R XII.

SHORT FABLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. J. D.

THE TREAD OF LIFE. A little child when contradicted by its nurse.

cried out angrily:—
"Oh! if I were only ten years old, that I might

get rid of this hateful nurse. I would then be a big boy and no one would dare to make me

obey."
Suddenly a genie appeared before him and handed him a mysterious ball of threak saying:—
"Child this is the thread of life. When you wish

his nurse. What a happiness! But now he found himself in college. Duties, lessons, and rules were

imposed on him, to which our young lad was not willing to submit. He discovered that it was not

unhappy of men. As he had never learned to suffer, he did not understand the consoling secret of

of the genie!

If we were in his place, would we have lived any

longer? Are we more sensible and less impatient? Alas! we wish to have no trouble in this world, when

God has assured us that if there is an art of being

happy here, it consists not in avoiding, but in bearing the trials that are sent to us.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

with which they treated him thought of nothing but of making visitors laugh at his grimaces and se-

he drew the thread and expired ing, he drew the thread and expired.

He had lived but six months since the apparation

age to tell the worst and deal—the rage, the disapot, and ridicule! Her f, and asked her did she asylum. But our herore all, writing off to him etters, telling him what ing to do. "A dreadful ot you, my own?" H ery, said little, though see him end his days in a now be sold, &c. But she these trials so long as he s, indeed, happier now in e, indeed, nappier now in enduring suffering for the times her mind would es, and the superb jewels or and yelvets.

days had passed without ght back word that he had but that a letter had just cted to her. Filled with ngs, she had now to wait which seemed in length hen at last came the letter.

oner. My lips are scaled,
Forget me and my cruel
you hear of me again."
ner-like fabric that formed

ner-ine faoric that formed fitted to bear so violent 2 inprovoked stroke seemed she lay stunned, and, as it who were opposed to the stulated themselves on so blow overwhelmed her as y and wholly unexpected. "He has been studying fee." Still the waste and d she began to fade and people looked at her she ile, and affect an air of hapbeen kept secret. If she

hat one thought was before his heart at her feet came lmost painful restlessness. what she longed for. what she longed for, ow to interpret these favor-ed on with the good-humor-on to the protests of a child treatment. "It is for its

reast. "And I am left!" itter laugh, "having fallen

n a few days after Mr. Navnawe saw at once that with inge matters so as to restore in the broken threads of the d easily persuade Mr. Naytle waywardness on Dorin ncorrigible flirt, she would eighty just for mischief.

ed off to Mr. Naylor, whom He had not departedth something approaching a coherent account of the he truth certainly, but not ade it out to be what she f which Dorinda would soon en would be his opportunity. hild was always dwelling on name. Girls will be girls. sure, but it seemed to her ous pleasure. is matter to be renewed—to

as they say? Let us speak ly fervently, "that she liked r this man, who got a temknow if it was he that left

eadily, "my dear Mr. Nay-nat. They must settle that f course lay it one on the her good news to-day, I n a wheedling tone.

can say nothing. It is not or to move."
he lady. "I see what you we your pride and all that." sternly; "there is no pride been cruelly played with opped with an effort and in becoming tragic." But you may leave it all to

pe put off what you set your ing fancy. I tell you a very now. Come and dine to-e her." r days passed, but he did not lose hope. "He bait," she said; "presently

e noted the restlessness of

when Dorinda was alone, the nd Mr. Naylor stood before When he quitted the house, ay, the anxious Lady Fan-loor with a "Well, dear?" said Derinda in an excited

tray me; here is my plan; I will dress myself in man's clothes and visit the city. I will go to the balls, dance and waitz with the ladies, and they will not suspect my origin. Can I not make a bow, smile gracefully, and polka as well as anyone. Watch

"I am resolved to seek my fortune. Do not be-

"And your furry hands?"

calling him all sorts of names.

not walk erect, if we wish?

pass as their equals?

Well, and what if we do?"

to his faithful companion.

"Friend," said he, this wretched place?"

READING FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"I will encase them in gloves."

"But when you want to speak, what will you do?
Our language does not resemble man's. The faintest utterance will betray you."

"I will keep silence, and the signs that I will
make will lead them to believe that I am ignorant
of their language."

"I wish you every success, but my opinion is that
there is best decaying there quietly than in

Twish you every success, but my opinion there is less danger in sleeping here quietly than in running to the ball and mingling with mankind."

But our proud monkey would not listen to these wise counsels. He searched the wardrobe of his master and took a suit of clothes from it that appears to the country of the same transfer of the same transfer and took a suit of clothes from it that appears to the country of the same transfer of the same trans master and took a suit of clothes from it that appeared to fit him. Then, after admiring himself in the glass, he took a cigar and cane and started for the city. The people passed him in the streets without paying any attention to him, but when he entered the ballroom all eyes where fixed curiously upon him. In his embarrassment he glided quickly behind a group of busy talkers, hoping to escape public notice, but in vain! All turned and watched him, and then broke out in loud neals of laughter. "Child this is the thread of life. When you wish to grow older you need only unroll the thread from the ball; but take great care of it, for you can never rewind it, and death is at the other end."

Saying these words he disappeared.

The child was wild with delight, for he was now the master of his own fate. He quickly made a trial of his good fortune and drew out the thread. He was ten years old. At last he was freed from his years, when a heavyingst leaft now he found him, and then broke out in loud peals of laughter. Several nervous ladies fainted with fright, but three gentlemen approached the "Unknown" and questioned him. He answered by signs and was at once

found out. "It's a monkey! it's a monkey!" cried all. When they tried to seize him, he uttered cries of rage and showed his large teeth. What was he to do? He rushed towards the door amid blows from the guests, and while they went to look for sticks he escaped. But at what price! In going out, he me a large dog that was set upon him, and that tore his flesh with its sharp teeth. The monkey tore himself away with great difficulty, and, happy to have escaped with his life, reached the menagerie, covered with blood, there to hide his shame and so pleasant to rise early every morning, to go to school every day and to study for several hours in silence when he wished to play. He was soon dis-

suence when he wished to play. He was soon disgusted with his new condition of life.

"If I were only in the Rhetoric class," said he my studies would be more agreeable. I would be thought more of in the family, and I would be a young man besides."

He had then nothing to do but to draw out the thread to say his days resemblished, build not say. ure his wounds. The kind attention of his friend did not console him for his misfortune; his master, who was in-formed of it, beat him severely and condemned him

to be chained for a long time in order to prevent him from making another such excursion. The other said to him in a friendly way, "When nature has made us monkey, wolf, dog or cat it is better to be contented as such. If we wish to bethread to see his desires accomplished; he did so and found himself a rhetorician. But he had scarcely time to admire his fine figure when he heard of the great honors of the baccalaurette; he was now bbliged to study Latin, Greek, and a hundred other come famous it must be in our own condition. A monkey that behaves as a monkey should behave, difficult things which again disappointed him.

What would he do? Leave the college, become free, go into the world and enjoy all its pleasures? Yes, that would be charming. He drew out the magic thread gently until he saw himself adorned is thought more of than one who succeeds in badly imitating man. Security and peace are the rewards obtained by him who knows how to moderate his It is an old maxim that cannot be contest-. His studies were completed, he desires. It is an one maxim that the ded. As for the rest consult your wounded back and your torn flesh and they will tell you the same thing. promenaded with a cigar in his mouth and a cane in his hand, like a great many other young dandies.
"At last I am free and happy," he cried. "I will

"At last I am free and happy," he can remain as I am for a long time."

The young man forgot that an idle life renders every one miserable and is the source of all vice. Besides, he was not rich enough to live without working. He was then obliged to enter an office as a clerk and to spend many long hours here.

"How tiresome this kind of life is," he said sadly.

"If I was even a master, and had an office of my own, and a nice family, I would then be fortunate. I will unroll my thread."

"In an instant he was established in business, a long and instant he was established in business, a long which he of which he of which he was then of whose husband expedition to tell her of the disaster, she continued in trimming a rich bonnet with ribbons and elowers.

"Good morning, my dear friend; have you heard the dreadful news?"

"No. But you have just arrived in time to give me your opinion and settle my choice; for I am very much worried abour the style of trimming for this bonnet. Well what were you going to tell me?"

"The greatest misfortune that could be imagined. They say that the cold winter and famine have altirely destroyed our splendid army, and that were possible to the control of the disaster, she control of the

This is not certainly the happiest of a man's life," he exclaimed, "I'm tired of business and anxious for the future of my children. I wish to see them all well married and myself relieved of all this worriment. Then I can rest and enjoy the happiness of my family. I will try."

He unwound his thread and found himself sitting in a parlor, in front of a mirror that showed him his white hair reflected in it. This frightened hum also provided by the desired him his white hair reflected in it. This frightened hum has become a part to abside his life grain. But

"That's very sad. Do you not think these flowers are pretty? I prefer the small ones. And what about my poor husband?"
"We ought to be very uneasy about him; for he

"We ought to be very uneasy about him; for he may be involved in this terrible disaster."
"I would be perfectly unconsolable if that were the case. With these rose-colored ribbons, I think blue flowers would have the best effect. What do his white hair reflected in it. This frightened him and he promised not to abridge his life again. But several of his children died, others were unsuccessful in business and he himself fell dangerously ill, and when he had recovered his wife was carried off by fever. He believed himself to be one of the most your place,

"Do as you please about that. But, if I were in your place, I would go immediately to the 'prefec-ture' where the counier has just arrived, in order to hear the official news, or to know at least whether

patience. He was in despair.

He soon became infirm, and there he lay stretched on a couch of suffering which no remedies could relieve. He felt as if he could survive no longer. Thanks to his fatai ball he is always excellent Next Sunday I want to have the vive no longer. Thanks to his fatat ball he could free himself by the slightest movement. But to die? What an awful thought! He hesitated. But, at length, excited to frenzy by the pangs of suffer
"Medame madame!" cried he.

'Madame, madame!" cried he.

What is the matter?" "Your little dog is sick; he has probably swallow-

Oh how dreadful! I must go and see him quickly. Excuse me, my dear friend, I will have to leave you, for I dearly love that dog."

Let us hope that there are not many women living who love their bonnets more than their husbands,

and their dogs even more than their bonnets.— Catholic Standard.

THEY OUGHT TO BE FLOGGED.

Two large monkeys had been brought up together and lived in the same menagerie, but their tastes were very different, One of them, pleased with the liberty his master allowed him, and the kindness with which they treated him. If a set of miscreants were found engaged in the It a set of miscreants were found engaged in the business of poisoning the wells and reservoirs of a country, it is safe to assume that their punishment would be short, sharp and effective; but the wretches who should attempt, for a few dollars, to but of making visitors laugh at his grimaces and se-curing their good graces by his gentle ways. There-fore everyone sought him, called him, amused themselves with his queer tricks, and rewarded him in turn with fruits, cakes and nuts. The children and their nurses spoiled him. When he compared his fate with that of a great many other animals he estroy the lives of their fellow-men, are honorable destroy the aves of their fellow-men, are honorable and virtuous in comparison with the incarnate devils who make a trade of circulating obscene literature among the young. Anthony Comstock, the agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, reports that he found in one nest of iniquity alone attack of innereal back and interest in the control of the society of the state of invested back and interest in the control of the society of t The character of the other was entirely different. The character of the other was entirely different. By his excessive pride he rendered hinself unhappy in the very condition which made the happiness of his companion. He felt so much humbled that he wished to leave the place at any risk. In his haughtiness he thought himself equal to man and inferior to no one. Consequently the praises of the common classes did not please him, and when any distinguished persons honored him with their attention his arrogance was so ridienlons, that the reports that he folded in one lies of infidence as took of immoral books and pictures upon which the publishers would have cleared nearly fifty thousand dollars, had it not been intercepted. The first cost was about six hundred dollars. It is this whice induces men to engage in the trade from which induces men to engage in the trade from which a fiend might recoil in horror. The law against such crimes is altogether too lenient, even in the rare cases in which it is enforced. A man who was convicted of the offence in Massachusetts last year was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, but pardoned out by the President after a few months. There may have fleen mitigating circumstances in his case, but, if so, they should have been strong enough to prevent his conviction and sentence. Almost any other crime may be the result of infimity, passion or ignorance. That one alone is attention, his arrogance was so ridiculous, that the children pelted him with stones and insulted him by One day he confided his troubles and his projects 2. "do you never think of leaving "What do you mean," replied the other, "Our master lets us run out as often as we wish."
"You don't understand me. This pretended liberty That one alone firmity, passion or ignorance. That one alone is invariably the act of cool, deliberate villainy, with-In premeditation it ranks is but the vilest slavery; we are despised and degraded. Our name of monkeys is in itself an injury.

Are we then so much beneath man that he should out any extenuation. In premeditation it ranks with wilful murder, which it surpasses in atrocity. Its punishment should be, if not death, which it more than merits, at least imprisonment for life, beyond the power of the President, Governor, or make a plaything of us? Have we not a heart, eyes ears, a mouth, feet and hands like him. And can we Court to commute. There are fools and villains who defend those villains in the name of free speech. It would be as well to champion Thugs in the name of liberty.—Boston Pilot. "If we resemble men so much, why can we not

The prayer of a disappointed Scotchman on his arrival in this "Canada of ours:" "O Lord, we, thy disobedient children, approach thee this nicht i' the attitude o' prayer (an' likewise o' complaint.) When we cam' to this country we waur expecting the fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' the tree found a place needed He bowed presented his hand and waltzed.

"Wonderful. One would think you had been dancing all your life. But how are you going to conceal the hair on your body, and how will you whiten your skin?"

"Do not work yourself shout that A and a place peopled wi' ungodly Irish. Scoor them out; drag them ower the mouth of the bottomless pit; but ye need a let them drap in; drive them tae the outermost pairts o' Canady. Rather mak' them hewers o' wud an' drawers o' water; bet. O Lord pairs Itstead o' that we found a place peopled whiten your skin?'
"Do not worry yourself about that. A pair of seissors is easily liandled, and I will attribute the color of my skin to the climate in which I have gine ye hae got ony lan' tae gie awa', gie it tae thine "ain peculiar people"—the Scotch. An' the praise an' the glory wull be a' thine ain.—Amen.

A PREDICTION BY FATHER NEW-MAN.

Since the news of the approaching elevation of Since the news of the approaching elevation of Father Newman to the Roman purple, many have re-perused his singularly beautiful writings. From them has been widely reproduced, one extract which has always touched the Irish and Catholic reader. It is that in which he describes the new university which he hoped would take place, which once belonged to Oxford when Oxford was, what it unhappily is not now, Catholic. Just as Oxford had taken the place of Athens. This is the passage: "I would look towards a land both old and young—ald in its Christianity, young in the promise of the old in its Christianity, young in the promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and of York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards everyone else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful sense which is her characteristic towards everyone else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situated in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing university, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its founders were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, and last, though not least, from England—all speaking the one tongue, all owning the one —all speaking the one tongue, all owning the one faith, all eager for one true wisdom, and thence when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will all over the earth."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PARIS.

COUNT DE NUGENT'S SPEECH.

The annual dinner, called Le dinnr des Anciens Irlandais, was held this year on the 17th March, at the restaurant, Grand Vefour, Palais Royal. Among the Irishmen or men of Irish decent present were—Count de Nugent, and his two sons, Viscount and Baron de Nugent; M. de Connelly, of the Court of Cassation; Count O'Connell, Chamberlin of his Holiness Leo XIII.; Baron Harden Viscount and Baron de Nugent; M. de Connelly, of the Court of Cassation; Count O'Connell, Chamberlin of his Holiness Leo XIII.; Baron Harden Hickley, (St. Patrice), Count Arthur de Wall, son of General de Wall, of the "Irish Brigade;" Messrs. O'Farrell, Boyle, John O'Leary Connelly; Captain Grehan, of the Republican Guards; Captain and Lieutenant Harty de Pierrebourg, grandsons of the celebrated General Harty, of the "Irish Brigade;" Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. J. P. Leonard, &c.

All those present wore shamrocks that had grown on Irish soil; and there were hung around the "saloon de reception" portraits of Robert Emmet, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, John Martin, Patrick J. Smyth, Father Kenyon General Arthur O'Connor, John Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Keane, late Bishop of Cloyne, and Commandant O'Brien, the last soldier of the "Irish Legion," &c.

The Vice-President, Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, gave his French versions of "Wearing of the Green," "The Battle eve of the Brigade," "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," and "Oh! Breathe Not His Name," which were heard with great pleasure.

The following speech was delivered by the presi-Men called on to preside at this banquet, I felt

that I ought to have pleaded my unworthiness that I ought to have pleaded my unworthiness. You have, gentlemen, among you, representatives of the army, of the administration, of literature and art, sons of Irishmen, more worthy of that honor. If I have accewted it, it is only because I honor, as you do, the memory of the Irish Brigade. The noble sentiments of our fathers are, as you all feel worthy of our profound respect. They fortify feel, worthy of our profound respect. They fortify our souls and strengthen our hearts. What Ireland inspires in us is to presevere in the struggle of right anspires in us is to presevere in the struggle of right against might, a passionate love of justice, and a tenacity in defending lost causes, and resisting triumphant usurpations. Such has been the action of Ireland in history. She resisted against persecutions; she took a pride in braving them, and misfortune had even an attraction for her. All the power of Protestantism, and of Friedmia and appropriate of Protestantism and of England endeavor crush her. She suffered, but she has not succumbed crush her. She suffered, but she has not succumbed.
She has not abjured her faith, and she often gave
her sword and the blood of her sons in the defence
of her God that her enemies blasphemed, and for
her proscribed sovereigns. It is to this noble and her proscribed sovereigns. It is to this Loble and generous part that she owes her glory and her very existence. For, in fact, if Ireland had accepted the tyrannic gospel of Henry the VIII, and of Elizabeth, if, after the fall of Limerick, her sons had joined the ranks of the army of William the III, she should have been only a province, added to those of England. Ireland would not consent to ept such an existence. She remained Catholic; sons were exiled, and made illustrious her name accept such an existence. in every part of the globe. Some were missionaries or bishops, others soldiers or marshals. It was lean or bishops, others softeness or missians. It was learn ing on the arm of an Irish priest that Louis the XVI mounted the scaffold; and were I to enumer-ate all the battles in which Irishmen fought for France, we should be here to-morrow. But, Ireland remained a nation, which deserved, and I hope will ever contiune to be worthy of the motto given by a King of France to the Irish Brigade—"Semper et upique fideles" (great applauses). Let us not forget, dear countrymen, that we are the heirs and representatives of that Brigade, which so heroically paid back to France the debt of hospitality which they received from her. In the meantime, let us endeavor to imitate the conduct of our ancestors and honor their memory, and let us, in thinking, as they did in religion and politics, that death is better than apostacy. I, therefore, give you a toast, which would have been theirs:—Let us drink to prosperity of our first country, Ireland! To her complete deliverance (great applauses). To the complete deliverance (great applauses). To the continuation of her glory, by arms and by religion. May she ever be the Island of Saints, the island of the brave! To this wish, which, in days gone by, I repeated to the echoes of the Wicklow Mountains and on the Lakes of Killarney,—let us add, for France, our second country, a hope that she may see perpetuated in us the noble memories and examples of the Brigade of Fontenoy. "Vive PIrlande, et vive la France" (great applause). The indifferent may scoff at such undying patriotism in men, when our ancestors were driven from Ireland centuries ago; but to question its truth and depth of turies ago; but to question its truth and depth of feeling, would be to doubt what even the best writ-ers acknowledged. One of the ablest of French authors, Valroger, shows how deep-seated it is everywhere, when he says,— I give his own

"Le santiment de l'origine commune qui les unit nous ne s'efface pas chez les Celtes d'outre mer Ireland he means): l'histoire nous les montre dans leurs dures epreuves tournant toujours leurs regards vers la France, la glorieuse ainee de la famille

A railroad from Jacona to Ramora, Michoaean, Mexico, is almost completed. This improvement is due to the exertions of a priest,

THE "COMMUNE" IN CHICAGO.

THE IRISH AMERICANS RELIED UPON AS A BUL-WARK OF ORDER.

From the Chicago Morning Herald. The growth and propagation of the fungus known as "Commune," is one of the anomalies of the period, and it is especially strange that it should have taken root in the United States. That it is period, and it is especially strange that it should have taken root in the United States. That it is wholly of foreign origin, and has been transplanted here from other shores, is a fact too well known and admitted to need comment. This organization derives its principles and its propagation from the derives its principles and its propagation from the fountain source of disorders, Paris, and its mis-chievous doctrines have been disseminated throughchievous doctrines have been disseminated through-out the chief centres of population in the Old World. From its very nature, in hostility to or-ganized and well-regulated government, it can flour-ish only amid the runs of social order. Equally a foe to society, and to the foundations on which so-ciety rests—the family, its presence assures the blight and decay of those holy and sacred influences which alone are efficacious to support and perpet-uate the laws and institutions which are the out-growth and development of our modern civilization.

The late significant demonstration of the Socialists, at the exposition building in this city, is calculated to excite the alarm and arouse the apprehensions of all citizens who love order, and are concerned for the stability and safety of municipal government. It is true that perhaps, only a comparatively small number of those who participated in the socialistic gathering would lend their aid to further the dangerous designs attributed to the leaders; and the number is still fewer who have any intelligent comprehension of the nature and scope of those design

and purposes.

One gratifying fact is made more and more preminent by the gathering to which we allude, i. c., the conent by the gathering to which we allude, i. e., the conspicious absence of any Irish contingent. Those who have the best authority to speak in behalf of the Irish population of Chicago confidently avow that not one per cent. of the "Commune" strength is drawn from the nationality referred to. The teachings of their Church, the traditions of their race and country, are unalterably opposed to the doctrines and purposes of the "Commune." Nor can we forget that during the perilous days in which the safety and good order of the city was endangered, two years ago, it was an Irish regiment which stood as the bulwark between the mob and the peace of the municipality.

municipality.

The votes and influence of the Irish-American sitizens is one of the most reliable safeguards to be depended on in any exigency which might arise in the future. Their blood has flowed freely on every the future. Their blood has flowed freely on every battle-field of past wars in defense of the flag and honor of the Union;—their strong arms and stout hearts will again, when the need arises, be found in the foremost ranks, defending and protecting the peace of the city and the security and authority of

THE GALTEE ESTATES.

THE LAST OF MR. PATTEN BRIDGE. From the Dublin Freemen's Journal.

Friday last (March 21), was a gala day in Skeheenarinka, for on that day Mr. Patten S. Bridge Skeheenarinka, for on that day Mr. Patten S. Bridge bade a final adieu to the romantic glens and glades and woody slopes which surround the now famous Galtee Castle, the picturesque residence of Mr. Nathaniel Buckley's law agent. He was unaccompanied by a single individual, save an unusually strong force of police, armed for the most part with double-barrell, breech-loading rifles (a weapon specially designed for this particular branch of police duty), who escorted him, through the midst of a hostile and nauperised peasantry, to Cahir railway duty), who escorted him, through the hidst of a hostile and pauperised peasantry, to Cahir railway station, whence he travelled to his native Roserea. So many false rumors had been afloat for the past two years relative to the resignation of Mr. Bridge, that up to Monday last the great body of the tenantry were incredulous, thinking that the story was "too good to be true;" however, circumstances occured on that evening which set all doubt at rest. Though the ex-agent most ungraciously determined to depart in secret, the tenantry (amongst whom to depart in sector, the transfer determined to give him an ovation of such a nature as would indelibly by in his memory the rememberance of fix in his memory the rememberance of Skeheena-rinka. Accordingly, as Mr. Bridge and his escort emerged from the avenue to the high road, such a sight suddenly burst on their view as will not easily be forgotten. An immense assemblage of persons of all ages and sexes had congregated on the road, and set up such a cry of delight and ex-ultation as caused the now angry ex-agent to hang his head, probably with shame, at the great "ingrati-tude" of the Galtee tenants. Won-en, whose anms head, probably with shaine, at the great "migratude" of the Galtee tenants. Won.en, whose appearance indicated long and continued suffering from hunger, shook their fists and held their scantily-elad children, that they might take a last look. Poor widows, in rags, knelt and invoked the male-Foor widows, in rags, kind aim did dictions of Heaven; whilst emaciated men, who looked as if they never ate a good meal, shouted themselves hoarse, danced for joy, and, in their excitement, set all the furze-bushes in the vicinity on fire. The police dreaded an attack, and were preferred. pared for such a contingency. With difficulty the cortege forced its way through the crowd, and shout cortege forced us way through the crowd, and should of the overjoyed people. The blaze of burning furze bushes lighted them into Cahir, whilst, as cabin after

abin was passed, the inmates rushed forth and sent their shouts of joy and execration after the depart ng agent. Very little work was done that day on the slope of the Galtees. People congratulated each other on being rid of Mr. Buckley's agent. As darkness set in, tar-barrels blazed on the road, whilst scores of the base to the summit of "subline Galtimore." In Mitchelstown unusual rejoicings and congratulation were the "order of the day." After dark tar-barrel were lighted in the principal streets and in the square illuminating the entire town. At nine o'clock the local brass band issued forth, and accompanied by the entire population of the town, paraded the streets several times, playing a choice selection of national airs. The townstolk shouted themselves arse, groaning Bridge, and cheering for various sh patriots. About 11 o'clock the tar-barrels Irish patriots. About 11 o'clock the tar-barrel gave a last flicker, and the people returned to their

The entire proceedings were conducted with the greatest order and regularity throughout, and there was not the slightest occasion for the interference

of the police.

The tenants on the Buckley estate may be con The tenants of the blockey state has been to them a source of much suffering; but his work remains. It is rumored on good authority that landlord and agent did not part the best friends; yet I fear that an old saying will be falsified in this instance. Arrears of rent accumulating thick and fast, and three successive bad harvests, which have pressed so heavily on well-to-do farmers, have comof the second of the Galtee tenants, so that few are n a position to pay even the old rent. An English gentleman, who has been for some time in Mr. Buckley's employment, has been appointed agent in succession to Mr. Bridge. It is to be trusted that succession to a regime, peace, harmony, and something approaching to humble comfort may be restored to the unfortunate Galtee tenantry.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Holy Father has contributed \$20,000 to the Catholic school fund in Rome.

The death of Mr. Michael Gill, of Dublin, the eminent Catholic publisher, is announced.

As a result of a recent lecture by Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., in St. Vincent de Paul's Old Church, South Boston, over one hundred young men have enrolled themselves in the Sodality attached to the church.

BISHOP FOLEY'S BROTHER .- The Rev. John Foley, Brother of the late Bishop Foley, or Chicago, Ill., is recovering, we are happy to ed while attending his Brother.

END OF THE ARMENIAN SCHISM .- It is announced from Constantinople that the schism in the Catholic Armenian Church is ended. Kupelian has submitted to Mgr. Hassoun, and left Constantinople for Rome.

Very Rev. Father Anselm of the Chartreuse of Valbonne in the diocese of Nimes has been elected Superior General of the Car-thusian Order. He is a native of the diocese

of Cambrai, and is about fifty five years of age. The Archbishop of Toolouse, the Bishop of Poitiers and Dr. Newman seem to be the only persons whom it is certain will be raised to the purple in a Consistory to be held after Easter.—Roman correspondence of the London

We simply state what is an admitted grievance, when we declare that Catholics as a rule are not generous patrons of their own literature. Things are bettering every year, but there is still left an ample margin for improve-ment.—Providence Weekly Visitor.

The Reichszeitung of Bonn states that the two last of the "Old" Catholic students in the faculty of Theology have returned to the fold of the Church, so that there is every prospect of the eleven professors of that faculty seeing empty benches before them.

The Marquis of Ripon, who was here for some months as chief of the english Commissioners on the Alabama claims, and who subsequently became a Catholic, states that he is indebted for his conversion to the writings of Doctor (now Cardinal) Newman.

Francis Schuselka, a celebrated politician and journalist of Vienna, has renounced the errors of his apostacy from the Catholic Faith, and returned to the Fold. There is reason to hope that the conversion of such a popular leader will open the eyes of many of his for mer associates.

MUNIFICENCE OF LEO XIII.—The Pope sent 5000f. in aid of the sufferers from the inundation at Szege lin. It is especially noteworthy that in almost every case of public disaster since the beginning of his reign Leo XIII has been among the first to send material aid to the sufferers .- London Times.

A PAPAL DELEGATE IN THE UNITED STASES. -Upon the authority of Rev. Frther Barrotti, pastor of St. Agustine's Church, of that city, the Washington Post announces that a Papal Delegate and Plenipotentiary Extraordinary may soon be sent to the United States. His residence will, in all probality, be fixed at Washington.

Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell has received an official letter from Cardinal Simeoni, stating that the Holy Father had refused to accept his resignation, on account of his long and mertorious service to the Church in the United States. The letter directed him to choose, in the usul way, a coadjutor, with a right of succession.

THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL .- The Gregorian will be the music rendered at the opening of the New St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York city, in May next. The musical portion of the services will be rendered by Sanctury Choir of the Church of St. Paul, Fifty-ninth street, New York, under the direcon of Father Young, C. S. P.

NEW GLORIES OF THE CHURCH.—The Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, has just signed the decree for the introduction of the cause of beatification and canonization of the venerable servants of God, Mgr. Etienne Theodore Chevot, of diocese of Besancon, who died in prison in Cochin China, Nov. 14th, 1861; Peter Francis Noron, of the diocese of St. Claud, Martyred in Tonquin, Nov. 3rd, 1861. John Peter Neel, of the diocese of Lyons, martyred in China, Feb. 18, 1862; and John Theophane Venard, of the diocese of Poitiers, beheaded for the faith in the Annamite kingdom, Feb. 2nd, 1861. This last-named martyr was advised to enter the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris by a respected priest now of the diocese of Detroit, whom he had consulted on his vocation. Lady Herbert has written a charming sketch of his life.

DEVOTION TO ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA .-The late Dr. Dixon, Primate of All Ireland, cherished a special devotion to St. Catherine of Sienna, whose feast occurs this month. When returning from Rome, whither he had gone for the great Council in 1854, he had visited Sienna, consecrated to the virgin Saint, and gathered some dust from the floor of her house, which he carried away as a precious treasure. About a month before his death he told several of the clergy that his end was near at hand, though he seemed in the best of health. He said that St. Catherine had appeared to him and told him that he should go to celebrate her Feast with her in heaven. He died in 1866, on the last day of April, the Feast of St. Catherine, and at the very hour the Saint herself had given up her soul to God. Dr. Dixon will be remembered for his valuable work, "A General introduction to the sacred Scrip-Music and art and good society are chiefly valuable, because they tend to emancipate from the thraddom of necessities that enslave when they do and all were fo. 61 Armagh from the end of 1852 tures," which he wrote while filling the chair

Landor. He will feel that,

gain. And; O mamma! you

continued. ain that Shaksperre was a se no man has furnished so