

Before Maria had returned from her long visit the whole family had assembled, and, aware the secret could not be kept any longer, Herr Von Sulper, on finding the cause of Maria's absence, related to the great wonderment of the whole family, the connection that subsisted between Maria and Mrs. Montague, and the previous history of the latter, from the time of her leaving her Irish home, till her arrival in Germany, mentioning all those circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

'And will you tell me, Herr Von Sulper,' said Mary, 'will you tell me if Mrs. Montague's maiden name was Catherine Maguire? The name of Von Alstein, I am sure, I have heard my mother mention, as that of a married sister, whose previous history singularly coincides with that of Mrs. Montague; but many years have elapsed, and the distance at which the sisters were apart, as also the misfortunes of my mother, I doubt not would account for their never hearing from each other, especially as Mrs. Montague would appear to have never any home affections. But, if this be the case, then she must be the sister I have heard my mother mention as possessing no longer the title to her whereabouts; then she must be my aunt, and dear Maria, consequently, my cousin.'

'Her name certainly was Maguire, Mary,' said Von Sulper, 'and I wish I could congratulate you on having found a relation who could lay greater claim to your affection than this lady may hope to do.'

At this moment Maria entered the room; one glance at her agitated countenance, told her friends that she knew all. She spoke not, but advancing to Herr Flöberg, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'Ach, Mein Gott, and you are not my father then?'

'Nein, meine liebe, but I have always loved you as if you were my own child,' said poor old Flöberg, kissing her forehead, and then wiping away the tears which filled her eyes, 'and do you not see, my Maria, that we brought you up as our own child, to save you the pain of knowing that which has been told you to-day?'

'I do, I do, God reward and bless you for it,' said Maria, 'but I do say, my uncle, I wish I could call you father still.'

'And I have a claim on you, Maria,' said Mary, stepping forwards, 'Herr Von Sulper told me all that you have doubtless heard of Mrs. Montague's early history, and the same she bore before her marriage, and have discovered beyond a doubt, that your newly found mother is the same Catherine Maguire who left her home, in Ireland, when my mother Ailey was but a child; and this truth admitted, then what are we but cousins?'

'Really, Maria, you are, after all, a very fortunate personage,' said Squire Mainwaring, 'here, in one week, you meet with a rich uncle, a mother, and a cousin. What will turn up next?'

'Some disaster, Mein Herr. I feel sad,' said Maria, 'do not scold me, Mary,' she added, and the latter twined her arms around her waist, with gentle rebuke for what she termed her want of faith, 'do not scold me, meine liebe, my heart is very heavy,' and as she spoke, large tears coursed down her face. 'I have found a mother, but remember how; if you could see her, you would all so pity her. She is not like the proud lady I knew at Fairview. See, she gave me this,' said Maria, drawing from her bosom a small miniature of her mother, set with diamonds, 'and I do think,' she added, looking tenderly at it, 'I do think I sha'n't see her own face much longer.'

An hysterical fit of weeping seized poor Maria as she finished speaking, and her friends saw that she was completely unnerved by the exciting scenes through which she had passed, but to their infinite surprise, they found she was resolved to visit her mother again that evening, nor could anything they could say shake her determination.

'May I go with you, then Maria?' said Mary, stepping forwards. 'If you will let me come, I think your friends will feel easier, for any one may see that you are far too ill to go alone; and apart from this consideration, I would wish, myself, to see her once more before I leave England, and that no longer as a mere acquaintance, but as a relation.'

Maria at once acceded to Mary's proposition, and the cousins, when the evening had fairly set in, went to pay their visit. The attachment these two young women had always felt for each other, was now strengthened by the similarity of their position with regard to their parents, though Mary certainly felt that there was a stigma on her name which Maria had escaped; and thus it was, that though her hand had been asked in marriage, by an Irish gentleman both of family and position, she had given a decided negative, resolved never to ally herself in marriage, knowing how marked with guilt had been the lives of those who gave her birth; thus it was that gentle, sensitive, nature sought the retirement of the cloister, in preference to the busy scenes of the world.

On arriving at the house in Harley Street, they were agreeably surprised by hearing that Mrs. Montague was very much better. She slept, and our two Marys approached the bed with noiseless footsteps, fearful of disturbing her; then drew aside, Maria even refraining from pressing her lips on her mother's cheek, lest she should awaken her.

Mrs. Somers followed them from the room, and told her that she had telegraphed, during the afternoon, for Mr. Montague, to return on the morrow, in consequence of his wife's illness, but that she seemed now so much better she regretted having done so. 'But,' she added, 'I cannot imagine what can have come over my mistress, you see, Fraulein, I have never known her to cross the threshold of either church or chapel, since I knew her, and have seen her in far worse illness than this, yet never, for sure, did I know her struck with such a fit of pety. Here is Mr. Montague away from home, and what does my mistress do, but send off, this afternoon, for a Catholic priest. Can you tell me, Fraulein, was she ever of that religion?'

'Yes,' said Maria, 'she was an Irish Catho-

lic; so you see, there is no cause for wonder that she should, when ill, seek a return to her faith, and sure am I, Somers, from all I have heard of Mr. Montague, that he is far too good and liberal a member of the Church of England, to seek to control his wife on such a point. I am glad to hear that she has sought comfort in religion.'

'Which for certain, she much needs, Miss,' replied the housekeeper, 'for you see, Miss,' she added, seeing that Maria had walked towards the window, in fact to conceal her emotion, 'you see she has told me all; how that poor ill-used young lady is her own child, and how she has felt as if her senses would desert her ever since that German gentleman told her who Fraulein was. She took on dreadfully, Miss, after her poor daughter left her; did nothing but cry and reproach herself for what she called her base, unfeeling conduct; and then nothing would soothe her till I did as she bid me, and fetched her a clergyman of her own persuasion. 'Now see, my good Somers,' she said, 'I will tell you how you may comfort me. These many years I have lived as if there was no God, and no hereafter, but this terrible disclosure, of yesterday, has brought before me, in a striking manner, the heinousness of the life I have led; the hard-hearted selfishness of my conduct; go, then, and bring to me some minister of my own forgotten faith, who may speak words of comfort and advice.'

'I had not the heart to refuse her, Miss, so I fetched to her, as she wished, a Catholic priest, and a long while was he with her, Miss, and he told me he should come again very early the next morning to administer the sacrament; and, for sure his visit has done her good, for she went and took on no more, but seemed perfectly calm and happy; called me to her side and told me all, and then said, 'If I live, Somers, it will be the study of my life, to show my good husband that I am, in all things, an altered woman, and also to let my poor Maria see that I think I can never enough make up for the great and grievous wrongs I have done her.'

'Live, madam,' I said, 'and why shouldn't you live, pray? You surely are not going to die just at the time when you have found your daughter, and are resolved to make her happy? Die, indeed, I should hope not.'

'May be not, Somers,' she said, 'but I have undergone a severe shock; the more severe, because caused by my own misconduct. You know how long I have suffered from disease of the heart; I feel an attack upon me now, and also an impression that I have not long to live.'—However, Miss, added the worthy woman, 'her mind was evidently easier after the visit of the clergyman, and she then fell into the quiet sleep you found her in when you came here.'

Maria had overheard the latter part of the conversation, and could not be prevailed upon to leave without again visiting Mrs. Montague's room, but finding her still asleep, she crept softly but of the chamber and hastened home with Mary, returning a silent thanksgiving that her poor mother had had the grace to look into herself, and had made her peace with God; and that she would she have remained with her the whole night, have watched beside her, and congratulated her on her return to God, but that she knew that Somers, terrified at her mistress's sudden illness, had telegraphed for Mr. Montague to return home, and she experienced a sort of aversion to meeting either him or her sisters till he had been previously informed by her mother that she had already visited her.

Maria, however, was astir early in the morning, and as soon as she had breakfasted, repaired along with Mary to Harley Street. They were met by Mrs. Somers, who told them that Mrs. Montague had passed a perfectly quiet night;—that as early as eight in the morning, the priest, who had visited her on the previous night, had brought her the Holy Eucharist; and that she had expressed a wish to rise early that day, feeling quite well enough to get up. Mrs. Somers also added, 'I expect Mr. Montague, every hour, and I find my mistress is looking out very eagerly for his coming.'

Wishful, as we have already said, not to meet him till he had previously seen her mother, Maria, in company with Mary, immediately went to her room. Through the partially open curtains she beheld her mother, apparently in a peaceful sleep, and with a smile she put her finger to her lips, as if enjoining silence to her cousin. She then walked round to the other side of the bed, and leaned over to kiss her mother's forehead.—'But why that cry of horror from poor Maria?—whose lips had already so gently touched that marble brow: so gently, lest she should awaken her. But, alas! hers is the sleep, from which, in this world, there shall be no awakening. With a terrified gaze she regarded that rigid countenance; the already glazed and fixed eyes, the parted lips, told the fearful truth. And for a few moments Maria gazed in speechless horror on those poor remains, her tears falling heavily on the still warm hand which she held within her own. Still clasped in the other hand, lay a prayer book, open at a page in which was a 'preparation for death,' and this page, like the previous one, containing the psalm 'Have mercy on me, O God,' was evidently blistered with tears, but shed a few moments since. Mary had rushed from the room to summon Mrs. Somers hither, for the first glance at Mrs. Montague, had revealed the truth, and she was returning, along with the housekeeper, to the chamber of death, when a double knock at the hall door was heard, and immediately afterwards the voice of Mr. Montague, in the hall beneath.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Freeman's Journal states that during a Mission which has been held by a number of Redemptorist Fathers, at the Catholic Cathedral of Dublin during Lent, nearly £800 in small sums, as restitution money, was received by the Fathers, and forwarded to the persons who had been robbed.

LOVE'S DRAG.—The Station, as it is usually called, of the celebrated Sanctuary of Lough Derg, to which the Holy Apostolic See has annexed the fullest Plenary Indulgence, will open this year, with the sanction of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher, on the first day of June, and close on the 15th of August.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. P. CLIFFORD, P. P.—A number of gentlemen, of all creeds and politics, assembled a few days since at the Western Arms Hotel, Monaghan, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. P. Clifford, late administrator of the monastic parish of Monaghan, with an address of congratulation on his promotion to the parish of Rookorey. The address was accompanied with a splendid service of silver plate, consisting of a salver, teapot, coffee-pot, cream ewer, sugar bowl, hot milk jug and kettle. On the salver tray the following inscription was engraved.—'This salver, with a service of silver plate, was presented to the Rev. P. Clifford, P.P., by his friends of all religious denominations, on the occasion of his promotion from the Roman Catholic curacy of the parish of Monaghan, October, 1864.' The Chair was taken by R. G. Warren, Esq., Ulster Bank. The address which was beautifully illuminated by Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, 39 Great Brunswick-street, having been read, was presented with the service of plate to Rev. Mr. Clifford, who replied in suitable terms. The deputation were the guests of the reverend gentleman, who hospitably entertained them, and the company separated after having spent a most agreeable evening.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—We are very much pleased to learn from a respected correspondent, that the building of schools for the Christian Brothers in Callan, the birth-place of the founder of the order, is to be commenced immediately. Every good Irishman, at least every Irish Catholic, rejoices at the evidence every day coming before us of the increasing numbers and the extended usefulness of the Brothers, and of the esteem in which they are held, not only at home, but wherever an Irish community springs up abroad. It must be a source of the purest pleasure to the good Priest and the excellent Catholic people of Callan that they are to have at length amongst them one of those amiable schools originated by a native of Callan, and which the people of so many localities in Ireland are so anxious to possess. Those who took part in procuring a Christian Brothers' school for Callan have reason to be gratified at the success which has attended their pious exertions. The Priest and people of Callan are united, and a blessing will attend the work now so happily progressing.—Waterford Citizen.

LIBERAL KATHOLICS.—It is certain that, for some reason or other, the word Whig has fallen into great disrepute among the Catholics of the United Kingdom, and particularly in that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. If a commission of inquiry issued, and the Roman Catholic politicians of Ireland were examined before it, we all know what would happen in the great majority of cases.

To the question, Who art thou? the very first witness under examination might very probably reply, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. But if the Commissioner should then ask, What then, art thou a Whig? the answer would be, I am not. Art thou a Conservative? the answer would be, No. If then the Commissioner should press the point, and say, Who art thou, that we may give an answer to thee that art thou: what sayest thou of thyself? it is fifty to one that the answer would be: I am a member of the great Liberal party. For the sake of verbal accuracy it is therefore necessary always to bear in mind that an indignant repudiation of Whiggery among Catholics in Ireland is as a fact constantly combined with an open and self-satisfied profession of Liberalism. So far from having any wish to deny or to disguise the fact, we have frequently directed attention to it. Indeed, for the sake of verbal accuracy, and to humour the fancy of those who make the distinction, we almost always use both words together, and constantly speak of 'Whigs and Liberals' or of 'Whiggery and Liberalism,' when for substantial accuracy either of the two would be sufficient.

'The Liberal party'—wrote Frederick Lucas, 'in using this word Liberal we declare at the outset that we mean it as a term of reproach. As an historical expression, Liberalism conveys more accurately than any other a concentration of the foulest and most rabid illiberality, and endless thirst for spiritual intolerance and despotism. Such has been the Liberalism of other countries, and of these as well as of our times. It means an indifference to God's law where it may chance to interfere with politics. Of this Liberalism there is a taint in Ireland, more deeply seated in some places, more superficially in others. We are sorry to say that of Irish Catholic Liberalism a great part has this evil taint, this evil purpose, so deeply rooted as to be unknown, even to itself. The atmosphere which has been breathed by the Liberals of the more educated classes in Ireland is not poisonous merely, but a poison. It has tainted the purest natures. It has sapped Faith when it would otherwise have been impregnable. It has corrupted the strongest natural propensities towards religion, and with a pernicious harvest it has overborne the growth of that better seed which has not always been wanting.'

'They say that education is wanting in Ireland. True, most true, and for those who least suspect the want. The middle classes of Ireland need it.'—Tablet.

THE DRAMA AND THE ARMS ACT.—The members of the Young Men's Society in Moate are in the habit of giving theatrical representations twice a year. On the 21st of January last they entertained their fellow-townsmen in the Court-house with the performances, highly creditable and effective no doubt, Douglas and the Haunted Inn. The play of Douglas was better known to our grandfathers, or at all events to our fathers, than it is to us; but we know enough of it to remember that swords are included in the properties, and that Norval, if we are not mistaken, when indicating the lie of his father's residence upon the Grampians, has always been observed to mark with his sword the quarter of the scenes where the paternal hills are traceable. After the performers had done their worst upon each other with those implements of destruction, under the apparently not very jealous observation of the authorities, who had left the Court-house for the purpose, the audience dispersed, and the actors were left in possession not only of the stage, but of the house. The best portion of their armament had been carried away by the spirited townsman named Daly, who had equipped the combatants from his own armory, but for the evening only, and the unbuckled swords, including 'a broken foil about fourteen inches long,' of those of the actors who had a property in these instruments, were strewn upon the boards, when a sub-inspector of police, accompanied by a sergeant, appeared upon the scene, in the name of the law and representative of its offended majesty. We doubt not he surprised Douglas and Norval, although there is no record of the fact, in some such violation of the unities as indulgence in a short pipe of Tullamore tobacco; but, be that as it may, he swooped upon the owner of the fourteen-inch broken foil, and arrested him for the possession of arms without license in a proclaimed district. It is in incidents like these chiefly, and the Rathmore evictions, that we recognise the spirit of the system under which we live, in a way far more distinctive of our native country, and influential in her destinies, than the three wet seasons or Celtic improvidence. Vainly throughout Europe, if Ireland be excepted, will you look for a country subject to disarmings laws, administered as here, and similarly related to the spirit of its other laws and institutions. We ought to apologise, perhaps, for having left out Poland, and we hasten to supply the omission. The disarming laws are said to be social in their character, for the repression of agrarian crime, and so forth, and colourably so they are, but the spirit of the law is seen in its administration as the cases of Belfast and Moate can testify. Under the empire of the same laws, the Belfast Orangemen accumulate an armament, without even the show of opposition, the seizure of which, as stated to the public upon authority, could not be effected in one day by ten thousand men. In Moate, a broken foil of fourteen inches, the armament of amateur theatricals, cannot evade the vigilance of the police. We may be told what we may, but the disarming laws of Ireland are as strictly political and partisan in their spirit as they are in their administration. The seizure of the broken foil will be said, perhaps, to be the private folly of the sub-inspector of police, but even the mistakes of the police, when the mistake is an excess of zeal, are significant of the spirit of the law and of its administrators; for the police know how to make their characters, and how to pay their court to their superiors. The proceedings of the sub-inspector in Moate were technically irregular, but through no fault of his. If a formality neglected in the proclamation of the Crime and Outrage Act, to which the county of Westmeath is at present subject, had been complied with, or if legal proof of such proclamation had been available, the broken foil of the Moate Douglas would have been a perfectly lawful object of seizure by the police force, and its possession would have exposed the owner to the penalties attendant upon the carriage of arms in a proclaimed district. The only key to the activity of the law in Meath and to its collapse in Belfast is, that both are parts of the system which knows whom to attack and whom to respect. The Disarming Acts, it must be in the knowledge of the Government, have never hindered arms from being forthcoming when required for agrarian violence. They are not suffered by the local authorities to operate in Ulster for the prevention of Orange crime; but they are preserved, we suppose, as a sort of tonic for the whole Irish system, to diffuse a wholesome bitterness throughout every region of the body politic, and, like the patent medicines, to serve all contrary purposes together, being at once soothing, stimulant, good for inward and outward application, narcotic, irritant, refrigerant, cordial and everything, in fact, that can be expected of a remedy which is to supersede all others. We cannot say we are displeased when little incidents like that at Moate present themselves to illustrate the working and the spirit of the law. On the contrary, we think them worth noting for the benefit of political science, and by no means the least important appearance in the physiology of the Irish Administration.—Dublin Evening Post.

Your columns recently contained shocking disclosures of the sanitary condition of St. Petersburg as accounting for the pestilence which so often prevails in that city, and which has excited considerable alarm. I venture to say that it scarcely surpasses the state of things which has just been brought to light in the city of Cork by a report of the Sanitary Committee, which was read at a meeting of the Corporation on Wednesday. It is a wonder that a city the population of which lives in such a state is not constantly plague-stricken. The following is extracted from the report:—'The overcrowding of the wretched tenements in which they live, each house containing seven families, ranges in the aggregate, in some instances from 30 to 60 human beings, male and female, in each house, for which large rents are exacted by the landlords, who will not spend one penny in the cleansing or improvement of their houses, unless coerced by force of the law to do so. Your committee have learnt that a practice prevails among poor families occupying rooms in these houses, to underlet portions of their rooms to nightly lodgers, an evil which it appears to your committee might be met by the enforcement of the Lodginghouse Act. The want of drainage from the houses to the main sewers creates a polluted atmosphere and engenders disease. The utter absence of any accommodation in these tenements for the deposit and removal of the ordure of animal life induces the objectionable practice mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Maguire, and tends to lower and degrade the habits of the people. Your committee feel deeply impressed with the deplorable state of the poor in this respect, and they are unanimously of opinion that public water-closets and urinals should be extensively erected to meet this grievous want, which is a reproach to that city, and the fertile source of epidemic disease. Most of the dwellings of the poor in the centre of the city are without back yards, and many of the yards attached to dwellings are shut off from the inmates by the landlords, to save themselves the cost and trouble of keeping them repaired and clean. The occupiers of the houses are, therefore, obliged to throw the night-soil, ashes, and other refuse matter on the surface of the street or lane, which they frequently do, from the upper windows of the houses, thereby breaking up the pavements and causing lodgments of fetid filth, not only in the large holes thus made, but also in the joints between the stones, as by the constant throwing of water on them the gravel is forced out of the joints to such a depth that the scavenger's brush cannot reach the filth, which therefore remains in the apertures contaminating the air of the badly ventilated lanes and houses. Add to this the overcrowded state of most of the dwellings, in several of which there are six or eight, and, in some instances, ten families living, with six or eight, and frequently more, human beings in one apartment, which they use for washing and drying clothes, kitchen, living room, and sleeping room; and when we consider the almost total want of cleanliness and ventilation in those dwellings, particularly in the narrow lanes and alleys, you will not be surprised at the unhealthy condition of the occupants. There is not one in 50 of the dwellings of the poor provided with water-closet accommodation, even of the worst description. Most of them in the outlying districts—for instance, Bandon-road, Gill Abbey-street, Blarney-lane, Fair-lane, York-street, and several others similarly circumstanced—have a very rudely constructed drain running under the hall to the open channel in the street, so close to the flooring that in most houses the covering flags of the sewer form the flooring of the hall, and in nearly all cases the joints of the flags are more or less open, thereby constantly emitting and distributing through the house a most offensive and sickening effluvia, particularly at night, when the doors and windows are shut and the inmates are asleep in their beds. Not only in the yards abutting the wretched dwellings these foul manure depots were formed and continued; but owing to the exertions of our late Mayor, Mr. Maguire, this great evil has been considerably diminished, and the good results initiated by him are steadily persevered in. Independently of the numerical diminution in those manure deposits, they are materially decreased in quantity; from being large heaps, in some instances six feet in height, the reeking and festering collection of weeks, they are now reduced, in the majority of instances, through the vigilance of Mr. Walker and his subordinates, to the collection of a few days, and their removal is strictly enforced.'

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Dublin, April 22.—I am enabled to send you to-day the programme to be observed at the opening of the Dublin International Exhibition, 1865, on Tuesday, the 9th of May:—

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by their Excellencies the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse, and attended by their respective suites, will arrive at the Exhibition building at 2 o'clock, and will be received by the reception committee and conducted to the dais, the orchestra performing the National Anthem. When his Royal Highness and their Excellencies have taken their seats, an address from the Exhibition Committee will be presented to his Royal Highness, and the Prince having replied, the orchestra will perform 'With one consent let all the earth.' The Chairman of the Executive Committee will then read to his Royal Highness a report of the proceedings of the committee, and his Royal Highness having replied, the Chairman will present to his Royal Highness a catalogue of the articles exhibited, and the Secretary of the Exhibition Committee will present to his Royal Highness the key of the building. The orchestra will then perform Handel's Coronation Anthem. After which the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of Dublin, in his robes of office, accompanied by the members of the Corporation in their civic dresses, will present an address from the Corporation of the City

of Dublin; to which his Royal Highness will reply. The choir will then sing Haydn's 'The heavens are telling.' This having been concluded, a procession will be formed, and will conduct his Royal Highness through the building.' It is expected that the Duke of Cambridge will be present at the opening, and in that case, of course, his place will be next to the Prince of Wales. At the meeting of the Dublin Corporation yesterday a letter was read from Mr. O. E. Bagot, secretary to the Executive Committee of the Dublin International Exhibition, to the Lord Mayor, informing his Lordship that it was arranged that an address from the Corporation to the Prince of Wales should be presented to his Royal Highness in the Exhibition building on the opening day, and that places would be reserved for his Lordship and such members of the Corporation as desired to be present at the inauguration of the Exhibition. An address to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the visit of his Royal Highness to open the Exhibition, which was unanimously adopted by the committee of the whole house, was brought up for confirmation by the Council. Its adoption was moved by Mr. Warren, seconded by Dr. Ryan, and unanimously adopted. The Lord Mayor expressed a wish in his official capacity that the public buildings of Dublin should be illuminated on the night of the Prince's arrival. Mr. Henry Russell has published in a very neat and convenient form the whole of the vocal music to be used at the inauguration ceremony. The chorus and band will include nearly 1,000 performers, and the conductor will be Mr. Joseph Robinson. The musical portion of the programme is expected to be the most complete and splendid musical performance ever heard in Dublin.—Times's Cor.

The advent of the opening of the National Exhibition is already manifest in the active stir and bustle of preparation for the event. Hotels, lodging-houses, and most places of business seem in good cheer at the prospect of turning the occasion to their own profit. The presence of the Prince of Wales will, it is said, be honoured by general illuminations and various other tokens of hearty welcome.

EMIGRATION.—Nearly all the provincial papers received yesterday represent the emigration season as having set in with unusual vigor and briskness. The same description applies equally to portions of Ulster, as well as to nearly all the other provinces. Queenstown and Londonderry are the favorite points of departure, and America of course continues to be the land of adoption.

Last evening, says a recent number of the Cork Herald, there was one ship in the Queenstown harbor (the Alicia Anne), and even she would not be there but that she is detained by an Admiralty Court order. The port was never so destitute of trade within the recollection of the oldest shipbrokers in Queenstown, and this dearth of business has now existed for several months in a greater or less degree.

A late Munster News, speaking of emigration, says:—'Five hundred emigrants ran the risk of being drowned in one of the Liverpool liners, which left Queenstown on Thursday, April 14th, got into a fog, and drove on a rock off the Old Head of Kinsale. Fortunately, the sea was calm, or the whole five hundred might have perished.'

EMIGRATION.—Wexford, Saturday.—Upwards of 30 young men and women left here to-day by rail for Dublin and Drogheda, en route to America and Queensland, the greater portion for the former colony. The exodus from this county is on the increase, as this is the third or fourth batch of emigrants who have left this locality during the past month.

The close of the American War will, it is apprehended eventuate in an emigration so vast as to exceed anything that has yet occurred in the alarming depopulation of Ireland. I fully share this apprehension, but I also expect that, through various influences, the tenant farmers of this country are likely to taste, almost for the first time, better treatment at the hands of their landlords, and the people generally kinder consideration from the British Government. Union now, and good leadership, if we had it, would extort several important concessions to Ireland. The relations of America and England, the alarming aspect of the Fenian element abroad, and the discontent at home, are such that no statesman can blindly ignore the dangers that impend, or fail to offer concessions with a view to attach loyal men to the stability of Constitutional Government.—Cor. Weekly Register.

MR. GLADSTONE AND FATHER MATHEW.—A people's edition of Mr. Maguire's 'Life of Father Mathew' is announced. Messrs Longman mention in their 'Quarterly List' that the following letter has been received by Mr. Maguire from the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—'I have enjoyed an unmixed pleasure in perusing your biography of Father Mathew. I am ashamed to think that, before you thus instructed me, I had, in common perhaps with many others, but a vague idea of his great excellence; and I did not know the great height of virtue and of holiness to which he had attained. The 'pledge' must, I think, be judged not so much upon its abstract measures as with reference to the frightful evil it was designed to meet; and thus Father Mathew himself is to be regarded, as with reference to the chief cause of his public celebrity, rather in the spirit than in the letter of the acts. But, so regarded, and so understood, what a glorious career it was of apostolic labour and self-sacrifice! And, even apart from the whole subject of temperance, what a character have you shown us, in that boundless love which caused him to show forth in deed and truth the 'beauty of holiness,' and to present to his fellow-creatures so much of the image of our blessed Saviour. I can truly congratulate you on having known and loved him; on having been able to write of him in a spirit of such intelligent sympathy; lastly, let me presume to say, on having composed your noble book, from one end of it to the other, as a true continuation of his living work, and in the very temper as towards God and men which he would have himself desired.'

Mr. John Rea, solicitor, member of the Belfast Town Council, and relator in the celebrated Chancery suit, has been found guilty of uttering a libel against Mr. Lytle, Mayor of Belfast, and was brought up for judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday. He put in an affidavit stating grounds for mitigation of punishment, in which he called Mr. Lytle a perjurer; he argued that he ought to have a new trial, that the Attorney-General should prosecute his antagonist, and that he should himself be discharged, and digressed into a variety of topics, which the Court declared to be irrelevant. At length the Court brought the unprofitable discussion to an end, and stated that sentence would be given on Saturday. It is said that Mr. Rea intends to bring the matter before the House of Lords.

The usual Easter Protestant meetings have set in, the session having been opened with that in support of the West Connaught Missions. I grieve to see the name and speech of Benjamin Lee Guinness in the proceedings, seconding the first resolution proposed by his son-in-law, Hon. and Rev. Mr. Plunket, and in warm terms applauding that detestable and odious swindle the Connaught Missions. It so happens that I visited the Castlekirke Sowing Station when in the height of its prosperity. Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan, an expelled student of Maynooth, being in charge, and Rev. Major Dallas, being the Director-General of the Proselytising Brigade in Connaught, and a grosser swindle, a more demoralising agency did not defile the soil of Ireland than that which has elicited the warmest applause of the reputed Liberal B. L. Guinness. I promise you that this act of Mr. Guinness will rouse, as it should, Catholic indignation to muster popular strength, if not to defeat him, at least to reprobate with their hostile votes at the forthcoming election the conduct of a man who would approve a traffic infinitely more odious than that once carried on in the slave marts of Carolina.—Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.