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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1871.

NO. 28.

THREE BIRTHDAYS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard.)

PART THIRD.

III.—(CONTINUED.)

Miriam hid her face in her hands and felt the sweet calm within her heart increase every moment.

— Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit? —

When they came out into the quiet street a little later, Mr. Alby said softly:

"I have asked for you a grace, my Miriam. May it be quick in coming!"

She looked at him, pale, but with a smile of singular tranquility:

"If by lifting my finger," she said, slowly, "I could turn you aside from the path you have chosen, dear Ernest, I would sooner die than do it. And if God ever gives me the grace to be a good Catholic, I hope he will give me with it the grace to imitate you in my poor degree."

She added, with averted head, and in a smothered, broken voice:

"— to be a sister of charity."

IV.

The Terrace was brilliant with lights that Christmas evening; and Barbara's guests in the full tide of merriment and mirth. Public obstacles and private misgivings to the contrary, the entertainment was proving a success; and Barbara, in spite of her vexation, was forced to give Cyril Murdoch his due, and admit that she could not have got along very well without him. He was a whole host in himself. Tableau after tableau had been successfully executed and applauded under his management; and each time, in the pauses between the falling and the rising of the curtain, lively gossip went on among the guests over Mr. Alby's defection of Rome. Miriam's unaccountable serenity, and Cyril Murdoch's marriage; speculations on the young minister's motives and his chances with his blonde fiancée; coupled with *ou dits* as to the beauty, blood and position of Cyril's bride. If the latter had been the favorite wife of a Sultan, she could not have been more jealously secluded. She had kept her room all day, and been excused from dinner; but Cyril promised if her headache was better that she would take part in the closing tableau and join the guests at supper.

"Headache!" muttered Barbara, as Cyril strolled away after making this announcement; and a servant came to tell her some one wanted to see her in the library. "It is nothing but airs. It she had the headache and the heartache I have to-night,—she might stay up stairs for a week, aye, for a year!"

In the dim library she found Mr. Alby equipped for traveling, but looking calm and happy.

"I came to say good-bye," he said cheerily. "Maybe I ought not have disturbed you when you were making merry with your guests; but I am leaving in the midnight train, and I have not a minute to spare."

Barbara looked at him with moist eyes. So slender—so slightly-built, but with such a strong light of manly resolve, of sacrifice made, and victories achieved—shining out of his thin, intelligent face!

Never before had she realized how dear to her he was—this upright, gentle young man. Never before had she realized how wide was the gulf which had opened between them; how complete the divorce from the many delightful privileges and congenial interests which they had shared so long and so familiarly together. She could not speak, but held out her hand.

"I did not ask for Miriam," he said, softly, "because I would spare her the pang of parting. We have a perfect understanding between us; and God will surely requite her noble resignation. For his sake, as well as for your own, my dear Miss Barbara, I beg of you never to thwart God's work in her soul."

"She will be the next to go, I suppose," said Barbara, drearily. "One by one they drop away from me. First Pet—then you—"

her own voice choked.

"Dear Pet!" cried the young man, with shining eyes. "Good, courageous, noble Pet! in God's great mercy, one of the instruments of my conversion—of my salvation. Had she been less brave, less resolute, I might have faltered in my hour of trial—I might have gone on, (Heaven forgive me!) deceiving myself and others to the bitter end!"

He paused with a tear glistening on his lashes,—then pressing warmly the hand he held, he said in a broken voice:

"For your many kindnesses to the poor young minister who failed so often and so unworthily in his duties—may our Lord Jesus bless you, Barbara, in a way which you have not sought or known. Good-bye."

He was gone. And Barbara went back, like one in a dream, to the lighted drawing-rooms and found the curtain just falling on Miriam, as *Evangeline*. Truly for her—

"All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow, All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

"Only one more tableau," said some one near her.

"Yes; and Cyril's wife is to take part in it. I am dying with curiosity," said Lucy Murdoch.

"Die in a better cause," whispered her sister: "I dare say she is some French aristocrat who will keep us all at a distance. Cyril always had the oddest tastes."

Barbara sat listening to it all with a queer oppressive feeling, as if she had the nightmare; and when Miriam came to ask her some question about the supper, she answered at random, marvelling at the same time, in a misty way, how calm her sister looked.

Oh! if the evening was only over and the guests gone—that she might give up this acting, and hide her misery in her own quiet room!

After what seemed to her an interminable delay, there was a buzz of expectation all over the saloon. The guests settled themselves in their chairs in mingled curiosity and complacency, the little bell rung, and the curtain slowly rose.

"*St. Cecilia and Valerian!*" cried the footman, appointed to announce the tableau; and a charming picture was revealed.

The skilful artists had adroitly chosen the moment when the Pagan nobleman discovers for the first time the Christianity of his newly-wedded bride: and the drapery and grouping were dramatic beyond words.

"In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,
Thou shalt hear sweet music,
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal!"

Cyril, as *Valerian*, in the rich costume of a Roman courtier, stood in an attitude of dignified questioning surprise; one hand resting lightly on his bride's shoulder; the other, touching with easy grace, the hilt of his jewelled sword.

And a handsome, irresistible pagan he looked! The tunic of scarlet velvet slashed with silver, sat easily on his manly, well-proportioned figure—his plumed cap lay at his feet—and a chain of gold glittered on his breast, under his long, curling beard.

But the *Saint Cecilia*—cynosure of all eyes? The whole assemblage bent forward breathlessly, to catch a glimpse of her face.

But in vain.

The bride of *Valerian*—the bride of Cyril—was deeply veiled?

Her richly flowered robe of white brocade flowed away from her in shining waves and lay like a snowy river behind her; but over head and face alike—over the corset-waist which fitted closely to her majestic figure, and was studded thickly with seed-pearls—over the wide, graceful sleeves which fell back from her jewelled wrists, and hung like folded wings—over, in fact, the charming *tout ensemble*, a veil of delicate gauze descended to her feet.

But so exquisite was that mysterious statue—so perfect the pose of her half-averted head under the yielding veil, that a murmur of subdued admiration ran through the crowded room.

While they whispered—while they gazed—Cyril's arm was slowly, gently lifted; Cyril's hand was laid upon the envious gauze—and with one quick movement the shimmering mass lay behind her, and in the blaze of lights—the BRIDE stood unveiled!

Lovelier than of old in her vivid blushes—fuller, maturer—but with the sweet, familiar smile upon her lips, and the well-remembered light shining out of her wonderful grey eyes—

"Pet!" screamed Barbara.

"O darling!" cried Miriam.

"My wife!" said Cyril, triumphantly, as he put her into their arms.

And a scene of glorious confusion followed which baffles description—the wildest impromptu tableau of the night.

When the first joyful outburst was over:

"Married!—and to Cyril, after all!" sobbed happy little Barbara, oblivious of the by-standers. "This is surely the merriest Christmas of our lives!"

"And *Saint Cecilia's* happiest birth-day," said Miriam, archly, with her arms round Pet's waist.

"Yes, God be praised!" cried Cyril, drawing his wife tenderly towards him—"and a joyous ending to a year of many trials, but of many blessings! Have you forgiven me, sister Barbara, for marrying the pretty foreigner, after all?"

"Good-for-nothing fellow? Do you deserve forgiveness, after keeping me on the rack all day? My only wonder is, that so fair and dear a saint would ever become the bride of such a remorseless pagan!"

"Speak," said Pet; and Cyril struck an attitude:

"Listen and admire, friends and sisters, how the romance of our lives has outstripped the reality of our tableau. *This Saint Cecilia!*—and he laid his hand caressingly on Pet's charming head, and looked over it wickedly at Barbara—"not only converted her *Valerian before she married him, but bids fair (thank Heaven!) to bring the rest of her pagan relatives, after him, into the ONE TRUE FOLD!*"

(THE END.)

DICK POOLE'S JUMP—AN IRISH STORY.

Dick Poole's father came of a stock, the Poole's of Poolgara, of hard drinkers and hard riders. It need scarcely be said that Poolgara was in Ireland, and that the system of management pursued by the owners was such as to reduce the dimensions of the estate, until, when it came to the hero of this tale, there was little left of the ancestral acres. But Dick Poole cared naught for this. As long as he had the privilege of fishing and shooting over the old place (and the new comers never refused him) he let the world wag and saw the property slide from him with the equanimity of an impecunious philosopher.

The consequence was that Dick disposed of farm after farm of his estate, until at length nothing was left him but the old house, which he stuck to, and an old retainer, Dan Doherty, who clung to his fortunes with a fidelity which might be described as melodramatic. Poole, of course, from his habits, was not a welcome guest among the country families, though they universally admitted his right to consider himself of their caste. He kept up, however, a custom of visiting the officers who were stationed at a small garrison town in the neighborhood; and it was at their mess, to which he was invited, that the circumstance arose, the sequel of which rendered his name a household word throughout the province.

During dinner Poole conducted himself well enough. He was fortunately placed next a quiet, sucking ensign; but when the claret was disposed of, when the Major left the room, and strong waters were called on, Poole laid himself out, as was usual with him, for a hard night. A few of the men, seeing the rate at which he went, calculated on putting him under the table; but before Dick had shown the slightest token of undue exhilaration, several of his entertainers were talking thickly and laughing loudly. Hunting, shooting, and swimming stories were exchanged with a crescendo of mendacity on the part of the narrators as the night advanced.

"Talking of swimming," put in Poole, "do you know the cliffs at the seaside of Poolgara? I'll bet any man I'll jump of the highest part of those cliffs, and carry another fellow on my back."

A universal burst of laughter, and cries of "Take you up, old boy! How much can you book?" greeted this insane challenge.

When the noise had somewhat subsided, Lieut. Browne, the senior Lieutenant of the regiment, produced a betting book, and said to Dick: "If you are serious, Poole, for a hundred you don't do it."

"Done!" replied Dick at once; and it was fixed then that the performance was to take place on the following Sunday.

For a wonder, Poole walked off steadier than many of his hosts could on that night. Lieut. Browne expressed well in to win; "for if the fool would be mad enough to attempt such a thing, there is no one living would be idiot enough to go on his back," thought he. Next morning Poole told Dan Doherty how he had enjoyed himself at the barracks, and then quickly mentioned the bet, as if he had made nothing of it. Dan for a few moments could not speak, so much was his horror and surprise; at last he managed to stammer out, "O Master Dick, Master Dick, whatever d'ye mane be it? Is it out of yer senses ye are, intirely?"

"No, you old goose, I'm not out of my senses," replied Poole. "I want to win a hundred pounds; and what is more, Dan," he went on coaxingly, "you must help me to win it."

"Begorra, thin, I won't!" bust out Dan with a rebellious energy. "I've served you, man and boy, many a year; but hand or part or fut, so help me—"

"Look here, Dan, I don't intend to do it at all, and still I intend to gain the wager. We want it, as you know, badly."

"God help us, 'tis thrue for you, sir, we do."

"Well, here's my plan. We'll be on the ground; you'll get on my back" (Dan made a forcible gesture of dissent), "and just as we seem about to start, the police will be on the spot to stop us. Do you take?"

"You mane that we are to put them up to it. Is that it, sir?"

"Yes, of course."

"But thin, won't the hot be a draw, sir?"

"No, it won't. Do you think I'd make such a wager without taking care that I should have an advantage over these gay boobies?—Leave it to me, Dan. Follow my directions, and you'll find everything will be right. I'll go into the town myself to-day and speak to the Head Constable."

The eventful morning arrived, a cold grey morning it was, in July. The officers were all on the ground looking over the cliff, which was fully from ninety to a hundred feet above the sea, and wondering whether Dick Poole would have the courage to carry out his wild enterprise. Dick exchanged greetings with them cordially, and brought forward Dan as his *compagnon du voyage*. That individual had some misgivings touching the order of proceedings; and when Dick preemptory ordered him to take off his clothes he showed decided symptoms of his courage oozing, like that of Bob Acres, from his fingers' ends. Poole, however, whispered a few reassuring words in his ear. "Besides," reflected Dan, as his teeth chattered with the fright and cold, "I've tould the poliss meself, for fear of any mistake. I wonder they're not here already."

Dan prolonged his unrobing as much as possible; but at length he stood trembling *in curru*, and before he could distinctly realize the situation he found himself on his master's back. Glancing over his shoulder in mortal terror, he saw the glazed caps of the police approaching.

"Are they coming, Dan?" whispered Dick, softly.

"Yis, master, dear yis; only hould on for a minute."

"Are they very near us, Dan?"

"Quite close, yer honor," responded Dan, now becoming easy in his mind.

At this moment a constable ran forward, breaking from the officers, who tried to intercept him. But what was Dan's terror when Dick clutched him firmly by the legs, and then with a shrill "Whaup!" like the war shout of an Indian brave, gave a header literally into space over the cliff!

Dan says he found himself going down under water almost as far as he had fallen from land. The place was several fathoms deep; on their rising to the surface Dick grabbed his comrade and bore him safely to a boat which was lying under the precipice prepared for the event.—So Dick Poole won the hundred pounds and Dan Doherty was none the worse.

THE BRIDAL RING.

A STORY OF CAHIR CASTLE.

(From Legends of the Wars in Ireland, by Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.)

The site on which Cahir Castle is built was formerly a *dun*, or fort,—a structure which was formed of woodwork and earthen embankments. The present castle was founded, it would seem, by one of those bold Norman adventurers who came to our shores in the train of the Earl of Cliepstow, or Strongbow, as he was more familiarly called. It stands upon an island rock which divides the waters of the Suir, and during the several wars that raged in Ireland since the invasion, was always a place of great strength and importance. It belonged, since the beginning of the fourteenth century, to the powerful house of Ormond; for we find it then in possession of James Butler, son of James the third earl, by Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Desmond. During the wars of Elizabeth and those of the succeeding reigns, it changed hands frequently, and stood several gallant sieges, the relation of which would be far too long for the limits of this story. The ancient Irish name of the town of Cahir was *Cahir Dana-uascaigh*; that is, the circular fortress of the fish-abounding fort.—One of the incidents connected with the military history of Cahir Castle is told in the following story:—

In a corner of a solitary churchyard some short distance from Cahir, there lies a portion of an ancient tomb, namely, the upper half of a limestone slab, which is now almost completely hidden from the eye of the curious visitor by the rank and luxuriant growth of docks, nettles, and other weeds that clothe the silent dwellings of the dead around. If you raise it up, and rub the moss carefully from its timeworn face, you will be rewarded with the sight of the following portion of an inscription:—

"Heere lieth ye bodye of John de Botiller, who was shot.
Alsoe ye bodye of his Wife Mary de Botiller, who died when he died.

Their youlthe was Love,
Their courtshippe was Love,
Their marriage-dale was Love,
Their wedded life was Love,
Their deathe was Love,
And ———"

What the remaining portion of the inscription was will most probably remain unknown forever: for the fracture occurs at the word "And," while the other half of the slab is lost. Many an hour's toil the search for that lost fragment of sculptured limestone cost us: but it was all of no avail: and the history of the personages whom the above quaint words commemorate would perhaps have remained in obscurity till the end of time, were it not that we happened, some years ago, to meet Brian Tierney, of Templemary, as fine and jovial and

stalworth, and withal as venerable, a specimen of a *seachie*, or story-teller, as you would find within the four seas of old Ireland. Brian Tierney's relation is far too long to come within the limits of such a short tale as this must necessarily be. Stripping it, therefore, of some of its ornate flourishes, and a great number of incidental episodes, we shall proceed to relate the thread of the story according to his version.

About a mile or so to the south-east of Cahir Castle, there stood, on a high crag over the Suir, a square tower, or peel-house as they would call it in Scotland; which tower was for a long time the dwelling of Walter Ridenford, an ancient retainer of the great house of Ormond. The tower was one of a chain of similar buildings, which, with their high bawn walls and strong gates, stood at the distance of a few miles from one another towards the south and west, in a semicircle beyond the great border fortress of Cahir, and acted as advanced posts through which an enemy would have to pierce before he could attack the strongly-located central castle. The tower to which we allude was called Tig-na-Sgiath, or the House of the Shield, from a rude representation of that defensive appurtenance of a warrior, which was sculptured over the sturdy archway that led into the bawn. It was a strong place, and especially so during the time it was occupied by the brave old castellan whom we have named above. Walter Ridenford, or Wattie Stem-the-Stream, as he was called along the borders,—by which we mean that strip of debatable land which lay between the territories of the two great and rival houses of Ormond and Desmond,—was one of the most eccentric men that ever struck morion on head to follow the banner of his master on fray or foray. At the time of our story, he had attained to that respectable age which generally precludes a man from engaging in the rough and dangerous occupations of war. But time seemed to have had but little effect upon the iron frame and hardy spirit of Wattie-Stem-the-Stream; for he was still one of the most quarrelsome, and at the same time most formidable, of all those retainers of the house of Ormond who inhabited that dangerous and troublesome district lying along the south-western banks of the Suir. Many a single combat he had fought, and many a foray he had ridden, in every one of which, by some good chance or other, he had been successful; and this, we need not say, caused him to be regarded as a personage of no small consequence by the various senechalls, castellan, and other people of note and authority for many a mile round. Wattie had married late in life; and his wife, dying soon after, left behind her an only daughter, who was dear as the apple of his eye to the old warrior, and who, about the period at which our story commences, was nearly seventeen years of age.

Mary Ridenford was a beautiful and gentle girl; and, when we say that much of her, it is enough to indicate the fact that her hand was sought in marriage by many a young cavalier of the borders. But to all those, when they ventured to speak upon such a delicate subject to Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that grim old warrior made the rather ambiguous answer, that no one but the best man in Ormond would get his daughter for a wife. This oracular response, it seems, instead of decreasing, added considerably to the number of young Mary Ridenford's suitors. There was Gibbon of the Wood, from the banks of Funchoon, who gave it out that he would cheerfully do battle with sword and axe—if that was the meaning of old Wattie Stem-the-Stream's answer—against any competitor for the lady's hand; there was Donat Burke of Ruscoe, who swore, that, as he had lost his heart, he did not care a straw about losing his head for her sake; there was Raymond Grace, of Burnfort, who made oath to his confidential friend, that, along with putting his heart's blood in jeopardy for the sake of gaining her affections, he would willingly throw his lands and castle into the bargain; and there was a host of others. But the rivalry at last seemed hottest between Gibbon of the Wood and the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, whose name was John de Botiller, or Butler, and who, besides being a distant cousin of the Earl of Ormond, was also accounted the boldest horseman of the border, and the best and truest hand at sword-play, pistol-mark, or deft tricks of dagger in time of war, and also in every athletic amusement on festival days on village green and by fairy well. One day John de Botiller received intimation from one of his daltins, or horseboys, that Gibbon of the Wood had just paid a visit, on matrimonial subjects intent, to the House of the Shield. This information was riot, of course, very welcome to the young fiery castellan of Cnoc Graffon. With a dark brow he began revolving the subject in his mind, and at last took his horse, and rode away for the purpose of paying a similar visit to Wattie Stem-the-Stream. He found that worthy sitting by his castle-gate, grimly contemplating a certain pass in the far-off range of mountains, where, once upon a time, he had the satisfaction of seeing a detachment of the Desmond soldiers cut to pieces by the followers of his ancient lord and master, Thomas the Black, Earl of Ormond. Now, the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon

know well the kind of man he had to deal with, and proceeded at once to business, with an abruptness and candor woefully contrasting with the match-making chicanery and matrimonial circumlocutions of more modern times.

"Wat Ridenford," said he, on receiving the curt but hearty welcome of the old man, "you know me since I was a child. I have nothing but my castle and a few acres around it,—nothing else but my sword to help me, through the world: will you give me your daughter for a wife?"

"That I cannot tell," answered the plegmatic Wattie. "I have often said that the best and bravest man in Ormond only should get her. What do you say to that?" "Nothing," answered John de Botiller, "nothing, only that I cannot understand it. I tell you what I have heard, that Gibbon of the Wood was here to day. To him, I suppose, you have given the same answer; but know, Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that as I have come—yes, come here for, I believe, the twelfth time, I am determined not to be put off with a riddle any longer." It was now he showed his knowledge of Wattie's character. "You must tell me what you mean," continued he. "If you do not, here is a level space before us; draw your sword, and you will soon see, that, if you were twice as good a man as you are, I'll whip the answer in a trice out of that old iron carcass of yours. Draw."

This was exactly what Wattie wanted, and what he was for a long time expecting from some one of the suitors for his daughter's hand. He now quietly stood up, and drew the heavy sword he usually carried by his side. With a grim smile of mingled approval and affection, he looked upon the splendid figure of the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, as the latter stood opposite him, also with his drawn sword in hand, ready to begin the strange combat.

"The answer, the answer!" cried John de Botiller.

"Take that, instead," answered Wattie, making a playful cut of his sword at the young castellan, which, however, the latter avoided by a nimble bound in a backward direction. A sharp combat, half play, half earnest, ensued; the result of which was, that Wattie was at last beaten back against the wall by his young antagonist.

"Yield, Wattie! yield, and give the answer!" exclaimed John de Botiller, as the old man planted his back against the wall, and stood warily on his defence. "Yield, yield!" continued he, dancing nimbly round, and making various playful lunges and slashes at the old man, at which the latter at length burst into a hearty and sonorous fit of laughter, and dropped the point of his sword with a mock grimace on his swarthy old countenance, in token of submission.

"The answer you shall have, by my father's head!" exclaimed Wattie, as he now planted himself upon the stone seat by the gateway, and invited the young horseman to take a seat beside him. "Here it is," continued he. "I have sworn that none but the best man in Ormond shall get my daughter for a wife; and you may be sure that Wattie Ridenford is not the man to break his oath. I will appoint a day on which the suitors can come to Tig-na-Sgiath, and try their prowess at every kind of exercise. On that day, if you come, you will get your chance; and, between us both," continued he, grasping the hand of the young castellan, and giving it a tremendous squeeze, "I wish you success; so, whatever happens by food or field, be home on the day appointed."

"It is enough," said John de Botiller, returning the friendly grasp of the old soldier. "I will be here; and, with Mary looking on me from the castle window, I hope to acquit myself so that I shall come off the winner of her fair hand."

With that he bade farewell to old Wattie, and rode away to Cnoc Graffon. This occurred on the evening of May-day; but, ere a fortnight was over, there was a storm raised in the land, which left but little time to the wooers of young Mary Ridenford to think on the day of trial, whatever time it might occur. The Earl of Essex had marched southwards, and laid siege to Cahir Castle. After several sallies and skirmishes between the belligerents, and a terrible cannonade from the batteries of Essex, the latter at length succeeded in taking possession of the fortress. Leaving a garrison behind him, he then marched into Desmond, fighting various battles as he proceeded.—Throughout the whole siege, John de Botiller and all the young men of the neighbourhood were, of course, employed in defending the castle; but now, when all was over, they began to think of the strange resolution the old Master of Tig-na-Sgiath had come to with regard to the disposal of the hand of his daughter.—They so importuned Wattie, that he at last fixed a day: and now, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of his daughter, although he loved her well he awaited its coming; thinking, of course, that the bravest soldier and most active man in the country, whoever he was, would make the best and fondest husband for Mary. But the latter did not agree with her father's notions on the matter. She loved the handsome young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, and was resolved to marry no one else, whoever the successful competitor might be on Midsommer Day; for that was the one appointed by Wattie for the trial between her wooers. Many an hour she sat and wept in her little chamber in the House of the Shield, thinking of the dangerous position she was in; and what must have been her grief and terror, when at last Midsommer Day came, and, though a numerous throng of competitors had arrived at the castle, there was still no appearance of John de Botiller! The latter, however, was a score of miles away at the time, acting as officer of the guard at Carrick Castle, where military discipline was enforced with such strictness that he did not dare to leave his post during the temporary absence of Lord Ormond.

Meanwhile the trial between the wooers at

the House of the Shield went on gloriously, Wattie Stem-the-Stream wondering from time to time at the continued absence of the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, whose suit he favored secretly. Several competitors had given in, as the day advanced; and, before noon was over, the contest, in every athletic trial, lay principally between Gibbon of the Wood, Donat Burke of Ruscoe, and Raymond Grace, the young Lord of Burnfort. Poor Donat Burke at last nearly fractured his knee, at the leaping of the bawn wall, and gave up the contest; so that, to all appearance, the hand of Mary Ridenford was destined in a short time to fall to the lot of either Raymond Grace or the sturdy Gibbon of the Wood, both of whom were engaged at a terrible bout of wrestling on the level bawn. At length Raymond went down; and, notwithstanding his various threats, that he would peril life and lands to gain the hand of Mary Ridenford, and a gratuitous one to the effect that he would have the heart's blood of any other man that would succeed in winning it, he very philosophically gave in at the proposal of the next and final trial, which was to be a deadly bout between himself and the formidable Gibbon, with broadsword, buckler, and skean.

And now Gibbon of the Wood boldly claimed the hand of poor Mary, who was at the moment, with bitter tears in her eyes, looking over the sloping plain beyond the Suir, expecting her lover to make his appearance. And he did appear at last, just as the fatal words were about being spoken by her father, that would make her the affianced wife of the dreaded Gibbon. Lord Ormond had returned to Carrick early that morning; and, when he heard the story from the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, he laughed heartily, and gave the latter liberty to set off as fast as his good steed would carry him for the House of the Shield. There John de Botiller arrived at the time we have indicated; and a terrible contest commenced between him and the now enraged Gibbon, who did not give in till he had lost the two best fingers of his right hand, in the last trial with skean and broadsword.

And so John de Botiller won the hand of the lovely Mary Ridenford, and they were wedded shortly afterwards. But there were tears in her eyes soon after the marriage; for, two days afterwards, her young husband was forced to bid her farewell, and with as many men as he could muster, return to the banner of Lord Ormond, the eastern borders of whose territory were at the time in a state of war and trouble and continual tumult. Many a weary moon passed over poor Mary, as she sat in the turret window of her father's house, looking out over the wide plains for the return of her gallant husband; but he came not, for he was still taking part in the raids of Lord Ormond, on the far-off eastern borders. Many a time she looked upon her marriage-ring, and bathed it with tears, as she thought of the day on which John de Botiller had placed it on her finger.

And now the south-eastern borders began to come in for their share of the troubles. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and the other castellan of the neighborhood rose with their followers, and fell upon Cahir Castle; but, after a sharp contest with the garrison left behind by Essex, they were forced to retire from its walls. In consequence of this attack, the President of Munster sent Sir John Dowdall, a veteran soldier of the Queen, across the mountains from Youghal, to quiet the borders, and place a fresh garrison in Cahir Castle. Sir John executed his commission with a high and successful hand. He not only succeeded in throwing in the garrison, but he also laid siege to and took the whole chain of border towers, one after the other,—the stronghold of Tig-na-Sgiath included. It was thus that on a certain fine day the belligerent and dauntless Wattie found himself and his daughter, the young and sad wife of the castellan of Cnoc Graffon, close prisoners in the mighty, and at the time almost impregnable, fortress of Cahir. The father fretted and fumed at being thus rendered inactive, when so much was still to be done outside; but the daughter sat quietly in her lonely prison, and, looking on her bridal ring, day after day, still bathed it with many a bitter tear, as she thought of the grief her absent husband would feel when he heard of their woful state.

It is not to be supposed that the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon remained quiet when a secret messenger from the stout Wattie bore him the news. He immediately proceeded to James Galdie, the Earl of Ormond's brother, and with him concocted a plan for the capturing of the Castle of Cahir. At the head of about sixty chosen men, they marched across the country, and, without attracting the observation of the garrison, contrived to ensconce themselves opposite the walls of the castle, just as the shadows of night loomed down darkly upon plain and glen from the adjacent summits of the Gaulty Mountains. They had brought with them a number of ladders; and, having crossed the drawbridge, in the dead silence of the night they began scaling the inner wall. Ere a dozen of them had gained the bawn inside, the garrison was aroused, and rushing out, sword and gun in hand, under Thomas Quayle, the castellan, a short and sharp struggle commenced between the two parties. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and his daughter were soon awakened in their prison chambers by the loud clashing of swords and the rattling of guns and potrons outside. And now the loud crash of a falconet, or small cannon, resounded from a tower overhead, followed by a strange, fearful, and rustling noise that seemed to tear the rocky walls of the prison chamber asunder, after which the young bride sat pale and terror-stricken for a moment, and then gave one wild and heart-piercing cry of anguish and despair. "The ring! the ring!" she cried, holding out her hand towards her startled father.—"Ah, me! ah, me! it is broken; and I know but too well that my noble husband is slain." The father took the trembling hand in his;

and, examining the bridal ring, found it cracked and almost falling off the finger of the poor young bride. Still the uproar continued outside, but in a short time it ceased.—The prison door at length opened, and James Galdie and a few men strode into the chamber with the news that they had taken the castle. At the moment the door was opened, Mary, with another wild cry, rushed out; and, when they searched for her a few moments afterwards, they found her by the wall, stretched beside the body of her gallant husband, who had fallen beneath the cannon ball from the tower above. They raised her; but she too was dead, and when they took her lily-white hand, and looked upon the ring, they found it whole and sound as ever,—a mysterious sign of her being reunited to her husband in the bridal day of death. They were laid side by side in the little chureyard; and many a traveller, as the seasons come and go, sits there and muses over the last resting-place of the brave John de Botiller and his loving wife.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN OF LE MANS.

(From a Military Correspondent of Times.)

Change lies in a hollow, with hills curving round it on two sides, north and west, in the direction of Le Mans. The French position was on the hills, and the German soldiers endeavoured to force their way upwards and onwards through the woods which clothed the steep sides. There were patches of snow-covered fields and a farm or two, but no open country fit for cavalry and artillery. The only chance of seeing anything was to climb a series of steep ladders into the little church tower of Change, so I went up there as soon as it was evident that there was no likelihood of winning a view from the top of the hill. The firing was incessant and well sustained, but it was chiefly from the rifles of the infantry. The French were in force, and ought to have advanced, sweeping away the small number of Germans opposed to them. But they were contented with holding the position. The brigades of the 3rd Corps were not strong enough to carry it, and the 10th Corps was still toiling along the slippery road leading north-west from La Chartre, on the Loire.

On this, as on other occasions, the Germans multiplied their numbers by audacity and quickness. They ran from hedge to hedge, and from tree to tree, never exposing themselves unnecessarily, yet always ready for a charge and hurrah when a chance presented itself. But classposts innumerable cracked in front, the mitrailleuses snarled from its cover, and the perpetually recurring thump of the Gatling was met on every path. These men can do wonders, they are madly brave, but they cannot do impossibilities, and on the 11th of January the 3d Corps failed to take the heights. General Alvensleben's face, whose Headquarters were established in a little house filled with wounded, wore an anxious and unsatisfied expression. His children were struggling against heavy odds, and falling wounded or dying in the snow, while the mournful wind sang dirges over them through the pine trees. The junior members of the Staff sat during the morning in an outer room of the little house, having just enough space without pressing on the crowded bodies lying there. It was the little cafe of Change. Where French soldiers had lately sat and laughed a French soldier now lay dead, for there was no time to remove him. A young German, wounded in the stomach, lay on his side, and vomited blood incessantly, his countenance wearing that expression of anxiety and feeble wishfulness which proves that death is not far distant. Side by side, packed closely, they lay, all these agonizing human beings; but there was not a word of complaint. One poor lad had had two wounds dressed. He was shot through the right arm and right leg. Through the open door could be seen a French officer lying on a table. Major Andre, the sportsman, the buyer of some of the best English mecheruses, was talking to him tenderly, and helping him to write a letter. So quiet all in that hut, and outside the sounds of fierce battle. I mounted and rode back along the line to see what was going on to the right. Within the space of a mile my horse fell three times on that icy road. Two batteries were sent down a cross-road to the right to support the 9th Corps in their attack on Champigne; but they had at that time no opening, so I returned to the little town. A general must not move far from the place whither reports are to be sent, and Alvensleben could find no spot within fair distance whence a view of the battle-field could be gained.

About half-past 3 I went up into the town, and sat there among rafters and dirt in the cruel cold, but was rewarded by the sight of the fighting among the trees and farms, and the distant attack of the 9th Corps on the range of hills above Champigne. Presently a French battery began to bombard the town with shrapnel, to little purpose, for there were few within it but the Staff and the wounded. They probably took the tower for their mark, as the battery was hardly within sight of the houses. The shells sang through the air and burst with a crash, making the old wooden spire quiver. But they never once hit it, though the range seemed to be not more than 1,600 or 1,700 yards. The long-shooting class-pot, aimed high, sent a few bullets whistling through the air. A man, far behind with the train in the road, was struck by one of the "lost bullets," as the Germans call them, coming from the hill on the right. The range cannot have been short of 1,600 yards. The fight continued till nightfall, without any decisive result. The Germans were matched against overwhelming numbers, and the 10th Corps had not yet come up to give the necessary aid, being still kept back by the state of the roads.

Meanwhile the action on the main road was progressing. The 12th Brigade, 6th Division, 3d Corps, which had occupied Chateau d'Arches, hard by the main road, in the morning, then joined the rest of its corps, and it came to the turn of the 18th Division to carry the heights above Champigne, which tower above the road, not parallel to it, but converging from about a mile to the right of St. Hubert, coming close to the road not far from the river Huise in the direction of Le Mans. The hills are steep, and the end near St. Hubert is broken by three ravines. The Prince himself was at St. Hubert, and ordered the attack to be made, he moving near to watch it. A road from St. Hubert leads towards the right to Champigne, at the foot of the heights nearest to the advancing Prussians. One Brigade remained at St. Hubert. About four battalions marched along the main road towards Ypre, which lies in the rear of the heights and the river; nearly the same force took a road through the woods leading to the village of Champigne. The former force, spreading out into company columns, covered by skirmishers, went at the heights in the front with its left towards the river, and took the hills before it in gallant style. The other four battalions, or three with some Jagers, pushed through Champigne, and moved steadily at the flank of the hill. One battalion remained below in reserve; one company mounted the hill, upwards, onwards, strongly driving the enemy before them, over one elevation, down into the ravine, up again, always onwards, down and up again, striving to gain the flank of the French and assist their struggling friends who were attacking the hills in front. But on the last crest stood three mitrailleuses snarling defiance and causing even the Germans to recoil. The fire was terrible, for the mitrailleuse is not good to face when artillery cannot fire at it from long

range. The small force lay down to save themselves as well as they could. An eye-witness relates that when the company rose afterwards it was short of 15 men. The rest of the brigade cleared the lack of the heights.

Then Captain Mount, of the 11th Infantry, chose a small body of picked men, determined that the Prince should not see his commands left unfulfilled. Quietly they stole through the ravine, quietly gained the crest where the many hurled pieces stood snarling and belching forth volleys of bullets. The hill-side was so steep that the muzzles of the mitrailleuses could not be pointed low enough to meet them until the band of brave men had reached the summit. One moment's breath, and then with a wild hurrah they sprang forward. The degenerate sons of the old Gauls could not withstand the onset. They fled, were slain, or rendered themselves prisoners. The road was clear, the men on the other bank rose to their feet—all except the 13 who never rose more—and the heights commanding the Huise were in the hands of the Prussians. Not completely, however, until the next day. While Captain Mount and his chosen children stood beside the pieces they had taken, a Prussian battery opened upon them, not knowing of their gallant deed, and either here or a little later from the French he received a wound, "light" in the phraseology of soldiers, but heavy enough to hinder him from advancing further that day. He was lying quietly in a little hamlet on the heights, nameless in the map, when it was recaptured by the French, who held it through the night. They would have carried him off to sigh for liberty in vain, but a woman who had seen his gentleness to the French wounded caused him to lie on her bed and represented to her countrymen that his wound was dangerous, so that they also pitied him and let him lie. Night came, and the faithful few whom he had led so well consulted how they might rescue their captain. They moved silently out in the darkness and crept unperceived into the village where the warlike French were taking their rest after the battle to renew the strength so needful for the morrow's work. The Prussian Kinder knew where their father lay, and stole quietly into the house with a stretcher which they had brought. "Here, Captain, now is your time." They set him on the canvas, and, seizing the poles with vigorous arms, slipped out as they had come, unperceived. Captain Mount was a free man again because his men loved him, and because he himself had shown clarity to the wounded. Such deeds as these throw a coloured halo round the horrors of war. Without them surely war would be impossible among civilized men!

By this time it must have been perceived by General Chanzy that his army was in sore peril, and perhaps the boastful Frenchman repented that he had flung defiance in the face of Prince Frederick Charles. Before him were the advancing troops of Germany; on his left the Duke of Mecklenburg was for ever pressing, driving his outstretched wing so closely to the body as to cripple his powers of motion; behind him was the Sarthe. Another day and his army would be taken as in a net. There was only one chance for him. He had his railways, while the roads were in such a state that the Prussians could hardly move on them. Not unwisely, he commenced at once the work of retreat. The German cavalry saw with bitter disappointment trains moving towards Sille, le Guillaume, Sable, and La Fleche, while they were prevented from cutting the iron way by the ice on the roads and the closeness of the country, intersected, like England, by numerous small hedges, gardens, and farm enclosures. So the French lines became weaker, while the Germans were strengthened by the arrival of the 10th Corps to support the 3d.

The night of the 11th was passed in some anxiety by General Alvensleben. When complimented in the evening on the behaviour of his men he remarked, "Yes, but I am not quite satisfied with what the 3d Corps has done." Not satisfied, when he had shown so bold a front that, as before Metz, the French must have believed they had a whole army before them! That night, the night of the 11th, was passed by the Staff of the 3d Corps lying on straw, all in one room at Change, after satisfying the cravings of hunger on a little cold meat which had been brought for luncheon. At a quarter to 7 in the morning an officer came suddenly into the room and said, "Gentlemen, there is an alarm." Where no one has removed a single article of clothing not much time is needed for the toilette. The frosty morning air supplies the place of a bath, and a breakfast of a little bread smeared with lard is acceptable when there is real hunger. The garden wall of the house was loop-holed and guarded by German soldiers; the firing was close and incessant, but it soon slackened, and the outposts were exchanged for Brigades marching forwards against the enemy. You know the result, the details of which must be reserved for another letter. After hard fighting, the 3d Corps and the 10th, which arrived after a long march, pushed the French into Le Mans. The streets and squares were the scene of bloody combats, but the town was won in the evening, and the two Corps passed the night in it. Altogether about 20,000 prisoners have been taken, as I told you by telegraph, six engines, and about 400 railway carriages filled with provisions, arms, and ammunition. The Army of the Loire is broken up, and Prince Frederick Charles entered Le Mans on the 13th, establishing his Headquarters at the Prefecture.

A letter published in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of the 13th is horribly suggestive of the international feeling engendered in this latter phase of the war. The writer is an artillery officer on service in the country overrun by Garibaldi and his franc-tireurs. There the character of the country, the comparative weakness of the German force, the comparative audacity of the French irregulars, have more than once resulted lately in surprises of out-lying parties of the landwehr. The battery to which the writer is attached seems to have been flying about the country in search of a foe who shelters in the vast forests and chooses his own time for fighting. The success with which he carries out his special form of warfare seems his chief crime in the eyes of the enemy. We are not surprised at the writer's intense irritation. He talks of being on duty from four in the morning to six or seven in the evening; labouring through snow, with feet frozen to the stirrups, with ragged clothes, torn boots, and a piece of frozen bread for all provision. The men opposed to him are not only franc-tireurs, but in a great measure Italian franc-tireurs, whom he holds to have no business there, and corps which give themselves such ostentatiously offensive names as the "Avengers." Nor can we wonder that he talks of a life-and-death struggle with no quarter given when they have the fortune to meet Garibaldi in a pitched battle. Yet, all allowances made, what must be the growing feeling in the German ranks and the German homes when, in an affectionate letter to his home circle, interspersed everywhere with "dear parents," a man parades in the most natural manner in the world all that are at best and at the most favourable point of view the atrocious necessities of war—when he indulges in threats that no necessity can justify. Menotti Garibaldi, with 3,000 the number he gives—surprises a village. The men—German officers are said to have been found with throats cut. Thirty men from these "robber-bands" are caught, not "red men" but elsewhere and some days after compelled to dig their own graves, shot off hand, and flung into them. In another village a requisition party was surprised and suffered considerably. The Germans detached an avenging force they marched fifteen of the leading inhabitants of the village prisoners, and drew off that the place might be reduced to ashes. The French bands suddenly appeared in force, and the Germans had to

retire before their superior numbers. To-morrow, the writer promises for the comfort of his "dear parents," that they will be back there in sufficient force, when, to borrow his own words, only the babies in the cradle will be spared, every one else who can even carry a stick shall be shot.

The following carefully considered remarks about the siege of Paris, are taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

The investment began on September 19, exactly four months ago to-day. On the following day General Ducrot, who commanded the regular troops in Paris, made a sortie with three divisions in the direction of Clamart, and lost seven guns and 3,000 prisoners. This was followed by similar sorties on the 23rd and 30th of September, 13th and 21st of October, all of which resulted in considerable loss to the French without other advantages than, perhaps, accustoming the young troops to the enemy's fire. On the 28th another sortie was made against Le Bourget with better success; the village was taken and held for two days; but on the 30th the second division of the Prussian guards—thirteen battalions, then less than 10,000 men—retook the village. The French had evidently made very poor use of the two days, during which they might have covered the massively built village into a fortress, and neglected to keep reserves at hand to support the defenders in time, otherwise such a moderate force could not have wrested the place from them.

After this effort there followed a month of quietness. Trochu evidently intended to improve the drill and discipline of his men before again risking great sorties, and very properly so. But, at the same time, he neglected to carry on that war of outpost, reconnaissance and patrol, of ambushes and surprises, which is now the regular occupation of the men on the French front round Paris—a kind of warfare then which none is more adapted to give young troops confidence in their officers and in themselves, and the habit of meeting the enemy with composure. Troops which have found out that in small bodies, in single sections, half companies or companies, they can surprise, defeat, or take prisoners similar small bodies of the enemy will soon learn to meet him battalion against battalion. Besides, they will thus learn what outpost duty really is, which many of them appeared to be ignorant of as late as December.

On the 28th of November, at last, was inaugurated that series of sorties which culminated in the grand sortie of the 30th of November across the Marne, and the advances of the whole eastern front of Paris. On the 2nd of December the Germans retook Breteuil and part of Champigne, and on the following day the French recrossed the Marne. As an attempt to break through the entrenched lines of circumvallation which the besiegers had thrown up, the attack completely failed; it had been carried out without the necessary energy. But it left in the hands of the French a considerable portion of hitherto debatable ground in front of their lines. A strip of ground about two miles in width, from Drancy to the Marne, near Neuilly, came into the Prussian's hands, a country completely commanded by the fire of the forts, covered with massively built villages, castles of defence, and possessing a fresh commanding position in the plateau of Avron. Here, then, was a chance of permanently enlarging the role of defence; from this ground, once well secured, a further advance might have been attempted, and either the line of the besiegers so much "bulged in" that a successful attack on their lines became possible, or that, by concentrating a strong force here, they were compelled to weaken their lines at other points, and thus facilitate a French attack. Well, this ground remained in the hands of the French for a full month. The Germans were compelled to erect siege batteries against Avron, and yet two days' fire from these batteries sufficed to drive the French from it; and Avron once lost, the other positions were also abandoned. Fresh attacks had indeed been made on the whole north-east and east front on the 21st; Le Bourget was left captured, Maison Blanche and Ville Evrard were taken; but all this vantage-ground was lost again the same night. The troops were left on the ground outside the forts, where they bivouacked at a temperature varying from nine to twenty-one degrees below freezing point, and were at last withdrawn under shelter because they naturally could not stand the exposure. The whole of this episode is more characteristic than any other of the want of decision and energy—the *mollesse*, we might almost say the *drowsiness*—with which this defence of Paris is conducted.

The Avron incident at last induced the Prussians to turn the investment into a real siege, and to make use of the siege artillery which, for unforeseen cases, had been provided. On the 30th of December the regular bombardment of the north-eastern and eastern forts commenced; on the 5th of January that of the southern forts. But have been continued without interruption, and of late have been accompanied by a bombardment of the town itself, which is a wretched piece of cruelty. Nobody knows better than the staff at Versailles, and nobody has caused it oftener to be asserted in the press, that the bombardment of a town as extensive as Paris cannot hasten its surrender by one moment. The cannonade of the forts is being followed up by the opening of regular parallels, at least against Issy; we hear of the guns being moved into batteries nearer to the forts, and unless the defence acts on the offensive more unhesitatingly than hitherto, we may soon hear of actual damage being done to one or more forts.

Trochu, however, continues in his inactivity, masterly or otherwise. The few sorties made during the last few days appear to have been but two "platoons," as Trochu's accuser in the *Siech* calls the whole of them. We are told the soldiers refused to follow their officers. If so, this proves nothing but that they have lost all confidence in the supreme direction. And, indeed, we cannot resist the conclusion, that a change in the chief command of Paris has become a necessity. There is an indecision, a lethargy, a want of sustained energy in all the proceedings of this defence which cannot entirely be laid to the charge of the quality of the troops. That the positions held for a month, during which there occurred only about ten days of severe frost, were not properly entrenched, cannot be blamed upon any one but Trochu, whose business it was to see to its being done. And that month, too, was the critical point of the siege; at its close the question was to be decided which party, besiegers or besieged, would gain ground. Inactivity and indecision, not of the troops but of the commander-in-chief, have turned the scale against the besieged.

A correspondent writing from Paris on the 20th, gives the following account of the great sortie.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th, General Trochu left the Louvre for the citadel of Mont Valerien, from which as a central point, the coming operations were to be directed by him in person. They were to be entrusted to three different corps d'armee, under the commands respectively of Generals Vinoy, Bellemare, and Ducrot, all of whom stopped at Mont Valerien, and were closeted with the Governor the night before the action. To Vinoy, a capable officer, was confided the conduct of the attack on the left, which was to be directed on Montretout from the vicinity of the Versailles railway; to Bellemare on the centre, starting from Courbevois to the right rear of Mont Valerien as seen from Paris; and to Ducrot that on the right, towards Bouil. Upwards of 100,000 troops, embracing the three sections of the service—Regulars, Mobilis, and National Guards—aided by a strong artillery—300 guns—were comprised in the three corps d'armee. The line of front did not extend, as will be seen by referring to the map, quite four English miles across. The men of the National Guard were kept under arms

for hours—from 2 a.m. to 10 a.m.—when the action really began, their backs on their backs and four provisions to boot. The line, too, looked haggard and worn out with fatigue as they were ordered to the attack, and marched without the brisance of step that speaks confidence. Their officers—a finer body of officers never stood—kept them to their work; in many cases had to do it with cocked revolvers. Vinyo's men seemed to get into possession of the height of Montreuil without difficulty. From the height of the French descended to St. Cloud, and Montreuil the village, taking care to root the enemy out of the cellars. While the left was thus successful, the centre marched down the slope of Mont Valerien to the attack of the Chateau of Buzenval, and the height of La Bergerie in its rear. The first obstacle met with was the farm of La Foulleuse, to the west of the brick yard. The French advance was met by a withering fire of small arms, and twice the columns had to fall back. A third time they rushed ahead at the bayonet point and carried the position with a cheer. Bellenave's right entered the grounds of the chateau of Buzenval, ascended the eminence of La Bergerie, and spread itself over the tangled and broken front of vineyards, plantations, and gardens stretching to its right towards Celles St. Cloud by the lakelet known as St. Cuculid. Line of battle was no longer preserved; it was a series of isolated struggles. Men fought on their own hook, lost sight of their officers, or were lost sight of by them; and the fighting was tremendous. Of course most of it was useless. The enthusiastic but untrained bands in front blazed away at the trees; they were shot down in heaps by the impetuous Prussians, safe behind their trenches, and in some instances were wounded from behind by lines of their own skirmishers too much behind to see the danger. The Prussians did not show their heads over the line of work but to fire or make grimaces over the line of work. These are literal facts. "The only one I saw," a man of the 10th told me, "was a fellow that put his fingers to his nose at me." My informant, a law student, had a narrow escape in the retreat. A bullet cleft through his knapsack, flattened itself against his belt, and dropped into his pouch. Eight comrades of his squad, out of ten, were taken down. What was Ducron doing all this time? His troops were on foot at 3 a.m., but had to march from St. Denis round the arc of a circle in the dark. The road by which they had to pass—that by Nanterre and Reuil—was swept by a Prussian battery at the quarries of St. Denis, as with a besom. They could not face the fire; the field artillery was ineffective to check it; and their passage was only finally secured by a caressed locomotive that the governor sent on by the St. Germain line. But they arrived two hours too late, and the simultaneity of the attack was nipped. When the three corps were in action together an attempt was made to converge them on La Bergerie, while the bastions of the 6th sector opened on Serres and the Park of St. Cloud; but it was now too late, and the Prussians had time to bring up their reinforcements of infantry and a formidable mass of artillery. For two hours an artillery duel was kept up. The French guns were masted, particularly by the powerful battery of Garbennet. Night coming on, the troops had to be withdrawn out of danger of an offensive return. At half-past six Montreuil had to be abandoned. Its momentary victors were unable to get their heavy guns into position on it. The sortie had failed. The losses after such a desperate struggle were naturally serious, but their sum in figures cannot yet be estimated, even approximately. Many gallant fellows who had passed scathless through the vicissitudes not alone of the present, but of sundry previous campaigns, met the soldier's death, and for not a few it was not merely their first, but their last engagement. The National Guard suffered heavily, especially the battalions recruited from the quarters of the Chateau d'Antin and the Bourse.

is that their patience has not failed long ago.—Times Special Correspondent.

The *Military Wochenblatt*, in a review of the campaign since Sedan, remarks:—"The question has been raised whether Paris might not have been taken by assault immediately after its investment was completed on the 19th of September. Within the last few days the correspondent of an English journal had been on the spot since the commencement of the siege has expressed an opinion that this might have been done. General Trochu, moreover, has repeatedly intimated that on the arrival of the hostile army before Paris the works were imperfectly armed, and that he gradually put them in a condition which made them unassailable. Both opinions, however, should, on different grounds, be accepted with caution. . . . The full of Paris will, perhaps, make less impression than the capitulation of Sedan did, yet the laborious and costly activity of the German armies has for nearly four months been directed or indirectly directed to this point, just as the fruitless attempts of the enemy have had the relief of the besieged capital for their single aim. It is easily forgotten that a task lies here before the German armies as great as the history of the world has ever offered. If since the 1st of September we could expect no second *Emprouve a la Sedan*, the armies confronting us have been exceedingly sensitive to the slightest movement on their flank, and have often withdrawn more rapidly than we could wish from a decisive battle. We have, however, since the 1st of September, irrespective of the capitulation of Metz and Strasbourg, made over 100,000 unwarmed prisoners, and taken about 150 guns in the open field. The fortresses of Toul, Soissons, La Fere, the citadel of Amiens, Thionville, Verdun, Montmedy, Mezieres, Rocroy, Peronne, Phalsbourg, Schlettstadt, and New Breisach have also surrendered. Longwy has now to be added to this list. These successes have been purchased with comparatively slight loss—viz., with about 30,000 men killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy only announces his losses in very rare cases, but wherever we could in some measure ascertain them his losses were three as large as ours." The article proceeds to combat the theory that the German armies should have withdrawn into Alsace and Lorraine after Sedan, have completely conquered them, and have awaited the French attack. It urges that this might have involved a long period of inactivity, which would have been very burdensome to the inhabitants of those provinces, who would have had to provide quarters, food, and horses. Moreover, if the French had speedily advanced and been driven back, the same questions would have recurred, whether to remain stationary or to pursue them. If the latter policy would have been expedient, it was surely better to adopt it in the first instance, when France was imperfectly armed and under the impression of the German victories.

THE GARIBOLDIANS.—A Correspondent of the *Evening Standard* writes from Lyons:—

"The brave Garibaldians are becoming the joke of everybody. Captains without companies and colonels without regiments, are to be seen on all sides, in most romantic red shirts, decorated with gold braids and stars. They have actually done nothing up to this. They keep clear of the Prussians, and when the latter have evacuated a town the red shirts march in, as at Dijon last week when the Prussians had left. The Garibaldians marched in the first in triumph among the other corps. There is great discontent at the inaction and conduct generally of the 'hero of Aspromonte.'"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Jan. 26.—Symptomatic with the French is still the ruling idea with the majority of the population here. A meeting arranged a few days ago, was held last night, a few hours after the receipt of the news of the proposed capitulation of Paris. The audience, however, was not very numerous, and was composed almost entirely of the artisan classes.—Mr. P. J. Smyth, organizer of the Irish Ambulance Corps, presided. He said that telegrams had arrived saying that France was dying—that she was dead. He refused to believe it. England at the commencement of the war had resolved that the war should be localized, and localized it had been with a vengeance—localized to the murder of France and the indelible disgrace of England.—England, afraid herself to draw the sword, imposed her infamous neutrality upon Austria, Italy, and all the smaller States of Europe; and now it was sought to bid France to whatever decision England might arrive at respecting the neutralization of the Black Sea. France would not be bound by any such decision. (Cries of "Never," and cheers.) They all felt the necessity for home government for their well-being and the proper ordering of their domestic affairs, and he held it to be still more necessary in order to save the country from the shame and humiliation involved in the supposition that they directly or indirectly were responsible for the infamous foreign policy of England. At the close of Mr. Smyth's speech the following address was moved, seconded, and unanimously adopted:—

"To M. JULES FAYRE, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"Sir,—On behalf of the citizens of Dublin, in public meeting assembled, we tender to you, the worthy representative of the French nation, the expression of our heart-felt sympathy and profound respect.—We honor you in your personal character as the able, dignified, and consistent champion of public liberty. We honor you in your public character as the ambassador of a nation that, alone among what, by courtesy, are termed the 'Powers of Europe, cherishes in her breast the sentiment of national honor and of public right. At the council-table of that Conference to which you are commissioned you will be brought face to face with the representative of France's malignant enemy; but you will look around in vain for the face of one manly friend of your afflicted land. Spain, Belgium, Holland, Greece, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, and Ireland, are excluded from that conference; but Italy, that unmindful of Magenta and Solferino, takes advantage of your troubles to march upon Rome, and turn her back upon beleaguered Paris.—Italy will be there; Russia—to whom you gave an honorable peace after the fall of Sebastopol—will be there; and, lastly, England—forgetful of Inkermann, the Indian Mutiny, and the Commercial Treaty—will be there, conspicuous in her 'benevolent neutrality.' Sir, Ireland being a disarmed nation, and the laws which bind her being enacted by an English Parliament, she can only enter a feeble protest in words against the barbarity of Prussia and the criminal indifference of Europe. She calls mankind to witness that she is guiltless of the blood that since Sedan has been wantonly spilt. If public opinion has been trampled under foot, if humanity has been outraged and civilization scandalized by the perpetration of deeds that will stand in history as the condemnation of the 19th century—let the responsibility rest where it may, her hands at least are undefiled. So long as two armies not unequally matched confronted each other on the frontier, so long was non-interference on the part of the other Powers a duty; but as with the capitulation of the war should have closed, so with it terminated the era of honorable neutrality. From that day forth the policy of neutrality or non-interference involved the guilt of connivance at massacre, incendiarism, and pillage. For ourselves, and for our countrymen, and for the Irish race throughout the globe, we repudiate, disown, and anathematize the neutral policy that consigns Paris to destruction and a gallant people to extermination. Whatever may be the issue of this terrible struggle, Ireland will be with you till the close.

Having felt herself the evils of foreign domination, the wounds inflicted on France cause her own to bleed anew. Like France she worships liberty, and prays that the Republic, born in agony, may live to save France and redeem the world."

Mr. P. J. O'Byrne, of the *Irishman* newspaper, in moving the adoption of this address, said they adopted it not in their capacity of an integral portion of the British Empire, but in that of a people who hope, and who was still struggling, to be free. England was now trembling, lest France having been subjugated by Prussia, her turn should come next. The expression of these sentiments elicited loud cheers. The Chairman, in responding to a vote of thanks, said that if England desired to show herself a friend to France let her remove all the restrictions under the Foreign Enlistment Act, and they should see if there were not 20,000 Irishmen ready to try another Fentony.—*Times* Cor.

AN IRISH STATESMAN.—The Scotch have it all their own way as to the government of Scotland; and the grievance of Ireland has been that she has hitherto been refused similar power. Mr. Gladstone came into power upon his Lancashire declaration that Ireland shall now have twenty shillings in the pound and be governed according to Irish ideas. Under the Premier's leadership Protestant England has yielded to the Catholics of Ireland religious equality, and by the Land Bill has transferred not much less than £30,000,000 of value from Saxon landlords to Celtic tenants. This has been done within two years. Could peaceful revolution march with quicker and surer speed? Education has now to be settled in conformity with the same principles. As a pledge of his good-will, and as a proof that he meant 20s. in the pound, Mr. Gladstone has raised an Irish Catholic to a high Imperial office in the State. He is going onward in his promises of a full measure of justice. We cannot therefore believe that the county of Limerick, which for initiative and good sense is one of the foremost counties in all Ireland, is solely about to stuff itself in the eyes of the Empire by quarrelling with England, upon the ground that she is setting out another act of justice to the Irish nation. The "Birmingham Protestant Association" is saying that the telegraphs and the Post Office are being handed over to the Jesuits, because they are placed under the direction of an Irish Catholic, known for his ability and high personal character as well as for his ardent love of Ireland.—*Tablet*.

THOMAS DAVIS.—In the cemetery of Mount Jerome, hard by Dublin, is the grave of one of the noblest of all Irishmen, and above it is a most exquisite statue in marble—a statue of Davis by Hogan. Poet and artist were dear friends. Nobody did more for Hogan's name and fame than Davis, and not one of all Davis' friends and comrades, though they all loved him well, was so devotedly attached to him as Hogan. The statue, then, is more than a mere work of art, more than a perfect grave—image of a great Irishman: it is a touching memorial of a rare and exalted friendship, ennobled by intellect, patriotism and art. But though the statue has stood over that grave for twenty years, it has been seen by comparatively few. We are pleased to know that Mr. Varian, of Cork has had the good thought of procuring a very fine photograph of the work, so that Irishmen everywhere may enjoy at a very trifling cost the privilege of studying both the work of the sculptor and the lineaments of the patriot and poet.

We have not yet seen a copy of the photograph, which is described as a most admirable success. Here we copy from a Dublin paper the announcement:

STATUE OF THOMAS DAVIS.

A beautiful photo of this fine work of Hogan (at Mount St. Jerome) has been executed by Messrs. Millard & Robinson for Mr. R. Varian, mounted on Indian-tinted cards, measuring about 12 inches by 9. It can be had of Messrs. Millard & Robinson, Lower Sackville street; or from Mr. R. Varian, of Cork, for 2s. post free.—*Irish Citizen*.

CHANGES AT THE CASTLE.—The *Flag of Ireland* thus cheerfully comments upon certain recent official promotions and substitutions:—Were Ireland a free country, any change among the high officials of Government would be a matter of interest, and be widely discussed throughout the country. Under present circumstances, however, the exchanges or promotions in the Government departments of our foreign-ruled country never become topics of conversation, except among the flunkies and lackeys who live on the backstairs and lobbies of Dublin Castle. The people never talk of such matters, and the people are so far right. No matter who may be Prime Minister, Secretary of State, or Viceroy of Ireland, the policy of injustice, of oppression and the principle of divide and govern will be faithfully carried out. Under every Government juries will be packed and Coercion Bills passed through Parliament.—Political prisoners will be flogged and maltreated, and after years of merciless severity transported to a foreign land. A change of Ministry of Chief-Secretary for Ireland brings no change except for the worse to this ill-fated land. Instead of Clifles Fortescue, who has been promoted for his fidelity to English policy towards Ireland, we are to have, or may have, the Marquis of Hartington. He is a capital fellow, is Hartington, and well suited for the post of Chief-Secretary for Ireland. No man so highly deserves the appointment, for he possesses all the qualities which the office requires. Among all the statesmen of England he is distinguished for his blank ignorance of Irish affairs. What stronger recommendation could the Marquis of Hartington have? Let us welcome the noble lord; he will work miracles for Ireland.

THE TITLE OF THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH.—This matter continues to be warmly discussed in the newspapers, and has reached the stage of official correspondence. In reply to a letter from the Belfast Poor Law Board, requesting information as to how they should in future register the religious denomination of inmates belonging to the Disestablished Church, the Poor Law Commissioners say:—"In reply, the Commissioners desire to state that the designation employed by the guardians in their minute—viz., 'Disestablished Church'—appears to be a suitable one, and the Commissioners know of no other designation to which objection might not be made." The Registrar-General, who during a great number of years has been so fortunate as to avoid giving offence to any class, has now a battery of pens levelled at him because he presumed to point out under legal advice that the proper designation of the Disestablished Church was "The Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland." Some of the Protestant clergy, however, insist on the right to call their Church "The Church of Ireland," whilst one wiser than others calls attention to the possible effect of their not registering marriages in accordance with the Act of Parliament. As the Catholics of Ireland will never call the Protestant Church the Church of Ireland, there may, to say the least, some confusion arise in the course of time if so absurd a title be insisted on.—*From Dublin Correspondent of Tablet*.

We are happy to find by the *Tuan News* that the Patriotic Town Commissioners of that ancient and excellent town are up and stirring in reference to its restoration to its ancient place in the principal square of the beautiful and exquisite old Cross of Tuam. Denn Seymour appears to demur; why or wherefore nobody knows; but we are sure that enlightened Protestants will not oppose a movement which is sanctioned by the support of all classes and parties who value the archeological treasure which is centered in the magnificent Cross of Tuam—one of the finest specimens of Irish antiquity extant.

DUBLIN, Jan. 21.—Some agrarian outrages were reported from the provinces. They exhibit a painful

contrast to the general tranquillity and order which are observed throughout the country. On Wednesday night the house of a respectable farmer, named Lloyd, who lives within three miles of Foxford, in the county of Mayo, was fired into, and Lloyd, who was in bed, opposite the window through which the assassin fired, received some slugs in his head. His wife and two infants were in the room. Some of the slugs, which consisted of pieces of a broken pot, have been extracted, but he is not expected to survive. In this county robberies of arms have lately been committed. The state of some parts of the neighbourhood of Tuammore several threatening letters have lately been received, and yesterday morning a man named Brown, an inoffensive, obliging man, who was supposed to be popular, received two threatening notices within a few hours after his appointment to the office of under-agent or rent-receiver on the property of Mr. Cox, at Clam. He had, in fact, been appointed only on the night before. There was not the usual pretext that he had displaced another man, for the place had become vacant by the death of his predecessor. In the same neighborhood a man who took land 20 years ago received so many warnings that he thought it prudent to give up the possession.—*Times* Cor.

With the deepest regret we record the occurrence of another attempted outrage in the county Westmeath. Mr. Blariff, residing at Glasson, a short distance from Athlone, was fired at three times happily without effect. It is alleged that he was plaintiff in an ejectment case against a tenant at the last Quarter Sessions, and that, although the case was not proceeded with, the act of serving an ejectment notice marked him out for vengeance. The Executive must, without further hesitation take the most vigorous measures to repress these renewed agrarian outrages. Every class in Ireland worth naming demands that such a state of things as is shown by attempted or completed assassinations to exist in the fine county of Westmeath, should be put an end to. It is useless to suppose that the county can be reduced to order and public security be restored by sending down a few additional police. (The Peace Preservation Act is found to be ineffective, there are other measures which confer almost unlimited powers for the suppression of crime, on the Executive. Unless a vigorous course is adopted at once, it will be inferred that the Government is afraid to grapple with the evil.—*Irish Times*.)

The *Belfast Northern Whig* gives the following account of a brutal outrage in Ligoniel.—On Sunday night, Jan. 8, when the poor girl, who has the misfortune of being the chief witness against the persons accused of having attempted to wreck the chapel and schoolhouse in Ligoniel, which are under the care of the Passionist Fathers in Ardoyne, was passing the Orange Hall in the blessed district that will not—if it can—permit the appearance of a "Papist" church on its orthodox eminence, she was brutally assaulted by men—or savages pretending to be men—not women. Six valiant devotees of "King William" followed this defenceless creature. The road was slippery, and the flight of the pursued was correspondingly dangerous. Some of the "heroes" paused, but one sturdy Achilles pursued his prey. The hesitating five, after a relieving pause, followed, and the whole six beat the poor girl in the most merciless manner. When taken into her lodgings her clothes were covered with blood, and blood in profusion flowed from the wounds which she received from Orange chivalry.

The Protestant diocese of Cashel and Emly has declined to unite with Waterford and Lismore; therefore, each is to have separate bishops. It is also resolved, by the diocesan synod of Cashel and Emly that all money collected before any vacancy in the diocese shall occur, and all money collected after the appointment of a new bishop, beyond £1,000 per annum, may be funded annually for the purpose of forming a permanent endowment for the bishopric, thus rendering further annual subscriptions unnecessary.

The weather in the west of Ireland has been very severe of late, and, as an indication of this, numbers of wild swans have made their appearance in the Kylemore lakes. Three of these *rara avis* were shot lately by Mr. Armstrong, of Kylemore, and his keeper.

WEXFORD AND THE HOLY SEE.—If testimony were wanted of the love of the people of this Catholic county towards our Holy Father, it presents itself in their generous and noble contributions, year after year, to sustain his Holiness in his necessities. Our good Bishop had in 1869 what we feel sure was to him the unbounded happiness of presenting his Holiness with the magnificent gift of one thousand pounds, as the offering of the diocese of Ferns, at the feet of His God, a happiness which was last year renewed, as his Lordship was enabled to present his Holiness with the sum of one thousand six hundred pounds in 1870. We feel proud of our county upon glancing at this evidence of the strength and sincerity of its faith and love, and we trust to see that faith and that love manifested in years to come as it has been in years past.—*Wexford People*.

ACCIDENT.—A very painful accident lately occurred at the Derry Station on the Irish North Western Railway. One of the subordinate officials, named McCahen, was sitting on the side of a wagon which was stationary the line near the station. An engine which was at the time engaged in "shunting" other waggons, came into violent collision with that on which McCahen sat. The unfortunate man was hurled from his seat to the track, and before he could recover himself the wheels had passed over his forearms, and he also sustained a fracture of the thigh. He was quickly picked up and borne as expeditiously as to the County Infirmary, where he died the same evening, at nine o'clock.—*Derry Journal*.

Conception, 1700; New Pockham, Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, a large early English church by Pugin 3,300; Cumberwell, the Sacred Heart, new church by C. A. Buckler, 2,000; Battersay, Our Lady and St. Joseph, a new church by Buckler—no return as to number of Catholic residents; Clapham, Immaculate Lady of Victories, a beautiful new church by Wardell, with highly decorated interior—no return; West Croydon, Our Lady of Reparation, 1,200; Wandsworth, St. Thomas of Canterbury; Woolwich, St. Peter, 5,000; East Greenwich, St. Joseph, 1,000. There are likewise churches at Greenwich, Deptford, Chislehurst—where the Empress of the French is a constant attendant—and elsewhere, but we have no numerical returns respecting them. At Norwood a new church, as a memorial to the late Bishop Grant, is being erected in connection with the Orphanage. From the figures given, imperfect as they are, it will be seen that some 40,000 Roman Catholics are resident in the diocese of Southwark, and though this number is not at all commensurate with that of the population—viz., 2,677,764—it must be remembered that until a recent period Catholicism was hardly represented in the district, and that now it only ranks there as one among an infinite variety of sects. In addition to the churches, several religious houses are in existence in our midst—at Cumberwell, Clapham, and elsewhere—indications of progress, and all leading to the irresistible conclusion that those who would hold their own against the power of Rome in England must be wary and vigilant, united and determined.—*South London Press*.

NEW GUN.—The *London Standard* thus refers to the new five-ton gun:—This unmistakably magnificent naval gun passed, at the butts at Woolwich Arsenal, what is understood to be its final proof with the utmost success. The most sanguine could have expected or desired. The enormous charge of 150 pounds of powder, propelling a ball of 700 pounds in weight, at a velocity of 1,318 feet per second, was evolved without the slightest symptoms whatever of strain or the remotest appearance of any distress, either in the metal or in the parts of the gun. There is no doubt at all of its being, by a long way, the most formidable weapon in the world, and no such enormous charge was ever before burnt inside of a cannon. In power, the projectiles are more than equal to any duty they could be called upon to perform about. The water line belt of the Hercules would be pierced by them at a thousand yards, and the *König Wilhelm* penetrated completely at very considerably more than twice that range. The new gun has now fired eight rounds of high charges, beginning with 75 pounds and ranging up to 150 pounds; the highest velocity, 1,370 feet per second, having been attained with 120 pounds, thus clearly showing that this is the utmost quantity that can be properly consumed in the bore, and that the firing of any higher charge would be superfluous.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The *Times* today, in its remarks upon the motion of the Royal Speech announcing the reference of the American questions to a joint High Commission, says that, although the "Alabama" question is secondary to that of the Fisheries, as a subject for consideration by the Commission, yet there is no doubt as to which question will mainly engaged its attention. But it is erroneous to suppose it is the purpose of the Commission to find ground for England to abandon her position or to concede her liability upon the old question. The *Standard* today, in an editorial on the Queen's Speech, says:—The fact of the appointment of a joint commission for the settlement of the Alabama difficulties with the United States would be interesting to the public in the basis where on the commission is to operate—were known.

At the distribution of prizes to the successful members of the Queen's (Westminster) Volunteers, Colonel Wilkinson, the officer in command, mentioned the following anecdote to show the equality that prevailed in the German armies. His object was to encourage all classes, irrespective of social distinctions, to pride themselves on belonging to the defensive force of the Empire. In illustration of the composition of the German forces, Colonel Wilkinson mentioned that outside Sedan he was challenged by a sentry, with whom he afterwards had some conversation, and surprised at the man's evident superiority to his then position, found, on inquiry, that though serving in the ranks, his corporal had been his own groom and the captain his own clerk. The four Chians who surprised the world by their capture of Nancy were first a nobleman with as many quarters as the Marquis of Westminster himself; the second a baker, the third a banker, and the fourth a coffee-house-keeper—all serving on a footing of perfect equality, and all falling in the same corps.

UNITED STATES.

PROTESTANT CHILD STEALERS.—VODOUNISM IN NEW YORK.—CATHOLIC CHILDREN ABUSED AND CARRIED AWAY TO DISTANT STATES.—It is a curious fact that while the people of New Orleans are profoundly agitated over the operations of the priestesses of Vodounism in their midst, there is a bill before the Legislature of New York which is intended to do away with a similar evil. In New Orleans, it is said, certain fanatic black women periodically seize young white children and carry them off for sacrifice at the hideous altar of Vodoun; and that so great is the power and influence with politicians and local magnates of the members of this infamous organization of crazed negroes, that it is found impossible to punish the child stealers or to bring any of the infernal gang to justice. These black fiends seize white children and burn or boil them in the annual sacrifices to the god or devil they worship—the mythical Vodoun, but

THEY DESTROY THE BODY

only. Our Protestant Vodouns lacerate the hearts of fathers and mothers with as much religious enthusiasm as the southern blacks, but do not injure the bodies of the children; they aim at the soul of their innocent victims. And surely all who cherish the Christian teachings learned at the maternal knee will acknowledge that to force a child into the adoption of a creed and a form of worship different to what it was early instructed in, would be as severe a blow to most mothers as to take that child and sacrifice its life at a heathen sacrifice. Yet this is what is taking place almost every day.

IN THE NAME OF CHRISTIANITY,

Protestant fanatics are committing crimes, but little less hideous than those of the Vodoun worshippers of the south.

Senator Michael Norton, who seems to be thoroughly well informed in this matter, has introduced into the present Legislature a bill which provides that no child shall be taken from the care of its parents and committed to a religious asylum without the consent of those parents; and he has succeeded, in view of the bill he has in charge, in defeating Boss Tweed's resolution to give \$30,000 of the public money to the Children's Aid Society. This society we are credibly informed, is formed of a fanatical few who, under the pretence of rescuing children from a life of shame, frequently entice boys and girls of tender age to their dormitory, in Sixth Avenue, and then convey them to distant States to be reared and educated in a religion abhorrent to their parents. This is

NOT MERE HEARSAY

the records of the police courts are full of instances of this Protestant Vodounism; and Senator Norton's successful opposition to the appropriation to the Children's Aid Society undoubtedly arose from the fact that he was acquainted with the Vodoun practices of the managers of that institution.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR EYRE.—We have to announce the death of a well-known Catholic clergyman, the Very Rev. Monsignor Vincent Eyre, of Hampstead, after a very few days' illness, from congestion of the lungs. He died yesterday, at the age of about 50. He was a member of an old English Catholic family, and had held the pastoral charge of the Catholics of Hampstead for about ten years. He was very widely popular among Protestants and Catholics both at Hampstead and also at Chelsea, where he was formerly stationed. He was brother of the Most Rev. Charles Eyre, "Apostolical Delegate for Scotland and Administrator Apostolic of the Western District;" and whose name stands in the *Catholic Directory* as Archbishop of Anazarbe, in partibus infidelium.

CATHOLICISM IN SOUTH LONDON.—Queen Victoria is interested in the maintenance of the Papal throne. Her Catholic subjects are counted by millions. We have only the authority of "Lottin" for this statement, but it is possibly true. If the census about to be taken embraced distinctions of faith, the figures affecting Roman Catholics would be sufficiently startling. The progress which the supporters of this faith have made within the last 20 years is amazing. Our present object is to give an idea from an authentic source of the strength of the Roman Catholic forces in South London. The diocese of Southwark embraces all the localities on this side the water. The cathedral of St. George—a splendid decorated Gothic edifice by Pugin, is well known. It holds 3,000 persons, and has three chantries. Southwark, which may thus be regarded as the head of the diocese, contains 15,000 Catholics. In the Borough is the church of our Lady of Salette and St. Joseph—no return as to congregation; Bormondsey, Holy Trinity, Dockhead, resident Catholics, 8,000; Rotherhithe, Our Lady of the Immaculate

The True Witness

AND
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—
G. E. CLERE, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
FEBRUARY—1871.
Friday, 24—St. Matthias, Ap.
Saturday, 25—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch (22nd).
Sunday, 26—First of Lent.
Monday, 27—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 28—Of the Feria.
MARCH—1871.
Wednesday, 1—Ember Day. Of the Feria.
Thursday, 2—Of the Feria.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT—All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday included, are days of fasting and abstinence.

The use of flesh meat at every meal is permitted on all the Sundays of Lent, with the exception of Palm Sunday.

The use of flesh meat is also by special indulgences allowed at the one repast on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of every week from the first Sunday of Lent, to Palm Sunday.—On the first four days of Lent, as well as every day in Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is prohibited.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The French Assembly has organized a Provisional Government for France, which received immediately formal recognition from the British, Austrian, and Italian ambassadors. A Ministry has been formed with M. Jules Favre as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The armistice has been prolonged to the 1st of March, and will it is confidently expected be followed by a peace. There is of course, especially in the South of France, a strong party opposed to any cession of territory; but peace upon any terms, seems to the majority of the people preferable to prolonging a hopeless struggle, which can only result in fresh disasters, and provoke the conquerors to exact harder terms. France may have yet some 350,000 men under arms; but for the most part they are badly equipped, badly disciplined, without confidence in their leaders, and altogether unfit to cope with the vast, well organized veterans of Germany, flushed with triumph, full of faith in themselves, their officers, and their cause. The probabilities are therefore at present altogether in favor of peace with the German Empire.

Then, and then only, will the real difficulty present itself. The cessation of foreign war, in the actual temper of France, is likely to be the signal for the breaking out of a civil war. The South of France is ripe for revolution, and the cession of territory which seems inevitable will precipitate the crisis. As yet we see no signs of a formation of a permanent government. The Orleanists have perhaps the best chance, but the extreme republicans will have a word to say in the matter. No one can foresee what may occur, but the internal prospects of France are gloomy in the extreme. Louis Napoleon has had a hint given him by the Prussian Government not to write proclamations, or dabble in French politics.

The opposition offered in many quarters to the giving a dowry out of the public purse to the Princess Louise on occasion of her approaching marriage with the Marquis of Lorne is a sign of the waning popularity of the Queen, and of the growth of an anti-monarchical sentiment amongst the democratic classes. In spite however of this opposition, the money has been voted unanimously by the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone has met with another rebuffing from Count Bismarck, who has refused to receive the letter from Earl Granville of the 20th ult., offering some suggestions as to the course which Prussia should pursue in her treatment of France. M. Bismarck gives the world to understand that his Government is not prepared to tolerate the interference in any manner of the neutral Powers.

No important business has as yet been transacted in our Provincial Parliament at Ottawa.

The Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, in allusion to the Fishery Question, takes the ground that Canada has never transgressed her legal rights, or pushed her claims in an unfriendly spirit. The annexation of British Columbia will furnish an important topic of discussion; as one of the conditions of that union, a railroad across the North American continent is to be commenced within two years, and to be finished within ten, after the act of union is accomplished—said road to be commenced at both ends simultaneously.

The latest telegrams inform us that the armistice is not to be prolonged beyond Thursday; that if on that day the preliminaries of peace be not accepted by the French Government, active hostilities will be resumed, and that on Friday the Germans will march into Paris.—The terms are Alsace and Lorraine, with a war indemnity of £280,000,000. The sum is perhaps exaggerated. The marriage of the Princess Louise is to take place on Tuesday, 21st prox.; that day is selected, we suppose, by way of showing how little the Court sympathizes with the High Church Anglicans, who, in accordance with old Catholic usage, profess to regard Lent as a season, not of festivities, but of mourning, and austerities.—The rumor gains ground that the United States intend to insist upon the withdrawal of the British flag from this Continent, in settlement of the Alabama claims, and that the High Commission about to meet at Washington will adopt this mode of procedure. There is not, however, anything official, and we give the rumor for what it is worth. Sir J. A. Macdonald stated that it was probable that the Joint High Commission would be called upon to consider the claims of the Dominion upon the United States, arising out of the Fenian raids.

INFALLIBILITY.—There are two theories—the Protestant theory, and the Catholic theory—with respect to infallibility. According to the Catholic theory, every man is fallible except the Pope, to whom under certain circumstances, God in His merciful regard for His Church, grants a supernatural immunity or protection from error, on questions of Christian faith, and Christian morals. This is the Catholic theory of Infallibility.

The Protestant theory is the very reverse; it is briefly this: That every man—being a non-Catholic of course—is infallible; or that every one is infallible except the Pope.

It is in short a self-evident proposition, self-evident at least to every one not a natural idiot, that every one who, calling himself a Christian, rejects the authority of the Church on matters of faith and morals, must be either a believer in his own personal infallibility, or else a sceptic. For if he entertain the slightest doubts or misgivings as to his own infallibility, he must doubt, or entertain misgivings as to the truth of the conclusions to which the exercise of his private judgment has led him; and if he entertain such doubts he is a sceptic—that is to say "one who doubts." And if he entertain no doubts as to the perfect accuracy of his private judgment on matters of faith and morals, then he must believe himself to be, on these matters at least, infallible; that is to say, all that Catholics predicate of the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, and addressing the Church Universal.

Amongst the intelligent classes of the Protestant community the sceptics are in an overwhelming majority; indeed it may be said that all educated Protestants are sceptics, who have seriously addressed themselves to the consideration of the great religious questions, and asked themselves—"why should I assume that my religious views are the truth, when those of my neighbor—who is as honest and as intelligent as I can pretend to be, and who has access to all the same means of information as those which I have access to—are so widely different, not to say contradictory?" We repeat it: all Protestants who in a modest spirit—that is who do not believe themselves to be infallible—approach the domain of dogma, are sceptics—that is to say they will never be too sure about anything. They will neither deny positively, nor affirm positively. If pressed for an opinion they will say that it is not given to man to know anything in the supernatural order with certainty; that the utmost that can be attained to in religious questions is a high degree of probability: That Christ, may, or may not, be God; that he may, or may not, have been conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a pure virgin; that the Gospel writers who assign to him a supernatural origin could have known nothing of themselves about the matter; that they may, or may not have been inspired; but—and this only is certain—that there is no conclusive proof of their inspiration, if the testimony of a corrupt Church, which has also proclaimed the Pope to be, in certain circumstances, infallible—be inconclusive; that there may be, or may not be, a resurrection of the body, and a judgment to come; an eternal heaven or an eternal hell. In short with the modest Protestant, conscious of his liability to err, all religious dogmas

resolve themselves into a "great may-be." Only the shallow, conceited Protestant dares to be positive on matters supernatural. Though he may not say so explicitly, he implies that he is infallible; and he will often, most revolting of all, lay claim to the possession of an inward light or assurance, which gives him immunity from all error, and makes clear to him the darkest passages of Scripture. He rejects of course as blasphemous the proposition that the Pope is infallible; but the same peculiar privilege he challenges for himself, and for those who agree with him.

FAIR FRANCE.—By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, &c.; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is a charming little volume—charming to every body from its style, and to the Catholic especially charming from the topics of which it mainly treats.

Miss Mulloch, the writer, is a very Protestant lady, naturally of strong anti-Romanist and anti-Ritualistic proclivities, who, in the years 1867 and 1868 visited France, and, on her return home, sat down at her desk to give the public the "impressions of a traveller." The result is the work before us.

The novel scenery, the social life, so different from that of England, which Miss Mulloch beheld in France, are all beautifully described,—but with these we have nothing to do. That which most interests the Catholic in this little work, is the record of the startling, indelible impressions made upon the writer by the aspect of the religious life of Catholics, with which, in France, for the first time Miss Mulloch became acquainted. This side of French existence she was never weary of contemplating; Catholic churches seem to have exercised over her a strong overpowering attraction; the fascinations of a Cathedral she could not resist; and above all, the strange sight of people praying, yes, actually praying themselves, and not being prayed at, or prayed to, as is the custom in the places of worship which in England she had frequented, struck her as something so novel, so unaccountable, that she is never weary of putting on record the phenomenon. For the first time presented to her in a Catholic church.

On the very first morning after her arrival in Paris she hastens to attend Catholic worship, which happened to be an early Mass in the Church of St. Roch, Rue St. Honore—the very first Catholic Church she had ever entered in her life:—

"Nothing can be more opposed to our English devotional idea than this French Church; not merely because of its decorations and architecture, but because of the demeanor of the people therein hearing Mass, before going forth to their daily toil:—

"These latter, all kneeling, and absorbed every one of them, in an intensity of devotion that there is no mistaking, and which cannot possibly be pretence, affect us most of all. . . . But in many of our churches nobody attempts to pray at all. In Scotland they stand still and are prayed to. In England they sit still and are prayed for. Now these people—(Papists)—old and young, rich and poor, come into the churches, and kneel down and pray for themselves."

Being Passion Week, the devotees were chiefly dressed in mourning; some very richly in silks and velvets; some in black gowns, evidently improvised for the occasion out of shabby wardrobes; and some of the very poorest made no attempt at all; they came just as they were in their daily rags.—p. 17, 18.

And yet there they were, all alike praying. The shabby washerwoman in scant and seedy attire, knelt side by side with the high born dame, each unconscious of the other's presence; both conscious—but conscious of naught besides—of Him Who deigns to abide with us in the ever Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; adoring Him in loving adoration; laying bare to Him their hearts, their sins, their sorrows; casting at His feet the burden so hard to be borne, and asking for strength from on high to bear it; to take up their daily cross, and to follow Him—though with aching hearts, and with lacerated feet up the jagged side, and thorn strewed slopes of Calvary—no matter—so that step by step, and day by day, they might but draw nearer to Him, their God. Yes! There they were these benighted Papists, each with the unmistakable mark of the Beast on his, or her face, praying, actually praying!!!

This was the first impression made upon our "Protestant Traveller;" and the more she saw of Catholic Churches and Catholic worship, the more was she impressed, the more was she astounded at such a novel, and to her inexplicable phenomenon. "Whenever we saw a church-door open" says the writer "we went into it; rested from fatigue in its cool shadows, and studied life—lay and clerical—from the numberless points of view it afforded us."—p. 27.

Some of these studies we will give our readers the benefit of. It is the afternoon of Holy Thursday:—

"In addition to this stationary congregation within, a large ambulatory one was perpetually circulating in the outer area, or praying in the little chapels. A crowd, most conglomerate in character, rich and poor 'meeting together,' as if they really believed that 'the Lord was the maker of them all.' Here, for instance, was an old, a very old woman, yellow as parchment, her nose and chin meeting like a witch's, her shabby clothes hanging round her shrunk shape as if upon a scare-crow, and her skinny hands clutching the dirty, tattered breviary that was almost dropping to pieces, leaf by leaf;

while beside her, so close that the velvet mantle rubbed against the ragged shawl, knelt an elderly lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, praying out of a splendid gold-embossed prayer-book. Yet the expression of both faces ('the mark of the Beast') was strangely similar in its intense absorption, its entire singleness of devotion."—p. 29.

On the other hand our traveller was very painfully impressed by the sad sight of a woman going into a confessional, and kneeling down before a Priest. "I should like to have gone up to the young woman" and pulled her out of the confessional. In fact, like many other English Protestant ladies, Miss Mulloch considers that "the two most obnoxious points in the Roman Catholic Church are, the celibacy of the clergy, and the system of the confessional."—p. 30. Towards pictures, and sculptures, provided their artistic execution be good, she is indulgent; and she can speak of them with a glimmer of intelligence, and of Catholic truth, most rare, and most delightful in a Protestant:—

"There are" she says speaking of the interior of St. Roch's, "for instance, in a chapel at the eastern end two groups, somewhat above life size, of the Crucifixion and the Entombment, startlingly vivid in their conception, and very fine in their execution—especially the first one. The Saviour lies prone—extended on the as yet unlifted cross, to which two soldiers are in the act of nailing, one a hand, the other a foot. Both pause, as if appealing to the centurion standing by; 'must we do this thing?'—but the Christ speaks not at all. Infinite submission is written on His face. And I think even a staunch Protestant—knowing how hard is this lesson, which we must all learn after him—might stand and gaze at the figure, lying so still and white in the sacred silence of the early morning, and accept from it a mute sermon, as good as many an anti-papal thunderbolt fulminated from some pulpits I could name."—p. 59.

On Sunday she hears 8 a.m. Low Mass in the same church:—

"I found at St. Roch, early as it was, not much past 8 a.m., a considerable congregation—in fact, two distinct congregations, assembled before the two principal altars, at each of which was going on the *basse messe*, which every priest is bound to celebrate once a day. These who attended it were chiefly the better order of working people, though there were some very poor—poorer than any of the folk who venture into our churches on Sunday: but here they are not afraid. There was also a large sprinkling of Sisters of Charity, paying their religious devotions before entering on their day's work of practical service—how hard, and how nobly done, probably none could judge except a Sister of Charity.

"One of them, which happened to be close beside me, will rest on my memory for years. She was quite a girl, certainly not five and twenty, with features correct as a piece of statuary. I never saw a lovelier outline of mouth, cheek, and chin, melting rosy down into a throat that was absolutely perfect in color and form. And the expression—so still, so absorbed, as she knelt utterly unconscious of my gaze, counting her beads with fingers that, in spite of the injury of hard work, were still finely shaped; through 'aristocratic' hands—Raffaello would have made her into a Madonna at once! One could not help thinking, Who was she? what was her history? Could any great anguish have awakened this religious ecstasy, which had led her to resolve to be nobody's wife, nobody's mother, but to spend her life in the incessant, often repulsive labors of a Sister of Charity?"—p. 100, 101.

Here we see how impossible it is even for the least prejudiced of Protestants to form an idea of the Catholic inner life. They cannot conceive, even, of the motives which prompt so many Catholics of both sexes to devote themselves to the Lord. What "great anguish" has driven them to this? Nay! Nay! not a "great anguish," but a great love; a burning intense love for Him Who for their sakes was made man, it is that does this; a love which deems no sacrifice too great for Him Who first loved them; Who weary, and a-thirst, went forth to search for them in the wilderness whither they had gone astray; Who, tenderly carrying them on His shoulders, brought them back to the fold; Who in return for this love, was scourged, spat upon, crowned with thorns, and nailed to the cross; and Who has promised to every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children for His name's sake, that He will be unto them as father, and as brother, and will give them everlasting life. This love is it, not earthly disappointment, that peoples the cloister, and that peoples heaven; that makes the incessant labors of the Sister of Charity not repulsive, but a delight, because truly a labor of love.

But our space is limited, and we must conclude our notice of this very agreeable volume; commending it as we heartily do to the perusal of all who care to study the impressions made upon the Protestant mind by the phenomena of Catholic worship.

THE REPUBLIC.—From the manner in which the elections have gone on, and the proceedings in the Assembly, and the tone of the press, it is generally expected that a Republic, with M. Thiers for President will be proclaimed. The contest, if contest there is to be, will be betwixt the moderate Republicans, and the advocates of so-called Constitutional Monarchy, under a Prince of the Orleans family. The Emperor is nowhere; and the elder branch of the Bourbons is no better placed.

What is a Republic? wherein does it essentially differ from the so-called Constitutional Monarchy? are questions that naturally suggest themselves. Strictly speaking a Republic, or Commonwealth—we prefer the English to the Latin word—is any State whose Government holds from God, through the people, and is exercised for the common good or weal of those subject to it; and in this sense it matters nothing whether the title of the Chief

Executive be that of King, or President. In this sense, the true sense of the word, Great Britain under Queen Victoria is just as much a Republic as are the U. States of North America under President Grant. The only reason why one is called a Republic and the other a Monarchy that we can see is this:—That in the first named, the office of Chief Executive is held for life and is hereditary; whilst in the other it is held for a term of years, and is elective. But if the word Monarchy implies "one man power," the country ruled by the President is certainly the more Monarchical of the two, President Grant has more political power than has Queen Victoria.

Now in the case of France, whether the popular vote be cast in favor of a Republic with M. Thiers as President, or for a Constitutional Monarchy with a scion of the House of Orleans as King—the office of Chief Executive will be elective, and not hereditary; and the only difference betwixt the Republic and the Orleans Monarchy will be, that in one case the said office will be held for a term of years, and in the other theoretically for life; in both cases however, the Chief Executive office holder will be liable at any moment to be deposed by a plebiscite, or revolution.

After all then, whether France call herself a Republic, or a Monarchy; whether M. Thiers, or an Orleans Prince discharge the functions of Chief Executive—the practical difference will be but small; and in so far as there should be a difference the advantage would be on the side of the Orleans regime. France cannot stand constantly recurring elections for the head of the State; such elections would keep her constantly in hot water, as the saying is; and though it is not probable that either King or Emperor in the present social condition of France would be able to transmit his crown to his son, or to establish an hereditary dynasty, yet as he would probably hold his office for life, the country would enjoy a longer respite from the political fever, and the dangers of a contested election.

It is not however, so much the political, as the social future of France that should occupy our attention. There is, especially in the large cities, the centres of intelligence, and amongst the artisan classes, a very large and very influential party who advocate the most advanced Communistic theories, and who are determined to carry these theories into practice, no matter at what cost.

For these men—men of faith who believe in Rousseau and Marat; men of action, be it also remembered, and who do but bide their time, the words "Charter, Constitution, Civil and Religious Liberty," have no charm. They care for none of these things, or rather they look upon them as a positive hindrance to their designs. Absolutism,—or a political order based upon the assumption that the individual has no rights, and that the Family, that Property are evils to be abolished ere the new era of Communistic Fraternity can be inaugurated—is the only political order which these men favor, as under no other form than that of a pure despotism could their theories have any chance of being carried out. In short the only political machinery that they look upon with a favorable eye is the guillotine.

Dread of the ascendancy of this party, and not love for the man or his corrupt regime now passed away, was it that secured for Louis Napoleon his eighteen years of rule; and procured for him the support of so many wise and good men who saw in the second Empire, bad as it was, the only barrier to the ever advancing wave of Communism. With the army at his back, and the prestige that attaches to the commander of half a million of disciplined soldiers, Louis Napoleon was able to repress or keep down the dreaded monster, which can be ruled and kept in subjection only by a rod of iron. That rod is now broken; the army will not, for some years at all events, not until it shall have vindicated the ancient military glory of France, enjoy any thing like its former political prestige; and we may well be permitted to doubt whether either Constitutional Republicanism, or Constitutional Monarchy will long be able to prevent the outbreak of another Revolution, which shall aim, not at dynastic, not at political changes of any kind, but at an entire destruction of all existing social usages. The Family far more than the State, is what Communism abhors.

ADDRESS TO THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.—The address, and contributions from the English speaking Catholics of Montreal were forwarded on the 10th inst.; care of course being taken that the money should not fall into the hands of any of the members of Victor Emmanuel's government, by whom it would undoubtedly be stolen. The sum amounted to \$2,788.

ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.—The consecration of Mgr. Taschereau Archbishop elect of this Province will, if the Bulls from Rome arrive in time, take place on Sunday the nineteenth of next month, that day being the Festival of St. Joseph.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—Here is a very beautiful sentiment, published by Joseph Surface in his issue of the 10th inst. — "An editor for instance, should put his conscience, not only in every article that he writes, but into every paragraph he selects." — Witness, 10th inst. Most certainly he should; and of course our friend Joe "puts his conscience," such as it is, into the No-Popery articles he writes; as he also no doubt did into the article which he published—but was afterwards obliged most abjectly and ignominiously to retract as a gross unfounded lie—accusing a Scotch gentleman of the murder of two children; as he put his conscience into the article which he published—and for which by the threat of legal proceedings he was compelled to apologise—insinuating nefarious practices if not murder against the Director of the Mile End Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in the case of the death of one of the inmates of that Institution. Yes. We are willing to believe that Joe Surface did, and does put his "conscience" into these articles—whence we may guess what sort of a conscience it is that he possesses.

A letter from a Rev. Mr. Farrell, pastor of a Catholic Church in New York, expressive of sympathy with an anti-Catholic meeting lately held in the same city, has been published by the Protestant press, and caused much pain and shame to Catholics. His Grace the Archbishop having had his attention directed thereto, wrote to Mr. Farrell calling on him either to disavow the letter attributed to him, or to give up his position in the Church. Mr. Farrell has accepted the second alternative, and the disgrace to religion caused by the presence of such a person at her altars is thus removed.

OUR NEW MAYOR.—M. Coursol, as it was expected would be the case, has been chosen Mayor of the City of Montreal for the coming year, by acclamation. The retiring Mayor, Mr. Workman carries with him the respect and best wishes of his fellow-citizens, for whose benefit he has labored, assiduously, conscientiously, and successfully for some years.—Montreal is fortunate in its selections of rulers; and M. Coursol will we are sure approve himself well fitted to hold the place of first magistrate of this large and growing City.

It does not appear as if the great master of the art of war, Von Moltke, entertained a high opinion of the abilities of the generals in the war betwixt the Northern and Southern States. The following story is going the rounds of the press:— "Moltke says he never knew anything about the war in America, as he believed that war is a science, and he did not care to read about the mere scrambling of two armed mobs."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—January, 1871. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal: This great Protestant organ is before us, and contains much interesting matter, interesting because showing the tendencies of the educated and intellectual Protestant world in Great Britain. Its contents are as follows:—1. The Literature of Diabolism, and Witchcraft; 2. Professor Grote, and the Utilitarian Philosophy; 3. The Poetical Writings of Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti; 4. The Social Condition of England under Henry VIII.; 5. Sir Henry Bulwer's Life of Lord Palmerston; 6. The Future of the Railway in the United States; 7. France and Germany; 8. Contemporary Literature.

"Lovers of Fruits and flowers and home adornments should read advertisement headed 'FRUIT RECORDER AND COTTAGE GARDENER' in this number."

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—At 3 P.M. on Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Colonial Legislature was opened by His Excellency the Governor General with the following Speech from the Throne:— Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have much satisfaction in meeting you at this the usual and most convenient season of the year and under the present auspicious circumstances of the country. The hope that I was sanguine enough to express at the close of last session that no further attempt would be made to disturb our frontier was doomed to early disappointment. The session had hardly closed when lawless bands assembled within the United States in great numbers and renewed the menace of invasion. They ventured to cross the border at two points, but were promptly met and repelled. So complete and humiliating was the repulse that the invaders lost heart and hope, threw away quantities of arms and fell back to encumber the villages in their rear with their starying and demoralized masses. Our militia rallied at the first call to arms with praiseworthy alacrity, and the spirit which pervades the country swelled their numbers with volunteers from all quarters. The gallantry displayed and the success achieved have been duly recognized by the highest military authority, and honored in gratifying terms of appreciation by Her Most Gracious Majesty. In maintaining the Militia on active duty, the Government incurred an outlay to a considerable amount beyond what was provided by the votes of last session. The accounts of the entire expenditure for the defence of the frontier will be laid before you, and I feel confident that you will pass a bill to indemnify the Government. The anticipations of success, in regard to the act passed for the government of Manitoba and the North-west Territories, have been fortunately realized. The troops surmounted the difficulties of the way and toilsome route with endurance and intelli-

gence. They encountered no armed opposition, and their arrival at the Red River was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants. The people of the new province have, under the constitution accorded to them, last year, assumed all duties of self-government and every appearance warrants the hope that they are entering steadily upon a career of peace and prosperity.

The Legislature of British Columbia has passed an address to Her Majesty, praying for admission into the Union on the terms and conditions therein stated. All the papers on this important subject will be submitted, and your earnest attention is invited to them. I hope you will think that the terms are so fair as to justify you in passing a similar address, so that the boundaries of Canada may at an early day be extended from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean on the one side to the shores of the Pacific on the other. Should such an address be adopted, it will be necessary for you to take steps to secure the early exploration and survey a route for an inter-oceanic railway, with a view to its construction in accordance with the terms of the Union.

The acquisition of the North-west territories throws upon the Government and Parliament of the Dominion the duty of promoting their early settlement by the encouragement of immigration. This duty can be best discharged by a liberal land policy, and by opening up communications through our own country to Manitoba. The means proposed for accomplishing these purposes will be submitted for your consideration.

Her Majesty's Government has decided upon referring the Fishery Question, along with other questions pending between the two countries, to a Joint Commission to be named by Her Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States. On this Commission Canada will be represented. This mode of dealing with the various matters in controversy will, I trust, lead to their satisfactory adjustment. Canada urges no demands beyond those to which she is plainly entitled by treaty and the law of nations. She has pushed no claim to an extreme assertion, and only sought to maintain the rights of her own people fairly and firmly, but in a friendly and considerate spirit, and with all due respect to foreign powers and international obligations. The thanks of the country are due to the Admiral on the station and those under his command for the valuable and efficient aid which they rendered to our cruisers during the past season in maintaining order and protecting the inshore fisheries from encroachment.

The prospect of the adoption of an international currency seems, in the present state of Europe to be so remote that I recommended you to consider the propriety of assimilating the currency of the Dominion without further delay.

The extension to Manitoba of the militia and other laws of the Dominion and their adaptation to the present circumstances of that young province will require your attention. The decennial census will be taken on the 3rd day of April, next, and it is believed that a more thorough and accurate system has been adopted than any that has hitherto been obtained. It may be necessary to amend the act of last session in some particulars.

Among other bills will be presented to you relating to parliamentary elections, weights and measures, Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, and for the consideration and amendment of the inspection laws.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons. I have given directions that the public accounts shall be laid before you. You will learn with satisfaction that the revenue for the past year was in excess of what was estimated, and that the prospects for the current year are so encouraging that, notwithstanding the extensive public improvements which are contemplated, you will probably be able to diminish the taxation of the country. The estimates for the ensuing year will be submitted to you, and I feel assured that you will be of opinion that the supplies which you will be asked to vote can be granted without inconvenience to the people.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate and Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I lay these various and weighty matters before you in full confidence that they will engage your mature attention, and I pray that the result of your deliberations may with the divine blessing prove conducive in all respects to the advancement and happiness of the country.

The Montreal Gazette, of the 16th inst., gives some particulars as to a recent execution in the United States, which are certainly curious, and highly suggestive as to the civilization of our republican neighbors. We make some extracts:— On the night previous to the execution the Sheriff and some of his friends (the hangman, we suppose, being excepted) partook of an oyster supper with the prisoner, who, being drugged by whiskey into maudlin forgetfulness of his awful position, amused his visitors by singing songs. The next morning, it would seem, the execution was continued, if, indeed, it had ever been suspended, and when the unhappy man's hour was come, and he was summoned to a felon's death, he was in a state of benighted drunkenness. It had been planned that the prisoner, Howard, should be dressed in his white shirt and seated on his coffin in a wagon, flanked on either side by the military and police. This arrangement was modified at a late hour, perhaps at the instance of the clergymen, and he rode in a hack with these reverend gentlemen; but the militia, one hundred strong, preceded by a band, surrounded the vehicle, and the Sheriff rode at the head of the procession, rigorously puffing a cigar.

Fully three thousand persons, fifty per cent of the number being middle aged women and young girls, had come in from the surrounding country. Their male attendants devoted the hours preceding the execution to general rollicking, and indulgence in drinking, the effect of which was soon apparent. The gallows was erected on the slope of a hill, affording a fair view to spectators in the immediate vicinity, as well as to those timid ones who chose places of observation in the surrounding eminences often a quarter to a mile distant. When led up the steps of the scaffold Howard was so much under the influence of liquor that he could scarcely stand upright, while his utterances were mandrin and incoherent. The course of the persons responsible for this condition of a man so near eternity was bitterly denounced by many of the better class present, but by the majority his condition was made a subject of much merriment. The clergymen performed their duty to the best of their ability; but, in view of Howard's condition, the performance of any religious duties was but a hollow mockery of religion; a mere burlesque; a broad farce, which might well have been omitted. A "dying speech" followed, which is described as "maudlin nonsense"; and, between the conclusion of this exhibition and the final scene, the unfortunate wretch indulged in irreverence and bravado, with an occasional allusion to the religious instruction which he had lately received.

After his death, the Sheriff favoured the public with what purported to be Howard's "dying confession," which was hawked about the streets, and found many ready purchasers. The confession was purely a speculation of that unworthy functionary, who was even heard to say that "he had put his money into it, and would have it out again."

TEACHERS WANTED—See 7th page.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM ROME.

We (Irish Canadian) have been kindly furnished by the Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto with a copy of a correspondence from his Eminence, Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to His Holiness, respecting the protest which was made in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, some time ago, and signed by the Archbishop, his Clergy, and our prominent citizens:—

TRANSLATION.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. Dr. Lynch.

Most Rev. and Illustrious Lord.—Accompanied by your Grace's letter of the 12th of the last month came the copy of your protest in the name of all the clergy and faithful of your diocese against the usurpation of the "Patrimony of St. Peter." The Holy Father, seeing the ardent zeal by which it was dictated, and your sentiments of respect and affection towards the august head of the Church. These conspicuously shine forth in your letter, together with the most elevated views, truly worthy of a sacred pastor of the Catholic Church, in defence of so just and venerable a cause. Not less conspicuous are your heartfelt wishes for a better future for the Sovereign Pontiff, and your ardent prayers to the Lord for a prolongation of His Holiness, appreciating so Catholic and religious a manifestation grants with all his heart to you your clergy, and all the faithful confidence on your care, his Apostolic blessing. Finally, it was most fitting that all this should be made public, and precisely for that intention an article to the effect was inserted in the journals of this city on the 14th inst. With such a testimony of affection, I am assured you of my highest esteem for your most illustrious and Rev. Grace.

ROME, JANUARY 16, 1871.

The following is the article referred to as being published in the Roman journals, 14th Jan. 1871:—

From private correspondence we received a copy of the protest which the Archbishop of Toronto, in Canada, has made in his own name, as well as in those of the Clergy and faithful of his large diocese, to express the horror felt by them at the occupation of Rome, and the triumph of the principle, viz., "Might constitutes right." The protest has been signed by as many persons as theirist'atholices there distinguished for intelligence and social position. The personage who, from such a distant land, sent us a copy of the interesting documents, enclosed with it a letter expressing the opinions entertained by all there with regard to the recent events passing in Rome from a new state of things. He expressed a few of them, which our readers will recognise as common to those of all Catholic countries throughout the world. They will thereby be confirmed in the opinion, that the faithful of the entire universe are unanimous in their sentiments relative to the city, which they regard as their second country. Other considerations we are obliged to set aside and it is not hard to define the reason of this omission.

Had the Roman journalist given expression to all he felt on the subject, his newspaper would doubtless be seized by the agents of Victor Emmanuel; consequently he forbore, wisely we think, running that risk.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF LONDON, ONT.

We have very much pleasure in publishing the following extract from the report of the Catholic Separate Schools of London.

GENTLEMEN.—In accordance with the requirements of the law, we beg to lay before you the thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Catholic School Trustees.

When the Board, (as at present constituted,) took charge of the Schools, they found a Cash balance in the hands of the Treasurer, for 1869, of twenty-one dollars, but notwithstanding the salaries paid for the current year were one hundred and fifty dollars in excess of the previous year, while our receipts were no more, we have been able to close the business of the year with a Cash balance on hand of \$34.00, which, we venture to hope, will satisfy the supporters of the School that we have faithfully discharged the duties of our office.

We take much pleasure in assuring you that the present Staff of Teachers have given the Board the most unqualified satisfaction; they are not only competent, but diligent and faithful in the discharge of their duties, endeavouring, both by precept and example, to inculcate sound principles of religion and morality, which were the main objects sought in the establishment of Separate Schools, together with a practical education, which will qualify the pupils in their charge for any vocation in life.

We beg also to acknowledge the kind interest, which His Lordship, the Bishop of London, and the Rev. Clergy have taken in the Schools, and in an especial manner the Rev. Father White, who has been unremitting in his attention, and has done a great deal to foster a laudible spirit of emulation among the pupils, which is productive of much good.

Many of our predecessors have, in previous reports, adverted to the necessity of increased School accommodation. We also admit that necessity, but you will observe by our Financial Statement, that notwithstanding the most rigid economy, we have only been able to meet our current expenses, and we do not think it would be prudent for the Trustees to levy a higher rate of Taxes than is paid to the Common School. It is a matter which must be taken up by the supporters of the School in connection with the Trustees, and some means devised of procuring funds for that purpose.

While fully recognizing your generosity in the past, we would urge you to increased exertions in the future. The education of your children is of the deepest interest to you, and every dollar which you contribute for that purpose is invested in an inheritance which no misfortunes in after life can deprive them of, and it is only by continuous efforts you can keep your schools up to the high standard of excellence which they have attained.

INTIMIDATION.—We ask the attention of the proper authorities to the report of the case of a boy named St. Jean in the Police Court to-day. It would appear that the youngster, who belongs to a respectable family, was loitering in front of a fruit stall in the Bonsecours Market on Thursday. The woman in attendance happening at the same time to miss some \$38 which she had tied up in a piece of rug, at once suspected the boy St. Jean, who was casting wistful looks on the oranges, and had him arrested. At the Police station it appears the boy, half-stupefied with fear and the threats of the police, was, although innocent, induced, when brought before the Police Court, to plead guilty in hope of getting out of his troubles, as his friends knew nothing of his arrest. The Magistrate took the case into consideration, and happily did not carry out his first intention of sending the boy to the Reformatory. The missing money was found by the owner this morning, and the accused was set at liberty. But we should like to know if it is allowed to, or comes within the province of the police to threaten and coerce prisoners into a confession of their crimes, or as in this case to plead guilty to crimes never committed.—Witness, 20th inst.

In the selection of Mr. Frank Smith as the first Catholic Senator from this province the Government has made a most judicious choice, and one which will give general satisfaction; for Mr. Smith's popularity extends among all classes. Though he has not been a member of Parliament, he is in every

sense of the word a public man. He has filled with honor to himself and satisfaction to the citizens the responsible position of Mayor of London: he has been a most enterprising and successful business man, and has taken an active part in the promotion of railway and other enterprises tending to the development of the country's resources. In the Senate he will meet with many gentlemen like himself,—men of substantial means—holding a large stake in the country; men of practical knowledge of the country's wants, who are admirably fitted to discharge the calm deliberative duties expected of the Senate, in a spirit, above the consideration of political partisanship. And amongst these Mr. Smith will be no mere tyro, for in his busy career he has found time to master the great public questions of a practical character, bearing upon the trade and commerce of the country, which, for years to come, will hold a front place in our national politics.—Toronto Freeman.

CATHOLIC.—The Rev. Clergy and Superiors of Religious Communities are warned against a person of quasi-clerical appearance, named Hughes, an Englishman, between 30 and 40 years of age, traveling with a *solo-dout* cousin or half-brother. Has some foreign letters of recommendation, now wholly untrustworthy.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Catholic papers please copy. —New York Tablet. The Ottawa Free Press asks what is the use of game laws, for it has been credibly informed that deer are being exterminated in the townships of Russell and Cumberland at present, and there is no one to interfere with the pot hunters, who are on the chase day after day. Unless something is done to prevent this wholesale destruction of the game that is made in that part of the country, there will not be a deer left to shoot at in a few years more. They are also closely hunted on the Petawawa.

The coloured people of St. Catharines have become dissatisfied with the school set apart for their children, and on Monday last made a determined effort to get on an equality with their white brethren. They offered their children at various schools in the morning, but the teachers refused to take the juveniles in and referred the applicants to the trustees. A deputation of coloured people then waited on a lawyer for advice, and the Times has been informed that he was instructed to take the necessary steps to secure for the coloured people their object.

Weekly Report of the St. Bridget's Refuge, ending Saturday, 18th inst.:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Males: 438, Females: 97, Total: 535. Includes sub-categories for English, Irish, Scotch, and F. Canadians.

BREAKFAST.—Epps's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The Civil Service Gazette remarks:—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tin-lined packets, labelled—James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Boucherville, J. B. Delacroix, \$2; Bornholm, P. Horn, \$1; South Douro, Rev. D. O'Connell, \$2; St. Columban, M. Healy, \$2; New York, J. Martin, \$1; Waterloo, C. Moran, \$2; Arlington, Rev. P. Key, \$2; Cornwall, J. S. McDougall, \$4; Whitehall, N.Y., Rev. J. J. McDonnell, \$3.75; Per Mr. Heaphy, Garden—J. McKay, Annyle, \$2; Per S. Labrosse, St. Eugene—H. Houghton, \$1.50; D. Hurley, \$1.50; Per Rev. H. Brethgar, Trenton—E. Lynch, \$2; Per P. P. Lynch, Belleville—J. McCormick, \$8; Per Rev. M. Hyrne, Eganville—Self, \$2; R. Sharp, \$2; Per Rev. J. J. MacCarthy, Williamstown—J. Hay, \$2; Per F. S. Bourgeault, St. Anicet—Rev. J. J. Vinet, \$2; P. McCaffrey, Dewittville, \$1.50.

Died.

In this city, on the 18th inst., Alice Theresa, daughter of the late John Ryan, aged 11 years and 4 months.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, Superfine, Fancy, Extra, Superior Extra, Bag Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Ashes, Seconds, Thirds, First Pearls, Pork, Thin Mess, Prime, Butter, Cheese, etc.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Hemlock Spanish Sole, do do, do do, do do, Waxed Upper, do heavy, Grained do, Splits, do small, Kips, City Slaughter (whole), do ordinary, do (15 to 20 lbs. per dozen), Sheep-Skin linings, Harness, Buffed Cow, do foot, Peblised Cow, do, Enamelled Cow, do, Patent Cow, do, Rough, English Oak Sole, English Kips.

WANTED

BOARD in a respectable Catholic private family for three persons. Two Bed-rooms and Parlour. Address, A. S., True Witness Office.

SITUATION WANTED

BY a person of long experience in the Tailoring business, capable of conducting a ready-made or custom trade. Country town in Upper Canada preferred. Ability in either department first class. Address "D. M. D.," True Witness Office.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JOSEPH COX, a native of Beltrabert, Co. Cavan, Ireland, who emigrated to Montreal, in 1840, with his sister June Cox. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister the said June Cox, 21 Atlantic Corporation, Laurence, Mass., U.S.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED an ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLIC TEACHER for Commercial Branches. A person who speaks both languages, and has been engaged in business before, will be preferred. To a competent person a liberal salary will be given. Address Box 313 P. O., Montreal.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

A SCOTCH COLLEY 4 P. black and tan, with white paws, answering to the name of "TROT," having the owner's name and City number on his collar. The above reward will be paid to any one bringing him to Dawson Brothers, St. James St., or to 219 St. Catharine Street.

FRUIT RECORDER

AND COTTAGE GARDENER. ENLARGED, 1871, to 16 pages, at \$1 per year. All we ask is for you to see a copy of the Paper (which we send free to all applicants) and let it speak for itself. The Premiums that we offer in Plants and Flowers to those getting up Clubs, would cost you as much at any responsible Nursery as we charge for the paper. Show Bills, Sample Copy, etc., sent free on application to A. M. PURDY, Palmyra, N.Y.

GRAND SOIREE

IN BEHALF OF THE MILE-END DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION AT THE ST. PATRICK'S HALL, ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1871. PROGRAMME: Grande Polonoise "in la" Chopin, executed by Mr. J. A. FOWLER. Exercises in Articulation, by all the Deaf and Dumb pupils. Addresses articulated in English and French, by Ave Maria "Solo de Soprano" Gounod, sung by Mrs. DENIS LEDUC. (With the accompaniment of the Violin, by Mr. OSCAR MARTEL.) 1st prize of the conservatory of Liege. The Raven and the Fox, in pantomime, by the Deaf and Dumb. Allegro finale "Sonata pathetique" Beethoven, Executed by Mr. J. A. FOWLER. The Frog and the Ox, in pantomime, by the Deaf and Dumb. Grande Fantaisie for the Violin "Haydnberg" Executed by Mr. OSCAR MARTEL. The Fox and the Stork, in pantomime, by the Deaf and Dumb. Emani "Solo de Soprano" Verdi, sung by Mrs. D. LEDUC. The Martyr of St. Catherine, in pantomime, by the Deaf and Dumb. (GOD save the Queen "arranged by Beethoven".... Executed by Mr. J. A. FOWLER. M. M. Doctors PELLETIER & HINGSTON have kindly accepted the invitation made to them to speak each in his respective tongue. Doors opened at 7 o'clock. The exercises will begin at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission: 25 Cts. Reserved Seats: 50 Cts.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IS THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE

DIST. OF MONTREAL. } DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

The tenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

No. 452.

PARENT:

The Honorable Mr. JUSTICE BEAUDRY.

ADOLPHE ROY and ARTHUR ROY, both of the City and District of Montreal, merchants and co-partners carrying on business under the name and firm of "Adolphe Roy & Co."

Plaintiffs;

SAMUEL A. COHEN alias COHN, heretofore of the City of Montreal, merchant, and now absent from this Province,

Defendant;

And LYON SILVERMAN, of the said City of Montreal, Merchant,

Garnishee.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs. Leblanc, Cassidy & Lacoste, of Counsel for the Plaintiffs, in as much as it appears by the return of Joseph Laurin, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Canada, acting in the District of Montreal, on this writ of Habeas Corpus before Judgment and Summons, in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called La Minerve, and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said City, called the TRUE WITNESS, he notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiffs within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiffs will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY, C. C. C.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of NAPOLEON PREFONTAINE and FRANCOIS XAVIER MOISAN, carrying on business at Montreal under the style and firm of Prefontaine & Moisan.

Insolvent, City and District of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Assignee.

Montreal, February 8th, 1871.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN? M. THIERS' VIEW.—What will happen after the Capitulation of Paris? This is the coming question at home and abroad. M. Thiers has proposed that in the event of Alsace and Lorraine being absolutely required by Prussia, the King of the Belgians should be elected Emperor of the French, and that Belgium and France should coalesce into one country, thus giving France 4,000,000 of inhabitants for one that she will lose on the Rhine. The Wallons of Belgium are thoroughly French in sympathy, and the French wounded prisoners and exiles in their part of Belgium have had a fine time of it, having been well fed and supplied with all they could need. The Flemings, on the other hand, are somewhat of German rather than French tendencies. In the event of such an arrangement, which would give Antwerp, one of the largest and finest ports in the North of Europe, to France, would England acquiesce? We are inclined to think that if the chief partners to the bargain agreed to it, England would have to acquiesce, whether she liked it or not. In such an event, Holland of course would become German; and thus Prussia and France might be satisfied, and possibly reconciled.

HENRI V.—The Count de Chambord, the oldest representative of the Royal family and the legitimate King de jure of France has addressed to the papers a letter on the war and the bombardment of Paris. The letter which is in the nature of a manifesto, appears in the Union and the Gazette de France. The Prince says:—

It is impossible longer for me to keep silence. I had hoped that the death of so many heroes fallen upon the field of battle, that the energetic resistance of a Capital resigned to endure all to keep the enemy outside the walls, would spare my country new trials, but the bombardment of Paris wrings from my grief a cry which I cannot restrain. The son of Christian Kings who have made France, I groan at the sight of her disasters; condemned to be powerless to redeem them at the price of my life, I raise my testimony before peoples and Kings, and protest, as much as I am able, in the face of Europe, against the most sanguinary and lamentable war that ever was waged. Who should speak to the world, if not I, for the town of Clovis, of Clotilde, of Genevieve, for the town of Charlemagne, of Saint Louis, of Philip Augustus, and of Henry IV. for the town of the sciences, the arts, and of civilization? No! I will not see the great City perish, which each of my ancestors used to call "my good town of Paris." And since I can do nothing more, my voice shall be raised from my exile, to protest against the ruin of my country. My voice shall cry to earth and to Heaven, assured of meeting with the sympathy of man and awaiting the justice of God. (Signed) HENRI. Jan. 7, 1871.

It is admitted on all hands that although Henri Cinq himself has not been able to fight for France, his adherents have nobly done their duty. As even a hostile English journal says of them:—

The Legitimists of France compose a party which has always been small in numbers, but considerable in social influence of the highest and purest kind. The only accusation the Republican and infidel journalists could bring against them was bigotry, that is to say, religious feeling. They never inspired, and their thorough patriotism has shown out nobly in this war. For them noblesse oblige has been the rule, and in the recognition the world will give to the heroic defence of France the old nobility will stand well in the first class, and the Republicans of Lyons and Marseilles will be put in the lowest.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 16.—It is reported that the Emperor William will not return to Berlin before the conclusion of peace, which is looked for immediately at Paris.

LONDON, 17.—The Paris Figaro says it is reported the German proposition for peace runs thus:—

"The cession of Alsace and Lorraine and a portion of the Department of Doubs; an indemnity of one and a half milliards of thalers; the Prussians to keep all the material of war they have captured, and the French fleet and colonies to remain intact."

The correspondent of the Times at Berlin telegraphs that if peace is not concluded prior to assembly of the German Diet the Emperor William will probably remain at Versailles and the meeting of Parliament be postponed.

It is stated that German troops are concentrating in large numbers on the Loire.

It is announced, in case the occupation of Paris by German troops should be found necessary, that Gen. Walkenstein will be designated as the Governor of the city.

BOURDEAUX, Feb. 16.—At to-day's session of the National Assembly, the following Vice-Presidents were chosen:—

Louis Joseph Martel, Benoit D'Azy, Ludovic Vilet, and Leon DeMaleville.

A resolution was introduced proposing M. Thiers for the chief Executive with authority to nominate a ministry, but providing that the power of the Republic shall be exercised under the control of the Assembly. The resolution bears the signatures of Dufaure, DeMaleville, Ilet, and Saint Hilaire.

A majority of the committee of the Assembly is favourable to the proposal to appoint Thiers Chief of Executive Power.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—At election for Deputies to the Assembly Louis Blanc received 216,000 votes; Victor Hugo, 214,000; Garibaldi, 200,000; Gambetta, 191,000; Rochefort, 163,000; Thiers, 102,000; and Ledru Rollin, 76,000.

A Bordeaux despatch says a purpose is manifest among deputies now here to accomplish two things, viz: the overthrow of the violent Republicans, and the removal of the future

seat of Government from Paris, in order that the country be no longer at the mercy of mobs of the capital. Personal conversation with members induces the belief that a temporary provisional government will be formed. M.M. Thiers, Grevy, Trochu, Delescluse, and Dorion are favourably mentioned, in connection with whom prominent citizens throughout the provinces are certain to be placed in power, and it is believed that the duty of deciding the eventual form of government will be entrusted to them. The Radicals are energetically at work, resolved not to part with power without a struggle. They are making earnest appeals and violent speeches among the people, but unmeaning cries for a prolongation of the war, and No Surrender have evidently lost their force. The Conservatives are quiet and confident. There is a strong under-current in favour of the Orleansists. The election of the Princes will likely be declared valid.

On the question whether the surrender of Paris will be followed by the submission of the rest of France, and, if not, what measures should be taken by the Germans, the Spenerische Zeitung writes:—When Paris is taken the German host can seek out the richest provinces of France for itself, and there camped in great masses establish itself in absolute security. The region of communication with Germany can be made equally unassailable, as also such provinces as we think of keeping back for Germany. The task of the French governing powers, who will not hear of peace, will then be to bring continually fresh forces against the German positions, against which they will be ingloriously and uselessly dashed to pieces. We have taken the enemy's house by assuming the offensive; we defend ourselves not in our own but in the enemy's house; we only give up following him through every hole and corner of his fields and gardens. There is no fear that peace will be longer delayed when the enemy has learned the working of this method.

DJON, Feb. 15.—Belfort has surrendered. The garrison will be allowed to march out with all the honors of war.

Garibaldi has resigned his command of the Army of the Vosges and gone home.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—The Minister of Foreign Affairs in Florence has, I have just learned on undoubted authority, received a very angry protest from Jules Favre. The French Minister says that France does in no way recognize the manner in which Italy has acted, and is still acting towards the Pope, and especially with respect to the seizure of the Quirinal. The despatch contains a strong reserve as to the future action of France, and a still stronger blame of the dishonourable line pursued by Italy in taking advantage of her extreme necessity to violate all engagements with France. Of the miserable letter of the Emperor Napoleon to Victor Emmanuel it is impossible to speak save with the deepest contempt. We can have no anger for such a man, and his moral baseness has never been more fully displayed than in his congratulations to the robber-King on the victory (!) of Porta Pia.

The Government is put to great straits to find a palace in Rome, the City of Palaces, in which to locate their Chambers. The Papal palaces alone have offered them no difficulty. The Palace of the Consulta, built by Clement XII. on the Quirinal for the Secretary of Papal Briefs, was easily taken possession of. Cardinals Clarelli and Vannicelli were turned out at a few hours notice, and General Lamarmora established himself in it as Lieutenant-Governor of Rome.

Next to the Consulta is the magnificent Palace of the Quirinal, built by the Popes, and one of their habitual residences. It is fitted up and used for the solemn Conclaves, and is inhabited by a large number of the ecclesiastical officials of the Holy See. But in spite of this it proved an easy conquest to General Lamarmora. A blacksmith and pick-lock were applied to its sealed doors; possession was taken; the Conclave Hall has been converted into a ball-room, the Image of the Holy Spirit has given place to the arms of Italy, and all its former occupants have been turned adrift.

But Victor Emmanuel did not fancy living in Rome, and so the Government applied to Prince Torlonia to sell one of his Palaces in the neighborhood. But the Prince sent this noble answer to the request: "I have consecrated all my goods and my life to the Holy Father Pius IX., and nothing now remains for me either to give or to sell." This project having failed, the next application was made to Prince Barberini to sell his Palace to the Kingdom or to the King of Italy. It was healthily situated, contained the largest hall of any Palace in Rome, and spacious offices. He should have his price and the good will of the Government as his reward. But Prince Barberini is as faithful to the Holy See as Prince Torlonia, and he also refused to sell to the invaders. There is in Rome another private Palace which would suit the designs of the Government. It stands near the Gesù, and belongs to Prince Altieri, and is one of the finest Palaces in Rome. The Government were ready to pay any price for it. It offered every convenience that was required. But Prince Altieri also refused to sell. An anecdote is told, connected with its erection, which it is worth while to record. When Clement X was building it, he very much desired to enlarge the site and to purchase a cottage which was in the way, belonging to an old woman. He offered to pay her any price she might put upon her humble tenement, but she was unwilling to part with her little home; and the Pope respected her right, refusing in any way to override it, as he might have done. Years after, the house was purchased by the family, but it stands where it did to this day, an eye-sore to the passer-by, but a monument to the honour of the Pontiff, which the family have determined to preserve.

After these disappointments the Italian Government set its heart upon the Palazzo di Venezia, which is at present the property of Austria. Originally it was built by Cardinal Barbo in the 15th century. He afterwards became Pope Paul II, and many subsequent Popes chose it for their residence. But about 100 years afterwards Pius IV made a gift of it to the Republic of Venice as a residence for the Venetian Ambassadors. He did this as a recognition of the readiness and zeal with which the Venetians were the first nation to give the example of a cordial acceptance of the decrees and reforms of the Council of Trent. Till then it had been called the Palazzo di San Marco: from that time it took the name of Palazzo di Venezia. When Venetia came into the hands of Austria, so also did the Venetian Palace in Rome; and from that time till now it has been the residence of the Austrian Ambassador.

Upon the application being made a few weeks ago to Vienna for the cession of this magnificent Palace for a full consideration Count Beust was not unwilling to sell it, and to do a favour to Italy. Had not Napoleon III, in his German prison, sold the Orti Farnesiani, and the Palace of the Caesars to Victor Emmanuel in order to give pleasure to the Italian Government? And had he not been paid all that he had asked for them? And should not Austria be as liberal as the fallen Emperor? But Francis Joseph would not dishonour himself by such an act. He declined to have any dealings of this kind with Victor Emmanuel. And so it happens that at this present moment the Italian Government has been able to acquire no other Palaces in Rome than those belonging to the Pope, which they have forcibly taken possession of.

Victor Emmanuel has retired to San Rossore for the wild boar hunting, taking his second family with him. The Revolutionary journals say that the Pope has despatched to him an autograph letter by a confidential messenger, couched in very energetic terms, and that it has made his Majesty less than ever desirous to return to Rome. Whether this is true or not I am unable to say, but it is quite certain that the King is extremely averse to any part of his family establishing itself here, and that, according to private letters from Florence, he said on his return from Rome that nothing would induce him to set foot in the Quirinal again. It is quite certain that when he heard that the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in Ara Coeli, he refused to enter, and fled with undignified haste down the staircase he had half mounted, and that all the preparation for a solemn entry are completely at an end.

ROME.—The Romans are everywhere reducing their establishments and their current expenses, in order to face the coming taxation and the daily increasing prices of everything. The rise in rents is especially so great that where the poor are to live is becoming a most serious question, and small proprietors will in most cases be obliged to leave Rome. A tax of 12 per cent. is already levied on the pensions of the poor impiegati, who have been superseded, and another most cruel measure is about to be put in execution with regard to the "veterans" or invalid soldiers of the Pontifical Army called "Sedentari." These poor old men are to be sent to Naples, and thus deprived of the care and aid of their families and friends, who assisted them to eke out their miserable pay. The pretext is that they are "reactionary," but it is a flagrant violation of the capitulation of September and an act of gratuitous cruelty.

PILGRIMS TO THE VATICAN.—The Catholic movement on behalf of the Holy Father is developing in a new form, that of pilgrimages to the prison of the Vicar of Christ. About 12 fervent Belgian Catholics have just passed through Turin, representatives from the chief Belgian cities, accompanied by two priests.—They have made this journey in the depth of winter solely for the purpose of kissing the august Pontiff's feet and receiving his blessing. Two well-known writers in the Bien Public, de Hennep-Pinne and Verspeyen, are among their number. They all went to the Church of San Lorenzo in Turin to hear Mass before resuming their journey. These good Belgians have led the way in this new kind of demonstration, but a fresh body is announced as about to leave Holland for Rome. Catholic Europe will soon be streaming in pilgrimage to Rome, as in ages past to Jerusalem. The Crusaders, we hope, will follow; and God grant that it may soon be a "Jerusalem liberata!"

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—The fruits of the Definition and the recent Encyclical are never more evident than in the numerous secessions they are causing from the Moderate party. Men with a conscience and a belief in Eternity are everywhere in Italy being awakened to a sense of their own danger and the utter inconsistency of their position in the Church and the Christian commonwealth, and are beginning to feel that they cannot separate public responsibilities and private practice of religion; that devotion and charity in their own houses are of no value if coupled with a vote for godless instruction, or spoliation of the poor and the Church; that the systematic calumny of the Holy See in the political world is not to be redeemed by saying the Rosary in private, and that the man and the statesman cannot be separated before the Tribunal of God. It is this most pernicious sophism of separation between the public and private conscience that has ruined Italy more perhaps than any other country.

The observance of the Sunday is a crucial test with Protestants, and I fear the English mind would be little edified with the new phase of Government in this respect. If cleanliness is next to godliness it is certain that observance of a direct ordinance of God is still nearer, but our regenerators have even less respect for this virtue than the others. All the shop-keepers have received full sanction to trade on Sundays at all hours, and if they are shut it is because they have more conscience than their masters. Those who have Government licences for salt, tobacco, and excisable articles, are forced to remain open all day instead of a few hours as under the Papal regime. The Jews in the

Ghetto, who deal in these articles, are also ordered to open on their Sabbath, and the Rabbins have just protested very indignantly at this violation of their consciences, adding that they enjoyed full religious liberty within the limits of the Ghetto under the Popes. General Lamarmora has however refused to listen to their remonstrance. The tumbling booths, penny theatres, and other edifying exhibitions, are also open all Sunday during the hours of Divine Service, and are doing the Devil's work among the poorer classes as completely as he can desire.—London Tablet Cor.

GERMANY.

There are no signs of the slightest relaxation of discipline in the German army; no indication that they consider their work finished. On the contrary, everything here is suggestive of the beginning, instead of the close, of a campaign. The Germans are taking every precaution in case of a renewal of the war, and will be ready to prosecute it with unusual vigor.

It is probable that Prince Wilhelm of Baden, a brother of the Grand Duke and a General who has greatly distinguished himself in the campaign, will be appointed Stadtholder of Alsace after the restoration of Peace. The new Province will not be embodied with any of the German States, but placed under the Central Government, and be subject to the Emperor and Federal Council. As it has an annual revenue of 60,000,000, and requires only half that amount for administrative purposes, the taxes will either be diminished or a surplus obtained which can be employed on improvements of all kinds. Hereafter, when Alsace has to take part in the military burdens of the Empire there will be little if any surplus. The prisoners from Alsace and German Lorraine—no less than 26,000 among the 275,000 unwounded Frenchmen interned in Prussia up to the end of 1870—are kept separate, and have, many of them, been permitted to go home. Speaking of the number of prisoners, I may give you some figures which will prove better than anything else whether they are humanely treated or not. Of the above total of 275,000 unwounded men, no more than 624 have died while in Germany. Considering what they underwent before capture, and that typhus, which always follows in the wake of too great exertions, has not failed to make its appearance, the number of deaths must be regarded as very small.

After all, the Bavarian Ultramontanes have not ventured to reject the treaties which make their State into an integral portion of the German Empire. They have seen, or, more correctly, allowed, themselves to be defeated by one single vote. They knew they would have no chance in case of dissolution, and making a virtue of necessity, after a fortnight's perorations, submitted to what they could not help. Their defeat is the more signal, as the Emperor has had himself proclaimed without waiting for their sanction.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA.—Whatever Russian political pretensions may be, her religious propaganda and persecution of the Catholic Church continues with vigour. The Minister of the Interior has set aside the sum of \$70,000 roubles, equal to about £140,000, for restoring Schismatical churches and converting Catholic churches in Poland into Russo-Schismatical churches.

A Gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

SICK READERS, YOU ARE INVITED

To follow in the footsteps of the great multitude who have found relief, when they had almost ceased to hope for it, in Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills. The scope of their remedial operation is wide. Not only do they produce the most beneficial effects in all immediate diseases of the stomach, the liver, and the bowels, but in a great number of contingent complaints. In spasms and fits of every description they are considered by medical men of eminence, as well as by the non-professional, the most thorough of all remedies. They renovate the general system, while they gently relax the bowels, and hence, in cases of physical prostration, whether arising from age, a weak constitution, or a specific ailment, they are invaluable. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. B. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

SAVED FROM IMPENDING DEATH.—Among the maladies caused by mineral medicines, mercurial disease is the most terrible. It sometimes literally eats up the frame, "marrow, bones, and all." One of the most horrible cases of this kind on record was that of a man named Hassel, described editorially in the Buffalo Commercial, one many other papers, a few years ago. This man was all but dead when he was providentially induced to try a course of Bristol's Sarsaparilla. He was almost a skeleton, while the little bones of his face were honey combed with mercurial ulcers, and his miserable frame was wracked with excruciating tortures. Two weeks' use of the great antidote brought him from his bed to his feet. It was almost a resurrection from the dead. The ulcers healed, never more to open. Strength, flesh, and health returned. These are attested facts—familiar to the public, and never questioned. For all ulcerous and eruptive disorders, Bristol's Sarsaparilla is an immediate and certain cure. Sold by.

J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all dealers in Medicine.

In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the ne plus ultra of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Mosses. Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the AMERICAN ORGAN is superior.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, from its

great celebrity in the South America and West Indian markets, for which for twenty years it was exclusively manufactured, has been extensively imitated in this country. Now, however, the original article has been introduced, and as it bears the distinctive trade-mark of the proprietors, may be readily distinguished by its external from the simulated preparations. The internal tokens of genuineness are still more unmistakable, for "Murray & Lanman's Florida Water" has the odor of the fresh tropical flowers and plants from which it is prepared, and exposure to the air increases the delicacy of the aroma, instead of producing a sickening effluvia, as is the case with toilet waters scented with strong essential oils.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. B. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all dealers in medicine.

Beware of counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless.

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?

As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who, for upwards of thirty years, has unflinchingly devoted her time and talent as a Female Physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort, and practical knowledge obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It operates like magic—giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactor of her race; children certainly do ease up and blossom; especially is this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has immortalized her name by this invaluable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits, and unite in calling her blessed. No mother has discharged her duty to her suffering little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, mothers—try it now.—Ladies' Visitor, New York City.

Sold by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and call for

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Having the free-trade of "Crisis & Progress" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA,

and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, are relieved by using Brown's Bronchial Troches.

"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past Winter, and found no relief until I found your Bronchial Troches."

C. H. GARDNER,

Principal of Rutgers' Female Institute, New York.

"Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma."

REV. A. C. EGGLINGTON, New York.

"It gives me great pleasure to certify to the efficacy of your Bronchial Troches, in an affection of the throat and voice, induced by public singing. They have suited my case exactly, relieving my throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease."

T. DUCHARME,

Christier French Parish Church, Montreal.

"When somewhat hoarse from cold or over-exertion in public speaking, I have uniformly found Brown's Troches afford relief."

HENRY WILKES, D. D.,

Pastor of Zion Church, Montreal. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines at 25 cents a box.

ALASKA.—Where on this globe can we go beyond the omnipresent Yankee? Landing at Sitka, we had walked but a short distance into the town when we reached the northern depot of Dr. Ayer's medicines in full display among the huts, shanties and courts of these forest tribes. There the familiar, homelike names of his Cherry Pectoral, Pills, &c., salute us from the exterior and the interior of a store which shows more business than its neighbors, and proves that these simple but sure remedies are even more necessary to savage life than to ourselves where they visit every fireside.—Correspondent Montreal Journal. 151

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Pro. of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. No. 664.

In the matter of OLIVIER N. MARCHAND and JOSEPH O. BELANGER, as well individually as co-partners under the name of Marchand & Belanger,

Insolvents. THE undersigned individually and as co-partners, will apply to this Court for a discharge under the said Act, on the twenty-fifth day of February next. Montreal, 11th January, 1871. OLIVIER N. MARCHAND, JOSEPH O. BELANGER, By T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER, Their Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT Dist. of Montreal. No. 1134.

In the matter of JULIUS J. COHN and JACOB FREES, heretofore trading together at Montreal as auctioneers and commission merchants under the name and firm of J. J. Cohn & Co.

Insolvents. On the twenty-fifth day of February next the undersigned, Julius J. Cohn, one of the above named Insolvents, individually and as a member of the said firm, will apply to this Court for a discharge under said Act. JULIUS J. COHN, Montreal, 11th January, 1871. By T. & C. C. de LORIMIER, His attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT. Province of Quebec, } Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of JEAN ELIE LAFOND, of the City of Montreal,

Insolvent. ON the 24th day of February next (1871) the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 17th January, 1871. LANCTOT & LANCTOT, Attorneys ad litem, for Insolvent.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POKE, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED PEAS, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 451 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market, 12m.

TEACHER WANTED, FOR Section No. 1, North River, Municipality of St. Columban, an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER. Salary Liberal. Address immediately, PHILIP KENNEDY, Secretary Teacher, St. Columban, Sept. 21, 1870.

WANTED, FOR School Section, No. 10, Lancaster, a MALE TEACHER, holding a first-class certificate, well recommended, engagement to commence immediately or on the first of February next.

The applicant to state salary, and apply to the Trustees of School Section, Number Ten, Lancaster, Glennevis Post Office, Ont. January 14th, 1871.

WANTED, FOR the Municipality of St. Sylvester, a school mistress, able to teach the English language chiefly, and also the French, for young beginners, with a diploma for elementary schools. Salary, £23.

Direct to Mr. JEAN LESSARD, Sec.-Treas.

TEACHERS WANTED, TWO FEMALE TEACHERS Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophie, Terrebonne Co., capable of Teaching the French and English languages. Salary—\$100 for ten months teaching. Teachers to find their board and fuel for the School. Applications, prepaid, to be addressed to PATRICK CAREY, Secretary-Treas. St. Sophie, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59 St. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL.

Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS! FACILITIES for the production of Musical Instruments consists of

Well-chosen Materials, Labor-saving Machinery, Musical Knowledge and Experience, Refined Taste in Decoration, Division of Manual Labor, Active Personal Supervision, and Ample Capital.

The Messrs. SMITH believe that their FACILITIES ARE UNEQUALLED and that their establishment cannot be surpassed in any of these particulars.

But it is not claimed that the AMERICAN ORGAN is sold at the lowest price,—as the manufacturers have no desire to waste their time upon feeble and characterless instruments, nor to furnish a supply of dissatisfactions, even at the low price of \$50 each. Nothing worthy can be produced for such a sum

BY ANY HOUSE WHATEVER. THE Messrs SMITH mean to make ONLY the best reed instruments, and they are satisfied that the discriminating public is willing to pay the value of what it gets.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN is elegant in appearance,—thoroughly constructed,—with powerful and steady bellows,—with exquisitely-voiced reeds,—finely contrived qualities of tone, and ingenious mechanical contrivances for increase of power and for expression.

This excellence is not the result of chance, but follows their well-devised system, so that each Organ is perfect of its kind; there is no more chance for inferior work than in the Springfield Armory.

EVERY INSTRUMENT IS WARRANTED. * An elegantly Illustrated Circular, containing descriptions and prices, will be sent, post-paid, on application. Twenty Years Established! 30,000 in use!

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PUBLIC and private buildings heated by hot water on the latest and decidedly the most economical system yet discovered being also entirely free from danger.

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JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury,) will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS, MONTREAL.

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CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS, MONTREAL.



BANKRUPT SALE. THE GREAT BANKRUPT SALE OF W. B. BOWIE & CO.'S STOCK, STILL CONTINUES AT 395 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. P. McLAUGHLIN & CO. May 13, 1870.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in its estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them lead to it. When nothing else could reach the lungs, the Cherry Pectoral they cure.

Singers find great protection from it. Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it. Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. For a Cough and Cold, no better remedy can be had. Take small doses three times a day and put the feet in warm water at night, until the disease is broken up.

For Whooping Cough, when it affects the throat or lungs, take the same course. For Whooping Cough, give small doses three or four times a day. For Croup, give large and frequent doses until the disease is overcome.

No family should be without the Cherry Pectoral on hand to protect them, in case of attack, from the above complaints. Its timely use often spares the patient a great amount of suffering and risk, which he would incur by waiting until he could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses for the exigencies that arise. Lives dear to you may be saved by it.

So generally are its virtues known, that we need not publish certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that the best qualities it ever possessed are strictly maintained.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

BURNS & MARKUM, (Successors to Kearney & Bro.) PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS, &c., No. 675, CRAIG STREET, 675, (Two Doors West of Bleury,) MONTREAL.

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OWEN M'GARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, AND 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (2nd Door from M'GILL Str.) Montreal.

Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [ESTABLISHED IN 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and mounted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address.

E. A. & C. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

J. D. LAWLOR, GENERAL AGENT FOR THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, The "HOWE," the "ETNA," and the "FLORENCE" SEWING MACHINES, AND MANUFACTURER OF Lawlor's Family Lock-Stitch.

IN consequence of the rapidly increasing demand for the GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES, I have made arrangements with the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY of New York, which enables me to keep constantly in stock THEIR CELEBRATED FAMILY & MANUFACTURING MACHINES.

The superior qualities of which are unquestionable. Instead of giving out to what may be claimed about Gold Medals, Paris Exhibitions, &c., intending purchasers would do well to examine for themselves Singer's latest improved Family Sewing Machine with attachments for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Cording, Gathering, Tucking, Quilting, Embroidering, &c.

Lawlor's Patent Family Lock-Stitch is in every respect, and without any exception, the best Sewing Machine sold in the Dominion of Canada at prices varying from \$25 to \$33, and a mere glance at the motions of this Machine, which are based upon the most practical and scientific principles, will substantiate the above assertion to the entire satisfaction of every visitor.

Factory: 48 Nazareth St.; Salesrooms: 365 Notre Dame St., Montreal. BRANCH OFFICES: Quebec, 22 St. John Street; St. John, N.B., 82 King Street; Halifax, N.S., 103 Barrington St.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE: Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Advantages to Fire Insurers

The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages afforded in this branch: 1st. Security unquestionable. 2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude. 3rd. Every description of property insured at moderate rates. 4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement. 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.

The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Life Assurer:— 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership. 2nd. Moderate Premiums. 3rd. Small Charge for Management. 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims. 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation. 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.

H. L. ROUTH, Agent, Montreal, 12m. February 1, 1870.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER, AND GENERAL JOBBER, No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON.

An assortment of Skills always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

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April, 8, 1870. C. F. FRASER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROCKVILLE, ONT. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

BRUNO LEDOUX, CARRIAGE MAKER, AND MANUFACTURER OF VEHICLES OF ALL KINDS, 125 & 127, ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

At the above establishment will always be found a complete assortment of Vehicles of all kinds. Repairs done on the shortest notice. Encourage Home Industry. Mr. Bruno Ledoux has been awarded several Prizes at the Provincial Exhibition of 1868.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS, LOWELL, MASS. PRICE \$1.00.

PROF. W. MERRICK, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted eye."

Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old. Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK.

REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups. E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the greatest Invention of the age."

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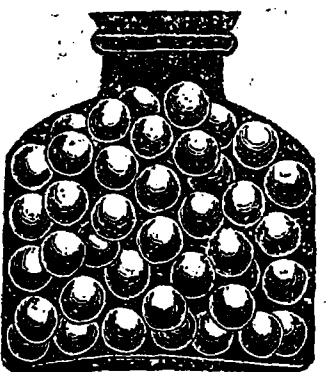
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