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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1871.

NO. 31.

NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Your honor's welcome to it intirely, only it 'ud be a disgrace to see such-like rags on your shoulders, sir. And it's a narrow chance I'm afear'd your honor'll have, for the whole country's swarming with red-coats," said Dennis Byrne.

"I have friends a little lower down on the mountain. That wild son of old Sheehan's, whose life I saved some years ago, is at home. I saw him yesterday, and he has promised to get me off as soon as his vessel drops down from the north."

"And he's engaged in the free trade, sir, is he?"

"Yes. He's a smuggler," said John Halloran.

"Here's good luck to him, then, and to all that's up for their rights," said Byrne, "and may he get your honor safe away till the outcry is over."

"I'll trust him. I should not have chosen him; but I'll trust him," was the short response.

"And where is your honor going to?"

"I scarcely know. I wish to go to America; but they shall know at home, whether it be in France or the United States. I am without a shilling; and circumstances must guide me. I am like a piece of drift-wood, and God alone knows how or where I may be stranded."

"Your honor'll pardon me, an' poor Nora too," said Dennis, fumbling in his pockets, "but she sent this to your honor, with her humble service and love, and hopes it may help you, sir."

"And what is it?" said John Halloran, holding the little package neatly sewed up in brown silk in his hand, and turning it over and over with a troubled curiosity. Then he opened it, and found, neatly folded within, fifty pounds in notes and gold. "I cannot take it!" he exclaimed, while tears gushed from his eyes.

"And surely it 'ud break poor Nora's heart to think you scorned it, sir. She has no use for it surely, for we're not thinking of ourselves until the dark days are gone by, and troth she knows it's safer in your honor's hands than in her own. Anyway, I'll lave it here, sir, if you won't take it; for I wouldn't dare show my face at Glendariff if I fetched it back. Why, it 'ud never do, your honor."

"Oh, Heaven! Well," said Mr. Halloran, with deep emotion, "tell Nora I thank her for her loan. I won't think but that I can return it to her, one of these days, tenfold. But it is time for us to part, Dennis. You must hasten back with my sore heart's best love to them all. Put a kiss upon Grace's little head for me, and tell Desmond to be a man and take care of his mother and sister. Perhaps that even now my poor Mary has heard that I am killed or taken, and the shock has broken her heart. But you must get there as fast as you can, and tell them I am safe and well; and give this to my wife," said John Halloran, severing one of the thick brown curls from his forehead with his knife. "Give my love, too, to Nora, and tell her to stay by them,—that it comforts me to know she is there."

"But the gown and wallet, your honor?" said Dennis, in a choking voice, while he pretended to undo the fastenings of his beggar garb to hide his tears.

"No; I do not need it. I fear it is a disguise I could not counterfeit well. Good-by, faithful friend. I hoped a few days ago that we should deliver you and your brethren from the yoke which binds ye; but all hope is wrecked. Oh, God! O my country! when thy own sons forsake thee, and turn their eyes coldly on thy misery, what is left but despair? Oh, reverents to all sacred rights! Oh, helots, who wear your chains in inglorious rest, would that I could rouse you! would that I could kindle the flame in your cold hearts that is consuming mine, that the death-blow might be given to the oppressor! But it is vain: my wishes—my wild hopes—my prayers—all are vain. Farewell, my friend."

Dennis Byrne wrung the offered hand of the broken-hearted man. Awed by the outburst of his grief, he could not speak, but turned and walked swiftly away, to carry the poor comfort his tidings would afford to the lonely and sorrowful hearts at Glendariff.

CHAPTER V.

"But now, too great for fetters grown,
Too proud to bend the slavish knee,
Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thral,
And firmly vows she will be free."

"But mark you treacherous, stealthy knave
That bends beneath his country's ban:
Shall we dash out a nation's hope,
The anti-Irish Irishman?"

One bright sunny morning, just four weeks after Dennis Byrne left Glendariff, he returned, footsore and weary enough. Parting with John Halloran under the gloomy circumstances of their last interview had been the saddest trial which had ever wrung the stout heart of the

blacksmith of Kildare, and, almost unmanned, his tears now and then fell in torrents, sprinkling the wild rocky paths he was descending. Once he met a cowherd searching for a stray heifer, and not long after, in a narrow gorge, came abreast of two or three shy, sullen-looking men, wearing a look of terror on their countenances, who, having been into the valley to buy meal and potatoes, had heard and seen enough to make them fly back to their mountain sheelings, perfectly satisfied to forego the necessities they were in pursuit of, for the agreeable certainty of knowing that they had escaped hanging and quartering. Dennis soon discovered that their alarm was not groundless; for as he approached nearer to the lowlands he perceived detachments of English soldiers galloping in every direction over the country; he saw that they were stationed at the farm-houses and at the cross-roads, and knew that, unless the providence of God delivered him, he should have a narrow escape, if indeed he did not fall into their hands. But danger and peril always whet the edge of an Irishman's wit; his love of adventure imparts a zest to the most unequal *recontre*, while all the chivalry and will of his nature are roused to defeat the purposes of those who would trample on him; and, when he finds that mere physical strength cannot serve him, his keen wit, like a legion, is ready to grapple with an army of difficulties. Dennis Byrne's disguise was perfect, and his limp inimitable, although it added a heavy weight to every mile; while with the vacant, simple look he assumed, and a brogue which was absolutely terrible, he succeeded in passing unharmed more than one Saxon *cordou*, who were engaged in torturing and tormenting the harmless peasantry with an abuse of authority of which the Vauds of a remoter age might have been ashamed. Whenever he spied them in the distance, he began to sing, with a voice which indicated a pair of lungs as tough and strong as his own great bellows in the smithy at Kildare, some wild Gaelic song, which, to those who were near enough to hear the words, was about as intelligible as the clatter of a mill-wheel, until they surrounded him with curses and questions not a few; when, by his half-witted answers, his rough Connaught brogue, assumed for the occasion, and his idiotic expressions of wonder, he not only secured the freedom of the road, but succeeded in learning much that he wished to know, and on several occasions absolutely received as many shillings as blows.

He learned that the principal chiefs in the late outbreak had been arrested and imprisoned; it was believed and hoped they would be hung, certainly transported. He heard John Halloran's name loaded with imprecations and curses, as one who had escaped; they feared he had got safe out of the country; if not, such means were provided for his arrest as must certainly prove effectual in his capture.

At last Dennis found himself within the Park-gate at Glendariff. As he approached the house, he saw at once how it was. Sentinels in the uniform of the 4th regiment of Highlanders were station here and there about the mansion and grounds; and if at first he felt surprised at the circumstance of no guard being placed at the lodge, he understood it now; but he thanked God fervently that the hunted fugitive was far away, and not likely to be led unwarily into this well-contrived ambuscade. As to himself, "he didn't care a snap if they took him prisoner; it was just what he wanted, unless they sent him up to Dublin, bedad! which would put another face intirely on the matter."

The shutters were all closed, and only the kitchen-door was open. Through this he saw Nora fitting around as usual; perhaps more heavily and silently, for no wild melody, trilled out with the gladness of a pure and honest heart, now kept time to the motion of her busy hands. Limping up toward the kitchen, thinking at the moment only of Nora, he was suddenly grasped by the arm on one side, while at the other a bayonet presented before him glittered in his eyes. He turned and found himself in the custody of two soldiers, who demanded the countersign.

"De what? My granny used to know all de signs o' de wedder; but I never was wise dat way," said Dennis, dropping the corners of his eyes and his mouth together.

"What be your business, and where be you from last?" asked the soldier, gruffly.

"An' surely yer honor's scaret me wits out or me intirely. I almost forgot whedder I was ever born or not," exclaimed Dennis, the picture of a fool.

"Come, ye hirplin' guberlanzie, to Captain Saunders; he's the chile that'll make ye glow'r. Hech, sirs! but ye'll tell him where ye come frae last," said the Scotchman, laying his hand on Dennis Byrne's ragged collar and leading him into John Halloran's library, where Capt. Saunders with one or two of his officers was at breakfast. He was a man past middle age, with the harsh physiognomy of his nation; his hair was crisp and gray, cut as close to his

head as a Covenanters', while his small keen gray eyes were almost hidden by the shaggy, black brows which overhung them.

"Now, I rede ye, speak the truth," whispered the sergeant to Dennis, after he had paused for an instant, bolt upright to make a military salute to his commanding officer.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Saunders, after hearing his subordinate's report.

"Only a poor innocent *baceth* man, begging here and there a crust and a bone, yer honor," replied Dennis, compeedly.

"And do you know the premises you are on?" That I could imprison you, transport you, for daring to put your foot on these grounds without authority? Oh, you are a douse kaddie, my ragged friend!" said Captain Saunders.

"Christ pardon an' save uz, an' where am I at all, thin? yer worship axes me; an' surely it's I ought to be axin' you where I be, secin' you're here an' I, a poor baceth lad, wid his staff and bag, jest from de hills of Tipperary," replied Dennis.

"The devil you are!" exclaimed the captain, excited by this piece of news; "and pray what were you after in that Gehanna?"

"Is dat a Shanghai, sir? My grannie had lots o' hins, but I never heard her minution any sich breed as dat," said Dennis, looking perfectly innocent, while the young officers, angry, but amused, endeavored to suppress a laugh.

"I say, rascal, what business had ye in Tipperary?" roared Captain Saunders.

"I dunno, yer honor. I heard I was born dare; but, being a poor orphan, I can't swear to the fact, and be rayson of me beravement. For I was a destitute orphan, I had to take de wallet on me shoulder, and ax the hospitality of me neighbors an' the country peoples; but, save us, sirs! I'm druv off me mind bate intirely by de sogering an' fighting dat's goin' on, sure. Betune de sogers an' de rebels, I bin almost murdered intirely; de sogers takin' me for a rebel, an' de rebels takin' me for a divil of an informer; an', yer honor, I was glad to get out of it intirely," said Dennis, with an emphasis and strength of brogue which was deafening even to Scotch ears.

"Gude's sake, mon, you deserve hanging for the *thud* and chaver ye make. Can't ye speak the Queen's English?" exclaimed Capt. Saunders, about the corners of whose eyes might be seen an incipient wrinkle of mirth.

"Lord's sake, sir! Can yer honor spake in de grand ould Celtic dietion, dat I bin used to all my born days? If you can do dat, sir, I'm at your service from moruin' till night: me tongue gets on de right groove den, sir, an' runs like a stame-carridge; but de English is a furrin' lingo to me, an' my tongue goes blunderin' over de brogue of it, till I don't 'zactly know what I says myself."

"No; and I'm glad I don't, you *packey*," said Captain Saunders. "Here, Joek Hazel, seach this fellow. He's more knave than fool, in my opinion."

And without ceremony they proceeded to search the person of Dennis. They tore away the shreds of lining from his ragged hat, looked under the borrowed and rusty old wig he wore, emptied his wallet, and poked carefully among the bones and crusts which were scattered on the floor. They divested him of his coat, shoes, and stockings; in fact, the inquisition extended from his head to his heels, leaving none of his tattered garments unexplored. But of course they found nothing, except the dark, glossy curl of John Halloran's hair, which Captain Saunders held carefully, yet cautiously, between his forefinger and thumb, while the investigation proceeded.—Concluding their fruitless search, they gave him permission to put on his clothes; when Capt. Saunders said,—

"I am not yet satisfied, you vagabond, but that you're a rebel."

"Me!—*allata*—*Chorp an' daon!* Me!" shouted Dennis, with a wild look of assumed terror.

"Yes; and you are my prisoner, until I am satisfied that you are a real subject of her majesty's. If you attempt to leave the grounds of this—eh—ah—Glendariff, you'll find a bullet in your head before you know what you're after."

"An' may I stay, yer honor, under yer lordship's pertiction?" exclaimed Dennis, apparently overjoyed; "an' can I have a little clane straw to slape on, an' a sup to ate? An' will yer honor be afther giving a poor, disolate orphan dat bit o' hair betune your fingers?"

"For what? Whose hair is it? I suspect, if this hair could talk it would tell tales. It is strangely like the hair of that portrait in the drawing-room, Donald," said Captain Saunders, addressing one of the officers.

"*Dher chorp agus manin!*" † exclaimed Dennis; "an' thin your honor's eyes desave you intirely; for dat hair belonged to a cousin's husband of me own, dat died wid the small-pox last Whi'suntide."

In an instant the dark curl was lying at Dennis Byrne's feet, while, half wild with the dread of contagion, Captain Saunders vociferously ordered him out of the house, and called

* Confused noise.
† By my soul and body.

for brandy, camphor, and vinegar. Glad to escape, Dennis snatched up the precious hair, and again thrusting it into his bosom, was led under guard to the kitchen, where Nora, with her back to the door, was bending over some fine article of dress she was ironing.

"Mistress," said the soldier, "here's a fellow you'll be good enough to take care of: he's a sossie-looking chiel, an' nae doot he'll have your wits in a creel afore night."

Poor Dennis! This was the most anxious moment of all. Suppose Nora should turn suddenly and exhibit an emotion which would betray all? But, brave Nora, she was not one to break down in that way. She raised herself up, and looked at both; she recognized her sweetheart at a glance, but, except the quickened and joyous throbbing at her heart, she was quite calm.

"And what is it I'm to do with him?" she asked, scornfully.

"He's to be fed and housed,—that's the order, lassie. He's a prisoner," said the Scotchman, laughing.

"It's well for them that's made so many beggars to have 'em fed. It's an ould game, well understood in Ireland, robbing Peter to pay Paul. What do you want?" she said, turning her eyes full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whimpered, "I'm a poor orphan from Tipperary hills, an' 'ud like a bowl o' strabout, an' a rasher, an' a mug o' ale or whisky, an' a could fowl, if you has de likes of it by you."

"I shall have to set the table for the gentleman from Tipperary," she said, with a light, merry laugh. "Perhaps yer honor'll take a bit of venison, and some bottled sherry?"

"Anything your ladyship plazes!"

"If I was a man, I'd shake you to *smithereens*," said Nora, bustling around, while Sergeant Hazel, with a laugh, wished her good luck of the bargain he had brought her, and went away. Neither of them uttered a word until he was out of hearing; for he was too good a soldier to go out of sight.

"Nora dear!"

"Thanks be to God, Dennis Byrne, that you're back in safety."

Both spoke in Irish. "Did you see him, Dennis?"

"I did. I saw him, and think he is safe."

"Oh, thanks be to God!" exclaimed Nora, while tears flowed over her cheeks. "Now tell me about it, dear." He told her, "Oh, how glad this news will make the broken heart in here! Dennis, she's been drooping like a flower when the first bitter wind from the Reek blows on it; but, oh, Dennis Byrne, there's worse news for you to hear yet!"

"What?" he asked, while his cheek paled.

"The lady and her children are poor,—so poor,—so very poor, Dennis. You and I, with our strong arms and stout hearts, is richer than they," said Nora, with a short sob. "Glendariff is theirs no longer."

"Not theirs? Whose then, in the name of the world, is it?"

"And who but Donald Dhu More, the vile informer, that's a disgrace to his blood, his name, and his country,—who but he is master now at Glendariff? He wasn't like a hound at Mister Halloran's heels for nothing."

"I wish I could put my heel on the murdering villain's neck! for, by my soul, I'd scorn to touch him with my hand," said Dennis, bitterly.

All this time, and it was not long, Nora was getting a meal together for the beggar-man, and the soldier from his post watched them narrowly.

"When you put that plate down beside me, a *suilish nachuil agus machree*,* take up the lock of hair I'll put down. It's his. Take it to Mrs. Halloran, and give it to her with his love, and tell her he's safe, and by this time is across the sea."

Nora did as she was directed, with great dexterity, and thrust it into her pocket just as Sergeant Hazel came into the kitchen, ostensibly for a drink of water, but in reality to see what was going on.

"An' now, you *pittoogue*," broke out Nora, "there's a dinner for a king; and if you're a good Christian you'll thank God for it. And you're welcome in His holy name. Could you stop a minit, sir?" she said to the sergeant.—"I must run up and see what Mrs. Halloran wants; may be it's a dish of tay, poor lady; she didn't ate a morsel to-day, by rayson of the headache that's racking her, laving the heart-ache out of the bargain; an' ther's heaps of silver lying about on the dressers, spoons and the like, that it would be easy to slip in a wallet like this."

Dennis Byrne's honest, handsome face flushed crimson. He could pretend to be a fool, a rebel, and a wandering beggar; but, when it came to *thief*, he could scarcely hold his peace. But he did, right manfully, and Nora, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, ran up to cheer Mrs. Halloran with the tidings she had to impart.

She was lying on her couch,—the same low couch that her husband had left her sleeping on, the night of his departure. She was very pale and still. She had shed but few tears,

and exhibited scarcely any emotion. Father McCarthy had seen her every day; but even he could not rouse her from the passive heaviness of her grief. The delicate bloom had waned and faded entirely from her beautiful face, her eyes had grown larger and brighter, and her fingers were ever in motion, tapping on the back of a book, or writing and twisting around each other, or tearing to shreds, scraps of paper and the flowers that little Gracie brought her every day. She never spoke unless some one addressed her, but lay the live-long day, silent, prostrated, and hopeless.—Whenever the little children came in and hung carelessly around her, she would kiss them gently and send them away; and the innocent ones, awed into silence by her strange mood, would slip away with noiseless steps, glad to go from the darkened room out into the air and sunshine.

"How are you feeling now, *maive ban asthore*,—my own dear loving lady?" said Nora, kneeling down beside her, and taking up the long, slender hand to caress.

"Well,—well enough," she said, without unclenching her eyes.

"I have news,—good news," whispered Nora.

Mrs. Halloran started up, and, pushing back the long curls from her face, gazed wildly at Nora, then, letting her hand fall heavily on the girl's shoulder, whispered, "Is it real, or am I dreaming? I have had so many dreams like this."

"It is no dream, *asthore*, but awake you are; and don't for the world's sake cry out, for them that's on the watch will suspect us,—Dennis Byrne's come back. He saw *him*: he is well, and is by this time over the sea."

"Escaped! Alive! Well!" gasped Mrs. Halloran. "My God, I thank thee. But is there no message—no—"

"There is," said Nora, interrupting her while she took out the crisp, glossy curls of her hair. "He sent this to you with his heart's love; an' that is all I know. We watched all the time, an' it's all I could learn."

Mrs. Halloran hid the curl in the palm of her hand, and gazed fondly and dreamily on it, then pressed it to her lips, her forehead, her bosom. "Oh, John! my John! my husband!" she whispered; "my noble John!" Then a tear like a single, heavy rain-drop fell on the dark hair, where it lay like a gem.

"Yes," said Nora, who saw that tear, and hoped it was the harbinger of others; "for such a one as he to go wandering in a strange land,—may be sick, and anywise lonesome an' homeless!"

"Oh, my husband! why cannot I be with you in poverty and exile? Then tears began to flow more freely. "Where is he, Nora Brady?"

"I don't know, ma'am, only that Dennis Byrne seen him on Ballyhowry Mountain, where he came to hide."

"Hide! John Halloran, the noblest and best of God's creatures, skulking like a hunted beast!" cried Mrs. Halloran, while torrents of tears drenched her cheeks.

Nora was satisfied. "The tears will do you good, dear lady," she said, "and in a little while I will sent poor Gracie and Desmond up. The children's lost their smiles and color, and goes moping around like orphans."

"Yes, send them up,—poor little ones!" said Mrs. Halloran. "But one word, Nora: where is my cousin Donald?"

"Faith, ma'am, he's been away these four days. Mrs. Shea says he has gone to Dublin; anywise, it's a good riddance."

"He's safe—my husband! my heart's own love,—safe!" said Mrs. Halloran, clasping her hands together. "Angels of God guard and guide him! This news gives me life. I defy all now, and, trusting in the providence of my Father in heaven, I, His creature, will bear all in His holy name."

Bre long the sound of little feet outside and a timid knock on the door were heard. Mrs. Halloran went with feeble steps to open it, and found the two children standing, with a half-frightened look, on the threshold. She stooped and kissed them tenderly, and, folding the little soft hands in hers, led them to the couch, where, leaning against her pillows almost exhausted, she gathered them to her bosom in a long, tender embrace. Desmond was a noble child. He was now eight years old. His eyes were large and blue, his forehead bold and broad, surmounted by a coronal of short, crisp, curling hair. His nose harmonized with his other features, while his mouth, without losing the sweetness of childhood, wore an expression of firmness truly remarkable. Gracie was five summers old. Her brown hair was smoothly braided back from her round, childish forehead; her eyes were blue, and full of thought and gentleness, and her complexion very fair and pure. But there was a deep, tranquil thoughtfulness in the child's countenance; a tender grace and a calm repose in every movement, which had gained for her throughout the demesne the *soubriquet* of "Little Lady." Her father used to call her "Little Poet" for not only would she *write* and *beautify* in nature call forth sweet responses from the child's soul; but her language often expressed

* Light of my eyes and heart.

the most exquisite ideas. A bright star, a rainbow, a rich sunset, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the odor of flowers, were the quiet raptures of a life which was full of heaven.

Mrs. Halloran, while holding them in that warm embrace, spoke cheerfully to them, asked them a thousand questions, which dispelled their timidity and soon won them to smiles.

"But, mother," said Desmond, "where is my father? And what are these grim, ugly soldiers doing at Glendariff? If I was a man, mother, I'd let them know what it was to stay where they were not wanted. Why does not father come home?"

"He has gone a long journey, my boy. He has just sent his love to you; but you must tell no one."

"Not tell that my father sent his love?—Oh, mother!"

"No, Desmond: you must not speak to any one except myself. Come always and talk to me about him."

"Would they kill him if I did?"

"They might. They are watching and waiting here for him, to put him in prison, because he loved his country too well; but he is safe and far away from them; but they must not know it yet."

"Mother! That is the reason they called me a little rebel the other day," cried the boy, while indignant tears forced their way into his eyes.

"Yes. Now you will be careful, for dear father's sake, both of you?"

"Yes, mother."

"Yes, mamma," said soft-voiced little Gracie; "but I shall never, never see my papa again."

"Child, do not say so," said Mrs. Halloran, holding her off, and looking eagerly and anxiously to see if there were any signs of illness in her face; but she could see none, and, kissing her tenderly, she sent them away until evening. After that the child used to come every day to talk in a low voice, about her father, asking a thousand questions, while her quivering lips and flushed cheeks betrayed how often her heart was full almost to agony.

Thus some weeks passed away, Dennis quite satisfied to be a prisoner of war at Glendariff, and Mrs. Halloran and Nora thankful to have him near them. The officers and soldiers were civil enough; and, except that they were rigorous in all that appertained to their duty, they certainly inflicted no gratuitous insults on the family. A message came to Mrs. Halloran one day,—Captain Saunders's compliments, and a request that she would meet him in the drawing-room on business. Agitated and excited, she scarcely knew why,—for she imagined that she had drained the cup of her bitterest sorrows in the separation from her husband,—she wrapped her shawl about her and went down. The rugged Scotchman arose and saluted her with blunt courtesy, and wheeled a large, softly cushioned chair nearer the fire for her use.—He "hoped she was well."

"Thank you, I am quite well," she replied, courteously.

"Madam," he said, in his broad Scotch accent, which we leave to the imagination of the reader, "I hope—ahem—that what I have to say will not be quite unexpected. At any rate, it is painful; but you understand that I am vowed to military obedience and the like, and therefore am only the medium of those in authority."

"Does it concern my husband, sir?" she broke in. "If it does, for God's sake let me hear it, without a waste of words. Has Mr. Halloran fallen into the hands of the government?"

"I fear—that is—ahem—I believe not, madam. There is a rumor that he has escaped."

"Thank God!" she ejaculated.

"But his estate, madam,—you know that in these unfortunate cases estates are generally—"

"Confiscated, of course," she said, quietly.

"But here is a letter, madam, for you. It came from Dublin with my official papers to-day, and will probably explain the thing more to your satisfaction than I could do." Mrs. Halloran tore open the letter, and read:—

"MY DEAR COUSIN:—"

"The government, as a reward for services rendered, has been pleased to bestow on me a grant of the Glendariff estate. Do not, however, allow this to alter any of your plans, or cause you to leave until it is perfectly convenient. If I can serve you, command me.

"Your affectionate kinsman,
DONALD MORE."

"I understand the matter fully, now, sir," she said, calmly, but decidedly pale. "Mr. More is now the master of John Halloran's possessions."

"He is, madam."

"I presume he has been engaged in the honorable occupation of discovering and denouncing from time to time these brave men who have proved how well they loved their country by sacrificing everything for it. He has, Judas-like, sold his honor, his kindred, his country, for gold; and, base as he is, England, still more base, rewards him with honors and possessions. In short, Donald More is an informer!" she said, with withering scorn.

Captain Saunders shrugged his shoulders, then handed her the official documents, which corroborated all that her kinsman had written.

"Will you please to write, sir, and say that I shall leave Glendariff in two days?"

"Madam," said the officer, touched with profound respect for grief borne with such submissive dignity, "do not go. Make some arrangement with this man. He is your kinsman."

"Never, sir! No consideration, although I am next to houseless, would induce me to remain. There is a fragment of land on which stand a few scattered ruins, bequeathed to me by ancestors, which cannot be alienated, to which I shall retire. I thank you now for the consideration you have shown towards me and

mine. A different person might have added much bitterness to my sorrows. Adieu!" said Mrs. Halloran, rising from the chair and retiring with dignity from the apartment. Here her courage failed her, and for a few moments a storm of indignation and grief shook her to the soul. When it passed away, she rang for Nora, then, opening her cabinet and bureau, she began to wrap her jewels and valuables in separate parcels.

"I am here, ma'am. Can I do anything for you?" said Nora, coming in. "But what in the world's name are you after, Mrs. Halloran?"

"Nora, listen, my friend: we are to leave Glendariff; it is ours no longer."

"Sold, ma'am?" said Nora, choking back her tears.

"Sold! Yes. Sold for John Halloran's life; the purchase-money is paid in his exile and the ruin of his family. My cousin, Donald More, is now master of Glendariff," she said, bitterly.

"The black, murdering informer! May St. Patrick's curse rest on him!" cried Nora. "It's just what I thought he'd do, so I did. I knew he was false-hearted to the core; and now he's robbed what's worse than the widdy, for when a woman lays her husband in a quiet grave, knowing his soul to be in the hand of a merciful God, she knows that what's done is right an' best, an' not like he was druv out into the wide world, without home or friends, in a strange land, leaving his wife an' children disolate an' broken-hearted, with a traitor to the fore to rob an' rack-rent and prosecute his orphans. Ochoone!" cried Nora, wringing her hands. "It's a hard trial, ma' am, ashore, my darling, but there's a God above us, an' he hears me now," she said, snatching Mrs. Halloran's crucifix from the oratory, and holding it up toward heaven, "and the Blessed Virgin hears me say, on the cross of her dear Son, that I'll spend the rest of my life for them that's been all to me, nor think of me own until they come to their rights agin. Now rest easy, Mary ashore; you're not frindless; and what Nora Brady says, that she'll do."

"Nora! Nora! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran. "I cannot permit it. Your life and happiness shall not be wasted because mine are. We have a home,—a poor one, it is true,—where, by the side of my jewels, we can live. The old Abbey lands will shelter us and give us food. You shall come with me,—you and Dennis Byrne."

"Dennis Byrne! of course Dennis will stay there; he can farm and do the likes; but for me! I'm going to look for Mister Halloran the minute we hear he gets to Ameriky, an' work—work my fingers off till there's a home there ready to bring ye all together once more.—That's what I'm going to do; for Ireland's no longer a place for the Irish, an' you an' the childer shall not stay here like outcasts. When I do all I want to do, if I'm not too old, an' Dennis Byrne does not change his mind, we'll go before the priest."

"Let us begin to get ready to leave Glendariff. Tell Dennis and Mrs. Shea—"

"Mrs. Shea, madam! Mrs. Shea will stay to keep house for the born villain that's coming," cried Nora. "Oh, it was beautiful, sure, to see what cronies they got to be, an' how polished she was with the sogers! Mrs. Shea, indeed!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Halloran, wearily; "let us prepare to go."

"Of course we must, ma'am. I wish it was to-night, since Glendariff's no longer in the family. My pride's up; an' if I only had Donald More here now, I'd make his hair rise on his head with the harangue I'd give him."

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE STORM.
THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

The London Times of the 13th ult. concludes an article on France as follows:—

The next six months, even if the blessing of peace should be durably realized, will assuredly place in a light transcending that of all previous experiences the unspeakable calamities of war. Never before have we had its horrors brought so close to us or so terrible a scene, and the sequel, with all its incalculable miseries, is still to come. Half France is left with nothing but its soil, and that soil is without seed. Towns, villages, homesteads, have been ransacked or burned and ruined. Woods have been cut down, bridges demolished, roads destroyed, and, worst of all, agriculture and trade everywhere suspended. It is hard to say how the population lives or expects to live. The proprietor receives no rents, the laborer finds no work, money has been swept off by the Germans, and industry, from want of custom and communication together, is fairly at an end. How is all that shattered fabric of social and commercial life to be restored once more? When France returns again to the possession of Frenchmen, what will ensue? War and its ravages will cease, but the effects of the storm will remain, and a spectacle will be presented such as was never witnessed in Europe since the days of the French revolution. Fortunately half France has been spared from the direct results of the contest, and the sympathies of Europe will come actively in aid. We learn from Mr. Capper's letters, which perhaps was not sufficiently understood, how much has already been done by Germany and Switzerland, and certainly the subscribers to the War Victims Fund will have reason to reflect with satisfaction on the work their contributions have achieved. It is only to be hoped that at least we now know the worst of the war itself, and that the speedy re-establishment of peace may limit the evil to the dimensions we can discern already. There is scope enough and to spare for all the energies of even international benevolence.

Except that Metz has been held we are still ignorant of how large a part of Lorraine has been wrested from the French. But it is certain that all of Alsace, with the exception of Belfort, and, we suppose, a narrow strip of territory, has been ceded. Alsace is at present divided into two departments—Bas Rhin and Haut Rhin. Both are thickly populated. Bas Rhin, by the last census, contained 588,970 inhabitants, and Haut Rhin 530,285. Along the Rhine the people speak the German language, in the cities and towns French is generally spoken, and in the mountains the patois of Lorraine is usually employed. Haut Rhin has more the appearance of German territory than Bas Rhin. The people have retained the characteristics of their forefathers to a greater extent; their habits and customs are German, although politically all the people are intensely French.

By the cession of these two departments France

loses valuable territory. Strategically the loss is immense. It places the Vosges Mountain and all its passes into the hands of the Germans, and deprives France of a natural line of defence, which was none the less valuable because it failed to aid her in the present war. Commercially the loss is also great. Alsace is full of manufacturing towns, whose prosperity was principally due to the fostering care of the French government. In 1869 the total population of Bas Rhin was only 138,732; in seventy years it increased 400 per cent. Strasbourg, with its 90,000 inhabitants is full of enormous foundries and extensive manufactories. But above all, Strasbourg must be considered as a grand strategic point. It was, next to Metz, the greatest fortress in France. While the French held it the German lines of communication were unsafe. In German possession it will be of greater military value than ever. It can serve as a base of operation for an army invading France at any time, and it is absolutely safe from hostile attacks until the passes of the Vosges are captured; for no hostile army leaving Belfort would venture to march down the valley between the Vosges and the Black Forest unless it had first obtained possession of the first named mountain.

It cannot be denied that there is much indignation at the terms which, according to the information supplied to your columns by your correspondent at Berlin, are to be demanded by Count Bismarck. All neutrals are amazed at their severity. If this be so what must be the feeling of the French? They say that Prussia wants something more than guarantees and a monetary indemnity. That she is bent upon humbling France to the very dust in the sight of the whole world. Even from a Prussian point of view, and putting generosity, not to say magnanimity out of the question, is this good policy? That it will set all France preparing for another war is certain. Nothing is more common than to hear French men and women say, when speaking of the supposed terms of Count Bismarck, that they will instil a hatred of Prussia into the hearts of their children, and leave them a legacy of revenge. I think it very likely that if France should engage in another war with Germany ten or fifteen years hence she will be again worsted; but the French people do not think so. They have been "sold;" they have lost battles, not because they are not better soldiers than the Germans, but because the Government of Napoleon III. squandered on other objects the money voted for the army, and because most of the generals were incompetent; and nearly all their officers were *mal instruits*; but with the new system which France intends to force on whatever Government she may appoint to manage her affairs, she will be more than a match for all Germany in a very few years. This is a creed held by every French man and French woman, of whatever political party. If, as the Prussian Government tells us, its policy is one of peace—if, as Count Bismarck says, all Prussia wants is solid security against future aggression on the part of France, why make demands which, if the present position of France obliges her to concede, will be about as good a guarantee for another war, sooner or later, as could well be devised by even Prussian ingenuity?

A military correspondent of the Times, writing from Versailles on the 15th, makes some valuable remarks on the siege of Paris. He says that the bombardment of Paris was an utter failure. The forts were practically as strong at the end as at the beginning of the siege. In only one case was there any approaching to serious injury to the forts. In Fort Issy the thin masonry *rechement* of the curtain of a bastioned front was broken in, and two casemates thereby laid open. The casemates—dwelling rooms for the garrison—were abandoned, and the breach filled up with sand-bags, making the casemates stronger than ever. The writer above mentioned is convinced that good soldiers led by well instructed officers could not have been kept shut up as were the French, and that if the besiegers had changed places with the besieged, the former would soon have cut their way out.

It is interesting to explore Paris in its present phase, to see the shops rapidly filling with quantities of meat, and the people gradually becoming accustomed to their contents. During the first few days of my stay, whenever an eager crowd, not of beggars, but of well-dressed people, was collected round a window, one might be quite sure that their lips were watering at what they saw inside, and that, not being able to afford to buy it, they were indulging their appetites by looking at it. Some shops are still in great demand in the degree in which pastry is becoming palatable again. I observe them crowded with eager mouths. The markets have entirely changed their aspect, the stalls formerly empty, excepting where here and there a cat or a piece of horseflesh tempted the passer by, are now resuming their normal appearance, and are crowded from morning to night. Upwards of 30,000 tons of provisions have already entered the town, and they still continue to pour in and to fetch high prices. The fish market is well supplied. Upon one occasion when I visited it I found it occupied by the National Guard, its contents having been too seductive for the hungry mob, who ended by quarrelling for them. There was at the beginning of the Armistice a good deal of pillaging of stores which had been concealed by the mob, who regarded the bringing to light of hidden provisions as an evidence of foul play, which they punished by instant sequestration. It would be interesting were it possible to find out how long the city might have lasted on its concealed and unsuspected stores alone. Observing a crowd a day or two ago in a side street, and a *queue* of men and women with papers in their hands, I inquired what it signified, and was informed that here were being distributed the supplies which have been sent over from England. It was evident from the tone in which the people alluded to this evidence of sympathy that the true way to their hearts had been found. There is still always a crowd to be seen round the bakers' shops, and soldiers in groups in open spaces may be seen distributing their rations of coffee and bread, or staggering to their quarters under loads of firewood.

Considering that police do not exist in the legitimate sense of the term, the good behaviour of the people is very striking; a quarrel, whether it be over the price of a herring, or of Peace, is a matter of interest to the passers by, who stop to hear the merits of the dispute, which a self-constituted arbitrator finally decides; the combatants on both sides retiring grumbling; indeed, the licence which exists of going up to a group of three or four persons, and listening to what they are talking about, is one of the most curious features of street life in Paris. Excepting in the gardens of the Tuilleries, which are converted into an artillery park, there is no change in the streets or gardens of Paris to indicate its military attitude. On a Sunday afternoon the Champs Elysees are as crowded as ever, though the ladies are of a less fashionable class; and as a curious *pendant* to the Arc de l'Etoile, with all its victories at an end, stands the statue of Strasbourg at the other, with immortelles on which are inscribed the names of all the fortresses which have fallen into the hands of the Germans. Though the drive itself is deserted, the children's four-in-hand gear carries still exist, the fairs not having been so pressing as to bring those animals to the shambles. All the marionette theatres are well attended, and the whole scene on a fine day is as gay and lively as need be, considering who are within sight of the Pont du Neully. At night the Boulevards are still somewhat gloomy, not much more cheerful, perhaps, than the Strand, and the back streets are very dark; but a stranger who had never seen Paris in its gay days arriving in it for the first time would say that it was decidedly an animated, vivacious city, with quite enough life by day and night on its principal thoroughfares, and amusements in its theatres and

cafes, to satisfy the appetite of any reasonable man. The observer is struck, the moment he leaves the Arc de l'Etoile and drives down the well-known Avenue de l'Impatrice, by the extraordinary appearance presented by the grass roads on both sides. These are now cut into alternate squares of circular holes, each about 2ft. in diameter and 18in. deep, the rim of one touching the one next to it, and thus making it quite impossible either to ride or walk except in the road. This was intended to prevent the Germans from advancing up the avenue, and after the Forts had been stormed, the *eneinte* carried, and the Germans were actually in Paris, it was supposed the determination of the inhabitants to defend themselves to the last was so great that obstacles even here would be of service. It may have been gratifying to those who were at work to think it implied an heroic resistance, but, considering that they have never waited for the enemy to storm anything, these remarkable engineering operations are childish and ludicrous. Perhaps they formed part of Rochefort's plan of defending the streets. Further on we pass the *eneinte*, cross a drawbridge and moat, and find ourselves in a waste of stumps. These have been left about 2ft. high, also to prevent the passage of cavalry. They are now being grubbed up for fire wood, but one cannot look at them without regretting that the Parisians should have needlessly destroyed this beautiful ornament to their city under the impression that they possessed the qualities of courage and endurance which would enable them to resist until they should be required. A few old women picking up sticks, and citizens wandering among these acres of stumps, are all that represents the once gay throng which crowded the drives and alleys. It is a relief to turn one's back upon this scene of desolation, and one's mind on the reflections it excites. Passing through gaps in futile *chevaux de frise*, made with felled trees and pointed sticks, and back through the *eneinte*—where may be observed planks studded with nails, and other ingenious devices, which could only have entered into the imagination of persons who had sworn, like Duroc, to conquer or die—we find ourselves once more behind the walls, or rather earthworks, and may, if so disposed, follow for miles this wonderful and elaborate circumnavigation, consummated with the most delicate finish, and presenting an aspect which could not fail to strike those whose profession it is to make works for others to attack and defend. Without attempting to judge of it from a military point of view, it seemed to me that the citizens had been employed, so to speak, in polishing them up long after they had been completed; one almost expected to see them ornamented with flowers or devices in shells, like certain familiar railway stations. Probably all this veneering was necessary to keep the men employed at something. There were still sentries at all the outlets, and at certain salient angles, but they were not unaccommodating, and ladies and gentlemen seem to roam among the guns at will. Near the Point du Jour the scene was highly interesting to those who had watched the flight of shells, two dozen at a time, which the Germans had been in the habit of sending into this devoted spot, in the hope of destroying the railway bridge. Here we could see the batteries of Clamart and Meudon, familiar to us from the other side, and wondered at the very small amount of damage that had been done to works in which literally thousands of shells have been exploded. Here and there the coping of the bridge has been knocked away, and the ground, enclosed by sandbag batteries and bombproof chambers, in which the men used to be concealed, is ploughed up with the holes in which the shells have exploded, rendered very much larger by the passion of the inhabitants for obtaining splinters as curiosities, so that persons may be constantly seen grubbing for these interesting souvenirs in localities where they used to fall. Numbers of sightseers visit the Point du Jour and listen to the tales of Mobiles and members of the National Guard, who lounge about to give descriptive information, involving some of their own experiences. Some of the houses in the neighbourhood are a good deal knocked about, but as a general rule, unless one is with some one who knows where the shells have burst, it is difficult in the closely-built parts of the town to discover their traces. For instance, in the Faubourg St. Germain, the shells poured in and exploded in every direction, but the signs are few and far between. I have talked with women and girls in that quarter on the subject; they are all of opinion that the bombardment did not create a demoralizing effect upon the population, but very much the reverse—that it roused and stimulated them. It should be remembered, however, that they flocked away from the dangerous quarter, and that the number of deaths was very small. It is probable, nevertheless, that the bombardment has done more harm to the Germans than to the French, and that the increasing darkness in the colour of the bread was sufficient to produce the required result. It is curious, after looking at the shell marks in the neighbourhood of St. Sulpice made by the Germans, to go to the Hotel de Ville and look at the bullet marks on the walls of that building made by the French themselves three weeks ago. I had an opportunity of hearing an account of the episode, which probably your Correspondent in Paris described at the time, from the lips of an officer engaged in quelling the riot. In the midst of the conversation he said, "Hush! don't look round; I saw the little man now standing behind you fire a shot myself." Presently the individual in question came into view—a wizened, ill-looking little man, with a sallow, saturnine countenance, a yellow beard, and a National Guard uniform—apparently regarding the bullet marks, some of which he had himself made, with as much interest as I did. "I expect," said my informant, "they will try it on again, but we are quite ready for them."

Last night I visited a "cafe concert" in the Quartier Latin, called the "Folies Dauphines;" but better known among the students of the neighbourhood as the "Cafe Benglant." The chief attraction there at present is an actor who bears a striking resemblance to the fallen Emperor Napoleon III. Dressed in a general's uniform, he sings a song, and rows of laughter and shouts of applause, in which the late Emperor's manner, gesture, twirling of the moustache, and so forth, are imitated with marvellous fidelity. Between every two verses of the song, which embodies witticisms and allusions in their nature anything but complimentary to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe, the singer gallops round the stage with a long sword dangling between his legs, to the intense delight of the audience, which unanimously shouts in uproarious chorus, "Badiquet! Badiquet!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Encore! Encore!"—And the Emperor who so lately ruled the destinies of France is anew held up for ridicule by his caricaturist. The actor of whom I speak has excited the sentiment of the Quartier Latin to such an extent that the Prefect of the Police has ordered the performance to be discontinued.—Times Cor.

THE DESOLATION AROUND PARIS.

Whichever road you take for three or four miles away from the French defences, you see broken walls, crushed roofs, smashed windows and wrecked off chimneys. As for furniture, no such thing exists, pianos and tables, chairs, bedsteads and billiard tables were burnt by the besiegers for firewood, and when that handy form of fuel was exhausted, the floors, the doors, the shutters, and finally the stairs were pulled apart and piled up to make a flame. Walls may be left standing, bits of roof may hang on here and there, at a distance a house may look almost entire; but when you come near you are amazed at the utter demolition of everything but the outside shell.—When to an ordinary inexperienced eye there is no more to be seen, when the very staircase has gone down into the fire, then comes the turn of the joists that carry the floors, the plaster is knocked off the

walls, and the laths which carried it are torn away to warm the frozen Germans. The vine stakes in the fields, the wooden fences around the gardens, were cast into the flames long ago. Close to Vermeilles is the superb chateau of La Celle St. Cloud, which belongs to Madame Pescatore; its farm, its cellar, its gardens were all finished up long ago, and the house itself was almost in fact, until a bomb from Mont Valerien fell upon it, driving through the library and bursting in the drawing-room. Of course the house will now be abandoned by the Prussian officers, and it will be strange indeed if the furniture, almost royal in magnificence, is not rapidly converted into ashes. Beauregard, which used to belong to Mrs Howard, and was sold two years ago for £120,000 by her son, the Comte de Dechevert, to the Duchess de Bauffremont, is still more completely ruined. All the countless chateaux and charming villas which were dotted on the hillsides at Garches, Ville d'Avray, Boulogny and Louveciennes, and Bellevue and Meudon, and a hundred other places, have been utterly destroyed. Malvergnon was set on fire many days ago, as if destiny were bent on effacing the first footmarks of the Bonapartes.

It is difficult to say whether the condition of the townspeople or the peasantry is most deplorable.—When I think of Chateaufort with its ruined streets, its houseless, starving population, I have a scene before my eyes calling out more loudly for charity than anything I have seen in Paris; and when I think of "La Beauce," the granary of France, empty, so to speak, when we used on the cold winter nights to light up the sky with blazing fires made with straw with the wheat still remaining in the ear, a country of emptied barns, burnt stacks, and starving peasantry, a picture of misery and famine not yet over is presented which is unequalled by anything we have known of late times. It is to relieve this distress that it seems to me from what I have been able to learn of Lord Vernon's Seed Committee that their charity is in the highest degree important, and not a moment should be lost, before the season gets further advanced, in carrying out its object. In Paris the people are starving in the midst of abundance; in the Provinces they are starving in the absence of it. I saw a man who, from his appearance, belonged to the middle classes, engaged in catching his dinner yesterday with a small hand-net in the Seine; it was a long operation, for generally there was nothing in the net, now and then a gudgeon or a smelt the size of a minnow.

Paris retained much of its gaiety during even the worst hours of the siege. The *Guado* published among other things, a restaurant advertisement, as follows:—

Wine at ten sous the litre, at extra-lessee—(translatable either "at and at higher rates" or "with water on it.")
Rose-hue—(translatable either "most beef" or "old horse beef.")

Rot-gout de mouton—(translatable either "mutton ragout" or "rag with a mutton favour.")

Among the French corpses found on the field after the last terrible sortie from Paris were many of the National Guard, elegantly uniformed in blue cloth, with gold watches, rings, &c., delicate linen, and hands and complexion that denoted the gentler ranks of life. Many a fair home was desolate for these unreturning braves!

The German army cantoned around Paris requires for its daily consumption 148,000 three-pound loaves of bread, 1,020 quintals of rice or barley, 555 beavers or 1,920 quintals of bacon, 144 quintals of salt, 9,000 quintals of oats, 24,000 quintals of hay, 28,000 quarts of brandy or other spirituous liquors. Each army corps, consisting of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, receives every ten days sixty quintals of smoking tobacco, 1,100,000 cigars for private soldiers, and 50,000 cigars for officers. Nearly all this immense mass of supplies has to be brought from Germany, a distance of some hundreds of miles, every army corps requiring daily the use of five railway trains of thirty-two freight cars each.

One of the Prussian shells entered through the roof of a bath-house in Paris, and fell into a bath in which there was a bather at the time. Of course it did not explode, but the gentleman in the bath immediately vacated it in favour of the new comer, and got away with a few slight bruises.

Two hundred and thirty-two officers and 25,420 soldiers among the French prisoners of war now held in Germany were born in Alsace, and speak the German language. The population of Alsace and Lorraine, numbering 1,300,000, constitutes but the thirtieth part of the total of France, and yet the French military prisoners of that origin constitute a fourteenth of the whole count. Could we take this as a sure criterion, the inference would be that those two provinces furnish twice as many soldiers relatively as any of the rest.

Count Bismarck, it seems, occasionally responds to untimely queries by whistling and other significant but non-committal signs. A correspondent at Versailles writes to one of the German papers that when the Count was coming away from his conference with Jules Favre he was met by a distinguished officer, who asked whether there would be peace. "The statesman, in reply, merely puckered his lips, and whistled the bugle signal, "Best arms!" "Only an armistice, then?" said his questioner. Bismarck shook the three hairs that adorn his cranium, and whistled the hunting call, "Tally ho!" "Tally ho!"—meaning that they were in at the death.

It is stated that Gen. Bourbaki still lives but there is little hope of his getting well. A correspondent of the London Telegraph writes:—"Poor Gen. Bourbaki's attempt to kill himself is a very sad affair.—Suspected of being an Imperialist, he had spies placed near him in every quarter; and as he was making the greatest exertions to deliver his army from the superior strategy of the Germans, he received a telegram from the War Office blaming him for his tardy marching. The gallant old fellow could not stand being reproved by men who knew no more of soldiering than he did of ship-building; and, believing that no matter what he did he would be found fault with, in a moment of despair he took up a pistol, and, putting it to his temple, pulled the trigger. He is not yet dead, but is fearfully mutilated, and no hopes whatever are entertained of his recovery. Many of your readers must remember this gallant old soldier at the Alma, where he commanded the First Zouaves. I had a long talk with him at Tours just after he had been deprived of the command of the Army of the North, the real reason for which was that at Douai he would not cry "Vive la Republique!" A braver man or a better soldier never lived; but, as he said the last time I spoke to him, soldiers ought to be commanded by soldiers, and not by civilians."

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Kiel Gazette thus reviews the seven months' campaign:—"In the present war 23 battles have been fought, their order being Weissenburg, Worth, Spicheren, Pange, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Beaumont, Sedan, Noisseville (before Metz), the three battles of Orlans, Amiens, Champaigny, and Eric (before Paris), Beauregard, Bapaume, Vendome, Le Mans, Belfort, St. Quentin, and the great sortie against St. Cloud. At Gravelotte nearly half a million of men confronted each other, viz., 270,000 Germans against 210,000 Frenchmen. At Sedan there were 210,000 Germans against 150,000 French, and the third battle of Orlans 100,000 or 120,000 Germans against 200,000 or 240,000 French. The disparity of numbers was greatest at Mars-la-Tour and Belfort. In the former, 45,000 Prussians fought from eight a.m., till four p.m., at first against 160,000, and by noon against nearly 200,000 French. In the latter nearly 30,000 or 35,000 Prussians and Badeners confronted 90,000 to

120,000 French. The three battles before Metz—Pange, Mars-la-Tour, and Gravelotte—show the largest losses on both sides, the loss of the Germans in the second being 600 officers and 17,000 men. Of all the battles during the past century, only the battles of Belle Alliance, Bordinio, Eylau, and Zorndorf can rank in the same category with the battles before Metz. There have been 49 engagements, some of them resembling battles, and 20 successful sieges, including Paris, the first stronghold in the world, and Metz and Strasbourg, fortresses of the next rank.

A correspondent of the London Daily News at Versailles communicates some of the things he heard there.—The old King, it appears, is by no means happy as an Emperor. He was only persuaded to accept this title for the sake of his son, "Our Fritz," and he goes about much like some English squire of long descent who has allowed himself to be converted into a bran new peer, or persuaded by his ambitious progeny. William is one of that numerous class of persons endowed with more heart than brains. Putting aside, or regarding rather as the delusion of a diseased brain, his notion that he is an instrument of Heaven, and that he is born to rule over Prussian souls by right divine, the old man is by no means a bad specimen of a good natured, well-meaning, narrow minded soldier; and between Bismarck and Moltke he has of late had by no means an easy time. These two worthies, instead of being, as we imagined in Paris, the best of friends, abominate each other. During the siege Moltke would not allow Bismarck to have a seat at any council of war, and, in order to return the compliment, Bismarck has not allowed Moltke to take any part in the negotiations respecting the armistice, except on the points which were exclusively military. Bismarck tells the French that had it not been for him Paris would have been utterly destroyed, while Moltke grumbles because it has not been destroyed, an achievement this talented captain somewhat singularly imagines would fitly crown his military career, but this is not the only domestic jar which destroys the harmony of the happy German family at Versailles. In Prussia it has been the habit from time immemorial for the heir to the throne to coquette with the liberals, and to be supposed to entertain progressive opinions. The Crown Prince pursues this hereditary policy of his family. He has surrounded himself with intelligent men hostile to the present state of things, and who understand that in the present age no country can be great and powerful where all who are not country gentlemen, chamberlains or officers are excluded from all share in the Government. Bismarck, on the other hand, is the representative, or rather the business man, of the squarery and of the voms; much in the same way as Mr. Disraeli is of the conservatives in England. As both are men of genius, they in all probability both despise their own friends and scold at their prejudices, a pretended belief in which has served them as a stepping stone to power. The consequence of this divergence of opinion is that Bismarck and "Our Fritz" are very nearly what schoolboys call "cuts," and consequently when the old King dies Bismarck's power will die with him, unless he is wise enough to withdraw beforehand from public life. "Our Fritz," I hear, has done his best to prevent the Prussian batteries from doing any serious damage to Paris, and has not concealed from his friends that he considers that the bombardment was, in the words of Fouché, worse than a crime—an error.

THE TEN SIEGES OF PARIS.

There is no capital which has so often provoked and undergone attack. The first mention of Paris in history records an investment. Fifty years before Christ it was the stronghold of the Gauls, Labienus, the most able of Caesar's Generals, in that year marched an army against the rebellious place, and after crossing the Seine forced the insurgents to evacuate it. Before retreating, Vercingetorix, the chief of the Gauls, burned what there was of a city. But the site was too eligible not to invite the building of a new town. Like Berlin, Paris originally was confined to an island formed by a river and surrounded by inaccessible swamps. No sooner had the Germans conquered France, than Chlodwig, the leader of the invading tribe, reconstructed ancient Lutetia, and made it the centre of the new empire. During the time his descendants held sway in France it remained their principal fortress. When their authority began to decline, the defence of Paris against a foreign enemy gave such prestige to one of their generals as to enable him to usurp the throne of the decaying dynasty. Nearly 900 years after Christ, Charles le Gros, a degenerate scion of Charlemagne, found himself attacked at Paris by the Normans. A helpless imbecile, he had no choice but to make his peace with the predatory bands, no matter at what cost. On the occasion of a second raid, however, Paris gallantly held out for a whole year, under the command of Count Otto, one of the King's nobles. So great was the renown Otto acquired by this feat of arms, that on Charles's death, in 888, the Frankish nobility elected him their King. A nephew of this Otto was Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the Bourbons.

In the meantime, the German conquerors of France, comparatively few in number, had become absorbed by the subject nationality, and every now and then had a brush with the old country whence they had proceeded. In 978, when the German Emperor Otto II. was celebrating the Festival of St. John at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was surprised by King Lothaire of France at the head of an army of 30,000 men. The German Emperor returned the compliments, and having crossed the frontier on the 1st of October, marched straight upon Paris, overtopping all resistance in his way. Before winter set in he stood at the foot of Montmartre, and invested the city. Very much like the Moltke of our day, he had to detail a portion of his army to ward off the hosts attempting the rescue of the beleaguered place; but, unlike what seems to be reserved for Paris in the present instance, he was obliged to withdraw without effecting his object. Winter and disease decimating his troops, he eventually returned the way by which he came. There is an old story that, before leaving, the Germans assembled on Montmartre and sang a Te Deum with so vast an array of lungs that all Paris resounded the sound. Why they should have offered up their thanks in this boisterous manner when failed in their efforts is a riddle unsolved to this day.

The strength of the place having thus been proved by experience, King Philip Augustus, at the beginning of the 13th century, extended its fortifications, adding several hundred towers to the walls. King Charles V. in the latter part of the 14th century, surrounded the new suburbs with a fresh rampart, built a citadel called the Bastille, and constructed a fort on the Isle of St. Louis. Notwithstanding these new defences, the English took Paris after the Battle of Agincourt, 1420. The Maid of Orleans, attempting to recapture Paris, 1429, was repulsed by the English, who, however, seven years later, were obliged to march out owing to gallantry of Dunois, le Bataard Royal. King Henry IV. was the next to assail the devoted capital. As he was a Protestant, it would not recognize his authority. Having defeated the Catholic League at Ivry, March 17, 1590, he approached Paris in forced marches, and occupying Corbeil, Lagny, and Creil, cut off provisions, then chiefly received by the river. He next planted his guns on Montmartre, and from this dominant position left the Parisians—his naughty children, as he jokingly called them—to choose between bread and bombs. Not less obstinate than they are now, 15,000 of the inhabitants died of hunger before the town opened negotiation with the King. Just in the nick of time, however, the Spaniards, who assisted the

Catholic League, sent General Farnese with a large army from Belgium to the rescue. Henry was compelled to raise the siege, and only entered Paris four years later, when he had embraced Catholicism, and then he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm. France now rapidly increasing in power, Paris remained more than 200 years unvisited by an invading army. In the reign of Louis XIV. the mere idea of the foreigner venturing into the heart of France had come to appear so preposterous as to lead to the raising of the old fortifications. Louis XV. in 1726 again encircled the city with a wall, which, however, was not intended to serve a military purpose. As an open town, Paris underwent the storms of the Revolution. When, in 1814, the Allied Armies arrived in front of it to avenge the deeds of Napoleon I., a few redoubts, hastily thrown up, were all the impediments in their way. 25,000 National Guards, with 150 guns, held the place for a day against 40,000 Prussians and Russians. When Montmartre had been taken by storm, and the Cossacks and Uhlans were swarming in La Chapelle and La Villette, the proud capital surrendered. On March 31, Frederick William III. of Prussia, the father of William I. of the present day, and Alexander I. of Russia made their entry into the city.

The following year witnessed the repudiation of the debt. On the 2d of July, 1815, the Prussians, under Blucher, took Montreuil and Issy by storm, while Wellington forced his way into the northern and eastern suburbs. On the 7th of July the English and Prussian Guards once more trod the Boulevards.—Times Cor.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CARDINAL'S JUST COMPLAINT.—At the Lord Mayor's banquet in Dublin on Tuesday, the Cardinal Archbishop called public attention to the partial manner in which the laws for the relief of the poor are administered in Ireland. His Eminence said that a Parliamentary return showed that— in the great Province of Ulster, out of the great number of dispensary doctors employed there, only four belonged to the religion of the great mass of the people of this country, and the same proportion prevailed in the appointment of masters of workhouses, clerks and schoolmasters, and he regretted to say that within the last few weeks an appointment was made in this city which was marked by the same spirit of exclusiveness. An assistant schoolmaster was required for the South Dublin Union Workhouse, the great majority of the children to be taught in the school were Catholic, there were only 15 Protestants in it. There were nine candidates for the office, and of these seven were Catholics, all well qualified, yet the selection fell on one of the two Protestants, and it was a curious thing that that Protestant young woman would be obliged to teach the children their prayers and instruct the poor Catholic children over whom she was placed. He hoped that the wishes of the Catholic people would in future be treated with more consideration. We can hardly conceive how, after the abundant professions volunteered by English statesmen to administer the public life of Ireland with fairness and with due regard to the wishes of Irish people which are made by the English Government, it should still remain possible for Protestantism to be a qualification, or Catholicism a disqualification for the holding of official appointments in Ireland.—London Tablet.

A correspondent of a contemporary writes that a few nights ago, the curate of the parishes of Tully-Allen and Newtown, was returning on a car from Drogheda, in company with a young gentleman, when he was set upon by three men whom he could not recognise, and very roughly handled, without the slightest excuse being vouchsafed, and in spite of his assertion that he was a priest, "the assailants escaped, but not until the gentleman had made good use of a heavy stick to their discomfort."—Catholic Opinion.

In Ireland we must work to have our own Legislature to make our own laws. We must learn to govern ourselves at least in our own country. It is time for us to rise out of the paper-like indifference to which we have been accustomed. We wish to have the making of our laws, because we want to bring prosperity and happiness to Ireland. The people claim the right to tax themselves, to expend the country's money on its own labour in the reclamation of its waste-lands, in the education of the people, in the culture of her fisheries, in the promotion of manufactures, and in the expansion of her commerce in other lands. This is the legitimate work of the people of every country, and it ought to be the work of the people of Ireland. When the people are thus engaged—engaged in exalting and enriching their native land and emulating their race, they will not permit the turbulence, the divisions, the crime, which in all countries lurk beneath misgovernment, to interrupt their glorious mission. The colours of their country will be no longer forbidden; their music and their poetry will be no longer banned; the national character will not be scuffed at in the sister islands; the people will not then loathe and spurn each other; mutual hate and jealousy will give way before good purposes, and Ireland, the mother of the Irish race, prosperous, contented, and proud of her nationhood, will be found not as a suspected "rag," but strong and muscular, armed and ready to improve the moral and sustain the physical power of the English people.—Hugo Lennier.

The fact seems to be, that Mr. Gladstone dares not face the Protestant bigotry which would confront him, if he legislated for Ireland in justice upon the Education question. And unjust legislation upon this subject would no longer be tolerated in Ireland. The Cardinal Archbishop spoke with great moderation upon this subject at the Lord Mayor's banquet. Referring to the Education question, he said—"It was in an unsettled state; and, as such as possible, he hoped the Government and Parliament would give them a proper system in accordance with the wants of the great mass of the people. They require a Catholic University education, Catholic intermediate schools, and a Catholic system of education for the poorer classes. They were anxious that they should have their own universities and their own schools—they wished for no ascendancy (apart from), but they should never be satisfied till they were placed on an equality with others, and until the evils of hundreds of years should be redressed. (Renewed applause.)—Tablet.

THE "PERIOD OF CALM."—(From the Dublin Nation).—To the ordinary Englishman, who has seen for two sessions of Parliament measures of great importance to England set aside to give place to purely Irish questions, the resolution of the Ministry "to refrain from suggesting at the present juncture the discussion of any political question likely to become the subject of new and serious controversy in the country" may appear just and equitable. To us, who view it by the light of our necessities, it presents an entirely different aspect. If Ireland is in such a condition as to be outside the necessity for legislation, she occupies a position so exceptional that no nation ever yet saw the like. If not—Ireland really needs further legislation to foster her industry and promote her progress—and that the English Ministers confess, as they vainly trust, that the power of the present Parliament is inadequate to perform the duties imposed upon it—there is at once an argument established for the reconstruction of the legislative machinery of the nation so as to render it more flexible and comprehensive. The nation whose necessary legislative requirements are

held in abeyance because the Legislative Chamber is overburdened and incapable of fulfilling its functions, is in a fair way towards political bankruptcy, and should prepare with all its energies to set its affairs in order, so as to avoid a catastrophe which, in the end, cannot fail to be dangerous to the whole community. It needs but a glance at the accumulated labour awaiting the Imperial Parliament to show that England is rapidly approaching that dangerous condition. The six omnibuses cannot pass together through Temple-Bar, and to drive them through separately would well nigh exhaust the life time of the head coachman. The alternative is to demolish the obsolete structure, and open up two communications—one for the Irish, the other for the English vehicles. England has legislative labour before her both pressing and onerous; Ireland is awaiting work, to her of the utmost political and social importance. The both clash in the Imperial Parliament. In separate Legislative Chambers the necessary work required by both nations could be performed with the utmost facility and despatch. Why it should not be so surpasses national comprehension. England has her Church and Land Question, her Law and Army reform—the relations existing between labour and capital, and other social and political questions of the highest importance to the people, awaiting the attention of her Legislative Chamber. Even giving her full credit for her own estimate of the reforms recently introduced into Ireland, she has only entered on the labour necessary to develop the resources and ensure the prosperity of that nation. With the hands of the Parliament completely tied at home, the fulfilment of the promise to grant justice to Ireland is simply impossible. There are questions of the first importance to Ireland which have to be postponed because England says that this year it is her turn to claim full consideration for the arrears of the past. The question of Education, of Grand Jury reform, of Poor Law reform, of the Fisheries, of internal reclamation, and the development of the latent natural resources—all have to be set aside and the nation is to be relegated to "a period of calm," which means a period of lethargy and inaction, because the Imperial Parliament is unable to perform the continually increasing labours necessitated by the change in the social state, and the awakening of political life of the English people. Whatever may be the opinion of the English ruling classes, it is surely time that the people of Ireland, of all political parties, should see that the existing relations of the two nations is prejudicial to the best interests of the one, and ruinous to the other; and determine to restore strength and union to the Empire by the establishment of the Parliamentary independence of our native land.

To our mind the "Queen's Speech" furnishes an argument in favour of Home Rule so forcible and conclusive as to defy refutation. It is an admission of the incompetence of the Ministry and Parliament of England to satisfy the just requirements of the Irish people. To say that a nation requires calm politically, is to ignore progress and sanction inaction. Without political action, the life of a nation is stagnant. It is the very essence of national power to be ever in action, mentally or materially. Without it the body politic becomes an inert mass, and the social and national virtues languish and wither. There is no pause in the growth and progress of a nation, as there is none in the life of the individual. To pause is either to invite death and destruction. We need not the Ministerial balm of repose, but the full spirit of active life—political and social—to awaken the energies and call forth the complete power of the national resources. This can never be attained under the influence of the English Parliament or an English Ministry. The brain to conceive, the hand to guide, the heart to sustain and cherish, must be Irish, if the nation is to rise to her full dignity, power, and influence. These are the agents of inspiration that must work out the regeneration of the land. Ireland is by no means disposed to accept, with gratitude, the tranquillity promised her in the Ministerial mandate.

THE TITLE OF THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH.—The usurpation of the Disestablished Church of the title "Church of Ireland" is being resisted by the dissenting branches of Protestantism. The Presbyterians, hopeless of effecting that unity of Protestantism which they had looked forward, have, at the last meeting of the Dublin Presbytery, passed the following resolution—"The Presbytery, having had its attention directed to the report of the legal committee of the Disestablished Church, in which it is declared that the Church is entitled to the name of the Church of Ireland, and ought not to accept any other name, which report was adopted by the representative body, resolved: That this Presbytery does not admit the claim of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country to be called the Church of Ireland; that, hitherto, we have recognized this title as simply descriptive of the Church as established by law, but to which it has no claim from Scripture or from history, or from the number of its adherents in the land; that the legal recognition of this title would be at variance with the spirit and aim of recent legislation, and the assumption of it, implying as it does an inadmissible superiority to the other sections of the Church of Christ in Ireland, is calculated to engender a spirit of permanent discontent and disunion amongst Protestant, and, consequently, to obstruct the progress of Evangelical truth."

THE IRISH CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.—Amongst the Annals which claim our special attention at this time of the year, not the least interesting is The Irish Catholic Directory—a work that may fairly be reckoned as one of our best-established literary institutions; the present being the 25th annual publication. To Catholics in every part of the globe—more particularly, of course, to Irish Catholics—it will be found a most interesting and valuable work, embracing, as it does, an amount of information on ecclesiastical statistics scarcely to be found in any other volume published in any country. The issue for 1871 presents all the old features in what may be termed the "reference department," with a goodly amount of reading matter of peculiar interest at the present time. The Roman Register contains a classified summary of the Patriarchates, Archbishops, and Bishops in connexion with the Holy See—nearly 1000 in all—as well as a list of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, their titles in full, and the dates of their creation. Then follows the Irish Diocesan Register, which gives an exact account of every parish in Ireland, the names and dignities of the Parish Priests and Curates, with the post-town in which each resides, or that nearest to the parish in which he officiates. There is also an alphabetical list of Archbishops, Bishops, Parish Priests, Curates, and Regulars in Ireland, with their Dioceses and post-towns, and an alphabetical list of parishes as well, which makes the oftentimes difficult operation of reference in books of this sort as easy as possible. We find that the number of priests at present in Ireland is about 2,340 as against 2,900 in 1860, being an increase of 440 in the short space of 10 years. The "The houses of religious communities of women have increased from 143 in 1860 to 213 in 1870. Other features of the Directory might be particularized had we space at our disposal; as it is, we must content ourselves with cordially recommending it to all Catholics as an excellent and reliable guide on all matters connected with religious statistics of this and other countries. Of the manner in which it has been "turned out," we need only mention that Mr. John Mullany, Parliament-street, the enterprising Catholic publisher, is the printer, and that it is characterized by the same care and neatness for which he has now an honourable repute.—Tablet.

The Bishop of Clogher (Dr. Donnelly) has rebuked a school-master in one of his parishes, named Cassidy for having attended a meeting of the National Teach-

ers' Association in Dublin, at which a resolution was carried in favour of joint lay and clerical control of schools by a committee instead of by a clerical manager. The Catholic Episcopacy (Dr. Donnelly says) will rather abandon the public grant than their control over the teacher and the school.

Celtic hearts will doubtless be rejoiced to learn that the O'Donoghue's bankruptcy is to be annulled the chief claim composed with his creditors for \$2 in the \$5. The Knight of Kerry, Knight of Glynn Macgillivuddy of the Reeks, and O'Connor Don, are with the O'Donoghue, now the only persons holding the ancient titles of Irish chieftaincy, with the exception of a person calling himself the O'Gorman Mahon, whose right and title to assume this peculiar style are, so far as at least as they are founded on hereditary descent, demurred to. Prior to the revolution peculiar titles of this sort existed in France.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, the well known Historian of England, has been lately paying a visit to Ireland, and in an article which as Editor of Frazer's Magazine he expresses the following opinion on English remedial legislation for that Country:

I have nothing to propose in the way of remedial measures: no measures could be expressed in words which could heal a chronic sore as little now as ever disposed to heal. I speak merely as one who knows something of Ireland and something of its history. Let it not be supposed that the late concessions to Irish agitation have touched as yet the source of Irish disloyalty. They may have been right in themselves—I do not question it; but the wound remains, and will remain. The Irish as a body, are disloyal to the English Crown, and disloyal they will continue. The Church Bill was the removal of a scandal; the Land Bill will rescue the poorer tenants from the tyranny of middlemen and adventurers chiefly of their own race; but the people generally regard these Bills, both of them, as extorted from us by the Clerkenwell explosion. They do not thank us for them. They rather gather courage to despise our fears. Their sympathies on all subjects are in antagonism to ours. If we are entangled in war, they will rejoice in our defeat; and they will do their worst or their best, whatever their worst or best may be, to forward our misfortunes.

BOY FOUND NEAR NEW ROSS.—On Tuesday evening, as Pilot Thomas Keogh was returning from the pilot station, he found the dead body of a sailor floating at Curry Bay, about six miles below New Ross. Pilot Keogh took the body in tow and brought it to Ross, where an inquest was held by R. B. Ryan, Esq., coroner, on Wednesday. The body was far advanced in decomposition. The clothes on the body were a dark, loose, twilled trousers, loose jacket of similar material, black and white cross-bar shirt, and spring boots. It was found to be low-sized, and wore a tuft of hair on the chin.—From the evidence given at the inquest, the body appeared to be that of a man named Milano, cook on board of the Antonio Rizzo from Genoa, who was drowned on the night of 15th December, 1870, at the Fishhouse Pier, New Ross. Two witnesses examined had no doubt as to the body being that of Milano; but from the changed state of the features they would not swear positively to the identity. Dr. Mullin made a superficial examination of the body, but could find nothing to show that violence had been used. Sub-Inspector Falloon and Head-Constable Howell had been on the spot just after the occurrence the night Milano was drowned, and from all the information the Constabulary could find, there was no reason to suspect that any foul play had been used to cause the death of Milano. Near the same time one of the Italian sailors stabbed a young man from the town within a few yards of the place where Milano was drowned. An open verdict was returned.—We find that the body of a man unknown was found dead in the river barrow at a place called Curry Bay, six miles from the town of New Ross, 7th February, 1871. The body has no marks of external violence, and we have no evidence as to how deceased got into the water.—Wexford People Cor.

THE CONSTABULARY.—Our (Northern Whigs) Ennis-Killen correspondent writes: "I believe I am not exaggerating when I state that there are at this moment close on eight hundred resignations—combining full service ones and those arising from absolute disgust of the present regulations—on the books at headquarters. The men do not complain of the pay, but their eligibility for promotion is made too much to depend upon answering questions that might do very well to test the scholastic advancement of schoolboys, or persons intended for the legal profession, who should be thoroughly conversant with Acts of Parliament, but are altogether unsuited for men whose object is to excel as experts in the detection of crime and the security of life and property in the country. Instead of promotion being made to depend on the number of arrests a man has effected, and his successful prosecution of offenders, more importance is now attached to his being able to answer questions on certain Acts of Parliament, and circulars emanating from the office of the Inspector-General, some of which are no sooner studied than they are rendered obsolete by the issue of others, so that the force has become to a great extent an in-door one, devoting its time to study, and consequently, there is less time for those out-door duties in the performance of which the public are more interested, and the judges of assize for some years past have had to take cognisance from the fact that a large amount of crime remained undetected."

HOME GOVERNMENT.—The Spectator remarks upon a point which ought to be of great importance in helping the work of the Irish Home Government Association. The Government of India is about to try an important experiment in the way of decentralization. Each subordinate government is invested with full power over education, goals, police, roads, civil buildings, other local works, and empowered to expend a fixed sum, amounting, as we imagine, from the Times telegram, to about 10 per cent on the revenues of the province, on such objects. Moreover, they are authorized to levy local rates for the same purpose, though the Viceroy hints very wisely that they must not use the latter power too rapidly. The innovation is a good one, says the Spectator, as it gives the local officials more interest in local work; and gets rid of one cause of the incessant conflicts between the local and general governments. We imagine that this is a free concession to India of the privileges which the association in Dublin claims for Ireland in asking for a Federal Parliament. How can it be granted to the people of India and refused to the people of Ireland? Clearly, such a course of double-dealing would not do, and therefore we may conclude that the Government contemplates a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, for Irish domestic affairs. It is significant, too, that the London Press has opened its columns to free discussion of this Irish subject. The Daily News has published a very remarkable letter, purporting to come from a "Cork Rebel"—who says he writes from a city that glories in the name of "Rebel"—in the midst of a population of 10,000, of whom 60,000, at least, are actively or passively disloyal, but who are yet open to honorable conviction.—Traveller Chronicle.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Catholics of Scotland are following the lead of their Irish and English co-religionists in petitioning the Government to interfere between the Pope and the Italian Government, by way of protest against the violent and unjust usurpation of the estates of the Holy See by the Government of King Victor Emmanuel. The petition was placed at the

Church doors in several places on Sunday, and is being numerously signed.

The Catholic laity of Great Britain are gathering themselves into an organization which will lead, it is hoped, says the Tablet, to several important results. The nucleus of such a society has held several preliminary meetings at Norfolk-house. Its scope is purely Catholic, and chiefly directed towards the interest of the Holy See, which it will promote by all the moral means in its power. It has been approved and encouraged by the Archbishop of Westminster and we understand that its organization is now so far completed, that it will send out its invitation and programme next week to those who will be most naturally inclined to take part in it.—The want of an organization of this kind has been sensibly felt among Catholics for years. It is to consist, we are informed, exclusively of laymen; but its principle of cohesion and its end is to work in obedience to the Church. Nor will its branches be established anywhere except under the approval of Ecclesiastical authority.

The Huntingdonshire Protestant Association, still struggling for majority, lately forwarded to the Premier a letter enquiring whether he was a Catholic, and received in reply, the following well-merited rebuke—"Sir,—Mr. Gladstone desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and to inform you that he does not think it necessary to return any answer, direct or indirect, to the enquiry recommended by the Hunts Protestant Association.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. B. Graham."

Two wills have recently been admitted to probate in London. One was the will of Mr. Bressay, a famous railroad contractor. His personality alone exclusive of his vast landed estate amounted to six and a half millions. The other will was that of Mr. Mark Lemon, late editor of Punch. He left behind him the sum of £200,000 odd. From this rising generation may see that it is better to be a railroad contractor than a "literary gentleman."

THE PRISONERS IN THE WAR.—The Times publishes from its own Berlin correspondent what looks like a German official estimate of the troops and guns taken prisoners in Paris. The number of men is 180,000, the fortress guns captured 1,500, field-pieces and mitrailleuses 400. The gun-boats on the Seine, the locomotives and rolling-stock of the railways, have likewise been appropriated by the victors. The aggregate number of French troops taken prisoners, or driven across the frontier of Belgium and Switzerland since July, is put at upwards of 1,000,000. What a war! 1,000,000 of unwounded soldiers captured and kept prisoners by the enemy in seven months. Can any parallel be found in modern history for such a fact as this? The wars of the Turks and of the German Emperors, of Russia and Sweden, of the Grand Monarque and Marlborough; the American war of Independence, our Indian wars, the campaigns of Napoleon I. and of Wellington; the Crimean campaign, the Indian mutiny, and the wars of Austria against France and Prussia, have been marked by unexpected reverses and great successes, as well as by bloody battles and important victories, but in none of them, taken singly, has the number of prisoners taken approached 1,000,000. How to account for it? The great capture of prisoners in the Army of the Loire of late have been attributed to the madness of the conscripts; but they were veteran French troops who surrendered at Sedan and at Metz. The events of this war were astounding when they occurred, and they baffle comprehension all the more when their full details arrive.—Tablet.

MEDICAL OPINION ON FASHIONABLE TIPPLING.—The last number of the Practitioner (Macmillan & Co.), a London journal of practical medicine, contains a suggestive article by the editor, Dr. Francis E. Anstie, on "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol by Women." The writer maintains that the increasing prevalence of alcoholic excess among educated women demands the earnest attention of all medical men. He is no advocate of total abstinence, but is compelled by the extent of the evil to raise a voice of solemn warning against the abuse of alcoholic beverages. According to his observation, a great number of ladies in the best society of London are in the habit of taking daily from four to eight glasses of highly fortified sherry or port, containing from an ounce and a half to six ounces of absolute alcohol. This fact is a very awkward one for every medical man who takes a conscientious interest in the welfare of his patients. The habit is often formed after the termination of an acute illness, when the large doses of alcohol that were prescribed are still continued, and a half bottle of strong sherry a day is taken for weeks or months. The effects are most disastrous. The patient suffers a daily narcotization which suffices to plant in the sensitive nervous system of women a fixed craving for alcoholic drinks. Even many young girls of the wealthy middle classes are of late years taken to consume all kinds of wine, especially champagne, to a perfectly ruinous extent. At many modern balls, champagne flows like water, and it is by no means the fons of creation who do the largest part of the consumption. The same young ladies who have partaken so freely of champagne over night will next day at lunch take plenty of bottled beer or a couple of glasses of sherry. Dinner comes round, and with it more champagne, or hock, or sherry, or port, of which not less than a couple of glasses are again taken. The evening, in turn, brings another party, with its inevitable allowance of champagne or sherry. Many girls, who live among the rich are in the habit, at least for six months in the year, of taking from two to three ounces of alcohol daily, a quantity equivalent to three or four quarts of common beer. The effect of this is disgusting and ruinous. Dr. Anstie, though no enemy of the moderate use of wine, sees no remedy but the dispensing with the use of alcoholic drinks at evening parties for women. This may be complained of as inhospitable, but as a medical adviser he finds the true ideal of hospitality in the custom of simple evening entertainments in which there is not much outlay for eating, and nothing to drink but a little lemonade and light water, or, he might have added, a cup of coffee or chocolate. The modern supper parties, in his view, are becoming a perfect nuisance, both on the score of expenses to persons of moderate means, and of danger in the formation of a taste for wine-drinking which is generated by a liberal supply of champagne, and other fascinating beverages.

An ill-humoured English wife, abused her husband on account of his mercurial disposition, told him if she were dead he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get anything by it. "That's true," replied the husband, but the worst of it is, that in England one can't marry two wives.

UNITED STATES.

They arrested a female shoplifter in Macy's store on Wednesday, and the contents of her pockets were quite as remarkable as those which are brought from the capacious pantaloons of the clown in the pantomime. They consisted of two bottles of wine, 50 yards of gaiter lace, two lady's dresses, embroidered and tucked, one piece of mauve velvet trimming, two pairs of gloves, 75 pairs of children's fancy stockings, one fancy figured glass, 75 yards of blue and green velvet trimming, one pair of jet earrings, and one large Bible. Really, the way of the shoplifter must be wearisome, in being forced to carry around such a load as this; but, hardest of all to have in her pocket the Sacred Volume from which the words, "Thou shalt not steal," it might be imagined, would stare at her in editing.—N. Y. Express.

A buckwoods editor was asked by a subscriber: "What is this dan that the French army is so full of?" "Dan is French for beans," succinctly replied the conductor of the great moral engine.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, IN ENGLISH AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At No. 663, Craig Street, by J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, Aug. '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his subscription from that date.

S. M. PITTENGER & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. Rowell & Co., 49 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1871.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1871.

Friday, 17—Of the Five Wounds.
Saturday, 18—St. Gabriel Arch.
Sunday, 19—Fourth of Lent. St. Joseph.
Monday, 20—St. Patrick, Ap. (from 17th.)
Tuesday, 21—St. Benedict, Ab.
Wednesday, 22—Of the Feria.
Thursday, 23—Of the Feria.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT—All days of Lent Sundays excepted, from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday included, are days of fasting and abstinence.

The use of flesh meat at every meal is permitted on all the Sundays of Lent, with the exception of Palm Sunday.

The use of flesh meat is also by special indulgences allowed at the one repast on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of every week from the first Sunday of Lent, to Palm Sunday.—On the first four days of Lent, as well as every day in Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is prohibited.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

At this season a large number of subscriptions become due. We shall deem it as a favor if mail subscribers in arrears will settle their accounts as soon as possible convenient. Our City subscribers will be waited on, and we hope they will be prompt in settling. To those who can call at the Office we would be very grateful.

We would respectfully invite all who are interested in the TRUE WITNESS to endeavor to extend its circulation. If each one would send in a new subscriber, and if the new and old would make it a rule to pay their subscriptions, that would be doing something substantial for the paper.

To our paying subscribers, our best thanks are tendered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

After the late stirring events which, weekly, it has been our duty to record, the times at present appear somewhat dull. France is reconstructing herself; that is to say, the elected in the Assembly at Bourdeaux are engaged in discussing the situation. No important result as yet has been obtained beyond this:—That it has been resolved that, for the present, the Assembly shall not hold its sittings in Paris, but in Versailles, in which place a session will be held on Tuesday next, the 21st inst. The Parisians will no doubt feel much aggrieved by this resolution, for they would still have it a fundamental doctrine of their political Constitution, that Paris is France.

Marshall MacMahon is about to return to France, and will we hope be well received.—The Emperor William is reported seriously ill. Troubles are beginning in Spain, and the new bogus king will soon be on his travels, to judge from present appearances.

GREAT CATHOLIC MEETINGS AT QUEBEC.

We are indebted to our Quebec exchanges for the following brief report of the proceedings of Sunday the 5th inst., in behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff. We regret that it should be so brief; but the limited space at our command makes it impossible for us to report all the speeches at length.

The Meeting as announced took place at 4 P.M., at the Laval University, His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec in the Chair: MM. Charlebois and Delagrave acting as Secretaries. There were present, taking active part in the proceedings, M. Le Grand Vicair Cazeau, the Rev. Fathers Point and Vignon, with all the members of the Seminary and Clergy of Quebec. Amongst the laity were to be noticed His Honor the Mayor, their Honors Judges Taschereau and Doucet, the Recorder M. Cromazie, Messrs. Muir, Landry, and in a word, all the prominent citizens of the ancient capital of Canada.

Proceedings were inaugurated by a brilliant Address from the Right Reverend Chairman; and after the reading of a letter of excuse from the Hon. M. Chauveau, the subjoined Resolutions were proposed and carried unanimously:

1st Resolution—Moved by Mr. Mayor Garneau, seconded by Mr. M. A. Plamondon, Advocate.—"As Christians, we protest against the usurpation of the Pontifical States by King Victor Emmanuel, because it is a direct violation of the Divine Precept which forbids us to covet or appropriate to ourselves the goods of others."

2nd Resolution—Moved by Mr. L. G. Baillairge, Q. C., seconded by P. Legare, Q. C.—"As Catholics, we protest, in union with two hundred millions of our coreligionists scattered over the Universe, against this attack on our religious liberty, in the person of the Head of our Church, who must be free and independent to fulfil efficaciously the mission which we believe to have been confided to him by Jesus Christ."

3rd Resolution—Moved by Dr. H. Laloue, seconded by Professor Lucien Turcotte.—"As British subjects, we further protest against that act of violent spoliation, perpetrated under circumstances so iniquitous, and so much at variance with the fundamental laws of every organized community, that the British Government would have prosecuted for High Treason any person who would have dared to put the like principle in practice against Her Majesty The Queen."

4th Resolution—Moved by Mr. Jean Blanchet, Advocate, seconded by Mr. Ed. J. Lindsay, Notary.—"As members of a civilized society, we protest against this attack on the sacred rights of property, without which no society can exist or prosper."

5th Resolution—Moved by Mr. J. P. Rheaume, M. P., seconded by the Hon. Jean Elie (Gingras, M. L. C.).—"As members of the human family, we protest against this violation of the law of nations, a violation which destroys all treaties between people and people, by admitting that might is the supreme law of right."

6th Resolution—Moved by Mr. P. J. Huot, Postmaster, seconded by Mr. Frs. Kirouac, Mayor of St. Sauveur.—"That an humble petition be addressed to Her Majesty the Queen of England, begging of her to use her influence in the name of justice, of property, of order and of the law of nations, with the other Powers of Europe, that they may cause to be given back to the Pope, the Sovereignty of Rome and of the Provinces of which he has been so violently and so unjustly robbed."

7th Resolution—Moved by Dr. Robitaille seconded by J. A. Charlebois, N. P.—"That His Grace, the Archbishop-elect of Quebec, be requested to transmit a copy of the above resolutions, and of said Petition to His Holiness, as a mark of the sympathy of the Catholics of this Diocese."

8th Resolution—Moved by G. M. Muir, Esq., Knight of the Order of St. Gregory, seconded by A. B. Strois, Esq., Notary.—"That the said Petition be transmitted to His Excellency the Governor General, with prayer that it may be laid at the foot of the Throne of Her Majesty. Speeches in support of the above Resolutions were made by His Worship the Mayor of Quebec and by Messrs. M. A. Plamondon, P. Legare, L. Turcotte, Dr. Laloue, J. Blanchet, P. G. Huot, J. P. Rheaume M.P.P., and Dr. Robitaille.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Mayor proposed a vote of thanks to His Grace the Archbishop elect for the manner in which he had presided over the meeting; this motion was carried with loud applause. About 2,000 persons were present.

At the same time a Meeting with the same object was held by the English speaking Catholics of the City, forming the congregation of St. Patrick's church, under the direction of the Reverend Mr. M'Gauvran, who occupied the Chair, and in a lucid spirit-stirring speech opened the proceedings, and explained the object of the Meeting:—

The resolutions moved and adopted were similar to those adopted at the meeting at Laval University, the proceeding of which are published above. The first resolution was moved by Hon. C. Allyn and seconded by Hon. T. McGreevy, in moving which the former gentleman, in a forcible manner, insisted on the wrong to the Holy Father, looking at it in a moral point of view; that if a moral wrong were punishable in any case it was punishable in all, even to our natural relation between man and man.

Mr. John Hearn, M.P., seconded by Mr. A. H. Murphy, moved the second resolution, and in doing so extolled the national feeling of Irishmen in regard to religion, who were always found the first to respond to the calls of the church or of mercy, and who were ever ready to fight its battles.

Mr. Jno. O'Farrel, seconded by Mr. Jno. Giblin, moved the third resolution.

Mr. Thos. Casey, seconded by Mr. Ed. O'Doherty, moved the fourth resolution and made a few pertinent remarks in support of it.

Mr. Joseph Archer moved the fifth resolution, seconded by Mr. M. F. Walsh, who stated it did not require him to remind those present of the importance of the subject which had brought them together that day; that everywhere there was but one opinion, and that was the universal view of all Catholics.

The sixth resolution was moved by Mr. T. McLaughlin, seconded by Mr. Edward Covey. The seventh resolution was moved by Mr. Maurice O'Leary, and seconded by Mr. Thos. Murphy; and the eighth resolution was moved by Mr. Denis Murray, seconded by Mr. Patrick Walsh.

The subjoined Circular on the same subject, has been addressed to all the Clergy of his Diocese by M. le Comte le Bishop of Montreal:—

MONTREAL, 5th March, 1871.

SIR,—The present is to engage you to take part in the Catholic movement now going on throughout the entire world, to obtain the intervention of all Governments in behalf of the Patrimony of St. Peter, so that it may be restored to its legitimate Sovereign.

For this purpose I send you a copy of the Address which is to be presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to beseech her to intervene with the other Powers, so as to secure to her Catholic subjects the right which they possess, that the Supreme Head of the Church be independent.

This very day public Meetings for this end are being held in Quebec, in order to enable the Catholics of the capital to express their opinions on this subject.

It is my desire that the same be done in the several parishes of this City and of my Diocese. It will be easy, I think, to find speakers everywhere, who will make it there pleasure to show by their words as well as by their acts their filial attachment to the common Father.

Above all, our Zealous who have made so many sacrifices for what with pleasure they call a good cause, will be happy to have it in their power to raise their voices on so solemn an occasion, to testify solemnly their entire devotion to a cause whose triumph they so sincerely sought to obtain, even at the price of their blood.

But there is no time to lose; for though we could not commence proceedings till after Quebec, we should conclude our operations at the same time, so that our Addresses may be forwarded simultaneously with those of the Metropolis.

Since the month of St. Joseph and the prayers of Lent give you the opportunity of meeting your parishioners several times in the course of the week, it will be easy for you to organize a demonstration for the fourth Sunday of Lent at the latest. You may avail yourself of these several exercises to enlighten your several parishioners on the questions at issue, and prepare them to sign the Address to the Queen on the particular day by you selected for that purpose.

In the course of the week, the public journals will probably begin to reproduce the speeches about to be made at Quebec, and elsewhere, on this subject. It will be easy for you to have these circulated in your parish, as also to have them read in the school-houses, and in private houses if you apprehend no inconvenience from so doing.

The public mind having thus been well prepared, you can invite your parishioners to sign the address in question, after High Mass, and Vespers, in the place which to you shall appear the most convenient.

The annexed sheets are forwarded to you for the reception of signatures, on one side only, in a uniform and cleanly manner, so that all the sheets may be put together, and addressed to the Queen. These sheets should be returned to the Bishopric by the 25th of the present month of March.

All this should be done whilst we are celebrating the glorious month of St. Joseph, so as to hail with pleasure the title of Patron of the Catholic Church, which the Holy See has just conferred on him. Let us hope that the son of so many Kings of Judaea may re-establish the royalty of Christ's Vicar upon earth; and that the glorious Spouse of the Immaculate Virgin may restore France, the Kingdom of Mary, which has ever shown herself so devout towards her Queen, her Mother, and her Protector. For this end let us repeat at every exercise of the month of St. Joseph, this invocation:—*Sancite Joseph, Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Patronus, ora pro nobis.*

I am most cordially, Sir, your humble and devoted servant,

† G. Bishop of Montreal.

The following is the text of the Petition which has been adopted by the Meetings at Quebec, and which is about to be laid before all the Catholics of the Diocese of Montreal for their signatures:—

TO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

We the undersigned, the Catholic subjects of your Majesty in the diocese of Quebec, in the Province of Quebec, in the Dominion of Canada, respectfully approach your Throne to assure you of our profound and sincere attachment to your Crown, and also to the British Empire, whose destinies are entrusted to you. We ask at the same time permission to humbly represent to your Majesty—

[Here follow the first five resolutions already given] Therefore we humbly pray your Majesty to intervene, in the name of justice, of liberty, of propriety, of order and of the law of nations, with the European Powers, in order to restore to the Pope the sovereignty of Rome, and the provinces of which he has been violently and unjustly despoiled.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

A correspondent of the Montreal Witness, in a recent issue of that journal, alludes to "obstacles to missionary success." One of these "obstacles" he amusingly illustrates as follows:—

"An humble instrument of the mercies of God"—brother Stiggins or brother Sawley for instance—"is chosen to spread the light of the Gospel among a community of Romanists." Well! the aforesaid "humble instrument," or "vessel" sets to work, and in a short time has made such a good job of it that the very "angels sing the hymns of joy in heaven."—His success at first has been immense; his victory over the *paucity* of the parish where hostilities have been opened against Romanism, and the powers of darkness, has been decided and brilliant. M. Lefourbe, the dishonest notary of the Parish who has quarrelled with the Cure for these three years past because the latter would not give him absolution at Paschal time except upon condition of restitution of dishonest gains; J. B. Saugue, usurer, who cheats in the matter of tythes, and who lends money to his neighbors in distress at the rate of twenty-five per cent; another intelligent parishioner who since his return from a pleasant retreat in the U. States, Sing Sing, is remarkable for his advanced politics, his nasal twang, and greatly increased powers of expectation; those together with an interesting

couple who closely united in blood, desire to be yet more closely united in the bonds of matrimony—have had their eyes opened, and have "embraced the truth as it is in Jesus." But the good, the glorious work is of a sudden brought to a stand still. Directly it is noised abroad that Brother Stiggins is making a good job of it in the parish of St. Judas Iscariot; or that Brother Sawley has been singularly blessed amongst the inhabitants of the district of *Messrs-Pourries*, saintly men of other denominations, are moved with a holy zeal to go in for the spiritual "digging." A regular gold field excitement, or *stampede* sets in; scripture texts, alluding to fields white for the harvest, and a scarcity of reapers, are quoted with much unctuous complacency; and like a lot of vultures that have scented carrion, away start a fresh gang of "humble instruments" all flapping like the obscene birds above alluded to, not their huge wings, but their monstrous dingy white chokers, and each intent upon snatching for himself a precious morsel of the Romanist souls, to be picked up for a mere song. The consequence of the keen competition that ensues is, that the business, profitable at first, is soon overdone. Even the richest gold fields are in time exhausted, and in the best "digging" it is not every day that "nuggets" are to be picked up. The Romanists raise their prices; and as the buyers in the soul-market increase, naturally and accordingly to all the laws of political economy, they higgel about terms.—The market is spoiled; and good Romanists, suitable for proselytizing purposes and adapted for platform exhibition at the Anniversaries, are not to be had except at rates quite beyond the means of the Swaddling Societies. In a word, to use a familiar phrase, the missionaries are soon eating one another's heads off; they set to, fighting amongst themselves; conversions are stopped, and the Protestant "angels sing no more their hymns of joy in heaven." It is thus the writer in the *Witness* describes this collapse in the missionary business:—

"As soon as the good news"—(news of what Brother Stiggins and Brother Sawley aforesaid have done)—"is spread, a cloud of sectarian ministers of different denominations come on; camps of stern and uncompromising parties are soon formed, and the most incredible confusion reigns where peace and joy and union were binding all hearts to the feet of Jesus a few weeks before. The priests of Rome who at first thought everything lost for them, begin to breathe.

"Would to God that this picture were a fancy one! But travel a little as I have done, and you will confess that I am far from having said every thing on that sad subject."—*Witness*, 28th Feb. It is indeed very sad, but very true, that the ill-success of missions to Catholics is owing to the internal dissensions of Protestants; to their mutual jealousies, and to their sectarian animosities. We see not how this is to be remedied, except by a kind of spiritual "Squatting Act," forbidding under heavy penalties any Protestant missionary from sitting down, or squatting in a Catholic parish which has already been taken up as a "field" by Protestant missionaries of other sects. What is wanted in short is a law analogous to the gold-digging laws in Australia; by which every man, being a "vessel," or "an humble instrument of the mercies of God," having taken first possession of a parish, and having notified the Government of his intentions of digging therein for souls, would be protected in the enjoyment of his claims against all "sectarian" interlopers.

We have had news from Manitoba. The Ontario volunteers have been behaving in an infamous manner, breaking open prisons, releasing the prisoners, and firing upon their officers. In fact they are almost in a state of mutiny; there seems to be no authority sufficiently strong to reduce them to subjection; and with the *Montreal Gazette*, we think "that the sooner the whole force is disbanded the better."

The origin of this sad business we have no great pleasure in discussing, as by so doing so many angry passions are aroused. But we are of opinion to-day, as we were a year ago, that the whole Red River business has been sadly bungled, and that there are faults on all sides to deplore; faults to which the late disgraceful disturbances must be attributed, and which we fear will yet lead to something worse. The volunteers, or a part of them at all events, are burning with a desire for vengeance for the death of Scott, whom Riel caused to be shot; and they complain that the killing of a British subject has by the authorities been condoned, or allowed to pass unpunished. On the other hand, it must be remarked that, as when the act complained of was committed, the district in which it occurred, formed no part of the Dominion of Canada—so the duty of instituting enquiries into the death of Scott, and of punishing the guilty parties, if guilt there were, devolved not on the Canadian, but on the Imperial Government. Now to all appearance nothing whatsoever in the matter has been done by any body; and the ugly fact still stands before the world, that in British Territory, a British subject was deliberately put to death without any form of trial recognised by the Constitution, and without having been guilty of any offence known to the law. The clamor therefore

raised against the inaction of the authorities is not unreasonable, and must not unreservedly be condemned.

We are not of those who condemn Riel, or cry out for his blood: in many things we are altogether on his side; but we hold that it is the duty of the government to do its best to bring him to trial, for the shooting of Scott, and after a full investigation to deal with him according to law, whose supremacy should always be maintained. We do not say that Riel was guilty of murder in shooting Scott; but as the presumption of course is against him, so on the other hand it will be for him to show on trial, that under the peculiar and exceptional circumstances in which he was placed, the said killing of Scott was justifiable, as a measure essentially necessary to his—Riel's—own safety, and the peace of the district over which for the time he was, *de facto*, ruler. That such was the case we neither assert, nor deny; all that we pretend is that the shooting of Scott should have been made, and should yet be made, the matter of calm judicial enquiry; that every effort should have been made, and should yet be made to bring the actors in the tragedy to trial; that if the latter be then able to adduce proofs, that they were absolutely obliged to have recourse to such an extreme measure to save their own lives, or to maintain the public peace—that no other and gentler modes of action to attain the same legitimate ends were open to them—that then, they, the accused, be fully absolved. But that, on the contrary, if they cannot adduce such proofs in justification of their conduct, they suffer the penalty pronounced by British law on those who without absolute necessity or in self-defence, shed the blood of a fellow British subject.

We care not to enquire, it matters not one straw, whether Scott were or were not a fire-brand, and an Orange fanatic, or a loyal subject of the Queen. He was a British subject, on British soil, and entitled therefore to the protection of British law, whose majesty has apparently been violated. We contend therefore, not that Riel should be hung, not that he should be condemned unheard to any pains or penalties; but simply that he should be brought to trial, and heard in his own defence. He may very possibly be able to justify what he has done—and if so we shall rejoice for his sake, and because a pretence for agitation will have been taken away; but if he cannot justify his shooting of Scott, then, no matter what the consequences, let justice be done, so that the majesty of British law outraged in the person of a British subject be amply vindicated. *Crisis sans Romanus.*

But until legal and constitutional action in the premises be taken, by the proper authorities—we know not which are the proper authorities—illegal and unconstitutional action will be taken by angry and vindictive men. Knave and fanatics will take advantage of the shooting of Scott to stir up old national and religious enmities; the name of Scott will be used by unscrupulous partisans as a word of power, wherewith to conjure up the ghosts of departed quarrels, and to clothe them again with flesh and blood. Issues long deemed to be dead, and laid in their graves, will be restored to life; peace will be impossible in Manitoba; all the horrors of the Corsican *vendetta* will be revived; and law and order which are from heaven, will have to give place to vengeance which is from hell. This is no question between French and English, Catholic or Protestant, but one on which all loyal, and law abiding British subjects must agree. Let us have the reign of law, not of vengeance.

PROTESTANT UNITY.—Our readers are aware that there is going on in England a revision of the text of the Protestant Bible; the language of which is to be translated from Elizabethan, into Victorian English, so as to render it more intelligible to readers of the nineteenth century. It is also the dream of those engaged in, or otherwise favorable to, this work of revision, that the revised Bible shall occupy the same position amongst all Protestants speaking the English language, as has hitherto been occupied by the old version; of which the marvellous beauty of diction must be admitted, even by those who deplore its dogmatic deficiencies, and its doctrinal corruptions.

To secure this universal acceptance by the Anglo-Saxon race of the new version, it was proposed that its revision should be confided to men of all denominations, intellectually competent for the task. In accordance with this idea, on the one hand, Dr. Newman who of course declined, was invited to take part in the work; and on the other hand, a distinguished member of the Socinian, or Unitarian branch of the great Protestant Church, Mr. Vance Smith, a gentleman justly celebrated for his high linguistic attainments, was also invited to form part of the revising committee. Mr. V. Smith accepted this invitation, extended by the Bishops of the Protestant Establishment to their brother Protestant clergymen of the Unitarian deno-

mination. Here apparently was one step towards Union of all the Protestant churches.

Nor was this all. By way of drawing tighter the bonds of union, and showing to the world that Protestants of all denominations—Anglicans, Socinians, &c., &c., were but one people, whose common Protestantism was more powerful to blend together, than were their sectarian differences to keep apart—it was resolved that there should be a sort of general Protestant communion in Westminster Abbey; and accordingly, a Protestant Bishop, and a clergyman of the Socinian branch of the Protestant church, knelt side by side, and received communion from the hands of a Protestant minister of the Establishment, Dean Stanley we believe. Thus for a season did these Protestant brethren dwell together in unity; and a godly sight it was, though there was some sons of Belial amongst the High Church party who protested against it, and irreverently denounced it as the "Westminster scandal."

But this state of things could not last. Convocation met the other day, and at once a row, beginning in the Upper House, broke out, the Protestant Bishops leading off. The Bishop of Winchester moved that any person who, interpreting Scripture by the light of his own private judgment, came to a Socinian conclusion, was unfit to be a member of the revising committee. This resolution was, after much disputing, adopted; but on being carried to the Lower House, it met with strong opposition, especially from Dean Stanley and his friends. The upshot was that the motion was neither adopted nor rejected, but its discussion was stayed off to some future period. The so-called "Westminster Scandal" too came up for review, but a motion of censure, was ultimately rejected.

Thus are the dreams of a new version of the Bible, which shall find universal acceptance, dispelled. From the first it was pretty certain that there was not much chance of success; but now that by a large and influential party it has been laid down as a principle, that, not ability, literary attainments, and honesty of purpose are sufficient qualifications—but that no one who does not entertain certain views or preconceived notions as to the meaning of the Bible, is fitted to translate it into modern English—it is certain that the labors of the revising Committee, even if endorsed by Act of Parliament, will not command general respect even amongst Protestants. Their version will be looked on as a sectarian version, and will be treated accordingly.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—We contest the right of this Association to the prefix "Christian." Protestant it may call itself if it please; but if it be a characteristic of Christians to speak the truth in charity, and to eschew lying and slandering, then is the term Christian as applied to it, a misnomer.

We take up for instance the Montreal Witness of the 8th inst., in which is given a report of a meeting held the evening before in the Mechanic's Hall; and in the course of which one of the speakers, a Reverend S. J. Hunter of Ottawa Street Wesleyan Church is represented as having expressed himself as follows respecting the teachings of the Catholic Church:—

"If Ireland to-day was given all the free institutions and liberty of government she could not appreciate them with a system of (priests) keeping consciences, and closing Bibles; a system which teaches that it is more sinful to eat honest mutton on Friday, than to steal a sheep on Sunday."—Witness, 8th March.

We ask Protestants how they would feel if such monstrous lies about their clergy, and their religious teachings were openly uttered at public meetings by Catholic priests, and published in Catholic religious journals? Would there not be some danger of the interruption of that entente cordiale which amongst both Catholics and Protestants now happily obtains in Montreal? Lay your hands on your hearts gentlemen, and say how would you feel if you were thus treated by self-dubbed Christian! associations of Papists.

INCREDIBLE STUPIDITY.—An afflicted parent, Zephirin Leclair, writes to the Minerve of the 9th instant, to put the public on their guard against a butcher, Victor Malette, of St. Joseph Street, who, to the trade of sticer of pigs, and other animals, adds the more lucrative profession of quack doctor, and advertises himself as a universal curer of diseases.

Zephirin Leclair had a daughter, twelve years old, who was unwell; and in the simplicity of his heart he confided her to the care and skill of the butcher, Victor Malette, who dealt with her accordingly; and, by the application of his much vaunted remedies, soon made cold meat of the poor child. The afflicted parent calls for the interference of the law to punish the quack.

Good! We hope that he may be punished, and that severely. But what shall we say of a father who, in this nineteenth century, could commit the care of his sick child to a butcher! It is too incredible for a work of fiction; and yet it is a fact in Canada!

There is no doubt work for the Coroner, and we hope that the offices of that functionary will be invoked. We hope also that such punishment shall in due time, and by course of law be inflicted upon the butcher, as shall prove a salutary warning to the rascally charlatans who dupe the poor and uneducated, and by their brutal ignorance inflict untold sufferings upon the fools who apply to them in sickness. And above all, we hope that this sad story of Zephirin Leclair will prove a warning to the class of simpletons to which he belongs, never again to trust themselves, or any of their kith and kin, to the tender mercies of butchers, and quack doctors.

CONSECRATION OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.—We learn from our respected contemporary the Courrier du Canada of the 10th inst., that His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Mgr. Lynch, will be the officiating Prelate at the Consecration of Mgr. Taschereau, Archbishop Elect of Quebec, which takes place on Sunday next. The discourse will be delivered by the Reverend M. Loneragan of Montreal.

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec in a Circular dated 27th ult., invites all the parochial clergy of the diocese to take up collections in their several parishes, for the aid of the sufferers by the late war in France; and gives directions that the proceeds be transmitted to the Archbishopric by the first day of April next. His Grace exhorts also all the faithful to pray as well in their private houses, as in the churches, for the people of France so grievously afflicted.

We beg to remind our City readers that an entertainment will be given on Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst., in the Hall of the Nazareth Asylum, St. Catherine Street, for the benefit of the Blind Asylum connected with that institution. As the blind will take part in this entertainment, the public will, therefore, have an opportunity of witnessing what has given much pleasure to visitors at the house, viz.: the remarkable progress they have made in reading, writing, music, and various other branches of education. But apart from the interest which all must feel in witnessing the gradual development of the minds of these afflicted fellow-beings of ours, who without the benign aid of charity, would be condemned to mental and spiritual, as well as corporal blindness, every Christian must be willing to seize the opportunity of contributing in some degree to this noble work of charity.

Remember Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst., at half-past Seven o'clock, in the Nazareth Asylum, St. Catherine, near Bleury Street. Tickets 50 cents, and can be procured at the door. City papers will please copy.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.—To those who deery the French aristocracy—the real aristocracy we mean, not the sham thing, the Shoddy, of which in France unluckily as in America there is no lack—we commend the following passage from the Special Correspondent of the London Times:—

"The Royalists"—(in France the terms Catholic and Royalist are almost always convertible)—"everywhere have poured out their blood like water for France, without heeding whether her flag was Republican, Imperialist, or Legitimist; whereas the Republicans of Paris would only defend their City when the Republic had been proclaimed."

The Rev. Mr. Woods has kindly consented to act as our Agent for Huntington and vicinity.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, QUEBEC. The annual meeting of this Society took place at the St. Louis Hotel. There was a full attendance, and several new members were admitted. After reading the annual report the election of officers was proceeded with and resulted as follows:— President.—Dr. R. H. Russell. 1st Vice-President.—Owen Murphy. 2nd do.—T. H. Grant. Treasurer.—W. J. McAdams. Secretary.—M. F. Walsh. Council Secretary.—G. W. Colfer. Corresponding do.—C. L. J. FitzGerald.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT. Honble. T. McGreevy, M.L.C., Messrs. N. H. Bowen, John Heam, M.P.P., Wm. Quinn, Maurice O'Leary, Jas. McCorkell, M. Millar, L. Stafford, M. Moran, John Brennan, P. J. Daly, T. O'Connell, J. W. Henry, Wm. Drum, W. M. McDonald, J. B. Duggan, John Dunn, Jr., F. D. Tims, Wm. Delany, S. Peters, J. O'Leary, J. A. Quinn, G. H. Parke, R. J. Bradley, P. Henchey. A committee was then named to make the necessary arrangements for the annual dinner on St. Patrick's Day.

YOUNG IRISHMEN ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of some of the most respectable and intelligent of the young Irishmen of this city, held in the Christian Brothers' School, Glacis street, last evening, an association under the above name was formed, their object being to promote friendship and union among all young Irishmen of Quebec, irrespective of creed, politics not being thought of, also of celebrating St. Patrick's Day in a becoming manner by a procession. From all appearances the next 17th of March will be celebrated in Quebec, with more than the usual display on that day. The following committee was elected temporarily to make all necessary arrangements for the proper observance of the approaching festival:— Messrs. M. W. Coleman, John Deegan, P. G. Murphy, M. Connolly, J. Fitzpatrick, E. Sutton, G. D. McGauran, J. M. Stewart, Chas. Coote, Ths. Mulcaire, W. F. Bowen, A. H. Woods.—Quebec Mercury.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, KINGSTON.

The Annual Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston for the election of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of other important business was held in the St. Patrick's Hall on Monday evening last.

There was a large attendance of members and others who take an interest in everything connected with this old and popular Society.

After the transaction of some routine business the following gentlemen were duly elected officers of the Society for the current year:—

- President.—Mr. John Halligan. Vice do.—Mr. P. Devlin. Treasurer.—Mr. B. Simpson. Rec. Secretary.—Mr. P. Dougherty. Cor. do.—Mr. P. J. Jennings. Chaplains.—Very Rev. Dean Kelly, V.G., P.P., and the Rev. B. Higgins. Marshals.—Messrs. D. Donoghue and James Rogers.

The annual report of the Treasurer, Mr. Michael Quinn, was read and adopted. The Report shows the Society to be altogether free from debt and in a most flourishing condition. Mr. Quinn on retiring from the office of Treasurer, which he has filled most ably for a number of years, received the thanks of the Society.

A committee of three members was appointed to strike the Standing Committees for the year and report at the next meeting. A considerable sum of money was paid into the funds of the Society and after stirring speeches from several members present the meeting adjourned. Before doing so however, it was resolved to celebrate the coming Festival of St. Patrick's in the usual manner, that is by a Grand Procession, which promises to be larger than usual.—British Whig.

COBourg ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Cobourg St. Patrick's Society held at the St. Patrick's Hall, on Thursday evening the 2nd of March, the following officers were elected:—

- President.—M. Fox, sen. 1st Vice do.—F. J. Lynch. 2nd Vice do.—M. Quinn. Treasurer.—John Fox. Recording Secretary.—P. Kealey. Corresponding Secretary.—D. Rooney. Chief Marshal.—D. Caley.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Messrs. E. Farry, James Taylor, George Plunkett, M. Geran, P. Dermott, P. Kehoe, James Markey, James Flanagan, John O'Neil, John Lucy, T. Wiseman.

PORTSMOUTH ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth St. Patrick's Society, held at the Separate School house, on Monday, March 6th, 1871, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

- President.—Mr. Thomas McCarthy, re-elected. Vice-President.—Thomas Howard, do. Marshal.—Patrick Quinn. Treasurer.—John Waters, re-elected. Recording Secretary.—Jeremiah Dillon, re-elected. Corresponding Secretary.—Edward Burke. Chaplain.—Very Rev. Oliver Kelly, V.G.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Mr. James B. Mathewson, chairman; Daniel Fitzgibbon, John Gleason, William Loneragan, Daniel Swift, members.

The former pupils of Laval University now residing at Three Rivers have presented an address to Archbishop Taschereau.

In parting from Mr. Workman as Mayor, we are sure we but speak the sentiments of the citizens generally when we express the earnest hope that he may be long spared in health and vigour, to afford to his fellow citizens the benefit of his wise counsels in all matters of public interest. And in welcoming his successor, Judge Counsel, to the civic chair, we can wish him no higher honor than that at the close of his career he may have as bright and unblemished a record as that which distinguished the chief magistracy of his predecessor.—Gazette 8th inst.

RE-VACCINATION.—A memorandum has been issued from the medical department of the Privy Council, pointing out how important it is that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy, should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for the latter operation is from 15 to 18 years of age, and no person ought to postpone it until a period when there is a special alarm of small-pox. But in circumstances of danger, every one past childhood, upon whom re-vaccination has not been successfully performed, ought without delay to submit to the operation.

The Montreal Gazette is justly indignant at the conduct of the Ontario Battalion in Manitoba. It says:—"If the Adjutant-General cannot find adequate means to properly and very severely punish the offenders, we will class him as a soldier very much in the same category. Gross insubordination makes in the soldier a grave crime, occasionally and properly punishable by death. In the present instance we believe that death would prove a penalty excessive, and we would gladly see degradation substituted instead; but that degradation should be conspicuous and unmistakable, and each rowdy who bears its brand should carry it upon his poltroon's forehead from now till he sinks out of the world." It goes on to speak of the Ontarios as unformed roughs, has a fling at Blackwood and Col. Wolsley, and ends as follows:—"It is, we gravely fear, this irrational longing to be avenged upon the authors of the rebellion which has helped on most powerfully the mischief. If so, we can but say that the sooner the whole force is disbanded the better. It has been sent to Manitoba to maintain order, and it disgraces its cloth by creating disorder. It is an evil augury of the future efficiency of the standing Canadian army."

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR NOVA SCOTIA.—The bill to repeal duty on Nova Scotia coal was killed in the Senate. Members talked against time, and thus strangled it. Southern demagogues have no interest in assisting New England manufacturers to purchase cheap coal, and if Republicans will persist in imposing reconstruction acts on the South, they must expect to be paid back in their own coin when opportunity offers. We are sorry for Nova Scotia's sake that the bill failed, but the fact that such a bill was brought into Congress and passed by an overwhelming majority furnishes unquestionable proof that the United States want Nova Scotia coal, and that if the duty be removed, the repeal of the duty will be dictated exclusively by a regard for American interests.

We hear it rumored that our fishery rights are to be surrendered. We hope, if such should prove to be the case, that our intelligence will not be insulted by writers telling us that the surrender was in exchange for free trade in coal.—Mont. Daily News.

MUSICAL SERVICES AND LECTURE.—Last night a grand musical service was held, and a lecture given, in St. Michael's Cathedral, in aid of the poor families visited by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of this city. The large building was thronged, and a great many of the audience were Protestants. The choruses "Domine ad adjuvandum," "Magnificat," "Veni Creator," and "Magnus Dominus," and a Gregorian chant, "Laudate pueri," were sung antiphonically, and with grand effect, by a strong choir in the gallery and a choir of children in the chancel. Another Gregorian chant, sung by the adult choir, was "Dixit Dominus," the music of which was ex-

quisite. Both choirs also sang "O cor amaris," containing a solo, which was well rendered by Miss Healy. Mrs. Meyers sang "Ave Maria," and Mrs. P. Hughes another solo, "O Salutaris." The singing of both of these ladies was much admired. Mrs. Macnamara, Father Laurent and Mr. Macnamara sang a beautiful trio, "Tantum ergo." While the "Magnificat" was being sung a collection in aid of the funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was taken up, and after the "Veni Creator" the Ven. Archdeacon Northcote delivered an exhaustive lecture on "The Canon of Scripture." He stated that what books of scripture were canonical could only be determined by the authority of an infallible church, and then proceeded to combat all other modes that had been given with a view to prove their fallacy. The musical service was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Laurent, P.P. of St. Patrick's; and Mr. Lemaitre, of the same church, presided at the organ.—Globe, 6th inst.

We are sorry to learn the death of the Rev. Joseph Catellier, formerly chaplain to the Marine Hospital, and for the last 14 years vicar at St. Roch's church. The deceased was one of the most promising members of the Catholic clergy, he having refused on several occasions, on account of ill health, many important posts of honor and emolument.—Quebec Mercury.

A flock of wild geese in the latter part of February, passed over Lake Ontario, Northward. Flocks of migrating crows also made their appearance. This is earlier than usual, and denotes an early Spring. Many hybridating buttrflies were also seen in the neighborhood of Kingston, last month.

The Globe complains in strong language of the prevalence of Sunday rowdiness in Toronto. As in Ottawa it seems scarcely safe for respectable women to appear in the streets unprotected.

STRATFORD, March 9.—A prepossessing youth of fifteen summers, named Henry Chaplin, lately arrived from Liverpool, and apprenticed to the tailoring business, went through one of his fellow boarders to the tune of over seven hundred dollars. He was caught on the train east of Paris, on his way to Uncle Sam's dominions. When taken by the conductor he tried both pistol and knife. The money was secured, and he was handed over to the authorities at Fort Erie. In bringing him back he made a bold start to get free, and jumped from the train; but was secured after a hard race and brought back with the handcuffs on and lodged in safe quarters, where he will not likely do any mischief for some time.

In the Prince Edward Island Assembly during the debate on the Railroad paragraph in the Address in answer to the Governor's speech, an honorable member told the following story, which is said to be true. A gentleman travelling from Shediac to St. John happened to be some place near by where the passenger train was passing along the Shediac line. He wanted to get on the train, and shouted out his desire to do so. It did not wait; so being one of those who have no need to offer up the Scotchman's prayer, "O! Lord, give us a good coach or ourselves," he shouted out, "Stop the train! Stop the train! I'm a member of the Prince Edward Island House of Assembly. The train did not stop; and the honorable member has been disgusted with the very mention of Railroads ever since.

A recently compiled return of the quantity of coal exported from Nova Scotia to the other Provinces in the Dominion during the past three years shows that in 1868 only 21,696 tons were so exported, while in 1869 the quantity had risen to 43,382, and in 1870 to no less than 78,522 tons. The largest quantity came from Glace Bay and Gownie.

Several new cases of small pox and two deaths are reported at St. John, N.B. Compulsory vaccination is enforced. The whole city is laid out in districts with medical officers for each.

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

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Chatham, N.B., J. Grant, \$2; Clayton, J. Foley, Sr., \$1.50; Port Dalhousie, H. McNally, \$4; Toronto, C. Cashman, \$3; St. Jerome, Rev. A. Labelle, \$5; Leeds, T. Scallon, \$2.25; Milford, P. Bond, \$1; Rawdon, G. Coffey, \$2; Winona, Minn., M. Corcoran, \$1; Toronto, Rev. J. B. Proulx, \$4; Madoc, T. Marrow, \$4; Cornwall, D. A. McDonald, (Archy), \$2; Kars, J. O'Connor, \$2; Sherbrooke, M. McCarthy, \$2; Martintown, D. McDonald, \$2; St. Cyprien, Rev. F. Morrison, \$2; Kingsbridge, F. L. Egan, \$2; St. Catherine de Fossambault, P. Meagher, \$2; Hochelaga, Rev. J. Loneragan, \$2. Per F. O'Neill, Anttrim.—Fitzroy Harbor, Mrs. Capps, \$5. Per J. O'Reilly.—Dartford, T. O'Reilly, \$2. Per W. Chisholm, Cornwall.—Dalhousie Mills, Miss M. McDonald, \$1. Per J. Harris, Guelph.—O. Brady, \$1; Ferguson, D. McGregor, \$2.

Birth.

In this city, on Sunday the 19th ult., the wife of Mr. Michael McShane, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 3rd inst., at No. 17 Aylmer Street, the wife of Mr. Patrick Rowland, of a daughter.

Died.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst., Catherine Workman widow of the late Joseph Workman. This venerable lady lived to the age of 103 years and 23 days, and retained her faculties to the last. She was mother of eight sons and one daughter, of whom are resident in this city William and Thomas Workman, and Mrs. Henry Mulholland.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

WANTED.

BOARD in a respectable Catholic private family for three persons. Two Bed-rooms and Parlour. Address, A. J., True Witness Office.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with columns for various commodities like Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, etc., and their prices.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for RETAIL and WHOLESALE prices for Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, etc.

GRAIN.

Table with columns for GRAIN prices for Wheat, Barley, Oats, Buckwheat, etc.

MEATS.

Table with columns for MEATS prices for Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, etc.

LARDY PRODUCE.

Table with columns for LARDY PRODUCE prices for Butter, Cheese, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table with columns for MISCELLANEOUS prices for Potatoes, Onions, Maple Sugar, etc.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

Table with columns for LEATHER prices for Spanish Sole, Slaughter, Waxed Upper, etc.

SITUATION WANTED.

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

TEACHER WANTED.

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EDMOND GATES, Trader, Joliette, Insolvent. A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection until the fourteenth day of March next (1871), after which dividend will be paid. Joliette, 27 February, 1871. A. MAGNAN, Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. In the matter of FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, Insolvent. On Tuesday, the eighteenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, By BONGOUIN & LACOSTE, His Attorneys ad litem.

"THE IRISH WORLD."

THE NEW PAPER. The Irish World, the New Paper, has been pronounced to be the first and the ablest Irish-American journal in the United States. All News Agents keep it. This number is splendidly illustrated. Get a copy. Price FIVE CENTS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

Grand Procession, Five Miles Long! 60,000 MEN LIVE! See the Magnificent Illustration of the GRAND PROCESSION in next week's number of the "IRISH WORLD," the New Paper. Look out for next week's number! All News Agents keep it. Price FIVE CENTS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The state of Paris is very alarming. The mob is better armed than at any time in the history of France.

PARIS, March 9.—An attempted substitution of the tri-color for the red flag on the column of July by some sailors caused a disturbance. The sailors were arrested and the red flag replaced. The Place de la Bastille is guarded by eight battalions of National Guards. Two Mobiles were wounded in defending carriages containing ammunition.

The Montmartre insurgents have erected an immense barricade in the Rue de Saint Pierre, and an attack is expected to-day.

BORDEAUX, March 6.—In the National Assembly this evening Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and Gaiet made a demand for the detention of members of the late government, until they shall have returned an account of their acts until the capitulation of Paris. Delisle submitted a demand for their impeachment and arrest on a charge of high treason. A motion was made that the assembly should not return to Paris, but sit elsewhere at the request of Thiers. The assembly immediately went into committee upon the question, a decision upon which is to be made to-morrow.

The appointment of Aureles de Paladines has given offence because of his acknowledged firmness and talent, he has a plan for the reorganization of the National Guard approved by Thiers. The National Guard for the future is the most difficult problem.

A letter of Jules Simon is placarded everywhere. It announces the deposition of Napoleon and declares him responsible for the ruin and invasion of France.

BORDEAUX, March 8.—In the Assembly to-day M. Toldon proposed the abrogation of all laws restricting the right of the people to hold meetings and form associations. M. Thiers, replying to a question, said the expenses of the war outside Paris exceeded 1,100,000,000 francs.

A Committee of the Assembly made a report in favor of annulling the election of Garibaldi to the Assembly from Algiers. Victor Hugo proceeded to make a speech warmly defending Garibaldi, but he was interrupted by a great tumult in the Chamber, and when he attempted to continue, with a great storm of hisses. He thereupon announced his immediate resignation, and abruptly quitted the Assembly.

The Assembly will leave Bordeaux on Saturday, and meet at Versailles on Monday.

LONDON, March 10.—The Paris correspondent of the Telegraph reports, March 9th, continued agitation on the part of the National Guards, who threaten to dissolve the National Assembly should it meet at Versailles.

The Herald's Paris special of the 10th inst., says M. Thiers will dissolve the Assembly, and appeal to the people to decide the future government. Ducrot, Chanzy, and Faidherbe, are working for the Empire. Bonapartist meetings in the Provinces are numerous.

Napoleon has addressed a communication to the President of the French Assembly, protesting against the vote by which that body declared his dynasty had forfeited the throne, as unjust and illegal. The Assembly, he said, was created only to make peace, and has exceeded its powers. The foundation of all public right is the plebiscite. To that he is ready to bow, and to that alone.

The Prussians have evacuated the Department of Calvados and the left bank of the River Eure. Postal service to Rouen is restored.

GEN. DUCROT.—General Ducrot is exonerated from the charge of having broken his parole of honor whilst a prisoner in the German lines. The German Government has instituted an inquiry upon the subject, and has found correct the version given by him of the time and mode of his escape.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, March 9.—The Belgian Government has appointed three persons to consult with the municipality of Sedan in regard to the measures for the disinfection of the neighbouring battle fields, and for the removing of the carcasses of horses from Neuzy to prevent an epidemic when the river becomes low.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—The apparently assured triumph of Prussia in the war has produced an entire change of policy in the hope of standing well with the power which is shortly expected to be the Dictator of Europe, and, if so being able to treat the other European powers with contempt, in case they offer to intervene in favour of the Pope. It is said that the Catholic movement in Germany is not likely to find favour in the Berlin houses of Parliament. Great consternation is felt at the recent announcement recently made public, that a double levy of men for military service is to be made this year. The Government are playing off their last card in the attempt to popularise the occupation of Rome, by sending Princess Marguerite with Prince Humbert to that city. It was hoped that her grace and suavity would attract attention and consideration, but so far the result has falsified the hope. What kind of freedom it is intended to guarantee the Pope by the new laws, may easily be seen by Article 14th of the proposed measure. It says:—The cases of conflict relative to the above-mentioned prerogatives shall be decided by the supreme judicial authority of the kingdom. Evidently it is the old game over again. The State and Church are to be mutually independent, but any disputes as to the nature and extent of this independence are to be settled by the State.—The cloven hoof is at once apparent.

CIVINI'S FEARS AND PROGNOSTICS.—In the midst of the blasphemies of the Chamber, and the amusement they created, fears will flash out from time to time; Civini, an out-and-outer, as all know, fires a good many of these

alarm-guns. A few are worth recording.—“For the occupation of Rome, you will have war, sooner or later. I know not with whom, but I know too well, and am certain, that you will have to fight.” Again: “You entered Rome by cannon-balls. Where you entered by force, there you will have to maintain yourself by force.” If such are this revolutionist's expectations, what are his hopes, what his confidence? “I know not,” he says, “where the kingdom of Italy in the hour of peril may hope to find help and friendship in the world.”—Here is something still more to the purpose: “If any one should tell me that the King holds the sword, that the Pope is disarmed, and has only a nominal sovereignty, I answer him that ideas always end by being stronger than swords.” The Papacy is something more than an idea, as men will find when the day of reckoning comes and the stone falls upon them. Still the confession is remarkable in the mouth of a man like Civini. One more quotation from this deputy's sayings, which, sarcastically, sums up the situation. “Italy, sprung from the Revolution, is to go securely for the Pope.”

ROME, March 7.—The Pope has held a secret Consistory, in which he delivered an Allocution of considerable length. The Holy Father, in his address to the Cardinals, attacks the motives and acts of the authors of recent Italian events, particularly the occupation of Rome, and rejects guarantees of his spiritual power, proposed by the Bill which recently passed the Italian Parliament. He also laments the occurrence of the Franco-Prussian war, and expresses his gratitude for the devotion to himself and the Church of the whole Catholic world.

GERMANY.

LONDON, March 9th.—The Morning Post affirms that a secret treaty between Russia and Prussia was concluded about the time of the outbreak of the war, and says that the following were amongst its provisions:—Russia to intervene between the belligerents in case the French were successful and should menace Poland. In the event that an Austrian army should demonstrate upon the Prussian frontier, Russia was to checkmate this by a demonstration upon the Austrian frontier, and in case any European powers should combine with France, Russia was to join Prussia.

BISMARCK AND HIS TIMES.—Bismarck is said to have kept a complete diary of all public events and his personal relation thereto for the last 30 years, and he intends to prepare, as soon as the Continental troubles are over, a history of his own times. He is a clear, terse, and forcible writer, and his style is well adapted to such a work.

A PRUSSIAN VERSAILLES.—Kaiser William is stated to have been so delighted with Versailles that he talks of pulling down his Summer palace [Balsberg] at Potsdam, and erecting in its place something like the sumptuous pile erected by Louis XIV.

The Ex-Emperor Napoleon will not leave Wilhelmshöhe until peace is definitively signed at Brussels.

IRISH REMARKABLE PLACES.—THE CITY OF LIMERICK.

The interior of the Cathedral consists of a nave and choir, separated from the aisle by pointed arches. A fine window lights the choir, which is over ninety feet in length. The throne of the Bishop is richly carved, as are also the stalls of the prebends. The organ is reckoned a good toned instrument. There are several tasteful monuments. The most remarkable is the tomb of Donogh O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, on the north of the choir. It is composed of three compartments of different hues marbles, supported by pillars of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders, and embellished with heraldic bearings. There is a chaste and exquisite statue of the late Dr. Jobb, Lord Bishop of Limerick. The figure is finely sculptured, the drapery free, and the attitude easy and natural. The head and face indicate great mental acquirements. There are numerous monuments of other prelates and heads of families interred here or in the adjoining graveyard. A chaste and elegantly designed sarcophagus, or tomb of white marble, has recently been erected by the Earl of Limerick, in memory of his father, Lord Glentworth. It has a full length figure of his lordship, natural size, reclining on a couch. It is placed in the west angle of the Cathedral, known as the Pery Chapel. Two windows are of colored glass, adorned with scriptural subjects in unison with the objects around. The marble pillars which support the mouldings of the Gothic screen in front of the entrance to the chapel, were wrought and polished at the Killaloe marble works.

Limerick is largely indebted to the benevolent inclinations of her own citizens for the numerous charitable institutions with which the city abounds. Barrington's Hospital, and the City Infirmary, were founded by Sir Joseph Barrington, Bart., and his sons, Sir Matthew, Daniel, Croker, and Samuel. It was incorporated in 1830, under the Act, 2 George IV. Another institution also owes its foundation to one of this excellent family.—The Mont de Piet, or charitable pawn office. This is a great assistance to the poor, enabling them to receive sums of money at a small rate of interest. The capital is raised by debentures, to be repaid with interest, and the profits are devoted to the support of Barrington's Hospital. The benefits of these two institutions must insure the name of Barrington a blessed remembrance in the hearts of those grateful human beings wherever kindness is shown them—the Irish poor.

Limerick was not without its proportion of ecclesiastical establishments, where the liberality of the native chieftains caused monasteries to flourish through the land. A house for the regular canons of St. Augustine was destroyed by the Danes in the parish of Mungrett, Anno Domini, 1107; another soon sprung up, and the hermits of St. Augustine also had a reli-

gious house for their dwelling. In 1227, Donogh Carbragh O'Brien, Lord of Thomond, built and endowed a friary of the Dominican Order, which increased in the fame of its inmates, and the extent of its magnificence, as succeeding nobles added to the revenues of the convent. Here, rested, after their earthly pilgrimage, the saintly prelate and humble friar. Here, when his fight was done and his labors o'er, the veteran warrior, wearied with strife, laid his armor and entered on his rest, “to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.” Here the pious brethren of St. Dominic labored to instruct the poor citizens of Limerick in those lessons which, while securing their temporal happiness by making them live justly, with sobriety, virtue, and charity, among their fellowmen, would secure their eternal salvation; and having passed through their earthly career of usefulness, repaired to receive their reward on high. Part of the walls are yet standing, near the Presentation Convent. Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, founded, in the year 1771, a house for canons of the rule of St. Augustine, and also a preceptory of the Knights Templar, those chivalrous sons of the cross—half monk, whole soldier, who first rescued the holy scenes of our Redeemer's life and death from the hands of the unbeliever, and then retired to the cloister. This order of men flourished in almost every kingdom of Christendom, until the early part of the fourteenth century, when their powers and extent of possession awakened the jealousy and roused the cupidity of the sovereigns of France, Spain, and England. A pretext was sought to bring them into disrepute with the head of the Catholic Church; unfortunately, in some of the preceptories or commanderies, very lax discipline prevailed, and the scandals of a few were magnified into the excesses of the many. Inquiries were instituted, and those to whom they were intrusted were easily induced to make such a report as to favor the designs of the ruling powers. Accordingly a decree was pronounced in Council suppressing the Knights Templar and abolishing their houses. The respective monarchs possessed themselves of the immense domains, save some portions which, for the sake of appearance, were partitioned among the somewhat analogous Order of Knights Hospitaliers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, also a semi-military religious Order, until they too were suppressed in their turn.

There have been many distinguished men from time to time natives of Limerick, and some whose fame is dimmed by the recollection of their baseness. Of the former class is Viscount Perry, who ably filled the speaker's chair in the Irish Commons House of Parliament. His character is thus summed by Grattan: “Lord Perry—he was more or less a party to every great statue and measure that took place in Ireland for the last fifty years. A man of the greatest legislative capacity I ever knew, and the most comprehensive reach of understanding I ever saw; with a deep engraven impression of public care accompanied by a temper which was adamant. In his train is every private virtue that can adorn human nature.” The celebrated Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor Clare, was a native of Limerick.

Limerick is a place of interest to the lovers of literature. It was the cradle in which the infant genius of our distinguished Irish novelists, Banim and Gerald Griffin, were rocked. We find in that very interesting piece of biography, the “Life of Gerald Griffin,” by his brother, Daniel Griffin, Esq., M.D., that it was in this city their kindred souls were first united in friendship. Banim was then in the commencement of his labors. Several literary institutions are now flourishing, and I feel grateful for the ready access allowed me to them during my periodical sojourns. It was the scenery in the neighborhood that called forth the latent powers of these gifted men; and who that has read “The Collegians” will forget the lively description of scenery so faithfully portrayed? Castle Connell and Adare, both in the vicinity, abound in landscape beauties; and the beauties of Adare, distant about nine miles, are sung in undying stanzas, in Griffin's “Mat Hyland.”

“Oh, sweet Adar! oh, lovely vale!
Oh, pleasant hunt of sylvan splendor!
For Summer sun, nor morning gale,
Ever build a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms,
Within thy verdant bow-drawing
Where, nursed in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides, and joy excelling.”

“Ye morning aies, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your songs awaken:
Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
With odor of the hare-bell taken!
Thou rising sun, how quickly gleams
Thy smile from far Knock Flerian's mountain
O'er warring woods and bounding streams,
And many a grove and glancing fountain!”
—Irish Democrat.

Two rival bells at a ball. “How well you look under candle light!” exclaimed one, with a stress on the candles. “And how charming you look in the dark!” answered the other.

The suggestion has been made, in view of the high price of butter, that some one shall devise a good vegetable oil which may take the place, upon the table of the product of the church.

You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot delude poetry, or art, or Christianity.

MARKET REPORT.—We have seen no change in the market lately.

Oysters open easy with a downward tendency. Starch opened quite, but stiffened up at the close. Our latest advices from Paris quote balloons going up.

Coffee is weak and unsettled in all secondary boardings houses.

Butter is strong; some we see in market is old enough to be registered.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.—Sick gent (walking into a whiskey shop): “Well, I believe I will spend my dime in crackers this morning.”
Bar-keeper hands him crackers, which he tastes, but does not pay for.
“I cannot stand them; give me brandy for the crackers.”
Bar-keeper gives him some brandy.
He pours it out, smells it, shakes his head. “Don't think I can go that. Give me some whiskey for the brandy.”
Bar-keeper hands him out the whiskey.
He turns out a full glass, drinks it down and starts out.
Bar-keeper:—“Hold on there! you have not paid me for that whiskey.”
Sick gent:—“I gave you the brandy for the whiskey, sir.”
“Well, you ain't paid me for the brandy, sir.”
“I gave you the crackers for the brandy, sir.”
“Well, you ain't paid me for the crackers, sir.”
“Well, sir, you have your crackers yet.”
Bar-keeper said no more.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CHANGED by the use of the Peruvian Syrup (a proboide of Iron) from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women, and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial. For Dyspepsia and Debility it is a specific.

In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the *no plus ultra* of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the AMERICAN ORGAN is superior.

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

The officer of an interior town in this State whose duty it is to make up the annual report of births and deaths, in looking over his papers the other evening found that the person in charge of one cemetery had returned a death from “colifantum.” Some study led to the conclusion that this strange word was intended for “cholera infantum,” and it was so recorded. The next certificate reported a death from “napses,” and led to general family consultation, which, after a day or two, ruled that “an abscess” was meant. The schoolmaster has not gone abroad from that town in the Connecticut Valley, and apparently need not do so for some time to come.—U. States Paper.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Ladies who are in the habit of using pearl powder, which clogs the pores, and prevents evaporation from the surface, would do well to throw it aside, and substitute this pure floral cosmetic, which not only perfumes the skin with a fragrance as fresh as the breath of opening flowers, but removes the blemishes which impair the beauty of the complexion and gives a healthy tone to the superficial vessels. The astringent washes, lotions, &c., of the day, wither and blight the skin, but this healthful aromatic water has an opposite tendency. When diluted with water it is an exquisite tooth wash.

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

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CONSTIPATION CURED!

Dr. C. W. Nelson, of Boston, Mass., author of “Clinical Observations on the Treatment of Abdominal Diseases,” says, in a letter dated February 27th, 1862: “I consider Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills the best remedy for Chronic Constipation at present known. With me they have never failed, and I have prescribed them in at least fifty instances.” He also states: “That for all irregularities of the digestive functions, the liver, and the bowels, they are by far the most useful medicine he has ever prescribed—perfectly safe, and eminently reliable.” Similar testimony is volunteered by Dr. Letson, of Chicago, Ill., who enumerates thirty cases, with names and dates, in which he has administered the Pills, with entire success, for habitual costiveness and piles. Wherever they have been used as a remedy for liver and bowel complaints, the result has been equally satisfactory. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

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NINE YEARS OF AGONY.—Charles Montague, son of Mr. John Montague, of New York, after enduring unnumbered pangs from malignant scrofula for nine consecutive years, was radically cured in a few months by that Elixir of Life and irresistible antidote to poison in the blood, Bristol's Sarsaparilla. The disease commencing at the ankle joint, had mounted to the eyes. Physicians said that it was preposterous to suppose that any medicine could save the patient. Nevertheless, this awful case of hereditary scrofula succumbed to the great Vegetable Specific. The letter of the father of the young man to Dr. Bristol is one of the most remarkable documents ever published. Yet it is only one among thousands of proofs that no malignant external disease whether it exists in the skin, the glands, the flesh, or the muscles, can withstand the hygienic properties of this health-restoring, life-saving preparation. For sale by

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THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the World, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether

it arises from teething, or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Office, 215 Fulton street, New York; and 493 Oxford street, London.

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

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MONTREAL, May, 1867

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He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

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

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INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JOSEPH COX, a native of Belturbet, Co. Cavan Ireland, who emigrated to Montreal, in 1810, with his sister Jane Cox. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister the said Jane Cox, 24 Atlantic Corporation, Lawrence Mass., U.S.

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This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.
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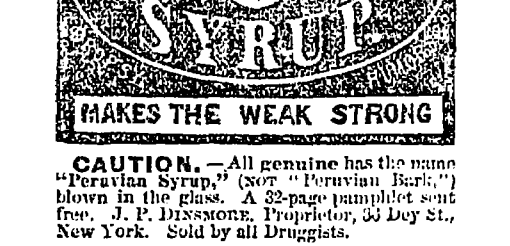
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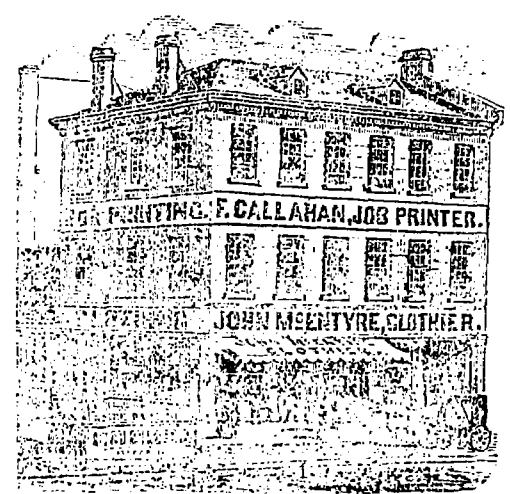
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Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the Cherry Pectoral they subside and disappear.

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For Influenza, when it affects the throat or lungs, take the same course.

For Whooping Cough, give small doses three or four times a day.

For Croup, give large and frequent doses until the disease is overcome.

No family should be without the Cherry Pectoral on hand to protect them, in case of attack, from the above complaints. Its timely use often spares the patient a great amount of suffering and risk, which he would incur by waiting until he could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses for the emergencies that arise. Lives dear to you may be saved by it.

So generally are its virtues known, that we need not publish certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that the best qualities it ever possessed are strictly maintained.

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Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.

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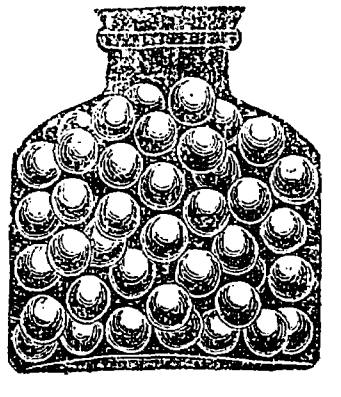
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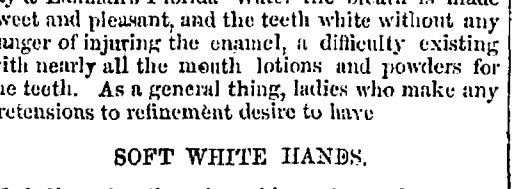
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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRAM.

Arrive 5:30, 11:00 A.M. 5:30, 9:20 P.M. Depart 7:00, 11:45 A.M. 4:00, 5:20 P.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRAM. City Hall Station.

Arrive 11:10 A.M., 8:10 P.M. Depart 7:45 A.M., 3:45 P.M. Brock Street Station. Arrive 10:55 A.M., 7:55 P.M. Depart 8:00 A.M., 4:00 P.M.

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