name. Miraculous cures and numerous conversions were worked at this spot. Then came de Montfort, the duke, who commanded the forest to be cleared, and a church to be built up; and never was seen more zeal than was displayed to carry on this good work. Men swarmed to this uncivilized grave, workmen and artisans came from all parts of Brittany, and labored gratuitously; the noble gave his rich endowment, and the widow her mite, and soon sprang up over the idiot's grave one of the choicest gems of Christian art, which still stands to mark the spot.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kilduff has made the following changes among the Clergy:—Rev. P. Mulligan, C.O., from Ardagh to Legan; Rev. P. Fitzgerald, C.O., from Graard to Ardagh; Rev. John Skelly, C.O., from Edgeworthstown to Graard; Rev. G. York, Administrator, to be Parish Priest in Legan. After nearly a quarter of a century of zealous untiring missionary labor, Father York retires from the scene of his toils to recruit a broken constitution in the comparative rest in the parish of Legan. Need we say how universal the sympathy, how deep the love and respect, he carries along with him. With our grand and magnificent cathedral—the boast and glory of the diocese—his name will be ever inseparably associated; for, from the laying of the foundation-stone to its glorious completion, for twenty years the work progressed under his care, and with him, after our revered Bishop, is its success identified. We have only, with the public, to express our profound sorrow that any necessity should compel him to leave us, and to pray that God may bless him with renewed health and strength, and an equally loving people, in the new scene of his labor.—*Longford Register.*

The Rev. Mr. Mahoney, better known as 'Father Pious,' has lately retired to a monastery.—*Waterford Citizen.*

MISSION AT CASTLEBAYNE.—On Sunday last the 'Gentle Fathers' opened a mission in the Catholic Church of Castlebayne, and already its fruits are visible in the great attendance and earnest devotion of the laity. The esteemed pastor of the parish, the Very Rev. Dr. Birmingham, and the other clergy, are indefatigable in their labors to assist the Rev. Fathers, and it is certain that the mission must leave a deep and lasting impression on the Catholics of the parish. Masses are celebrated from an early hour, sermons preached both morning and evening to large congregations, and confessions heard during the day. It is easy to see where the true Church is working, for there you witness the effects of divine grace, in the conversion of men from sin to the ways of sanctity.

MISSION IN MAGHERACLOON.—The truly zealous parish priest of Magheracloon, Carrickmacross, has been long anxious to provide his flock with the blessings of a mission, and he is now near the accomplishment of his wishes, as on the 28th June a mission will be opened in the handsome new Church of St. Patrick by the Passionist Fathers. Three earnest servants of God were in the parish of Donamoyne about a year ago, and they were most successful in the parish of Magheracloon, in reclaiming sinners, and reforming those who at present do not listen to the voice of the Church when she calls on them to approach the sacraments.

A terrible example to the memory of 'the evil that men do,' living after them even when their bones are mouldered in the dust, is the death and burial of Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald. Sixty-six years ago, the first man of his house enrolled was a sheriff in Tipperary, of the same name, Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, 'the Flogger,' got a title for his barbarity to a brave but unfortunate people. He gloried in his cruelties, and a dire instrument of dire oppression was rewarded with a baronetcy and a pension for his brutal excess of brutality. Upon his name fell many a curse. Widow and orphan, tortured man and tortured woman, imprecated then in the spirit of their vengeance. It seems as if they fell upon his race whatever were his own fortunes. The tale of his house is a tragedy—the last incident most terrible in its culmination of the rest. His fortune—the fortune he built up of the blood money of his gains—has melted away. His children have been followed by the fate of sudden death even to the third generation. His son, the second baronet, was drowned in the wrecked Nimrod some years ago. His great grandson, a mere child, the son of the suicide, hanged himself by accident; and his grandson, heir of his title and his name—his representative in lands, honors, hereditaments—gave that leap into the river that made him a self-murderer! This is an awful catalogue of penalties for public wrong, as it is cited this day by those who hoard up the memories of the sufferings of their fathers. It has all the meaning to them, of the doom that the Roman orator invoked upon the man who plotted against his country. It is the 'vengeance, implacable, insatiable, and immortal,' that alone would satisfy his thirst for the punishment of him who would be unjust to a people for the sake of his power or his greed. Not all the creations of despairing tragedy can surpass it in elements of agony, or terror of example. And so we leave it to tell its tale.—*Nation.*

IRISH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—A Parliamentary return was issued on Friday, on the motion of Colonel Dunne, giving the amount and value of all articles imported into Ireland from foreign countries and the British possessions; also, a similar return of the exports of British and Irish produce, and foreign and colonial merchandise, from Ireland; also, of the quantities of corn and meal imported and exported between Ireland and Great Britain—all during the last five years. The summary table of the value of Irish imports and exports, of the kinds indicated, from or to foreign countries and British possessions shows these figures:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1859	£5,329,440	£490,798
1860	7,122,237	284,362
1861	7,613,062	230,390
1862	7,943,946	311,877
1863	6,777,934	193,794

The largest item, of course, in the imports is corn, and the course of corn imports for the last five years is as follows:—In 1859, of wheat, 964,681 qrs.; 1860, 986,160; 1861, 1,071,801; 1862, 1,680,150; 1863, 1,221,523. Of Indian corn, 1859, 795,895; 1860, 1,153,103; 1861, 1,626,393; 1862, 1,412,840; 1863, 1,674,492. Last year the computed total value of the imports into Ireland, of wheat and Indian corn, amounts to no less than £4,736,807.

IRISH TAXATION.—The committee chosen to inquire into the taxation of Ireland has now been some time holding its bi-weekly sittings, and have examined several gentlemen who enjoyed the repute of having studied the matter in question. The chief persons examined were Sir Colman O'Loghlen, M.P. and Mr. J. B. Dillon. The testimony of the latter gentleman was extremely important, and well proved the serious attention he had given to the subject. The animus of several members of the committee was betrayed in several instances by the questions put to the persons under examination. Some of them seem to labor under the impression that Ireland, so far from being over-taxed, was in reality under-taxed, and, on the whole, treated rather too leniently by England. If this erroneous idea can ever be got out of their minds by any process of reasoning, or any number of facts to the contrary, it ought to have been utterly and entirely swept away by the statements of the two gentlemen we have above named, but in an especial manner by the clear and forcible remarks of Mr. J. B. Dillon. Mr. Dillon showed how Ireland was wronged and burdened with more than her fair share of the national expenses, not by any complicated chain of reasoning but a plain and simple assertion of a fact which has not been and cannot be denied.

THE LAND QUESTION—Agrarian Crime.—There appears a disposition lately to renew agrarian crime, bailiffs and land agents in the west and south having been recently fired at, and some of them wounded. The state of the land question is, of course the cause of these desperate outrages. The law, which was enacted by a landlord legislature, to enable landlords to hold a high hand over their tenants, answers its purpose; and the bad landlords having plundered some unfortunate serfs, and then served them with notice to quit, the latter, driven mad by oppression, endeavor to retaliate by taking the lives of their oppressors. Is it not a wonder that these wicked landlords do not place more value on their lives, than to risk them in oppressing and robbing their tenants? Is it not strange that robbers and exterminators do not feel that they are acting foolishly when to secure a few pounds from an oppressed tenant, they run the risk of getting a bullet driven through their head, and be sent into eternity with all their guilt upon their unfortunate souls? After all, the plunder they gather from the crushed and outraged tenants is dearly obtained. Some of them are afraid to live in the country; and some, when they walk about on their property must have a policeman by their side, lest a plundered tenant might pounce upon them from behind a hedge and pay back robbery with murder. We believe there is a landlord somewhere in this county, who has a member of the constabulary force as his daily companion. At least we have seen such a thing stated in some newspaper. Why this Louth landlord is thus guarded we cannot exactly state, but we suppose it was not for his kindness to the poor, or his philanthropy towards his tenants. We think such landlords are madmen. We look upon them as fools, and not persons to whom any tenant should be bound to submit, as they are incapable of managing their affairs; and it is necessary that a law should be enacted to protect tenant farmers from the vengeance of men so mad, so wicked, and so outrageous.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

THE WEATHER.—The weather is all that could be desired. Copious but genial rains have changed the aspect of the entire country, which exhibits signs of progress within the past week, as regards all the crops, that we never remembered to have seen in former days.—*Sligo Champion.*

The weather during the past week was highly productive of vegetation, and exceedingly favorable for vegetation, and exceedingly favorable for agricultural operations. The effects of the alternating shower and sunshine on the face of the country are everywhere charmingly presented in the soft, rich verdure of the fields and hedgerows.—*Wexford People.*

There has not been for many years, such a favorable spring time in this country as that with which we are now blessed. The flax crop is being cultivated to a large extent through Clare this year. Mr. Brown, the landlord of the Ayle estate, near Tulla, has given the flaxseed to all his tenants gratis.—*Clare Journal.*

At the last reported weekly meeting of the O'Connell Committee, a statement of accounts was read, from which it appeared that the total sum lodged to the credit of the O'Connell Testimonial Fund amounted to £7,104.17s. Mr. Whelan gave notice that, on the next day of meeting, he would move that designs for the monument should be advertised for, and that the design to be fixed upon should be selected before the 1st of November next, so that it should be known on the occasion of the laying of the first stone.

SHIP-BUILDING IN CORK.—The energy with which the local ship-building yards have hitherto been conducted does not dwindle. On Saturday evening a very handsome steam tug, the Lord Clyde, built for Capt. Seaton, of Queenstown, was launched from the yard of Messrs. Robinson, on the Lower Road. She is a paddle steamer, 106 feet long 18ft. 6in. in beam, and 10ft. 6in. deep. She is 160 tons burthen, and will carry engines of 50 horse-power, which are to be fitted here. The tug is a very handsome model—indeed as pretty a thing in her way as has been launched in Cork for some time. It is expected she will have steam up in six weeks, and will run 12 knots an hour when that event occurs. We have chronicled within the last few weeks the launch of two magnificent vessels from the docks of Messrs. Robinson, and the Cork Steam Ship Company. Although the present launch is insignificant in comparison with those we then described it is still sufficient to show that the energy always displayed by our shipbuilders does not flag, and that the supremacy in ship-building which Cork may fairly lay claim to in recent times, amongst Irish ports, is not likely to be forfeited or destroyed by the apathy of those in whose hands it chiefly rests to maintain it.—*Cork Examiner.*

FEARFUL ACCIDENT AT SEA TO A DROGHEDA STEAMER.—Holyhead, Thursday Evening.—The steamship *Leinster Lass*, belonging to the port of Drogheda, and sailing between that Port and Liverpool, between one and two o'clock this morning, when about four miles to the North of the Skerries Light, broke her piston rod. No sooner had the piston smashed than, with irresistible force and a tremendous crash, it shot through the cylinder and broke through the ship's bottom. The engine-room and between decks were at once swamped; and when I remind you that there were between 250 and 300 emigrants on board, and the time the dead dark of the night, you and your readers can better imagine the scene of confusion, tumult, and alarm which prevailed than I can convey it. It is, however, easy to picture to one's self what must have occurred. It is feared the men attending the engine-room were at once drowned by the sudden inundation, and that some of the emigrants were also lost even on board the vessel. Orders were given to lower the boats; but no sooner was the command made than crowds of the emigrants, actuated by the common impulse of self-preservation, crowded the boats. The consequence of course was that, being overcrowded, they were swamped, and it is believed that by this no less than fifty emigrants were drowned. I have also been informed that the fastenings of the boats having been overtaken by the numbers who flocked into them gave way, precipitating those in them into the water. Fortunately for the remaining portion of the passengers, at this moment the screw steamship *Torch*, on her voyage from Liverpool to Dublin, hove in sight, and having been signalled, at once replied, and bore down to the *Leinster Lass*, and without delay got the disabled vessel under tow and brought her into harbor. It is believed that the water-tight compartments of the *Leinster Lass* saved her from becoming an entire wreck. [We should state that the accounts of this accident which reached Dublin and Drogheda in the course of last evening mention the number of persons lost as five, which we sincerely hope may prove to be the correct statement.—Ed. F. J.]—*Freeman's Journal.*

SERIOUS STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—Grossly exaggerated statements find their way into print in a most extraordinary manner. On Thursday week a telegram reached Liverpool that the boilers on board the Drogheda Company's steamer *Leinster Lass* had exploded, and that six passengers had been killed; but a report in the *Freeman's Journal* gave another version of the affair, said that her piston-rod had been broken and forced through the bottom of the ship, and that at least sixty of the 300 passengers had been killed and drowned. The gross misstatement of fact in these reports may be gathered from the following, which may be relied upon as authentic. On Wednesday night the *Leinster Lass* left Drogheda, and at twenty minutes past two o'clock in the morning, when near Holyhead, the crosshead over her cylinders was broken, and the side levers being uncontrolled, knocked a hole in her bottom, and the water rushing in, extinguished her fires. The passengers at once took the alarm, and although the captain informed them that there was no danger, as the steamer had watertight compartments, they took forcible possession of the few boats; and in endeavoring to lower them, the bow of one of the boats dropped first, and precipitated eight or nine persons into the water. The lifeboat was then promptly lowered, and all who were seen were rescued. Up to the present only one small box remains unclaimed from the luggage, and there is no evidence that a single life is lost. There was no boiler explosion, and certainly no person was even hurt on board the steamer. The steamer *Torch*, bound to Dublin, towed the disabled steamer into Holy Head Harbour.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

TOO OLIVER.—A naval coast guard volunteer who was sentenced to imprisonment at the Queenstown Petty Sessions on Wednesday, attempted to escape from the Queenstown Bridewell yesterday morning. When the bridewell keeper visited the volunteer's cell to supply him with breakfast, the latter knocked the keeper down, and rushing out of the cell, locked the door, incarcerating the man of locks, bolts, and bars. Not content with this success, he determined to possess himself of the key of the outer door, and lock up the entire concern; but while searching for it, the wife and daughter of the bridewell keeper became acquainted with the position of matters, and, stealthily approaching the door of the cell, the daughter released her short imprisoned sire. The bold volunteer struck right and left at the woman and cut, but after an exciting chase was captured opposite the Queen's Hotel, and brought back to eat his breakfast in security.—*Cork Herald.*

The Mayo Constitution says:—Were farmers permitted to select the weather they thought most favorable for the advancement of their interests, and the progress of the crops no more auspicious could be desired. The breath of land and potatoes is beyond an average, and although oats has gone beyond an average, we think flax culture has taken up a portion of the land intended for cereals. Grass is flourishing, and early meadows, whilst extensive preparations are made for a large turnip culture.

AGRICULTURAL AND EMIGRATION STATISTICS FOR 1863.—An Parliamentary Return just issued, prepared in the office of the Irish Registrar-General, reports a decrease in the extent of land under tillage in 1863, as compared with 1862, of 94,980 acres. The decrease in cereals was 143,534 acres. An increase is set down, on the other hand, for potatoes (5,302 acres), turnips and mangel wurzel (32,703 acres), and cabbage (3,582 acres). Meadow also increased 7,714 acres. The important increase, however, was, as the public know already, in flax, which was 64,029 acres in excess of 1862. Along with these facts it should also be borne in mind that the acreable yield of 1863 was better in all crops, with the single exception of hay; the decrease, in which was not to a serious amount. In the total produce of cereals, for example, despite the decrease in the acreage devoted to them, there was an advance of 1,803,641 quarters upon 1862. Potatoes, likewise, with an increased acreage of only 5,300, produced 1,397,547 tons, more than the previous year. The increase in turnips was 390,990 tons. There was a very considerable increase in the yield of flax, 13,388 tons. The last harvest was, therefore, a tolerably favorable one—a marked improvement upon that of 1862. It is impossible to say how much greater a total acreage of flax may be calculated upon for this year, but there is no reason to doubt that there will be a very considerable increase in the land under that crop, as compared even with 1863. The increase, however, will not, we fear, be anything like as large as sanguine persons have predicted, and as the public attention lately given to the subject may have induced many to suppose. The farmers in Munster and Connaught have special difficulties to contend with in the cultivation of the flax crop. A table published in this Report, for example, reminds us that of the 1,087 scutching mills in Ireland, Ulster contains no less than 1,063. There are but three in all the province of Connaught, only nine in Munster, and twelve in Leinster. This return, however, is of a date so far back as June last, and since then some progress has certainly been made in the erection of mills in various parts of the country. Turning to Emigration Statistics for 1863 we find that the total of 117,820 persons who left Ireland not intending to return was an increase, as compared with 1862, of 45,090, or more than a half more. This emigration seems to have been of males and females in the normal proportion. The largest portion of it was from Munster, 54,870; against 15,020 from Leinster, and 17,815 from Connaught. From Ulster, though the most prosperous province, 24,496 persons went forth last year. There was, in fact, increased activity in Ulster in 1863; so that this section of the emigration at least is not to be accounted for by asserting a prevalence of poverty. Nor does the tenant-right of Ulster serve to keep the people at home. The population, apparently, whose natural disposition most inclines them to try new fields of effort in distant countries, in preference to the slower growth of industrial success at home, are the quick enterprising Southerners. In 1862, as in 1863, the emigration from Munster was much more than double that of Ulster, which also then, as now, showed the next highest total. In this connection it will be instructive to state that in the interval since 1851, the total emigration from Ireland being 1,431,125, considerably over a third of that number (541,135) comes under the heading of emigration from Munster, whilst that from Ulster stands next (394,200). It appears, too, that during last year, the port from which the greatest number sailed was Queenstown, including Cork with it, 40,864 took their departure from thence; the next most favorite ports being Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry. The disappearance almost of the third and fourth class of ports from the emigration lists probably indicates that the emigrants are generally of a better class being able to remove themselves and their families to distant places of embarkation, and to pay a rate of passage-money proportionate to the increased comfort now afforded by shipping firms. It is believed that up to the present the emigration of 1864 has been in excess of the same period of 1863, but no authenticated statistics for the past three months are before us.—*Evening Mail.*

The following anecdote illustrates the escapes through which some of the most valuable Anglo-Irish monuments have survived, notwithstanding the carelessness of their keepers. Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Dublin, in 1825, requested permission to inspect the 'Red Book of the Exchequer' which he supposed to be jealously preserved in the custody of the then Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer, Anthony Richard Blake, who, according to law, was its official guardian. The volume however could not be found, and after repeated searches and inquiries in all quarters, it was concluded to have been lost, till a washerwoman happened to hear something of the matter, recollected to have seen an old book, in strange writing, lying at the bottom of a discarded wig-box, amidst a heap of lumber, in one of the garrets of Mr. Blake's residence, and there on examination the precious manuscript was found. Thanks to the present learned and enlightened Chief Baron Pigot, the Red Book of the Exchequer of Ireland is now duly cared for.

THE BOARD OF TRADE AND DAUNT'S ROCK.—Mr. Milner Gibson has informed Mr. Maguire that the Board of Trade has notified to the Belfast and Trinity Boards its approval of the erection of a bell-beacon, on Mr. Herbert's principle, of the same size as that off the Mersey, in order to mark Daunt's Rock.—As the danger is seriously aggravated by the fragments of the wreck which still hang about Daunt's Rock, it is to be hoped that no delay will be made in carrying out the decision of the Board of Trade, which is a step in the right direction, but incomplete until a floating light of the first magnitude at this point is established or that the rock is removed. We are glad that the principle is thus practically recognised that the charge of marking, lighting or removing an ocean rock several miles distant from the nearest port should be borne by the State, either through the fund applicable to such purposes or by special grant of Parliament.—*London Star.*

Much excitement was, on the 5th ult., created by the finding of the dead body of a man named Lawrence Keown, on the roadside, at Cove, Tramore. Deceased had been an old and faithful servant of Mr. Devonshire Penrose, and lived with the family in their mansion near-by. Mr. George Devonshire Penrose had been in the habit of returning at times to the house in a state bordering on intoxication, and when in such mood he grossly abused and sometimes beat the servants—the deceased and a woman named Maryanne O'Brien, who frequently had to run out of the house or hide in it to rid of his brutalities. Such was the state of affairs on the night of Keown's death—and on its being made known, Penrose was arrested on charge of suspicion. His own sister was examined as well as the cook—both proved as to his state, threats, and turning out of the servants, and following them for a time, and afterwards barring the doors so that they could not return. The coroner's jury, however, exonerated Penrose, and so the gentleman was discharged.

A correspondent writing from Athlone on the 9th ult., says:—On last night, James Tumulty, who has been on the run since the homicide of Thomas Madden, gave himself up to Major Darcy, J.P., avowing that he had no chance of escape, and confessed that it was he who stabbed the deceased; but that it was in a hard struggle, he being on the ground and Madden over him. Indeed, from the appearance of the prisoner, having several marks about his head, it is evident that there must have been a hard fighting between them. Tumulty was remanded, and is to be brought up at Ballinaspetty petty sessions. Mr. Ambrose O'Rourke, of Ballinacorney, who had formerly filled the office of high sheriff of Antrim county, has been appointed a deputy lieutenant for that county; on the recommendation of the Marquis of Donegal. Mr. O'Rourke, it is said, is a very Catholic, who ever occupied that position in the county of Antrim.