

He applied himself to explore the arcana of alchemy...

One day he said to himself: "My knowledge is very little; and with the very little I know, I shall never succeed in solving this problem, and nevertheless it is possible!"

The voice which spoke to me is a voice which does not deceive.

Then an inspiration came to him which lighted with a pale ray of hope, the sorrowful face long unused to happiness.

He set out the next morning on his long and wearisome journey, leaving his child to the faithful care of the old Jewish slave who had been so many years in his service, and in whom he reposed the most perfect confidence.

Providence, thought he, (he no longer said "nature.") Providence has secrets which will never be known to mortals!

Convinced of the utter folly of his painful researches—eager, moreover, to see his poor child again, he sadly turned his face homeward.

VII.

As he slowly and sadly pursued his way toward Egypt, he saw on the second day of his journey across the desert, a group in the distance apparently just in his route; continuing to advance, he saw a dead camel covered with blood, beside him the dead body of a knight, pierced with sabre strokes; on the road side a woman, apparently dying, holding in her arms a young infant.

Ben-Ha-Zelah, moved with compassion, approached and scooped the woman. She told him that in crossing the desert with her husband and child, they had been attacked by brigands, who had killed her husband, left her mortally wounded, and had rifled them of all their treasures; even their water bottles—more precious than all in the desert.

"I am dying," said she, "but my bitterest sorrow is in leaving my poor little babe, who must perish thus alone in the desert."

The poor mother for one moment thought of asking the kind old man to take her child, but she saw that one of his water bottles had been broken by some accident, and that he had hardly enough water to cross the desert.

Ben-Ha-Zelah had the same thought, but he calculated the quantity of water remaining to him, and said to himself that it was impossible.

The woman was dying.

There, in the presence of the mother's despair, with the wail of the infant so soon to be an orphan, in his ears, he thought of his own child.

"Woman," said he, "I will take your babe, and will care for him as for my own. I will save his life, even at the cost of my own."

The mother died, invoking blessings on his head.

Ben-Ha-Zelah resumed his journey across the desert, placing before him on the saddle, the infant, who at first wept, then laughed in infantile glee, then amused himself by teasing the patient nurse, pulling his beard, or tugging the reins of the camel.

The old man who had become as gentle as a mother, sought every means which affection could suggest to amuse the helpless little creature, so strangely given to his charge—sometimes with the gold tassels of his bridle, sometimes with his bright sequins in his purse.

How much we all resemble children.

Poor old Ben-Ha-Zelah knew not what to do to satisfy this restless craving for amusement. Suddenly he thought of the beautiful little box, which the child had not seen, and drew it out from the folds of his robe.

The child eagerly grasped this new plaything and turned it about in every possible way.

To the amazement of the old Jew, there was a slight sound, as of some small object rolling about in the box.

The child shouted with delight. The old man was breathless and trembling. He grasped the box convulsively from the hands of the infant, who held it out to him smiling. He opened it. His blood froze in his veins with an emotion not of terror but of joy and hope.

He beheld in the box a pearl, pure and more beautiful than any he had ever seen.

Speechless with emotion he could only raise his eyes to heaven in a wordless prayer of gratitude.

Then he heard a voice which seemed to fill the immensity of the desert and nevertheless, was as low and sweet as the loving murmur of a fond mother.

"O Ben-Ha-Zelah! every tear which thou shalt dry, is a pearl which thou dost create!"

Ben-Ha-Zelah looked about him. All around him was the desert. Before him, in his arms, the little babe, suddenly grown calm, and smiling in his face.

A few more days and his journey through the desert was ended. But many were the privations he endured that the helpless little infant, now so dear to him, might not want.

Ben-Ha-Zelah was rich, and now he was good. His goodness made use of his riches to dry the tears of misfortune—there are as many alas! in this world of suffering, as there are dewdrops on a summer's morning—and very soon his box was quite full.

When he again saw his child, the mysterious sleep was unbroken. She came not to welcome him, but he put her neck lace about her beautiful throat, and she awoke smiling.

"Oh! what a lovely necklace, papa," she cried. "It is the first I have ever worn, papa, my darling," said the happy father, "but I hope it may not be the last. My pearl basket is now empty, but I trust in God that I may fill it many times before I die!"

Owing to the new Food and Drug Adulteration Act, the London tea merchants have been obliged to cease importing green teas from China, because they are mixed with other substances in the shape of colouring matter, and therefore liable to be confiscated and destroyed.

MAKING LEATHER PART TO METAL.—A method of affixing leather to metal, so that it will split before it can be torn off, consists in digesting a quantity of nut-galls, reduced to powder, in eight parts of distilled water for six hours, and filtering it through a cloth; then dissolving one part by weight of glue, in the quantity of water, and allowing it to remain twenty-four hours. The nut gall, and the solution of glue applied to the metal, previously roughened and heated. The leather is then laid upon it, and dried under pressure.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

A CONVERSATIONAL CONTENT—BETWEEN AN AUSTRIAN COLONEL AND A BAVARIAN CITIZEN.

[Translated from the German for the Tablet.]

Having visited the papal church and every place worth seeing at Regensburg, the Bismarckian went to see the burgomaster in order to obtain from him a favourable decision in some point of litigation, but on the part of the excellent Haid stored up in his cellar, Vienna, his late Majesty's cellar, at Salzburg you go to St. Peter's and in Regensburg to the burgomaster, in order to drink a glass of genuine, unadulterated wine. To find him there is no need of asking; you have only to follow the throng which moves thither without interruption.

The usual hall for the guests was filled to the utmost, and no chance of obtaining a seat, nor even a place to stand; hence we were ushered into an adjacent apartment, where some Austrian officers were seated around a table to hear the pathetic outpourings of a civilian who betrayed the bureaucrat from every buttonhole, even if his cap had not the indications that he belonged to the Bavarian administration of the civil government.

The speaker was just about to give vent to his anger about the assumption of the Pope, who let himself be declared infallible without having asked permission from the Bavarian Government. "It makes a man's hair stand at an end and beats all sound reason," he exclaimed, "what he has to witness in this nineteenth century! Man almost believes himself removed back into the Egyptian darkness of the Middle Ages where funeral piles were burning in every place and truly enlightened men were roasted in the spit like so many sparrows. But, thanks be to God! the sun of science has risen too high that Roman darkness could obscure his splendour. The thunderbolts of excommunication, which once fell crashing upon the heads of the highest rulers, have lost their power, and explode without effect. He that is excommunicated nowadays relishes his glass of wine as much as one not excommunicated."

After these words he refreshed his lungs from the well-filled tumbler, and looked about with the self-complacency of a Roman general who was entering in triumph on the Via Sacra towards the Capitol, and waited for the plaudits of the spectators. But they were so quiet enough to continue smoking their cigars and to show no sign of readiness either to applaud or to hiss the orator. After some while one of the officers rose, and in the driest tone of voice in the world asked him:

"Sir, are you a Catholic?"

"For the life of me, no," replied the bureaucrat; "I am a Protestant!"

"If you are a Protestant and not a Catholic," resumed the officer again, "what in the world does the Pope and his infallibility concern you? He cannot hurt you, and you have, therefore, not to fear him."

"Yes it concerns me and all men, because this conceit of infallibility is against all reason and the logic of thought!"

"Therefore the two hundred millions of Catholics, who believe in the infallibility of the Pope, have no reason, no logic of thought?"

"At least a very limited one," replied he with contempt.

"If I understood you right and my logic does not play me foul, you are of opinion that reason was measured out to the Protestant by the pound of avoirdupois weight, but to the Catholic in scruples of Troy or apothecary's weight?"

"Colonel, you go too far in your conclusions: I only wanted to say that the new dogma about infallibility holds the intellect captive and hinders the free development of the wings thereof."

"You speak, sir, of a new dogma of faith. I beg your pardon, sir, if I object that you speak of a subject about which to you, as a Protestant, the true understanding is wanting. It is not my business to deal in theology, but, as a Catholic, I know so much: that the Church has no right to create new dogmas, but that she has the power to give to those that are revealed precision and outward form. Thence the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith is no new dogma, but a juridical definition of what since the time immemorial of Christendom had been there de facto, or was considered as a self-understood necessity for the subsistence and unity of the Church, and in its fundamental elements already mentioned in the Bible. Moreover, concerning the captivity of the intellect through the dogma of infallibility, I may assure you that this captivity is as easily to be borne as it is honourable, and the wings of my reason up to this hour have not been lamed. But you enlightened gentlemen want to know everything better, and seem to have imbibed the essence of wisdom with your mother's milk, or come from your mother's womb with boots and spurs, like Minerva with shield and helmet from the head of Jupiter. You create for yourselves spectres of dire appearance, or windmills, to cool on them, like the knight of old, your indomitable valor. You are like impetuous pedlars who force upon people bad merchandise. With your fancy-fighting and culture-blabbering you will be no more able to shake the foundation rock of the Catholic Church than to stop the great clock of the universe from moving. Tertullian once said to the heathens: 'You reject what you do not understand, you reprehend what you never examined, and what is known to you only from hearsay! Were I willing to be wanting in politeness, I would make you, sir, the same compliment. But how does it come to pass that you pay so much attention to us, whereas you have so much to sweep before your own doors?' At one time you make your selves gods, at another time descendants of apes, and again bipeds of unimaginable nature, drawn from the original slime, and soon again something else. We do not disturb you in your dilettantism; hence, if you wish to be consequent, you ought to let us Catholics also alone and go our ways unmolested."

The bureaucrat, who during the long lesson, given with solitary openness, had given signs of impatience, took the word irritably:

"I will grant Colonel, that it does not concern me and all non-Catholics what the Pope's making of himself and his Catholics. As long as he moves in the sphere assigned to him, he may act and do as he pleases. But it was always a characteristic of the ambition of the Popes to meddle in things that should remain far from them. Their undue encroachments in state affairs have at all times caused disturbances, and the arrogant usurpation of the present Pope calls on the intelligent part of the world and the rulers of states to be watchful lest what has been gained in modern times may be choked under the shade of designing priestly reaction."

"According to your expression, the Pope does not seem to be such an insignificant personage; that could be easily passed over. And in this I must perfectly agree with you. Although in an advanced age, without an inch of ground of his own, and suspended as it were in the air, he is yet powerful enough to keep up the world in breath and to cause uneasy hours to the potentates. For he possesses a power, which does not suffer itself to be bound, and of which many have lost the true idea. Men fear secretly, what externally, apparently they make little of, and as a bad conscience always fears the worst, and sees spectres where there are none, it is not astonishing, when, Plus l'age, Plus tendrement loved and revered by his children, appears to his enemies as something terrible, like an army set in battle array. But you spoke, sir, of arrogant usurpations of the present Pope: may I ask you to

mention a case where he trespassed the limits of his rights?"

"How can you ask?" exclaimed the bureaucrat with astonishment, "are you the only one in Israel who does not know what the whole world speaks of and is moved by? Did you hear nothing of the Syllabus, which upsets completely the present order of things, declares rulers deprived of their thrones, and teaches doctrines which are enemies to modern progress? Or did you not usurpation of the rights of families as well as single citizens, if your Pope takes it upon himself to destroy the honor of men who stand faithfully at the side of the throne; and carry before the torch of German science, when he excommunicates and anathematizes them; as it was done to Dollinger and other coryphees of science? What do you say to that? He?"

"I tell you, sir, that the Pope is as innocent of the contents of the Syllabus as you and I, and my comrades. The Syllabus is a collection of truths which are either clearly pronounced by the divine law or must be deduced from them, and of rights which in the course of time have grown up either by prescription (ex consuetudine) or by consent of the nations (ex consensu)."

In an age of lies and violence, as the present one is, Pius IX. has gathered and refreshed these truths nearly forgotten and those rights ignored, in order to show them to the nations as well as to the rulers as in a mirror. If then, they do not see in that mirror what they wish to see, the fault is not with the Pope, but with the ignorance of the eternal truths and of the rights founded upon them. As to the excommunications upon which you at present lay so much stress, you are in contradiction with yourself or your labor under a weakness of memory. A few minutes ago, dear sir, you maintained emphatically that these thunderbolts have lost their force, and evaporate without effect. Is it not so, sir? But such disagreeable things can arise only when a man does not stand upon the solid ground of facts, but floats on the waves of erroneous opinions."

The bureaucrat wanted to interrupt the speaker; but he asked permission to add a few observations, and began anew: "Excommunication means exclusion from a society to which one belongs. This right of exclusion is founded so deeply in the nature of things that no society could be lasting without it, and every commonwealth would crumble into pieces. To every man is allotted a certain space wherein he may move with perfect liberty, and he can do within these given limits, or omit to do, whatever pleases or displeases him, be it indifferent, bad, or good. But this liberty needs limits in order that it may not become a tool of blind passion and do harm to the commonwealth. The inner limit is conscience, over which the judge has no jurisdiction (De internis non judiciali preter); the external limits are constituted in the law, the tie which unites members to a whole. Every community, whatever name it may bear, has its laws, and enjoys existence only so long as these are respected and obeyed. Hence the transgression of laws is visited by punishment, and one of the greatest punishments is the exclusion from that society. The state sends its delinquents to penal colonies, or makes them harmless by locating them into state-prisons. The Freemasons expel disloyal brethren from their ranks, and volunteer companies, song and turn societies, act on the same principle. The student is expelled from college, the officer degraded or cashiered, and the Catholic—if not willing to obey orders—excommunicated. Is it not so, my dear Bavarian? But excuse me, I have to go to parade. You will pardon me! Soldiers usually are no philosophers, and speak plain language. If I did not acquit myself properly, the fault lies with my Maker, who has given to me, a Catholic, the gift of reason in too sparing a manner."

The Colonel, who during the last sentence had risen and girded on his sword, offered his hand to his adversary to take leave, and left, followed by his companions, in the best mood, the tavern of the burgomaster. Like a kitten which, with the care of an immitable neatness, cleanses its fur from every particle of dust, so cleansed—though not with the same neatness, yet certainly with the same care—the bureaucrat every atom of snuff which, in the fervor of conversation, had missed the way to his nose, from the bushy moustache and the foremost part of his "P." Having cast an examining look into the mirror, he stepped with dignity and gravity towards the door, in order to play his part, perhaps, somewhere else with better success.

IRELAND.

A correspondent of the Catholic Review writing from Cahir, county Tipperary, Ireland, says:—

The most wistful spots in any country are its graveyards: but Irish graveyards are spots of most consecrated interest. To the Irish the churchyard is the dearest spot on earth. Around it are encircled memories of the dark past, of persecution, sacrilege and blood. As he passes the ivy-clad ruin his mind is filled up with darkest memories. He knows that the high grass inside the churchyard wall bends over the graves of martyred kinsman—of scholar, patriot, priest. Many an Irish troubled heart, he thinks to himself, has there found a resting place! Many a noble father and broken-hearted Irish mother, who fought long and patiently against poverty, hunger and oppression, have stolen to rest within that dismal graveyard. There are the young and the old—those who died untimely deaths, victims of tyranny, and hoary old men who lived to see a century of religious persecution. And there sleeps forever the noble priest who lived the mysterious life of a proscribed outlaw, but who went among his kinsman to cheer the loneliness of poverty, to encourage them in their trials, to relieve the afflicted and give hope to the dying. The old ivy-covered ruin is here in the midst of the dead, casting its shadow on the stoneless graves, standing like a grim sentinel, or a hoary herald telling of the pride of other days.

The ruin was built in the ages of faith, in the days of Ireland's pride ere the haters of her creed could point to the cradle of their race. It was built in the days of religious sunshine when Ireland was Acadia of the world and the classroom of Europe. Oh, how fair was Ireland that day—how fresh her valleys how proud her hills, how pure her crystal streams before the eye of heaven! The hand of the despoiler had not yet come upon her; the foot of the despoiler had not yet polluted her lovely shores; the sword of "the stranger" was not known to her sons; the impurity of the stranger had not yet crept in to dishonor her daughters; the heresy of the stranger had not come in to persecute the fair faith of that most Christian land. No. She stretched her fair arms before the God of truth, and presented herself to the God of beauty as the fairest land, the purest, holiest, best, that the sun warms with his sustaining heat and holy light! But dark days came; and it is because of these dark days that the graveyards and the ruins are so dear—so painfully dear—to the Irishman.

To-day I stood in an Irish churchyard. It was a hallowed spot, indeed. Around me were the bones of martyrs and the graves of the saintly. Tombs there were with grand old names upon them—names that then represented the owners of the soil; but are now the names of the poorest in the land. One tomb was there which every Irish eye would love to see. It was the tomb of an Irish martyr priest, whose name is connected with the darkest epoch of Ireland's persecution. His name was Sheehy; he was hanged at Clonmel, and his body is in the graveyard of Shanraheen. Here lie the remains of the Reverend Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Shanraheen, Ballysheehan, and Templemyr

He died March 15th 1768, aged 38 years, executed by his sister, Catherine Sheehy, alias Burke, and the world is decapitated. And though his tomb tells it not, his story is sad and wondrous.

Nicholas Sheehy was Catholic priest in Ireland when the great priest was, humbly speaking, the least enviable thing in the world. He bravely fought for Catholic truth and for the rights of his persecuted flock. He was a devoted and just man, and he repeated injuries and inhuman treatment from the hands of the Church's enemies, he spoke to the people some words which were too honest to be forgiven and too true to be forgotten.

With this he was arrested and accused—of what? Of murder of the murder of a man. They should have been permitted to live on. He was too brave an enemy to be permitted to live on. The country was startled; but there were those found who swore to the truth of the alleged murder. In Dublin he was tried, and a disagreement being detected in the testimony of the perjured accounts, he was acquitted. Dissatisfied, his enemies packed a jury and resumed the trial. At Clonmel he was tried; found guilty, and executed; and for twenty years his head was to be seen surmounting a spear over the walls of the town jail.

Ten years after his execution the murdered man (?) came home from a distant land where he had been paid to secrete himself. Stricken with a fearful species of paralysis he was carried about from house to house of Protestants in quest of a/s. One day the man who carried him becoming fatigued, seated his burthen on the wall of a bridge. The crippled man lost his balance, fell over, and ended his miserable existence. Others who took part in the death of the priest lived confessedly wretched lives, for every loathsome disease had seized them.

And this was done in the face of a civilized government! No wonder, either. The government that would say to an Irish Catholic boy, "Become a Protestant and you may take possession of your father's property—You can throw him out a pauper," could not be shocked at the murder of an Irish priest.

FEDERALISM IN '44.

The two or three old ladies of both sexes who have set their hearts—and what little minds they have—upon the breaking up of the Home Rule party have been at it again. The failure of Eighty-two and the collapse of Centenary intriguing, has not discouraged them from again trying to be mischievous in a newspaper war, and the columns of the Freeman and Irishman have resounded with the din of battle, the clash of goose quill, and the clack of controversy. If that hated name of Federalism still exists—if it is not entirely wiped out by their onslaught, the only conclusion open to them is, that the world must be very near its latter days when neither Repeal nor Federalism will be of much consequence, and that incorrigible human nature which perversely refused to be guided by their will reap the proper reward for its wickedness. We have always looked upon the opinions of these parties, and their frantic efforts for leadership and notoriety, as a huge joke; we find great difficulty in treating them seriously yet it must be done. A fool may fire a powder magazine—the kick of a cow caused the burning of Chicago—who knows what mischief may be in the way of an ass. Such a bray still keeps trumpeting up the merits of simple Repeal above Federalism and some dubious platform utterances of O'Connell are now appealed to as deciding the question. It is forgotten that such utterances of O'Connell were always means to an end and that end was almost always either to conciliate, or encourage support, or to discredit, discourage, and so put down opposition and merely expressed the mood of the moment with regard to such support or opposition. What his calm judgment in the matter was as expressed in his private correspondence, after balancing the pros and cons we have already laid before our readers, as also the proof from his latest recorded expression on the subject, that he never altered his opinion, and that was that a federal union between Great Britain and Ireland would be the best thing for Ireland. We have also, in a previous number, shown that the attempt to set up repeal, whether "simple" or otherwise, as something opposed to or different from Federalism, was "simple" nonsense, as the connection of Ireland with Great Britain after "simple" Repeal would be a Federalism and nothing else. We pointed out that the framers and champions of the constitution of '82, who ought to know a little about it, considered it a federal constitution and nothing else, and wrote and spoke about it as such. We shall now content ourselves with adding that when the repeal agitation was at its highest and best, when there was most thought, earnestness, money and purpose in it, the fact was recognised that the Repeal of the union would only be the restoration of a Federal union between the two countries. In the year 1844 the Repeal Association, out of its then overflowing exchequer offered prizes for the best three essays on the Repeal of the Union. The judges were John O'Connell, Thomas Davis, and Smith O'Brien. There were forty-eight competitors. Out of their compositions four were chosen (three for the prizes and one for special merit), and published by the association. They were all able, though strangely enough their literary and political merit seem the inverse of their order of publication. The second prize was awarded to that written by Michael Staunton, then an alderman of Dublin, and the editor and proprietor of the Dublin Weekly Register, the newspaper, by the way upon which Thomas Davis received his training as a journalist and a politician; Staunton's essay, though slightly inferior to the others, in some respects, was vastly superior to them all in the fact, that he treated his subject more practically, and treated it throughout from a hard common sense realistic point of view. He was the only one who thoroughly grappled with the opponents of Repeal, and answered their objections, in some measure making up for the defeat of O'Connell in the famous Repeal Debate of 1841. In an essay of this description we might naturally expect about the best thought of the time upon the question of "Simple Repeal" and Federalism, and we should not be disappointed. He says: "Though Federalism is now discussed in Ireland as if it were a principle altogether unknown to our institutions, it was in reality in operation from the commencement of the British connection to the close of the last century. Ireland first had a parliamentary compact with Henry the Second, and it was therefore strictly a "Federal" arrangement. It had, secondly, an improved state by a far more solemn and important compact in 1782. There can be no question that the Parliament of 1802 was a Federal Parliament, and one sufficient for the power and happiness of Ireland though its functions were strictly of a local character. If the union were repealed by an agreement between both countries recognising perfect freedom of commerce, and establishing the fiscal relations on the basis suggested (as suggested in the essay) there would be a third compact, and certainly the best of the three. "Simple Repeal" would then, with the aid of the reforms of the last fifteen years, give Ireland the benefit of Federalism, though not to the extent, usually contemplated, and it would be a still further improvement of a constitutional system which had been already found to work well for the country." The last sentence points to the grand defect of the "Simple Repeal" scheme in narrowing, instead of enlarging the field of Irish enterprise and national development, by entirely localising Irish thought and Irish effort, and retaining the burden of British connection without the benefits of it. However, that is a subject upon which we do not now propose

to enter. Our object is only to point out that even in the heyday of O'Connell's power in '44, "Simple Repeal" meant Federalism, and including more and more and more, we wish to call attention to this fact in order to show those who from petty spite and disappointed ambition, are endeavouring to create division in our ranks, the futility of their efforts, and the absurdity of their pretensions, and to remind those of us who have at any time been imposed upon by their sophistries, of the old maxim that it is very silly to dispute about the cooking of your hare till you have caught him first.—United Irishman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Some of the North Tipperary hills were covered with snow on the 12th ult.

A contract has been entered into for building a new church on the site of the old Franciscan church, Limerick, for a sum of £9,000.

Sir Charles Stanley Osborne, Bart., Beechwood Park, Nenagh, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tipperary.

An order by the Local Government Board appeared on the 9th ult., prohibiting interments in the burial ground of Monkstown, Dublin after the expiration of the present year, to all excepting 278 persons named and their families.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Cork—John Peard, Esq., of Bride Villa, Rathcornea; Thomas Bedford Montgomery, Esq., of Berry Hill Castle Lyons.

At a sale of mangolds by public auction, held at the Tullmore Workhouse farm, on the 12th ult., Mr. Charles W. Atkins auctioneer, obtained the high price of £62 7s. for less than an acre of mangolds.

At an auction at Edenderry, on the 6th ult., a farm, containing three acres of inferior land, held on a yearly tenancy from the Marquis of Downshire was purchased by Mr. James Delany, Edenderry, a sum which, including auction fees and other expenses will amount to £275.

It is proposed to build a new market for the north side of Dublin in the neighborhood of Moore street. The site proposed is from the rear of Britain street, to the rear of Henry street, and from Moore street to Denmark street. The entire cost of purchase and construction is estimated at from £108,000 to £112,000 at the most.

Sir Richard Wallace, M. P., has indicated his readiness to grant leases in fee. The Derry Standard says they may run on the principle that, say on a farm of 50 acres, a lease for ever would be given of the holder paying either an increased rent of 2s. 6d. an acre, or a lump sum of £250. The sole condition does not deprive the arrangement of the principle of perpetuity of tenure.

The Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Ferns died Nov. 11, at St. Peter's College, Wexford, after three days' illness. He was born at Ragby, county Wexford, in 1803, and received his early instructions in one of the old country schools. In 1814 he entered Wexford Seminary, and in 1819 Maynooth College. He was ordained in 1826. In 1829 he was appointed one of the professors at Maynooth and remained there until he was consecrated Bishop of Ferns in 1857.

At a meeting of the Home Rule League, held in Dublin on the 9th ult., it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Butt, to present a petition to Parliament against the unfair amount levied on Ireland under the present arrangement of taxation, and claiming for this country relief from this unjust burden either by a review of the relative taxation of the two countries, so as to place it upon a more equitable basis, or by applying the amount now collected from Ireland beyond her fair contribution to the relief of the local taxation of the country.

The amount of fees payable during the current year to the National teachers of Ireland in union which have consented to become contributory under the Act of Parliament amounts, in a round total to £98,000. Of this the proportion, divided into round numbers between the four provinces, shows Ulster contributing to the extent of £28,000, while the unions of Munster come next, but far behind with a quota amounting to £19,000. Leinster contributes to pay £10,000, while the unions of Connaught contribute between them £5,286.

In the court of Exchequer, on the 10th ult., the Attorney-General sought to compel the Catholic Bishop of Cork to pay legacy duty on several bequests left by the late Miss O'Regan, of Cork, for Masses for the repose of her soul, as well as on a sum of £5,000 to All Hallows' College, near Dublin, for the training of Roman Catholic clergymen for foreign parts. The question as to bequests for Masses being considered charitable bequests has thus been raised for the first time. There being no known authority on the subject, the result is looked for with the greatest interest.

On September 11th, the Rev. W. J. Cullen, a native of the county Kilkenny, nephew to the late Ald. Cullen, J.P., Kilkenny, and brother-in-law of John Ryan, Esq., T.C., of the firm of Ryan & Phelps Broad street, Waterford, was ordained to the Priesthood in Hong Kong, China, by the Bishop of Victoria. Father Cullen was the first subject of Great Britain ever ordained in Hong Kong, and after the ceremony he was presented by the resident English and Irish Catholics with an address, with a chalice and a purse of money. Father Cullen was a student in Carlow College when he volunteered for the Chinese mission.

The Tralee Chronicle says:—"A tenant on the lands of Bahilla, convenient to Rattoo, about a dozen years ago, purchased the tenant's interest in a farm from the middleman for £300. The middleman's lease expired some time ago, and the land fell into the hands of the head landlord. Mr. G. having made himself acquainted with the facts of the case, of his own accord not only gave the tenant the same terms he had under the middleman, but went out any fine or addition to the rent, but volunteered to gate and fence the farm, which contains about eighty acres, and to give £25 and silver, and timber for the building of out-offices. The landlord is Mr. Wilson Gun."

There have been great rejoicings at Foyens on the arrival of Lord and Lady Montegale on the first visit to Mount Trenchard after their marriage. A triumphal arch spanned the front of the Mountegale Arms Hotel, on which was wrought "Welcome Lord and Lady Montegale." Flags were hoisted from windows and on public places. An evening set in all the houses were illuminated, and the day was observed as a holiday, all sorts of merry-making being indulged in. A vast concourse of people had assembled to meet them, and they were enthusiastically welcomed. Lord Montegale briefly thanked the people, and amid loud cheers they departed in their carriage for Mount Trenchard. Doubtless blazed along the route, and the farm and peasantry lined the road to give them a hearty and cordial reception.

At the Wicklow Land Sessions, on the 6th ult., the following case was heard:—Hugh Moggan, claimant, Rev. Thomas Acton Drought, respondent. This was a claim for upwards of £1,000 for disturbance of possession and reclamation and improvements effected on the farm of Ashwood Lower, Luttrell, in the county of Wicklow. It appeared that the case arose out of a difference