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The True Witness,

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BRENNUS—THE BARBARIAN.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE DAYS OF PAGANISM

BY RUTH FAIRFAX.

(From the Banner of the South.)

CHAPTER I.

Beautiful in its lonely grandeur rose the palace near the mountain pass, and graceful were the forms of beauty that fitted around its walls; but, lovelier far than all, Oh! Aruns, was thy fair daughter. Lovely were the flowers that bloomed around the fairy fountain; but Virgilia was the queen of beauty. Yet the chill wind will fade the delicate flowers, or the parching sun crumble them into dust; guard well, then, thy flower, Oh! Aruns, from the chill winds of poverty and the scorching sun of luxury.

Far enough removed from the city to avoid its attendant noise and bustle, the stately palace of Aruns, a wealthy citizen of Clusium, afforded a most delightful retreat for his only child. A rare loveliness had been bestowed upon this favored child of fortune, and many were the suitors who knelt before her; yet, still, the sweet Virgilia turned away, and would even fly in alarm from one of them, the impetuous Lucius, a young noble of Clusium. Proud and haughty in spirit, Lucius swore by his gods not to be turned from his purpose; and most dangerous is a man when he yields himself a slave to his own evil passions.

"Why, why does the fair Virgilia turn from me?" he asked of his friend Caius. "Look at me; am I not fair and tall in stature? Are not my eyes bright, my muscles strong? Is not my form perfect? Have I ever been defeated in single combat? Have not the gods showered wealth, youth, and beauty upon me? Why then does the fairest of the fair despise me?"

"Venus alone knows," answered Caius, with a slight grimace; "you forget, Lucius, that Virgilia, also, possesses these gifts of the gods in abundance, and can see a more graceful form than thine at any time, by consulting her mirror. It may be that some more favored lover hides thy perfections from her eyes."

"There is no truth in thee, Caius!" exclaimed Lucius, angrily; "full well thou knowest she has no favored lover. Closely have I searched with my eyes those who come near her, and, by Eros! I am willing to swear she loves none of them!"

"Nay, let us not make many words about the matter," answered Caius; "let me fall into a disagreement. I know not if she loves, for my heart bows not before her!"

"Aye! thou lovest and art happy; and, in the sunshine of that happiness, overlook thy friend's distress," said Lucius sullenly.

"Thou wiltfully misunderstand me, Lucius," said Caius kindly; "I would do much for my friend, but thou dost not bear patience with me. I believe that Virgilia loves. We may not, yet, have seen her in company with the favored one, but—"

"Whom does she love?" interrupted Lucius impatiently, "thinkest thou of any one?"

"No, no, of no one," replied Caius; "I have never yet seen her with the one she loves, yet, still, I say I doubt not there is a favored lover!"

"I will watch, and if there is—let him beware!" cried Lucius. "Come, Caius, let us seek the house of Aruns, or rather of Virgilia, for to tell the truth, though Virgilia is most dear to me, yet the noble Aruns is no favorite of mine, nor of any of us; he is too lenient with those low Plebians, and will soon fall into disgrace among the Patricians."

"You speak truly, Lucius; he would deny the young nobles their little pleasures, and speaks loudly of the rights of Plebians!"

Conversing thus, the young men left the house of Lucius.

And why was the beautiful Virgilia so insensible to the attraction of Lucius. He was attractive, for, indeed, he spoke truth concerning himself, when he enumerated his own graces to Caius.

Let us precede the young man to the home of Aruns. Not into the home, just yet, for see, there is Virgilia, wandering along yonder mountain path, with only one attendant at her side, a young slave maiden, called Nyda. The sun is very low in the Heavens, and the cool breeze of evening steals over them. Folding the soft silver veil around her, Virgilia walks softly onward; now a huge rock bars the way, only a little footpath winds around it. Will she venture there? Unhesitatingly she treads the path, and now she and her companion are hidden behind the huge boulder. A few steps onward and they reach the mouth of a little cave, a natural cleft in the mountains, but so beautiful by art as to seem the grotto of a fairy queen. Enter! Low couches are placed on two sides; on the third a small white marble altar, has been erected; on it stands the image of the God of love, surrounded by freshly culled flowers of every hue and shape. With smiling lip, and glowing cheek, Virgilia adds her offering of sweet flowers to those already laid upon

the altar, and then looks eagerly up the mountain path, as if awaiting some one. She is; and, behold, he comes! Bounding over rock and ravine, with hardy grace, the young warrior soon reaches her side. He is large and strong, with flowing flaxen hair, and ruddy complexion. His attire is a rude armor, which he wears as easy as if it were quilted silk.

He, too, has come to sacrifice on the shrine of Love, for his hands are full of flowers.—Virgilia moves, smilingly, away, and the offering is made.

Turning from the cold image of Love, to the living, breathing, reality before him, the warrior kneels before Virgilia. And she? Oh, we see by the very blush, the speaking eye, that Virgilia loves, and the loved one is before her.

"Dearest Virgilia," murmured the young man, gazing up into her face. The words were common enough, for the tale of love is as old as the world, and ever uses the same language.

"Not at my feet, Brennus," said Virgilia, resting her hand on his head; "come sit here beside me, and tell me why thou didst not come yesterday."

As the moments sweep by and they sit there conversing, we detect a difference in their speech, for he speaks her language with an accent on his tongue as if he were of a different race.

"But my father is kind, and is not proud," said Virgilia, in answer to an expressed fear of her lover, that her father might look with angry eyes upon their love.

"Yet, he is a wealthy Patrician, as thou callest it, and I—thou knowest not what I am, Virgilia."

"Oh, I am sure thou art good and brave, what more is required?" asked the maiden fondly.

"A noble name," answered Brennus.

"Thou canst win one!" cried Virgilia.

"But, listen to me, Virgilia," answered her lover; "I will tell thee more of myself than thou hast yet heard. Thou art an Etruscan, I am—a Gaul! Our nations are not friends."

"Oh! but we are friends," cried Virgilia, clinging to his arm; "Etruscan, Gaul, or Roman, what is it to me? If thou wert a Roman, then, indeed, my father might look angrily upon me, for he hates these Romans, who have wrested so many of our cities from us.—But I, who love you, care nothing for these things."

"But knowest thou what we are called, Virgilia?"

"Barbarians!" murmured the girl.

"Yes, Barbarians! And wouldst thou, Virgilia, the daughter of a haughty noble, give thyself in marriage to a rude barbarian?—Wouldst thou cross those lofty mountains to seek a home with me?"

"I would, dear Brennus; thou dost wrong my faithful heart by the doubt. I know not how far away thy home is, I know not what thy station is there, but this I do know, Brennus, I know that I love thee, and am willing to share thy lot whatever that may be."

"My own Virgilia," murmured the lover, clasping her to his bosom, "thou dost trust me, and never shall thou mourn that trust.—My home is far, oh! far away from here!—Think not, dearest, that I seek my home every evening when I leave thee here; no, I have a little cot among the mountains, where I stay; it would take me many days to reach my home."

"Yes, I know thy home is far away; tell me, then, dear Brennus, how 'twas you first found this spot?"

"By chance, Virgilia," replied Brennus.—

"Yet, no! the gods sent me! I was hunting among the mountains till the evening came on, and, then, to my surprise, found that I had lost my way. My adventurous spirit led me on; the gods whispered of a brilliant future; I found a ravine in the mountains; followed its many windings, and, when my heart began to fail, chanced upon this spot. 'Twas only a little cleft in the mountains then, yet, still, it seemed as if the hand of man had been here; for the entrance was closed with yonder flat rock. I cast it aside, and, whilst sitting in the shadow, heard sweet voices. Thou knowest the rest; thou wert wandering in the mountain path with thy maiden. I saw and loved thee! And thou! hast thou not told me that I am dear to thee?"

"Oh! I have, and thou art. But tell me, Brennus, do not thy friends long for thee?—Do they not fear that some ill hath befallen thee?"

"Doubtless they do," answered Brennus; "and I will return to them some day, when I can make up my mind to leave thy dear side."

"Ah! but I must leave thee, Brennus; for, see, the hour grows late, the shadows of evening already darken the path; I have already stayed too long! Come, Nyda, let us hasten!"

"May the gods shelter thee!" exclaimed Brennus, as they hastily left the grotto; then, lifting his spear from the ground, he, also, left the cave, ascending the almost imperceptible path that wound along the mountain side.

With rapid steps Virgilia and Nyda trod the path that led to their home, and were al-

most breathless when they entered the large entrance hall. There, reclining at his ease upon the silken cushion, was Lucius, awaiting the appearance of Virgilia. Near him stood his friend Caius, who looked a little apprehensively at the lowering brow of Aruns.—Lucius sprang to his feet, and catching the hand of Virgilia, in softly spoken words besought her to remove her veil.

"The veil is not out of place, most noble Lucius," replied Virgilia; "I have been walking."

"Aye, but thou has now entered the house, and there is no reason why thou shouldst now conceal thy face!" said Lucius, seizing the veil, and trying to remove it with gentle hand.

"My will is sufficient reason," answered Virgilia, holding its folds closely against her face.

"Assuredly," answered Lucius, withdrawing his hand.

At this moment a wide door was thrown open, and a slave summoned them to partake of the evening meal. Lucius had eaten in the house of Aruns many times, and well knew the delicate wines and costly luxuries that would be set before him. Lucius was a devoted slave to wine, and even now hesitated not to turn from the lovely Virgilia to follow Aruns to the supper-room. This was the largest and most elegant room in the house. The floor was paved with blocks of marble, and rare mosaic, the ceiling painted with glowing colors, and upon one of the walls hung a large mirror of polished steel. A long table stood in the centre of the room, with two couches on either side. Lucius immediately threw himself upon one of these, with his friend at his left hand.—A young slave advanced with a silver basin, into which Lucius dipped his fingers, and then turned his whole attention to the table. Soft music filled the air while they ate, yet no softness entered the heart of Lucius. While partaking of the bread of Aruns, he was plotting against his happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The bright sky bore in its limpid blue the still brighter sun. The dew was scarcely dried upon the flowers, yet Virgilia was already abroad. To-day she is to see Brennus, for he has sent a special message to her. Well may you think that her steps were not slow, for the birds were scarcely swifter than she. Early as she was Brennus was there before her, and clasped her in his arms as she entered the cave.

"Oh! dearest Virgilia, I must leave thee! Too long have I lingered here, and now I must go. Yet I will return, trust me, I will return!"

"I will not try to keep thee here," said Virgilia, tears sparkling in her eyes; "yet, I will live upon thy promise to return. Thou wilt come back, Brennus, wilt thou not?"

"Shall I swear it, Virgilia?"

"No! oh no!" I know thou wilt return; I did but ask to hear once more the sweet assurance. Art thou going now? Will I not see thee again?"

"Once more, dearest," answered Brennus; "meet me here to-morrow morning; after I have seen thee I will go hence, for a time only; when I come back again I will ask thy father for thee, and thou shalt go home with Brennus the Barbarian."

"Do not call thyself such names, Brennus, thou art no barbarian!" said Virgilia, reproachfully.

"Deceive not thyself, dearest," replied Brennus; "my countrymen are indeed rude, and if my manner seems soft to thee, 'tis only because I cannot be rude in thy dear presence. I am a warrior, Virgilia, and my hand is more used to grasp the spear than flowers."

"And, yet, thou dost hold the flowers tenderly, Brennus," said Virgilia, smiling, "as if thy hands were used to them, thou dost not cast them aside, as Lucius doth."

"Who is Lucius?" asked Brennus, eagerly.

"A young Noble of Clusium whose father is a Roman. He would have me for a wife, Brennus, if I would listen to his words."

"And thy father, Virgilia; how favors he the young noble's suit?"

"Have I not told thee that my father favors not the Romans?"

"Aye, I had forgotten that; but, tell me, have you nothing to fear from this noble? Is he wealthy? Is he powerful?"

"Oh, yes, both wealthy and powerful. His father, at Rome, is the most powerful of the haughty Patricians, who trample on the rights of the poor. My father likes not this young Lucius, for Aruns is a just man, and would give to all their due. Though a noble my father has but few friends among the Patricians, because he will not trample on his dependants as they do."

"What dost thou tell me, Virgilia?" cried Brennus, in great alarm, "thy father is not liked, is looked upon with suspicion, and this proud and cruel noble desires thee for a wife! Thou dost alarm me dearest! Oh! for my sake keep close to thy father's side, lest this Lucius should attempt to carry thee off. What shall I do? Would it not be best for me to see thy father now, and carry thee with me?"

Yet, no! The thought is that of a fool! He would not consent, for he knows not but that Brennus may be the vilest of the vile."

"I, also, sometimes tremble," said Virgilia; "but I will keep within the house, for only last night, after he had broken bread in my father's house, he urged me, with threats to promise myself to him. He spoke then of his suspicions; he told me that I loved another.—I did not deny it. Brennus, for I knew he could not harm thee, and I hoped he would would then leave."

"And did he so?" asked Brennus.

"No; he became angry, and swore by the gods that no other should have me. Oh! he was very angry, Brennus, and I trembled before his rage."

"Tremble no longer, sweet one, I will think over this until to-morrow morn. For not; and now, farewell."

"I will not fear; but didst thou say this farewell was for the last?" asked Virgilia.

"For the last time! The gods forbid!—Nay, I said not so, sweet flower. I will return."

"Ah! 'twas thus I meant it," said Virgilia, smiling faintly; "and now—" she bent her head on his shoulder, and her farewell was lost in the heavy sigh that broke from her heart.

"To-morrow," whispered Brennus, and placing his love in the arms of Nyda, he ascended the mountain path with fleet steps.

"The flowers are fading on the altar," said Nyda, striving to attract her mistress' attention.

"Aye, even as my hopes are!" replied Virgilia, with a heavy sigh.

"Be not so sad," said Nyda, kneeling beside her fair owner; "remember the noble Brennus hath promised to see thee again to-morrow. Look! The place is in disorder; let us bring fresh flowers and sweet perfumes, that, when my lord return, he may find all to his pleasure."

"Brennus is no noble, good Nyda; yet, thou sayest well. We will trim our altar and scatter the perfumes. Your basket is without, Nyda, bring it in."

"I would give my life a sacrifice to the gods but that Brennus is a noble in his own country!" said Nyda, confidently, as she brought in the basket of flowers.

"My poor girl, I fear thy sacrifice would have to be made," said Virgilia. "I do not think that Brennus hath even wealth in his own country. Didst thou not hear him say he was only a poor barbarian?"

"Aye, I heard the words, and marked the proud look on his brow while he spoke them. He is so grand and beautiful he must be a favorite of the gods."

"Please thyself with bright dreams, Nyda, but they are only dreams, as thou wilt find.—Come, let us away. Brennus is no longer here and the place seems lonely."

Returning to the house Virgilia found the slaves huddled together, with looks of wild alarm in their eyes, and her usually stately father, pacing the outer court with rapid, uneven, footsteps. Hastening to his side, with an undefined fear at her heart, she besought him to tell to her the cause of his troubled looks.

"'Tis for thee, my daughter, that I grieve," said Aruns, drawing a roll of parchment from his bosom, "behold my child, this time the lot has fallen upon thee; thou must become one of the attendants in the temple of Vesta!"

"Who bids this, my father?" cried Virgilia, with ashen lips.

"Those whose authority may not be resisted," replied Aruns; "and even if we were disposed to try to evade it, 'twould be too late, for see, those who are to guard thee to Clusium are already here."

"Am I to spend my life in dreary loneliness within the temple of Vesta?" moaned Virgilia, while the petted slaves of the household gathered around with sobs and tears; "tell me, my father, is there no way for me to escape?"

"But one, my child," answered Aruns; "the father of Lucius is all powerful; he holds the decrees of life and death in his hands; he can save thee if he will."

"Lucius! Then, indeed, I am lost!" cried Virgilia, in an agonizing voice. "'Tis from his hand comes this blow; there is no hope for me! Oh! Brennus, why art thou not here to help me!"

"Upon whom dost thou call, my child? I know of no god whom we call Brennus," said Aruns in great alarm; "surely thy heart doth not wander after strange gods?"

"Oh, no, 'twas but a friend I named," said Virgilia, turning away. "Come, Nyda, let us enter the house."

"We are ordered not to let the maiden pass from our sight," said one of the men who had come with the fatal message.

"What! wilt thou not even let her prepare for her journey?" asked Aruns, angrily.

"My lord will not be angry with his slave," answered the man; "he knows that I have but to obey."

"Follow her, then!" said Aruns turning aside.

Two hours afterward the weeping Virgilia was borne away from the home of her childhood, to be placed among the virgins of Vesta.

CHAPTER III.

Brennus was prompt to keep his appointment, but, alas! Virgilia was not there to meet him. Nyda, alone, the weeping Nyda, crouched on the floor of the grotto.

"What ails thee, girl, where is thy mistress?" asked Brennus, lifting Nyda to her feet.

"Alas! most noble Brennus, they have taken her away, to place her among the virgins in the temple of Vesta!"

"They! Who?" cried Brennus, his cheeks flushing; "was it her father?"

"Aruns! No, my master weeps for his daughter," said Nyda, indignantly; "my mistress thinks that Lucius hath a hand in this matter."

"Lucius! What the noble who sought her hand? Come Nyda, set me on the road to Clusium; I will tear my love from his hands!"

"But she is not in his hands; said I not that she was to be placed in the temple of Vesta? Alas, my lord! she is lost to thee forever!"

"Not so! cried Brennus, with a scornful laugh; "she is lost to me but for a time, I will try to rescue her with my own hand, Nyda; if I cannot—then we will sacrifice to the gods, and try other means. You can give me a dress, Nyda; see, my clothes are not fashioned like those of your countrymen."

"I can give you all you want," answered Nyda; "Come back here when the day grows late, I will have all things in readiness for thee. Beware lest thy speech betray thee, Brennus, and more grief fall upon my lady's heart!"

"This Lucius, Nyda, how else do you name him?" asked Brennus, not heeding her warning words.

"Lucius Fabius," said Nyda.

"Lucius Fabius," repeated Brennus, slowly, as if to stamp the name upon his memory.—"Go then, Nyda, I will be here before you and await your coming."

Nyda lingered not longer than was absolutely necessary, but still Brennus was there before her, impatiently awaiting the promised dress. The broad mantle flung over his own dress and a change of shoes was all that was necessary to hide the peculiarity of his dress, and as she shades of evening deepened, Brennus followed Nyda down the mountain path.

"Should you not succeed, return to me; if you are pursued, fly thither, I can conceal you," said Nyda, as Brennus turned his face toward Clusium.

"Pray to the Gods for me," were the last words of Brennus.

The strong athletic young warrior felt scarcely any fatigue from his long walk as he entered the streets of Clusium. He soon found the small temple dedicated to Vesta, and for two days hung around the doors, yet not one word could he hear about the idol of his heart. On the third day, 'twas whispered among those who worshipped in the temple, that some of the virgins were to be sent to Rome, in obedience to the command of the Pontifex, who who this year was the father of the young Roman whom we have found at Clusium, Lucius Fabius. Brennus listened intently, but to his anger and confusion, two young nobles entered the temple, and the conversation among the gossips ceased.

"Lucius, thou hast hurried me without cause," said the smaller of the two men.

The name immediately arrested the attention of Brennus, who, bending over one of the gossips, asked in a whisper;

"How is your young noble named?"

"Lucius Fabius," answered the person addressed, with a stare of astonishment.

Turning on his heel, Brennus left the temple, and stood in the outer court. In a few minutes, Lucius and Caius came forth. Brennus threw his foot forward, Lucius stumbled over it, but did not fall, for Caius caught his arm.

"Slave!" cried Lucius furiously.

"Slave in thy face!" answered Brennus scornfully. Instantly Lucius drew his short sword from his belt.

"Be not so rash, Lucius; see'st thou not that the man is a stranger, and knows thee not," said the more cautious and humane Caius.

"'Tis Lucius Fabius, the son of the Roman Pontifex, if I mistake not," said Brennus coldly.

"See he knows me! Slave, thou shalt die!" and blind with rage, Lucius rushed upon his foe. Brennus was not armed, yet even so he was a full match for the young Roman. With one sweep of his powerful arm he laid Lucius at his feet, and stood over him, with a smile of contempt flitting around his lips. Not long did our brave Brennus enjoy his triumph; in a moment his arms were seized and bound with heavy thongs. The Gallic warrior, a stranger and alone, stood bound among a group of young nobles who were thirsting for his blood. Cruel men they were, who promised themselves rare sport with the stranger.

"We will take him to the Governor!" cried one.

"No! no! we will not let him out of our

hands!" said another, violently pulling at the long golden locks of Brennus.

"For every hair of my head that falls to the ground, one of thy number shall fall!" said Brennus in an impressive tone.

For an instant, a deathlike silence pervaded the group, but Caius, burning with the desire to avenge his friend, grasped the hair of Brennus, and threw a handful of the golden strands into the air.

"Let us all fall then!" he cried; I am not afraid of thee, oh! stranger, and thy words fall on frozen ears! To you, my friends, I look for aid to avenge my friend, Lucius Fabius!"

"A Roman!" said a voice in the crowd.

"Yes! and a noble Roman!" cried Caius: "who is it that dares to murmur at a Roman?"

No one answered.

"Let us take him to the Governor!" said the same person who had before advocated this course.

"No! no!" cried fifty voices, as if they had been but one.

"Close the gate and give him a sword!" said Caius.

"We dare not profane the court of the temple thus," said an old man, trying to reach the side of Brennus. His words were thrown away, for already the gates were closed and the thoughts cut from the hands of Brennus.

"It shall not be!" exclaimed the old man.

"Rash young men, forbear! Little do any of thee think what thou art doing. Thou wilt call down upon thyself the anger of the gods! Forbear! forbear! I pray thee, forbear!"

Yet, still the young men heeded him not. A sword was offered to Brennus, but the old man held back his outstretched hand.

"Do not take it, young man! Seest thou not these cruel eyes that look upon thee?—Knowest thou not that there is no hope of escape? They seek to murder thee! If thou shouldst conquer one, two, a dozen, there would still be no hope, for here are fifty others! If they will murder thee, here in the very court of the temple, let them strike an unarmed man—let them do a coward's deed in a coward's way!"

"Thou art right, most noble Aruns!" said Brennus, bending low before the old man. "I will not seek to defend myself; let them strike!"

"Behold! He knows us all, though to us he is a stranger!" said Caius; "give no heed to his words, most noble youths! Stand back, and with my own hand I will shower his life-blood upon these stones!"

"Thou wilt not do this foul wrong!" exclaimed Aruns. "A stranger, and unarmed! Oh! forbear, noble Caius, nor stain thy hand with his blood! Thou canst not! thou shalt not harm him! The gods themselves will interpose to prevent thee?"

"Let thy gods help him, then!" and Caius rushed upon Brennus.

"Forbear!" cried a sweet silvery voice.

The sword fell from the hand of Caius.

Coming from the door of the temple, were three of the virgins of Vesta. Their long white garments swept the ground in loose folds, a narrow fillet of gold bound their hair back from the brow, and their hands were full of flowers. Brennus could scarcely suppress a cry of delight as his eyes rested upon the face of Virgilia, for she it was who cried "forbear!"

The fair maiden gave no token that she knew him, and he held his peace.

"What wouldst thou do, men of Clusium? Release the stranger! Why hesitate, Caius? We, servants of Vesta, have the right to release any prisoner we meet on our way from the temple. Release then the stranger, and let him go forth!"

They could not deny her right, the gates were opened, and slowly parting to the right and left, they allowed Brennus to leave the court.

Lucius had only been stunned by the blow, and now sat on one of the stone benches, leaning against his friend.

"Thou hast thwarted me again, Aruns," said Lucius, in a husky voice; "beware how thou dost attempt it a third time!"

"Thy words are mysteries, Lucius. I know not thy meaning," said Aruns.

"Know this, then: 'twas I who robbed thee of thy daughter; ay, look at her! there she stands, clad in the robes of Vesta! Thou hast lost her, and 'twas I who put her here!" said Lucius, in a malicious tone.

"I demand, then, that thou return her to me!" said Aruns, fiercely.

Lucius laughed scornfully.

"Go, old man; go to thy home; I have had my revenge, Go home, old man; I laugh thee to scorn!"

"Thou dost laugh! 'Tis well; may the gods reward thee according to thy deserts," said Aruns, in a solemn tone.

"Thou knowest thy duty, my father!" said Virgilia, in a meaning tone.

"And will do it," replied Aruns, going out of the gate, while Virgilia returned into the temple.

"What meant she!" asked Lucius.

"I know not, but my heart feels heavy," said Caius; "thou shouldst not have laughed at the old man's grief, Lucius!"

"Ho! woman, as thou art, thou'st not the heart of a chicken!" cried Lucius.

But, let us not linger with these, but follow Aruns as he leaves the gate of the temple. He looked hastily up the street, hoping to see Brennus, but he had disappeared.

"Saw ye the young warrior who came forth just now?" he asked of his slaves, who were awaiting him without.

"Yes, my lord, the stranger hath gone with fleet steps on the way that leads towards our own home."

"Hasten, then, good Coqui, bring hither my lectio, we will turn our faces homeward."

"Quick to obey the wishes of their kind master, the slaves soon had his conveyance ready, and in a very few moments they commenced their journey. They had not more than left the noise of the city behind them when Brennus stood in their way.

"Thanks to thee, noble Aruns, thou hast been kind to a stranger."

"Come, walk by my side, young man; I like thy fearless look," said Aruns.

"But looks had been lost in death if thou hadst not interfered," answered Brennus.

"But tell me, how then didst thou know my name?" said Aruns.

"I have heard of thee, and I knew by thy kind words that it could be no other than the good Aruns who spoke."

"Tell me, then, who thou art?" said Aruns, eagerly.

"As thou seest—a stranger!"

"But, thy name? How art thou called?"

"Brennus."

"Brennus!" echoed Aruns, starting from his seat; "where heard I that name before? Where dost thou come, noble Brennus?"

"From Gallia!" answered Brennus, proudly.

"A Gaul!—a Gaul!" Aruns paused.

"A barbarian!" said Brennus.

"Nay; I said not so!" exclaimed Aruns.

"But thou didst think it," interrupted Brennus. "And if I did, it does not hurt thee, Brennus; nor do I feel as if thou wert my enemy," said Aruns eagerly.

"Thy enemy! Brennus the enemy of Aruns! The gods forbid! I am thy friend, thy servant, thy slave; 'tis for Aruns to command and Brennus to obey. What wouldst thou, Aruns? Speak! What is the wish nearest thy heart? Thou didst see how Vesta herself sent her virgins forth to save me.—Speak, then, and tell me thy wish."

"Oh! my daughter," cried Aruns, excited by the enthusiastic manner of Brennus, "if thou couldst but restore to me my daughter."

"Thou shalt have her!" said Brennus.

"Nay, do not mock me, young man; thou hast not the power," said Aruns, sadly.

"Mock thee! Never! What, mock the father of Virgilia, the sweet maiden, who but now saved my life? I have a heart, Aruns, barbarian as I am," said Brennus.

"Surely, thou art a child of the gods," said Aruns, looking at his handsome companion; "surely thou art—how else couldst thou be here alone?"

"I am no child of the gods," answered Brennus, smiling; "I am only a strong young warrior, who will devote his life to the service of Aruns and Virgilia. Say but to me, Brennus, my son, bring to me my daughter, and thou shalt have her!"

"Oh! Brennus, my son, bring my child to me, and no reward that thou canst demand will be too great to give thee!" said Aruns, clasping his hands.

"'Tis well," answered Brennus, placing the hands of Aruns on his bowed head; "thou shalt have her; I swear it."

CHAPTER IV.

Aruns was left alone in his grand old house. Brennus had hastily departed, with his last words imparting consolation to the almost broken-hearted father. The days passed wearily away, and the eyes of Aruns and his slaves were almost tired with gazing up the mountain, for the form of Brennus met not their eyes. Their hearts were growing sick with hope deferred, and fear again brooded over them. Still the time passed on; forty times the sun rose and set. Aruns was in despair. During all this time, he had not been idle; appeal after appeal had been made to those who held the power for the restoration of his child. Twice had he been to Clusium, and once to Rome. In vain—all in vain; those hearts of marble were not to be softened by a parent's tears; and now the faint hope that Brennus may yet return, is all that is left to him. On the sixtieth day after the departure of Brennus, Aruns, with his slaves, stood without his door, gazing with the intense longing of despair upon the spot where he had last seen the Gallic warrior. Suddenly Nyda utters a scream of delight.

(To be Continued.)

CLIPPINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BAZAIN'S LAST SORTIE.

A correspondent of a German paper gives the following account of the last sortie from Metz before its surrender:

Our troops received the alarm between one and two o'clock in the afternoon that the army of the enemy was again about to make a sortie. The brisk fire from cannon, mitrailleuses, and small arms, which soon began, showed that we were to have this time something more than a mere skirmish between outposts. Strong columns of the enemy had passed over into Maxe, the village burned down on the night of the 27th September, and had, as was natural in such sorties, driven back our outposts, by dint of numbers, at the first assault. The cannonade became every moment livelier, and soon extended along the entire plain next to the Moselle, which stretches to the north of Metz. This plain was, it is well known, avoided by the enemy in his sorties up to the 27th of September. Since then, however, it has been selected as its chief place of encampment. The attack of the enemy was carried on in great force and vigor. In such sorties the enemy have a great advantage in the Chassepot, on account of its great range—2,000 paces. About a quarter to three

mitrailleuses and small arms showed that the combat was going on along the whole line of the Moselle, up to Bellevue. About this time also the batteries of the enemy, which were erected inside the Fort St. Julien, in the wood of Grimont, began to disquiet our camp. The line of fighting was upwards of a mile long. On the right and left of the Moselle a lively contest went on between the artillery on both sides. Immediately after the first alarm had been given, I rode to a height in the village of Argancy, from which you could look down upon the entire field of battle. But, owing to the cloudiness of the weather and the smoke of the powder, I could not clearly perceive single movements. The whole of the plain of the Moselle, in which the fight took place, was covered by one continuous cloud of smoke. Only here and there you could see the blaze of cannon, and the consequent increase in the smoke. About a quarter past three ascended two columns of smoke, which indicated the burning of two villages, probably Ladonchamps and Bellevue. The violence of the shock reminded one of that of the 18th of August—at one time the thunder of the cannon, at another the fire of the small arms, predominant; both never ceased for a

moment. The direction of the latter, which at a quarter to four was towards the south-east, showed that the enemy was retreating. Scarcely, however, did the conflict show more symptoms of cessation in one place than it broke out with greater violence in another. As far as could be seen in the confusion, the small arms of the enemy and the confusion of the Prussians were most actively employed. Our batteries were again erected in the semi-circle stretching from the village of Norroy over Fere, Semoourt, Muzorea, Argancy, Olgy, Melroy, and Charly were in constant operation, alternately discharging single shots and whole salvos on the columns of the enemy. Altogether from 120 to 150 cannon were employed on our side. The batteries in the neighbourhood of the villages of Argancy and Olgy were especially active on account of the situation. The position to the south of the village of Olgy was, about five o'clock, strengthened by the arrival of two new batteries. On the side of the enemy, the mitrailleuses and the cannon on Fort St. Julien were most remarkable. These fired shots to a distance of three-quarters of a mile; so that they not only reached several places occupied by us—Faily, Charly, Malroy and Olgy—but even went beyond them. A great many of their grenades fell on the height which is bounded on the north by the villages of Argancy and Chastilly, and on the south by the villages of Olgy, Melroy and Charly. Fortunately, the greater part of these terrible projectiles missed their aim, which was apparently our batteries erected in that region. The shells which fell in the village of Olgy did but little damage. Between five and six o'clock, when darkness began to approach, the combat once more

RAGED WITH REMARKABLE VIOLENCE.

The peculiar rattling sound of the mitrailleuse was again heard. About six o'clock the battle seemed to be at an end, and I therefore returned to headquarters. Scarcely had I arrived there, when I heard once more—it was now about half-past six—the firing renewed. Then silence succeeded until seven o'clock, when fighting recommenced. Repeated and continuous firing from small arms and cannons lasted until near nine, after the moon had begun to shine. The latter conflicts had been induced by our army, in order to compel the enemy to quit a strongly defended position in the neighborhood of St. Remy and Ladonchamps, which he had gained at the commencement of the fight. In this our troops succeeded. The result of this battle, the severest and most important which has taken place before Metz since the 1st of Sept., is also a negative one for both sides. Both have lost many men without gaining any advantages. In the peculiar position of our army, it is quite impossible to follow up the victory by penetrating into the immediate vicinity of the fortress. However bravely, therefore, the attacks of the enemy may have been repulsed, the successes gained cannot satisfy the victor. I have not ascertained the exact amount of the losses. Ours alone must amount to several hundreds. On our side the principal brunt of the battle was borne by the 10th Army Corps and the Landwehr division Von Kummer, which is now under command of General Von Coights Rhetz.

MARSHAL BAZAINE AND HIS ACCUSERS.

The conduct of Marshal Bazaine while commanding the army of the Rhine has been the subject of several communications to the French and Belgian journals. The case of his accusers is placed in its most authoritative form in a report dated October 28, and addressed to the French Government by E. de Valcourt, an officer of the Mobile Guard, attached at the general headquarters of the army of the Rhine. This report is divided into two parts, the first relating to the military, and the second to the political question.

The following is an extract from the second part:

"As early as the 20th of October an order of the day was read to the officers, announcing to them that a treaty of peace was about to be concluded between France and Prussia; that the Empress Regent was to be restored to power, and would join the army with her son; lastly, that the army itself would be ordered to march on rebellious cities, and would subdue them, and protect the meeting of the former Chambers at Toulouse; and that these Chambers would ratify the treaty of peace concluded with the Prussians—a treaty the conditions of which, as will be readily understood, was not communicated to the soldiers.

"Unfortunately for Bazaine's plan, the adhesion of King William's Government was less certain than it was at first believed to be. Bazaine—wishing to surrender the army and not the fortress, over which he had only a restricted power. Gen. Coffinieres being then the superior commander—Prince Frederick Charles declared at last that he declined all arrangement on such terms, and that he only would accept a double capitulation, comprising both the Army of the Rhine, that is 100,000 men ready for immediate action, and the city and fortress of Metz.

"On the 21st the news arrived of the failure of the *pourparlers*; on the morning of the next day Marshal Bazaine attempted, for the first time, to communicate with the government of the National Defense, the existence of which until then he had never acknowledged.

"The conclusions of the report are these:—
"To recapitulate Marshal Bazaine's conduct during the two months and half which have elapsed from the battle of the 18th of August (Saint Privat) till now, founding our statements on the above-mentioned facts, we shall say:

- "1. That the Marshal, since 18th of Aug., never attempted any sortie of a serious character and that his attempts to attack the Prussian lines were made only in order that they might afterward serve to his country and in history as excuses for his conduct.
- "2. That the Marshal would not attempt a supreme effort which, even in case of a success, would have greatly disorganized his splendid army, and which would no longer have allowed him, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine, to be the arbitrator of the political destinies of France.
- "3. These considerations also explain why the Marshal never consented to recognise the Government of the National Defense, and sought, up to the very last, to collect the remnants of the Bonapartist power, with the view of establishing a Third Empire.
- "4. Once convinced that he could only bring France and the Prussians also to adopt ideas of a Bonapartist restoration by adding the disaster of the capitulation of Metz to the other misfortunes which were already weighing down our unhappy country, the Marshal made it his business to hasten the hour of surrender.
- "5. To do this he refused to diminish in good time the forage rations, thus suddenly leaving the 29,000 horses, which composed his cavalry and horsed his artillery, without any kind of food, instead of taking measures for making the resources he had still in hand on the 1st of September, when he made his final great sortie, last as long as possible. Also, after many delays, did he consent to lessen the food rations, and that, too, at a time when this measure could be of very slight use, as the quantity of provisions to which it could be applied was very small.
- "6. In fact, Marshal Bazaine acted in every way with one sole object—namely, to be and to remain, the master of the political situation in France; and believing that he could make use of the Prussians to assist him in the execution of his ambitious designs, he wittingly gave up to them the fortress of Metz, as well as the French Army—100,000 men—encamped within the entrenchments."

"VIVA LA! THE NEW BRIGADE."

send a thrill of pride and pleasure through the hearts of Irishmen. It touches a chord which awakens old and glorious memories, and vibrates in harmony with their present feelings and aspirations.

The desire to bear arms under the flag of France would seem to be almost a part of the Irish nature. In the columns of this journal for years we have been answering at frequent intervals inquiries addressed to us by young Irishmen desirous of taking service with the French Army. We had in all cases to reply that only in the ranks of the Foreign Legion, which was retained almost constantly in Algeria; and in which they would be mixed up with men of many countries, could such service be had by Irishmen. This was not the sort of thing our young countrymen wished for; they wished to have a chance of active service, with its opportunities of personal advancement and of winning credit for themselves and their country. Now those opportunities are fully presented to them, and we think it not at all unlikely that many of our countrymen will show themselves quite alive to the fact. The 2nd Regiment des Etrangers, whose headquarters at present are at Casen, and the ranks of which are not yet quite filled up, is intended to be composed solely of Irishmen. The nationality of the Regiment will be recognized and preserved by the French authorities. It is indicated in the uniform of the men, which is the same as that of the French Line, but with the addition of green facings and a gilt harp worn on the front of the kepi. It is probable that the "immortal green" will also have a place in the banner which is to float over their heads.

We can interpret those facts only as a compliment to Ireland. It certainly is not owing to any want of brave sons of her own that France thus opens the ranks of her defenders to Irishmen and gives them a special welcome. No, the act is one of friendship; it is a recognition of the generous sympathies for France which have been shown by Ireland at all times, and especially since the outbreak of the present war—a recognition, too, of the well-established character of Irishmen for valor and daring—for France would not entrust her colors and her arms to men in whose bravery she had not full confidence. We believe the Franco-Irish Regiment will nobly fulfil the trust reposed in them, and prove themselves worthy descendants of the men who fought at Cremona and Fontenoy.

Letters which have reached us from members of the Corps, and which we publish in another column, convey to us the gratifying intelligence that the Franco-Irish Regiment has already attained a remarkable proficiency in drill, and that the best possible spirit prevails among the men. Their discipline—that essential quality of true soldiers—leaves nothing to be desired; they are prompt and cheerful in the discharge of their various duties, and they are attached to their officers, who well deserve their respect and affection. In Colonel Dyer they have a commander of experience, skill, and bravery; and in Captain Kirwan they have an officer after their own heart—a true Irish patriot, an educated and accomplished gentleman, and as gallant and fearless a soldier as ever wore a sword by his side. He comes of a family of soldiers and of patriots, and the name he bears has ever had a place in the annals of Ireland's military connection with France. In other grades of the present corps also there are Irishmen of the right stamp, men of ability and courage, who are certain to win for themselves honor and distinction. Ireland should rejoice that her old military relations with France are thus being renewed and sustained, for the circumstances is in every respect gratifying, creditable, and hopeful. We are glad to learn that the strength of the corps is every day receiving large acquisition, and we should not be surprised if before long it developed from a Regiment into a Brigade.

We salute, with all our heart, our gallant countrymen now enrolled under the flag of France. We honor, and Ireland will honor, chivalry and patriotism. They deserve the grateful regard and affectionate remembrance of their country, for in freely giving their aid to France they are faithfully interpreting the feelings of sympathy and friendship for that noble and kindred nation which fill the heart of Ireland. We wish them a glorious career, worthy of the fellow-countrymen of the MacMahons, Dilons, MacCarthy, O'Brines, and O'Mahonys, whose names shine bright in Franco-Irish military annals. We have made arrangements which will enable us to record their movements, and they may feel certain that their countrymen all over the world will follow their fortunes with the liveliest regard and the deepest possible sympathy. May they prove in every way worthy of the two nations interested in their future—France and Ireland.—*Dublin Visitor*, Nov. 5.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

Every one who has passed a hot summer day amid the umbrageous recesses of beautiful Fontainebleau will have been heartily sorry to read the telegram announcing the havoc which fire has been making among its splendid trees.

Huntman, and there is a legend that a spectral sportsman haunts the ground, who appeared to Henry IV. shortly before his assassination. The castle was splendidly and judiciously restored by Louis Philippe. In the midst of the court of entrance Napoleon took leave of the Old Guard prior to his departure for Elba. The room known as the Queen's boudoir was fitted up by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette, and the window bolts are said to be the work of that monarch, whose delight in metal work is well known.

STASBOURG AS IT IS.

At present the citizens are not present on their pavements. These have been taken possession of by an army of visitors from all parts of the Fatherland, all yearning to give their blessing to their long-lost son—the Benjamin of the German household. As yet there are not half enough fatted calves available. Butter and milk give out very early at all the hotels; but this is compensated a hundred-fold by the contemplation of the bright panoramas of the streets. Whatever ravages the hamlets of Alsace have undergone the Sunday wardrobes have been spared, and are being aired in all the main thoroughfares. The centre of attraction is the glorious Minister. The recovery of this flower of German art is an evident source of pride, with which it is impossible not to sympathize. To-day the interior is alive with peasantry, the men in long black velvet coats and smalls, the women in black silk gowns and broad-brimmed straw hats, upon which a shower of russet apples appear to have descended. The shops overflow with German soldiery, all demanding plans of Strasburg, photographs of the Cathedral, Baedeker's *Guides to Paris*. Most of my time I haunt the bookshops, and this incessant stream of soldiery, buying books, maps, and engravings, is a phenomenon. In England the thing would be impossible, in France most improbable, but here they all gravitate to the libraries. One cannot help respecting this brave, sober, stalwart, studious army. The German armies now have moved away, marching off to Paris. All the gates and squares and public places are in their possession, and every now and again the tramp of their steady legions is encountered; but none of the trumpeting of the French regiments precede these silent wedges of steel. No stimulant is required to brace up the nerves of the German soldiers. There are many of the French garrison left. One sees Turcos, Zouaves, and Cavalry officers sunning themselves at the gateways of the numerous hospitals. When Strasburg surrendered there was an abundance of wine in the cellars, but all the beer was drunk out. It is a source of serious discomfort to the thousands of thirsty German visitors. The famous brewery of the Dauphin gives no sign, but the Taverne Alsacienne is so crowded that they have to close their doors the greater part of the day. Here on Sunday I saw the garrison fraternizing with their conquerors. Zouaves singing *gardiolois* to the German soldiery, while some Turcos, black as ebony, marked the time with snapping fingers. The re-germanization of Alsace is a problem full of interest. No sign of a conquered city is visible, no knots of gloomy patriots "looking daggers, but using none." The besiegers have been the friends, neighbours, relatives of the Strasburg citizens, and now one cannot enter a shop but presently a Baden or Wurtemberg soldier comes in, and straightway there is a kissing and embracing of an old acquaintance.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ORLEANS.—BY AN IRISH SOLDIER.

Mr. Leonard received the following account of the engagement at Orleans from Mr. McEvers, and forwarded it for publication to the *Cork Examiner*.—

Since last I wrote home great changes have taken place, viz.: On Monday, the 16th inst., we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed that night for Orleans. Maurice, self, and sixteen other Irish marched in the best of spirits with the rest of the 1,500 for the station, and started by the 9 p.m. train. We arrived at Orleans at 7:30 a.m., were drawn up before the station and marched immediately along the principal boulevards of the town; halted there about half a mile off, got out our culinary utensils and commenced to prepare our morning meal. While it was getting ready an Irish-American friend named Waite and I took a stroll to look at the town. We were gone about two or three hours when the bugle sounded the assembly, and, to our great surprise, we had to fall in (without having touched food of any description since the previous day) with loaded chassapots, canteen boxes open, furnished with ninety rounds of cartridges, and were marched direct to the scene of action.

Our Legion, eight-hundred companies, consisting of 137 men each, were the first to start. It was a sad and glorious sight to see us cheered and encouraged by shouts from the people of Vire la Legion Etrangere, ladies waving handkerchiefs from balconies as we passed, all of us in good spirits and eager for the fray. Maurice Moriarity belonged to No. 1 Company, which being in front was the first engaged, and as he passed we could not leave the ranks to shake each other's hands, but from our positions shouted, I fear, a last farewell. He, poor fellow, is either shot or taken prisoner (I trust in God the latter), as he has not turned up since the battle. We had not proceeded two hundred yards outside the city of Orleans when we heard the Prussian bullets whizzing past us from their mitrailleuses and needle-guns. Our comrades fell fast on all sides. Wade, an Irish-American, Donnellan and I were together for the first few minutes, but soon lost each other in the heat of action. You have not the remotest idea of the sensation that creeps over one when meeting death face to face for the first time, nor is it in my power to describe it. Suffice to say, I made up my mind for the worst in the shortest space of time possible (about half the time it takes to write it). I saw nothing of Maurice during the battle, as his company held a different position from ours. Portion of our Company (the 3rd) were engaged in a vineyard sharp-shooting. Not knowing the position of the enemy, we advanced to within one hundred yards of their skirmishers, when they suddenly opened fire upon us, which we partially avoided by lying flat on our faces. After a little while we succeeded in creeping behind a windmill close by, when our men, who were some distance in the rear, being unable to distinguish us from the enemy owing to thickness of the vines, mistook us for the foe and fired a volley which almost decimated us. Our lieutenant (a young but efficient officer) called loudly for the bugler to sound "cease firing," but, to his astonishment, found that in our eagerness to get at the foe we entirely forgot the necessity of having one. Finding this the case, he ordered myself and friends who happened to be next him, to place our caps on the tops of our chassapots, get into a conspicuous position, and shout at the top of our voices, "Legion Etrangere—cease le feu," which we did, notwithstanding the continual fire that was kept up the whole time. Thanks to the especial Providence that watched over us we received no injury, although others in executing the same order were shot down before us. In the din and confusion of battle our cry passed unnoticed and we were obliged to retreat "tout de suite," firing a stray shot at the enemy. We had scarcely reached our comrades in the street when the enemy directed their cannon at the mill, which for the previous few minutes afforded its friendly protection, and in less than a minute it was reduced to a mass of smoking ruins. The sight of its destruction, out of the 80 or 100 men that entered the vineyard, only six or eight reached the street. Amongst them were Wade, myself and Donnellan. As we entered the Prussians had advanced some considerable distance, and we could distinctly see them as they directed their mitrailleuses with such good effect that hundreds of our

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—1870.

Friday, 2—Fast. St. Biliiana, B. M.
Saturday, 3—St. Francis Xavier, C.
Sunday, 4—Second of Advent.
Monday, 5—St. Peter Chrysologus, B. C. D.
Tuesday, 6—St. Nicholas, B. C.
Wednesday, 7—Fast. St. Ambrose, B. C. D.
Thursday, 8—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Obl.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—A telegram has just been given to the public announcing that Paris is still confident, and that there is subsistence in the city for two months and a half, bread for eight months, and wine and brandy for a year. A telegram says further that the French are erecting additional defences on all sides. A telegram dated Tours, 25th, says that rumors are afloat that a great sortie from Paris was effected on the 24th. Fighting was going on at Montargis. Bourbaki has refused command of the 18th Corps. He says he has formed an army and has been deprived of its command, and will not submit twice to this usage. He wants active service, not organization work. A Versailles despatch says the military situation this morning is very critical. The advance guard of the Duke of Mecklenburg is at Coulommiers. The French, under General Tierck, occupy Le Mans. Another portion of the Duke of Mecklenburg's army, moving from Dreux to Curache, had reached Manners, on the north bank of the Semelle, 20 miles north-east of Conlie. The Germans from Coulommiers, 55,000 strong, under General Von der Tann, yesterday, in advancing toward Pithiviers, fell along the lines of General D'Aurelle de Paladines' entrenched position at Artenay and Bois Cramien. A serious engagement followed, but the result is not ascertained.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 27.—By a treaty just signed, the Baden troops are incorporated with the Federal army, and come under the sole command and direction of King William and the war office at Berlin. The *Tribune's* Berlin correspondence of the 26th, says: Gen. Hazen says that when he left Versailles on the 17th, not a single siege gun was in position, and that not a foot could be taken without a regular siege. Fifty thousand French troops, under General Gurck, have arrived at Tours for Brittany. The *Tribune's* correspondent at Amiens says on Saturday afternoon there was some smart fighting. Some Uhlans crossed the Somme this morning, and now Amiens is threatened. The *Tribune's* Versailles special of the 25th says nothing definite is known of the progress made between Mr. Odo Russell and Bismarck; but the Prussian feeling is that war will follow the action of Russia.

BERLIN, Nov. 26.—Reports have been received here from time to time announcing that large bodies of citizens, and, in some cases, regular troops, at Paris have come to the Prussian outposts and offered to surrender, but were turned back invariably. These reports have latterly been confirmed by a despatch from the German headquarters at Versailles.

BERLIN, Nov. 27.—The main body of the Loire army is ascertained to occupy an entrenched position between Artenay and Orleans.

BERLIN, Nov. 28.—The North German Parliament has granted the extraordinary war credit demanded by the Government, by a vote of 178 to 8. The only opposition to the grant came from the socialist and democratic members.

LILLE, November 27.—An engagement took place on Saturday at Bouves, near Amiens. The French troops repulsed the Germans with the bayonet. The assailants suffered severely, losing three times as many men as the French. The army in and around Amiens is full of confidence.

TOURS, November 27.—The *Moniteur* says a

great battle is impending. Skirmishing so far has resulted in favour of the French. The Prussians demonstrated toward Montargis, but encountered a resistance which obliged them to make a change in their plans of attack. They made a parade of their troops from the centre to the right, seeking to overwhelm the French left. The enemy's movement was in such force that there had to be a heavy concentration of troops to resist it. Chateau d'Un was in consequence left uncovered, and has possibly been captured. The Prussians on Thursday bombarded Neuville.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The *World's* Tours correspondent telegraphs on the 26th: A great French victory was won yesterday near Vendome. The battle began at 2 in the afternoon, when the Prussians attempted to turn the left flank of De Paladines' forces posted along the Chartres and Vendome Railroad. The Prussians were repulsed and routed, suffering great loss, and were pursued until 9 at night. They retreated towards Chateau d'Un. Two guns were captured. The Government also has a despatch announcing engagements along the whole front and on both flanks of D'Aurelle de Paladines' lines, all of which resulted in victory for the French. A *World's* special from Tours, Sunday night, says that fighting is going on all along the line. The French have carried everything. The Prussians tried to turn the right of the French at Glen au Loire, and their left at Chateau du Loire, midway between Le Mans and Tours, but were repulsed in both attempts with great loss. There was also hard fighting at Vendome with the French left centre to-day. The French drove back the enemy, and took 500 prisoners. There is no doubt that a decisive battle has been won by the French.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—In reconnoitering near Orleans yesterday the 10th Prussian corps encountered the 20th French corps of De Paladines' army. An engagement occurred in which the French were driven from their strong position at Laden Maziers, with serious loss. Subsequently several French companies attacked the Prussian 10th corps; but were repulsed with a loss of 40 men. A French General was taken prisoner by the Prussians. The German loss was trifling. The following details of an engagement between the Prussians under Gen. Von Werder, and the French under General Garibaldi near Pasques, in the Department of the Vosges, have just been received, dated Dijon, Nov. 27th: The Garibaldians, while on their march from Pasques, late on Saturday afternoon, suddenly came upon the outposts of the Prussian rifles, which they immediately attacked with great impetuosity. The Prussians were at first compelled to fall back, but reinforcements coming up the Garibaldians were in their turn repulsed in great disorder, the soldiers throwing away their arms and knapsacks in their flight. Gen. Von Werder, next day, (Sunday) made a circuit around Plombieres, and in this way overtook the French. Another engagement occurred in which the French loss was again considerable. It is said Meotti Garibaldi had 2,000 men under him in this engagement. In the capitulation of La Ferte 70 cannon of all sorts fell into the hands of the Prussians. The French claim to have won a great victory at Morecuil, 12 miles south of Amiens yesterday. The battle lasted till darkness interfered. The German first army is alleged to have been beaten, and driven back to its entrenchments before Amiens. The French army was greater in numbers and better armed. The losses are obscurely given. The Prussian husars rode down and cut to pieces a regiment of marine infantry. The German losses were severe. The Paris *Figaro* implores the French Government to conclude peace, the defence of Paris being impossible.

TOURS, Nov. 28.—A battle occurred yesterday near Amiens. The French maintained their position up to half-past four in the afternoon, when the town of Villers was abandoned before the superior forces and artillery of the Prussians. The French were subsequently beaten at Boves, a few miles west of Villers, but at Dury they maintained their position until nightfall. Three thousand Germans were engaged in the conflict at the latter place.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—A great battle is imminent, if not already in progress, between Chateau-dun and Montargis. At last accounts from the army of the Loire the French were buoyant and confident of the result. The German right occupy Montargis, still threatening the French in the forest of Cercotte. Prince Frederick Charles' army has been strongly reinforced with field artillery.

Advices are just received of a dreadful R.R. accident to the Holyhead express on the London and North Western Railway. The details are not yet known.

INFANTICIDE.—The *Times* Naples correspondent writing under date Aug. 21st, and exploring the great increase of serious crime under the present regime, gives some interesting and significant statistics as to the crime of infanticide, in revolutionised and partly Protestantised

Italy. First he tells us that Piedmont has a bad preeminence for this particular offence:—

"Piedmont stood at the head, the cases of that crime amounting to 22 per cent of the total of homicides."

In other parts of Italy the proportion was as under:—

"In the Abruzzi and Molise 21; in Tuscany and the Puglias 11 in each; in Emilia 1; and Sicily 2."

Thus it seems that the districts in which the crime of child-murder is least rife are priest-ridden Sicily and Emilia; that in which it is most rife is Piedmont, where Liberal and anti-Romish principles have obtained the greatest triumphs over Catholicity.

Infanticide may almost be called characteristic crime of this nineteenth century, so prevalent is it, so openly and unblushingly is the crime committed—especially under the form of feticide. There is no concealment about the matter. It ranks almost as one of the fine arts; it has its hundreds and thousands of professors on this Continent who openly ply their filthy trade; and you can scarce take up a paper either in Canada or in the United States without meeting an advertisement of a patent medicine for destroying the fruit of the womb. Under the operation of this horrid, and unnatural crime the Protestant population of the New England States is actually dying out, and is being supplanted by the children of Irish Catholics amongst whom, thank God, the crime of child-murder is comparatively unknown, owing to the confessional, and the teachings of the Church.

We do not exaggerate; we do but repeat the words of Protestant ministers and Protestant medical men in the United States. The crime of infanticide has increased, is fast increasing, and there are no hopes at present of its abatement. Listen to what a New York Protestant paper, the *N. Y. Independent*, quoted some time ago by the *Montreal Witness*, says upon this subject:—

MURDER OF INFANTS.—There is, at this moment, in the world a certain hideous tract of crime, of which he who approaches it may say, as Dante said when he entered Inferno.

"And to a place I come where nothing shines."

Whoever lifts the veil from the spectacle of secret, sure, unrepented, and unpunished murder now done, every twenty-four hours, throughout the earth, not by fierce men upon their fellow-men, but by gentle mothers upon speechless and helpless infancy, uncovers without doubt the sorrowfullest and ghastliest subject which can be looked upon.

The turpitude of any crime is not measured by the external commotion it makes, or by the conscious suffering it causes; but rather by the sacredness of the sentiment which is violated in its commission. What more sacred sentiment is there between human beings than that which God has implanted in the breast of parents for their offspring? When the old Hebrew prophet wished to point to the one human tie that would be the last to perish from the human heart, he cried out, with a sort of incredulous horror, "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Or alas! the question has lost all its ancient meaning. To ask if a woman can forget her sucking child is a tame inquiry in this age when for a woman to murder her sucking child is a commonplace event. And she who is able to rend in pieces the hallowed instinct of maternal tenderness, and then to trample it into the mire beneath her feet—what holy and consecrated thing is left for her to pollute?"

It is a painfully interesting study to inquire into the motives which, in various parts of the world, impel to the commission of child murder.

There seem to be seven principal motives. The sixth motive is shame. In France where foundling hospitals are common the murder of the child of guilt is not the only deliverance from exposure; but how frequently the dread of shame leads to murder in England and America, the files of any newspaper will indicate.

The seventh cause may be regarded as pre-eminently the gentle one among Christians—the selfishness, indolence, heartlessness of the fashionable Christian women of the period. In his tender and beautiful poem, "A Tale of Paraguay," Robert Southey speaks of an impious custom

—such as was wont to sear
The unhappy heart with usages severe;
Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear:
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light, they turn through heathen paths astray."

It was we, not Southey, who italicized the word "heathen." Ah! "heathen paths" no longer a monopoly of the slaughter of helpless babes! It used to be one of the tremendous arguments of missionary orators that the gospel would go into heathen lands now bloody with the blood of infancy, and be a means of doing away with the foul crime. With what face or force could any sensitive man use that argument now in an assemblage of American Christians, a large portion of whom kill their children either before or after birth! One of the coroners of London recently said that every thirtieth woman you meet in the streets of London is a child-murderer. Probably not less than that statement would be the truth in New York, Boston, and Chicago. And what is it all for? In many cases, it is because the ladies cannot go to the opera so often, cannot see so much company, and cannot be so pretty, if they are obliged to take care of their own children.

Would it not be a good plan to have a few heathen missionaries invited to Christendom; for the heathen excuses for infanticide are far more creditable than the Christian ones. Pagan women kill their children because they would save them from a life of hardship, or because they are too poor to raise them; but it is reserved for refined and lovely Christian mothers to kill their babes because they are such a bother!—*N. Y. Independent*.

Here then are the facts of the case by Protestant showing. One woman of every thirty in the great Protestant cities of London, New York, Boston and Chicago is a murderer, and the vilest of murderers, the murder of her own children. And this not amongst the poor and ignorant mainly, but amongst the wealthy, the educated, and the leaders of the fashionable world! And is this then the result of high two thousand years of Christian civilisation, and three hundred years of Protestantism, and an "open bible?" Pagan Rome in all its turpitude, was not more filthy than, by Protestant

showing, are the great Protestant centres of commerce and civilisation at the present day.

"One woman in thirty" is a murderer, the murderer of her own child! Now, as not every woman is a mother, how fearful would the figures appear were we told the proportion of child-murderers, not merely to women, but to mothers, in England, and in the United States. We know however, from the *N. Y. Independent*, as quoted by the *Witness*, that a "large portion of American Christian mothers kill their children either before or after birth," merely because children are "such a bother."

There is one other fact alluded to incidentally by the *N. Y. Independent* to which we would call the attention of the reader. This:—That in France where "foundling hospitals" are common, "Child-murder, from dread of disgrace in the eyes of the world, is not so frequent as it is in England and America. This is all that the advocates of those institutions claim for them:—That they prevent to a considerable degree the crime of murder; and though the sin of impurity remains unaffected thereby; yet it is something to have checked the spread of the horrid crime which is so prevalent in all Protestant communities. True: even in the best managed foundling hospital and under the most favorable circumstances the mortality is and must be great; but then the parents of the children therein received, have not the burden of wilful premeditated murder on their souls. Even if but one were to live that one life would be so much clear gain to the community; for of this we may be certain, that every child sent to a foundling hospital would be murdered, if no such institution were in existence.

The advantages of such an institution are these:—1st. Some, if but a few, lives are thereby saved, and this is a clear material gain to the community. In the moral order this too is gained. If the institution be in Catholic hands the children there exposed receive the sacrament of baptism; and, at all events whether the child live or die, the parents are not, in intention at least its murderers. It is to be regretted that there should ever be any need of such an institution; but as things are we have to elect betwixt impurity, and impunity plus murder.

CONVICT LABOR.—It has been often asked "why should we not employ our convicts in the construction of national roads to the North-West?" Do they who ask the question know what road-making by convicts means? what a fearful expence it entails? and how cruel and demoralising it is to the troops who must necessarily be employed to guard the convicts? Have they ever heard of the "road gangs," as they were called in N. S. Wales?

Road making by convicts is a most dangerous and costly practice. It is dangerous, for spite of all precautions, the convicts will be constantly escaping. It is costly, not only because the amount of work done by convicts working in chains is necessarily small, so that a "government day's work" was a proverb in N. S. Wales to denote the least possible amount of work that could be extracted from an able bodied man in the course of 24 hours; but because road making by convicts implies stockades or strong barracks erected at short intervals all along the line of route, and a strong military force to keep guard over, and prevent the escape of the convicts.

And yet in spite of all precautions, in spite too of the physical conditions of N. S. Wales, which were marvellously adapted for those of a penal settlement, whose woods afforded no food, no means of sustenance to the run-away, who had but a choice betwixt death by starvation, death from the hands of the blacks or the mounted police, and death upon the gallows, escapes from the road gangs were frequent; though of course after a short and bloody career, of which robbery, rape, and murder were the chief features, the run-aways were almost invariably shot down, or captured and hung. How would it be in this country, with the chances of escape to the United States? Why it would take a military force as large as that employed in Ireland to keep guard over the convicts, unless indeed we were to bind them on their honor not to run away.

To the troops employed—as was clearly established in N. S. Wales—this work of guarding convicts employed on roads is the most harassing, the most demoralising of any service in which they can be engaged. Large bodies of convicts with dangerous tools such as shovels, pick-axes, and axes in their hands, are always formidable, even when heavily ironed, and even with a thirty-two pound shot strapped to their ankles. At night they must be locked up in strong stockades erected at a great cost for the purpose; and these stockades, or fortresses, must be repeated every few miles along the entire line, since it is evident that if the road-makers have to be marched every morning several miles to their work, and marched back again in the evening, little or no work will be done. For some heavy work on one particular spot, such as the making of a bridge, or the

excavation of a tunnel, convict labor may be employed; but even under such circumstances it is always costly, and very dangerous.

There is but one way of dealing with convicts whom we are too tender to hang, and against whom we wish to be protected. They must be locked up carefully like wild beasts, in the strongest of cages, whose bars they cannot break. To let them out to work on roads is just as mad a piece of business as it would be for the keeper of a menagerie to take his lions and tigers out for an airing in a public park, or to give his rattlesnakes the benefit of an occasional run in the woods.

If the journalists, who in happy ignorance of penal settlements, and the value of convict labor outside the walls of a Penitentiary, or strong fortress, were to calculate on the one hand the cost of a military force to guard the convicts whom they propose to utilise upon the roads to the North West; and the cost of erecting at every four or five miles along the proposed route stockades, or barracks in which at night the convict laborers would have to be locked up; and, on the other hand, the value of the amount of work done by men working under sentry's charge, with heavy irons on their legs—we fancy we should hear no more of these wild proposals for the utilisation of convict labor. We have seen the system in operation, and under the most favorable circumstances; we know its effects upon the convict guards, upon the convicts, and upon the country where such labor is so employed; and having seen all these things we do trust that our rulers may never be mad enough to attempt to revive the system in Canada. The annexed paragraph from the *Montreal Daily News* has suggested these remarks:—

TURNING CONVICTS TO ACCOUNT.—The authorities at Melbourne propose turning the labor of the criminal classes to profitable account. They have discovered that wages are high, while various public improvements are needed. There are swamps and marshes to be drained, roads to be constructed leading into the interior, harbors to be improved, rivers to be dredged and cleared of timber, jetties and breakwaters to be formed. The description suits Canada in every detail. We, like our fellow-colonists in Australia, are hampered in our efforts to reclaim the wilderness, owing to the excessive cost of labor as compared with farm returns; and we certainly cannot complain of any paucity of the criminal class. We have our penitentiary and jails crowded with stout, able bodied men capable of wielding the pick and spade, but no attempt has yet been made in Canada to construct public works with convict labor. The system was successfully tried at the Cape with the unruly natives. Noble routes leading north were completed, and the authorities reported that the moral and physical condition of the criminals were promoted by out-door work. The citizens of Toronto and Quebec are inveighing bitterly against the infamous condition of their streets. They might take a hint from Australia, and set the prison birds to sweep up the filth. There was at one time a popular prejudice against employing prison labor on Government works as improperly competing with free labor; but the honest men in Australia are becoming alive to the fact that the convict can be made to minister to their interests by reclaiming and improving the wilderness. We dwell so completely under the moral influence of the United States that we cling to penitentiary employment; but looking at the prices which every description of labor has attained, we might profitably copy the example of Australia.—*Daily News*.

From the *Minerva* we translate some portions of an excellent reply to the *Witness*, who, as usual, devotes its columns to slandering the Seminary of Montreal, and misrepresenting their dealings with the Indians whom it charitably and generously allows to live upon its property at the Lake of the Two Mountains. Not content with this, some of the Indians, incited thereunto by certain unprincipled adventurers who call themselves "missionaries of the Gospel," complain bitterly that they are not allowed to cut down and sell the wood on the aforesaid property, though the Seminary permits them to take as much of it as they please for their own use. In fact this seems to be the only grievance that the "poor Indians" can urge:—That they are not at liberty to cut down the trees belonging to the Seminary, and sell them for firewood. Because the wicked hard-hearted priests object to having their property thus made away with, the Indians have had their eyes opened to the errors of Popery, and brought to see "the truth as it is in Jesus." To their worthy advocate, the *Witness*, the *Minerva* of the 18th Nov. thus replies:—

"The *Witness*, before making itself the organ of the discontented Indians of the Lake of Two Mountains should not have left out of sight that they have no title whatever to the lands of Seignory of the Lake of Two Mountains. These assume to have rights, and an Iroquois chief has been known to take his stand on the domain of the *M.M. du Seminaire*, and solemnly allot to each of the Indians present the portion of land which thereforward he had the power to occupy. But this pretension will not be supported by the law which has repeatedly recognised the rights of the Seminary.

"For the Lake of Two Mountains Mission is not as is that of Sault St. Louis and many others, which in fact do belong to the Indians, but of which the Government has assumed the administration. The contrary is the case. The Gentlemen of St. Sulpice are the owners of this domain, as in the case of any private seignory; and except at the good pleasure of the Seminary the Indians have no right to stop there at all. This is what the *Witness* ignores, and which it would be well for him to learn."

Such are the facts of the case, as asserted by law, as recognised by all honest and intelligent men. "We have no doubt at all"—for instance said the *Montreal Herald* of the 26th of February last—"that the Gentlemen of the Seminary are as absolutely proprietors of the Seignory of Two Mountains as Major Campbell, or any other Seigneur is proprietor of his

Seignior; and if so, the Gentlemen of the Seminary have the same right to prohibit the cutting down and selling of the forests on their Seignior, as has Major Campbell, or any other proprietor to prohibit a like destructive process on his property.

THE LATIN VULGATE.—A writer in the Montreal Witness of the 17th ult., favors us with some remarks upon the Vulgate or Latin version of the sacred scriptures which has been in use in the Western Church for about 1,500 years.

Previous to the invention of printing by movable type, and the fall of Constantinople, MS. translations of the Bible were widely dispersed in almost every language of Europe, and many of Asia and Africa—in Western Europe from the corrupt Latin Vulgate favoring the Romish dogmas.

This implies, not only that, in so far as was physically possible, versions of the sacred scriptures in the vulgar tongue were extensively circulated in Europe before the Reformation—but that the Latin Vulgate was corrupted in order to favor "Romish dogmas."

But the very latest date that can be assigned to any part of the Latin Vulgate, is about the last decade of the fourth century. As all biblical scholars know, the version known as the Latin Vulgate, was, in main the work of St. Jerome.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—The Montreal Witness says that "there is probably nowhere that baby farming"—(that is to say the taking in of newly born children with the object of making money and with the intent of killing them, or at all events of letting them die)—"is carried to a greater extent, or with more fatal results than in Montreal."

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—A telegram published in all our Protestant exchanges informs us that the Quirinal Palace has been broken into by the officials of the Piedmontese government in Rome, who have seized upon the valuable articles—the property of the Pope therein contained.

A RAY OF LIGHT.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, in an admirable article on the abuses of State-schoolism, and in reply to the N. Y. Tribune, the champion of that iniquitous tyranny, thus lately delivered itself:—

"The only remedy we see in the future for the evils which are admitted, is to be found in the entire separation of the educational process from State authority. If this has been found wisest and best in matters of religion, why not in relation to all forms of education? Youth needs the highest sanctions of religion in every department of culture, and this cannot be secured in a State School, where there is no State church."

We have received, and with much pleasure, the first numbers of The Catholic Vindicator, a new paper published at Monroe, Wisconsin. It well deserves its name, and this is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon it.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—December, 1870.—J. Sadler & Co., Montreal. Terms: \$4.50 per year, in advance, or 45 cents per single copy.

The following is a list of the contents of the current number:—1. Steps of Belief. 2. The Three Rules of Rustic Grammar. 3. The Irish Brigades in the Service of France. 4. On a Picture of St. Agnes. 5. Answer to Difficulties. 6. Dion and the Sibyls. 7. Mr. Froude's History of England. 8. Our Winter Evenings—Bread Returned. 9. One Word more about Copernicus. 10. Prayer. 11. A Visit to Soubiaco. 12. Our Lady of Lourdes. 13. Catholic Literature and the Catholic Public. 14. The Invasion of Rome.—II. 15. Letter from Rome. 16. New Publications.

FATHER OFARRELL'S LECTURE.—SUBJECT: ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE.

On Tuesday evening, 22nd ult., the Rev. Father O'Farrell delivered a lecture in the St. Patrick's Hall, before an immense audience for the benefit of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum.

Father O'Farrell, in opening his lecture, said that in answer to a letter of Father O'Brien, written on his death bed, and received by him (Father O'Farrell) eight hours after his death, that he came here to lecture on behalf of the Orphan Asylum.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. JOHN BRENNAN, BELLEVILLE.

The Congregation of St. Michael's Church, of whom Rev. John Brennan has been pastor since the death of the late Rev. M. Brannan, presented him a day or two ago with an address on the occasion of his removal to the Picton mission.

REV. FATHER.—As it is now clear that you are about to be removed from amongst us, we, as humble children of that Church, which is one in faith, acquiescence and bow to the decision of his lordship, whom God in his infinite wisdom has placed over us.

power to lead us to God. You have watched over our children not only as their Pastor but in your calling as Local Superintendent of our School, ever ready to impart to the Board of Separate School Trustees any counsel in your power to give.

We are not, Rev. Father, insensible to the many difficulties you had to surmount in the discharge of your priestly office, therefore you will accept this purse, trifling as it is,—it is the offering of your people, and is not to be prized for its intrinsic value, but as an additional testimonial of the estimation in which you are held by those from whom, in the Providence of God, you are about to take your departure.

Signed in behalf of the congregation.

D. BRENNAN, Chairman. M. O. DEMPSEY, Secretary.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you most sincerely for the kind address that you have presented to me on the occasion of my departure from among you. I have experienced so many acts of kindness from you during my stay in Belleville that I look upon the last act of yours merely as a further proof of the love and respect which you have ever evinced towards your Priest.

I have during my missionary career amongst you had every reason to be pleased with the piety and zeal that you have manifested in the service of God, and the fervor you have shown in the observance of His holy law.

The kind allusion that you have made to my beloved uncle, your late pastor, causes me both to sorrow and to rejoice—to sorrow because it brings to my mind the fond recollection of the many happy days we spent together, laboring for the interests of the good people of St. Michael's congregation; to rejoice that his memory still lives among you, and that his life and labors shall ever be fondly remembered by his devoted flock.

JOHN BRENNAN, PRIEST.

THE JEWS AND THE TEMPORAL POWER. (To the Editor of the Witness.)

SIR,—In your issue of yesterday you sneer—the common argument of your order—at the statement of the Nouveau Monde, that the Jews have been directing the revolutionary movements of Europe, which have, at length, resulted in the temporary dethronement of the Pope.

"An insurrection takes place against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property. Destruction of the Semitic principle, extinction of the Jewish religion, whether in the Mosaic or in the Christian form; the natural equality of man, and the abnegation of property, are proclaimed by the secret societies who form provisional governments, and men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them.

I give you this passage as I find it, at full length, to construe or to content as may best suit your immediate purpose; but I think the honest reader will see in it evidence that the position of the Nouveau Monde cannot be as easily disposed of as a sneer would imply.

As regards the present position of His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, will you allow me to express my surprise at the levity and scorn with which you constantly refer to it. If the fact of eleven centuries of possession has no sacredness in your eyes, surely as a business man, one knowing not a little of the nature of contracts and engagements, the Convention of the 15th of Sept., 1864, should be of some significance in the argument.

November 22nd 1870.

THE PRESENT WAR AND ITS LESSONS.—We are all ready enough to criticise the faults which Napoleon and his generals perpetrated during their brief, inglorious campaign, certainly the most disastrous in the annals of France. We can trace each false movement, we can wonder at the folly of a ruler risking hostilities with insufficient forces, fortresses bare of provisions, an inefficient commissariat, and a population left unprotected with organization or equipments.

the field disdained. We thought at the time, and subsequent events have ripened the conviction, that it was the secret wish of some of the British statesmen to abandon the British North American possessions. The flimsy pretence of slave owning was paraded as an insuperable objection to a Southern alliance by those who connive at the Coolie trade, the most infernal form of enforced labor human ingenuity ever devised, and who force the Chinese at the cannon's mouth to admit the soul-destroying opium poison.

THE MECHANICS' HALL.—This excellent place of resort for young men who prefer to spend their leisure hours in the improvement of their minds to questionable amusements, has lately undergone a thorough renovation. The walls have been frescoed afresh, and are handsomely finished with imitation panels of oak and walnut framing.

THE BABIN CASE.—Our readers will remember that rather more than three years ago a young lady of weak mind, who was residing with her brother, the Rev. Mr. Babin, at Buckingham, disappeared under very suspicious circumstances, and that her body was afterwards found in the river Lievre. Mr. Babin was arrested, tried at Aylmer, and acquitted.

A NEW PROPAGANDA.—The Christian Guardian (Methodist organ) is responsible for the following:—It is not probably known even to many Episcopalians, that in Toronto and Montreal, associations are being secretly organized among members of the Episcopal Church, for the purpose of spreading, as far as they can, the principles and practices of the extreme Romish party in England.

"The spread of Catholicism in Canada." "Cessation of Evening Communion, and the more general observance of Fasting reception." "Establishment of weekly mid-day celebrations at H. I. Church." "Vindication of Eucharistic truth, in the pending appeal." (This probably refers to the Ritualistic trials in England.) "The children of J. C. K., that God would vouchsafe to them his best gifts, and if it be his holy will a vocation for a religious life."

BREAKFAST.—EPH'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."

Birth. At Orillia, Ont., on the 22nd ult., the wife of Mr. Thomas Muckaty, Merchant, of a son.

Died. On Saturday, 26th ult., Ann Meagher, aged 42 years, beloved wife of Hugh McGill.—May she rest in peace.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, DECEMBER 5th.

FOR the Roman Catholic Male Separate School of Belleville a FIRST CLASS MALE TEACHER (a Normal School Teacher preferred). Salary Liberal.

WANTED. FOR the Roman Catholic Male Separate School of Belleville a FIRST CLASS MALE TEACHER (a Normal School Teacher preferred). Salary Liberal.

TEACHER WANTED. FOR Section No. 1, North River, Municipality of St. Columban, an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER. Salary Liberal.

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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, SUGAR, BEANS, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

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

TEACHERS WANTED. TWO FEMALE TEACHERS Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., capable of Teaching the French and English languages. Salary—\$100 for ten months teaching. Teachers to find their board and fuel for the School. Applications, prepared, to be addressed to PATRICK CAREY, Secretary-Treas. St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT EYE CUPS. SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS, CHRONIC SORE EYES CURED, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. "CURE GUARANTEED" BY THE GREATEST INVENTOR OF THE AGE.

DR. J. BALL & CO'S PATENT EYE CUPS. The value of the celebrated and well known Patent Eye Cups for the restoration of Sight, breaks out, blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best physicians in their practice.

DR. J. BALL & Co.: Gentlemen:—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the "plus plus ultra" of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life and other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia or Near Sight.

I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases, both of acute and what is called Chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental and at great expense.

My mother, an old lady of 64 years, an enthusiastic advocate of the "Cups" three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is that her eyes were unusually old and worn, beyond her years to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the New York Tribune without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the Tribune, even the small diamond type, without her glasses.

DR. J. BALL & Co. DEAR SIR:—Dr. H. Durant of this town is at present using your Patent Eye-Cups with more success on eyes with impaired vision, and obtaining better results than from any other mode of practice which I have seen, leads me to the conclusion that superior results can be obtained than from any of our ordinary or recognized medical or surgical operations—practiced in Eye Hospitals, or taught in books generally.

Readers, these are two certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight can be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See advertisement in another column of this paper. Our pamphlet of 48 pages, containing certificates of cures and giving full description of the Ivory Eye Cups, sent free to any address. AGENTS WANTED. Write to DR. J. Ball & Co., P. O. Box 957, No 91 Liberty street, New York City.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Dist. of Montreal. In the SUPERIOR COURT No. 2464. DAME CAROLINE JONES, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Archibald James Arnott, late Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Rifles, and now of the said City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to enter en justice. Plaintiff.

The said ARCHIBALD JAMES ARNOTT, Defendant. The Plaintiff has instituted an action in operation de corps & de biens against the Defendant in this cause on the twelfth day of November, 1870.

LARLAMME, HUNTINGTON & LARLAMME, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 16th Nov., 1870.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The manner in which France has been deprived of her regular army, by losses in battle and by capture, is astounding. She commenced the war with 430,000 regular troops. This is what has become of them:

Table listing military captures: Captured at Weissenburg (1,000), Captured at Woerth (6,000), Captured at Spicheren (2,500), Captured at Saargemund, Haguenau, and Litchenberg (1,377), Captured at Vionville (2,000), Captured at Gravelotte (3,000), Captured at Vitry (850), Captured at Beaumont (2,856), Captured at Sedan (84,450), Captured at Lon (2,080), Captured at Toul (2,240), Captured at Strasbourg (15,347), Captured at Schelestadt, &c (5,000), Captured at Metz (155,000).

Total losses by death in action, and in hospital by wounds and sickness, have been 81,300 men. There remains consequently of the 430,000 only 63,000 men, and of these 50,000 are with Trochu in Paris and the others are with Gen. Aurelles on the Loire. Besides this loss in men, France has had taken from her since the war began more than 3,500 cannon and 35,000 horses. In the loss of men are not included the National Guards and Gardes Mobiles taken prisoners at various places, nor the garrison of Metz, but simply the soldiers of the regular army. The Pays sums up the money losses of France from the beginning of the war until this time, as follows:—War armaments from 1868 to 1870, £40,000,000; fortifications destroyed, which will have to be rebuilt, £60,000,000; losses of muskets, cannons, and other war material destroyed or captured, £60,000,000; destruction of buildings and fields by both sides, £80,000,000; total or partial ruin of manufacturers and other proprietors, £40,000,000; war indemnity to Germany, £100,000,000; losses in consequence of the influence of these disasters, £80,000,000; total, £460,000,000.

The Gaulois of the 27th Oct. contains the following items respecting the provisioning of Paris;—"The managers of the Jardin des Plantes have begun to sell some of the animals in their collection, the least rare and valuable being, of course selected. Several young buffaloes have been sold, but the butchers ask enormous prices for them. All yesterday people were admiring one which was exhibited by a butcher in the Boulevard Haussmann, but they did not buy it on account of its high price. The space between the ramparts and the forts has been planted with bitter herbs, which are destined to counteract the effect of salt meat when it becomes a leading article of general consumption. A pork butcher in the Rue Clement had bought a large number of pigs at the commencement of the siege, but he refused to sell even the meat which was delivered to him by the authorities. He also hired two cellars, and had there accumulated a considerable quantity of provisions. The inhabitants of the district gave information to the authorities who seized all the stores in his shop and cellars."

PARIS, Nov. 7.—A semi-official account of the late negotiations at Versailles has been published here. It concludes as follows:—"The day of Thursday was in a great part lost. M. Bismarck informed M. Thiers that the Commune had been proclaimed in Paris, which was now governed by M. Blanqui. M. Thiers declared that he knew perfectly well what the dispositions of the National Guard and population of Paris were, and that certainly a revolution was not an accomplished fact. In the evening of the same day M. Cocheret came to the outposts and learnt the true state of Paris from General de Maussion. He brought newspapers to Versailles, and it was thus easy for him to state the exact truth on the subject.

"The discussion of the revivalling of Paris commenced immediately. To the extreme surprise of M. Thiers M. Bismarck persisted in a refusal, as is well known, and thus, owing to this, the most exorbitant pretension, put an end to the negotiations which had up to that point been conducted with so much fairness.

"On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of November, about 9 a.m., General Ducrot and M. Jules Favre arrived at the Sevres bridge. A trumpet had sounded a few minutes previously in the direction of Sevres, and a cavalry soldier displayed a flag of truce; on our own side a similar flag had also been displayed.

"At a quarter to 10 a small green boat left the river bank in the occupation of the Prussians, having on board a person wrapped up in a black cloak, with a parcel of papers in one hand and a hawthorn stick in the other. This was M. Thiers, whom General Ducrot and M. Jules Favre had come to meet. A conversation at once commenced, the three personages walking along the river bank, while the boat returned towards Sevres. About half an hour afterwards two Germans embarked in her, and joined M.M. Jules Favre and Thiers, and, after a few moments' talking, at a sign from General Ducrot, a mounted orderly rode up to take a message, and went off towards Paris. The five persons continued walking up and down the river bank, sometimes altogether, sometimes in groups of two. General Ducrot frequently remaining some distance behind, quietly smoking a cigar. At half-past 11 none of them had yet crossed over to the opposite bank, when General Ducrot, looking up towards the little farm close to the Sevres bridge, noticed the person who has since reported these details to us, as well as two or three others, National Guards of the 250th Battalion.

"The General advised them to withdraw, sharply recommending them to keep to themselves what they had just heard.

"What they had heard was merely a few German words, which they had neither understood nor even remembered."

The Tribune correspondent at Brussels telegraphs that Trochu has declared that he would only make a sortie when he could hear the cannon of the army of the Loire.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—A public meeting is proposed here to express regret at the abandonment by the Germans of a defensive for an aggressive policy.

The weather all over France has been stormy for several days. There have been heavy falls of rain and snow.

The bombardment of Thionville has continued with unremitting activity since Tuesday morning.

A Prussian frigate is cruising in the vicinity of the Azores.

Germans deny that there is any truth in the statement, falsely ascribed to the Bishop of Geneva, that French prisoners are refused the consolations of their religion. Wherever they are quartered in sufficient numbers they are attended by Catholic clergymen.

The bombardment of Thionville last night was furious. Part of the town was in flames. The villages in the vicinity have been burned.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—It is reported that Thionville capitulated at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning.

A balloon with mails from Paris to 23rd, has arrived at Lorraine. The despatches brought show that the Parisians continue determined, and have plenty of provisions.

Another balloon has been seen near Marbois, and further news is expected.

Despatches of the 20, from the Tribune correspondent at Paris, state that Trochu prohibits the departure of balloons except by night and secretly. The question about a sortie is still agitated. Trochu and Ducrot say it must be made whilst all the other generals oppose one, as it would be sacrificing lives to no purpose. Strong opposition is also made by members of the Government. More than one hundred thousand persons who entered Paris are wholly dependent on charity. The wounded are well attended to. The Temps says beef will wholly fail in a week, horseflesh in a fortnight, and salt meat in a week longer. Then vegetables and flour three weeks longer. But little clothing is distributed; there is much suffering from cold in consequence.

Rochefort has enlisted as a private in the Artillery corps, and contemplates the re-issuance of La Lanterne.

There appear to be but two places where the army can deploy into line for a sortie, and these are occupied by the Prussians who have fortified the villages and connected them with trenches. Moreover, the two plains are commanded by heights mounted with Prussian guns.

General Toie has driven the Germans from their position at the fort of Nogent.

The German words at Montmedy have been fired.

The Parisian Tirailleurs made a reconnaissance to Champigny and dislodged the enemy, killing a number. The enemy are also driven from Lebourget.

The Germans occupy the North end of the forest of Bondy and the French the South.

The Herald's special, Willmshöhe: It begins to look wintry here.

The Emperor is in excellent health. He looks better now than at any time during his stay here.

A visitor who is an agent of Bismarck is now here for the third time. This forenoon he was closeted with the Emperor for fully three hours. I saw him as he came from the castle into the park reading with deep interest some manuscript. He left the same evening for Versailles.

Marshal Canrobert arrived on the 21st, and goes back to Stuttgart, carrying letters from General Wilpenfen to the Emperor, which His Majesty refused even to open. Wilpenfen avoided calling on Bazaine previous to his departure.

Gen. Bonne Leboeuf passed the entire afternoon in close conference with the Emperor.

GERMANY.

The movement in Germany in favour of the independence of the Holy See is becoming daily more and more important. From Austria alone we ourselves have seen 10 different Addresses or Protests, many of them very numerous and influentially signed. Nor are they feeble, nor timidly worded. The Catholics of Germany know their numbers and they feel their strength, and they are determined to exercise that legitimate pressure upon their Governments which we recognize in England as a Constitutional right.—Tablet.

Herr Wachenhusen writes from Metz to the Cologne Gazette:—"The inhabitants, even the most patriotic, state that the soldiers, during the last few weeks, broke into their shops, houses, and cellars, took away what they found, and perhaps threw down the money for it at the owners' feet. They also confirm the disensions of the commandant of the fortress with Bazaine. They cry out about treachery, and their newspapers protest that Metz will and can never become German, and that peace will be effected by payment of an indemnity. Rumours, too, are spread that Garibaldi is advancing at the head of 200,000 men, that the siege of Verdun is raised, and that the German army before Paris is perishing of famine. The inhabitants peep out of the windows with stupid countenances, indicating that they do not know whether to laugh or cry, for the raising of the siege is welcome to them, but the Prussian garrison hateful. Let nobody expect to win the sympathies of these people for generations to come. They hate us more intensely than the French population proper, and if Metz remains German, only an iron rule will be possible here. Every forbearance and mildness would be misunderstood, and good deeds would fall on stony ground. Metz owes its fall to the arrogance which underrated the enemy, and made it the depot for war material on an invasion of Germany. It did not occur to anybody that it should be prepared for the defensive, as no one thought it conceivable that the Germans would set their foot on French soil. An army stronger and more persevering

in a defensive struggle would have held Metz longer than the French, with the vigour and courage generated by despair. The French army is not great in suffering and resignation. In a hundred instances in this campaign it has been seen that soldiers on march, if things went wrong with them, threw away their muskets, stuck their hands in their pockets, and laughed in their officers' faces." Describing the scene outside the city, the writer says:—"Here and there still stood the tents, sodden with rain—the whole way up to the bridge was filled with famished horses, mounted by drunken cavalry soldiers covered with mud. Pitiably horses gazed about and cropped the scanty herbage which here and there peeped out of the ground. The French soldiers lounged about by hundreds, with soiled uniforms, the mud rendering the red colour of their trousers hardly perceptible. Drunken Zouaves and Chasseurs tumbled about staring wildly and fighting with the air. Overtured carts, bodies of horses, mules without masters, sutlers' waggons, round which a hungry group collected, blocked up the passage. In long processions came the waggons of the unhappy families who had fled from the villages into the fortress. Chests and bundles, beds, mattresses, sofas, and kitchen utensils rolled about. The poor people were taking all their effects into their desolate, perhaps wasted homes, in order again to set up a home and vainly, perhaps, seek the quiet happiness from which the war startled them. Women and girls with reddened eyes, men with exasperated countenances, nurses with infants in their arms, old men and women, on whom, only a few steps from the grave, destiny had cast so sore a trial—it was a sorrowful procession, which certainly comprised more wretchedness than their physiognomy betrayed. From covered carriages, spattered with mud and guided by private servants, aged, gray-bearded faces peered out. They were the French Generals on their way to Germany, who were leaving the fortress in time to escape the contempt of their own soldiers and the insults of the people. A few drunken soldiers of the Guards would fain have recognized Bazaine in one of the carriages, indulged in the coarsest abuse. He certainly is loaded with the curses of all and to-day's Independence speaks of the infamy of Judas and asks how much the Marshal received from Bismarck for his treachery." Herr Wachenhusen mentions the sale of the officers' horses, wretched animals, from which the butcher could hardly have cut a pound of flesh, and the bread, hard as lead and made of rye and wheatmeal, which was all that had been procurable for a month. Nobody, he says had died of starvation, for an end was made of privations just as they became intolerable, and he believes those who exclaim the loudest against treachery would have been the first to open the gates on feeling the string of famine.

BERLIN, 24.—The Royal Speech was delivered to Parliament to day by commission. The King regrets that his absence with the army prevents him from thanking in person the nation for its firm attitude, and for the unanimity of support given him in winning victory for Germany and repelling French aggressions. France, he continues, has been taught her inability to cope with the united military forces of Germany. Peace would therefore be certain if France had leaders who could identify their future with that of their country. "Documents will be submitted which will show you that these men prefer to sacrifice the forces and men of a noble nation rather than relinquish power. It is to be regretted that by this conduct a bitter feeling will be perpetuated, and hereafter France will only remain peaceful until an opportunity for hostilities is offered. The conditions on which the German Powers are willing to treat for peace are well known. They must be commensurate with the sacrifices of the nation. A strong defensive union is essential to prevent future aggression against South as well as North Germany. The Federal Government now asks Parliament to grant the needful means of peace, which is eagerly desired. Its work has been stopped by the war, which has begotten a closer unity, especially between the Northern and Southern States. It is imperative that the negotiations pending as well as those completed with the latter, should be at once submitted to you for your consideration." He strongly insists on the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine for the purpose of future safety. Full information will be laid before the members speedily regarding Prussia's position on the Russian question. The speech, after appropriate congratulations, concluded with an invocation for God's power and protection.

The outlay for the conduct of the war by Prussia up to the 15th was 121,000,000 thalers.

ITALY.

ROME.—Our Italian Correspondent this week bears out the general impression we are receiving from other sources as to the policy likely to be adopted by the King of Prussia towards the Holy See.

We are not in the secret, but can make our guesses, grounded on significant indications.—We are also assured by persons who have good opportunities for forming a judgment that such is in fact the case, and that this exceptional form of government by a Lieutenant installed in Rome, and the indefinite postponement of the transfer of the Capital, as well as Victor Emmanuel's delay in making his appearance as Monarch in the city, are by no means measures of spontaneous election on the part of the Ministry, but necessities imposed by diplomacy, and may be viewed as the first retrograde step: which they have been constrained to make since the famous bombardment and solemn Plebiscite; and that before Christmas arrives we shall see something more. The Marchese Migliorata, the representative of the Florentine Government at Munich, has recently come unexpectedly to Florence; his object being, it is affirmed, to apprise the Ministry of the great Catholic movement going on in Germany in favor of the liberation of the Sovereign Pontiff, a movement which cannot fail before long to impel the Bavarian Government,

in concert with Prussia, to some decisive step. That Prussia is by no means averse to support a cause which concerns so deeply the great mass of its Catholic subjects is very generally believed, and it is a somewhat significant sign that the Augsburg Gazette, hitherto so acrimonious against the Pope, and rightly regarded as quite a Masonic journal, but which, it is said, has lately been sold to Prussia, has begun to assume quite another tone about the Holy Father, and to admit Articles by Correspondents in favour of the maintenance of the Temporal Power, and showing how suicidal would be the policy of European Monarchs did they permit the overthrow of the most ancient of thrones. Such contributions would certainly find no place in its pages, without the permission or inspiration of those who have purchased the right of controlling its dicta. . . . We have also the right to draw a surer, because more direct, inference from the language of the official Prussian press, which is full of expressions of warm sympathy for the Holy Father.—Tablet.

TRUTH FROM OUR ENEMIES.—According to the Soluzione, a Neapolitan Republican journal, it will take a long time to prepare Rome to be the Italian Capital, for another reason altogether. Truth from enemies is always valuable. "It is now an understood thing," it says, "that two, three, or four years will not suffice to get to Rome. It is an understood thing, that in the wide circle of this City there is no room for mountebanks, prostitutes, and thieves, the usual cortege which accompanies the Government from one city to another, from Turin to Florence, from Florence to Rome; and that many years must pass before the Capital of the Latin world can be infected with all these social filthinesses." If the process is likely to prove so lengthy, no time certainly was lost in commencing it. Not to speak of assassins and the bolder class of robbers, characters hitherto unknown in this City of Peace, it is literally infested with thieves and rogues of the minor order.

THE "NAZIONE" ON PEACE, FRANCE, AND ROME.—The Florentine semi-official journal says in a very remarkable leader this morning:—"It may at least be permitted to us to doubt whether an early conclusion of peace will tend to forward Italian interests as much as would or might have done the continuance of war. . . . Putting humanitarian considerations aside it may do no harm for us to reflect whether peace may not give immediate or early prevalence in France to a party which is openly hostile to us, and which has frequently and publicly declared that it has no dearer object than our destruction. This party moreover will encounter no great opposition, we fear, for it is now manifest that on this head the Steele is no more friendly to us than the Univers. And without going as far as does a correspondent of the Daily News when he predicts that the French army will avenge on Italy its defeats at Woerth and Sedan, it is easy to foresee that in France all parties will agree, some on one pretext and some on another, to give us trouble on the Roman question. On the other hand, it is certain that the Catholic provinces of Germany are filled with the blackest indignation against us, and it is well known that they are making every effort to induce the Governments to second their design of a restoration for the Temporal Power." The Nazione's article is a complete confession of fear on the part of Italy. English Catholics will see that our Government is (and most justly) counted on to support the present iniquity. The Opiniore says that Lord Acton came here on a mission on the Roman question, and has gone to Florence on the same business. "Prussia, as a Protestant Power and our tried ally, it is easy to foresee will act as best suits her own interests. If she thinks it will suit her to support us, she will silence the German Catholics and hold in check the enthusiasm of a few Austrian diplomats. If, on the other hand, she finds it more useful to injure us, she will leave the Roman question to Bavaria and the other German States, as a compensation for their concessions on internal affairs. . . . On the support of England we may count with certainty, and Russia will not probably display much zeal in the Pope's cause; so that if we can secure the friendship of Prussia it appears to us that the balance will be in our favor, even, as is probable, France should be inimical to us. . . . To indulge in theories on the balance of power in Europe, and the union of the Latin races, when we have on hand an affair so weighty and so dangerous as that of Rome, seems to us most perilous romanticism. All our forces and all our intelligence will scarcely suffice for the arrangement of our own affairs and shall we throw away our sole hope of friendship and support among the Powers from a platonic affection for the Latin races? And a splendid triumph would be ours when the primacy of the Latin race, and the balance of European power secured, by the usual preponderance of France, we were in the name of the above high-sounding phrases fairly driven well out of Rome! It will be time to think of them when we have saved ourselves and given permanence to what we have won." I ask your readers if this is the language of men sure of the future of Italy or trembling at the chances of a forced restitution being exacted when the accounts of Europe are settled. It is evident too, as it has been throughout, that France, as a nation, is the only one from whom Catholic national action is dreaded, and I know it to be the universal sentiment in Italy; and if it has pleased M.M. Cremieux and Favre to call in Garibaldi, that step is disowned by 19-20ths of France, and only spoken of with disgust and indignation.—Corr. of Tablet.

SICK UNTO DEATH.—When the sick die, everybody can tell us what they died of. Is it not right, then, that when the sick unto death recover, all the world should know what cured them? And yet thousands are cured of deadly ills by Bristol's Sarsaparilla, of whom the public never hear. Cases that approach the sublimity of miracles—such as that of the boy James Wyckoff, who was literally wrenched from the jaws of death when more than half devoured by

scrofula—of course find their way into print. Perhaps a hundred such have startled society through the columns of leading journals and medical periodicals. But Bristol's Sarsaparilla has wrought thousands, ay, tens of thousands of cures, after physicians had shaken their heads and said, "No hope." Everywhere, at all seasons, it is silently working wonders. Would that, for the sake of humanity, the whole truth in relation to its properties were universally known. 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.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Ladies being the "precious porcelain of human clay," are entitled to all the elegant luxuries which art, stimulated by gallantry, can devise. Among those which pertain to the toilet, there is none that surpasses the one named at the head of this paragraph.—Delicately fragrant, a beautifier of the complexion, excellent intermixed with water, as a mouth wash, and as a cure for nervousness, faintness, and hysteria, it deserves a place in the Materia Medica, as well as in the repertoire of the Toilet.

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

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

SUFFERERS WITH DYSPEPSIA,

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

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.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry Pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blistered, and which vomited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pills for an affection of the liver; also under which sign his wife should commence to take the Sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows to wear his calves under Taurus, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and soak his feet in Pisces or Aquarius as their condition requires.

Schoolmasters start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr. Ham when you get there.—Lowell Daily News. [150.]

A "COUGH," "COLD," OR IRRITATED THROAT,

if allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

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

- E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., New York, HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn, N.Y. N. P. WELLS, New York. Hon. C. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate, Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston, Prof. EDW. NORTH, Clinton, N. Y. SURGEONS IN THE ARMY, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. "TROCHES" so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with fac-simile of the proprietor's.

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.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

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

A BENEFACTRESS.

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

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

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

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

CANADA, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. } Insolvency Act of 1869. } Pro. of QUEBEC, } In the matter of ELIE MAYER, } an Insolvent.

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

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

WANTED. A LADY (aged 40) who has for several years past kept house for Clergymen, is desirous of obtaining a similar situation. Address "E.L.," True Witness Office.

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

TEACHER WANTED. OWING to the great number of Students who have flocked to MASSON COLLEGE, for the Scholastic Year, another English Teacher is needed. One competent to teach Grammar and Arithmetic will find a situation in this Establishment, by applying as soon as possible to the Superior of Masson College, Terrence, Province of Quebec. Masson College, 14th Sept., 1870.

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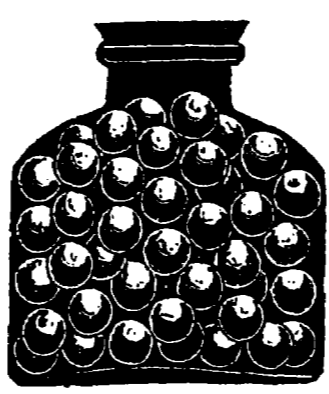
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MATTERS. 1st Course of moral Philosophy; 2nd Course of civil Law.

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

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

TERMS. Board and Instruction \$100.00 per annum Half Boarders 20.00 Day-Scholars 10.00 Bed and Bedding 6.00 Washing and Mending of Linen 6.00 Use of Library 1.00

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

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

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

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

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

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

The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If the Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$3.00 extra per quarter.