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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1871.

NO. 33.

## NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"When can I go?" asked Nora, full of hope.

"To-morrow, when Willie goes to work," replied honest Thomas McGinnis.

"And it'll be a good time, Miss Brady, dear, to be inquiring for the situation you was speaking of," added his wife. "Many's the poor girl Mr. Donahoe's befriended in that way. He's got the warm side left for his countrymen, sure, and never thinks of trouble when he can do them a good turn."

With a light heart, Nora, neatly and becomingly attired, accompanied Willie McGinnis to his place of business. When they arrived there, the town-clock struck, and the boy, finding himself a half-hour behind the time, ushered her into the handsome and spacious book-store of the "Pilot" Buildings, and ran with all the speed he could to the printing-room. Nora felt abashed and embarrassed at being so suddenly left to depend on her own resources, and stood half-frightened and undetermined whether to stay or go away and beg the favor of Mr. McGinnis or his wife to come with her on the morrow. A number of persons were passing in and out, and the clerks were employed in picking books to be sent away, or waiting on customers. At last one of the clerks observed her, and asked her, politely, what she would have.

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir," she said, modestly.

"He is not in at present," replied the gentleman. "He is in another part of the building, very busy with workmen who are putting up a new steam-power press. Can you wait a little while?"

"If you please, sir."

"Sit down, then, and I'll tell him when he comes in," said the clerk, as he hurried away to attend to his duties. Nora thanked him, and sat down; but one hour passed, two, three; it was nearly twelve o'clock, and she still waited. Every one who came in, she thought, must certainly be the publisher; but, disappointed, she would watch them transact some little business, look over the elegantly-bound books, make purchases, and—go away. Fairly disheartened, she felt that a good fit of crying would do her more good than anything else. She did not know the way home, or she would have gone away. No one seemed to observe her, or at least no one spoke to her, and she had just formed the desperate resolution to address one of the clerks, when a quick, friendly voice near her said, "Do you wish to see any one, my good girl?"

"I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising.

"I am he. What do you want?"

Nora, like most of her sex, was a physiognomist, and it only required a glance at the friendly face before her, to feel reassured.

"I am very busy, and in a great hurry," he replied; "but tell me your business."

And Nora Brady told her story. With tears in her eye, which she could not keep back, and a low voice, whose sweetness was enriched by the slight brogue of her speech, she opened her heart. The active, busy publisher, who even in Yankee-land is noted for his energy and enterprise, was at first restless, and looked at his watch; then he leaned forward and listened with deeper attention; but when she mentioned the name of John Halloran he drew a chair beside her and sat down, folding his arms, while the most eager interest was depicted on his countenance. At last she brought her narrative to a close, by asking her hearer, "if he knew Mr. Halloran, or had heard of his being in Boston."

"You're a good girl, Nora Brady," said the publisher. "Of course I know John Halloran, and have seen him too. He is my friend. He was my guest."

"Oh, then, sir, may God bless you for that word! I've got many things to tell him in regard to them he's left behind him, and some jewels Mrs. Halloran sent him in case his money gave out," exclaimed Nora, clasping her hands together. "And where is he now, your honor?"

"I fear I cannot tell you that. Mr. Halloran left Boston two weeks ago. He went to New York, and remained there a few days, then left for the South."

Poor Nora! What a sudden darkness came over her faithful heart just at the very instant that she thought all was brightest! Gone—Wandering! And she here with messages from home for him, and means to aid him. "Why," thought Nora,—full of rebellion to this trial, but only for a moment,—"why could not God, who knows all things, keep him here?"

"Because, Nora, God designed to bring light out of darkness. It is His way. He brings up the precious ore of holy virtues from the depths of the human heart with hard blows.—The gems most precious to him are those which are cleansed with tears. His ways are past finding out, Nora Brady; but they are all right; so look up, and be comforted."

Thus whispered her guardian angel, who loved well the humble and pure-minded one he was commissioned to guard and guide.

"Don't be distressed," said the publisher, after a moment's thought; "I will put a line in the 'Pilot' next week, informing Mr. Halloran that letters have arrived for him at this office. You must send me the letters. If he sees the notice, we shall soon get some tidings of him. You're a good girl, Nora; and if I can serve you I will."

"The Blessed Virgin have care of your soul, sir, and a thousand thanks for your kindness to a stranger, but I should like to get a situation."

"What can you do?"

"I can turn my hand to anything, sir," she said, quietly; "but at home I mostly cooked, and got up linen."

"Very well. Persons very frequently come here to inquire about help, and I will keep you in mind. Now, you had better go. But where did you say you stopped?"

"With Willie McGinnis's mother, sir; the boy that's at work here."

"Do you know the way home?"

"I'm afraid not, sir; it's a long way."

"Stephen, send Willie McGinnis here," said the publisher to a porter who was passing by at the moment. "Here, lad," he continued, when the boy, flushed and expectant, came in.

"Go home with this young woman to show her the way, then make a holiday for yourself the rest of the day."

Every morning Nora hoped that before night she should hear something from the "Pilot" Office. She listened with strained and anxious ears, as evening closed in, for Willie's footsteps; but day after day passed, and no message came and she began to think she was forgotten. She was sitting silent and sad one evening in Mrs. McGinnis's snug little parlor, when Willie ran in, and, throwing a slip of paper in her lap, hurried back to his supper. She turned it toward the firelight, and read. "Nora Brady will hear of a respectable situation by applying at Mrs. Sydney's, No. 62 Washington Place. No news of Mr. Halloran."

"I dare not write home and tell that," thought Nora, with a sigh. "No news from Mr. Halloran! Oh, my Blessed Mother! for the sake of that broken-hearted mother, and the little ones belonging to her, help me in this strait!"

Nora, guided by Mrs. McGinnis, who had to pass the place on her way to market, went to Mrs. Sydney's as directed. It was a large, handsomely constructed house, but wore a look of faded gentility which impressed every one with the idea that its inmates had known better days. Mrs. Sydney sent for Nora to come into her sitting-room, and received her kindly but with a scrutinizing glance. The lady herself was old, and had a care-worn expression of countenance, and she was dressed in mourning which had once been handsome, but was now rusty. Everything was scrupulously clean and tidy everywhere.

"I suppose you bring recommendations?"

"Here is one, ma'am, from the only place I ever lived at," replied Nora, handing her Mrs. Halloran's recommendation.

"Really, this speaks well for you, young woman," said the old lady, looking up with a pleasant smile. "I should like to engage you; but before I do I must give you to understand fully how you will be situated. Sit down there and listen. In the first place, I have a negro cook, who will keep you in hot water; besides which, I am compelled to take a few boarders, for I am not rich, and you would have to accommodate yourself to their humors."

"I will endeavor to do right, ma'am; and if, after doing my part, it don't suit, I can go away," said Nora, half-terrified at the prospect.

"Of course you're a Papist?"

"A what, ma'am?" asked Nora, amazed, for she had never heard the word before.

"A Romanist—a Catholic?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, a Catholic surely," she replied earnestly.

"Well, no need to be riled. We're all something or other, and it's right, I guess. I'm a Universalist, but never take it on myself to promulge my doctrines to them that holds others. Only I've had helps that called themselves Catholics, and said they confessed to the priest, and went to mass, and all that, when, come to find out, they didn't go at all, but strolled round here and there, visiting and frolicking, and neglecting my work; and I've come to this point, that there's nothing worse in nature than a bad Catholic. They're a disgrace to their religion, and give them that's outside a mighty poor opinion of it, too."

Nora listened with surprise and mortification, but said nothing.

"Now, I want you tell me honestly, do you go to confession?—do you go to your duties regular? for, you see, if I've had bad ones, I've had good ones too, and I know the difference."

"It would seem like praising myself, ma'am, and, faith, I never had such questions put to me before, because there was no need," replied Nora, with a bewildered look; "but surely

there's no power in the world could make me neglect my religion."

"I hope not. It can't be a religion that's worth much, to be neglected and scandalized by them that belongs to it. But, anyways, I want to tell you, if you are a good faithful girl, you may go to confession every week, and fast whenever you like, and go to mass on Sundays, and say your beads, and pray to images, if it does you any good, whenever you choose."

"I only go to confession once a month, ma'am, and never pray to images at all," interrupted Nora, quickly, while a merry smile dawned on her face, in spite of her efforts to control it.

"La suz! Not pray to images! Well, it's none of my business if you did. But there's another bother in your way. One of my lodgers is a very odd-tempered old bachelor,—very rich and as stingy,—my!—He'll be forever quarreling about his wood, and be in a snarl about his candle-ends, and scraps of paper. I can promise you skrimmagas enough with him, Nora, my girl."

"And then, ma'am, he may have his skrimmagas to himself entirely, for I'd scorn to waste or rack what didn't belong to me. Is that all, ma'am?"

"No. I keep only two helps,—Phillis and a white help; and there's work enough to be done. She does the cooking and washing, and the other cleans house and irons. I give her eight dollars per month; the other gets the same. Now, what say you?"

"I can only try it, ma'am. I don't mind work. I've been used to it all my life. I suppose I should find trials everywhere and in every situation; so, if you please, I'll come in the morning, if that'll suit."

"In the morning, of course. Be here by six o'clock. I think we shall get on; for, Nora, you look as if I could respect you.—Your dress, so plain and neat, everything so clean and tidy about you and suitable to a young woman who has to earn her living, makes me think you have a great deal of self-respect; and it's a good thing for everybody to have."

In her new home, Nora Brady found that Mrs. Sydney had not exaggerated the difficulties of the situation. In the first place, Mrs. Sydney herself was in a continual fuss about Nora's religious practices, and her going to confession, so that really, if she had been a bad Catholic, she could scarcely have fared worse. Mrs. Sydney knew that her interest depended considerably on Nora's religious sincerity and steady morals, and she determined that she should not lapse into indifference through her neglect. It is the fashion of that region to have an "eye to the main chance" in every particular and phase of life, and Mrs. Sydney was like the rest; therefore she cherished genuine piety in her help, after her own ideas. Then Mrs. Sydney was dreadfully afraid of her black cook, Phillis, and would have inspired Nora with the same terror, only Nora soon discovered that Phillis, with the keen instincts of her class, knew very well who to show her airs to and who not. She was one of the rescued-from-bondage ones, and had been made quite a heroine of, when she first arrived at Boston, by the "Equal Rights and Southern Transportation Company," which not only tickled her vanity and self-love, but inspired her with an idea that her friends, after all, were only poor white folks, to put themselves down so with niggers; so she ate and drank at their expense, let them show her off, and dress her, while she laughed in her sleeve, and was not much astonished to find herself suddenly dropped when their ends were accomplished. She had been in Mrs. Sydney's kitchen ever since, and presumed no little on having heard it said so often that "races were equal," and the black man as good as the white. The insolence of the coarse and ignorant black woman, who regarded Nora with no favor, because she saw at once how widely they differed, was a sore trial; but after the high-spirited Irish girl had thrown out a few flashes from her handsome black eyes, and told her, in a quiet but very firm way, not to interfere with her, and had on several occasions helped her through no slight difficulties in cooking, she behaved somewhat better. Nora did not waste; and Phillis did. Nora was neat and tidy; Phillis was slovenly and careless. Nora was even-tempered and cheerful; Phillis was like a volcano. Nora was close to the interests of her employer; Phillis was wasteful and extravagant. Thus between two beings so adverse in race, color, and morals there could be no harmony or comfort. But Phillis could find no grounds of complaint against Nora, and was annoyed and angry to discover that she felt, in spite of herself, a degree of respect for her which she had not felt for any white person before, since she left "Ole Virginny." Then came the old lodger,—one of the merchant princes of Boston,—who snarled and scolded if his candles and fire were lit in good time, and stormed and swore if they were not,—who split and counted out his own wood, and measured the waste of his candles by sticking pins at regular distances in the one he used. Nora had many a hearty cry to herself, but she had too much self-respect to rebel against Mrs. Sydney's arrangements or authority, to quarrel with one so

much her inferior as the cook, or dispute with Mr. Mallow about the disposal of his own goods. She knew that all positions have their peculiar trials, and that wherever one goes he shall find the cross, and that it was not by shifting and changing homes that she could win respectability or confidence. Nora knew that human nature is the same everywhere, and if she fled from these disagreeable trials at Mrs. Sydney's, where really she found much genuine, true kind-heartedness, she might fare worse elsewhere.

Several times she had inquired for news at the "Pilot" Office. She had written hopefully and cheerfully to Mrs. Halloran, once, but told Dennis Byrne, in her letter to him, how she was troubled, and inclosed two months' wages, which she charged him to "use for the comfort of those he had care of, but not for the world let them know how it came." As yet she had received no reply, and the light began to fade from her eye, and the crimson from her cheek. "Hope deferred," blending with some times a feeling of home-sickness, gave poor Nora many a *throe* in her heart, and on two or three occasions she thought she was dying, she felt so oppressed and heavy.

One evening, the eve of a great festival, she had asked permission and gone to confession.—It was bitterly cold. Snow lay deep in the streets, and a drizzling mist of frozen snow and rain, lashed by an easterly wind which roared savagely in from the bay, almost blinded those who encountered it. There were but few persons abroad that evening. All who had homes were either there, or hastening toward them.—Nora drew her cloak closely about her, and pulling her thick veil over her face to protect it from the sleet, hurried homeward as rapidly as she could through the banks and drifts of snow which were every instant accumulating on the sidewalk. Her foot struck against something, and she stooped down and picked up a tolerably large package, wrapped carefully, but wet and muddy.

A furious blast of wind came howling up the street, a chimney fell not far off, a quantity of slates from a roof came clattering down over her head, but fell clear of her, and in the confusion and fright of the moment she thrust it into her pocket, soaking wet as it was, and, nerving herself for a desperate struggle with the storm, she at last succeeded in reaching home, faint and exhausted with the cold. Forgetting entirely the bundle she found in the snow, she changed her dress, and, as soon as her strength returned, she went about her usual business, with no other concern than a fear that she should not be able to get to church in the morning.

When she opened the door of Mr. Mallow's apartment, to go in and light his fire, a scene presented itself to her which caused her to start back and pause. Two candles were burning, one on the mantel, one on the floor. Everything in the room was in the wildest disorder. Clothing was strewn here and there, papers were scattered in every direction, his wardrobe doors wide open, and the bedclothes tossed in a heap together in the middle of the bed, while he sat upright in his leather-backed chair, as rigid and motionless as if he were dead. There was a strange glare in his eyes, and Nora feared that he had become suddenly deranged.

"Are you ill, sir?" she asked, timidly.

"No," he growled.

"And what has tossed your room up, sir, so dreadful?" she asked.

"Be silent, girl! Is it any of your business? Let the room be. I tossed it."

"Shall I light your fire, sir? it is very cold; and you have two candles burning away."

"Two candles! I am mad! I am ruined! Put them out. I haven't a farthing to buy another! No; I'll freeze."

"I'm afraid you're ill, sir," said Nora, extinguishing the candle on the floor. "Let me call Mrs. Sydney."

"Call the police! send for the police! I've been robbed and am ruined," he growled.

"Robbed, sir! Ruined, sir! Lord save an' defend us, but surely you're mistaken," exclaimed Nora.

"Robbed, sir!" said the excited old man, mimicking her. "Ruined, sir! Yes, robbed of ten thousand dollars. Now go away."

"God save us, an' surely that's a heavy loss," said Nora, with such genuine pity and commiseration in her voice that he called her back.

"I believe you are sorry. Well, keep it all to yourself. I don't wish it spoken of to any one in the house, for Mrs. Sydney would go off in a fit of fantods, and by six o'clock to-morrow it would be in every paper in Boston, and telegraphed from Maine to Georgia. The rogues put upon their guard would escape, and I be left to resign myself to the loss as I best might. So hold your tongue, if you can."

"I will, sir, if it will be any comfort to you," said Nora.

"I believe you. I trust you, because you have never wasted my candles or wood, nor opened my wardrobe, nor inspected my pockets. Aha! I have a way of finding these things out, but you're an honest girl, Nora; but it remains to be proved whether or not you can hold your tongue."

"Thank you, sir," said Nora, leaving the strange old man to go down to arrange the tea-table. "It's no wonder he's crazy. Ten thousand dollars! It's a great sum, surely; an' I hope in my heart he'll find it ag'n."

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Sweet it be once more to see  
The earth where my fathers rest,  
And to find a grave by the sounding wave  
In homeland of the lovely west."

Mr. Mallow's heavy loss was kept a profound secret from Mrs. Sydney and her family, who only observed that he had suddenly become more silent and disagreeable than usual, and that his cheeks looked more sallow, while, notwithstanding all his attempts to steady it, his hand shook nervously whenever he lifted his cup or tumbler to his lips. But, well acquainted with the peculiarities of his rasping, unhappy temper, they supposed that he had failed in some speculation, or had met with something in his extensive business-operations to annoy him. But the detective police of Boston and Nora knew all about it. He engaged the skillful services of the detectives to ferret out the misguided and criminal person who had robbed him. He furnished them with a circumstantial description of the notes or bills and the wallet which contained them. He supposed he was robbed between his place of business and home. He was certain of having put the wallet in his breast-pocket before he left his counting-room, and he had missed it the moment he reached his room. This was all the information he could give them; but they had managed with success more obscure and intricate cases than this, and, incited to extraordinary efforts by the prospect of a liberal reward, their expectations were sanguine.

Toward Nora Brady the strange old man's manner was fitful, but kind. He frequently called her "a good honest girl," but steadily refused the necessary comforts of lights or fire; while she, really sympathizing with him and feeling sorry for his isolated loneliness, strove in every way she could to make him comfortable: all of which sunk quietly down like soft dews into his sterile heart, warming it with more human feeling than it had ever known before. When Monday morning came, Nora was up with the dawn. She had an unusual number of clothes to wash that week, and she wished to begin early, to avoid neglecting her other work. Having gathered the household linen, and the few pieces belonging to Mrs. Sydney, together, she unlocked the closet to take out some articles belonging to herself to do up, when she observed, for the first time, the soiled and muddy appearance of the *nie-mousse-line de laine* dress she had worn to confession the evening of the storm. Mrs. Halloran had given it to her for a birthday-gift some months before, and she felt pained to see it so soiled and, as she feared, ruined.

"Agh!" said Nora, taking it down from the peg on which it hung. "It is easy enough to get the mud out with soap an' water, but my fear is that the beautiful blue flowers an' these roses will come out along with it. But it can't stay so; that's certain; an', to give it a chance, I'll shake it well, then rub it between my two hands to see if I can clean it that way."

So, with the dress in her hand, she went round to the window, through which the first red sunbeams were stealing; and, rubbing the dry mud off quite easily, she gave it one good shake, when something fell with a heavy *thud* to the floor, and, turning quickly, she looked down and saw the package she had picked up in the snow. Nora laughed a low, merry laugh at her own forgetfulness, for she had never thought of it until that moment, and took it up to examine it. "It's an old thing, anyway," she said, turning it over; "an' old, greasy, ragged budget, an' if there's thread an' needles an' some snuff or tobacco in it, it's about as much as it's worth. What in the world it is I don't know, an', faith, I'm afraid to handle it; there's no tellin' the fingers that tied it up so tight, or what disease was in 'em. Anyway, if it's anything worth having, it's none of mine, an' I must see to that at once."

By this time Nora had unfastened the numerous strips of red tape which were wrapped around it, and unclasped the steel fastenings; then it fell open in her hands. A mortal paleness overspread her face, and she sank trembling in a chair beside her, exclaiming, "Merciful God, defend me!" And well she might be terror-stricken at first, for it was stuffed with bank-bills of various denominations,—some old, some new, but all of high value.—She touched them with her fingers, lifting their edges carefully. "One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five, six thousand! more—more and more!" she murmured, gazing with a half-stupefied look on the treasure. There was a dimness in her sight, and a strange singing in her ears. "Ho! lucky Nora! Now are your labors ended. You have found a great treasure; your trials are past; you need toil no longer; you can buy another Gendariff for those you so dearly love; and, best of all, you can marry Dennis. Close up that wallet, you silly child; it is yours; you found it; no one claims it. Use its contents and purchase happiness." Thus sang the Tempter of her soul to poor bewildered Nora, who sat trembling

and numb, still gazing down on the bills, when suddenly a movement of her hand caused a memorandum-leaf to move aside, and she saw, in almost effaced gilt letters, but still very legible, the name of "SNEADFAST MALLOW." In an instant the cloud fled, and all was clear. A bright, happy smile flashed over her face, and, falling on her knees, she thanked God in all the earnest simplicity of her heart for the discovery. "I know my heavenly Father, that it was none of mine; an' I wouldn't have held it an hour longer in my possession. I would have taken it to the dear *soggarth*, thy faithful servant, to be restored to its lawful owner, only thou hast shown me what to do, for which I thank thee for ever an' ever." Then she rose to her feet, and, holding the precious wallet close to her breast, as if she feared it would fly away, ran with light and joyous steps down to Mr. Mallow's door, where for an instant she hesitated; but, hearing a movement within, she knew he was up, and knocked.

"What now, Nora Brady?" he said, gruffly, as he opened the door.

"Oh, sir, here it is! Take it, in the name of God! I found it in the street the night of the storm, and forgot all about it," she exclaimed, thrusting the wallet into the astonished old man's hands, as he stood pale and trembling on the threshold of his door. "It is yours, sir; your name is in it."

"Eh—mine—street—name!" he gasped out, while he clutched the wallet, and looked wildly at Nora.

"You must have dropped it, sir, that night in the snow. I was coming from church, an' stumbled against something, an' picked it up, an' it was this. But faith, sir, the storm got so wild at that minute, and a chimney fell not far off, an' the tiles come clatterin' over an' around me, so that it scared the life out of me. I poked it down into my pocket and run for my life, sir; an' by the time I got home, what with being half frozen, an' out of breath, an' the scare I had, I never thought of the thing again till this morn'." I took out my dress to wash to-day, an' shook it, when out tumbled your wallet; an', when I opened it, sir, I declare to my ould shoes, I was half kilt with the fright to see such a power of money in the hands of a poor girl like me; an' I'm as glad, Mr. Mallow, that you've got it all safe again as if it was my own," said Nora, rapidly.

"Stop, stop. Go away until I count it. Of course it's mine, Nora Brady; but it'll be a bad thing for you if a cent of it is missing," he said, while his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame quivered with excitement. "I'll ring for you presently."

Over and over again the old man counted the bills. He lit a candle; for the light was dim in his room. Excited and confused, he put on two pairs of spectacles, and turned the notes first on one side, then on the other. He scrutinized the wallet inside and out; the mud-splashes still clinging to it, and the stains of the sloppy place in which it had fallen. Then he counted the money all over again.

"It's all here; every note. Not even a small gold piece gone. She's an honest girl, an honest, good girl. But she'll want a great reward, I'll warrant; more than she'll get, that's certain."

He then rang his bell, which Nora answered directly, for some undefined fears and uneasiness had begun to possess her mind.

"It's all right, Nora Brady. It's all here, just precisely as I put it in myself the day I lost it. You are an honest girl. Some might suspect you; but I don't, because you never wasted my wood and candles. Now tell me, what do you expect me to give you?"

"Give me, sir? Nothing," she said.

"But of course you expect some reward?"

"Faith, then, sir, I'm paid enough to think it's with the right owner. You dropped it, an' I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I never dreamed what it was. If I had, it would have saved you a deal of trouble, an' you might have had a fire and candles all these cold nights that you've been without," said Nora with simplicity.

"And you wish no reward?" he asked.

"I wouldn't take a cent, sir, by way of being paid for doin' my duty, to save me from beggin'." It wouldn't seem right; an' I won't do it."

"You're a fool, Nora,—a perfect fool. But remember, from this day, old miser Mallow, as I am called, is your friend; and if at any time I can help you, I will, so help me God!" said the old man, with quivering lips.

"Thank you, sir. A time may come for that. But breakfast's almost ready," she said, going away.

"Halloo! come back here, you wild Irish jade,—come back."

"My work is all behindhand this mornin': please to say quick what you want," she said, turning back.

"Leave me to speak of this matter to Mrs. Sydney. I don't like my affairs gossiped about. If you were to tell it, some would believe you and some wouldn't; so it's best to come from me, as I believe every word you have said. And, mind, you may light me a fire to-night," he said.

"And a candle, sir!" said Nora, turning away with a light-hearted laugh.

After breakfast, Mr. Mallow had a long private conversation with Mrs. Sydney in the parlor; and that same day, without taking a human being into his confidence, he deposited five hundred dollars in the Trenton Bank to the credit of Nora Brady. He paid the detectives for the trouble and expense they had been at, and silenced their inquiries by informing them that he had mislaid his wallet and unexpectedly found it. They thought, as he was a very rich old man, such eccentric freaks were not only allowable, but diverting, and gave themselves no further concern in the affair, except to record the case as being disposed of.

Mrs. Sydney only spoke more gently and kindly to Nora after that long conference with Mr. Mallow, and would frequently lay down her knitting and sewing to take a long, earnest look at her, as she flitted around, through her spectacles, which, whenever Nora observed it, always warmed the blushes on her cheeks, because she could not imagine why she had so suddenly become an object of such particular interest to the old lady, to whom she was becoming attached. She was gradually winning friends. Her obliging disposition, her practical piety, yes, the practical piety and virtue of a humble domestic, caused those who lived in daily intercourse with her—persons who rejected the most essential truths of religion; of whom some were transcendentalists, and others were bitter and bigoted in their errors—to look with an eye of interest and respect towards the old creed whose precepts her life illustrated with so much simplicity and faith. Even Phillis, sticking her arms akimbo, and holding her turbaned head back with a sagacious and patronizing air, allowed "she was a good gal, an' not so good either that she was goin' to 'low anybody to trample on her. She's done got me under, honey, an' how she's done it dischild's onable to 'spress; case, you see, honey, she's sorter kind in her ways, an' a sorter proud like; and, as to work, ki! she outwork me any day. I reckon she's a good gal, if she are a Catholic." Thus spoke the oracle of the kitchen.

"Dear suz," says Mrs. Sydney, "it's nothing that she pleases me; but to think she's got around and made friends with such a high shifless body as Phillis, and such a tight person as Mr. Mallow, is beyond my comprehension. But she's a good girl. She practices her religion, and is never ashamed to own up to being a Catholic, and can always give a reasonable answer when she is asked questions about her faith."

And Mrs. Sydney placed unlimited confidence in her. The poor old lady, who had always borne her troubles and the annoyances of her position with patience, now obtained some rest, body and mind; for Nora could be trusted in every particular; and the girl would have been quite happy but for those sad memories of home, which came ever, like cold sighs of wind, over the hopeful and genial world of her heart. It would have cheered her had she received a letter, or even heard where Mr. Halloran was; but several months rolled by, and she had not heard a word either from Ireland or of him. She had made other remittances to Dennis for the general fund; and the thought that she was at least aiding to keep away the wolf from the door of those she loved, gave her a degree of happiness; then, when the shadows darkened around her, her firm and loving trust in God would brighten the clouds, until the rainbow, Hope, shone out, cheering her with visions of brighter and better days.

Mrs. McGinnis, her friend, had been ill, and as frequently as she could arrange her business so as to leave nothing undone, she had got permission to go and help to nurse and watch with her; and every time she went, Mrs. Sydney would place some little delicacy in her hand to tempt the appetite of her sick friend. One night she was returning home from her mission of kindness, attended by Thomas McGinnis, when, as they were passing through an obscure street, they saw three or four men standing on a door-step, talking loudly and earnestly, while others were passing in and out, men and women together.

As he spurs his horse over the chains and debris that bar the passage beneath the arch, and he and his men have bounded through it, and are coolly galloping down the Champs Elysees. So was Paris taken at 8 o'clock on the morning of this 1st of March by a boy and six Hussars. He halted his men a few yards beyond, detached three of them to the Rond Point, where I watched them with my glasses unconcernedly patrolling, and came back again to the Place de l'Etoile, where by this time some twenty more of his men, who had come galloping up singly, had arrived. These were very striking in the daring originality of their mode of making a triumphal entry into Paris, which might teach the Parisians a lesson of how to produce startling effects without bluster, or it may have been a form of swagger, but it was one attended with so much dash and coolness that I could scarcely repress a cry of admiration. This is the spirit that has enabled the German armies to claim victory to their chariot wheels, and the absence of which has laid France prostrate at their feet. The spectators were evidently struck by the contrast of the whole proceedings to what their instincts told them they would have done under similar circumstances. Here was no blowing of trumpets, no grand display of military force, no *fanfaronnade* of music, and glittering uniforms and gorgeous triumphal entry—triumphant it was, but triumphant in its modesty. The good-natured bystanders were evidently tickled when, having made his dispositions, our modest youth naively asked the way to the Palais d'Industrie, and the *gamins* that surrounded him seemed to vie with each other in their desire to tender him the desired information; then they admired his handsome horse, and they compared the men and horses of his squadron with those of their own army, and their comparisons were by no means complimentary to the latter.

The review which was held in the Bois de Boulogne retarded the entry of the troops until 2 o'clock, and I was therefore obliged to despatch your courier without being able to wait for the great event of the day. The interval of delay allowed the region in the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe to become somewhat densely crowded by a mob consisting for the most part of the scum of the population and the usual proportion of street *gamins*. The Duke of Coburg, General Blumenthal, and their respective Staffs rode in at the head of the troops, followed by a squadron of Bavarian Hussars, whose bright pennons of blue and white silk, evidently brand new for the occasion, fluttered gaily in the breeze. Then came two batteries of Bavarian artillery, and then rifles and infantry. It was evident that the Bavarians were to be allowed the honours of the day. There was the "Leib Regiment," with its shattered companies only a quarter of their original strength, and their flag hanging in ribbons from the stump of a broken staff, the regiment which has seen as hard fighting as any regiment in the War, and which I have seen go into battle eight times in 11 days. There was their weather-beaten General and the officers—few of them familiar to me now; for they had lost more than the entire number with which they had originally left Bavaria. Steadily did one battalion after another of the Bavarian line march past, having earned, as few men have ever earned before, a triumph such as few have ever enjoyed; and yet there was a remarkable absence of anything like swagger in their manner. They moved on in columns of companies with the utmost regularity and precision, as gravely and steadily as if they were on an ordinary parade. As they marched past the Arc de Triomphe the band struck up the "Wacht am Rhein," and the mob began to hiss and whistle. At the same time an officer's horse slipped and fell, and a crowd pressed round the dismounted rider; instantly a comrade rode to his assistance; the crowd continued to hiss, and one man was ridden over, while two or three horsemen charged along the pavement. This had the effect of scattering the mob like chaff, and from that moment they looked on in profound and respectful silence. For an hour and a half, or until half-past 3, did this incessant stream of Bavarians continue, with here and there an interval occupied by some General and his staff. Then came the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with men at his side who had been with him in the hard-fought fields of Orleans, Beaugency, and Le Mans. There were many familiar faces. Here was Prince Luitpold and Von der Tann. Wearing the cocked hat of an admiral rides Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and with him Prince Albert, of cavalry renown. But in all this brilliant array we look in vain for King or Crown Prince. There is, indeed, a curious mixture of simplicity and dignity in the whole proceeding. It is evidently looked upon as a pure matter of business; the faces of the men are devoid of any expression of curiosity or of boastfulness; the officers who are marching seem to be concentrating all the energy of their nature on having their backs and their legs as stiff and as straight as possible. They glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but glared straight before them, as if their eyes had been drilled as much as their bodies; those on horseback, either galloping to and fro, arranging the march of the columns, or gravely leading their regiments, there was nothing in their manner to indicate that they were not in the habit of marching down the Champs Elysees every day of their lives; there was, indeed, a certain grotesqueness in the absence of any effort for effect. Every now and then a tumbledown old carriage, with soldier servants smoking pipes, played its part in the column, and the officer, whose uniform was more gorgeous than any other, came in between some cavalry and artillery in a little black basket pony carriage. The French, quick to see defects where display is in question, were highly amused at these incongruities. In their eyes there were a hundred little evidences that these men who had crushed them, and were now marching past in unconscious simplicity, were in some manner barbarians. There was no *clie*; that was a consolation, at all events, for it was not to be denied that they had other qualities which were a good deal more to the purpose. Perhaps the very consciousness that their behaviour was in strong contrast to what their own would have been on a similar occasion was not without its effect upon the minds of the spectators. They could not realize a French army entering Berlin with no song of triumph, no exposition of trophies, no theatrical display of any kind. They may have remembered, indeed, how M. Thiers describes the gallant entry of the First Napoleon into Berlin, and contrasted it with this, in which neither the Emperor nor his son has taken part. It was curious to watch the countenances of the French crowd as they gazed at a party of Germans reading the names of Napoleon's victories over them on the arch above their heads, with as little emotion as if they were schoolboys learning a lesson. For a long time the whole of the space round the Arch was filled with soldiers waiting for their turn to march down the avenue, which was becoming pretty well packed by this time from the top to the bottom. Suddenly, up rode Bismarck himself, smoking a cigar, gazed at the scene for a few moments, and turned round and rode slowly away without going beyond the crest of the hill. When the army at the lower end of the Champs was massed in close order in columns of companies, an amusing scene occurred as the men went at a quick double to fill up the gap till it almost became a race. Then came several batteries of artillery, foot and horse, clattering along at a gallop, and making a brave show. I could feel, as I stood among the people, that they were becoming more and more impressed in the degree in which they felt they were being completely ignored. Whether there was a crowd to look on or not seemed a perfect matter of indifference to these very practical men,

who were merely performing a part of a military operation, and who had left their country to fight and not to show off. At last all the Bavarians had passed, and a Prussian regiment marched down the walk on the other side of the drive; then more Prussians came, but instead of going straight down the Champs Elysees they turned down side avenues in search of quarters. I mixed with the crowd to try and gather their general impression, but their remarks were generally of a most trivial character, pointing attention rather to the size and dress of the men than to anything else. One small *gamin* remarked ostentatiously to a youthful companion, "One of these brigands left the ranks; I at once ranged myself by his side; he instantly returned to the ranks;" and at that moment it is more than probable that a great part of the population of Paris delude themselves with the belief that the Germans are only on the Place de la Concorde now through their forbearance.

THE EVACUATION.  
PARIS, March 3, P.M.

The 48 hours' occupation of Paris has just terminated in a blaze of glory for the German army. Rumours were rife last night that Colonel Valdau had returned from a conference with Comte Moltke at Versailles, and that the arrangements had been made for an immediate evacuation. At eight o'clock this morning I tried to get into the Place de la Concorde from the Rue de Rivoli, but found two inexorable lines of French sentries, who allowed no ingress into the Prussian quarter under any pretext whatever. A considerable crowd had already collected, but the rows of caissons formed an effectual barrier to any entrance. A thick fog prevented me from seeing more than that the Place de la Concorde was apparently deserted. I tried every other Avenue into the Champs Elysees, and upwards of an hour elapsed before, at last, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, I succeeded in passing the charmed line, with the aid of a friend fertile in expedients, and saw, looming through the fog, the Arc de l'Etoile; but even before we could distinguish its outline the distant cheers of the German army reached us, a long continued unbroken roar, rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, and as intermittent. It was impossible to doubt what those cheers meant. Thirty thousand Germans were marching in triumph beneath the Arch on which are chronicled German defeats, and making it ring with their shouts of victory. A line of German dragoons at the top of the avenue again barred our progress, these multiplied precautions being evidently necessary to limit as much as possible the crowd which was attempting to gather. At this moment the top of the Avenue of the Champs Elysees and the open space near the Arch were filled with troops waiting to pass through it, and a small but silent crowd was collected on its outskirts. Suddenly we were startled by a shot which apparently proceeded from the Germans, and caused some little emotion among the bystanders. It was evidently fired in the air, and might possibly have been an accident, but the episode was not reassuring. By degrees we reached the Arch itself and were witnesses of a spectacle which no one who was present, be he French, German, or neutral, can ever forget. The broken ground beneath the Arch had been levelled and a good roadway made through it, and along this passed Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. The faces of the men radiant with an exultation which it is impossible to describe. For this supreme hour they had endured and bled, but now the dangers and the hardships of the war had come to an end. Their faces were turned at last to the Fatherland, and their first step homewards was thus made the sign and pledge of their success.

As the head of each battalion came under the Arch the mounted officers leading it reined up for a moment, cast one look up at the list of victories inscribed overhead, one glance back to their men, and then, waving their helmets high above their heads, gave the signal for a ringing cheer. In a second, every helmet was in the air; the horses, startled by the sudden roar, pranced and reared; their riders, carried away by the excitement, with heightened colour and flushing eyes, still waved their helmets, while the men strained their throats with their shouts of triumph.

No matter at that moment upon which side one's sympathies might be, it was impossible not to catch the infection of the enthusiasm, not feel one's heart beating and one's cheek flushing in harmony with the palpitating mass of men which went roaring and rolling past like some mighty torrent that had ever proved irresistible, and was still sweeping all before it. No wonder the groups of spectators looked stunned and awe-stricken. All along the Champs Elysees came regiment after regiment, with colours flying, swords and bayonets glancing in the sun, for the mist had by this time cleared away, and down the Avenue de la Grande Armee, as far as the eye could reach, the glittering line extended—Generals with their Staff, horse artillery and lancers with fluttering pennons, breaking here and there the line of march, the whole making the most gallant array that a soldier might wish to look upon. It was the only occasion upon which I have seen the Germans indulge in military glorification; they fairly revelled in their triumph, and it was the more legitimate now, because in entering they had modestly gone round the Arch, and because if they were Frenchmen present to witness their own humiliation, the Germans by choosing a very early hour and closing up all the Avenues had done their utmost to confine the celebration of their triumph to themselves. There were, indeed, not above three or four hundred people present, and these were quite of the lowest class. At exactly ten o'clock the procession came to an end. The last cheer had been given, the last helmet waived; the Cavalry pickets were beginning to close in from the rear when a carriage and one horse containing three German officers in uniform, who were evidently non-executives, and had allowed themselves to be late, came up from a side Avenue; in an instant the mob began to close in upon them and try to frighten their horse so as if possible to cut them off, yelling, hissing, and pelting them with dirt. The occupants of the carriage kept their temper admirably, and beckoned to the Dragoons to wait for them; in a moment more they were safe, but had they been five minutes later they would certainly have been murdered. Encouraged by this episode and by the fact that the last Dragoon had his back turned to them, the mob rushed through the Arch, whistling and howling and closing in upon the retiring pickets. Finding themselves unnoticed they were getting bolder, when half a dozen Dragoons slowly faded about. In an instant the yelling *canaille* were flying in all directions. It required only half a dozen armed Germans to look at them to strike terror into their craven hearts. For abject cowardice combined with refined cruelty the last 48 hours have shown that a low Paris mob cannot be matched. A gentleman-like French officer, in full uniform, rode up to within a few yards of the retreating Germans and remonstrated with the people. He appealed with great feeling to the position in which both he and they were placed, and he implored them not to disgrace themselves by an exhibition which could do their enemies no harm and bring infinite disgrace upon themselves. The appeal had not much effect, for officers are not in favour now with the Paris populace, and they succeeded in provoking one dragoon to charge them, saving, themselves, however, by precipitate flight from injury, and then returning to pelt him as soon as he rode back to his comrades. This kind of thing went on for some time, and I was astonished at the patience and moderation of the Germans. At last half a company of Gendarmes appeared upon the scene, looking deeply depressed and mortified by the duty which they found themselves

called upon to perform. They kept the rear of the retreating Germans free from *gamins*, and before 11 o'clock not a German soldier remained within the fortifications of Paris.

The occupation of a great part of Paris for 48 hours by a hostile army and its triumphant departure without *contrepens* of any sort may be considered a triumph of military diplomacy, and creditable both to the population of Paris, and especially to the authorities by whom it is governed, and to the Army of Occupation.

REPAIRING DAMAGES.

The rapidity with which damages are being made good is astonishing. If the agreeable tourists whom the French appreciate do not hasten they will have little left to reward them, not even the cobble blocks of St. Cloud. As for the pillars of some costly marble which supported the ceiling of the grand hall, they are giving way rapidly to pick and bar, with which the soldiers prize off fragments. The essence of peace and of victory has somehow been shed on the troops. The men look happy and rather triumphant—laughily in look and bearing—stalking about much as the Britisher does among "the niggers" in an Eastern bazaar.

The houses for a mile and more by the American Railway near the point du Jour are a good deal damaged by shells and splinters. There had been an extensive flitting, to judge by the vans of furniture drawn up before many doors—in some cases before holes where doors had once been. The principal article of consumption is glass. Men with crates full on their backs are to be seen in every street. Modern ruins are very deceptive. St. Cloud and Montreuil look fresh and attractive from the Bois and Billancourt. The Palace has suffered beyond any dissimulation, but villas and houses on the wooded slopes over the river, just crisped with green here and there, seem to be fit for immediate occupation. It is worth a painter's while to come and study them. Plenty of subjects, and infinite varieties of the same type. Families looking for their houses. Fancy a party of refugees hastening home; the well-known spot appears in sight; thank God! it is safe. Never view beguets doubt. There is a ruggedness of outline about the roof and chimneys new and disagreeable. "What are the specks we see?" "Those holes in the walls? Cannon shot." "And the dark marks now visible above the windows?" "Smoke streaks." Why, the roof has fallen in? The house—our home is a shell filled with rubbish. Or the house stands intact, and the owners approach very joyfully. There is a black scrawl on the wall. "Corporal Schmitt, 7th Mannor, 2d Company, 1st battalion O Regiment." Singing of men in chorus in the drawing-room; head with a pipe in it out of the master's bedroom; tobacco smoke out of the library; the parrot's cage empty on the lawn, which is covered with glass and broken bottles, and as the owner would make further inquiry he is warned of his own premises in a manner which brooks no delay. You saw the story of the man who went out to his villa and found it doorless and windowless. He went to the builder of it and ordered doors and windows to be made, and, when they were ready, off he set with his man to repair damages. A miracle! He could not believe his eyes; doors and windows were all in their places. An Eint-Major had settled in the mansion in his absence and had fitted it up with doors and windows from the neighbouring residences.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The *Times* thus comments on the state of Ireland—What are the facts? Whether under the influence of the Peace Preservation Act of last year or otherwise, the amount of crime in Ireland as a whole has remarkably decreased. In hardly any of the Assizes now being held there any considerable number of Crown prosecutions, and when this is remembered in connexion with the Charges of the Judges last Spring, the improvement is seen to be extraordinary. The number of offences of all kinds in the month of January, 1870, reported by the Constabulary, compared with the number last month, had fallen from 713 to 231, and of these the agrarian offences had fallen from 391 to 35. Even in Westmeath there has been a diminution of the minor classes of agrarian crime, and in King's County and Meath this diminution of lesser offences is, to say the least, not counteracted by any increase of graver crime. Lord Hartington said last night there has been no serious crime to report in Meath, and again, that it was scarcely necessary to refer to King's County, the statistics of which show one actual murder and one attempt at murder in 1869, compared with two attempts in 1870, and one attempt this year. These two counties seem to be improving rather than the contrary, and yet the Chief Secretary declares that the Government has reason to believe them to be as much subject to the Riband conspiracy as any part of Westmeath. What, then, it will be asked, are the statistics of crime in Westmeath? The words of the Chief Secretary as reported are unfortunately not free from obscurity.—"In 1869 there were two murders and two attempts to murder in Westmeath; in 1870 there were four murders and seven attempts; there were during the past winter three murders and two attempts; and in January of this year one further attempt to murder." This statement is very unsatisfactory, but it is clearly not one over which we should lose our presence of mind. It is evident that whatever Lord Hartington meant by "the past winter" must be included in 1870, since it was not January of this year; and whether it refers, as we assume to December or any other month, it is plain that if three murders were committed in that period only one murder was committed during the rest of the twelve months. It may suit Mr. Hardy to describe this as "murder stalking abroad," and undoubtedly the alarming tone of Lord Hartington's speech warranted the phrase; but men of common sense, who know what the past history of Ireland has been, must find it difficult to understand this Ministerial outbreak of disappointment. We do not wish to underrate the importance of the fact of four murders being committed in one county in a twelve-month; we should be much better pleased if the process of healing Ireland of her woes had been more rapid; but no man ought to have expected an instantaneous cessation of crime, or should be ready to fly to extremes because it has not been attained. Above all, what part is it expected that a Committee of the House of Commons is to play in the matter?

DUBLIN, March 2.—The attendance of the Grand Jurors of the County of Westmeath at the present Assizes is more than usually numerous and influential. The fact is creditable to their public spirit, and is regarded as evidence of their desire to cooperate with the Government in protecting life and property. The numbers who attended in obedience to the summons of the High Sheriff showed that the gentlemen of the county are determined to perform their duty unswayed by the terrors of the Riband system. Among the presentments brought before them were two under the Peace Preservation Act, in reference to recent murders. In one case they allowed a claim of £800 to the widow and family of Thomas Dowling, of Ballinagar, steward of the Misses Perry. In the other case they passed a presentment of £375 for the mother of Waters, the process server.

Chief Justice Monahan, in addressing the Grand Jury of the County of Westmeath, said that things were going from bad to worse. The police returns showed three men shot, four lives attempted, 45 threatening letters, several houses burnt, and five or six cases of cattle houghing. In the large majority of cases the offenders had not been made amenable.

AFTER THE STORM.

The Paris Correspondent of the *London Times* describes some of the scenes that occurred at the entry of the Prussian troops, and at their departure:—

THE ENTRY.

Before daybreak the *rappel* was sounded, and the clocks were striking six when the National Guards were assembling to assist the soldiers of the line in keeping order when the Prussians were coming in. By five minutes past the hour there were little musters of them here and there and everywhere. There were no sightseers out before 9 o'clock, and by that time was evident the shopkeepers were responding to the call made upon them. Not a shop was open, even the banks were shut, and all trade and commerce were at a standstill.

The people of Paris did not render the neighbourhood of the line of march "a desert," but long after the time at which the Prussians were expected to come in it remained without anything like a large assemblage. Scarcely a face was to be seen at any window. Later in the day there were large numbers of people in the streets, and it was evident that most of them had come out to see the victorious foe. It was amusing to hear these people mutually condemning the sightseers. One man, who was trying to secure the best bit of vantage ground he could, remarked to me in serious tones, "Ah! Monsieur, les Parisiens sont trop curieux." What the curious saw when the Prussians did enter I leave to be told by others of your Correspondents.

8 15 A.M.

As I write, the horses' hoofs are clattering under the window, and I see a young officer of German Hussars galloping boldly up the Avenue to the Arc de Triomphe. He is a handsome-looking young man, on a magnificent charger, and the half-dozen men that follow him are stalwart, bronzed veterans, who look as calm and unconcerned as if they were on parade at Potsdam. Yet on both sides of the road are scattered groups of enemies, and just in front of the Arc is a crowd of spectators. Our young officer rides straight at them, and waves his sword to scatter them, which it does effectually. He cannot resist a slight flourish of it over his head

who were merely performing a part of a military operation, and who had left their country to fight and not to show off. At last all the Bavarians had passed, and a Prussian regiment marched down the walk on the other side of the drive; then more Prussians came, but instead of going straight down the Champs Elysees they turned down side avenues in search of quarters. I mixed with the crowd to try and gather their general impression, but their remarks were generally of a most trivial character, pointing attention rather to the size and dress of the men than to anything else. One small *gamin* remarked ostentatiously to a youthful companion, "One of these brigands left the ranks; I at once ranged myself by his side; he instantly returned to the ranks;" and at that moment it is more than probable that a great part of the population of Paris delude themselves with the belief that the Germans are only on the Place de la Concorde now through their forbearance.

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The 48 hours' occupation of Paris has just terminated in a blaze of glory for the German army. Rumours were rife last night that Colonel Valdau had returned from a conference with Comte Moltke at Versailles, and that the arrangements had been made for an immediate evacuation. At eight o'clock this morning I tried to get into the Place de la Concorde from the Rue de Rivoli, but found two inexorable lines of French sentries, who allowed no ingress into the Prussian quarter under any pretext whatever. A considerable crowd had already collected, but the rows of caissons formed an effectual barrier to any entrance. A thick fog prevented me from seeing more than that the Place de la Concorde was apparently deserted. I tried every other Avenue into the Champs Elysees, and upwards of an hour elapsed before, at last, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, I succeeded in passing the charmed line, with the aid of a friend fertile in expedients, and saw, looming through the fog, the Arc de l'Etoile; but even before we could distinguish its outline the distant cheers of the German army reached us, a long continued unbroken roar, rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, and as intermittent. It was impossible to doubt what those cheers meant. Thirty thousand Germans were marching in triumph beneath the Arch on which are chronicled German defeats, and making it ring with their shouts of victory. A line of German dragoons at the top of the avenue again barred our progress, these multiplied precautions being evidently necessary to limit as much as possible the crowd which was attempting to gather. At this moment the top of the Avenue of the Champs Elysees and the open space near the Arch were filled with troops waiting to pass through it, and a small but silent crowd was collected on its outskirts. Suddenly we were startled by a shot which apparently proceeded from the Germans, and caused some little emotion among the bystanders. It was evidently fired in the air, and might possibly have been an accident, but the episode was not reassuring. By degrees we reached the Arch itself and were witnesses of a spectacle which no one who was present, be he French, German, or neutral, can ever forget. The broken ground beneath the Arch had been levelled and a good roadway made through it, and along this passed Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. The faces of the men radiant with an exultation which it is impossible to describe. For this supreme hour they had endured and bled, but now the dangers and the hardships of the war had come to an end. Their faces were turned at last to the Fatherland, and their first step homewards was thus made the sign and pledge of their success.

As the head of each battalion came under the Arch the mounted officers leading it reined up for a moment, cast one look up at the list of victories inscribed overhead, one glance back to their men, and then, waving their helmets high above their heads, gave the signal for a ringing cheer. In a second, every helmet was in the air; the horses, startled by the sudden roar, pranced and reared; their riders, carried away by the excitement, with heightened colour and flushing eyes, still waved their helmets, while the men strained their throats with their shouts of triumph.

No matter at that moment upon which side one's sympathies might be, it was impossible not to catch the infection of the enthusiasm, not feel one's heart beating and one's cheek flushing in harmony with the palpitating mass of men which went roaring and rolling past like some mighty torrent that had ever proved irresistible, and was still sweeping all before it. No wonder the groups of spectators looked stunned and awe-stricken. All along the Champs Elysees came regiment after regiment, with colours flying, swords and bayonets glancing in the sun, for the mist had by this time cleared away, and down the Avenue de la Grande Armee, as far as the eye could reach, the glittering line extended—Generals with their Staff, horse artillery and lancers with fluttering pennons, breaking here and there the line of march, the whole making the most gallant array that a soldier might wish to look upon. It was the only occasion upon which I have seen the Germans indulge in military glorification; they fairly revelled in their triumph, and it was the more legitimate now, because in entering they had modestly gone round the Arch, and because if they were Frenchmen present to witness their own humiliation, the Germans by choosing a very early hour and closing up all the Avenues had done their utmost to confine the celebration of their triumph to themselves. There were, indeed, not above three or four hundred people present, and these were quite of the lowest class. At exactly ten o'clock the procession came to an end. The last cheer had been given, the last helmet waived; the Cavalry pickets were beginning to close in from the rear when a carriage and one horse containing three German officers in uniform, who were evidently non-executives, and had allowed themselves to be late, came up from a side Avenue; in an instant the mob began to close in upon them and try to frighten their horse so as if possible to cut them off, yelling, hissing, and pelting them with dirt. The occupants of the carriage kept their temper admirably, and beckoned to the Dragoons to wait for them; in a moment more they were safe, but had they been five minutes later they would certainly have been murdered. Encouraged by this episode and by the fact that the last Dragoon had his back turned to them, the mob rushed through the Arch, whistling and howling and closing in upon the retiring pickets. Finding themselves unnoticed they were getting bolder, when half a dozen Dragoons slowly faded about. In an instant the yelling *canaille* were flying in all directions. It required only half a dozen armed Germans to look at them to strike terror into their craven hearts. For abject cowardice combined with refined cruelty the last 48 hours have shown that a low Paris mob cannot be matched. A gentleman-like French officer, in full uniform, rode up to within a few yards of the retreating Germans and remonstrated with the people. He appealed with great feeling to the position in which both he and they were placed, and he implored them not to disgrace themselves by an exhibition which could do their enemies no harm and bring infinite disgrace upon themselves. The appeal had not much effect, for officers are not in favour now with the Paris populace, and they succeeded in provoking one dragoon to charge them, saving, themselves, however, by precipitate flight from injury, and then returning to pelt him as soon as he rode back to his comrades. This kind of thing went on for some time, and I was astonished at the patience and moderation of the Germans. At last half a company of Gendarmes appeared upon the scene, looking deeply depressed and mortified by the duty which they found themselves

called upon to perform. They kept the rear of the retreating Germans free from *gamins*, and before 11 o'clock not a German soldier remained within the fortifications of Paris.

The occupation of a great part of Paris for 48 hours by a hostile army and its triumphant departure without *contrepens* of any sort may be considered a triumph of military diplomacy, and creditable both to the population of Paris, and especially to the authorities by whom it is governed, and to the Army of Occupation.

REPAIRING DAMAGES.

The rapidity with which damages are being made good is astonishing. If the agreeable tourists whom the French appreciate do not hasten they will have little left to reward them, not even the cobble blocks of St. Cloud. As for the pillars of some costly marble which supported the ceiling of the grand hall, they are giving way rapidly to pick and bar, with which the soldiers prize off fragments. The essence of peace and of victory has somehow been shed on the troops. The men look happy and rather triumphant—laughily in look and bearing—stalking about much as the Britisher does among "the niggers" in an Eastern bazaar.

The houses for a mile and more by the American Railway near the point du Jour are a good deal damaged by shells and splinters. There had been an extensive flitting, to judge by the vans of furniture drawn up before many doors—in some cases before holes where doors had once been. The principal article of consumption is glass. Men with crates full on their backs are to be seen in every street. Modern ruins are very deceptive. St. Cloud and Montreuil look fresh and attractive from the Bois and Billancourt. The Palace has suffered beyond any dissimulation, but villas and houses on the wooded slopes over the river, just crisped with green here and there, seem to be fit for immediate occupation. It is worth a painter's while to come and study them. Plenty of subjects, and infinite varieties of the same type. Families looking for their houses. Fancy a party of refugees hastening home; the well-known spot appears in sight; thank God! it is safe. Never view beguets doubt. There is a ruggedness of outline about the roof and chimneys new and disagreeable. "What are the specks we see?" "Those holes in the walls? Cannon shot." "And the dark marks now visible above the windows?" "Smoke streaks." Why, the roof has fallen in? The house—our home is a shell filled with rubbish. Or the house stands intact, and the owners approach very joyfully. There is a black scrawl on the wall. "Corporal Schmitt, 7th Mannor, 2d Company, 1st battalion O Regiment." Singing of men in chorus in the drawing-room; head with a pipe in it out of the master's bedroom; tobacco smoke out of the library; the parrot's cage empty on the lawn, which is covered with glass and broken bottles, and as the owner would make further inquiry he is warned of his own premises in a manner which brooks no delay. You saw the story of the man who went out to his villa and found it doorless and windowless. He went to the builder of it and ordered doors and windows to be made, and, when they were ready, off he set with his man to repair damages. A miracle! He could not believe his eyes; doors and windows were all in their places. An Eint-Major had settled in the mansion in his absence and had fitted it up with doors and windows from the neighbouring residences.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The *Times* thus comments on the state of Ireland—What are the facts? Whether under the influence of the Peace Preservation Act of last year or otherwise, the amount of crime in Ireland as a whole has remarkably decreased. In hardly any of the Assizes now being held there any considerable number of Crown prosecutions, and when this is remembered in connexion with the Charges of the Judges last Spring, the improvement is seen to be extraordinary. The number of offences of all kinds in the month of January, 1870, reported by the Constabulary, compared with the number last month, had fallen from 713 to 231, and of these the agrarian offences had fallen from 391 to 35. Even in Westmeath there has been a diminution of the minor classes of agrarian crime, and in King's County and Meath this diminution of lesser offences is, to say the least, not counteracted by any increase of graver crime. Lord Hartington said last night there has been no serious crime to report in Meath, and again, that it was scarcely necessary to refer to King's County, the statistics of which show one actual murder and one attempt at murder in 1869, compared with two attempts in 1870, and one attempt this year. These two counties seem to be improving rather than the contrary, and yet the Chief Secretary declares that the Government has reason to believe them to be as much subject to the Riband conspiracy as any part of Westmeath. What, then, it will be asked, are the statistics of crime in Westmeath? The words of the Chief Secretary as reported are unfortunately not free from obscurity.—"In 1869 there were two murders and two attempts to murder in Westmeath; in 1870 there were four murders and seven attempts; there were during the past winter three murders and two attempts; and in January of this year one further attempt to murder." This statement is very unsatisfactory, but it is clearly not one over which we should lose our presence of mind. It is evident that whatever Lord Hartington meant by "the past winter" must be included in 1870, since it was not January of this year; and whether it refers, as we assume to December or any other month, it is plain that if three murders were committed in that period only one murder was committed during the rest of the twelve months. It may suit Mr. Hardy to describe this as "murder stalking abroad," and undoubtedly the alarming tone of Lord Hartington's speech warranted the phrase; but men of common sense, who know what the past history of Ireland has been, must find it difficult to understand this Ministerial outbreak of disappointment. We do not wish to underrate the importance of the fact of four murders being committed in one county in a twelve-month; we should be much better pleased if the process of healing Ireland of her woes had been more rapid; but no man ought to have expected an instantaneous cessation of crime, or should be ready to fly to extremes because it has not been attained. Above all, what part is it expected that a Committee of the House of Commons is to play in the matter?

DUBLIN, March 2.—The attendance of the Grand Jurors of the County of Westmeath at the present Assizes is more than usually numerous and influential. The fact is creditable to their public spirit, and is regarded as evidence of their desire to cooperate with the Government in protecting life and property. The numbers who attended in obedience to the summons of the High Sheriff showed that the gentlemen of the county are determined to perform their duty unswayed by the terrors of the Riband system. Among the presentments brought before them were two under the Peace Preservation Act, in reference to recent murders. In one case they allowed a claim of £800 to the widow and family of Thomas Dowling, of Ballinagar, steward of the Misses Perry. In the other case they passed a presentment of £375 for the mother of Waters, the process server.

Chief Justice Monahan, in addressing the Grand Jury of the County of Westmeath, said that things were going from bad to worse. The police returns showed three men shot, four lives attempted, 45 threatening letters, several houses burnt, and five or six cases of cattle houghing. In the large majority of cases the offenders had not been made amenable.

He trusted that the proceedings in Parliament would improve the county and restore safety to the inhabitants. After hearing the charge the Grand Jury adopted the following resolution:—

"The Grand Jury of Westmeath, assembled at the Spring Assizes at Mullingar, feel it incumbent upon them strongly to corroborate the assertion contained in the motion which Lord Hartington has now before the House of Commons, to the effect that a certain unlawful combination and confederacy exists in Westmeath. They endorse this fact, as well from their own experience before them at the present Assizes, painfully confirmatory thereof; and they have further to state that all the measures hitherto adopted in this country for the suppression of agrarian and other crimes, involving intimidation, have proved insufficient for a state of things so truly described by Lord Hartington as intolerable."

The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Catholic Bishop of Meath, has addressed a pastoral to his clergy, in which he says Ribandism as an organization is the result of bad land laws. He believes that the relations between Ribandism and exterminating landlordism are not unfriendly. The shooting of landlords, except from motives of personal revenge, is never attempted now; the shooting of policemen is difficult and dangerous, but process-servers, cattle-dealers, and honest men who refuse to part with their properties or surrender their farms are the classes from which Ribandism now selects its victims. For years past there has been throughout the empire a universal awakening to a sense of the justice due to Ireland. Our wrongs and our grievances were acknowledged by the Legislature last year, and a generous though incomplete and unsuccessful effort was made to redress them. The circumstances which called Ribandism into existence and lent to it even an appearance of justice, have passed away. He points out the wickedness and danger of secret societies, and observes that every man knows that scores of assassins are secretly and steadfastly lurking about in the very midst of us. The mystery in which they have shrouded themselves has spread terror and alarm among all classes of society.—Every man is in terror for his life and trembles for his safety. He bears testimony to the justice, impartiality, and even moderation of the civil magistracy throughout the diocese generally, and remarks that the most damaging accusation that can be brought home to the secret societies is that they fall in with the views and designs of those who are the enemies of the liberties and lives of the people. He complains of the imposition of an extra police force as unjust, and protests against the excesses into which an indiscreet zeal might lead the Government.

The Lord Chief Justice (Whitehead), in his address to the grand jury at Trim, observed at some length upon the state of the county of Meath. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing so large an attendance of grand jurors, because it was desirable for the administration of justice that those who had a stake in the country should take a prominent part in the performance of their public duties. He congratulated them upon the state of the calendar, but said that, with the knowledge which he possessed of the facts, he should do so with moderation and caution. The cases returned for trial were few, and there was only one—a charge of assaulting a bailiff—which exhibited anything like a spirit of insubordination. He contrasted the calendar, however, with the carefully prepared report of the Inspector of Constabulary. An analysis of that document showed, he said, that the class of persons who had been attacked, and for offences against whom no one had been made responsible, were principally stewards and bailiffs of landowners. The learned Judge concluded his charge in the following terms:—

"And yet, notwithstanding all the offences I have alluded to, I am bound to inform you that the officials tell me that there is a very great improvement in the condition of the county of Meath. I am bound to tell you this, though facts have come to my knowledge which lead me to believe that the county is not in that state which every well-wisher of his country would desire. I am told there are in the county persons of your own position and your own rank who dare not attend this assizes; I am told that certain persons in this county cannot leave their houses unless accompanied by a guard, without being in danger of being assassinated. That is a terrible fact. I deeply regret that in this county—a rich county, a county where, as you have been already told, the destitute do not commit crimes—men are lying in wait, watching, tigerlike, for their victims. It is a horrible fact. The persons thus threatened may be only few in number—five or six, perhaps—but it is a terrible fact that there should be any. No law can bring prosperity to this county. The schemes of benevolent men, or speculative men, or mischievous men may be propounded, but it is security alone which can give value to property and life. It is security alone which can make you prosperous. Until every honest man in your county can sleep quietly in his bed, it is idle to talk of prosperity in this country. I think no one deserves more admiration than those threatened persons who stand their ground. If we could read the hearts of the men who disturb the peace of this county—I believe them to be few—I do not impute to the inhabitants of this county generally any complicity in their acts—if we could read their hearts, I believe we would find that nothing encourages them more than the fact that any gentleman, or farmer, or labourer should, owing to their threats, be afraid to perform his lawful duties—to attend, for instance, as a juror here. This is a fact which ought to attract the attention of every well-wisher of his country. Every gentleman who stands his ground assists the Government in its determination to establish that supremacy of the law, to secure which the chief ruler of the country is most anxiously striving, that tranquillity which every well-minded man desires."

The calendar only contains four cases of petty larcenies, and some bail cases which were standing over.

A ROYAL RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.—The *Irish Times* says:—We have now from Mr. Gladstone himself a deliberate statement that the Government has had it for some time in view to purchase a Royal residence in Ireland. The announcement, so far as it extends, will be received with great and universal satisfaction throughout Ireland. A Royal residence implies a Royal inhabitant, at least for some portion of the year, and a household to maintain it in order. A future historian will scarcely believe that only in 1871, after seven centuries of possession, a British statesman proposed to purchase a home for its Sovereign. But this is no time to refer to past neglect. We had rather anticipate a brighter future. There are palatial residences and right royal demesnes in each of the provinces of Ireland which could be made a fitting appanage for the Sovereign or Royal family. The sojourn of the Court amongst us for a season every year will do much to staunch the flow of absenteeism which is exhausting the very life-blood of the country. We have only to regret that Mr. Gladstone was unable at present to make a definite announcement.

WORTH LOOKING AFTER.—Under the Commonwealth or the good people of Yarmouth did not hesitate to say openly what they thought of the right of the Irish to fish on their own coasts. They informed the Protector that there were sometimes to be seen at Wexford two hundred vessels taking in fish cargoes from the Irish, and that if this should be permitted, it would be folly to catch herrings in the English Channel, seeing that the cost of a barrel of fish at Yarmouth was double that at Wexford. Cromwell did things effectively when he went about it, and he relieved the people of Yarmouth from their Irish rivals by bodily "transplanting" the latter to the wilds of Connaught. In the present

condition of statesmanship the transplanting process is not likely to be repeated if it were feasible. Nor is it needed. If a succession of heavy blows has been struck against any branch of industry through generations, it is then only necessary to let it alone to die of neglect. That is exactly the case of the Irish Coast Fisheries. In 1846 there were 19,883 vessels and boats employed in the coast fisheries of Ireland, with 113,073 men and boys. In 1868 the number of vessels was reduced to 9,184, and of men and boys employed to 39,330. That is the encouraging result of fostering a national industry by letting it alone and sonorously delivering precepts about self-reliance, self-education, and the theories of political economy. A few of the people called Quakers, always foremost in practical benevolence, looked in upon the starving people of Ring on one side of Dungarvan Bay. There were 3,000 in this retired nook of the sea, and they tried to live by fishing and cultivating small patches of potato ground. They could no more fight against famine than the garrison of Paris; and when the potatoes failed they pawed their nets and gear, and burned the masts, oars, and lining of their boats; numbers died, the rest were dying, when the Society of Friends stepped in and gave sums of from five shillings to five pounds to enable the fishers to put what boats were left in order. Immediately numbers of boats and hundreds of men were fishing, and their efforts gave bread to fully a thousand persons. Members of the Society of Friends are good political economists, and we drowsy they talked to the poor people about self-reliance, but they relieved them first, and when they asked for bread did not benevolently present them with a stone. The Inspectors of Irish Coast Fisheries assert that the value of all the fish taken round the Irish coast is not more than four hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, and a very large proportion of this is gained by English and Scotch fishermen, who have very fine boats and nets. The Inspectors say that this amount might be increased tenfold by a little encouragement of the fisheries. Some time since it was commonly said that if a landowner allowed his land to lie always in fallow, the land should be taken from him. Well, the Irish seas are a vast fallow, and we fear will remain so until we succeed in obtaining Home Rule. Lord Derby said that if the Irish peasantry were placed in point of comfort on a par with the English peasantry the exchequer would show an increase of £6,000,000 yearly. The fishermen are not excluded from the peasant class, and the most economical Chancellor of the Exchequer might consider that a few thousands a year lent on very moderate terms to the coast fishers might, after all, prove a good investment. They are honest people—these fishers along the Irish headlands and up the creeks. They pay what they own honorably. The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor of Ireland lends out the principal and interest of £15,000 under their management, to aid in the construction and repair of fishing vessels, in providing hemp, flax, twine, &c. for making and repairing nets, and in purchasing lines, hooks, &c.—What this Society has accomplished at Howth and Dingle may be seen anytime during the fishing season. The loans have been invariably repaid by the fishermen, and the Society has never incurred a loss. This is not a solitary case. In the City of Cork Loan Fund Society, the loss in six years upon loans to the amount of £38,520 amounted to exactly £8 17s. We have put these facts together, not with any strong hope that the Imperial Parliament will "cultivate the fallow," or aid others to do so. But we ask would the Irish Fisheries have been so persistently "let alone" if Irish questions were decided by an Irish Legislature?—*Irish Times*.

THE NEW MEMBER FOR COUNTY GALWAY.—Mr. Mitchell Henry has been returned as the Member for the County Galway, in the place of Lord Burke, who has resigned. Mr. Henry is a Protestant. His elder brother has become a Catholic and a priest. The new member has been well known for his generous liberality and fairness as a landlord in the County Galway. He has been the saviour of the people of Connemara in their temporal necessities. In his address to the electors he declares himself in favour of Denominational Education and a Catholic University, of the use of "every diplomatic means to maintain inviolate the dignity and independence of the Pope"; of "home legislation"; and he will demand that "Dublin shall not be treated as a mere provincial town, but as the capital and intellectual heart of the Irish nation." It is curious that Captain Nolan, who at last retired from the contest, was also in favour of "Home rule," Catholic Education, and the rights of the Pope.

AN ARMLESS MEMBER.—Mr. John Martin, M. P., the Repealer, and lately elected member for Meath county, has, to use the words of the late Artemus Watts before guilty "of a goak." We observe in *Debbets Heraldic and Biographical House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, the Editor states that, in reply to his customary enquiry as to the armorial distinctions borne by the new member, Mr. Martin replied:—"I carry no arms! This is a proclaimed district!"

The London *Times* says a dreadful murder was committed on Monday night in the village of Castle-town Conyers, county of Limerick. The victim was a man named Harold, who was a shopkeeper and postmaster in the village, and who acted as land agent to Mr. Conyers, the owner of the estate in which the village is situated. He was seated at his own fireside, when a shot was fired at him through the doorway, and he fell mortally wounded. His house was opposite the police station, but, although the shot was heard, the assassin effected his escape. The murder is attributed to a dispute about land. A correspondent of the *Daily Express* states that the deceased was negotiating for the purchase of a farm held by a blacksmith named Quinlivan and his two sons, who were about to emigrate. Quinlivan had contracted a debt for shop goods obtained from Harold, and the latter had obtained a decree, which was to have been enforced yesterday. The Quinlivan was exasperated, and, it is said, threatened to have revenge. After the murder their forge was searched, and some pieces of iron were found similar to the pellets which killed the deceased, and at the inquest yesterday Mrs. Harold swore that she saw one of Quinlivan's sons pass by and look through the window a few minutes before the shot was fired. The medical evidence showed that death was instantaneous, the pellets having entered the head behind the ear and passed through the brain. The Quinlivan are in custody. This is not the only agrarian outrage reported from the South. On Sunday night an armed party of six or eight men attacked the house of Matthew and Michael Maennan, two farmers residing at Lisnain, near Tulla, county of Clare, on the property of Lord Leconfield. They wrecked the houses, destroying the windows and some articles of furniture, and fired several shots before they left. The inmates of one of the houses had an opportunity of recognizing five of the gang, against whom informations have been sworn. It is supposed that the outrage was in consequence of some dissatisfaction with a new arrangement of the boundaries, by which the Maennans would become tenants of land adjoining that held by their assailants.

A REVEREND LOGGERS.—Master Pigott and a jury have been engaged in Dublin, in assessing damages against the Rev. Walter Croker, curate of Rathfangan, who had allowed a verdict for breach of promise to be taken by default. It appeared that the engagement between him and a Miss Emily Tibbs had lasted some eight years, and the defendant had recently married another young lady. Damages were assessed at £250.

EXTENSIVE EXPORTATION OF HAY TO FRANCE.—Monday's *Northern Whig* states that on Saturday the steamer *Risca* left Prince's Dock, having on board 500

tons of hay for Havre; and that last night another steamer arrived at the Belfast quay, and will take in a cargo of hay and proceed to the same port.

PUNISHED WITHOUT TRIAL.—There is a rumor that many of the late alleged outrages in Westmeath were fictitious, and that all were grossly exaggerated. It is said that a trial about to take place will disclose some mysterious circumstances in connection with the alleged firing at a police constable, which will put a startling complexion on the motive for these exaggerations. But, whilst waiting for these disclosures, the public should be made aware of a matter that probably only requires publicity to insure its rectification; namely, that in a certain district, including the parishes of Killunc and Raharney, the Protestant inhabitants and some of the magistrates were exempted from the increased tax imposed for the extra police force sent into the district. We presume there is no law to justify such a course, and that the matter merely requires ventilation. The Catholics of the district having met to record their abhorrence of all these outrages, the following resolution, amongst others, was adopted, Proposed by Rev. Michael Callary, and seconded by Mr. John Shelly, Raharney:—"That we have learned with surprise that even in this limited area invidious distinctions and exemptions from taxation have been made that cannot fail to create a sectarian animosity and tend to promote disorder; and we protest against the assumption that Catholics are not as loyal subjects as Protestants; and we beg, moreover to say that we are as loyal."

PARTIALITY TO PROTESTANTS.—The *Fremont's Journal* of the 14th ultimo contains in a leader the following passage, which is well worthy of the consideration of Englishmen who wonder why we are not contented:—"The head of the Paymaster-General's department in Ireland is a Protestant, and so are most of the staff. The chief Poor Law Commissioner and 80 per cent. of the office clerks are in the same category. So with the Commissioners of Asylums of Lunatic Poor; so with the Geological Survey; so with the Factory Inspectors; so with the Board of Public Works in all its many departments. The valuation Office is not far short of an Orange Lodge in its exclusiveness. The Judicial and Criminal Statistics Office is under all exclusively Protestant management. The Stationery Office is similarly circumstanced. The General Register Office for births, deaths, and marriages is strikingly Protestant in constitution. The Post-Office, the several military departments, including the Military School, the Royal Hospital, and the Board of Control, are as nearly as possible exclusively Protestant. The heads of the Royal Irish Constabulary are all Protestant without exception; and so to the end of the chapter. Let us not be understood to say, either, that we have exhausted the list of exclusiveness, or that some of the Protestant heads or members of departments are not good Irishmen, and preferable in their several places to many Catholics we could name. Our dealing is with the system as a whole."

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER'S PASTORAL.—The special subject of his Grace's Lenten Pastoral is that sin of England, which S. John calls, "the pride of life." His Grace says:—"Now, the first sign which appears is luxury; spreading downwards from the higher class, and extending itself on every side, and penetrating our whole domestic life. Splendour in houses, furniture, adornments, retinues, and equipages; the abundance of bread, exquisite wines, costly banquets, sensuous music, endless pleasure from day to day, from hour to hour; elaborate refinements of self-indulgence; amusement followed as a trade, and the pampering of the body studied as a science; these things have invaded the higher ranks of men; and the simpler manners and severe life of our fathers is gone. We are becoming softer; we shrink from self-denial; we are impatient of the wholesome discipline of a hardy life. Some, indeed, indulge in all these things to excess, and are lost; others take without stint all that is not absolutely forbidden, and use all lawful things up to the verge of the unlawful, denying nothing to themselves so long as they do not fall into mortal sin. If this be Christianity, the Apostles knew it not: 'aut mundus errat, aut Christus frustra mortuus est'; either the world has gone astray, or Christ died in vain." There is, however, one widespread sin, rebuked by the Prophets generation after generation in Jerusalem, which has taken possession of the northern nations of Christendom: excess in wine, and drunkenness. We carefully distinguish between these two, lest you should think that, short of drunkenness, there can be no excess. There is habitual excess in many, by which both body and mind are inflamed and diseased, never suspected by those who dwell in the same house and sit at the same table. Such excess, often begun unawares, or by mistaken kindness, or by impudent advice, or by weak indulgence of fancied needs or of momentary craving, becomes at last and insensibly a bondage which the will cannot break, and a disease which consumes body, mind, and life. How many noble characters, great gifts, generous natures, and souls renewed in baptism to the image of God, have wasted away and died out before our eyes by this secret pestilence. Train up your children to be sparing, and hardy, and self-denying in this habit. Hear the words of the Holy Ghost: "Look not upon the wine when it is yellow; when the color thereof shineth in the glass; it goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake, and will spread abroad poison like a basilisk" (Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32). We speak these words, dear brethren and children in Jesus Christ, not to the poor, and the rude, and the turbulent whose riot is in the streets; but to the rich, and the refined, and the educated; to those who are delicately brought up, who are sheltered by the high civilization of our social life from all grossness, and who would choose rather to die than to be marked by an act of excess, or even suspected of it. If excess in drink, which is tolerable in none, could be tolerated in any, it might be more gently borne with in the hard-laboring poor, exhausted by toil, and taken unawares in the thousand temptations which surround them; but intolerable, and without excuse, is the excess which, though it may never reach to drunkenness, and is covered by all manner of refinement, nevertheless inflames and affects both body and mind.—We gladly turn from this topic, on which nothing but our pastoral duty would have made us speak so plainly."

On the present extravagance in female dress, the Archbishop remarks:—"One mark of the world, which has been coming out more and more obtrusively into observation year after year, and in every place, is the extravagant exhibition of dress. In the last century—the lowest, perhaps, in social and personal morals in our modern history—the dress of men was costly, ostentatious, and effeminate.—Manly common sense, intellectual cultivation, vigour of will, the spirit of enterprise, have braced up our youth to nobler cares than stuffs, and silks, and laces. A simplicity even to rudeness and roughness of dress—better a thousand fold than the womanish and fastidious attire of the last century—has succeeded. It seemed then as if men tried who could spend most upon themselves; now, thank God, how they can spend least. But truth must be spoken. The wise and fitting change which has passed upon men has not yet passed upon the attire of women; rather the reverse is true. Costliness, ostentation, singularity even to strangeness, seems to be exaggerated, and to be growing in exaggeration from year to year. These are things in which we can enter no further than to point out their moral effects. Money is wasted which would clothe the naked, feed the poor, or educate many children;

personal temptations to vanity and self-consciousness are awakened; and then comes a loss of resting simplicity, which is a high part of Christian piety; and sometimes a graver violation of still higher duties of a disciple of Jesus Christ. The Apostles have in these things left to us explicit rules. 'In like manner women also in decent apparel: adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety' (2 Tim. iii. 9). 'Whose adorning let it not be the outward plaiting of the hair, or the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God.' (1 S. Peter, iii. 3, 4). In this we see the moral character and significance of dress, and what graces may be violated by its excess or fashion. If it could be known from what source the currents of fancy and of what is called fashion come, by which not only the light and the young, but the graver and the older, seem carried away, a sense of dignity would resist this tyranny of the world. Some two or three years ago the Holy Father bestowed words of special encouragement and blessing upon a number of faithful women of many countries, who united to stand out against the oppression of society and to preserve the independence of their Christian modesty. Your piety and your instincts, your fidelity to our Divine Master in whose presence we are, and your love to His blessed Mother, the pattern of mothers and of daughters, will supply you with all needful rules, and will guard you against the insidious and tyrannical influences of worldly fashion, and the ill-example of those who have lost their self-respect."

CONVENT INSPECTION.—We (*Tablet*) have received the following humorous communication in anticipation of Mr. Newdegate's motion:—

To the Mandarin Newdegate, from Tseng-Kwo-fan, of the silk button, late Governor of Tien-Tsing, now disgraced and in exile.

GRAVE AND POTEST MANDARIN!

It is written by Confucius, that one tea-leaf is destined to be brewed in the summer palace of an Emperor, another, from the same stalk, in the tea-gardens of the drags of the people. With even so strange an adjustment of things have I been disgraced, and am now in exile for convent inspection at Tien-Tsing, while you exult mirth in your Mandarin's Council, by proposing convent inspection in England. Let me take comfort with you, O Newdegate; we are both men in advance of our age. Both of us will be remembered when Gladstone and Lothian are forgotten. Yet I must thus far claim to be ahead of you, that while I severed and severed those nefarious enchantresses whom we both so cordially detest, your division regarding them will only be into a majority and minority. I chopped off the heads, and you will tamely divide the members. Here, it appears to me, is your weak point. Allow me, then, as one in whose heart your name, with those of the Mandarins Whalley and Murphy, will ever be inscribed, to offer you a few suggestions.—An important era of public services lies before you; to encounter and dispel the magical illusions of those ghouls and harpies who devour the hapless child, a fear entice within their cloister. But what I chiefly fear about you is, that you will not go far enough in this great work. Believe me, there is no end to be served by stopping half-way; it only excites just ridicule and contempt. Better let wild alone than play with edged tools. This you may read in Hilary; but you ought to know it by experience. Why is it, as I see by the papers sent out to the Celestial Empire, that you are so often coughed down in your assembly of Mandarins? Why do they cry "question," and proceed to other business? What makes them resolute not to listen to your colleague, Whalley, unless he consents to sing? In a word, why do both of you get laughed at with immoderate laughter? (There was no laughing at Tien-Tsing, I can assure you.) The reason is plain; neither of you go to the root of the matter. You move for an enquiry, or leave to bring in a bill. You should move for the foot-guards to march at once to the new convent, and execute the inmates on the spot. That would be a proposal worth listening to; you would thereby do what you have never done yet; you would produce an effect in the House of Commons. A bill of grand-alder conducting a community of nuns to the Tower of London, and all from superior to postulant, heavily unmailed, would be an impressive sight, and worthy of your seriousness. Your name would go down to a grateful posterity, bracketed with my own. Try it for once. Double-shot the Tower guns; place a Sister of Mercy before each muzzle; then, at a given signal, let the reverberation proclaim to the metropolis that you know what you mean, and believe what you say. Or, lay-on might might be quieter, and not break the windows. But something of the kind it ought to be. No convent inspection short of that is more than huckstering and peddling in place of respectable commerce. It is like the British Government sending war-ships to Canton to protect the trade of a pennyworth of opium. Why, with the inspection you propose, the Nuns will look at you out of the windows, and take you for the plumber, come to enquire if the leaden pipes and gutters are in order. Let us hear no more, then, of patty enquiries and motions for Bills. What need of enquiry, when the crimes of these barbarian women are so obvious? For what possible right have you, or any assembly of Mandarins, to pry into people's domestic concerns, if they are even probably harmless? You do not believe they gorge out children's eyes, and practise horrors and magical incantations? Why, for very shame, then, let them alone. I say they do; therefore I cut them asunder at Tien-Tsing without more enquiry. That was my Convent Inspection Bill; the only one that has common sense to plead for it.

Neither must you be squeamish about the means to carry out this great end. Having made up your mind to inspect, take good care to find plenty for your purpose. Be not like the Mandarin Spooner, who said the Edinburgh cellars were cells, but made no endeavor to invent a prisoner; not so much as a Guy Fawkes, or man of straw. That I call doing things by halves, and simply making a goose of himself; as you will, if you don't take great care. Here is a better model for you. Some 270 moons ago—in your cycle of 1848—certain Convent Inspectors in Rome, to excite the populace against the Inquisition, scraped together some old bones from the neighboring charnel, deposited them within the precincts, and then let in the people to view. It was a very successful *comp-d-theatre*. Now, a mob in London, led on by a grave and responsible Mandarin like yourself, ought to be as easily excited to violence as the Roman rabble, or the men of Stockport, or as the followers of your predecessor, Lord George Gordon, or your friend, at least Whalley's friend, Murphy. You cannot do anything so neat as the Inquisition trick, because you are not in possession of the convent premises; but you can make the most of what you find there on your inspecting visit. For instance: the Nuns may have been using Child's sauce. "Child's sauce!" You will then say, with that impressive manner peculiar to you, "Conceive, my friends, the cold-blooded savage iniquity of sorceresses, who not only dine upon Child's sauce—and, of course, upon the child inclusive—but actually label the bottle! What is here? Piccalilli! Vile surferage: it is meant to conceal the atrocity of devouring piccalilli. But what is the label in that workbox?—Hooks and eyes! Men of England, Protestants of the 19th century, will you endure this?—Eyes? Oh, horrible suggestion!—Hooks? The instruments of torture for their extraction! I might go on, but I merely throw out these as hints. If you have a tittle of the spirit of Tien-Tsing, you will know how to improve upon

them. If not, permit me to say you are a 'prentice hand in the petty trade you have undertaken.

Briefly, O great Mandarin, make the most of the occasion. There are still, I am told, respectable fathers of families in England, as also in Tien-Tsing, who believe the moon is made of green cheese. If duly worked upon, these men of weight may equally be made to believe that Sisters of Mercy and Charity are bloodthirsty tigers, whom nothing will satiate but the eyes of English children to conjure by. At least, if you throw dust enough into the eyes of Englishmen, you may—or I could—lead them by the nose to a Convent inspection deserving of the name. After all, a man can but do his best. Succeed; and you can leave your portrait to after-times, in the attitude of holding a candle to your own Henry VIII, that great British Convent Inspector. Or fail; and we will send you a score of Chinamen, of the same caste as the proxies executed at so much a head, by way of retaliation, at Tien-Tsing, who will undergo for you your penalty you may have merited, from the bamboo or cangue upward, for a trifling conscientiousness to their widows and fatherless children.—Your sincere and hopeful admirer,

TSENG-KWO-FAN.

HO-TI, Feast of Lanterns.

ASH WEDNESDAY.—The *Daily Telegraph* is a very fair spokesman for the masses of the English people. It gave us its "religious article" on Ash Wednesday; and announced, quite truly no doubt, that there is "a good deal of uncertainty as to whether Ash Wednesday is a festival or a fast." The day is sanctified, it says, "by vast numbers of persons by a trip out of town, and a mingled entertainment at some place not strictly dramatic, where they may be treated to a *melange* of tumbling and sacred music; while a still larger number will supplement the traditional dried cod with rump-steak or roast mutton." This is admirably characteristic of the national idea of Ash Wednesday, where it is observed at all, except, as the *Telegraph* notes, among Catholics and Ritualists.

LONDON, March 29.—Napoleon left Wilhelmshoe on Sunday, for England. He was escorted to the railroad station at Cassel by a guard of honor, composed of two companies of the 83rd Prussian Regiment.

LATER.—Napoleon arrived at Dover at one o'clock this afternoon. Immense crowds were in waiting at the landing stage, including large numbers of French refugees, who cheered enthusiastically as the Emperor made his appearance on deck.

The present Mayor of Oxford, Mr. Hawley, is the first Catholic who held the office in that city for 300 years.

PROSELYTISM IN FRANCE.—We (*Tablet*) have already put our readers on their guard against subscribing to proselytizing societies, which meet the pretence of relieving distress in France, are collecting funds for the distribution of books and papers attacking religion. More than one such society is openly advertised in London, and unless we are mistaken in the names, has succeeded in obtaining contributions from Catholics. The danger is therefore real. We already knew that anti-catholic agencies existed, but this week a correspondent at Bayonne writes to us that the proselytism are openly at work in that locality, taking advantage of the dire necessity of the unfortunate population, and offering relief in one hand, whilst with the other they hold out books full of error. We strongly protest against such a prostitution of the name of Charity, and we earnestly warn Catholics against giving their generous contributions to any societies save those like the Mansion House Fund, on the committee of which sits our own Archbishop, and about which they have a perfect security that the means intrusted to it will not suffer malversation to any sectarian purpose whatsoever.

UNITED STATES.

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—WASHINGTON, 20.—During the sessions of the Joint High Commission during the past week the relations of the two countries to each other have been considered in a general way, with a view of seeing what concessions might be made by either side before any particular point of dispute shall be taken up for settlement. The impression which prevailed at first that England was prepared to offer the olive branch, and that men quibbles would be discarded for a candid and frank avowal of wrongs committed and damages to be adjusted, has given place to a fear that England is not disposed to make any magnanimous concessions, and that if any arrangement is entered into for the settlement of the pending questions it must be on the basis of equivalent. The Commissioners seem to incline rather to the plan of purchasing the right of our fishermen to fish freely in Canadian waters without restriction. That is looked upon as an easy mode of settlement. On the other hand there is a certain popular sentiment against commencing the adjustment of our differences with England by our agreeing to pay England money. It is said that neither the revival of a reciprocity treaty nor the payment of a considerable sum for the right to fish forever in Canadian waters will be popular with our people. It is hoped, however, that the Commission, after a thorough consideration of the subject, may arrive at some solution which will be mutually satisfactory.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.—Some years ago, an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture in Easton. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion of the burg.—"The women, however, were all in for the 'pledge,' and consequently on Hunt's first night not a man showed himself in the hall. The benches were pretty well filled, with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them thro' on the vanities of dress, etc. They were great suffled fetherleaves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then their tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalogue of females follies—not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home hopping mad, told their husbands about it and voted old Hunt down to the lowest notch.

He had announced that he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed they commenced to come, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled, and muttered:—"Hogs, I've got you now!" The audience started. After the crowd had got quiet a little, the Lecturer said:—

"Friends, you want to know what I mean by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I'll tell you. 'Out West, the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat, they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and misses a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather around to see what's the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you.' And so, to night, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

Allygatoooga, Tenn., has produced the model girl of the period. She was twelve years old recently left the family where she was employed because they did not have family prayer. A few indifferent articles belonging to the family were afterwards found in her carpet sack, such as silver spoons, two silk dresses, several fine handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, breast-pins, and the like.

# The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1871.

## ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1871.

Friday, 31—Our Lady of Pity.

APRIL—1871.

Saturday, 1—Of the Feria.

Sunday, 2—Palm Sunday.

Monday, 3—Of the Feria.

Tuesday, 4—Of the Feria.

Wednesday, 5—Of the Feria.

Thursday, 6—Holy Thursday.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have given on our sixth page the telegrams from Paris, describing the progress of the insurrection in that unhappy City. What are the plans of the insurgents, it is hard to say; but one thing is clear, that the revolution they propose to accomplish is neither dynastic nor political, but simply social. This is clear from the decree which they have put forth, postponing the maturity of all commercial bills, and forbidding landlords to compel payment of rents due to them by their tenants. The insurrection is, in short, an insurrection of the poor against the rich, and an attempt to realize the great idea expressed in the formula "Fraternity." The old aristocracy being suppressed—the bourgeoisie, having realised their idea, "Liberty and Equality," are disposed to rest, and be thankful; but what avail "Liberty and Equality" to men who have nothing to eat? who are as much the slaves to capital, as were their fathers to the old nobility? and who are ruined by competition, and the consequent lowering of the price of labor, which is the sole commodity that they have to dispose of? What these men want is "Fraternity," i. e., the equal distribution amongst all, of wealth, the product of labor; deliverance from their thralldom to capital, and the abolition of competition or "la concurrence," as Louis Blanc and other Socialist writers term it, in the labor market. To make matters worse the wo infamous sons of an infamous father, Garibaldi, are at the head of the insurgents, stimulating them by precept and example to deeds of bloodshed, and the cowardly murder of their prisoners.

The so-called government by the Assembly, with poor old M. Thiers at its head, is paralysed. The Prussians threaten to return to Paris unless order be restored; and as yet there are no symptoms of any change for the better. Some talk of calling in Louis Napoleon; but without an army at his back to enforce his commands, he would be as impotent as M. Thiers; and after the proof that he has given to the world of his military incapacity, it is not probable that Louis Napoleon will again be hailed by the French army as Emperor. We are happy to see that the report of the murder of the brave General De Chanzy by the insurgents is contradicted, and that he has been released; but it would fare but badly with either Trochu or Ducrot should they fall into the hands of the ruffians under the orders of Garibaldi.

Louis Napoleon is in England. The marriage betwixt the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne was celebrated with great pomp at Windsor on Tuesday, 21st inst. No doubt, as in the case of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the season of Lent was selected for the ceremony in order to show the world in what contempt the remnants of ancient Catholic discipline still theoretically retained by the Protestant Church Established by Law, are held by its Head. The High Joint Commission is pursuing its labors at Washington, but nothing whatsoever is known as to the results. In Ontario, or Upper Canada, the periodic struggle betwixt the *Ins* and the *Outs* for place, patronage, and the manipulating of the public money, has just terminated. Both parties are well satisfied with the result.

By latest advices, though there had been no more bloodshed at Paris, the Communists were masters of the situation. The Thier's gov-

ernment is virtually defunct; if it had 100,000 men on whom it could rely it would attack Paris—but it has not got them. Prussian intervention to restore order is very probable; if it should occur, the Garibaldi clubs will have a good chance of partially expiating some of their crimes, and the crimes of their sire, upon the scaffold. There is trouble brewing in the Southern States; the people of the latter are restive under the yoke imposed on them by their Northern tyrants, but they are we fear too weak to offer any serious resistance to the arbitrary and anti-constitutional acts of the Northern Government. What Ireland is to England, that is the South to the North on this Continent.

## CONSECRATION OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Sunday, the 19th inst., Feast of St. Joseph, was a great day for the City, and Province of Quebec. The days of its mourning for the late lamented Mgr. Baillargeon were accomplished, and in the person of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Taschereau, the vacant See was again filled.

To take part in the important and imposing ceremony of the Consecration, there were assembled the chief Pastors, and rulers of the Church from all parts of the Dominion. The ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, was represented by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, accompanied by their Lordships the Bishops of Kingston, of Hamilton, and of London; from the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec there attended their Lordships of Montreal, of St. Hyacinthe, of Ottawa, of Three Rivers, and of Rimouski; Mgr. Goezbriand, Bishop of Burlington, was also present. There were present also the heads and representatives of our great ecclesiastical institutions. Prominent amongst these were—from Montreal the Very Reverend M. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Rev. Father Lapointe, S.J., with their Clergy; from Quebec the Very Reverend M. Cazeau, Vicar General, and the Priests of the Seminary, together with all the members of the clergy from all parts of the diocese. In a word, every part of the Dominion was well and ably represented on the august occasion.

Amongst the laity there were present on a seat of honor near the balustrade, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Sir Narcisse Belleau, with his aide-de-camp, Major Arthur Taschereau; their Honors the Judges Caron, Monk, McGuire, Doucet; the Hon. Messrs. Gingras, Thibault, and Tessier; Messrs. Rheaume and Genest, M.P.P., and all the officers of the Volunteer forces at Quebec under the command of Lieut.-Colonels Panet and Duchesnay.

The Cathedral was splendidly decorated, gorgeous with lights, and flowers, and costly ornaments. Above the Great Altar were to be seen the armorial bearings of the Sovereign Pontiff, together with the French, and British ensigns. The arms of the Archbishop were also displayed.

The religious ceremonies, grand and impressive, occupied four hours. The consecrating Prelate was His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto assisted by the Grand Vicar the Very Reverend M. Cazeau, the Rev. M. Buteau, Superior of St. Anne de la Pocatiere, and the Rev. M. Lagace, Principal of the Laval Normal School. His Grace the Archbishop had for assistants, Mgr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, and Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

During the ceremony and towards its close, Mgr. Langevin, Bishop of Rimouski, ascended the pulpit whence he delivered a splendid oration adapted to the circumstances. The music was from Haydn's sixteenth Mass, and was admirably rendered by the combined choirs of the *Union Musicale* and of the Little Seminary.

The religious ceremonies concluded, an elegant repast was served in the large hall of the Seminary to which all the members of the clergy were invited. At the close the Archbishop of Quebec returned thanks to his entertainers, and expressed his gratitude for the costly golden chain with which they had presented him. The Archbishop of Toronto made also a short speech which was well acknowledged; after which the guests withdrew to the hall of the Students where they were greeted with music, and an address of felicitation to the newly consecrated Prelate.

The following high ecclesiastics have been appointed his Grand Vicars by Monseigneur of Quebec. The Rev. M. Thomas Hamel, Rector of Laval University and Superior of the Seminary, the Very Rev. M. Cazeau, and the Rev. MM. Mailloux, Proulx and Racine.

**THE HOLY SEE.**—Throughout, not only the City, but the Diocese of Montreal, Meetings of the Catholic laity, numerously attended, have been held during the past week to protest against the rascality of the Piedmontese Government—and to invoke the intervention of the British Sovereign in behalf of a brother Sovereign now by brute force, and alien bayonets pushed from his throne. In the City there

have been meetings for this purpose at the Mairie St. Pierre, the Schools of the Christian Brothers, St. Denis Street, and at the Bishop's School, St. Margaret Street, the latter presided over by His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese. At all these meetings there was but one feeling of abhorrence at the outrage upon the Pope, and of determination never to rest until that wrong be redressed.

In like manner in the country districts have the Catholics, expressed themselves. At Lachine there was a great meeting presided over by the Parish Priest in the Parish Church on Sunday the 19th inst.; and the movement is spreading, and the feeling of indignation is growing stronger day by day throughout the Catholic world.

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec has issued his first Pastoral to his Clergy, making such disciplinary changes for his diocese as circumstances called for, and confirming the appointments of his illustrious and lamented predecessor, Mgr. Baillargeon.

On his return from Quebec to his Archiepiscopal See, Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, was accompanied from St. Hyacinthe by three religious of the Order of the Precious Blood. There is already a branch of this Order in Toronto.

His Lordship the Bishop of London in a Circular to his Clergy, which we will publish in our next, has adopted the petition of the Metropolitan City of Quebec in behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff, and has earnestly recommended it to his diocesan for their signatures.

The Catholic ladies of Quebec are, we understand, preparing an address of condolence to the Sovereign Pontiff. A Committee has been named for the purpose, of which Lady Belleau, the wife of the Lieut.-Governor, is the head.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* of the 23rd ult., who writes over the very (in his case) inappropriate signature of an *Irish Catholic*, makes some remarks upon the restrictions which the Papal Government imposed upon aliens and non-Catholics in the matter of their places of worship within the City walls; to the accuracy of these remarks we take exception. He writes as follows:—

It will not be disputed, I presume, that the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain, with Mr. Gladstone as premier, have as much power and as legitimate authority in Great Britain and Ireland as had recently "Pio Nono" and the Roman authorities with Cardinal Antonelli at their head. Well what would be said if this same Queen and Parliament, this same Prime Minister, were to proscribe all over the Dominion the worship of God in any other form or under any other belief than their own church inculcated. What would be said if in London no Catholic dare meet publicly to worship God according to his own conscience, according to the form and belief of his fathers? What would be said if policemen were constantly employed to watch them and prevent them from doing so during all their lives, and at their death, if decent burial were refused them within the walls of London? Yet this is precisely the condition of things heretofore in Rome.

In the first place we observe that this was not precisely the condition of things heretofore in Rome. It is true that by the laws of the Papal Government, aliens, and non-citizens, being also non-Catholics were not at liberty to set up their meeting houses wherever they pleased within the City limits; but places, or buildings in close proximity to the City, and wherein the Protestant foreigners, who from curiosity as tourists, or as attached to the Embassies of their respective countries—[and to one or the other of these two classes was the Protestant population of the Papal States limited]—were temporarily resident in Rome, might worship after their fashion without molestation of any kind—were always recognised and tolerated by the Papal Government. In their own quarter too the Jews, the avowed enemies of Christianity, were undisturbed in the exercise of their religious worship.

In the second place we would remark that any Government calling itself as does the British Government Christian, would in like manner assuredly assume to impose analogous restrictions upon alien and non-Christian visitors to its shores; to refuse liberty to Chinese for instance to erect joss-houses, or temples for their peculiar worship, alongside of Westminster Abbey, or under the shadow of St. Paul's; to restrict the right of a handful of Mormon proselytizers from Utah to preach publicly their peculiar tenets in the immediate vicinity of Buckingham Palace. There would in such restrictions be no violation of what are vulgarly called the rights of conscience, or the principles of civil and religious liberty; nothing analogous to the hypothetical absolute prohibition of any religious worship within British Dominion other than that which the ruling powers for the time being approved of, or themselves practised.

And in the third place—and this argument, the *soi-disant Irish Catholic* if he be not a rank impostor will feel to be *ad hominem*—we deny most emphatically and positively, "that the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain with Mr. Gladstone as premier, have as much power and as legitimate authority" to legislate upon

spiritual matters, or matters connected with Christian faith and Christian worship "in Great Britain and Ireland, as had recently" the Pope, Christ's Vicar on Earth, and Sovereign Pontiff, to legislate in like manner, and upon the same matters, within his dominions. It is here, in this reckless assertion which no real Catholic acquainted with the rudiments of his religion would have dared to make, and which we positively deny—that the cloven hoof of the *soi-disant "Irish Catholic"* betrays itself. The Queen and Parliament of Great Britain, have never received from God, from Whom alone all right and all authority proceed, authority to legislate in matters of religion; their legitimate functions lie, not in the spiritual and supernatural order, but in the civil and natural order; and were they to attempt "to proscribe all over the Dominion the worship of God in any other form, or under any belief than their own church inculcated, they would be guilty of usurpation of functions that do not rightfully belong to them; and for the due discharge of which, as destitute of all authority from God to legislate in the premisses, as destitute of all spiritual authority whatsoever, they are utterly incompetent.

On the other hand the Pope, as every "Catholic" whether "Irish" or "French" must admit, has authority from God in the spiritual or supernatural order. As Bishop of Rome it is his duty to restrict, as far as in his power lies, and by every means within his power, the spread of false and heretical doctrine, to banish or drive away error, and to support the truth. This is his duty as Pontiff. As Sovereign it is, or rather it was, and will soon be again, within his power to carry out his duties as Bishop, as Christ's Vicar upon earth, as the supernaturally appointed guardian of Christian truth; and therefore we emphatically deny upon Catholic principles—that the British Government has as much power and legitimate authority in religious matters within British Dominions, as has the Pope, the Sovereign Pontiff, Christ's Vicar on earth, to legislate on spiritual matters, or matters of religion within his dominions. Thus do we strip the "Irish Catholic" of the disguise under which he most impudently presents himself before the public.

The *Montreal Gazette* of the 23rd inst. has a notice of a Blue Book lately laid before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, and published under the title, "*Correspondence Respecting the Affairs of Rome.*" The *Gazette* gives a fair view of the actual state of the question, and hesitates not to say that the revelations now before the public prove that, with regard to her treaty engagements, and most solemn and official pledges—"Italy violated every one of these dispositions, and with the most flagrant national indecency exhibited herself to the world as incapable of the honorable maintenance of her pledged faith." This is just what the Catholic world has been repeating ever since the invasion of the States of the Church by the troops of Victor Emmanuel occurred, and reduced the Sovereign Pontiff to his present position.

What are the facts of the case as gleaned by the *Gazette* from the official documents now, by authority of the British Imperial Government, laid before the world?

Writing from Rome on the 29th of July last, Mr. Jervoise acting in the absence of Mr. Odo Russell as British *Charge d'Affaires*, notifies Earl Granville that, previous to the departure of the French troops from Rome, the Government of Victor Emmanuel had given fresh guarantees that the Pope's dominions should be protected from revolutionary attempts from without. About the same time the Duc de Grammont, announces that by the withdrawal of the French troops, "the two Powers"—France and Piedmont—"find themselves again placed on the basis of the September Convention, in virtue of which Italy binds herself not to attack the Pontifical Territory, and in case of need, to defend it from aggression. And, so writes from Florence Sir A. Paget "nothing can have been more clear than the declaration of the Ministry"—(Victor Emmanuel's Ministry)—"in Parliament of their determination to uphold the Convention, that is to say, not to invade, or allow to be invaded, the Pontifical States." The same high authority writing under date August 23rd also expresses his conviction "that with the exception of the Democratic and Revolutionary party few persons cared to have Rome as the capital."

The flimsy excuse for the violation of these solemn engagements, and armed invasion of the Territory of an inoffensive neighbor, urged in palliation of the treachery, and deliberate falsehoods of Victor Emmanuel and his statesmen—to the effect that Rome was on the eve of revolution, and that the Sovereign Pontiff was unable to maintain order in his dominions—is very summarily disposed of by the *Gazette* in these words:—"The King had no very powerful arguments to justify his position," for order had by no means been threatened. In fact though the Papal soldiers though brave, well disciplined,

and of excellent dispositions were unable to resist the overwhelming masses of troops that Victor Emmanuel hurled against them—they were amply sufficient to preserve order within, and to meet any external dangers with which another Garibaldian raid, not supported by the Piedmontese army, might menace the Papal throne.

All the world knows how—so soon as the fortune of war had declared against France, and that it was evident that she was no longer able to compel by force Victor Emmanuel, and his statesmen to keep their pledged faith—the latter hurled their troops upon Rome, and invaded the dominions which they had but a short time before solemnly pledged themselves not to invade, and even to defend against invasion by others. Is it necessary to comment upon such falsehood and treachery? It would be superfluous to do so. As well might we enter into an elaborate argument to show that the pickpocket is no gentleman, and that the swindler is not a man honor.

In this light does the Roman question present itself to every person, no matter what his religion, whose sense of honor has not been obliterated by his No-Popery prejudices; and therefore is it that we read without surprise the judgment which a gentleman like the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* passes upon the actors in the events, the true story of which is now before the world in a British Parliamentary Blue Book. That judgment is conceived in the following terms:—

The above is a faithful epitome of the singular progress of circumstances by which the Roman question has been for the present, if not for ever, solved. To our mind it is impossible to acquit Victor Emmanuel's government of conspicuous want of faith and contempt of treaty obligation in this forcible annexation of guaranteed territory—territory which, so far as international compact could protect it, should have been inviolable as Belgium. The accident of French disaster made a very paltry excuse for the violation of kindly covenant, nor had the slightest occasion arisen in the shape of internal tumult to warrant the high-handed interference.

There is in short no plea in mitigation of sentence that can be urged except this—"That it is not obligatory to keep faith with Popes."

**RITUALISM.**—Looking on "Ritualism" as a desperate effort of the High Church party to reconcile Anglicanism and Catholicity; as a revival of sacerdotalism, and an attempt to hold, and historically set forth, the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist within the bosom of an essentially Protestant community established by law, whose faith and practice are prescribed by Act of Parliament—we should say that "Ritualism" had received its death blow from Lord Chelmsford, in the judgment by him pronounced in the case of Mr. Purohas. This judgment finally condemns the use in the Protestant establishment of chasuble, alb, tunic, dalmatic, or any other distinctively sacerdotal vestment. Nothing is allowed except the white surplice, and the traditional white-choker, the *ephod* of all the Protestant clergy. It condemns anything and everything which connects the idea of sacrifice with the Anglican communion service; and in short determines against the "Ritualists" every point on which for years past these much afflicted men have relied, to establish their identity with the Catholic priesthood, and to illustrate the famous or rather ludicrous "Branch" theory of the High Churchmen.

The charges against Mr. Purohas, which have been proved against him, and on which sentence condemning him has been given by the Privy Council, are these:—That in the administration of the Anglican communion service, he put on a chasuble and other vestments of a Catholic priest; that he mixed water with his wine; and that he officiated with his face to the communion table, and his back to the audience. We must do the "Ritualists" the justice to admit that in all this there was something deeper than mere man millinery, or a love of pretty clothes. They held out for the vestments no doubt; not for the sake of the vestments however, but of what those vestments indicated, or symbolized—to wit, *priest*, and a sacrificial act in the Eucharistic celebration. They relied upon the rubric in the Prayer Book which in express terms enjoins that—"such ornaments of the church, and of the ministers thereof, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in the Church of England, by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth."

Now this rubric was re-enacted in 1662; it has never since been repealed, or modified by any authority known to the law; and it is also certain, indeed it has never we think been denied, that in the second year of the reign of Edward the Sixth, chasubles, and all the ancient distinctive, and to evangelicals the obnoxious, vestments of the Catholic priest were still in use.

On this point the law was therefore clearly on the side of Mr. Purohas and his brother Ritualists. Nevertheless, by some strange sleight of hand, or rather sleight of tongue, Lord Chelmsford made out that the positive and unrepented injunction to use such ornaments of the church, and of the ministers—"thereof"—as were in use in the second year of Edward the Sixth—meant clearly that such



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, March 19.—M. Thiers issued a proclamation appealing to the reason and patriotism of the citizens of Paris to preserve order.

Government, following up the proclamation of Thiers, at midnight on Friday, sent a detachment of troops and gendarmes to occupy the positions of the insurgents in Montmartre.

A special from Paris says that the insurgents have been very much irritated by a proclamation that the National Assembly had issued, and had determined to resent it with violence.

VERSAILLES, March 23.—It is reported that the mob in Paris have assassinated Gen. Raphael.

A Paris Journal says Bismarck has informed M. Thiers that the Germans will occupy Paris on Sunday unless by that time Thiers is master of the situation.

ITALY. PIEDMONT.—FLORENCE, March 20.—The discussion in the Chamber of Deputies upon the subject of the Papal guarantees was closed on Saturday, and an order of the day was carried forbidding the interference on the part of the Government with religious worship.

ROME, March 22.—The clerical journals here report that communications have passed between the Cabinets of Vienna and Florence with reference to the States of the Church.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, March 20.—One of the papers of this city asserts, that while no treaty existed to that effect between Russia and Prussia, there was a distinct understanding that Prussia would support the Czar in his proposition for the abrogation of the clauses of the treaty of 1856 relative to the Black Sea.

GERMANY. LONDON, March 22.—A special to the Daily News from Berlin says the ceremony upon the opening of the German Parliament was imposing in its simplicity.

BERLIN, March 22nd.—The statement comes from reliable sources that orders have been issued to stop the return of some of the French prisoners for the present.

THE old King, it appears, is by no means happy as an Emperor. He was only persuaded to accept this title for the sake of his son, "Our Fritz," and he goes about much like some English squire of long descent who has been induced to allow himself to be converted into a bran new peer, over-persuaded by his numerous progeny.

THE Government is hourly growing stronger, backed by the Assembly, supported by the country, with the majority of the citizens of Paris really in its favor, and surrounded by a constantly increasing army.

A proclamation is about to be issued warning the insurgents to lay down their arms. Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, where troubles were anticipated, remain tranquil.

A decree further postpones maturity of commercial bills, and prohibits landlords from expelling lodgers for non-payment of rent until the issue of fresh orders.

The Insurrectionary Control Committee has decided to respect the conditions of peace, but considers it just that the largest portion of the indemnity should fall upon the authors of the war.

LONDON, March 23.—It is announced that the Nationals of Lyons are only awaiting the arrival of a delegation from Paris to form a central committee on the plan of what at present operating in the capital.

Menotti Garibaldi, it is reported, now commands the Montmartre insurgents.

THE Rue de la Paix is a pool of blood, and no man's life is safe in Paris.

IN the National Assembly to-day an adverse report was made from the Committee upon the bill providing for the election of a municipality in Paris.

VERSAILLES, March 23.—It is reported that the mob in Paris have assassinated Gen. Raphael.

A Paris Journal says Bismarck has informed M. Thiers that the Germans will occupy Paris on Sunday unless by that time Thiers is master of the situation.

A correspondent writes that the sight of ruined St. Cloud is alone worth a journey of a thousand miles.

AN Alsacian peasant was recently questioning a Bavarian soldier somewhat closely as to the strength of his regiment, when the latter suspecting that his interrogator was either a spy, or a Franc-tireur in disguise, suddenly "drew off" and sent him sprawling on the ground, and after waiting for the Alsacian to pick himself up coolly remarked in his Bavarian dialect "That's just how strong I am by myself, so if you'll just put things together, you'll find perhaps how strong the whole of us are."

Among the French prisoners in Germany is a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, Prince Charles Bonaparte. He is quartered at Loetzen, Prussia, and is under rigorous surveillance.

THE war has made terrible havoc with the railway interest in France. The country, which, so far as railways were concerned, was but eight months ago considered superior to England for investments and profit, is for the present nearly worthless.

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THE Austrian journals regard the German demands upon France as severe, but not excessive. The Hungarian papers, however, are very hostile towards Prussia, and speak of a future coalition to curb her aggressive desires as inevitable.

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A proclamation signed by General Duval, and dated simply Paris, demands the election of a Mayor for Paris. The proclamation says it is not the intention of the Nationals to separate Paris from France, but only from the Empire and the Government of National Defence, and from their measures of treason and cowardice; and concludes with an appeal to the people to sustain themselves, as they themselves are doing, and to follow their example in opposing oppression.

bad specimen of a good-natured, well-meaning, narrow-minded soldier.

The Times, in an editorial on the subject of the labors of the High Commission, anticipates an easy settlement of the Fisheries question, but is not sanguine as to an arrangement in the case of the Alabama claims.

IT is stated that another marriage between royalty and English nobility has been arranged—namely, that of the Duke of Norfolk with the Princess Marguerite of Orleans, daughter of the Duke de Nemours.

THE PURCHASER CASE.—The Rev. Canon Liddon has written a letter to the Guardian, in which he says:—"If the High Church party is desired to take its choice between submission to a tribunal which proscribes its historical traditions, and a separation from the English Episcopate, which it shrinks from as from schism (and therefore as in the sight of God), the result is not difficult to foresee.

TEST OF ACTUAL DEATH.—A positive method by which real death may be distinguished readily from that which is apparent only has been for a long time a desideratum, and prizes of considerable value have at various times been offered for the announcement of some unerring test to determine between the two.

IMPANELLING JURIES.—Questions alternately by the court, the State's attorney and the defense as usually answered by "an intelligent juror":—"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

THE COURT—"Would you let it stand or change it?" "Change it."

Curran, even in his last illness, could not refrain from indulging in witticism. A few hours before his death his physician remarked to him that his cough had grown worse since the previous evening.

A friend relates the following:—A mile or two from town, he met a boy on horseback crying with cold.

Mark Twain says:—"I have seen slower people than I am—and more deliberate people than I am, and even quieter, and more listless, and lazier people than I am. But they were dead."

A minister asked a tipsy fellow leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died.

If women were as particular in the choosing of a virtuous husband as men are in the choosing of a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would be soon begun.

It has been ascertained that the Crimean war cost £340,000,000; the American civil war, £1,300,000,000; the Italian war, £20,000,000; the Prusso-Austrian war, £66,000,000. The loss of life, it has been estimated, in all these wars together, amounted to 1,700,000 men.

"How fast they build houses now," said H., "they began that building last week, and now they are putting in the lights."

A Michigan woman found a live lizard in the heart of a potato, with no visible means of ingress, and has become insane in an attempt to decide whether the potato hatched the lizard from the seed or the lizard grew the potato as a sort of overcoat.

An eccentric minister in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the weddings he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman.

It is related by an estimable and very pious lady that on her way to Sabbath school she saw several boys, one of whom was a news boy, seated in a doorway playing cards; one of them was a Sunday school scholar of the lady. She stopped and insisted that

they should accompany her to church. After some persuasion three of them consented, but the youngest, a lad of some six years, persistently refused.

TO THINKING INVALIDS. A few plain, earnest words, with such of you as suffer from indigestion, and its usual accompaniment Habitual Costiveness.

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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE BLOOD.—No permanent cure of any ulcerous or eruptive disease can be effected except by constitutional treatment.

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Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

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some to a great extent, I have found the universal Ayer represented by his family medicines, which are often held in fabulous esteem.

CIRCULAR. MONTREAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price.

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

INFORMATION WANTED. OF JOSEPH COX, a native of Beltriet, Co. Cavan Ireland, who emigrated to Montreal, in 1849, with his sister Jane Cox.

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of EDMOND GATES, Trader, Joliette, Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, Dist. of Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. On Tuesday, the eighteenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. FRANCIS VILLENEUVE, By BOURGOUIN & LACROIX, His Attorneys ad litem.

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**1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE.**  
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**MATTERS:**  
1st Simple reading, accentuation and declination;  
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This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, draughts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.  
N.B.—This class furnishes a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes.

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3rd Commercial correspondence;  
4th Calligraphy;  
5th A Treatise on commercial law;  
6th Telegraphing;  
7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions);  
8th Insurance;  
9th Stenography;  
10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course.)

**3RD AND LAST SECTION.**  
4th year.—*Class of Polite Literature.*  
**MATTERS.**  
1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition;  
2nd Contemporary History;  
3rd Commercial and historical Geography;  
4th Natural History;  
5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.);  
6th Architecture;  
7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy.  
5th year.—*Class of Science.*

**MATTERS.**  
1st Course of moral Philosophy;  
2nd Course of civil Law.  
3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada.  
4th Experiments in natural Philosophy;  
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**BANKRUPT SALE**  
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**W. B. BOWIE & CO.'S STOCK,**  
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