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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

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NO. 20

THE WHITETHORN TREE.

A LEGEND OF KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

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

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"Cu Allee's knot," he exclaimed, "was once round your neck; and, only he let you practise your sleight-of-hand upon it, you'd dance the skibbioch's jig. But the next time!"

"No more of this," said John of the Bridle. "I came," he continued, addressing Folling Dearg "that you may now redeem the promise you gave me when we last met among the mountains. Where is Alice O'Brien?"

Folling Dearg's face darkened as he spoke. "Hur has searched hill-side an' coom an' town an' forest since for a colleen with a thurc heart, like the one you towid hur of, but never found one since. Maybe the Black Sasseuach captain could tell all about hur."

"Is this, then," said the horseman, "the way you pay me for giving you your life when the troopers were about cutting you in pieces, and Moran O'Brien standing with his skean at your throat?"

Folling Dearg laid his hand on his skean as if to guard against the consequences of what he was about to say. "Iss, maybe Moran O'Brien knows by this what it is to put his skean to a brave man's throat, and threaten him with death. An' Alice, hur is false to Shane na Shrad as well as to—Folling Dearg; an'," he continued, "with a deadly and vindictive sneer upon his lip, "hur can now smile upon the Black Captain in the camp-tents o' Murrough the Burner."

"Lying villain," exclaimed the horseman, "here is payment for your treachery." And, suddenly drawing out his sword, he struck Folling Dearg with its pommel upon the forehead. Folling Dearg reeled, and fell among the heath in the corner of the cavern. But, recovering in a moment, he sprang to his feet with the fury and agility of a panther, and, seizing a long sword that lay against the wall beside him, struck at the horseman a blow that would have gone, spite of guard and helmet, to the brain, had not the blade as it swung upwards, come against the low roof of the cave, and shivered into a hundred fragments. At this moment, and while both were preparing to dash again at each other, the two hopeful spectators of the encounter rushed between them.

"We'll have no more fightin' to-night," said the Man of Wonders: "Shane na Shrad saved Cu Allee's life, and, after that, Cu Allee saved my life; so 'tis Shane I must thank that all the ravens in the country haven't me in their hungry craws at present. So we'll stand to Shane na Shrad this time, an' have no bloodshed to-night in our nate an' peaceful little castle."

"Stand to hur, then," said Folling Dearg; and, with that, he sprang, skean in hand, at the horseman. But he missed his aim; for, at the same moment, Cu Allee threw his long arms around his knees, and dragged him by main force to the other corner of the cave, where, with his face streaming blood, he stood struggling and glaring like a wounded wolf upon his antagonist.

"Leave us," cried Cu Allee, his wrath kindling with his exertions, "leave us, I say, or curp an' dhoul! there will be soon blood enough upon this floor."

"I go, then," said the horseman, perhaps not depending on the sincerity of their promise to stand to him in the quarrel; "but remember, Folling Dearg, that Shane na Shrad's vow of vengeance was never made in vain." And, with that, he left the cavern, mounted his steed, and left the trio to their pleasant converse inside.

The moon had now risen over the hills, and gave him light as he pursued his way through a pass on the eastern flank of the mountain he was just about to ascend. At the furthest extremity of the pass he reined in his horse for a time, to gaze on a scene that opened on his view. Beneath him, in the calm moonlight, and chequered with the remains of an ancient forest, lay the undulating and romantic valley of Cloghanofy, with the dark fort of Castle na Doon rising on a height at one side; and the Oun na Geerit, or River of the Champion, after descending the mountain range opposite the castle, winding in many a silver coil through the low, marshy grounds and indistinct woodlands. Further on, a vista opened between a wood-clad hill on one side, and the ruin-crowned height of Ardpatrick on the other; showing the level plain of Limerick veiled in a light blue mist, through which river and height and castle peered out, like the indistinct and varying panorama of a dream. But what most attracted the attention of the young soldier was a number of fires which glimmered redly upon the lawn that spread before the dark castle beneath him. They were the watch-fires of the cavalry who made their camp here, waiting to join Lord Castlehaven, who was marching at this time at the head of a well-appointed Irish army from the county of Tipperary. John of

the Bridle, after descending from the pass, entered a small but neatly-kept cottage, at the head of the struggling village of Fannystown. His mother, a light-haired, good-humored looking matron, the daughter of an English settler, stood up as he entered; and, expressing her gladness at his safe return, told a little boy, who sat luxuriously in the corner by the fire, to see after her son's horse.

"Wisha!" said the urchin, with a groan of tribulation, as he went out, "tis horses an' horses forever. I never stoop all day but hold in' horses for them father-long-legs o' cavalry, an' now I must be at it agin. I liked their prancin' an' gambadin' first well enough, but after to-day my likin' for it is spilt entirely."

The young soldier sat ruefully by the fire; and, turning to his mother, told her of the failure of his search for Alice O'Brien, and the death of her brother Moran. These were times when death was of but small account in the mind of either man or woman; and John's mother was more apprehensive for the safety of her son than shocked or frightened at the death of his comrade.

"I would wish, John," she said, "that you had long ago given up your mad ideas about that silly wench, Alice. Was it not better that you had taken my advice on the matter, when you could mate better with Amy, Neighbor Holton's daughter?"

"No, mother," said John. "I have the hot Irish blood of my father running in my veins, and I will have full vengeance for the death of my comrade. I have obeyed you in every thing else; but ask me not to give up Alice, for it is useless. To-morrow will, I hope, bring me some news of her fate."

The morrow was shining in all the glory of summer upon the woody dells of Fannystown, and the gray hills that towered above them; but with the new day and its many incidents it is better to commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day, And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway; Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall grow, My love on another I'll never in life bestow.

E. WALSH.

Fannystown was at this time what was called a protected village; that is, the soldiers of the Government, though often resting there, were not permitted to plunder its inhabitants. It would, however, probably have been plundered and destroyed, had it not been such a convenient resting and camping place, situated as it was in the most dangerous, yet most easily defended, pass between the plains of Cork and Limerick. It consisted of a long line of mud-built houses at one side of the public way; lowly dwellings indeed, but at the same time so thickly planted that it gave one the notion, when on some important day the inhabitants were astir, of a row of beehives, with all their busy denizens moving to and fro at the commencement of their morning avocations. Behind the village, upon a height, stood the mansion of Sir John Pousouby, looking down upon the bright waters of the Oun na Geerit,—a stream rising in a deep gorge between the mountains, and dancing by many a wild dell and picturesque hollow until it lost its waters in the rapid Funchoon. The square, loop-holed turrets at the corners of the mansion showed that its owner had not neglected the defence wanted so much in those stormy times; but the rows of bow-windows in the front, facing the stream, gave it a gay appearance, which contrasted strangely with the aspect of its stern neighbor at the other side of the valley,—the compact Castle of the Fort; or, as it was named by the surrounding people, Caishlan na Doon. This was one of those tall, square keeps, so many of which still frown from their rocky sites along the neighboring plain; telling in their decay, with as much certainty as the pen of the historian, of the troublous times in which they were built, and the domestic habits of the warring races to whom they owed their foundations. It is now considerably increased in dimensions by additions suited to the present day, and has rather a modernized appearance; but part of the original building still remains. At the time of the following events, it was inhabited by Sir Edward Fitzharris, a Catholic gentleman, who, like his neighbor, Sir John Pousouby, favored the principles of the Confederation of Kilkenny.

It was high noon when John of the Bridle dashed his horse across the stream, and rode up towards the camp upon the lawn before Castle na Doon.

"Monom! why is she so long, an' the curail axin for her?" said an old war-worn trooper who stood guard at the entrance of the camp.

"The news I have to tell him will be likely to set you and your comrades at work, Diarmid," answered John of the Bridle. "Here, Jimmy," he continued, addressing a wild, elfish-looking little urchin,—the same who had seen to his horses comfort on the preceding night,—"take this bride, and hold my horse till I come out; and, mind, no galloping this time, for, I fear, the poor fellow will get enough to-day."

Jemmy, whose gusto for horseflesh, notwithstanding his heart-rending complaints on the

evening before, was increased with tenfold strength during the morning, took the bride; and scarcely was the horseman out of sight behind the tents when he was up, like a cat, in the saddle, and careering with unheard-of speed over the lawn.

John of the Bridle entered the castle, and was led by another sentinel up a dark, winding stair into a gloomy-looking chamber, where the colonel who commanded the cavalry, with a few officers, sat planning busily their future movements.

"The general will be here with the whole army in a few days," said the colonel; "and, on the faith of a soldier! I wish we may see him sooner; for I like not sitting, like a hermit, here when there is so much to be done for our brave fellows. Ah!" continued he, turning to John, as he entered, "here comes our worthy scout; perchance he may inform us how the Burner and his canting vagabonds are preparing for our onslaught. The passes towards St. Leger's den are free for the expedition on to-morrow, young man?"

"The passes are clear enough, colonel; but, as I rode yesterday through the forest by Doneraile, a shot from a falconet was near ending my outriding. There are three more on the battlements of St. Leger's Castle, and the walls are thronged with men."

"I trust," rejoined the colonel, "to the broad mouths of our long field-pieces to silence them; but God knows how we can circumvent those rieving villains who yet hang on our march. Hast thou seen that murdering troop that burned the two western hamlets?"

"No, colonel; they are fled towards the Kerry border. Another small troop I saw coming out from Doneraile, and preparing to scour the hills; but they'll meet but a sorry welcome from the wild horsemen of Ballyhoora."

The colonel here took a sealed packet from the table, and put it into the hands of the young horseman. "Thy services," he said, "will merit the reward thou seekest. Deliver this safely to the Governor of Kilmallock, and thou shalt have thy commission as captain of thy troop, and that speedily. I know of no other," said he, addressing the officers, as John of the Bridle was led down stairs by the sentinel,— "I know of none who so marvellously finds his way through those cursed bogs and scrogy passes, and who hath such a goodly share of true courage, as that young man."

As John turned his horse in the direction of Kilmallock, he thought of the events of the preceding day, and how Ellen Roche would bear the news of her lover's death. "But I cannot be at the dance," he said, giving his horse the spur. "If I do not make my way quicker than this."

At the back of Fannystown village was a green in a hollow, through the midst of which ran the Oun na Geerit, after emerging from a narrow, tangled glen at the foot of the mountain. The slope around it was clothed with scattered brushwood; and, where it lost itself in the level space at one side, rose an aged and giant elm-tree, around the trunk of which the villagers, with some of the horsemen from the camp, were thronging to hear the strains of a gray-haired piper, who talked and laughed among them as if he was in the very heyday of his youth. Around him were gathered the girls and young men of the village, with an occasional trooper, looking for partners, and arranging themselves into two rows facing each other, in order to commence the *Rinkeefadha*, or long dance, a figure much resembling the contra-dances of the present day; while outside and half surrounding the group sat the more aged dwellers of the hamlet; and beyond, upon the green, stood the children in little groups, looking with gleeful and expectant faces for the commencement of the amusements. The long dance was ended, and many an intricate and merry measure danced afterwards by separate groups of four each: at length, a weariness seemed to fall upon them, and they sat around the piper, entreating him to play some of those slow, wild tunes so peculiar to the country. Among the supplicants for the tune was a dark-eyed young girl, who accompanied her request with so sweet a smile that the old man commenced at once tuning his pipes, with a variety of running tones, which, to the children at least, proved precursors of the most delicious and most enchanting melody. This young maiden was Ellen Roche, the betrothed of Moran O'Brien; but who little knew, amid the gladness that reigned around her, of the miseries awaiting her, and of the sad doom of her lover. Her black hair fell in shining masses upon her pretty shoulders, setting off a light and graceful figure, and a sweet face, to which the brilliant and dark eyes gave an expression at once animated and lovely.

"Wistrathru!" said the piper; "my ould fingers are almost as stiff as that long sword o' Jack Flanagan's there. But every thing's getting stiff, as drunken Bill Breen said, when his wife refused to swally a whole barrelful of ale in one drink. Well, I had my day out of the world at any rate." And, so saying, he struck up an ancient Irish march, or war-tune, with such effect that the eyes of the young striplings around him began to sparkle, and

even the hands of the wild troopers began to move instinctively towards their sword-hilts; so easily were the rugged and simple natures of those times and scenes moved and excited by the power of the musician.

"Come and sit down here by my side, my sweet flower," said he, addressing Ellen Roche, when the war-tune was ended. "Come, an' I'll play up your favorite tune; an'—whisht, ye ranting devils!—an' you'll sing the ould song I larned you long ago, about the young trooper,—a water fellow than any o' ye'll ever be anyhow, ye tarin' thieves," he continued, turning to the horsemen. Ellen sat upon the bank beside him; and, when the talk was silenced, he commenced to play a singularly sweet old tune, which the young maiden accompanied in a soft and tender voice, with the word of an Irish ballad, of which the following may be taken as a translation:—

JOHNNY DUNLEA.

"There's a tree in the greenwood I love best of all— It stands by the side of Easnor's haunted fall,— For there, while the sunset fell bright far away, Last I met 'neath its branches my Johnny Dunlea.

Oh! to see his fine form, as he rode down the hill, While the red sunlight glowed on his helmet of steel, With his broadsword and charger so gallant and gay, On that evening of woe for my Johnny Dunlea!

He stood by my side; and the love-smile he wore Still brightens my heart, tho' 'twill beam never more. 'Twas to have but one farewell, then speed to the fray: 'Twas a farewell for ever, my Johnny Dunlea!

For the fierce Saxon soldiers lay hid in the dell, And burst on our meeting with wild savage yell; But their dark leader's life-blood I saw that sad day, And it stained the good sword of my Johnny Dunlea.

My curse on the traitor! my curse on the ball That stretched my true love by Easnor's haunted fall! Oh! the blood of his brave heart ebbed quickly away, And he died in my arms there, my Johnny Dunlea!

Alas! little thought the fair singer at the moment, that her own was a fate like that of the poor maiden of the song. During the song, had any person looked behind where the branches of the elm-tree drooped against the slope, they might have seen a pair of bright, cunning eyes peering out between the leaves of the copse at the person of the singer. There was an expression in those weasel eyes that boded no good to Ellen Roche; but the pair, bright and keen as they were, had not the fortune to belong to a weasel; they were the property of a handsome and nimble-looking little man, who lay upon his breast, gazing thus, but well concealed from the observation of the villagers. The moment the song was ended, and, while the attention of all was taken up in giving the due meed of applause, the little man swung himself cautiously into a projecting branch of the elm-tree; and moving noiselessly along the gnarled limbs, as if he had learned the method from a squirrel, he perched himself for a moment among the thick leaves upon another branch which drooped over the centre of the throng below. Suddenly he let himself drop into the midst of the circle; and, before any one knew how he had come there, he had performed half a dozen "summersets" upon the green.

"Theige na Meerval! Theige na Meerval!" cried the delighted children.

"Theige na Meerval himself!" exclaimed their elders. "Honon an' dhoul! but I believe he's after fallin' out o' the sky."

"Thundher-an-ages, no!" said a trooper. "Doesn't every mother's sowl o' ye know that he's invisible when he likes, an' can walk invisible into the centre o' people; an' wid one touch make himself be seen again by every person, in one mortal mimit?"

"I did fall out o' the sky," said the Man of Wonders, at the same time cutting a few capers that blended their surprise with immense merriment. "Where is the usin in me bein' enchanted, if I cannot circumvint myself into a blast o' wind when I likes?"

The strains of the poor piper were now neglected; and all thronged around the showman,—for that was his particular and favorite profession,—and began to press still closer, with open mouths, and faces of wonder and expectancy. Na Meerval now took a strangely-made knife from his pocket, and commenced to show off some of his feats. Suddenly he stooped till his face almost touched the ground; and, amidst innumerable "Monoms!" "Dhar Dias!" and "Hiemas!" from the astonished bystanders, jerked himself up straight again, with the blade of the knife sticking upwards through his tongue. He now beckoned for more space; and, when he found sufficient, he stooped forward with his hands resting on the ground, and, springing over, stood upon his feet again, holding the knife aloft in his hand.

"Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, "if all o' ye used your knives that way, maybe 'tis little soft talk ye'd be able to give the girls afterwards. Did ye ever hear where I wint the first time I made myself invisible? Divil a place would please me but Spain, to larn magic from an old

anshint thief, that was as great as two pick-pockets with the Ould Oganach * himself. He could see me when no one else could; an' I stoop with him 'till the murtherin' ould thief turned me away out of envy, when he saw I was batin' out himself. Howsomdever, I'll show ye somethin' that he larned me." And, so saying, he raised his hand, and, apparently to his audience, struck himself lightly on the mouth. A volume of bluish smoke, accompanied with bright sparks, issued suddenly from between his open jaws; at the appearance of which the spectators, so delighted were they at the marvel, set up a wild shout of applause and wonder.

"There is one thing, howsomdever," said he again, "that every person hates me at,—gamin'." And walking to a smooth stone, which served for a seat, he drew from his pocket a dice-box, and laid it beside him. "Now," continued he, turning to the troopers, at the same time laying two silver coins upon the stone, "ye were paid not long ago, an' here is a flamin' fine time to make the forthin' of every livin' sowl among ye."

"I made my forthin' once in the sackin' of a town, an' lost again every jingler of it in battle; an' now gamin' won't remake it for me," said a huge, stern-looking trooper, with the marks of a great sword-cut across his face.

"Well, pursuin' to me, do you hear that?" said a jolly, careless fellow, who was already seated by Na Meerval's side, with the dice-box rattling in his hand, and his stake down:

"Mun Callaghan, that would sell himself to a certain curious gentleman underhath the us, body an' bones an' sowl, for money, sayin' now that there is no varthue in gamin'!" So saying, he threw and won. "This good fortune made others eager for the play, till, after various games, most of the troopers found the few coins they possessed since the last pay-day comfortably transferred to the pockets of Na Meerval. He now turned to Mun Callaghan.

"You see I'm richer now than when I began. Come, an' larn the sweet an' inchantin' mysteries o' the dice-box. Play, man, play; an' as you're so fond o' the money, maybe you'd win it all back again."

"I will not play," answered Mun, in an angry tone.

"Yerrah! man, can't you take one chance?" said his comrades. "The divil rescue the much we're at a loss anyhow; 'for, like yourself, 'tis little we had to lose. Ructious to us, man! why don't you play?"

"Bekeise I have an ould an' wake mother beyond the hills, wid no one to purtect her, an' who wants what I can give her out o' my pay, —not to have me lose id gamin'," answered Mun bitterly. This produced a laugh among the more careless of his comrades; and the Man of Wonders, emboldened by the merriment, over-stepped seemingly his usual cautiousness.

"Yerrah!" said he, "maybe 'twas batin' you with a straw or a rish for your conthrairy doins your ould mother was that put that tatterin' glin of a wound across your face." The answer was a blow from the ponderous fist of Mun, which sent Na Meerval spinning, like a cork, along the green. The blow, however, certainly stunned him somewhat less than he pretended.

"Oh!" said he, as if waking from a deadly swoon, and still lying extended on the grass, "I'm done in earnest at last,—kilt unnaturally. Here is my brain spinnin' round an' round, like a wheel-o'-forthin';—the rare sign o' death. Oh!" And he sunk apparently into a swoon again, while the villagers gathered round him in instant commiseration of his hard fate. "Is there any good Christian," he exclaimed, reviving once more,— "is there any good an' charitable Christian that would lade me to their home till I die in peace? My brain! my brain! Lade me up to Maureen Roche's, the ould widow o' the hollow, where I often slept before. Is that Ellen Roche I see?—Lade me, up a colleen thus, 'till I die in pacc."

He now stood up, but tottered; and Ellen Roche, coming forward, caught him by the arm, and, assisted by one of the young men, began to lead him up to where her mother's house stood in a lonely hollow some distance up the glen. After going a few perches, Na Meerval seemed to get somewhat stronger, and told the young man that he could reach the house with the help of Ellen Roche. The young man, possessed altogether with the idea of his sweetheart, whom he saw looking with a jealous eye after him, turned back willingly, just as Mun Callaghan, with many a reproach ringing in his ears, was stalking off towards the camp. The incident was, however, soon forgotten in a short time, and the dance renewed as merrily as ever.

In the meantime Ellen Roche, with Na Meerval behind her, led the way towards her home, till they reached a lonely spot where the path crossed the glen; and here, instead of dying in peace as he promised, the Man of Wonders sprang at the unsuspecting girl, and, before she could scream for help, tied a kerchief round her face, which rendered her unable either to see or call for assistance. He now gave a low whistle; and, at the signal, his

* The Devil.

two comrades of the cave stepped out from a dark nook in the side of the glen. Ellen Roche, unlike the majority of heroines, did not faint at once, but, like the brave girl that she was, resisted to the utmost the efforts of the three, as they bore her through the forest towards the pass leading between the mountains, till at length, entirely exhausted, she sank into a passive kind of stupor, in which she continued until the kerchief was taken off her face.

On opening her eyes, she found herself in a narrow recess between two rocks, which, by way of rendering it habitable, was roofed with boughs of oak, and thatched over with bundles of heath and fern. It was situated on the side of a deep glen, through which the bright stream rushed downward with a hollow murmur; and its entrance opened towards a wide moor, whose undulating expanse stretched out, drear and lonely, until it terminated in a low range of dark hills to the west. Outside the door of the hut, the eyes of the young girl fell upon two objects, each remarkable in its appearance, but from the possession of very different qualities. One has been described before: it was no less than Cu Allee, standing guard at the entrance; and the other was the most beautiful whitehorn ever seen by human eyes, growing on the extremity of a green tongue of land at the opposite side of the glen. It shot up in a single stem to about seven feet from the ground, and then branched into three graceful arms, which extended themselves from side to side, in ramifications so singularly light and beautiful that the wild inhabitants of the mountains should not be deemed over-credulous for believing that the fairies trained its sprays,—upon which some white blossoms still lingered,—to assume those lovely forms; and that they made the little green around it one of their most favored retreats.

But, if Ellen Roche was surprised for an instant at the beauty of the whitehorn, it was with dismay and terror that she gazed on the uncouth form of Theige the Wolf, whom she mistook,—no great mistake indeed—for one of those wild spirits, who, in the shape of little red men, are believed by the Irish to haunt lonely places among the mountains, and whose appearance is a sure sign of the speedy doom of the unfortunate person who beholds them. She looked upon him for an instant; and, on noticing the evil expression of his eyes, covered her face with her hands, and sank in the extremity of her terror, on a stone seat which lay beside her. Cu Allee noticed her dismay; and, although it did not at all advance her in his good graces, he did not hate her as he did every one else, for he began to imagine some resemblance between her and his young sister, whom he had laid not long ago in the old churchyard of Doneraile. In fact, in thinking of his sister, the only person for whom he ever felt any thing like affection, he began to cast about in his mind why he stood guard there upon a poor girl in whom he recognized a similarity of appearance, and to picture to himself how he would feel, after doing one good action, by effecting her liberation. It was with him as with all who have turned on the evil path through life. The human heart, in its innocence, is like a lovely bower, where the virtues with their fair train of good and beautiful thoughts make their dwelling; but, when the devil once gets possession of the keys, out go the virtues and their bright attendants, and, though they return frequently and knock for admittance, the stern answer of the evil demon inside scares them off, like a flock of white doves at the yell of the mountain eagle. By-and-by the demon hides the keys, the bower withers and becomes rotten, and the virtues, led by our good angel, go searching, searching, but, alas! rarely find the means of entrance to make it bloom again. The spirit of evil, in order to expel the good intention on this occasion from the breast of Cu Allee, thought fit to send a delegate in the person of the Man of Wonders, who, advancing up the glen, whispered something into the ear of the dwarf, at which he quitted his post, and proceeded with wonderful agility up the mountain at the back of the hut. Na Meerval entered, but paused for a time inside the door when he found himself unnoticed by Ellen Roche, who, with her face buried in her mantle, sat still in the same position as when she retired on seeing Theige the Wolf. At length he spoke:—

"Yerrah! my dark flower o' the mountains, is'nt it unnathral to see you sittin' that way, as brooch an' sorrowful as if all belongin' to you were laid out, an' the wake-candles burnin' over them?"

Ellen sat up, for she knew the voice. "An' is it you," she said, "you black-hearted villain, that spakes to me in such a way, after taking me away from my poor mother, whose heart, I know, is broke already? Let me go, I say." And she gathered her mantle around her, and prepared to dart from the door. "Let me go, or 'twon't be long till some one you know will have his heavy revenge on you for this day's work."

"Fair an' aisy, Mistress Ellen," said Na Meerval, putting her back gently to her seat. "Listen to a few words I have to say, an' 'twill make you a little kinder."

"I can't listen to any thing but about my laying this. You know you often got food an' shelter an' kindness in my mother's house, an' this is not the way to pay back those who ever an' always helped you in your need."

"That very shelter an' kindness was my destruction; for, from the first night I slept under your roof, I fell in love,—you know with whom,—an' 'tis consumin' my heart to cinders ever since. Listen to me for a minute. There is one you think that's drammin' o' you mornin', noon, an' night. I know him, of course. But I tell you that Moran O'Brien has stopt thinkin' o' you since yesterday; so, if he promised to do so always, he's false to his word. Take the love, then, of a truer man, who'll stick to you through life an' death."

"It is false," answered Ellen vehemently. "Moran is still true to me, an' will be as true

to his revenge upon you, if you don't let me away."

"You don't know me, Ellen Roche. True or false, you'll never have him for a husband, nor have no one else either, barrin' myself. I tell you he'll never think on you more; an' look at this," said he, at the same time drawing a small silver cross from his bosom, "if he was true in his heart and soul, would he let a purty-faced creature, nearly as nate as myself, take this from round his neck? Upon this blessed cross, taken from the neck of a false man, who never more can see you, I swear to love you through pace an' war, an' through life an' death, for ever an' ever."

Ellen looked at the cross. It was Moran's. She had herself placed it round his neck; and he, poor fellow! had vowed at the same time that he would never part with it but in death. Suddenly the thought flashed upon her mind that he was dead,—murdered by Na Meerval and his accomplices. She looked instinctively at the sword by Na Meerval's side. It was Moran's. The horrible reality burst at once upon her mind; and, with a piercing and agonizing shriek, she sank senseless on the floor of the hut.

On awakening from her swoon, she found herself lying upon some soft heath in another apartment. A wooden vessel filled with water lay beside her upon a flat stone, with some bread. This she was enabled to observe by a few streams of red light which darted inwards through the chinks of an old wooden door which separated the recess in which she lay from the outer one. She cautiously arose, and, looking through one of the chinks, saw Na Meerval and his two comrades sitting round a heap of blazing wood in the apartment she had occupied on the preceding evening: for it was now far advanced in the night. She turned round in silent misery and fear, and, sinking her face once more in the folds of her mantle, sat in her despair until another morning was shining gloriously over the gray summits and deep valleys that surrounded her.

CHAPTER III.

I buckled on my armor,
And my sword so keen and bright;
I took my gallant charger,
And I rode him to the fight.
We met the foe man early,
Beside your castle hoar,
And slew them all by tower and wall,
And by the dark lake-shore.

BALLAD.

About sunrise that morning John of the Bridle took his way up the gorge through which poor Ellen had been borne. He had returned from Kilmallock on the previous evening, after delivering the despatch, and joined the dancers on the green of Fannystown. On inquiring for Ellen Roche, he was told the incident that had occurred, and of Ellen's accompanying Na Meerval to her home. Suspecting some unfair dealing on the part of Na Meerval, he proceeded directly to the house of Maureen Roche; but she had gone early in the day to the dance. The alarm was given, and every place searched, even the cave where John of the Bridle met the three Timothys; but no trace of the young girl could be found. John of the Bridle was on horseback most of that night, and, after sending some of his friends in other directions, took his way at sunrise up the gorge that led between the hills. On reaching the highest point of a craggy ridge, he directed his course over a wide and elevated moorland, strewn irregularly with huge masses of rock. Riding for some time in a southerly direction, he at length reached where the barren moorland merged into the stunted copsewood of the upland forest; and here he was met by a lathy and light-footed *gorsoon* whom he accosted.

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A Berlin letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says:—The order has been given to raise the Landwehr battalions, provisionally 800 men strong, to a strength of 1,900 men by further levies, and to despatch them to the seat of war. By this decree the army at present in the field will receive a reinforcement of more than 150,000 men, for each of the eleven Prussian Army Corps comprises 17 Landwehr battalions. By this development of strength it may be confidently expected that our leaders will soon succeed in depriving the French people of the means of further resistance. In our military circles the capture of Paris is looked for with tolerable certainty by the middle of December."

A German paper, which recently quoted M. Thiers in proof of the right of the conqueror to annex a slice of his opponent's territory, now calls him as a witness to the propriety of refusing victualing during an armistice. During the siege of Mantua in 1796 the French Government wished for an armistice, to include the victualing of the fortress, but General Bonaparte objected, and "his reasons," says M. Thiers "were excellent. The other advantages of the armistice, for the sake of which the capture of Mantua would have been delayed, were insignificant, while the armistice plainly put this result in jeopardy. Mantua, full of sick, and placed on half rations, could have held out a month at longest. The means of subsistence introduced during the armistice would have restored health and strength to the garrison. The quantity of food could not have been exactly measured; the commandant might, by economy, have drawn from them the means for a perfectly new resistance; all our former victories would have been fruitless, we should have had, after the interval to begin all over again." Read Paris, it is remarked; for Mantua, and Moltke for Bonaparte, and the reasoning is equally cogent.

"The victualing of Paris after the surrender," says a Versailles letter, "is already engaging the attention of many speculators. The well-known Paris banker, M. Erlanger, has here undertaken to establish at Havre a large store of all sorts of edibles and colonial produce, in order, after the expected starving out, to do a good trade. This speculation cannot, of course, be officially promoted on the German side, as it is not our interest to tranquillize the Parisians as to their future, and allow them, in the consciousness that the future is provided for, to hold out up to the last biscuit. If the Parisians mean to be famished, and thus assume an heroic attitude, they must make up their minds to bear the consequences of this resolution, not only before, but a reasonable time after the eventual capitulation. They are not without warnings of this kind."

A correspondent of the *Standard* states that on the 25th November there were rations of fresh meat for two months, of salt meat for two weeks longer, and of horse-flesh for three months, and of flour, coffee, and

wine for six months. Trochu's famous "plan" is being, it is said, developed, and that it is to keep pounding away at the German lines until they shall have been so extended that the investment of the city shall practically have been raised. The great sortie of Thursday last is said to be only the forerunner of still more serious and determined attacks.

PREPARATION OF STORES FOR THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—The *Weser Zeitung* gives a description of the manufactory of Prussian army stores at Berlin. More than 1,700 persons, adults and youths, of both sexes, are engaged from morning till night in preparing 150,000 lb. of peas pudding (*erbswurst*,—literally, pea sausage) and 210,000 rations of meat and vegetable preserves, which are daily despatched by railway. The largest room in the building is devoted to the preparation of peas pudding. Swine's flesh, especially bacon and hams, are first cooked in 12 large saucapans. The other components of the sausage are pea flour, salt, and the so-called "*lipus*," the name humorously given by the inventor to the secret ingredient which makes the article keep and gives it an agreeable flavour. When the mixture is cooked it is poured into pails, and by skillful kneading the pea sausage soon becomes firm, and is enclosed in a covering, not of skin, but of parchment. Boys and girls carry the mixture on wheelbarrows to the packing room, where 400 women and girls, after cleansing the outside from grease, affix on every portion the following label:—Put ten ounces, or one-third of a sausage, freed from the coating, into 1½ pint of cold water, stir it up, and let it cook for ten minutes." The sausages are carefully packed in pairs, and are sent to the coopers' workshop, where they are stowed into 150 lb. chests, nailed up, and sent off. The sausage or pudding becomes in time as hard as stone. The genuine article is not obtainable by the public, though imitations of it are sold. Turnips, carrots, and celery for the preserves are dressed and cut by about 120 women. The tin cases of the preserves employ 120 workmen: 100 oxen are daily slaughtered, and 275 cwt. of bacon daily bought for the manufactory. The preserves, already soldered up in cases, are boiled in the so-called marine baths. Labels with directions are placed on every case. Everything is made the most of, the bones being cooked, and supplying excellent broth. Eighteen saucapans are used for preparing "*gultuech*," a mixture of beer and maize, which is much relished by the troops. The works cover about six acres, and are now the property of the state. There are similar establishments at Frankfurt and Mayence.

GENERAL TROCHU'S ROLL OF HONOUR.—General Trochu, rightly judging what a stimulus praise is to the soldier, has caused a roll of honour to be drawn up of those under his command, "who have deserved well of the country since the commencement of the siege. Some of those names are dead, like Latour d'Auvergne, "on the field of honour," but they are not forgotten; living or dead, all, testifies the General, "did more than their duty."

Among the heroic defenders of the city who are still in the land of the living, prepared to signalise themselves anew, the first in order, as I have marked them on the paper before me, is Captain de Montbrison, orderly officer to General Ducrot. De Montbrison, De Nugent, De De Dampierre! Have you remarked how the "sanguinary aristocrats," the men who stink in the nostrils of Belleville because of their gentle blood, will turn up where there are laurels to be plucked?

A correspondent of the *Standard* says the French artillery officers are most of them men of good family, sprung from the Ecole Polytechnique, and already distinguished by their bravery during the campaign. Several of them are already decorated. I dined with them last night, and I never sat down at so pleasant a dinner party before. It quite brought back to me Charles Lever's inimitable description of the French officers under the old Napoleon—their high-bred courtesy, their perfect ease, dashing bravery, invincible, yet almost Irish, gaiety, and racy anecdotes. They had all served before Amiens, and all were of one accord that the Prussian artillery was magnificent. One of them told me that he was bringing three guns into position, and before the men had time to serve, a Prussian battery that was so far out of sight that neither men nor guns could be distinguished, detected the movement by their telescope, and in shorter time than it takes to write it had killed six men with one shot, and utterly silenced the battery. There was something terrible in their accounts of the mysterious manner in which the men fell. The commandant himself told me that one regiment of Chasseurs were exposed from morning till night to the hottest fire of the enemy. To use his exact words—"The men dropped in swarms, like flies, and they never once saw the enemy during the whole day."

The *Paris* relates the circumstances under which a number of peasants resident in the neighborhood of Paris recently effected their escape from their German conquerors. A requisition having been made for labourers to work at the construction of some intrenchments and redoubts in the plain of Chatellain, the country people were called upon to assist in the task of completing works which were destined to bombard the Forts Vanvres, Issy, and Montrouge. The men thus employed were for safe custody lodged at night in a church, but resenting their involuntary employment against their countrymen, they determined to escape, and accordingly, by a pre-concerted arrangement, they burst open the doors of the church, killed the sentries, and fled to the woods, whence they singly made their way to the French outposts.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the reconnoitering expeditions sent out by Prince Frederick Charles, says—"These were mostly attended with great difficulties. The cavalry were fired at from every farm and every distant point. Solitary agricultural labourers at their approach threw away the spade, seized a gun lying beside them on the ground and fired, every house became a petty fortress, every blouse a *Franc-Tireur*. Such persons are daily brought to the general commands, to whom the decision in such cases is trusted, and many of them are accompanied by priests, partly as instigators, and partly as actors. Everybody taken with a gun in his hand, in accordance with a notice placarded at the town or village corners entering any district, is condemned to death. Only by Draconic severities can this treacherous way of carrying on war be repressed. The towns of Sens and Nemours have been severely punished. In the former postal and telegraph officials were disarmed by the inhabitants and led away prisoners; in the latter 47 Uhlans were surprised. The isolated officer who is sent out to get information or reconnoitre is exposed to the greatest danger."

VON MOLTKE.—The Silent Man is seventy years old. He is the greatest commander since the great Napoleon, and he never led a division in his life. He manages his forces from a closet, and directs his manoeuvres through subordinates. His father was a soldier, and he never had any high opinion of his son's genius. The family removed from Mecklenburg when Von Moltke was a child, and they began a new life in Holstein. They sent the lad to a military school remarkable for its stern discipline and frugal administration; for the family were very poor. When he was twenty-two years old he entered the army as a cornet. Almost immediately his family were ruined. The pay of the Prussian officer is extremely small, and Von Moltke was compelled to live as parsimoniously as many a private soldier. This training formed the rigid, stern, cold, silent old man whose military sagacity has astonished the world. He occupied his leisure in the most inexorable and unceasing study. He mastered several languages, though, oddly enough, he very seldom used any language at all. He is

more terse and laconic than General Grant, the present President of the United States, who, when called on to make a speech at a ladies' meeting simply said "Good Night." Von Moltke's administrative capacity procured him promotion; but his silent unassuming ways and a natural delicacy of constitution prohibited any brilliant display in the field. He was always content to direct affairs privately; and although many men were persuaded of his genius he never became popularly known as a great man. When the four years' war broke out between Turkey and Asia Minor, from '35 to '39, Moltke was despatched to make observations. His power of concentration, which is an instinct of his mind, enabled him to become acquainted with the ways and weaknesses of armies: a matter of which he had had little or no experience. He came home stocked with practical knowledge and to this he applied his own extraordinary power of theorising. He published several works which excited great attention; but with characteristic modesty, they were all anonymous. He was retained on the general staff; and was known to be a deep, thinking strategist. He moped for many years over the plans of the great Napoleon's campaigns; and has since shown that that commander's theorem as to generalship was as true as it was brief—all summed up in concentration and rapid movement. For the greater part of a long and busy life he remained in comparative obscurity, and it was only when the Austro-German war of '65 broke out that Moltke quietly came forward with the plan of the campaign completely developed. He was appointed to the nominal command. Instantly he poured an immense army into Bohemia, and by rapid marches succeeded in passing the mountain defiles before the enemy came up. The Prussian host invaded Bohemia at three several points, Prince Frederick Charles, General Von Bittenfeld, and the Crown Prince being in command. The whole force mustered 225,000 men, with 750 guns. The Austrians had 260,000 men and an equal power in artillery. The Austrians, under Benedek, awaited the attack from Silesia, Moltke having made a feint which suggested this notion. When the Prussians came up with the isolated brigades of the Austrian army in quite a different quarter, the work was simple annihilation. He now succeeded in dividing the Austrian forces and beat them in detail. Benedek never succeeded in gathering any large force, for the fine watchfulness of Von Moltke constantly defeated any concentration. On the 3rd of July the opposing hosts reached Koniggratz. The Crown Prince lay 15 miles off. Benedek determined to make the attack and by a flank movement to cut off the Crown Prince. Von Moltke suddenly extended his line and dispatched orders to the Prince. The battle was fiercely contested. The Austrian soldiers fought with splendid bravery, and several times dislodged the Germans from their positions. The Austrian cavalry, perhaps the finest in the world, performed wonders, and excited admiration in the foe. Benedek was manoeuvring with great skill, and Von Moltke then determined to keep up an appearance while he brought the artillery into position. He swept the Austrian lines with dreadful havoc, and at that moment when Benedek had succeeded in bringing up his forces, the Crown Prince arrived on the field and attacked his right wing. Caught between two fires, the Austrian defeat was inevitable, and the great host turned and fled. Nine thousand Germans lay dead on the field; sixteen thousand Austrians fell, and twenty-two thousand men were taken prisoners, and a couple of hundred guns captured. Napoleon III. interfered soon after, and a peace was made. Such was the first campaign of Von Moltke, and then the world heard with awe of the silent little man in spectacles. How he managed the present campaign for the Germans we need not tell. The story of unmerciful disaster which has followed the French troops from the first is one of the most painful facts in all history; and there can be no doubt that, apart from bad generalship, it may be greatly attributed to the strategy of Von Moltke. The King of Prussia made the general a Count on his last birthday, the 26th of October. When the wars of our portion of the nineteenth century came to be written there can be no doubt that Hellmuth Freiherr Von Moltke will be regarded as the greatest captain of his time.—*Weekly Freeman*.

A Versailles letter in the *Weser Zeitung* says:—"The French generally come out every morning about 6 o'clock with three or four battalions, chiefly from Forts Vanvres and Montrouge, and alarm our outposts. An attack does not occur, but after the enemy has dug up the remaining potatoes at a distance of 800 paces, he goes back to the fort without firing a shot. Every morning the French send out the same 18 or 20 oxen in front of the Bavarians, as a proof that their provisions are not exhausted. The Bavarians recognize them by their physiognomy, and have christened them the *gala herd*. The exchange of newspapers is carried on in a friendly manner. According to mutual agreement the papers are tied to a stone and thrown to and fro, without a shot being fired in the process. I had yesterday in my hands a copy of the *Gaulois* of the 18th. It had a long article decidedly in favour of peace, and conjured the men of the 4th of September to resign their functions and summon a National Assembly, and even dissuaded Trochu from making a useless sortie, as Paris could no longer reckon on help from the Army of the Loire.

THE GRANIER D'ABONDANCE.—In the calculations which have been made respecting the ability of Paris to stand a siege, we have not observed any mention made of the Granier d'Abondance, or de Reserve, situated near the Place de la Bastille. It is an immense storehouse, commenced by Napoleon I., for the express purpose of containing the grain and flour required for the consumption of the city for four months. Though not completed on the scale originally projected, it is 2,160 ft. in length, 64 ft. in breadth, and 32 ft. in height, and is capable of containing 80,000 sacks of flour. Every baker in Paris was obliged to keep 20 sacks constantly deposited in it, and was allowed to warehouse as much more as he pleased on payment of a moderate charge. The ordinary consumption of Paris in 1861 was considered to be 2,900 sacks a day.—*Globe*.

It has been observed in the French hospitals at Orleans that the wounds of the Germans are chiefly from pieces of shell—comparatively few bullet wounds—but that the French have chiefly been wounded by the needle gun. The inference is obvious that the French fired wildly, too fast, and without aiming, and perhaps at too great a distance. The *Chassepot* is a bad weapon for recruits, and especially for young French soldiers, impetuous and difficult to control.

In the French navy there appears to be as little subordination as in the army. The *Steele* publishes the letter of an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, which indulges in the severest expressions towards his captain for having neglected to capture German ships which came in sight. The *Steele* not only regards this criticism as a naval lieutenant of his superior as quite a matter of course, but remarks that among the French captains there are still many who hold further resistance to the enemy useless, and have expressed an opinion that the members of the Government ought all to be shot.

A partial statement of the German losses in men during the present war has been issued at Berlin. Up to a fortnight ago the North German, Bavarian, and Baden armies had lost 77,387 men in killed, wounded, and missing. These are merely the casualties in actual fighting. What disease has done is not stated; but it is admitted that the present war has not been an exception to the old rule of disease being a more deadly enemy than powder and shot. There are no returns of the Wurtemberg losses.

It is observed in hospitals where wounded and dying soldiers of the French and German armies are lying side by side, that the former do not bear pain so well as the latter. They scream and howl where the Germans will not utter a sound. The German soldier's fortitude in this instance is owing to the awe he stands in of his superiors. But when the overwhelming terrors of inevitable death are upon them the Germans' training breaks down, and they give the most unmistakable signs of terror. The Frenchmen, on the contrary, show generally, the greatest coolness and unconcern.

General Keraty the other day tried the effect of a *coup de theatre* at the Conlie Camp, near Le Mans, with great, immediate, and very probable ultimate success. A private of Mobiles was sentenced to death by Court Martial for insubordination. His pardon, strongly solicited from the general was sternly refused. Nov. 18 the whole army was drawn up to see the execution. The drums rolled the death notes. The culprit received the last consolations of religion, and the firing party was ready awaiting the signal. But at the very last moment Gen. Keraty galloped to the front and said he had determined to spare the man's life, hoping that his clemency might not be misinterpreted, and that in future discipline would be strictly observed. The astounded rebel, thus rescued from the jaws of death, threw himself at Gen. Keraty's feet, or rather at the feet of his horse. The general said, "Rise up, my friend; and remember that a Frenchman should never go down on his knees." This is a *beau trait* such as French history delights in.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 16.—A monster meeting of sympathisers with the Pope was held at Thurles last evening. Speeches were made and resolutions adopted, in which an opinion was expressed that Great Britain should defend the interests of her Catholic subjects now menaced at Rome.

Mr. Johnston, M.P., has been deposed from his office as Grand Master of the County Orange Grand Lodge of Belfast, for refusing to pledge himself completely to the interests of the Conservative party.

A force of about nine thousand cavalry and infantry have been ordered to Londonderry in view of disturbances expected on the Anniversary of the establishment of the Union of England and Ireland.

The Catholic Defence Association of Londonderry has been dissolved by order of the authorities.

LONDONDERRY, Dec. 15.—The Derry Boys ignore the proclamation of the magistrates forbidding processions.

The Derry Boys having demanded, and been refused admission to the walls of the city, had a slight collision with the Catholics in rear of their procession.

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Dease, member of Parliament for Queen's County, has been published:—

Downing-street, Nov. 30, 1870.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., transmitting a memorial from the inhabitants of Strabally, in which you state that they express their desire that Her Majesty's Government may see fit to use "such diplomatic intervention as may secure to the Pope the continuance of such a temporal Sovereignty as will protect him in the discharge of his spiritual duties, together with an adequate income." The memorial itself is couched in larger or less definite language, but I do not doubt that I am to recognise you as the best expounder of the feelings it is intended to express. In reply I have to state that Her Majesty's Government have not, during the various changes which have marked the reign of the present Pope, interfered, nor have they now proposed to interfere with the Civil Government of the City of Rome or the surrounding country. But Her Majesty's Government considers all that relates to the adequate support of the dignity of the Pope, and to his personal freedom and independence in the discharge of his spiritual functions, to be legitimate matter for their notice. Indeed, without waiting for the occurrence of an actual necessity, they have during the uncertainties of the last few months taken upon themselves to make provision which would have tended to afford any necessary protection to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The subjects to which I have adverted will continue to have their careful attention; although they have had great satisfaction in observing that the Italian Government has declared in the most explicit manner its desire and intention to respect and defend the Pope's freedom and independence, and to take care that adequate provision shall be forthcoming for the due support of his dignity.—I have, &c.,

(Signed), W. E. GLADSTONE.

E. Dease, Esq., M.P.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO AN IRISH NUN.—The *Nation* gives publicity to the following letter from His Holiness to the authoress of the *Life of Saint Patrick*, and of one of the best histories of Ireland that has ever been written:

TO OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER IN CHRIST, MARY FRANCES CLARE, OF THE SISTERS OF ST. KENNAMARK.
PUS P. P. IX.

Beloved Daughter in Christ, Health and Apostolic Benediction. We congratulate you, beloved daughter in Christ, in having completed a long and difficult work, which seemed to be above woman's strength, with a success that has justly earned the applause of the pious and the learned. We rejoice not only because you have promoted by this learned and eloquent volume the glory of this illustrious Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, but also because you have deserved well of the whole Church, for in recording the actions of so great a man, you have placed before the eyes of the world the benefits received through the Catholic religion, so clearly that they can no longer be questioned. For not only did he bring the light of faith to a people that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, but he reclaimed and civilized their wild and barbarous customs, so that the island became entirely changed, and was justly styled the Island of Saints. The clergy appointed by him throughout the land, together with being remarkable for faith and piety, devoted themselves also to the study and advancement of science; and when the rest of Europe was wasted by barbarous hordes, and overpowered with ignorance and darkness, your country was the secure refuge of literature and scholarship, and received with welcome the youth that crowded to her shores, and sent out very many men, most distinguished for learning and piety, to be the Apostles of various nations.

Now, for so great a gift, Ireland was indebted to this Apostolic See, because St. Patrick taught no other faith except that which was handed down here, and which from the very beginning of Christianity, having raised up the nations that were enslaved by superstitions and error and sunk down in the foul mire of sensual indulgence, bound them together in love, and reduced them to those habits of life which are worthy of man's dignity. While these facts recur most clearly the false charges of ignorance, darkness and opposition to progress, which are constantly brought against the Church and this Holy See, the *Life of St. Patrick*, as written so carefully by you, has the further merit of pointing out this benefit to every one, and the more forcibly and effectively, because this result flows naturally from the narrative. But as we look with wonder at the abiding fruits of this most holy prelate's mission, evidenced by the constancy of your nation's

The True Witness

AND

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—1870.

Friday, 30—Office of Sunday within Octave.
Saturday, 31—St. Sylvester, P. C.

JANUARY—1871.

Sunday, 1—Circumcision of Our Lord.
Monday, 2—Octave of St. Stephen.
Tuesday, 3—Octave of St. John.
Wednesday, 4—Octave of Holy Innocents.
Thursday, 5—Vigil of the Epiphany.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Nothing can be gathered from the litter of messages transmitted to us by the cable. Paris is on the brink of famine, says the first. By no means says the second: Paris is amply supplied for two or three months. The bombardment is about to begin; and nothing can withstand the new and powerful Prussian artillery. Not a bit of it, says a fourth: The Prussians cannot get their guns in position, and when they do, their batteries will be snuffed out in less time than it takes to write it down. And so on the end of the chapter. We honestly confess that we can find no reliable data on which to form any opinion whatsoever as to the actual conditions and prospects of the belligerents. The Prussians advanced upon and occupied Tours we are told, but then again we learn that they immediately afterwards evacuated the place. On the whole it does not seem as if they were making much progress.

The Parliament at Florence has, in so far as it is given it to do so, annexed the States of the Church to Piedmont; and has had the sublime effrontery to enact, what with amusing imbecility many of our exchanges call the *Magna Charta* of the Papacy. Having broken into his house and robbed him, the burglars guarantee the inviolable integrity of the person and property of their unarmed victim. They forget however that, if there were any virtue in Treaties, any reliance to be placed in their word, and the pledged faith of the Piedmontese Government, they would never be in Rome at all. The Catholic world therefore scorns them and their promises—knowing well the true worth of Piedmontese honor, and the reliance that is to be placed on the word and oath of a perjured and excommunicated King. The Pope, the Church want nothing, will deign to accept nothing from these men, except the unconditional surrender of that which by fraud and violence they have stolen. We laugh at the folly, the stupidity of those who flatter themselves that the Pope can be frightened or flattered into betraying his sacred trust, or sacrificing his rights, and the rights of the Church. To threats and cajolery he is alike indifferent, and in due time, we shall see him trample his enemies under foot. In the meantime the Parliament at Florence has prudently postponed the transfer of the seat of Government to Rome to this day six months.

The young Duc D'Aosta is promised a very warm reception should he ever attempt to enter Madrid; hints are thrown out that his life will be in danger, and so intense is Spanish hatred of foreign rule that this is very probable.

The subjoined are the most interesting items of latest telegrams:—

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The Germans are making a retrograde movement upon Orleans, and the French have much advanced on the north and north east of Paris.

Murders in the streets of Rome are of nightly occurrence. The life of the rector of the Armenian college was attempted.

Austria, Prussia, and England have offered an asylum to the Pope. He will probably accept Malta.

Advices from Berlin say that part of the terms of peace demand that France resigns Savoy and Nice to the Pope.

Herald's Special.—BERLIN, Dec. 21.—The uncertainty of the fall of Paris is the topic of conversation. The demands for a speedy bombardment are clamorous, and the official organs

assure the public that the military chiefs are fully awake to their duty, and that they will leave nothing undone to speedily reduce the capital. The belief prevails that the bombardment has been postponed by the influence of the Queen of England. In reply to this belief the official organs say it is owing to the difficulty in reaching the city effectively, the Prussian batteries not being complete, and lacking munition. In the capital the Germans will take a firm footing, and occupy it until the French elect a responsible Government. In regard to the manner of accomplishing this, whether by upsetting the present Government, and recalling Napoleon or the Orleans family, or by the convocation of a Council General, the widest opinions are framed, although the best informed express their conviction that the only way is to recognize the Constitutional Government under Napoleon. Wonderful efforts are still being made for the prosecution of the war, and the oldest classes of the Landwehr are being drafted, equipped and sent to the front. Calls are made upon officers formerly in service to return to active duty, and the officials of various departments are sent with muskets on their shoulders to fill civil posts in the conquered territory. The great gun factory at Spandau is incessantly at work manufacturing ordnance of the largest calibre. A single factory sends to the army 80,000 cans preserved meats daily.

LYONS, Dec. 20th.—The occupation of Nuits by the enemy caused a panic here. Meetings were held at which the orators made frantic appeals to the multitude. The tocsin was sounded, the National and Mobile Guards mustered, and the delegation assembled. A procession of women in mourning passed through the streets. The red republicans gathered in large numbers before the Hotel de Ville and clamored for vengeance. Gen. Armand, commander of the National Guards, refused them admission to the Hall. He was assailed and his sword broken; in self-defence he discharged his revolver at his assailant. The mob then rushed in and overpowered him, and after a mock trial he was condemned to death and shot a few minutes after the sentence. The troops remained passive during the disorders.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Some days ago a Washington correspondent telegraphed that the British Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, had received instructions to settle the complications that had arisen from seizure of a number of fishing vessels by Dominion officers. There seems to be a prospect that this question will soon be disposed of, and will not enter into Gen. Schenck's instructions. It is understood that Minister Thornton has already taken the initiatory steps for a new treaty between his Government and the United States to cover the question.

OFFICIAL.—We are authorized to give an official denial to a statement which, over the signature of M. L., appeared in the Montreal *Witness* of Thursday, the 22nd instant, to the effect that:—

"Great consternation has been created in the convents and Roman Catholic boarding schools, wherein the young inmates expected to have a vacation at the time of Christmas and New Year, by an order of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal prohibiting such vacation, as a sacrifice to be made in sympathy with the imprisonment of the Pope, in his formerly loyal city of Rome! And the R. C. Episcopal order further provides that any child who shall transgress that order by visiting her parents on the previously appointed day, will be refused the entry of her convent if she attempts to return, or of any R. C. convent whereto she may seek admission hereafter."

No such order has been given by the Bishop, or by any other ecclesiastical authorities of the Diocese of Montreal; and the fact, of which from personal experience in his own house, the writer is cognisant is—that the pupils of some of our Catholic Colleges and Convents are at this moment in the enjoyment of their usual Christmas holidays in the bosoms of their respective families, with the exception of those whose parents do not desire to have them at home, and of those whose parents reside at a great distance in the U. States.

Having thus stated what the Bishop has not done, we will state what he has done. In a *Circular of Dec. 11th, addressed to the pupils*, he suggests to such of them as may feel disposed to do so of their own free will ("de votre plein gré," are the words of the letter,) and in consideration of the calamities with which the world in general—through the cruel war now raging—and with which the Catholic Church in particular—owing to the wanton outrage upon the Pope by the Piedmontese troops—are afflicted, to offer to God the sacrifice of their usual New Year holiday and its expenses, and to apply the proceeds of this sacrifice and its economies to the succor of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who has been robbed of all his revenues. Not a word of command is there in the Letter; a mere hint or suggestion is thrown out; and

the pupils are expressly told that they are at perfect liberty to do as they please in the matter. Upon this slender foundation has the writer in the *Witness* built up his superstructure of falsehood with the object of creating a prejudice against Catholic educational institutions.

ANGLICANISM.—The Ritualists of the Anglican denomination have received another heavy blow—one which one would think ought to prove fatal to them—from the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of the Rev. Mackonochie, proceeded against for the violation of a previously issued monition, in which amongst other things, the elevation of the Paten, and genuflections before the consecrated elements, were, together with others ritualistic practices, clearly prohibited as repugnant to the letter, and the spirit of the Church of England as By Law Established.

The defence as set up for Mr. Mackonochie was most puerile, and altogether unworthy of educated gentlemen, and of sincere, even if mistaken men, such as we have always tried to believe the Ritualists to be. It was urged on the part of the defendant that he obeyed the monition in question; that he had ceased, since its publication to elevate the Paten, but had merely elevated the consecrated bread without the Paten; that he did not even, at consecration, elevate the bread higher than the level of his eyebrows, whilst all that the monition enjoined was that he should not elevate it above his head; and lastly, that he had ceased altogether from genuflections, that is to say the bending of his knees, before the consecrated elements; and had contented himself with the bending of his spinal column, whilst keeping his legs perfectly straight, so as to bring his forehead in contact with the upper surface of the altar. This bowing or bending of his back he, the defendant, admitted; but the genuflection or bending of the knees, he denied altogether.

The Court would not recognise such fine distinctions or evasions of the law, and sentenced the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie to three months suspension from the performance of any clerical functions, together with the payment of all costs in the suit.

What the Ritualists will do next we cannot conceive, because they do not seem to be amenable to the moral laws which govern the conduct of other men. We do not tax them with conscious dishonesty; but it is hard for others to see how they can reconcile their peculiar religious views, with their position as office-bearers in a church which expressly repudiates those views. The sentence just pronounced by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in which the two Protestant Archbishops fully concurred by implication, repudiates the theory of any divine presence after consecration in, or with, the consecrated elements of the Eucharist, since it explicitly prohibits the rendering to them of any external marks of worship—or reverence. The Ritualists profess to believe that in, under, together with, or in some supernatural manner, the consecrated elements of the Lord Supper, and in virtue of the consecration—the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, very God and very man is indeed objectively present, and is therefore to be adored. Now the problem which they, the Ritualists, have to solve, and to which to all non-ritualistic persons must seem insoluble is this:—How are they to reconcile their belief, with the law of the land as laid down by the highest authority to which Anglicans can appeal, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council?

When the three months' suspension of the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie shall have expired, and he shall again commence his clerical services, how will he celebrate the Lord's Supper? The law is clear and explicit; he must offer to the consecrated elements no act of adoration, or external respect; he must make no public acknowledgment of the faith that is in him; he, the teacher, and the Christian priest—for so he deems himself—must, in obedience to the law of the land, suppress these outward signs of love, reverence and devotion to Our Lord Jesus Christ, which hitherto he has believed that he was bound to make. Any man, not a Ritualist, being placed in such a dilemma, would at once break his legal bonds asunder, and cast the fetters of the law far from him; he would renounce the emoluments of his office, so as to be at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his heart and conscience.—This, we fear, is what neither Mr. Mackonochie nor his ritualistic brethren who share his religious opinions, will consent to do. They will, we fear, as heretofore, temporize, or trust to some legal quibble, and at all costs will cling to the loaves and fishes of the Establishment.—This is why it is so difficult for either Catholic or Protestant thoroughly to respect the Anglican Ritualists. Both may admit their many good qualities; their yearnings after a higher spiritual life than that which the Erastian atmosphere of a mere national church, or church

established by law, can sustain; but neither can recognise in them ought akin to the true martyr-spirit; whilst the objects at which they aim as in the man-millinery business, are often puerile; and the manner in which they contend for the more serious objects is too often unworthy of Christians and high-minded gentlemen.

There is no place in the Anglican Establishment for any honest man, who really believes that, either before consecration, or after consecration, the bread is anything but simple bread such as may be bought at the baker's shop, or the wine in any respect different from the wine usually sold at the corner grocery. This, according to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, is the doctrine of the Church of England as By Law Established; and the London *Times*, in language more forcible than polite, reminds the Ritualists that, though they may call themselves Bishops and Priests; though they may play at Sacerdotalism, and fancy themselves invested by their ordination with some peculiar privileges—they are, after all, merely the officials or servants of the State; commissioned by the State to perform certain functions in a particular manner; and authorised to wear, during the performance of these State functions, a particular uniform or livery which the State likewise prescribes. This is the true position of the Anglican clergyman: he stands, as towards the State, in the same position as does the Custom House officer or the clerk in the Commissariat Department: and like them he must either obey orders, or leave the service.

Another very important and interesting case, as illustrating the tendencies of religious thought in the Protestant world in general, and in the Anglican section of that world in particular, has also just come off before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The defendant in this case was a Rev. Mr. Voysey. This gentleman belongs to a very numerous school in the Church of England, whose views were some years ago put forth and ably advocated in *Essays and Reviews*. Just as the Ritualists seek to put a Tridentine gloss upon the 39 Articles and the other formularies of the Established Church, so does the school to which Mr. Voysey belongs seek to strain or pull them out in the very opposite direction, so as to make them comprehend every possible phase of unbelief. Comprehensive or elastic as are the Articles, this seems more than they can bear.

Mr. Voysey, protests against, or denies everything hitherto supposed to be distinctly Christian. The miracles recorded in Scripture; the inspiration of Scripture; to a great extent the historical credibility of Scripture, find no favor in his eyes. The Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension of Christ, are to him mere myths, incredible, and to be rejected by all intelligent men. With much ingenuity, for he pleaded his own cause, he attempted to show that all these views might be held and taught without any infringement of Anglican formularies; and by a long *catena* of quotations from eminent Protestant divines of the Anglican church, he shewed conclusively that all these views had been held and set forth by men reckoned by their contemporaries as sound churchmen. Not indeed by any one man; but, just as it is easy to find thirty-nine men who betwixt them believe all the 39 Articles, though it is morally impossible for any one man to believe them all, so he showed that this man was esteemed a Churchman though he denied the Trinity—as the late Protestant Archbishop Whately for instance; and that that man was in good Anglican standing though he rejected some other dogma. Mr. Voysey therefore argued that what had been done by others, piece-meal, might be done in a lump by him, without prejudice to his legal status as an ordained Anglican minister. Loud cheers, which elicited the indignant comments of the Lord Chancellor greeted Mr. Voysey at the close of his defence, showing how warm and how general was the sympathy with his views amongst his auditory. Indeed amongst the best educated of the Protestant world, and the men of intellectual culture, especially amongst the ministers of the Anglican persuasion, those views are very generally held by all who have not participated in the Romeward movement.

"The True Witness persists in defining baby farming as baby murder, and however far wrong philologically, we think he is pretty nearly right as a matter of fact. But what, then, must we think of those who systematically let or farm out babies to be nursed?"

We clip the above from the Montreal *Witness* of the 21st inst.; and in reply we would observe that the composite word "*baby-farming*" is a new word, not to be found in any dictionary that we know of; and the meaning of which being purely conventional, must be gathered from the peculiar circumstances connected with its origin, and under which it was first employed. Thus when the horrid crimes of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh were brought to light some forty years ago, a new word, "*to burke*," was adopted to indicate a phase of crime then for

the first time brought to light, and for which no term existed.

So with the newly adopted word "*baby-farming*." It was adopted into the English language as a short and expressive term to denote the peculiar crime for which the woman Margaret Waters lately suffered the penalty of hanging, and for which there had previously been no name in the English language. It is not for us to discuss whether the term has been happily chosen, or whether it be philologically accurate; but the fact is, that, as the word was coined expressly to meet the case of the newly discovered crime for which the wretched woman Waters was hung, so it is understood, and so only is it used—in an invidious sense, or as a term of reproach. So much for the philological side of the question raised by the *Witness*.

Turning to the moral side, the reader will notice that the *Witness* admits that, "as a matter of fact," *baby-farming*, and *baby-murder* are much the same thing; and as he insinuates that the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery are "*baby-farmers*," we are logically correct in repeating that he, by implication, puts them on much the same footing as "*baby-murderers*." We have only to congratulate our Protestant fellow-citizens upon the courtesy and truly Christian charity which characterizes their champion and spokesman in Canada. No! We will not say "like master, like man;" for we firmly believe that the great majority of our separated brethren, differing as they do from us on many and most important questions, repudiate indignantly the cowardly slanders of the fellow who presumes to speak in their name. Such is our confidence in their honor, and manly feeling that we have no hesitation in leaving the vindication of our Sisters in their hands; we know how Catholics would act were some fellow calling himself a Catholic to speak and write of the good ladies at the head of the Protestant Orphan's Home, and other Protestant benevolent Societies of Montreal, in the tone in which habitually the *Witness* speaks of the humble Sisters of Charity. We therefore say no more on this head.

The *Witness* asks us, "what must we think of those who systematically let, or farm out, babies—to be nursed?" That depends altogether upon circumstances. Of those who, to shirk their parental duties, or with the object of getting rid of an encumbrance, let out their babies, whom they are able to nurse and bound to nurse themselves—to be nursed by others, we can scarce think too harshly.

Not so, however, should we think of those who, having no other means of saving the lives or prolonging the flickering existence of babies for whose existence they are in nowise responsible, but who are cast at their doors, give those babies out to be nursed by others; paying a good round sum for the services of the nurse, and exercising a diligent supervision over the treatment which the babies receive from the hands of those to whom they are committed. Of "*baby-farmers*" of this description, who from motives of pure Christian charity undertake so heavy a burden, we cannot, if we be Christians, or possessed of a single grain of philanthropy think or speak too highly. Even if hygienic errors could be brought home to them, we should none the less respect them for their motives, and the painful sacrifices which for the love of God, and of God's little ones, they make.

We have answered the question put by the *Witness*; will he favour us with an equally explicit answer to a few questions we address to him:—

He insinuates, rather than directly charges, crime of some kind against the Sisters of Charity in charge of the Foundling Hospital. We ask him to be more explicit, and to condescend to particulars. What is it that he accuses the Sisters of Charity of having done, or left undone? What would he have them do with the babies cast at all hours of the day and night, summer and winter, at their doors? Would he have them leave these helpless little creatures out in the rain and snow, there to perish certainly and miserably? Or, does he prefer that they should take them in, and try at all events to save their lives, difficult always, hopeless generally, though their efforts must necessarily be? And if the Sisters take them in, how are they to have these babies nursed, unless they hire the services of mothers able to nurse them?

Of the extent to which child-murder prevails in England we may form a slight idea from a paragraph on the subject which we find in the Montreal *Witness*; the writer, speaking of a case lately brought before the Lambeth magistrates, says:—

"The police records show an extraordinary number of dead children found about in this district; in fact, the suspicion would seem to be that children are adopted by the 'farmers' in heaps, starved to death, and flung away,—a state of affairs which most makes one long for founding hospitals, had their moral effect always is."—*Witness*, Aug. 11.

Here the inconsistency of the Protestant *Witness* amusingly betrays itself. He argues on the assumption that it was, and is the founding

hospital that precedes, and calls into being the exposure of children by their unnatural parents; and ignores the fact that it was that exposure which preceded and called into being the founding hospital or asylum for the wretched cast-away infants. He is simply guilty of the logical error of putting the cart before the horse. We admit that at best, the founding hospital cannot do all the good that its founders anticipated; that owing to physical causes the mortality amongst the children whom it takes in is great, and that the number of children it rescues from death is small. But the moral good it does is immense.

There is another point connected with this "baby-farming" business important to note. Though so rife in England, though children are there murdered in "heaps" and in a cool matter of business way, the crime is almost unknown in Catholic Ireland. Why is this?

May it not be that it is owing to the same reason as that to which we owe the remarkable phenomenon, that in the New England States the Protestant Yankee race, owing to the prevalence of the crime of child-murder under the form of feticide, is, according to Dr. Allen, dying out; whilst the foreign and Irish Catholic community in the same States is steadily increasing in numbers, owing to the marriages of these foreigners being always prolific.

In the meantime the fact remains that the three countries in which the crime of child-murder is the most common, are Protestant Great Britain, Protestant America, and heathen China.

The Montreal Gazette is in a state of open hostility with the entire evangelical world. It has attacked its favorite doctrine; and though of course, formally, as the schoolmen say—the negation of authority is the fundamental principle of all Protestantism, yet, materially, the doctrine of "justification by faith alone" is the very corner-stone of the Reformation as preached by Luther and his contemporaries. "We are justified," said Luther without ceasing, "from the time that we certainly believe ourselves so."—*Vid. Bosses's Variations.* So also thought and taught Melancthon and the other Reformers—*Certissima sententia est, oportere nos certissimos semper esse de remissione peccati de benivolentia Dei erga nos, qui justificati sumus.* In a word, the great doctrine of the Reformation which the Council of Trent condemned, was: Believe that your sins are forgiven unto you, and they are forgiven."

And yet, in spite of all this, we find a writer in the Gazette, X., speaking in the most irreverent, unevangelical manner possible of this fundamental doctrine of orthodox Protestantism. He is criticising the comments of some of his contemporaries on the edifying death of two fellows lately hung for murder at Kingston, and he thus denounces the general tone of those comments:—"Perhaps the Devil has no more powerful, because subtle temptation by which to beguile poor sinners than that of spiritual pride in the really groundless confidence that all our sins are blotted out, because we have forced our thoughts into the bold conviction that we have arrived at this comfortable point."

X speaks as one of the Fathers of the Tridentine Council on this matter; but his utterances, excellent as they are, are a formal protest against the teachings of Luther and Calvin, and a forcible repudiation of the doctrine of justification by faith as defined by the Reformers. The letter in short is so excellent that we hesitate not to lay it before our readers:—

THE KINGSTON EXECUTIONS.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

Sir,—Your article in Friday's Gazette about the Kingston executions deserves the thanks of all sensible and God-fearing persons. Perhaps the Devil has no more powerful, because subtle, temptation by which to beguile poor sinners than that of spiritual pride in the really groundless confidence that all our sins are blotted out, because we have forced our thoughts into the bold conviction that we have arrived at this comfortable point. "The greater sinner, the greater saint."—the blacker the previous guilt, the more brilliantly white the cleansed soul—the thief on the cross a pattern for all to follow: These results are held up in such a light as would naturally lead men to commit all kinds of crime, in order to gain the higher seat in the company of the forgiven blessed. Let a man only be bold enough to pass, by a leap, over the final barrier, on the other side of which the law of God (and human and Christian law) meets him with death as his punishment; and then confess that he has committed the fatal crime, and claim, not humbly sue for, but claim pardon; and lo! he is transformed into an angel of light, a teacher of the hidden things of God—not a brand (that would be too humble a metaphor) from the burning; but rather a phoenix, rising with resplendent wings, and soaring exultingly into the skies! This false view of the Gospel seems to be one which is becoming more and more prevalent in our times. Of this we may cite as proof the fact that five or six, or more, self-called Ministers of the Gospel are found to rush in where angels fear to tread, with their peculiar teachings, all of which tend to the point referred to above, viz., to the self-persuasion in the mind itself of the culprit that he is not only pardoned of his sin, but also exalted thereby into a condition of greater holiness than any one who have not so sinned, a condition which the most saintly men that have ever lived would tremblingly decline to assume as their own.

In view of this evil it might be a matter for serious consideration whether the executive powers are properly employed when such things are permitted. Akin to such distorted teaching as to what true Christianity is, we may instance the use of such a designation for any body of men as may be seen in some of the public prints, under the title of "The Young Men's Christian Association." This and similar designations if they have any distinct mean-

ing must be used on the assumption that all who do not join such bodies are not Christians, but heathens; that they must look up to those young men as models—as beings raised above their fellow-men. Surely they say by their very bye-name to all others: "Stand by, for I am holier than thou"—"I am not as other men, nor even as this Publican." The application is easy.

We insert willingly the subjoined letter, from respect to the writer's motives; though we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Bill lately brought forward by Mr. Carter, M.P.P., to confer extraordinary power on the Corporation of Montreal for the punishment of proprietors who knowingly let houses for immoral purposes, will have much effect towards abating the nuisance complained of. It will always be difficult, generally impossible, to adduce legal proofs of the guilty knowledge.

To meet the evil, power should we think be given to the magistrate before whom any person shall have been convicted of keeping, or of being an inmate of, a "disorderly house," to turn all the inmates of the said house, neck and crop, out into the streets within twenty-four hours of said conviction. The law might also be so amended, as to deprive the landlord of all power of recovering by legal process any rents due by persons once convicted of having kept or resided in a "house" branded by the law as "disorderly." In fact the tenants of a certain class of houses should be, after conviction, summarily evicted from their holdings; and landlords should be given to understand that the law will never assist them to recover rent from any person so convicted.

The law of the Church is very severe upon proprietors guilty of the offence with which Mr. Cartier's Bill proposes to deal. By that law all persons knowingly letting houses for certain immoral purposes, are *ipso facto* excommunicate; and their offence is so grave that it falls within the cognisance only of the Bishop and his Grand Vicars. But as these spiritual penalties are unavailing, it would be well were the civil magistrate to try his hand at protecting the public morals. We give below our correspondent's letter on the subject:—

IMPROPER HOUSES.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—May I request that as an exponent of truth and morality you will publish the following remarks:—

The motion made by Mr. Carter, M.P.P., to introduce a Bill to empower the Corporation of Montreal to pass a By-Law to prevent proprietors from leasing their houses to prostitutes, cannot but be hailed with sentiments of pleasure by the virtuous and good, inhabiting our wide spread City, and it is to be hoped that such power may be delegated to our Civic Rulers by the Legislature. It is a grave reflection, as well as a public censure on such proprietors, when a community is constrained to appeal to Parliament for an enactment to compel them to desist from such a practice, and at the same time to impress upon them the aversion towards their vileness entertained by the citizens. Can these men or women, (proprietors,) excuse themselves as entirely innocent of the revolting evils to souls and bodies, resulting from the encouragement and harbor they afford for the most vile of women; at least they cannot but admit that they are accessories *in limine*, when they suffer their houses year after year to be abodes of infamy, of scandal to their fellow man—for in many cases the virtuous unfortunately find themselves in the vicinity of such haunts, in many instances the next door. These vortices let their houses at high rents, which is usually paid in advance; they are aware of the source whence these rents are realized, yet with plastic conscience, and the supposition of no wrong doing, they pocket the wages of iniquity; they count it a good investment, the tenants are easily pleased, who do not call upon them for any expenditure for repairs, or improvements to the premises. Such premises are known to the police authorities, and the description of the inmates, yet we hear of no raid being made upon them, unless when specially reported as nuisances.

Apologising for drawing your attention to such a subject and its length,

I am, Sir, &c., Sanguinet, W.

20th Dec., 1870.

ORDINATIONS.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—I have again a very agreeable duty to perform, that of laying before your readers the particulars of an Ordination held in the chapel of the Seminary on Saturday last. This, the second ceremony of the kind since his return, was performed by His Lordship Bishop Guigues, assisted by the Rev. Directors of the Seminary. The following were the recipients of the several Orders:—Deaconship—C. F. Durocher and P. Lecomte, O.M.I. Subdeaconship—D. Foley, H. Franquier and E. Marcellin. Minor Orders—E. Dugas, O.M.I. Tonsure—E. Dugas, J. Prevost and F. Harnois, O.M.I.

SHAMROCK.

Ottawa, Dec. 22nd, 1870.

It is asked, "Is Great Britain a party to the Treaties guaranteeing the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope, and the integrity of the States of the Church?" We answer—Yes. By the Treaty of Vienna, and Article 103, it is agreed that the Holy See be reinstated in the "Legations of Ravenna, Bologna, and Ferrara, with the exception of that part of Ferrara situated on the left Bank of the Po." This article was signed on the part of Great Britain by Clancarty, Cathcart, and Stewart; and on the 20th of Nov., 1815, the signatures of Castlereagh and Wellington were attached on the part of the British Government, to a clause stipulating that the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, May

30th, 1814, which ratified the integrity of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope, were "confirmed and maintained in all of these clauses which have not been modified by the clauses of this Treaty—that of Vienna, 1815.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Elizabeth Hart, who departed this life, in this city, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Devany, on Tuesday the 20th inst., aged 21.

Fortified by the last sacraments of the Church, and in the fulness of Christian hope, this lovely and most amiable young lady passed away from earth, regretted by all who knew her, and mourned by a circle of bereaved relatives. Lovely in life, her end was peace; and although her illness was long and severe, she bore her sufferings with the patience of a true Christian, and calmly resigned her spirit into the hands of Him that gave it. A faithful and devoted child of Mary, she died with the scapular and the crucifix clasped to her breast, while her lips murmured the holy names of "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." Happy are they who die as she did.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESSES IN ITALY.—As it was suspected that the *Civiltà Cattolica* would set the edicts of the Piedmontese invaders of Rome prohibiting the publication of the Papal Encyclical, at defiance, the police were on the watch to seize its numbers of the 22nd before they could be distributed. Nevertheless by good management a large packet of the paper containing the obnoxious document was forwarded to Florence, and another to Turin, and their contents were there copied by the liberal journals, as a proof that the Italian press was free. To their great surprise however the argument was quickly turned against themselves—for their issues were also pounced upon, and confiscated, thus furnishing them with practical evidence of the Freedom of the Press in Italy.

In our exchanges we find an item of news—we do not vouch for its truth—to the effect that Dr. Forbes, son of the late Lord Medwin, and for some time past bishop in the Scotch Episcopal Protestant Church, having become convinced of the invalidity of his Orders, has thrown up his situation, and is about to retire into a religious house—a Catholic monastery near Glasgow—there to don the habit, and perform the functions of a lay brother.

We learn with pleasure, since we are to lose the services of our present most excellent Mayor, that, in compliance with a numerous signed requisition addressed to him by the leading citizens of Montreal, M. Coursol has allowed himself to be put in nomination for the office about to be vacated. We shall be lucky if we can secure the services of such a worthy successor to our present worthy chief magistrate.

The Province will sympathize with the Hon. P. O. Chauveau who is called upon to mourn the sudden death of his daughter, married but a few weeks ago to Lieut.-Col. Glendonwyn.

The Seminary of Quebec has made a gift to the City of twelve acres of land on St. Anne Street, for the erection of a female reformatory prison.

We beg to inform our friends in the Ottawa district that Mr. Gillies will leave here next week on a collecting tour, and we bespeak for him a warm reception.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—January, 1871.—D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Terms, 4.50 per annum; single number, 45 cents.

This sterling Catholic serial is as usual full of good things; the current number contains the following articles:—1. Becherism and its Tendencies; 2. Venite Adoremus; 3. Dion and the Sibyls; 4. Merry Christmas; 5. Ischia; 5. Mr. Froude's History of England; 7. Our Winter Evenings; Sayings of the Fathers of the Desert; 9. Catholicity and Pantheism; 10. Hand in Hand; 11. Salva Mater Salvatoris; 12. Our Lady of Lourdes; 13. X—Y; 14. Mrs. Gerald's Niece; 15. Epiphany; 16. The Sources of American History.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* comes before us this week with an extensive supplement with very excellent illustrations. We wish it every success, for it is a credit to Montreal.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

LONDON, Dec. 10, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of attending the great Catholic meeting at St. James' Hall last evening. I took notes of the speeches made, but prefer to send you the *Times* Report, which, considering circumstances, is very fair. I may say that I have attended many meetings in Canada, the U. S. and other places, but I have seldom witnessed more enthusiastic or genuine Catholic feeling displayed. The great Hall was crowded, and many persons were unable to obtain admission. It was pleasing to hear the allusions made to Ireland by most of the speakers, for her unwavering devotion and loyalty to the cause of the Holy Father and their perseverance in our holy religion; all admitting that Englishmen should regret their departure from the one true fold, and

return to the bosom of the Church which alone gives consolation and rest to the wearied.

I am, Yours, &c. M.

THE QUEBEC PARLIAMENT.—THE PROROGATION.

Quebec, Dec. 24. The last session of the first Parliament was prorogued to-day. The Lieutenant Governor arrived at 3 o'clock. A guard of honor was furnished from the 60th Rifles. Among those present were Col. Hamilton, Chandler and Fielding, Major Pope, Judges Caron, Meredith, Doucet, and Mayor Garneau.

Then the Honorable the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly addressed His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and presented for His Excellency's acceptance a Bill intitled an Act for granting to Her Majesty certain sums of money required for defraying certain expenses of the Civil Government for the financial year ending on the thirtieth of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy two, and for other purposes connected with the Public Service.

To this Bill the Royal assent was signified in the following words:—"In Her Majesty's name the Lieutenant Governor thanks her loyal subjects for their benevolence and assents to this Bill."

After which His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was pleased to close the fourth session of the first Parliament of the Province of Quebec with the following

SPEECH:

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.—Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I congratulate you in the name of our gracious Sovereign on the important tasks which you have accomplished during the present session. To the measures sanctioned in previous sessions you have added liberal grants in favor of iron and wooden railroads, which by binding more closely together the various parts of our own Province and uniting us to the neighboring Provinces will, I am confident, develop our commerce, attract foreign emigration, and facilitate the settlement of the public domain by the youth of the country. Our position in the centre of the Confederation and on the shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, ensure us a distinguished part in the history of the continent. The disposition which the people of our Province evince for commercial, industrial and agricultural resources appears to me to afford a certain guarantee for our prosperity in time to come in despite of the numerous obstacles with which we have now to contend. It has been with much pleasure that I have given my sanction to the municipal code, and I trust with confidence that our rural population will not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunities which it will hold out for them for local improvement and the maintenance of order and good morals. I return you my thanks for the attention which you have bestowed upon the bills submitted to you respecting civil procedure, public instruction, agriculture, and that portion of the international revenue which is at our disposal, as also for your careful examination of the correspondence laid before you relative to the arbitration ordered by the British America Act, and I have no doubt that the country will sustain you in the determination which you have unanimously expressed to obtain justice for the Province.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted the supplies.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen:

This session being the fourth of the first Parliament, the term of which ends in the course of next summer, I sincerely pray that at the ensuing elections the same spirit of harmony and moderation may be everywhere apparent, which taking into consideration the inevitable difference of opinion in a constitutional Government has never failed to mark your deliberation. I beg of you to accept my warmest good wishes for your own welfare and for that of your families.

In order to have the right of voting at the coming municipal elections, all assessments and personal taxes must be paid on or before 31st December.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A sad and fatal accident occurred at Barron's new block, on St. James Street, about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, by which a man named Leon Laurin lost his life. Deceased, it appears, was working on a scaffolding just inside a third storey window overlooking St. John Street, when, by some unfortunate accident, he missed his footing and fell through the open window into the street below, striking his head as he fell on one of the copings of the building, and shattering his skull in the most frightful manner. He lived only long enough to receive the last rites of the church from a priest who was in a few moments in attendance. The body was afterwards taken to Mountain Street, in a sleigh, where it was said deceased lived, but the parties in charge being unable to find the house or anyone who knew him, it was taken to the Chaboulez Square Police Station. During the evening, it was seen and recognised by his brother-in-law, from whom the further particulars were gathered that deceased was 25 years of age, and had a young wife and two children, and that he lived in Workman Street, St. Joseph Suburbs.—*Daily News 22nd.*

QUEBEC, Dec. 23.—In the Storan murder case the Coroner's jury brought Margaret Carr and Mrs. Wall in guilty of manslaughter.

CORNWALL, Ont., Dec. 25.—The Cornwall woollen factory here has been burned to ashes this evening at six o'clock. The fire was first noticed in the ground floor. Everything is a total loss. All is confusion here. Loss estimated at \$250,000.

Some weeks ago, enquiry having been made into some alleged delinquencies in the use of the franking privilege in the public departments, an order in Council was past prescribing new regulations and considerably reducing the number of officials to whom the privilege is in future allowed. Hitherto it had been permitted, not only to the deputy heads of the departments, but to certain other prominent officials, including the private secretaries of ministers, to frank their own official correspondence, and that of their subordinates and other employees of the service. By the order in Council referred to, the franking power is restricted to the Deputy Heads of departments alone, and the franking of blank envelopes prohibited. Any others having communications of an official nature to send out by post, send them in to the office of the Deputy, with the name or initials of the writer in the lower left hand corner of the envelope. The Deputy, in his discretion, may then frank the same by affixing his signature or stamp on the upper left hand corner, or withhold the same, and leave the postage to be paid in the usual manner. It will be seen that these precautions afford a very efficient supervision at all times, and a check if need be, upon the use of the privilege in question. Indeed, the restrictions are much more stringent, we believe, than have ever before been enforced in Canada. It is thought by some that the restrictions now enforced occasion a good deal of inconvenience and loss of time which all the alleged benefits and savings will not compensate for. The order is thought among certain of the rank and file of the service, (judging from what information we can gather,) to increase the importance and power of the deputy Ministers, which it is alleged "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be curtailed." On the other hand we should suppose it would entail a good deal of extra care and

work upon these self-same deputies, who unless for the desire to serve the country would not wish to undertake the task. Meanwhile due credit should be awarded the government for the effort to keep within proper bounds, (even at the risk of being inconveniently strict) a practice which it is scarcely practicable to abolish, yet very difficult to control.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

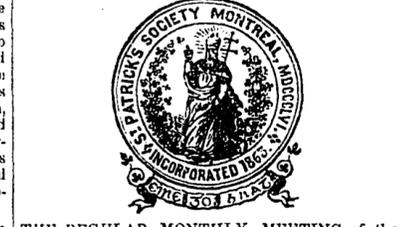
BRKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application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

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with columns for item, price, and date. Items include Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, Superfine, Fancy, Extra, Superior Extra, Bag Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Ashes, Seconds, Thirds, First Pearls, Pork, Thin Mess, Prime, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Barley, Pease.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for item, retail price, and wholesale price. Items include Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, Wheat, Barley, Pease, Oats, Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Rye, Flax Seed, Timothy, Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Turkeys, Do. (young), Geese, Butter, Cheese, Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Maple Sugar, Honey, Lard, Eggs, Haddock, Apples, Hay, Straw.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, JANUARY 2nd. (By Order), M. O'CONNOR, Rec.-Sec.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY for the ROMAN CATHOLIC FEMALE SEPARATE SCHOOL of Belleville, a FEMALE HEAD TEACHER. Salary liberal. Application to be made (if by letter, prepaid) to P. P. LYNCH, Secretary.

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-Treas. St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of LOUIS MARSANT, and JOSEPH TELLIER dit LAFORTUNE, Traders, of the Town of Joliette, Insolvents. I, the undersigned, Adolphe Magnan, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, in the Town of Joliette, on Friday, the thirteenth day of January next, at eleven o'clock, A.M., for the public examination of the Insolvents and the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvents are hereby requested to attend. A. MAGNAN, Assignee. Joliette, 12th Dec. 1870.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The special correspondent of the Tribune at Versailles under date of the 10th, says that the feeling among the highest officers of the besieging army is, that Paris will hold out well into next month. Careful preparations are making for such a contingency, and the various corps in the Provinces are moving so as to shut out, if possible, all hopes of rescue.

General Trochu is expected to give the Prussians some more desperate fighting about Christmas times.

The Herald's Brussels correspondent telegraphs this morning that the bombardment of Paris is declared to be impossible. It is not humanity which restrains the Prussians but simply the impossibility for them to succeed, as they have neither the number nor the calibre of guns necessary. They have only five hundred guns, mainly 24 pounders, and the French outworks which command the batteries can destroy them the moment they open fire. Paris has no month's supply of food.

A correspondent writes from Vendome:—Neither of the French armies commanded by Chanzy and Bourbaki number less than 100,000 men, and they can draw reinforcements from the other parts of France of nearly double the number.

The appearance of the French armies is favourable. Many of the men are small in stature but the majority are tall athletic fellows. I have seen whole companies of Gardes Mobiles which presented the appearance of comprising picked men. All that is necessary is the getting of these men accustomed to standing fire. They are raw troops now, but, as was the case in the United States during the Rebellion, steadiness on the battle-field is sure to come.

BOURDEAUX, Dec. 21.—There was a severe engagement near Tours yesterday. Six thousand French fought against ten thousand Prussians with 24 cannon for seven hours. The French finally retreated, the Prussians followed, and commenced to bombard Tours, when the Mayor surrendered the town.

This evening the Prussians evacuated Tours and retreated toward Chateau Renault. General Bremer, near Nuits, checked the Prussians. He advises the Government that he can keep the enemy from advancing.

Among the prisoners recently captured there are many who state that they have not been a fortnight in France.

In Frankfort-on-the-Maine, I witnessed last September the arrival of a train laden with siege-pieces on their way from Krupp's factory; and, as they call him in Germany, "King Krupp's" workmen had labelled the trucks with the following announcement:—"We," (the guns) "are off to Paris, and we'll see to that little affair alone." Two cannon lay side by side on a truck, the latter being quite new and of sufficient strength to bear the enormous weight. The guns were each twenty feet in length, with a bore of twelve inches, rifled, and the conical shot thrown by them scaled, about five hundredweight English. One thing is certain! Krupp has not made these guns and sent them hundreds of miles for Moltke to let them lie idle.—Corr. Spectator.

Ducrot left Paris by balloon on the 15th to take command of one of the army corps operating outside the besieged metropolis.

NEW ARTILLERY.—In the recent great sortie made by the French from Paris, General Ducrot brought into action one of those new engines of destruction to the invention of which the present war has given so great an impetus. This is an armor-plated locomotive, furnished with two powerful mitrailleurs, also, protected by armor, and originally intended for the railway bridge at Point Jour, whence it was to throw bullets on the heights of Meudon. This novel machine, which weighs altogether only six tons, has been manufactured at Cail's, the well known mechanical engineer of Paris, to whose establishment the city is so much indebted for the extraordinary efforts that have been made to supply it with cannon and other means of defence. The Prussian invasion has certainly contributed a great deal to develop the inventive talents of the French, for hardly a day passes without some new implement of destruction being submitted to the Government of National Defence. Under the spur of defeat they have produced the Mackerdberg mitrailer, firing 250 bullets a minute, and the Montigny, firing 480, as well as the Durant steam mitrailer, which discharges no less than 4,500 in the same space of time, and the Faucheuse, or "mower," which is said to operate without noise, smoke, or fire, to have a range of from 500 to 600 yards, and to cost only 35f., with all the necessary apparatus for firing 300,000 projectiles, so that, if every bullet really has its billet, the French by employing this weapon might rid themselves of the whole of their enemies for something less than 100f. In addition to the above, many novel descriptions of shells have also been proposed, if not actually tried, among which are the Gaudin fire bomb, the improved Menestrol shell, bombs emitting suffocating vapors, and so on.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Marshal McMahon is at Pourraux-Bois, and is recovering strength. His wounds are nearly healed—one of them has already closed. He can walk a little, and takes drives in a carriage. He will have to be careful for some time, but no doubt is felt that ultimately his cure will be complete, and that no ill effects will arise from the wounds.

In France Garibaldi is looked on as a failure of the worst order. The trifling success achieved by Ricciotti argues nothing in favour of his undertaking, and will not gain the people over to serve under him. He is hated by the peasantry, and the sacrileges committed by himself and his troops will never be forgotten.

The France is very severe upon M. Gambetta for his recent letter to General Cambriels, who has demanded a court-martial, in consequence

of the charges brought against him by certain journals. Gambetta refuses the court-martial, and wrote the general a letter which was to serve him in lieu of the honourable acquittal he had doubtless every right to expect. That letter is certainly open to criticism, for an absolute Sovereign would hardly have written otherwise:—

"It is with my consent, and with all my regret at depriving myself momentarily of your services, that you have taken the repose of which you had need, and I have always intended to appoint you to another command as soon as you felt yourself able to serve again."

The France thinks this passage might well have been taken from a document signed Alexander or Napoleon III., and wonders to find it proceeding from the pen of—

"A mere temporary delegate of a Provisional Government, installed by an accident, maintained by the grace of circumstances, and pretending to personify the Republican principles. It is not the Czar writing to General Ignatieff, or King William to General Moltke; it is M. Leon Gambetta who writes to General Cambriels."

HOLLAND.

Holland again expresses the determination to stand firm by Luxembourg. The Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung, generally supposed to be an official organ, disclaims any intention on the part of Prussia to forcibly annex the Duchy, and says that the German authorities are perfectly willing to submit to Arbitration with regard to indemnity, for violation of neutrality.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec. 22.—New Year's Day has been fixed for the entry into Madrid of the Duke of Aosta. In the meantime, he will remain at the Royal Palace at Aranjuez, Don Carlos has issued a protest against the elevation of an Italian to the throne.

Dec. 20.—The Herald's London special says a despatch from Madrid states that from all points there is determined opposition to the Duke of Aosta as King of Spain and there is every indication that the reign of the Duke will be short. The supporters of the Prince acknowledge they have great fear of his safety, and they express a belief that should he venture to tread Spanish soil he will never reach Madrid alive. It is reported publicly that their is a sworn league to shoot him at Malaga.

Another despatch states that manifestations are taking place against any foreign prince. There is a great split in the army; several naval officers are imprisoned for disobeying orders. The general feeling is that their will be a civil war, and it is clear that serious trouble is expected. Despite all the threatening the Royal Palaces are being prepared for the reception of the King.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—The Parliament at Florence has passed a Bill for annexing the States of the Church to Piedmont.

La Marmora is daily becoming more tired and disgusted with his position. The discontent of the people in the environs of the city increases daily, and a rising in the Sabine mountains may be heard of very soon. Everywhere the garrisons are being strengthened. At Zagarolo, Frosinone, and other towns, there have already been symptoms of a serious rising in favour of the Holy See. Advances from the capital of Christendom are notably scanty. All the Catholic newspapers are suffering from an interruption in their usual correspondence, which seems to intimate that somebody is exercising a sharp censorship over the post office.

SEIZURE OF THE ENCYCICAL LETTER.—The preceding number of our journal, says L'Unita Cattolica, was seized because it contained an Encyclical letter of our Holy Father Pius IX. to all the patriarchs, primates, and archbishops, bishops, and ordinaries, relating what sufferings the Holy See had been obliged to undergo from 1850 in Turin to 1870 in Rome. We expected, nay, to speak frankly, we desired the seizure. Seized for having published the words of our Holy Father Pius IX! That is the kind of liberty the Pope enjoys in the Kingdom of Italy. He cannot speak, or at least his words cannot be published and transmitted to the faithful. Our editor is an accomplice this time. The first offender is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who signed the circular. If the Government wish to be logical, they ought to drag the Pope before the tribunal, and make him sit beside our editor. It is better thus. The mask is at least thrown aside, and every one can see how far the Church is free in a free state, when journals are so frequently seized, and are seized for having published an Encyclical letter of Pius IX.

AUSTRIA.

The blue-book recently published gives the correspondence on the Roman Question. With respect to the abrogation of the Concordat, a firm conviction is expressed in the resume that nevertheless the interests of religion will be amply protected. Government had participated in the wish of all the Powers that disputes between the Kingdom of Italy and the Pope should receive a peaceful solution. The Government deeply deplored the circumstances which, notwithstanding, had brought a solution by force of arms. The Pope himself did not ask for the assistance of Austria. The Papal Government merely expressed a hope that the Austro-Hungarian Government would disapprove of the invasion of the Papal States.—This proposal was declined, because the Austro-Hungarian Government did not consider itself authorised to censure the line of action adopted by a foreign Power in what that Power believed to be obedience to the necessities of the situation, as Austria would thus endanger her own authority and her friendly relations to Italy. To this has once Catholic Austria sunk. She is afraid to offend the beggarly Italian Government, and prefers to desert the Vicar of Christ. How much deeper has this country to drink of the cup of humiliation,

before she learns that the judgments of God, and not those of man, are terrible?

GERMANY.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—The following is the text of Bismarck's despatch relative to the Luxembourg question, dated Dec. 3:—

Prussia, at the outbreak of the war, declared that she would respect the neutrality of Luxembourg, provided France did the same. If Luxembourg had sincerely endeavoured to remain neutral Prussia would have scrupulously observed a strict neutrality, but neither France nor Luxembourg have done this. The hostile feeling of the population of the Duchy is shown in the treatment of all German officials. Prussia did not hold that Government responsible for the bad conduct towards individuals, but thought that efforts should have been made to repress the reprovisioning of Thionville through trains from Luxembourg. Such a flagrant breach of neutrality could not, however, have taken place without the connivance of the Government officials. Prussia lodged a complaint with the Government of Luxembourg, pointing out the consequence to which such a proceeding would inevitably lead, but her warning was unheeded.

After the fall of Metz large numbers of French soldiers and officers passed through Luxembourg to evade the German troops, and to rejoin the French army north of the town of Luxembourg. The resident French Consul was at the office at the Railway station to assist the fugitives in reaching France. Two thousand French soldiers thus reinforced the French army, and the Government of Luxembourg did nothing to prevent it. This undoubtedly constitutes a gross violation of neutrality. The conditions on which Prussia based her neutrality, therefore, ceased to exist, in consequence of which Prussia declares on her part that she considers herself no longer bound to regard the neutrality of Luxembourg. She reserves to herself the right to claim compensation from the Duchy for losses sustained by Prussia consequent upon the nonobservance of her neutrality, and will take the necessary steps to secure herself against the recurrence of similar proceedings.

The commissariat of the German force before Paris is very efficiently organized. Every army corps has five provision columns, consisting of 160 wagons, 800 horses, 490 men, and 10 officers. In addition to all these there are horses, men, and wagons for a field bakery, and a certain number of surplus horses to be used in case of need. The 160 wagons are supposed to carry provisions for every man in the corps for three days, and as they are emptied they return to the rear to be again replenished at the magazines, which are established at convenient points, and are kept going partly by wagons and horses hired, "requisitioned" in the country, and partly by the railway.

A German, writing from Metz, says: "Let nobody expect to win the sympathies of these people for generations to come. They hate us more intensely than the French population proper, and if Metz remains German, only an iron rule will be possible here. Every forbearance and mildness would be misunderstood, and good deeds would fall on stony ground."

Coblentz, says a letter in the Cologne Gazette, has now the aspect of a French garrison town. Officers of various descriptions in brilliant uniforms are to be seen in all the streets, although of the 2,000 officers interned here 400 or 500 have dispersed themselves in the neighborhood, and very many have assumed civil dress. There are 1,500 officers here, including eight generals, who frequent our cafes and restaurants. As to mutual salutes on meeting our officers, it has been settled that without difference of nationality the junior are first to salute the senior. Our two large encampments include more than 25,000 men, who now live in barracks, with substantial walls, and provided with stoves.

The French papers announce that the Prussian War Department has issued orders that their French prisoners shall be furnished with winter clothing, of which an immense quantity was found in Strasbourg. The prisoners confined in the fortresses of Silesia have also been supplied with winter clothing. Prisoners, even private soldiers, are permitted to reside in private houses if their education and conduct be such as to justify such a privilege.

The Militar Wochenblatt, of Berlin, publishes a table showing the fate of the relics of each infantry regiment of the former regular army of France. The whole of the Guard, eight infantry regiments of three battalions each, with one battalion of Chasseurs, are prisoners. Of the one hundred infantry regiments, all are prisoners but six; four of these last, which were formerly in Algeria, being now with the Army of the Loire, and two, which were at Rome, being in Paris. The whole of the Zouaves, the regiments of three battalions each, are captives; so are the twenty battalions of Chasseurs of the Line, and the three regiments of Turcos, a body formerly of the same strength as the Zouaves. The only other troops unaccounted for are three single battalions of light infantry, specially raised for Algerian service, and supposed to be still in the colony, and the Foreign Legion, formed for the same purpose, and said also to be there at last accounts.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 21.—The Goloss explains that in discrediting that portion of the treaty of 1856 which neutralizes the Black Sea, Russia only cancelled a compact which all parties to it regarded as obsolete.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 20.—It is officially stated that the report that Turkey is determined to net upon the Eastern question independently of the Great Powers is without foundation.

UNITED STATES.

UNWILLING TO BE SHOT.—A CALIFORNIA EDITOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS LADY FRIENDS.—Emotional insanity having so often been pleaded successfully by husbands in California in defence of shooting or knifing suspected gallants, the San Francisco News Letter says:—All men's wives who have hitherto en-

joyed the advantage of our acquaintance are hereby notified that this ceases to-day, never to be renewed. It is with deep grief that we disrupt the social relations which promised so much, but we feel impelled thereto by the first law of nature. Our lady friends who have the misfortune to be married to other and inferior men will please stick like a leech to their protectors, and not recognize us on the street. We have taken considerable pleasure in their society—a pleasure which we flatter ourselves has been mutual—but this thing can no longer be permitted to go on. We trust that our motive—which is pure cowardice—will not be misconstrued. Somebody perishes ignominiously every day for being upon speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come round. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively; no others need apply. Whoever shall attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another man, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life, and subjected to abuse in the columns of this journal. Nature is strong in us, and we do not wish to die. Whenever we shall feel a desire that way, we shall treat somebody's wife with common courtesy, get shot, and go quietly to our reward.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.—Three Scotch lawyers have just arrived in Boston, with the view of clearing up the mystery that enshrouds their disappearance of the Earl of Aberdeen. About two years ago, it will be remembered, he came to America, and in January last, shipped under the name of George Osborne, on board the schooner Hera, bound to Melbourne and China; on which he nominally assumed the duties of mate. On the sixth day out, he fell overboard and was lost. It is to identify the George Osborne who was drowned, as the Earl of Aberdeen, that the legal gentlemen are visiting Boston; and they have already obtained photographs of the signature of "George Osborne" to the ship's papers, which they have transmitted to Scotland. Great precaution is necessary in working out the case, for the succession to the immense estates of the late Earl and his seat in the House depend on the matter.

A temperance lecturer having an eye to business, a short time since finished his discourse thus: "And, finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son, Tom, has got as good cider as any in the country, at sixpence a quart. "I'm loquacious," as the loafer said when he curled up for the night on a pile of lumber.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Little think those ladies who avail themselves of the empirical "beautifiers" of the day that they are permanently destroying the health of the skin. From the time of the Borgias to the present day, it has been well understood by the initiated, that the pure essence of fresh and fragrant flowers is promotive of beauty. In the preparation of this Toilet Water, none but aromatic blossoms and leaves of a sanative nature are employed. In addition, therefore, to its excellence as a perfume, it has the property of clearing the complexion, and relieving the cuticle of all eruptions, &c., calculated to impair its smoothness, whiteness, and transparency.

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 Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless.

BEGIN AT THE ROOT!

Local disease cannot be cured merely by local treatment. For example: No application to the part affected will radically cure the piles. The habit of body, which is the primary cause of the complaint, must be changed. For this purpose, BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, the finest vegetable alternative ever compounded, is the medicine to be used. Costiveness is almost invariably the immediate cause of this distressing disorder. This condition of the bowels is at once changed by the action of the Pills. Indigestion and morbid action of the liver produce constipation. These, too, are swiftly remedied by this powerful vegetable agent, and the organs toned and regulated to a condition of perfect health. Thus are the symptoms and source of the disease removed together. BRISTOL'S SASSAPARILLA should be used at same time, which will insure a cure more speedily than by the Pills alone.

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.

DISEASES CAUSED BY EXPOSURE.—Gold miners and all others will find in BRISTOL'S SASSAPARILLA a sure safeguard against disorders incident to a life of privation and exposure, such as rheumatism, dyspepsia, intermittent fever, bilious fever, liver complaint, boils, ulcers, glandular swellings, eruptions, neuralgia, venereal diseases, &c. In all cases, however aggravated by neglect, it is guaranteed to effect a thorough cure. Whoever takes it, now and then, as a preventive, fortifies his system against disease, and strengthens and invigorates his vital powers to a degree which must be experienced to be believed. An eminent physician has declared that it comes nearer the fabled Elixir Vitæ than any other medicine in existence. BRISTOL'S SASSAPARILLA is for sale by all regular Druggists.

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.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry Pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blistered, and which vomited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pills for an affection of the liver; also under which sign his wife should commence to take the Sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows to wear his calves under Taurus, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and sink his feet in Pisces of Aquarius as their condition requires. Schoolmasters, start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr Ham when you get there.—Lovell Daily News. [159.]

In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the *non 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.

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 BENEFACTRESS, — 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 reach our "Sons" to say, "A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow" for helping her to survive and escape the griping, colicking and teething sieges. 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," "Purgative," "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 face-stroke of "CERTIS & 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, often 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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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.

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 FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

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

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 451 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1870. 12m.

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.

CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, } No. of Quebec, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 } Dist. of Montreal, } In the matter of ELIE MAYER, an Insolvent.

TANCREDE SAUVAGEAU, Assignee. ON Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act. ELIE MAYER, By L. J. B. NORMANDEAU, His attorney at law. Montreal, Nov. 18th, 1870.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JAMES KEOUGH and FRANCIS KEOUGH, of the Town of Joliette, trading under the name and firm of J. & F. KEOUGH, Insolvents.

THE Insolvents have made an assignment of their estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet in their place of business at Joliette, on Friday, the Sixteenth day of December next, at eleven o'clock A.M., to receive statements of their affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. Joliette, 26th November, 1870. A. MAGNAN, Interim Assignee.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT, } Dist. of Montreal, } No. 2464.

DAME CAROLINE JONES, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Archibald James Arnott, late Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Rifles, and now of the said City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to ester en justice. Plaintiff

The said ARCHIBALD JAMES ARNOTT, Defendant. The Plaintiff has instituted an action en separation de corps & de biens against the Defendant in this cause on the twelfth day of November, 1870. LAFLAMME, HUNTINGTON & LAFLAMME, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 16th Nov., 1870.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No. 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Murray) will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 23, 1866.

GEO. T. LEONARD, Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, PETERBOROUGH, Ont. OFFICE: Over Stothem & Co's., George St

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To teach French and English. Salary liberal. Address Prepaid.
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Secretary and Treasurer,
St. Canute, P.Q.

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

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, Terrebonne, Province of Quebec.
Masson College, 14th Sept., 1870.

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M.B.—Orders respectfully solicited, and executed with promptness.
Montreal, June 25, 1869:

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. It cures its presence in the system, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unclean and unfelt taint of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and it often, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcers on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this *Sarsaparilla* is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this *SARSAPARILLA*: St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, and other eruptions or visible forms of Scrofulous disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as *Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Nervousness, and the various Uterine affections of the muscular and nervous systems.*

Syphilis or Venereal and *Mercurial Diseases* are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. *Leucorrhoea* or Whites, *Uterine Ulcerations*, and *Female Diseases*, are commonly soon relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. *Rheumatism* and *Gout*, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also *Liver Complaints, Torpidity, Congestion, and Inflammation of the Liver*, and *Gastric*, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This *SARSAPARILLA* is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are *Languid* and *Dejected*, *Sleepless*, and troubled with *Nervous Apprehensions* or *Fears*, or any of the affections symptomatic of *Weakness*, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial.

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Practical and Analytical Chemists.
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A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.
Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

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nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.
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