6

#### A Welcome.

God bless thee, brother! on this day, So prized—expected long— Thy presence brings a glorious ray So prized expected long-Thy presence brings a glorious ray Of loy to cheer my song. While round the happy sisters four, Fond father-tender mother-Rejoice that partrng comes no more-God bless thee! O my brother.

We meet again those lonely years Are vanished like a dream; "Its but the present now appears, These days the past redeem. Though thou hast dwelt in distant lands, We only love thee more, And hall thee with redoubled joy On darling Erin's shore.

Welcome, then, welcome! we can ne'er Too off repeat the word; Welcome our cottage home to share. Thank God our prayers are heard. Sweet Mary has from her bright throne Of light and love in Heaven, The seeds of virtue in thee sown— To her the praise be given. LIMEPT & LASSIE.



FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

THE NEW "OBSTRUCTIVE."

Last Monday there was every prospect of a yawning evening and a drowsy night for the London Commons. The Government were to take advantage of the only one of their "new rules" that has been passed to slip the army estimates quietly through. No troublesome enquries or amendments were expected, even from the large body of generals, colonels, majors, and captains who have the privilege of writing the letters M.P. after their names, and who, naturally enough, show usually an absorbing interests in everything that concerns their profession. All was to go as smoothly as a sleigh on level ice. But, unfortunately for the Government its calculations were upset. The night, to the amazement of the few Saxons on the scene, became virtually an Irish night. Representatives from the Green Isle made it their own. The chairman of the committee, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of War, looked on in sorrowing impotence; the precious house flew away, and nothing could be done to turn them to account in the way that the Government had intended. But, passing over the action of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar and their friends, let us get at once to the great event of the night-the appearance of Sir Patrick O'Brien in the character of an obstructive. How he came about, who shall say ? Did he wish to do honor to his, and Ireland's patron saint by some signally doughty deed on the night of St. Patrick's festival? or was his patriotic sould fired by some brief sudden recol-lection of his country's wrongs? Fain would we learn the nature of the potent stimulus that roused him into action, and impelled him to a course at which all "constitutionalists" will raise their hands in horror. Surmise, however, is vain. The one thing certain is that the senior representative for King's County vigorously opposed the army esti-mates. He moved the reduction of one vote by £10,000, and, after considerable amount of time had been lost in talking over the matter, he drew his motion, but only to substitute for it another reduction of £10,000. He had then fresh opportunities of addressing the Hcuse, and we are glad to say that of these he availed himself extensively to say that of these he availed himself extensively. Now, too, he meant to be firm. No more with-drawals for him. His patriotic fervor was at white heat; he would divide the House. "He did not al-lege," he said, that what he complained of "was a grievance of a very grave character. Neither did he put this matter forward as a salve for ell if he put this matter forward as a salve for all the woes of Ireland; still he thought it was of so much importance that he should press the point to a di-vision." And he was as good as his word. Bravely he entered the lobby of the "ayes," followed by five steadfast gallant hearts. Beaten by a majority of 115, not even then was the unwonted zeal of Sir

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

mighty revolution of his conversion to "obstruction" mighty revolution of his conversion to "obstruction" —was accomplished by his conviction of the urgent necessity that exists for the application of the name of "guards" to some battalion of Irishmen lashed by poverty into the ranks of the British army. This was what caused the war-ery of the honorable baro-net to ring through the startled Commons, and his mace to flourish with such amazing vigor—not, it must handmitted with use disading the sine must be admitted, with two nine discrimination, since it fell alike on friend and foe, and indeed seemed to have been wielded on the broad principle of the faction-fight, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." Ah! if the honorable baronet and other make-be-

lieve patriots had the true interests of Ireland at heart—if they were really in symyathy with the people they are supposed to represent—they would spend their time in opposing estimates to better pur-pose. It is idle, though, to suppose that they ever will. It is almost as hard to change an old Whig's nature as a tiger's; and in any case it is much easier for the continue to the set of the s for the constituencies at the next election to change the representatives who have so long been striving to bamboozle and befool them.

ANOTHER "SIEGE OF LIMERICK." A practice exists in Limerick which would be more "honored in the breach than in the observance." Tho first Sunday in Lent is their denominated "Chalk Sunday," and, on each annual recurrence of the pay, crowds of idlers, (mostly boys and girls), collect the commend in difference in the second sec collect at corners and in the most crowded thorou fares, and the passers-by are liable to have their dresses smeared with chalk, from the hands of these imitators of Pagan customs. That this is not alto-gether an "innocent pastime" is proved by the fact that on last "Chalk Sunday," about seven o'clock at night, in Mungret street, a respectable young gentleman got "chalked," and, feeling indignant, struck at the "chalker." The result of course, was a "row." Some sided with the passer-by, and some against him. In the melse of stone-throwers, Mary Murriev, acceleration Murphy. aged eighteen years, received a severe wound in the head, and had to be conveyed to Barrington's Hospital for treatment. Michael Dwyer, aged fourteen who was an onlooker at the riot, got a slight fracture of the skull, which caused ingot a signt fracture of the skun, which caused in jury to the brain, and he lies under Dr Casey's care in a precarious condition. The police at last came on the ground, but by this time the rioters had decamped. The constables, having ascertained the names of the principal ofienders, got warrants for their arrest; but, the rioters showed a display of strategy by barricading themselves in the attic of a house in Clampett's-row, in the Irishtown, cutting the staircase in their retreat in order to avoid ar-A part of the police force were inclined to make an effort to arrest the offenders at once ; but the resident magistrates granted the culprit respite until ten o'clock next day. In the meantime the citadel of the offenders was guarded all night by re-lays of the constabulary, on who the besieged hurl-ed slates, bricks, and every available missiler Dur-ing Sunday thousand of the citizens flocked to the locality owing to the exaggerated stories put into circulation during the day that two men had been killed by the besieged. On Monday morning the beleaguered were summond to surrender; but it was found that, very eleverly, and to the discom-fiture of the police, who thought they commanded the premises at all points, the expected prisoners had affected their energy.

## NOTES OF IRISH HISTORY.

the premises at all points had effected their escape.

#### HOW FATHER NICHOLAS SHEEHY WAS MURDERED.

The Rev. Father Nicholas Sheeny was born in the ounty Tipperary, sometime about the year 1727. Is parents were situated there in ordinary circum-His parents s, and, notwithstanding the uncertain position of the country at the time, succeeded in giving their son a sound initiation into the elementary departments of the various sciences. The youth himself, too, ambitioned advancement in the intellectual world, and, in his infant years, gave marked signs of e possessor of a strong, healthy intellect y department of learning he advanced being the In every advanced quickly and well; now under the vigilant care of that most useful individual then known as the hedge schoolmaster; and again with some outlawed priest, plodding his way through the intricacies of the epic weavings of the Eneid. Right well did he relish the lucent portraits of character drawn by the epic author: and many weaving the more than the molest for him he was thus constructed; for the second se epie author; and many were the evenings he spent before the blazing turf fire of his father's hearth, exploring the treasured lore of his own native land. He loved to listen to the weird recital by the by the *vanithee* of some old Celtic legend of early times-how the bettle was fought by gallowglass and moun tain kerne—how the hurlers met and played, and fought, and won—how the cross-road dance was conducted—such stories as these, pleasing, bewitching, real as they were, had a natural charm for the youth's soul. And who amongst us having the slightest sentiment of Irish manhood within his Sugness sentiment of risk manood winn mis boson, does not feel a similar delight in listening to the olden tales of our glorious ancestors. Father Sheehy did so; and, in after life, always felt a veritable pride in recalling, robed in all their pristine beauty, the stories of the far-off long ago. beauty, the stories of the far-off long ago. Father Sheehy, at a very early age, expressed his desire, of entering the Church; but, in order to earry his wish into execution, he must needs leave his home and friends, and all his heart loved dear. At that period colleges and schools were unknown in Ireland; the Irish youth were treated as base meni-als, unworthy the refinement of the age; their execution heart and applying could ware mucht to yearning hearts and aspiring souis were sought to be stifled and killed within them, while the for-eigner basked in the sunshine of silken repose. Having arranged matters with regard to his goin he set sail from the coast of Clare in a foreign ve he set sail from the coast of Clare in a foreign ves-sel, and landed after some time safely on the shores of sunny France. He lost no time now in entering college and commencing his philosophical studies. Favored, as we have already remarked, with a sharp intellect, and a keen power of concep-tion, our young Irish student plunged heart and soul into the spirit of his work. The Continental universities were then crowded with Irishmen, who were distinguished theologians in Salamanca, Bar-celona, Lisbon, Paris, and in far-famed Louvain. Thus young Sheehy had plenty of noble examples from whom to copy, and, need we say, he lost not the opportunity. When he had completed his studies he was the first theologian in his college. studies he was the first theologian in his college, and had the intention of going to defend a *thesis* in the University of Paris for his degree when a circumstance happened that was destined to alter career. It was this : The many priests who had al-ready gone from France to Ireland to work on the mission were daily decreasing, owing to the dreadful state of the country; and for this reason application was made to the continut, and for the reason operation was made to the continent to have an oper histonen sent over to keep on continuing the good work already begun. Father Sheehy was asked and he ready begun. Father Sheehy was asked and he could not refuse. So after a short time spent in seeing his college friends, he embatked for Ireland, accompanied by some few others. His must have been a pleasant voyage from the country of the stranger to the one that gave him birth; destined to see once again the old hills of his boyhood's dreams, and the rich golden valleys and the bubbl-ing streams of Holy Erin; to feel the tender grasp of a baker's hand and the gentle embrace of a kind y mother; to greet the old friends of the past, and

cese he was appointed to the parish of Clogheen, in the county Tipperary. Here he was destined to encounter British rule in its most hideous shades, the people being rack-rented and oppressed in the direct manner possible. Throughcut his parish he found them broken down in spirit and maddened by oppression; now standing up and striking a blow in defence of their rights; now weeping amid the smouldering ruins of their ancestral homes; while the yoke continued to be tightened, and the lash increased, until the very blood-red hills seemed to cry out to Europe to have compassion and in-tercede for the suffering slaves. The heart of the sodo priest was already breaking within his boson is e could not bear to see such sights in any land which laid claim to civilization; and the therefore spoke out against the crying wrong and the burning shame, but received only as his recompense threats shame, but received only as his recompense threats and abuse, and was finally imprisoned for disturb-ance of the "peace" of the country. The eye of the Government being now upon him,

The eye of the Government being now upon him, he enjoyed no rest or peace of mind during the re-maining days of his chequered career. He was im-mediately labelled a "dangerous" individual, and consequently must, if possible, be removed from the starving people. Means were not wanting; and accordingly he was arrested and indicted at Clonmel basis assizes, in 1763, for having compelled some base wretch to swear that he would not prosecute any base wretch to swear that he would not prosecute member of the "Whiteboy Confederation." member of the "Whiteboy Confederation." Of course this was all a farce—so much so that the case for the Crown failed, and Father Sheehy was ac-quitted. But the Castle was not to be thus robbed of its prey; whoever should escape their talons, that fate was not reserved for Father Sheehy. And so he was again arrested, and again acquitted; and a third time arrested, and also acquitted. Charges the most farcical and weak were trumped up against him by the Castle-hacks throughout the country and on one occasion it was stated, whilst on trial Dublin, his only prosecutors were a degraded robber and a prostitute of the streets! Oh, for the gran-deur and purity of British rule in Ireland, which deur and purity of British rule in Ireland, which then, as well as now, could show itself in such reflec-tors as a condemned thief and fallen woman. But the good priest, although acquitted, was destined not to enjoy long his sacred freedom. In 1765, he was again conveyed to Clonmel gaol on the charge of murder. Every other plot had failed miserably in their hands; and they now thought that his life was somewhat miraculous, and would, therefore, require some extinguisher equal to its stately blaza. This there for each of the distance of the stately blaze. This they formed in the following manner. At that time there was known in the county Tip-perary an informer by the name of Bridge, who had, on many occasions, proved himself of invalu-able service to the Government in his capacity of private spy among the Whiteboys. Now, this

private spy among the Whiteboys. Now, this zealous gentleman, having acquired a sufficient amount of wealth whereon to live for the reamount of weath whereon to five for the re-mainder of his life, resolved on quitting the country for ever; and so informed his Castle friends, in or-det that his accounts may be squared, and he be fully remunerated for long service in the ranks of paid informers. It is not known exactly that he received any sort of a medal for "long service," but it is well known that he received a respectable notes received any sort of a medal for "long service," but it is well known that he received a respectable purse and was then despatched. However, the whole business was so cleverly arranged as that very few knew at the time of Bridge's disappearance; and the being Government working on this, resolved immediately on making something important out of his sudden departure. It would answer very well to have some notable person connected with the departure of Bridge somethic in fact the departure of Bridge so mysteriously-in fact he may have been murdered in the discharge of his duties; and, if such were the case, the Crown would be most ungrateful in allowing the murderers af the Castle's friend to escape without fit punishment for the offence. And so it was published that the zealous, diligent and painstaking Mr. Bridge had met with a foul death at the hands of some rebel, or rebels, then unknown. A short time after this annonncement Father Sheehy was arrested for said murder, and conveyed to Clonmel gaol. Now he was in their hands, charged with an awfal crime, and they resolved on not allowing him to again es-cape. Branded with the most dreadful of imputations—one which was at once an outrage on his position as an Irishman, and on his stered character as a priest-the brave man remained undaunted came round, and the charge was made, and he was forced to stand an indicted murderer in the courthouse dock, what must have been his feelings, w ask, as an Irishman and a priest? There he stood, ask, as an irisiman and a prest There he stood, ealm and resolute; strong in the conviction of his invocence, noble in his apiration for the here-after, and full of hope and love and sympathy in the future of his suffering country. Everything the future of his suffering country. Everything that could go to prove his innocence, witnesses of the most unimpeachable character, and facts the most potent of his whereabouts on the night when the murder is said to have been committed, were all brought forward, but all to no use, the jury was too well packed; and a verdict of "guilty" was housed in. He was sentenced to be henced was handed in. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered for the nurder o<sup>c</sup> a man who, as Mr. Mitchell says, "was never mordered at all." Two days after the verdict the sentence was put into execution, and his head being severed from the body was placed over Clonmel gaol, where it is said to have remained twenty years exposed. Thus the noble-hearted Father Sheeby died, Condemned by cruel laws to an unjust death, he met it with the manly bearing and noble spirit of a priest and an Irishman. In the dock and on the scaffold his generous nature showed itself; and when the nour had arrived when he was about to enter on the confines of eternity, his heavenly sweetness and tender sympathy for all never for a weetness and tender sympathy for moment forsook him. Convinced of his innocence, and knowing well the cause for which he was dying,

er's imagination: but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatie air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and operate ar, turned over the leaves of a hove, and in other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of per-fect security and expectancy, and waited, waited with a wildly beating heart and her eyes fastened apon the hands of her little ormulu clock with a

apon the names of her fittle ormulu clock with a greedy, feverish gaze. At last, however, came the prayed-for relief. There was a ring at the door bell, and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admit-ted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfair and two stalwart policemen. The latter passed stealthily upstairs and into the bondoir, where they pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a transferred with hardly a struggle.

The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Clapman, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.—Hart-Times.

### THE MYSTERIES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

"Come here, my little fellow ; can you tell me

what a college is ?" "Yes, sir. A college is a place where a man can

acquire a thorough knowledge of atheletic sports, and where he may, if he chooses, lay in a good deal of valuable information about things which never hearnened " happened." "Right. How many colleges are there in this

ountry ?"

"There are only seven colleges in this country— Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Vassar and Yale." "What do Columbia men learn ?"

"They learn how to row a boat and to jump with ooles, besides the complete art of swinging a cane. They also practice horsemanship a good deal, just efore exan

xamination." not Columbia men domestic in their tastes?" Yes, they spend many hours by the side of their cribs

"What do they study at Havard ?"

At Havard they study Soldene unabridged, with ectives in billiards and waltzing." "What is done at Princeton ?"

"They have a four years' course there, in the study of the shotgun scientifically applied to theol-ogy, besides practical exercises in Presbyterian pug-ilism under the direction of Dr. McCosh." Do you know what are the most important oranches at Cornell ?"

"Greek and Guano, with a post-graduate course Pneumatics (i. e., blowing)." "Can you tell me what they do at Vassar?"

"Yes, I can, but would rather not, as it is wrong

"Yes, I can, but would rather not, as it is wrong to give such things away." "Very good; when you are older you will know more about these points. Now let me ask how Trinity men employ themselves ?" "They attend chapel the greater part of the time; then they go to their rooms and illumine missals in Greek text." "What do they learn at Yale ?"

"This is something that has never been discover-l. Probably never will be." What is a senior?

"A senior is a man who is hourly thunderstruck at the immensity and variety of his own learning. A senior usually discovers the cold, harsh nature of the world when he falls in love with a green-eyed girl who will not marry him until he has an in-come of two thousand dollars a month and a brown-

#### [FRIDAY, APRIL 18.]

### RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

A Connecticut man recently said, "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to adver-tise that I am not responsible for her debts."

A chinaman never swears when he gets mad, be-cause there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his washtub, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog, and feels better.

The French are acquiring a more stable govern-ment every year. Paris alone consumed 11,219 horses for food last year.

"Can't something be done," asks a charming little prude, " to civil eyes those young savages who stare so rudely at a pretty woman ?"

A Texas man shot his opponent in a duel, and is now writing a poem about it. It looks as if the wrong man had been shot.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister : "I see the sleepers are very sound.

A gang of desperadoes near Yuma have hit upon the righteous way of stealing. They travel in a coach and rob all the highwaymen they meet.

A Boston paper says in an obituary notice, that the deceased had been for several years a bank director, notwithstanding which he died a Christian, and was universally respected.

Vinnie Ream is working on a bust of Custar. Poor Custar ! First Sitting Bull scalps him, now Vinnie sculps him. It would be difficult to deter-mine which is the saddest.

First Swell—" Look here, Fred, you shouldn't wear so many big diamonds. It's awful bad form." Second Swell—" Bless your soul, dear boy, they ain't real.—Funny Folks.

"There are no birds in last year's nest." But when you find in last year's vest A dime, in what a pleasant way It makes you feel all through the day.

We've noticed that the men who are always trying to borrow a chew of tobbacco are the men who have bank accounts, and who eventually crawl up to the top rung of the ladder.

The following is posted in front of a grocery store near Harvard Square :--- Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice-We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did.

A widow refuses a foppish bore ; she is not ready to be married yet, she says. "Madame, I am your servant. I can wait." "O, well; you look as though you did. At what restaurant, pray ?"

The meanest man lives in Crawfordsville, Indiana. He stole all the wood his neighbor's wife had sawed and split during the day, and then invited her hus-band over to spend the evening.

"Tis an časy thing to sing of spring, When the air is calm and breezy; "Tis sneezy thing of spring to sing When your own head is wheezy.

"What is wit?" asked a prime minister of a needygenius. "Wit is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

When a rebellious Texan was once asked what answer he would make if the Governor of the State should send his officers to demand his arms, he replied: "I would propose a compromise measure, keep the rifle and give them the contents."

Two little children went to Church alone in Westfield, Mass. They became the during above more se-mon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led his sister up in front of the preacher and said :-- "Please, sir, may we go home ?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked

A Sunday School teacher was telling her Scholars A soundary school center was tening her Scholars the other Sunday about a bad boy who stole a hun-dred dollars, when she was interrupted by one of her auditors with the query. 'And how the dickens did he get such a bully chance ?'

The lawyer is said to be the cleverest joincr-he In a lawyer is said to be the creverest joiner—ne can place a tenant, empannel a jury, box a witness bore the court, chisel a cliant, auger the gains, cut his board, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and shave a whole community.

EXT

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ing shot; and promptly he let off another speech. Then, it is true, he was done : but what me speech. Patrick wholly quen ched. Hea ould still fire a he was done : but what more could mortal man do? Let honor be given to the brave.

It might be said by a hyporcritical person that the honorable baronet's numerous deliveries on Mon-day night were scarcely marked by the logical con-sistency demanded by the insatiable ordinary mind. But, on the other hand, it can be urged that it is scarcely fair to make little incoherencies or incon-sistencies or irrelevancies in his utterances a test of a public man. Rather let him be judged by the a liberal standard of his aims. more liberal standard of his aims. And nere we come to a question that should have the deepest And here we come to a question that should have the deepest interests for the electors of King's County. What was the great object that waked the sleeping lion in Sir Pat's bosom *l* Was his display of fervid patriot ism brought about by the desire of compelling, through indirect pressure, a surrender of the national legislature of which ireland was so foully robbed in 2000 *l* that have the solution of the reserved to be able position of the Irish tenant farmers, suffering from had harvests, depressed prices, high rents, and precarious tenure, and did he put on the screw to squeeze from an unwilling Parliament a reform of the land laws? Was he striving to "enforce" a scutderent of the advertion question in accordance settlement of the education question in accordance with the expressed desire of the venerated Irish episcopate? Was he working for the overthrow of episcopate? the anomalous grand jury system, the equalization of the franchise with that of Great Britain, the re-form of the pool-laws, the abolition of Protestant the magistracy? No; none of all ascendency in the magistracy (180, none of a these. Was he, then, seeking to secure any useful end whatever for Ireland? Again, no. The fact is simply that the truly Irish soul of the fact is simply that the truly Irish soul of

Sir Pat was aflame at a slight put on his country. There are English regiments and Scotch regiment in the British army rejoicing in the title of "Guards;" there is positively no Irish regiment so dubbed. Shall this outrageous grievance be longer borned Is the Government not going to remedy it on the is the troverminent not going to remedy it of the instant? Then, "Revenge, revenge!' Timotheus cries"—perhaps we should have written MacTimo-theus—and forthwith he mounts his little hobby, rides a mad career, and plunges in, full tilt, among the army estimates. This paltry matter of a regi-mental designation, the withholding of which hurts none, the granting of which would be no one's gain —this arrant sham and humbug, which is periodi-cally aired only to make a shallow pretence of Irish feeling—was the sole and miserable cause of Sir Pat's studius cause house on Mostley ideal of Sir Pat's studius cause house on Mostley ideal of Sir the army estimates. This paltry matter of a regi Pat's spending some hours on Monday night in obstruction; it worked satisfactorily in a way, and we should have no objection to see it frequently re-peated; but what we wish to bring out into promine is the ridiculously insignificant occasion of it, ence is the inflictiously insignificant occasion of it, on the one hand, and, on the other, how the gigantic evils under which the nation groans—if, indeed, Sir Pat has any sense of them—could not impel him one juch in the direction of opposing the estimates. The want of Home Rule could not mave him to The want of Home Rule could not mave him to that "revolutionary" course; the lack adequate pro-tection for the tenant was powerless to inflame his courage to the requisite pitch; the pressing need for a system of religious education failed to goad him into resolute action. Let the electors of King's County note that the change which these paramount requirements could not work in their member—the

## A WOMAN'S WONDERFUL NERVE.

submitted without a murmur.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman, and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often ouchsafed to any of her sex. On the evening of September 19th she was in her

bouldor putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor almost directly at her feet the shadow of a man, who was crouching under a broad topped ornamental table in the center of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers, and remembered that several desperate burglar had recently been committed in the neighborhood suppositionsly by a negro desperado, who was no-torious as having lost two fingers of his right hand.

Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and be-Mr. Maddeton was absent from the city, and be-sides herself in the house there was but a single maid servant. Instead of fainting with fear or shricking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant

was concealed, and rang for the servant. "Hand me writing materials, Bridget," says she, with perfect calumess; "I want you to take a note

stone front in Harlem." "What is a junior

"A junior is one who writes poetry and nourcret griefs."

"Tell me something about sophomores." "Sophomores are men who carry big bangers, and a sophomores are men who carry big bangers, and rent seats in chapel to freshmen for four dollars and a half a piece. Probably more beer is required to run a good healthy class of sophomores than they could ever pay for, if they were not allowed to 'hang it up,'" hang it up

"Do sophomores like freshmen ?"

"Yes, sophomores do like freshmen, but you "Tes, sophomores to like iteration, but you would perhaps never suspect it from their manner. They are naturally reserved." "Describe freshmen." "Freshmen are babes in the wood, who fail an

asy prey to unprincipled tutors. A cheeky freshreasons are also been as the second and the second as the until they are out of their swaddling clothes." "What are tutors ?"

Tutors are beings created for the purpose of inspiring students with a longing for a better world hereafter. Many and many an innocent boy, reared in a Christiau home, and with a childhood full of bright promise, has been led astray, and generally sunk lower and lower, until he has ended by be-

oming a tutor in a college." "Which department of Columbia College is the most popular with the students ?"

" Is it possible for a man who is ignorant of his

own language, who studies nothing but athletics, and who is remarkable chiefly for his check, to graduate at a college ?" 'Oh, never!'

"What, never ?"

"Well, hardly-

"Sh-h-h! That'll do; now put on your striped ulster and run out and play till dark."—Acta Col-

The dictionary of the Abneki Indian lan-guage, which is to be seen now in the Harand College, was written 200 years ago by the distinguished Jesuit Missionary, Father Sebastian Rasles, who brought Christianity to the Indians of Maine. He was murdered by

an English force in 1724, and fifty years ago Bishop Fenwich of Boston erected a monument on the spot where he fell near Madison, on the Kennebec River.

A pestilence broke out in 1129, which in a thren, and we shall then have the happiness short time swept off 14,000 persons, and in of seeing wonderful conversions and admirable spite of all human efforts daily added to its returns to God. Each one of us must take cictims. At length, on November 26th, the for our motto to strive to be useful to our shrine of St. Genevieve was carried in solemn neighbor for his eternal salvation; to make it procession through the city. That same day but three persons died, the rest recovered and no others were taken ill. This was but the case of need. Union of hearts, association of no others were taken ill. This was but the case of need. Union of hearts, association of first of a series of miraculous favours which prayer, fraternity in devotion, will be a lever the City of Paris has obtained through the zabeth Mora.

A small boy in Belfast, whose deportment at

A small boy in Belfast, whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per cent, came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. 'What have you been doing, my son? asked the mother. 'Been doing!' replied the young hopeful, been doing just as I have all along only the teacher caught me this time.

The other evening a young man who was paying The other evening a young man who was paying attention to the daughter of one of our popular citizens, met a servant of the aforesaid family at an evening entertainment, and for the sake of a little amusement saw her home. A few days after he rang at the door of the mansion and was confronted by the mistress. On asking if Miss—was home he was answered in the negative, but was told that the servant girl was in the kitchen.

He went west but six short months ago, a young lawyer full of noble aims and lofty aspirations, and this is what he wrote while on the overland train : "Dear Parents : We are rapidly nearing the Gold-en State, and there, in that land of noble achievewill give full sway to my illimitable My fame will resound in clarion notes all nents, I w talents. over the land." He is now making \$2 a week and poard washing dishes in a second-class hotel on Market street.

Dean Ramsay relates that the Earl of Lauderdale was alarmingly ill, one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which the medical men declared he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat simple, cried out, "Then sen' for that preaching men from the prime of a first was somewhat simple, cried out, "Then sen' for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for faither aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the physicians thought the hint worth attending to, and the ex-periment of "getting a minister till him " succeeded, for sleep came on, and the earl recovered.

Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who died lately at Newport, R. I., was a convert to our Faith. R. I. P.

Right Rev. Bishop Keane last week offered up the prayer in the House of Delegates of irginia, in full episcopal robes. This was the first time in the history of Virginia that a Catholic prinst performed that duty .- Catholic Visitor.

The great law of association is dominant in modern society. It is to the union of capital that we owe all the maternal glories of this century. We must apply this law in the moral order for the spiritual good of our Bre

our duty and consolation to pardon him, to which will raise the world .- Life of Ven. Elis