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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1870.

NO. 12

THE IRISH WIDOW'S SON;
OR,
THE PIKEMEN OF NINETY-EIGHT
BY CON. O'LEARY.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"I know it, my son," said the priest; "and my most earnest wish is that you see to your own protection as quickly as possible."
"Protection to myself?" said Cormac, "is not the only thing I must think about. I intend, with God's help," he continued, "to leave the country as soon as I can; and if you have no particular objection to offer, dear Father, I should like to be accompanied by one other person."

"And leave the poor old priest to live and die alone?" replied Father McAuley.

"I know I am selfish; pardon me," said Cormac.

"Not selfish, by any means, my dear boy.—In fact, I half-suspected this the moment I saw you to-day. I was only in jest, Cormac. I have full faith in your honor and integrity.—Go and consult with poor Kate, and I am willing to be guided by your conclusions."

Cormac bent his knee, and humbly requested the old man's blessing; after which he took leave of him till the day following.

He requested Kate's company a part of the way,—a request which the good-hearted girl yielded quite readily.

"Mind you don't go too far," said Brigid, as she saw Kate prepare to accompany Cormac.

"Only a short distance," said the latter, "and Brigid will accompany us."

Brigid refused, but acknowledged her willingness to await Kate's return, if Cormac promised to return with her.

The promise was given, and Mrs. McQuillan hurried on her way to prepared something nice for Cormac.

It was a beautiful July evening; the air odorous with the fragrance of flower and leaf. The sun was awaiting the presence of Cormac and Kate. All around was still and silent.

Cormac soon made known to Kate the nature of his interview with Father John. He renewed the pledge of his unalterable love to the dear sweet girl by his side. Frankly he acknowledged his poverty, but was strong in hope that, under other circumstances, he would be able to offer to the girl he sought, a happy and a pleasant home.

Kate listened silently to all she heard. The beating of her heart prevented the use of many words; besides, that heart was too full of the past and the future to permit her to indulge in the free expression of all she wished to say.—Her true maiden modesty filled her breast with some sort of grief. She loved Cormac Rogan well and truly, and she knew he was aware of that,—yet she felt troubled and sad.

Cormac continued his suit with renewed warmth, and, if possible, with stronger promises of his fealty through life.

"I doubt not your love, nor its continuance, Cormac," said Kate; "but you ask for too much. I can never consent to be your wife and leave this place at once. Had providence so ordained it, I would willingly have joined my lot to yours, but for some time to come that cannot be."

"You refer to Father John," said Cormac.

"I do," was the reply.

"He is willing to abide by any arrangement we see fit to make."

"I know it. His good heart would prompt him to greater sacrifices still; but, my own dear Cormac, believe me, his days would be few if his Kate were far away."

CHAPTER XXX.—PARTING OF CORMAC AND KATE—HE LEAVES FOR AMERICA—CONCLUSION.

"Then here's their memory—may it be For us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty, And teach us to unite."

Cormac kept his promise to Brigid. He returned with Kate, and showed such a disposition to renew his visit, that Brigid and Kate were necessitated to remind him several times of Mrs. McQuillan's last injunctions, not to remain long behind. He had, therefore, no resource left but hurry after the good woman, who had promised to have "something nice" for him on his return.

Father John had said that Mrs. McQuillan was a shrewd woman. All who knew her gave her credit for that character. Cormac found her most valuable as an adviser. He did not attempt to conceal from her that he ran some risk in coming to that part of the country, just then. Next he informed her of the real nature of his visit, and the success that attended it.

"And did you really believe that Kate O'Neill would marry you right off, and start for America?" inquired Mrs. McQuillan.

"I certainly did; but I confess I did not view the matter in the same light as I do now," replied Cormac.

"Then you don't know the girl you intend

to make your wife," composedly remarked the good woman. "Kate O'Neill," she continued, "owes a good deal to Father John's care, and she knows that if she left him now, it would shorten the old man's days, and she would never forgive herself afterwards."

Cormac confessed that he saw it in that light now.

"But, I'll tell you, Cormac," added Mrs. McQuillan, who was delighted at being made a confidant in the matter,— "to ease your mind my boy, get married, and proceed as soon as you like to America. You will have up-hill work there for some time. Then, when you have a competence earned, send for Kate, or return here; but don't ask her to leave her uncle."

Cormac promised to consider the matter, and retired.

Next morning, Mrs. McQuillan told him that she had a "trifle of money" saved, which she did not then require to use. She offered it to Cormac, and gave her blessing with it. The sum amounted to twenty pounds, and Cormac, after thanking her, told her he would repay it the first thing he did.

During another interview with Father John, Cormac informed him of his intention to depart as speedily as possible. He had changed his mind, and would postpone his intended marriage. He had wished, all along, to have that ceremony performed by the kind old priest who had been his adviser through life, and at whose hands he had received the holy water of baptism.

"You have my heartfelt blessing on your projected union, wherever and whenever it takes place," replied the priest; "and I can see the time when your days will pass pleasantly and peacefully," he added.

Nothing now remained for him but to take his leave of Kate, and the parting was sorrowful enough on both sides.

During the day, Cormac received word that he must not return to Roddy Flynn's. Dolan and Mullan had left, and Cormac was to proceed at once to Carrickfergus. A sailing packet would leave Belfast next day, and remain in the Lough for a fair wind.

This intelligence had been communicated by the faithful Milliken, who also informed Cormac that he had secured a passage in the ship for him, under the name of "Patrick Muggen-".

The last words were spoken between Cormac and Kate in the old chapel yard, standing beside the graves of their parents. A kind farewell had been bestowed on Brigid, with the hope that ere long they would all be reunited in a happier land, and Cormac took his departure.

There was a deep and openly-expressed sorrow in the old priest's house that day; but when the inmates learned that Government police were hunting up and down through the country for these men, they felt satisfied that one, at least, was likely to elude the clutches of his enemies.

Three days afterwards, Cormac was on the Atlantic. He had not the privilege of bidding farewell to his friends, whom he had hoped to see before his departure.

CONCLUSION.

Three years had elapsed from the time when Cormac sailed for the Land of the West. Often and again, during that long period he suffered in mind and body. Twice only did he receive a letter from Kate O'Neill, while he had written a dozen of times. He had renitented the money lent him by Mrs. McQuillan, together with a handsome present; the latter she retained for the sake of the giver, but the money she privately bestowed upon Kate O'Neill.

Matters had quieted down in the North of Ireland, and, after long and tedious wanderings, Pat Dolan had returned to his own place. At first he felt rather insecure; but if danger appeared, he went out of the way for a while till it passed over.

Strange as it may appear, the first wedding among our friends was that which followed the nuptials of Peter Mullan and Peggy Dolan.—Peter had proved himself an honest man in the absence of the master of the place, and when offered payment by Pat Dolan, gallantly informed the latter that he thought he was entitled to his own terms. Pat's wife was of the same opinion,—hence the changed condition of Peter's life, and the happiness of Peggy Dolan.

"Mrs. Mullan, will you please to close that door, and let us all sit around the stove, for it is a bitter cold night?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rogan, I was just peeping out to see if Cormac was coming."

"Oh, he'll be here presently," was the reply.

As the words were spoken, in dashed a strong and stalwart looking man, wrapped in a huge coat, and covered with snow.

"Behind time, good wife," said Cormac.— "But I just thought I would make a call on my way home, and learn if our young priest had any objection to spend a part of Christmas Day with us."

"And he is sure to come," said Mrs. Kate Rogan, with one of her pleasant, happy smiles.

"Yes; and he promised to bring John McAuley Rogan a Christmas present," added Cormac, taking a young cherub from its mother's arms.

Next evening was a happy one in the house of Cormac Rogan. There was the priest at the head of the table. There were John Mullan and his handsome wife, Brigid, a contented pair, and well-to-do in the world.

True, they were three or four thousand miles away from the kith and kin of their own dear Ireland. But such is life.

After many a cheerful discourse on times and friends now passed away, Mrs. Mullan insisted on having a song from Cormac.

"I would willingly comply, but I'm afraid I would make Kate too happy and too proud."

"Never mind me," replied his wife. "I am happy and proud as it is, and not likely to have my vanity increased by anything you can say or do just now."

"All right, then, here goes," exultingly exclaimed Cormac, who sang the following:—

"MY OWN DEAR KATE.

"My own dear Kate, my peerless queen,
Girl of my heart, I love thee!
The proudest maid that e'er was seen
I would not place above thee.
Dear to my heart in days gone by,
When danger hovered o'er me,
When love-light beamed from every eye,
To see was to adore thee.

"My worship was the flame of youth,
As pure as incense burning;
My heart the censor filled with truth,
And yours the truth returning.
No wonder I recall the spell,
That held me closely bound;
It wove my destiny so well,
A prize was by it found.

"A prize? ah, yes; a priceless pearl,
A gem so brightly gleaming;
And thou'rt the prize my own dear girl,
With love and virtue beaming.
Then here's my Kate, my wife, my all,
My joy, my light serene;
And here's the men who at my call
Came forth to guard the Green;"

saying which, Cormac dashed off the contents of a glass that stood before him.

"No increase of vanity Mrs. Rogan?" inquired Mrs. Mullan.

"Not in the least," answered Kate.

"Before song and sentiment," said the young clergyman, who, by the way, was a relation of the Rogans, "I like to hold conversation with those who took part in the Irish Rebellion of NINETY EIGHT!"

The conversation was resumed by Cormac and John. It consisted chiefly in rehearsing the facts already related in the foregoing chapters.

That was a happy meeting. Cormac became eloquent in telling how Father McAuley died—full of innocence and hope, expressing his love of Ireland, and Ireland's glorious Church.

Pat Dolan kept his promise, and lived out his time in the Old Land. His son-in-law, Peter, helped to make his last days glide on in peace and prayer.

Cormac Rogan faithfully remembered his promises to all those who had befriended him.

When he and his wife were dead and gone, his family fulfilled his wishes in every respect.

There are descendants of that family alive and well. No truer hearts beat for Ireland to-day than theirs; and whether they are members of a certain Irish organization is left to the reader to imagine. One thing may be said of them: they are the worthy descendants of the IRISH WIDOW'S SON!

"Alas! that might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away,
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day."

THE END.

THE LITTLE BATTLE OF BOTTLE HILL.

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

"Saddled and bridled
And booted and heeled;
Toom's name came the saddle,
But never came he!"

Amidst the wild tract of country lying between Cork and Mallow rises Bottle Hill, remarkable only for its barrenness, and for a fight that took place there between the partisans of King James and King William. The following is the traditional account of that fight.

At the foot of Bottle Hill might be seen, some few years ago, a spot conspicuous for its greenness amidst the surrounding heath and shingle. Traces of the foundations of buildings might then be observed over its unequal surface. Now the heath has encroached upon it, so that it is scarcely distinguishable, except by a few stunted hazel-bushes, from the general surface of the barren and broken moorland around. On this spot once stood the strongly

fortified house of Master Grimshaw Stubbles, son of the stout and godly Ephraim Stubbles, one of the victorious Undertakers, who settled down in the country to enjoy the conquests of their bows and spears, after the termination of the disastrous wars of Cromwell.

Master Grimshaw proved himself a worthy successor to his father, when that sanctified and redoubtable hero condescended to look his last on the broad domain he had won by his conjoint labors as drummer and expounder of the Word in one of the Great Protector's regiments of cavalry. As a consequence of the desolation caused by the Cromwellian wars, the wolf still prowled almost unmolested over the barren moorland and woody fastnesses of the neighborhood. Ephraim amused himself occasionally by a hunt after one of these fierce animals; but his propensities as a Nimrod were often gratified in a more bloody manner,—namely, in chasing with sleuthhound and horn the unfortunate men who some years before had met him face to face bravely in battle, but who now, reduced to outlaws and Rapparees, broken-hearted and despoiled, tried to gain a subsistence, as best they could, amidst the sterility of the wild region above-mentioned.

At the end of such a hunt, and when the poor human game was at last run down and captured, not one of all the followers of old Ephraim Stubbles had such a deft and masterly hand as his son at tying the hangman's noose, and adjusting the fatal cord by which they generally suspended the body of their tortured victims to the branch of some neighboring tree. It will not therefore be thought wonderful, when, at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, his father died, and when a slight change came over the management of affairs under the authority of King James, that, with such training in his youth, Master Grimshaw Stubbles, in the prime of life should long for another ruler of the land and for a return of the old license.

Master Grimshaw had not long to wait.—After a reign that brought more trouble and disaster to Ireland than any of the preceding ones, King James fled to France; and the south was occupied by the victorious armies of William, who was just beginning the memorable siege of Limerick. Then it was that the Undertakers rose rampant and furious from under the weak restrictions that had been imposed upon them during the rule of the preceding Stuarts. The hunting horns rang amidst the woods, and the sleuthhounds were let loose once more; and many a brave peasant, who had fought and bled in the cause of the worthless Stuart, met his cruel fate after the chase, under the hands of his triumphant and ruthless foes.

The lands now held by Master Grimshaw formerly belonged to Donal MacCarthy, a gentleman distantly related to the Earl of Glencar, and who, like his more powerful relative, had fought in the cause of Charles the First against the Parliamentarians. Driven from his home, Donal retired to the woods with his wife and only son, and the few dependents who were faithful enough to share his broken fortunes. Here, season after season, he fell deeper into misery; his followers died, or left him to eke out their own miserable subsistence in other parts of the country, but not before they had aided him in driving off two preys of cattle from the lands of Ephraim Stubbles. He was outlawed, of course; so that any man who wished might legally kill him, and get a reasonable reward for his head.

At last the indefatigable Ephraim Stubbles ferreted out Donal's retreat in the woods, surrounded the wretched hut early one morning with his confederates and followers, dragged out the poor old gentleman and his wife, and shot them at their own door. Young Donal Riagh, or the Swarthy, their son, would have shared the same fate as his parents, were it not that he was saved by a merciful and jolly old Round-head magistrate, who, instead of the draughts of the Word he had drunk so deep of in his youth, had taken in his latter days to jovial stoups of Schiedam and fuming tankards of October ale.

With the memory of his parents' fate for ever in his mind, it was no wonder that Donal Riagh, as he grew up, hated with his whole heart the son of their murderer. By his daring exploits against the Williamites, and by his hereditary influence amongst the people of the surrounding country, he had become the leader of a numerous band of Rapparees, by whose aid he was now planning to pay back the debt he owed to Master Grimshaw Stubbles. On the other hand, Grimshaw was by no means idle, and with his followers, and an occasional troop of dragoons from Mallow scoured the woods several times in search of his mortal foe. And thus matters stood between the two on a fine sunny morning in the beginning of August, 1690.

Grimshaw, accoutred in morion and corselet and the other warlike habiliments of his defunct father, was mounted outside his own gate. Around him were grouped several other horsemen,—namely, two or three officers from the garrison of Mallow, who had come all the way over to see the sport; about a-dozen other landholders of his own stamp, amongst whom might be seen Adam Blundel, the jolly old

toper who had saved the life of Donal Riagh; dependents, horse and foot, armed to the teeth, and ready for any cruelty, however atrocious; while behind, under the archway of the gate, stood a man, with a leathern leash in his hand, holding in check a brace of strapping, tawny bloodhounds.

"By my soul!"—said old Adam Blundel, who had long done away with the sanctimonious twang with which he was wont to garnish his words in the days of Cromwell—"but by my soul, and by the hand of Oliver! but I little thought that the boy whose life I saved twenty years ago should come to this,—that he should be chased, caught, and strung up, as he will, I fear, before the day is over."

"You fear?" remarked Grimshaw Stubbles, with a fierce and dissatisfied look; "what a tender heart you have got, Master Blundell!"

"I tell you what it is, Grimshaw," retorted the old toper, "from your father the drummer, up to Oliver the general, there was not a man in the army that had a harder heart than mine while I was filled with the Spirit; but"—

"But since you have taken to filling yourself with another kind of spirit," interrupted one of Adam's ancient bottle-companions, with a grim smile, "your heart is softening to mankind in general, especially to this damned Rapparee, Donal Riagh."

"Yes," remarked another, "we'll soon have him petitioning King William, I suppose, for the Rapparee's pardon, and for the lives of his followers, who harry our lands worse than their brothers, the wolves."

"Donal Riagh has never done harm to me or mine," returned the honest and blunt old magistrate, "and why should I pursue him to the death? I have come here to-day to prevent unnecessary bloodshed; and yet, as for Donal Riagh, I fear he must die at last, else there can be no peace in the country. Master Grimshaw here, however, knows that Donal has suffered enough wrong to drive a wiser man mad."

"Die!" exclaimed Grimshaw, unheeding the latter part of Old Blundel's remark, "ay, if he had twenty lives; and, if we catch him, he shall die to-day. But see, by heaven, Blundel! but the Lord has delivered the rebel dog into our hands without any trouble. For look yonder!" And he pointed towards a little wood, something more than a furlong in front of the house.

Blundel looked in the direction indicated; but his eyes were none of the best, and he could barely distinguish the figure of a man leaning against a tree. Not so with the eyes of Master Grimshaw; which were rendered doubly sharp by hate.

"Look, gentlemen all," continued he, "for there he stands yonder, and alone and unarmed; for that purpose, I know not. I suppose the Lord hath blinded him, so that he comes to us to sue for mercy, and imagines he shall obtain it. Unslip the hounds, Wattie; and away, gentlemen! It is a pleasure we can hunt at sight." And, with that, he threw his bridle loose, gave his horse the spur, and dashed off in the direction of the wood, followed by the others.

But Grimshaw Stubbles little knew the daring and subtle man he had to deal with. The moment he had given his horse the spur, Donal Riagh disappeared from beneath the tree, and darted through the wood; so that by the time his pursuers had gained the outskirts next the house he was at the opposite side, and running away with extraordinary swiftness over the sloping moorland that extended beyond. At the other side of this moorland, the country became rough and woody; and towards this wild fastness Donal Riagh was flying at full speed, when the two bloodhounds, with horse and foot behind them, burst with wild clamor from the copse, and stretched out eagerly and fiercely upon his track.

The moorland was soon crossed, and Donal disappeared in the rugged and stunted wood that skirted its opposite side. As he pushed onward, the wood, however, became denser, the trees more large and lofty, and the glens by which it was intersected more difficult and dangerous. Now and then his pursuers caught sight of him as he crossed some broken glade, but that was all. They continued, however, uncaringly upon his track; for they had only to follow the two bloodhounds that were all the while making the woody dells resound with their fierce baying. But Donal Riagh took it all very unconcernedly, pushing on and on, and drawing his pursuers deeper and deeper into the intricacies of that wild forest, with every foot of which he was so well acquainted.

After about an hour's chase, he plunged into a deep and wooded gorge, through the bottom of which a broken bridle-path led in through the innermost depths of the forest. Midway in this lonely ravine, he turned round a boulder of rock, plunged into the thick underwood that clothed its rugged side, and disappeared, just as the bloodhounds came about a hundred yards behind, making the whole forest ring with their loud and triumphant howling. On they came, their black noses scattering the fresh dew from the morning grass, till, just as they reached the crag around which Donal Riagh had turned, two stalwart young Rapparees darted out from

Empty.

the thicket, and pinned them to the ground with their light spears. A moment after, Grimshaw Stubbles and his followers dashed up the gorge, and halted beside the writhing bodies of the two luckless bloodhounds. Then came the loud pattering of petronel and musketoon from both sides of the gorge, and Donal Riagh and his vengeful Rapparees, with a wild and thrilling shout, rushed down upon the unfortunate Tory hunter and his comrades.

Let us now return to the house of Grimshaw Stubbles. Scarcely had that worthy and his confederates disappeared under the shades of the forest beyond the moorland, when a body of men, about forty in number, and led by Theige MacDonogh, Donal's lieutenant, rushed out from the little wood above mentioned, darted in through the open gateway, fell upon the scanty guard left behind, slew them to a man, and took possession of the house. After the proper military arrangements were made by Theige MacDonogh, who, by the way, had served as a cornet under King James, at the Battle of the Boyne,—the sentinel who stood guard at the gateway saw a horse tearing madly up the moorland and around the little wood, which his practised eye recognized instantly as that belonging to Master Grimshaw Stubbles. The fate of its master and most of his comrades in the wild forest-gorge may be easily guessed.

About the same moment, two horsemen might be seen riding at full speed, and in different directions from the fatal gorge. One was the jovial old toper, Adam Blundel, whose life had been, as a matter of course, spared by Donal Riagh; the other was one of the officers from Mallow, who had escaped, and who was riding now towards that town at his topmost speed, to bring out as many of the cavalry of the garrison as he could to the scene of the wild and fatal onslaught of the morning.

On the evening of that day, two troops of Williamite dragoons wound up the sylvan valley of the C'ydagh from Mallow, crossed by the little wood in front of Grimshaw's house, formed in line, and halted at the foot of Bottle Hill. A trumpeter was sent forward, after a slight delay, who rode directly onward to the front gate, and summoned the Rapparees to surrender without conditions. The garrison was now, however, strengthened by Donal Riagh and his followers, so that it somewhat outnumbered the Williamite force sent against it. The answer returned to the trumpeter, therefore, may be easily imagined. He rode back with a refusal, of course, to report to his commander.

Scarcely had the trumpeter reached the line, when a Rapparee horseman, with a white handkerchief on the point of his sword, dashed out from the gateway, and approached within talking distance of the Williamites.

"Our captain, the brave Donal Riagh MacCarthy, sent me forward," said he, addressing the officer who appeared to command the English dragoons, "to know how many sabres ye be to a man?"

"A very modest inquiry, indeed," exclaimed the Williamite captain, laughing. "May I ask, however, before I answer, for what purpose does your master ask the question?"

"For this," answered the Rapparee: "that for every sabre you have, Donal Riagh is willing to tell out the same number on this nice moorland, and then let both sides see it out, man to man, on horseback or on foot, before the sun sets beyond Mount Hillary."

"I have a hundred men besides myself and the three officers you see yonder," returned the English captain, delighted at the proposal. "Go back and tell your chief, or whatever he is, that I am happy to accede to what he proposes; that man and horse, I and my officers and my hundred men, will fight him and his officers and an equal number. Such, I believe, are the conditions. Stay for a moment," continued he with a sneer; "tell your captain that he may add fifty more to his number. We shall fight them, if they come out from their stone walls." The messenger went off at a brisk gallop, and soon rode in through the guarded gateway.

Most of the men under Donal Riagh, as well as Donal himself, had served in the cavalry of King James; so, after being disbanded for a time subsequent to the Battle of the Boyne, each, on his coming home, had taken care, along with keeping his arms and accoutrements, which he was allowed to do by his commanders, to provide himself also with a horse. And thus it happened that the deliberations of the English were soon disturbed by the martial strain of a cavalry trumpet, and immediately afterwards Donal Riagh was seen riding forth from the gate of Grimshaw Stubbles's house at the head of a hundred horsemen, with Theige MacDonogh and two other subordinate commanders by his side. The English trumpeter now sounded forth his challenge in return; and, in a few moments, the men on both sides sat their horses opposite one another, expecting the command to charge. It came; and then followed the thundering rush across the dry spot of moorland that lay between the belligerents, the crash of both lines as they closed in the deadly conflict, and, soon after the victorious shouts of the brave Rapparees, as the English, massing themselves together as closely as they could, began to retreat slowly over the hills, leaving about twenty of their number behind upon the field. After losing about half-a-dozen more of his men, the Williamite captain, who, all through the fight, showed himself a man of much judgment and mettle, at last succeeded in making his retreat into Mallow. On the side of the Rapparees about a dozen men fell. The horses and trappings of the slain dragoons were, however, an important addition to the armament of the gallant and victorious Donal Riagh MacCarthy, who, in the war that followed, became one of the most celebrated and successful Rapparee leaders in the south of Ireland.

Thus ended what we have called, at the head of this paper, the little battle of Bottle Hill. The story, though traditional, and though perhaps its details on that account cannot be

strictly relied upon, is still instructive, showing, as it does, how the Irish peasantry, when properly prepared, and acting in concert under a brave and skilful leader like Donal Riagh, can fight, and win even, on a fair field and man to man, against English or any other troops, no matter how high the valor and perfect the discipline of the latter.

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The London Times publishes a most interesting letter on the general aspects of the war, and the relative merits of the French and Prussian military systems. We make some extracts which our readers will find instructive and entertaining. The writer is evidently a citizen of the United States, a literary man, and one whose social position has brought him into close contact with European notabilities.—

"I have been now three days, and may yet have to remain still longer with the Staff of this advanced Cavalry Division, have messed and driven with the officers of the Staff, have conversed freely with them, have observed with much interest everything that passed under my eyes—never having before had an opportunity of witnessing war,—have been free in asking for all such information as could be asked for without infringement of the rules of delicacy, and have received ready and candid replies from gentlemen whom I have no hesitation in pronouncing as fine a set of fellows as I have ever had the pleasure of knowing,—have also circulated freely in the four French towns which I have thus inhabited for the night with these troops, conversing with numerous groups of people, &c., and I now propose to summarize a variety of matters which I have thus learnt about the system, discipline, and character of this Prussian army, and about facts of this campaign in regard to which statements inconceivably false have been given by the Paris papers. I have only to add that it was impossible to doubt the perfect good faith and truthfulness of the gentlemen with whom I conversed—sometimes with one, sometimes with another, sometimes with several. I was desirous, as a neutral observer, friendly to both, interested to know the truth of all this great history which is passing around us, to get at the real facts, and to verify them by personal observation to the utmost extent in my power. I do not believe there is much, if any, material error in the following summary of the results of my inquiries and observations. This letter, before being used, will be submitted for verification, as also for authority thus to publish matters of unreserved private conversation.

"The systematic mendacity which has been kept up by the late Government of France, both in their public statements and in their inspirations to the Press, is something perfectly astounding. From the very outset they have had nothing but defeat and disaster, and yet it was necessary to conceal or distort all this for fear of that very catastrophe to the Imperial regime which could no longer be withheld. The defeats had to be palliated to the astonishment and irritated pride of Paris and of France by stories of the three, five, tenfold superiority of the German troops on the spot, and by fabulous accounts of the terrific carnage made by the French heroes in the ranks of the overwhelming enemy. Bazaine's continuance under the walls of Metz was bold and profound strategy, in order to hold back the Prussians from advancing on Paris, so as to give time to Paris for preparation, and did not at all proceed from his being intercepted, and from the impossibility of escape. MacMahon's movement from Chalons by the circuitous railway route of Rethel, Mezieres, and Sedan, to reach Montmedy, was a great manoeuvre, which had to be kept secret from the public in the interest of its success, as if the Prussians did not know all about his every step through their admirable system of daring and distant scouting. The two Marshals were in constant communication at a time when nothing but a bird could get in or out of the beleaguered Metz. With a little patriotic patience Paris would soon see what she should see, and everything was going on as well and satisfactorily as could be desired. If the Government were only at liberty to tell all it knew, Paris would illumine. Meanwhile, such feats of heroism were being achieved as the history of war has never before had to tell—heroism delightful in the present reading, and full of assurance for the future. The Prussian forces were daily melting away before the chassepots, the mitrailleuses, typhus, dysentery, and foot-soreness, and the relative numbers of four or five to one would soon come down to equality or two to one, which was quite enough to turn the tide of victory in favour of the irresistible furia francese. Not less than 200,000 Germans were hors de combat before the 18th. The army of Steinmetz was destroyed, and himself removed from his command in consequence. Such were the representations by which Paris was kept entertained, expectant, and exultant even in the midst of unconcealable reverses. Germany was already exhausted of men and resources. A little more patience; a thousand million more francs; no need of arming all the National Guard and Mobs, but only a gradual and distrustful arming of the more right-thinking portions of them; no need of allowing them to elect their own officers; no need of opening the manufacture and trade of arms. The mitrailleuses and chassepots were still there; Bazaine and impregnable Metz were there; MacMahon was there; the two were soon to join hands, and crush the enemy between their combined attacks in front and rear; the Emperor was there, even in spite of the denials that he had anything to do with the effective command; though the true reason was that he could not return to that Paris he was doomed, and self-doomed, never to see more. The English and Belgian newspapers had all been bought up by Bismarck. King William's telegrams to Queen Augusta were all lies, and every Prussian victory was a fresh French glory. Thus was anxious, passionate, patriotic Paris, and behind Paris this was all France, kept amused and lapped in a fool's paradise of hope against hope, of confidence in despair, of triumph in humiliation. I was in Paris through all of it, and no one could resist being in some degree impressed by it all. It seemed impossible that it could be all falsehood. The newspapers too, naturally played their own spontaneous part. Writers accustomed to dip facile and eloquent pens in imaginative ink for the daily production of sensational articles, narratives, or feuilleton tales, for the daily entertainment of the public—writers themselves deceived by the systematic deception kept up by the Government—fabricated wonderful inventions, and manufactured most plausible letters, in the spirit of the same policy; at once indulging their own powers of fine French writing, and rendering, as they supposed, good service to the cause of patriotism by inflating a necessary but gaseous confidence and stimulating the public ardour. And yet the following are the real facts of the war, as assured me by the gentleman above referred to, under the circumstances above mentioned:—

"The entire German force which has entered France has been no more than about 450,000. This does not exhaust the first line, or *armes actives*, whose depot battalions are yet at home, while leaving the Landwehr and Landsturm still untouched. Their total losses, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, up to this day have been from 45,000 to 50,000, and no more, if as much as that. Their battalions of 1,000 men still count from 900 to 950. "Their health has been remarkably good. The weather has been very favourable to them, and they have had less than an average number of sick.

"Instead of having lost in the proportions of from two to seven to one in the battles, as always believed in Paris, they estimate the French killed and wounded at full 30,000 more than their own, while their prisoners have been (including Sedan) about 150,000, against 1,500 lost by them, of whom over 700 have been surrendered back at Metz in order to economize the failing provisions of the place.

"The terrific drama of the Quarries of Jaumont, near Metz, where 20,000 Prussians were represented to have been precipitated into an abyss with vertical sides and a depth of 100 feet, and afterwards buried *en masse* with sand by Belgian peasants employed at 10 francs a day, while groans yet issued from the mass on the fourth day after the catastrophe, a catastrophe which caused many French soldiers who witnessed it to burst into tears, &c., was all pure fiction. These gentlemen did not even recognize the name of Jaumont, and broke into the most genuine laughter when I seriously related the awful story. They had all been actively engaged in the Metz battles in the first line, and were certain that ten Prussians could not have fallen into any quarry without their having known it. As a military possibility they pointed out the absurdity of the story, and yet Bazaine had been made to say in a telegram published by the Government that he had culled a Prussian corps into the quarries of Jaumont. An imaginative writer had afterwards filled in graphic details, representing himself as having fainted at the sight, as having his ears still filled with the scream of agony which rose from 20,000 men in one awful sound, with the theatrical point made that four French peasants, whose houses had been burnt and their wives outraged, had led the Prussians to that spot, and then caused Carobert to come into the rear of the gulf and play his cannon on the pillars of the quarried galleries over which they stood, &c.

"It is not true that the Prussian victories have been due solely to superiority of numbers. Good generalship has sometimes given them that superiority on the spot of encounter which it was always the great object of the first Napoleon to obtain. At the battle of Vionville, for instance, on the 16th Bazaine tried to break away for Verdun with his whole army of five Corps, which ought therefore to have been a single Prussian corps of 30,000, in a defensive position, up to about 3 o'clock in the day, when a second corps was got up to its support, and the Prussians advanced their positions on the field about 3,000 paces, or a mile and a half, and effectually cut off Bazaine's escape.

"They despise the mitrailleuse in comparison with their own field artillery. It is a formidable engine for defence, but little so for attack. It throws its mass of balls straight forward within a very small space, and without scattering, and is not easily swerved to the right or left. They have had three or four men and seven horses struck by a discharge, all having received three or four superfluous balls. The small long steel rifled guns of the Prussians carry further than the French field guns, and scatter their grape or burst their shells. The French shells and grenades explode by time fuses and frequently not at all, while the Prussians burst with great certainty on impact, whether against a man or the ground, scattering forward and around. The practice of their artillery is the more accurate of the two in aim.

"The chassepot is a very fine gun if well handled. Its range is far superior to the needle-gun. They have had men hurt by it at 2,000 paces. But the soldiers use it badly. They do not aim from the shoulder, but from the side; they have, therefore, no aim at all, except towards masses of the enemy. This proceeds, probably, from its kicking strongly. They begin to fire from a useless distance, and then very rapidly, so as to heat the gun and exhaust their cartridges before they come to the real brunt of the battle. The intelligent and thoughtful Prussian reserves his fire till within a sure hitting distance, 200 to 300 paces, and then aims deliberately from the shoulder. In general he is a more practised marksman.

"For the French cavalry in general they express a great contempt. They admit that it behaved well at Sedan and at Woerth, but they say the general rule is that the French cavalry withdraws at the sight of theirs. I asked about the oft-repeated cavalry charges said by the French papers to have been made at Woerth or Wissembourg, one colonel of Cuirassiers being said to have charged 17 times. They laughed at this as the absurd piece of rhodomontade ever imagined. Those Cuirassiers may have charged twice to cover the retreat of MacMahon's broken forces, but that was good conduct for any cavalry. The force of this 6th division is five (about 600 men each), two Ulians (Lancers), two Hussars, blue and red, and one white Cuirassiers. With them are two batteries of mounted artillery, and one battalion of Chasseurs, whose most important function is that of clearing the woods, &c., in advance of the march of the cavalry along the roads. The baggage (remarkably small in quantity) is conveyed by carts, horses, and men taken by requisition in France their own having been sent back. Their horses are generally very fine. They are of a peculiar Prussian race, of good height, with beautiful and remarkably uniform heads, bright quiet eyes, deep long shoulders, clean fine legs, not particularly broad-chested, but round-bellied and straight backed. They are said to be extremely enduring, as well as swift. I have never seen so fine a breed of cavalry horses. It is far superior to the mingled varieties of the French horses. They are in good condition after all their active campaign, sometimes a little thin, perhaps, but none the worse for that. The men are fond of the horses and take the best care of them.

"I had heard a deal in Paris about Prussian boots said to be inferior to the French shoes and gaiters, and that, worn without stockings and rarely taken off, they created a great deal of footsoreness, and made the troops heavy and slow. This is all rubbish. Their boots are elastic, well-made, and waterproof. Our first day's march was 40 kilometres, 25 miles. I was assured they could easily keep this up, and experience no difficulty in making 48. They do wear good stockings, like to others Christians. The officers claim that they are much more active and mobile than the French soldiers. They carry less weight, dispensing with tents and sleeping in the towns and villages, where they of course make themselves comfortable. They are superior in height to the French. They are all young men, from 20 to 28, except a few more elderly officers. The Duke, their General, is about 40. The fair florid complexion and light or reddish beard are almost universal from general downward. I was struck by the pervading kindness of smile and expression, and general tranquillity of manner. A pipe or cigar occupies many a mouth on the march, while many another takes part in the national songs, usually of sober melody, with which they beguile the way. *Der Wacht am Rhein* is the reigning favourite.

"They claim another important point of advantage over the French,—namely, that a much better friendly rapport exists between the officers and the men. Certainly the men have a self-respectful bearing, and I have never witnessed any roughness or overbearingness on the part of officers towards them. The Prussian military system carries everybody, without distinction of wealth or social position, through the ranks for three years. There are thus counts, barons, professors, members of the learned professions, and sons of wealthy families in the ranks as common soldiers. This, coupled with the fact that all (except a few still from Schleswig and from Posen) can read and write, and are, therefore, more or less intelligent and thoughtful, ought naturally to produce the result thus claimed. At the same time the presence of such a sprinkling of persons of superior culture and manners must produce the effect of elevating and moralizing the

whole body. Their minister tells me that they are generally religious. Under the French conscription the upper classes, for the most part, keep out of the service. About 2100 buys a substitute. The ranks are necessarily filled from the poorer and in France totally uneducated classes. They are brave, reckless, and impetuous enough, of course, being Frenchmen. As uneducated Frenchmen, too, they are necessarily irreligious, loud-talking, self-asserting, and vain, and prone to violence tending towards brutality, not so much in manners as in morals. With such a soldiery cultivated officers cannot be so very friendly terms nor in close rapport. And this is one of the most important elements of military efficiency.

"They consider the French much less steady in the field than their own troops. A French battalion once repulsed is rarely brought up to the attack a second time; the Germans easily again and again. I mentioned having heard from our famous General Scott that nothing was more rare in war than the crossing of two bayonets; that moral force carried the day; and that by the time the distance was narrowed to a few paces, if the attacking column had not been beaten back by the fire, but kept up the charge with the moral fire on their countenances, the recipient body, whose front rank was of the same number of men, generally gave way carrying with them as they broke those who were behind them. These gentlemen said that the Prussians received as well as delivered the bayonet charge very firmly; that the Austrians did the same, and that bayonet crossing was frequent at Sedowa. In point of this steadiness, they consider the Austrians and also the Danes superior to the French. They recognized the impetuous *elan* of which the French speak so much, but they considered the fame of the *furia francese* very much exaggerated by the phrase itself.

"They regard France as having now no army (that of Bazaine at Metz being as good as in their hands) and scarcely any efficient war material left. The National Guards, both Mobile and Sedentaire, they regard as rubbish, in a military point of view. They relate how, at a village named Citry (I believe), a squadron of their cavalry, with a battery, came into contact with two battalions of Mobiles; that two shots, at about a kilometre of distance, dispersed one of the battalions, though, owing to unusually bad aiming, nobody was hit; that the other battalion stood, but at once on the squadron (about 100 men) putting itself in motion for a charge, broke also without firing a shot, though armed with the *Fusils a tabatiere*, which fire quite as fast as the chassepot, and took refuge in the houses and cellars of the village, out of which they were in many cases drawn by the legs, and that with numbers reversed—that is to say, 100 infantry of good troops, so armed, ought to have repulsed the charge of 500 cavalry.

"They do not think MacMahon is a man to command an army, though a good and brave officer at the head of a corps in line. Bazaine they regard as a better commander. The Emperor Napoleon III. no soldier at all, in regard to whom it was absurd for him to undertake strategical command. Trochu has yet to prove himself, being hitherto known only as a subordinate, and as a good writer and military critic. Changarnier, besides being inextricably shut up in Metz, they regard as too old for much use. They said their Royal Princes were all excellent soldiers and commanders, the Crown Prince, Frederick William, the Prince Frederick Charles, and the Prince Royal of Saxony, each at the head of a separate army, and all under the supreme direction of their King, also a complete soldier, with his Staff of masterly strategists, of whom the silent Moltke is the chief.

"I asked whether they regarded the surrender at Sedan of so large an army a justifiable military act, and whether, in the circumstances of the country and the capital, it ought not rather to have cut its way out at the expense of half its numbers. It had struck me as rather an inglorious act. They answered that it was not so. They were enclosed within a circle of heights crowned with 600 pieces of the crushing Prussian artillery. They might have been annihilated, but no portion could then have broken out. They ought not to have been got into such a position, but, once there, there was no getting out of it.

"The Germans say they never wished for this war, but that it was forced upon them. Under their military system, and with their knowledge of the Emperor and distrust of him, they always kept themselves in readiness, never knowing the moment when it might fall upon them. The Emperor had understood nothing of Germany, nor the German people, character, and sentiment. He had absurdly calculated on aid from Austria, on coldness, if not more, from the States of South Germany, and on a condition of things in Hanover, &c., which would have required Prussia to keep at home a large portion of her force to restrain the people of those States. Here was his fatal mistake, to which was added an exaggerated reliance on his chassepots and mitrailleuses.

"I have reserved for the conclusion of this letter a point which I have observed and studied with the closest attention,—the behaviour of these troops in the country through which they pass. I well know what was too generally that of the Northern troops in the South in our own civil war, and that of the French in invaded countries during the wars of the first Empire. I have been surprised at the admirable conduct of these people.

SHUT UP IN METZ.

LIFE IN A BELAUGUERED FORTRESS—HORSE STEAKS AND DONKEY LIVER FOR FOOD.

The Manchester Guardian says:— We have three or four letters from our correspondent who is shut up in Metz. We subjoin a transcript of the greater part of one written to a friend in Manchester, and dated September 26:

My dear M.—This comes, like all other good things from above, for it is sent by a balloon. As I have been unable to find any other means of communicating I have started balloon post. Some, I know, have fallen into the enemy's hands, but I hope they have been kind enough to forward them, though as we have already sent off 80,000 letters it is a task. To get out of this is impossible, to remain wearisome. We have but rumors of the outer world, and eat horses. I had a delicate dish of donkey's liver for breakfast.

In a brief note of the 27th Sept., addressed to ourselves, our correspondent says:—"I am still here, without immediate knowledge as to when I shall get out of it. My intention is to try again as soon as possible." Another letter of the 28th Sept., written to a near relative, is as follows:—

My Dear —, We are still shut up here, without much possibility of being relieved until some peace is made, as Prussia is determined to hold this as a material guarantee until her demands are complied with. Thank God, I am quite well, and horseflesh is quite plentiful, and we have good stores of bread. But I can tell you that I shall never again call anything common or unclean in the way of edibles.—Beef and mutton have long been unknown; pork is 5s. a pound; butter passed out of memory; and cheese, sugar and salt, and a hundred other things usually considered as necessities, are regarded as vanities, of which it is wholly useless to think.—But we are contented, and accept our lot with philosophical resignation.

We have also received, in an envelope posted at Tours on the 2nd October, three other letters written to ourselves on a thin paper backed with a fine cloth, and faced with oil, which would appear to have formed part of the fabric of a balloon. These communications, which bear earlier dates than those

which have been quoted (viz. September 18 and 19), state nothing of public interest, except that at those dates Metz was "healthy, strong, and determined," and that on the 16th and 17th balloons containing respectively 8,000 and 25,000 letters had been sent up.

The Times correspondent gives a lively sketch of Strasbourg and its population after the capitulation:—

It was like trying to transact business in London on the Derby day, so I determined to follow all the world, and get into Strasbourg too, if possible—permit or no permit. As one approached the town other accessories reminded one of the Derby day. From every cross-road and village bye-way strings of pedestrians were streaming into the high road, and scores of light country carts, filled with peasants men, women, and children, raised clouds of dust sufficiently like those on "the road" to make the journey far from pleasant. The weather was quite the weather for a gala day—nothing could be brighter or finer; but it was the only gay and bright element in the scene. The people had no holiday-making look about them; they were in their working-day clothes; there was no laughter or merriment, and the general expression on their faces was a strange mixture of astonishment and curiosity. They had not yet recovered their surprise and curiosity, that, after all, their great provincial capital, their mighty fortress—to them, of course, the mightiest in the world, and the bulwark of France—had really passed into the hands of the enemy. "*Eyfin la France est perdue!*" was the remark of my driver, and the sentiment was legibly written on the faces of all these pilgrims. Strasbourg had fallen; for weeks they had heard afar off the sound of the guns which were working out this *dénoûment*, and now they were thronging to see by what tremendous demolition and ruin so incredible a catastrophe had befallen. Coming to a point in the highway where a road diverges, leading through the village of Schiltigheim, our procession was halted, and for the third time in this campaign I beheld the spectacle of an army, disarmed on its own soil, being led away captive into the country of the enemy. Here was the whole garrison of Strasbourg en route for Rastadt. What their entire strength was I do not know. I have heard it estimated at 17,000; I certainly saw 10,000 myself, but the passage of the road had commenced some time before I came up to the point. In an instant all horses and vehicles were left to look after themselves, and there was a general rush across the fields to get to the side of the road along which the prisoners were passing. There were men of all arms in their ranks, even from the Spahi to the Douanier, but I should say that quite a half were Gardes Mobiles. They looked very different from the other two captive processions I had seen near Sedan and in Belgium. There were no marks of wear and tear about them,—here and there a bandaged arm or a limping leg, but at very rare intervals,—and the general look of the procession suggested rude health, ample fare, and only sufficient work to keep all the bodily functions in good order. It was obvious that, if General Ulrich had burnt his last cartridge, the other boasted condition of his surrender could scarcely have been achieved. The Mobiles were, I suppose, principally from the district. They had many friends and sympathizers among the wayside crowd. Many a warm greeting and hand-shake might be observed, and every now and then a raid was made into the ranks—a benevolent raid, from which the raiders came back shutting up emptied purses. The ladies were occasionally a little troublesome. In one instance a Mobile, who must have been a sort of Captain Macheath, was reached by a couple of fair friends who each secured an arm and proceeded to march away with him to his captivity, and it required some little goodhumoured roughness on the part of the escort to induce the fair devotees to go back to the place whence they came. There was, however, very little of the melodramatic about the whole scene. A few tears among the female bystanders were naturally to be expected, but the captives themselves had a perfectly commonplace air, neither of bravado nor of depression, and marched along briskly enough, many of them carrying their ramrods. One scurvy-looking rascal, who might have sat for the portrait of Judas, slouted "*Trahison!*" in an explanatory and apologetic way to the on-lookers, and an intoxicated cynic hiccupped "*The L'Infidélité!*" but, otherwise, there was no demonstration. Beheld for the first time, such a spectacle is full of interest and even of pathos, but it is astonished and almost ashamed to find how it falls upon a repetition. But, after all, it is natural enough. When the catastrophe of a drama is thoroughly foreseen, the repetition of similar episodes, which cannot materially affect it, lose their adventures interest, and iteration becomes, if not "damnable iteration," at all events, tame and unexciting. One found oneself looking at this spectacle with only the same kind of interest as is excited by an historical picture often seen before.

At all the hotels, for a day or two after the occupation, the effects of the siege still made themselves felt in high prices, and a certain absence of what is generally considered butcher's meat. I found several officers of my acquaintance dining at the Maison Rouge; there were ten sitting together at one table, each with a portion of *pate de foie gras* before him. I asked for the *carte*. Nothing to be had but *pate de foie gras* and preserved peas at 3f. the portion. "No beef or mutton to precede." "Absolutely none." "If you wished," said the waiter, with a little hesitation, "you could have a beefsteak." I said that was just what I did wish, and the so-called beefsteak was brought and quickly eaten. It was horseflesh all the same, and my first dinner in Strasbourg was a curiously antithetical meal and full of local savour, consisting as it did of the horseflesh of Strasbourg threatened with starvation, and the *pate de foie gras* of Strasbourg, producing luxuries for the gourmets of all Europe.

After dinner I went to look at the stables of the hotel, and, wishing to buy a horse, asked the proprietor whether horses were dear in Strasbourg.—"They are sold," he replied, "at the rate of one franc and a half a pound."

A MAORI LAW COURT.

The Times Correspondent gives an amusing description of this tribunal lately established in New Zealand, to try cases arising out of disputes about titles to land. We make some extracts:—

This useful Court was in full session at Shortland in February last. As I informed you in a recent letter, Shortland is the principal town at the Thames goldfields. Here, although three years back the spot was a desert, are now long streets, well-stocked shops of every kind, theatres, churches, and taverns innumerable; "busses" and cabs are carrying folk from one end of the town to the other, more than a mile and a half, at 6d. a head. It was by the merest accident that I discovered the Court was sitting, for the general current of talk was on shares and claims and yields and scrip and dividends. But as I strolled about the streets I encountered a large number of Maoris, apparently in their best clothes, and who did not seem to be either diggers or speculators, or people having business like the common run of Pakhota townfolk. I passed one middle-aged Maori lady walking along the principal street dressed in silks and satins, and with a little fashionable patch of bonnet on her head and natty boots on her feet altogether as accurate and modern as Bond-street or the Boulevards could supply. The lady was of course very brown, not handsome, but with a style and carriage quite free and easy under all her finery. The general effect was, I must admit, somewhat

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Friday, 4—St. Charles, B. C.
Saturday, 5—Of the Octave.
Sunday, 6—Twenty-second after Pentecost.
Monday, 7—Of the Octave.
Tuesday, 8—Octave of All Saints.
Wednesday, 9—Dedication of Basilica of St. Saviour's.
Thursday, 10—St. Andrew Avellino, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Metz has fallen at last. On Thursday the 27th ult., Marshal Bazaine capitulated, and thus a force variously estimated at from 150,000 to 170,000 men surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the German army. Want of provisions for further prolonged defence is stated as the cause of this, to France, fresh calamity. We give below the particulars as they have been forwarded to us by cable telegraph:—

New York, Oct. 28.—A correspondent before Metz, on the 26th, telegraphs:—Five days ago, General Coffinieres, commandant of the city and fortress of Metz, informed Marshal Bazaine, commanding the army, that he could supply no more provisions, and that the Marshal's army must shift for itself; thereupon, Bazaine ordered his outposts to cease firing on the Prussian pickets, and tacitly allowed his men to desert in groups of a dozen or two at a time. On the afternoon of the 24th, trustworthy information came from Metz, by a civilian spy, that an outbreak *en masse* would be made during the night toward Gravelotte, as Bazaine's offers to capitulate with the army alone had been repeatedly and contemptuously refused. The outbreak was to be made without hope of saving any organized force, but simply to enable the superfluous mouths to get beyond the German lines and force them to pursue them. By this means it was intended to hold the fortress a little longer with a small garrison; but at seven in the evening Bazaine had succeeded in convincing Coffinieres that the blood shed necessarily attending such an attempt was too dear a price to pay for a few weeks prolongation of resistance. A messenger was then sent to Prince Frederick Charles, intimating the intention of the fortress to capitulate. This was the first proposition ever made, including the fortress and outside army. Accordingly, at midnight, the Prussian troops, which had been massed silently towards Gravelotte, received orders to retire to their camps. Yesterday afternoon, Changarnier, with a plenipotentiary, spent an hour, with the Prince and departed much disturbed, excusing some absent-mindedness of his own, by saying, no wonder the Prince was so severe. By arrangement at this meeting, General Stillele, Col. Von Herzaning, chief of staff and Quartermaster General of the Prince's army, rode to Fescay Chateau, three miles south of Metz, just within the Prussian lines, whither two French commanders, with Humbert, 2nd in command of the fortress, had been brought by the Prussian field-post chaise. The meeting lasted from six to seven in the evening, and resulted only in parting with an agreement that the disputed points were to be re-discussed this noon. Matters were so far advanced, that the second corps received marching orders for Paris yesterday noon, and started early in the evening; other troops were concentrated at the nearest attainable points to Metz last night to prevent desertion *en masse*. Bazaine's last means of prolonging negotiations. At two this morning, moving masses covered the roads and fields. No disturbance occurred; none of the troops suspected the truth.

This surrender of course sets free the large force with which Metz has been invested, to carry on its operations either against Paris, or the army said to be forming on the Loire. At Paris affairs have not greatly changed since our last. The Prussians have not got their heavy guns into position, and the threatened bombardment cannot begin for some days. The garrison makes continual sorties, but these have had no decisive results. The city we are told is amply provisioned for two months; and if the Prussians rely upon starving it out, they have before them the prospects of a severe winter campaign. It would of course be folly to attempt to predict the result, but the chances at present do not seem to be in favor of the besieging army.

The internal condition of France is very gloomy. The extreme Red Republicans, and the Socialists are menacing, and the old devil of '93 is again at work. The following extracts from the *Times*' correspondence will throw some light on the situation, political, social and religious; of the more advanced anti-Catholic or Protesting party in France:—

Already sundry protests have appeared in the papers against the constant cry of "reaction" which has become the shibboleth of the extreme "Reds,"

who have had the audacity to propose that all persons suspected of reactionary tendencies should be arrested, as enemies to the Republic—in other words, who are attempting to establish a despotism infinitely more obnoxious to the respectability of the country, and fatal to the best interest of freedom, than that of the Empire. A witty little sheet paper this morning complains:—

"It is incredible how constantly nowadays we are threatened with the bugbear of reaction. Venture in a public meeting to maintain that this famous *levée en masse*, which consists in sending men between the ages of 18 and 60 to be butchered in droves, is a *bellie*, since it is impossible to provide arms, ammunition, and provisions for six hundred thousand men—you are denounced as a reactionary. Manifest the smallest doubt in regard to the military and political qualities of Citizen Cluseret—you are called a reactionary. Question the expediency of the election of the officers in the army by the men—you are denounced as reactionary. In fact, fall in any degree to approve the acts of ex-Committee of Public Safety (happily now extinct), and you are instantly denounced as reactionary."

If the sensible and moderate part of the community expect to hold their ground against the terrorism of the roughs, it is only by making a resolute stand now that they can hope to succeed.

The bourgeoisie, having failed at the critical moment to take the initiative, are unable to recover the ground they have lost, and the supreme authority of Lyons at this moment is practically in the hands of the "roughs." Intensely antipathetic to the Middle Class, towards whom, as being rich and prosperous, they entertain the same feelings of jealousy and hostility which induced them to slaughter 80 years ago the aristocracy of France, they look with suspicion upon every capitalist and employer of labour. "*La propriété, c'est le vol*," is the underlying sentiment now as it was then; and the political and social programme of the men who may be said to govern Lyons at this moment is more completely subversive of the existing religious, civil, and economic conditions of society than anything known in the bloody days of 1793. At present the pressure of half a million of Germans occupying the country, and the fact that the working classes are conscious of having the mastery over the bourgeoisie whenever it suits them to use it, keep them quiet; but even if this illusory calm last until peace is made with the enemy, it will only prove to be the lull which precedes the storm. I do not see how France is to escape a Revolution, the pent-up forces of which are gathering strength and intensity by the very necessity of their prolonged repression.

I have before me at this moment a tract called "The Republican Prayer," and which contains three parodies—one of the Lord's Prayer, supposed to be addressed to the Emperor, and beginning, "Our Father who art not in heaven, or ever likely to be," and going on in a strain too blasphemous for me to repeat; another, entitled "The Apostles' Creed"; and a third, "The Confession of Sins." Unfortunately, the cleverness with which a close resemblance is maintained with the original, combined with the utter licentiousness of the ideas which are conveyed, has secured for this disgraceful production an extensive sale.

There is little to report from Rome. The Sovereign Pontiff, whom neither threats can intimidate, nor lying professions of respect and affection cajole, remains still virtually a prisoner, and his City is at the mercy of the thieves and bandits who entered it along with the Piedmontese army of invasion, and whom the correspondent of the *London Standard*, a Protestant paper he it remembered, happily styles the "pioneers of the great pacific invasion;" these "pioneers" consisting of escaped convicts, thieves and prostitutes—all ardent Liberals of course, as for the most part thieves and knaves are. In the words of the writer in the *Standard*:—"Of course, a pretty sprinkling of the followers of callings unmentionable to ears polite, and their respective staffs" swell the ranks of this pacific invading army, and as a necessary consequence Rome is given up to all uncleanness. Obscene prints, obscene pamphlets, are exposed conspicuously for sale, now that the Papal tyranny which repressed these things is removed—in company with Protestant translations of the Bible, evangelical tracts, and Ben D'Israeli's *Lothair*. Mariolatry is suppressed; but the worship of the Syrian Venus, and the lewd rites of Pagan Rome seem about to be resuscitated with more than their ancient pomp. This is what the Revolution, and the Italian Reformation have done for Rome. The following extracts from the Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who he it noticed gives names, and condescends to particulars, will be read with interest. The facts may be denied of course; but to what heights of mendacity the partisans of the Revolution attain may be seen from a letter on our sixth page, which we copy from the *London Times*, and which exposes the infamous falsehoods that have been circulated by the Liberal press with respect to the action of the Roman nobles, and their attitude towards their legitimate Sovereign. Here is then the testimony of an eye-witness to the actual state of Rome:—"Many of the Piedmontese troops it will be seen behaved like Christians, and brave soldiers, but these were a minority in Rome:—

Scarcely had the capitulation been signed on the 26th, than thousands of released convicts from the hulks of Civita Vecchia, Civita Castellana, and Paganio, who had accompanied the invading army appeared in the streets. Returning from the round of the ambulances of Porta Maggiore and Porta Pia with the excellent Comte de Lauriston and two Jesuit novices, our carriage was surrounded by a mob of these respectable patriots, and though all of us wore the cross of Geneva it did not save the two young novices especially from being hissed and threatened by the crowd. One of these, M. d'Euterghan (an ex-Zouave), was recognized and escaped with difficulty. M. de St. Priest and Dr. Vincenti, both attached to the ambulance of Marie Reparatrice, were surrounded on the Piazza Barberina while assisting the wounded, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Later in the afternoon matters became worse still. Private houses were sacked in search for Zouaves supposed to be hidden by their friends. Lieutenant Bach, the hero of Monte Libretti, and Captain de la Hoyd, whose gallantry at Porta Pia had made him conspicuous, were nearly murdered, having gone by authorization of General Cadorna to their own rooms to take away their property; and the scene presented by the entry of the Zouave

prisoners on being marched from Porta Pia to Porta del Popolo was something so ignoble it could only have happened in Italy. So many of the gallant men who were the object of the sectarian fury are among you that you have, no doubt, received more rapid details than I can give; and as Messieurs Koyes O'Clery, Woodward, Lynch, and Vavasour will ere this have reached London, as well as Captain de la Hoyd, you will no doubt receive invaluable details from them from their personal experience, which we trust you will make as public as possible. About three o'clock the Piedmontese troops had taken possession of all the positions occupied by the Pontifical army. I witnessed the entry of a large division of them at Porta Pia, and can bear witness as to the composition of the crowd which went to meet them. It consisted of all the scum of Rome, of an immense number of Jews, and of all the worst class of women dressed in scarves and ribbons of tricolour, and shouting like so many furies of '93. It was with the greatest difficulty we accomplished our sad mission of recovering the body of the young Comte de Giry, not on account of the Bersaglieri, who were, to do them justice, far from discourteous or inhuman, but from the Roman rabble, and the "avocati," and "mercanti di Campagna," who had assumed its leadership. The gentleman who accompanied me (an officer of the ambulance) told me he had never seen such a scene even on the barricades of Paris in 1848, and I can well believe it. The very tricolours of the guillotine would scarcely have insulted the dead as the well-dressed Italian men and women did. At Porta Salara two poor young Zouaves, who had fallen on the walls, were literally cut to pieces, so that there was no chance of our identifying them. The Bersaglieri looked on in disgust, but evidently had no orders to prevent this and other horrors perpetrated by the cowardly people, to whom the Zouaves have been for ten years past as angels of charity and self-devotedness.

The same scenes were renewed on the 21st, 22d, 23rd, and 24th. The ambulance of Marie Reparatrice was threatened, the Irish College was broken into, the Gesù was searched for arms (and so was the French Seminary. Private houses were not respected, and several might be named belonging to the English Catholic residents, which were threatened with mob perquisitions. Never was the presence of coming to "maintain order" so absurdly belied! An invading army, preceded by 10,000 convicts and scum of the population, among whom, in spite of all demials, Ponz di San Martino had left large sums for distribution with the Roman committees of action, is not exactly the force to ensure peace or decency, and what is the worst part of it we are only at the beginning of the disorder, and I cannot sufficiently warn friends at home of coming to Italy this winter. The order maintained during the year here by the Pontifical gendarmerie has disappeared. Outrages, murders, and infractions of the public peace are of hourly occurrence in spite of the presence of 80,000 regular troops, and the acts of cowardly cruelty we have to record and witness are so numerous they would pass all limit of your space. I may mention one which has come under my own notice. M. Alexandre d'Elba, a young Belgian Zouave of an excellent family of Ghent, was ill in the barracks of Santa Marta, near the Roman College, the morning of the engagement, and was unable to leave with his company. The Bersaglieri, finding him there too ill to walk, carried him to the hospital of San Giacomo, but, unhappily, did not take their arms; and being only two, were unable to defend him. They met a mob of escaped convicts with patriotic devices and banners in the Corso, and these wretches, hounded on by the Roman National Committee, composed of well-to-do citizens, attacked the poor Zouave, beat him, ill as he was, burnt him with lighted sticks and cigar ends, and it was with difficulty the two Piedmontese soldiers got him into the hospital, where he now lies with severe small-pox, aggravated by the cowardly ill-treatment he has received, and of which I have the details from the Bersaglieri who brought him there, and who were as indignant as any one could be at the Roman rabble and this cowardly cruelty. On the 22nd, I had occasion to traverse the city while one of the "patriotic" demonstrations was passing, and not wishing to find myself in the middle of it I went to the house of a friend, which was fortunately at hand, and of which the owner was an ex-officer of Roman gendarmerie. Looking through the window at the crowd, who were shouting "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Abasso il Papa!*" he pointed out to me numbers of notorious criminals. One whom I myself know by sight—a workman condemned to penal servitude for life for murdering his wife a few months since—carried the banner, and was loudest in his patriotic cries.

Such are the realities of the present situation—of the progress, order and humanity on which the revolution is said to be based. Every law of nations, every maxim of honour, philanthropy, and order (we put aside charity and decency as out of the question at present), have been deliberately violated and set at naught. A terrible day of reckoning is at hand in Italy, social as well as political, and her utter degradation has never been more fatally apparent than in her acts since the forcible annexation of Rome.

Much anxiety as to the designs of Russia is felt in diplomatic circles. Every thing would seem to indicate that the traditional policy of Russia as towards Turkey will be carried out; and that ere long Constantinople will become the capital of a Pan-Slavonic Empire, so that with the keys of the Dardanelles at her belt, Russia will be mistress of the Mediterranean, and the Isthmus of Suez canal. There is nothing now to prevent her realising her long cherished dream. France is, if not crushed, yet for the season, *hors de combat*. Single-handed, as the Crimean campaign showed, Great Britain is unable to cope with Russia in the East; and should conscientious scruples arise in the breast of the Czar as to the propriety of attacking a neighbor to whom he is bound by treaty engagements, and against whom he has no *casus belli* to urge, he will find a precedent in the late wanton attack of Victor Emmanuel upon the Sovereign Pontiff; and a full justification, in the applause with which the tidings of that outrage have been received by Great Britain, and the entire Protestant world.

There can no longer be any doubts as to the fate of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Cambria*, lately wrecked on the north coast of Ireland. The stern of the vessel has drifted on shore at Islay in Scotland, and some of her boats have been picked up. There is then but one survivor out of the many who were on board of her at the time the disaster occurred.

The latest telegrams up to the time of our going to press, add little to our knowledge of events passing in Europe. An armistice is again spoken of, and hopes of peace are still en-

tained. Typhus fever of a very malignant character is reported to be rife in the ranks of the German army before Paris, and this, if true, will incline the Prussians to listen to terms. The King, it is said, is to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

THAT PLEBISCITE.—"He could set the snare," says Kinglake in his work on the *Crimean War*, and when speaking of Louis Napoleon—"he could set the snare which he called 'universal suffrage.' He knew how to strangle a nation in the night-time with a thing he called a 'plebiscite.'"—C. xiv.

Victor Emmanuel has shewn himself as dexterous in the use of the "snare," and the thing called a "plebiscite," as the fallen Emperor who is now partially expiating his sins against Rome, and the encouragement which in the days of his power, he gave to the spoiler of the dominions of the Holy See. Like Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel can set the snare, and strangle a people with a thing which fools and knaves combine to call a "plebiscite."—Like Louis Napoleon, like all others who have ever dared to raise a hand against the Holy Father, Victor Emmanuel will no doubt in good time reap his reward; we pray God that it be swift, and exemplary.

We know now what a *Plebiscite* means; we know from the shouts of "away with him, down with him and his race," which in France to-day issue from the lips of the self-same men who, but a few short weeks ago, recorded their votes in favor of the Empire, and the Imperial dynasty—what a "*Plebiscite*" is worth; how far it can be relied upon as an index of public feeling, as the deliberate expression of the popular will; and knowing this, we but laugh at the folly, or knavery of those who boast of the working of the "thing called a *Plebiscite*" wherewith Victor Emmanuel has strangled the liberties of the subjects of the Pope, and for a season made himself master of the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff. We do not believe that that *Plebiscite* in any manner represents the feelings and wishes of the people of the Papal States.

In the first place it is in the highest degree improbable that they would willingly exchange their position as subjects of the Pope, for that of the heavily taxed subjects of Victor Emmanuel. In the second place we can scarce believe that any people would willingly exchange a sovereign like Pius IX. for one like Victor Emmanuel. One such instance indeed there is recorded in Holy Writ: where we read how the people having first been wrought upon, under the form of a *Plebiscite* exclaimed "not this man but Barabbas." Now, as is also Victor Emmanuel, Barabbas "was a robber."—And in the third place we remember how, as was testified to in the columns of the *London Times* upon the occasion of the invasion of the Papal Territory, about three years ago—the invaders were received with curses, were assailed with stones and imprecations by the Roman people, who would not so much as give a draught of water to their pretended liberators. How then comes it to pass that so many votes were recorded in 1870 in favor of a revolution which in 1867 was so eagerly, unanimously and spontaneously repudiated?

Rome when the *Plebiscite* was taken was under military rule, and in the hands of Victor Emmanuel's mercenaries, before whom it would have been as imprudent to register an adverse vote, as it would be on an election day in New York to vote in favor of the unpopular candidate. The people of Rome voted under pressure, and with the fear before their eyes of the foreign soldiery, and the roughs, the liberated convicts, and scoundrels whom that soldiery had brought into Rome at their heels. It was not safe for any man to stand up for his legitimate sovereign in that hour of the triumph of the powers of darkness; and under such circumstances it was no very difficult matter to obtain such a vote as was required by the invaders. For months too before, Victor Emmanuel had been intriguing to make his calling and election sure. The sordid and venal he had bought; the timid, though well meaning, were intimidated; and all the roughs, all the criminal classes of Rome, of which that City of course has its share, and which were greatly augmented by the scoundrels who in the nature of things followed close in the wake of the Piedmontese army, cheerfully and spontaneously gave their voices in favor of a ruler so akin to them in tastes and habits as Victor Emmanuel.

Will it last? This is in the hands of God, and we need not despair or be cast down. The barque of Peter has weathered heavier storms than those which now assail her; and the lessons of the past suffice therefore to inspire us with confidence for the future.

What a change the war has made in the language of Protestants respecting Romish nuns and Sisters of Charity! In the piping times of peace there was no epithet too coarse to apply to them. They were the vilest of creatures, "devils" in human form; to whom even the rights of the humblest of citizens were to be

denied. They were to be treated as criminals, to be placed under *surveillance*, and subjected to all the insolence and indignities of Smelling Committees. In a word, the Sister of Charity was looked upon as a sort of social vermin, that every one might every where and at all times take a shot at.

But to-day their services are wanted. No one can, or will do what the reviled Sisters of Charity make it their common business, the affair of their daily lives to do; and struck with surprise at their devotion, their heroism, their supernatural courage amidst scenes calculated to try the nerves of the bravest soldier, the correspondent of the *London Times* cries out:—

"Never were there more devoted admirable women than the Sisters."

But how will it be in the days when peace reigns again? Will it not be as it has been heretofore and will not these "devoted admirable women" still be dealt with by the Protestant Legislature as if they were criminals convicted of the worst of crimes? Will not a Whalley still continue to make them the butt of his obscene jests; and will not a Newdegate, a Murphy, a Gavazzi amidst the loud plaudits of his hearers still revile them as the enemies of the human race? And yet one would think that a little reflection should suffice to convince the instigators of "Smelling Committees," and the concoctors of libels against the Nuns of this—that women who amidst the horrors of the battle field, and the still greater horrors of the military hospital, approve themselves so brave, so devoted as to compel the admiration of the Protestant *Times*, cannot be creatures who in time of peace abandon themselves to self indulgence and wanton living. Yes! it requires discipline and training—strict, long continued, and so severe as to be endurable only from supernatural motives—to convert the tender delicate woman into the Catholic Sister of Charity, for whom death on the battle field, and the agonies of the hospital have no horrors. In a word, if we would have the services of the Sisters in time of war, we must allow them to drill—so to speak—in their own way, and unmolested in time of peace.

THE TORONTO "GLOBE" ON DIVORCE.—Our contemporary bewails, inconsistently enough, the evils to society accruing from those lax notions on the duties and obligations of the marriage state, which Protestantism generated. The *Globe* is so dull as not to perceive that if these duties have not been defined by God Himself; that if He have not once for all determined the conditions which constitute marriage, and distinguish it from concubinage; in a word that, if marriage be but a civil contract, as the majority of Protestants pretend, there is and can be no moral difference betwixt marriage and concubinage. A legal difference there may be; but morally there is none.

And yet the *Globe* is clear-sighted enough to perceive one fact, and honest enough to avow it. It is this:—

"Account for it as one may, the fact is undeniable that the greater the facilities afforded for the dissolution of the Marriage tie, the more immoral the community becomes."—*Toronto Globe*.

Accepting this as the major premiss of our syllogism, we lay down as its minor the following proposition:—

"But the facilities afforded for the dissolution of the Marriage tie are greater in Protestant than in Catholic communities; greater amongst those who in marriage see only a civil contract, than amongst those who maintain it to be a Sacrament, and therefore indissoluble."

Therefore
Perhaps even the *Globe* knows enough of logic to be able to draw the conclusion for himself from these premisses.

ORDINATION.—On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, Monseigneur Guignes administered the sacrament of Holy Orders to several members of the Oblate Congregation. The ceremony took place in the chapel of St. Joseph's College, His Lordship being assisted by Rev. Fathers Ta, baret and Laperse. There were also present Rev. Fathers Bennett and Gladu, O.M.I., together with the Seminarians of the Diocese.

Those raised to the dignity of Priesthood, were D. O'Riordan and C. Phaneuf; to that of Deaconship, A. Daze and I. Duhaime. On the following morning Father Phaneuf said his first mass in the College chapel, and Father O'Riordan in that of the Convent of the Grey Nuns.

The annual retreat of the students of the Seminary, and of those of the College was brought to a close on the morning of the Ordination, when they had the happiness of receiving the holy Eucharist from the hands of their good Bishop.

SHAMROOK.

Ottawa, Oct. 28th, 1870.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR,—There is many a true word spoken in jest, and you were perhaps nearer the truth than you were aware of, when you said that many "profound thinkers and able reasoners of the *Witness* school" were inclined to attribute the earthquake of the 20th ult., to the blighting influences of Popery; and to accept it as a

warning to "all sound Protestants to be on the alert against the machinations of the perfidious Church of Rome."

You may make light of this; but, I am not ashamed to confess myself—even at the risk of passing amongst the frivolous and ungodly as an "old woman"—a member of what you call the "Witness school," and a disciple of the great and good man who edits the invaluable journal which strikes you and your priests with dismay; nay! which makes the "Man of Sin" himself to tremble in his shoes—for I have it on good authority that the Witness is regularly taken in at the Vatican, that it is closely studied by Antonelli, and that it has already been singularly blessed as a means of grace: more than one member of the Sacred College having, as I have been given to understand, been thereby led to doubt the truth of his religion, and shaken in his convictions. Like a faithful watchman on the towers of our Zion, the editor of the Witness has taken his stand, and ceases not, day and night, to blow the trumpet, and sound the alarm; see Joel, 3rd chapter, and first verse. More I might say, but I forbear, lest I should hurt the sensitive modesty of the editor of the Witness; for modesty, and a low opinion of himself are as conspicuous in him, as are love of truth, trenchant logic, and Christian charity; that charity which thinketh no evil—except, of course, in the case of priests and nuns, and the other members of your corrupt Church, of whom all evil must be presumed.

But to come to the matter more immediately in hand; and I contend that there is a close connection betwixt Popery and earthquakes, betwixt Romanism and volcanic eruptions.—It is indeed patent to all the world that where the errors of Rome are most rife and flagrant, there also the phenomena to which I am alluding are the most frequent and the most disastrous; whilst in Protestant countries, wherever the Bible is open, and the true Gospel faithfully preached, these phenomena are either unknown, or innocuous. Can there be a more striking, or more conclusive argument against your Church? Look at Europe. Is it in Protestant England and Scotland, is it in Protestant Germany, that earthquakes occur? that the mountains vomit smoke and fire? that cities are buried beneath the molten lava and the accumulating piles of scoria and ashes? No Sir: it is in Popish Italy, in Sicily, in benighted Portugal that these things happen; London knows them not, neither does Berlin; it was Lisbon, not evangelical Glasgow that in the last century was visited with an earthquake; and no fire vomiting Vesuvius disturbs the dreams of the sound Protestant business men of Birmingham and of Manchester. No Sir: where there is an "open bible" there are no open craters, no earthquakes, no eruptions.

It is the same on this Continent. The great centres of the Romish superstition are also the chief centres of volcanic activity. Compare in this respect the condition of New England with that of Mexico, and those of the debased Popish countries in South America—and you will see how true, how awfully true it is, that Romanism and earthquakes always go together. If hitherto we have escaped in Canada, it is no doubt because of our proximity to the seat of the Pilgrim Fathers, and to the benign influences of the New England religion. Is it then unreasonable on the part of the far seeing editor of the Witness, and of what you call his School, to dread lest the spread of Popery in Canada should reduce us to the condition of Chili and of Peru; lest, as Convents multiply, as Priests abound, and Christian Brothers increase, so also the visitations of earthquakes should become frequent in Canada, and more destructive? Was it not in 1663, when as yet the Gospel was unknown in Canada, when Jesuits and Seminary priests had the country all to themselves, that the very foundations of the colony were shaken? Well then does it behove all sound Protestants to be on the alert against the machinations of your perfidious church. Think seriously of these things, and come out of Babylon.

ONE OF THE "WITNESS" SCHOOL.

A GOOD DODGE.—We see that it is proposed to allow young ladies to attend the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association in Quebec, "as in other cities." This is an excellent way to make those meetings attractive, and an admirable plan for rendering them, to use the language of the Saints, "more interesting." A religious flirtation is the most interesting of flirtations; and of course the "Young Men" will in all charity, be bound to see the young ladies home, when the proceedings of the evening are over.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—NOVEMBER 1870.—The contents of the current number are as under:—1. The First Canto of the Purgatorio; 3. English Translations of the Bible; 3. Dion and the Sibyls; 4. The Great Commission; 5. Rachel; 6. The Stepping Stones; 7. The Church in China; 8. Our Winter Evenings;

9. Prince Clement von Metternich; 10. The Invitation Heeded; 11. Our Lady of Lourdes; 12. The Invasion of Rome; 13. New Publications. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.—Price \$4.50 per annum, or 46 cents per single copy.

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, 1871.—We have received through Messrs. Dawson Bros., of this City, a copy of this Almanac, published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, and have much pleasure in commending it to the favorable notice of the Catholics in Canada. It is handsomely printed and illustrated, and besides the information that an Almanac is supposed to contain, furnishes much useful and entertaining reading.

ESTELLE RUSSELL. By the Author of the Private Life of Galileo.—Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is a clever novel, and were it not for some passages, a very readable, indeed interesting novel. Unfortunately the author is either strangely ignorant of, or wilfully misrepresents the teachings of the Catholic Church, which not only does not impugn the validity of baptism administered by Protestants, but explicitly condemns of all who deny it to be a true and valid baptism, Con. Trid. Sess. vii. canon iv. We regret that we cannot give an unqualified approbation of a book which is smartly written, and is far superior in this respect to the general run of modern novels.

VALERIE AYLMER. By Christian Reid.—New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Messrs. Dawson Bros.

The author is a young novelist of great promise, and furnishes us with an interesting picture of domestic life in the Southern States, since the unfortunate close of their heroic struggle for their independence and constitutional rights.

From time to time we receive orders for the TRUE WITNESS, unaccompanied by the subscription, (which is \$2 per annum in advance.) We wish, therefore, to inform all those who may order the paper that, unless the orders are accompanied by the subscription price, we will not pay any attention whatever to them.

We beg to inform our subscribers of the County of Victoria that Mr. David Walker, of Lindsay, is our Agent for that County, and we hope all those in arrears will settle their accounts with him immediately.

We beg to inform our Subscribers in Prince Edward Island that Edward Reilly, Esq., of Charlottetown, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS at that place. We request all those on the Island, who are indebted to this office, to have the kindness to settle their accounts with Mr. Reilly as soon as possible.

THE REV. H. BRETTARGH TO THE HON. BILLA FLINT.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt, through the Belleville Intelligencer, of your two letters. With the Belleville press under a censorship, alike degrading to it, disgraceful to you and derogatory to the institutions of a free country, you must excuse me if I am compelled to have recourse to the more cumbersome and expensive, though more independent, course of answering you through printed circular.

I take your two favours paragraph by paragraph. 1. Rev. H. Brettargh is made aware for the first time by your letter that "to be in antagonism with the Trenton Courier, and to be refused admission to the Daily Ontario," constitute a "wonderful man." The Rev. H. Brettargh sees nothing wonderful in being in antagonism with everything that is mean and contemptible and unmanly in our Canadian Press. As to the third requisite he begs leave to suggest that, if to write a letter to the Intelligencer constitute a "wonderful man," Mr. Flint having written two, must feel himself doubly wonderful.

2. "Priest Brettargh" attributes to the Hon. Bill Flint's ignorance of the usages of polite society the incorrectness of Mr. Flint's mode of addressing him. In a new country, he feels that it would be exacting too much to expect that all our Honourables should be gentlemen. "Priest Brettargh," in spite of Mr. Flint's anxiety to think so, is not opposed to the Marchmont grant; but he is opposed to the nobby pambly reasons set forth by the County Council, and notably by the Warden, Mr. White, and Hon. Bill Flint, as reported in the Daily Ontario, in support of that grant.—"Priest Brettargh" wants men in our Municipal Councils.

3. "Priest Brettargh" does not think that Catholics have a right to take Protestant children from Marchmont, any more than he thinks that Protestants have a right to take Catholic children. But he does think (and let me assure Mr. Flint that very many Protestants think so too) that, if Catholics are made to pay their share for an "exclusively Protestant movement," something ought in justice to be done to compensate them.

4. "Priest Brettargh's" article to the Leader, copied into the Freeman, advocated, when read attentively, a general plan of emigration for the whole country, wherein all, both Catholics and Protestants, would share the advantages, and the emigrant himself be made to repay the expenses of his transfer, in return for his improved condition. In this Priest Brettargh is different from Mr. Flint, who wishes to support an "exclusively Protestant movement" from funds not exclusively Protestant.

5. Father Nugent's lecture was not intended as a means of raising money from Protestants, but as a means of laying the scheme before Catholics, and enlisting their sympathy in the movement. If Protestants were present it was of their own free will, and because they wished to enter their protest, as well against the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of the "exclusively Protestant movement" as against a certain letter written in the Intelligencer the morning of the lecture.

6. Priest Brettargh is sorry to be again compelled

to say, from additional proofs of its truth, that "it is unfortunate for Protestantism and Marchmont that Mr. Flint has identified himself so thoroughly with their success. Newdegatanism and Whalleyism would blast the fairest cause."

7. "Priest Brettargh" offers his most heartfelt congratulations to the Hon. Bill Flint on his so recent conversion to Catholicism. If he really be, as he says, a Catholic, Priest Brettargh welcomes him warmly to the "one fold" and the "one shepherd." 8. "Priest Brettargh" does not take offense at Mr. Flint's styling "them" Romanists, simply because he is not acquainted with any class of religionists styled "them"; but he is offended at Catholics being styled "Romanists," for the reason stated in his former letter, which he begs leave to reproduce, and which ought to be sufficient for any gentleman.—Mr. Flint's "Romanists" belongs to the region of ecclesiastical Billingsgate and pious slang.

LETTER II.

The first two paragraphs of your second letter are taken up with the discussion of my suppressed letter, in which I complained to the Council of the ungrammatical construction of their learned counsel's defense. I acknowledge my fault. I have, I fear, a too deep reverence for the Queen's English, consequent on my early education, to please either Mr. McK. Rowell or the Hon. Bill Flint. Having always been taught to suppose that M. P. and Honourables should at least have received a primary education of a sufficiently exalted nature to enable them to indite with correctness and perspicuity, I gave way too freely to my astonishment at the discovery that this was by no means always the case, notably so in that of Hon. Bill Flint. In some of the briefs—ranks of society, grammatical errors are deemed of little moment, but this can hardly be the case in those ranks to which Hon. Bill Flint and Mr. McK. Rowell have risen. These gentlemen may affect to despise grammatical errors as of minor consequence, but the Canadian world has a prejudice in favor of a common school education, and will continue to exact it, all sorts, to the contrary notwithstanding, from all affecting the slightest gentility.

Hoping soon to have the leisure, amidst my numberless avocations, to address you more at large upon this subject.

Accept the expression of my sincere regard, and believe me ever to remain, Your obedient serv't,

H. BRETTARGH, PRIEST.

P. S.—Please present my compliments to Mr. McK. Rowell, and assure him that I am exceedingly sorry to find that he has lost his temper. When he has had time to regain it I shall do myself the honor of answering his polite remarks.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—A correspondent writing from Baie-St. Paul, to one of the Quebec evening journals that the trembling in the bowels of the earth, in the vicinity of the parish from which he corresponds, of very frequent occurrence, and it is not surprising to know that the shock of last Thursday, which shook the houses in Quebec to the very foundation, would have been seriously felt on the North Shore. At Les Eboulements, a locality deriving its name from the peculiarity of its formation, brought about, as geologists tell us, by volcanic eruption, the shock was so intensely severe, as to completely level to the ground two solid buildings of stone material. The Rev. Mr. Plamondon, Parish Priest of Baie-St. Paul, states in a letter that scarcely one building in the place escaped being damaged from the shock. The earthquake at the Bay and at Les Eboulements, was felt in all its intensity; the wildest confusion and terror amongst the inhabitants. The church is injured to such an extent that it is very probable the whole building must be taken down before any repairs can be made. Another correspondent from the same place says that the earth opened in several places—making a gap ten inches wide, out of which fountains of water sprung, in such large quantities that at one spot, opposite the residence of Mr. Maxime Dufour, a stranger would have said it was a lake. The shock was so violent that for a circuit of 16 miles not a single house has escaped being damaged less or more, from its effects. The damage at the Bay and in the vicinity is estimated at \$20,000. In one instance, the writer asserts, a shop was completely engulfed, not leaving a vestige of it on the surface. Both correspondents are of the opinion that had the event taken place in the night, many lives would have been lost.

ACCIDENT.—About half-past 12 o'clock yesterday, a raft, the property of Messrs. Calvin & Brick, of Kingston, with 17 men on board, when passing under the Victoria Bridge, struck against one of the piers, and was broken up, and the men precipitated into the water. Three tug steamers, the "Charlotte," "Plover," and "Messenger," went to their assistance, and took them off the broken raft and pieces of timber to which they clung, with the exception of two who were on some pieces of the raft jammed against one of the piers of the bridge. The greatest anxiety was felt by the spectators along the wharves for the safety of these men, and, it being very rough on the river at the time, no captain of a steamer could be induced to venture out to their assistance. At length Chief McLaughlin took a life-buoy and a coil of rope, and, accompanied by Sergt. Hunter and Constable Sewell, drove in a carriage as quickly as possible to the Victoria Bridge, where they learned that the two men had been rescued by Patrick Keenan, watchman of the west end of the Victoria Bridge, Joseph Coughran, Xavier Vesina, Thomas Shelly, William Cronin, in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company, and others. Thomas Shelly, who is in the employ of Messrs. W. P. Bartley & Co., hastened to the Bridge, and apprised the watchman and others of the dangerous position of the men, when steps were taken immediately for their rescue, and, with this view, the "traveller" on the Bridge was shifted over to where the men were, and a rope let down to them to tie round their bodies; but they were so much benumbed by the cold that they were unable to assist themselves. Seeing their position, W. Cronin descended by the rope, and tied it round them, and they were hauled up safely, but greatly exhausted. In justice, it should be stated that Joseph Vincent, owner of the ferry boats, got one of his boats on a truck, and proceeded with all haste to the Victoria Bridge, in order to render assistance to the men, but on his arrival they had been saved. By way of precaution, Emile Gerin, pilot, Antoine Boyer, and Arthur Bourdon, in the employ of the owners of the raft, were in a canoe to the rear of it when it broke up. They picked up 12 men who were clinging to oars and spars, and placed them on a part of the raft, from which they were taken, as already stated, by the steamers. They were all saved.—Montreal Gazette, 28th ult.

Died.

In this city on the 27th ult., Thomas Holland, Plasterer, aged 38 years.—R.I.P.

In this city, on Friday morning, the 28th ult., Alice Quinn, wife of Charles Austin, aged 71 years.

In this city, on the 29th ult., at the age of 17 years, Mary Georgiana Henrietta, only daughter of John Nelson, Esq., H. M. Customs.—Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Oct. 31. Flour # bbl. of 196 lb.—Pollards.....\$3.00 @ \$3.25 Middlings..... 3.80 @ 4.15 Fine..... 4.60 @ 4.70 Superior, No. 2..... 5.00 @ 5.10 Superfine..... 5.50 @ 5.80 Fancy..... 6.00 @ 6.50 Extra..... 8.00 @ 8.50

Superior Extra..... 6.40 @ 6.50 Bag Flour # 100 lb..... 2.65 @ 2.73 Oatmeal # bbl. of 200 lb..... 4.50 @ 5.00 Wheat # bush. of 60 lbs. U.C. Spring..... 1.20 @ 1.23 Ashes # 100 lb., First Pots..... 0.00 @ 0.40 Seconds..... 5.30 @ 5.35 Thirds..... 4.50 @ 4.60 First Pearls..... 6.90 @ 7.00 Pork # bbl. of 200 lb.—Mess..... 26.50 @ 27.00 Trim Mess..... 23.50 @ 24.00 Prime..... 21.50 @ 22.00 Butter # lb..... 0.19 @ 0.20 Cheese # lb..... 0.11 1/2 @ 0.14 Lard # lb..... 0.13 @ 0.14 Barley # 48 lb..... 0.70 @ 0.73 Pease # 56 lb..... 0.85 @ 0.90

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Oct. 31, 1870. RETAIL WHOLESALE Flour # 100 lbs..... 14 0 0 0 0 0 13 9 0 0 Oatmeal..... 14 0 0 0 0 13 9 0 0 Indian Meal, (Ohio)..... 11 5 0 0 9 11 0 0 0 GRAIN. Wheat # 56 lb..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Barley..... 3 3 3 3 6 0 0 0 0 0 Pease..... 3 9 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Oats..... 2 9 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Buckwheat..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Indian Corn, (Ohio)..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Rye..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Flax Seed..... 8 3 3 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 Timothy..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 FOWLS AND GAME. Turkeys per couple..... 8 0 10 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Do. (young)..... 5 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 Geese..... 5 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Ducks..... 3 0 3 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 Do. (wild)..... 2 0 2 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 Fowls..... 1 6 3 9 0 0 0 0 0 0 Chickens..... 2 6 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Pigeons (extra)..... 1 0 1 8 0 0 0 0 0 0 Pigeons (white) per doz..... 1 3 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Hares..... 1 0 1 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 Woodcock..... 2 3 2 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 Snipe..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Plover..... 0 5 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0

SPECIAL TO CLERGYMEN.

The Catholic clergy of Canada who may be about purchasing overcoats or other clothing would do well to call on P. E. Brown, No. 9 Chaboultier Square. He is specially patronized by collegiate institutions and clergy in general, to whom a liberal discount is allowed.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, NOVEMBER 7th. (By Order), M. O'CONNOR, Sec.-Sec.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED, for the Parish of Chambly, a FEMALE TEACHER, qualified to teach the French and English languages. Address, A. L. FRECHETTE, Esq., Chambly, Oct. 4, 1870.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO FEMALE TEACHERS Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, 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-Treasr., St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

G. & J. MOORE,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS of HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, CATHEDRAL BLOCK, No. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Cash Paid for Raw Furs.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1864-65-69.

Province of Quebec } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. In the matter of FRANK OWENS, An Insolvent.

ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Acts. FRANK OWENS, Insolvent. Per JETTE ARCHAMBAULT, & CHRISTIN, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1864-65-69.

Pro. of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of ALEXANDER BASTIEN, An Insolvent.

ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Acts. ALEXANDER BASTIEN, Insolvent. Per JETTE ARCHAMBAULT, & CHRISTIN, His Attorneys ad litem.

WANTED,

A Situation as ORGANIST, by a Young Lady who thoroughly understands Vocal and Instrumental Music. Address, stating terms, "A. B." True Witness Office, Montreal.

WANTED,

A YOUTH about 15 years old, as Articled Pupil.—Apply to W. H. Hodson, Architect, 59 St. Bonaventure Street, (from 1 to 3 p.m.)

J. G. KENNEDY & Co.

are now shewing their New Fall Goods, and respectfully invite Gentlemen to their large and varied stock of every article suitable for the present season.

PERSONAL SUPERINTENDENCE, combined with a rapid business conducted on cash principles, enable them to quote the low prices at which they are now offering the latest styles of garments.

J. G. KENNEDY & CO.,

Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and Outfitters, 31, St. Lawrence St.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EDMOND GATES, in the Town of Joliette, in the County of Joliette, an Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Adolphe Magnan, of the said Town of Joliette, have been appointed in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month. A. MAGNAN, Official Assignee. Joliette, 22 October, 1870.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Pro. of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of VITAL CASSANT, An Insolvent.

ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Act. VITAL CASSANT, Insolvent. Per JETTE ARCHAMBAULT, & CHRISTIN, His Attorneys ad litem.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT. Pro. of Quebec, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of C. DORWIN & Co., Insolvents.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act, as well individually as having been a member of said firm of C. DORWIN & Co. Montreal, 8th October, 1870. CANFIELD DORWIN By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Pro. of Quebec, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of JAMES S. NOAD, of the City of Montreal, as well individually as having been a partner in the Commercial firm of JEFFERY, NOAD & Co., of Quebec, which said firm was composed of himself and WILLIAM HENRY JEFFERY, of the said City of Quebec, and which said firm was carried on at Montreal under the name and style of NOAD, JEFFERY & Co., as well as having heretofore carried on business at Montreal, under the style and name of JAMES S. NOAD & Co., An Insolvent.

ON Thursday the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. JAMES S. NOAD, By KERR, LAMBE & CARTER, his Attorneys ad litem.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT. Province of Quebec, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of JAMES F. KIDNER, An Insolvent.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under said Act. JAMES F. KIDNER, By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—The *Times* has a special despatch from Berlin stating that the latest negotiations for peace have come to naught owing to the persistence of Prussia in her demands for cession of French territory. The *Times* in an article advises the British Government to make no further effort to put a stop to the war now says if England persists in negotiation for peace she must be ready to stake something on it.

Their is no doubt that the French Provisional Government will soon be obliged to leave Tours. Arrangements are now making for transferring the national headquarters to Clermont in the Department of Paris de Doure.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—The Empress Eugenie is still in London, awaiting the results of the conference concerning peace, which is now suspended, awaiting further news from General Trochu. If General Trochu finally pronounces himself in favour of a settlement on the basis sketched out here the Empress Eugenie will proceed to France, and as head dignitary of the only government of France recognized by the Great Powers of Europe, she will sign a treaty of peace with King William at Versailles.

Rosen journals relate that the Prussians at Laon ordered the Judicial authorities of the town to render justice in the name of Napoleon, as Prussia did not recognize the Republic. The French authorities refused, and temporarily ceased to exercise their functions.

It is reported that Garibaldi has defeated the Prussians, capturing 2 mitrailleuses and 150 horses. It is assured that Garibaldi has made an effective disposal of the large force protecting Lyons from the advance of the Prussians. His command is daily increasing in importance.

At Epemay ten Prussian guns d'armes were handed by the Franes-Tireur.

The *Journal Official* of the 18th promises that there will be ready at the end of the month, 217 mitrailleuses, 56 mortars, and 300 rifled cannon.

Herald Special, LONDON, 26.—A private letter from Paris says, all is going on very comfortably at present. No starvation, no bombardment; the city is perfectly tranquil, and the Mobles are gradually becoming soldiers. Bismarck seems disposed to allow the American legation to send and receive a weekly bag through the Prussian lines, but absolutely refuses to allow a messenger. I look upon Paris as impregnable to assault, until one or more of the forts are taken. No great danger is anticipated from bombardment. Famine is all they have to fear, and that, it is supposed, will begin to be felt by the French cruelly towards December. About two-thirds of the Americans here want to leave; they are tired of the situation. The Prussians will let them go directly, but France interposes objections, being afraid of the moral effect upon the population, seeing so many strangers depart. It will end, I suppose, in going at different dates in small numbers.

Sorties are made nightly by small parties of Parisians, and constant firing at night from the forts severely harasses the Prussians. Up to the present time the latter have not succeeded in erecting batteries of siege guns near enough to commence any effective bombardment of the city.

A writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, who has escaped from Paris to the Prussian lines, says: Never did a city so change in its aspect as Paris has done; steadiness and solemn earnestness have succeeded frivolity and unbounded gaiety. The determination of the citizens to defend the place to the last moment is unmistakable. In every quarter from all sorts of persons I have heard the same intentions invariably expressed that rather than give up Paris they will endure almost any extremity of misery. The forts taken, they will defend the walls—dispossessed of the walls, they will fight behind the barricades. They will dispute with the enemy every inch of the city, street by street, rather than let it fall; temples, churches, boulevards, houses will be for ever destroyed rather than that it should fall into the hands of the Prussians. Boastful words possibly these may appear, but to me they were said in no swaggering tone, but with quite earnest determination. Nor did the Parisians make known their resolves merely through words. The attention they displayed to the military exercises was beyond praise. At five o'clock in the morning you would see them walking to the parade ground, and then go through their exercises with docile patience and with an evident anxiety to learn. The conduct of the Gardes Mobiles particularly impressed me, and that force is the real hope of France. One feature in the conduct of the Mobles that I noticed with peculiar pleasure was their regularity of attendance at church. These fine lads, fresh from the country, have not yet forgotten the teachings of their pious cure, nor will their good resolves be put to any severe tests in Paris at present. After ten o'clock the streets are silent and deserted, and that hour which was formerly the signal for the commencement of noisy exercises now heralds the gloomy and stern stillness of the night.

The *Herald* correspondent at the Prussian headquarters, at Versailles, 20th, says the Saxon Contingent at Alnuy, Sedan, Livoy and other points, of the field service, in and near the forest of Bondy, are kept on the alert day and night by surprises and slight assaults of the French. At Chetenay and Sceaux the Bavarian troops are disturbed nightly by shells which fall around their position in rather alarming contiguity to their lines. The besiegers have not yet replied to these offensive demonstrations by the discharge of a single cannon. There is no secret made of the assertion. Indeed it may be set down as a positive fact that the Prussians do not intend to commence a regular artillery practice until they have brought a sufficient number of their heavy guns into such position as will enable them to bombard Paris effectually. A number

of guns in reinforcement of the batteries, and for the armament of new works, have been already brought up, by the slow and painful process of being dragged over common roads and highways; guns of larger calibre than these cannot be moved by such routes, so the Prussian siege guns reinforcements must be halted and wait for the clearance of the obstructions which now impede their advance. The tunnel and montouls are being rebuilt, also the bridge across the Marne at Ligny. When the Prussian guns are up in working order, nobody can doubt the result. Notwithstanding the prospect of an early bombardment, and the almost certain hope of success of the Prussians, it must be acknowledged that the men serving here are becoming impatient under the delay of active work. The casualties in the field are not yet very heavy. It is true, with the constant almost incessant firing from the French forts, the Prussian mortality by wounds foot up a considerable aggregate each week.

A correspondent at Ostend telegraphs a statement received from Mercy le Haute, to the effect that upon receiving a formal declaration signed by the Empress, that she was unwilling to sign a treaty involving a cession of French territory, or to be the party to any scheme involving the probable outbreak of a civil war in France. Bazaine exclaimed that he would take all necessary responsibility upon himself. This was on Wednesday night, and Bazaine immediately sent a *parliamentaire* through his lines to Prince Frederick Charles at Pont a Mousons. The Prince came up during the night to Matean de Frescoty, where this morning early, stipulations were signed for the surrender of the army of Bazaine and the fortress of Metz. The report adds that Gen. De Coffeniers, commandant of the garrison of Metz, entered a written protest against the surrender, declaring that he was abundantly able to protect the defence into the winter, that the recent defeats of the Germans had made it practically impossible for them to obtain possession of the place, and that provisions were in abundance, both for the army and the people. Since the 15th Oct. the inhabitants had received daily rations of 400 grammes bread for adults, 200 grammes for children, and 100 for infants. A correspondent at Ostend says the total loss of the army of Prince Frederick Charles from the beginning of the siege is estimated at 45,000 men by battle and disease. The army of Frederick Charles consisted of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th army corps, with two divisions of the Landwehr attached to the 9th army corps, making a grand total of 160,000 men, artillery and cavalry included. The surrender of Bazaine, it is stated, has been made upon the full understanding with the Prussian Government that the occupation of Metz and Strasbourg shall be accepted as an adequate basis of withdrawing the German troops from France and concluding peace. The Republicans in London loudly declare the Marshal a traitor, and say that he concerted his action with Prince Napoleon, the Empress, and King William, and that the Governments at Paris and Tours will repudiate any peace prepared or signed by him. In spite of the rumours about the surrender of Metz, the French loan has advanced in price all day.

THE PROSPECTS OF FRANCE.—A correspondent at Amiens writes:—"It is, I believe a complete mistake to fancy that the position of France is hopeless. I should not be surprised to find that the war had, in reality, only begun, or to see it raging with tenfold fierceness a year hence. Those who declare that France has been subdued and must make terms simply don't know what they are speaking about. As yet the resources of France in men and money are hardly touched; their power of resistance is practically countless. Soon she will be able to place in the field three times the number of men that King William has at present in France, and the supply of breech-loaders is pouring in so rapidly that in a couple of months half a million of men may be really armed. All seems to depend upon France's prospect of getting a man with some power of organisation, and the lowest of the people. If Trochu were out of Paris, and Bazaine out of Metz, the whole situation might be so far changed in a few weeks that it would be impracticable for Bismarck to insist upon the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine.

It is certain that the strength of the German armies before Paris has been greatly over-estimated. Close observations, and careful analysis of published reports, justify the assertion that the entire strength of the German forces invading Paris at this time does not exceed 262,000 men. A large number of these are sick in hospital.

The operations of bringing up and trying to get into position the siege guns of the invading army, have been dangerous and exhausting, and have broken the spirits of the troops. All the horses in camp, including those set apart for postal service, have been employed in this ruinous work, and many of them are thereby made useless for all purposes.

The soldiers are in truth thoroughly sick of the siege, and a plebiscite in the German army to-morrow would result in an overwhelming vote in favour of peace with or without Alsace or Lorraine. The Polish and Pomeranian troops are showing symptoms of serious disaffection, and there is much alarm at the headquarters at Versailles over the news that the French fleet has reappeared in the Baltic.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Trouville, Oct. 6th, says:—"The following statement is derived from a member of the staff of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, who was present with him at the battle of Sedan. He is the son of an ex-Minister of the Empire, one of the Olivier Cabinet, well known in England. He arrived here a few days back, and I am authorized to give publicity to the details below, in order to contradict various inaccurate versions of the events referred to, which have appeared both in the English and Continental press:—"At five a.m. on the morning of the battle of Sedan my informant, who slept at an hotel in town, was suddenly roused by a loud noise in

the street beneath his window. On looking out he found the Emperor and his suite passing along. He dressed in great haste, and was soon with the Etat-Major, from whom he learned that the battle of the two previous days had begun afresh. At half-past 6 a.m. Marshal MacMahon was brought in severely wounded, but perfectly self-possessed. He at once gave orders, in presence of the Emperor, to General Ducrot that the troops should be immediately massed, and retreat upon Mezieres, and expressly directed that they should not accept a battle. He further ordered that General Ducrot with a certain force should immediately occupy the heights which overlook Sedan.—Measures were taken at once to carry out his instructions, when General de Wimpffen appeared on the scene. He promptly addressed General Ducrot, saying 'I have undertaken the command of the army. Besides, I am an older general than you, and I hold the positions you are about to take to be entirely wrong. On the contrary, the troops must be commanded to advance directly.' The order was given, and the advance was made, with what fatal results a few hours proved. It is but justice to Marshal MacMahon to make known the accurate foresight he showed. The battle soon began at all points, and with intense vigour, especially on the side of the Prussians. Towards eleven o'clock General de Wimpffen communicated to the Emperor that the French troops had the advantage in every direction. At this time shells were falling fast near and around the position occupied by the Emperor and his staff, but all escaped so far unhurt. Suddenly the Emperor perceived a French brigade suffering fearfully from the fire of the enemy. The men fell like wheat battered by a storm. The Emperor asked an officer of artillery, 'D'ou viennent ces projectiles?' No one knew. Shortly after another artillery officer answered, 'Sire, the balls which fall on them and on us come from a new Prussian battery erected at a distance from here of 4,900 metres.' The Emperor was incredulous; he could not believe in their murderous effects at such a remote range. He, however, ordered cannon to play on this newly-discovered battery, but to no purpose.—The balls fell chiefly into the river Meuse, at a distance of only 1,500 metres. The Emperor then joined the division and marched steadily forward. Balls continued to fall near and around him, but he still remained untouched. There seems no doubt at present that he did expose himself at this moment with considerable courage. Again assured that the French troops were gaining at all points, he said to his Etat-Major that he should return to Sedan to breakfast, and would remount his horse and take the field again in an hour. He had scarcely entered Sedan when he found soldiers flying in various directions utterly panic-stricken. They speedily filled the town. At the same time a terrific cannonade resounded from the very heights which Marshal MacMahon, with admirable prescience, had ordered to be occupied by the French troops, but which were now in possession of the Crown Prince and his corps d'armee. This advantage was fatal. Then and there the day was virtually lost.

ITALY.

ROME.—We (*Tablet*) subjoin the reply of Pius IX. to the insidious and hypocritical letter of King Victor Emmanuel:—

Your Majesty: The Count Ponza di San Martino has put into my hands a letter which your Majesty has been pleased to address to me, but it is not a letter worthy of an affectionate son who glories in the profession of the Catholic Religion and who prides himself on the due observance of kingly faith. I do not enter into the details of the letter itself, because I would not renew the grief which its first perusal caused me. I adore my God, who has suffered your Majesty to add to the bitterness of the latter days of my life. In conclusion, I cannot admit the demands advanced in your letter, nor can I give my adhesion to the principles contained in it. I once more pray to the Lord, and I place my cause in His hands, because it is wholly His. I pray Him that He would grant abundant graces to your Majesty; that He would deliver you from all dangers, and bestow upon you those favours of which you have need.

PIUS PAPA IX.

From the Vatican, Sept. 11, 1870.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE POPE'S ARMY.—After the capitulation stipulated with General Cadorna, the Papal troops concentrated in the Piazza of S. Peter's. They passed the night singing the hymn of "Pio Nono," and continually shouting *Viva Pio Nono*. In the morning, when the moment arrived for marching, all drawn up *en masse* facing the windows of the Vatican, they demanded in a loud voice a last Benediction from the Pope. He showed himself at the window of his private apartment, gave them the blessing they asked, and then raised his joined hands towards heaven, expressing resignation to God's will. The troops bust into an enthusiastic cry of *Viva Pio Nono*, and discharged their pieces, thus saluting their Sovereign for the last time. They then, still cheering the Pope, defiled under the colonnade, and marching round the Vatican, went to lay down their arms at Porta Portese, in presence of General Cadorna. On the Piazza soldiers and bystanders wept abundantly, the greater number threw away their arms sooner than give them to the enemy, and their officers smashed their swords. Eye-witnesses of the Benediction declare that they never saw anything so moving—so heart-rending occurring in that Piazza, where the same Pope has so many times filled the world with the spectacle of his majesty.—*Unita Cattolica*.

HORRORS AND MURDERS.—M. C. Garnier, the editor of the *Decentralization*, has received a letter from one of his relatives in the Papal Zouaves, from which we make the following extract:—"6,000 or 7,000 persons, the refuse of Italy, followed the troops into Rome and committed horrors of all sorts, together with the sum of the population. At night the city presented a terrible spectacle, and my pen re-

fuses to write all that occurred. Bands of men real demons, were seen going about carrying on the tops of bayonets the heads of Zouaves and of gendarmes. A *Sister of Charity*, of S. Vincent of Paul, was attacked by these savages and murdered. Her body was torn to pieces in the public streets, and then thrown into the Tiber." An attack, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* corroborates the statement, was made on the evening of the 20th (? or 21?) upon the Vatican, to the cry of "Death to the Pope! Death to the Priests!" and was repulsed by the guard in the Scala Regia. The guard was about to be overpowered, and then it was that some of the officers of the Pope's household, upon their own responsibility, summoned Cadorna to bring troops to stay the hands of the murderers he had brought into Rome. We have received a letter from an English lady who is visiting Rome. She says: "N. N. only got away from my room before—, the Executor of —, came in.— In the most insolent manner he went through my apartments, and insisted on putting out his beastly—(pardon the word)—tricolour on my balcony. I resisted, and told him to put it out of some other window. He wound up with saying, 'Se non mi lascia passare (this to me, and alone in my sitting room) io chiamero la forza.' And as there was another man with him, and I had seen a soldier on the stairs, there was no resisting. I have been to General Masi, who was very polite, said it was very wrong, that he would attend to it: but I have had no redress."

THE ROMAN PRINCES AND THE PLEBISCITE.

(To the Editor of the Times.)

Sir,—I enclose herewith a letter of the Marquis Patrizi Montoro, which I have translated into English, and which I hope you will publish. The writer is one of the four Marquises who have the privileges of and rank with the Roman Princes.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Temple, Oct. 10. GEORGE BOWYER.

October 10, 1870.

"Sir,—As a Roman patrician, I ask you to allow me to correct statements made in the English papers regarding the conduct of the Roman Princes during the late events.

It has been stated that the Princes Borgese, Massimo, Chigi, and Montefeltro have given their adhesion to the present state of things. No such person as Montefeltro exists. As for Prince Borgese, I positively assert of my own knowledge that this illustrious personage did nothing of the kind, and remains faithful to the Sovereign Pontiff. He had three sons serving in the Papal army as Volunteers. It is true that he signed, as President of the Chamber of Commerce, a letter which has appeared in the newspapers. But he did this "ministerially," and in obedience to a majority, and he at the same time declared by his vote that he was opposed to the letter which he signed. As for the Princes Massimo and Chigi, they have not given their adhesion to the Italian Government. The following Princes remain loyal to their Sovereign:—Orsini, Rospigliesi, Massimo, Darsoli, Barberini, Aldobrandini, Salviati, Tortonja, Grazioli, Mattei, Sarsina, Lancelotti, Atheri Viano, Campagnano, S. Faustino, Bandini (Lord Kynard), Roccagorga, Chigi, Altams, Duke of Gallise, Sulmona, Duke of Sora; Castelvecchio, Ruspoli, Duke Massimo; Marquises Patrizi, Bourbonbondimonte, Antici, Cavalotti, Teodoli, Count Macchi, Guglielmi, Capranica, Sacripanti, Ricci, Sacchetti, Malatesta, Vitelleschi, Lepri, and many others whose names do not come to my mind.

"Allow me to add a few words regarding the plebiscite, though few are so simple as to believe in plebiscites.

"The population of Rome is 220,000. The votes given were 40,000. Take one-half from the population for females, and their remain 110,000. Deduct one-third for persons under age, and the result is 68,000, or say 70,000 votes in round numbers.

"But only 40,000 votes are stated to have been given. Out of this number many, no doubt, voted through fear, or from a desire to go with the winning side. Your correspondent says that among the voters there were 4,300 who were in the Italian army. It is impossible that this number of Roman citizens can be in the Italian army.

"But if the statement be true, it would reduce the number of resident voters. Again, the *emigrati* are stated at from 10,000 to 25,000. If these numbers be correct, the number of resident voters would be reduced in the one case to 30,000 and in the other to 15,000, from which the 4,300 Roman soldiers would have to be deducted, if that estimate be a true one. I must add that in the Papa army there were 5,000 Roman subjects, many of whom were Roman citizens. They were not allowed to vote either in Rome or in their native places. Then there were 2,000 Squadriglieri from the country, who were always prevented from voting, and who would all have voted for the Pope and also influenced others.

"As for the votes given on the Papal side, they are of no account, as the Pope desired (as we are informed by the newspapers) that his loyal subjects should not record their votes. "The result of this analysis is that out of the constituency of 70,000 resident voters not half voted. If you add to the resident constituency—say, 20,000 *emigrati* and Roman Italian soldiers, the constituency will be 90,000. And out of that number the votes were only 40,000,—that is to say, less than half.

"I must further call your attention to the fact that the votes were taken in a city which a few days before had been subjected to a siege and assault, and which was occupied by an invading army of 60,000 men, together with an imported mob of upwards of 10,000 men.—Under such circumstances a poll must be a delusion.

"I request you to publish this letter, as I am sure that you and your readers wish to give a hearing to both sides.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"MARCHESE G. PATRIZI MONTORO."

GERMANY.

The following is from Prussian sources: BERLIN, Oct. 27.—The King of Prussia telegraphs to the Queen to-day. "This morning, Bazaine and Metz have capitulated. One hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, including twenty thousand sick and wounded, the army, and garrison surrendered this afternoon."

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. C. Z. Weizer, to the *German Reformed Messenger*, at Chambersburg, Penn.:

A BENEFICENTRESS.

Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are sure, that we will teach our "Suey" to say, "A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow" for helping her to survive and escape the griping, colicking and teething siege. We confirm every word set forth in the Prospectus. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it,—nothing less. Away with your "Cordial," "Paregoric," "Drops," "Laudanum," and every other "Narcotic," by which the babe is dragged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her "Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Be sure and call for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

A "COUGH," "COLD," OR IRRITATED THROAT,
if allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Reach directly the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. OBTAIN only the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from:—

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SCHEMERS IN THE ARMY, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box.

"Troches," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with fac-simile of the proprietors.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON,
on outside wrapper of box, and private Government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

A PERPETUAL DELIGHT.—"Flowers have their time to fade," says a favorite poet; but in Murray and Lanman's Florida Water their sweetness is made perpetual. The odor of other toilet-waters becomes faint and insipid after a brief exposure to the air. It is not so with this exquisite floral preparation. Its perfume is fixed and permanent. Hang a handkerchief that has been moistened with it in the breeze for days, and the aroma will be as delicate and refreshing at the end of the time as if the fluid had just fallen upon its threads. This is not the case with any foreign extract, nor with any other American perfume.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. 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 Lamman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless.

NINE YEARS SUFFERING ENTIRELY RELIEVED BY ONE BOTTLE OF BRISTOL'S SANSAPARILLA, AND ONE PHIAL OF BRISTOL'S PILLS.

CHATHAM, C. W., May 6, 1865.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been troubled with the rheumatism more or less for the last eight or nine years, and suffering great uneasiness and pain, but getting no relief, either immediate or permanent, from the various remedies I used, I concluded, on seeing Bristol's Sarsaparilla advertised in the "*Chatham Planet*," to give it a trial. After using one bottle of the Sarsaparilla, and one bottle of Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills, I feel entirely relieved of my distressing complaint, and am pleased to give my testimony to its curative properties.

Yours very truly,

O. J. V. DOISEN.

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

SUFFERERS WITH DYSPEPSIA,

Whose stomachs digest slowly, imperfectly, and with sensations which pen cannot describe; whose system do penance under the inflictions of the rebellious member—try, merely try, BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS. As surely as you do so, your living martyrdom will be speedily exchanged for ease. You will forget that you have a stomach, save when the appetite, created by this genial stomachic cathartic, reminds you that the reinvigorated organ requires a supply of sustenance. There will be no more oppression after eating, pain in the right side, nightmare, or constipation. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood or humors, BRISTOL'S SANSAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills.

410.
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.

Within the Whole Range of tonic and alterative medicines known, none is entitled to more consideration than the Peruvian Syrup. In all cases of enfeebled and debilitated constitution it is the very remedy needed. The most positive proof of this can be adduced.

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In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the *ne plus ultra* of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs. 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.

TEACHER WANTED,
To teach French and English. Salary liberal.
Address Prepaid.
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A LADY (aged 40) who has for several years past kept house for Clergymen, is desirous of obtaining a similar situation.
Address "E.L." True Witness Office.

WANTED.
A Boy about 16 years of age to learn the Grocery business.
Apply to
M. FERON,
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TEACHER WANTED.
OWING to the great number of Students who have flocked to MASSON COLLEGE, for the Scholastic Year, another English Teacher is needed. One competent to teach Grammar and Arithmetic will find a situation in this Establishment, by applying as soon as possible to the Superior of Masson College, Terreboune, Province of Quebec.
Masson College, 14th Sept., 1870.

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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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N.B.—Orders respectfully solicited, and executed with promptness.
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**Well-chosen Materials,
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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
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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.

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GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS
TO THE BENEFICENTS OF THE
NEW CHURCH OF ST. ALPHONSUS, OF WINDSOR, IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, CANADA.

To take place in the Town Hall of Windsor, Ont., on Thursday, the 1st day of December, A.D., 1870.
ANY ONE CONTRIBUTING \$1.00 WILL BE CONSIDERED A BENEFICENT.

- LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL GIFTS.**
- 1 Two large Silver Medallions. The gift of his Holiness Pope Pius IX.
 - 2 A number of most beautiful Steel Engravings [valued at \$300.] The gift of His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.
 - 3 An Oil Painting of St. John the Baptist [valued at \$300.] The gift of Banker Guerin, President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at Lyons.
 - 4 A Mosaic of Marble [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Marquis de Bonneville, French Ambassador at the Papal Court.
 - 5 An Oil Painting of Pope Pius IX [valued at \$150] The gift of a Roman Artist.
 - 6 A number of Coloured Steel Engravings, representing the Mosques of the principal Roman Basilicas. [valued at \$100.] The gift of Chevalier de Rossi, the Pope's Antiquarian.
 - 7 An ECCE HOMO [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Rector of the French Church of St. Louis at Rome.
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 - 9 Several small Oil Paintings, presented by several Roman Artists [valued at about \$250].
 - 10 A large Haydock Bible, magnificently bound [valued at \$40.] The gift of the Right Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Bishop of London, Canada.
 - 11 The gift of the Right Rev. P. A. Pinsonault, D.D., Bishop of Bithra at Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
 - 12 The gift of the Right Rev. Ignace Bourget, D.D., Bishop of Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
 - 13 An Alabaster Statue of the Blessed Virgin [valued at \$50.] The gift of Canon Houper, a member of several learned societies.
 - 14 The gift of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, of Windsor, Ont. [valued at \$80.]
 - 15 A beautiful Arm Chair [valued at \$100.] The gift of Mrs. Wm. G. Hall, of Windsor, Ont.

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May 13, 1870.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.
Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use in every country among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have not known that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the most obstinate complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug; containing neither opium or any other narcotic; their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity. They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their regular action to health, and acting as are the first origin of disease.
Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:
For **Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor and Loss of Appetite,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.
For **Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.
For **Dysentery or Diarrhoea,** but one mild dose is generally required.
For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Pain in the Back and Loins,** they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.
For **Drainy and Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.
For **Suppression a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.**
As a **Dinner Pill,** take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.
An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.
**DE. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.**

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, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SNIP 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.
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THE FIRST PRIZE was awarded to J. D. LAWLOR at the late Provincial Exhibition held in Montreal September 1868, for making the best SINGER SEWING MACHINES manufactured in the Dominion of Canada.
The Subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully begs to announce to his numerous customers and the public in general, that he has always on hand a large and varied assortment of First-Class Sewing Machines, both of his own manufacture, and from the best makers in the United States,—having all the latest improvements and attachments. Among which are—
The Singer Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Howe Family and Manufacturing Machines.
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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the matter of WILLIAM LEIGHTON KINMOND and PETER LEIGHTON KINMOND, both of the City and District of Montreal, as well individually as having heretofore been traders and co-partners there, under the name or firm of Kinmond Brothers, Locomotive Engine Builders, and also co-partners in the late firm of Sykes, DeBergue and Company, Railway Contractors,
Insolvents.
ON the Twenty-fourth day of October next, the undersigned will apply to this Court for a discharge, under the said Act.
WILLIAM LEIGHTON KINMOND,
PETER LEIGHTON KINMOND.
By their Attorneys at Law,
KERR, LAMBE & CARTER.
Montreal, 22nd September, 1870.

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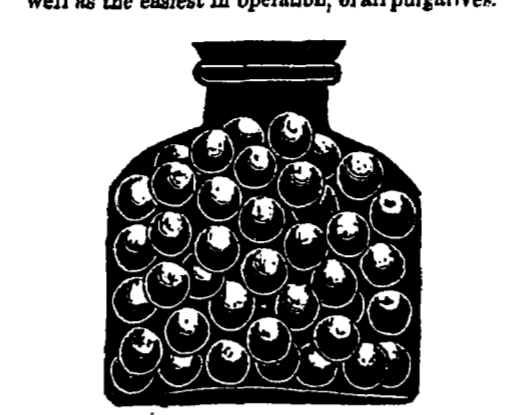
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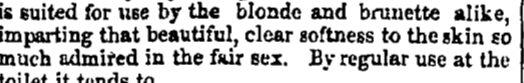
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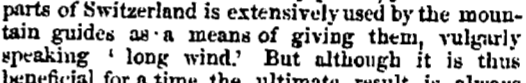
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The Doctor is an adept in the more serious diseases of women and children, his experience being very extensive. Office Hours—From 7 to 10 a.m.; and from 4 to 10 p.m.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL),

THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on

THURSDAY, FIRST of SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME OF STUDIES. 1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE. 1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes.

MATTERS: 1st Simple reading, accentuation and declension; 2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax. 3rd Arithmetic in all its branches; Mental calculation; 4th Different styles of writing; 5th Reading of Manuscripts; 6th Rudiments of book-keeping. 7th An abridged view of Universal History.

2ND SECTION. 3rd year.—Business Class.

This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.

N. B.—This class forms a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes.

MATTERS. 1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated; 2nd Commercial arithmetic; 3rd Commercial correspondence; 4th Calligraphy; 5th A Treatise on commercial law; 6th Telegraphing; 7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions); 8th Insurance; 9th Stenography; 10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course.)

3RD AND LAST SECTION. 4th year.—Class of Polite Literature.

MATTERS. 1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition; 2nd Contemporary History; 3rd Commercial and historical Geography; 4th Natural History; 5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.); 6th Architecture; 7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy.

5th year.—Class of Science.

MATTERS. 1st Course of moral Philosophy; 2nd Course of civil Law. 3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. 4th Experiments in natural Philosophy; 5th Chemistry; 6th Practical Geometry.

LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and instrumental Music.

TERMS: Board and Instruction.....\$100.00 per annum

Half Boarders.....20.00

Day-Scholars.....10.00

Bed and Bedding.....6.00

Washing and Mending of Linen. 6.00

Use of Library.....1.00

DIARRHOEA REMEDIES. Dwight's Diarrhoea Mixture. Brown's Chlorodyne. Dixon's Blackberry Carminative. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Butler's Blackberry Cordial.

Parties going to the Sea-side or Country should lay in a supply of one or the other of these excellent and well-tried Diarrhoea remedies.

Granular Effervescent Citrate of Magnesia, imported direct from Alfred Bishop, London, England. HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, (Established 1859.)

N. B.—Physicians are respectfully informed that I have just received Sulpho-Carbonate of Soda, from one of the best London makers, and am expecting the other Sulpho Carbonates daily.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL. Under the direction of the SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, 744 PALACE STREET.

HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 to 11 A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M.

The system of Education includes the English and French Languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If the Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$6.00 extra per quarter.