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THE IRISH WIFE.

The recent touching and enviable death of the wife of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who is said to have died with a pang while upon her knees in the act of devotion, gives a new and pathetic interest to those fine tributary lines from her husband's pen, and justifies their restoration to current print:

I would not give my Irish wife For all the dimes of the Saxon land, And I will not leave her behind me For the Queen of France's hand; For she is to me dearer Than castles strong, or lands, or life, An outcast—so I'm near her— To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh, what would this home of mine— A ruined, hermit haunted place— But for the light and airy shingles Upon its walls from Kathleen's face? What comfort in a mine of gold, What pleasure in a crown of gold, If the heart within lay dead and cold, If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I know the laws forbade the banes, I knew my King bore her race, Who never left before his clans Must bow before their ladies' grace. Take all my forfeited domain, I cannot wed with a Saxon strife, Take knightly gear and noble name, And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear, blue eyes, My heaven by day, my stars by night, And I will not leave her behind me For the Queen of France's hand; For she is to me dearer Than castles strong, or lands, or life, In death I would be near her— And rise beside my Irish wife.

MARDI GRAS: A Tale of Ante Bellum Times.

By TIM LINKINWATER.

CHAPTER I. "We will thank Heaven And then we'll see maskery."

In Catholic countries the Carnival time, especially the week immediately preceding the advent of Lent, is devoted to social enjoyments—balls, parties, theatres and the like entertainments are indulged in by almost the entire population. In the early spring of the year, and the pleasures of the winter season are now brought to a brilliant termination, preparatory to the commencement of that season of austerity, observed by the "children of the Church" as a reminder of their own weakness, and to bring them to a proper feeling of humility in contemplating the life and sufferings of Him, who assumed our weak humanity, who fasted and was sorely tempted, that we, through his example, might gather strength to pass through the troubles and cares of this world with a fortitude and resignation worthy of His name.

In no other part of our own country, are the ceremonies of the Carnival so well observed and heartily enjoyed as in New Orleans, where a large majority of the people are of the Catholic faith and where there is also yet a very strong element of the French or "Creole" population, who have given to the place many of the customs of the mother country, customs which their fellow citizens of other nationalities are not slow in imitating, or improving upon, and fully enjoy.

Mardi Gras, a French term signifying Fat Tuesday, is the last day of the season of pleasure, and is always marked by the wildest scenes of gaiety, and is given over to amusement by almost the entire population of the Crescent City. In the Church the day is known as Shrove Tuesday, being the day on which, in olden time, the faithful were wont to make their shrift, preparatory to "receiving the ashes" on the following day, Ash Wednesday, thus entering the season of fasting and prayer with proper humility and devotion.

In a quiet cottage, in what was then the "far up town" district of New Orleans, many years ago, Mr. George Macourty resided. A neat open front enclosed the front of the grounds, through which the passer-by was tempted to pause and look at the graven walks bordered with beds of violets, with a collection of choice roses, the beautiful camellia, and fragrant magnolia. A few feet retired from the street, with a small grass plot intervening, was the house, with a wide gallery in front and along the side. There was not only an air of quiet comfort about the place, but a degree of beauty and elegance that gave evidence that the owner was on the road to opulence and wealth.

George Macourty was a commission merchant, whose principal correspondence was with England, from which he received large consignments of ale, porter, whiskey and other articles of foreign make in that line of trade. He had now been established for himself about five years, his predecessor having retired from business just before the crash of '37.

was a lady of superior education, brilliant accomplishments, and refined tastes. She was tall and dignified in appearance, with large, bright, black eyes, an abundance of glossy hair, black as the raven's wing, and a face that was full of intelligence and radiant with rare beauty.

They were devotedly attached to each other, and were loved and respected by a large circle of friends. During the morning meal Mr. Macourty was persuading his wife to attend the Mardi Gras ball, to which she half consented.

After breakfast she accompanied her husband as usual to the front gallery, to say good-bye to him when he was leaving for the day's business. As they stood there he said: "Well, Cecilia, I think you had better go. It will be a splendid ball, McDonald and his wife, MacVain, even old Mr. Cummings will be there, and I know you will enjoy it."

"But the baby, George? I think you forget her." "No indeed, I do not," he replied smiling, "but surely Aunt Lotty can look after her."

"Just as you like, my dear," his wife replied, "I know Lotty will take good care of her."

The patter of little feet was heard behind them, and a bright little child of two years ran from the side gallery and with a cry of joy caught her father's hand.

"Papa go! Papa go! Ceely go!" said the child. "Kiss papa, good-bye," he said, bending over her, and putting back the long, shining curls that half hid her bright, animated face, while the child, with a merry laugh, turned her eyes to him.

"Kiss mamma—kiss Ceely," said the child, and he playfully obeyed.

"You will go to-night, Cecilia?" "Yes, dear."

"I will not come home until six," he said, "and then I will not go back in the evening, but we will get ready for the ball."

As he turned to go, a gentleman passing by, with a polite bow and friendly smile, said, "Good morning. He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, a full, well-developed chest and limbs in such perfect proportion as made him an observed and admired figure. His hair, closely trimmed, was of a dark red that in these days of polite description it would be called auburn. His face was full, with high cheek bones, while a smile that lingered about his closed mouth was a mixture of good nature and sarcasm, leaving the beholder in doubt whether to encourage or avoid the acquaintance. Such was Percy MacVain, a man of wealth and education, a native of Ireland, who since his business had called him to New Orleans, had become one of the leaders in social as well as commercial affairs.

"Why, Mac, what are you doing up here?" said Macourty, "come in, come in, I'm glad to see you."

"Thank you, George," said the other, as he walked up to the gallery. "How are you, Mrs. Macourty? and how's my sweet-heart and her darling?"

"I was just looking around this morning," said MacVain, when the other had answered his salutations. "I think it would be a good idea to buy some property in this neighborhood—I mean it would be a good investment."

"Not only that," replied Macourty, "but it will be a good place for a future residence."

"An old bachelor," said MacVain, the smile deepening on his face, "has no use for any such provision."

"You are claiming to be an old bachelor too soon," Mrs. Macourty said good naturedly, "in the old country a man of thirty like you, is only a right smart lad."

"Well, if I am not an old bachelor now, I soon will be," he replied, "especially in this country; but I must be getting down town, although as this is Mardi Gras day, I suppose there will be little business doing. Do you go to the ball to-night?"

"I think we will go," replied Macourty, as he repeated his good-byes to his wife and baby, and prepared to accompany his friend to the business part of the city.

During the day there were a large number of people walking the street in mask, but the greater portion of them were young men or boys. These generally carried bags of flour, from which they sprinkled the passers by, without much respect for persons.

In the afternoon Mrs. Macourty took a seat on the front gallery, watching the few masks who strayed away from the principal part of the city and passed her residence. Her little child played on the gravel walks near her, sometimes running to her with little shells to claim her admiration, and again shouting in claim an Indian chief, in war paint, with an immense plume of eagle feathers, passed along, but his war whoop was not as good as his disguise, and failed to create terror in the hearts of the hearers. Two or three cavaliers, booted and spurred, with gay colored mantles and plumed hats, came next. With these were a group of boys, some on horseback, some on foot. To give directions in some household duties Mrs. Macourty went into the house, leaving her little daughter busy playing amongst the flowers. Scarcely had she closed the door behind her when the courtier, with cloak and sword, appeared at the gate, opened it, and quickly advanced to the child, the child, not in the least frightened.

"Oh! see, see the man!" cried the child, not in the least frightened.

"Ceely, come go get some cakes," he said,

steeping over the child. His face was masked, but she recognized his voice, and dropping the shells and flowers from her little hands, she eagerly answered:

"Ceely go—get cakes—get mamma cake too." "Yes, yes, darling," the man replied. Taking the little one in his arms he passed out of the gate, and going down the street turned the first corner, where a carriage was waiting. Placing the child in a carriage beside a woman closely veiled, the man entered it himself, and told the driver to move on. The carriage was driven rapidly away, turning many corners, and passing through side streets to avoid pursuit, if any should be attempted.

"Where Ceely going—don't—let Ceely go," cried the child.

"There, don't cry, Ceely, we will go see papa," said the man, and then turning to the woman he said, "you understand, Sarah, the child must be well taken care of. Spare no money, and if you supply ever runs low let me know, and more will be sent."

"I'll do what I can," replied the woman, "but I don't like it. There is trouble at the bottom."

"Pshaw! none of your low superstitions," cried the man, "take the boat to-night, go at once to New York and locate near the city. You know the country well and there can be no danger."

"I will obey your instructions," was the curt reply.

"It is well," he replied. "You are not known in this part of the country and can never be suspected. Change the child's dress, give me the one she has on, and I will cause it to be placed somewhere, that will mislead them."

The child cried and resisted, but the change was soon made, and she was again assured that she would soon see her papa.

"These traps," said the man, laying aside the cloak and sword, "you can throw in the river when you get well on your way. Write and keep me informed of your movements and remember for your trouble you shall have money enough to settle you for life." Look out and see if there is any one passing."

"No, this is a lonely spot, and there is no one in sight."

"Good-bye. Take good care of the child and let me hear from you often." The carriage halted for a moment and Percy MacVain stepped out and walked quickly away.

The boat was ready to start, one plank had been drawn in and the hands were at the oar when the carriage drove up. Taking the child in her arms, closely muffled up, Sarah hurried on board, followed by the negro driver with the small trunk and packages that made up her baggage. In a few minutes the steambreak backed out from the levee, and followed by the loud cheers of the crowd on the shore, was soon rapidly cutting the water on her trip northward. Sarah sought a stateroom and there remained with the kiddapoo child.

"Where Ceely going?" asked the child through her stifled sobs, "where's mamma? Ceely go papa?" and then she wept and broke into another spell of bitter crying. Sarah used all her persuasive powers to console the child but in vain. "Go away, Ceely wants mamma. Go away, where's mamma," and thus the little girl scolded, cried and begged for deliverance, until her young nature was overcome by exertion and grief, and she sank to sleep on the narrow berth of the steambreak. Through the long night the baby slept, but her rest was not tranquil, the trouble that filled her little heart came forth in uneasy cries and smothered sobs that at times convulsed her whole frame.

CHAPTER II. Her household duties occupied but a few minutes and then Mrs. Macourty returned to her seat on the front gallery, and called to her little girl. As she received no answer, she thought the child was busy with the shells and flowers and went to look for her. Not finding her she went into the kitchen and asked Caroline the cook if she had seen her. Becoming anxious about the child, she called to Lotty, the nurse, and a regular search was made, every corner was visited, rooms were thrown open and every one about the house gave their assistance. Lotty ran into the street, up and down the square, asking of every body if they had seen the lost child.

"What is the matter, aunt Lotty," asked a little boy of six or seven years, as the woman came up to him.

"Oh! Marses Phillip, my baby! my baby! Oh! Marses Phillip, my dear little angel! Miss Ceely?" cried the woman, wringing her hands.

"What about her, aunt Lotty?" eagerly inquired the boy.

"Oh! she's done gone, she's done gone!" "Gone! where to, aunt Lotty?" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh! I dunno, she's gone," was the reply.

Mrs. Macourty by this time had satisfied herself that the child was not in the house and came out to where the nurse and Phillip were standing.

"Lotty, go down to your master's store," she said, "and tell him we cannot find Cecilia. He will know what it is best to do; hurry now, my good girl, hurry."

"She must be near here," said Phillip, as the girl hurried away, "she could not go far."

"I do not see how she got out of the front gate," said Mrs. Macourty, thoughtfully, more to herself than to Phillip.

"Perhaps she has been stolen," replied the boy.

"Oh! my God! Oh! Holy Mother forbid!" exclaimed the lady, becoming more excited as the idea forced itself upon her. "Who would steal her? What would they do with my baby? Oh! where is she? Cecilia, my darling!"

The search was continued, in which all the neighbors joined, looking and inquiring everywhere they went. The police were notified, the station houses searched, and messages sent

to distant friends that they too might give their aid.

Mr. Macourty came home, and offered such consolation to his wife as words could convey. As she was certain the front gate had been closed all the time, the conviction came upon all minds that the child had been stolen, but for what purpose, or by whom, no one could imagine.

In a handsome brick house, in the lower part of the city, over the door of which was suspended the sign "Rooms to Let," Percy MacVain had his apartments. The front room, or parlor, was on the first floor and the windows opening on the street were shaded by handsome lace curtains, supported by gilded cornices. The floor was covered with rich carpeting, two large easy chairs, four mahogany damasked chairs, and a fine large sofa, were distributed about the room. Between the front windows there was a piano of the latest pattern and beside it sat a harp, while at one side of the room was placed an elegant sideboard, covered with silver-ware, goblets and decanters of the richest style of cut glass. Numerous vases, some of the choicest copies of the old masters, and fine engravings, adorned the walls, and a handsome timepiece, with other ornaments filled the marble mantel-piece. The back room was the bed-room, and was furnished with the same style of comfort and elegance.

"Well, it is done and an old grudge is repaid," said Percy, as he paced through the parlor, meditating on the events of the day. "There will be no ball for her to-night." He passed before the sideboard and taking up a decanter filled one of the glasses with the liquor it contained.

"Sally," he continued, "she is as true as steel. Her folks in the country was not one amongst them more faithful than Sally." He took the glass and draining its contents said, "Here's health to thee, Cecilia, and sweet dreams for thy companions in this night's rest. Ha! ha! ha! So much for your scorn, Percy MacVain."

Again he strode up and down the room, lashing himself into a fury with the fierce thoughts that crowded his brain. "To think," he said, "that Cecilia Christie, the haughty aristocrat, who with pride traces her descent through long generations of wealth and nobility as high as that of ever lived in Ireland, without a blot or stain to mar their escutcheon, should reject an offer of marriage from me, whose family is as good and noble as her own, to marry with an American parvenu, whose very name marks him as of a mongrel race, the mixture of half-a-dozen foreign bloods."

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THE KING'S VISIT. CIRCULAR OF H. E. CARDINAL ANTONELLI TO THE Nuncios APOSTOLIC ON THE JOURNEY OF KING VICTOR EMANUELE TO ROME.

ROME, Jan. 2, 1871. His Highness, E. Emo, Signore—In the night of the 30th of December last King Victor Emmanuel arrived unexpectedly at Rome with four attendants. The journey was so sudden, that, as a letter from Florence states, it was only deliberated and decided on that very morning, (the 30th) at the Cabinet Council. For the sake of a pretext to justify the resolution taken, and to diminish in the eyes of the Foreign Ambassadors its real character, it was determined to put forward the King's desire to see with his own eyes the damage done to the people of Rome by the extraordinary overflowing of the Tiber, and to bring himself an effectual remedy by encouraging with his presence the poor flooded inhabitants. But it is important to notice that, during the morning of the very same day (the 30th), the Senate of the Italian Kingdom had discussed and approved the project of law for the acceptance of the usurpation committed to the detriment of the Holy Father and of Catholic Christendom by making the King affix his sign-manual to the confirming decree on the very spot where the spoliation was committed.

For my own part I am glad to be able to believe this idea unfounded, as I could not conceive any cabinet capable of pushing its influence over the King to the point of forcing him to undertake a sudden journey, and one of so unpleasant a kind, and the roads being in such a state, merely with the object of inflicting a cruel insult on the dignity of the Pontiff and on the Sovereignty of the Holy Father.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day (31st of December), [Victor Emmanuel set out on his return to Florence, so that his stay in Rome lasted barely thirteen hours.

Either in consequence of the bad weather, or of the calamities undergone by the people, or of the general discontent, the reception given him was colder and meaner than might have been expected. With the exception of Prince Doria and a person of the name of Placidi, an advocate, not even the municipality, although invited and informed in good time of the King's arrival, repaired to the railway station to receive him. The people, with their natural good sense, do not fail to draw comparisons between the spontaneous and universal demonstrations made to do honor to the Holy Father, and that which it was meant to fete the arrival of the King Victor Emmanuel. They had been taken to give it credit by numbers and by acclamations, forasmuch as (they said) he was then making his appearance for the first time among his new subjects.

I think it superfluous to comment on these facts, because your Lordship, as representative of the Holy See at the Court of Florence, will certainly not have omitted to bring to the knowledge of the Minister of Foreign Affairs all that passed on the occasion to which I have been referring, and the impressions which such an event is calculated to produce.—Receive, etc.

JAMES CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

M. LOYSON AND THE WOUNDS OF THE CHURCH.—M. Loyson, who still signs himself as "Hyacinthe," has addressed a circular letter from Rome to the Bishops of the Catholic Church. This unhappy man, borrowing the metaphor of a celebrated work, says that the Church is afflicted by "five wounds." It will be enough to enumerate them. The "wound of the heart," is "ceaseless of the clergy;" the "first hand," is that the word of God is "slut up in the obscurity of the dead languages;" of the "other hand," the "oppression of the intellect and the conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power;" the "wounds of the feet," are "the worldly policy" of the Church, and "devotions to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints." We are not surprised, therefore, that he speaks of the Pope as a depot, and of the doctrine of infallibility as "impious." He concludes by warning "the venerable heads of the Church" that if his "humble appeal" is received, he will consent to "resume a ministry which has been the single passion of my youth, the simple ambition of my life." But if it is not by "condemnation or silence," in spite of excommunications which "being unjust, are therefore invalid," he will use "unfettered and independent action," and by that means prepare for the kingdom of God upon earth. "If my words," he says, "are not sufficiently strong to hasten the accomplishment of the design of Providence, they are sufficiently fully vain, and pride.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.—Whatever may be the next turn of events, all must experience a sense of extreme relief at the cessation of the siege and the bombardment, which were daily growing more and more destructive, and producing daily greater miseries in the city. The pious German Emperor sends a winged dispatch to the Emperor, in which he announced the fall of Paris, and talked of its being "the blessed reward of patriotism, heroism and heavy sacrifices." These phrases, judicious critics observe, undoubtedly apply to his troops, but sound very ridiculously when applied to the Emperor. It is, no doubt, a brave soldier, but the patriotism has been rewarded by the dignity of Emperor; the heavy sacrifices have been vicarious, and as to the heroism, he was not called upon to go under fire, and we do not believe he has incurred the slightest danger during the campaign. The Emperor thanks God "for this fresh mercy." These words, says the London Tablet, reminds us of Oliver Cromwell at Worcester and Drogheda. Among the mercies for which his Imperial Majesty is grateful, we suppose we must include the successful result of the bombardment of hospitals, schools, and the slaughter of sick, wounded, women, children, old men, and non-combatants generally. We have seen it stated that in the course of one morning the number of victims was 60 killed and 40 wounded, one-third of whom were children, and one-fourth women. Almost on the very last day of the bombardment we read a pious story of a wholesale slaughter of little boys, caused by a shell falling into the dormitory of one of the establishments of the Preres des Ecoles Christians. Seven or eight of the poor innocents were killed outright, many others sadly injured, to say nothing of the terror which in some children has been known to produce idiocy. Such are the horrors of bombardment, and they form, be it remembered, direct elements in the military calculations as to the reduction of the besieged place; so many women and children cut to pieces, so many more dead of hunger, so many days or hours the sooner the doomed city capitulates. Human Emperor!

CATHOLICISM IN PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Catholics have the least cause to be dissatisfied with their condition, in a religious point of view, of any others in Germany or Austria with whom, as they themselves declare, (according to a London Catholic journal) they would by no means exchange places. They are by far the most intelligent and public spirited Catholics in Germany. Witnesses the elections on the Rhine and in Westphalia, which have fallen out so numerously and decidedly Ultramontane in these trying times as to create unusual contentment in the Protestant and Liberal camps. At Berlin, a Catholic journal entitled Germania, has been announced this year to appear there for the first time, under the auspices of a man so eminent in the State as the Justiz-Savigny. Most gratifying also is to be able to record the fall and unconditional submission of Dr. Dieringer, of Bonn, to the Vatican of Legation. Infallibility had caused so much surprise and regret in Germany as his, so high did he stand as a learned champion of the faith, whose Latinistia especially ranked as a classical work on Catholic doctrine for the educated classes, which the Archbishop of Cologne had recently recommended to his clergy as eminently worthy of perusal for what the author, "in a way just as luminous as popular, has written therein on the infallibility of the Pope's doctrinal authority, and in refutation of the objections made against the same." It is expected that Dieringer's submission will powerfully operate to induce others to "go and do likewise."

The Holy Father did not condescend to answer the letter which the Sardinian robber impudently addressed to him during his thirty-four hours' stay in the palace of the Quirinal. But Pius IX. has answered the letter addressed to him by Victor Emmanuel's son, the King of Spain, and in such a tone that he himself is reported to have said of it, "Amendans will not publish my reply, but perhaps he may show it to his confessor, if he have one." The coalition of things in the capital of the Christian world may be judged of from some facts from the following,