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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1871.

NO. 23

THE TWO COTTAGES;  
SHOWING HOW MANY MORE FAMILIES MAY  
BE HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE  
THAN ARE SO.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mary's daughter came in a few days to ask her mother to do some little service for Mrs. Brown, her mistress, and at the same time she named to her another object of her visit, viz.: to get her permission to go to a servants' party where her young friend Esther Bell lived. She had leave to invite two friends and it was to be a large gathering.

"I don't like to deny you any pleasure," said Mary; "but I have a great dislike to these servants' parties, and I would rather you would refuse. If people could meet together and dance, and enjoy themselves in a simple innocent way, I should not object; but when you see people going to the devil with pride and vanity, I don't choose that my daughter should be among them. Those parties do a great deal of harm to servants, by giving them some taste for luxury which their betters have, and unfitting them, after a time, for the duties of their station in life, by which means numbers are drawn in the end into sin."

"I don't care to go myself, mother, for I expect they will all be very smart: the cook and housemaid are very dressy, and wear silk."

"Yes, and the housemaid is sinful enough to put that useless finery on herself, while she lets her poor old mother live on the parish where she will be herself some of these days. I expect, when she can no longer work. The cook, too, has, I know, lost an opportunity of a good sensible tradesman marrying her, for he was afraid, from her dress, that she would be an extravagant wife, and on this account he left her. I wouldn't blame the man; for the extravagance of their wives ruins more tradesmen than you have any idea of. As to the party, you must tell them why I prefer your not going; and I wish, from my heart, the gentry would give their servants amusements more suitable for them; what may be all very well for the rich and high-born, and suitable to their means, is unsuitable, and even injurious, to persons in our class."

When Mary Ann returned to tell her friend Esther that she could not come to their party, the servants were in the hall after dinner, and they all attacked her for her refusal.

"You are a regular old granny," said the kitchen maid, "never to have a bit of fun or amusement."

"That is not the case," retorted Mary Ann. "I have as much amusement and recreation as I desire, and you should see me at home playing at blind-man's buff with the children; but I don't like your parties any more than my mother does. I'd come and dance with great enjoyment if your gatherings were like what poor people have; but you will all be aping the ways of quality with your fine dresses, and I don't think any good will come of it."

"And why can't you have as smart dresses as we have?" asked the housemaid.

"I don't think I require better than what I have," answered Mary Ann; "and I prefer to spend my money in other things, and to put by a little."

"How can you put by out of eight pounds a year, and have proper clothes?"

"I can do both," said Mary Ann. "I am very well provided with underthings, such as are plain and suitable to me, for my lady is very particular about personal cleanliness, and dress is so cheap now, that by getting each quarter a certain portion, and saving my gowns by large aprons, I dress as you see and put by into the savings' bank ten shillings a quarter, besides giving a little to the altar, and often a present to my mother."

"Your mistress gives you, I suppose?"

"She does give me a gown or some other thing now and then, and a present at Christmas, but she knows the very poor require them more than I do."

"Well," said the housemaid, "I would not stay there, with so much to do, for such wages. Why don't you better yourself?"

"I would not better myself, as you call it, for I could not," said Mary Ann, her eyes filling with tears. "I love my mistress; she is very kind, and treats and cares for her servants as if they were her children, and both cook and I make her interests our own: I feel that I can never be grateful enough to her for all she has taught me, and her patience in bearing with my ignorance till I learnt to be a good servant. And to go and leave her now would be most ungrateful, and not bettering myself either, for God's blessing would not be with me."

"But look how much higher wages we get, and why don't you ask the same?"

"I don't value myself as highly as others do themselves; I am quite content, and contentment is a thing I have a great horror of, a sin that poor people fall into very easily without thinking it. It is sad to think that we can't be kind to one another except for gain; besides, all the gentry can't give the same wages, as they are not all rich, and if every

servant insisted on the same wages, there would not be places enough for them all."

"Ay," said the butler, who had come in while Mary Ann was speaking, "and the most ignorant slattern often asks the most, and is most presumptuous. You are right, young woman," he continued, "be content with a little and God's blessing, and He will give you more in good time. If the poorer gentry were as dissatisfied with their portion, and still craving for more and more, as servants are, the world would soon be at an end. You see servants turning up their noses at a dinner and general table that ladies and gentlemen, the sons and daughters of noblemen, would sometimes be glad of, and that often after slaving as none of you would. When I was with master in foreign service, I knew the younger officers and their ladies, born and delicately reared in every comfort, living on their pay, and obliged to appear as gentlemen, but having no fortune. Many a time they had to eat bread and cheese for their dinner, and having no more to live upon for all their expenses than many a valet gets."

The cook was quite surprised at this, and said,—

"La! Mr. Tims, I can hardly believe what you say to be the case; do you mean to say that an officer in the army receives so little as that?"

"I do say so, and I say also," continued Tims, "that I've seen a dead in my time, and if there is one class that is better off than another it is ours. We are well provided with food and lodging, and have no anxiety in procuring it, and all may, if they please, lay by for their old age."

Mary Ann, when he had finished speaking, now took the opportunity, as she was a collector for the Altar Society, to ask some of the women for their subscription, but they all said they could not afford it, excepting Esther, who had the least wages.

"I thought so," said Tims; "the finery for the party has run away with all their money."

"No, indeed, Mr. Tims, you know I have to help my mother," said one.

"Yes, I know," he said, "you don't disgrace yourself by letting her be on the parish; but remember that what you have is God's, only lent you to promote His honor, and your own, and your neighbor's salvation; and at the judgment, when asked what you did with your money, and you reply—I spent the most of it on dress and vanity, and to please myself and the devil—what will be your reward?"

"Oh, Mr. Tims, how can you speak that way?" said the cook, who was very extravagant; "must we not keep ourselves respectable?"

"Of course you must, but a silk dress is not necessary for servants to make themselves respectable; indeed it has, in my opinion, the contrary effect. God allows only what is necessary for our station in life, and such duties as we have to fulfil; more than that is folly and sin, and leads to much evil, especially among women. Our Maker no more allows us superfluities, than He does the rich."

"Ay, they set us a bad example," broke in the kitchen-maid.

"Then you need not follow it," pursued Mr. Tims, "and you must not, unless you wish to be condemned with them. There are plenty of good examples for you to follow, and, what is more, the commands of God to obey."

Mary Ann saw that she had better go, as the conversation was getting so disagreeable to the women that they were one by one dropping off; so she bade adieu to Esther.

Tims the butler was a very superior man for his station. He had a great taste for reading and improving the mind, and what was better, he had sound religious principles. He had a sister equally good with himself, and like him, respected and loved by the family in which she lived. Both had continued from their going into service in the same family where they were first engaged, and together they now formed the entire support of their aged parents. Would that more servants were like them!

## CHAPTER VII.

One evening, when John Jones called at Brady's cottage, he told him that he had been reading the books he gave him and had got so far, that he thought he should like to go and see one of the clergy.

"I am glad to hear it, my friend," said Brady, "and I will go with you, any day you like to see Father Smith, our good pastor; it is a great blessing vouchsafed you, to be called to the true faith; it will make you happy in this world and in the next, for whatever sorrow and trouble may befall you, our Holy Religion, truly believed and practised, is a source of peace and comfort, especially to the poor; and it is very sad to think that so many deprive themselves of this comfort by not living up to their duties, for without a good conscience there can be no peace."

"I am often astonished," remarked Jones, "at the indifferent lives that many Catholics lead, when they have the support of so many graces in the mysteries of your religion to keep them from evil."

"Alas!" replied Brady, "we are all more

or less infected by the prevailing faults of the age, worldliness and self-indulgence. Our religion teaches self-denial, and consequently, such of her children as dislike that only way to heaven, either cheat themselves by being nominally Catholic and practically nothing at all, or, as many times happens, throw off the restraints of religion altogether, and run into open infidelity, preferring this world to the next, the devil's society to God's."

"That is very sad and very awful to think of," said Jones; "but I remember the Scripture says 'Many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham in the kingdom of heaven, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out; I suppose that relates to you as well as to the Jews.'"

"It does," answered Brady; "let us then pray that we may not be of the number of the castaways."

Shortly after this conversation, Brady took his friend to the good priest, and after being under instruction with him for some time, till he fully understood the doctrines and obligations of the Catholic faith, Jones was received into the Church.

Our readers will not be surprised to hear that this good beginning was followed by a life conformable to it, and that Jones became an edifying and zealous Catholic. He now began to wish that he had a home of his own, and such a wife as would go hand in hand with him in Christian duties, and he asked Mary if she thought he would have any chance with her Mary Ann. "She was," he said, "just the one he thought would make him happy, and help him on to heaven."

"I can't tell," answered Mary; "but when she comes I will ask her; or you can write her a line, if you are impatient about it."

So in a week from that time Jones called, and told them he had had an answer from Mary Ann.

"Not quite what you like, I fear," said Mary, "if I may judge from your face."

"I am, certainly, a bit disappointed," said Jones; "it is a great bother one can't get speech of a servant girl," he continued, rather pettishly; "if I could have spoken, instead of written, I should perhaps have succeeded better."

"I think not," said Mary; "for she knows her own mind, and would decide at once; but what does she say?"

"She says she does not intend to marry, and prefers remaining single; but," he inquired, "do you think she has any other person in her mind?"

"Oh no; I suspect she will never leave her mistress, to whom she is a great comfort; and if she did, it would only be to enter a convent. I think Mary Ann leans that way."

"And I am sure she might as well be in a convent as where she is," said Jones, who could not get over his disappointment.

The father and mother smiled, but the latter immediately added, with her usual good sense and gentle words, "You must reflect, Jones, that it is a very good thing that men visitors cannot always easily see servant girls; it is a wise restraint on the weak and foolish, and very little matter to the steady ones. Just imagine how any family could go on if the servants' time were taken up with their own visitors; and how many, too, would thereby be led into evil; for it is not respectable, good men like you, that would go darning after them but mostly bad men, seeking their ruin. As a mother, loving her child, I would not allow a girl of mine to remain at a house where loose, free ways were allowed. Salutary restraints are good for the best of us; you can see Mary Ann when she comes here; but, at any rate, I will ask her if she has well weighed your offer."

Thus, when their daughter had leave to come and see them, Mary asked her if she had quite decided, and what was her reason for refusing such a good husband.

"Because I don't wish ever to marry, as I told him; I won't leave my mistress, who has no relation or child to be a comfort to her."

"But if she should die?"

"Then I will go to the convent, to which I know you won't object."

"No child, only pray to do whatever is most for God's honor and your neighbor's good."

"I do mother."

"Then all will go right."

"But, mother, I think that Esther would suit Jones very well. With a little instruction from you, she would make as good a wife as yourself; she lets no one turn her from the right thing, and she deserves a steady good man, for she refused Mat O'Connor last week, who is very well off, saying she would have no man that neglected his duty and was ashamed of his religion. You know he is a bit of a coward and pretends he is not a Catholic when he hears people abusing our religion. Esther says such a fellow ought not to call himself a man."

"Very well," said Mary; "I'll tell Jones what you say, and your recommendation of Esther. When you have an opportunity, tell her to come and see me, and then I shall know

what he says, and he can see something of her."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Some two months after this, Mary met with a pleasant reward for her neighborly charity and labors in the cause of good. Patrick Murphy came one day to ask the Brady's to stand for his baby, which was to be christened on the Sunday following, and to take tea with him and his wife afterwards. The Murphys had moved into a cottage of their own, and Patrick said that Mrs. Brady must come and see how comfortable he was, and how much good she had done by her counsel and kind assistance. His wife had never been taught to be active and neat in household matters, and thus from not knowing how to manage, and from the habit of taking things easy, everything was getting so neglected that her husband was nearly driven out of all patience, and was fast losing all regard for home. And here we may remark that the indolence and ignorance of good management, which poor men's wives so frequently show, are just the things which send their husbands to the public-house in order to get rid of the dirty home, where squalling children, wife out of temper, and badly-prepared food, are the only greeting he meets with on his return from his day's work. But in Murphy's cottage all was now changed; and when the day of the christening arrived, and the Bradys entered the house, it was evident to them in a moment how vastly the management improved. Murphy's earnings were just the same as before, but his wife had profited so much by Mary's help and instruction that the money went twice as far, and produced much more comfort. Mrs. Murphy showed Mary the children's mattresses cut from the old corks by herself and the children, and each had a pillow of the snipped rags—all looking clean and neat. She said she had only made a beginning; but hoped, after a time, to make the cottage still more comfortable for Patrick, who, while she spoke, stood smiling with his face as bright as if he had been left a fortune.

There was a nice, hot, potato cake on the griddle, and tea laid out on the table; and as they sat down, Murphy could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Brady, it would be a good job if poor men's wives could all be taught such useful ways as are suited to a poor home, and especially how to economise and prepare food. Until you showed Kitty, she had no idea of making nice broth or stews; the most general thing was tea, with sometimes a bit of bacon and potatoes. Now she always has something with meat in its turn in my can, when I start in the morning. And there is our pig, nice and clean on her bed of dry leaves, and a little straw over, and the bones are stewed down for it as you told us. I built the sty myself and the children keep it clean; and we are going to have a decent man to rent the top room for a while, so you see I am as happy as a prince!"

"And you'd be astonished," added his wife, "how clever our eldest girl is getting at her needle, and she has had several gifts from the ladies of the school for being attentive. She and Johnny are soon to make their first communion, and he is to have a suit of clothes, for good conduct."

"I told you it would be good for the children every way, to keep them to school, and would repay yourself too," said Mary.

"Indeed it has, Mrs. Brady; after the little girl has made her first communion, she will be going for twelve, and I think she will be fit to be put to some trade."

"What do you intend to put her to?"

"Kitty likes the dressmaking," said Murphy, "and thinks it the best, as she has such a taste for the needle. What think you?"

"I don't like it, and would not put any of my girls to that trade if I could help it. It throws young things so early into dangerous company, and exposes them in a way no good parents would like. I often grieve, when coming home of an evening in winter to see those young apprentices out so late, and exposed to so many dangers."

"I think with my husband," added Mary, "and I should dread also the vain and foolish ideas, which that trade so often put into girls' heads. Indeed, he and I have pretty well decided to make all our girls go to service, as being, on the whole, safer."

"But it is so difficult to get Catholic girls into places."

"No doubt," answered Mary; "but if they are good and steady, and well instructed in their work, they are very often liked; and you know there are Catholic places, too, where vacancies are every now and then to be heard of. Of course, it is an anxious thing as to where, and with whom, we place our children; but while they are at school we can be on the look-out, and when a good situation offers, where proper attention to religious duties is allowed, we can take advantage of it. I make my girls learn to clean a grate, and sweep and dust as soon as they can hold a brush, and be as useful for their age, as possible, so that when they go out they get better terms, and are not such a trial as some children are to their mistresses."

"I believe you are right, Mrs. Brady.—

What do you think, Kitty?" said Murphy, turning to his wife.

"Indeed, Patrick," she replied, "I'm inclined to change my intention about the dress-making, after what Mrs. Brady has said; she and Mr. Brady seem to be so right in everything, that I think we can't be wrong in being advised by them."

"I am quite of your mind, Kitty," said Murphy; "if there were more such sensible couples among us, we'd be all the better of them, for the help and example of one good family makes many other good and happy."

"I'm sure we don't deserve your praises," said Mary; "you'll find, by-and-by, that your wife, too, will take a pleasure in helping others as I do. Indeed, it is our duty and what God requires. We can all assist one another more or less, and there is no one, however poor, that cannot contribute some good deeds to the treasury of the Church; remembering that the 'idle servant shall be cast out, as well as the wicked one.'"

"I have always thought," said Brady, "that the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints is very beautiful. How consoling to think that the whole body of the church is so bound together, that a good thought or deed of one benefits all; that we are helped also by our brethren in glory, and that we poor creatures on earth can assist to get those that are in duration more quickly to the unspeakable bliss of Heaven."

"What part of our religion is not lovely?" said Murphy; "no wonder converts are so happy when they get to know it; but will you tell me why it is that Protestants are told such false things of our religion by their clergy?"

"That is easy enough to know. They have stolen goods in their possession, and they would make some excuse for keeping them, by vilifying our religion. Then some of our own people, that the devil carries away help more than all our enemies could do, to injure the souls of them that know not the truth and beauty of our Holy Faith."

"The Lord knows," said Murphy, "I'm often ashamed and heart-sore to see the way that some of our neighbor's neglect their religion, and scandalize others."

"And woe to them for it; but I fear it is now, as it was with the Jews, the former favored people of God, who did not answer to His great mercies; and as they brought on themselves the heavy punishments they were visited with, so shall we be awfully chastised. If it were not for the few good and holy ones that are among us praying for us, we should all be swept away. When, even to us men, the sin and iniquity that abounds seems so dreadful, what must it be in the sight of Almighty God? So, my friend, let us try all we can to save ourselves and families from the corruption that is around us, and from the eternal reprobation it will bring on so many."

## CHAPTER IX.

As the Bradys were going up their own street on their way home that same evening, and as they passed Sheer's cottage, they were surprised at hearing violent shrieks and cries for help from within. They stopped at the door and listened for a minute; but the cries continuing, they rushed into the house, and up the stairs to where the disturbance seemed to be. There an awful scene presented itself. Sheer, seemingly mad, his hair on end, his eyes starting out of his head, was beating his wife, who lay on the floor covered with blood, which was flowing from her nose and mouth.—They raised her up, and with kind words endeavored to calm the man, who kept cursing her, and accusing her of some trouble that had come upon him. "Curse her!" he went on; "she has been a curse to me and her children; let her lie there; let her die."

Brady found that the only plan was to get Sheer home with him, and leave Mary with other neighbors to attend to the half-killed woman.

It was a fortunate thing that Mary could dress wounds, and had sufficient knowledge to get on without sending for a doctor, which she was loath to do; for she knew that if it was known, Sheer would very probably lose his situation. Accordingly, Mary washed the wounds, plastering them up, and cutting off the hair round such as were on the head. She got the poor woman into bed, charging them to keep her quiet, and give her nothing but toast and water, after the little spirit and water she had administered at first to revive her. Mary then returned home to rest, where she found that Sheer had become quiet, and quite sober and rational, and had given Brady an account of the late scene of violence.

It appeared that Sheer, on coming home with just enough drink in him to make him cross, had been told that his eldest girl, his pet and pride, a pretty, showy-looking girl, who was at service, had become a castaway, the result of her mother's neglectful bringing up. No correction of faults, or good principles, had ever been instilled into the mind of the poor girl, to guide or restrain her inclinations. Full of vanity, which her mother had fostered instead of repressing, when the tempter came, and offered the baubles which gratified the girl's vanity, there was nothing to hinder his success,

and her ruin. The parents had not known anything of what had happened till their child's dream was over, and she had become an abandoned toy. She was now sick and dying, and, full of remorse and shame, besought the forgiveness of her father and mother before she died.

Sheer had a strong feeling of the disgrace that had come upon them, and blamed his wife for it.

"When I was from home," said he, "most of my time, earning for them, of course I could not mind the children's ways; and when I have tried to check her extravagance and excessive indulgence, she would not let the children attend to me. Thus I had no comfort in any of them, and the second girl, I am sure, will follow the way Beasy has gone, and my boys are no better. I have been driven to drink," he cried, "because I could not bear the misery of my house."

"Alas!" interposed Brady, "when there is no religion to restrain or support, we cannot wonder that families are thus sinful and miserable. But whatever faults your wife had, they would not excuse you. If husbands find their wives weak and foolish, they should only be the more firm and determined in the right. Ay, and even send the children from them, rather than allow a mother to bring them up badly. You had better go with Mary and seek her out, and forgive this poor lost one; and, ere it is too late reform your own ways, and try and save your other children from ruin.—This trouble may open your wife's eyes to see the error of her life: but you must be patient, as you yourself are far from blameless."

Speaking thus, and persuading Sheer the next morning to return home, Brady accompanied him to his cottage, where Mary had preceded them. They found the unfortunate woman very ill. She had been wandering in her head during the night, calling out the name of her daughter, moaning sadly, and at times muttering accusations against herself. As they came in she was speaking to herself.—"Yes, yes, I know I have done it; he says so; what? the devil has her! Yes, yes, there, I see him dragging her down. And me, too; see, see; help, help! save us!" she shrieked, and grasping the bed-clothes, awoke. Mary and another female stood up to calm and soothe her; but pressing her hand on her forehead, she cried out, "Is it true? or was it only a dream? Let me go, let me go." And she attempted to get out of bed; but in the effort, fell back exhausted.

"You see you are too weak to stir," said Mary. "Now take this cooling drink, and try and compose yourself to sleep. I will go and seek her, if you will promise to keep quiet till I return."

"Oh, God bless you; tell her I forgive her, for I know my own foolishness has done it all. I took too much pride in her and gave her her own way too much; woe to me for it."

Mary then went down to the kitchen as Brady brought Sheer in; and telling them she was ready to accompany them they set off.

A long walk brought them to the miserable suburb which had been pointed out as the retreat of this poor outcast. Wretched abodes and filthy lanes led to it, where Mary shivered as her eye caught sight of women with faces that had lost all expression of womanliness, and whom demons had seemingly taken possession of. Her ears were assailed by language that made her dart along as if she could have rushed into any abyss sooner than hear it again. The men by her side, too, felt a portion of the horror she showed at this fearful scene, and swiftly they sped on till they came to an old, dilapidated house, which was entered by a little garden. After various inquiries, they found that the object of their search was in a room at the top of the dark and broken staircase which they saw before them on entering.

Mary begged the poor father to remain outside the door, till she prepared his daughter for his coming. She then entered a small low, dark room. It was some minutes before she could discern the different objects within, but the hard breathing of a human being indicated the corner to turn to. There, on a straw bed on the floor, lay a panting, suffocating girl. Mary knelt down and spoke a few kind words, asking her how she felt. A burst of hysterical weeping was her answer; at length she sobbed out, "Oh, would they not come? I'm dying!" "Yes, yes, if you will not excite yourself. Your father waited without till I had time to tell you. Your mother is not able to come today."

Thereupon Mary gently led in the father to his sinful child.

"Oh, father, father, forgive me before I die," she cried out; "you were a good father to me, and what disgrace I have brought on you!"

Sheer could not speak; his eye darkened, and he hissed out between his teeth,—"Curses on him that has done this. I'll seek him out, and make him pay dearly for it."

"Oh, no, no, father, it is all my own fault; no one could have harmed me if I had withstood sin myself. I see it all now, since God has stricken me; I came to this wretched corner to hide myself, and you should never have known of my misery, nor my sister of my bad example, but that the doctor says I have not long to live, and I could not die without your forgiveness."

The broken-down father was now weeping convulsively.

Mary whispered to the dying girl,—"Is there not one, above parents on earth, whose forgiveness you should first ask?"

"Oh, yes, I know how I have sinned, and how idle and thoughtless my life has been, even before this great sin; but how can I expect God to turn to me now, when I have done nothing but offend Him during my short life? Alas, alas! all I have thought of was to please myself, and I gave up all the religion that I had."

"Lose not, then, these precious moments," said Mary, "but implore God's mercy. He is

not like us; His mercy and goodness are boundless; let me bring Father Smith to see you and help you to prepare for death."

"Death! yes, death is near, and oh, where shall I go when I leave this world? Oh, father," she said turning to the sobbing man beside her, "it is frightful to think of death when one has not led a Christian life. Oh, begin at once, and make them all at home reform their ways, and think of God's commands. If I had been kept to my duty as a child, I should not so easily have gone astray. Promise me, father, that you will give up drink and become a religious man for the rest of your life. My soul won't rest if you don't promise me."

"I do promise you. May God forgive me for your sin; I should have guarded you better."

Meantime, Mary had slipped away, and, with the greatest speed, had sent a messenger for Father Smith; and, ere long, he arrived, entering about the same time as the doctor. The opinion of the latter was that she might live over the night, but not more; it would be no use moving her, she was too exhausted to bear it.

The girl heard the word more, and immediately made a sign against it. "Let me die here," she said; "it is too good for such a sinner. Leave me now with God's servant, but let father wait outside, and come in again and stay with me till the last." They then left the room, Sheer and Mary sitting on the stairs.

In about an hour, the good father called them in, and told Mary to arrange things and give her some restorative till he ran home for the last sacraments. When they approached the bed the poor penitent was calm; the expression of fear and anguish which her countenance had previously worn had given place to a look of hope and comfort. Her eyes were raised to Heaven imploringly, but not now despairingly, and when Mary knelt down to read some appropriate prayers for her, she joined her voice here and there audibly, and Mary saw that the Father of peace, the Father of all goodness and mercy, had shown His mercy to this, His poor, erring, but penitent creature.

The girl motioned her to come close, and whispered,—"Don't let father go, trouble may drive him to more drink; don't lose sight of him when all is over, but take him home, and ah, then continue to help and advise him. Tell mother to turn more to God, and that I die truly sorry for my sins and forgiving all that have injured me."

"I will not lose sight of your father, and will fulfill all your wishes," said Mary.

"May God reward you. Tell my sister also to become good and religious; if she does not, she will be left astray as I have been.—Oh! what is like the fear of God to keep us from wrong-doing?"

Father Smith now returned with the Blessed Sacrament, and they knelt down as he entered the door. Mary began the "Confiteor."

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A DINNER AT VERSAILLES WITH THE PRUSSIAN CHANCELLOR.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

A member of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, M. Angel de Miranda, who left the city during the siege, and afterwards dined at Count Bismarck's house at Versailles, has just published a pamphlet in which he makes some very curious revelations of the conversation he had with the Count while they sat together, after dinner, over their wine. M. de Miranda's story, however, must not be taken too literally. "The house," he says, "is in one of the darkest streets of dark Versailles; it is humble in appearance, and almost bare. The heat in the ante-room was stifling; huge military cloaks and enormous boots littered the floor; and in a corner there were a dozen clerks sorting papers." On entering with his escort, a Prussian lieutenant of hussars, he was received by Herr Hatzfeld, the head of the Chancellor's Cabinet, at whose appearance the lieutenant assumed that attitude of stiff submission which Heine once said "makes Prussian officers look as if they had swallowed the stick with which they had been beaten. The room in which Count Bismarck received M. de Miranda was full of smoke, and even hotter than the ante-room. Two candles stuck into bottles were burning on the mantelpiece; in the middle was a rickety table, on which were placed a jug of beer and four silver tankards. The Count, after closely cross-examining his visitor as to the state in which he left Paris and the manner in which he crossed the Prussian lines, asked him to remain to dinner, adding that he had already dined himself, and begged M. de Miranda to excuse his being absent, as he had some pressing work to do. After dinner the Chancellor came in, and, seating himself astride on a chair opposite his guest, called for some Burgundy. Eight bottles were brought in. Count Bismarck tasted the first; it was Nuits, and he did not like it. A second bottle was opened, and the Count after tasting it, exclaimed, "Excellent! That's Romanee." M. de Miranda then complimented the Chancellor on his cellar; but the latter assured him that the wine came from the Hotel des Reservoirs, as he paid religiously for all he consumed, and refused on principle to take anything on requisition. The conversation next turned on the state of Paris. M. de Miranda having observed that the Parisians were determined to resist to the last, the Count said he did not believe they would hold out long, as it was merely the self-love of the Parisians which prevents them from surrendering. "In any case," he added, "we will wait, if necessary, but we will enter Paris. The King has quite made up his mind, although he wants to spare the Parisians as much as possible, not to sign peace except at the Tuilleries." M. de Miranda then asked whether the Count had no fears of a European intervention. "None whatever," was the reply; "the neutrals are at least as much our friends as those of France."

besides which," he added, significantly, "each of them will, I think, have enough to do to look after its own affairs before long." As to M. Thiers's mission, the Count said, "its real object was much less to make peace than to bring a restoration of the house of Orleans."

"I don't think," rejoined M. de Miranda, "that people in Paris thought so. In any case it was said that Russia and England agreed to interfere." This idea seemed supremely ridiculous to Count Bismarck. "Russia and England agree," he exclaimed; "at the same time laughing loudly, with a glance full of meaning at Count Hatzfeld. "And you, Spaniards, are you also going to enter into this terrible coalition against us? I expected that in this war you would have been our allies, so much so that the day after war was declared, I

asked Marshal Prim what contingent Spain would send us. I was much surprised to see him withdraw from the consequences of his policy. Tell him to reflect. The Latin race is used up; it has accomplished great things, but its destiny is at an end. The German race is young, vigorous, as full of virtue and initiative as you were formerly. It is to the Northern peoples that the future belongs, and they have only just commenced to play the glorious part which they are destined to fulfil for the good of humanity." "These words," says M. de Miranda, "were spoken with an animation which seemed to exclude all idea of mystification or duplicity."

The Chancellor spoke as if he were thinking aloud. Then, resuming the subject of the war, Count Bismarck said that if the present Government still refused to treat after the capture of Paris, the Germans will occupy Paris and France "as long as may be necessary." "We will find a Government that will treat at last, even if it were that of Robert Macaire. The principal thing we want is to make peace on the conditions we ask. The rest to us matters little. And, after all, who can say that the Emperor will not return—or, at least, his dynasty? I should not be surprised to see the majority of the nation recall him."

Petit bonhomme vit encore! he added, with a laugh; then, turning to Herr von Hatzfeld, "By-the-by, I have just received a telegram; he is coming to-morrow." The individual here alluded to M. de Miranda afterwards found to be General Boyer, the emissary of Marshal Bazaine. "Whatever may be our conditions of peace," Count Bismarck proceeded, "France is too vain ever to forgive us for her defeats. She would, in any case, make war again as soon as she was strong enough. Our policy, in the interest both of Germany and of all Europe, must therefore be to diminish the territory of France as much as possible, so as to make her unable for a long time to disturb the general peace." The Count added, alluding to the proposed annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, that it was the will of the King, and this was enough. "The French accustomed to be the plaything of political adventurers, cannot understand our respect for the monarchy. In our country there is no sovereign will but that of the King. I am only the instrument of his political will, as the generals are the instruments of his military will. When His Majesty expresses a wish, it is my duty to propose the means of realizing it, and it is my glory sometimes to succeed in this task. At this moment, however, my actions are absolutely subordinate to those of the military leaders, who are not always of my opinion." This closed the conversation, which had lasted three hours.

"How is it the French do not break out?" I am asked the question very often. The best answer to it is conveyed in another question—"What good would it do them if they did?" For if they could not raise the siege of Paris and rout the Prussian army their mere fracture of the iron circle would not help them much. If there were an army to join outside the matter would wear a different aspect. To ignorant persons, as most of us are who are not favoured with hebdomadal revelations of the truth on all earthly affairs, it would seem very easy to break out, and there is an old military maxim paraded which leads men astray very much in reference to the proportion between the besieged and besiegers. To very many persons who have not studied the subject, even if they be professional soldiers, it might appear strange too that the French had not raised the siege by a great sortie. And if they saw the lines and travelled round Paris they would, perhaps, be still more impressed by the want of energy and enterprise of the besieged. But a thorough soldier would very soon appreciate the great difficulties of a sortie against an army in entrenched positions, which can at any one point bring 70,000 to 80,000 men to bear in a short time on the deploying columns. It is almost alarming to a civilian to travel along inside the Prussian lines. He may go for miles and scarcely meet or see 500 men. In some places he will find none at all. And there is Paris always in view and always near. But if he examines the position of such deserted places on the map he will find good reason for the apparent neglect in the absence of all means of access to them by an Army Corps without causing such alarm as would give time to the investing force to concentrate large forces to encounter and fall upon it.

The villages, villas, and country houses which are a part of Paris outside the walls have not only given shelter to the Germans, and often stores of wine and food, but have been invaluable places of defence. There is a girdle of barricades round the city, and every wall is loopholed, so that an assailing force once out of artillery cover has really to carry entrenched positions one after the other, each stronger as it opens heavier fire in proportion to the increased strength of the defenders. Artillery cannot move easily over the open at this time of year, and columns must deploy. The Seine and the Marne, much as they conduce to the defence of Paris, are great obstacles to the ready evolutions of large sorties, because the bridges are destroyed, and pontoons can only be laid where the fire of the forts cover the pontoons. The system of signals used by the German Armies is quite sufficient for all purposes of warning. Posts are established near the outlying pickets, where a few poles, on which to run up flags by day and burn beacons at night, are erected to notify a coming attack. The electric wires connect every command and run to Headquarters. Every house with a good view is turned into an "Observatorium," from which the French are watched through powerful glasses, and are obliged to undergo strict scrutiny, every day being divided into periods for observation and reports thereupon.—Times Cor.

SAD SPORTS.

A correspondent with the German Army of the Loire remarks:—It is sad to see, as we enter French villages, whole families, with all the worldly goods they can manage to carry on their backs, fleeing from one to the other, the women in tears, leading little children scarcely able to keep up with them through the deep mud, either going back to villages which they deserted when they became contested points upon the battle field, or trying to avoid the invading hosts, whose appearance is supposed to presage all sorts of violence and disaster. For a long time the Prussians have been the bugbear held up to naughty children to make them good, and now, when they actually appear, there is often a general squalling on the part of this portion of the population. It is significant that the Allemands do not seem to exist. "No matter whether they are Bavarians, Saxons, or Badenese, they are known by no other name than that of Prussians. Sometimes a whole family is valiant enough to brave the horrors of a bombardment or a hot infantry fight in the streets—hiding in the cellars while it lasts, and emerging the moment the dropping shots fewer and further between indicate the close of the struggle. There may be seen little children gazing wonderingly at the dead and dying men lying at the thresholds of the familiar doorways, poking their little fingers into the bullet-holes in the walls, and their heads through the breaches made by the shot and shell. Then old women and girls run to and fro with mattresses and coverlets, and find their houses turned into temporary hospitals and themselves into the street to seek shelter as best they may, until the wounded have been attended to. In the cottage in which I find myself at present are only two women, and they are at this moment engaged in rummaging the straw of the mattress upon which I have been sleeping for the most valuable articles of clothing and the few trinkets they possessed, which they had stowed away in it for safety. The other day I saw

an old man tottering down the path of his garden with furtive step, and something evidently concealed under his blouse, watching him closely I perceived him draw stealthily from beneath an old sabre, which he carefully buried, and then returned with a light heart and step. I suppose I ought to have reported him, but the man and the sabre seemed both so very antiquated that I felt the safety of the German army would not be compromised by my silence.

I have written already of some effects on character produced by this war—on individual as well as national character. What think you of a Prince—a Christian gentleman—the administrator of a great charity—an officer of State, who, being asked as to the means of communicating with the wounded officers of the enemy's army who might be in his hospitals, said "I know nothing about them. They give us quite trouble enough as it is. I wish they were all dead!" Well! There is a British officer who has stated he heard this Christian Prince use these words, and it was a British officer who repeated them to me. And a German gentleman, speaking of some things he had witnessed, declared he could not have believed had he not seen with his own eyes, that Germans could be so violent, so unscrupulous, and so dishonest. He spoke of common soldiers, of acts of plunder and wrong on their part; it would be monstrously unjust to affix the stigma to a large part of the army. But in the politics of the conquering race the taint will be apt to spread. Germans, for instance, see nothing but what is natural and right in the annexation of Luxemburg. And in a short time they may conceive it is of the very highest equity and morality to seize on Holland. For the thought is ventilated and the words are on men's lips. And who are we who have Gibraltar and Malta and the Isles of the Sea, they will ask, that we pretend to see in such a natural and wholesome addition of sea coast any wrong doing? If the Dutch do not like it so much the worse for them.

A Westphalian artilleryman, writing from the neighborhood of Chatillon-sur-Seine, writes:—"Soon after leaving Toul the region becomes very wild and exceedingly dangerous for marching troops. Bands of Francs-Tireurs can here do much mischief without being got at themselves, especially in this season of the year. In those valleys and woody defiles the boldest among us might be uneasy if he knew that the district was not entirely free from them, or considered how little he could do against bands lurking in the hills and woods. We find the people on our further advance into France more friendly than in Lorraine. They hate Garibaldi and his land more than us, and have a horrible horror of Francs-Tireurs, knowing well that entire villages are heavily punished if such people show themselves within their limits. I was even assured in several villages that the mayors would not allow Francs-Tireurs to return in their districts, not wishing that their houses should be burnt down. The war, nevertheless, is assuming a more and more cruel and barbarous character. Two days ago, for instance, Nogent, between Chaumont and Langres, was burnt by us. Our troops had been fired on from several houses, and on a larger band being sent to punish this by a contribution, it was also fired on and driven from the place. A terrible revenge speedily followed. Yesterday six Francs-Tireurs were brought in at Chateau Villain, who had fired on our outposts, and even killed a soldier from an ambush. The fellows were not in uniform, and looked quite wild; they will be shot, as also the 12 taken two days ago in the large wood which extends from Chateau Villain to Langres. The fortress of Langres is still occupied by the French, and gives a certain basis of operations to the bands which are constantly threatening our stopping stations up to Chatillon. It is said that Langres is occupied by 15,000 Mobiles, many of them from this region. The inhabitants here state that 10,000 regulars are there. People call the Mobils soldats de papier, and the peasants do not scruple to confess that many of themselves from these villages have deserted from Langres and returned home. They are of opinion that only the French soldier by profession is bound to defend the country. The rural population desire peace, and at any price. I have never found Republicans among them. They and the priests wish for a king, and are divided as to the person, the Comte de Paris and the Prince de Joinville being always, however, spoken of. The people here supply us with everything we want, and even more than is required. I believe the motive for this is simply terror."

There is something appalling in the continuance day after day of this slaughter, and it is earnestly to be hoped that I may not have another battle to chronicle to-morrow. Since the beginning of the war there has been nothing so terrible as this nightly camping among frozen bodies with comparatively nothing to eat, and rising (if people can be said to rise who never go to bed) to new deeds of violence. To-day, when I was at the village of Messas, a man was brought in perfectly unconscious, who had been a day and two nights lying with a fractured thigh on the battle-field. The blood, which clotted his wound and clothes, was frozen into solid ice, and yet the man was restored and able to give an account of his sufferings, which I did not stay to hear. Again, each day's fight involves the burning of houses, and it is melancholy to see the innocent peasantry, when the tide of battle has swept past them, wandering disconsolately among the rains of their homes.

The Times correspondent is pleased to be witty after this fashion:—"We started in carriages for the Prussian posts, led by Monseigneur Bauer, Archbishop of Saraguse, one of the most active and principal officers of the Ambulances de la Presse. His history and character are so remarkable that you must allow me to say a few words about them. He was for ten years, I am told, in the order of the 'Carmes Dechaussees,' who claim, conspicuously among other duties and privileges, those of going about barefooted and living on bread and water. Brother Bauer successfully discharged the first duty of going barefooted—though the Archbishop is now usually to be seen in top-boots and spurs, as he is an indefatigable horseman—but he quite failed in the second, for instead of living upon bread and water he nearly died of it. He was so near death that Extreme Unction was administered to him. He rallied, to life in this world, and Pope Pius Nono was good enough not only to recognize the brother's temporal existence, but even volunteered to absolve him from the vows which had so nearly sent him prematurely to heaven, with much useful work on earth still undone. The Archbishop, though he drinks only water at the dinner table, now shrinks from no sort of solid food, and is in consequence healthy, full of physical energy, and altogether as valuable a member of society as a man of his unusual capacity ought to be. I am told he is a great orator, and though I am still to have the pleasure of hearing him in public, I can easily imagine it from his ready wit and unusual command, in private conversation, of language at once copious and choice. Although, however, I have not heard him in the pulpit, I have seen him in action on the field, and have no hesitation in saying that he has all the qualities of a first-rate cavalry officer, except that for a general he is too fond of going under fire, and that without excuse, since the Division more especially under his command, the Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, are in this respect anything but young troops that require leading. One of his estafettes, Mr. Elliott Bower, told me that for nearly two hours yesterday Monseigneur kept him riding about under the Prussian bombs, an occupation not uninteresting, perhaps, and certainly exciting, but scarcely what one counted upon in volunteering to escort an Archbishop. One might as well be an aide-de-camp to General Ducrot, and be killed off at once in leading a charge. Altogether, Monseigneur would have

made a first class medieval priest, alike great in the pulpit, the confessional (the Archbishop was confessor to the Emperor), and in the field ready to sock. In these degenerate days his best, though inadequate, sphere in time of war is, perhaps the command of our Ambulance, which he leads admirably, and under such a General—conspicuous from the contrast felicitously characteristic between his ecclesiastical dress and his top-boots—we were all proud to go to the Prussian avant postes, though we did not expect that the Archbishop would have any further opportunity of indulging his unarchiepiscopal propensity for being fired at. After crossing the Marne we halted to take up a body of Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, of whom I have spoken in a previous letter. I am told that yesterday they again greatly distinguished themselves by their coolness in going under fire to bring off the wounded, exciting the enthusiastic admiration of General Ducrot—no bad judge of courage—who took off his cap with a profound bow, and kept it in his hand as some of them came up to him and talked to him. With their long black robes darkening the white, frosty moonlight, they helped to make our procession very picturesque as we all alighted from the carriages at the last French barricades—the extreme outposts. A short halt to consult, and then Monseigneur—accompanied by a trompette, M. Gramond, Mr. Bower, and Mr. Elliott Bower, the estafettes—rode forward towards the Prussians, some of whom I afterwards heard were concealed in the houses almost within a few yards of us, crouching forward with trigger-finger all ready on the needle-gun, to guard against a surprise. Those left behind carried on an animated discussion with French vivacity on all possible subjects, but chiefly on the chance of our being permitted to go on the battle-field. Twice or thrice the stillness of the night was broken by the sharp crack of a rifle from some ill-conditioned sentinel—a churchish misanthrope one would have liked to cudgel, for passing Champigny we had driven through dense rows of recumbent figures, trying, despite the cold, to snatch some brief repose, that they might recover a little from the hard labours of the day before they were called on to face those of the next. Here the general buzz of conversation suddenly stopped, and there was a solemn hush as four priests requested passage through our camp for a figure covered with a cloak and carried on a broussard. A young captain of Mobiles had indiscreetly exposed himself at the barricades, and been shot dead a few minutes before we arrived. The sight was too common to attract more than a moment's notice, and conversation buzzed on again until the Archbishop's return. He had seen, as I understood him, a Prussian officer, who told him where five bodies were to be found, but who sent him to another post, in a different direction, for further instructions.

Before we again went forward, the Archbishop ordered the trompette to sound the quatre appels to inform the Prussians that a parlementaire was about to approach them. It was sounded loudly and distinctly, and, through the stillness of the night, ought to have been heard far into the Prussian lines. The moonlight was, moreover, clear enough to enable their sentinels to see the waving of the parlementaire flag; yet a few seconds afterwards we heard shots from the direction in which the Archbishop had advanced, and, returning, he told us that this unlucky incident left us nothing to do but to go home.

There is another man—I regret I don't know his name—whom from Sedan to the field before Paris, I have continually seen on the track of the wounded. He has neither carriage nor horse, but, staff in hand, follows in the wake of battle, and, with the polish of a highly-bred gentleman and the gentleness of a woman, brings consolation to the dying. He is a French Benedictine priest. I cannot tell how often I have met him on his mission of charity. The other morning he suddenly came upon me close to the battle-field, and asked me where were the wounded. He had walked about 20 miles that morning. He is paid by no Government—he is a volunteer in the best sense of the word. Every one who witnesses his exertions joins in the hope that God will give him his reward. He is in the prime of life, handsome, and distingue-looking enough to be a prince.

MEAT V. BREAD.—On the subject of horses a curious dispute has arisen in Paris. Forage is so scarce that a great many valuable animals are now being fed upon bread, and this, when made known, was pronounced scandalous. But if you slay your horses at once you destroy your chances of fresh meat for the future. A horse, on the other hand, eats about as much bread in a day as would support ten citizens, and therefore it is asked whether it is worth while to keep him a month in order to enjoy a few hundred kilogrammes of fresh meat at the end of that period? There has been a good deal of arithmetic done upon this question, and citizens, horses, and bread have been multiplied, divided, subtracted, and added up till the Ministry are quite perplexed, and we believe no decision has yet been taken.—Pall Mall Gazette.

If the German batteries were to bombard the city it could only be after having reduced all the forts within easy range, otherwise the batteries firing against the city would be exposed to bombardment in their turn from permanent forts with bomb-proof cover at a comparatively short range. To reduce one fort might be easy if the fort stood alone; but each supports, and is in turn supported by others, so that were one to fall no large force could march through the gap, without being exposed to the concentrated fire of such guns as have never been used in war until now, if we except the isolated rounds fired from the Affondatore during the battle of Lissa.

The forts are armed with heavy ship guns, breech-loading, all of cast iron, and strengthened by steel-hoops. The guns are rather untrustworthy in strength, but there is time enough to take any precautions that may be thought advisable. So far as known, the gun of highest calibre in Paris has a bore more than ten and a half inches across its diameter. The projectile weighs little short of 500lb, but a comparatively large charge cannot be used on account of the danger of bursting, unless the Russian plan of burying the piece in the earth be tried, as men say it has been lately. There are rumors of a wonderful new gun of huge dimensions found accidentally in Paris, and soon to be used against Versailles. There is no doubt that a gun has been made in England, capable of such work.

The nearest approach to Versailles from the French side has been made by a gunboat, which has come close up to the bridge at Sevres. The distance the shot flies is less than five miles—about 3,500 yards. The distance between the French gunboat and the Royal Quarters at Versailles, has been more than attained over and over again by English guns, and, I believe, lately by French guns from the forts.

The reverses to which the French have had to submit are already bearing good fruit. Evidence of the most reliable character is forthcoming, of the religious spirit that is springing up among the men. Of the Pontifical Zouaves it is said that they have all the piety of fervent Christians; and their chaplain writes, these are the most determined soldiers. If France is to be saved, it must be by men animated like these, by a spirit of faith and of love of duty. "But France will not be saved till she has recognised the necessity of extirpation of blasphemy, especially the blasphemy of bad books, of the observance of the Sunday, and a general protest against the invasion of Rome." Can it be wondered that the simple-hearted Bretons, even in their extremity refused the assistance of the "Red Shirts," who have sacked a house of the Marists and one of the Jovites? These men, true followers of their leader, brum



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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR. JANUARY—1871. Friday, 20—St. Fabian and Sebastian, MM. Saturday, 21—St. Agnes, V. M. Sunday, 22—Third after Epiphany. Monday, 23—Espousal of the B. V. M. Tuesday, 24—St. Timothy, B. M. Wednesday, 25—Conversion of St. Paul. Thursday, 26—St. Polycarp, B. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It would appear that the bombardment of Paris has begun in earnest, and that the shot and shells from the besieger's batteries, reach as far as the Champ de Mars and the Hotel des Invalides. No great damage inflicted is as yet reported; and considering the distances which the Prussians have to drag their ammunition, it can scarce be expected that they will be able to continue their fire for any great length of time. Outside the City things have not been going well for the French. The Army of the Loire has been defeated, and it is to be feared with great loss. The Prussians boast of having captured many guns, and a large number of prisoners. Neither from Italy nor Spain have we anything new to report. From Great Britain we learn that extraordinary activity prevails in all the dockyards, and that strenuous efforts to put the Navy in an effective condition are being made.

Latest telegrams report the progress of the bombardment of Paris, and we are told that the art treasures in the Luxembourg Museum have suffered greatly; many casualties amongst the citizens are also reported. There are rumors of peace. Alsace and Lorraine are ceded to Prussia; France to be gratified, and her honor to be appeased by the annexation to her of part of Belgium; the Oriental question to be settled in a manner agreeable to Russia. The Imperial regime in France is to be set up, and Great Britain to be left out in the cold.

The Federal Legislature is to meet at Ottawa on the 15th February.

We give below some of the latest telegrams: LONDON, Jan. 14, 9.30 p. m.—Paris newspapers, of the 10th inst., unite in saying that a rain of projectiles, some weighing 86 kilogrammes, unparalleled in the history of the siege, was pouring into that portion of Paris lying between the Hotels des Invalids and Odeon. The bombardment continues without interruption day and night, and was so violent on the night of the 8th, between the Church of St. Sulpice and the Museum, that shells fell every two minutes. Hospitals, ambulances, schools, public libraries, the Sorbonne and Val de Grace, and many private houses have been struck. One projectile which fell in Rue Vaugirard, killed four children, and wounded five others. The unrivalled works of art in the Luxembourg Museum were destroyed. The Hospital Vol de Grace suffered greatly, and the wounded soldiers were there killed in their beds. Paris is transformed into a battle-field in which the women show themselves as brave as the men.

Official advices from Paris state that the bombardment was continued throughout the night of the 11th, shells falling every minute in St. Sulpice Quarter. Forts Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge were also cannonaded with great violence. The reply from the external batteries was so effective as to inflict great damage upon the Prussian fortifications and cause a slackening of their fire. Fort Nogent, the village of Fontenay and the Bend of the Marne were also bombarded without important result.

"An attached, although unworthy member of the Church of England, not blind to the errors which have crept into her form of worship," and who "cannot give an implicit belief, or conscientiously subscribe to all the articles of faith she considers necessary to salvation"—writes to the Montreal Gazette on the subject of "Statutory Holidays." The writer entertains no objections to the enforcement by

statute of Sunday the hebdomadal festival of the Resurrection; he approves of the observance of Christmas; and would even allow Good Friday to be set apart by Church and State as a day to be "decently and religiously observed;" but he cannot see why, "at the command of a peculiar priesthood," the State should presume, "not only to dictate, but actually order him to observe as holy, certain other events the authenticity of which he presumes to doubt." This in our enlightened age, he looks upon as an exceeding of its legitimate prerogative, on the part of the Government of a people "who repudiate all connection between Church and State, and claim the right to worship their God in the manner they think most proper." Our "attached, although unworthy member of the Church of England," descending to particulars, refers to the 8th of December as a case in point, as an instance of this excessive legislation which forces him "to be idle" if he belong not to the communion of the Catholic Church.

Our Anglican friend states his case badly.—It is not true that, either on the 8th of December, or on any other Statutory Holiday in Lower Canada, he is by law forced to be idle; it is not true that the State enjoins him to observe as holy that or any other. Festival of the Catholic Church. On all these holidays, not falling on a Sunday, he is legally at liberty to attend to all his usual secular business; to buy and to sell; to keep open his store, his shop, or office; to carry on publicly all his ordinary pursuits; to travel by car or steamboat, and, in short, to do anything and everything he pleases—with one exception:—That of preventing his Catholic fellow citizens from exercising the right which he claims for himself, viz., that of worshipping their God in the manner they think most proper.

Logic is certainly not the forte of our Anglican friend who professes himself "an attached member of a Church" to "all" whose fundamental articles of faith "he cannot give an implicit belief or conscientiously subscribe to." Were he addicted to the right use of the reasoning faculties with which it is to be presumed that his Creator endowed him, he would see that amongst a people who expressly repudiate any connection between Church and State, a law enforcing the observance of Sunday as a holiday, cannot be more legally binding than is the law making the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God a Statutory Holiday; than would be a law to "set apart Christmas and Good Friday as holidays to be decently and religiously observed." If the recognition by Statute of the 8th of December be inconsistent with the principle that there should be no "connection between Church and State," so also is the law which makes Sunday a legal holiday; and which imposes penalties upon those who buy and sell, or carry on business upon that day.

And if certain "Statutory Holidays" be an outrage upon the liberty of conscience of our Protestant friends, what an outrage must not the Sunday laws be upon the rights of conscience of their fellow citizens and fellow subjects of the Jewish persuasion,—whose conscientious scruples are entitled to quite as much consideration from a State which repudiates all connection with the Church, as are the conscientious scruples of Protestants. The writer in the Gazette, to be consistent in his plea for the abrogation of the laws which, imposing no obligations upon Protestants, allow Catholics to observe as holy certain days appointed by their Church, must first advocate the repeal of the stringent Sunday legislation which compels the British subject of the Jewish persuasion, who has already observed his Sabbath, to keep Sunday; to close his shop or store; and which imposes on him pains and penalties should he publicly pursue on that day his usual avocations.

In a word, is our Anglican friend willing to give to his Jewish fellow-subjects of the Queen the same rights and privileges of buying and selling on Sundays, as those which he and all Protestants enjoy on the "Statutory Holidays" of the Catholic Church? If he is not, then he must pardon us if we tell him that he is no better than a humbug, and that his appeals to religious liberty and rights of conscience are unmitigated cant.

ANOTHER GUIBORD CASE.—A case, the exact counterpart of that which has been in litigation in Montreal for some months past—to wit—That of a clergyman refusing religious or ecclesiastical burial to the remains of a person brought to him for interment—has just occurred at New York, and has excited much discussion in the public journals. The facts, in so far as we have been able to glean them from our contemporaries, seem to be these:—

The Reverend Mr. Sabine, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, which uses with but trifling variations the form of prayer of the Anglican church, was called upon to perform the funeral service over the remains of a Mr. George Holland, who had been a play-actor by profession, and who, so we are led to

believe, may have been during his lifetime somewhat indifferent to the claims of the Christian religion. Mr. Sabine refused to comply with the request, on the ground that he, as a minister of religion, could not look upon the deceased as one to whom were due the rites with which his Church commits to the grave the bodies of these whom it recognises as forming a part of the Christian household. Hereupon, though legal proceedings were not instituted against him, as was under similar circumstances, the case in Montreal,—a social persecution stimulated by the violent outcries of many of the secular press was directed against the too scrupulous clergyman; and at his devoted head were hurled the usual missiles of "bigot" "fanatic" and "behind the age."

On the other hand the Protestant religious papers—and it is to this peculiar feature in the case that we would direct attention—highly approve of the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Sabine. Not discussing the question of Mr. Holland's morality and religion, they insist that, if the Rev. Mr. Sabine really believed that there was aught therein contrary to the Christian profession, he was in conscience bound to refuse the religious rites of his church to the remains of the deceased; just as the Rev. M. Rousselot refused to the mortal remains of the deceased Guibord—not burial within the enclosure of the cemetery legally set apart for burial purposes, but—burial with religious ceremonies in that particular part of the cemetery which is by the Church specially set aside or consecrated for the reception of the bodies of those who die in her communion.

Now we ask, why should a Catholic priest be blamed for conduct which in a Protestant clergyman is, by the leading Protestant journals of this Continent loudly applauded? If to compel by newspaper abuse and social persecution the Rev. Mr. Sabine to perform religious ceremonies over the grave of the deceased George Holland, would be an outrage upon religious liberty, and the rights of conscience, with what semblance of reason can it be argued that it is just to compel by law by legal persecution, the Rev. M. Rousselot to perform religious ceremonies over the remains of Guibord; a man who during his lifetime refused to submit to the terms of communion which the Catholic Church exacts from all without distinction!

Protestants are sharp eyed enough when their own interests are at stake; it is only when Catholic interests are at issue that they suddenly become blind to the light of truth, and deaf to the voice of justice. As the great Presbyterian organ of the U. States the N. Y. Observer from which we quote below, well observes, it is monstrous that "men who all their lives long treat the Church with neglect and ridicule" should clamor for her spiritual services at the hour of death; it is monstrous according to the same authority, that the conscientious clergyman who refuses to desecrate his office, and to mock God with an outward form of prayer from the lips, against which his heart and intellect revolt, should be subjected for so doing to the ribald abuse and social persecution of which it is attempted to make Mr. Sabine the victim; much more then must it be monstrous, and a flagrant outrage upon natural justice, and our much vaunted religious liberty, to attempt by legal persecution to compel the Rev. M. Rousselot to do that which, as a Christian man, and as a Catholic priest, he cannot do, without doing violence both to his conscience, and to the solemn laws of the Church which he is sworn to uphold and to obey. With these remarks we submit to our readers the following extracts bearing on the New York Guibord case, from the N. Y. Observer (Presbyterian) from the N. Y. Christian Advocate (Methodist), and from the N. Y. World, a secular journal.

New York, Observer, Jan. 5th, 1871, (Presbyterian):—

"Much undeserved censure has been cast upon an excellent Episcopal clergyman of this city, for declining to read the burial service of his Church over the late George Holland a celebrated play-actor recently deceased. We say the censure is undeserved. Clergymen have rights of conscience as well as other men. If their views of duty to their profession oblige them to recognise actors as 'dearly beloved brethren,' they have as perfect a right to their opinions, and to act in harmony with their opinions, as other men have to theirs. We would not have refused to perform a burial service over the remains of an actor, or any other man; but our conscience is no measure of another man's conscience. Men of the world, and Christians too, are wont to confound these things, and to imagine, because they think a certain course of action is right, that others are bound to see it in the same light, and walk accordingly. This is the old persecuting spirit of darker ages than this. We have no fear of racks, and thumb-screws, and fire, but there is an intolerance quite as wicked, and cruel, and silly. It was exhibited in Printing House Square last Thursday morning, when a leading daily newspaper said of this worthy clergyman:—

"He should have lived in the days when no harm was thought of using the rack and the thumb-screw as stimulants to men's religious faith. As it is his lot to live in the nineteenth century he ought either to accommodate himself to its tone of thought, or at least retire from a church upon which he brings discredit."

"This is said with a charming simplicity, the writer forgetting all the while that the boot is on the other leg, and he, the writer, is the persecutor, seeking to inflict torture, upon a minister of the Gospel, not for doing anything, but

for declining to do what his conscience forbids him to do. \* \* \*

"Mr. Sabine is required to speak of the dead as 'our deceased brother,' and to say over him 'blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;' and he knows that, to the popular apprehension these words are regarded as implying that the deceased was a Christian brother, and died in the Lord. He may be wrong in this construction, but we claim for him, and others, that liberty of conscience which we accord freely to those who think otherwise, and we insist that a minister must be permitted to judge for himself whether it is proper or improper to say these words of a man of whom he has no reason to suppose that they can be truthfully said.

"Besides we have in this another instance in which the world is hasty to censure ministers. Men who, all their lives long, treat the Church with neglect and ridicule, are often quite willing when death comes unto their circle, to seek the cover of religion. It is a tacit and great concession to the reality of the religion they despise when death seems to be at a distance. Even they desire the decencies of a Christian burial for their friends. And these very men would claim the 'burial service' performed on such an occasion as a recognition by the Church that there is nothing in their pursuits inconsistent with a godly life, a safe departure, and a glorious immortality. We are not saying there is, but we are insisting that if a Christian pastor is unwilling to convey to his Church and the public the impression that he is in sympathy with such a sentiment, it is his American, and Christian right and privilege to abstain from doing what his conscience forbids."

From the N. Y. Christian Advocate (Methodist).

PERSECUTION OF A CLERGYMAN.—Within the last few days a somewhat distinguished play-actor died in this city, and one of his professional brethren called upon the rector of a Fifth Avenue Episcopal Church to request that the funeral services might be held in his church, and that the rector applied to would officiate. The clergyman having been informed of the profession of the deceased, expressed an unwillingness to enter into the arrangement. He especially objected to having a public funeral for one of that profession celebrated in his church, and asked to be excused, as there were others who would be less scrupulous about the matter. For this the minister has been denounced in the most offensive terms—"bigot," "intolerance," and like epithets applied to him—and even his private personal life and character are dragged into the question to help to damage him. The widow or otherwise of the minister's decision is not now in question, (though we heartily approve his action,) but, wise or unwise, he should be respected for following his own convictions; and the manner in which the Rev. Dr. Sabine has been treated by the city press, is simply atrocious.

(From the N. Y. World.—Prisms and Prayers.)

"Whether he—the Rev. Mr. Sabine—was right or wrong in his view of the stage does not matter. If he conscientiously held it, it was his duty to take what must have been to any man the painful course of refusing the request of the mourners over a friend. That he took it, notwithstanding its painfulness, entitles him to the respect of everybody, including those persons who consider his scruples misplaced, and not to the abuse of anybody."

IRISH CATHOLIC MEETINGS FOR THE POPE.

—We had not received in time for publication in our last issue, the report of the proceedings of the meetings of the congregations of the St. Patrick's and St. Anne's churches of this City, held for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with His Holiness Pius IX., and their indignation at the outrage upon the liberty and independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, perpetrated by the armed mercenaries of the Piedmontese government. At the St. Patrick's church the meeting was presided by the Reverend Father Dowd, M. M. Murphy and O. Devlin acting as Secretaries; that at St. Anne's was held under the auspices of the Rev. Father Hogan, Miles Murphy, Esq., acting as Secretary. After a few appropriate addresses the following petition to Her Majesty was unanimously adopted by both meetings:—

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

May it Please Your Majesty:—

The undersigned Catholics, residing in the City of Montreal, in the Dominion of Canada, on their own part, and in the name of all their Catholic fellow-citizens speaking the English language, desire as British subjects to approach your Majesty, in order to express to your Majesty their profound grief and alarm at the present position of the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, in consequence of the unjust and violent occupation of the patrimony of the Church, and of Rome itself by the King and Government of Italy.

We beg to submit to your Majesty that this usurpation, by force of arms, of the patrimony of the Church and of the City of Rome, without a shadow of justification, and even without a declaration of war, is contrary to the laws of nations, of which the Governments of Europe are the guardians, and of which, when violated, they are consequently bound to be the avengers.

We submit that to tolerate so flagrant a crime against public justice and international morality would be to sanction the right of brute force; and consequently to withdraw the family of civilized nations and society itself from the protection of the principles of justice and order introduced by Christianity.

We submit that the sovereign rights of the Holy See have been recognized by all nations for more than a thousand years, and were expressly sanctioned and enforced by the representatives of Great Britain at the Congress of Vienna; we believe that their possession is necessary in the present state of the world, to enable the Head of the Catholic Church to exercise the functions of His pastoral charge with perfect freedom, and without the suspicion of being moved by the interests or other influences of any particular State.

We submit that the Patrimony of the Church, granted originally to secure the independence of the Holy See, is a sacred trust for the benefit of the universal Church; and, therefore, that the usurpation of that Patrimony for the use of Italy, and not of the universal Church, is a grievous injury inflicted by a foreign State upon us, British subjects, in common with the Catholics of all other nations.

We submit that it is the just boast of England that her Government never has recoiled before the greatest sacrifices to protect her subjects against foreign injustices.

We, therefore, pray your gracious Majesty to take into your Majesty's favorable consideration the facts and reasons submitted in our petition; and to pro-

tect our just rights and the best interests of society by employing the influence and the power of your Majesty's Government to restore the Pope to the full and peaceful possession of the Patrimony of the Church of which He has been so wickedly despoiled.

And the petitioners of Your Majesty will ever pray, &c.

The petition having been adopted, the following resolution was moved and carried unanimously:—That we, the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, heartily sympathising with our Holy Father the Pope in his present trials and afflictions, and venerating him, the Sovereign Pontiff, as the Vicar of Christ on earth, and supreme head of the Catholic Church, deem it to be our duty forthwith to transmit an address to His Holiness, expressive of our horror at the indignities and violence to which he has been subjected by the robber King of Italy, and as a proof of our love and affection for our Holy Father; that the congregations of St. Patrick's, St. Anne's and St. Bridget's Churches be requested to make arrangements for the holding of meetings on Sunday, the 22nd instant; and that at each of said meetings a collection be taken up, the amount of which shall be forwarded with our address; and, in fullest opportunity of contributing to the fund so to be raised, it is further resolved:—

That the Rev. Father Dowd be requested to apply to his Lordship our Bishop for permission to apply to said meetings in St. Patrick's Church, and to communicate with Fathers Hogan and Cannon as to the holding of the other two in St. Anne's and St. Bridget's Churches; and also that the following gentlemen—Rev. Father Dowd, M. P. Ryan, and B. Devlin, be a committee to prepare the address, and to make such other arrangements as they may deem necessary to give effect to the objects of this resolution.

Committees were then named to take signatures to the above Petition, in the St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, and St. Bridget's Churches, on Sunday, the 15th inst. before and after each mass.

The Rev. Fathers Dowd and Hogan then thanked the meetings respectively, for their unanimity throughout the proceedings.

The petition is to be presented by a Committee appointed for that purpose, to Her Majesty, through His Excellency Lord Lisgar.

The Times Bourdeaux correspondent gives the details of a horrid and most extraordinary trial now being held in France before the Court at Dordogne. Twenty-one men, peasants, labourers and artisans, are there arraigned for having on the 16th of August last, beaten, tortured, and finally roasted to death, an unfortunate young gentleman, by name M. Allain de Moneys, whose only crime appears to have been his aristocratic birth, and a suspicion of anti-Napoleonic political proclivities. We make some extracts from the Times report to show that the old devil of '89 and of '93 is not yet driven out; and that it is by no means impossible that in France in the latter part of the nineteenth century may be re-enacted the hideous scenes of the first French revolution.

The inhuman wretches into whose hands the unfortunate young gentleman had fallen inflicted upon him all the tortures that their brutal natures could suggest: the facts of the tragedy are thus told by our informant:—

"From the act of accusation it appears that on the 16th of last August, the day after the Napoleonic anniversary, M. de Moneys, who was one of the adjoints to the Mayor of Bausseau, arrived at Hauteville, a village in the Department of the Dordogne; it was Friday, and numbers of persons were assembled on the market-places. He was talking about elections with an acquaintance, when a great tumult arose. He approached the place and inquired the cause. The answer was that his cousin, M. de Maillard, had cried, 'Down with Napoleon! Vive la Republique!' 'It is impossible,' cried M. de Moneys, taking the part of his cousin, whom he had not seen for more than a month. 'Come with me,' said the man of whom he had made his inquiry, 'and I will prove it to you.' He jumped off the road into an adjoining field, followed by M. de Moneys, and addressed the crowd there collected. 'Let those who heard M. de Maillard cry: 'Vive la Republique!' Down with Napoleon! raise their hands.' More than 20 hands were held up, and at the same moment a crowd of persons rushed upon M. de Moneys and attacked him without cause or warning. Conspicuous among the assailants were two agricultural labourers, named Campot, young men of 20 and 21, dreading in that neighbourhood for their violent character. One fellow seized the poor young gentleman, who was of small stature and rather puny frame, by the ear; another struck him with his fist; a third ran a goad into him below the right ear, causing the blood to flow. M. de Moneys tried to stop it with his handkerchief, and to appease the menacing mob that surrounded him by crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' but it was in vain. The people rushed upon him, brandishing sticks. 'It was like an army,' deposed one of the witnesses. They offered to take him to the house of the Mayor, the unfortunate young man consented; they took him by the arm and led him away, while a few courageous men sought to protect him and to parry with their sticks the blows showered upon him. Cries of 'Death!' were heard. The Mayor appeared, putting on his scarf, but the crowd passed his house, dragging their victim towards a cherry tree, on which they proposed to hang him."

The villains who tortured him continued to call him a Prussian; they accused him of having sent money to the Prussians, and declared they would burn him; but another motive for their pitiless ferocity might be gathered from the words which escaped one of them:—'Ah! you have taken your coffee in fine rooms with polished floors, but we will make you take it in this stable.'"

Three long columns of a newspaper are filled with details of his protracted agony. They dragged him from place to place, varying his tortures with fiendish ingenuity, and all the while the wretched Mayor followed the murderers, girt with his tricoloured scarf, but afraid efficaciously to interpose. Finally, they made a heap of firewood, branches, and straw, and laid him upon it. He was no longer able to speak or cry out, but he was sensible and breathed heavily. They piled wood upon him, brought matches, and made two little children light these and set fire to the pile. The Mayor was there looking on. Before the fagots were lighted, two of the torturers jumped upon those which had been laid upon the victim and stamped and danced upon them. 'He must have seen himself burn for nearly a quarter of an hour,' said one of the witnesses. When all was over, some of the murderers stirred the embers and ashes with their sticks, and drew out a charred object that looked like the burnt trunk of a tree with the remains of two branches reddened by the fire. It was the corpse of the unfortunate and innocent M. de Moneys. 'There are no more laws,' said one of the savages, as he stood watching the fire, to a bystander who had expressed horror at the murder; 'one can kill a nobleman now like a fly or a fowl.' There are grounds for believing that the crime was premeditated on the part of at least some of its perpetrators, and that it would have been followed by others of the same kind but for the prompt measures of repression

adopted. Its details are such as to make one's blood run cold even in days when, unfortunately, we have become but too much accustomed to heart-rending narratives of slaughter and suffering.

THE CATHEDRAL.—We have been instructed to publish the following returns of sums taken up during the months of October, November, and December, in the several Parish churches of the Diocese, in accordance with the instructions of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal in his Mandement of 8th September last, concerning the rebuilding of the Cathedral. The other collections made by means of domiciliary visits, or proceeding from other sources, will be published in the course of the summer:—

Table with columns for months (Oct., Nov., Dec.) and various church names (e.g., Ste. Agathe, Ste. Adelaide, Ste. Alexis, etc.) with corresponding monetary amounts.

In passing from a Protestant to a Catholic country, as from the United States or from Upper Canada into Lower Canada, it is impossible not to feel that you are passing from a lower to a higher grade of civilisation. The Protestant country may be, probably will be the richer, the further advanced in material progress, but these have no connection with true civilisation.

'Speaking at a recent meeting, Dr. Guthrie said: 'Ask a person in Rome to show you the road, and he will always give a civil answer; but ask any person a question for that purpose in this country (Scotland), and he will say, "Follow your nose, and you will find it." But the blame in this country is not with the lower classes. The blame is with the upper classes; and the reason why in this country the lower classes are not polite, is because the upper classes are not polite.'

There can be no doubt then that the Roman is truly higher in the scale of civilisation than is the Scotchman; and though Dr. Guthrie tries to explain away the unpleasantly significant fact, he does but remove the difficulty a step further. He attributes the gross boorishness, the semi-brutal manners of almost "any person" you meet in Scotland, to the want of politeness, or true civilisation, on the part of the so-called "upper classes."

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.—An amusing calculation has been made by the Armonia which throws much valuable light on the late plebiscite at Rome. Any of our readers can work it out for themselves when furnished with the data.

According to the boasts of the Liberal press, 40,831 votes were given; of which there were Yeas 40,785; Nays 46, these being thrown in to give the appearance of "freedom of election" to the farce. Now the voting lasted ten hours, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and there were twelve urns in which the voting papers were deposited.

From these data it follows that, if the story told by the Liberal press be true, during each minute of the ten hours, five persons and a-half must have registered a vote at every one of the twelve urns. To persons acquainted with the bustle, the crowding, pushing and confusion, with consequent inevitable delays, which occur at every election, and which in the case of an election amongst people who like the Romans were not much accustomed to the process, must have been increased tenfold—it is unnecessary to insist upon the palpable lies of the Liberal press. It is simply impossible that amongst such a people, and in a season of such exoitement, the work of taking out voting tickets, and other formalities of an election by ballot, could have gone on at such a rate—a rate of one vote per eleven seconds, at each of the twelve urns, for ten consecutive hours, without intermission.

We find in the Montreal Gazette of the 12th inst., the following short paragraph:—

'The freedom of the press does not seem to be yet secured in Rome. One of the journals of that City has been seized by the Piedmontese authorities for publishing the Pop's Encyclical.'

This is not the whole truth. All the journals in the Italian Peninsula, and within reach of the police agents of the tyrannical Piedmontese government, which published the Pop's Encyclical were seized by the authorities. Even the liberal journals at Florence and Turin which published it in order to show Europe that the press was free, were treated in the same manner. The Gazette will please make a note of it.

MORE JIMFICATION.—The Piedmontese Government has "appropriated" a sum of 4,500,000 francs the product of the contributions by the faithful throughout the world to the fund of the Peter's Pence, which the Sovereign Pontiff had deposited in the bank on his personal account. That the members of the Government of Victor Emmanuel should to their lying and perjuries, add the art of thieving, is by no means extraordinary.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Huntly, on the 20th December, after a short and severe illness Catherine Ann Kennedy, aged 35, the beloved wife of Mr. James Vaughan, brother to the Rev. E. Vaughan. It is with sorrow the most sincere we chronicle the death of the above. Those nearly connected with her, together with her numerous friends and acquaintances, will individually mourn her sudden death. She was on all occasions, under all circumstances, kind, gentle and endearing, her gentle disposition attracting around her innumerable friends. To some especially is her death the source of grief and sorrow—to her poor afflicted husband and to her poor orphans. She was taken away when hopes were brightest, and when everything foretold many years of happiness and joy together; but God's ways are not our ways, and may His Will be done.

One thing alone gives consolation to the widower and to his orphans. It is that her life was one of solid virtue, piety, and untiring zeal in the cause of religion—in her the sick and poor and needy found a constant friend; and religion in most of its works of charity an earnest and indefatigable labourer.

She breathed her soul into the hands of her Creator, fortified with all the helps of her holy religion, regretted by all amongst whom she lived, and amidst the prayers and benedictions of those whom she ardently loved.—May she rest in peace.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

DEAR SIR,—I had lately the pleasure of visiting the Female Deaf and Dumb Asylum of this city, conducted by the Sisters of Providence; and, being only a sojourner in your city, I thought it might be well to give your readers my impressions of that admirable institution. The first thing that strikes the casual visitor is the look of cheerful ruddy healthfulness visible on the faces of the pupils, or patients, call them which you may. Whether children or adults they all look so bright and so intelligent that one would never suppose they labored under the fearful privation of speech and hearing which in former times consigned the unhappy victim to stolid ignorance and utter stupidity, and made life one dreary blank. Of all the improvements and ameliorations which modern times have witnessed not one is more beneficent in its action, and in its results, than that of conveying useful knowledge to deaf mutes, and cultivating the intelligence which must otherwise have lain dormant all their life long.

Now, it is a well-established fact that there is no better institution of the kind in America than that of which Sister Mary Bonsecours is the Directress; there may be seen the highest triumph of the benign art of teaching the Deaf and Dumb. All the usual branches of a good solid Christian education are taught the pupils, who are also instructed in the various industrial arts that may enable them to earn their own living in after years. At present there are 130 girls in the institution, and every one knows that in these times, it requires a good revenue to support so many, together with the Sisters and the other persons employed in teaching and caring them. It is true the Asylum receives \$1,500 per annum, from the Government, but that is a mere trifle in comparison with the expenses of the house. So it happens that while every possible means of earning is employed by the Sisters, and the strictest economy observed, still it is very hard for them to provide for so large a family with the very limited means at their command.—They have no revenues of any kind, and have only a very few paying pupils. Then they are

so straitened for room that every available spot is occupied, and many of the inmates are necessarily badly lodged. Surely, it would be a work of great public utility, as well as charity, for the Municipal or Provincial Government, to give the Sisters a grant that would enable them to enlarge their building. They have the ground, if they could only obtain some assistance that would warrant them in commencing to build an addition.

To the Irish citizens of Montreal this excellent institution, ought to be an object of interest, as there are quite a large number of Irish children amongst the pupils, and no distinction is made between Irish and French in receiving applicants for admission. The Irish people are proverbially generous; they provide nobly for their orphan asylums, and other charitable institutions; it is, therefore, to be hoped that will not forget the deaf and dumb of their own race, those afflicted ones who most of all need care and protection. If they will only pay a visit to the Female Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and also to the Male Asylum, both situate near the Mile End, they will find there much that will enlist their warmest sympathies, while exciting their admiration.

I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully, &c., AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—

December, 1870.—The article on the military system of Prussia which stands first on our list, is most interesting. The other articles are also readable, and we notice with pleasure that the tale Earl's Dene is concluded at last. The following is a list of the contents:—Why is Prussia Victorious? The Poetry and Humor of the Scotch Language, part 2. The Rights of Majorities. Narrative of the Red River Expedition. Earl's Dene, part 14. More Roba di Roma; Castle St. Angelo, part 1. Thoughts Suggested by the War.

MEMOIRS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Translated from the French of M. L'Abbe G. Chardon.

The Catholic Church has ever taught that to each of us at our birth is appointed an angel guardian, to have charge of us in all our ways, and to help us to travel along life's rough and dangerous road. On this belief is the work before us based, and a charming little volume is the consequence, which has received the sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, and may be read with pleasure and profit by all Christians. It is elegantly printed and brought out by the Messrs. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, and is for sale at the Messrs. D. & J. Sadler, Montreal, by whom, on the receipt of 80 cts., it will be sent free by mail to any part of the Province.

A correspondent hands us the subjoined documents which were sent to him from some swindlers at New York, and asks us to publish them, by way of putting the public on their guard. Of course if any be silly enough, or dishonest enough to take the bait, and to remit the \$10 of good money for \$1,000 of bad notes, they will be fleeced, and deservedly so. They will never receive an answer to their remittance, and fear of exposure will secure their silence:—

Office of H. Colter & Co., No. 195 Broadway, New York.

Dear Friend,—Trusting to find in you one on whom we can rely for assistance in the business named on the within sheet, we respectfully ask your co-operation. Wishing to turn a large stock soon, we are prepared just now to offer most extraordinary inducements.

Heretofore we have sold only for cash, but if you will commence acting for us at once, we will supply you part on trust at the following prices, the money to be sent us by express prepaid the balance to remain, and so long as you serve us faithfully we will continue the supply. You may choose any denominations you wish.

For \$10 by express, we will send you \$1000, in assorted sizes, leaving the remainder to be paid thereafter, or

For \$25, by express, we will send you \$2500, and give you the right for your state and the privilege of employing other agents, or

For \$50, by express, we will send you \$5000, with a state right, and a sample \$1000, government coupon bond, or

For \$100, by express, we will send you \$10000, with a state right and three sample \$1000, government coupon bonds. The balance of the money due us we shall expect, as soon as you make turn. We trust you implicitly or should not now make such favorable overtures. We know that you cannot afford to deceive us.

As this is a special offer made only to you, it will be necessary that you return this letter with the money to remind us of the concession. As yet no one in your neighborhood has had the proposition, and to fill your pockets to repetition it behooves you to take immediate advantage of it, and to at once order largely.

Our goods are beyond detection, and are in every respect like the genuine even being received and paid out daily by the Treasury Department and the different banks.

We ask, can you make money easier or quicker? Let us hear from you soon.

Very faithfully,

H. COLTER & CO., 195 Broadway, New York.

Particular attention is called to the advantage of buying large supplies. You may not always be able to obtain such faultless goods upon equally liberal terms, order only by express, and return this letter to remind us.

TO BE READ ONLY IN PRIVATE!

The following will disclose to you the means of gaining a rapid fortune, attended with no possible risk, and requiring only a very small outlay. It will be absolutely necessary to observe the greatest secrecy and strictly follow all our instructions.

There is no doubt you want to make money! Who does not? The immortal Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." We think that man a fool that has the means within his grasp and lets the golden opportunity pass. If you keep your own counsel, you can make money as easily and safely as could be wished, and gain a fortune in a few months, which in any other business would require a lifetime.

To be plain with you, we manufacture what is commonly called "green." It is needless to inform you that at least one-half the money now in circulation is counterfeit.

We can supply you with any quantity of 25c and 50c pieces, and \$1, \$2, and \$5 Treasury notes. These bills are in every particular as good as the real. The best talent of the country has been employed in the execution of the plates, and no expense has been spared to render them perfect, so that the most expert judges pronounce them genuine. The best bank note paper is used, and each one is correctly numbered, which leaves nothing wanting to render you perfectly safe. We will forfeit \$5,000 for any one that can detect! They can be passed as easily as though issued by the Government.

We put up the goods in packages well sealed, and sell them in the following quantities: \$500 package, price \$34; \$1,000 package, price \$100; \$2,500 package, price \$225; \$5,000 package, price \$500. You thus gain a great advantage by ordering largely.

Of course our terms are *cash only*. At such prices we could not think of giving credit, nor should it be expected. All remittances and letters must be sent by Express. The Express charge for sending money must be prepaid, so you may deduct the amount from the money that you send to pay the same.

Order only by Express.—No Letters Received by Mail!

In fact, by Express is the only way to send money or communications to us. A single letter sent by mail is certain to be discovered, and we both may be ruined. But we do not receive or claim any letters addressed to us through the post-office. Should one be sent containing money by mail it would surely be lost. Send always by Express, prepaid. Though you may have to walk or ride a hundred miles it must be done rather than use the mail. We are certain to get all communications when sent by Express, and your order will be shipped by return Express, securely sealed and packed in such a manner as to disarm all suspicion of the real contents of the package.

Money to be sent to us only by Express, prepaid at our risk, when we guarantee the goods sent in return will be of the quality represented.

USERS! No circumstances do we seek to evade! Our reason is very plain. We are unwilling to compromise ourselves unless you become a party to the transaction and money passes between us. Besides—were we to send samples it would make our business too public, as disinterested parties would send; therefore in justice to ourselves, we do not send samples under any consideration, nor sell in any less quantities to any one or on any other terms. As we said before, you must trust no one, not even your dearest friend, with the contents of this circular. For ourselves our arrangements are conducted in such a manner that, as long as you follow the instructions given from time to time, no suspicion can fall upon us.

Our Terms are Cash. We give no Credit in any one.

With common shrewdness, and by keeping your own counsel, you can make a pile of money in a few weeks. As we make it a rule never to supply more than one person in the same town, an early application is absolutely necessary to ensure success. By being first in the field you gain a chance, which if thrown away would eventually cause you both dissatisfaction and regret, when you came to find out that some more venturesome or attentive townsman is reaping a fortune your neglect has thoroughly destroyed. It is a good old saying, "nothing venture, nothing gain," and peculiarly apropos to this speculation.

You may possibly feel some timidity in first commencing this business. If so be assured your fears are groundless. We have agents now doing a large business, who express the greatest satisfaction with our goods, and feel quite as secure in passing them as if passing genuine notes. They have proved that danger is out of the question. Therefore, let this convince you, and remember the motto, "Faint heart never won fair lady." We know after the first trial you will be in ecstasies with our goods, and meet with perfect success wherever your efforts are directed.

We never engage to supply more than one person in the same locality. With ordinary tact you will be able to dispose of an unlimited quantity. Do not miss the opportunity of being the first in the field. You gain an advantage, which if thrown away you would forever regret.

Our only terms are given above. Be sure and send all orders by Express, prepaid. Nothing unpaid will be received. The charge can be deducted from the amount sent.

Be very particular to give your post-office, County, and State, where letters should be addressed to you, and *above all don't forget to name the Express office where you wish the package sent.* By observing this you will facilitate transactions between us, and save much trouble to you and ourselves.

Don't Write by Mail, Send only by Express, Charges Prepaid.

Yours confidentially, H. COLTER & CO., 195 Broadway, New-York.

P. S.—Avoid the Post Office. In ordering state the denominations and quantity of each you desire, inclose the amount required, and hand your letter to the nearest Express Agent, and be careful not to let him know the nature of your business.

ORDER ONLY BY EXPRESS: All correspondence is *wholly unnecessary*, as Our Only Terms are named on this sheet, and no deviation will be made under any circumstances whatever. By calling at room 26, top floor, 195 Broadway, full samples of Goods will be shown.

Weekly Report of the St. Bridget's Refuge, ending Saturday, 14th inst.:—

Table with columns for English, Irish, Scotch, F. Canadians, and Total, with corresponding counts.

The editors of the Guelph dailies are at logger-heads. One insinuates that the other is a dog, and needs hanging, kindly informing him that he has a rope in the garret which he will place at his disposal for that purpose. The other, in answer, tries to make out that the rope is a clothes line stolen from him some time previous. Happy men!

EXPLANATION.—We are in receipt of the following particulars from a Correspondent, "Irish Catholic," touching the visit of the Rev. Mr. Cazeau to Montreal. He says:—"A paragraph has been going the rounds of the city papers, to the effect that the recent visit of the very Revd. V. G. Cazeau to Montreal,

was in connection with the filling of the vacancy now existing in the See of Quebec. Without consulting the Rev. Gentleman, will you allow me to say that it is to my knowledge that his journey had quite a different object, and arose from the proverbial kind heartedness of Father Cazeau. During the dire year of 1817 amongst thousands of others, an Irish family was landed at Grosse Isle, the father and mother both stricken down, the latter, subsequently dying; the children were taken charge of by Mr. Cazeau, and placed with various French families, and it was to see one of these, his "adopted children" as he loves to call them, now a professed Nun, and on her deathbed at Lachine, that he undertook the journey in mid-winter. I am not sure that Father Cazeau will be pleased at this having made public this act of kindness; but, as I feel personally in the matter, I run the risk of his displeasure.—Quebec Chronicle

THE PROGRESSIVE ASYLUM.—The Sisters of Charity of the Providence Asylum, Montreal, offer their sincere thanks to the gentlemen of the Saving Bank of Montreal, in acknowledging the sum of \$705, which they have received, January 11th, 1871; of which \$550 was for their institution, \$75 for the Infant school, Visitation street, and \$100 for the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Married. On the 16th ult., by the Rev. A. Phaneuf, at the Church of St. Joachim of Shefford, Mr. M. T. Harper of this city to Miss Elmer Mahedy, daughter to P. Mahedy, Esq., of the Township of Shefford.

Died. At St. Johns, P. Q., after a few days' illness, on Sunday, the 15th January, 1871, at the age of 54 years, Charlotte Alicia Meredith, wife of Henry Howard, M.D., Medical Superintendent Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and third daughter of the late Rieu Meredith, Esq., of Barry Valley, Queen's County, Ireland.

CIRCULAR.

MONTRÉAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 413 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of Flour, Oatsmeal, Cornmeal, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Hams, Lard, Pickles, Dried Fish, Dried Apples, Saus, Beans, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

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

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

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 451 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1870. 12m.

WANTED

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

Direct to Mr. JEAN LESSARD, Sec.-Treas.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Dist. of Montreal. } SUPERIOR COURT.

Monday, the ninth day of January, 1871.

PRESIDENT.—The Honorable Mr. JUSTICE MACKAY.

No. 2719.

FRANCOIS XAVIER ST. CHARLES, Plaintiff

vs.

ULRIC alias ULDERIC POITRAS, of the City and District of Montreal, Trader and Butcher, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of the Plaintiff that a meeting of the creditors of the said Ulric alias Ulderic Poitras be held, in the room appropriated for matters in Insolvency, in the Court House in the City of Montreal, on Friday, the third day of February next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of appointing an assignee to the Insolvent Estate of the said Ulric alias Ulderic Poitras.

(By order)

HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONORE

P. S. C.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.

Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of JEAN ELIE LAFOND, of the City of Montreal,

Insolvent.

ON the 24th day of February next (1871) the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 17th January, 1871.

LANCOT & LANCOT, Attorneys ad litem, for Insolvent.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

PROV. OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.

Dist. of Montreal. No. 664.

In the matter of OLIVIER N. MARCHAND and JOSEPH O. BELANGER, as well individually as co-partners under the name of Marchand & Belanger,

Insolvents.

THE undersigned individually and as co-partners, will apply to this Court for a discharge under the said Act, on the twenty-fifth day of February next.

Montreal, 11th January, 1871.

OLIVIER N. MARCHAND, JOSEPH O. BELANGER, By T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER, Their Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT

Dist. of Montreal. No. 1134.

In the matter of JULIUS J. COHN and JACOB FREES, heretofore trading together at Montreal as auctioneers and commission merchants under the name and firm of J. J. Cohn & Co.

Insolvents.

On the twenty-fifth day of February next the undersigned, Julius J. Cohn, one of the above named Insolvents, individually and as a member of the said firm, will apply to this Court for a discharge under said Act.

Montreal, 11th January, 1871.

JULIUS J. COHN, By T. & C. C. de LORIMIER, His attorneys ad litem.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Herald's special, dated Versailles, the 10th, says the fire into Paris from St. Cloud, Meudon, Chatillon, and Clamart commands a maximum range of 3 3-4 miles; the 24-pounders reaching Neuilly, Porte Maillot, Avenue Imperatrice, Avenue Roi de Rome, Champ de Mars, Les Invalides, and Gardens of the Luxembourg, the Observatory, and down Porte Biectre. All beyond is safe, being above the range. There are no batteries on the southern, eastern, and northern sides that can yet touch Paris; but artillerymen state that they have followed shells with their glasses into Place de la Concorde. Five hundred fire shells were thrown into the Enciente last night. St. Jacques was reached and houses set on fire. A new battery has been established at Clamart, considerably in advance of the old position, and in the vicinity, within 1,200 yards of a French battery, and played with remarkable accuracy of fire. The shelling is necessarily at random and slow, the maximum being 10 shells an hour during the day. The fire from not more than five batteries touches Paris, and then only at a great elevation.

Rumours of peace are general at headquarters.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—The army under General Chanzy was completely defeated near Le Mans by the second German army commanded by Prince Frederick Charles and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. The Germans have occupied Le Mans, capturing large quantities of supplies and war material. The French are being pursued.

The Times has the following special despatch. Versailles, Jan. 12.—The bombardment was heavy up to this afternoon. Several fires are seen within the French lines. The Prussians are crowding in front of Clamart and Meudon.

A company of Bavarians were surprised near Clamart by a sortie.

The French have erected new batteries.

New York, Jan. 13.—Later despatches from Paris dated 9th and 10th have been received, confirming the destructive effect of the enemy's guns in the neighborhood of Luxembourg Gardens. The destruction of buildings in that neighborhood is everywhere visible, and the suburbs have been entirely destroyed by the enemy's fire. The southwest suburban part of the city is in ruins, and seems hopelessly given up to the range of the Prussian fire. The damage to the buildings in the neighborhood of St. Jacques is great. When the despatch left the bombardment was proceeding and the general impression was that neither life nor property in this vicinity is safe. The battery at Clamart is doing the Prussians good service, and a report already received that the accuracy of its aim was telling with great effect is confirmed. Shells undoubtedly reach the Place de la Concorde.

The Tribune's Paris correspondent says: Shells have fallen throughout Auteuil and through the Pantheon. The damage is slight. Another Blanquin insurrection was plotted, but it was suppressed.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times writes that the idea of a general occupation of France by the German forces has been abandoned. Portions only of the French territory will be held. The French Government, he says, is no longer able to borrow money.

The Tribune correspondent at Versailles (9th) writes that the batteries have been advanced a thousand paces nearer to Issy and Vanvres. The papers are very revolutionary. The mobile officers and soldiers are deserting. Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent are visibly weakened. Many powerful new German batteries will shortly open.

La Patrie suggests a return to assignats in France, in view of the difficult financial situation of the country.

The Court of Assizes of the Dordogne has condemned to death four individuals implicated in the murder of M. Alain de Money, who was burnt at Hauteufe, last August. Sixteen other persons were sentenced to various periods of hard labor and imprisonment.

Correspondents represent that there is great mortality among children in Paris. They are dying by hundreds and thousands. One writer says that in the neighborhood of Pere-la-Chaise, Montmartre and Montparnasse one can hardly take fifty steps without meeting a tiny coffin, wrapped in a cloth of white wool. Many of these innocent little ones go to their last resting place unaccompanied, except by the two carriers; the father is at the ramparts, and the mother is standing outside the butcher's shop or at the municipal "cantine." Sometimes half a dozen relations or neighbors follow the procession of the humble victim, and this is what is heard said: "I saw it born in October last, and a fine, well made boy it was!" "What did it die of then?" "Of nothing. The mother had no milk; there are no more nurses, and the ewes are all sent to the slaughter; eh! try and rear a child in a besieged town!"—N. Y. Mail.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Jan. 6.—After the reception the King ordered the despatch of telegrams announcing his occupancy of the throne and the commencement of his monarchical power. At every public building and at the garrisons, all the troops were under arms. At a ball given for charitable purposes a few dancers were present, and it broke up early this morning. The militia were ordered to surrender their arms. The order was very arbitrary, and was issued two days ago. Had this not been complied with it is certain there would have been an insurrection. It was supposed by the militia and volunteers that the constitution guaranteed their right to bear arms, and the order is likely to produce trouble. Fears of an insurrection still agitate the people and all who can keep within doors.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—UNEASINESS OF THE ITALIANS.

—Accounts from Florence assure us that the Italian Government is in confusion from internal dissensions. The Liberal press was continuing to protest loudly against the seizures on account of the publication of the Encyclical. There was also serious uneasiness felt as to the light in which the great Powers would view the Roman aggression. One of the Italian papers expresses the position of affairs:—"The senseless policy of the Government has rendered our relations with Foreign Powers very difficult. We can state that the representatives of those Powers are complaining loudly, and have uttered severe reproaches, not unmingled with threats, against Italy in reference to the affairs of Rome, and to the embarrassments which recent events there have caused to their respective Governments. It is a fact that an agitation has sprung up amongst the Catholic populations which is causing serious embarrassment to the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. Those Governments are making severe and cutting reflections on the conduct of General Lamarmora, and on the mistakes which he has made. Difficulties arising out of Roman affairs accumulate hourly, and the question of the transfer of the Capital may have to encounter startling and unlooked-for eventualities." In addition to the foregoing it appears, from accounts that reach us, to be a fact that the fear of Prussia is beginning to gain ground at Florence. At first people used to smile incredulously if any one asserted that Prussia would protect the Pope's rights. But now it has been repeated so often that, if not believed, the report at least no longer moves to laughter. The following testy paragraph appeared in the *Perseveranza* of the 5th December: "We hear that Prussia is insisting upon the Italian Government banishing certain French officers who have escaped from Germany and taken refuge here. It seems very clear to us that the Italian Government is not Germany's jailor, and that it lies under no obligation to accede to this demand, or to hinder in any way the free movements of these officers." What is the meaning of this? It seems to cover an angry suspicion that Prussia would not be sorry to pick a quarrel.—*Tablet*.

A remarkable letter of Mazzini has appeared in the *Unita Italiana* of the 3rd of December. It is a reply to an address of some Italian democrats who lately met at Faenza, and invited him to "abandon the idea of any festa until their country was redeemed from its present disgrace." "So long," he exclaims, "as the country is broken, dismembered, open upon its line of frontier to possible enemies, in Nice, in the Trentino, in Istria—so long as morally it is given up as a prey to an ever-spreading corruption, which invades it from above and paralyses all its creative forces in regard to the future—so long as religiously it is constrained to prostrate itself in Rome before an absurd dualism, which declares that the body of Italy belongs to the King, the soul of Italy to the Pope—so long as economically it staggers upon the edge of the abyss of bankruptcy, and militarily lies discredited by defeats on land and sea—banquets, anniversary celebrations, medals, festival inscriptions, and demonstrations are inopportune, frivolous, indecorous."

ROME.—The *Osservatore* publicly gives the lie to a promise the Republican prints had put forth, saying that before long many of the salons of the Roman nobility would be open for the usual evening parties, and adds that, "at a weekly conversation at the house of one of the most noted of the Roman aristocracy (that of Prince Doria) only six ladies made their appearance; all the rest, who are wont to move in such circles, were conspicuous by their absence."

Of all the employes in the Finance Department at Rome only nine consented to take the oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, demanding from them under pain of dismissal.

The following Circular has been addressed by Cardinal Antonelli, to the Pontifical Nuncios:—

"The Vatican, Nov. 25, 1870.

"The sequestration of those journals which were the first in Florence, Turin, and Rome to publish the Encyclical of the Holy Father furnishes a further proof of the loyalty with which the Government of Florence intends to maintain the promises made and the assurances given to the Catholic world when that Government deprived the Holy Father of the rest of his dominions, and to show more than ever what kind of independence and liberty is granted to the Roman Pontiff in the exercise of his spiritual power.

"This unjustifiable and arbitrary proceeding affords the most convincing proof that the Supreme Head of the Church cannot be subject to any extraneous power, and that the state of things brought about by the usurping Government is intolerable, if it be really desirable that the voice of the Teacher of Nations should be diffused over the world. And thus it is that the fears entertained when it became necessary to proceed to the publication of this Pontifical act, and the precautions taken that it should evade the vigilance of the Italian authorities until it should be in the hands of the Episcopate, find a complete justification in the action of the Government. From this also may be judged what fate would be reserved for the Supreme Pontiff if he should, finding himself in opposition to the lay Powers, be compelled to condemn their acts. Signor Visconti-Venosta boasted of having allowed the publication of the Brief suspending the meetings of the Council, a Brief then rendered necessary by the political position of Rome, and the great wisdom of which has since been demonstrated. Let Signor Visconti-Venosta henceforth keep silence, and spare the Catholics the necessity of reminding him that the permission was given because the Pontifical act was most welcome to his Government, which could ill tolerate the re-

union of the Bishops and the benefit that the Church derived from it.

"Yesterday was the anniversary of the execution of the infamous Monti and Togetti, found guilty of having mined and blown up the Serristori Barracks, in which 27 persons perished, victims of their ferocity. It was by the special mercy of Providence that an entire battalion of Zouaves, who had gone out on duty in the city, were not buried in the ruins. This deed, worthy of a horde of savages, and which, as a homage to civilization, it would be seemly to bury in oblivion, it was desired instead to celebrate with public demonstrations.

"With this object the Circolo Popolare (People's Club) issued and posted up in the streets a manifesto, in which the people were invited to meet in force, and proceed to the exhumation of the two corpses, and to transport them solemnly from San Giovanni Decollato to San Lorenzo al Campo Vaccino, and an open subscription was announced to collect the offerings destined to erect a monument in their honour. It is owing only to the urgent remonstrances of the Brethren of the Holy Confraternity of San Giovanni, and of other respectable citizens, who invoked the intervention of the troops, that a demonstration of this shameful character was not made. It is sufficient to mention these facts to show the degree of moral civilization to which it is intended to lead the people. And we must be permitted to ask those who dare to maintain that the personal liberty of the Pontiff is in no way clogged, if the Supreme Teacher of the principles of justice, if the Sovereign of this Rome, could with impunity go about among those who decree honours for and rejoice over and laud to the skies all who have been, and all who still are, his most rabid enemies.

"The French Revolution of the last century, its horrors and its orgies, are only to be compared with what goes on in this miserable city since the entrance of the Italian troops.

"With expressions, &c.,  
"G. ANTONELLI."

GERMANY.

The new levy of 150,000 men is creating some discontent in Germany, but the call is nevertheless duly responded to.

ITALY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Pius IX. has already lived through one of the longest and most glorious Pontificates in the annals of the Catholic Church. He began by giving an impulse to improvement and social renovation of every kind, which set a movement on foot which he was not allowed to guide, but which for a time, under the direction of the same implacable enemies of religion and civilization who are now using the Italian Government for their own purposes, swept away his throne, and forced him into exile.—He has made his presence in the Chair of St. Peter felt in every portion of the globe by the hierarchies which he has established and the missions he has founded. He has gladdened the hearts of Catholics everywhere by the long-desired definition of the Immaculate Conception, by the number of saints and beatified servants of God whom he has added to the calendar, and by the frequent assemblage around his Apostolical throne of the Bishops of all the world. Lately he has added one more to the long list of the great Councils of the Church, and has secured by infallible definitions truths which had for some time been questioned or carpied at in a manner which showed the possible growth of a dangerous heresy or rebellion. In all these ways Pius IX. has singularly endeared himself to Catholic hearts, and has gathered to himself a veneration and regard which are seldom paid even to Roman Pontiffs. But he has never been greater, never more venerable, never dearer to the Church, never we may venture to say, more truly her benefactor and her Father than now, when he is suffering, at the end of his days, insolence, spoliation, and captivity for the sake of her independence. When the history of our days comes to be written, it will have to record the gratitude with which the Church honors his name perhaps even more on this last account than for any other of the great benefits which under providence she has received from him. In his solitude and captivity he is convincing the world by his sufferings of the cause for which they are endured, at the same time that they plead for it in heaven and draw to it more than ever the devotion of Christians on earth. So his name will be associated with this, as with other subjects of vital importance to religion—but in a different way. For some he will have labored and prayed successfully, as to others he will show the prudence of the wise ruler or the divination of the seer who lives in the lofty and serene atmosphere of faith above the world. For this, from the beginning of his long Pontificate, as it seems to the very end, he will have suffered. There are martyrs on the roll of the Church's glorious names who are so called because they have been persecuted, imprisoned, outraged, ill-treated, all but worn to death for the cause of truth, though they have lived to see the chastisement of their persecutors, and have at last died in peace. In this sense, at least, we may venture to say that Pius IX., who may be honored as the Doctor of the Immaculate Conception and as the Pontiff who convened the great Vatican Council, will be celebrated in after-ages as the Confessor and the Martyr of the Temporal Power and the Civil Independence of the Church.—*The Month*.

YOUNG MORTARA.

Few Catholics will have forgotten the Mortara case, which some years ago excited so much angry feeling against the Holy Father, and seemed for a while to brighten a little even the leaden intellects of Exeter Hall. The child of Jewish parents, this boy at the point of death was baptized by a Catholic nurse, and thus obtained a right to all the privileges

of Christianity. He unexpectedly recovered, and was removed by the authorities from the house of his parents, so that during the years of his helplessness he might be secured from the danger of perversion.

It would be difficult for us to exaggerate the cry of rage which arose from every part of Protestant and infidel Europe at this act of the Government of Pius IX. It was even made a case for diplomatic interference. The Pontiff was denounced as a remorseless child stealer, as the destroyer of the happiness of the domestic hearth, as the ruthless violator of the most sacred laws of our common nature. The bereaved parents were described as wandering from place to place, and finding no rest, bewailing their loss and calling upon Heaven to avenge them on their pitiless despoiler.

Need we say that as usual, it was a mere clever stroke of Protestant business—a sensational scene, got up by the British Reformation Society to elicit the tears, and (what was more to the point) the bank notes of wealthy soft-hearted old dowagers?

It is the law of the Roman States, that Jews are forbidden to have Christian servants; this law is for the express purpose of preventing the possibility of the Jewish children being tampered with. Mortara, the father, broke this law at his own peril, and had to stand the consequences. To all who believe in the immortality of the soul and in the obligations of Christianity, it is evident, that a child once baptized cannot be left in Jewish hands; cannot, in a word, have its eternal interests imperilled to humour any amount of sentimentality.

But again, was it true that the parents of young Mortara felt and acted as was so poetically described by more than some half dozen of our English journals? Not in the least. More than this, not one of the 80,000 Bolognese, in the midst of whom this happened, expressed the slightest interest in the affair. Our readers will of course also understand that the parents of the child could always see him, and that all the pathetic passages about paternal and maternal love, &c., were very pretty, but perfectly untrue.

Why do we allude to this case at the present moment? Simply on account of the audacity of that press which is sworn to falsify everything that is even remotely connected with the Church and its Supreme Head.

The *Miglioramento* is one of the revolutionary journals of Rome, and therefore, as may be supposed, is utterly reckless of the claims of truth and honor and decency. In a late number it renewed all the old calumny about him whom it plaintively calls "the child Mortara."

Now it happens that the object of its compassion, though once a boy, has been growing older every day, and at present is in his 21st year. He is also a canon of the Lateran Chapter, and is, in fact, as such a man as the editor of the *Miglioramento* himself. The other day this "child Mortara" published a protestation against the calumnious assertions of the revolutionary journal. Let our readers judge for themselves on which side is to be found truth and honesty, after they have heard the indignant language of this "victim of priestly tyranny."

I have, says the Canon Mortara, the right to defend myself, for I am of age. I have a right to say that the Catholic Church has been faithful to her divine mission in my regard. Liberty is the word which the "liberators" of Italy have ever on their lips, but it is evident it is only liberty for themselves and not for others. I have chosen of my own free will the religious state, and my father has written to me in these terms, "I do not oppose the determination you have taken, and I hope you will be contented and happy." Your so-called Italian philanthropists are in reality cursed with hearts harder than stone. You cannot understand my love for my family, especially for my dear parents. But they know it well, and will never deny it. I affirm that they who have watched over my education at Rome have always inculcated this filial love as the command of God. They have encouraged my correspondence with my parents, they have always received them with the greatest kindness; they have left us alone together, in fine, they have interfered in no way between us. I, therefore, the author of the present article, declare that if in the future any other journal shall repeat the falsehoods printed by the *Miglioramento*, I shall be ready with a reply to confound the calumniator.

D. PIGIS MORTARA.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 1870.

If it were possible for an Italian editor to blush or to be ashamed we might have some hopes that this simple but powerful protest would succeed as a good lesson with the men who at the present moment are busy destroying faith and morality throughout the States. As for the bigots at home we put it to them, what have they to say with regard to this their most sensational piece, "The Mortara tragedy?"—*London Universe*, Dec. 10.

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

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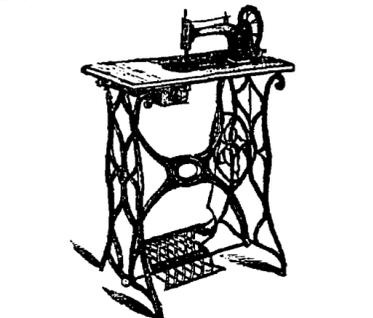
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Any one can use the Ivory Eye-Cups without the aid of Doctor or Medicines, so as to receive immediate beneficial results and never wear spectacles; or, if using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will refund the money.

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Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."  
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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