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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1870.

NO. 11

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

(From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

In these, Cormac was quickly arrayed, and, as the old, bespattered trowsers were drawn on, he could not help smiling at the great change they effected in his appearance. The old coat and vest were also speedily put into use, and an old bruised hat completed his attire. He certainly had a changed appearance; and, as with heavy heart he bade his kind hostess adieu, the young fellow announced his intention of accompanying him a part of the way.

After repeated blessings and prayers for his safety, he was prepared to start upon the road, promising that if ever he possessed the power of rewarding his friends for their kindness to him in the hour of his need, he would do so. "Never mention it, my child," said the old woman; "sure, if more I could do for you, wouldn't I do it, with a thousand welcomes! May God take care of you and spare you, is my hearty prayer;" and the tears fell fast from her eyes, as she shook his hand warmly at parting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CORMAC'S SURPRISE—THE INTERVIEW WITH MRS. FLYNN—A CORDIAL GREETING.

"Why do we meet? 'tis to repeat our vows, both night and day, To dear old Ireland—brave old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

Cormac found himself wonderfully refreshed by his short stay in the widow's cabin. Bitter as was the news he had learned, it partly relieved his suspense, and he found that he could travel much better than he had at first expected.

Nothing transpired for the first four or five miles on the journey, and Cormac besought the young man who kindly accompanied him, to return, assuring him that now, as he was in a part of the country which he knew pretty well, he could proceed alone.

Reluctantly the young man consented. "If I thought," he said, warmly, "that any danger was likely to come across you, I would not think of parting with you; but, as it is, you are probably as safe alone."

"I thank you from my heart, my good fellow," said Cormac, in reply, "and have but to repeat the assurance I gave your kind-hearted mother, that I hope one day to be able to repay your kindness."

"Not another word, Captain," replied the young man, taking Cormac by the hand. "I only wish that every man who grasped a gun or pike in behalf of his country's cause, was half as good a man as you."

Cormac returned the compliment, and they separated.

As he trudged along, sometimes briskly, and sometimes in a halting manner, when he met any one on the road, Cormac could not help surveying himself, and giving a melancholy smile, as the thought crossed his mind of the manner in which Kate would receive him if she saw him in his disguise.

About an hour after he had parted with his friend, a countryman, riding in a cart, overtook him, and kindly invited the "old man" to take a seat beside him.

Cormac excused himself on the ground that he would not be able to climb into the cart. "We can soon arrange that for you," said the countryman. "Sure, I can help you in, poor old fellow;" saying which, he dismounted, and assisted Cormac into the vehicle.

The pair drove on together for a considerable distance, without exchanging many words. Cormac's companion showed some anxiety to engage in conversation, but he himself, troubled as he was with a constantly recurring cough, such as any old man might not feel ashamed of, betrayed no such anxiety. In fact, he made it appear that the jolting of the cart, and the stress of coughing, were as much as he could reasonably be expected to endure.

"These are rather hasty sort of times," said the driver.

"Yes," replied Cormac; "things are a good deal dull, but the want of rain is chiefly the cause. The hay crop in particular."

"Oh! I don't mean that at all. I mean the country is a good deal disturbed of late."

"Ugh—I know—to be sure—to be sure," groaned the old man, following up his not very interesting reply by a series of hard, dry coughs.

"Do you belong to these parts?" inquired Cormac's companion, with a dry sort of leer.

"Aye, aye; to be sure. All parts are alike to the poor. God help them."

"There's no call for people to be poor here, were it not for the d—d rascally rebels, who won't be at peace."

Cormac's cough was evidently getting worse. "Do you see that pair of trees over there, my old friend?" asked the countryman, pointing toward two stately ash trees in an adjoining field.

Cormac looked up, and casting a glance around him, said, "Where?" as if he had not paid sufficient attention to what was said.

"Over there, in the field we are just passing."

"Aye, aye; bonnie fine trees, true enough," remarked Cormac, in a most decidedly careless sort of tone.

"Yes, bonnie fine trees you may call them, my good old fellow," replied the driver, giving a crack with his whip. "Them's the trees where I helped two troublesome customers to their death a day or two ago."

"Indeed," remarked Cormac.

"Yes, sir," the other continued; "a short rope and a good strong bough, for every rebel, is my motto; and if his majesty's gallant fellows, or our own loyal-hearted yeomanry, who are out scouring the country to-day, can lay hands on one or two more of the blackguards, I wouldn't mind giving them a helping hand at the same work over again."

"Oh, a sad, sad thing to take away life in such a manner!" quietly remarked Cormac.

"Nothing sad about it. It is the duty of every loyal man, at a time like this, to shrink not from the performance."

"Of acting the hangman," suggested Cormac, anticipating what the other was about to say.

"Yes, my good friend, even to perform the unpleasant duties of that same limb of the law."

"Bad work, bad work!" continued Cormac, half heedless of the other's remarks.

Just then a patrol of soldiers came in sight, and Cormac half doubled himself up where he was sitting, and became afflicted with a strange wheezing sound in his throat.

He was evidently uneasy, and wished from all his heart that he were a mile or two out of sight of the red-coats just then.

As they came forward, the soldiers halted, and the driver pulled up the horse.

"Any luck to-day, boys?" was the question asked.

"Och, aye; the devils ain't luck," was the answer, and Cormac recollected the sound of a voice which he had heard before.

"Wha'll thae auld gingerly loon be aside ye there?" inquired the same speaker, who evidently was acquainted with the driver.

"Oh, only an old man travelling a bit of the road, and as the cart was empty, I gave him a lift on the way."

"You should aye act wi' great caution," said Sandy, peering into Cormac's face, rather keenly. "These are nae the sort o' times to show muckle kindness."

"True, quite true; but just you catch a chap like me nodding, and I'll give any man of you leave to call me a fool."

"Nae doot o't; ye'll no' likely hae a bit o' bladderskin about ye," exclaimed Sandy.

"Would a whole one not be as good as a bit of one?" said the countryman, stooping down, and poking among some hay in a corner of the cart.

A small jar of whiskey was produced from its hiding place, and immediately handed to the soldiers.

It was common in those days to employ soldiers as revenue police when not engaged on other duty, and the request about the "bit of a bladderskin," referred to this practice.

"A weel," sighed Sandy, applying the jar to his lips. "Here's that His Gracious Majesty, our guid King Geordie may live tae see the last o' every rebel kicked out of his do-meenions."

The Scotchman's companions were nothing loth to drink any toast, so long as they had the means of anything stronger than water in which to drink it.

After several congratulations, none of which sounded very musical in the ears of Cormac, the soldiers went on their way.

Having taken their departure, the companion of Cormac offered him a drop of what remained in the jar. Cormac declined, but the other insisted that it would do his cough good.

Rather than appear unfriendly, Cormac applied the jar to his lips, and, in doing so, thought he observed the driver lustily engaged in pulling off his coat; then lifting his hat suddenly, and pulling something off his head, instantly replaced the hat. Handing back the jar, he thanked the driver, and, although not caring to gaze too intently into his face, was sure that he observed some kind of a change in the owner of the cart.

"Take another drop," said the driver; but the request was politely refused.

"Then here's your very good health, Cormac, my boy; and many happy and better days to both of us!" Saying which, the driver of the cart took a long pull from the jar.

Cormac certainly heard him, but did his ears deceive him? How could he tell? He muttered something like thanks, and bethought himself of jumping out of the cart, and proving how an old man, with a bad cough, could cover a certain amount of ground in a given time.

Then those trees to which his companion alluded! that allusion was not calculated to compose his nerves. All these thoughts flashed quickly through his mind, only to be dissipated and laughed at, as Israel Milliken held forth

his hand, to be tightly grasped by Cormac, who suddenly found out the true character of his companion.

"Gracious heavens! Who would have thought it was you, Milliken?" exclaimed Cormac, suddenly cured of his cough.

"Or, rather, who in the name of this good day would have thought it was you, Cormac?"

"But you see you were the first to recognize me. I need not ask if you knew me when you first saw me."

"Certainly, I knew you; but allow me to give you full credit for your disguise. I don't mean the old garments alone, but the character of the old man was well sustained. One thing only you forgot: your hair should be unattended to, and your face a little less acquainted with water, considering the means that an old man like you, you know, could be expected to have, roaming over the country."

"And you almost instantly recognized me."

"Not instantly. Believe me, my good fellow, I should never have known you, but for young Barney, who helped to deck you out."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him, yes; a finer fellow, nor any honest, can't be found in these parts."

"He is, indeed, a kind, brave-hearted fellow."

"But the soldiers, Cormac? You forget what danger we were both on the point of encountering there, my boy."

"No, far from it. I was just about to ask you if they knew who you are?"

"One of them knows."

"The Scotchman!" half shouted Cormac, in amazement.

"The very same," answered Milliken; "a good loyal-hearted fellow, who would sell His Most Gracious Majesty, and the half o' his dominions, for a year's pay!"

Milliken then rehearsed, to Cormac's astonishment, the fact of his being out for the past week, in company with some others, on the search for McCracken. During one of their patrols, they fell in with Sandy and a companion. After some conversation, a proposal was made, which both soldiers swore to abide by; it was that they should render all the assistance in their power to help in discovering McCracken's whereabouts. One hundred pounds was paid to each of them, and a like sum was to be given them in the event of their being successful.

"But the Government reward is likely, nay, is sure to be larger than that; and should these villains succeed in finding out McCracken's whereabouts, rest assured they would be the very first to claim the reward and give him up to the government."

"Decidedly so. We know all that," continued Milliken; "but our object was to bribe them to give no attention to those who were really on the look-out for McCracken. Besides, we had them sworn to fulfill their contract under pain of death."

Milliken continued to inform Cormac of many matters with which the latter was unacquainted. He had borrowed the horse and cart from a friend, carried a disguise about with him, prominent among which was a delightful wig of red, unkempt hair. He was about proceeding toward Belfast, when he learned from friend Barney, that Cormac was gone on his way to meet with Mullan and Dolan at Roddy Flynn's. He then and there changed his mind, and turned to overtake him, affirming that had it not been for the information he had received, he would never have been able to recognize Cormac.

Both had many things to relate to each other, and the time wore on pleasantly enough, without any further adventures, till they reached the house of Roddy Flynn.

Arrived there, Milliken bawled out to bring some water to his horse. The order was obeyed, slowly enough, by Roddy's wife. As the horse was engaged allaying his thirst, Milliken, who had assumed his disguise, kept up a running banter with Mrs. Flynn.

"Any loiterers whereabouts?" he inquired.

"Deed no, sir. It's a poor, lonesome district, and few call this way."

"That's the very thing induced me to make the inquiry," said Milliken. "Yet this is just such a place as one would select for concealment," he continued, partly addressing Cormac, and the good woman at the same time.

"Of course you can make a meal ready for us?" inquired Cormac.

"I don't think it, sir," she replied. "Besides, there is no one in the house but myself; my old man is over in the field beyond."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Milliken; "didn't we hear several voices just as we pulled up?"

"Certainly," responded Cormac.

Mrs. Flynn was no adept at dissimulation, and sharply told the strangers "it was none of their business what they heard;" saying which, she retired into the house. Milliken and Cormac dismounted, laughing heartily as they did so. In a few minutes the disguises were thrown aside, and both Milliken and Cormac were heartily and warmly received. Pat Dolan and John Mullan had greatly improved. Their injuries were severe enough; Pat's especially.

John Mullan was even better than Cormac had dared to hope.

They had one and all many things to talk over, but Milliken insisted that he must leave. "Sure you came in to get a meal," said Roddy's good-hearted wife, "and you can't think of going till you get the best the house affords."

There was nothing for it but submission, and Milliken postponed his departure till he had partaken of the hospitalities of Mrs. Flynn.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DEATH OF M'CRACKEN AND MUNROE — "O, GIVE US BUT ONE TRIAL MORE."

"O, give us but one trial more, And count the men on either side; Two to one we'll give you o'er— But let the ground be clear and wide."

After wandering about for some weeks, McCracken found that his continued safety depended on the merest chance. By his advice, those of his friends who had stood by him, and were willing to do so till the last moment, had left his company, and he was now alone. Once he received word from a poor old woman, who had concealed him for some time, that parties of soldiers were constantly seen about the mountains. Accordingly, he thought fit to leave that part of the country, and did so. His determination was, if possible, to reach the sea-shore, and depend on chance for a passage across the channel to France. His funds were at the lowest ebb, and he had no means of communicating with his friends, to get his purse replenished. One day he was observed by a couple of yeomanry, who evidently knew him, and he had, in consequence, a hard race for his life. At another time, on turning into a by-road, in order to allow a number of country people to pass by, he encountered two patrols, and was pursued and fired at. These reverses disheartened the fugitive, and rendered him nervous and timid. At length, being worn out with constant vigilance and want of rest, he entered a house and made his case known, depending on the honor of the people in whose hands he placed his life. This was a step generally successful in the case of others, for the people were seldom, if ever, known to betray the trust reposed in them. In the midst of all sorts of disasters, the Irish people have ever and always proved their honor and devotion to whoever was so circumstanced as McCracken. Unfortunately for him, the place which he had entered belonged to an Englishman, who, after receiving from the noble outlaw all he possessed in money and clothing, immediately gave information to the authorities, and the Commander-in-Chief of the "rebel" forces of Ulster was taken prisoner.

Both Munroe and McCracken were hanged and quartered!

England has often seen danger in the corpse of an Irish "rebel," and that may probably account for the inhumanities perpetrated on the bodies of the dead.

Talk of mercy! England knows nothing of that term in her treatment of Irishmen, especially when an attempt has been made by the latter to slip the bonds in which they live.

It is, probably, a good thing after all, that Irishmen have so many examples of hangings and quarterings kept constantly before their eyes. Such lessons not easily forgotten, and should never be forgotten until the cause which called them forth shall triumph. Then, and not till then, shall Irishmen mix forgiveness and forgetfulness together.

Word had been brought to the party at Roddy Flynn's of the execution of both these men. They expected as much some day or another, but still the news fell like a thunder-bolt in their midst. They were grieved and saddened beyond measure.

"The blow is heavier than the death of my son," said Pat Dolan.

There was no reply to his remark; for, hide it as he might, Dolan felt keenly the loss of his boy, and Ned's heart refused to be comforted since the death of his brother.

John Mullan still endeavored to sustain the spirits of all around him. His good nature shone forth stronger, if possible, whenever he observed a tinge of sadness in his friends.

He bantered Cormac on several occasions, by relating his fancies as to the future career of Kate O'Neill, whom he prophesied would be the mother of lots of "rebels."

"And I'll be godfather to the whole of them!" cried out Roddy Flynn.

"Just if it's pleasing to me," said his better half.

"Come, Mullan," said Pat, "give us a song, old boy. We weren't beaten after all."

"With pleasure," said John; and, after shifting his seat so as to see all the company, he commenced to the tune of *Viva La* :—

"O, give us but one trial more, And count the men on either side; Two to one we'll give you o'er— But let the ground be clear and wide."

"Deck yourselves in armor bright, Raise your blood-stained flag on high,— And then we'll show you how to fight, Before we show you how to die."

"We'll bear our breasts before your steel,

Our hearts our ramparts in the fight; While Heaven looks on, we'll make you feel The pith and power of Irish might.

"O, give us but one trial more, And take the odds, for armed we'll be: Then down upon your ranks we'll pour, Like waves from out a shoreless sea."

"You knew our strength in days gone by, You felt it, too, on many a field; And shall again—please God on high— Our country's cause our only shield."

"O, give us but one trial more, We ask it—nay, for it we kneel! But not as we have knelt before, But here—behind our serried steel."

"When'er again we bow the knee, It will be at the word—'Prepare!' To make your riders backward reel, And with our death-shouts rend the air."

The simple strain produced its natural effect. The minds of one and all reverted to the part each had taken in the battles of their country.

"But they'll never give one trial more," said Pat Dolan, addressing the singer.

"They haven't given one yet," replied Mullan. "We got a chance, and took it."

"And the plan will be, to make our chances surer of success in time to come," said Cormac. A conversation took place as to the best means of insuring a continuation of the safety of those present.

The Government was losing no opportunity to find out the places of concealment of those who had taken an active part in the rebellion.

Cormac and Mullan maintained there was but one course open to them—emigration.—Pat's heart was, as he expressed it, in the Old Land, where his gallant son had fought and fell.

"And as for the old woman and myself," said Roddy Flynn, "we shall lay our bones together, if the soldiers quietly permit us."

No word had been obtained from Father McAuley's; and both Cormac and Mullan were anxious and uneasy on that account. It was probable that none of them knew whether their friends outlived the battles in which they were engaged.

Cormac suggested that all should endeavor to make their way to the vaults at Shane's Castle, as, in that case, they would be nearer their friends, and their chances of safety secured.

Pat Dolan would not listen to this proposal. The chances were that Fleming either had found out the place, or would succeed in so doing. Besides, that part of the country was too close to those places where the English soldiers were encamped. Any place in the immediate vicinity of Antrim or Randalstown was dangerous, especially to those who were known to have been residents in that quarter.

Milliken advised that John and Cormac should go with him *en route* to Belfast. There was danger in the presence of three men together, but there was also some chance of safety in their strength of numbers. He was sure if he had the two young men in the neighborhood of Belfast or Carrickfergus, they might easily escape to Scotland, from which place they could sail for America as soon afterwards as convenient.

This plan was looked upon as the most feasible, but Cormac would not listen to it at that time. He openly avowed his motive.—He wished to see Miss O'Neill, and to learn that there was no probability of anything happening to her in the event of his departure. It is needless to say that John Mullan was of the same opinion, and earnestly seconded the views of Cormac.

Milliken shortly afterwards took his leave. He was not certain if he would ever again have the happiness of mixing with any of his friends then present. One thing only he was certain of: as long as he lived he would bear a kindly recollection of them one and all.

The parting with Milliken was enough to try the nerves of the strongest among that party of refugees. He was well beloved by them all, and he, in his turn, had always shown the warmth of his affection for them. True, they differed in religion, but, on the question of their country, they were one in heart and soul.

Brave and gallant Milliken! no truer heart than thine ever beat in the breast of an Irishman!

Israel Milliken lived to a good old age.—Nearly fifty years subsequent to the date of our story, the stately form of Milliken might have been seen, as he wended his way through immense crowds to take his post as chairman at the Repeal meetings held in Belfast. His hair was long, and as white as snow, which gave him quite a patriarchal appearance.

The chair used on such occasions was of carved oak. It had seen some duty in '82, having been used at the Volunteer meeting in Dungannon. Israel used to lay his hand upon it, keep gazing at it for a moment or two, then shake his head as much as to say: "You and I, old chair, have seen the time—we two belong to a past age." In his old days he was a man of few words, but always earnest and sincere; and if, as often happened, any speaker alluded to the affair of '98, the spirit of the old man waxed warm, as the memory of those days

flashed across his mind, bringing back the active scenes of that troubled period.

After Milliken's departure, Pat Dolan advised that Cormac should proceed to Father McAuley's, and learn some tidings of their friends. Night-time was the safest for traveling, and it was expected that Cormac would reach the place by morning.

Cormac readily complied—in fact, he inwardly thanked Dolan for the suggestion. Assuming his disguise once more, he shortly afterward started on the road.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CORMAC'S ARRIVAL AT FATHER JOHN'S—HOW HE WAS RECEIVED.

"One blessing on my native Isle—
One curse upon her foes!
While yet her skies above me smile,
Her breeze around me blows."

It was Saturday evening when Cormac undertook his pleasant mission. With a heart lighter than he had known for many a day, he walked on, briskly and buoyantly, humming snatches of airs to beguile the time.

His thoughts often reverted to his dear mother, and he felt a holy consolation in offering up the tribute of a prayer for the repose of her soul. Never before did he realize so fully the state of his orphanhood. Had he succeeded with his companions-in-arms in redeeming his country from English bondage, he felt that her death had been avenged.

As it was, he had done all in his power, and if the spirit of his sainted mother could see his heart, she would behold nothing there to displease her.

One great point in Cormac's character throughout life, and especially after his mother's death, was to live and act in all things to please her. The sterling principles of practical, but unsectarian piety, which he had imbibed in early years, became for him ever afterwards a standard by which he ruled and governed himself. In this respect, the IRISH WIDOW'S SON was greater than in all others put together. And it is in this light he should be judged and his example followed. His true-heartedness as an Irishman arose from his virtues; and observation has at all times proved that where these excel, so, in like manner, is the patriotism that springs from such of more genuine and permanent value than that ephemeral sort born of a false enthusiasm.

Cormac met with no adventure worth relating on his way to Father McAuley's. He arrived early in the morning, and paid his first visit to Mrs. McQuillan's, whose house stood in the path he was taking.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of the good woman, on learning who her visitor was.

"Sure, God be praised!" she exclaimed—and she kept wringing and twisting at her fingers—"it was just last Sunday night myself and the whole neighbors were talking about you. Some would have it that you were killed on the first day; others, that you had been taken and flung into jail; but sure it was myself that never gave up heart nor"—and here she whispered into Cormac's ear—"allowed others to do that same."

Cormac thanked her, and was rejoiced to hear that Father John, Kate and Bridg were as well as might be expected.

He thought proper to take off his disguise, as he wished to be present at Mass.

"You had better hurry, then," she said, "for last Mass is said an hour earlier than usual."

Cormac did not require to be twice told. He was just in time. The little chapel was about half filled. A few minutes after he entered, he cast his eyes over towards the spot usually occupied by Kate, but she was not present. His heart misgave him. Had Mrs. McQuillan informed him correctly. The thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when Kate entered. She looked well, and inwardly he thanked God.

Passing out with the crowd after Mass, Cormac was speedily recognized by a few friends, and right hearty were the greetings he received. He endeavored to conceal himself as much as possible, and succeeded. Half an hour afterwards, he was about entering Father John's, and, for that purpose, had to proceed through the chapel yard. A few old women knelt here and there among the graves, according to custom.

Cormac glanced over toward the spot beneath which rested the remains of his mother. To his surprise, he saw Kate O'Neill bent down in prayer beside the grave. He stood for a moment immovable. This, then, had been her practice. He felt it, he knew it. He sighed and passed on.

On entering Father John's, the first person he met was Bridg, who uttered a scream of delight. Without ever thinking of proprieties or improprieties, she rushed right into his arms, and—yes, we may as well tell the truth—kissed him.

The next moment she was off in search of Kate; and before Cormac had time to take a seat, rushed in with her truant.

Kate received Cormac less demonstratively, but none the less kindly.

Cormac's manner toward her was warm, but reserved. She knew nothing of his intended presence there that day, and when he beheld her at the grave of his mother, the whole current of his feelings became changed. He was attached and devoted to Kate, as the reader knows; but his attachment and devotion increased as they never were before.

Whenever he heard that Cormac Rogan was in the house, Father John shouted out, "Where, where, let me see him!" and the aged priest ran about everywhere in his anxiety to behold his "favorite child," as he called him.

In his hurry, Father John ran into places where no one would expect to find a stranger. He got partly irritable as he entered the kitchen to make further inquiry, and there beheld his favorite.

What a meeting! The priest could not restrain his tears.

For some time past he indulged in hope,

then immediately thought it impossible that Cormac could have escaped with his life. Many a prayer he had uttered for the young man's safety; but he believed that if he had escaped, he was then far removed from that part of the country, and the chances were that he would never see him again.

Great, therefore, was his joy, and so unexpected!

"Well, God's ways are wonderful!" said Father John.

Many were the inquiries concerning John Mullan and Pat Dolan. The excitement grew intense, as those present learned that they were all safe.

News of Phil Dolan's death had reached them, but that was all.

Bridg's cheek grew pale and red, alternately, as Cormac described the heroic conduct of John during the battle of Ballinahinch.

Cormac's eye detected the tell-tale signs, and improved the occasion by sounding Mullan's praise, while he modestly kept his own brave conduct in the background.

"And what is better," continued Cormac, "he has something to show for his conduct.—He bears the noblest badge of honor that a soldier ever delighted to wear."

"And what is that?" inquired Kate, half-guessing the mind of the speaker.

"The scars of wounds received in his country's cause," replied Cormac; "who every moment grew more enthusiastic, he saw how the words he spoke were relished.

"And our flag?" asked Kate.

"Is in John Mullan's possession this moment," said Cormac; "and I'm afraid that if ever an unpleasant word passes between us, it will be for the ownership of that bit of green."

"For shame, Cormac!" cried Kate. "By your own account, he is the most deserving."

"I have it," said Bridg. "Two of us were engaged in making it. Give it to me, and I'll divide the honors."

"Never!" urged Kate. "I'm sure that Cormac would never condescend to see that little emblem of his country's cause divided."

"Right, my girl!" exclaimed her lover; "disunity is not for me. Let us hope that some day it may wave again in the cause of Ireland."

"Amen!" replied Father John. "Although I will never see it, nor live to hear of it."

The patriotic Father John was blithe and merry over the occurrences of the day. Much as he valued the company of Cormac Rogan and his "other children," as he was pleased to call them, yet he had some "duties to perform," and must retire.

He begged Cormac to be watchful, and advised his quick return to Mrs. McQuillan's. Her place was one of the safest in the whole parish, and she was a shrewd woman besides.

Cormac promised obedience, but did not honorably fulfill his promise, at least so far as his immediate departure was concerned.

He had a plan or two in his mind, and these he wished to divulge to a certain person. They were not of much consequence,—but we shall probably hear more about them.

It is needless to remark that Cormac Rogan protracted his stay at Father McAuley's as long as he could. It was like entering on a new life, and the trials and vicissitudes he had lately passed through entitled him to whatever relaxation he could obtain.

Before he left the place, he had an interview with Father John. He briefly and manfully opened up his mind to the good clergyman. He made known to him the danger in which he stood.

(To be Continued.)

MGR. DUPANLOUP.

His OPINIONS ON THE WAR.

September, 1870.

Monsieur le Comte.—You remind me that a month ago, at the commencement of the war, when I thought it the right time to raise my voice for the success of our arms, I expressed the horror with which I inspired me and also, alas! the confidence which I felt in victory; and you think that, now, after disasters beyond all anticipation, I must be deeply wounded in spirit. You are not mistaken. Yes, I weep bitter tears over the humiliation and sorrows of France. A month ago I condemned the war; I condemn it a thousand times more to-day, in the face of so many frightful sights which it has placed before our eyes. I condemn it in the name of offended Heaven and in the name of human brotherhood, trampled under foot. But do not believe that I shall fall, in consequence of my confidence having been mistaken, and the horror which I experience, into cowardly dependence. No, I remember the words of Jesus Christ—"You will hear of war and rumors of war, but let not your heart be troubled." Courage, therefore, hope, confidence in God, and dignity without bravado, in this great trial of our country! Our country!—it is only in such days as these that we learn how much we love it. All the affection that we have for ourselves, for our families, for our friends, is lost in this great love. Our country!—it is the association of things divine and human—namely, the hearths, the altars, the sepulchres of our fathers, justice, wealth, the honor, and safety of life. It has been truly said your country has been a mother to you. Let us love more than ever our mother in her sorrow; let France be more dear to us in proportion as she is more unhappy, and let our love for her open our eyes, and aid us in seeing whence her miseries have come. God has a time for justice and mercy. Now is the day of justice and expiation. Let us receive them with magnanimous humility. You know it, Monsieur le Comte, we Christians do not tremble before these words, they are so familiar to us, and I must say we prefer even the hour of chastisement to that of scandal. If certain faults were never punished it would be because there would be no God; if they are it is because there is a God. People wished to believe this no longer; now they see it. Meanwhile, how you have written to me without dejection or injustice! I have heard, with shame, incriminations against France, and the victorious Power exalted. I do not wish to touch here even in the most distant manner on politics; I should shrink with horror from wounding the vanquished or hailing with salutations the conqueror; but entirely devoted to my country, I will not listen to the statement that our enemies have all the virtues, and are a model people, because they have thought fit at a great cost to make of their country an arsenal and a camp. No, no, it was said by an illustrious Queen, the mother of the present King of Prussia, "I believe in God; I do not believe in force; justice alone is stable." Let us not then err regarding the passing triumph of force and of numbers, the victory of an inundation, of an avalanche of iron and brute lead over human

deed; this iniquitous; it would be cowardly to infer from the force of powder the justice of the cannon ball! Ah! without doubt, victory is intoxicating. It appears to have been a sort of omnipotence in forcing events. But let the conquerors take care! There is always in human affairs a place unoccupied, which God reserves for Himself to set in, a secret force which He moves when it pleases Him; and by which He changes the face of States, and gives movement to everything; a last stroke from on high which reduces that which is in excess to reverses sometimes terrible. In this century, even, there was a time in which France went beyond moderation. She had to repent, and the magnitude of her misfortune equals the grandeur of her triumphs. If those jealous of France, as Bossuet once said, have been successful now, if Europe, little mindful of the brotherhood of peoples, and even of the balance of power, refuses to listen to the illustrious statesman who is about to tell it that in this case political wisdom accords with the cry of outraged humanity, it will soon learn to its cost what yoke menaces it, what a lethal series of wars it will by such a fault leave as a legacy to the future. And as to the conqueror, if he does not show himself worthy of his fortune, if he is deaf to all the voices crying, "Enough of blood and ruin!" the curses of all civilized peoples will be upon him. Experience shows that the vicissitudes of Providence is often seen in the history of peoples than the vicissitudes of the barbarians; and if his age will not permit him to see it, his children will see it. I spoke a moment ago of a woman, of a queen, whose name is still pronounced with respect in Europe—the Queen Louise of Prussia. She saw pass over her country a storm more violent, more devastating than that which ravages ours. She saw the army of Prussia destroyed at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, the capital taken, and Prussia on the eve of being effaced from the map. Exiled from her throne, she wandered about with her four children, the second of whom reigns at present. But nothing could move her magnanimous soul. She did not believe in force; she believed only in justice; and judging with a firm spirit this desperate situation, she threw upon these triumphs of force a glance full of serenity and hope, which time has justified. I have re-read the history of that noble woman, and that of her nation, so humiliated then by the terrible genius who since that time has left suspended over France the menace of perpetual reprisals. In order the better to know this history, so instructive of Prussia, from 1806 to 1810, I have turned over the books of the vanquished at that time. It is necessary to read, with a certain suspicion, the accounts of the conquerors; but the vanquished speak the truth. This history has enlightened and strengthened me. I recommend it to those whom the sight of our misfortunes may have too much cast down. This Queen and mother, who said, "The life of my four children is less dear to me than the honor of my country," had with Napoleon a celebrated interview. "What led you," demanded brusquely the conqueror of Jena and of Friedland, "to make war with me?" "The glory of the Great Frederick," she replied, "filled us with illusion regarding our power. We were deceived." Behold our history in 1870. And we, Frenchmen, we also have been deceived; the glory of our arms has filled us with illusion. Some years afterwards, living at Memet, poor and abandoned, amongst her children, she wrote, in 1810, to her father, and in speaking of the conqueror said, "That man is an instrument in the hands of God to lop off the useless branches which would have drawn the sap from the tree without bearing any fruit. But he will fall. Justice alone is stable. He does not act according to the eternal laws of God, but according to his own passions. He does not trouble himself about the sufferings of mankind, and only thinks of his own aggrandizement. Unbounded in his ambition, he is blinded by success; he is without moderation, and whoever is not moderate necessarily loses equilibrium and falls. I believe in God. I do not believe in force, and it is because of this that I hope firmly better times are at hand. To live on bread and salt, but in the path of duty. That which has happened before will happen again. Providence wishes to replace the old political state of things, no longer possessing vitality and vigor. All these events are not results to accept but disagreeable steps towards a better state of things beyond provided each event finds us better and more prepared. Now, father, you have my political confession." The brave woman who wrote these lines died without seeing that which she had predicted. I seem to see her rise from her grave to say to her son, "He who does not act with moderation, and permits himself to be blinded by success, loses equilibrium, and does not act according to the eternal laws," and also to say to France, "God punishes the spoiled tree." That must take place. We shall see better days on condition that each day finds us better and more prepared. I take the liberty of sending to the King of Prussia the letter of his mother; and I venture to recall the history of Prussia to France, too much discouraged. Yes, God prunes the too luxuriant tree. What perishes in France at this moment is not France; it is not the nation. If anything is vanquished it is our blindness and weaknesses. We are a crew asleep led on a rock by chiefs, who ended by sharing our slumber. We will raise ourselves up; but it is necessary to clear ourselves from the bloody gloom of our disasters. We will raise ourselves up on two conditions. What are they? They are those which have raised all free peoples—truth and virtue.

Leaving Monsieur le Comte vulgar politics, let me point out the immediate causes of our miseries, and tear the veil which it is not for me to barely lift. Let us probe most deeply the place which contains the germ of the evil, and where it is necessary to apply the remedies. In this solemn hour in which we find ourselves it is the grandeur of a nation to pluck up its spirit, and ask courageously why God proves it. We had almost all ceased to speak truth, and the powers of the earth have so much need to know it. It is the eternal misfortune of sovereigns to be deceived, because they are afraid of being enlightened. They are treated as they desire, and culpable complacency soon puts declamatory flatteries instead of warnings devoted and courageous. We had especially ceased to practice virtue. Truth was banished in almost every rank by extravagant luxury and driven from almost all hearts by the unbridled love of ease and pleasure. The evil was profound; we saw it; we trembled at it, but the torrent followed its course. We shall all, therefore, have to examine ourselves, to repent, and alter our conduct. What is the torch whose light will clear the conscience? There is only one. It is the Gospel.

People speak of the decline of the Latin races.—I will not examine that question. I say only this: If we decline, it is not because we are Catholic, but because we are not enough so; because we had neither the faith, nor morals, nor strong discipline of our fathers; because, for a long time immorality and impiety attacked in their very governments conscience and character; because we, Catholic France, we have misunderstood our great mission; because we are no longer the salt of the earth and the light of the world. *Justitia elevavit gentes; misericordia autem fecit Copulos peccatum.* God has made France to corrupt the world, but to enlighten and civilize it, and to propagate the reign of the Gospel, which is all justice, truth and charity. But France does not know it sufficiently; and lo! while I write these lines, the last criminal enterprise, long prepared, is taking place, favored by the humiliation of France, and of universal abandonment. Rome has been invaded; Italy accomplishes the work, which dishonors her; the Pope is, in fine, despoiled. Treaties, so many efforts of the Catholic world, the word and sword of France have vainly

shielded him.

And what place will he have to rest his head?—And, meanwhile, Monsieur le Comte, let not our faith be troubled. Men have their hour, which God gives them, but he reserves time to Himself, and the sovereign conduct of those things which appertain to Him. I say no more than this; for those who believe, it suffices; and I add for all—have you not seen the justice of God? You made Italian unity, and it is that which made a united Germany. *Du reste.* Whatever may be our errors and our misfortunes, thank Heaven, God neither abandons His Church, nor is Jesus Christ forgotten among us.—The Redeemer has not lost His efficacy, and if we could, like the poor woman in the Gospel, only touch the hem of His garment, we should be made whole. Before pouring out his blood on the Cross for the world, our Lord had a thought for His country; he wept over it, and Jerusalem had been saved if she had fled for refuge to the foot of His Cross. Why should not France do this? I know that His law has been sadly weakened among us, and this explains why we have suddenly been without truth and virtue; but it is not to be supposed that this faith is dead at the bottom of their hearts; with those even in whom it seemed to sleep it awakes and impels them to every work of devotion. All that is great is inspired by it. There is nothing immortal but that which it consecrates. The words of expiation, of redemption, and of resurrection, which all men who do not content themselves with vain boasts pronounce now, are Christian words. Our soldiers who fight receive a sign of honor, which is a cross; our wounded soldiers see arriving to their assistance doctors, Sisters of Charity, friends with a cross on their brassard; our soldiers who die kiss with supreme joy the Cross of the God whose will it was to suffer, to be wounded, to die. Honor, brotherhood, eternal life, the Cross will be always your symbol, and the religion which was described as dead spreads itself over France like the fortifications of Strasbourg, bombarded, mutilated, but indestructible, over that heroic population, whom the enemy never can prevent to have the hearts French. They could find nothing more august and sacred to protect the empty Tuileries and the place left vacant by a fallen sovereignty than a flag bearing the sign of Jesus Christ, of that Master's sweet and just unchanging witness of our mutations, eternal repairer of our errors. But enough! The hour to speak all the great truths has not yet come, and the hour of great truths sounds as a tocsin. The Parisians, as children of the entire of France, are about to mount the ramparts; they have not fallen from the virtue of their fathers, who from the heights of Sainte Genevieve, and under her auspices, repulsed, in other days, the Normans. They will be worthy of those who intrepidly resist at Metz, at Verdun, at Toul, at Strasbourg. For myself, who cannot accompany them, but with my most ardent sympathies, I will not cease, at least, to pray for them, for France, for her dear children, for her wounded, her widows, her orphans, her soldiers, and her volunteers, in this ancient French city of Orleans, which preserves the liberating Standard of Joan of Arc. Accept, &c.

† FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

LIFE IN PARIS BESIEGED.

The London Sunday Observer publishes from its special correspondent in Paris an interesting letter, which it announces as having been transmitted by "mail balloon" to Tours, and thence, of course, by ordinary mail. He writes—

"We have been for a week entirely cut off from the world, and living in the midst of all the sights and sounds of war. The investiture of Paris has scarcely affected us as yet, otherwise than in this respect. The restaurants and their dinners and wines are as good as ever. There is nothing in the whole category of the cuisine they will not supply, and they cannot be blamed if they charge a little more than in ordinary times for *huitres d'Ostende* and fresh soles, which cannot, under the circumstances, be less than a week old. The climate is as delightful as it was when the Huns fought on the plains of Champagne to get to Paris. Clear elastic air and bright sun all day with a little striking freshness at night, to remind us that the winter is coming on. The shops are resplendent with costly stuffs, objects of art, and knick-knacks of every description, including, perhaps, an exceptional large show of weapons, attack proof-coats of mail which have been tried with a Chassepot at ten paces." The streets are filled from morning till night with merry laughing men in half uniform, and elegantly dressed women, who merely recognize a state of siege by going home early to avoid unpleasant mistakes which the Garde Nationale might make in their nightly battue of the over-facile. When the night has closed in the cafes are brilliantly lit up and fringed with crowds of coffee-sipping idlers who have come to hear and to talk over the news of the day, till the fatal hour of half-past ten arrives, when all shops are closed and everybody goes home wondering to find how soon they have learned the lesson that it is possible to go to bed at eleven o'clock.

Paris may be taken to be just now at its worst possible state, and yet it is still the most pleasant place in the world. The social freedom of intercourse, always one of the most pleasant features of French society to Englishmen accustomed to the freezing atmosphere of society in their own country, is now more strongly marked than ever, for people feel that in this hour of common peril, it would be ridiculous to insist in any degree upon the strict maintenance of any system involving a recognition of inequalities. We are all upon a footing, and we find ourselves none the worse, but a great deal the better for it, and the quite novel tone of kindness between man and man is most marked. The shopkeeper receives the peasant who has been taken from his village and made into a *Garde Mobile* as his own, lodges him, feeds him, and passes the evening with him in mutual encouragement and warlike instruction. The millionaire fights in the ranks beside his own servant, and is very likely to be commanded by his own butcher, and all classes have but learned the more to love and to appreciate each other from being so brought together. Even more extraordinary than this—the total cessation of those party struggles which have hitherto been as the daily bread of French politicians. Orleanists, Legitimists, Republicans, and Socialists, have sworn a truce till the enemy has been vanquished, they have observed it with remarkable exactness. Every attempt to create disunion in any way is sternly repressed by common accord, and even Gustave Fleurens, the ultra rouge and hair-brained Republican, has announced that he will shoot any one of his battalion who violates their discipline or the order imposed by a government which in any other times he would the first to attack. If the war continues much longer, and is brought to an honorable termination, which I believe it will, it will have done much to remedy that demoralization of French public men, which is the greatest injury the Empire inflicted, for it will have taught them to do what they have never yet been able to learn—to sink minor differences in order to work together for a great common object.

Meantime, the Prussians have been duly tightening the circle in which they have bound us, and a gentleman who has just returned from an attempt to penetrate the Prussian lines, and who was sent back after being most hospitably entertained by the staff of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, tells me they make quite sure of entering Paris within a week or two. I am convinced, however, that they little know the spirit of the Parisians, and still less suspect the reception that will await them when the final attempt is made. Every day adds to the confidence of the army in and about these walls, and every day adds to the determination to resist to the last. The *Petit Moblot* has improved under one's eyes, and

their bearing and attitude, as well as their conduct under fire, are now equal to anything trained soldiers can show. The same kind of commendation in, perhaps, a slightly less degree, is to be given to the Garde Nationale, and as these two corps form the main portion of the garrison of Paris, it is upon an estimate formed of them that any opinion as to the final result must be formed. On the one side we have an army of men who have been trained from their youth up to the very highest attainable point of military perfection till they have become one huge machine, moving surely and readily to every thought of the ablest generals in Europe. On the other side a crowd of half-drilled peasants and shopkeepers, citizen-soldiers, fighting for their homes—on discipline and habit overcome mere courage and patriotism?—that is the question which this siege will solve—for Prussia has now made every Frenchman desperate with the desperation that sent forth the armies of the first Republic to conquer Europe.

A cry of indignation and shame has run through the people at the idea of such terms being so much as mentioned as those which Bismarck had the coolness to propose to Jules Favre. The eloquent and mournful letter in which the Foreign Minister has recorded his two interviews with King William's Minister at Headquarters, has touched a chord which will not cease to vibrate. The week has been on the whole encouraging to the French arms. Small engagements have taken place every day, and all day long between the outposts, and every night is broken by the booming of the cannon. The French division under General Maudslayi has, it appears, certainly taken, and still holds the village of Villo Neuve, and the plateau of Nantes Brugeres, two important positions on the southern side of the capital, and there is no doubt that from those positions, they inflicted during their night of Thursday and the evening of yesterday very considerable losses upon the Prussians. On the St. Denis side also a sortie was made with success, and the reconnaissance for the sake of which it was effected is said to have been eminently satisfactory. Thus far the war has been conducted according to ordinary rules; but if the Prussians advance nearer to the walls they will find themselves exposed to engines of destruction of quite as novel, of a most terrible character, such as is dreadful only to think of, for science has been called in to assist in the defence, and has produced arms which, should they be resorted to, as in the last extremity they will be, will fire the world with astonishment and horror. Communication with the outside is difficult but not impossible, as we believe, and this letter will itself, I hope, show. A regular service of balloons is a strange notion, but we have here something very like it in course of organization. To get out of the town itself in any other way, much less to get through the Prussian lines, is next to impossible, for the spy mania is as strong as ever, and there is the greatest possible difficulty in moving about. The authorities here will give correspondents no facilities whatever, so I have been at last obliged to conclude, after repeated applications in every kind of quarter that seemed to offer a chance of success. General Trochu has a strong dislike for journalists, and as he has issued an order that nobody whatsoever shall be allowed to enter or to go out of the gates, it seems hopeless to expect to see anything. Meantime, there are no bombs falling inside the walls, and those who wish to see the actual fighting of the siege appear to be doomed to disappointment.

The *Daily News* also publishes a continuation of a diary of a besieged resident in Paris, under date, September 21. He writes that barricades had been erected everywhere, and they are even stronger than the outward fortifications. They are, too, some agreeable little chemical surprises for the Prussians if ever they get into the town.

PARIS AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENT OF TIMES.

General Schleich, like most Bavarian officers, was very kind in the long run, and gave us leave to go in single file, one by one, to the ridge, where stands a little summer-house, surrounded by trees, like a small pagoda, or Swiss cottage—a Parisian *gazebo*, in fact. Mr. Landells and I went first, and at the far edge of the wood, where an abattis has been erected, we looked over. Paris lay at our feet in marvellous beauty. We were engaged in making out places through our glasses when from Montrouge flew out a puff of smoke and the two bangs which come close together when a shell is fired at and bursts in a line with you warned us that either the French were keeping a very bright look out, or that they saw something else disagreeably close to us to vex them, but the explosion and fragments were quite near enough to serve as a notice to quit, and we retreated to the tower, but not till we had a good look all over Paris from Mont Parnasse, Pere la Chaise, Notre Dame, the Invalides, with its newly-gilt dome, the Tuileries, Pantheon, to the Arc de Triomphe, and could see the people and soldiers inside the works, and in the streets behind Issy. Our other friend and Dr. Hassell appeared, guided by Captain Brix-Forster, of the Staff, and we mounted the tower, or *gazebo*, which consisted of several stories, with glass windows, and had many traces of occupancy by French soldiery, and at every stage the view of the city became more beautiful and entrancing, for it was a sunny, though not a very clear, day, owing to the dust raised by a strong east wind. This same wind induced the French to send up a balloon—some say Godard's—which was captured by the Prussians, with important despatches, but how or where I do not know. I do not suppose there was a chase and combat in the sky. Words cannot describe the charm of the spectacle. As I was peering through my glass I saw at the salient of Vauvres an officer with a glass to his eye standing on the embrasure and giving directions to the gunners. He was looking straight at the tower. Workmen rested on their spades in the ditch below, and looked up too. My companions had already descended, and when I got down I told them what was occurring, and just as I was speaking the report was heard, the shell burst in the wood on the left, and I do not hesitate to say I kept close to the tower as it came along, and in another second bang again, and the iron fragments hummed through the air beyond. The Bavaria officer standing by the tower explained the position and told off the forts, related how surprising the sight of Paris was at night, and then cautioning us to walk singly about 100 yards apart, proceeded from the shelter of the little plantation towards the fort. Whizz came a round shot, this time right over the work. "The French are waking up," he said. "They have had their dinner and are in good spirits." Dr. Hassell went next, and as he turned towards a covered way a shell, which seemed to my somewhat tutored ear to be making right at the top of my head, came from Vauvres or Montrouge, and so I politely bowed to give it free way, and was glad that it went on its way rejoicing, and burst down among the vines on the far slope of the hill. The interior of the reduit was full worth the trouble, and presented a scene of such activity that before this letter reaches you the French may fire away to their hearts content, but cannot hurt it. The fosse is broad and deep, with fine scarp and counterscarp—palisades in the bottom—and the casemates and bombproofs give promise of fine construction. But Paris—that was the sight of all! And to see it thus.

There is reason to believe that the statistics of this terrible war will, when ultimately ascertained, present one satisfactory feature. The numbers of the killed and wounded are, indeed, enormous but the number of those who survive their wounds promises to be extraordinary also. Never before, to the best of our information, has the proportion of recovered,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1870.

Friday, 23—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
Saturday, 24—Of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 30—Twenty-first after Pentecost.
Monday, 31—Fast. Vigil of All Saints.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Tuesday, 1—ALL SAINTS, Obl.
Wednesday, 2—All Souls.
Thursday, 3—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week would seem not to have been altogether unfavorable to the French. Frequent sorties, and in force, have been made by the garrison of Paris; and even allowing for a little pardonable exaggeration, these would seem to have inflicted much loss on the besiegers, especially on the Bavarian contingent of the German army. The *Gardes Mobiles* have distinguished themselves; and these successes, even if not decisive, or productive of much apparent results, must have raised the somewhat impaired morale of the French troops.

On Thursday startling news reached us by telegram to the effect that Bazaine had capitulated, and concluded a treaty, military and political, with the Prussians. The military terms were that the army under his command were to lay down their arms, but to remain in Metz; the political, that the Empire was to be restored in the person of Napoleon IV. during whose minority Marshal Bazaine was to be Regent. How, or in virtue of what authority, the latter proposes to settle the political future of France we confess that we do not understand; nor do we see why the Prussians should undertake the perilous and ungrateful task of giving France a stable government. The people of France we suppose will have something to say in the matter; yet after all, it seems that they must fall back upon, either an Emperor, or a King. In the rural districts, and amongst the peasantry, we do not believe that the late regime was unpopular; and wild as at first sight the scheme attributed to Bazaine may appear it is by no means of impossible execution.

Later telegrams have thrown doubts upon the fidelity of those which first reached us. Bazaine is now said to be intriguing for the Regency; and the capitulation of Metz amounts to this—that Bazaine had proposed to surrender half his army, the remainder to garrison and continue the defence of the beleaguered place. These terms were of course rejected, and the siege, or rather blockade, continues.

The position at Rome remains unchanged. The Holy City, once rightly so called, but which in the words of Our Lord has been made a den of thieves "*speluncam latronum*" is trampled under foot by the mercenaries of an excommunicated King. Where lately the Vicar of the Holy One took council with the Fathers of the Church, the devil holds his court; and in lieu of the voice of prayer and praise, we hear but the coarse blasphemies, and obscenities of the soldiery of Victor Emmanuel, and of the vile rabble of thieves and prostitutes that followed close upon their heels. All rascaldom is in ecstasy; the Church and all good men mourn, and cry to heaven "How long O Lord, how long?" in the full assurance however, that ere long He will execute justice upon the enemies and persecutors of His Church, and that the words of the prophet Jeremiah will be fulfilled upon them. "Thou shalt render to them a recompense O Lord according to the works of their hands; * * * thou shalt persecute them in anger, and shalt destroy them from under the heavens O Lord." Amen.

The Catholic Hierarchy of Great Britain have united in a protest against the attack of the Piedmontese Government upon the Papal Territory and the Sovereign Pontiff; all Catholics are called upon to form a league of prayer for the deliverance of the Holy Father from the power of his enemies, and the enemies of the Church; and to protest against the outrage

against the laws of civilised nations, and the rights of weak States, of which he has been made the object.

Another disastrous shipwreck, attended with fearful loss of life, has been added to this year's list. The steamship *Cambria*, one of the staunchest vessels of the Anchor Line, from New York, has been wrecked off the coast of Ireland. The only particulars yet known are contained in the following telegrams:

LONDON, Oct. 21.—The steamer *Enterprise*, from Garson to Londonderry, picked up a boat off Innishaven Head at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon containing a sailor and the corpse of a girl. The sailor stated that the steamer *Cambria*, of the Anchor Line, from New York, struck at 10 o'clock the night previous on In-nistrahull Island, and became a total wreck. Four other boats containing passengers left the steamer, but have not yet been heard of. The sailor reports that his own boat upset, and all on it but himself were drowned.

We give below some of the most important and latest items of war news transmitted by cable from Prussian sources:—

A Berlin dispatch says it is stated officially that the French Charge d'Affaires at the Spanish Court in Madrid had asked the Government, for the interest and preservation of the Latin race, to send to France an army of fifty thousand Spanish soldiers to assist in resisting the Prussians. This proposal was positively declined by the Spanish Government.

BERLIN, Oct. 22.—The *Staats Anzeiger* of yesterday, in its account of affairs before Metz, says: The sickness in the armies is due to the uniformity of the food; dysentery is decreasing and typhus will doubtless go with the present cold weather; desertions from the garrison are increasing, the fugitives all give the same reason, hunger. The invading force and the German armies generally receive abundant supplies of all sorts of cattle. Thousands of sheep have been sent to France for the Germans.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The armistice at Mezieres ended yesterday afternoon. The bridge over the Meuse, near that place, will be blown up by the Prussians to-day, but the bombardment will not be commenced until more troops and munitions of war can be brought up. The French force within the walls of Mezieres is computed at about five thousand men, and are fragments of various French regiments.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—A despatch from Amiens to-day announces that the Prussians are only 3 kilometres distant. Every preparation has been made to defend the town. A special train laden with munitions of war passed through Amiens to-day from Lille, going to Rouen.

The journals publish the accounts of the deserters from Metz, who say that Bazaine is dead, and that Canrobert was in command, and hunger and pestilence prevailed. These stories were discredited. However, at Berlin the capitulation of Metz was hourly expected.

Chartres has been surrounded by the Prussians twenty thousand strong. They have also forty cannon. The Prefect of the Department and the Mayor of the city arranged with the Prussian commander that the rights of citizens shall be respected.

Le Constitutionnel to-day announces that Lord Lyons, British Minister, has made an important communication to the Government here. He wishes aid from Austria and Italy to effect an armistice in order that the elections for members of the Constituent Assembly may proceed. He stated that Russia would act in the same direction.

VIENNA, Oct. 23.—The Austrian Government, responding to the representations of England, urgently advocates armistice at Tours and Versailles.

The evening edition of the *Times* contains special telegrams from Berlin stating that Prussia has repeated her willingness to grant armistice if the principle of the cession of the territory be conceded. Mere dismantling of fortresses in Alsace and Lorraine under European guarantee is insufficient. Deserters from Metz are constantly arriving at Berlin.

The Empress Eugenie is in London holding a conference with Lord Granville. Negotiations very favourable for peace are progressing. England asks for armistice, not for the purpose of electing a Constituent Assembly, but for a restoration of the Empire. Eugenie to re-enter France and Bazaine leave Metz to protect her, restore order, and make peace. Trochu approves the plan.

It is rumoured that a defensive alliance has been formed between Turkey and Greece against the encroachments of the Western powers.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Despatches from Bombay announce that troops are leaving Madras for China.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The loss of the steamship "*Cambria*" is fully confirmed, and there is little to give hope that the passengers who had taken to the boats have escaped. The coast is a very dangerous one, and it is evident from the upsetting of the one boat from which the single survivor of the wreck was picked up,

that the sea was very rough at the time of the disaster. Nevertheless those who had friends on board need not be in haste to imagine the worst. The coast is admirably guarded by expert and adventurous men, and it is not impossible that if the boats were driven ashore some of the passengers were saved.

FULL PARTICULARS BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR.—LONDON, Oct. 23.—The telegraphic lines have all been destroyed by the recent storms, and McGartland's narrative has just got through from Londonderry as follows: The voyage from New York was generally fortunate notwithstanding the unpleasant weather which prevailed until the night of Wednesday, the 16th of October, between 10 and 11 o'clock; the *Cambria* was then under sail and steaming rapidly. Suddenly, when all was apparently going well, she struck on Mistrain Island, ten miles west of Donegal, and thirty miles west of Londonderry, the vessel began to fill through large holes stove in the bottom, and the fires were soon extinguished. It then became evident that the steamer was hopelessly lost, and efforts were therefore directed to save the lives of the passengers who were massed upon deck.

Four boats crowded with passengers were launched and put off from the sinking steamer. McGartland entered one of these and he saw no more of the ship or other boats. The weather was very heavy, and he thinks there is no doubt that all the boats were swamped, and that he is the only survivor. Almost instantly upon getting into the boat it capsized, and he lost consciousness. Upon reviving he found himself in the sea, but grasping the gunwale of a boat which had righted. He succeeded in getting into the boat a second time, and found therein the dead body of a lady. Mr. McGartland was tossed about for many hours, when he was picked up by the *Enterprise*, Capt. Gillespie, who cruised about the scene of disaster for a long time in hope of saving life and property. McGartland says that almost at the very time of the disaster the passengers and crew were congratulating themselves on the tempestuous voyage which was nearly finished, and rejoicing in the fact that in one short hour they would land at Moville.

The latest accounts, which must be taken with a pinch of salt, are to the effect that in the German army before Paris the cry for peace is waxing loud; that Bismarck, who is in opposition to Moltke, is for peace, and that Great Britain is again about to intervene betwixt the two contending parties. We may therefore hope that before *All Saints Day* an armistice shall have been concluded, and the basis of a lasting peace laid down.

DEATH OF THE VERY REVEREND DR. GORDON.—Again we have imposed on us the painful duty of recording the death of a distinguished ecclesiastic, Vicar General of the Diocese of Hamilton, which occurred on the morning of Saturday, 15th inst., in the Episcopal Palace of that City.

The Reverend deceased had attained to a ripe old age, having been born in Dublin in 1792. In 1817 he emigrated to Canada, and then feeling a call to embrace the ecclesiastical state, he entered the College of St. Raphael which had been lately opened in the county of Glengarry by the late Bishop McDonnell. Here he completed the necessary theological studies for the sacred office of the Ministry, and in 1829 he was ordained priest. During many years he served as parish priest in Niagara, and on the 13th of November, 1846, he took the place of the late venerable Vicar General McDonnell. In this post he labored for years with never flagging diligence amongst a large Catholic population by whom he was loved and honored as their spiritual father. In a well known work, *The Irish in America*, we find the following notice of the subject of this brief memoir:—

"There is still living in Hamilton, Western Canada, as Vicar General of the Diocese an Irish priest—Father Gordon from Wexford who has witnessed astonishing changes in his time. He has seen the City founded, and the town spring up; the forest cleared, and the settlement created; the rude log chapel in which a handful of the faithful knelt in the midst of the wood, replaced by the spacious brick church in which many hundreds now worship. And not only has he witnessed astonishing changes but he has himself done much to effect the changes which he has lived to see accomplished."

Yes! His indeed has been an active and a useful life, and he has now gone where he will reap the reward of his labors and receive the wages of the industrious servant in the Lord's vineyard. Long will his memory be held in honor by the Catholics of Hamilton, and of the Province of Ontario.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.—The mortal remains of this good and deeply lamented Prelate were consigned to the grave on Tuesday, the 18th inst., amidst an imposing group of mourners composed of the Bishops of the Province, the clergy of the Diocese, and the most distinguished of the citizens of Quebec. Indeed as represented by their respective Bishops, all the Catholics of the Province may be said to have assisted at the sad though imposing ceremony.

The Cathedral was suitably arranged for the occasion. A solemn *Requiem* Mass was sung by MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET Bishop of Montreal assisted by the Rev. MM. Martineau, and Godbout. A funeral sermon brief, but impressive was preached by the Rev. M. Louis Paquet of the Seminary of Quebec; after which the last solemn rites were performed, and the body of the late Archbishop of Quebec was consigned to its final resting place at the foot of the altar.

PROROGATION OF THE COUNCIL.—It is stated in the journals that a letter has been written by the Sovereign Pontiff suspending the meetings of the Council; since in the present condition of affairs, and Rome being in the possession of an enemy, such meeting would no longer be opportune.

ORDINATION.—In Toronto, in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Tuesday the 18th inst., the Holy Order of Priesthood was conferred on the Rev. Mr. McEntee, by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

We republish, but merely as a newspaper rumor, that Mgr. Lafleche will probably be the successor of the lately deceased Archbishop of Quebec.

No one can doubt the ardent sympathy of the *Minerve* for France, and its brave soldiers. But the *Minerve*, as must every honest Frenchman, feels degraded and insulted by the presence of a Garibaldi at the head of a French army, who in his usual *bancombe* or bombastic style, declaims against the political and social system of Europe. If France can be saved only on such terms—then, says the *Minerve*, let France perish!

"If Garibaldi," says our respected contemporary, "continue to parade at the head of the French armies, his mouth full of impetives and insolent threatenings against the social order of Europe, we can but invoke fresh humiliation for French arms, because they are doomed to malediction. France cannot, at one and the same moment, conquer by means of Garibaldi, and remain untouched in her honor. Rather may she perish, than disgrace herself to all eternity. If it is by such sad means she clings to life, she has ceased to be Catholic and we are no longer French."

This too, we expect will, be the feeling of all good Frenchmen. The "sons of the crusaders" will surely never submit to the infamy of being led by a Garibaldi; better for them, less dishonoring would it be for them to allow their country to become a province of Prussia.—Better things are, we hope, we believe, in store for France; and victory, if again it revisit her standard, will be the reward of her fidelity to the ancient faith. Of this we may be sure: no Catholic, no man of honor, will serve under Garibaldi.

The *Times* publishes the following portion of the report of an English surgeon in China as to the cruelties there inflicted on converts to the Catholic faith. About Protestant converts the Chinese do not seem to bother themselves:—

"At the request of the French Minister, four Roman Catholic converts have been removed from the yamen to the foreign settlement. One is an old man over 60 years. They have all been more or less tortured in various ways, and present a perfectly horrible appearance; their bodies fearfully emaciated, and covered with gangrenous sores filled with maggots.—One man has been placed on a rack, and all his joints cracked. Another has been beaten so severely on the hands and feet that the tendons are exposed. There are still in the yamen three men and six women (converts), but these are in such a wretched state that the authorities dare not move them. One of those women has had needles driven underneath her finger nails, and her body sprinkled over with drops of boiling oil. Another, a young girl aged 16 years, has had all her fingers chopped off by small pieces. It is reported that they have suffered other indignities too horrible for publication."

The *Witness* quotes from a Yankee paper some remarks upon the want of "men of brains" in France at the present moment, as an illustration of the "Effects of Jesuit Teachings," and it goes on in the following strain:—

"The practice of leaving the education of the masses to the priests, and the politics of the country to a despot, has not proved favorable to the development of generalship or statesmanship."

A good argument, only unfortunately the facts are the other way. In France, for many years, Education has been a government monopoly; the State has undertaken the functions of teacher, and has put down the priests.—What the French are to-day is the result, not of Priest Education and Popery, but of State-Schoolism and Caesarism.

A slight shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt in this City on Thursday of last week the 20th inst. The vibration lasted about half a minute, and was accompanied with a low rumbling noise. No great injury was done, but several nervous people were a little alarmed; the shock seems to have been generally felt throughout the Province. Profound thinkers, and able reasoners of the *Witness* school will of course attribute this shock to the blighting influences of Popery. The Seminary of Montreal and the Jesuits are both shrewdly suspected of being at the bottom of it. Time will show; and *en attendant* it behoves all sound Protestants to be on the alert against the machinations of the perfidious Church of Rome.

We publish below a list of the sums already forwarded for the reconstruction of the Cathedral, by the several parishes named below:—

La Pointe Claire, \$50; St. Isidore, \$80; La Riviere des Prairies, \$26; Ste. Genevieve, \$60; Longue Pointe, \$68.25; Ste. Anne des Plaines, \$40; Ile Dupas, \$38; St. Jean, \$90.60; Repentigny, \$10; St. Joseph du Lac, \$10; St. Bruno, \$40.66; St. Polycarpe, \$42.50; St. Columban, \$16.00; Ste. Sophie, \$28; St. Lin, \$59; Rigaud, \$65; St. Jacques de l'Assommoir, \$36; St. Olet, \$21.75; St. Zotique, \$60; St. Anicet, \$69.85; Chateauguay, \$47.80; Vaudreuil, \$86; Les Cedres, \$48; St. Jerome, (Parish), \$35.65; St. Jerome, (Village) \$34; Saunt au Recollet, \$67.70; Pointe aux Trembles, \$67.25; Ste. Julie, \$22; Berthier, \$23.25; Coteau du Lac, \$40; St. Hubert, \$79.45; St. Eprit, \$50; St. Paul l'Ermitte, \$34.75; St. Urbain, \$32.60; Lanorite, \$50; Ste. Scholastique, \$21.70; St. Thomas, \$32; Ste. Beatrix, \$10; St. Cyprien, \$35; St. Norbert, \$22.56; St. Francois de Sales, \$25; St. Roch, \$67.53; Ste. Melanie, \$8; Vercheres, \$96; Terrobonne, \$14; St. Timothee, \$4; Ste. Philomene, \$40.

The undermentioned sums have also been received from the several institutions named below:—

Bishop's School, \$26; Pupils of Lachine Convent, \$20; Pupils of Villa Maria, \$100; Orphans of the Providence Asylum, \$4; Deaf and Dumb, \$10; St. Antoine Academy, \$10; Pupils of Christian Brothers Schools, \$350; Pupils of Longueuil, \$8; Pupils of St. Denis Academy, \$50.

The monthly collections taken up in the Cathedral have yielded as under:—January, \$25.25; February, \$30.40; March, \$30.72; April, \$27.75; May, \$30.50; June, \$19.50; July, \$23.40; August, \$37.50; September, \$38.

REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FOR 1868 AND P. RT. OF 1869.—From this Blue Book we gather that in Lower Canada the numbers of both schools and scholars are steadily on the increase, an increase proportionally greater than the increase of population.

Our system of education may not be perfect; nay, if its working were entrusted to bad hands it might be made to work very oppressively; but as carried out by the Hon. M. Chauveau it has done much good. It would be well for our Catholic brethren in Upper Canada if they in the matter of education were so well off, and as liberally dealt with, as are the Protestant minority of the Lower Province.

The *Montreal Gazette* having made some remarks upon the Canadian contingent of the Papal Zouaves, publishes the following reply from M. De Bellefeuille. We give the most important portions:—

"This is your question: 'Is it true that the final removal of the French troops from Rome was almost, if not precisely, simultaneous with the departure of a large body of Canadian Zouaves whose term had just expired; and is it considered conspicuous gallantry in a soldier to refuse to serve one day longer than his exact period, even though its termination find a cause for which he fights in deadly and unexpected peril, and though, therefore, his sword is of more value than ever to the chief whom he abandons?' Or, under these circumstances, does the canon of military honor require a brave man to re-enlist under the flag he assumes to love, and to guard it most vigilantly when most dangerously threatened by its foes?"

No, sir, it is not honourable for a soldier, nay, for any one, to desert and abandon a cause he thinks good and just, at the very moment when it seems in danger. The soldier who would take advantage of the expiration of his engagement to leave the ranks of an army that is marching to the battle ground, would assuredly show neither courage nor devotion; or, to use your own words, the canon of military honor requires a brave man to re-enlist under the flag he assumes to love, and to guard it most vigilantly when most dangerously threatened by its foes. I am happy to agree entirely with you on this point.

But, Sir, the Canadian Zouaves did not abandon the ranks of the Pontifical army at the time of the final removal of the French troops from Rome, nor at that moment when the state of things in Europe made all the Catholic world fear an attack on the States of the Church. On the contrary, the Zouaves, whose term of engagement expired during that period, did re-enlist. I affirm it and I prove it.

The detachment of Canadian Zouaves known as detachment No. 4, left Montreal on the 25th of June, 1868, arrived in Rome on the 15th of July following, and enlisted the following day, or the day after, for the term of two years. It was therefore on the 16th or 17th of July, 1870, that their engagement expired. This detachment is the only one whose term was up during last summer. Well, has it come back to Canada? No; on the day their engagement came to an end, all the men of this detachment, except two or three who had been previously sent home on account of sickness, all of them re-enlisted and remained in Rome. They saw the invasion of the Pontifical States, they were present at the siege of Rome; they without doubt took a part in the light fighting made as a protest against the spoliation which the Pope has undergone, they have endured the insults and the bad treatment of the Roman mob, they have been brought prisoners into the interior of Italy; and they are now by sea coming to Canada with all the other Canadian Zouaves; All these facts have been published during the last few weeks by the Catholic papers of Montreal and cannot be denied.

What may have brought you to think that some of our Zouaves left Rome at the eve of the brittle is perhaps the late arrival of 112 of them. But you will not forget, sir, that these men forming the detachment No. 7, embarked at New York on the 3rd of September, were not able to reach the end of their journey on account of the events which took place in France as well as in Italy, whilst they were at sea. And many will think that if of the seven detachments sent from Canada one has shown more courage and devotedness than the others, it is surely the last one, who left Canada to go to Rome at a moment when a terrible war was threatening to bring on a general conflagration.

Hoping, sir, that I have in those few lines sufficiently answered your questions,
I remain, very sincerely,
Yours, &c.,
E. LEF. DE BELLEFVILLE,
Chevalier of Pius IX.

EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION.—The Hon. Bill Flint, in a letter addressed, through the *Bellefeuille Intelligencer*, to "Priest Brettergh," has declared that he is a Catholic. What will his Methodist friends say now?
HODIERNUS.

From time to time we receive orders for the TRUE WITNESS, unaccompanied by the subscription...

We beg to inform our subscribers in the County of Victoria that Mr. David Walker, of Lindsay, is our Agent for that County...

We beg to inform our Subscribers in Prince Edward Island that Edward Reilly, Esq., of Charlottetown, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS at that place...

S. M. Pettengill & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 40 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—September, 1870.—Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

A very amusing number, and contains the following articles—Earl's Dene, part xi.; Newman's Poems; About How the Old Egyptians Lived and Died; Milly's First Love; Cornelius O'Dowd; War Letter of Major Cookhardt; The European Hurricane.

THE CENTRAL CATHOLIC.—This is the name of a small, but neatly printed and well edited Catholic paper published at Syracuse, N. Y. We wish it a long life, and good success.

RECEPTION OF MONSIEUR GIGUES. (To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th, exactly one year after his departure from Ottawa, His Lordship Bishop Giguès returned to the seat of his Episcopal duties...

At an early hour, thousands were assembled at the Railway station, which was brilliantly illuminated. Prominent amongst those present were a large number of the Clergy of the Diocese and several distinguished strangers.

At seven o'clock, the train was in sight, and soon afterwards, the booming of cannon, the bursting of torpedoes, the ringing of bells, and the cheers of a joyful people, announced the arrival of the venerable Prelate.

This procession moved through the principal streets, which were handsomely decorated with colored lamps, and transparencies bearing expressions of welcome...

Believe me, Mr. Editor, very truly yours, A SPECTATOR.

Divorce.—Indiana and Illinois have got a bad pre-eminence even in the West for the facility with which divorces can there be secured.

ceived with every expression, of faith and devotion.

The receptions tendered to the representatives of Pius IX., on their return from the labors of the Vatican, bear a two-fold testimony: 1st. of the readiness with which the Catholics of all nations receive the Dogma of Infallibility; and 2nd. they show in terms too plain to be misunderstood, the foolishness of the Italian desperadoes in attempting to wrest all temporal power from a king whose subjects are the principal support of every government on the earth.

Ottawa, Oct. 17th, 1870.

ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 17th, 1870. (To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Mr. EDITOR,—Aware of the pleasure with which everything regarding our holy religion is welcomed by your truly Catholic journal, I hasten to forward an account of a most interesting ceremony—at least to the people of this parish—at which I had the happiness of assisting on Thursday last.

For several years we have been blessed with the presence in our midst of the devoted Sisters of the Holy Cross. Their Convent having become inconveniently small for the number of pupils attending the classes, the Rev. Father O'Connor, the zealous and energetic pastor, shortly after his appointment to Alexandria, determined to enlarge the building and to adapt it to the requirements of the locality.

The 13th inst., feast of St. Edward, His Lordship of Kingston, assisted by the Revd. Fathers O'Connor, Meade, Gauthier, MacCarthy, Masterson and MacDonald, solemnly blessed the establishment, and then celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the Convent chapel which was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

During Mass the young ladies sang some choice pieces in a manner alike creditable to themselves, and the institution in which they receive their education.

At the conclusion of the service, His Lordship preached an eloquent sermon upon the benefits of education based upon religion. He congratulated those present on the success attending their efforts in behalf of the Convent, and closed his discourse with a most graceful compliment to the good Sisters who, despising the world and its charms, have consecrated themselves to the service of Christ and of their fellow creatures.

In the evening a charming entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, a very amusing drama, and tableaux of rare merit, was given by the pupils. An elegantly written address was read by Miss MacNeal, to which His Lordship replied in feeling terms, thanking the young ladies for the kind wishes expressed towards him, and assuring them of the pleasure their soiree afforded him and of the interest he took in their welfare.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, very truly yours, A SPECTATOR.

Colonels Osborne Smith, Fletcher, McEachern, and Chamberlin, were yesterday invested with the order of St. Michael and St. George by the Governor General, at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Leaving religion and a future state of being out of account altogether, nothing is found to be more disastrous for the present than what the people of Indiana and Chicago are at present glorifying in, as the road to happiness and the badge and evidence of liberty of thought and equal liberty of action.—Globe.

A very melancholy accident occurred on Tuesday evening to Mr. George Moylan, mail clerk, running on the Grand Trunk east. Mr. Moylan was employed on the lighting express, and when returning to Toronto between Grafton and Cobourg, opened the door of the post office car upon the side at which there is no platform, and believing himself to be stepping upon the same, he of course fell off as it was instantly dashed to the ground—the train at the time running very rapidly.

Inquest.—An inquest was held yesterday morning on the body of a lad named James Ross, who died on Thursday morning at his mother's residence, Cheneville street, from the effects of a blow on the head from a falling plank, and not as was at one time stated from a cut inflicted by a stone thrown by one of the boys belonging to the Friars School.

On the following morning, about half-past 9 he asked for some tea, which having drunk, he lay down. At ten o'clock his unhappy mother found him dead, and sent for Dr. McCallum, who on arriving pronounced the child to be dead.

That the deceased, Alexander Loss, came to his death in an accidental manner, from effusion of blood caused by violence in the left temple.

It will be noticed from the proceedings that two medical men were called in to give evidence as to the cause of Loss' death.—Dr. McCallum, of St. Antoine street, and Dr. Rottot. In this the Coroner acted with his usual good judgement, as it was desirable that the cause of death should be placed beyond doubt.—Gazette Saturday, Oct. 22.

LUNATICS IN JAIL.—Yesterday Mr. Justice Monk, accompanied by the Sheriff and two medical gentlemen, visited the Montreal jail, and inspected the lunatics confined there.

St. Anicet, P. Curran, \$1; Osgoode, P. Grant, \$1; Fort Covington, N.Y., Rev. M. C. Stanton, \$2.25; Grass Pond, Rev. A. Z. Desnoyers, \$1; Three Rivers, Rev. C. O. Caron, \$2.50; Heathcote, T. Shannon, \$1; Sierra, C. J. Melvay, \$2; New Buffalo, Mich., P. Gleason, \$2; Sandwich, Rev. D. O'Connor, \$2; Woodstock, D. Shimmers, \$2; Pembroke, C. Warren, \$2; St. Catherine de Fossambault, J. Griffin, \$5; Portage du Fort, Rev. P. Agnel, \$2; Hereford, M. J. W. \$1; Malcolm, D. Sullivan, \$1; Vista, J. Ferguson, \$4; Brewar's Mills, P. Dougherty, \$6; Castlebar, J. Hogan, \$2; Richmond, J. Murphy, \$2; West River, N.S., Rev. R. McGillivray, \$2; Mattawan, J. Ginn, \$1; St. Sylvester, D. Horan, \$4; Umfraville, D. Kelly, \$1; St. Hypolite, Rev. F. X. Laberge, \$2; Stockdale, M. Higgins, \$2; Paspebiac, Rev. C. J. Fournier, \$2; Rev. C. Wardy, Kelly's Island, Ohio, \$2.

Per J. Gillies—Sorel, P. Tobin, \$4; O'Hare, \$6; Point Levi, Rev. Mr. Desai, \$2; New Liverpool, J. Thomson, \$7.50; B. Bergeron, \$2; Silery, J. McKenna, \$2; J. Timmons, \$6; M. Lynch, \$2; Quebec, R. McCabe, \$2.

Per W. Chisholm, Cornwall—Very Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrews, \$2. Per Rev. J. Verrier, Sussex Vale, N.B.—Self, \$4; Rev. Mr. Aylward, \$4. Per D. Smith, Pakenham—Self, \$4; T. Moynahan, White Lake, \$2. Per A. B. McIntosh, Chatham—Self, \$2; Fordham, \$2.

Per J. McGuire, Cobourg—J. Fee, \$5. Per P. McCabe, Fort Hope—P. Lowery, \$5.

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

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Oct. 27.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, etc.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES. Oct. 27, 1870.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Oats, Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Rye, Flax Seed, Timothy, etc.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL ASSOCIATION.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above ASSOCIATION for the ELECTION of DIRECTORS, &c., will be held in one of the Halls of the Building, on WEDNESDAY, 2nd NOVEMBER, at EIGHT o'clock.

(By Order), J. D. KENNEDY, Secretary.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Maple Sugar, Honey, Lard, Eggs, etc.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

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

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, 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.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. } In the matter of VITAL CASSANT, An Insolvent. ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Act.

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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.

G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS of HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, CATHEDRAL BLOCK, No. 369 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Cash Paid for Raw Furs.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, } Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. } In the matter of JAMES S. NOAD, of the City of Montreal, as well individually as having been a partner in the Commercial firm of JEFFERY, NOAD & Co., of Quebec, which said firm was composed of himself and WILLIAM HENRY JEFFERY, of the said City of Quebec, and which said firm was carried on at Montreal under the name and style of NOAD, JEFFERY & Co., as well as having heretofore carried on business at Montreal, under the style and name of JAMES S. NOAD & Co., An Insolvent. ON Thursday the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

MONTEAL, 13th October, 1870. JAMES S. NOAD, by KERR, LAMBE & CARTER, his Attorneys ad litem.

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

CANADA, } Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. } In the matter of JAMES F. KIDNER, An Insolvent. ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under said Act. Montreal, 10th October, 1870. JAMES F. KIDNER, By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1864-65-69. Province of Quebec } In the SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. } In the matter of FRANK OWENS, An Insolvent. ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Acts.

FRANK OWENS, Insolvent. Per JETTE ARCHAMBAULT, & CHRISTIN, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1864-65-69. Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. } In the matter of ALEXANDER BASTIEN, An Insolvent. ON Thursday, the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above Acts.

ALEXANDER BASTIEN, Insolvent. Per JETTE ARCHAMBAULT, & CHRISTIN, His Attorneys ad litem.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE. COMMENCING ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th, The Subscriber will sell the ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, OF THE LATE FIRM OF Messrs. DUFRESNE, GREY & CO., INSOLVENTS, And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favor of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements.

The Stock will be sold at the Old Strand, 454 NOTRE DAME STREET, NEAR McGUIRE, P. McLAUGHLIN, Manage

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

We hear of horrors being enacted in France that remind us of the days of the great Revolution, and of frightful facts credibly reported to have occurred during the brief ascendancy of Mazzini in Italy. At Lyons, Marseilles, and wherever the "Reds" gain power, Jesuit and Dominican novices are forced into the army. At Paris they are at once sent upon the ramparts. Priests are insulted and threatened in the public streets, and hold their lives in fear. The religious orders are forced to fly, and some of them have already taken refuge in England. What is worse even, and more painful still to relate, is the statues of the Blessed Virgin in public places have been profaned in ways too horrible to relate. We learn these facts from sources of undoubted veracity; and our information adds that in some places altars have actually been erected in honour of the Devil. At Mans, it has been ascertained that consecrated Hosts have been carried away by women from the communion rails, for the purposes of profanation; and the same have been offered by men in military uniform to Satan. Such things are unutterably harrowing to tell of, but it would be wrong to conceal them; they aid us so effectually to estimate the true character of the movement that is now spreading and taking such a strong hold of France. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Tablet*.

THE PROPOSED DISMEMBERMENT OF FRANCE. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, who has passed six weeks in Lorraine, changing his quarters about thrice a day, and mixing with all classes of the population, says:—

"The entire population is thoroughly French in all their physical and intellectual characteristics, and the former German element is only perceptible in an insignificant narrow strip along the frontier. It seems to me a piece of political stupidity to talk of acquiring the Moselle line with Nancy and Metz. Germany would thereby shackle a country in comparison with the resistance of which the recent history of Venetia and Lombardy would be only as a rehearsal on a small scale. The population, as a whole affluent and intelligent, are possessed by a national fanaticism not at all inferior to that of Austrian Italy. It would be easy for the French bordering districts to fan this feeling, and the community of language, which we should be much less able to root out than the French did with ours in Alsace, would furnish a simple and constant means of so doing. Prussia cannot be more heartily detested in any part of France than here in Lorraine. I do not know how the case stands in Alsace, but whoever would hold and Germanise Lorraine, especially the Metz district, may calculate on a perpetual state of siege."

THE STATE OF LYONS.—Cluseret, the mischief-maker, has turned up in Lyons. There he is now at the head of the Red Republicans of the place. The General's body guard, consists of sixty ruffians lately liberated from the galleys, and these with a few kindred spirits, form what is called the Committee of Public Safety. Monsieur Andrew, the former President of the Committee, has been turned away because he wishes to recognize the present Government of France. Monsieur Chattemel-Lacour, the Prefect named by the same rulers, has not only been set aside, but is in prison. The police of the Reign of Terror which governs Lyons is composed of some 6000 men who have been liberated from the criminal jails. Here Cluseret is in his element. He has forbidden all exit from the town without a passport from the Committee. The clergy are insulted in the streets; and public worship cannot be carried on without the most blasphemous ribaldry from such of the Reds as happen to be near. It is treason to hoist the tri-colour, and the red flag floats from all public establishments. All the silk factories have stopped, but Cluseret has the public treasury, which is very rich in his hands. Lyons is under a reign of terror in which no person and no house is safe. Thus the second city in France is under the control of an American adventurer, whose Secretary is an ex-galley slave and whose power is held by authority of the mob.

WHAT FRENCH CATHOLICS ARE DOING.—If French infidels are apparently having all their own way just now in the government of that country, the religious heart of France is throbbing with the fervent piety of earlier times; millions of the French people are crowding around the altars of Mary in towns and cities, and in the rural districts all the fair land through. Sensible that God is at length inflicting that terrible chastisement on France which Our Lady, the help of Christians, had so often foretold, at La Salette, at Loudaues, and other places where she had deigned to manifest herself, the pious Catholics of France—they whose prayers and whose faith are alone to save the nation from utter ruin—are humbly endeavouring to avert the still more terrible scourges which may yet be reserved for their beloved country, by more fervent prayers, more rigorous penance, by the more faithful practice of every virtue. It is both edifying and encouraging to read of the fervour of the multitudes who throng the churches, and the good works that are everywhere going on. Thus, we read in the August number of the *Annals of the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary*, that the ladies of Nancy, "believing that it is not enough, under existing circumstances, to provide lint and ambulances, and that there is more to be done even than weeping and praying, have, therefore, made three resolutions at the foot of God's holy altar, hoping to appease His divine justice:—

1st.—They renounce a luxury in dress, which is not only ruinous to families, but, to working people, an occasion of breaking the Sabbath, and for themselves a source of distraction during religious offices.

2nd.—They bind themselves to use all their influence in putting a stop to blasphemy, what-

ever they may have to bear in attaining that object.

3rd.—To allow no unnecessary work to be done on Sundays or holy days of obligation, and to use every exertion in their power to have the Sabbath generally observed.

It will be remembered that blasphemy and Sabbath-breaking were what our dear Lady most complained of in her apparitions before mentioned, as being most grievously offensive to her Divine Son. These pious French ladies earnestly beg the prayers of the Arch-confraternity—now happily extended over nearly the whole world—that these resolutions of theirs may be attended with good results. Indeed every member of our Arch-confraternity is bound to pray for France, the cradle of that magnificent association; France now so sorely afflicted, and exposed to such terrible calamities. Some of these will come upon her, but others may be averted and the prayers of the faithful everywhere ought to assist her own faithful children in obtaining a renewal of her faith and fervour, and a purging out of the old leaven of infidelity and irreligion during these awful days of retribution.

Soissons capitulated only after the most terrible destruction of life and property; 350 houses were laid in ashes. The Prussians encountered a desperate resistance from the Nation Guard, fighting hand to hand in the streets and capturing one part of the city house by house. They were driven back through the burning city four times in succession, but were constantly reinforced and bore the French down by sheer weight of numbers. No quarter was shown and the wounded were bayoneted where they fell. Women hurled missiles from the houses on the heads of the invaders. The sacrifice of life was awful and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg wept at the slaughter, and refusing to order an assault, begged the French commander to capitulate in the name of humanity. The splendid glass works of Gobelins, and the foundries, mills and refineries were destroyed.

The *France* gives an account of a new murderous missile recently tried at Paris, the results of which were so fearful that it is said the authorities hesitate to adopt it. The missile is called the Satan Fusee, and consists of a hollow shell, which is filled with petroleum, the explosion of which is regulated by a time fuse. These bombs contain one, two, or three litres of petroleum, and one of the largest, when tried at St. Cloud, covered an immense space of ground with a sea of liquid and an inextinguishable fire. The Commission appointed to test the merits of this invention reported strongly of its efficacy, but declined to recommend its use except in reprisal for the employment of similar destructive compounds by the enemy, which the Germans are accused of having done at Strasbourg. The inventor has been assigned a large establishment at Batignolles, formerly a girl's school, where 200 workmen are busily engaged in preparing these dreadful messengers of death.

All the books in the Mazarine and Richelieu Libraries have been deposited for safety in the cellars of those institutions, and in the hope of avoiding injury to the interior of the building the windows have been protected by sacks filled with earth.

Watchmen are posted on the southern tower of Notre Dame to give warning to the inhabitants and the authorities should fire break out in any portion of the city.

HOSTILE BALLOONS.—The following extraordinary statement appears in the *Nouvelles du Jour*, a Belgian paper. The intelligence was conveyed in a note to that journal from one of their correspondents at the seat of war, which note was conveyed to Brussels by a carrier pigeon:—

"PARIS, Oct. 1.
"Nadar returned yesterday to Paris. His return was not, however, effected without much trouble, although his balloon was directed by a good wind and favorable currents since his departure from Tours. But let me relate the particulars of his voyage in chronological order. He left Tours at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the bold aeronaut arrived in view of Paris at 11 o'clock, floating about 3,000 metres above the fort of Charenton. At the same time as the Intrepide, which was the name of M. Nadar's balloon, appeared in sight, a second balloon was seen in the horizon. M. Nadar was observed to display a long streamer with the French national colors. Immediately afterwards a national flag floated from the car of the other balloon. Vigorous hurrahs and cries of 'C'est Durouff!' from the garrison of the fort, greeted the appearance of the two aeronauts whose balloons gradually approached.— Suddenly, and when at a short distance from each other, a loud report was heard in the air, which was followed by a series of explosions.— These were at first supposed to be victorious signals or demonstrations, until M. Nadar was seen to fling himself into the netting of his balloon, and to cling to its sides. During this time the other aeronaut continued discharging shots at M. Nadar and his balloon. The Intrepide was descending rapidly, and it appeared evident to the spectators below that some incomprehensible event had happened above.— But mark what the French flag of the neighboring balloon came to. It was withdrawn, and a black and yellow standard was observed to be floating in its place. 'Treason!' It is a Prussian balloon! 'He has fired on the Intrepide!' burst simultaneously from the French people. Nadar was supposed to have been lost. He was seen to descend rapidly in his car, and his balloon had once more nearly reached the earth. He, however, casts out his ballast, and he again ascends. M. Nadar again clambers up the network of his balloon, and, by a marvellous effort, he succeeds in stopping the hole made in his balloon by the shot of his adversary. The Intrepide then becomes the assailant, and several shots were fired from the car into the Prussian balloon, which suddenly whirled about and fell to the ground with giddy velocity. As soon as it reached the earth a detachment of Uhlans, who were on the plain,

and who had been following the aerial combatants throughout this exciting struggle, rushed forth and, surrounding the balloon, received their champion—God knows in what condition.—They then hastened off at full speed to the Prussian advanced posts. In the meantime M. Nadar descended safely at Charenton, where he still is at this moment."

The *Echo du Parlement*, commenting on this recital, observes:—"While the *Nouvelles du Jour* was publishing that extraordinary account of an aerial combat, we read in the correspondence addressed from Versailles to *The Times* of the 30th of September the following paragraph:—"An inexplicable phenomenon has just been witnessed at Versailles. Two balloons attached to each other were seen hovering over Paris, moved by a strong east wind in the direction of the forest of St. Germain. While the gentleman who narrated these facts to me was gazing at the aeronauts, his little daughter asked him to let her view the balloons through his spyglass. Scarcely had she distinguished the objects in the air when she exclaimed, 'They have fallen.' The balloons had disappeared suddenly behind the trees." The Brussels journal also states that a smaller balloon was perceived about the same time above Neffe, near Bastogne, near which place it seemed to have slowly descended. It was supposed to have ascended from the garrison of Metz.

BELGIUM

The only country for the moment possessing a Catholic Administration and Parliament has done itself honour in being the first to protest against the iniquitous usurpation of Rome. Both the Belgian Houses of Parliament have been made witnesses of the testimony against violence and sacrilegious wrong! A telegram dated Brussels, Sept. 26, says: In to-day's sitting of the Senate M. de Selvyns protested against the attack made by Italy upon the Pope. He sought to compare the position of the Roman States, subjected to the right of the strongest, to the position in which Belgium might find herself under certain circumstances. The *Bien Public* of Ghent tells us that a Liberal Catholic member of the Chamber had made a remonstrance against the aggression upon Rome.

The gist of M. Dumortier's argument was to this effect: O shortsighted Liberals, when you applaud the violent annexation of the Pontifical States to Italy, do you not see that you are furnishing some ambitious neighbor with a precedent for annexing Belgium? If that is ever done, it will be done on terms of kindred nationalities and the community of languages. Firstly, there is the independence of small States sacrificed. Then we see trampled to the ground the sacredness of treaties. International covenants solemnly entered into between the great Powers had guaranteed to the Holy See the peaceful possession of the small domain which it had possessed for centuries. You rejoice to see those covenants torn up. Lastly, Belgium is menaced: for before Europe what other guarantee have you for your own national independence than the sworn faith of kings? What else can you appeal to should Belgian autonomy be threatened? Is it not sheer madness to applaud when the defences break down what can be the only shelter for us if the torrent should roll in our direction. If it has spared us hitherto, can it be on that ground argued that it will never reach us?

GERMANY

The Germans have lost no time in obliterating the traces of the siege of Strasbourg. On the 1st, 750 artisans were set to work in clearing out the ruins and making the streets passable, and the bridge over the Rhine to Kehl will speedily be restored. The man who erected the ramparts of Deutz, near Cologne, has been sent to the town, and a number of the gendarmes of Cologne have been sent to Alsace and Lorraine. The disposition of the Strasburgers, says the correspondent of the *Swabian Mercury*, I did not find on the whole favourable. There is much bitter rancour at the city having been bombarded. I was obliged to hear the most extraordinary opinions; several of the ultras, for instance, asserted that Prussia began the war, that it was forced on France, that as early as 1866 it was Prussia's intention to begin a war with France. Against such extravagant views no reasoning or contradiction was of any avail.

The total loss of Germans in besieging Strasbourg amounted to 903, including 43 officers.

The place was found to be in sorry plight indeed. Those suburbs immediately exposed to the German fire are literally a heap of ruins; scarcely a house left standing. The devastation is worst in the Jews' quarter, the fishermen's quarter, St. Nicholas, Finckenmatt, Broglie, and the neighbourhood of the Stein Strasse. In the town itself nearly all the principal buildings are reduced to ashes. The Prefecture, the Protestant Church, the Theatre, the Museum, the Artillery School, Infantry Barracks, military magazine, railway station, and, worst of all, the library, with its invaluable contents, have been entirely destroyed. The citadel, with arsenal and church, is no more. The grammar school is badly injured and the city arsenal likewise severely damaged. Fortunately, the gem of the town, the Minister, has suffered very little, the interior as well as the tower being almost intact. For its preservation we are indebted to the strict orders of Herr von Werder, the Prussian General in command, who declared the cathedral a *noli me tangere*, and, excepting at the commencement of the siege, when the French used it as an observatory, would not permit a single bullet to be fired against it. Of the private houses, hundreds are burnt down, or rendered more or less uninhabitable. In many instances nothing but the bare walls is left, the interior having been consumed by the flames. What a time the poor Strasburgers must have had of it, with from 3,000 to 10,000 bullets hurled at them per day!

The Berlin papers exult at Strasbourg having, as they hope, reverted to Germany for good, after an estrangement of 189 years. On the

30th of September, 1681, Strasbourg was surprised by a French force, drawn together under the pretext of manoeuvring in the neighborhood; on the 28th of September, 1870, it fell, the reward of a long and laborious siege, into the hands of a combined Prussian and Baden corps. Louis XIV. took it away, just as he had Nancy a few years before, in the midst of peace, and without even giving himself the trouble of declaring war, or assigning a reason for his attack. He knew that the German Empire, being torn to pieces by a religious feud, was not in a position to avenge the injury—ground enough for a Grand Monarque in those impulsive days to commit the deed. In vain the captured city sent envoys and special messengers to the Emperor and Imperial Parliament to solicit assistance and liberation from the presence of those it then considered foreigners and unrighteous foes. Domestic quarrels were rife in Germany then, and combined action out of the question. Since then many a day has passed over Strasbourg, and the city which formerly was a German aristocratic Republic, has become French, democratic, and even imperialistic in sentiment. It remains to be seen whether her feelings can undergo another change.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—SUSPECTED MINISTERIAL PROGRAMME.—At Florence it is reported that the intentions of the Ministry are, after setting up a Provisional Government at Rome, and entrusting the military command and the preservation of public order to General Masi, to hurry on a plebiscite, to proceed immediately to an agreement with the Catholic Powers, in order to fix (as they call it) the position of the Pontiff as Head of the Church. The Ministry will draw up a project of law, convoke the Parliament to approve the plebiscite and the said project, and will then formally proclaim Rome the capital of Italy. This done, the Chamber will be dissolved; the general elections will take place, and the next Chamber will be convoked to meet in Rome. Such is the programme. But between saying and doing, there is a wide difference, especially when it is question of Rome. By the reluctant but oft-repeated confessions of the Revolutionists, "Rome is fatal" to all who endeavor to remain and appropriate it; and none will ever succeed in remaining; they may rely upon that. Meanwhile all persons of any sense and observation know that as respects Victor Emmanuel's rule, this step is the beginning of the end. The *Monitore* of Bologna says, very truly, that those who labor for the Republic are the "Signori Ministri" of the Monarchy, aided and urged on by all the "Consorti." And in fact, as the army entered Rome, the Revolution was on its heels and entered with it, and we are confidently informed that, although the official journal may chronicle nothing but Erisias to the king of Italy, one of the first cries heard in the Eternal City was "Viva la Republic!" coupled with execrations against Kings, constitutional Ministers, and the very invaders themselves. The rationalist Giuseppe Ferrari told the Chamber on the 26th of March, 1861, that without ideas no one could remain at Rome, which is fatal to Kings, its last King having never even beheld it. Without enquiring what the ideas may be which Ferrari expected would prove more fortunate in the appropriation of Rome, we may rest assured that they will have no more eventual success than their crowned pioneer. We already see them at their initiatory work.—*Cor. Tablet*.

ROME.—THE HOLY FATHER'S ATTITUDE.—We (*Tablet*) have received the following account of the audience granted Count Ponza di San Martino by the Holy Father, and we believe it to be authentic:—

The audience was at 10 a.m. on the 10th Sept., and was very short. Count Ponza gave Victor Emmanuel's letter. The Pope took it, did not even open it, and threw it on the table, saying, "Ecco la risposta. Non ho altro per questi chi mi domandano di tradire i miei piu sacri diritti il mio honore." [That is my answer. I have no other for those who ask me to betray my most sacred rights and my honour.] Count Ponza began to bluster, and was very insolent in his manner, saying, "Ma sua Santita, che mentre Ella parla così, forse traversono i confini quattro divisioni Italiani." [But your Holiness knows that whilst you talk thus, there are possibly four Italian divisions crossing the frontier.] The Pope rose with all the dignity you know, and said, "E che mi fanno quattro divisioni di piu o di meno? La mia causa e questa città sono nella mano Omnipotente di Dio! Dite al Vostro Re che mi difendero al mio ultimo soldato e la mia ultima cartuccia, ma che non tradisco i miei diritti e quelle della Santa Romana Chiesa." [And what do four divisions, more or less signify to me? My cause and this city are in the hands of Almighty God. Tell your master that I shall defend myself to my last soldier and to my last cartridge; and that I will never surrender my rights and those of the Holy Roman Church.] The Pope rang the bell, and pointed to the door, and said "Pontius Pilate" (as the Romans have already named Count Ponza); and the Pope called in General Kanzler, the Minister of Arms; and said "I have given my answer, General. They offered me five days to consider, but I have settled the matter in five minutes. Take all the measures necessary for the defence, and Mary Most Holy will help us (Maria Santissima ci ajutera)."

From this it will be seen how far the Holy Father was from acting at the mere dictation of the foreign troops; and how far he has stood to the last in defence of his rights and those of Christendom in his august person.

The attack on Rome began at five o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Italian army counted 65,000 men and 150 pieces of siege artillery, whilst the Papal troops barely numbered 10,000 with 30 guns. With such fearful odds the defence was most heroically kept up for five hours, when the batteries at the Porta Pia and Porta S. Giovanni being destroyed orders were given for a capitulation. I have not been able to learn the exact amount of our losses, but

they are fortunately very small both in killed and wounded. It would have been well if the capitulation had been arranged before the Italian troops marched in, who disregarded the ordinary usages of war poured into Rome and took possession of the various parts of the city.

For two days no one was safe. Four thousand *Emigrati* accompanied the army and entered Rome with them. These were men who had escaped from the galleys, or who had fled from justice into the Kingdom of Italy during the last twelve or fifteen years. Their first act was to rush to the prisons and open the doors, which raised their numbers to five thousand. They then seized the arms which the Papal soldiers had laid down, and forming themselves in procession marched through the streets singing Garibaldi's hymn. The prisoners, particularly the Zouaves, were insulted and ill-treated in every way, and many of them were massacred. Three of the rural police were seized by the mob and thrown into the Tiber. For two evenings there was an illumination which the people ordered, and likewise enforced by threats of assassination. This was allowed to go on without any attempt being made either to disarm the people or put down the disturbances. To cover in some degree the infamy of the proceeding the whole of the Italian press is filled with attacks of the most false and cowardly nature on the Papal army, and especially the Zouaves. The Holy Father was in peaceful possession of Rome, and the Italian Government was solemnly bound by the Convention not to attack him, and even to preserve him from any hostile invasion. We have seen how they have observed this treaty before the Garibaldian invasion of 1867, and how they have kept their promises renewed in August last when the French troops were withdrawn.

The Papal army was one of chivalry and devotion, and composed of volunteers who offered their lives for their religion. It has been destroyed in one day by the treachery and cowardice of its most implacable enemy. Let us hope that it may be formed again in better times, and that it may reconquer the lost provinces of the Holy Father.

All the Foreign prisoners of war are now in Genoa, with the exception of the Canadian and French, and as permission has been granted to the Committees to send home those who belong to them the English will start for London in a few days.—*Cor. of Tablet*.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The ex-President of the Southern Confederation is at present in Dublin. Politicians of all shades allude to his visit in terms of welcome, and speak of his career with respect.

"Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balm of Sleep."—But there are times when this "Renewer of Strength" is denied us, times when our minds and bodies have been so over-worked and are so worn out that we "woo the drowsy god in vain." The Peruvian Syrup (an Iron Tonic), renews our strength and makes our rest sweet and refreshing.

CONSTANT COLIC AND CONFIRMED DYSPEPSIA CURED.

The following letter was received by J. B. Curriere, Esq., Merchant, Market Place, St. John's, C. E.:

Sir,—I certify that when I began to use Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills, I had suffered for a long time with dyspepsia, being quite unable to digest my food and I was always troubled with colic.

After taking the first bottle of Pills, I felt a marked relief, and the second bottle cured me completely.

I authorize you to acquaint the public with the great benefit I have received from this Medicine.

EURISBE FRECHETTE.
St. John's, C. E., January 5, 1866.

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

WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

Why await the final attack of diseases which may prove fatal, when the first onset can be repelled with Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills, a preparation so genial and balsamic, so searching, yet so invigorating that while it fights down the complaint, and expels its cause, it also builds up the strength and braces the constitution of the patient. Composed of antibilious and cathartic vegetable ingredients at once safe and searching, they are the only cure for disorders of the stomach, the liver, and the bowels, which can be relied upon under all circumstances, and in all climates. The idea of pain is justly associated with ordinary purgatives; but Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills do not create even an uneasy sensation either in the stomach or the alimentary passages. In nearly every phase of disease the use of Bristol's Sarsaparilla, in conjunction with the Pills, will greatly hasten a cure.

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

ENDURING POPULARITY.—If ever a luxury possessed the elements of enduring popularity, that luxury is Murray and Lanman's Florida Water. Its freshness, its purity, its delicacy, its unchangeableness, its wholesomeness, and its disinfectant properties in the sick-room, place it far in advance of every other perfume of the day. No other toilet-water is like it; nothing can supply its place; no one who uses it can be persuaded to use any other perfume. Hence the amazing rapidity with which its sales increase. It is so far superior to all other perfumes of this hemisphere that it may be said to have no second; it stands alone, and after being thirty years before the people, is now making more rapid progress than ever before.

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

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

TEACHER WANTED,
To teach French and English. Salary liberal.
Address Prepaid.
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A LADY (aged 40) who has for several years past kept house for Clergymen, is desirous of obtaining a similar situation.
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A Boy about 16 years of age to learn the Grocery business.
Apply to
M. FERON,
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OWING to the great number of Students who have flocked to MASSON COLLEGE, for the Scholastic Year, another English Teacher is needed. One competent to teach Grammar and Arithmetic will find a situation in this Establishment, by applying as soon as possible to the Superior of Masson College, Terreboune, Province of Quebec.
Masson College, 14th Sept, 1870.

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Active Personal Supervision, and
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and that their establishment cannot be surpassed in any of these particulars.

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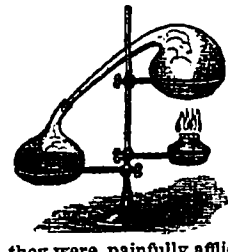
GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS
TO THE BENEFACTORS OF THE
NEW CHURCH OF ST. ALPHONSUS OF WINDSOR,
IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, CANADA.
To take place in the Town Hall of Windsor, Ont., on Thursday, the 1st day of December, A.D., 1870.
ANY ONE CONTRIBUTING \$1.00 WILL BE CONSIDERED A BENEFACTOR.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL GIFTS.
1 Two large Silver Medallions. The gift of his Holiness Pope Pius IX.
2 A number of most beautiful Steel Engravings [valued at \$300.] The gift of His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.
3 An Oil Painting of St. John the Baptist [valued at \$300.] The gift of Banker Guerin, President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at Lyons.
4 A Mosaic of Marble [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Marquis de Bonneville, French Ambassador at the Papal Court.
5 An Oil Painting of Pope Pius IX [valued at \$150.] The gift of a Roman Artist.
6 A number of Coloured Steel Engravings, representing the Mosaics of the principal Roman Basilicas. [valued at \$100.] The gift of Chevalier de Rossi, the Pope's Antiquarian.
7 An ECCE HOMO [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Rector of the French Church of St. Louis at Rome.
8 The gift of the Royal Family at Naples, comprising several articles of curiosity [valued at \$90].
9 Several small Oil Paintings, presented by several Roman Artists [valued at about \$250].
10 A large Haydock Bible, magnificently bound [valued at \$40.] The gift of the Right Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Bishop of London, Canada.
11 The gift of the Right Rev. P. A. Pinsonault, D.D., Bishop of Bircha at Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
12 The gift of the Right Rev. Ignace Bourget, D.D., Bishop of Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
13 An Alabaster Statue of the Blessed Virgin [valued at \$50.] The gift of Canon Houperq, a member of several learned societies.
14 The gift of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, of Windsor, Ont., [valued at \$80].
15 A beautiful Arm Chair [valued at \$100.] The gift of Mrs. Wm. G. Hall, of Windsor, Ont.
Besides a large number of other valuable gifts, consisting of Cameos, Bracelets of Precious Stones, Coral Necklaces, &c.

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May 13, 1870.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.



The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Inevitable cases of Scrofulous disease, 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 insidious and unforgiving agent 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 then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develops 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 ulcerations 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, Ringworms, 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, Neuralgia, and the various Venereal 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 Discharges 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 of the Gallbladder, Dropsy, Sleeplessness, and other troubles, 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 Despondent, Sleepless, or 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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CIRCULAR.
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He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

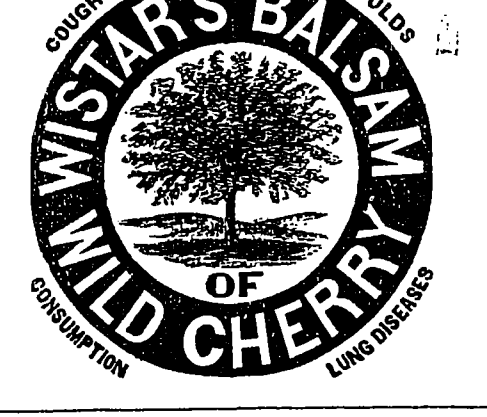
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443 Commissioners Street,
Opposite St. Ann's Market.
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THE FIRST PRIZE was awarded to J. D. LAWLOR at the late Provincial Exhibition held in Montreal September 1868, for making the best SINGER SEWING MACHINES manufactured in the Dominion of Canada.

The Subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully begs to announce to his numerous customers and the public in general, that he has always on hand a large and varied assortment of First-Class Sewing Machines, both of his own manufacture, and from the best makers in the United States,—having all the latest improvements and attachments. Among which are—
The Singer Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Howe Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Aetna Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Florence Family "Reversible Feed". A new Family Shuttle Machine with stand, price \$30; also a new Elliptic Family Machine, (with stand complete), \$23; Wax-Thread Machines, A B, and C.
I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have Testimonials from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enable me to sell First Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent. less than any other Manufacturer in the Dominion. I therefore offer better machines and better terms to Agents.
Local Travelling Agents will do well to give this matter their attention.
A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.
Principal Office—365 Notre Dame Street.
Factory—48 Nazareth Street, Montreal.
Branch Offices—23 St. John Street, Quebec, 78 King Street, St. John, N.B.; and 18 Prince Street, Halifax, N.S.
All kinds of Sewing-Machines repaired and improved at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street; and in the Adjusting Rooms over the Office.
J. D. LAWLOR,
365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.



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Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.
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4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
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The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Assured:—
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3rd. Small Charge for Management.
4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
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February 1, 1870

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BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER,
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GENERAL JOBBER,
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Hair Vigor,
For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.
This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. It wanted merely for a
HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
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PRICED \$1.00.

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THE PARADISE OF THE EARTH; or The True Means of Finding Happiness in the Religious State, according to the Rules of the Masters of Spiritual Life. Originally Published with the Approbation of several French Bishops, and many Religious Superiors and Directors. It is full of the choicest selections from Bourdaloue, Massillon, St. Jure, F. Guillois, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, and others. Translated from the French of L'Abbe Sanson, by the Rev. F. Ignatius Sisk.

The object of this Work is to assist in removing a want so much felt in our Religious Houses, arising from so many of our valuable Spiritual Books being written in French and other languages, and so few in ours. Though designed more particularly for those who have consecrated themselves to God in the Religious State, it abounds in useful instruction for such as live in the world.
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Compiled and translated from the best authors. By Rev. THEODORE NORTON.
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A discount off the above prices to the Rev. Clergy and Trade.
Any of the above Books sent free by Mail on Receipt of price. Address,
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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC; IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the matter of WILLIAM LEIGHTON KINMOND and PETER LEIGHTON KINMOND, both of the City and District of Montreal, as well individually as having heretofore been traders and co-partners there, under the name or firm of Kinmond Brothers, Locomotive Engine Builders, and also co-partners in the late firm of Sykes, DeBergue and Company, Railway Contractors,
Insolvents.
ON the Twenty-fourth day of October next, the undersigned will apply to this Court for a discharge, under the said Act.
WILLIAM LEIGHTON KINMOND,
PETER LEIGHTON KINMOND.
By their Attorneys ad litem,
KERR, LAMBE & CARTER.
Montreal, 22nd September, 1870.

JACQUES CARTIER MODEL SCHOOL.
THE re-opening of the Classes of the JACQUES CARTIER MODEL SCHOOL took place on Thursday, 1st of September last. Children are admitted to it from 5 to 16 years of age. This school, as is known, is under the direction of the Jacques Cartier Normal School. The course of studies is composed of two divisions.
The first is wholly Elementary. The children begin reading in both languages, writing and calculation.
The second comprises a course of three years.
First year,—Reading, Roots, Etymology, and Rudiments of Grammar in both languages; Rudiments of Arithmetic, Mental Calculation.
Second year,—Grammar, Arithmetic and Calculation continued, Translation from English to French and vice versa, Initiatory Geography.
Third year,—Study of both languages continued to the Rudiments of Composition, Book-Keeping, Rudiments of Algebra and of Geometry, Sacred History and History of Canada.
In all the classes, Religious Instruction is under the direction of the Principal. Lessons on the Sciences and Natural History.
Terms from 3 to 10 shillings.

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OF EVERY STYLE OF
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SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS, COMMENCING 20TH APRIL, 1868.

Trains will leave Brockville at 4:15 P.M., and 7:45 A.M., arriving at Sand Point at 10:00 P.M. and 1:30 P.M.

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Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 3:00 p.m. and 5:45 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraser-ville and Peterboro.

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August 25, 1870. 2m

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