

Constance, and hugged and sobbed over Ferdinand as if he were a child of five years old. He informed all his guests daily (and the house was full) that Lady Armine was his favorite daughter, and Sir Ratcliffe his favorite son-in-law, and Ferdinand especially his favorite grandchild. He insisted upon Sir Ratcliffe always sitting at the head of his table, and always placed Ferdinand on his own right hand. He asked his butler aloud at dinner why he had not given a particular kind of Burgundy, because Sir Ratcliffe Armine was here.

"Darbois," said the old nobleman, "have not I told you that Closs de Vougeot is always to be kept for Sir Ratcliffe Armine? It is his favorite wine. Closs de Vougeot directly to Sir Ratcliffe Armine. I do not think, my dear madam (turning to a fair neighbor), that I have yet had the pleasure of introducing you to my son-in-law, my favorite son-in-law, Sir Ratcliffe Armine. He married my daughter Constance, my favorite daughter Constance. Only here for a few days, a very, very few days indeed. Quite a flying visit. I wish I could see the whole family oftener and longer. Passing through to Falmouth with his son, this young gentleman on my right, my grandson, my favorite grandson, Ferdinand. Just got his commission. Ordered for Malta immediately. He is in the Fusiliers, the Royal Fusiliers. Very difficult, my dear madam, in these days to obtain a commission, especially a commission in the Royal Fusiliers. Very great interest required, very great interest indeed. But the Armines are a most ancient family, very highly connected, very highly connected; and, between you and me, the Duke of—would do anything for them. Come, come Captain Armine, take a glass of wine with your old grandfather.

"How attached the old gentleman appears to be to his grandson!" whispered the lady to her neighbor. "Delightful!" yes! was the reply, "I believe he is the favorite grandson!" In short, the old gentleman at last got so excited by the universal admiration lavished on his favorite grandson, that he finally insisted on seeing the young hero in his regimentals; and when Ferdinand took his leave, after a great many whispering blessings, his domestic feelings were worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he absolutely presented his grandson with a hundred-pound note.

"Thank you, my dear grandpapa," said the astonished Ferdinand, who really did not expect more than fifty, perhaps even a moiety of that more moderate sum; "thank you, my dear grandpapa; I am very much obliged to you indeed." "I wish I could do more for you; I do, indeed," said Lord Grandison; "but nobody ever thinks of paying his rent now. You are my grandson, my favorite grandson, my dear favorite daughter's only child. And you are an officer in His Majesty's service, an officer in the Royal Fusiliers, only think of that! It is the most unexpected thing that ever happened to me. To see you so well and so unexpectedly provided for, my dear child, has taken a very great load off my mind; it has indeed. You have no idea of a parent's anxiety in these matters, especially of a grandfather. You will some day, I warrant you, be continued the noble grandfather, with an expression between a giggle and a leer; but do not be wild, my dear Ferdinand, do not be too wild at least. Young blood must have its way; but be cautious; now, do; be cautious, my dear child. Do not get into any scrapes; and whatever happens to you, and here his lordship assumed an solemn tone, "remember, you have a grandfather, and that you, my dear Ferdinand, are his favorite grandson."

This passing visit to Grandison rather relieved the spirits of our travellers. When they arrived at Falmouth, they found, however, that the packet, which waited for government despatches, was not yet to sail. Sir Ratcliffe scarcely knew whether he ought to grieve or to rejoice at the reprieve; but he determined to be gay. So Ferdinand and himself passed their mornings in visiting the mines, Pendenis Castle, and the other lions of the neighborhood; and returned in the evening to their cheerful hotel, with good appetites for their agreeable banquet, the mutton of Dartmoor and the cream of Devon.

At length, however, the hour of separation approached; a message awaited them at the inn, on their return from one of their rambles, that Ferdinand must be on board at an early hour on the morrow. That evening the conversation between Sir Ratcliffe and his son was of a graver nature than they usually indulged in. He spoke to him in confidence of his affairs. Dark hints, indeed, had before reached Ferdinand; nor, although his parents had ever spared his feelings, could his intelligent mind have altogether refrained from guessing much that had never been formally communicated. Yet the truth was worse even than he had anticipated. Ferdinand, however, was young and sanguine. He encouraged his father with his hopes, and supported him by his sympathy. He expressed to Sir Ratcliffe his confidence that the generosity of his grandfather would prevent him at present from becoming a burden to his own parent, and he inwardly resolved that no possible circumstance should ever induce him to abuse the benevolence of Sir Ratcliffe.

The moment of separation arrived. Sir Ratcliffe pressed to his bosom his only, his loving, and his beloved child. He poured over Ferdinand the dearest, the most fervid blessing that a father ever granted to a son. But, with all the pious consolation, it was a moment of agony.

Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day, we mean to shakeen this fevered rush. That is wearing out very souls away. And great to our goodly hearts a hush. That is holy enough to let them hear. The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt. With the burden of daytime toil is over. With a rest and muse, while the stars come out. As the patron saint at the open door. Of his tent with a heavenward gazing eye. To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noon. When fiercely the world's hot flashing bent; Yet never have hidden them turn aside. And tarry a while in converse sweet; Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread. To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We prompted our hearts when the stress Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close. When the weight that we groan with hinders less. Will loosen our thoughts to such repose As banishes care's disturbing din. And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length. When tired of every mocking guest. And broken in spirit and shorn of strength. We drop, indeed, at the door of rest. And wait, and watch as the day comes on— But the angels we meant to call are gone!

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Maligning Americans and Irish—Crust to the Blundering Historian.

The following reply to James Anthony Froude's article in the North American Review appeared recently in a Chicago paper: If I believed that abuse was argument, I might begin by impeaching the credibility of the witness against American Catholics, by showing how James Anthony Froude merited the nickname of "James Anthony Fraud," by the malicious and intentional falsification of history; how he forfeited all title to be believed by a falsehood as a writer and historian, known to all students of English history—a falsehood which lost him the position which his ambition craved, to be the peer of Macaulay and other great English historians. Or, if time permitted, I might refute him by the logic of history. From the bearing of the Catholics, Irish and other, towards the laws and institutions of this country from the moment of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, through the War of Independence, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the War of the Rebellion, to this very day; from their attitude towards the Constitution and the laws of this happy land in all the past, I might infer what it will be most likely in all the future; and thus, basing my inductions on facts, I might show the untenableness of Froude's position, and the groundlessness of this Englishman's tears lest the American Constitution should be violated and the American Union not perpetual! But, as I have no desire to do the former, I have not the leisure, at present, to do the latter. I must, therefore, content myself with reasoning as follows:

1. Froude says that the Roman Catholic religion is at open war with the principles of American Constitution. To which I reply, all Catholics solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States whenever called upon by the laws of the country, just as do other American citizens; and the laws of their Church do not prohibit their doing so. On the contrary, their Church enjoins on them as a duty the obeying of the laws of the country, under pain of violating the law of God.

But, supposing that the teachings of the Catholic religion are in conflict with the principles of the Constitution, then, surely, the principles of the Constitution are in conflict with the teachings of the Catholic religion, and in an equal fight the true principles must win, especially if the true principles are represented by 30,000,000 of people, while the wrong principles are represented by only 6,000,000 and those 6,000,000 the contemptible trash which Froude represents the Irish to be.

I am willing to abide by the decision in a conflict so unequal. If the principles of the American Constitution, in a conflict with the principles of the Catholic religion, cannot maintain themselves under such circumstances, I, as an American citizen who have sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, say, Let the Constitution perish.

2. Mr. Froude is very much afraid of ultimate Catholic preponderance in this country. He is afraid that the descendants of 6,000,000 people will, after a little, outnumber the descendants of 26,000,000; and in asserting the reasons for his belief he insults every man and woman of this 26,000,000, nay, every American man and woman. He says: "But now the Irish in America are independent of additions from without. There are already 6,000,000 of them. They preserve the abstinence from sexual vice, which distinguish them so honorably at home; and this is favorable to large families." What does this mean but that 30,000,000 of Americans, most of them not Catholics, are not free from sexual vice; and that the cause of the probable preponderance of Catholics in this country at no very distant future is their sexual purity? A greater affront than this was never offered by a public writer to a great and vigorous nation. Talk now of Dickens' "American Notes!" So, according to Mr. Froude, if Catholics shall ever have a preponderance in this country, it will be largely, if not mainly, due to the relatively superior purity of their wives, their daughters and their men. Would he keep virtue from reaping what it has sown? Thus does he lead us to the conclusion that if the American Constitution is overthrown it will be in consequence of the "sexual vice" of 30,000,000 of the American people. The only moral I can draw from such reasoning is: "Americans, be pure if you would not lose your liberties." Froude's is: "Kill off 6,000,000 Catholics, Americans, and in spite of your sexual vice, you will always be in the majority and keep your Constitution."

3. To preserve the Constitution, Mr. Froude would give us a series of "Folk Laws." In other words, to save the freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, etc., he would destroy them for a whole class of people by "Folk Laws." Or, to express the same truth in another manner, to save the Constitution from a possible overthrow at some indefinite time in the future, he would have us overthrow it now by violating its most cherished principles. "Americans," he says in substance, "trample your Constitution and your laws under foot as soon as you can; if you don't, the Catholics will do it; it may be in the next century or the century after." This is as if, because a child is apt to die within one hundred years, we should, to make it live two or three hundred, kill it at its birth! Wonderful logic of John Bull when he is taken with a fit of sympathy for America! I prefer to say, let the Constitution live as long as possible.

Persecute the Irish people in America, says Froude, and they remain in the minority. He forgets that the "Blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." Does not Mr. Froude know what the effect of persecution on the Irish race has been? He does, and he tells it in these words: "Roman Catholicism (in Ireland), which grew sick and stagnant in power and prosperity, has, in Ireland, been traced into vigor by calamity." Why should the effect be different in the case of the Irish in the United States?

4. Froude thinks that the Irish do not become Americans fast enough. As a matter of fact they become Americans faster than any other class of foreigners who come to this country. In their love for America, they are Americans frequently before they reach our shores, and from the moment they touch them they are Americans enough, as all the world knows, to fight for America and its Constitution with all the valor characteristic of their race. This, both America and England know. It was not to Froude's interest to remember it, however, when he was writing his article for the North American.

5. Mr. Froude throughout contrasts Catholics with Americans, as if an American could not be at the same time a Catholic. Let me assure him, from a large acquaintance among Americans "to the manor born," who are also Catholics, that of the type of American Catholics of whom Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was the first there are thousands and thousands now equally ready to shed their blood for the country of their birth, and humbly to bend the knee before the altar in a Catholic Church.

6. This much I have considered it my duty to say in reply to an article which I consider a libel on American Catholics first, and then on the whole American people, which I believe no intelligent American writer would have written, and which I marvel has been published in an American review of the standing of the North American. J.L.L.

Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, Branch No. 9, Kingston, Ont.

At a meeting of the "Young Irishmen's Catholic Benevolent Association," held in the hall on Monday evening, December 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year—D. Sullivan, President; O. J. Clary, 1st. Vice-President; H. J. La Croix, 2nd do.; J. Donnelly, Secretary; J. J. Behan, Financial Secretary; J. Wilkins, Treasurer; W. McNeil, Sergeant-at-Arms. Auditors—O. J. Clary, J. Donnelly and W. McNeil. The report of the Treasurer for the past year was then read, showing the funds of the Association to be in a most satisfactory state. The list of members in good standing shows a large increase over that of last year. Generally speaking, the Society is in a flourishing condition. The installation of the new officers takes place at the first meeting in January.

A SHORT ROUTE TO MONTREAL. The Trent Canal Scheme Before Council.

A deputation from Peterborough, consisting of Messrs. Keeler, M. P., and John Carnagie, Esq., M. P. E., were introduced to an informal meeting of the Council Thursday for the purpose of explaining the many advantages which would accrue to Montreal by the construction of the Trent Valley Canal.

Mr. Keeler explained the object of the mission, and referred to previous efforts made to shorten the western water route by canal. On the Trent Valley Canal route some \$40,000 to \$50,000 had been already expended. One hundred and thirty-six miles are actually navigable. The distance between these two points by an air line is 120 miles, and by the proposed canal 200 miles. The carrying out of this project would not only be a great benefit to the districts through which it passes but also to Montreal. It would bring Georgian Bay to within 420 miles of Montreal, and really part and parcel of the harbor of Montreal, as lake vessels would discharge their cargoes into barges at the entrance to the canal and proceed to Montreal without transhipment, avoiding the difficult navigation of Lakes Erie and Ontario and a portion of Lake Huron, and to much reduce the cost of transhipment and to lessen the distance between Montreal and Chicago, as compared with Chicago and New York, by in round numbers, 400 miles, and by actual measurement, 370 miles. The Huron ship canal of Mr. Capreol, which it was proposed to run from Nottawasaga Bay, a few miles west of Toronto, to Georgian Bay, would be only 100 miles long. The total cost was estimated at \$40,000,000. The next scheme was one that found many friends in Montreal—the Ottawa route, which would be some 20 miles shorter than the Trent Valley route. The lowest estimate for this route has been set down by Mr. Clarke at \$12,000,000. Other superior engineers have put it down at \$24,000,000 to \$27,000,000. According to United States authorities, Canada has fully three-fourths of the wheat-growing land of the world. England buys seventy-five million bushels of breadstuffs yearly, not including corn, and it therefore seemed to him that Canada should and must provide one-half that amount. It was not proposed to construct a ship canal at all. The locks are 123 feet in length, by 33 feet in depth, capable of taking very large, long barges, drawing five feet of water, which can come safely and directly to Montreal without transhipment, thereby reducing the charges fifty per cent, or six or seven cents per bushel. He hoped Council would see that it is to the interest of Montreal not only to sign the petition to the Minister of Railways and Canals, but also to appoint the Mayor and some members of Council a deputation, in company with other deputations, to urge the matter upon the Government on Tuesday next.

In reply to Ald. Greene, Mr. Keeler favored the carriage of grain by barge. 1st. For the reason that in large vessels, during the season after harvest, the grain is likely to heat, and is elevated as a cooling process; 2nd, that transhipment at Kingston, as at present, is avoided; and 3rdly, that the dangers of lake navigation are not experienced. The carrying trade had gone to New York in spite of all, he could do in favor of the St. Lawrence route, and any one who studies the figures will find that the progress of New York is owing to the little ditch known as the Erie Canal. In proof of this fact he showed that in one week in September last out of 34 millions of bushels of grain received in New York that week 23 millions arrived by the Erie Canal, and the remainder by rail. The U. S. railways were represented as doing an immense grain business. This business was not in exporting but in bringing grain from the West and distributing it in the Eastern and Southern States, doing in fact a business that the canal cannot do. In Canada it was the same. He proceeded to show that the Trent Valley route is completely land locked from Georgian Bay to Montreal, while Gloucester Bay (Georgian Bay) its western terminus, possessed the best harbour on the continent, being completely land locked and having ample water for the feet of England almost to ride in. By constructing this Trent Valley Canal we would be improving our own country, as it would make Montreal 400 miles nearer Chicago than New York via Erie Canal, and would compel all vessels using it to pass down to Montreal, instead of allowing them the option of the Erie route. It had been represented that vessels would pass across the lake from Trent to Oswego. If they did, the risk would be very great, as they would have to traverse the lake in its widest part—75 miles. He believed this barge canal the best thing that could happen for the city of Montreal, as well as for opening up the resources of this section of country.

Ald. NELSON strongly favored the scheme, and asked Ald. Holland to explain objections made at a previous meeting.

Ald. HOLLAND spoke in favor of the Ottawa River. Mr. CARNAGIE replied, and showed that the lake port would necessitate the expenditure of a considerable sum in the erection of a lighthouse and the clearing away of rocks. Two and a-half millions was the lowest estimate for the Trent Valley scheme, while the lowest for the Ottawa route was twelve millions.

Ald. GREENER moved, seconded by Ald. HOOD, that the Mayor and Ald. Nelson be a deputation to confer with other deputations and the Government on the subject. The Mayor thanked the deputation for their attendance and explanations. The meeting then closed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post:

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with pleasure the mention made, by your talented Quebec correspondent, of the approaching celebration of the 50th anniversary of the ordination of the Irish orphan's friend, Monseigneur C. F. CAZEAN.

Being in possession of certain data regarding the career of that eminent philanthropist, and believing that the readers of the Irish organ in this Province will be interested in his person, I herewith send you a short resume of them, which you may publish if you see fit to do so.

Charles Felix Cazeau was born in Quebec on the 24th December, 1807. His father died when he was only two years of age. On his mother, therefore, devolved the duty of providing for and educating her children, whom we believe to have been five in number. Of the success attending her energetic exertions to attain those ends no further proof need be given than to state the fact that every one of the five have filled respectable positions in society. The young Charles Felix began his studies in a college which had been established in the suburbs of St. Roch, by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Octave Plessis, Bishop of Quebec. The late Archbishop Ballaragon was at that time a professor in the same college. After spending some time in this new institution, Charles Felix Cazeau entered Nicolet College, where he made his classical course. A few years ago, at the celebration of the centenary of Nicolet College, Mr. Cazeau was one of the many eminent men who met within its walls to celebrate the occasion with their former fellow-students. In 1825 Mr. Cazeau returned to Quebec and was appointed, while yet in the 17th year of his age, to the important office of Under-Secretary of the Diocese. Shortly afterwards, on the 2nd of October of the same year, that eminent prelate, Mgr. Plessis, who had always taken a lively interest in the promising young student, admitted him to the first degree in Holy Orders. Mr. Cazeau continued to fill the office to which he had been appointed, and at the same time pursued his theological studies at the Seminary of Quebec, up to the 3rd January, 1830, when he was promoted to the order of priesthood. The friend and protector of the young ecclesiastic had, ere this, gone to receive his eternal reward, and was succeeded by Mgr. Panet. Mgr. Panet had made a just estimate of the young priest's valuable qualities, for immediately after his ordination, and when he was only twenty-two years of age, he promoted him to the very important and responsible office of Secretary of the Diocese, giving him, at the same time, charge of the chapel of the Congregation in the city. The increasing duties of Diocesan Secretary, added to the multitude of acts of charity to which Mr. Cazeau had devoted himself, requiring his whole time, he resigned his parochial charge of the chapel of the Congregation in April, 1849.

On the death of Mgr. Panet, on the 3rd October, 1850, Mgr. Turgeon was called to the Episcopal chair. Like his predecessors in office, Bishop Turgeon knew how to appreciate the character and abilities of the Diocesan Secretary. Shortly after his consecration, this esteemed prelate preferred Mgr. Cazeau to the dignity of Vicar-General. This position he has filled under three successive Archbishops, and still continues to exercise the duties of that high office.

In 1856, in spite of all the labors and responsibilities attached to his office of Vicar-General, the Very Rev. Mr. Cazeau, prompted and sustained by his zeal and unbounded charity, took upon himself the duties of Roman Catholic chaplain to the forces at Quebec, as well as that of Director of the newly organized community of the Good Shepherd in that city. This he did in order to permit the Rev. Abbe Ferland, who was then fulfilling those duties, to visit Europe in the interests of the Canadian people. It then became quite a familiar scene to the good people of Quebec to witness the Vicar-General cautioning a soldier whom he supposed to have entered on the downward path, or stooping to remonstrate with those who had already fallen to encourage their return to righteousness.

On his return from Europe the Abbe Ferland reassumed the duties of chaplain to the Catholic soldiers, V. G. Cazeau became the permanent director of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, and continues, to this day, to discharge the charitable duties of that office. A few years ago, during the visit of the present Archbishop of Quebec to Rome, the Very Rev. Mr. Cazeau was charged with the administration of the arch-diocese.

The merits of the administrator were known in Rome, and, as a proof of his high appreciation of the Very Rev. Mr. Cazeau's character and services, His Holiness Pope Pius IX. created him a domestic Prelate of the Papal household, and conferred upon him the title of Monsignor.

Thus, for over 54 years has this devoted servant of God held office in the most ancient Catholic diocese in the New World, and, notwithstanding his humility and his aversion to celebrity, he has been raised to the dignity of a prince of the Church, while his fame as a philanthropist is world-wide.

Having thus briefly sketched some of the principal points in the career of our noble and distinguished friend, it is but meet to mention some of the facts for which the Irish race, particularly the Irish in Canada, have reason to love and to honor Monsignor Charles Felix Cazeau. During the cholera season of 1832, Mgr. Cazeau, who had been ordained a priest but two years before, distinguished himself as the friend and the consolator of the afflicted, among whom were many of our fellow-countrymen.

Day and night he was at their bedside ministering to their wants, and obtaining for their physical relief and comfort all the assistance in his power. Were the scene never so loathsome and so pitiful he was there. His great, generous heart throbbled with sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer; tears of pity gushed from his eyes, but his noble Christian soul sustained him, and gave him strength to overcome the weaker impulses of his tender heart, and to proceed on his holy mission. In that scourge the Irish race were not

alone the victims, and our rev. friend's holy labors were distributed indiscriminately amongst all nationalities.

Fifteen years pass away. The young priest of 1830 has now had seventeen years experience in his sacred duties. His abilities as diocesan secretary are now fully appreciated by his ecclesiastical superior, to whom his constant presence has become a necessity. He has the chapel of the Congregation to administer to and consequently it cannot be expected that he should attend to anything else.

That conclusion seems to be quite natural, but in the bosom of the St. Lawrence, a few miles below the ancient city of Champlain, there is a portion of land known under the peculiar name of Grosse Isle. Although important by nature to be a quiet, salubrious spot of land, that speak on the broad river is gaining a ghastly notoriety. The sound of its name falls on the Irish ear like the tolling of the funeral bell.

Beyond the Atlantic famine has thinned the ranks of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. Moving spectres now take the places of the blithe and merry Irish lads and lasses on the fair grounds, along the streets and in the thoroughfares, in the field, in the bog, on the mountain and along the sea-shore. The crops have failed in Ireland, and there is no food for the people in 1847. One alternative is left—emigrate! It is hard to leave home, the birthplace of our ancestors, but how remain in a land that offers nothing but a grave to its children? Thousands gather up the remnants of their once modest fortunes and join the ranks of the famine-stricken to flock to the harbors and go on board the ships that are to take them to a land of plenty. The holds of ill-conditioned, ill-ventilated vessels are packed with living human freight. Disease is fostered in the floating hotbeds of contagion. Weeks and weeks those sluggish sailing vessels are tossing lustily among the billows of the Atlantic and their courses are marked by the Irish corpses strewn upon the ocean. Thousands of the most robust reach land. In order to prevent the contagion from overtaking the healthy population of the cities and surrounding country a quarantine is established where the emigrant is to purify himself after leaving the floating nest holds in which he has crossed the sea. The island, the name of which I have mentioned, is chosen for that purpose.

Fathers, in whose breast a gleam of hope enters on reaching land, carry their dying offspring in their fevered arms and place them on the long-looked for shore in the hopes of seeing them regain their fast ebbing vitality. Mothers clutch their infants to their fever parched bosoms and totter with them along the dizzy gangway. Husbands assist their partners, on whose cheeks the rosy hue of health has given place to the hectic glow of fever, to reach the promised land. Let us not dwell on the harrowing scenes, but cast a veil over the agonizing incidents that take place here.

One feature alone in this terrible drama can we look back upon with feelings of relief and gratitude. Brave, generous hearts have been found on these shores to supply, as far as lay in their power, the physical wants of the multitudes of sufferers, while the French Canadian priesthood and Sisters of Charity have come forward, eagerly, to minister to the spiritual welfare of our famishing fellow-countrymen. Some of these heroes of charity were falling daily, martyrs to their heroic devotedness, but their places were speedily filled by heroic volunteers.

The angel of death spared some of the victims, and a large proportion of these were children of tender age, whose natural protectors and guardians had left them orphans, strangers in a strange land. What was to become of those little helpless ones? Ah! there were noble, generous hearts amongst the representatives of the several nationalities then inhabiting Canada, and they came forward in the time of need. They took those orphans into their families and they cared for them.

But standing out in lofty preeminence above them all there was in particular a man of noble figure, of high scholarly attainments, of refined manners, the welcome guest in the highest social circles, a man born to take rank among the princes of the Church, who came to the rescue. He stooped down to take the little forlorn Irish orphans by the hand and to seek and find for them homes where kind hearts and willing hands would minister to their wants and give them a Christian education. He was beloved and honored by his people and into their charge he entrusted seven hundred of Ireland's fatherless and motherless children.

He looked after them with the solicitude of a kind foster father; he followed them in their career, and when assistance was required he furnished it, even to the extent of depriving himself of the strict requirements of one in his position.

He is loved and honored by every Irish heart in Canada. His name is revered by all who know it, and it forms a bond of union between the Irish and French Canadian elements in this Province, a bond that never will be broken. That name is, Father, and now Monsignor, Charles Felix Cazeau. M. T. S.

The improved condition of the people of Ireland if a theme the English papers are never weary of discussing. They tell us that whereas, previous to the famine of 1845, there were more than 400,000 mud huts in that country, there are now but few over 150,000. They discreetly hide the fact that the population of Ireland has decreased since 1845 more than two millions, and that consequently there are fewer people to inhabit such hovels, or quote that fearful diminution as a sign of Ireland's prosperity. Verily, the terrible effects of British rule, both there and in the East Indies, where famines are also constantly occurring, may well be described in the words of the poet:

Mark where her carnage and her conquests cease. She makes a solitude, and calls it—peace! N. Y. Sun.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism and Gout.—These purifying and soothing remedies demand the earnest attention of all persons liable to gout, sciatica, or other painful affections of the muscles, nerves, or joints. The Ointment should be applied after the affected parts have been patiently fomented with warm water, when the unguent should be diligently rubbed upon the adjacent skin, unless the friction should cause pain. Holloway's Pills should be simultaneously taken to reduce inflammation and to purify the blood. This treatment abates the violence, and lessens the frequency of gout, rheumatism, and all spasmodic diseases, which spring from hereditary predisposition, or from any accidental weakness of constitution. This Ointment checks the local remedy. The Pills restore the vital powers.

It is proposed to construct immense boats—similar to our railroad boats, to make the transit from London to Paris in eight hours. The train would go straight through, and there would be no Custom House or other delays en route.

Miscellaneous.

—There is an extraordinary flight of quails to Italy this year, and they are sold for five cents in the streets of Naples.

—The Prussian budget announces a deficit for next year, caused by extraordinary expenditure particularly in public works.

—The London Spectator considers that Prince Bismarck has transferred the diplomatic centre of the world from Paris to Berlin.

—Miss Thompson has had a miniature "Torke's Drift" erected in her residence, where she is painting a picture for the next Royal Academy Exhibition.

—Marilyn at the instance of Adeline Patti, the pitch of instruments at the Italian Opera, London, is next season to be lowered to the *diapason normal*. It will involve an outlay of \$5,000 for new wood instruments.

—The two highwaymen who assailed John Hamm, a thin, bent, consumptive little man, near Vincennes, Ind., waked up the wrong customer, for he drew a pistol and shot one of them, and provided the other incontinent with the weapon.

—The great preaching bishop in England nowadays is Magee of Peterborough, translated from the Irish to the English land—an almost unprecedented distinction—by Lord Beaconsfield. He is also an excellent speaker. Dr. Magee is rather Low Church.

—The Gales of St. Petersburg publishes a letter from its correspondent in Odessa to the effect that a very ancient and interesting manuscript of the four Gospels, written on 120 sheets of parchment, has just been discovered under an old house in Bulgaria.

—Sunday has long been the greatest day of the week for the show business in Cincinnati; not only are all the regular theatres open, but several large variety concerns run on no other time. The police have now undertaken to prevent all Sunday entertainments.

—Bismarck is at his country house, suffering much from nervousness. His physician tells him that his excessive smoking is aggravating, and possibly is the main cause of the ailment, and advises him to stop the use of his pipe altogether, and to confine himself to light cigars. But the chancellor defies the doctor and sticks to his pipe.

—Two men were driving along a road that skirted a precipice, at Crawford, Iowa, and rain and darkness came upon them. They had heard horses could see in the dark, and therefore let go of the reins, trusting to their brute's instinct; but it happened that this horse was blind, which fact they did not know until after a good many of their bones had been broken.

—A young man eloped with an Illinois girl, and "abandoned her" at Haver City, Kan., giving her a draft for \$100, and advising her to return home, as he was going to Texas. She met with some delay in getting money for the draft, but as soon as possible she bought a horse, a revolver, and some provisions, and started after the fugitive. Interesting news is expected from her.

—Eugene relates that when the son of a usurer was sought in marriage by the parents of a woman he had never seen, his father told him to ask \$12,000 if she was young and pretty, \$16,000 if she was old and ugly, and if there was anything queer about her or her family to demand \$100,000. A few days after came a telegram: "The girl has assassinated her father. How much am I to ask?"

—An elderly old man entered a railroad car with his wife at Truro, Cal., a flask of whiskey fell from his pocket. A passenger picked it up and offered to return it. "O, it isn't my husband's," the woman said; "he never drinks or carries liquor." "No, it's not mine," the man added, uneasily. At the next station the couple left the train; but before it started the passengers were amused to see the old man come back to claim the flask.

The Luxembourg Palace, where the French Assembly recently met for the first time, was built in 1625 by Marie de Medici, and made over by her to her son, Gaston d'Orleans, when she was sent into exile through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu. At his death the palace became the property of his daughter, Mlle. de Montpensier and Elizabeth de Guise, by the last-named of whom it was made over to Louis XIV., and so became crown property. From 1733 to the Revolution it was occupied by various princes, the last being the Count de Provence. At the breaking out of the Revolution it was converted into a prison, and among those shuttled from there were the Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband of the Empress Josephine, and Gen. de Broglie, grandfather of the present Duke. After the 18th Brumaire Napoleon had "Palace of the Directory" changed to "Palace of the Consulate," ever the portico.

A gentleman of 80, who, only four weeks before he poured out the tale of his wrongs into the unresponsive ear of a Russian police magistrate, had wedded a blushing bride of 76, appeared the other day in one of the Ontario District Courts. His plaint against his spouse contained several counts, one more grovelling than the other. She would run about the streets all day, neglecting her family duties. Her companion in these felonious excursions was a daughter, of whose existence no intimation had been conveyed to him during the happy pre-nuptial days of his courtship and engagement. This daughter had been abruptly disclosed to him shortly after his marriage, and had caused him to infer that when he thought he was taking into his arms a virgin septuagenarian, he had labored under an error brought about by wilful deception. His wife, moreover, had refused to hand over to him the sum of four hundred roubles, which, on the eve of their wedding day, she had bound herself by solemn adjurations to contribute next morning to the family exchequer. Nor could he induce her to repay him a loan of forty roubles, advanced to her for the purchase of her trousseau. The hard-hearted magistrate rejected his piteous appeal, with the remark that "there is no fool like an old fool!"

The new administrative reforms proposed by the Emperor of Russia commence with the establishment of a Council, which is to have a purely deliberative vote, without any right to control or interfere with the action of the Government. It is to consist of two bodies, one chosen by the peasantry, with a very slight middle class ingredient; the other consisting of nobles selected by the Czar from the ranks of the ancient hereditary nobility. The Council is to represent only European Russia; the Caucasus, Siberia, and all other Asiatic possessions being, for the present, left to the absolute control of the Governor-General. The provincial representative assemblies established some twenty years ago, and deprived of all the rights of administrative control in the subsequent reactionary period, are to be restored to at least a modicum of their former privileges. The capitation tax of the lower orders is to be superseded by an income tax extending to all classes alike. The secret police called the Third Department of the Imperial Chancellery, the most arbitrary and inquisitorial body which ever existed, will be remodelled and obliged to acknowledge at least the forms of judicial procedure. Side by side with these improvements there are measures that will be severely felt by the classes affected. Jews are to remain outcasts, and the Cosaks, who have so long sent every third adult to the army, will be subjected to the most rigid universal conscription, and formed into a regular cavalry.