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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER VI.

"I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary kind and true;  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to.  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I'll not forget Old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair."

The next day a police-constable, attended by four subordinate officials, made his appearance at Glendariff. "He had been sent down from Dublin," he informed Captain Saunders, "by Donald More, Esq., to protect the property, and see that nothing but Mrs. Halloran's personal effects were removed from the house."

"You've come on a brow errand," said Captain Saunders, with bitter irony, "an' one veel suited to such a hoodie-craw. There na mickle to fear for yer thrapple, as there's only a desolate ladye and twa bairnies to spend yer valor on. Yes, yes, your documents are all correct. You will have perfect indemnity for any audacity you may commit; but, I rede ye, no insult to the ladye. None of us," and a burning spot glowed on the cheeks of the honest old Scotchman,—"none of us were sent here to interfere with her."

The brutal countenance of the man expressed merely a blank and passing look of amazement and annoyance. He evidently had not expected such a reception, and could he have understood the meaning of what the old officer said, he would have sent up to Dublin no favorable report of his loyalty. As it was, the cool irony of his tone, and the unceremonious reception he gave him, stung him in such a manner that, had he been with his equals or his inferiors, he would have given vent to the rage which he now thought it most prudent to suppress.

"It's the law, captain; it's not me, sir.—It's the law. They might all go to the devil, sir, headlong, if the law'd let 'em, and I'd not put a jack-saw in their way," he replied, sullenly. "But somebody must see this Mistress Halloran, and read these documents to her."

"Come with me," said the old soldier, rising from his chair, and striding through the hall towards the drawing-room, which he had seen Mrs. Halloran enter, with her children, a short time before. He tapped lightly on the door, which was opened by Desmond, who sprang back, and stood scowling, at him, while the veins in his forehead swelled out, and his clinched fists were extended forward. Captain Saunders laid his large, branny hand gently on the boy's head, and passed in. Mrs. Halloran arose, with her accustomed grace and courtesy, to receive him, although the appearance of a stranger with him evidently agitated her. She was every instant expecting news from her husband, and if this was the messenger who had come to tell her he was taken, she must die.—So she thought; and Captain Saunders, who read her fears in her pale, anxious countenance, hastened to relieve them, by saying—

"Do not be alarmed, madam. This gentleman, who is of the law, has only come down from Dublin on a mere legal formula, which, I believe, is usual on such occasions; and I, thinking, perhaps, as you have—no, ahem—no friend near ye, took the liberty of breaking the business to you."

"Thank you, from my soul, sir," replied Mrs. Halloran, with a grateful look, and inexpressibly relieved. "What is your business with me, sir?"

"I was sent down, ma'am, from Dublin, by Donald More, Esq."

"To drive me from the shelter of my own roof," she said, in a calm but bitter tone. "It were a needless precaution, however. I shall leave, as I intended, in the morning. It being his, even though unjustly, would be sufficient to drive me from it, if I had no other shelter than those ruins below us, or the fastnesses of the hills."

"Madam, this relates to the graith and effects belonging to yourself. Look over the in—the precious document: hand it to Mrs. Halloran, sir," said Captain Saunders.

"I don't know that it will be strictly according to law, sir."

"It will, Mrs. Halloran, glance over it.—It's nae a flattering document, I'll admit; but may-be the sooner it's over the better," said Captain Saunders, passing the unfolded parchment from the constable's hands to hers.

Her eyes ran rapidly over it. A red spot was soon kindled on each pale cheek, her lips were firmly compressed, and he saw, by the fluttering of the lace on her bosom, how wildly her heart was throbbing, and knew how sharp and deep the blow had struck home. He pitied her. He thought of his own fair daughters in the quiet vale of Kinloch; and had he dared, could he have done it without disloyalty, he would have made her wrongs his own. After she had read it to the last word, she refolded the parchment, handed it back to the man, and, turning to Captain Saunders, said—

"The treachery of friends and kinsmen is harder to bear than injuries received from

strangers. My personal effects are not numerous, and, if my necessities were not so great I would make Donald More a free gift of them, along with the rest I brought John Halloran, still the noblest and best of men, though now outlawed and called rebel, for that which, had it been successful, would have ranked him among the world's best heroes. I brought him but little, except my love and an undying trust in the purity of his character. That no tyranny can rob me of. Have no fears, therefore, for yourself and your employer. I shall give you a list of the effects belonging to me; he will know whether it is correct, and if I am entitled to them. When you receive his reply they can be forwarded to me."

"But see here, madam; look at this clause. It will save you trouble, and me time," said the official. "Here: it reads, 'Mrs. Halloran knows what articles to remove, and will retain only such articles as she is entitled to by possession prior to her marriage with John Halloran.'"

"That is clear enough, madam; and, if an old soldier made advise you, take advantage of it, without giving yourself mair trouble."

"Thank you. That will do," she said, bowing to the police-constable. Then her face dropped down in her long, slender hand, and she was silent and lost in thought. The official left the drawing-room, and the closing door roused her. "Pardon me," she said to the old officer, who had been regarding her with deep interest; "these things come on me like tempests to an unweaned bird. I have had but few cares, and but little to think of except my own happiness, since my marriage with John Halloran. But there is one question I must ask, Captain Saunders. I presume, sir, on your goodness and unexpected friendship, to beg you, as a last favor, to tell me if any news has come of the—of—John Halloran, my husband."

"Madam, I do not know," said Captain Saunders, speaking with the broad accent which made his phraseology almost unintelligible whenever he was excited by any unusual emotion, "that what I have to tell will involve any principle of duty, under existing circumstances. Rumor has made public all I know, and, as our plans are all frustrated regarding him, it will do no harm for you to know that he is either in France or on his way to America."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently; "thank God! Oh, sir, if you knew John Halloran, you would not grudge him his liberty."

"Madam, whatever I may feel for you, I have no sympathy with rebels," outspoke the Scotchman.

"That's what he called me! that's what he called me, mamma! How dare you call my father a rebel, you base English soldier? He's a thousand times better than you are; and if he was here, he'd thrash you away from Glendariff," most unexpectedly shouted Desmond.

"Desmond, my boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, drawing him, flushed and struggling, to her bosom.

"You are a bold little rebel," said Captain Saunders, laughing and trying to lay his hand on the brown, curly head, which still lifted itself defiantly towards him. It would be safe to get you out of the country, before you begin to give out gracious queen trouble. Madam, I must leave you. I wish you well; and if my presence at Glendariff has in any way inconvenienced or distressed you, I hope that the fact of its being involuntary on my part will excuse me."

Mrs. Halloran frankly held out her hand, saying, "I only thank the kind Providence that led you hither. You have been a friend and protector in these sore trials. Had another person been sent to Glendariff, my misery might have been aggravated. But I must say farewell. In the morning I shall leave this place forever."

It did not require much time and labor to select and pack the effects Mary Halloran intended to have removed to Fada-Brae Abbey. Some antique pieces of furniture, beds, and household linen, a few odd old silver vessels of the time of Cormac, her husband's portrait, and three or four copper utensils for kitchen use, all of which had belonged to her mother, or herself before her marriage, and most of which had descended through many generations to her possession, she took. Her jewels and rich clothing, which she never expected to adorn herself with again, she reserved for such contingencies as poverty might disclose, to turn, as occasion might require, into the available means of living. The rest, those rich and beautiful things which the exquisite and elegant taste of John Halloran had gathered around her, and which were, every one, consecrated by some cherished association, she left, or rather abandoned, because in the ruined place she was going to she knew there was scarcely a habitable room, and that everything superfluous would embarrass and inconvenience her. "He will scarcely sell or send them away," she thought, as she wandered through the house that night, lingering beside each precious memento of brighter days: "here they are safe, and I shall love to come in fancy, and people these rooms again with the familiar

faces which have always been here, and think of everything being as he left it and as I saw it last."

Mrs. Shea, as Nora had predicted, remained at Glendariff, and it was difficult to discover whether it was from motives of self-interest or really, as she said, "to keep her eyes on her master's property, that that thief of the world, Donald Dhu, had got his clutch on, but would not hold it long, if *divines* was to be believed. So cheer up, Mistress Halloran, honey, and don't let a cold thought of me come into yer gentle heart. God knows, I'd rayther go; but if I do, who'll take care of yer own till ye come back again?"

Mrs. Shea wept abundantly, and exhibited the most genuine emotions of grief, which were quite satisfactory to all except Nora Brady, who said nothing, but looked sideways, and turned the end of her pretty *retousse* nose a little more towards, the zenith than nature intended. The black man, with his snuff-colored wig and ragged garments, had suddenly disappeared; and when the ears came up from Kildare to take Mrs. Halloran's effects to the distant glen of Agerlow, one of them was driven by a stout, handsome young fellow, whom Nora called "Cousin Dennis," and who was recognized by Captain Saunders's orderly as the blacksmith who had shod his horse a few weeks before.

It is no wonder they did not recognize him as the lame beggar who had been limping so many days about Glendariff, whose barbarous phraseology and idiotic speeches made them entirely unsuspecting of his being other than just what he appeared, a harmless simpleton.—It would be impossible to convey in mere words the bitter anguish that surged through Mary Halloran's soul when she saw the last glimpse of her home. It had been her Eden, but now, driven by inexorable circumstances beyond its gates, the world appeared to her, as it had done to our common mother, Eve, ages ago, when, driven from Paradise, she went forth to a pilgrimage of bitterness and tears. In that hour of farewell, in that little space of time, more earth-ties were broken and torn asunder than sometimes happen in a long lifetime. The weight of years had seemed to fall suddenly on her, and the world stood revealed in its bare mockery to her gaze. *Immunia hopes* had been dashed like frail crystal vases to the earth, and broken; human joys had sung their brief summer song, and fled. And it is well, O merciful God, when the bleak tempests of life tear away from this mortal existence its illusory charms; for even when the shadow is darkest, when we falter and tumble in the gloom, we can see, through the clouds above us, glimpses of that light which never fades, and which is Hope's beacon, smiling and luring us to the land of eternal repose.

She said but little as they journeyed along. The struggle was a silent and bitter one; but gradually the recollection of a merciful and overruling Providence, the tender love of the Holy Virgin, and thoughts of these sorrows being, like life, transitory, soothed her mind.—Then came back the memory of her little ones, and the devotion of Nora, to cheer her. These were deathless: such love and such principles flowed only from God, and she felt that, even in her desolation, there were rills of gladness, and a staff on which her weakness might lean, which would blossom like the prophet's rod.—And the mourner lifted up her head, not rejoicing, but peaceful, and resigned to the will of her Father in heaven.

Situated on a beautiful and picturesque hillside which overhung the glen of Agerlow, the ruins of the old feudal castle and abbey of Fada-Brae presented an imposing spectacle from a distance. Had it been on the Rhine, painters, tourists, and poets would have immortalized it; but here it was scarcely known beyond the obscurity of the valley it overlooked, and the sketch-books of a few antiquarians who had visited it more by chance than intention. And yet its architectural beauties, some of which remain intact, were wonderful, and vindicated eloquently the civilization and perfection of science in the early ages of Ireland. There were the graceful arches, the crusted marbles, the stupendous buttresses, the fantastic gargoyles, the stained glass, which are only imitated in this our day, the splendid architecture, the massive pillars, the groined roof, the rich sculpture,—which time had mildewed, but not erased,—had broken and made ruins of, but not destroyed the fragments, each one of which told a proud tale of other days. And now to the ruined halls of their ancestors the last descendants of the princely McCarthy Mores had come, seeking refuge and shelter. The fox had made his hole, and the cony his burrow, and the owl her nest, in the long-deserted ruins. There was scarcely a portion of them sheltered from the weather. But in the old cloisters, once the holy retreat of saintly men, some small apartments were discovered by Nora and Dennis, which in a short time were rendered habitable, and in a few days Mrs. Halloran was comfortably situated, and things around her began to wear a home-like and pleasant aspect. Dennis exchanged some old silver for a cow and a few necessary farming implements, while Nora, after attending to

Mrs. Halloran's comfort, arranged her kitchen with the same faultless neatness that had always reigned in the one at Glendariff, and privately instructed Ellen, the children's nurse, in the mystery of cooking and getting up linen. As Nora was beginning to prepare for her flight beyond the sea in her search after John Halloran, she was impatient, in the single devotion of her honest heart, to commence her toils in the far-off land she was going to, for which she would receive gold that would purchase comforts, and perhaps a home, for those she loved. One day Dennis Byrne came up from the market town with a letter for Mrs. Halloran. It was a thick, heavy letter, but the direction was in Father McCarthy's handwriting. Nora saw that, but filled with a strange hope, she laid down her work and ran in with it to Mrs. Halloran, who tore off the envelope, and found within a note from Father McCarthy, and a letter from her husband. With a cry of joy, she opened and read it. It was from Boston. He had arrived there in safety, and, except that he was fatigued with the voyage, he was well, and expected to obtain employment, which would enable him to provide a home, in the land of his exile, for his family; but his movements were undecided, and he besought her to remain in quiet and hope until she heard from him again. And then followed an account of his adventures after Dennis Byrne had left him on Ballyhowry Mountain; how, in the disguise of an old woman, he had got on board the smuggler's craft, and had narrowly escaped an English cruiser in the Channel, and been almost shipwrecked on the coast of France, after which his progress was comparatively unobstructed by dangers or delays until he reached in safety the shores of America. Then came a thousand expressions of endearment and anxious solicitude; questions, and words of undying love, and messages of affection to all, especially to his "little dove," Gracie, whom, he said, he would give all the world just to fold one moment to his bosom. He thought of Desmond, he said, as of a young eaglet, who would protect the nestlings at home, who would be a brave, good boy until his father came back. He was ever before him, with his flashing eyes and proud bearing, and it comforted him to know that the boy had in him all the elements of strength necessary to the formation of a great and good character. Nora and Dennis were named with affection, and many were the grateful messages that came to them; then followed words of cheer and full of hope. John Halloran was throughout the letter. His goodness, his nobleness of soul, his kind thoughts for all, were perceptible in every word, until the family at Fada-Brae thought almost that he had been in their midst.

Father McCarthy's note informed Mrs. Halloran of his increasing infirmities, and of a bad cold, which had confined him to his bed. Her sorrows weighed heavily on him in his old age, but he trusted the letter he sent her would cheer and comfort her. As soon as he could get about, she would see him; and any letters she might wish to send to her husband she could inclose to him.

That night, as Mrs. Halloran was sitting alone by her sleeping children, Nora came in quietly, and said she would like to speak to her, if it would not interrupt her. Since the change in Mrs. Halloran's fortunes, instead of behaving with greater familiarity, Nora had treated her with almost scrupulous ceremony, and had impressed it on the minds of Dennis and Ellen that they must never show, by word, or look, or act, their consciousness of the downfall of the family, but must make up by their respect what was wanting in the rest of the world toward her.

"To be sure, Nora dear," replied Mrs. Halloran. "Come in. I feel almost happy to-night. Oh, Nora, God has been very good to me," said she, holding out her hand, while her eyes filled with tears. Nora took the hand and folded it to her bosom, then kissed it, and laid it tenderly down where it was resting when she came in.

"Sit down, dear Nora; sit here, and tell me all you have to say."

"This will do, *suillish machree*," she said, kneeling beside Mrs. Halloran, and laying her hand on hers. "I feel easier so: for I can look right into the face of you."

"Well, as you please. *Yours* is like sunshine to me, Nora, always. But what is the matter?—what do you wish?" said Mary Halloran, smoothing her hand over the glossy black braids on Nora's forehead.

"Well, alanna! I'm thinking, now, that, if you can spare me, I'd better go."

"Go! Nora Brady! Would you leave me?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran.

"Let me tell you, *maivourneen*, how it is.—It's not for myself or my own interests that I'd be goin', but then as Misther Halloran is gone over the seas to Amerikey, an' they say, he can never come back again, and as the fine old property's gone out of the family, and although this is a grand and ancient place, it is poor, and will not support the wants of a lady and two childer, that are high-born like yersel', I thought, as I'm young an' strong, I'd better cross over to Amerikey too, and airn enough to

bring you there, where, please God, we'll all be together once more; an' if we never see Ould Ireland again, we can be true to her in our hearts, and pray for them that's left in it." Here tears gathered and flashed in Nora's fine black eyes, while Mrs. Halloran, comprehending at once all her unselfish devotion, fell forward on her neck weeping.

"How can I spare you, Nora? Yet how to refuse you I cannot tell," at last said Mrs. Halloran.

"Spare me, madam! Why, there's Ellen I've been drilling an' tseling until she bates myself out entirely, and a faithful good, *quite* girl she is, and handy at everything; an' Dennis—why, Dennis can do anything he sets his hands to, sure, an' willing enough he is now for me to go. Then madam, there's Misther Halloran, he might want some better friend by him than strangers if he's sick or in trouble, an' I know I could do many a thing for him, if so be he hasn't got a start yet—God save him."

Mary Halloran was silent and thoughtful.—Nora's last argument had almost persuaded her. Still she felt so dependent on her, and had been so accustomed to seeing her about her, that, in view of the great uncertainty of the success of her plan, she could not at once consent to it.

"America is a country of great extent, Nora. Suppose my husband should have left Boston: you'd find yourself in a strange country, friendless and unprotected," she suggested.

"Surely, ma'am, you ought to know by this time that I've a tongue in my head and wits sharp enough to find him," said Nora, quickly.

"But it takes money!"

"Troth an' I know that; an' it's enough I've got to take me there, an' a little over," she said.

"Nora, dear, you undertake a great deal. Do not let your affection for me and mine mislead you. I confess, it would comfort me to know that you were near my husband; but to send you forth into the wide, cold world—across the perilous ocean—away from the shelter of my home, and from one who loves the earth you tread on,—I cannot do it, Nora, even for John Halloran's sake."

"Then, ma'am, I must go without your consent, because I know, an' God knows, that it will be well in the end. I am ready to go away in the morning."

"Oh, Nora! oh, Nora Brady! can I ever requite your love?" said Mrs. Halloran, in a broken voice. "Since you will, may Heaven bless you; may good angels guide and guard you. Go, and should you find my husband, give my heart's best love to him. But I must write; there are some jewels I must send him to purchase comforts with. Oh that I might go with you!"

That day week, Nora Brady was on her way, in the fine packet-ship "Fidelia," to Boston.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Her heart with love teeming her eyes with smiles  
beaming,  
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare?  
Oh, Nora—dear Nora—the pride of Kildare!"

Notwithstanding Nora's noble purpose,—the principle of right which governed her, and the strong will which animated her impulses and actions,—notwithstanding the bright and almost romantic hopes which had impelled her to brave the perils of the deep and unknown trials in a strange land, there were times when her heart almost failed her,—when memory led her back to the sweet glen and the sunny braes of Agerlow, to deserted Glendariff, and the fond hearts she had left behind her, and tears fell fast and warm. At such times a decade of her rosary was her best comfort; her next was to go among the poor emigrants who crowded the steerage of the "Fidelia," many of whom were old and white-haired, to whom it had been a grievous trial to leave the sod where their fathers slept in hope, to go away to die and be laid among strangers. There were little children, also, who were sick and pining for fresh air and nutritious food, to whom the pent-up atmosphere of the steerage was a slow poison, and the undulating motion of the ship incomprehensible and terrifying. Nora Brady was not one to stand idle in such scenes as these wasting time and energies over the inevitable past and in vague fears for the future.—Her stores were abundant, and had they been less so, she would have shares them with those who needed aid. In the effort to cheer, and strengthen others, she often scattered the clouds which were gathering over her own heart, and filled it with sunshine. She inspired the desponding with courage; she brought smiles to the countenances of the old emigrants by singing the sweet, merry songs of "home" to them. Her busy hands were never idle. She cleaned the sleeping-places of the sick, and prepared food for those who were unable to prepare it for themselves. The little ones hailed her coming with outstretched hands or clamorous shouts; and in all that band of poor, heart-weary exiles there was not one whom Nora Brady had not, in some way, served.—And yet, if any one had told her that her conduct was extraordinary, that she was performing great and meritorious acts, she would have wondered how the performance of apparent



duties deserved remark or eulogy. God had endowed this noble creature with the best instincts of humanity, which, nurtured by a living faith, made her what she was. Yet Nora was not a saint. Nora was not highly educated. She was ignorant of all those accomplishments so valued by the world; yet was Nora a true heroine.

One afternoon a sad, listless feeling came over her, and, stealing away from the group which surrounded her, she sought a retired and sheltered part of the deck; and, seating herself on a coil of rope, she looked wistfully back, through her tears, toward her own beautiful isle,—the land of her birth and love. The sun was setting, and far and near, over the crisp waves, shed a glory of crimson and gold. In the silent and far distance a few white sails were hovering like sea-birds, while all around the horizon, wherever she turned her eyes, the heavens seemed bowed to the verge of the mighty sea. All else of the world, except those broad, rolling billows, seemed curtained away from her sight forever. The solemn and glorious deep above her, the restless and fathomless sea beneath her, the wall of sunlit cloud and dim shadows around her, it is not strange that an inexpressible feeling of awe possessed her.

"Holy Mother," thought Nora, "perhaps we've lost the way. How can it be that we can ever find a country beyond there, where the sky itself is hangin' down like a great wall? But surely I'm losin' the wits I was born with. The same curtain is between me an' the dear old land I left, and I cannot see it, though I know it is there. An' so I reckon it is with heaven,—oh, I know it. We cannot see it, but we know it's up there beyond our sight; that many stand on its bright shore to wait and watch for our comin' to welcome us to our home. Heaven is a beautiful thought! This life's a dim, stormy sea at best, an' it's a pleasant thing to know there's a happy lan' beyond, where tears will be wiped from our eyes forever." Then the rosary was slipped out, and a decade dropped for a happy death, after which she returned to the group she had left with a cheerful countenance and lighter heart.

A stress of rough weather occurred, which continued some days, and the hearts of the bravest of those poor landsmen grew timid and fearful amidst the terrors of the deep. The tossing of the ship, the straining of cordage, the wild shrieks of the wind, kept them in fear of instant death while the storm continued.—Nora needed comfort now, for she was deadly sick and terrified beyond measure,—not at the fear of death, but at the unearthly uproar and frightful sounds which surrounded the ship. But at last the tempest lulled, the clouds drifted away in huge masses, the wild surges, weary of their own fury, grew calmer and more gentle, and at last the sun burst forth in all his splendor, and, like an Eastern king throwing his jeweled robe over a rebellious chieftain, in token of forgiveness for some dark revolt, now spread a mantle of sparkling gold far and wide over the waves. Nora, pale and weak, crept from her berth, and, throwing her cloak about her, slipped away from the others, and, seeking her old place on deck, sat down to think of home, and have a good cry to herself. A fear was on her heart that she should never again see those she loved; that her search for Mr. Halloran could prove fruitless; that perhaps she would sicken and die in the strange land she was going to. The inadequacy of her resources to cope with the difficulties which lay in her way, now, for the first time, presented itself. She could not see the hand which led her, or penetrate the dim mist of the future, any more than she could see beyond the horizon; and, feeling discouraged and out of heart, she thought the best thing for her to do, if Mr. Halloran was not in Boston, would be to return home in the "Fidelia."

Just then Nora was startled by a wild and agonized shriek, and, rushing forward, saw a woman standing on the deck, with her eyes and arms uplifted, almost frantic with terror.—Several of the sailors ran to the spot, and those of the emigrants who were on deck hastily joined the group. Looking up, she saw a boy, some eight years old, clinging to the main-mast, above the last cross-tree. To that dizzy height he had clambered, until now, in attempting to return, he grew sick and giddy, and looked down with a wild and frightened countenance. There was a clamor and shouting from the crowd below, which bewildered and frightened the child still more, who every moment grew whiter and weaker. Suddenly the captain of the ship appeared among the excited people.—He saw at a glance what was the matter, and, commanding instant silence, inquired to whom the boy belonged, and what was his name.

"He is mine, sir, an' we calls him Patsy," said the poor mother, wringing her hands.

"Don't look down, Patsy; look up," shouted the captain; "hold tight and look aloft.—Don't look down again, but feel your way with your feet. That's right. Look up, and tell me how many stars you see through the sunshine. That's it. Look aloft—look aloft, you young monkey, for your life!"

And so, cheering him and watching his perilous descent, keeping his keen eye fixed on every movement, the captain stood brave and hopeful, while the silence and suspense of those around him were so deep and intense that the very shifting of the child's hands and feet on the ropes could be distinctly heard. Lower and lower glanced the bare feet among the black and weather-stained cordage, while the boy's hands, strained and bleeding, clung like the talons of a bird to the tarred ropes, until he was just over their heads, or perhaps a fathom higher.

"Fetch me some brandy and water and a rope-end," said the captain to his steward.

They were brought immediately, and by this time the ambitious Patsy was almost on deck. His mother was rushing forward, when the captain told her kindly to stand aside for a moment. He grasped the unfortunate Patsy by his shoulder, and, after making him swallow

a few mouthfuls of brandy, laid the rope-end over him seven or eight times, while the boy capered and danced like something frantic.

"Now, Patsy, my dear, your circulation is restored, and you can go to your mother. I don't think you'll attempt shortly to clamber up to the ship's sky-scraper, my lad,—a place that no old sailor likes to go to unless there's a dead calm."

Laughter and tears and congratulations mingled together over the still frightened child, who, from that moment, became the darling of every sailor on board, and who, by the time the ship reached Boston, was as expert and agile in climbing and going aloft as a monkey.

This incident brought Nora's smiles back.—It had been a good thing for her, those warning words. "Look aloft; if you look down you'll fall." She determined from that hour to "look up" always; no matter how great the danger and how dreary the storm, to "look aloft." And when the incorrigible Patsy told her how dizzy and sick he had felt on the main-mast, and how his fingers were just slipping from their hold when the captain shouted to him to look up, and how, as soon as he did look up, he felt strong and steady," she understood more fully the necessity there was for evermore looking up.

At last the "Fidelia" was safely moored at her dock in Boston harbor, and Nora felt truly that she was a stranger in a strange land.—Friends were waiting on the pier for many on board. The poorest emigrants had a welcome from kinsmen who had sent out for them and now waited to receive them; but, in all the crowd, no one thought of her; no eye met hers with a smile and tear; no rough, honest hand grasped hers and bade her welcome. In all those ten thousand dwellings no hearth-stone held a warm place for Nora. Not in all that city, or in all the broad land, was there greeting or welcome for the stranger. It was hard to bear; but Nora looked up, and was comforted. Her chest and other things were gathered around her. The steward, who was a countryman of her own, knew of some respectable people, friends of his, who took boarders, to whose house he would conduct her as he put himself in shore trim.

Thomas McGinnis and his wife received her most kindly, and she felt at once that she had found friends. With a few boarders, a small grocery, and two cows, they not only lived comfortably, but had saved money and purchased property, affording another proof that, with equal opportunities, the Irish are as thrifty as any people under the sun. Nora soon inquired if Thomas McGinnis had heard of Mr. Halloran. That was the burden of her heart; and if "she could get a single trace of him, she should feel that her efforts in behalf of those she loved at home were not to be unavailing." So she said after she had told the good man and his wife her story, or as much of it as it was necessary for them to know. But no one there had heard of him, although, as Mr. McGinnis remarked, "he might be there fifty times and be none the wiser. But I know of a place, Miss Brady," he said, "where you'd be likely to hear something of the gentleman you're seeking."

"And where is that, sir?" asked Nora, leaning forward, and speaking earnestly.

"Why, bedad, it's at the 'Pilot' Office, where they get news from every part of the known world, especially from the old land at home. There is nothing worth knowing turns up, miss, that you don't see in the 'Pilot,' and Mr. Donahoe's a man that's not ashamed of his country or his religion, but stands up boldly for both; and as for Mr. Halloran, if he's been to Boston, he'll be sure to know it. Our boy Willie's learning the art of printing at the 'Pilot' Office, and it would be right handy for you to go and ask a few questions yourself."

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE STORM.

We continue our extracts from the correspondence of the London Times and other journals, descriptive of the aspect that Paris and France present at the close of the disastrous war.

During the last few days I have visited many of the Prussian siege batteries, and am now engaged in studying the Forts and the positions round Paris. General Walker has been kind enough to drive me about, so that I have had his valuable experience as a guide. Every day confirms the opinion that an army composed of good soldiers, led by well-instructed officers, could not have been held in so long.

The heaps of dead soldiers whom I have seen lying on fields of battle forbid any doubt of French personal courage. The vast columns of unwounded prisoners sent each day to Germany told as certainly that there was a prevalent distrust of their officers, and disbelief in success. Had the Germans been within and the French without Paris, I believe that the Germans would have broken out in several directions at once and scattered their adversaries as chaff before the wind. But as for the bombardment, though the French gunners in many cases left their pieces and covered for shelter in the casemates, so little real damage was done to the Forts that they were hardly less powerful at the end than at the beginning of the iron storm. If Paris had not lacked provisions the bombardment must have come to an end in time for want of ammunition, and without the creation of a single breach where stormers could have entered.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

To those who would learn what are the effects of war between civilized nations, yet cannot spare time from their work in London for more than a day or two, I would recommend a journey to Paris and just one drive. Let them not rush to Versailles and plume themselves upon having sat at the table where Bismarck and Moltke sat, or stood where William was crowned Emperor of Germany. Rather let them drive out to Issy and thence through Sevres to St. Cloud; or still better, let them drive out through Montrouge and Châtillon to the top of the hill above Châtillon and Clamart, and look down from the batteries upon Paris, lying rosy and cream-colored in the sun as it was to-day, thence pass through Clamart to Meudon and so down to Sevres and St. Cloud. At this moment there is no other drive in Europe so full of human interest.

By the side of the road from Clamart to Meudon is a hill, and on the hill a pretty Swiss chalet, standing in a garden with lawns and flower-beds. Above

the lawn and beside the house a great heap of earth, where all ought to be so trim and well kept. It is a Prussian battery intended to shell Issy; Paris, and the French battery at Pont du Jour, where the circular railway behind the enceinte of Paris crosses the Seine. The lodge is a mere wreck, and when you enter the grounds through a gap in the fence you will imagine yourself in a field ploughed by a huge plough into irregular furrows and gaping hollows; but the furrows have been made by terrible projectiles and the hollows by bursting shells. The front of the chalet looks as if it had received little damage, for the hole made by a shell through wood is small and round. Inside the destruction is complete. Floors torn up, smashed mirrors, furniture dashed to pieces, huge gaping holes in partition walls, such are the effects of shell fire upon human dwellings. Yet what are wrecked houses in comparison with the tombs so perfectly created to house the souls of men? Such bodies lie not far from each battery of the attack; sometimes in heaps thrown hastily into pits, sometimes under separate mounds of earth, with crosses at the head and perfectly simple inscriptions. On battle-fields, where there is little time for tenderness, you read "Here lie — brave German soldiers and — French," almost always more French than Germans. Where the carnage has not been so great the single graves are often fenced round with stone, and the legend tells the name, regiment, and date of the brave soldier's death, who fell fighting "for king and country." On one near the mortar battery there is the torn cap of Fusilier König and the fragments of the shell which suddenly tore the life out of him. Is it too much to ask that these fragments may be kept where they lie? The French are brave and kindly enough to respect the grave of a fallen enemy. May English tourists be equally considerate.

Then come the Chateau de Meudon and Batteries No. 2, 3, 4, and 16, on the terrace commanding another magnificent view of Paris and of Forts Issy and Vanves, across a space now calm and pure, where nothing moves the limpid blue atmosphere, but lazily-sailing rocks lately paired, enjoying the sunlight and the happiness Nature provides in the early year for all her creatures. Can it be that only a few days ago, from dawn till dark and from dark till dawn, in sunlight or gloom, or dank fog, or rain, whether the air were clear or objects were invisible at a hundred yards' distance, the space was full of those awful messengers of death, flying swiftly to and fro, shrieking and hurrying, bursting frequently with awful crash, and that they were hurled from the latest-invented machines by God's wisest creation—man, because he could not endure to see his brother strong and prosperous? It is wonderful. Now drive down the road towards Sevres, and the first object which strikes the eye is Prince Napoleon's travelling carriage upset to serve as a barricade, so that it may be impossible for a Frenchman to pass along his own road. Walk round the environs of Paris now and you will see such desolation as could hardly be produced by fire, while the wealth which should be taxed to support the thousands of ruined households will be required to pay the costs of the war, and the contributions exacted by the conquerors. Within the city men are mocking now at their own misfortunes, as they did awhile since at the efforts of the Germans. In the journals are to be found stories without end, written in a tone half comic half tragic. The self-love of the Frenchman is such that if he cannot crow over others he will crow over himself, and this manner of meeting misfortune is not without its greatness. But let no one be deceived by the show of levity. The heart that is strong enough to bear trouble with apparent levity is none the less full of bitter grief and mortification. The educated classes have something still left to them. Their losses, though great, may be only temporary. Their fortunes may be restored and their homes rebuilt; they know also how to rise superior to misfortune. But the poorer people cannot conceal their grief, and it is hard to go among them without tears in one's eyes. Granted that many of them shouted with the soldiers "A Berlin!" a few months ago. Granted that they would have leaped with equanimity that Potsdam or Spandau had been laid in ashes. In such case the sympathy of English men and women would have been given to the German sufferers—was given, indeed, when it was thought that Germany would have to suffer first. Granted, also, that there is war in many a house in the Fatherland, and that English sympathy is due there to the hearts bleeding from the wounds inflicted during the war. All this need not make us forget that here, close to England, are many thousands of men and women deprived of their homes, their fathers, brothers, lovers, and every means of subsistence, without money to buy food, who have sorrow for their daily bread, and whose only drink is tears.

It is the greatest mistake to suppose that the starvation of the people has ended with the siege; it is only really beginning now. How it will end it is impossible to conjecture, but with thousands of working men crying for bread or work, the population may be diminished by other ways than by famine. I trust I am not taking an unduly gloomy view of its situation. But looking at the trials through which they have passed, the dangers by which they are still surrounded, and the chaotic future before them, there is something appalling in the levity and recklessness which characterize the attitude of the population. At this moment I am assured by medical men in large practice that confluent small-pox of a very virulent type is clearly on the increase, but the figures are not published, so as not to excite alarm.

The British public are to be congratulated on the generous impulse which prompted them to send large supplies of provisions to their starving brethren in Paris. I was present at a scene last night which none of those who have subscribed to that fund could have supposed would have resulted from it, and which all would have been astonished and gratified to witness. I had heard on the occasion of my previous visit to the Rue des Petits Peres, the scene of Mr. Moore's distribution, that the applicants took up their positions over night in a queue, so as to be among the first served in the morning, and determined to verify the fact, I accompanied Colonel Stuart Wortley at midnight to the locality in question. Passing through streets still dark and silent in Paris at this hour, we reached the Bonaparte, and already the hum, one might almost say the subdued roar, of thousands of voices struck the ear. In a moment we came upon the outskirts of what was apparently a mighty crowd, though it was too dark to see much until we found ourselves actually in the midst of a dense mass of women and children, heaped upon one another in amicable confusion, and extending down the street as far as the eye could penetrate its gloom. Not that it was altogether dark, for numbers of candles fitted through the crowd, or formed the centre of groups of squatting or dozing figures. The scene was so unexpected and unique that for a moment it was difficult to realize that here were at least 10,000 human beings who were deliberately bivouacking in the streets of the most beautiful and luxurious capital in Europe for the sole object of being the first to receive some bread and cheese in the morning. The queue extended probably half a mile. The extreme end, composed of the last arrivals, were still standing in close and serried ranks, as if they were awaiting an event which was immediately to come off. The row was four or five deep. Every woman had her ticket, and most of them a basket, and they were laughing and chatting merrily, although they had already been standing in the same spot several hours. I asked one of them when she expected to arrive at the door of the warehouse where she would receive her portion. "The day

after to-morrow morning, Monsieur," she replied, as calmly as if she was talking of a journey to St. Petersburg. "What, are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the street?" I asked. "Pourquoi pas?" she said; "all the others do it." "Do you think what you receive at last will be worth waiting for forty-eight hours?" "I don't mind waiting any more than my neighbours for what those good English send us; they tell me it is well worth while, and be assured, Monsieur, we shall never forget the generosity which has given us food when we wanted it so much." I found these people had come from all the four corners of Paris—from Belleville, from Vaugirard, from the Faubourg St. Antoine; many miles had some of them trudged to wait two days and nights in the streets for a ration of flour, cheese, bacon, and biscuit.

I walked along the whole line and talked to several. From all I heard the same story; not a murmur of discontent at waiting, a great deal about "ces bons Anglais," and a most perfect confidence that what they were going to receive would more than repay them for the discomfort and fatigue they were undergoing. As I walked further along the queue the crowd became more diversified in its appearance and attitude; the people here had been waiting longer, and seemed to have one recognized post, and could afford to be a little more irregular in their positions. Both pavements were in places taken up with recumbent figures, lying in rows wrapped in blankets. In one place a couple seemed fairly to have gone to bed on a rug or mattress in the middle of the street. In others the groups were squatting in a circle, in the midst of which was a candle, sometimes singing in chorus, sometimes laughing and chatting and telling stories. The general impression produced was that they were enjoying themselves immensely, and looked upon the whole thing as a capital joke. In one place a group of children were playing cards, while the contrivances of others to turn in comfortably for the night were most original and amusing. It was often difficult to tell in the confused mass of female humanity where one ended and the other began. Although, properly speaking, men were not allowed to form in the queue, a few were scattered here and there, evidently to keep the places for their wives. Those who had been long waiting were allowed little privileges, and could leave the queue and come back to it without losing their place. At last we reached the favoured groups who formed the head of the column, and who were the first to be served in the morning. "How long have you been here?" I asked a lady-like young woman in black, evidently of a superior class to those by whom she was surrounded. "Since 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Monsieur," she replied. It was now midnight, so that she had been 39 hours in the queue. Had one not had ocular demonstration of the fact it would have been incredible that people could have patiently undergone such an ordeal, and if anything could prove how highly the English gifts are appreciated it would be the scene which I witnessed last night.

Anxious to judge of the condition of some of the hospitals, especially those which were in the quarter exposed to fire, and to verify the reports as to the amount of damage done, I visited the establishment of Les Enfants de Jesus, in which it was reported that 17 children had been killed in their beds, and was glad to find that this was entirely mythical. Twelve shells fell in the garden and courtyard, but not a child was injured in any way, their beds having been removed to cellars and other places of comparative safety. The mortality in this establishment had however, exactly doubled during the five months of the siege. In the Enfants Trouves the results were still more painful. Here again, although eight shells had fallen into its precincts, no one was injured; but the altered conditions by the Siege told heavily upon it in various ways. Your readers are doubtless aware that the old plan of placing the children in a cradle which communicated directly with the street no longer exists, and the mother who wishes to abandon her infant is obliged to bring it to the office, and do so formally. Besides this class of infants are those who are placed here by parents who are sick in hospital or otherwise temporarily incapacitated from looking after them. Both these categories largely increased during the siege. The function of the establishment being simply to receive infants, and then pass them instantly on to the nurses provided for them in the country, the sudden blockade of the city threw an unexpected and most serious difficulty in their way. They found that it was impossible either to provide nurses or to send the infants to them. As often as it was possible they prevailed upon the mothers to take them back, offering them 20 francs a month to do so. Even with this bribe the reluctance they manifested to be burdened with their own children was astonishing, and the majority absolutely refused, only 2 per cent. accepting. The increasing sickness, both among men and women, arising in the former case often from wounds, the prevalence of smallpox, and contagious fevers, increased largely the number of children whose parents were unable to take care of them, and the consequence was a degree of overcrowding under conditions which could not but be attended with the most fatal results. The bad air, the want of natural nourishment, the necessity of inventing places of safety and of carrying tender infants to and fro—900 were put in the cellars—all tended to produce the most frightful amount of mortality. Strong, healthy-looking babies pined away and died in a week. One of the employes told me it was touching to watch the little things, afflicted, apparently, with no disease, waste gradually away, and flicker out at last for sheer want of oxygen and proper food. I went into a room full of babies, none of whom had been six months in the world, and found them in the arms of children under 12 years of age. There was not a wet-nurse in the place. A nice-looking woman, who had charge of the room, was the only grown-up person in it, in which there were upwards of 50 babies. It was the strangest sight to see these rows of little girls, each with a baby and a milk bottle, each holding a wizened little scrap of mortality, swathed like a diminutive mummy, and apparently too weak to do more than occasionally give vent to a thin piping sound, that made one feel for the first time in one's life that a good healthy squall from any number of them would have been a grateful and cheering noise; but the next room we entered was far more painful than this. Here, seated in a large semi-circle round a mild and suffering-looking woman who was in charge, were a number of little children, from two to five years old, silent and motionless on their little stools, the picture of resignation and disease. One-third had bandages round their eyes, from ophthalmia, and were sitting in darkness; others had their hands and feet bandaged up and were covered with sores. Nearly all seemed suffering from inherited disease of a most horrible and revolting character, and gazing at their shrunken frames so disfigured and destined to so much suffering, it seemed almost a cruelty to prolong their existence. Here as in the room above, there seemed the same incapacity for crying the stillness among all these sick and suffering children told its own tale. And yet this was not a hospital; it was a place of deposit for new-born infants and healthy children, and this was their condition after five months' siege. The abandoned babies are distinguished from those which are deposited by tickets pinned upon their breasts. The mortality from the 1st of September to the 1st of January amounted to 960, as against 189 of the previous year. The total number of children deposited was 1,362, and of children abandoned 2,071, making altogether nearly 3,500 children placed in the institution during the last four months of last year.

There are so many delusions connected with the siege of Paris, in which not only the public of other

countries but the Parisians themselves believe, that I have found it an interesting occupation to verify some of the statements which, by dint of repetition, doubtless go down to posterity as facts, and which will I was under the distinct impression, derived from apparently trustworthy sources, that the pangs of hunger had been so great as to have reduced the inhabitants to the necessity of eating all the animals in the Jardin des Plantes. With the view of satisfying myself on that point I visited that popular resort on the brightest of Sunday afternoons.

The gardens had apparently been a point of especial bombardment, and no fewer than 83 shells had fallen into their comparatively limited area. We went to the glass-houses to judge for ourselves of the four shells fell into the glass-houses and shattered the greater part of them to atoms. A heap of glass fragments lying hard by testified to the destruction, but the effect of the shells was actually to pulverize the glass, so that it fell almost like dust over the gardens. The consequence was that nearly the whole of this most rare and valuable collection was exposed to one of the coldest nights of the year, and while the plants suffered the most singular effects from the concussion; the fibres were stripped bare, and the bark peeled off in many instances. One house into which we went presented a most lamentable appearance of bare poles; scarcely a leaf was left.

The animals fared better than the plants—not only have none of them been eaten by the population of Paris, as the latter fondly suppose, but although several shells burst among them they have escaped uninjured. Of course, when food was so scarce for human beings, the monks and their companions were put upon short allowances. This fact, coupled with the extreme rigour of the season, increased the rate of mortality among them, one elephant died, but was not eaten. The two elephants and the camel that were eaten belonged to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and had been removed in the early stage of the siege from their ordinary home in the Bois de Boulogne, for safety, to the Jardin des Plantes, where, however, it would appear, it was not to be found. The birds screamed and the animals covered, as the shells came crashing overhead and bursting near them, as they do when some terrific storm frightens them; latterly they seemed to become used to it; fortunately the part of the garden which they inhabit is somewhat removed from the museum, at which the fire seemed more especially directed.

THE FUTURE.

What I much fear is the result of this Peace in France itself. I trust the people do not all think like those to whom I have been speaking lately.—If so, the world will see a whole nation gone stark staring mad when they most need their sober senses. I have been riding about in all the villages near, such as Meudon, Bas Meudon, Clamart, Bellevue, Montrouge, Boulogne-la-Groiselle, Lancy, and conversing with the men in the ruined streets and at work in the fields, and with two or three exceptions, they are convinced that "their enemies were led by their Generals." "Betrayed" and "sold" are the words—trahis, vendu, &c.—in all their variations.—Treachery, Vinteuil, D'Arville—any name you mention, it is all the same. It was bought by the Orleansists and by Bismarck, or by the Emperor and Bismarck, according to the taste of the speaker. To believe that they could not beat the Prussians would be heresy and death without benefit of clergy. But if you ask how all this was managed, the explanations are not easy or lucid.

Unhappily, the experience of France has hitherto led her to look upon all public men with distrust, as using political life as a mere means of accomplishing their private purposes; and the strange delusion exists, though they have America before their eyes, that under a Republic a higher standard of civil virtue is likely to be developed than under any other set of institutions. It would probably require at least a year of Republican government to convince them of the error of this notion; but one can scarcely wonder that they should entertain it, considering their late experiences under the Empire. I was struck by the hopeful feature last night of a strong disinclination on the part of the audience to listen to windy rhetoric, and one orator, who a few months ago would have brought down the house by his allusion to Parisian heroism, was, to his astonishment, interrupted by cries of "Ce sont des phrases!"

There are a thousand good reasons, in my opinion, why M. Thiers should not govern France, but there is one, and that an all-sufficing reason, why he should. There is nobody else to put at the head of a Provisional Government. The head of the Executive at such a crisis, if he is to last a week, must rightly or wrongly, possess some prestige and inspire some confidence. M. Thiers, who has been elected by 23 Departments, and has polled more than a million of votes, certainly possesses these qualifications, and seems, therefore, naturally designated for the post of Ruler. Before he left Paris he declared to his friends here that he was for the maintenance of the Republic. Should he be elected President it is probable that his conversion to Republicanism will be greatly fortified. Whether the Republic will be equally strengthened thereby is another question. It is simply ridiculous to say, as certain papers do, that France has at length found her Washington! The only thing that M. Thiers' elevation would clearly prove is the terrible barrenness of poor France in this her hour of need, when such a worn-out, mischief-making, garrulous, and narrow-minded politician is her best choice, simply because he is the only man who, besides an ardent love for his country, has some notion of government and administration, and whose name is known to the rest of Europe. The great object at present is evidently to postpone all Constitutional questions till after the conclusion of Peace.

GARIBOLDI AND HIS FOLLOWERS.—The Times is of opinion that there were a lot of horrid brutes, more injurious to France than the Prussians:—

Whatever may be thought of Garibaldi himself, I fear it cannot be denied that the services of his followers to France have been of rather an equivocal character. I have heard people say that the Garibaldians were often regarded with more dislike and distrust by the French peasantry than were the Prussians themselves; that, whereas, the Prussians blew up bridges or destroyed houses only or chiefly where the destruction served a definite military object, the Garibaldians, in their furious zeal, destroyed right and left, sometimes without the slightest discrimination. They are accused, too, of carrying their bigoted abhorrence of bigots to the most unjustifiable and impolitic lengths, going out of their way to look for opportunities of insulting unoffending priests, deliberately selecting churches as stables for their horses, and in many similar ways foolishly outraging the most-cherished and deep-rooted feelings of the people they had come to protect. On all these points the cool-headed Prussians have been wiser in their generation than the self-constituted children of light. The Prussians, too, have carried system even into their plundering. They understand the value of brute force too well to waste it. The Garibaldians when they plundered—which they did occasionally, unless they are cruelly libelled—plundered in a rough, bungling sort of fashion. Their Southern blood, too, is said to have betrayed them into certain scapes and scoundrels out of which the well-disciplined and phlegmatic Prussians contrived to keep. They are charged with the offences which every population, civilized or uncivilized, resents most fiercely and forgives last: a want of respect for female honor.



SCENE AT A FRENCH RAILWAY STATION.

The Standard's correspondent, writing from Amiens, gives the following description of a scene he witnessed at the Railway station there on the arrival of the first train which had been allowed to leave from the besieged capital.

The utility of the Penec Preservation Act has been recently shown in some special instances. Catherine Murphy, wife of Captain Lidwell's bailiff, who was murdered three months ago, has served notice of an application to the grand jury at the approaching assizes of Nemagh for compensation for herself and 4 children.

what a generation might bring forth? Could the Attorney-General or any other person, by bill or information, restrain them and compel them, against the will of the entire community, to spend the money on purposes of charity? He (the Lord Justice) apprehended not.

Certain diplomatic correspondence is published which shows the part taken by England in the negotiations for peace at Versailles.

Republic is becoming daily more popular in the manufacturing districts of England, and may soon spread to the agricultural population.

The laws of Divorce in the United States are almost as varied as the States themselves, and as a consequence, in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, skilful lawyers find but little difficulty in separating man and wife at will, and in paying the way for second, third, or fourth marriages of parties once joined together.

The House of Commons has passed the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

SMARACTH WITH THE POPE.—The ladies of Ireland have determined to present an address to the Holy Father expressing profound veneration and sorrowing sympathy.

THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS have issued a circular, with their accustomed foresight, warning the Guardians that there is a greater tendency to the outbreak of epidemic disease at present in the country than has existed for many years past.

AMONG THE PROOFS which are afforded of the growing confidence of the tenantry in the security given by the Land Act, not the least remarkable are the sides of their interests by public auction in the county of Tipperary.

LEGAL RIGHTS OF SISTERSHOOD.—A case has just been decided in the Chancery Court of Appeal in which the decision of the Vice-Chancellor has been upheld, holding a devise to the Sisters of Mercy void at law.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald has flated a presentment for £500 to the family of M-Madon, who was murdered at Emynval, in the county of Monaghan, on the 12th of July last.

THE ASSIZES.—On Monday the assizes were opened in Longford, Armagh, Leitrim, and Meath. Addressing the respective Grand Jurors the Judges charged with the Commission congratulated them on the gratifying lightness of the calendar, the paucity of prisoners for trial, and on the generally peaceable condition of the four counties.

FIRE IN GREAT BRISWICK-STREET, DUBLIN.—On Friday a fire was discovered to have broken out on the premises of Mr. O'Toole, printer, 6, Great Brunswick-street, in a place where a large quantity of paper was kept.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL says.—A few days ago, Mr. Hugh Martin, one of the cornermen for the county of Meath, held an inquest at Navan, to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of an old man named Sheeran, who, with three of his brothers, resided at Stackallen.

BRYAN DILLON IS CORK.—Bryan Dillon, one of the released political prisoners, had an enthusiastic reception on his arrival in Cork from Dublin, on Monday evening.

GREAT BRITAIN. LONDON, March 24th.—The Times of to-day, commencing upon its Philadelphia letter expresses misgivings as to the result of the labors of the High Commission, unless the American Commissioners and Government show a firmer appreciation of the question than the Senate.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS has passed the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

EARL GRANVILLE announced that the Conference on the Eastern question had closed, and that a treaty had been signed at the foreign office abrogating the restrictions on the admission of foreign men-of-war into the Dardanelles and Bosphorus.

THE PAROLE OF OFFICERS.—Captain Frederick Robertson, R.A., of Batherton, a cadet of 1803, writes on the subject, citing the conduct of Sir Charles Napier at Corunna who though not a parolee refused to avail himself of the means provided by the townspeople for his embarkation to England, on account of the confidence reposed in him by Marshal Soult, and the kindness he had received.

DRAWING-ROOM ALCOHOLISM.—There is an increasing evil under the sun, one of pressing importance, but so contrary to our English traditions, and to our notions of the fitness of things, that we are unwisely inclined to hush it up.

THE HOUSE NEVER EXCEEDS the sherry she can carry with dignity and self-approval, and gets decently through her daily round of dandy lively occupation, she remains a proof that a woman with a taste for strong liquors has seldom any other taste.

REPUBLICAN FEELING IN ENGLAND.—The idea of a Republic is becoming daily more popular in the manufacturing districts of England, and may soon spread to the agricultural population.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS has passed the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

EARL GRANVILLE announced that the Conference on the Eastern question had closed, and that a treaty had been signed at the foreign office abrogating the restrictions on the admission of foreign men-of-war into the Dardanelles and Bosphorus.

THE PAROLE OF OFFICERS.—Captain Frederick Robertson, R.A., of Batherton, a cadet of 1803, writes on the subject, citing the conduct of Sir Charles Napier at Corunna who though not a parolee refused to avail himself of the means provided by the townspeople for his embarkation to England, on account of the confidence reposed in him by Marshal Soult, and the kindness he had received.

DRAWING-ROOM ALCOHOLISM.—There is an increasing evil under the sun, one of pressing importance, but so contrary to our English traditions, and to our notions of the fitness of things, that we are unwisely inclined to hush it up.

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THE LAWS OF DIVORCE in the United States are almost as varied as the States themselves, and as a consequence, in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, skilful lawyers find but little difficulty in separating man and wife at will, and in paying the way for second, third, or fourth marriages of parties once joined together.

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ROTTERDAM, MISSISSIPPI.—On Monday in the town of Meridian, Miss., where a negro was on trial for murdering a white man, a mob of about 100 persons gathered in the street, and commenced a general assault on the negro.

IMAGINE THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS of New York going about among the bankers and brokers, and saying, "Gentlemen, your money and bonds are a standing incitement to all the thieves in the city.

RESOLUTIONS couched in the vein of Mr. Howard's, and speeches like Gen. Butler's, and threats like those of the President's message, will not restore the lost harmony; nor will they hasten the equitable adjustment of the troubles.

NEW YORK, March 8.—A Washington despatch states that the Joint High Commission will proceed with its sessions at 11 o'clock to-day. No length has been fixed for their daily sessions yet, as there is a general desire on the part of the members they will probably make the most of their time.



The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1871.

Friday, 24—Precious Blood.  
Saturday, 25—ANNUNCIATION, Obl.  
Sunday, 26—Passion Sunday.  
Monday, 27—Of the Feria.  
Tuesday, 28—Of the Feria.  
Wednesday, 29—Of the Feria.  
Thursday, 30—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There are sad tidings from Paris. An insurrection has broken out, and blood has flowed. The insurgents having taken possession of Montmartre it was attempted to dislodge them. Of the troops sent against them, many are said to have fraternized with the insurgents, whose aim seems to be set up a Red, Social Republic, and to inaugurate the "three hours of pillage" which the said Reds teach is the only remedy for the diseases of the body social. Several officers of high rank, having fallen into the hands of the insurgents, have been murdered in cold blood; among the names of these thus dealt with we find those of Generals De Chanzy, Lecomppte, Thomas and Vinoy, though as yet the fate of the latter is doubtful. The City is in the hands of the insurgents; the Red flag flies from the Hotel de Ville; and it is expected that the movement will extend to all the large Cities of France.—In fact the old tiger spirit of '93 has broken out, and a Reign of Terror appears to be imminent.

Napoleon has arrived in England. The Sovereign Pontiff has formally repudiated the guarantee (?) offered by the Piedmontese Government. The High Joint Commission continues its sittings at Washington; it is rumored that the U. States will buy up the Canadian claims to the exclusive right of fishing within the three miles limit.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF THREE RIVERS, ON THE DUTIES OF THE FAITHFUL DURING THE ELECTIONS.

LOUIS FRANCIS LAFLECHE,

By the Grace of God and favor of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Three Rivers, &c., &c., &c.

To the Clergy and Laity of our Diocese, Health and Benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—

During the course of next summer, you will be called upon to exercise one of your most precious privileges, that of choosing Deputies to represent you in the House of Assembly.—At the beginning of this holy time of penance, wherein the Church exhorts you to examine the state of your conscience, and to give your most special care to your eternal interests and to the salvation of your souls, We deem it proper and salutary to recall to your minds the duties which religion and conscience enjoin upon you, in the exercise of this privilege, and to point out to you the abuses and disorders into which so many are led during those days of excitement. Those disorders are well known to you; many a time you have deplored them and bewailed them with ourselves, and yet the evil continues to increase. It has even reached such an extent, that the last Provincial Council of Quebec deemed it necessary to take the matter into serious consideration, and to issue a decree in order to check its further progress and remove the evil altogether. This decree, with all the other decrees of the Fourth Council of Quebec, has received the approbation and sanction of the Holy See. The doctrine it contains, and the rules it sets forth to guide the conduct of the faithful, thus emanate from the highest authority that God, in His mercy, has given us upon earth to enlighten us upon our duties, and to direct us in their accomplishment. We have thought that the holy time of Lent, when you are preparing yourselves for the great festival of Easter, was the most favorable time to lay before you this salutary decree, and to give you thereupon the

necessary explanations. Having been chosen to co-operate with God in the work of your salvation, We exhort you to not close your hearts to his grace during those days wherein he pours it forth upon you in greater abundance, and during which this merciful God is more particularly disposed to listen to your prayers, and to grant you the assistance of which you stand in need. "Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile, ecce nunc dies salutis." "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—(11. Cor. vi. 2). To the holy time of Lent especially does the Church apply these words of the Apostle St. Paul.

Here then, Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the text of this important decree of the Fourth Council of Quebec:

ON POLITICAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE ELECTIONS.

"It is a fact well known to all from a deplorable experience, that the elections of Deputies to the Legislative Assembly, and of Municipal Councillors have become, for our people, if not the cause, at least a certain and most dangerous occasion of corruption, of disorder, and innumerable sins of all kinds; of lies, of calumnies, of delusion, of drunkenness and quarrelling, of blasphemy and perjury, &c., &c.; and matters have already attained such a degree, that both electors and their partisans seem to be possessed of a certain spirit of madness and error. "Alas! in those days of iniquity, how many are audacious enough to shut their ears against the voice of their conscience, to cast away from their minds the fear of God, and even God himself, as if everything were then allowed them, or as if God did not see them, or would not remember their actions and judge them.—(Ps. 10).

"Let, therefore, the Priests, the ministers of the Lord, raise their voices against such a subversion of all the principles of religion and morality; let them rise up strenuously against so great and so baneful an evil; let the Pastors of souls lift up their voices and show their people their evil-doings, and the children of the Church their sins.—(Isaiah LVIII. 1).

"Let them cease not; and let them not fear the clamours of the wicked and the evil-doers.

"Let those same Pastors moreover, lose no occasion to warn the faithful intrusted to their charge against the seductions, the scandals and all the dangers of those evil days; long before those elections, but especially when they are about to take place, let them carefully remind their flocks that God is the King of Kings and the Sovereign Lord of elections; that He will Himself one day judge electors, and candidates, and the elected; and that He will show no more mercy to those who may have sinned during elections, than to those who shall have sinned outside of elections.

"Let them diligently instruct them upon their duties concerning those elections, making them clearly understand, that the same law which confers upon citizens the right of voting, at the same time strictly obliges them to give their vote when required, and always according to their conscience and before God, for the greater benefit of holy religion, as well as of the State and their country; that consequently they are bound, before God and in conscience, to give their vote to the candidate whom they judge to be really an honest man, capable of discharging the important duty intrusted to him—that of watching over the interests of religion and the State, and of faithfully devoting his efforts to their preservation and promotion. From this it is evident that all those who sell their votes, or give them for any reason whatever, to a candidate whom they know to be unworthy, are guilty not only before man, but also before God.

"Let Pastors faithfully teach these things to their flocks, as faithful ministers of Jesus Christ should do; let them insist on them and adhere to them with all charity and patience, without proceeding any further under ordinary circumstances. And should there occur particular or extraordinary circumstances, let them take care to do nothing without having previously consulted their Bishop."

These are, Dearly Beloved Brethren, the serious warnings and the important directions which the Fathers of the Fourth Council of Quebec have judged it necessary to give to Pastors and to the Faithful, with regard to elections; and which the Holy Father in his wisdom has approved and sanctioned for the greater benefit of your souls, for the prosperity of religion, and the happiness of our beloved country.

This decree visibly contains three very distinct parts:—1stly, it points out the number and greatness of the disorders, and the gravity of the sins that accompany elections; 2ndly, it enjoins on Pastors the obligation of instructing the faithful intrusted to their care upon their duties as electors: 3rdly, finally it teaches that those duties concern equally both Church and State, religion and country, and are obligatory in conscience and under pain of sin.

It is, therefore, a painful truth, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that a great many of the Faithful are blindly led into the greatest disorders, and into a multitude of sins, on the occasion of elections; and what is still more to be deplored, is that the greater number deceive themselves on the gravity of those sins, and imagine that conscience has nothing to do with them. In order to dispel so dangerous an illusion, We here draw your attention to the declaration of the Fathers of the Council, who denounce in the most energetic words, at the outset of their decree, the greatness of those disorders and the gravity of those sins. They also deplore the blindness which has come over so many, on this subject: and they believe that nothing is better able to open their eyes and to rouse them from the slumber into which they have fallen, than to kindle before their eyes the light of the judgments of God, who will one day dispel this voluntary darkness, and re-echo to their ears the thunders of heavenly vengeance, which will not be less vigorous in punishing the sins of elections, than other sins.

We therefore invite you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, to look back upon the past, during this holy time of Lent, and to see whether your conscience has nothing to reproach you on the way you have hitherto fulfilled your duties as electors. In doing so, bear in mind that this examination of your conscience will one day be revised at the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge, who will make us render an account even for one idle word. In consequence, do not hesitate to make the reparations and sacrifices that your conscience might prescribe, in order to satisfy the justice of God.

Having thus reviewed the past, turn your eyes upon the future, to discover and select the means that will enable you to avoid the stumbling-blocks against which you have already fallen. Be not deceived, Dearly Beloved Brethren; God is not to be mocked: "Nolite errare, non irridetur Deus. Quis enim seminaverit homo, haec et metet." (Gal. VI. 7.) For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap. In order then to bring forth fruits of salvation, those resolutions to fulfil as Christians should, your duties as electors, must be taken in the sincerity of your souls, with the firm determination of carrying them into effect when the time shall have arrived.

The second part of the decree is an exhortation to Pastors, requiring them to rise up strongly against the disorders attendant on elections, and at the same time to enlighten the faithful intrusted to them upon this order of duties. You will no doubt observe how strongly the Fathers of the Council insist on the obligation for Pastors to oppose these disorders, and to teach the Faithful the duties which the law of God imposes upon them, as electors. It seems to us that We hear St. Paul inculcating this same truth to his disciple Timothy: "I charge thee," says St. Paul, "before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead, by his coming, and his kingdom: preach the word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and doctrine. For there shall be a time when they will not hear sound doctrine; but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and will turn away in deed their hearing from the truth, and will be turned to fables." (2 Tim. iv. 1-4).

Would one not say, Beloved Brethren, on seeing what generally takes place at elections, that those are precisely the times alluded to by St. Paul, when men seem to be possessed of folly and have become unable to hear the truth. You must, therefore, not be surprised to see your chief Pastors recall to your minds the judgments of God, repeat to you the voice of his threats, and redouble their exhortations to the Priests having charge of your souls, engaging them to be unceasing in rebuking you, and instructing you on this matter with all patience and charity; and to not let themselves be disheartened by the resistance and the contradictions they so often encounter. For the false doctors of whom the Apostle speaks, and who have but words of flattery upon their lips so as better to deceive, are not wanting either during those election times, as you well know.

You will, therefore, be on your guard against these false doctors, and you will easily recognize them by their opposition to the teachings of your Bishops. What then must you think of those who have told you, and who even now sometimes repeat, that Priests have nothing to do with elections, and should not speak of elections from the pulpit, when you hear the Fathers of a Council approved of by our Holy Father the Pope, prescribing the contrary as so binding a duty for them? You will then listen with great attention to the teachings of the Church on this subject, and you will faithfully acquit yourselves of the obligations and duties which the law of God impose upon you in your capacity of electors.

as well as to protect and to promote your temporal welfare. For civil laws have a necessary connexion with religion on a great many points. This is plainly expressed in their decree by the Fathers of the Council.

You should therefore prudently ascertain yourselves that the candidate you vote for is duly qualified in these two respects, and offers sufficient security for the protection of those grave interests.

We must no doubt return thanks to God for the full and entire liberty which, in principle, the Constitution of our country grants to Catholic worship, to be ruled and governed in conformity with the rules of the Church. It is by a judicious selection of your legislators that you can secure the preservation and enjoyment of this most precious of all liberties, and which will give your Head Pastors the immense advantage of governing the Church of Canada according to the prescriptions and directions emanating directly from the Holy See, and from the Church of Rome, the Mother and Mistress of all other Churches.

We earnestly hope, Dearly Beloved Brethren, you will understand these instructions of the Fathers of the Fourth Council of Quebec on your duties as electors. We trust you will punctually follow them, and banish from your elections those disorders which grieve all honest men, and which cannot fail to bring down the wrath of God upon our beloved country. Remember the Holy Ghost says: "Justice exalteth a nation; but sin maketh nations miserable."—(Prov. xiv. 34.)

It is then quite evident, that it is only by closely following the rulers of justice, in your elections, that you will succeed in choosing men according to the heart of God, men who will be a source of blessings for the prosperity and happiness for our country by their wise legislation and by the prudence and equity of their government.

This, Our Pastoral Letter, is to be read in all the Churches and Chapels of this Diocese, on the first Sunday after its reception.

Given at Three Rivers, under Our Hand and Seal, and countersigned by our Secretary, this tenth day of March, 1871.

† L. F., Bishop of Three Rivers.

By Command,

AG. LEGRIS, Secretary.

DEMONSTRATION IN BEHALF OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 15th instant, a meeting of the citizens of the parish of Notre Dame de Montreal was held in the Hall of the Cabinet de Lecture. His Lordship Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, Mgr. Ptasoneault Bishop of Birtba, the Very Reverend M. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal, accompanied by a large body of his clergy, and of other priests, were present together with a large number of our leading citizens—amongst whom we may be permitted to mention M. Cherrier, who delivered a very powerful address in the course of the evening.

The proceedings were opened by an address from the Bishop of Montreal who from a sick bed had come to bear his powerful testimony to the outrage inflicted upon the entire Catholic world, by the sacrilegious invasion and occupation of the States of the Church by the Piedmontese, and to arouse the sympathies of his flock in behalf of the Holy Father so wrongfully entreated.

M. Cherrier then addressed the meeting, comparing the present movement in the Catholic world to that caused by the burning eloquence of Peter the Hermit and of St. Bernard, which aroused all Europe. He disclaimed however, all appeals to force, except moral force.

Mgr. de Birtba spoke next, and forcibly pointed out the dangers to their own Crowns, and to Society which the Sovereigns of Europe were inviting by their tolerance of the wrong inflicted upon Pius IX. the representative of the oldest and most legitimate Sovereignty in Europe.

The Very Reverend M. Bayle Superior of the Seminary then rose, and in his well known felicitous style congratulated the parishioners upon having come in such numbers to protest against the violation in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff of all the principles of justice, and of liberty. The Rev. M. Rousselot spoke next; and the Petition to Our Most Gracious Queen of which we gave the text in our last, was then presented for signature. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting.

In all parts of the country meetings to protest against the Piedmontese raid upon the States of the Church, and the outrage upon the Sovereign Pontiff are being held. A most imposing assemblage of the citizens of St. Hyacinthe under the Presidency of His Lordship, Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of the Diocese, was held at which appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev. MM. Ouellet and Papineau. Resolutions in accordance with these addresses were carried by acclamation, and an Address to the Holy Father was adopted.

At St. Cesaire there has been a demonstration of a similar nature; and from one end of Canada to the other, the indignant voice of the Catholic population, will soon make itself heard.

GRAND CELEBRATION AT NOTRE DAME.—On the evening of Tuesday of last week, the 14th inst., an imposing demonstration, in memory of the French Zouaves fallen gloriously on the field of battle, was held in the Church of Notre Dame of this City. The interior of the Church was magnificently and suitably decorated for the solemn occasion, and around the columns were scrolls inscribed with appropriate texts from Scripture.

An immense concourse of the Catholic population testified to the interest which the event excited. There were present Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, and Mgr. Ptasoneault, Bishop of Birtba. The Pontifical Zouaves in uniform under the command of their brave and respected leader, M. Taillefer, occupied seats in the central alley, and the rest of the large building was densely thronged.

An eloquent, and impressive address was delivered by M. L'Abbe Collin, on whose gifts as an orator of the highest rank it would be superfluous for us to dwell. The Orchestra under the direction of the Rev. M. Barbarin performed with great beauty the music of the Dies Irae, by Mozart, and the De Profundis, which created a deep impression upon the congregation.

CONSECRATION OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.—Because of being obliged to go to press early in the week, it is impossible for us in this issue to give a report of the imposing proceedings of Sunday last in the Cathedral of the Metropolis. We do but re-echo the voice of the Catholics of the Province in imploring for the newly consecrated Prelate, a long, happy, and glorious reign.

We are happy to learn that the enterprising Bishop of St. Hyacinthe has acquired a splendid site for his contemplated ecclesiastical establishments.

It is with extreme regret that we have to record another severe blow to the domestic happiness of our distinguished statesman the Hon. M. Chauveau, who has to deplore the untimely death of his eldest daughter Madlle. Flore Chauveau after a short but severe illness. This sad event occurred on Monday the 13th inst. at Quebec.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL.

A gloomy sky overhead, at intervals discharging itself in heavy showers, streets dirty underfoot, had no influence upon the hearts of our irrepressible Irish citizens: who early on Friday morning, with banners flying, music playing, and all "Wearing the Green," turned out to celebrate the Day so dear to every Irish heart. There may have been as fine displays, but none finer than that which we have just witnessed, and of which we sit down to write a short description. Whether we take into account the numbers, and splendid appearance of the men who walked in the Procession, or the taste with which it was arranged, we must admit that never has Montreal witnessed a grander National Celebration than that which passed through her streets on Friday last.

From an early hour the different Societies began to take their respective places in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, from whence in order they proceeded along Craig, Bleury, and Jauchetiere streets to the St. Patrick's Church. First marched the Band and pupils of the Christian Brothers Schools, then came the Sarsfield Lacrosse Club, its members neatly decked out in white jackets and wearing the shamrock. In order followed the St. Patrick's Society, Tanneries, together with Father Salmon's congregation; the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, Tanneries; the St. Bridget's Temperance Society and congregation; the St. Anne's congregation; the Irish Young Men's Catholic Society; the Young Shamrock Lacrosse, and the Shamrock Lacrosse Clubs; the Irish Catholic and the Irish Benevolent Societies; the St. Patrick's Temperance Society; and last of all the St. Patrick's Society, in the rear of which marched B. Devlin, Esq., the President, attended on his right by His Honor Mayor Coursol and on his left by our City representative, M. P. Ryan, Esq., M.P. All the Societies were accompanied by their several Bands of music, and were distinguished by their respective beautiful banners.

In this order the Procession proceeded to Church, where High Mass was duly celebrated by Mgr. Ptasoneault, Bishop of Birtba, who was accompanied by their Lordships the Bishops of St. Hyacinthe, Hamilton, and of London. The music of the service was Haydn's First Mass, which was well rendered by an effective Choir. The Preacher of the Day—the Reverend Father Hogan, of St. Anne's Church—delivered the Sermon, who, taking his text from the 44th Psalm, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd verses,



delivered an eloquent discourse, of which the annexed is a condensed report, for which we are indebted to the report in the Montreal Herald:—

THE SERMON.

Year after year we celebrate the day which fills us with enthusiasm as we recollect the days of our fathers. Neither the succession of centuries nor the far off distance of other lands in which we may live can efface from our memories these things, for the reason that they sink deep into the heart of every genuine Irishman. Divest him of his religion and make him forget his country, and then you may brand him with shame. It had been said that Irishmen had forgotten the past, but late years have proved they were still the same Catholic Irish people. The action of our people in regard to the trachery and robbery of the Holy See by Victor Emmanuel was wonderful and praiseworthy. Although having his own interests to attend to, forgetful of these, he rallied to its assistance. This is the subject foremost in the minds of all Catholics, and especially so here in Montreal. The enemies of the temporal power of the Pope hold false theories with regard to that power. It is pretended that it was given by Constantine without authority, and by others that it was usurped. Heint-ed to prove that the Pope took it unwillingly, and only to protect the interests of the people. A combination of circumstances forced them to it, over which they had no control, and if they had not given way to them the consequences would have been most detrimental. The Church in its early days had control of means and lands for the benefit of the people, in consequence of which the Popes were considered as benefactors of the people. The conversion of Emperor Constantine, removed from the Empire a great stigma, and served to make Christianity shine with distinguished lustre. Many people followed the Emperor's example, but a large number remained idolaters, and carried on those crimes for which Rome was so notorious. The Rev. Father then spoke of the removal of Constantine to Constantinople, and then it became rumoured that he had ceded to the Pope the States of the Church; but this was not the case, for several centuries they remained subjects of the empire. At the division of the empire, Venice and Milan became the capitals, but never Rome. Finally, after the first ravages of the barbarians, led on by Alderich, came, saying that he had been sent by God to devastate Rome, but commanded his soldiers to respect the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul; and this command they followed out. Alderich, having loaded his men with booty and punished the people, left the city. The people had hardly got over this disaster, than Attila, the "scourge of God," came upon them. To his cruelty the people were exposed; and the Emperor shut himself up in the strong castle of Milan, and Rome was left unprotected, and its people awaited in terror the sequence. Where were the Romans to turn for protection since the Western Emperor had deserted them? God so ordered it that their deliverer should be the Pontiff. When Attila approached during these embarrassments, Pope Leo, a soldier of God, went out to beg for mercy. Attila, who cared for neither God nor man, was so impressed that he returned home, leaving the city untouched. The Vandals subsequently swept down upon the city but spared it at the intercession of the Pope. For twenty-one years civil war existed, broken only by the ravages of the barbarians, till, in 475, the Roman Empire ceased to exist. After much suffering and fighting between the Goths and Romans, the Goths, who occupied a portion of Rome, at the suggestion of the Popes, left the city. Through the generosity of the Popes the city was rebuilt. Considering then the protection and the good service rendered by the Popes, is it any wonder that they should be regarded as their guardians and protectors? The Emperor of Constantinople, into whose hands the Western Empire again fell, did nothing for the protection of the country to which it was entitled, and under the circumstances then, appealing for protection elsewhere was only right. Such however, was not what they resorted to. They continued obedient to the Emperor's commands they had not sought. The defenceless state of the Empire rendered the protection of the authority of the Popes necessary. To such a degree of affluence and power had the Romans attained that, in the 6th century, they exercised a protective influence over all the cities round, and Gregory said he did not know whether he was discharging the duties of a King or merely a mediator. Conscious that, since the 6th century the Italians had been alienated from him, the Emperor had issued an edict compelling the people to pay extra tribute, when the people en masse rebelled, and threw themselves under the protection of Pope Gregory the 2nd and he advised them again to apply to the Emperor, but without success. The barbarians came once again, when the Pope, by payments and entreaties, prevailed on them to leave. The events of the Pontificate of Stephen the 2nd are so important that they need mention. The Lombards, having attacked Rome, were driven away by the King of France, but scarcely had his troops been gone away, when they returned, and took possession of Ravenna, and prepared to attack Rome. The Pope, though it was in the depth of winter, and he in delicate health, did not hesitate, but immediately went to their camp and induced them to depart. Subsequently a donation of Rome was made to the Pope. "The city, however, he legally possessed, and the act of giving it up was only one of restitution. We thus trace the rise of the temporal power. There was no such thing as usurpation, the Popes were guilty of no injustice or disloyalty in taking charge of the States. The temporal power was founded on the most solid principles. It was force of circumstances which compelled them to accept it. There never has been, nor never will be, a sufficiently just cause to deprive them of it, and we must conclude that it was given to them by God. What object had God in thus establishing a monarchy in the Church? The temporal power is not indispensably connected with the spiritual, but for the free exercise of the spiritual functions, it is necessary. Were the affairs of Rome to remain as they are at present there is no seeing the result. Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, and other diplomats, have said that the temporal power is necessary for the maintenance of proper national relations. If the Popes were subjected to Kingly oppression it would shake society to its very centre. Attempts would be made to reduce him. There are many examples of the truth here enunciated of what the German Emperor did, or attempted to do years ago is a fair example of what may be expected from King Victor Emanuel. Suppose the Pope a subject of any Empire, how could it be expected that any intervention he might undertake between any powers at variance, would not be dictated by or be in the interest of the power of which he was a subject? In the death of a Pope too the King whom he owed allegiance could place the tiara on whom he chose. If the Pontiff place be subject to that of a temporal rule, how could he consent or excommunicate a people. Another, King Henry the 8th, of England, or Joseph, of Germany, may arise and attempt to coerce him. How under these circumstances, could he protect religion or morality? Many other things show the necessity of a temporal power of the long lives of Popes. Forty-five have been banished; nine times has the city been taken by robbers like Victor Emmanuel. Pope Pius IX. may die a prisoner, but he felt convinced that God would unquestionably bring back to the Church all the patrimony of St. Peter, and he hoped the congregation would petition the Holy Virgin, our patron, Saint Patrick, and Saint Joseph, to intercede with God on behalf of the Church.

The religious ceremonies of the Day having been duly performed, the Procession resumed its ranks in front of the Church, and proceeded

to carry out the remainder of the Programme by marching through the streets of the City in the following order:—Along Radegonde to Victoria Square, then up St. James Street to the French Church, along Notre Dame Street and St. Joseph streets as far as McCord street, along McCord into Wellington, and thence along that street into McGill street to St. Patrick's Hall, where the large assembly were addressed by B. Devlin, Esq., President, Mayor Cousel, M. P. Ryan, Esq., M. P., and others, after which the crowd dispersed.

In the evening a very brilliant and very successful Concert, given under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society, took place in the St. Patrick's Hall, and was attended by large numbers of our fellow citizens. The President of the Society, B. Devlin, Esq., was in the chair, and addressed a few appropriate words of greeting to the guests. On the platform were to be seen, besides the representatives of the other Societies, His Honor the Mayor, M. P. Ryan, M. P., E. Carter, Q. C., and many others of our leading citizens. The music was much applauded; in the course of the evening the President introduced to his audience the Rev. Father Buckley, from New York, who delivered an address, which we do not consider suited for our columns.

The musical programme was then continued, and at a late hour the party broke up, having spent a most delightful evening.

THE DINNER.—The members of the Irish Canadian Institute gave this year, as they also did on St. Patrick's Day the year before, a dinner at the Ottawa Hotel, to which a large number of guests did ample justice. Everything was well managed; the dinner was in the first style, but of course of a Lenten character, and a very pleasant evening was passed in social intercourse. The President of the Institute, F. A. Quinn, Esq., was in the Chair. Letters of excuse were read from Sir G. Cartier, Sir F. Hincks, Messrs. Workman, Anglin, and others regretting their inability to attend, and then the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and well replied to. During the course of the evening His Honor the Mayor, Mr. Ryan, M. P., and the U. States Consul paid a visit, and were received with loud cheers.

Considering the large numbers of our Irish population, amongst whom are to be found rich and poor, and of every condition in society, the good order and sobriety which characterised the streets of Montreal up to a late hour on Friday night, were to say the least very remarkable, very flattering to the people, and highly consoling to Fathers Dowd, Hogan, and their other spiritual teachers, who have so earnestly, and evidently so successfully impressed upon them the duty of temperance. A more orderly, respectable body of men than the Irish of Montreal is to be found in no City of this Continent.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OTTAWA.

The day opened in the most unpromising manner. Gloomy clouds, torrents of rain, and a cold piercing wind strove to damp the patriotism of our Irish citizens, but in reality they only increased it. From an early hour the city presented a holiday appearance. The green was visible on every side, now floating defiantly on some elevated summit, now borne patriotically by some stout son or fair daughter of the Emerald Isle. Other colors waved in the breeze, and other faces than genuine Irish ones contributed to the joy and harmony of the grand old feast.

At 10 A.M. a large concourse of people including several members of Parliament, and many distinguished strangers had assembled under the lofty dome of the Cathedral. Here, as throughout the city, the immortal color was profusely displayed, and contributed not a little to the general appearance. As the celebrant appeared in the Sanctuary, those strains so familiar to every Irish ear, and which so plainly tell us that it is "St. Patrick's Day," resounded in pleasing concert through the sacred edifice, and fired with enthusiasm, blood well nigh frozen. The ceremonies of the Mass were then proceeded with, the officiating priest being Revd. Father Barrett, assisted by Revs. P. Leconte, and D. Foley, as Deacon and Subdeacon respectively. After the Gospel, the Rev. D. O'Riordan, O.M.L., ascended the pulpit and delivered the most impressive discourse heard for some time within the walls of Notre Dame. Taking for his subject the constant faith and charity of the Irish people, he illustrated by example those most noble virtues, and referred in glowing terms to their faithful types, the Irish priest and nun. Tears flowed down many a cheek as the pathetic young orator carried us in spirit over scenes dear to our race: now, the pleasant haunts of our fathers' boyhood years, now the gloomy theatre of their trials and sufferings. In conclusion he appealed to those present to firmly adhere to the teachings of their Church—their pilot through the stormy sea of their troubles—and to imitate the charity of their forefathers, who whether in prosperity or adversity never failed to lend a helping hand to the poor and needy, never drove the homeless wanderer from their door.

After Mass, the day being somewhat more agreeable, a Procession was immediately organized under the able direction of Marshals Starrs, McCann, and Baskerville. Over three thousand persons marched in good order through the principal streets, and then returned to the St. Patrick's Hall, where addresses were delivered by Rev. Fathers O'Riordan, O'Connor, and Collins, and by W. H. Waller, the acting President of St. Patrick's Literary Association.

Towards half-past two o'clock the vast crowd quietly dispersed, to meet again in the evening at the Music Hall.

THE CONCERT.—The celebration of the day was brought to a close by a grand Concert, held in the above mentioned place. On entering, the eye fell upon an assemblage seldom if ever excelled in number, respectability and order in our good city of Ottawa. Nor did an audience ever enjoy themselves more than on this occasion, and no wonder, for our most talented musicians and the most gifted orators of the country contributed in turn to the entertainment. Speeches were delivered by Sir Francis Hincks, Hon. T. W. Anglin and the eloquent

preacher of the day, Sir Edward Kenny, was also present, but did not address the assemblage. Mrs. McCarron presided at the piano, and delighted the audience with such a solo as it is our lot to seldom hear. Thus did the Irishmen of Ottawa honor the feast of their glorious Patron Saint, and to their honor let it be said, that not a single disorderly person of their nationality was encountered during the whole day.

Ottawa, March 18th, 1871.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—January 1871.—Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

We publish the contents of the current number:—1. France; 2. Lives of Rossini, and Berlioz; 3. Business of the House of Commons; 4. Kage's History of the Sepoy War, Vol. II; 5. Facts and Fables at the Admiralty; 6. Lange's Problems of Nature and Life; 7. The Foreign Relations of China; 8. The Military Forces of the Crown; 9. Morris' Earthly Paradise; 10. The Treaties of 1856, and 1857.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.—March, 1871. Price, 10 cents.

We have received this useful little work containing the time tables of the several railroad and steamboat lines in North America.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZE AWARDED TO MR. A. DOYLE.

With the most agreeable sensations of pleasure we (Hamilton Evening Times) announce that the prize for mathematical proficiency, offered by the publishers of the Canadian Almanac, has been awarded to Mr. A. Doyle, St. Patrick's School, Hamilton. For all the mathematical exercises given in the Almanac for 1870, he is the first particularized in the order of merit for correct, elaborate and elegant solutions, although these problems are better adapted to puzzle and bewilder than to amuse as agreeable recreations. Among the mathematical questions proposed this year for 1872, is a prize problem of so peculiar a nature that it has defied the efforts of all the able correspondents from different parts of the Dominion, who have attempted its solution—the solution given by Mr. A. Doyle, St. Patrick's School being the only correct one received. He has also prepared the correct answers to all the problems proposed for 1872. As no persons confined to the knowledge of simple commercial calculations can form even a remote idea of the great mental labor experienced in solving a severe mathematical exercise—even the easiest of those special ones proposed in the almanac—we must say that Mr. Doyle is a credit to himself, to the institution which he admirably conducts, and to the "Ambitious City" of Hamilton. During the space of three years he gave great public satisfaction as Principal in the Sillery Academy, and for eight years as Professor in the Laval Normal School, Quebec. On the latter institution he reflected great credit by his general literary acquirements, mathematical skill, and art of teaching. In addition to his extensive scientific knowledge, he possesses also the rare qualifications of a good public writer and severe critic. We therefore heartily congratulate this able and experienced teacher on his success in solving this special difficulty, and his pleasing victory over his many competitors. The following is from the Mathematical Editor of the Almanac: "Dear Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you upon your success in solving the prize problem. Your solution is the only correct one received. I would have written you sooner, and informed you of your good fortune in securing the mathematical prize, open for competition to the whole world; but I allowed some days to pass, so that any communications addressed to me previous to the 15th of February, might arrive. I have, therefore, much pleasure in awarding the prize to you. Its simple value is not great, but it carries with it a higher value than that of money—a value that gives credit to its possessor. My wish is that you may long enjoy health to derive pleasure from the prize you have won, and also to contend for others."

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our obituary column this morning announces the death of a well known and esteemed citizen, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, Engineer of the Quebec Water Works. His death occurred while he was engaged in the duties of his office about two o'clock yesterday. Coroner Panet held an inquest, and from the evidence of Mr. Joseph Roussau, one of the foremen of the department, it would appear that Mr. O'Donnell was sitting at his desk, preparing an estimate of the cost of paying St. John street, as required by a resolution passed at the last meeting of the Council, when Roussau remarked to him that it would be necessary to re-open a certain portion of St. Ann street, which had been already opened last week for the purpose of thawing out the water pipe, in reply to which, Mr. O'Donnell had just said, "what an expense that will be," when Roussau, noticing that there was something peculiar in his breathing, and that his head was inclined forward, stepped towards him, and taking his hand between his, found him unconscious. Roussau immediately gave the alarm, and assistance was at once at hand; but Mr. O'Donnell merely sighed heavily two or three times, and was no more. Professor Laline testified that he had examined Mr. O'Donnell a few weeks since, for a Life Insurance, but told him he would be obliged to report unfavorably, as he was afflicted with heart disease in an aggravated form, and he had no doubt that death ensued from that disease; the jury returned a verdict in accordance. The late Mr. O'Donnell was connected with the Quebec Water-Works from their commencement till the hour of his death, and was highly thought of by Mr. Baldwin and other eminent men connected with that great undertaking. His intimate knowledge of the works in their minutest details, and his uniform, obliging disposition, has left a blank which we fear the Council will—now that he is gone—find it difficult to all up. His brother officers, and the employees more particularly, under his supervision, were unanimous in their expression of regret at his demise. A faithful servant to the citizens, his last words were spoken in their interests. A good Christian, his family and friends have strong reason to hope that he will receive an adequate reward at that dread Tribunal where prejudice and favor are alike unknown.—Quebec Morning Chronicle.

NEW RAILROAD SIGNAL.—An exchange says that a railway conductor has invented a new signal light. The signal is designed to be attached to the caboose of freight trains, and is so arranged that it indicates at once the direction in which the train is moving, and by a revolving system denotes the rate of speed. Though somewhat complicated it is eminently practical, and all who witnessed the exhibition of it were highly delighted.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Bagot, J. Fellater, \$4; North Gover, J. Kennedy, \$2; Sorel, J. McCarthy, \$4; St. Philomena, M. Bannon, \$2; Marmora, H. Auger, \$2; Roxbury, Mass., Rev. J. Griffin, \$3; Coldwater, R. Barry, \$2; Smith's Falls, L. McDermott, \$4; Margaree Forks, N.S., J. Doyle, \$4; Kingston, N.B., Rev. J. C. Murray, \$5;

Tracadie, N.S., W. Girroir, \$2; Hemmingford, J. Clancy, \$1.50; Sherrington, M. McCaffrey, \$4; Carrillon, J. Mason, \$4; Mayo, D. O'Callaghan, \$2; Cornwall, Miss M. Joyce, \$1. Per Rev. W. Flannery, St. Thomas—Self, \$2; L. Doyle, \$1; P. Brady \$1. Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Alexandria—A. D. Kennedy, \$2. Per Rev. I. J. McCarthy, Williamstown—H. McDonald, \$4. Per Rev. J. Masterson, St. Raphael—J. Melliac, Riviere Raisin, \$5. Per J. O'Reilly, Hastings—T. Murphy, Norwood, \$5. Per F. Brady, Alawick—Self, \$2; T. McManus, \$1.

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

Birth.

In Chicago, on the 8th instant, the wife of Thomas McKenna (late of Montreal), of a son. At St. John's, P.Q., on the 11th instant, the wife of Mr. Jeremiah Brennan, of a son. In Toronto, on the 11th inst., at 425 King-st West, the wife of Mr. P. Burns, of a daughter.

Died.

On the 17th inst., Wm. O'Hagan, in his 56th year, a native of Belfast, Ireland. R. T. P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, No. 2, Superfine, Fancy, Extra, Superior Extra, Bag Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Ashes, Seconds, Thirds, First Pearls, Pork, Thin Mess, Prime, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Barley, Pease.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, GRAIN, MEATS, DAIRY PRODUCE, MISCELLANEOUS, FOWLS AND GAME.

Beef, per lb. 0 4 0 9 0 0 0 0
Pork, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Mutton, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Lamb, per lb. " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Veal, per lb. " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Beef, per 100 lbs. \$0.00 " 0 0 \$5.00 " 7.00
Pork, fresh " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Butter, fresh, per lb. 1 6 1 9 0 0 0 0
" salt, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Cheese, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Potatoes, per bag (new), 2 3 2 6 0 0 0 0
Turnips " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Onions per minot. " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Maple Sugar, per lb. " 0 6 1 0 0 0 0 0
Honey, per lb. " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Turkeys per couple. 10 0 to 15 0 0 0 to 0 0
Do. (young), " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Geese, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
Ducks, " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Heml's Spanish Sole, Stanghter, Waxed Upper, Split, Kips, Sheep-Skin linings, Harness, Buffed Cow, Pebbled Cow, Enamelled Cow, Patent Cow, English Oak Sole, English Kips.

SITUATION WANTED

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



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 3rd.

(By Order), M. O'CONNOR, Rec.-Sec.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

AN English Lady, well educated and experienced, desires a situation as companion to an invalid, to superintend a house, or in any position of trust.—Apply to "M. L." True Witness Office.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

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THE NEW PAPER.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

Grand Procession, Five Miles Long! 60,000 Men, LINE! See the Magnificent Illustration the GRAND PROCESSION in next week's number of the "IRISH WORLD."

The New Paper. Look out for next week's number All News Agents keep it. Price FIVE CENTS

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the undersigned Auguste Couillard, Merchant, and Dame Flora Couillard, wife of Edward Wilson, Esq., Dame Catherine Flora Couillard, wife of Joseph Perrault, Esq., Thomas Couillard, minor child issue of the marriage of Dame Anne Wilson with the late Thomas Couillard, all of the said City of Montreal, and Charles Caspard Couillard, Esq., residing at St. Marie de la Beaue, Dame Marie Adele Zoe Couillard, wife of Robert Chevallier d'Estimenville, Esq., of St. Thomas, and William Couillard, Esq., of Cacouana, have been authorized by judgment and order of one of the Judges of the Superior Court for the District of Montreal, dated the sixteenth instant, to accept under benefit of Inventory (sons bene d'Inventaire) the estate of the late Antoine Tyre Couillard, in his lifetime merchant clerk, of the said City of Montreal.

AUGUSTE COUILLARD,

For self and the heirs Couillard. Montreal, 20th March, 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of PREFONTAINE & MOISAN, Traders of the City of Montreal, Insolvents.

NOTICE is hereby given that FRANCOIS NAVIER MOISAN, one of the above insolvents has filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said three days expiring on Wednesday, the twentieth day of March, instant, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof. T. SAUVAGEAU, Assignee.

Montreal, March 10th, 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of DAME MARGUERITE HARDY, Marchande Publique, carrying on business as a grocer, in the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

THE Insolvent has made an assignment of her Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at her place of business, No. 22, Canopeu Street, in the City and District of Montreal, on Monday, the third day of April next, at three o'clock P.M., to receive statements of her affairs and to appoint an Assignee. T. SAUVAGEAU, Interim Assignee.

Montreal, March 15, 1871.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE GREAT ENGLISH AND SCOTCH QUARTERLIES AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, REPRINTED IN NEW YORK BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY QUARTERLY.

The Edinburgh Review, London Quarterly Review, North British Review, Westminster Review.

MONTHLY.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

A special despatch from Lille to the London Daily News, says, the battle-fields in the north of France threaten to become the focus of a pestilence. Dead bodies are found floating in dykes and marshes, and active measures are being taken for their interment.

The special correspondent of the Telegraph at Amiens reports that the cattle plague is making most fearful havoc in the neighbourhood of Lille.

The Telegraph's correspondent anticipated disturbances of a serious nature in Paris about the middle of Lent.

It has been decided by the French government to place in the market a loan of two and a half milliards of francs in form of 3 per cent rentes.

PARIS, March 17.—The journals unanimously deprecate the exhibition of any violence towards Germans returning to their business and residences in Paris, but urge their social exclusion.

Marshal McMahon and Gen. Cremieux are in Paris.

PARIS, March 15.—A new project for the reorganization control of the army has been made public. Under its provisions all Frenchmen are to serve compulsorily for three years in the regulars, and subsequently a similar length of time in the reserves. The law has yet to receive the sanction of the National Assembly.

The Journal des Debats says—"Our conquerors have used their victory cruelly; their demands, financial and territorial, have been such that in the conferences with M. Bismarck our negotiators, M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre, have several times been on the point of breaking off, even at the risk of seeing the war recommence last night. The Commission of the National Assembly partook of the emotion of the negotiators when the conditions were communicated to them. It is death at heart and the having nothing more to hope, except in the justice of God, that have forced them to submit to the frightful yoke of necessity."

L'UNIVERS ON PARIS.—A letter has just been published written by M. Louis Veuillot in reply to the Paris Journal when that paper proposed him as a candidate for the National Assembly. It is a refusal, and is couched in all the bitter sarcasm of the Odeurs de Paris. The editor of L'Univers had (he tells us) never thought of a Parliamentary career; but in any case he would neither solicit or accept a place in the representation of Paris.

"I am waiting (he says) in all that is needed for a Paris representative, and Paris is wanting in all that could induce me to desire to represent her. Our mutual incompatibility is complete. If I did desire political power it would be chiefly that I might in every sense destroy the influence of Paris. I look upon that city as the plague-spot of France and the scandal of the world; as one at least of those Babylons on which, as we are told in the words of Holy Writ, shall come all the innocent blood that has been shed upon the earth. I think that Paris would be admirably represented by the body of men on whom she conferred the duty of forming the Government, so called, of 'National Defence.' Statesmanship, philosophy, religion, morals, eloquence, literature, administrative talent, warlike conduct, patriotism, and all the other virtues, all are there; nothing would be wanting to make up the illustrious 43. I should be delighted, only that I cannot enjoy a comedy while the country is suffering so terribly, to see them (Bisoin and Saint-Biaux, Cremieux and Garnier, Gambetta and Rochefort, Ferry, Favre, Simon and Pelletan, and their tail) go to the provinces, and there show to their countrymen what they have sown and what they have reaped; what a glorious capitulation they have signed, and how ably they have concluded it with Prussia and imposed it upon France." M. Veuillot says in concluding that no doubt there might be found in Paris 43 good men and true, who would creditably represent the metropolis; men of practical ideas, men of reconstruction, friends at once of order and of liberty; "but" (he adds) "I do not know them, and I fear they do not know themselves. Paris does not know them, and would not accept them if it did. Here is our difficulty, here is our great misfortune. I fear it is hopeless."

March 16.—The Journal des Debats, commenting on the result of the Conference, makes a bitter attack on England. It declares that she has lost every advantage gained by the Crimean war. France is now hopeless; her sword is broken. But, when it is unsheathed again, its aim will not be so distant as Turkey. Other Paris journals speak of England in a similar spirit.

MERIT REWARDED.—During the long weary months in which that cordon of iron was drawn around beleaguered Paris, and when shot and shell were vomited in such terrible profusion against its brave defenders, and, later on, against the hapless city itself, raining death and destruction on those who would oppose the devastation of the German Vandals, none showed truer devotion or displayed more heroic valour than Frere Philippe and his band of Brothers of the Christian Schools. Bravery and heroism not alone appertain to the mobile or the uniformed soldier of the line, but is common property, inasmuch as it may be found in the humblest individual, and in other capacities than the soldier's trade, which, gloss it over as we may, is that of killing. It was in the discharge of the noblest of all duties—that of mercy—the heroism of the Brothers was displayed. On the battle-field, amid the hurrying of shot and shell, and where death was sown broadcast, these devoted men, intent only on their mission, pursued their labours unmolested. How many thousands of poor wounded soldiers have they set rescued from an inevitable

death; and on how many other thousands have they not bestowed the last sad rites of a Christian burial. All France rings with their praise, and the Correspondents of the English journals in Paris have not failed to record the fortitude displayed by them under the most terrible and the most trying circumstances.—The French Government, recognising this, has paid a deserved tribute to the Order, in the person of Frere Philippe, the Superior-General, on whom, according to the Official Journal of the 16th inst., it has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honor. We may mention that Brother Philippe is 78 years of age, and that notwithstanding which he was present at every engagement around Paris, and displayed as much energy and activity in the discharge of his sacred duty as the most youthful of the Brothers under his charge. The decoration is a grateful tribute, and proves that France still knows how to gracefully reward deserving merit.

Almost the whole of the representatives of the old Catholic families of France who were nominated have been elected to the National Assembly.

THE REPORTED BURNING ALIVE OF A FRANC-TIREUR.—The account published of the burning alive of a captain of Franc-Tireurs at Pouillez is chiefly stated to be utterly void of found.

BELGIUM.

The severe winter has proved injurious to the corn crop in Belgium, and in the greater part of the country it will be necessary to renew the fields.

SPAIN.

The Catholic party in Spain have, for the present, adopted a policy of non-intervention.—This attitude of expectation they intend to maintain until the conduct of the new King and his ministers shall show decisively in what manner he intends to act as regards the Holy See, and the church and episcopate of his new kingdom.

The royal procurator has indicted the Archbishop of Burgos and the Bishop of Cartagena before the Spanish tribunals, for having published pastoral letters disapproving civil marriage, and pressing on Catholics the duty of obeying the laws of the Church in this matter. The sentence, if convicted, will be fourteen years and ten months' expatriation.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—FLORENCE, March 17.—In the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of Finance, presenting an excuse for the non-presence of the Budget, said there was a total deficit of two hundred and seventy millions of lire, to be provided for the proposal to augment the issue of bank notes by one hundred and fifty millions and to increase taxes ten per cent over present rates throughout the kingdom. The Italian Parliament will meet in Rome in July to vote the Budget.

A bill has been introduced for better maintenance of public peace and security throughout the kingdom.

A grand pro-Papal demonstration has taken place at Genoa, despite the opposition of the authorities. There were more than a thousand communicants on the occasion.

THE ALLEGED CRUSADE.—The Italian Chamber and the Italian press and the liberal world here in general have conjured up a phantom which seems to have frightened them out of the few wits the 20th of September had left them, and which they call the Crusade. Some accounts say it is organizing in Belgium, others in the Tyrol, Bavaria, and German-Switzerland. That it is being enrolled by the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Brothers of S. Vincent of Paul, the Irish members of the House of Commons, and under various leaderships, ranging from M. de Charette, Francis II, and Mgr. Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines. The Dominican Noviciate at Santa Sabina was searched last night, and especially the cell of Padre Vannetti, in order to discover the traces of this strange and terrible ultramontane conspiracy, and especially the mysterious red crosses the crusaders are naturally supposed to have assumed, and which greatly trouble the repose of our liberal friends. Nothing more compromising than his breviary and some pious engravings were found in Padre Vincenzo's cell, but the Questura has arrested 30 persons on suspicion. The fears of the Revolution are an unflinching index of its Satanic instincts, and I take the present panic as the sure augury of the future action of Catholic Europe, and the best indication of the road it should follow.—What the Revolution most fears must be the most profitable to the Church. It dreaded the Definition, and justly it dreaded the Encyclical, the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the establishment of the Hierarchy in England. Its present bugbear is the Ultramontane Crusade, and who can say but that the subtle intelligence of the evil spirit, of which the Revolution is but the material incarnation, has not divined rightly what is the means of rescue reserved in the designs of God for the Tomb of the Apostles and the Chair of Peter? Rome is the Jerusalem of the 19th century, and when our Zouaves, on the present invasion, added the Cross to their uniform, they were probably only taking the initiative of a world-wide movement. As a matter of fact the whole story rests on the departure of a few dozen ex-soldiers and non-commissioned officers for Belgium, where, through the charity of the Belgium committee, work on the railways had been obtained for them. The Revolution has seized this pretence in order to excite the public mind against the Vatican, and probably to give an excuse for deporting or exiling the Pontifical soldiers who refuse to enter the Piedmontese service.—Tablet.

ROME, March 17.—It is stated that Cardinal Antonelli has sent a fresh note to the Italian authorities in reference to the disturbance in the Jesuit church.

Mr. Odo Russell is expected to return shortly to Rome to arrange the business of the British legation, the duties of which could be performed by the British Minister at Florence.

CIVIL MARRIAGE.—The Cardinal-Vicar has published an excellent Pastoral explanatory of the duties of Christians on this head, and reminding them that though the civil contract as a satisfaction before the law, is not forbidden, it can never be held as supplying the religious and sacramental contract. There is very little danger of many civil marriages here. No decent woman even in the lowest class would speak to another married at the Campidoglio only, and the feeling is too strongly rooted to be destroyed. A miserable lecturer on civil marriage at the Sala Dantea the other day failed in getting an audience to listen to him.

The entire educational provisions at Rome are being rapidly handed over to Jews. At the new school of Tor de Specchi the scholars are 250 Jews and 50 Christians. The teachers are all Jews, and inculcate into their young pupils infamous stories about the Blessed Virgin.

At one of the Doria balls a young lady had attracted the attention of Princess Margherita by her grace and beautiful voice. The Princess sent to ask her to be presented, but was astounded at receiving a point blank refusal, as the lady in question never went to the Quirinal except to pay her homage to the Pope.

THE POPE IN HISTORY.—The following summary, from an Irish contemporary, of the persecution suffered by the Popes in Rome will reassure timid Catholics in the present sorrowful events. The list extends over fifteen centuries of persecution:—

In 409. Under Pope Innocent I., the city of Rome was sacked by Alarie, King of the Goths.

In 455. Under St. Leo I., the city was taken and sacked by Genseric, King of the Vandals.

In 468. Under St. Hilary, the city was taken and sacked by Ricimer, King of the Vandals.

In 476. Under St. Simplicius, the city was conquered by Odoacer, King of the Erull.

In 536. Under St. Silverius, the city was besieged and taken by General Belisarius.

In 546. Under Vigilius, the city was retaken and sacked by Totila, King of the Goths.

In 555. Under Pelagius, the city was besieged and retaken by General Narseter.

In 847. Under Leo IV., the Vatican was invaded and sacked by the Saracens.

In 987. Under Gregory V., this Pope was imprisoned by Crescentius, in Castle St. Angelo for eleven years.

In 1084. St. Gregory VII. was besieged by the Emperor Henry V. in Castle St. Angelo.

In 1347. Under Clement V., the city was raised to a republic under Cola di Rienza.

In 1453. Under Nicholas V., Stephen Procar became the chief of a new Latin republic.

In 1527. Clement VII. was besieged by Imperialists in Castle St. Angelo for six months.

In 1796. Under Pius VI., the city and the State were converted into a Roman Republic, and he was made a prisoner.

In 1809. Under Pius VII., Rome was incorporated with the empire, and the Pope imprisoned.

In 1848. Under Pius IX., the Mazzinian republic was established in Rome and the surrounding districts, and the Pope was a fugitive.

In 1870. Pius IX. is a prisoner in the new capital.

In this enumeration we do not reckon the personal sufferings which so many Pontiffs endured, commencing with the thirty-two martyrs for the cause of the Church; how Leo IV. was a prisoner of the Normans, Boniface VIII. of Philippe le Bel, etc.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, 17.—The Emperor has arrived, and the city is illuminated in his honor. The Emperor and Empress, and the Crown Prince and Princess, drove through the streets to night. The enthusiasm of the people is immense. Gen. Wrangel has arrived in Berlin as bearer of a congratulatory letter from the Czar to the Emperor.

A German writer, Dr. Huppe, in a work on the state of morals in Berlin, says that of the 630,008 Protestant inhabitants of Berlin, but 11,900 are habitual church-goers, and that of 23,698 interments but 3,777 were accompanied by a pastor.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 17.—The Blatt of today has the following remarks upon the decision of the Black Sea Conference: "Notwithstanding newspaper invectives the powers have interpreted the letter of Prince Gortschakoff as reasonable and upright; and not as a challenge, and not treachery. The result of the conference, involving no unjust sacrifice of stores and no disturbance of rights, removes distrust and pledges peace.

The ways of administering religion in Indiana are somewhat hard. Two weeks ago a man there objected to the baptism of his daughter, who is in delicate health, until the advent of milder weather, but two stalwart Christian policemen held him until the ceremony of immersion was over, and the shivering girl effectually dived. And now that father, in the unchristian bitterness of his heart, intends to test in the courts this question of his right to control the actions of his minor child.

A church member at Galesburg, Ill., had his pew rent raised to \$25 a year, and arose and spoke in meeting—said he: "Great Cuesar, here's a nice state of affairs, here's the gospel going up and pork going down! What's to become of us?" The minister advises him to "go West" with the hogs.

The moderate members of the Republican party in the United States consider the disgrace of Senator Sumner, and his removal from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a fatal mistake. The party is breaking up fast. The elections did it much damage, and the loss of its most talented member will further complicate matters for it.—Grant, it is said, will probably be re-nominated, but

his ticket cannot be carried, and the Republicans will most likely be divided among themselves in their choice of a candidate for the Presidency.

MINERAL MEMBERS.—All the active poisons are used in Medical practice, and they all evidently shorten life. Bristol's Sarsaparilla is one of the few preparations that is really and purely a Vegetable Remedy. It contains not one grain of mercury, arsenic, strychnine, bromine, iodine, or any other poison. Moreover, it is an antidote to them—it cures the diseases they cause. At the best they only kill one malady by substituting another; but Bristol's Sarsaparilla acts with nature, not against it, forever removing, by its neutralizing power, the causes of ulcerous, cancerous, and eruptive diseases, regulating the liver and the stomach, invigorating and regulating the bowels, relieving the system of all morbid elements, restoring bodily vigor and mental elasticity, and recuperating every languid organ. Children and the most delicate females may take it without fear. It is the salvation of the feeble. For sale by

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

TO THE SICK.

It is within your power to recover health and strength, by resorting to the only cathartic which restores the disordered functions of digestion, secretion, and expulsion to a healthy condition, without entailing the system in performing the cure. In Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills you find this grand desideratum, sought for and longed for from time immemorial in vain. They are commended to the dyspeptic, the constipated, the bilious, the rheumatic, the dropsical, the debilitated—in short, to all who suffer from any disease proceeding from, or connected with the stomach, the liver, or the bowels, as a means of immediate and permanent relief. In all disorders of a chronic character (especially in Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, and Neuralgia), or where sores or eruptions are a feature of the disease, Bristol's Sarsaparilla, for enriching and purifying the blood, may be used with infinite advantage in combination with the Pills.

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Ladies who wish to move in an atmosphere fresh with fragrance should always use this article at their toilet. A dash of it in the bath, or in a glass of water, if an odoriferous tooth wash is required, will be found eminently refreshing, and a sprinkle of it on the face handkerchief before an evening party, will cause the fragrance of the fabric to attract more attention than even its rare embroidery. Those who are subject to faintness, sick headache in crowded rooms, will find the aroma of the Florida Water a sure preventive.

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

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

DR. WISTAN'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequalled remedy. It can be relied upon the mass of testimony that has been published since its introduction, being ample proof of its efficacy.

"THE UNIVERSAL AYER."—On my journeys over the Continent—through Turkey, India, China, Japan, Peru, Chili, Paraguay, Brazil and Mexico, and the United States—in them all to some extent and in some to a great extent, I have found the universal Ayer represented by his family medicines, which are often held in fabulous esteem. Whether they win their marvellous cures, I know not, but I know they have it to such a degree that it frequently gave me a distinguished importance to have come from the same country.—Field's letters from abroad.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the World, in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Office, 215 Fulton street, New York; and 493 Oxford street, London.

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

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.

The Troches are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy; they have been thoroughly tested and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. For Public Speakers, Singers, Military Officers and those who overtax the voice, they are useful in relieving an Irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

OBTAIN ONLY "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered. "TROCHES," SO-CALLED, SOLD BY THE QUENCH, ARE A POOR IMITATION AND NOTHING LIKE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, WHICH ARE SOLD ONLY IN BOXES WITH FAC-SIMILE OF THE PROPRIETORS.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON. ON OUTSIDE WRAPPER OF BOX, AND PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP ATTACHED TO EACH BOX. THIS CARE IN PUTTING UP THE TROCHES IS IMPORTANT

AS A SECURITY TO THE PURCHASER IN ORDER TO BE SURE OF OBTAINING THE GENUINE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867 THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada. Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

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

June 14th, 1870.

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, £22.

Direct to Mr. JEAN LÉVESARD, Secy-Treas.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF JOSEPH COX, a native of Belmurbet, Co. Cavan Ireland, who emigrated to Montreal, in 1840, with his sister Jane Cox. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister the said Jane Cox, 24 Atlantic Corporation, Laurence Mass., U.S.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER, AND GENERAL JOBBER, No. 27, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 27, Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

WILLIAM H. NODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman,

BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

JONES & TOOMEY, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS, GRAINERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, &c., No. 118 & 120 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

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

NOTICE.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as Tea and General Commission Merchants, under the name style and firm of CUVILLIER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the 9th of March, 1871.

Signed, MAURICE CUVILLIER, D. P. BEATTIE, CHAS. A. WALTERS. And Maurice Cuvillier and Chas. A. Walters will continue to carry on the business of the late firm under the name and style of CUVILLIER & CO.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EDMOND GATES, Trader, Joliette, Insolvent.

A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection until the fourteenth day of March next (1871), after which dividend will be paid. Joliette, 27 February, 1871.

A. MAGNAN, Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, Insolvent. On Tuesday, the eighteenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, By BOUQUIN & LACOSTE, His Attorneys ad litem.



HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL) THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on THURSDAY, FIRST of SEPTEMBER.

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

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

2ND SECTION. 3rd year.—Business Class. This department is provided with all the mechanical necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.

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

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 Study of civil Law; 3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada; 4th Experiments in natural Philosophy; 5th Chemistry; 6th Practical Geometry.

LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and Instrumental Music. TERMS: Board and Instruction \$100.00 per annum; Half Boarders 20.00; Day-Scholars 10.00; Bed and Bedding 6.00; Washing and Mending of Linen 6.00; Use of Library 1.00

G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS of HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, CATHEDRAL BLOCK, MONTREAL. Cash Paid for Raw Furs

OWEN M'GARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, AND 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (2nd Door from McGill Str.) Montreal. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

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

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

GEO. T. LEONARD, Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, PETERBOROUGH, ONT. Office: Over Stethem & Co's, George St

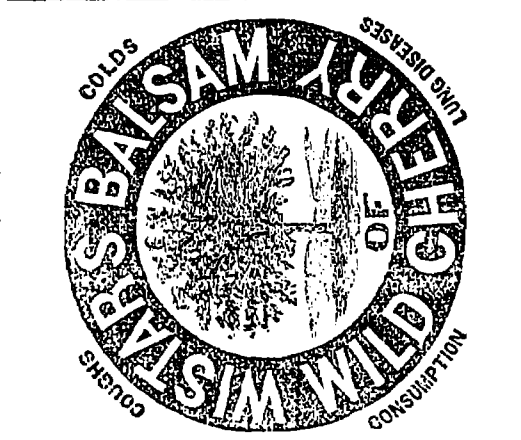
JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Blenny), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

LONGMOORE & WILSON, PRINTERS,

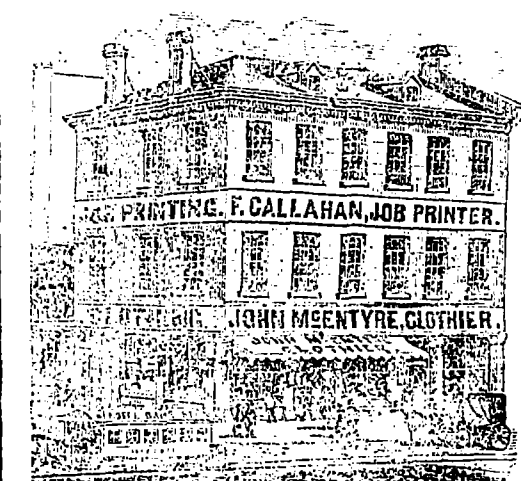
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CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS, MONTREAL.



CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS, MONTREAL.

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation of this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Incurable cases of Scrofulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses. Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unfeeling tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcerations on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this Sarsaparilla is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this SARSAPARILLA: St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, and other eruptions or visible forms of Scrofulous disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Neuralgia, and the various Uterous affections of the muscular and nervous systems. Syphilis or Venereal and Mercurial Diseases are cured by it, though a long time is required for its complete eradication. It is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. Leucorrhoea or Whites, Uterine Ulcerations, and Female Diseases, are commonly soon relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. Rheumatism and Gout, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also Liver Complaint, Torpidity, Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and Jaundice, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This SARSAPARILLA is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are Languid and Listless, Dependent, Sleepless, and troubled with Nervous Apprehensions or Fears, or any of the affections symptomatic of Weakness, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LEEDS CLOTH HALL.

JOHN ROONEY, CLOTHIER, 35 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STR., MONTREAL.

BOYS' TWEED SUITS.....\$ 3.50 MENS' " ".....\$ 8.00 MENS' BLACK CLOTH SUITS.....\$10.00 MENS' TWEED COATS.....\$ 4.50 MENS' TWEED VESTS.....\$ 1.50 MENS' TWEED PANTS.....\$ 2.50

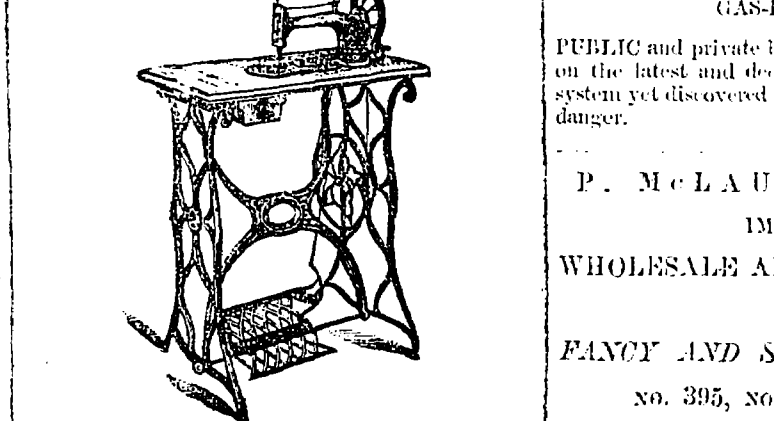
The Subscriber has opened this Establishment with a large and unequalled Stock of

TWEEDS, CLOTHS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

In endless variety, which he now has the pleasure to offer at Wholesale Prices. He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale Trade, and will import direct from the manufactures in England, giving his Customers the manifest advantages derived from this course. In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up MENS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING for the Spring Trade. Gentlemen, leaving their orders, may depend upon good Cloth, a Perfect Fit, Stylish Cut, and Prompt Delivery. L. KENNY (late Master Tailor to Her Majesty's Royal Engineers) is Superintendent of the Order Department. Inspection is respectfully invited.

JOHN ROONEY, 35 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL.

F. A. QUINN, ADVOCATE, No. 49, St. James Street, MONTREAL.



J. D. LAWLOR, GENERAL AGENT FOR THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The "HOWE," the "AETNA," and the "FLOR-ENCE" SEWING MACHINES, AND MANUFACTURER OF Lawlor's Family Lock-Stitch. IN consequence of the rapidly increasing demand for the GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES, I have made arrangements with the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY of New York, which enables me to keep constantly in stock THEIR CELEBRATED FAMILY & MANUFACTURING MACHINES. The superior qualities of which are unquestionable. Instead of giving ear to what may be claimed about Gold Medals, Paris Exhibitions, &c., intending purchasers would do well to examine for themselves Singer's latest improved Family Sewing Machine with attachments for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Cording, Gathering, Tucking, Quilting, Embroidering, &c. Lawlor's Patent Family Lock-Stitch is in every respect, and without any exception, the best Sewing Machine sold in the Dominion of Canada at prices varying from \$25 to \$33, and a mere glance at the motions of this Machine, which are based upon the most practical and scientific principles, will substantiate the above assertion to the entire satisfaction of every visitor. Factory: 48 Nazareth St.; Salesrooms: 365 Notre Dame St., Montreal. BRANCH OFFICES: Quebec, 22 St. John Street; St. John, N.B., 82 King Street; Halifax, N.S., 103 Barrington St.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE: Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Advantages to Fire Insurers. The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this Branch: 1st. Security unquestionable. 2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude. 3rd. Every description of property insured at moderate rates. 4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement. 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years. The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its life Assurer:— 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership. 2nd. Moderate Premiums. 3rd. Small Charge for Management. 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims. 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation. 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence. H. L. ROUTH, Agent, Montreal. February 1, 1870.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

COMMENCING ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 16th

The Subscriber will sell the ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF

STAPLE & FANCY GOOD

OF THE LATE FIRM OF Messrs. DUFRESNE, GREY & CO., INSOLVENTS, And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favor of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements. The Stock will be sold at the Old Stand, 464 NOTRE DAME STREET, NEAR MCGILL. P. McLAUGHLIN, Manage

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.



OLD EYES MADE NEW. All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups. Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered needless! The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new

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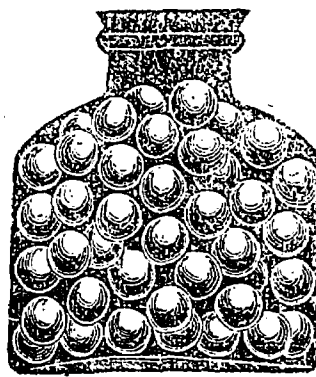
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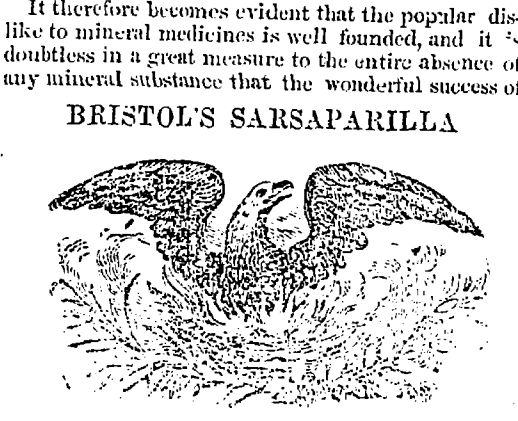
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