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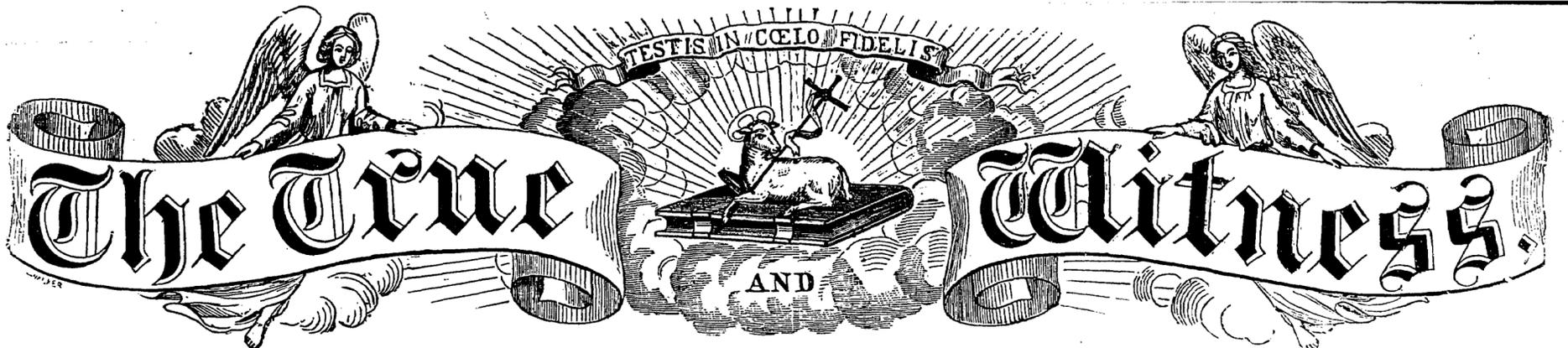
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 19.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

For the Post and True Witness. CHRISTMAS EVE.

ANNO DOMINO, 24TH DECEMBER.

Dark, cold is the night, as the winter clouds fly— Across the blue dome of the Orient sweeps, Chill, chilling the sheep on the mountain side lying, Bright twinkling the stars from the firmament peep.

Deserted the flocks o'er the hill-tops are straying, To Bethlehem's town have the shepherds returned, They kneel at a manger, and lowly are praying, With the flame of devotion their spirits are burning.

Pale, white fall the moonbeams on streamlet and mountains, Grim, ghastly the walls of the cities appear, No sound wakes the echoes by Eilm's dark fountains, The elements hush as though breathless in fear.

Dark torrent of Cedron now rushing and roaring, Seems checked by the hand of some spirit from high, Now silent its waves through the valleys are pouring, Hush! hark! what grand chorus descends from the sky!

A light flasheth out from the dark-clouded heaven, It gleams on the hill-tops, it shines o'er the vale, As though the last trumpet's loud peals had been given, The echoes start up on the wings of the gale!

Mount Olivet's heights with a radiance are beaming, Rough Golgotha's summit in splendor is bright, The valley of Gion—Jehosaphat's gleaming, Jerusalem's temple is hooded with light!

The echoes Judean are rising and singing, The notes that descend from the still winter sky, Hark! hark! o'er the mountains and valleys is ringing, "Glory, all glory to God the Most High!"

The seraphim host from the heavens are singing, "Glory, all glory to God the Most High!" The echoes are catching, repeating and ringing, "Glory, all glory to God the Most High!"

DECEMBER 25TH, ANNO DOMINO, 1879.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping, Through the forests of ages, primeval and dim, Gale in the sky are the winter lights peeping, Cold, chill is the mantle that covers the land.

Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven, Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet, Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even, Dark, sombre the mountain—deserted the street.

Hark! hark! a soft sound on the night air is breaking, Lo! light in the distance in brilliancy gleams, The city is stirring—the world is awakening— Strange, ghastly the scene as "the painting of dreams."

Peal, peal, the great bell from yon tower is vibrating, Mark, mark how the faithful are wending along, In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting, And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song!

As we enter the organ right loudly is pealing, The acolytes move and the choristers sing, Sweet, solemn the notes round the altar are stealing, The smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing.

In his white robes of beauty the pontiff is praying, Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn, And grand are the Masses the pontiff is saying, The Mass of the midnight—the Mass of the morn'!

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him, And thousand the eyes that are dim in their tears, They seek for the Child—in the manger they found Him, Like an infant of Mercy sweet Jesus appears.

In the vault of the temple, the angel harp ringing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!" The organ is pealing, the choristers singing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!"

"The twelve fountains where the Israelites drank in the Desert of Sin," Hebrew for Calvary. JOSEPH K. FORAN. Laval University, 24th Dec., 1879.

The Case of Sir Francis Hincks.

On Saturday judgment was given by the Hon. Chief Justice Dorion, and Judges Monk, Ramsay, Cross and Tessier, in the case of Sir Francis Hincks, convicted at the last term of the Court of Queen's Bench of issuing a false bank statement. The judges were unanimous in quashing the conviction, and acquitting the defendant.

Archbishop Lynch.

At his reception Thursday, in his speeches in reply to the addresses presented him, Archbishop Lynch referred to the sad condition of Ireland, where he remarked if actual starvation did not exist great poverty prevailed. He was glad that the Government was opening its eyes to the true state of affairs, and better days were no doubt, in store for Ireland. He would before long call upon his followers to assist in relieving the distress at present existing in some of the afflicted districts in the land which many of them claimed as their birthplace. Dr. O'Mahoney, the Archbishop's Coadjutor, who accompanied His Grace from Rome, delivered an address. He is an exceedingly pleasant looking gentleman, past middle life. His delivery is free and impressive, and the few remarks which he made created a favorable impression. He said that any feelings of uneasiness that he may have had on his unfitted for the duties of coadjutor had been dispelled by the generous and hearty welcome given to the Archbishop, for he knew that they would kindly overlook any failings on his part.

SERMON BY FATHER HENNING

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

A most eloquent sermon was preached in St. Patrick's Church, Sunday morning, by the Rev. Father Henning, who took for his text the 11th chapter of Matthew and 2-10th verses: "At that time, Jesus said to His disciples," etc.

The reverend gentleman briefly prefaced his remarks, and then went on to say:—"The season of Advent is a preparation for Christmas, the time when the Redeemer of the world was born. For four thousand long years had the people waited and were preparing in that time for the coming of the Redeemer. A question might arise in some minds, and doubtless does in all: "How can such a long delay in the appearance of the Saviour be reconciled with the goodness and love of God." "Why was not the Redeemer sent immediately after the fall instead of 4,000 years later, during which period thousands and millions were sent to Hell on account of their sins?" "Why did he not redeem all nations?" "Why were the Jews chosen in particular?" These are serious questions to answer. These questions, which many are doubtful and serious and anxious about, I intend to solve and answer for you to-day, and will give three reasons why. First, that it was in the interests of justice. Second, that it proved grace and mercy. Third, that it showed God's majesty. God delayed the sending of the Redeemer during these 4,000 years, because the world was not prepared for him. Man was not created as the stones, the rivers or the mountains without animation. Man was not created as the elephant or the horse, which had life but not intelligence. But, man was created in the image and likeness of God, with intelligence having a mind of his own, with freedom of choice and God intended that the exercise of that free will which he had given to man, should be in accordance with his laws, and that he should be happy and finally dwell with him in Heaven. Man had a full knowledge of the law of God, and consequence should he transgress that law. God cannot force men to do that which he does not want to do, although he is omnipotent. He cannot force, although he may persuade by threatening punishment, and God will draw upon man unless he conform to his law the punishment he has promised. God has punished man in various ways, as look at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire,—that city of impurities of all descriptions, look again at the deluge as another instance of God's punishments, every living being that eight were destroyed on account of their extreme wickedness. The people had been getting worse and worse every century. God had to show man his disapproval. But the worst punishment man had was his moral degradation, the loss of his free will through sin. When deep in sin men often discovered that they had lost this free will and their eyes were opened that they had violated the laws of God, and saw the consequences that must accrue if they continued in their present course. The universal law of God is applicable to all nations, and all peoples. As soon as man goes contrary to the will of his Maker he feels the bitterness that will follow this step. The drunkard when he finds he is reaping the bitterness of his own deeds says: "None but I who have done, the injury to myself and family, how I have offended God, now I must stop, I must go back." And so it was with the people during these 4,000 years, they had been getting worse and worse, and when they had come to such a state of feeling as to say "We are lost!" "We are lost!" Then it was that Jesus Christ came. They were prepared to receive him. Had Christ come in the time of Noah or Romulus and Remus, he would have been laughed at, his pretensions would not have had influence, because the people were not prepared to seek redemption, and this feeling had to be brought about by a divine power. Heathen nations long before Christ felt their degradation and they knew not where to find relief, they therefore manufactured Gods to virtue, but as the new Gods were made, each was found to be higher than the other, but they could do nothing, and when this was found out by the people they cast them aside. The people then took to themselves imaginary Gods, taking first men of heroic character who were raised to the level of a divinity and incense was offered, and when man found these Gods useless they took to themselves Gods of their various passions, such as adultery, theft, fornication, &c. They feared the consequences of their passions nevertheless. When these Gods were found to be useless they then said salvation comes by universal monarchy and army after army goes forth and is destroyed, they sweep over Europe and Asia. Finding that this does not bring happiness they replace this by the cultivation of wonderful minds, architects, sculptors, painters, such as had never before, have never since, and never will again be equalled for skill in the different arts. Science was encouraged by the Emperors, yet with all its high civilization, its culture, its wealth, in Rome at this time there was no protection for women, who were merely looked upon as an instrument, there was no claim made of chastity. The human race was in a worse condition than in the period of the Golden Age; there was more degradation and sin under the rules of the Emperors Cesar and Augustus than was known before. When man found that none of these plans would bring happiness they tried Philosophy. When Plato said: "Unless a God come from Heaven we are lost," he was laughed at. If Jesus Christ had come like a flash of lightning or as Darius with his army at this period he would have been scorned by the Athenians. Did they not in Athens, the seat of learning, kill the men who spoke the truth? Did they not compel men to drink poison? They had a temple in Athens dedicated to "the unknown God." And when Paul went to Athens

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GOUGH PUSHING ON A FLYING COLUMN.

THE QUEEN DISTRESSED.

LONDON, December 19.—The Afghan excitement is now at fever heat, and the scarcity of news from the front seems to intensify rather than abate it. The new and stringent regulations recently issued by the Government of India for the guidance of newspaper correspondents are being loudly condemned on all sides. It is felt that at so critical a moment as the present, any news would be preferable to the silence which prevails. The papers are busy this morning with discussions of the situation, with accounts of the relative positions of friend and foe, and with descriptions of the camp in which

GENERAL ROBERTS IS ENLIGHTENED, and of the roads by which the Government is endeavoring to send troops to his assistance. In the first place it is roundly declared that the relations between the English Generals are anything but harmonious and there is constant danger that the disagreement which in former days wrought so much mischief between Generals Nott and Pollock, may to-day be repeated at Cabul. There was much hesitation about giving Sir Frederick Roberts local rank for fear of creating jealousies. Lord Lytton was slow to extend the popular leader's power in Afghanistan. Without authority from Calcutta the latter could not open the line from Gundamak to Cabul. He had to wait for the other columns' movements. General Macpherson's brigade being sent to reconnoitre the Sittuband Pass and the Khurd Cabul defile, marched across the Hupit Kobal, and were making their way to Kouita Long, when they came in sight of

GENERAL GOUGH'S FLYING COLUMN from Gundamak, and at once halted, losing much valuable time. This procedure has been constantly repeated. There is no friendly feelings between the Generals at Cabul. General Roberts has strictly prohibited the practice of shooting and has flogged hundreds of Sops who were caught in the act. General Baker has regarded the offence with a lenient eye, and is by far the most popular leader in the field. General Hill, the British Governor of Cabul, who for a month sat daily in the Kot Wali, and sent scores of Afghans to the gallows, was almost condemned for his rigor by Sir Frederick Roberts, who is as mild in peace as he is a slap-dash in a scrimmage. Nor is there much harmony in the ranks. The infantry are still sore with the cavalry for having allowed the enemy to escape after Charasiah, and the troopers are still jealous of the praise which General Roberts, in his official despatches, lavished on the foot regiments.

MISS FORAN'S DISAPPEARANCE.

The Quebec Mystery and Particulars.

QUEBEC, December 18.—The police have been notified of the mysterious disappearance since Saturday night last of a young woman of this city, 23 years of age, named Maggie Foran, a resident of Diamond Harbor, but lately employed in the store of Messrs. Davidson & Horan, St. John street. Miss Foran's father, who was a stevedore, died last summer, and her mother some time previously. These troubles weighing upon her mind, suspect her mental constitution that she was detained for a while in the Lunatic Asylum at Longue Pointe. On returning to Quebec she took the position of shop girl at Messrs. Davidson & Horan's in which she has given the greatest satisfaction. On Sunday evening last Miss Foran attended Divine Service at St. Patrick's Church, two ladies who sat in the same pew with her kindly walking with her as far as Broad street on her way home; from the time they parted from her, nothing has been heard of her whereabouts. The police have been informed that last Friday night Miss Foran was insulted on Mountain Hill on her way home, by a man who asked her name and where she was going. This fact was repeated by the young woman herself to some of her friends on Saturday, but no description seems to have been given of the man who stopped her on the street.

RAFFERTY, THE ABSCONDER.

Further Details of His Flight.

QUEBEC, December 18.—Some little excitement was caused in Lower Town yesterday when it became known that Mr. Rafferty, Manager of the St. Saviour branch of the Stadacona Bank, had absconded to the United States. It appears that on Friday night last Mr. Rafferty informed the clerk employed in his office that he had obtained a week's leave of absence, and was about to visit Riviere du Loup. On Saturday he did not, of course, turn up, nor has he been seen since. On Monday last Mr. Rafferty telegraphed his assistant from the United States, informing him that he had no intention of returning to Quebec, on account of his financial obligations. Rafferty is a married man, and the father of four children. For several years he was a clerk in the employ of Mr. A. Joseph, by whom he was appointed to the Riviere-du-Loup branch of the bank four years ago when it was opened, being removed about two years ago to St. Saviour. The bank will lose nothing by the defalcation, since Mr. Rafferty has a policy of \$10,000 in a Canadian Guarantee Company.

COMPLICITY OF RUSSIA IN BRITISH DISASTERS

In Afghanistan is alleged to justify the expectation that all possible encouragement and assistance from every source is being rendered, and will be rendered to the Afghan forces both in the way of supplies and of suggestions as to manoeuvres. It is not doubted that relief columns advancing through the Kyber Pass will meet opposition from Mahmoud Jan, who is known to be in considerable force between them and Cabul on the Jelalabad road. Well informed British residents here assert their belief that if the forces are not relieved before the assault, they will be compelled to surrender by famine before the winter is over. Excitement over the situation is not allayed by the soothing despatches culminating through official channels.

GEN. ROBERTS' CAMP.

WHERE HE NOW HAS HIS QUARTERS,

THE N. Y. Herald says:—All minds are occupied with Afghan matters. Gen. Roberts is in very sore straits. The fitting up of the Sharpur cantonments, and next day they were followed by the Twenty-third Pioneers. When Sir F. Roberts entered the Sharpur he appointed General Hill, Governor of Cabul. Vast amounts of munitions of war were found in the Bala Hissar. In the arsenal were 150,000 pounds of powder, with shot, shell, percussion caps and cartridges of all kinds.

CHOLERA BROKE OUT IN THE CAMP

on Shah Sung. The water supply was most impure. The army had entered Cabul with a very few days' rations, and barely sufficient ammunition to last through a couple of days prolonged fighting. Afghans were found plundering among the burning ruins of the citadel and pulling the cartridges from partially consumed boxes. The Kohistanis on the outlying hills were hourly expected to give trouble. These Kohistanis are the most warlike of all the Parsiwan tribes, and they live in the hill country north of the city. Afghans call them the ruddy Kafirs. The Mohammedans are their hereditary foes. They have long been retainers of the Durani chiefs living at Cabul. Their love of pillage is as great as the Cabulis', their fanaticism as strong, and when they get news of an outbreak in the city they

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LONDON, December 20.—An official despatch from Gen. Bright, December 18, informed the Viceroy that if Gough was unable to force his way to Cabul with his brigade, he (Bright) proposed to hold the posts from India to Gundamak, and advance on Cabul with 8,000 men. A telegram from Peizeran to-day says there has been no serious fighting; all well.

CALCUTTA, December 21.—A despatch from General Roberts on the 18th urges Gough's immediate advance in light order, without tents, and only taking ammunition and supplies for five or six days. General Roberts says there is no enemy between Jagdalluk and Cabul to oppose Gough's advance, and adds he will be able to settle affairs at Cabul when Gough arrives. Gough leaves Jagdalluk on the 21st instant with 1,400 men and four guns, picking up 700 men and two guns at Lataband.

LONDON, December 21.—The Afghan disasters excite general alarm and consternation. The Queen is reported to be greatly distressed, and publicly blames Lord Lytton for suppressing and distorting information. The best authorities on Indian affairs say that General Roberts was utterly ignorant of the enemy's preparations, and was obliged finally to fight his way round Cabul to the Shirpur cantonment, where he is completely surrounded. General Roberts' position is extremely critical, but he may hold out. It is doubtful if the supply of water is secure. Fuel is abundant, but forage is scarce. It is expected that Roberts will be compelled within a month to fight his way through the enemy, there being no possibility of reinforcements advancing before February, the transport service being deficient. The German staff derides the imbecility of the Indian Commissariat Department and regards Gen. Roberts' position as most critical. The Queen considers the mistake so grave that it is disposed to abandon the Ministers' Afghan policy.

BOMBAY, December 21.—Gen. Roberts reports that, on the 18th inst. he heliographically communicated with Lataband for a few minutes, and learned that Gough had not yet advanced beyond Jagdalluk.

CALCUTTA, December 20.—Intelligence from the Kyber Pass via Peshawar states that Colonel Norman's detachments, consisting of about five hundred men, with two field pieces, which left Jelalabad to co-operate with General Gough's command for reinforcement of General Roberts at Cabul, has advanced as far as Pezwan without encountering serious opposition. On reaching Kotul on the 18th a large force of Afghans, who covered the hills on either side of the Pass, opened a vigorous fire, to which the British column replied as well as they could, considering the disadvantage of the position. This running fight continued through nearly the whole of Thursday, and only ended with the approach of darkness. On Friday the engagement was resumed, the Afghans again assuming the offensive. The battle is reported to have been a very sharp one, and the Afghans, it is said, had the advantage of troops with persistent determination which must have resulted in losses to the British, of which no official report has yet been received. A detachment is being sent out to reconnoitre Sarail. The villagers who were friendly protected the Cabul mail, but showed the troops no further countenance. A reconnoitring party out on a tour of inspection of Pavisiana defile was fired upon by a small band of hill men, who retreated finally before the charge of the British, who burnt a village in the neighborhood and made a safe return to camp. Advice through private sources are to the effect that the Afghans are bent upon the total destruction of all British forces outside Shirpur Cantonment, and the prevention if possible of arrivals of supplies by any route from this Province.

CALCUTTA, December 20.—The Government of India has published an explanation of the military situation in Afghanistan, stating that General Roberts has ample transport and ammunition; beside twenty-three cannon belonging to his force, he has 214 captured cannon, many of which are rifled. The entrenched

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CALCUTTA, December 20.—Intelligence from the Kyber Pass via Peshawar states that Colonel Norman's detachments, consisting of about five hundred men, with two field pieces, which left Jelalabad to co-operate with General Gough's command for reinforcement of General Roberts at Cabul, has advanced as far as Pezwan without encountering serious opposition. On reaching Kotul on the 18th a large force of Afghans, who covered the hills on either side of the Pass, opened a vigorous fire, to which the British column replied as well as they could, considering the disadvantage of the position. This running fight continued through nearly the whole of Thursday, and only ended with the approach of darkness. On Friday the engagement was resumed, the Afghans again assuming the offensive. The battle is reported to have been a very sharp one, and the Afghans, it is said, had the advantage of troops with persistent determination which must have resulted in losses to the British, of which no official report has yet been received. A detachment is being sent out to reconnoitre Sarail. The villagers who were friendly protected the Cabul mail, but showed the troops no further countenance. A reconnoitring party out on a tour of inspection of Pavisiana defile was fired upon by a small band of hill men, who retreated finally before the charge of the British, who burnt a village in the neighborhood and made a safe return to camp. Advice through private sources are to the effect that the Afghans are bent upon the total destruction of all British forces outside Shirpur Cantonment, and the prevention if possible of arrivals of supplies by any route from this Province.

CALCUTTA, December 20.—The Government of India has published an explanation of the military situation in Afghanistan, stating that General Roberts has ample transport and ammunition; beside twenty-three cannon belonging to his force, he has 214 captured cannon, many of which are rifled. The entrenched

parts of the Bala Hissar, moved at once

AFGHANISTAN.

into the cantonments, and next day they were followed by the Twenty-third Pioneers. When Sir F. Roberts entered the Sharpur he appointed General Hill, Governor of Cabul. Vast amounts of munitions of war were found in the Bala Hissar. In the arsenal were 150,000 pounds of powder, with shot, shell, percussion caps and cartridges of all kinds.

CHOLERA BROKE OUT IN THE CAMP on Shah Sung. The water supply was most impure. The army had entered Cabul with a very few days' rations, and barely sufficient ammunition to last through a couple of days prolonged fighting. Afghans were found plundering among the burning ruins of the citadel and pulling the cartridges from partially consumed boxes. The Kohistanis on the outlying hills were hourly expected to give trouble. These Kohistanis are the most warlike of all the Parsiwan tribes, and they live in the hill country north of the city. Afghans call them the ruddy Kafirs. The Mohammedans are their hereditary foes. They have long been retainers of the Durani chiefs living at Cabul. Their love of pillage is as great as the Cabulis', their fanaticism as strong, and when they get news of an outbreak in the city they

HASTEN DOWN TO TAKE PART IN THE FIGHTING. They were General Roberts' most formidable neighbors, and his constant dread was that they should unite with the Ghilzai hordes, and through their intimacy with the country make his camp at a disadvantage. The removal of Yakoub, which was conducted with much secrecy, gave the Moollahs a new occasion to stir up the passions of the mob. The native officers have been found unfaithful. The Russian press is very violent in its criticisms on affairs in Afghanistan. The Gazette de St. Petersburg says: "We must candidly confess that Russia would not break her heart in the probable event of Roberts' column sharing the fate of Cavagnari's Embassy."

LONDON, December 20.—An official despatch from Gen. Bright, December 18, informed the Viceroy that if Gough was unable to force his way to Cabul with his brigade, he (Bright) proposed to hold the posts from India to Gundamak, and advance on Cabul with 8,000 men. A telegram from Peizeran to-day says there has been no serious fighting; all well.

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THE SILENCE CHARACTER OF SEDITIOUS.

[From the Connaught Telegraph.]

The State prosecutions at Sligo have thrown a considerable amount of light on what the powers that be considered seditious. We fear we cannot be guided by the Law Advisor's definitions of the word: ticklish affair. Did we follow them to the letter we could not venture to demand in the most moderate terms the abolition of landlordism or the slightest change in the grand jury laws, or

A STRANGE LOVE.

I clasped her, struggling, to my breast: I whispered love unknown; One kiss upon her lips I pressed— And she was all my own.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

'But suppose we do not quit England. Suppose we buy a small estate and live at home.' 'A small estate at home! A small, new estate! Bought of Mr. Hopkins, a great tall-chandler, or some stocking-jobber about to make a new flight from a lodge to a park. Oh no! that would be too degrading.'

What gelatinous veal pies! What colossal hams! Those are evidently prize cheeses! And how inviting is the perfume of those various and variegated pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughbreds, the surmounting of ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence, from the greatest who order what they please, to the landlady, who can produce and execute everything they can desire.

'So! we have arrived, I suppose, grumbled one of these gentlemen, taking off his night-cap. 'Yes, gentlemen, I am happy to say our journey is finished, said a more polite voice; and a very pleasant one I have found it. Porter, have the goodness to call a coach.'

'This is London, but we have yet two or three miles to go before we reach our quarters. I think we had better alight and look after our luggage. Gentlemen, good evening!' Father Glastonbury hailed a coach, into which, having safely deposited their portmanteau, he and Ferdinand entered; but our young friend was so entirely overcome by his feelings and the genius of the place, that he was quite unable to make an observation.

'The day after the conversation in the library to which Father Glastonbury had been an unwilling listener, he informed his friends that it was necessary for him to visit the metropolis; and as young Ferdinand had never yet seen London, he proposed that he should accompany him. Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine cheerfully assented to this proposition; and as for Ferdinand, it is difficult to describe the delight which the anticipation of his visit occasioned him.

'It did indeed seem that Thursday would never come; yet it came at last. The travellers were obliged to rise before the sun, and drive over to Nottingham to meet their coach; so they bid their adieus the previous eve. As for Ferdinand, so fearful was he of losing the coach, that he scarcely slept, and was never convinced that he was really in time, until he found himself planted in breathless agitation outside of the Dart light post coach. It was the first time in his life that he had ever traveled outside of a coach.

appeared. 'My dear, dear Glastonbury,' he said, 'I heard you were here, and I would come. This shall be a holiday for us all. Why, Father, you bury yourself alive!' 'Mr. Armine,' said the Duchess, pointing to Ferdinand. 'Mr. Armine, how do you do? Your grandfather and I were well acquainted. I am glad to know his grandson. I hope your father, Sir Ratcliffe, and Lady Armine are well. My dear Father Glastonbury, I hope you have come to stay a long time. You must dine with us every day. You know we are very old-fashioned people; we do not go much into the world; so you will always find us at home, and we will do what we can to amuse your young friend. Why, I should think he was about the same age as Digby? Is he at Eton? His grandfather was. I shall never forget the time he cut off old Barnard's pig-tail. He was a wonderful man, poor Sir Ferdinand! he was indeed.'

While his Grace and Father Glastonbury maintained their conversation, Ferdinand conducted himself with so much spirit and propriety towards the rest of the party, and gave them such a lively and graceful narrative of all his travels up to town, and the wonders he had already witnessed, that they were quite delighted with him; and, in short, from this moment, during his visit to London he was scarcely ever out of their society, and every day became a greater favorite with them.

In the meantime while he thought only of amusement, Father Glastonbury was not inattentive to his more important interests; for the truth is that this excellent man had introduced him to the family only with the hope of interesting the feelings of the Duke in his behalf. His Grace was a man of a generous disposition. He sympathized with the recital of Father Glastonbury as he detailed to him the unfortunate situation of this youth, sprung from so illustrious a lineage, and yet cut off by a combination of unhappy circumstances from almost all those natural sources whence he might have expected support and countenance. And when Father Glastonbury, seeing that the Duke's heart was moved, added that all he required for him, Ferdinand, was a commission in the army, for which his parents were prepared to advance the money, his Grace instantly declared that he would exert all his influence to obtain their purpose.

It was arranged that Ferdinand should join his regiment by the next Mediterranean packet, which was not to quit Falmouth for a fortnight. Father Glastonbury and himself, therefore, lost no time in bidding adieu to their kind friends in London, and hastening to Armine. They arrived the day after the Gazette. They found Sir Ratcliffe waiting for them at the town, and the fond smile and cordial embrace with which he greeted Father Glastonbury more than repaid that man for all his exertions.

There was, notwithstanding, a perceptible degree of constraint both on the part of the baronet and his former tutor. It was evident that Sir Ratcliffe had something on his mind which he wished to disburden himself; and it was equally apparent that Father Glastonbury was unwilling to afford him an opportunity. Under these rather awkward circumstances, it was perhaps fortunate that Ferdinand talked without ceasing, giving his father an account of all he had seen, done, and heard, and of all the friends he had made from the good Duke of— to that capital fellow guard of the coach.

'My dear Father Glastonbury, you cannot suppose that I believe that the days of magic have returned. This commission, both Countess and myself feel, that is, we are certain, that you are at the bottom of it all. The commission is purchased. I could not expect the Duke, deeply as I feel his generous kindness, to purchase a commission for my son; I could not permit it. No! Father Glastonbury! and here Sir Ratcliffe became more animated, 'you could not permit it, my honor is safe in your hands?' Sir Ratcliffe paused for a reply.

'On that score my conscience is clear,' replied Father Glastonbury. 'It is then, it must be then as I suspect,' rejoined Sir Ratcliffe. 'I am your debtor for this great service.' 'It is easy to count your obligations to me,' said Father Glastonbury, 'but mine to you and yours are incalculable.' 'My dear Father Glastonbury,' said Sir Ratcliffe, pushing his glass away as he rose from his seat and walked up and down the room, 'I may be proud, but I have no pride for you, I owe you too much; indeed, my dear friend, there is nothing that I would not accept from you, were it in your power to grant what you would desire. It is not pride, my dear Father Glastonbury; do not mistake me; it is not pride that prompts this explanation; but, had I your command of language I would explain myself more readily; but the truth is, I—I cannot permit that you should suffer for us, Father Glastonbury, I cannot indeed.'

pend a portrait of Lady Barbara, which she had bequeathed him in her will. The floor was covered with so many boxes and cases that it was not very easy to steer a course when you had entered. Father Glastonbury, however, beckoned to his companion to seat himself in one of his two chairs, while he unlocked a small cabinet, from a drawer of which he brought forth a paper.

'It is my will,' said Father Glastonbury, handing it to Sir Ratcliffe, who laid it down on the table. 'Nay, I wish you, my dear friend, to peruse it, for it concerns yourself.' 'I would rather learn its contents from yourself, if you positively desire me,' replied Sir Ratcliffe. 'I have left everything to our child,' said Father Glastonbury; for thus, when speaking to the father alone, he would often style the son.

'May it be long before he enjoys the bequest,' said Sir Ratcliffe, brushing away a tear; 'long, very long.' 'As the Almighty pleases,' said Father Glastonbury, crossing himself. 'But living or dead, I look upon all as Ferdinand's, and hold myself but the steward of his inheritance, which I will never abuse.'

'O! Father Glastonbury, no more of this I pray; you have wasted a precious life upon our forlorn race. Alas! how often and how keenly do I feel, that had it not been for the name of Armine your great talents and goodness might have gained for you an enviable portion of earthly felicity; yes, Father Glastonbury, you have sacrificed yourself to us.'

'Would that I could!' said the old man, with brightening eyes and an unaccustomed energy of manner. 'Would that I could! would that any act of mine, I care not what, could revive the fortunes of the house of Armine. Honored for ever be the name, which with me is associated with all that is great and glorious in man, and (here his voice faltered, and he turned away his face) exquisite and enchanting in woman!'

'No, Ratcliffe!' he resumed, 'by the memory of one I cannot name, by that blessed and saintly being from whom you derive your life, you will not, you cannot deny this last favor I ask, I entreat, I supplicate you to accord me; me, who have ever eaten of your bread, and whom your roof hath ever shrouded!'

'My friend, I cannot speak,' said Sir Ratcliffe, throwing himself back in the chair and covering his face with his right hand; 'I know not what to say; I know not what to feel.' Father Glastonbury advanced and gently took his other hand. 'Dear Sir Ratcliffe,' he observed, in his usual calm, sweet voice, 'if I have erred you will pardon me. I did believe that after my long and intimate connection with your house; after having for nearly forty years sympathized as deeply with all your fortunes as if, indeed, your noble blood flowed in these old veins; after having been honored on your side with a friendship which has been the consolation and charm of my existence; indeed, too great a blessing; I did believe, more especially when I reminded myself of the unrestrained manner in which I had availed myself of the advantage of that friendship, I did believe, actuated by feelings which perhaps I cannot describe, and thoughts to which I cannot now give utterance, that I might venture, without offence, upon this slight service; ay, that the offering might be made in the spirit of most respectful affection, and not altogether be devoid of favor in your sight.'

'Excellent, kind-hearted man!' said Sir Ratcliffe, pressing the hand of Father Glastonbury in his own; 'I accept your offering in the spirit of perfect love; believe me, dearest friend, it was no feeling of false pride that for a moment influenced me; I only felt—'

'That in venturing upon this humble service I deprived myself of some portion of my means of livelihood; you are mistaken. When I cast my lot at Armine I sank a portion of my capital on my life; so slender are my wants here, and so little does your dear lady permit me to desire, that, believe me, I have never yet expended upon myself this apportioned income; and as for the rest, it is, as you have seen, destined for our Ferdinand. Yet a little time and Adrian Glastonbury must be gathered to his fathers. Why, then, deprive him of the greatest gratification of his remaining years? the consciousness that, to be really servicable to those he loves, it is not necessary for him to cease to exist.'

'May you never repeat your devotion to our house,' said Sir Ratcliffe, rising from his seat. 'Time was we could give them who served us something better than thanks; but, at any rate, these come from the heart.' In the meantime, the approaching departure of Ferdinand was the great topic of interest at Armine. It was settled that his father should accompany him to Falmouth, where he was to embark; and that they should pay a visit on their way to his grandfather, whose seat was situated in the west of England. This separation, now so near at hand, occasioned Lady Armine the deepest affliction; but she struggled to suppress her emotion. Yet often, while apparently busied with the common occupations of the day, the tears trickled down her cheek; and often she rose from her restless seat, while surrounded by those she loved, to seek the solitude of her chamber and indulge her overwhelming sorrow. Nor was Ferdinand less sensible of the bitterness of this separation. With all the excitement of his new prospects, and the feeling of approaching adventure and fancied independence, so flattering to inexperienced youth, he could not forget that he had been a very happy home. Nearly seventeen years of an innocent existence had passed, undisturbed by a single bad passion, and unassailed by a single action that he could regret. The river of his life had glided along, reflecting only a cloudless sky. But if he had been dutiful and happy, if at this moment of severe examination his conscience were serene, he could not but feel how much this enviable state of mind was to be attributed to those who had, as it were, imbued his life with love; whose never-fading affection had developed all the kindly feelings of his nature, had anticipated all his wants, and listened to all his wishes; had assisted him in difficulty and guided him in doubt; had invited confidence by kindness, and deserved it by sympathy; had robbed instruction of all its labor, and discipline of all its harshness.

It was the last day; on the morrow he was to quit Armine. He strolled about among the mouldering chambers of the castle, and a host of thoughts and passions, like clouds in a stormy sky, coursed over his hitherto serene and light-hearted breast. In this first great struggle of his soul some symptoms of his latent nature developed themselves, and amid the rifts of the mental tempest, occasionally he caught some glimpses of self-knowledge. Nature, that had endowed him with a fiery imagination and a reckless courage, had tempered those dangerous, and, hitherto, those undeveloped and untried gifts, with a heart of infinite sensibility. Ferdinand and Armine was, in truth, a singular blending of the daring and the soft; and now, as he looked around him and thought of his illustrious and fallen race, and especially of that extraordinary man, of whose splendid and ruinous career, that man's own creation the surrounding pile, seemed a fitting emblem, he

asked himself if he had not inherited the energies with the name of his grandfathers, and if their exertion might not yet revive the glories of his line. He felt within him alike the power and the will; and while he indulged in magnificent reveries of fame and glory and heroic action, of which career, indeed, his approaching departure was to be the commencement, the association of ideas led his recollection to those beings from whom he was about to depart. His fancy dropped like a bird of paradise in full wing, tumbling exhausted in the sky; he thought of his innocent and happy boyhood, of his father's thoughtful benevolence, his sweet mother's gentle assiduity, and Father Glastonbury's devotion; and he demanded aloud, in a voice of anguish, whether fate could not indeed supply a lot more exquisite than to pass existence in these calm and beautiful bowers with such beloved companions.

His name was called; it was his mother's voice. He dashed away a desperate tear, and came forth with a smiling face. His mother and father were walking together at a little distance. 'Ferdinand,' said Lady Armine, with an air of affected gaiety, 'we have just been settling that you are to send me a gazelle from Malta. And in this strain, speaking of slight things, yet all in some degree touching upon the mournful incident of the morrow, did Lady Armine for some time converse, as if she were all this time trying the fortitude of her mind, and accustoming herself to a catastrophe which she was resolved to meet with fortitude.

While they were walking together, Father Glastonbury, who was hurrying from his rooms to the place, for the dinner hour was at hand, joined them, and they entered their home together. It was singular at dinner, too, in what excellent spirits everybody determined to be. The dinner also, generally a simple repast, was almost as elaborate as the demeanor of the guests, and, although no one felt inclined to eat, consisted of every dish and delicacy which was supposed to be a favorite with Ferdinand. Sir Ratcliffe, in general so grave, was to-day quite joyous, and produced a magnum of claret which he had himself discovered in the old cellars, and of which even Father Glastonbury, an habitual water-drinker, ventured to partake. As for Lady Armine, she scarcely ever ceased talking; she found a jest in every sentence, and seemed only uneasy when there was silence. Ferdinand, of course, yielded himself to the apparent spirit of the party; and, had a stranger been present, he could only have supposed that they were celebrating some anniversary of domestic joy. It seemed rather a birthday feast than the last social meeting of those who had lived together so long, and loved each other so dearly.

But as the evening drew on their hearts began to grow heavy, and every one was glad that the early departure of the travellers on the morrow was an excuse for speedily retiring.

'No adieus to-night!' said Lady Armine with a gay air, as she scarcely returned the habitual embrace of her son. 'We shall be all up to-morrow.' So wishing his last good night with a charged heart and faltering tongue, Ferdinand and Armine took up his candle and retired to his chamber. He could not refrain from exercising an unusual scrutiny when he had entered the room. He held up the light to the old accustomed walls, threw a parting glance of affection at the curtains. There was the glass vase which his mother had never omitted each day to fill with fresh flowers, and the counterpane that was her own handiwork. He kissed it; and, flinging off his clothes, was glad when he was surrounded with darkness and buried in his bed.

'There was a gentle tap at his door. He started. 'Are you in bed, my Ferdinand?' inquired his mother's voice. Ere he could reply he heard the door open, and observed a tall white figure approaching him.

Lady Armine, without speaking, knelt down by his bedside and took him in her arms. She buried her face in his breast. He felt her tears upon his heart. He could not move; he could not speak. At length she sobbed aloud. 'May our Father that is in heaven bless you, my darling child; may He guard over you; may He preserve you! Very weak was her still, solemn voice. 'I would have spared you this, my darling. For you, not for myself, have I controlled my feelings. But I knew not the strength of a mother's love. Alas! what mother has a child like thee?' 'O! Ferdinand, my first, my only-born; child of love and joy and happiness, that never cost me a thought of sorrow; so kind, so gentle, and so dutiful must we, oh! must we indeed part?' 'It is too cruel,' continued Lady Armine, kissing with a thousand kisses her weeping child. 'What have I done to deserve such misery as this? Ferdinand, beloved Ferdinand, I shall die.'

'I will not go, mother, I will not go,' wildly exclaimed the boy, disengaging himself from her embrace and starting up in his bed. 'Mother, I cannot go. No, no, it never can be good to leave a home like this! 'Hush! hush! my darling. What words are those? How unkind, how wicked it is of me to say all this! Would that I had not come! I only meant to listen at your door a minute, and hear you move, perhaps to hear you speak, and like a fool, how naughty of me! never, never shall I forgive myself; like a miserable fool I entered! 'My own, own mother, what shall I say? What shall I do? I love you, mother, with all my heart and soul and spirit's strength; I love you, mother. There is no mother loved as you are loved! 'Is that what makes me mad. I know it. Oh! why are you not like other children, Ferdinand? Why your uncle left us, my father said; Good bye, and shook his hand; and he, he scarcely kissed me, he was so glad to leave his home; but you—to-morrow; no, not to-morrow. Can it be to-morrow? 'Mother, let me get up and call my father, and tell him I will go.' 'Good God! what words are these? Not good! This all your hope to go; all ours, dear child. What would your father say were he to hear me speak thus? Oh! that I had not entered! What a fool I am! 'Dearest, dearest mother, believe me we shall soon meet. 'Shall we soon meet? God! how joyous will be the day! 'And I—will write to you by every ship.' 'Oh! never fail, Ferdinand, never fail! 'And send you a gazelle, and you shall call it by my name, dear mother.' 'Darling child! 'You know I have often stayed a month at grandpapa's, and once six weeks. Why! eight times six weeks, and I shall be home again! 'Home! home again! eight times six weeks; a year, nearly a year! It seems eternity. Winter, and spring, and summer, and winter again, all to pass away. And for seventeen years he has scarcely been out of my sight. Oh! my idol, my beloved, my darling Ferdinand, I cannot believe it; I cannot believe that we are to part.'

'Mother, dearest mother, think of my father; think how much his hopes are placed on me; think, dearest mother, how much I have to do. All now depends on me, you know. I must restore our house. 'O! Ferdinand, I dare not express the thoughts that rise upon me; yet I would say that, had I but my child; I could live in peace; how, or where, I care not! 'Dearest mother, you unman me! 'It is very wicked. I am a fool. I never, no! never shall I pardon myself for this night, Ferdinand! 'Sweet mother, I beseech you calm yourself. Believe me we shall indeed meet very soon, and somehow or other a little bird whispers to me we shall yet be very happy! 'But will you be the same Ferdinand to me as before? Ay! There it is, my child. You will be a man when you come back, and be ashamed to love your mother. Promise me now,' said Lady Armine, with extraordinary energy, 'promise me, Ferdinand, you will always love me. Do not let them make you ashamed of loving me. They will joke, and jest, and ridicule all home affections. You are very young, sweet love, very, very young, and very inexperienced and susceptible. Do not let them spoil your frank and beautiful nature. Do not let them lead you astray. Remember Armine, dear, dear Armine, and those who live there. Trust me, oh! yes, indeed believe me, darling, you will never find friends in this world like those you leave at Armine.'

'I know it,' exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes; 'God be my witness how deeply I feel that truth. If I forget thee and them, dear mother, may God indeed forget me! 'My Ferdinand, said Lady Armine, in a calm tone, 'I am better now, I hardly am sorry that I did come now. It will be a consolation to me in your absence to remember all you have said. Good night, my beloved child; my darling child, good night. I shall not come down to-morrow, dear. We will not meet again; I will say good-bye to you from the window. Be happy, my dear Ferdinand, and as you say indeed, we shall soon meet again. Eight-and-forty weeks! Why what are eight-and-forty weeks? It is not quite a year. Courage, my sweet boy! let us keep up each other's spirits. Who knows what may yet come from this your first venture into the world? I am full of hope. I trust you will find all that you want. I packed up everything myself. Whenever you want anything write to your mother. Mind, you have eight packages; I have written them down on a card and placed it on the hall table. And take the greatest care of old Sir Ferdinand's sword. I am very superstitious about that sword, and while you have it I am sure you will succeed. I have ever thought that had he taken it with him to France all would have gone right with him. God bless, God Almighty bless you, child. Be of good heart. I will write you everything that takes place, and as you say, we shall soon meet. Indeed, after to-night, she added in a more mournful tone, 'we have ought else to think of but of meeting. I fear it is very late. 'Your father will be surprised at my absence.' She rose from his bed and walked up and down the room several times in silence; then again approaching him, she folded him in her arms and quitted the chamber without again speaking.

The exhausted Ferdinand found consolation in sleep. When he woke the dawn was just breaking. He dressed and went forth to look, for the last time, on his hereditary woods. The air was cold, but the sky was perfectly clear, and the beams of the rising sun soon spread over the blue heaven. How fresh and glad, and sparkling was the surrounding stems! With what enjoyment did he inhale the soft and renovating breeze! The dew quivered on the grass, and the carol of the wakening birds, roused from their slumbers by the spreading warmth, resounded from the groves. From the green knoll on which he stood he beheld the clustering village of Armine, a little agricultural settlement formed of the peasants alone who lived on the estate. The smoke began to rise in blue curls from the cottage chimneys, and the church clock struck the hour of five. It seemed to Ferdinand that those laborers were far happier than he, since the setting sun would find them still at Armine: happy, happy Armine! The sound of carriage wheels roused him from his reverie. The fatal moment had arrived. He hastened to the gate according to his promise, to bid farewell to Father Glastonbury. The good old man was up. He pressed his pupil to his bosom, and blessed him with a choking voice. 'Dearest and kindest friend! murmured Ferdinand.

Father Glastonbury placed round his neck a small golden crucifix that had belonged to Lady Barbara. 'Fear it next your heart, my child,' said he; 'it will remind you of your God, and of us all.' Ferdinand quitted the town with a thousand blessings. When he came in sight of the Place, he saw his father standing by the carriage, which was already packed. Ferdinand ran into the house to get the card which had been left on the hall table for him by his mother. He ran over the list with the old and faithful domestic, and shook hands with him. Nothing more remained. All was ready. His father was seated. Ferdinand stood a moment in thought. 'Let me run up to my mother, sir?' 'You had better not, my child,' replied Sir Ratcliffe, 'she does not expect you. Come, come along!'

So he slowly sent himself, with his eyes fixed on the window of his mother's chamber; and as the carriage drove off the window opened, and a hand waved a white handkerchief. He saw no more; but as he saw it he clonched his hand in agony. How different was this journey to London from his last! He scarcely spoke a word. Nothing interested him but his own feelings. The guard and the coachman, and the bustle of the inn, and the passing spectacles of the road, appeared a collection of impertinences. All of a sudden it seemed that his boyish feelings had deserted him. He was glad when they arrived in London, and glad that they were to stay in it only a single day. Sir Ratcliffe and his son called upon the Duke; but, as they had anticipated, the family had quitted town. Our travellers put up at Hatchett's, and the following night started for Exeter in the Devonport mail. Ferdinand arrived at the western metropolis having interchanged with his father scarcely a hundred sentences. At Exeter, after a night of most welcome rest, they took a post-chaise and proceeded by a cross-road to Grandison. When Lord Grandison, who as yet was perfectly unacquainted with the revolutions in the Armine family, had clearly comprehended that his grandson had obtained a commission without either troubling him for his interest, or putting him in the disagreeable predicament of refusing his money, there were no bounds to the extravagant testimonials of his affection, both towards his son-in-law and his grandson. He seemed quite proud of such relations; he patted Sir Ratcliffe on his back, asked a thousand questions about his darling

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 Clos de Vougeot is always to be kept for Sir Ratcliffe Armine? It is his favorite wine. Clos 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, 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 grieved 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. When the burden of daytime toil is over. With a hush and a hush, 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 quest, And broken in spirit and worn 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-Creating 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: J. 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.

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 their 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 \$60,000 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, and 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, Mgr. Charles F. Cazeau.

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 personal life, 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 Halliargon 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, Mgr. 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, has he 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.

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.

Mulny 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 Hannam, 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" in Cave 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 usurper 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 ex-soldier 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 Marquis de Medici, and made over by her to her son, Gaston d'Orleans, when she was sent into exile through the influence of Cardinal Mazarin. 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 Broghe, 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 Odessa District Courts. His plaint against his spouse contained several counts, one more grievous 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 Emperor-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.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, BY THE Post-Printing and Publishing Company.

CALENDAR

THURSDAY 25—Nativity of Our Lord, Christmas Day. First Mass, Epist. Tit. II. 12-15; Gosp. Luke. II. 1-14. Second Mass, Epist. Tit. III. 1-7; Gosp. Luke II. 15-20. Third Mass, Epist. Heb. I. 1-12; Gosp. John I. 1-14.

NOTICE

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once.

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Teachers' Attention!

We are desirous of obtaining the name and post-office address of every Catholic lady and gentleman school teacher in each province of the Dominion and in Newfoundland.

Manitoba and British Columbia.

We desire to engage the services of reliable and active agents in the interest of the Post and True Witness, in Manitoba and British Columbia, to whom we offer liberal terms.

CHRISTMAS!

Christmas is at hand, genial, merry Christmas, our welcome, annual visitor, who covers the land with gladness and says to the sad and sorrowful, "Cease your wailings for a short space. I am Christmas, come to make you happy; be joyous for at least this one day and you may weep again to-morrow."

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sufferings and sorrows of the poor among whom he sojourned for thirty-three years. Dwelling on this great act of mercy gives birth to holy and solemn thought; our minds travel back to the Nativity, and we see the Creator and Saviour of mankind an infant lying in a manger, because, as the Catholic Rosary expresses it, "there was no room for Him in the inns at Bethlehem."

Christmas, then, is a day of happiness to those who can afford it, and, thank Heaven, they are the great majority in this land of Canada. Few families here are too poor to purchase the Christmas turkey, or keep the stove at red-heat to answer for the jolly Yule log of their ancestors in the ancient times.

The Situation in Afghanistan.

The eyes of the world are this moment turned towards Afghanistan, for it is thought, rightly or wrongly, that it will shortly be the scene of a great catastrophe to a British army, to be followed by a struggle for Asiatic supremacy between England and Russia.

national army, or, as the London Daily Telegraph innocently terms them, the rebels. Roberts, therefore, has to depend upon his own resources, as, indeed, has each of his Lieutenants as well. Macpherson, Massey, Baker and himself has each in turn been defeated, and he is now entrenched at Shipur with the Military Bureau, plenty of cannon and six months' provisions.

Ireland and its Friends.

The New York Herald, and papers on this side which follow that weathercock of public opinion in its somersaults and gyrations, afraid to say openly, "don't give any sympathy to the Irish," adopt the next best plan, and advise that they be given provisions, but no encouragement in their agitation.

European civilization in millions of English workmen and farm laborers, who in their turn will have to come across the ocean. Heretofore their opinion of Ireland was formed by the immigrants of the famine years, who delayed so long as they could, and then fled from their native country in their last and dire distress.

Our Ottawa "Sympathizer."

We regret being obliged to deprive the Ottawa Herald of any little comfort it may have given itself while laboring under the delusion that the Post had, like itself, got into difficulty with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Position of Ireland.

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness. Sir,—A scribbler, signing himself "Observer," has made use of the columns of the Gazette to slander the memory of Ireland's best and truest son—the great Dan O'Connell—and to throw cold water on the ardor of those who now wish to come to the relief of their famine-stricken countrymen.

There is not half the suffering in England and Scotland, and in as great proportions as those in Ireland, suffering from the same cause? And if so, why is there not an equal strif for relief for such as for those of the sister Isle?

If relief is called, and properly, for those in Ireland now suffering from poverty and want, pray how is this owing to the disaster of the landlordism in Ireland, as being so different from that in England and Scotland, and of which we now are hearing so much?

The answer or answers to the foregoing are sufficiently given in my reply to "Observer's" first and second questions. "4. Again, I ask, why is it that the agitation now, as that in former years, is all against landlords in general, and the Government in particular, when certain persons, not only joining in but actually leading such agitations, are themselves among the most noted and reprehensible in their conduct towards their tenants; and yet against such a voice is or has been raised; nay, but that such are actually lauded to the skies as the benefactors of their people?"

"We have," say the Commissioners, "been all over England, Wales, and Ireland, and we declare solemnly, that in no part of the United Kingdom is such neglected wretchedness, such filth, such squalor, such misery of every kind to be seen, as are to be seen on Mr. O'Connell's estate, in the presence of his son, Morris O'Connell."

"Olserver" then asks triumphantly, with the air of a man who had hit upon an idea that had never occurred to the mind of man before: "And are matters different with this class of agitators? Poor, miserable wretches! you seek thus to belittle the genius of the immortal Agitator? To decry his virtues and the glorious services that he has rendered his down-trodden country and co-religionists?"

His Grace Archbishop Lynch has returned from his European tour with renewed health, vigor and intellect. He has attentively studied the affairs of Ireland, and has already given some of his views as to the best means of ameliorating the condition of its people.

A GRAND CONTEST OF ELEMENTS.

Destruction of Henning and Barzou's Auction Warehouse and Stock-Exchange of the Firemen—Narrow Escapes. One of the largest fires which the City has sustained for some time past took place Sunday evening about half-past seven o'clock.

One of the largest fires which the City has sustained for some time past took place Sunday evening about half-past seven o'clock. At that hour an alarm sounded from box 9, and as it was repeated the men from all the stations were called to the scene of the conflagration.

And yet the sight was a grand one. The water from the hose, clinging to every object upon which it was directed through the intense cold of the atmosphere, formed myriads of icicles, which, reflecting the light from the flames, formed a sublime picture, resembling on a giant scale, the fairy structures represented in Christmas pantomimes.

which was almost palpable to the touch. Away up towards the sky the millions of flying sparks formed a fit and pretty canopy to the magnificent spectacle beneath. The firemen were both to be pitied and admired. Drenched by the falling water, their clothes instantly became a mass of ice, a transformation which made it extremely difficult for them to move, and four times a relief was formed in order that they might change their clothing.

One of the hydrants was frozen, and frequently the water in its passage through the hose was changed into ice. But even under these terribly discouraging circumstances the firemen lost none of the energy or courage which has ever distinguished them, and were it not for their heroic efforts the entire block would have been annihilated.

They had mounted a ladder to the third story, and as they reached the top it slid, and for a moment their instant death appeared inevitable. The ladder, being covered with ice, could not find a firm rest against the stone wall, and, therefore, as the men reached the top rungs it slipped away with gradually increasing velocity as the sliding continued.

During the progress of the fire the horses attached to the Skinner Ladder wagon became tired of waiting in the cold, and started on a gallop homeward, reaching the station before they were again secured.

The amount of damage sustained cannot be ascertained at present, but is exceedingly heavy. The stock and premises are insured to the amount of \$64,000 in the Royal, of England, Royal Canadian, Lancashire and Citizens, Insurance Companies.

Mr. Bright on Irish Affairs. Mr. John Bright, M.P., has addressed the following interesting letter to Mr. John George MacCarthy, M.P.:

"My DEAR SIR,—I wish I knew enough of your plan to be able to express my opinion upon it; but I do not, and am unwilling to take the responsibility of urging the Government to some great scheme of expenditure, of which I cannot see the end or the result.

"I am afraid anything that can be done now will be of little avail against the threatened suffering, but your whole Land question is to be dealt with by a Government strong in Parliament, and not less strong in sympathy with the Irish people.

I am, very truly yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

John George MacCarthy, Esq., M.P., River-view, Cork.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will almost invariably give relief.

AN EMPTY HOUSE IS BETTER THAN a bad tenant, is exemplified in the case of worms, which afflict so many people. The surest and swiftest means of sending out such unwelcome tenants, is to serve them with a writ in the shape of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges. Only 25 cents.

IF LIFE AND HEALTH CAN BE ESTIMATED by dollars and cents, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all the diseases with which children are afflicted, is worth its weight in gold.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY for Bilious and Liver complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Giddiness of the eyes, Headache, Constipation, &c., is Doan's Cathartic. It is a never-failing remedy for all the ailments of the bowels, and creates an appetite and strengthens the whole nervous system.

Death of the Prince Imperial.

BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

Walketh a woman, "Oh! my God!" A breaking heart in a broken breast...

Christmas With the Pepper Family.

That Christmas was close at hand might well be known by the preparations going on in the Pepper family.

The bundles were put up by the children at the various places at the table, and arranged so that the one for whom they were intended could read.

Miscellaneous. According to the Russian paper Kaseet the total number of Jewish farmers in Russia is now probably upward of 100,000.

Naturalist's Portfolio. A Dog IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.—Averse from being convicted for grave misdemeanor and suffering the penalties of the law, a dog belonging to one Theodore Gordon...

Irish News. The Mallow, Kanturk and Cork Unions have been added to the list of districts in which special facilities are to be afforded for obtaining loans for public works.

Miscellaneous. Beautiful young squaws of the Indian Nation make a sensation at Texas dances. We saw a girl the other day who was just as pretty as she could be...

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Buildings—Continued. All the materials for this building will be furnished by the contractor...

A Model Percheron Norman Horse

We copy from the London Agricultural Gazette the following exact description of a good Percheron. It is a great pity that those imported into our Province a few years ago should have been selected with so little care...

THE WEST WINCHESTER CRIME.

Arrest of Mrs. Brown—Re-opening of the Case—Continuation of the Enquiry.

WEST WINCHESTER, December 16.—Mrs. Brown, widow of the late Robert Brown, murdered last autumn, was arraigned before Mr. David Rae, Acting Magistrate...

CHASED BY PIRATES.

A Nova Scotia Schooner Chased by an Unknown Vessel. HALIFAX, December 16.—The Shelburne schooner Laura Bruce met with an adventure among the West India Islands on the voyage from St. Jago de Cuba to this port...

SCOTCH NEWS.

In honor of the marriage of Miss Malcolm Douglas, heiress of the estate of Cavers, to Captain Palmer, celebrated in London on the 13th ult, there were great rejoicings at Hawick and throughout the estate.

THE LAND AGITATION.

Beaconsfield had very respectable progenitors. The hon. member proceeded to read extracts from the Prime Minister's book...

DEMONSTRATION AT BIDE PARK.

A great mass meeting convened by a branch of the Home Rule Executive Committee made a demonstration in Bide Park, on the 16th inst.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Prince Leopold of England will shortly be created Duke of Kent. A southern California ranchman boasts of having killed two Indians with the same bullet...

COLONIZATION.

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION BUREAU, St. Paul, Minnesota, U. S. Now ready, the Revised Edition of the Immigration Pamphlet, published by the CATHOLIC COLONIZATION BUREAU of Minnesota, U. S.

Soap, Candles, &c. D. P. H. E. L. A. N. MANITOBA! Notice to Farmers and Others. COSMOPOLITAN!

