

THE GRAND DUKE.

HIS VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

A correspondent of the Times, telegraphing from San Stefano on March 26th, says:—

The Grand Duke Nicholas proceeded on board the steam yacht, Livadia, this morning at half-past eight o'clock, accompanied by his son, Prince Eugene Leuchtenberg and Prince Oldenburg...

THE BOYHOOD OF LEO XIII.

We take the following interesting particulars relative to the early youth of the new Pope from the Roman correspondent of the Tablet:—

The present Pontiff, the son of Count Lodovico Pecci, by his wife Anna Prosperi, was born on the 2nd of March, 1810, and was baptised by the names of Vincenzo and Gioacchino.

ALMOST A PANIC.

A BISHOP'S COOLNESS PREVENTS A STAMPEDE.

The Providence Journal, says:—"At the most solemn moment of the Mass, at the Cathedral on High Street, great excitement was caused among the immense assemblage of people by a sudden alarm created in the east wing of the church.

LEO THE THIRTEENTH AND IRELAND.

LETTER FROM HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL CULLEN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

The following letter from his Eminence Cardinal Cullen to the Lord Bishop of Limerick will be read with interest:—

Irish College, Rome, April 2nd, 1878. My DEAR LORD—I had the honour of presenting at the Vatican, to his Holiness, the beautiful address to him from the Corporation of Limerick which your Lordship forwarded.

Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Lord Bishop of Limerick.

THE WONDERS OF SWORD SWALLOWING.

Anything more extraordinary than the feats of Benedetti, the sword swallower, who is now astonishing London audiences, it would be hard to imagine.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

At the meeting of the Limerick Corporation held recently—the Mayor presiding—the town clerk read a letter, signed "Godfrey Lushington," dated from Whitehall, in which the writer says that he is directed by Mr. Secretary Cross to acknowledge the receipt of the memorial from the Corporation of Limerick, praying for the grant of a free pardon for the remaining Fenian prisoners.

A WORD ABOUT "SCOTCH-IRISH."

Gentlemen of the press—you who habitually designate the successful Irishman as Scotch-Irish if there is the slightest mixture of foreign blood in his veins, and frequently when there is not—a friendly word with you:—

By the term "Scotch-Irish," you mean something better than Irish, an improvement of Irish stock by an infusion of Scotch blood.

Suppose you apply the rate at home, and call New Englanders for instance, Anglo-Americans? The name would certainly fit better than the one you apply to Irishmen, for most of the old New England families are of English extraction.

CONVICTION OF TWO MORE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

The jury in the case of James McDonnell, at Mauch Chunk, Pa., charged with the murder of George K. Smith, returned a verdict April 15th at six o'clock the Court adjourned.

The verdict in the case of Charles Sharpe was rendered April 18th. Mauss Kelly, "the Bum," upon whose testimony Hester, Tully, and McHugh were hung March 26th, testified against Sharpe.

In consequence of the number of arrests made lately, and of these two convictions, many Mollys are leaving the country.

The Shah of Persia is again to visit Europe. When there before he made many blunders. On his visit to the Tower of London, he shook hands with a lacquey termed a Beef Eater, instead of with the Constable; and when a million sterling was placed into his hand by the Governor of the Bank of England, he put the notes in his pocket, imagining they were a gift.

THE DREADED NAME.

AN ENGLISH PAPER ON LORD LEITRIM.

Mayfair, of a recent issue, says:—There are a good many stories current about Lord Leitrim. Here is one which I heard from a neighbor of his lordship's, and which I believe has not appeared in print.

Probably the last letter (says Saunders) the late Lord Leitrim ever wrote was one which he despatched to the Bursar of T.C.D., enclosing a cheque for £1,500, being a half-year's rent for the land he held under the College.

A GOOD MOVE.

The Irishmen who belong to the St. Patrick's Society of Brooklyn, are about to do a very graceful thing, preparatory to a ceremony in which all love of wit, geniality and poetical imagery will be interested.

ODDS AND ENDS.

General Massey, the poet, was born in a mud hut. The abolition of hell has reduced the emphatic vocabulary of North Carolina to nonsense. Bayard Taylor said the secret of his enormous power of work is an unflagging appetite.