an appearance of subdued grandeur, for, as this is the season of Lent, the splendid painting over the altar, with the cross in front of the tabernacle, and the different paintings around the walls, were veiled with drapery. The gorgeous furniture and rich cloths were removed from the grand altar, which was lighted with six towering tapers and eighteen small wax candles. From the moment the tapers were lighted, the choir sang the Grand Anthem, accompanied by the swelling tones of the cathedral organ. An Archiepiscopal procession was formed in the vestry room, and entered the church from the door upon the left hand side of the altar, in the following order:—

Four Acolytes of the Cathedral dressed with surplice and sectan.

Six Assistant Priests robed.

A Priest in vestments, with rich cape, bearing the Mass Book resting upon his breast.

A Priest, similarly robed, carrying the Cross of the Prelate.

The Archbishop Hughes,

dressed with a mitre upon his head, a surplice of rich lace, a cape of satin and gold cloth, and white silk sandals upon his feet. His Grace wore a cross of gold suspended from his neck, and bore a golden crozier in his right hand. He was followed by a long train of clergymen carrying the incense and tapers. The Archbishop advanced to the grand altar and made his memento, the attendant priests being ranged around. He afterwards descended, and, taking his place at the left hand side, sung the mass, the choir, accompanied by the organ, making the responses. At the conclusion of the reading of the first gospel, his Grace sat down, having the cross placed before him, and the crozier borne to the front of the altar. The attending clergymen were also seated. Among the reverend gentlemen we noticed the Very Reverend Dr. Cumming, the Very Reverend Mr. Laughlin, Reverend Mr. Starrs, pastor of St. Mary's, Reverend Mr. Quinn, of St. Peter's, Reverend Mr. Curran, of St. Andrew's, Reverend Mr Bacon, of Brooklyn, Reverend Mr. Kelly, Jersey City. Reverend Messrs. McCarthy, O'Niel, O'Rielly, and a large number of the Roman Catholic clergy of New York, and the surrounding cities. The Reverend Bernard O'Rielly, of the Society of Jesus, and Professor of Belles Lettres at St. John's College, Fordham, then ascended the pulpit habited in surplice and sutan, and wearing a stole of green and white silk. The reverend gentleman preached the following

SERMON.

The gospel of this day is taken from the 25th chapter of St. Mathew, commencing at the 14th verse:—

14. For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

17. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

18. But he that had received one, went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh and reckoneth with them.

20. And so he that had received five talents came and brought five other talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22. He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24. Then he that had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed:

25. And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knowest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed:

27. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

29. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

30. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

This is a gospel lesson set apart by the Church of God for this solemn festival of Ireland's Patron Saint and Apostle. It contains much that can both instruct and console us. It contains much that can instruct us, because in it we have the Divine assurance that whoso is faithful to the Divine trust shall have his reward sooner or later, although a long period of absence and unrequited toil and suffering may elapse before our Lord returneth—and return he surely will, for nations as well as for individuals. And there is much, very much, in it to console us in the reflection, that what God looks upon here below upon the earth as most dear to him is the Church, and the destiny of that Church is to guard the treasures of salvation divinely entrusted to her, and to communicate them to men. She is to be triumphant over the world by her very weakness, and to impart to mankind, in return for their hatred and their abuse, whatever there is of supernatural grace and divine life on this side of the grave. This fidelity of the Church to her mission, in spite of the length of time, and in spite of the hostility of human passions and worldly opinions, is her glory. It is the greatest, it is the purest of all earthly glories, and such, in time and in its own measure, is the glory of Catholic Ireland. Glory! Glory! and can I in truth connect this period of the world with the most unfortunate of Christian nations? Most confidently—for I have that confidence in the presence of the august victim whose life among us has been one long act of devotion and self sacrifice—the man who has been trodden under foot and buried in the bosom of the earth, that his divine virtues might cast their eternal roots for fruit for ever more in presence and during his mystic sacrifice. I feel confidence, Christian brethren, in speaking to you of the share which Ireland has had and still has in the glories of Christianity, and keeping ourselves in this point of view, and this rising above mere earthly considerations and worldly feelings, our hearts will be at ease. There is not a Christian man in this assemblage that cannot thus fully sympathise with the subject. The Scotch Catholics can do so—the Scotch Catholics, whose forefathers kept their faith as pure as their own lakes, and as firm as their own mountains; and the English Catholics, in the midst of universal defection and faithlessness, emulating the heroism of their brethren in Ireland, they too sympathise with us; and the American Catholics, whose ancestors sought refuge in our forests, and who have kept their faith pure—illustrated with many a struggle—all of them can exult, as I recount to you these glorious examples of Christian fidelity. Why, Saint Patrick, that glorious saint, whose children we are, and the array of martyrs who surround him in heaven, can look down with complacency and smile upon this assemblage, and pour their holiest influence upon every mind and heart, for I have to speak of their fidelity, and the fidelity of their brethren. Therefore, Christian brethren, I say, at once, that the glory of Ireland is in the glory of the Church, and it consists in being associated with her martyrdom, and participating in her apostleship. You, you yourselves, honor fidelity to principle. You revere the man who is so much attached to principle that rather than sacrifice it he would lose everything. In your eyes, and in the eyes of the world, there is glory in the political martyr's prison—glory in his chains. His death is glorious. His memory is held sacred, and his grave is a hallowed spot. What say you, then, to an entire people, who, during centuries, have manifested their attachment to the highest of all principles, and manifested that attachment by every possible sacrifice. What meed of honor? What kind of glory will you accord to a nation, who, during three centuries, bore every kind of suffering, degradation and death, under every shape, rather than sacrifice or commit that Christian freedom which that nation received from St. Patrick in the fifth century, and at her baptism swore to maintain forever? To such a nation surely you will grant the glory of martyrdom. Yes, of real martyrdom—martyrdom for conscience sake, martyrdom animated by charity—the crown of martyrdom, where the blood shed in the contest was only her own. Martyrdom for conscience sake! I need not prove this. It is the cause for which he suffers, and not the suffering itself, which makes a martyr, and this is the rule laid down by St. Cyprian. Now, the world tears martyrs, tears nations, tears individuals in two ways, even as she tears the Church herself by the withholding of its good will, and by the persecutions of its hatred; and the merit of the martyr, and the glory of the Church, consists in resisting this two-fold persecution—and such has been the two-fold resistance of Ireland. Every thing here is matter of history—of modern history—and far be it from me to make a single assertion, or to bring forwarded a single fact, that cannot bear the scrutiny of history; but it is well known and asserted by historians, publicists, philosophers, and literary men of every nation and every creed, that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Ireland possessed the elements of national prosperity, national glory, and national greatness. At that period the discovery of the New World had opened America and India to European civilization and the spirit of enterprise. England, to be sure, at that epoch was the ruler of the Indies; but then Spain was the friend, and the natural ally—the ally by blood—of Ireland. Spain at that time was the first European nation. She was the mistress of America—she was queen upon sea and land; and Spain held up the rights of nationality to Ireland, and acts of citizenship and hospitality, and honors, were lavishly bestowed upon our countrymen at a subsequent period by Spain. But the days were fast coming on when the Church of Saint Patrick was to be called upon to join in schism in religion against the Holy See with England, or to forfeit every temporal prospect, renounce every worldly advantage, and be stripped of every element of national greatness and happiness. Not only was Ireland thus called upon to renounce every earthly prospect, but we know that she was faithful in the temptation. She put away from her, as she puts away to-day the offers of wealth, of happiness, of equal laws and political liberty, and everything that the world prizes and the world honors, in exchange for her conscience. Now, Christian brethren, I will put this question home to yourselves. Three hundred years have elapsed since this persecution began. It has not yet ended. Now, then, supposing that, to-morrow, Ireland were to exchange her faith for equal laws, equal rights, political advantages, temporal prosperity, glory, and happiness, what would be the joy of England, and what would be the joy of America? Ireland going to become Protestant? Ireland going to abjure the faith of Saint Patrick? Oh! then, immense sums of money, collected within the British empire, and even within the bounds of our own republic, would be at once poured into the heart of Ireland, to testify the gratitude and the satisfaction of the entire Protestant world. But it may not be so. Not only did Ireland then, but she does to-day, disdain to regain or even to purchase back her natural position in society, or even the very bread which can support her children and keep them from starvation, at the price of her conscience. Not only then did she put away from her the prospect of temporal advantages, but she allowed herself to be stripped of the property and revenues which supported, until that time, without burthen to the people, her ministers; and she suffered her institutions, her nunneries, and her priesthood's free seminaries, open to children of both rich and poor relations, to be taken away from her. She lost her universities, to which, at one time, the youth of Europe were wont to flock. She lost the land, the revenues, and the establishments which were the patrimony of the poor, which comforted the aged and infirm, which sustained the widow, and which lovingly, honorably, and intelligently educated the people. This spoliation was not confined to the ecclesiastical orders alone, but spoliation, with every other calumny which our resistance brought upon the land, involved all classes of the population. The nobility were deprived of their titles and estates, and driven from the homes of their fathers for their attachment to our holy religion, and were compelled, with the mass of the faithful people, to wander as outcasts and outlaws in the mountains and morasses of their native country for ages, debarred of every privilege of freedom and citizenship, and placed under the ban of human society. Did the persecution terminate here? Oh! would to God that I could answer in the affirmative! But you know to the contrary—and who has not read the history of our physical and moral tortures? The laws of humanity, of honor, and of civilization, were suspended throughout our region of the world, to weary, defy, or deprive us of every means of carrying out of religion; and every instrument of persecution was used, with infernal ingenuity and perseverence, in order to obtain our consent, or at least our silence. And yet legislative acts and educational systems, the merciless hostilities of the press, the persevering calumnies of the tribune and the pulpit, were employed in order to wear out our patience; and the informer, the rack, and the gibbet, were kept in action for ages; and then came, not merely the bloody and wholesale extermination of Cromwell, but the slower, wider and surer process of starvation. And yet all these means did not frighten from their conscientiousness a population whose only crime was to be faithful to their baptism and their God. Every instrument broke in the hands of the persecutors and every means that his policy or his fanaticism could devise, proved ineffectual to him and glorious to us. Every means, even that of starvation, for not at one period only did famine in all its horrors visit Ireland, coming in the wake of civil war or religious strife, it was not only in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that saw that dreadful plague stalking through our land, which was regarded as wholesome to the landlord's embarrassments, or to the partizan system of political economy. But, my brethren, I may not talk to you upon those terrible epochs of persecution, for, at the present time, I can only glance at them; but remember, from the first tyrannical measures of the eighth Henry to our own times, not a single generation of Irishmen has ever refused to accept the desperate but glorious struggle in defence of our holy religion. They were heirs to martyrdom, and they claimed, and they won, and wear the hereditary honors. And yet, let us not imagine that the men of those days were more keenly alive to a sense of personal degradation, or national helplessness, than their descendants of the present age. In the reign of Elizabeth, as well as in that of the monarch whose happy obstinacy gave the signal for American independence, young hearts beat high with indignation at seeing their native land thus degraded and laid waste—at seeing every career closed to their talents and merits; and old men, with one foot in the grave, after a long life of exertions and sacrifices to raise up their country and their religion to another position, and the better to provide for their families, beheld that they left to their children and to their country only a darker future and heavier chains; but yet, notwithstanding this, these old men, upon the brink of the grave, with the past behind them and the dread future before them, were never unfaithful to the creed and the homes of their youth. Nor do we find that young men, although they had hearts to feel and to think, ever discontinued from worshipping at the graves of their martyred fathers. And we of the present day—we surely have not fallen upon days of rest. We of the present generation need all the energy of our fathers, the generous sympathy of Christendom and of the entire civilized world. We need all the courage, and more than the courage, of our forefathers. The martyrdom of Ireland is not finished yet. It was only the other day that every Catholic man throughout the whole world was commanded by the sovereign Pontiff to bend his knee and to offer up to Heaven his prayers. And why? Because there was famine in Ireland, because she was prostrate in the dust, and because the enemy had seized upon that moment to make her abjure her faith; and yet there was no such result. At the next moment the entire civilized world repeated with admiration the words addressed by Saint Cyprian to the martyrs, in the third century:—"What praises can I bestow upon you? By what words can I extol your faith? You have endured the most excruciating tortures, until your glory is perfect. You have not yielded to tortures, for tortures have yielded to you." But not only does Ireland display a sublime Christian charity in the very midst of her Church, and even to those whose countrymen were her persecutors and butchers, but, I appeal to you, Christian brethren, whether, during that long period of bloodshed and famine, you should impute to her the crimes of a few isolated individuals, whom no one condemns more energetically than she. You do not blame the patient under the knife of the surgeon, or the victim extended under the hand of the executioner upon the rack of his limbs, in their convulsions, if they strike or wound the assistants. Surely you will not blame the Church of Ireland for individual crimes of bloodshed by the assassin, when goaded to madness at seeing himself reduced to starvation, and his children cast from their homes into the midst of utter hopelessness by his landlord. In this nineteenth century I claim for Ireland the glory of martyrdom; and admire, I beseech you, the greatness of this prerogative—the purity of this glory. Think of all the battles fought in the memory of man. It would be a terror to those nations who are now foremost in military renown were all the men whom they sacrificed in their contests for their ambition to start up and accuse them. Oh, France!—France, so dear to us—what would be thine agony, if all the blood thou didst shed, from Buscao to the plains of Friedland, were to rise up and accuse thee—if all the victims of mad but heroic frenzy were now to stand up and demand an account of their immortal souls? There is not one single British possession in which the Irish are not to be found, and in which they do not prove, by their sacrifices, how much they wish to aid the progress of independence and their holy religion. Christian brethren, gather now the moral from what I have been saying. If there is one lesson that you should bear home with you from this sacred spot, it is that you, young and old, parent and child, should make, in the presence of God and the Cross, a firm resolve to be more than ever faithful to our religion, and endeavor, by voice and example, to follow and to propagate henceforth the virtues and the faith of Saint Patrick. Do so, altogether—do so with united energy—do so during the present year, and I can prophecy what will be the benefit to the American Church from your generosity and perseverance. I know that St. Patrick's day may soon cease to be a day of religious celebration in this land. I know it; but well understand me. A day may come, and may it soon come for Ireland's happiness, when Irishmen may no longer have occasion to come and seek their fortunes or liberty upon these shores; but I trust that the day never will come when the festival of St. Patrick will not awaken pleasant and grateful feelings throughout the land. I know that the American Church never can, and never will, forget what she owes to the dutiful, trustworthy, and faithful children of St. Patrick. They say that the Swiss mountaineer, when poverty compels him to venture away from his native mountains, as he arrives on the banks of the broad Rhine, near the Baltic, and gazes upon the majestic river, he recollects that it takes its source in his own mountains, and near his own little cabin, and immediately his eyes are filled with tears, and his whole soul convulsed with unaccountable emotion, and as he bends him down to drink the pure and cooling water he imagines that it is still fragrant with the odor of his own Alpine meadows, and of the green hills he left about his mountain home, and he thinks that every breeze that plays upon his bosom brings him tidings of the wife and children he left at home, and who now so anxiously expect his return. Let us but do our duty in this generation, and a century hence what a spectacle will the American Church present to the traveller from Ireland. He will see her from ocean to ocean, flourishing and spreading in the city, and growing in the country, while everywhere time will have proved her the truest friend of liberty. She will then be looked upon with dread and hatred by none, and with affection by all. The traveller will visit our railways and canals, and upon the spot where the poor laborers' generosity first erected a timid church, will then stand many stately piles. Many proud villages and towns will then have raised themselves on the soil first consecrated by the emigrant's foot, but the cross from his grave will be seen on many a spire pointing in triumph to Heaven. Thus, from the Canadian waters to the Atlantic shores, will the pilgrim of Ireland find many consoling traces of the spirit of a former age. It may be that one will come upon St. Patrick's day to thank that God whose providence has been so merciful, so unaccountably mysterious, over our father land. He will come to some glorious temple, of which this will not be even a shadow, and his guide, showing him, round will say to him, "This, too, is another monument left us by that noble hearted generation."

The mass was then concluded, and the Archbishop delivered a solemn benediction, after which the congregation separated. The Sisters of Charity, with the children attending their schools, occupied seats under and upon each side of the pulpit during the services.

LECTURE BY MR. DOHENY.

A large body of our Irish citizen soldiery, and a considerable number of others, assembled in the Tabernacle, at half past three o'clock, to hear a lecture from Mr. Doheny upon the wars in Ireland, between William and James, and the events which subsequently led to the foundation of the Irish Brigade, in France. On either side of the rostrum was displayed the American and Irish flags, the latter bearing on a green ground the harp, the national emblem of Ireland. At the appointed time, Mr. Doheny made his appearance. He commenced his lecture by a brief account of the wars of the northern chieftain, Owen Roe O'Neil, against the dominion of Cromwell, in Ireland, describing, in graphic language, the battle of Benburb, in which an inferior force of Irish overcame a numerous and well-disciplined army of English, under the command of General Monroe. After a passing allusion to the assassination of the gallant O'Neal, by the English Protector, who, it is alleged, had bribed one of his attendants to poison him, he gave a rapid sketch of the wars which followed between James and William, and which, for a long number of years, deluged Ireland with blood. He portrayed the dastardly conduct of the Stuart in its true colors, and spoke of his treachery to the Irish people in the most indignant terms, not forgetting also to condemn that foolish obedience which the Irish themselves were ever too ready to render to royalty, and in their devotion to which they had sacrificed their country and their lives. The unparalleled bravery of the people of Limerick, during the seige of that city by the Prince of Orange, and the indomitable courage displayed by the Irish troops at the siege of Athlone, which took place in the same war, received, as they deserved, a large share of the lecturer's attention. The valor the Irish exhibited during this contest, in which they had nothing to gain and everything to lose, was unavailing against the power of England, and the treachery or cold indifference of pretended friends. The country was rent by intestine dissensions, religion was perverted from its sacred mission, by being made the tool of the government, and the people, after a desperate conflict, were reduced to the most abject state of slavery. Those that remained of the army left the country and entered the service of Austria, France, and Spain, in whose ranks they fought their way to distinction. Sarsfield died fighting in the cause of Spain, his only regret being that his life was not sacrificed in the cause of his fatherland. That portion of the Irish who enrolled themselves under the banner of France were known by the proud title of the Irish Brigade, whose heroic deeds at Fontenoy saved the French arms from a disgraceful defeat, and gained for them a glorious victory. The continent of Europe rang with the fame of their exploits, and the French capital still contains many of the trophies of their triumphs, among which may be distinguished the arms and banners of England.

Mr. Doheny was frequently applauded during his lecture, of which we have had room only for a very brief sketch.

DINNER OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF SAINT PATRICK.

The annual dinner of this society was given last evening, at the Astor House. The banquet came off in the ladies' saloon. There were some seventy or eighty guests present. The dinner was served in the sumptuous manner in which the proprietors, Messrs. Coleman & Stetson, do such things. The decorations of the table were well executed, and comprised sugar figures of Saint Patrick, Brian Boroimhe, an Irish harp, and an Irish cottage. A full length oil painting of the good Saint was suspended behind the President seat. During the dinner a fine band in attendance regaled the company with a succession of the most admired Irish airs, including the "Exile of Erin," the "Bold Soldier Boy," the "Low-backed Car," and some of Moore's sweetest melodies. After the cloth was removed, a magnificent punch-bowl was introduced. Mr. Stewart, the chairman, proposed the first regular toast, introducing it with some facetious remarks about St. Patrick. It was a subject he said, which is pretty much exhausted, and he was afraid if he attempted it he would find himself in a very ridiculous position. He then gave—

"The Day, and all who honor it." Drank with the wildest enthusiasm, the Band playing "Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Mr. John B. Dillon responded—He said that, in the outset, he must plead guilty to an Irish infirmity—he would rather drink than speak. He did not think it fair to be called on to speak at this unpropitious hour; he had but just tasted from the fount of which Irishmen usually draw their inspiration. They all knew the sort of practices by which their worthy forefather, St. Patrick, acquired his title to sanctity—it was by maceration, temperance, and all that sort of thing; and if he were to speak of St. Patrick now, it might well be asked how a saint was manufactured in the nineteenth century. It was a gratification to him to see such a number met together to do honor to their own old national saint. They met here to-night as Irishmen, and if any wished to spread discord here he would be inclined to apply the principle of Saint Patrick—

"It was he who brought the saints and toads
To a sense of their situation."

They were snake-killers by inheritance, and should therefore put down any attempt which might be made to sow discord or dissension among them. With a few further remarks he concluded.

The Chairman then stood up to propose the second regular toast, but would first instruct the Secretary to read letters from their brother saints who had been invited. Among these were letters from Mayor Westervelt, the President of the St. David's Society, and J. W. Girard. The Chairman then gave—

"The President of the United States." Received with applause. Air by the Band.

The Chairman then gave the third regular toast:—

"Ireland—On the banks of the Hudson her children remember the Shannon and Liffy." Air—Sprig of Shillelagh.

Judge O'Connor responded—On this day, wherever scattered throughout the world, a hallowed reminiscence is in the heart of Irishmen. There appears to be a festal day for every nation throughout Europe, when they gather round the board to indulge in the recollection of virtues which no tyranny could destroy. And why should there not be such a day? Englishmen, on St. George's day, assemble to do justice to the present, and to ruminate over the roast beef and plum pudding of former days. The Welch, too, have their festival, when they awake from their tombs their ancestors from the days of Adam. The Scotch, too, on St. Andrew's day, assemble to talk of the land of Bruce and Burns. St. Nicholas, too, brings his children together. Nor must Brother Jonathan be forgotten, for, though he has no saint in his calendar, he founds his recollections on the Plymouth Rock. But with no people is the custom more honored than among Irishmen; and the scenes of to-night attest the love of Irishmen for their native land. On the banks of the Hudson their thoughts travel back to the Boyne and the Shannon. On the Boyne there was a battle fought two centuries ago; but time has softened those asperities—the waters which then meandered in the strife have flowed on to the waters of oblivion. From that time to the era of Grattan, Ireland drooped. But a home parliament resuscitated her life. The imperial government thought in their wisdom that this parliament should no longer exist. Then arose the United Irishmen, and the Irish people were driven into rebellion. The scaffold and the battle field had their victims. The names of Emmet, Tone, Fitzgerald and Shears, have their sacred memory. Not many feet from where I stand, under the shadow of St. Paul's, stands the monument dedicated to the memory of Thomas Addis Emmet—the monument which marks the grave of Ireland's noble exile; and there Irishmen stand to gather the inspiration which marked the men of '98. If Ireland has been a mark for blight and desolation, if her sons have been driven to exile, and famine decimated her population, she has never lost the trust in better fortunes and in brighter days. The hope which never dies is sure one day to be realized, and is illustrated in her national color—our own immortal green.

The Chairman then proposed the fourth regular toast—

"The United States—A bond of States which the world cannot break." Air—Yankee Doodle.

The Chairman put to the vote whether the company should have a song or a speech. The song was unanimously carried, and the "Minstrel Boy" was admirably sung by one of the company.

The Chairman then proposed the fifth standard toast—

"Civil and religious liberty the world over." Air—The Marseilloise Hymn.

Mr. O'Gorman responded—The good Saint who looks down on us has no reason to be ashamed of his sons to-night; and he it is who sanctifies our merriment; and gives dignity to our mirth. He liked this society, because it was one of mere Irishmen—because, while it passes by and leave untouched the nettle of dissent, it gathers and wreathes into a fair garland the flowers of brotherly love. No sentiment could be more congenial to freemen than that proposed: full and free right to every citizen to act as he will, always provided that his act does not interfere with the same right in any one of his fellow citizens. Liberty of thought—liberty of worship, free and untrammelled—for this patriots and martyrs have died, and yet to most nations it is

"Like Dead sea fruits, which tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lip."

There are two sentiments in the world. From one side comes death, and they call it peace—the awful stillness of massacre, and they call it quiet. From the other side comes the call of progress and liberty. From neither of these parties is there much hope for mankind. Arms may break the sceptre and overcome the throne, but arms alone never made a free people. The heroism of the patriot, the devotion of the soldier, may shed a lustre upon defeat, but if the spirit of freedom be not in the hearts of the people, the gleam is transient, and serves but to light the wreck of baffled hopes, and make more intolerable the intensity of the gleam. Liberty may be guaranteed by constitutions—liberty may be set under the protection of the laws; but we have seen that constitutions can be trampled upon by armies, unless there are brave and honest men to enforce and to obey them; for constitutions and laws are but expressions of the will of the people, and serve to stereotype their habits. True civil liberty can find its sure basis alone on the social virtues—independence of thought, perseverance, industry, vigilance, self-restraint—the same qualities which give dignity to individual worth are the qualities by which civil liberty is fostered, enjoyed, and preserved. The spirit of freedom must be in the heads and in the hearts of the people before it can grow into life under their hands. I believe in my heart that social advance must precede political improvement. This progress may be slow, but so is the growth of everything good and great on this earth. Slow grows the forest tree—slow from age to age sink its roots ever deeper into the earth, lifting its head ever higher into the storm, and spreading its branches far and wide, until, under its overarching shelter, a free and happy people assemble. Now, sir, shall I speak to you of religious liberty?—or, indeed, is it safe to speak at all? In these days of extreme opinions, sharp and angry debate, it is hard for a man to speak without giving offence, and I desire to offend no man. (Applause.) Yet there is a time, perhaps, when it is not good to be silent. There is a time when over-deference to morbid sensitiveness must fail, and I honestly confess I am glad of the opportunity to say a word on the question which lies at the root of all questions affecting the welfare of mankind—religious liberty. How, sir, could I—how could any man, with memory and thought—but be its firm and devoted supporter? Which of us have not bitter cause to hate intolerance? Where is the man whose father has not suffered under its lash? Why, sir, since the days of Cain men have bent the knee before intolerance, and when living sacrifices were offered on the altar of hell-born fiends, they fancied that they were doing honor to the all loving God. What came of it all? Why, always and ever utter defeat. When did persecution ever make a true convert? When did persecution ever yet put down any creed, good or bad? (Cheers.) Paganism long ago throve. Athens, the metropolis of human intelligence, branded Socrates as an infidel—called him a lawless dissenter—and for this Athens slew him, the best and holiest of her children; and now Greece is dead, and the spirit and genius of her victim lives and moves in the heart of man, and sheds lustre ever on the ruins of the great city which paid his devotion with death. Rome!—Imperial Rome!—Rome in all the fulness of her power, when her standard was planted on every land, from the Tiber to the Indus—Rome could not trample out the dangerous infidelity which began to lurk in palaces, and to whisper in murmurs; and Rome put forth her great arm to cast the lawless disturbers of her peace to the lions, and still broader and deeper into the arena flowed the living tide of martyrs, and still came the triumphant death-song, proclaiming to the last the majesty of the Christian God! (Applause.) Where is the mighty city now? Fallen into utter decay. And Goth, and Vandal, and Gaul have watered their horses in the Tiber, and stabled them in the palaces of her nobles, and in the very temples of the Gods of Rome. (Applause.) Rome has fallen into ruins, and from those halls whence once issued the edicts which governed nations ruin holds undisputed sway, and the creed which her philosophy could not comprehend, sheds its increasing light on the world. Time wore on, and among Christians schisms arose. Orthodoxy met with heterodoxy and dissenters were punished with arms. The martyrs became persecutors in their turn. Every sect, in its hour of weakness, cried out for liberty, and when afterwards grown into power, it claimed for itself the monopoly of truth, and the mission to exterminate others. At last, to crown the disgrace of moral inconsistency even more absurd, the very men who made full freedom of worship the basis of their creed became infected with the fatal malady, and with their own hands sought to kill the vital principle from which their own life was derived. The Episcopalian Claverhouse hunts the Presbyterian covenanters in the Scottish moors, and the brave hearts made the lonely glen their temple of worship, and "put their trust in God, and kept their powder dry." (Applause.) What terrible necessity drives that weary ship across the wintry ocean, with its freight of anxious hearts, seeking for unknown lands? Why do their souls exult at the first sight of that bleak, inhospitable shore, lifting its bosom of snow from the bleak waves? On that ship were the Pilgrim Fathers, fleeing from the intolerance which would not give them free altars in their own England; and, when they set their foot on the rock of Plymouth, they knew that they were safe. Centuries of penal laws have swept over my own country. For hundreds of years the creed of the majority of Irishmen has been persecuted. That barbarous code of a barbarous age has robbed us of everything—of lands, of goods, of education, opportunity, and of power. It was an ingenious torture, which checked every aspiration of genius, and stopped the pulse of national love; and yet the Irish people drew to their hearts, with far closer love, their wronged and insulted creed. (Cheers.) They loved it all the better because it was wronged and insulted. For there is a generous instinct in the human heart which ever yields sympathy on the side of the oppressed. There is an eternal conviction in man's heart that no arm of earthly power should be thrust between his soul and his God (Applause.) Under these penal laws, sir, my fathers for many a long year suffered grievous wrong. The first political struggle I ever heard of was for Catholic emancipation. I was yet a child when the last fetters fell from the limbs of the Irish Catholics. The phrase, "religious liberty," was dear and familiar to my ears before I was old enough to comprehend its meaning. Since then I have learned that it is a principle, not true in one corner of the world, or at one time, but always and every where, that man has an inherent right to believe what creed his conscience tells him is the holiest and best, to worship in what form he thinks most acceptable to God, and to teach and to preach and to propagate, by every moral and legal means, his opinions in such matters. (Applause.) And this night belongs to him, not because he is a Catholic, not becouse he is a Protestant, but because he is a man. (Applause.) And all laws or edicts which, under any pretext, would restrict or restrain this right, whether in Rome or in Russia, in Tuscany or Sweden, in England or in New Hampshire, are always and everywhere, absurd, unjust, indefensible and inexcusable. (Cheers.) Sir, I believe that the days of intolerance are passing away. They may not be dead yet, but they are incurably disabled. (Applause.) They cannot stand before free discussion. The press, the great inquisitor of this age, has its spies abroad, and no wrong can go undivulged or unwhipped of justice. We have had enough of penal laws, enough of torture for conscience sake. Enough of martyrs—too much of hatred. (Applause.) It is time to see what tolerance, what Christianity can do. It has done much; it has mitigated the cruelty of laws, and even into the carnage of war brought the gentle spirit of chivalry; and I believe that against that stronghold of barbarism—religious intolerance—it will in the end prevail. (Cheers.) The work of dogmas will be attested by the conduct of those who profess them, and converts will be made, not by the fanatic zeal of the bigot, but by the exercise of benevolence, of those kind acts which tell us that, no matter what the form, the spirit of religion at least is there. Yes, sir—

"For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Should brother be for a' that."

Mr. O'Gorman resumed his seat, amid the greatest applause.

The Chairman next gave—

"The City of New York—Her wealth is honestly earned and generously bestowed." Air—"Buy a Broom."

Mr. Blunt responded—He thought the air was very appropriate. If to the City Fathers the broom was to be applied, it would not be out of the way—if to the dirty streets, then he would say, God help the broom.

Dr. McNevin sang the song, "Let the toast be dear woman."

The Chairman then gave—

"Our Sister Societies—And one cheer more for Saint Columbus." Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The President of Saint Andrew's, and the Vice President of Saint Nicholas' responded.

The Chairman then gave the "Army and Navy of the United States." Air—"Hail Columbia."

Gen. Sanford responded.

The next toast was—

"The Press."

Mr. Raymond responded.

The next toast was—

"The memory of Washington"—drank in solemn silence.

The Chairman then gave—

"The Irish Volunteers of '82." Air—"The Harp of Tara."

Dr. Antisell responded and proposed "The memory of Tone, Emmet, M'Nevin, and their co exiles."

The last toast was—

"The Ladies,"

Which was suitably responded to.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

Last evening the Young Friends of Ireland held their tenth annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway. The attendance was large, consisting, chiefly of young persons of both sexes. The room was decorated with various flags and emblems. A handsome green flag with a harp of gold was suspended from the orchestra. At the head of the room, on the right of the chair, was a banner in green and gold, with the following inscription:—

Young Friends of Ireland.
Organized, Dec., 1843.
Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

On the left was another banner, with a harp wreathed with shamrock, and the following inscription:—

To the Young Friends of Ireland,
Civil and Religious Freedom.
By the Ladies of New York.

Mr. Wm. A. Nugent presided, and John D. Morris acted as secretary. On the right of the chairman, sat Mr. McMasters, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Rev. Dr. Cummings, Rev. Mr. McAleer; on his left, Dr. G. Huntington, and T. J. Glover. Dinner was served at half-past seven o'clock, and at a quarter to ten o'clock, Rev. Mr. Cumming, returned thanks "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen."

The following was the regular list of toasts:—

1. The Day we Celebrate—The embodiment of two great principles, religion and patriotism. Let them go hand in hand, that the ardor and impetuosity of the one may be tempered by the calm, inspiring influence of the other.
2. Ireland—She shall come forth from the crucible of oppression purified and refined; and her light shall shine the brighter for the gloom which now surrounds her.
3. The United States—The sanctuary of freedom, where the pilgrim from oppression, bowing before her shrine, in thankful reverence, offers up the incense of his prayers, and lays upon her altar the sacrifice of a grateful heart.
4. The Irish Hierarchy—Pillars of light, illumining the darkness of persecution, the pride of her country, and the ornaments of her holy faith.—Rev. Father M'Aleer.
5. The State of New York—A model for her sister States. By adopting institutions similar to hers, they will confer blessings on themselves, and in return reflect honor upon her whose motto is "Excelsior."
6. The memory of O'Connell.
7. Pius the Ninth—By Rev. Dr. Cummings—That bright Southern star, which glitters most vividly amid the storm, whose rays absorb the mists of anarchy and whose effulgence casts light and gladness all around.
8. The memory of Washington.
9. The Hierarchy of the United States—Zealous in the defence of truth, fearless in the exposition of error, ardent in patriotic attachment, constant in the practice of virtue, and rich in the wealth of intellect.
10. Ninety eight—A year in which was shed most profusely, the blood of generous and most patriotic hearts; let their names be enshrined in our memory, that when the dawn of freedom has arrived we may erect monuments whose tops shall reach the skies, in commemoration of their glorious deeds.
11. The Judiciary of the United States—Conservators of justice and faithful guardians of the law, may they preserve pure and unstained the bright name bequeathed to them by Storey and Marshall.
12. The Press.—Guided by morality and conducted in charity, one of the best safeguards of our institutions, and the brightest ornament of man's inventive genius.
13. Woman.—For our gayer homes she has a voice of gladness, and a smile and elequence of beauty, and she glides into our darker musings with a mild and healing sympathy that steals away their sharpness ere we are aware.

The President then said, in rising to propose the sentiments which has ever characterized the proceedings of the Young Friends of Ireland he needed their indulgence; but, after all, standing, as he did, amidst a party of enthusiastic Irishmen, he felt confident that what he had to say would be cordially received. Nine years ago the people were united—bishops, priests and laity—in the sacred cause. The Young Friends of Ireland then identified themselves with that cause, and they continued still its faithful adherents. In restricting the invitation we do not proscribe any, but have only acted becomingly to the religion we profess, and as masters of our own establishment. You all know the evil of disunion. The venerable chief who warned the people against disunion, is gathered to his fathers; and the young, rash, and if you will, the enthusiastic men, who seceded from him, have been dispersed. And since they have fled and become dispersed, where will they find a centre of unity but in the Catholic church? Shall the people rally around red republicanism? No, never. Shall such doctrines go down with the people of Ireland? In the Holy Mother Church alone is safety, and by that light which has shone for eighteen hundred years can the people be guided to happiness and liberty. The holy father, Pope Pius the Ninth, is their only prophet and guide, and the Irish people would never folow the strange doctrines of ancient and modern times. When the gloom of the present has passed away, and our country stands united as she has done in modern times, there may be an appeal to the strong arms of her sons, and it may be necessary to draw the sword; he hoped the metal of the untried swords on this side of the Atlantic would be proved. If any one doubted the existence of the Young Friends of Ireland; he hoped they were here now, that they might see how the ghost of the departing body appeared. (Laughter.) He then proposed the first regular toast of the evening.

Music—"Patrick's Day."

The second toast was then proposed.

Music—"Exile of Erin."

The third toast was responded to by

Rev. Mr. Aleer, St. Columbus' Church. He said he felt highly honored by being called on to respond to the toast of the Irish hierarchy, whose existence was miraculous when they considered the efforts made by the British government, for three hundred years, to root it out of the Irish soil. Even recently it was enacted to be a penal offence for the Irish Bishops to assume their titles. By the aid of mock atriots England worked the downfall of true patriots, perhaps breaking their hearts and damaging the interests of the whole country. These slaves of ambition opposed their bishops even in the matter of a Catholic University. Aided by such auxilliaries, the British government sowed disunion among the people, and endeavored to weaken their affection for the Irish hierarchy. But the Irish hierarchy were more resplendent than ever, towering like the rock above the surge that beats at its feet. That illustrious body is distinguished alike for its learning and its piety. At home they have the confidence of the people, while they attract the admiring gaze of the whole world. And why should they not have the confidence of the people, united as they are to them by the tyranny of persecution? (Loud applause.)

The next toast was responded to by

Dr. Huntington, who said it was with unfeigned diffidence he responded to a toast which is dear, as it ought to be to him, as a native of the State of New York. He was taken by surprise, but at the same time, apart from all the patriotic reasons for being proud of the State in which we were born or reside, there are many things which endear it to the Catholic heart. The city of New York has many reminiscences which ought not to be forgotten on such an occasion as this. If it had not been recorded it would hardly have been believed that a hundred and forty years ago a priest was hanged for saying mass in New York, and there was a law prohibiting a priest from coming near it. The historian applauded this law. What was the case now. They had an Archbishop's see, with 200,000 inhabitants in this city, and to-day high mass had been celebrated by the Archbishop, attended by forty priests. No where else had so much saintly blood been shed as in the State of New York, called the Empire State. It was an imperial country before Europe had anything to do with it, for there the Six Nations lived, who governed all the rest of the Indians. The sight of a Mohawk Indian was enough to terrify the Indians of New England. The Catholic missionaries went among these savage tribes, and shed their blood in this State as martyrs, sanctifying the soil. They were martyred both by whites and by Indians. And was it that they saw such a spectacle to-day—fifteen hundred armed Catholics paraded the streets, and if it was intended to martyr a priest now it must be done in a corner, and the Indians could not do it on any river within the borders of the State. What was the reason of the change? It was because half a million of Irish Catholics lived in the State, and two hundred thousand in the city, rendering both half Catholic. The motto of the State was "*Excelsior*," which, for the information of the ladies he would explain, was "higher." The Irish Catholic would rise still higher and higher in the Empire State.

In reply to the toast of Pius IX.,

Rev. Dr. Cummings was called upon by the Chairman, and received with most enthusiastic applause. He said applause showed how much a good subject ennobled the man who took it in hand. He thanked them for the attachment they had shown to the name of Pius IX. He is so saintly, and so true to his principles, that really and truly he deserves it; and, also, because it was an evidence of deep-seated attachment to the Catholic religion. The assistance which God promises the Church never fails, and the light which illumes it shines most brightly on the Seven Hills, and the pulsation of the Catholic heart beats most distinctly near the tomb of its first bishop at Rome. Perhaps there is no error more injurious than the insidious attempt to separate the priesthood of the people. In the name of progress and liberty, such attempts had been made, and it had been asserted that the priesthood were the enemies of the people. This was what he could not understand; for what motive could the clergy have against the welfare of the people. What could induce the priesthood to such a course? Is there anything in their principles or their interests to lead to such a result? Is there anything in their conduct that, in point of fact, involves such a conclusion? Are they not followers of Jesus Christ, who went about doing good, seeking not his own advantage, but that of the people? Did not these opponents even utter the blasphemy that, if Jesus Christ lived now, he would have gone further than he did 1,800 years ago? It was impossible that the priesthood could have any interest incompatible with that of the people. Even those who, departing from the high standard of their holy religion, amassed lucre, did so by flattering the passions of the people. Why was it that the priesthood had such influence over the people that they could hold them back when rushing to the deadly conflict. He had never been in Ireland, but he had read much against the clergy of that country; and yet there the people were devoted to them, and listened to their voice. It had been said that the people of Italy revolted against their clergy. He would venture to say that there was not one Italian who was at heart an infidel or a Protestant. During the Thirty Years War, the German people were preserved from error by the Catholic clergy. The chivalric heart of Old Spain and Portugal when her heart was made rotten by free masonry were saved from corruption by the Catholic clergy. France, notwithstanding what had been said, was still Catholic; and the cause of Louis Napoleon's success was that he said religion should be protected, and that the godless plan of government pursued in England would be repudiated. An attempt had been made in the United States to cry down the clergy. But when it was considered how they toiled, and that, on an average, they did not receive more than $1 per day, it would be easily seen how futile were such attempts. There was one proof of the attachment of the people to the American priesthood, and that was their co-operation with them in church-building, in which they might be said to be almost monomaniacs. In conclusion, the reverend gentleman made an allusion to Kossuth, who, he said, had gone up like a rocket, and came down Alexander Smith.

Mr. McMasters, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, on the call of the President, then replied to the toast of the press. The reverend gentleman who had just sat down said they were monomaniacs in church building. They were monomaniacs in other things. The Celtic people were always distinguished for their love of learning, and in this country scarcely a spot could be found where the activity of Celtic blood was not found in the newspapers. Franklin Pierce, the head of this august republic, had boasted, since his election, that Celtic blood flowed in his veins; and if he disowned it, the outlines of his face and the movements of his limbs, would refute the idea that he was of Anglo-Saxon origin. Some people pretended that the press had no power. He did not believe any such thing, and he would rather tell it to the beef eaters and beer drinkers of England than to that assembly, for the English would be more likely to agree with him. But it was unfortunate that the interest of the press could be bought up to advocate anything for so many thousand dollars. It was, therefore, an instrumental, and not an original force; and, after all, it was but a brute machine. It was often swayed by passion or selfish interest, and was sometimes an engine of revolution, and sometimes of the oppression of the people and the extinction of their rights. The great hope of any press was in moral principles that came from other sources, and were ready to sustain it in the charity of telling the truth, though a portion of the people do love to be humbugged. The reason why he said so little for the press was that he felt his own imperfections and of all the other editors; he would agree to stop his and turn to an honest calling. But since they employed falsehood, and used the telegraph and the mail to deceive the people, it was important that another kind of press should send the truth after the error. Debauchery and slander of private character were characteristics of the press; but truth was stronger than error in the press, as elsewhere; and the portion of it that had the greatest speed, though it had the greater advantage, only afforded evidence of its coward heart.

In reply to the "Judiciary of the United States,"

Mr. Glover responded. He said he knew of no saint in the calendar who was patron of the lawyers, though he had heard of a lawyer who had become a saint after abandoning his profession. (Laughter.) The speaker then went on to relate a legend of a lawyer being led blindfold three times around a number of statues, in order to stumble on the patron of the bar. On the bandage being removed he found himself in the embrace of the devil. The speaker paid some compliments to Chief Justice Taney and Judge Campbell, the Postmaster General, who were both Catholics.

After one or two other toasts, the company broke up about 12 o'clock.

THE BALLS IN THE EVENING.

The Mitchell Guard, Company A, Republican Rifles, celebrated the evening with a splendid invitation ball at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, where dancing was kept up until morning.

The Young Men's Roman Catholic Benevolent Association held their first annual ball last evening at Tammany Hall. The affair was a splendid one, as a number of distinguished guests were present. The supper, which was served by the proprietors of the hotel, was an excellent one. The music being fine, the dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour.

THE DAY IN BROOKLYN.

The anniversary was generally observed by the sons of St. Patrick in this city, and during the day the national colors were displayed from various public houses in honor of the event. At an early hour the military formed at the foot of Fulton street, previous to proceeding to New York, in the following order:—

Napper Tandy Light Artillery, Captain Hogan.
Shields Guard, Captain McCarty.
Emmet Guard, Captain Nugent.
Brooklyn Light Dragoons, Captain Wood.
Exile Guard, Captain Reardon.
Meagher Guard, Captain Hennessy.

The band of the 72nd Regiment preceded the division, which, with several benevolent associations, crossed the Fulton ferry.

The Laborer's Union Benevolent Association, mustering nearly one thousand members, observed the day here. They formed at their head quarters in Pacific street, at about nine o'clock A.M., and, after marching through the principal streets, proceeded to St. James' Church, in Jay street, where a discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cassiday. After the sermon, the procession re-formed and proceeded by a circuitous route to the place they started from in the morning, and were dismissed. The society carried a large banner bearing the name of their organization, and a huge harp wreathed around with shamrocks. The regalia of the members consisted of a green silk sash, the officers being distinguished by white ones. John Farrell, Esq., the President of the Association, acted in the capacity of Marshal, and was mounted on a white horse. He was assisted by several aids.

About three o'clock the military, with the Shamrock and other civic associations belonging to this city, crossed the South ferry, and marching up Atlantic street, through Court street, passed in review before Mayor Lambert and the Common Council, at the City Hall, whence the companies from New York and Williamsburg proceeded homeward by the way of the Fulton ferry. The St. Patrick's Society of Brooklyn, parted from the main procession at the junction of Fulton and Washington streets, and proceeded to Gothic Hall to terminate the day's proceedings with a dinner.

Everything connected with the display in this city passed off creditably, and to the entire satisfaction of all the participants.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE DAY IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, March 17, 1853.

St. Patrick's day is being celebrated here by the Irish. The weather is wet and sleety.

WASHINGTON.

Washington, March 17, 1853.

Our Irish citizens have been busily engaged to-day in celebrating the anniversary of their country's Patron Saint.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, March 17, 1853.

The unpropitious weather had but little effect on the Irish in this city to-day. They turned out in great numbers, and had a general merry-making.

THE EVENING IN ALBANY.

Albany, March 17, 1853.

The Sons of Hibernia are duly honoring their patron saint this evening. They have one of the most brilliant concerts at the Cathedral, and will conclude with an anniversary dinner at the Mansion House. Gov. Seymour, the State officers, large numbers of "all three" Houses of the Legislature, together with several distinguished visitors, are to participate in the repast.

City Intelligence.

FIRE—THREE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

About seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a fire was discovered in the front room of the house No. 146 West Thirty-fifth street, occupied by a man named Michael Ryan, and by which three unfortunate people lost their lives. It appears that Ryan's wife left the premises for a few minutes, leaving two children and her mother at home. On her return she found the house in flames, and immediately gave the alarm, which quickly brought the police to the spot; but, alas, their aid came too late, for when the firemen had extinguished the flames, they found that the children and the old woman were either suffocated or burned to death. The old woman, whose name was Celia Connoughton, was in the habit of smoking a pipe in the bed, and it is supposed that she set fire to the bed clothes, which communicated to the furniture of the room. She was about fifty years of age. The children, who were boys, were aged respectively 3½ and 1½ years. Captain Hannigan was early on the ground.

THE INQUEST UPON THE BODIES.

Coroner Gamble proceeded to the spot yesterday morning, and held inquests upon the three bodies. The testimony taken in the melancholy case of Celia Connoughton applied to the circumstances attending the deaths of her unfortunate grandchildren. The principal witness was

Celia Ryan, who deposed—I reside at No. 146 West Thirty-fifth street; yesterday, Wednesday, afternoon, between the hours of three and four o'clock, I left the house for the purpose of going into Thirty-second street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues; I called upon Mrs. Keeley; I left my mother, Celia Connoughton, in the house; my children, James and John, were playing around the room, and the youngest was asleep in the cradle; upon my return I found the house smoking and the room on fire; I did not see the smoke until I opened the door; I gave an alarm; officer O'Connor came to my assistance; I put my hand into the door and drew the cradle towards me; the youngest child was in it just as I left it; I do not know whether the child was dead or alive, I was so much frightened; when I left the house my mother was sitting on a chair, rocking the cradle; I do not know whether she was smoking or not; she was in the habit of smoking a pipe, and would sit in bed and smoke; she did not drink anything yesterday; sometimes she would take a little; I did not drink only one glass of beer yesterday; I did not see anything of the other child or my mother until after they were taken out from the fire; I do not know how they got burned or in what manner the bed came on fire. Sergeant John O'Connor deposed to the alarm of fire, and the extinguishing of it by the firemen; the deceased (Mrs. Connoughton) and the two children, James and John Ryan, were taken out dead.

Dr. Uhl made an examination of the body—It is so much burned I could not tell if the deceased was suffocated before burning; in my opinion her death was caused by burns received while in the bed.

The jury rendered a verdict of death from burns received, on the afternoon of the 16th March, at No. 146 West Thirty-fifth street, by the bed clothes getting fire. In the cases of James Ryan, aged two years and six months, and John Ryan, aged six months, the jury rendered a verdict of death from suffocation by the fire at No. 146 West Thirty fifth street, upon the 16th of March. The children were born in New York and the woman was a native of Ireland.

The Weather.—It is no unusual thing for us to have rain on St. Patrick's Day; therefore, it is unnecessary for us to give a lengthy account of the weather. Contrary to the expectations of a great many, the sky began to become cloudy about 12 o'clock, but the rain did not descend until 2 o'clock, from which time up to a late hour last night it fell in light showers. The thermometer at the Herald office ranged from 40 to 50 degrees above zero.

Fatal Accident on Shipboard.—Yesterday morning James Nolan, a seaman of the ship Saratoga, lying at anchor off the Battery, and bound for Liverpool, fell from the foretopgallant rigging to the deck and was instantaneously killed. Coroner Hilton held an inquest upon his remains. Benjamin B. Chase, a New Jersey pilot, deposed that he sent the deceased aloft to clear for signal; in a few minutes after I saw him strike the deck; his head struck first. Doctor Weltze deposed to nature of the injuries. The jury rendered a verdict of—Death from fracture of skull, received by accidentally falling from the masthead of the ship Saratoga. The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, and twenty-two years of age.

Collision on the Fulton Ferry.—At three o'clock yesterday, while the ferry boat Union was on her way to Brooklyn, a sloop came in collision with her, tearing away about twelve feet of the ladies' cabin. Fortunately nobody was hurt, though the passengers were very much excited. A portion of the procession was on board at the time, which rendered the confusion still greater.

The Late Camphene Explosion and Fire in Orange Street.—Mary Cardinalla, who was so dreadfully burned at this fire, died last evening, in great agony, at the City Hospital, from the effects of injuries received by the explosion of the camphene lamp. This is the third victim who has died from injuries received at this fire. An inquest will be held on the body to-day.

Attempt to Commit Suicide.—A man named Frederick Redroyer attempted to destroy himself on Wednesday evening, by taking a quantity of arsenic. He was conveyed from the store No 339 Bowery, the occupant of which alleged that he had swallowed a large dose of arsenic. Dr. Budd was immediately sent for and aminiered to him the usual antidotes.

Accident.—About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, three men, Richard Punchard and his son and Joseph Lee, fell from the scaffolding of a new building at the corner of Twenty-ninth street, and Seventh avenue, severely injuring themselves. The unfortunate sufferers were conveyed to their residences by the police of the Twentieth ward.

A Cowardly Assault by a Husband on his Wife—Attempt to Cut her Throat.—On Monday a dastardly assault was made on a married lady, residing in Thirty-third street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, by her husband, who inflicted a dangerous wound on the side of her neck with some sharp instrument. After committing the deed he fled, and has not yet been arrested. Dr. Harman was immediately sent for, who sewed up the wound. The reason assigned for committing this murderous act is veiled in mystery.

A Chapter of Accidents.—On Monday a man named James Carrol, had his leg broken at pier No. 3, East river, by a load of manure falling on him. He was conveyed to the City Hospital by the police.

Two men, named R. Eagan, residing at 37 Orange street, and Charles Flynn, at 250 Mott street, were seriously injured on Monday, while tearing down an old building at the corner of Washington and Albany streets, by a portion of the timbers falling on them. They were conveyed to the City Hospital by the police of the First ward.

About 2 o'clock Tuesday morning a gentleman, named Alexander Spink, met with a very severe and strange accident while getting out of one of the Eighth avenue railroad cars. It appears that as he stepped off the car, another one was passing up at a rapid rate on the opposite track, which knocked him down, throwing him in front of the platform and pushing his body for some distance along the ground before the car could be stopped. When taken up he was found to be injured in a serious manner, as his head and body were greatly bruised and cut. He was immediately conveyed to the City Hospital by the police of the Sixteenth ward.

On Tuesday evening a gentleman, while attempting to cross Broadway, near the corner of Chambers street, was knocked down by the horses of an omnibus, and had it not been for the expertness of the driver, who pulled up his horses, which prevented the wheels passing over his body, he would no doubt have been seriously and perhaps fatally injured. The gentleman was a little stunned by the concussion, but quickly recovered.

James Gaberal received some severe bruises Monday afternoon by an old building, situated at the corner of Goerck and Stanton streets, falling on him. He was taken to his residence in a very weak state by the police.

Fire.—Monday night at 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in the house No. 260 Delancey street, but was quickly extinguished by the police with trifling damage. A German, named Michael Euste, was arrested Tuesday morning, charged with setting fire to the premises.

Fire on Staten Island.—The dwelling house of Mr. Leavitt, at Clifton, Staten Island, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon.

A Shanty Burned Down.—At eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, an unoccupied shanty in Forty-second street, near Eighth avenue, took fire and was totally consumed.

Stabbing Case at Rochester—Juvenile Murder.—About noon yesterday, a case of stabbing occurred in this city, so sudden in its origin, and so dreadful in its effects, as to arrest public attention in a remarkable degree. The circumstances were these: On Joiner street, in the north-east section of the city, a few boys were gathered, among them Joseph Francis Crater, the murderer, and Paul Satterbee, the victim. Crater is a French boy, is about 14 years of age, came from France in ship Splendid, four years since, and has often been helped by the Poor Master. His parents reside here, and he is known as a very bad boy. Crater and a younger brother were peddling candy, when a dispute arose between them about a cake. The brother of the prisoner called for aid to some larger boys, among whom was Satterbee, and one Caleb Cherry. These boys immediately intervened. We give the testimony of Cherry. He said: "I kicked the boy's brother, and pushed him (Crater) down: then he run at me with his knife. (This was a hasp knife used by him to pry up his sticks of candy.) I run behind a tree, when Paul Satterbee went to the prisoner and told him to put his knife away; and if he did not, that he would kick him; when the prisoner stabbed him with the knife, striking a back-hand blow. Satterbee walked a short distance, said to Cherry that he was stabbed—fell and died." Satterbee was about 15 years old. He has a mother, who lives with a second husband. Crater was arrested at the depot, and taken before Police Justice Moore, by whom he was committed. The case was sent before the grand jury.—*Rochester American, March 11.*

Domestic Miscellany.

A fire at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, recently consumed eight stores and dwellings on Water street. Amongst the occupants were Messrs D. Bradley, G. E. Hathaway, and T. Wardell. The property was insured for $15,000. Loss not ascertained.