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# The True Witness,

AND

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## THE HOUSE OF LISBLOOM

A LEGEND OF Sarsfield.

From legends of the Wars in Ireland, by Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.

### CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"You will excuse me, young sir," returned Sarsfield courteously, "but methinks the command more befits you at the present, seeing that you are accustomed to the evolutions of these brave lads. Therefore I will serve as a volunteer under your orders to-day, and hope at the same time to do my devoir, like a man, with the rest."

"Well, my lord, I suppose it must be so," said Edmond of the Hill; "but, as I must thus command the whole, O'Hogan here will lead the horse, seeing that his own have not come in yet. When they do, Tibbot knows how to fall on with them like a man." To this O'Hogan assented. "My uncle here will keep by your side, my lord," continued the young Rapparee leader; "and, if he can get one good sword-lash at the crown of Gideon Grimes, why, in God's name! let him have that comfort before he dies. We must now away." His words of command rang along the line, and in a few moments the whole body was marching at a steady pace through the valley that led towards the foot of the far-off range of mountains.

After putting about a dozen miles between themselves and Glenurra, they arrived upon the verge of a bosky moorland, through which the Mulkern wound northward in many a shining sinuosity, overshadowed here and there by clumps of venerable ash-trees, that gave a peculiarly sylvan and picturesque aspect to its low, swampy shores. Out upon the other verge of this broad moorland the high peak of Comalte, the brawny giant that rears its shaggy head to the heavens in the van of the solitary range of Sliav Bloom, sent forward its rugged spurs, bedecked with many a cump of green holly or mountain ash, or shining all over with the blooms of the purple heather; and between these spurs, or hillocks, many a brawling rivulet shot down with its ever-murmuring song, and with its tiny waves glistening like silver in the golden sun of that pleasant autumn morning. From the spot on which they now halted, a broad bridle-path led through the centre of the moorland, and over a bend of the Mulkern by a two-arched bridge, so narrow that three horsemen could scarcely ride abreast over its rugged causeway. This latter was the Bridge of Tern, beside which poor Hugh of Glenurra had fallen on the previous day beneath the carbine of Black Gideon Grimes.

"Are your foragers from Lisbloom to cross this bridge?" asked Sarsfield, as his eye roved over and around the rude and ancient structure with a scrutinizing and keen glance.

"It is the only pass they have to the plain southward," answered Edmond of the Hill; "and we mean to wait for their coming in the wood at this side of it."

"I must certainly commend your judgment in the choice of a position," returned Sarsfield; "for the little plain between the wood and the bridge is a good spot for our horsemen to charge them when they are half over; and see, by my good faith as a soldier! at the very bridge the river takes a bend towards us, where our infantry can rake their flanks as they cross."

Again the little army moved on, and took up its position in the following manner: The horsemen, after forming in line in the wood in front of the river, dismounted, and concealed themselves under the trees, ready to mount again and charge at the word of their commander; while those of the infantry that carried muskets crouched down under shelter of the copes that clad the banks on each of the hither sides. The pikemen stood in a body under cover of the wood, on the flank of the horsemen; and thus they all awaited, with stern faces and vengeful hearts, the coming of their foe.

They had not long to wait. Before half an hour was over, they beheld the glint of weapons and armor in a winding valley that led down from the pass of Lisbloom; and at length the main part of the garrison of that important stronghold emerged upon the far verge of the moorland, and took its way over the bridle-path that led to the bridge of Tern.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTAINING, ALONG WITH THE END OF THE STORY, THE BATTLE AT THE BRIDGE OF TERN; THE DEATH OF GIDEON GRIMES, AND RECOVERY OF ELLIE CONNELL; WITH THE TAKING OF THE HOUSE OF LISBLOOM BY THE RAPPAREES.

"Were it not for my uncle, who insists upon avenging himself upon the very spot where Hugh fell, I would let them pass the bridge," whispered Edmond of the Hill to Sarsfield, as he saw the bright accoutrements of the enemy flashing in the sun; "I would let them pass, and then attack the House of Lisbloom in their absence."

"It would be the wisest course," answered

Sarsfield; "but, now that we will soon have them face to face, we must do as best we may. And a tough morning's work we have before us," he continued, peering warily out between the trees; "for, by Our Lady! they outnumber us considerably. See! our force only equals that of theirs in uniform. But look at that dark body of men in the centre, with the tall, lank horseman at its head. Who may that be?"

"It is Gideon Grimes, my lord," answered Owen of Glenurra, in a deep voice like the growl of a crouching lion.

"It is Black Gideon himself," said Edmond of the Hill. "O'Hogan," continued he in a fierce whisper, "pass the word to have the men lie close till they get the signal to mount and charge. I will blow the charge on my whistle when the time comes. And he held out a beautifully-chased silver whistle, that hung by a small chain from a ring in his belt.

O'Hogan crept in front of the line, executed the order of the young commander, and then returned.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, on looking forward again, "here comes their vanguard clattering over the bridge at last. I hope our men under the copes yonder will not be tempted to fire on them as they pass."

"My two foster-brothers, Theige Keal and Phadrig Garv, will see to that," answered Eman na Cnuic. "They command, one above and the other below the bridge, with strict orders not to pull a trigger till they hear my whistle."

The main body of the enemy was at last somewhat more than half over the bridge, the men bandying joke and jibe at the timidity of the poor Rapparees, whom they expected to find and cut to pieces on the spot; yet whose apparent absence not a little relieved their minds, however. The half-dozen men of the vanguard seemed in an unusually hilarious humor; for, as they leisurely approached the wood, they chaunted at the top of their bent the chorus of a delectable and popular Williamite ballad of the day, the verses of which were intoned in a rattling, jolly, and stentorian voice by the fat Yorkshire corporal who led them:—

"Och, be my sowl! but we've got de Talbott,

Lillabulero bull-na la!

And our skeans we'll make good at de Englishman's throat,

Lillabulero bullena la!"

"Yerra, then, be my sowl! if you were the father o' lies himself, but that's thrue for you anyhow, you red-nosed robber!" muttered Cus Russid to himself from a thicket about sixty yards in front of the corporal. "Hi, hi! I could split my sides wid laughin' at the way we'll carry out yer song, an' slit your wind-pipes, afore an hour is over."

"Ah!" sighed Sarsfield, as he too listened, "had both the subjects of that ballad, King James and Talbot, never set foot in Ireland, we would have managed our campaign to some purpose."

"It is but too true, my lord," whispered O'Hogan in return. "Had you been allowed by the king to charge with your Lucan horse at the Boyne, that disastrous day might have ended differently."

"Yes; and all subsequent affairs as a consequence," said Sarsfield.

Still the song went on, the chorus of each verse being now taken up by many of the men filing over the bridge:—

"Dere was an ould prophecy found in a bog,

Lillabulero bullena la!

Dat Ireland should be ruled by an ass and a dog;

Lillabulero bullena la!

And now dis ould prophecy is come to pass,

Lillabulero bullena la!

For Talbott's de dog and James is de—

"Ass," he would have said; but at that moment the shrill note from the whistle of Edmond of the Hill rang over the moorland, and at the self-same instant also the half-pike of Cus Russid came whizzing from the thicket; and, as the unfortunate corporal was in the act of opening his capacious mouth to pronounce with thundering effect this last word of the verse, the weapon entered between his teeth, literally transpiercing his neck. With a horrible groan he fell from his frightened horse upon the stony bridle-way.

The first voice that broke the terrible pause that succeeded was that of Cus Russid, as he darted recklessly out from the thicket, and tore the sword from the hand of the dying corporal.

"Hi, hi, hi!" he laughed, whirling the flashing weapon around his head—"ha, ha! Dhar Vurrhia! but you're a man in earnest, Cus, to draw the first blood on a day like this."

The next was that of Phadrig Garv, or Patrick the Rough, the foster-brother of Edmond of the Hill. Phadrig was a man of nearly seven good feet in height, and even disproportionately stout and brawny into the bargain. His tremendous voice rang over the moorland like that of a mountain bull, as he ordered his men to fire on the exposed flank of the enemy.

The third was that of Edmond of the Hill himself, as he gave the word for the horsemen to mount and charge and the pikemen to rush out from their ambush and fall on. Then

came the shouts of the English captains, as they ordered their men to deploy into line, and stand the shock of the vengeful Rapparees.

For a short time the enemy seemed to waver as they beheld the well-arranged lines of Irish horse and pikemen emerge from the wood, and heard their terrible battle-cry ringing over the sombre moor. But it was only for a moment; for, just as they commenced to turn their beards over their shoulders, as the Spanish saying goes, and look behind, Black Gideon Grimes and his compeers, with their men, came steadily forward upon their right in a well-formed line, the appearance of which had the effect of re-assuring the English troopers. But a continuous line all along their front, they got no time to form; for in an instant, with a ringing cheer that rose high over the rattle of musketry and the clash of swords, the Rapparees were upon them, with a shock like a peal of crashing thunder. Then commenced one of those struggles, sharp, deadly, and decisive, that always ensue when the antagonists on both sides are men of strength and mettle.

The English, both horse and foot, were good and steady soldiers; and their auxiliaries, the undertakers, were not a whit behind them in valor. These men, descended from the veteran soldiers of Cromwell's armies, still nourished in their bosoms the fatalism of their Roundhead fathers; and believing that the hour of their death was predetermined from that of their birth, and consequently that none could die then and there unless their inexorable fate-willed it, inheriting also a mad contempt for their Irish opponents and a hatred of the latter amounting to frenzy, they now stood their ground, and met the gallant charge of the Rapparees with a coolness and spirit worthy of a better cause. But, notwithstanding all this, the enemy began gradually falling back, till their whole line, with both flanks drawn in, appeared, with the gaps made here and there in it, like a torn *to de point*, or half-moon, in front of the bridge. Round the outside of this grim semicircle, the Rapparees, both footmen and horsemen, were now raging like so many demons.

At length the whole line suddenly gave way, and, horse and foot, mingled pell-mell, endeavored to make their escape over the bridge, the approach to which was soon strewn with their corpses; for the victorious Rapparees, with vengeful weapons and stout arms, pushed them close behind, cutting them mercilessly down as they fled.

"Blood for blood!" roared Phadrig Garv, as he rushed sword in hand against the confused throng.

"Remember Hugh of Glenurra!" shouted Edmond of the Hill, as he clove a dragoon's skull, through morion and all, to the very chin.

"Give them a touch of Limerick breach, my brave lads," exclaimed Sarsfield, rattling up the causeway and overturning everything in his way.

"Yes, and a taste of Ballineety," laughed O'Hogan, as he slashed the bridle-hand from the arm of one of Black Gideon's comrades.

"Vengeance, vengeance for my son!" yelled old Owen of Glenurra, as he, too, went cutting right and left into the fierce *mobs*. "Vengeance for my son! Glenurra! Glenurra, for ever! and down with the Pagan Roundhead dogs!" and the cry was caught up and echoed long and loud by his wild Rapparee followers, as they now swept their enemies, like chaff, over the gory araway of the bridge.

The English at length succeeded in getting over the bridge; and the Irish were crowding the slippery causeway in order to pursue them at the opposite side, when an unexpected messenger stopped them in their mid career. This was nothing less than a heavy iron round shot from the large brass cannon so much admired by Cus Russid a couple of days before. The enemy had concealed it as they marched across the moorland, expecting to meet the Rapparees openly at the bridge; and now, after escaping over the archway, they suddenly divided right and left, thus leaving a space through which the round shot came ricocheting along the thick throng of the advancing Irish. The delay occasioned by this unexpected visitor gave time to the enemy to form their broken ranks once more at the other side of the bridge.

Both sides were now upon their guard; and the battle dwindled down to an occasional shot from the cannon, and a rattle of musketry now and then from the skirmishers, who crept out on either shore of the Mulkern. It would probably have continued at this ebb until night separated the belligerents, were it not for a wild freak of Phadrig Garv, whose warlike spirit would not allow him to remain in inactivity so long, especially with his blood up, and the enemy almost within reach of his long arm. Mounted on a trooper's horse he had taken in the beginning of the fray, he now rode over the bridge to the opposite side; and there, reining in his steed, politely invited the best man amongst the English troopers to come forth and meet him in single combat:—

"For," said he in his imperfect English, and in a voice that could be heard distinctly at the other side of the moor, "fwhile our blood is hot, it is a morthal pity an' a burnin' shame to let it cool; an' hur own self will fight the

best *Saidhera Deegy* (Red soldier) amongst ye for a silver skilling or a *dhroch* of *Isgeral* (A shilling or a drink of whiskey).

The stake he proposed for his tremendous game of hazard was so low and reasonable that the simple-minded Phadrig expected to have his proposition accepted immediately and on the spot. A long consultation followed, however, amongst the English, during which he several times reiterated his cartel. At last a trooper, somewhat like Phadrig in stature, rode forth from the ranks of the enemy, and accepted his challenge. To it they went, stoutly and warily, encouraged by shouts from each side,—each party expecting its man to come off conqueror. The result of it was, however, that the gigantic Phadrig at length wheeled his horse round and made for the bridge, with his equally gigantic antagonist a prisoner stretched before him, beyond the bow of the saddle, like a sack of corn taken to the market by a Kerryman.

Seeing this, half-a-dozen English troopers spurred forward to rescue their comrade, while, at the same time, about the same number of Rapparee horsemen rode over the bridge to support Phadrig Garv. Once more it came to sword and pistol between them; and, both sides being joined by the main part of their respective comrades and officers, a general and far more bloody fight than ever commenced at the further side of the bridge. The English, who considerably outnumbered the Rapparees, succeeded in driving the latter partly back over the archway; and here, in one of those strange alternations which sometimes occur in the common course of life, but more frequently amid the shifting scenes of battle, Sarsfield, with Edmond of the Hill and his uncle respectively on his right hand, sat his horse at the keystone of the causeway confronting one of the English captains; while, opposite his companions, with tightened reins and sword ready on the guard, rode another Williamite officer and Gideon Grimes, the eyes of the latter glaring with a look of immortal hate into the equally fierce orbs of the warlike patriarch of Glenurra.

"I have seen your face before," said the English officer, eyeing Sarsfield keenly.

"Probably," answered the latter; "and, after this renewal of our acquaintance, I hope to make your memory of me more perfect. Guard yourself, sir."

The answer was a slash from the Englishman's sabre, which would have taken Sarsfield across the forehead, had he not parried it dexterously.

"By Our Lady!" exclaimed Sarsfield, pushing forward in the press so as to crush the Englishman's horse tightly between his own charger and the worn parapet of the bridge, "but you give a warm welcome to an old acquaintance. However, here is to return it."

With that, after parrying another cut from his antagonist, he suddenly seized the latter by the bridle-hand, raised it, and plunged his sword deep under the armpit; then, as he was in the act of withdrawing his weapon, the tottering parapet of the ancient bridge gave way, and the dying captain and his horse were precipitated along with the falling mass of masonry, with a loud splash, into the sullen and blood-stained waters of the stream below.—Sarsfield's horse stumbled over one of the displaced fragments, and would probably have followed that of the ill-fated Englishman, had not the good rider who bestrode him tightened his rein, and driven the snorting animal in a flying leap over the remaining portion of the parapet in front, and down upon the boggy shore at the other side of the stream, where he would have slashed and parrying right and left in the thick and raging throng of combatants, amidst which he alighted.

Meanwhile, Edmond of the Hill and the other English officer were not idle. Both were accomplished swordsmen; and the fight between them would have lasted for a considerable time, had not a stray bullet struck the horse of the former in the chest. The wounded animal, probably receiving the bullet through its heart, stumbled and fell heavily forward upon its knees; and the English officer, stooping over his saddle-bow, was about to cleave the head of Edmond of the Hill, when O'Hogan, riding by at the moment, struck up his sword, and then literally sheared his head in two with one slash of the four-foot blade he had taken that morning from Glenurra. In an instant, Edmond of the Hill was on his feet, and, springing into the empty saddle of his late antagonist, the two Rapparee captains rattled side by side into the press in front, and left Black Gideon and old Owen O'Ryan to see it out upon the causeway.

"Ha!" exclaimed Gideon, glaring at Owen. "Remember the bloody field of Knoocknanoss, old Rapparee dog, where you and your leaders were stricken by the good swords of the Lord's chosen warriors; but where you, in your profane rage, lopped off the right hand of my father. You shall now die for that sore blow, as your Rapparee son died before you yesterday by this hand."

"Yes," answered the aged soldier, "I remember that field well, base murderer, and the cuckoldy old Roundhead drummer, your fa-

ther. See! this is the very sword I carried through that field of blood, and that slashed off your father's hand, so that he could never more twirl drumstick and beat the charge to call the damned Croopers into battle."

Without another word, the two enemies closed; and Black Gideon would probably have fared something worse than his father at the field of Knoocknanoss, had not a round shot from the cannon struck the keystone of the bridge beneath the stamping hoofs of their horses. The rickety and timeworn arch fell in at the shock; and down into the horrible chaos beneath went the two mortal foes, horses and all, the combatants around standing still for a moment at the unwanted mishap, and then falling to once more, more vengefully than ever. There was a struggle and then a lull beneath; but in a few moments Black Gideon bounded up the opposite bank, with his gory dagger in his hand, leaving the dead body of the brave old chieftain of Glenurra beneath the broken arch.

Although the principal English officers had fallen, others of approved skill and bravery had taken their places; and the battle would have gone sorely with the Irish, who were now all at the opposite side of the bridge, their right flank raked by the terrible brass cannon, were it not that at this opportune time Tibbot Burke came riding over the moorland to their aid, at the head of about fifty of the fierce horsemen belonging to O'Hagan. On they came, their green plumes of fern dancing blithely in the wind, and with a wild and vengeful war-cry fell with sword and pistol upon the flank of the enemy. A terrible rout ensued. The English infantry were now scattered and cut down; and the horse, wheeling round, swept like a scattered torrent across the moor, and away over the rough country that lay between them and the Pass of Lisbloom, the Rapparee cavalry behind them, sabring them in little groups here and there over slope and valley.

Phadrig Garv, who wished to join in the pursuit, now found himself mightily impeded by his gigantic prisoner, whom he had contrived to keep before him on the saddle through the fray. Catching the bridle of a riderless steed that stood near, he bent his large, wild eyes compassionately on his captive:—

"Hur own self!" said he, "was once a prisoner, and a good Sassenach released hur without eric or ransom. Sassenach, and he gave the hurly form of the Englishman a tremendous shake, "take this horse and flee. It'll never be said by foe or stranger that Phadrig Garv Moeklonan failed to repay a good an' generous deed done to hur own four bones in the day of trouble."

With that, he helped his foe tenderly to the ground; saw him mount and fly for his life down by the shore; and the striking his ponderous foot upon the steaming flank of his own charger, with a relieved heart and contented mind, he set off with a hilarious roar upon the track of those that fled towards Lisbloom.

One of the English gunners who had charge of the cannon was a brave fellow, and deserved a better fate. Seeing his comrades turn and flee, he limbered up the cannon in a moment, leaped upon the leading horse of the team that drew it, applied his whip, and was in the act of galloping away, when Cus Russid, who was gliding like a little demon everywhere over the field, presented a pistol, and shot him through the head. And thus Cus took upon himself the credit of capturing the cannon he so much admired.

It was now about half an hour after the commencement of the pursuit, and Cus Russid and several of his companions were congregated around the gun, debating amongst themselves how to dispose of it, when a horseman came spurring back with an order from Edmond of the Hill to take it forward to Lisbloom, in order, if necessary, to batter down the defences of that stronghold. The triumphant Cus seated himself in a moment astride upon the breech of the gun, while some of his comrades mounted the horses; and away they went, attended by a jubilant crowd of pikemen. Now, Cus Russid, as the reader was made aware on his first introduction to that lively individual, had a particular penchant for singing songs on every possible occasion. Deeming the present a more than usually favorable one for indulging his musical propensity, after kicking up his heels in the excess of his delight, and calling for attention from his noisy comrades, he rattled forth in an exceedingly lively and merry strain:—

"THE PRODESTAN' GUN."

"There are threasuros in Ireland as good as a throne  
Mighty pleasant an' fine, could we make them our own;  
An' this Prodestan' gun is a very fine thing  
F'when it fights for ould Ireland and Shemus the King.  
Yet to-day in the fray, be my sowl! 'twas no joke,  
F'when this Prodestan' balls through the Rapparees broke;  
But its mee' nashe the sway o' the Dutchman is ran,  
For the Rapparees now own this Prodestan' gun!  
Chorus, boys! F'whilst there's life there's hope,  
As the worm said in the stomach o' the gamecock."

Dum erlium di tay, dum erlium ri da,  
Dum erlium, fol edriam, dum erlium ri da!

Whist! 'Tis time to stop yer windpipes, ye divvils. Here goes again, as the snowball said when it hit Nancy Doorman in the nose.

'Tis nate at the pattern to dance a mounee; 'Tis nate for to sit by a purty colleen; 'Tis sweet for to bask by a hedge at your aisle, For when the winds are all warm an' the sun in a blaze;

There's a pilsure in strikin' your inimy sore; There's a pilsure in friendship an' whiskey galore; But the greatest o' pilsure that's on dher the sun Is to turn to a Papish this Protestan' gun!

Chorus! chorus! as the wran said afore he cracked his windpipe.

Dum erlium di tray, dum erlium ri da, Dum erlium, fo! edrium, dum murlium ri da!

A burst of laughter hailed the termination of Cus Russid's song; at which that facetious personage kicked up his heels upon the cannon again, and seemed mightily pleased. When they at length arrived at a turn in the pass that brought them in view of the stronghold of Lisbloom, a sight presented itself before them that at once arrested their further progress. To explain it, it is necessary to go back half an hour or so.

When Black Gideon, who, with a dozen of his comrade undertakers and about thirty troopers, seemed to fly on the wings of the wind, reached his house and took shelter behind its fortifications, the Rapparees, headed by their leaders, were just entering the opening gorge of the pass. Gideon, seeing that the place was no longer tenable against the victorious force of the Rapparees, told all whom he met, and those that entered with him, to shift for themselves, and then rushed up a winding stair that led to the room in which Ellie Connell was confined. Bearing the fainting girl in his arms down the stairs and out into the bawn, he took a fresh horse, placed Ellie before him on the saddle, and dashing out with the rest through the open gate, followed their course up the pass for a few moments, then turned aside, and swept obliquely across the breast of the hill, in order to gain the shortest track leading to Ginkell's camp before Limerick.

It was therefore that Cus Russid and his companions, as they halted, beheld the Rapparees pursuing the panic-stricken remnant of the garrison up towards the high outlet of the pass, and two horsemen riding, one in pursuit of the other, across the declivity of the hill. Cus recognized them in a moment.

"Be the sow! o' my father!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't Black Gideon himself, with Ellie Connell afore him on the saddle! An' see, there is Tibbot Burke hot fut upon his track! That's it, Tibbot!" he shouted. "Don't spare the spur till you come at him with the good soord or pishtol. Hurry, hurry, hurry! for you have a fast rider and a desperate man to dale wid. Ock! they'll be soon out of our sight round the showldher o' the hill."

"No," said one of his comrades: "Tibbot is gettin' above him, an' will make him turn down into the glin o' Darren, fwhere we can see it all out bethune them. Dhar, Dhia! bud it'll be grand."

"Divvie a bit!" returned Cus: "he's too cute for that, boys. Look, look! he's goin' to ride down the side o' the Coum Deary," alluding to a deep scuur or glen that ran down the side of the hill; "an' if he get's into it, the sheep-track will take him out over the summit, bad luck to him on his journey!—Hurry, Tibbot, hurry! He's facin' it, an' see how the hoofs of his horse strike fire from the flinty stones! Hurry, hurry, Tibbot! or Black Gideon will give you the slip. Ha! honum-an-dhia, he's down!"

It was just as Cus Russid said. Gideon's horse struck one of its fore hoofs against a stone, stumbled, and then fell forward; Ellie Connell, luckily for herself, dropping quietly off upon the grass at the upper side; and Gideon, with a vain effort to recover himself, at length rolling over and over for a space down the hill. He was on his feet in an instant, however, and, drawing two pistols from his belt, stood prepared for Tibbot, who was now approaching at full speed. As the latter drew near, Gideon suddenly turned with a diabolical and sinister leer upon his face, and discharged one of the pistols at Ellie as she still lay senseless upon the grassy slope. The ball ploughed up the earth within half a foot of her head, but did no harm. The other pistol he got no time to use; for, as he wheeled round to take aim at his coming foe, the sword of Tibbot descended upon his neck, half severing the head from the quivering trunk. Thus fell Black Gideon Grimes; and the last mortal sound that rang in his ears was an exultant yell from the gorge beneath of the poor peasants whom he had oppressed and plundered of the little left them by war and tyranny in their native glens.

Ellie Connell soon recovered from her swoon; and, by the time she was conducted to the bottom of the pass beneath, most of those engaged in the pursuit had returned. There Tibbot presented his future bride to Sarsfield, who, with a pleasant face, wished them many a happy day together,—a wish that was afterwards fulfilled. Sarsfield then bade them farewell; and, with a mighty cheer that woke the echoes of the surrounding hills ringing after him, rode up the pass, accompanied by O'Hogan and his horsemen, who were to conduct him across the Shannon to Limerick, leaving Edmond of the Hill and his victorious Rapparees to occupy the doughty stronghold of Lisbloom for the service of King James the Second.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.

LORD CLANCARTY ON FEDERALISM AND DISMEMBERMENT.

To the Editor of the Freeman:

DUBLIN, Oct. 28.

Sir,—Although the enclosed letter, addressed to me by the Earl of Clancarty, was not written in any view to publication, the subject discussed in it is of such importance to the people of Ireland I have sought and obtained his lordship's permission to give it to the public. I will feel obliged if you

will give it a place in your columns.—Yours faithfully,

ISAAC BUTT.

LONDONTOWN, Oct. 10.

To Isaac Butt, Esq., Q. C.:

Dear Sir—I thank you for your pamphlet on Federalism. I have read it with much interest and, I may add, with a desire to see my way to joining the movement you have so ably inaugurated for Ireland. The recent violation of the fundamental condition of the Act of Union by the disestablishment of the church removes what might otherwise have been with a member of the Protestant Establishment an objection to moving for its repeal, but now the Protestants of Ireland are as free as the Roman Catholics always have been to do so. You have in your pamphlet very justly noticed how totally the Union has failed to produce the benefits that were promised from it, and your remarks are but too plainly borne out by the extent to which disaffection prevails in Ireland, and by her deplorably backward condition, so different from the marked advancement of the sister country in education, wealth, and all that conduces to material prosperity and contentment. If the comparison is humiliating to Irishmen, it is also discreditable to the Government of the United Kingdom, for whatever other circumstances may have contributed to produce it, there is one fact that might alone be quite sufficient to account for the contrast between the two countries. It is that, whereas England has the advantage of being governed by those who are intimately acquainted with her interests and practically responsible to her for attending to them, Ireland is powerless to obtain for her interests the attention they need from ministers, who commonly care little and understand less about them, and who can always plead for their neglect what has long been a received axiom in the United Kingdom, that "the case of Ireland is and always has been an insuperable difficulty." Such, certainly has been Ireland's seventy years' experience of England's Imperial rule; the suggestion, therefore, that you make in her behalf of home government, and the question how it should be carried out, may reasonably be urged upon the consideration of those who desire her welfare.

I am glad that you do not take up the notion of a simple Repeal of the Union, as advocated in the time of O'Connell. Your proposition of a federal instead of a legislative union with Great Britain would, as you have shown, render Ireland in respect of her government, far more independent than she would be if she were replaced in the relation to England in which she stood before the Union, and would, I believe, greatly conduce to the strength and general interests of the empire. Your chapter on the Irish Parliament before the Union certainly does not commend to acceptance the simple repeal of that act, and on the other hand what you have written under the head of "Failure of the Union Scheme," regarding the mode of doing Irish business in the United Parliament, shows unquestionably the unsatisfactory nature of the existing relations between the two countries. The remedy you propose is to give to Ireland a home government under a Federal Union with Great Britain. The question then arises—how shall so desirable an object be compassed? For this you would provide by giving at once to Ireland a separate constitution, similar to that of the United Kingdom. I do not undervalue the British Constitution. In theory it appears the best security for liberty and good government, and under it England has risen to her present greatness; but it must be remembered that it has been in English soil a plant of long growth and gradual development, and that from it has only of late years arisen that preponderance of power in the popular assembly, for the exercise of which, with benefit to the community, great experience in the conduct of public business, and clear views of the interests of the country, are as necessary as the highest action of native talent and patriotism. England has been trained to self-government, but Ireland has not, and it may be doubted whether she at present possesses the materials for providing any constitutional check upon a powerful but inexperienced democracy. In your chapter on "The Constitutional Powers of the Irish Parliament" you say you would not propose any change in the existing franchise, and that you take it as the basis for a considerable extension of representation to towns. I do not, I confess, see anything in such a proposition to begot confidence in the constitution of the future House of Commons. The public has lately had before them, besides other instances of utter unfitness for the exercise of an important public trust, the most disgusting exhibitions of corruption among the constituencies, brought to light by the trials of election petitions, that have followed upon nearly every contested election.

With much experience before us it is at best very doubtful whether, under the existing franchise, constituent bodies could be formed, likely to choose as their representatives men of high character and integrity, or who do not seek for seats in Parliament for purposes rather selfish than patriotic. Were the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament to be taken as a sample of those that would compose the future Irish House of Commons, the future of the country would be seriously compromised by being committed to such hands. By your own account of what you say was contemptuously called the Irish vote (in other words) of the majority of the Irish members returned by the existing constituencies, they have as a body, repeatedly lent themselves to party intrigues discreditable to members of a legislative assembly, and to the character of the country they represented, and I believe it may be affirmed that for the originating or carrying of any measure of social improvement Ireland has never been indebted to "the Irish vote." The Poor Law Act for Ireland, which alone reflects credit upon the Imperial Government, and was no party measure, found no support at their hands, but was, on the contrary, strenuously opposed by them. I am prepared to say exactly how the representative body for Ireland should be constituted, but to render it worthy of public confidence the past would plainly justify a considerable modification of its structure. Greater changes than are necessary should, of course, be avoided, and existing rights wherever they have not been abused, should be respected; but all persons to be hereafter admitted to the elective franchise ought to be qualified by education for the exercise of so important a trust, and it would be an act alike of justice and sound policy to give in an assembly that should consist of men of the highest order of intelligence, the right of being represented to the several learned bodies that at present, with the exception of Dublin University, are ignored in the Constitution of the House of Commons. It might also be well, before pressing for the establishment of an independent Parliament for Ireland, to await the result of those measures of reform that are said to be under consideration in the mode of voting and the re-distribution of seats. The constitution, functions, and powers of the House of Lords would further have to be very carefully considered and defined before a legislature of Queen, Lords and Commons should be given to Ireland.

In the meantime, however, a step might be taken which, while it would confer upon our country great and immediate benefit, would be acceptable to England by the relief it would afford to Parliament from the over-pressure of business. Having had frequent opportunities of noticing to what undue cost and inconvenience the promoters of private bills for Irish undertakings are subjected by the needless reiteration of the same evidence before committees of each of the two houses of Parliament, involving, besides the expense of a long journey, that of a protracted detention and maintenance of witnesses in London, along with the disadvantage of the objects of the bill being examined into by committees and lawyers both commonly alike ignorant of the circum-

stances of the country and of its population. I have long been of opinion that in lieu of select committees of the two houses sitting in London, a general committee composed of the Irish members of the House of Commons, and of Irish Peers having seats in Parliament, meeting in Dublin a month or six weeks before the opening of the parliamentary session would be a body much better fitted to inquire into and report upon all private bills for Ireland intended to be laid before the two houses. The work of such a general committee would, of course, be carried out with the aid of sub-committees, before which members of the Irish bar would practice as English lawyers have done hitherto exclusively, before committees sitting in London. To the same general committee might also, in the first instance, be submitted, to be reported upon all public bills relating exclusively to Ireland. If this were the rule, due attention would probably be secured to all such measures as might be of value to the country, and the surreptitious passing of jobs in legislation, so well exposed in your pamphlet, would be prevented. A responsibility in the works of legislation for Ireland being thus cast upon an assembly exclusively Irish, a very important step would have been taken towards the more complete conception of the right and duty of self-government, and by accustoming the leading men of different parties and creeds in Ireland to consult together upon the business of the country, the foundation would be laid of that well understood community of interest in her welfare which is essential to the success of such a measure.

The above, or some other such arrangement giving to Irish members of both houses their due weight, and a distinct duty in legislation for Ireland should commend itself to the consideration of the British statesman upon this as well as upon other grounds, viz.—That a course of imperial policy so plainly directed to the good of Ireland, irrespective of creed or party, would more than any other means tend to remove that spirit of disaffection that is at present, and has been for a long time, only kept under by extraordinary means of coercion, and render Ireland a source of strength to the dominions through the union and loyalty of her population. It must, however, be remembered that whatever may be said or thought by an Irishman on the advantages that a home government might confer upon Ireland, the concession of such a boon must depend upon the will of the Imperial Parliament. Any hasty or ill conceived measure would, therefore, be certainly rejected, and any attempt to effect it by violence or intimidation is certainly unsuccessful; but I have every confidence that, if it could be clearly shown that the concession would be of real advantage both to Ireland and to the rest of the United Kingdom, it would be favorably considered, and in my judgment the time for so considering it is just now the most opportune.

The views I have above suggested would not satisfy those who look forward impatiently to a great end, but they are, I conceive, the best suited to make that end attainable; and even if the movement were to go no further than the preliminary step I have suggested, I would prefer to stop there taking at once a great leap in the dark.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
CLANCARTY.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

INSIDE PARIS.—DIARY OF A BESIEGED RESIDENT.

PARIS, OCT. 19.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

Each person now receives 100 grammes of meat per diem, the system of distribution being that every one has to wait on an average two hours before he receives his meat at the door of a butcher's shop. I dine habitually at a bouillon; there horseflesh is eaten in the place of beef, and cat is called rabbit. Both, however, are excellent, and the former is a little sweeter than beef, but in other respects much like it; the latter something between rabbit and squirrel, with a flavor all its own. It is delicious. I recommend those who have cats with philoprogenitive proclivities, instead of drowning the kittens, to eat them. Either smothered in onions or in a ragout they are capital eating. When I return to London I shall frequently treat myself to one of these domestic animals, and ever feel grateful to Bismarck for having taught me that cat served up for dinner is the right animal in the right place.

Thursday, Oct. 20.

"The clients of M. Poirat are informed that they can only have one plate of meat," was the terrible writing that stared me on the wall, when I went to dine at my favorite bouillon—and, good heavens, what a portion it was! Not enough for the dinner of a fine lady who has previously gorged herself at a private luncheon. If meat is, as we are told, so plentiful that it will last for five weeks more, the mode in which it is distributed is radically bad.—While at a large popular restaurant, where hundreds of the middle classes dine, each person only gets enough cat or horse to whet his appetite for more, in the expensive cafes on the boulevards, feasts worthy of Lucullus are still served to those who are ready to part with their money with the proverbial readiness of fools. Far more practical, my worthy Republicanism would it be to establish "liberte, egalite, fraternite" in the cook shops, than to write the words in letters of gold over your churches. In every great city there always is much want and misery; here, although succour is supposed to be afforded to all who require it, many I fear, are starving, owing to that bureaucratic love of classification which is the curse of France. After my meagre dinner, I was strolling along the quays near the river, *Pestomac as Leger* as M. Ollivier's heart, when I saw a woman leaning over the parapet. She turned as I was passing her, and the lump from the opposite gate of the Tuileries shone on her face. It was honest and homely, but so careworn, so utterly hopeless, that I stopped to ask her if she was ill. "Only tired and hungry," she replied; "I have been walking all day, and I have not eaten since yesterday." I took her to a cafe and gave her some bread and coffee, and then she told me her story. She was a peasant girl from Franche Comte, and had come to Paris, where she had gone into service. But she had soon tired of domestic servitude, and for the last year she had supported herself by sewing waistcoats in a great wholesale establishment. At the commencement of the siege she had been discharged, and for some days she found employment in a Government workshop; but for the last three weeks she had wandered here and there, vainly asking for work. One by one she had sold every article of dress she possessed except the scanty garments she wore and she had lived upon bread and celery. The day before she had spent her last sou, and when I saw her she had come down to the river, starving and exhausted, to throw herself into it. "But the water looked so cold, I did not dare," she said. Thus spoke the grisette of Paris, very different from the gay, thoughtless being of French romance, who lives in a garret, her window shrouded with flowers, is adored by a student, and earns enough money in a few hours to pass the rest of the week dancing, gossiping and amusing herself. As I listened to her I felt ashamed of myself for repining because I had only had one plate of meat. The hopeless, hapless condition of this poor girl is, that of many of her class to-day. But why should they complain? Is not King William the instrument of Heaven, and is he not engaged in a holy cause? That Kings should fight and that seamstresses should weep is in the natural order of things.—Frenchmen and Frenchwomen only deserved to be massacred or starved if they are so lost to all sense of what is just as to venture to struggle against the dismemberment of their country, and do not under-

stand how meet and right it is that their fellow-countrymen in Alsace should be converted into German subjects.

OUTSIDE THE CITY.

General Vinoy, who was in the Crimea, and who takes a somewhat larger view of things than the sententious Trochu, has been good enough to furnish me with a pass, which allows me to wander unmolested anywhere within the French outposts. "If you attempt to pass them," observes the General, "you will be shot by the sentinels, in obedience to my orders." A general order also permits any one to go as far as the line of the forts. Yesterday I chartered a cab and went to Boulogne, a village on the Seine, close by the wood of the same name. We drove through a portion of the Bois; it contained more soldiers than trees. Line and artillerymen were camped everywhere, and every fifty yards a group was engaged in skinning or cutting up a dead horse. The village of Boulogne had been deserted by almost all the inhabitants. Across some of the streets leading to the river there were barricades; others were open. In most of the houses there were soldiers, and others were in rifle-pits and trenches. A brisk exchange of shots was going on with the Prussians, who were concealed in the opposite houses of St. Cloud. I cannot congratulate the enemy upon the accuracy of their aim, for although several evilly disposed Prussians took a shot at my cab, their bullets whistled far above our heads, and after one preliminary kick, the old cab horse did not even condescend to notice them. As for the cabman, he was slightly in liquor, and at one of the cross-roads leading to the river he got off his box, and performed a war-dance to show his contempt for the skill of the enemies of his nation. In the Grand Place there was a long barricade, and behind it men, women and children were crouching, watching the opposite houses, from which every now and then a puff of smoke issued, followed by a sharp report. The soldiers were very orderly and good-natured; as I had a glass, some of them took me up into the garrets of a deserted house, from the windows of which we tried in vain to spy our assailants. My friends fired into several of the houses from which smoke issued, but with what effect I do not know. The amusement of the place seemed to be to watch soldiers running along an open road, which was exposed to fire for about thirty yards. Two had been killed in the morning, but this did not appear in any way to diminish the zest of the sport. At least twenty soldiers ran the gauntlet whilst I was there, but not one of them was wounded. As well as I could make out, the damage done to St. Cloud by the bombs of Mont Valerien is very inconsiderable. A portion of the Palace and a few houses were in ruins, but that was all. There is a large larnack there, which the soldiers assured me is lit up every night, and why this building has not been shelled, neither they nor I could understand. The newspapers say that the Prussians have guns on the unfinished redoubt of Brinlerion, it was not above 1,000 yards from where I was standing; but with my glass I could not make out that there were any there. Several officers with whom I spoke said that it was very doubtful. On my return, my cabman, who had got over his liquor, wanted double his fare. "For myself," he said, "I am a Frenchman, and I should scorn to ask for money for running a risk of being shot by a *cavallie* of a German, but think of my horse;" and then he patted the faithful steed, whom I may possibly have the pleasure to meet again served up in a sauce piquante. The newspapers, almost without exception, protest against the mediation of England and Russia, which they imagine is offered by these Powers. "It is too late," says the organ of M. Picard. "Can France accept a mediation which will snatch from her the enemy at the moment when victory is certain?"

CAN'T GET OUT.

OCTOBER 27.

At an early hour yesterday morning about 100 English congregated at the gate of Charenton en route for London. There were with them about 60 Americans and 20 Russians, who were also going to leave us. Imagine the indignation of these "Cives Romani," when they were informed that while the Russians and the Americans would be allowed to pass the Prussian outposts, owing to the list of the English wishing to go not having reached Count Bismarck in time they would have to put off their journey to another day. The guard had literally to be turned out to prevent them from endeavoring to force their way through the whole German army.—I spoke this morning to an English butler who had made one of the party. This worthy man evidently was of opinion that the end of the world is near at hand, when a butler and a most respectable person is treated in this manner. "Pray, sir, may I ask," he said, with bitter scorn, "whether Her Majesty is still on the throne in England?" I replied, "I believe that she was." "Then," he went on, "as this Count Bismarck, has they call him, driven the British nobles out of the house of Lords? nothing which this fellow does would surprise me now."—Butler, charge d'affaires, and the other cives, are, I understand, to make another start as soon as the "feller" condescends to answer a letter which has been forwarded to him, asking him to fix a day for their departure.

THE MOBILES.

The newspapers yesterday morning having asserted that Choisy-le-Roi was no longer occupied by the enemy, I went out in the afternoon to inspect matters. I got to the end of the village of Vitry, where the advanced posts to whom I showed my pass, asked me where I wanted to go. I replied, to Choisy-le-Roi. A corporal pointed to a house some distance beyond where we were standing. "As the Prussians are in that house," he said, "you will be shot the moment you get over this barricade," pointing to one stretching across the road behind which we were. Just then the fort of Ivry behind us began shelling the Prussian lines, and thinking that some of those missiles might fall short, I fell back. The soldiers were greatly amazed at my having really believed a statement which I had read in the newspapers, and their observations respecting the Prussians and their "organs" were far more complimentary. On my way back, by Montmorency, I stopped to gossip with some Breton Mobiles. They, too, spoke with the utmost scorn of the patriots within the walls. "We are kept here," they said, "to defend these men all of whom have arms like us; they live comfortably inside the ramparts, whilst the provinces are being ravaged." These Breton Mobiles are the idols of the hour. They are to the Republic what the Zouaves are to the Empire. They are very far, however, from reciprocating the admiration which the Republicans entertain for them. They are brave, devout, credulous peasants, care far more for Brittany than they do for Paris, and regard the individuals who rule by the grace of Paris with feelings the reverse of friendly. The army and the Mobiles, indeed, like being cooped up here less and less every day, and they cannot understand why the 300,000 National Guards who march and drill in safety inside the capital do not come outside and rough it like them. While I was talking to these Bretons one of them blew his nose with his handkerchief. His companions apologized to me for this piece of affectation. "He is from Finistere," they said. In Finistere, it appears, luxury is enervating the population, and they blow their noses with handkerchiefs; in other parts of Brittany, where the hardy habits of a former age still prevail, a more simple method is adopted.

ALLEGED ATROCIOUS TREASONERY OF BAZAINE—EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES—METZ SOLD.

The following extraordinary disclosures throw

some light upon the surrender of Metz, with its large garrison, and the capitulation of the army of Bazaine: a total force of 170,000 men. It is supplied by the special correspondent of the Daily News:—

He says the Germans are detained at an army and fortress capitulating to an investing army larger than itself by only a small fraction. The 7th German Corps is to guard the city prisoners, while the remainder of 1st army will immediately depart for Paris and the south, where Prince Frederick Charles is to have Lyons for his headquarters. At ten o'clock on the 26th the forts were taken possession of by the artillery of the 7th Corps. At one o'clock the third division, which is to depart to the south-west immediately after the fourth, was reviewed by the Prince. The display was a most brilliant pageant. Thereupon the Imperial Guard, the elite of the French army, marched out of Metz, carrying their arms, which they laid down at Frescaty, while passing in review before the Prince. This honour was imparted to the Imperial Guards alone: they were received by the Prussian troops with respectful dignity, and not a jeering word was heard nor an indecently exulting look seen. According to the statement of General Von Zambrow, who held the Bois de Vaux on the morning of the 19th August Bazaine could then have avoided being shut up in Metz. After he was there he could, according to his statement, have readily made a sortie and rejoined MacMahon far more easily than MacMahon could have rejoined him. After most of his cavalry and artillery horses had been eaten, this course was more difficult, but still his movements are said to have lacked determination and even to have been frivolous in the last two sorties. These facts are put to the account of a complot with the Legation, according to which his army was to try and remain in *status quo* until the conclusion of the war in western France, and then become available with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes, Bazaine himself expecting in that case to be the Governor of the Imperial Prince and the virtual Regent. Nearly all the people of Metz seem to believe this, and many of the most influential have admitted so to me. During the whole of the investment Marshal Bazaine has never been seen in the camp except on some extraordinary occasions, never at all in the ambulance, and hardly ever in the city. He rarely said a word to encourage his troops.—Carobert sometimes cheered their patience a little, and then they would cry, "Vive Carobert, a bas Bazaine!" Towards the last he dared not, for fear of assassination, show himself to his own men, and the terrible relaxed discipline was assuredly the cause of the hasty surrender, at a time when there was still another week's rations for everybody on hand. On the morning of the 23rd five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the staff still indulged in luxurious meals, and four days' rations were given to the entire army that morning, while they had received none for two days previously. No beef or pork had been obtainable at any price for a week, but on that morning before anything had arrived in the town the shops had plenty. This is adduced as proof of the charges current in the town that speculators had seized much food, and that a rational system of apportionment, such as existed during the last ten days, if introduced at first, and combined with stringent requisitions, would have prevented much waste, and enable the fortress to hold out a month longer. The staff used to feed their horses on bread at first. Recently prices had advanced to the maximum:—Sugar, per pound, 30 francs; salt, 15 francs; one ham, 300 francs; one potato, 45 centimes; one onion, 60 centimes. A little pig caught near Gravelotte, was sold, it is said, at 748 francs. For the last five weeks the amputations have been performed without chloroform or ether, and the wounds dressed without carbolic acid. There are more than 16,000 sick and wounded, 35,000 persons have died in the town alone during the siege, the greater number from lack of proper care. The prevailing diseases are variola, spotted typhus, and dysentery. Scoury has not prevailed, though even the sick have for more than three weeks received their horse stanks and horse broths without salt. The reported discovery of a saline spring at St. Julien was a hoax, got up by putting salt into a spring to encourage the army.—When the surrender became known the people were furious. The National Guards refused to lay down their arms; while the editor of an ultra-Democratic paper rode about on a white horse, firing a pistol, and exhorting them to rally out and seek death or victory to escape the impending shame. He was followed by a lady singing the "Marseillaise," which produced terrible excitement. The doors of the cathedral were burst open, and the tocsin and funeral bells were rung nearly all night. When General Coffiniers appeared to pacify them, three pistol shots were fired at him. Finally, by the aid of two line regiments, he quietly dispersed the mob; but all night the sounds of grief, indignation and terror were kept up. Respectable women ran about the streets tearing their hair and flinging their bonnets and laces under their feet, wildly crying aloud, "What will become of our children! Soldiers, drunk and sober, tumbled hither and thither, in irregular troops, with their caps off and their sabres broken, sobbing and weeping like children. "Oh, poor Metz!" they cried, "once the proudest of cities, what a misfortune!—It is all up with France!" On the afternoon of the 23rd Bazaine passed through Ars on his way to Wilhelmshohe, in a close carriage, marked with his name, and escorted by several officers of his staff on horseback. The women of the village had heard of his arrival and awaited him with exclamations of "Traitor," "Coward," "Thief," &c. "Where are our husbands whom you have betrayed?" "Give us back our children whom you have sold." They even attacked the carriage and broke the windows with their fists, and would have lynched him but for the intervention of the Prussian gendarmes.

WHY BAZAINE CAPITULATED.

The following are the views of the clever military correspondent of the Standard on the capitulation:— Naturally the most eager inquiry is being made into the causes of such a frightful military reverse as the capitulation of Marshal Bazaine. The following is the result of what we have been able to gather from various sources. On the 21st it is said that the commandant of the city and fortress informed Marshal Bazaine that he could supply no more provisions. On this the Marshal drew in his outposts and ceased firing on the Prussians, and tacitly allowed his men to desert by dozens. When, however, the dozens became fifties, the Prussians refused to receive them. On the 24th there was some talk of a desperate attempt to break out, but the idea was given up, as the possible gain would not be in proportion to the certain loss. On this the negotiations with Prince Frederick Charles commenced. The above is the bare outline of the story. We have, however, received private information which throws some light on the subject. It appears that for some time before the surrender the stock of bread and brandy had been consumed, the only provisions left being horseflesh and wine. Scoury—from the want of salt—raged, and there was a want of doctors and every requisite for the hospitals. The French state that in all the sorties they have inflicted a greater loss than they have suffered, but that in the last affair the men were so weak from want of food that it was difficult to get them to advance. On seeing matters had arrived to this stage Marshal Bazaine held a council of war. It was there debated whether a desperate attempt would be made to break through the enemy's lines. It was admitted that this could be done with fair hopes of success, but with a certain loss of 25,000 men, who would have to be abandoned to their fate, were they fell. It was, however, argued that if the army after marching several miles exposed for the greater

part of the time to the fire of the enemy's artillery, they would be compelled to carry three successive lines of entrenchments, and would be helpless even if they succeeded. They had plenty of artillery if they succeeded. So that on the infantry all the work would be cast. These latter had 130 rounds of cartridges, but would reach the other side of the trench in a starving condition and literally without a morsel of food save perhaps horseflesh. In this state it would be an easy matter for the Prussians to follow them up with the three arms, and in the course of a few hours kill or capture the whole of them. In fact, as we have often asserted in the Diary of the War, Bazaine, if he did not his way through, could do nothing unless his sortie were made at the same time as an attack by a relieving army. In short, unless Prince Frederick Charles were first crippled, Bazaine could not, even if he broke through the investing cordon, reach any spot more than 20 miles off. We fully believe that if at the commencement of the siege, when his artillery and men were still horsed, and before the Prussians had entrenched themselves, Bazaine had thrown his whole army on one spot, making use of his command of the bridge to deceive the enemy, he would have got clear away. Instead of this he remained quiescent, and when he did make sorties he made them with detachments instead of masses. It is possible that relying on the arrival of McMahon, he thought he could not do better than merely delay 200,000 Prussians before the place, but as soon as McMahon's defeat was known to him he ought to have made a supreme effort. When he began to consume his horses it was of course too late to make any but partial sorties. We are assured that it was simply starvation which caused the capitulation, and there was no political intrigue whatever. It cannot be denied that Marshal Bazaine has, by his prolonged resistance, rendered great services to France, and has probably prevented Paris from being entered the week after the capitulation of the Sedan. For upwards of two months has the march of the new armies of France should affect anything if the new armies of France should affect anything if they will owe their success to Bazaine, for had he capitulated earlier the new armies would have been strangled at their birth. The Prussians have not been slow to profit by their victory. As soon as the capitulation was certain, but before it had actually taken place, the 2nd corps was dispatched to Paris. What will be done with the rest of Prince Frederick Charles's army? We estimate the whole of it at 150,000 men. Of these some 10,000 men will be required to escort the prisoners, and about the same number to garrison Metz and maintain the communications. About 20,000 men have been sent to Paris. About 100,000 men will, therefore, remain disposable. We imagine that a strong force—say 50,000 men—will be dispatched to capture Verdun, Metziers, Thionville, Montmedy, &c., and to contain General Boulwaki. The remainder will probably advance towards the Loire, stretching out a hand on one flank to Von der Tann, on the other to the army moving on the Rhone.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Oct. 25.—The Corporation of Dublin expressed an opinion yesterday upon the topic of the day in harmony with the popular sentiment. A special meeting had been called by a voluminous notice to take into consideration the deplorable war on the Continent, and to adopt measures to induce neutral Powers, especially England, to interpose and put an end to the slaughter. The object having been to some extent anticipated by the news that Government had already proposed an Amistice, it seemed doubtful at first whether the meeting would be proceeded with, and an hour after the appointed time elapsed before there was a sufficient number present to constitute a House. There was a very thin attendance in the gallery, owing, it is supposed to the same cause. Mr. Byrne, who introduced the subject on a former day, was absent but Mr. A. M. Sullivan took it up with great ardour, and moved a resolution calling upon the Government, in the interests of peace and justice, to take such steps as might induce the Powers of Europe to cooperate to bring about a cessation of the war without causing humiliation or dismemberment to either country. He accounted for the long silence of the Corporation upon the subject by observing that they were not unmoved or unsympathizing spectators of the events of the past few months, but they felt embarrassed in introducing such a topic, because it would be vain to affect rigid neutrality, and they feared to hurt the susceptibilities of the minority. He joined issue with those who alleged that France was to blame for the war, and deprecated the idea of pleading for her as a culprit. He maintained that, although the formal declaration of war had been made by France, yet it was Prussia which had been traditionally aggressive in Europe, and that a disturbance of the peace was to be feared, not from France, but Prussia. The latter, he said, had become swollen by continual aggression while the former remained as she was in the 15th century. He predicted that when France recovered from her sufferings, and remembered how mercilessly she had been abandoned by Europe, she would be proud that poor stricken Ireland had come generously and feelingly to her side. Other members of the Council expressed approval of the resolution. Alderman M'Sweeney thought it would not become the Corporation to press it, because just now the chances of success were likely to turn in favour of France. He thought it would be derogatory to that body to ask the Government to give one word of advice. England should give nothing but substantial aid to her faithful ally. If they had not been prohibited he believed his countrymen would have been found fighting on the side of France. He moved as an amendment that the motion be postponed sine die, and believing that the French nation would ultimately triumph, no resolution should be adopted except one expressing sympathy for England's faithful ally. The amendment was lost on a division, and the original motion adopted.

THE LIMERICK CORPORATION AND THE SPOILATION OF THE HOLY FATHER.—The Limerick Reporter states that at a meeting of the Corporation of that city, on the 20th instant, Alderman Quinlivan stated that before the business of the day was entered upon it was the duty of the Corporation, expressing the feelings of the citizens, and in accordance with their love of justice to begin a movement, having for its object a public protest against the conduct of the Italian King and Government, by whom the States of the Church have been invaded and the Holy Father robbed and made a prisoner in his own Palace. He thought there ought to be a public meeting held and a protest against the wholesale made. (Hear, hear.) Mr. L. Kelly fully agreed in the views of the last speaker. He denounced the conduct of those who attacked the Pope as nothing short of sacrilege and robbery, and outrageous violation of every just and national principle; a crime against public virtue and public honesty. Mr. Limerick said he would be most happy to give his services in the committee towards the preparation of a Protest against the crimes perpetrated by the sacrilegious robbers headed by the King of Italy against the Holy Father. Christendom would revolt against the flagrant wrong done him. The Town Clerk said that the Council would do well to draw up a protest of their own. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Conin: This Council will, no doubt, do their duty. Alderman Hogan: Our duty is to raise an army, and march it against the robber. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Kelly: If you show us how that can be done I will join you. The subject was then referred to a committee.

THREATENED EVICTIONS.—The Irish Times states that the tenants of the lands of Mullagh, Co. Westmeath, numbering over 60 persons, perfectly solvent and willing to pay their rents in advance, and who have spent considerable sums in improvements, have been served with notice to quit.

The commission of Oyer and Terminer was opened yesterday in the Court-house, Green-street, by the Lord Chief Baron and Mr. Justice Keogh. The calendar is very light, presenting only one case of a serious character—a fact upon which the Chief Baron complimented the grand jury.

One night recently, seven large stacks of flax, the property of Mrs. M'Carthy, living near Ballybay, were found on fire. They were nearly all reduced to ashes. The people of Ballybay and neighborhood regard the affair as one of the most vicious and gratuitous outrages ever committed in the County Monaghan, since it has been committed on one of the oldest and most respectable families of Ballybay.

In addition to the particulars already given, touching the attempted assassination of Mrs. Cope, near Carlow, we find the following in a late number of the Irish Times.—The assassin, when arrested, indifferently remarked that the police had a few minutes later both his victim and himself would have been "finished." Bolger had a considerable sum of money in his possession when arrested. Mrs. Cope is happily pronounced out of danger.—Bolger was committed to Naas Jail to take his trial for the offence.

John Roche was tried at the Quarter Sessions in Cork, on Oct. 8, for having arms in a proclaimed district. The prisoner, it will be recollected, was a carman, and in August last, while passing through Ballinhassig, a parcel, containing eight rifles, was found concealed in his cart. The weapons were muzzle-loaders, having bayonets attached. For the offence it was urged that the prisoner was intoxicated, and was ignorant of the contents of the parcel. The jury disagreed, and bail was accepted for the prisoner's appearance at next Assizes.

SERIOUS RIOT IN COEK.—SEVERAL PERSONS BADLY INJURED.—COEK, Nov. 13.—A party of soldiers, about 50 in number, belonging to the troops quartered here, undertook to-night to avenge the death of Gibson, a private in the 1st Dragoon Guards, who was killed in a quarrel with some citizens last week. They succeeded in provoking a fight with the townspeople, which soon became quite hot. They were shortly reinforced by 40 of their comrades, and the mob of people also increased. A scene of indiscriminate violence followed, and was only stopped by the interference of a strong body of police. Several soldiers, policemen and citizens were badly injured, but no deaths are reported. All the soldiers are under arrest.

Heavy storms have swept over portions of Ireland doing much damage and causing many wrecks. The Aberfeldy, of Greenock, stranded at Tiburina, about two miles distant from Blackwater Head. The vessel was laden with copper ore from Spain. No hopes were entertained of her getting off or of any of the cargo being saved. Four of the crew were drowned. Maryborough, Co. Meath, and the neighboring country were visited on the 5th ult. by a terrific storm, which raged for eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon with frightful violence. Stables were stripped from the houses and whirled through the streets, so as to endanger the safety of the passengers. That was torn from the roofs and driven far and wide from the dismantled cottages. Trees were dashed down and hurled across the Green road. It was formal necessary, in order to make the roads passable, to hew the fallen trees into pieces. Ricks of corn were thrown down and damaged, and stacks of straw and flying over acres of land.

IRISH CRIMINAL STATISTICS.—A book has just appeared in print giving the judicial and criminal statistics of Ireland for 1868, 1869, and closing with July of this current year. The book contains certain facts that should set statesmen and reformers to think and to work. The average annual number of agrarian outrages reported by the police is 350. The number of treasonable offences in 1868 was 830. It is a noticeable fact that in 1869 there was not one person sentenced to death in Ireland, while twenty-one were sentenced the same year in England and Wales.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—Mr. Fox, farmer, of King's County, Ireland, was yesterday fired at and wounded by an unknown assassin. Some men in the next field were called upon by him for help, but refused. His neighbors arrived soon, and saved his life.

DREADFUL MURDER IN THE COUNTY TEMPLEMORE.—Templemore, Wednesday This morning the body of a farmer named Murphy, from Clontarf, within two miles from Templemore, was found brutally mutilated. Circumstances have come to the knowledge of the authorities leading to the belief that the murder has an agrarian character. The telegraph has been set in motion apprising the police of all the surrounding stations in the county and elsewhere, with the view of making the perpetrator amenable. The deed was committed last night.—Freeman

RELEASE OF THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.—We are glad to have evidence of the general feeling in favor of the movement commenced by the Dublin Corporation to induce the Government to give their freedom to the Irish political prisoners. We quote the following remarks on the subject from the Times.—We are sure every person in Ireland who will touch this subject will do so for one purpose only—to secure the liberation of the prisoners, and their return to their homes at the coming festive season—and will scrupulously avoid giving to the movement the character of an "agitation." None who desire to see the prisoners freed, and we concur with our contemporary in believing that "not a voice would be raised against the policy of pardon," will give any excuse either by their conduct or their language for refusing to liberate those men who have so long pined in dreary captivity far from their homes and families:—

"With peace and order now established, and a general sense of confidence, undisturbed by the slightest political excitement, there is a growing conviction that a remission of the sentence pronounced upon the prisoners, who have suffered very severely, might be conceded with safety, and, if so, with advantage. If the crown should think fit to exercise its noblest prerogative, and restore the captives to their homes, it would certainly be a very acceptable Christmas gift to the Irish people, and would lose nothing of its grace and value if it were given in advance of the festive season. It is probable that in the present state of the public mind not a voice would be raised against the policy of pardon; but if agitation be renewed with a view of bringing pressure to bear upon the Government, it may excite a reaction of resentment and alarm, and so make it impossible to confer the desired boon. The first step has been taken towards setting the municipalities in motion. A requisition has been addressed to the Lord Mayor to convene a special meeting, at which a resolution will be moved by Sir John Gray. Sir John Gray will, doubtless, advocate the measure with his usual ability and tact; but other speakers in the Council or in the provinces, who may follow up the resolution, may not be equally prudent; and in any case agitation, however skillfully conducted, is to be deprecated."

ADMINISTERING THE NEW LAND ACT.—Mr. J. Townsend Trench has carried off the distinction of delivering, in Kenmare, the first judgment under the new Irish Land Act. The inquiry partook of the character of a court of reference or friendly arbitration, directed by Lord Landowne, between a tenant

of his Lordship's, named O'Sullivan, and the latter's undertenant, Casey, holding near Kenmare. Casey appears to have been a good and improving tenant; and the reason assigned for removing him was to make room for O'Sullivan's son, returned from America. It appears that the valuation of the holding was £12, and Casey paid O'Sullivan a rent of £28. O'Sullivan's interest in the land, which he purchased thirteen years ago for £100, will expire in 1874. Mr. Trench ruled that Casey was liable to eviction—that that was the landlord's right, but that the new law compelled him to pay for the exercise of that right such a sum as might reasonably satisfy the claim of the person evicted. And he decreed that if O'Sullivan wishes Casey to quit next May, Casey must do so, and O'Sullivan must pay Casey two years' rent (£56) in hand for disturbance, and £8 for unexhausted improvements. If the award stopped here, as a matter of arbitration, we should be disposed to consider it, perhaps, a fair and reasonable settlement of this particular case. But Mr. Trench went further. If Casey is continued another year in his holding, he is only to claim one year's rent and £6. If continued a second additional year his claim is further fixed down to half a year's rent and £4. If kept in until May, 1875, he must then quit—without receiving anything for disturbance or improvements—his claim to both, says Mr. Trench, "being by that time exhausted." If this rule could be applied to the administration of the Land Act, landlords need only serve a four years' notice to quit in order to free themselves of all claims for damages imposed on arbitrary eviction. But the spirit of the law is that this freedom can only be secured against a tenant by giving him—not a four years' notice, but thirty-one years' lease; and even at the end of that term the tenant will still have authority to claim compensation for certain specified unexhausted improvements. Did the case come before any of the new land courts, Casey would be entitled to claim compensation—200 on a scale of two years' rent, but on a scale of five years' rent, for disturbance his valuation is over £10 and under £20. He would also be entitled to claim for his improvements, and this claim would hold good in its integrity as well for an arbitrary eviction on the 1st May, 1875, as if he was obliged to quit next May.—Trade Chronicle

The subject of party processions is attracting a good deal of attention in the north-west. No definite resolution has been arrived at with respect to the Derry celebrations; but it is hoped that some means will be found to put an end to the ill-feeling which has so long existed. On the part of the Defence Association of that city, which has recently sprung into existence, with the avowed object of putting down the processions by any force if they are not otherwise suppressed, it is suggested that the Government should put them down by proclamation, and that then the association should be dissolved. On the other hand, the friends of the Apprentice Boys protest against such a course on the ground that it would give a triumph to a plainly illegal society and a premium to outrage. They rely upon the fact that their own organization is perfectly legal, and refuse to yield to threats of violence.—The authorities will have to consider whether they will insist first upon the dissolution of the Defence Association, and then put down the celebrations, which it would be in a stronger position to do after asserting the law, or allow the impression to be produced that they have acted under the pressure of organized violence; but at present there seems the likelihood of either party voluntarily giving way, and in a few weeks there will be another anniversary to arouse their hostile feelings. Mr. Colley, Q.C., the chairman of the county, has opened a vigorous crusade against all party displays, and appeals to the magistrates to use their personal influence and to put the common law in force to suppress them. At Maghrafelt Sessions, where some charges arising out of party feuds were brought forward, he took the opportunity of referring to the subject in some pointed observations, and succeeded in enlisting the hearty co-operation of the whole bench. Such an expression of opinion as he elicited from gentlemen of different creeds cannot fail to have a beneficial effect.

Some of the Protestants of Ireland take very enlightened views of the war in France. They see in the annihilation of that country the certain doom of Catholicism and the Papacy. The triumph of Prussia will settle for ever the pretensions and arrogance of Romanism. After the surrender of Sedan some Protestant schoolboys of Dublin got a holiday to rejoice over the downfall of monarchy and superstition. When Metz succumbed they were turned out of school again to celebrate the glorious and immortal memory of King Billy by playing marbles on the side-walks. This training is calculated to make them very good citizens, and fearless, brotherly-loving Christians. Those far seeing, liberal-minded Protestants are not aware that Garibaldi, their pet and idol, is at the head of a French army cutting up the Prussians in the Vosges, therefore fighting for the Pope, if King William be fighting against him. Nor do they know the Prussian Press, to a considerable extent, is coming to the aid of the Pope. The Augsburg Gazette, that notoriously Masonic journal, and hitherto most violent assailant of the Pope, has wheeled right about and now maintains that it would be suicidal policy for the monarchs of Europe to permit the overthrow of the most ancient of thrones. This German paper, like one or more English sheets, has lately been sold to Prussia, and is rightly regarded as the exponent of the old divine right's sentiments. Of course, it cannot be admitted by Protestant reason that the King of Prussia is on the most friendly terms with his Holiness, to whom he has addressed several letters of condolence, and for whom he entertains "an affectionate and chivalrous respect." If the Pope is to be once more reinstated on the throne of the Pontiffs, it is most likely to be the work of Protestant England and Protestant Prussia. In the restoration of the Pope by those Powers there is a principle involved which is dearer to King William than the Thirty-nine Articles. But our one-eyed fellow-countrymen can see nothing in the awful events of the time but Protestantism abso!—Dublin Irishman.

THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH CONVENTION.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Arlath a committee has been appointed to confer with a similar committee appointed by the Methodist body with a view to effecting a compromise by which that body may be incorporated with the disestablished church. A memorial was presented by the vice-chancellor from six lords-licutenant of counties, 87 clergymen, and 40 magistrates praying that the existing prayer-book and formularies might be preserved. On the other hand Mr. Brooke, Master in Chancery, presented a counter-petition signed by 3,800 churchmen demanding a revision of the prayer-book and such changes in it as will guard the Church from the innovations of the Ritualists. The most extraordinary scenes were enacted during the discussion of these matters by the fathers of the disestablished church. The newspaper reports described the uproar as "furious." One of the delegates declared that the noise and confusion convinced him that the brains of most of the assembly were situated in their boots and umbrellas, as they never gave any utterance except through these organs. The clerical delegates, as may be imagined, were, mostly in favour of preserving the present formularies, but it is easy to perceive they will be outnumbered. The Rev. Mr. McIlwaine, referring to the 3,800 signatures which has been obtained apparently by a very active canvass, stated that the Diocese of Connor which included Belfast and contained 200,000 Connor which included Belfast and contained 200,000 inhabitants furnished only one name. From the inhabitants it is evident that the disestablished church is rapidly freeing itself from all sacerdotal guidance.

DUBLIN, Oct. 27.—The Defence Association of Derry have issued a long address to the Catholics of Ulster in reference to the recent communication of the Chief Secretary for Ireland on the subject of Party Processions. They protest against being placed on the same footing as the "degenerate band that yet clings to the appellation 'Apprentice Boys,'" and maintain that for the past 20 years they have shown a law-abiding spirit, and manifested "exemplary, perhaps criminal patience" under circumstances of great provocation. They complain that the Government of Ireland failed to do its duty by the people, although repeatedly appealed to for redress, while the Catholic people, performed their part with "unusual strictness." The inference they draw from the language of the Government, and the implied sanction which they say has been given by the authorities to the demonstrations of "a political mob" is that, if the just is to be put an end to, "the people must look to themselves as the means to that end." They declare their readiness to enter into the spirit of the appeal made by the Government to those who take part in those displays, and think it would be noble and patriotic to cast aside the badges of a tyrannical ascendancy, and they characterize their commemorations as "a public insult, a challenge, and periodical defiance of the people thus insolently triumphed over." They charge the Apprentice Boys and their Orange friends with being the aggressors in violent and offensive attacks upon them, and refer in proof of these assertions to speeches made by the "Governor" and others, and to riotous scenes which have occurred, and they call for the enactment of the law putting an end to all party displays, or for the voluntary dissolution of the society of Apprentice Boys, and they promise to dissolve at the same time if their opponents accept the offer. There is certainly much truth in their complaint as to the irritating character of the demonstrations, though they passed off quietly for many years. It is desirable that the dispute should be, if possible, amicably settled. The Government, however, can be of course, no parties to any compromise, but will be prepared to act when the proper time comes.—The debate in the Convention on the motion to appoint a committee to consider the question of a revision of the Prayer-book was carried on yesterday with unabated spirit. At times the disputants exhibited great warmth, and the Metropolitan-hall presented a scene of excitement and confusion such as might be expected in a popular assembly agitated by a subject of great interest. There were frequent interruptions and clamour, but on the whole the discussion was maintained with temper. Lord Oranmore, the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Plunket, the Dean of Limerick, Mr. James Spaight, Mr. Sanderson, M. P., Rev. Dr. Foley, and Lord Curriek spoke strongly in favour of the resolution; and the Bishop of Ossory, the Dean of Ferns, Cashel, and Cork, the Rev. Dr. Moran, Judge Warren, and the Rev. Dr. Sulman, F.T.C.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, against it. The speeches on both sides were pointed and forcible; the supporters of the motion contending that the use made of the ambiguous language of the Prayer Book by the Ritualist party rendered it necessary to have, and dangerous to put off a revision; that the public voice demanded it; and Mr. Sanderson quoting with effect the preface of the book itself to show that the wise men who compiled it contemplated changes in its formularies, while all who desired revision repudiated the idea of changing its doctrines. On the other hand, it was argued that the revision was not necessary; that the doctrines of the Church were clearly expressed in the Prayer-book, and that to appoint a committee would increase the danger which some apprehended, disapproving public expectation, and have a generally mischievous effect. During the delivery of Dr. Sulman's speech a furious storm arose, which threatened to disperse the assembly. The Rev. gentleman, who is not accustomed to address public meetings, and is not trained to the use of strictly Parliamentary language, characterized the resolution of Master Brooke as "dishonest" and "double-faced," though he eulogized the mover as an honest man. Several delegates sprang to their feet at once to resent the insult. Master Brooke knew that he did not mean personal affront was intended, but this did not appease his friends. They demanded the withdrawal of the offensive epithets, and each of the disturbers being called to order by another, amidst shouts of "shame," "chair," and other expressions of displeasure, the disorder seemed to be quite beyond the power of the assessors or chairman to control. Lord James Butler and Lord Leitrim were conspicuous in the arena. The former told the assessors that if they allowed such expressions to be used on one side of the room, those on the other side must claim the unfortunate privilege of using them also. Lord Leitrim designated the observations of the Rev. professor as "ungentlemanly." This aroused Dr. Ball, who rebuked his Lordship, and informed him that he was immeasurably more out of order than Dr. Sulman. Lord J. Butler was proceeding to exercise the privilege which he asserted, when the Duke of Abercorn retorted upon him that in his speech the day before he had used language "more strong, more violent, and more insulting" than that which he complained of. Dr. Ball promptly interposed, and delivered the Duke from the consequences of his indiscretion, by ruling that he was out of order and requesting him not to continue his tone of observation. While the uproar was at its height the Lord Primate threatened to leave the chair and retire from the meeting, along with his episcopal brethren. This had a cooling effect upon the assembly. Dr. Sulman withdrew the word "dishonest," and explained and defended the epithet "double-faced," and was allowed to resume his speech. After the debate had lasted for a considerable time the Duke of Abercorn moved an amendment to the resolution to the effect that a committee be appointed "to consider whether, without making such alterations in the liturgy or formularies of our Church as would involve or imply a change in her doctrine, any measure can be suggested that may be calculated to check the introduction and spread of novel doctrine and practices opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church." His Grace supported his amendment in an earnest and effective speech. Master Brooke declared his readiness to accept it in place of his own resolution. Archbishop Stoford, however, his second, declined to do so. The Bishop of Derry deprecated revision and the appointment of any committee, but preferred the terms of the amendment to those of the resolution if the meeting insisted upon having a committee, and he declared unambiguously for himself that he always professed Protestantism. The Vice-Chancellor spoke, and some expressions of impatience against both the resolution and the amendment. The Rev. Professor Jellet supported the amendment, and the debate was again adjourned.

EVENSING.—In the Church Convention the Duke of Abercorn's amendment was adopted after a show of hands, but without a division.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A special London telegram says that orders have been despatched for the recall of vessels of war at every station, except such as are actually needed in foreign waters. A large concentration of ships at Portsmouth is already apparent, and the greatest activity prevails in all the naval depots of the kingdom.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—The Times correspondent telegraphs from Vienna to-day, that Gortschakoff's note causes great excitement in political circles. Count von Beust will take immediate and serious steps and an alliance between England, Austria, Italy, and

Turkey is seriously contemplated by Count von Beust and Count Andraszy.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—There was great excitement but no panic to-day over the Russian news on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. The step on the part of Russia has been so long expected that the public have been partly prepared for it. It is the form and the perentoriness of Russia's declaration which created surprise rather than the demand itself. Notwithstanding the warlike tone of the Times this morning, great doubt was felt whether the English Government would repel Russia's pretensions to abrogate by her own act the treaty of 1856.

A Herald's special dated London, Nov. 16, says:—At a Cabinet Council to-day it was resolved to act decisively in regard to Russian complications.—Great popular indignation exist against Russia.

Oto Russell has informed Lord Granville that Bismarck says that Prussia has not been, and will not be, a party to the abrogation of the treaty of 1856 by Russia; that Gortschakoff's circular took Bismarck by surprise; and that no secret understanding exists between Prussia and Russia. Bismarck's protestations are received with incredulity by the best informed circles here.

The World's special, dated London, 16th says the whole London press to-morrow morning will open a cry against Russia, appealing to the Government to declare war if she persists in her demands. The feeling in the city is intense, and the excitement almost unprecedented. The Government finds itself pressed forward to an attitude it had not designed at first to assume. This feeling is so strong that the Government is convinced that it is unsafe to resist it. Extraordinary activity prevails at the Admiralty. Orders have been given to the men to arm and prepare the entire fleet. The work is to go on day and night at Portsmouth, Davenport, Spithead, and Sheerness.

DEATH OF LORD OSLOW.—The eldest member of the House of Lords is dead. The Earl of Oslow expired at his residence, Gloucester Villa, Richmond, within a day of completing the 93rd year of his age. He was born Oct. 25th, 1777, within 16 months of the declaration of American Independence, and 12 years before the outbreak of the first French Revolution. At the date of his birth the great Duke of Wellington and the First Napoleon were respectively 8 and 10 years of age.

The London correspondent of the Scotsman, writing on Thursday evening, says:—A sort of murmur is abroad, as it were, floating in the atmosphere of gossip, to the effect that the Government contemplates an amnesty for a number of the political prisoners suffering punishment under convictions for Fenianism. We should hope that the people of London and of England will show their good sense in the event of the liberation of the Irish political prisoners, by not only not murmuring, but by expressing their satisfaction that there is not in England one prisoner convicted of a political offence.

THE FORTUNE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The following letter has been published in reference to the assertions that the Emperor Napoleon has made large investments in the English funds:—Sir,—With reference to various statements which have appeared in the public prints as to the investments of money said to have been made by our firm for account of the Emperor of the French, or as to stocks and property said to be held by us for his account, we deem it right to state, through the medium of your journal, that at no time have we made any investments for account of the Emperor, and that we do not hold any stocks or objects of value for his account. We shall therefore feel obliged to you for the insertion of this letter, and beg to subscribe ourselves your obedient servants, Darling Brothers.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—Earl Granville's circular is approved of in very opposite quarters. Its fitness of tone has occasioned astonishment especially among the Tories who organ this morning is silent. The leading Liberals are scarcely less surprised. Yesterday they expected an acquiescent policy and were prepared to defend it. To-day there is no such indication. Earl Granville has gone beyond the point where public opinion will support him. Some of the diplomatists say openly they can see no way out of it but war; but it is equally difficult to see how this cabinet can go to war or take steps leading directly to war without being first reconstructed, nor is it yet the opinion of the Foreign Office that Russia means to bring on or that England will be bound to accept the conflict. They say the situation is undoubtedly grave; but before an opinion can be formed the answer of Gortschakoff must be known which cannot be for several days, probably it will not be for a fortnight. Earl Granville's despatch was delivered by the Queen's messenger to Sir Andrew Buchanan at St. Petersburg on Tuesday, and by him to Prince Gortschakoff on Wednesday. It is not expected that he will reply instantly, nor is it believed he anticipated an answer like that which he had received.

UNITED STATES.

A NEW ERA.—The Jews have their own ideas about the events now taking place in the Old World. The following extract from the Cincinnati Enquirer will be read with interest:—"We cannot close our remarks on passing events without referring to the rejoicing in Protestant circles over the decline of the Papal power. 'When thy enemy falls rejoice thou not; when he stumbles let not thy heart be glad, lest the Lord see it and it might appear evil in His sight.' Those jubilant gentlemen suppose it is Catholicism which is on the decline, but this is not true; it is Christianity, it is Orthodoxy, it is positive religion as the dark ages of the past have shaped it, it is the whole fabric all around which shakes, which, like Balaam, is destined to fall and to give way to the rising creed of humanity. The reformers in politics are the natural allies of the reformers in religion. The democratic masses of Europe are antagonistic to churches and priests as to castles and Kings."

M. Taillefer, commanding the Zouaves, is a noble specimen of a man and of a soldier. We expect to hear of him again. The first time we saw him, when embarking at New York nearly three years ago, we were struck with the prevoxyant and solicitous manner in which he cared for those under his charge—nearly all of them his juniors. We noticed the same trait on his return; and one of the remarks he made on the platform of the car, just before starting, was that the time of the year in which they were going back to Canada from the climate of Italy would be very hard on some of the Zouaves—he seemed always to be thinking of others than himself. The cowardly canaille in Rome, who knew of the prowess he had shown in battle, took a special delight in insulting him when he was a prisoner and disarmed. They called him il orso di Canada—"the Canada bear," and even plucked him by his magnificent beard—so one of the Zouaves told us. The responsibility he had for the safety of his men, and his Christian fortitude, enabled him to treat these insults as he would the freaks of monkeys.—N. Y. Freeman.

Attention has lately been aroused in the United States by suspicion of a system of murdering innocent babes. According to the New York Times infanticide of the same order is quite common in that city; and the Springfield Republican, in an article on the same subject, says, no doubt with terrible truthfulness, that the crime in some form or another prevails in all large cities, and instances Boston, which lays considerable claims to morality, as a case in point.—Montreal Gazette.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Friday, 25—St. Catherine, V. M.  
Saturday, 26—Of the Immaculate Conception.  
Sunday, 27—First of Advent.  
Monday, 28—St. Irene and Comp., MM.  
Tuesday, 29—Vigil of St. Andrew.  
Wednesday, 30—Fast. St. Andrew, Ap.

DECEMBER—1870.

Thursday, 1—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No important change in the relative positions of the belligerents in France has occurred since our last. The Prussians still surround Paris; and outside they are likely to stay, till the combined influences of winter, and disease, and of the disaffection in Germany rapidly spreading and intensifying as war calls for fresh victims—compel them to moderate their terms, and conclude a peace which shall not dismember France. There have been skirmishing and sorties from Paris, but no decisive engagement has taken place.

Victor Emmanuel has not yet screwed his courage up to the point of making his entry into Rome. The unhappy man is in sore straits; behing him is the Revolution urging him—not to say kicking him—to go in and take possession of his prey. Before him is the majesty of the Vicar of Christ, to which he fears to offer the last and crowning outrage.—By orders of the Piedmontese Government the Palace of the Quirinal has been broken into, and robbed of its ecclesiastical archives. Such of the journals at Rome as have ventured upon criticism of this wanton act of spoliation have been forcibly suppressed. Rumors that the Sovereign Pontiff meditates a retreat to Malta are again rife.

As we anticipated would be the case, Russia is pursuing as towards the Sultan and the parties to the Treaty of 1856, the same course of policy as that which with the applause of Protestant Europe, Piedmont has adopted with regard to the Sovereign Pontiff, and France.—Emboldened by the present state of affairs which seem to leave her free to violate Treaties, and to trample upon the rights of her weaker neighbors, Russia has formally announced that she no longer deems herself bound by the obligations by her contracted in 1856 to put no armed vessels on, to build no naval arsenals on the shores of the Black Sea. She laughs international obligations to scorn; and with a cynical disregard for honor tears up ostentatiously Treaties which she imagines that the other contracting parties are no longer strong enough to enforce. We can scarce blame Russia however; for why should her rulers be expected to be more scrupulous about pledged faith and the rights of weak States, than are Victor Emmanuel and the statesmen of Italy. Russia has as good a right, if it can enforce that right, to annex Constantinople and make it the capital of the Pan-Slavonic Empire looming in the distance, as has Victor Emmanuel to annex Rome, and to make it the capital of the new fangled Kingdom of Italy. In denouncing the actual policy of Russia, Liberal writers do but make display of their contempt for consistency, and their disregard of the fundamental principle of all justice.

The upshot of this business is doubtful.—The diplomatic doctors who have been called in will try no doubt and apply some salve in the shape of a Congress, which may for a time cause the Eastern ulcer to scab over; but heal it by such appliances, or prevent it from breaking out again as virulently as ever on the first favorable opportunity, they cannot. Great Britain, single-handed, cannot enforce the terms of the Treaty of 1856. France is for the moment crippled, and cannot help her; and there is not in Europe one Power whom in her need, Great Britain can rely upon as an ally.

She will therefore again have to eat humble pie; but to this diet she is becoming, since the war on this Continent, well accustomed.

Among the minor items of news it is mentioned that the Duke of Aosta has been elected King of Spain. Were it not for his father's crimes, which must bring down punishment on the family, almost could we feel pity for the unhappy young man.

MANDEMENT OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, ENJOINING A TRIDUUM OF PRAYER FOR OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE.

IGNATIUS BOURGET, by the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne.

To the Clergy Secular and Regular, to the Religious Communities, and to all the Faithful of our Diocese, Health and Benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

We raise Our voice this day Dearly Beloved Brethren, but to make you hear Our sobs and groans; for the minds of all are preoccupied, and all hearts are agitated in these days of misfortune through which we pass. The striking demonstrations in honor of the safe arrival of our Zouaves do but confirm the sad news, and augment our just sorrow.

For three months, sad echoes have daily repeated what was passing in the old world, and plunged our souls in profound bitterness, as they informed us of the dreadful trials with which Divine Providence had visited France, the birthplace of our fathers, which in placing them on our shores, had together with the ancient faith bequeathed to them great and precious establishments.

More and more were We grieved in learning that this great nation was deeply humiliated; that her armies hitherto invincible, had been beaten; that her Emperor and chief Generals had been made prisoners; that her fair and wealthy plains had been ravaged; that her cities and fortresses, deemed impregnable, had fallen into the hands of the enemy; that fatal divisions tore her internally, whilst externally she suffered from all the horrors of war; that all her families were plunged in grief and mourning, all having to weep over the loss of beloved relatives; that with each battle the numbers of orphans increased, because of the numbers of warriors who lay dead in the dust.

From the outbreak of this disastrous war We have been in prayer, imploring the Divine Mercy. We have had recourse to the good and powerful Virgin the *Help of Christians*: in our cities and rural districts We have enjoined pious and solemn processions to turn aside the terrible scourge of war. But still our hearts were in fear, in spite of our trust in her who can do all things with God; for we learned with pain, that those who had usurped power over this country once so flourishing, were doing all that in them lay to provoke the wrath of heaven, instead of seeking to turn it aside by humiliation and repentance; that the statue erected to Voltaire in a moment of sacrilegious effervescence, far from disappearing in the midst of so many calamities was receiving still greater honors as if to insult the Son of the living God of Whom he was the deadliest enemy; that, in fine, political parties instead of uniting to drive back the common enemy were but more and more dividing themselves to the ruin of the nation.

And whilst day by day these deplorable events were becoming more momentous, the Revolution has put the climax to our sorrow by consummating its projects for the spoliation of the Pontifical States, and by seizing upon Rome in violation of all laws, human and divine.

It was on the 27th of last September as you are aware, Dear Brethren, and by means with which you are already acquainted that this shameful and iniquitous act was accomplished. The public voice has informed you of the glorious defeat of the Pontifical army, and the shameful victory of the Italians on this day, ever sadly memorable. Our Zouaves, who took so active a part in the events of that day, and who to-day arrive from Rome, will repeat to you what you have already heard, and will supply many interesting details of which you are ignorant, but which are well fitted to excite your highest interest.

To them then We leave willingly the task of telling you in the simplicity of their souls what they have done to carry out their noble and important mission; what has been their conduct since the day of their departure to that of their return; how they lived whilst under the Pontifical flag; how they have acted in defence of the good cause; what caresses our common father has bestowed upon them; what affection he has incessantly displayed towards them, and what they have done in return; their cordial attachment to their chaplains who at all times were as fathers to them, their friends and guides in this long voyage; their efforts for the defence of the Holy City, and their good will to shed the last drop of their blood in the breach, but for the imperious order which compelled them to lay down their arms; the horrors and sufferings of the prison to which they were doomed; the outrages and insults

from their dastardly enemies which they were forced to endure; the imminent perils to which they were exposed, and from which they were miraculously delivered; in fine, all that relates to their expedition, that they might be as towards the Holy See, the representatives of the people of Canada. All these interesting details will be fixed in the memories of all our families, and will be cherished to the latest generations; and together with these imperishable facts will be spread filial love for the Holy Father, and devotion to the Apostolic See. Against these principles of attachment to the good cause—the waves of the Revolution which now shake the world, will henceforward dash themselves in vain.

But here Dear Brethren let us pause to fix our attention upon that serious subject which now must exclusively occupy us. To this end, let us fix our sad eyes upon our Holy Father the Pope, so as well to appreciate the position in which the Revolution has placed—1st. his sacred person; 2nd. the Holy City; and 3rd. the Christian universe. That we may the better understand this we will listen with deep respect to the touching words which have fallen from the sacred lips of this Venerable Pontiff, and which on these topics furnish us with ample matter for serious reflection.

The Pontiff-King, to spare the blood of his brave soldiers had given orders, even before the commencement of hostilities that the City should capitulate immediately that the guns of the enemy should have effected a breach in its walls. He designed by this, in his high wisdom to show to the world that he yielded only to brute force, but that at the same time he had a horror of blood. Nevertheless he made no surrender of any of his rights; and therefore in the strongest terms he protested before the Sacred College, and on the 29th of this same month of September against the sacrilegious invasion.

"Beloved Sons"—thus he addressed their Eminences the Cardinals in sorrowful accents—"Our Lord Jesus Christ has of late permitted that this City of Rome Seat of the Supreme Pontificate should as well as the rest of the Pontifical States, fall into the hands of the enemy. \* \* \* We have this day resolved, in these Our days of mourning and grief to make known to Our enemies the inmost sentiments of Our soul which make Us detest and solemnly reprobate the existing state of affairs. \* \* \* We \* Shepherd of all the house of Israel, feel that we should enjoy practically that liberty which is essential for ruling the Church of God, and for upholding her rights; and that it is Our duty to make this Protest which We have resolved to make public, and to make it known, as should be the case, throughout the Catholic universe.

What Apostolic vigor reveals itself in all its splendor in our Pontiff, watched and kept a prisoner though he be in his own Pontifical Palace.

And now—What is the position in which the Revolution has placed Our Holy Father, the Pope? Dear Brethren, most melancholy is that position; for at the present moment he is reduced to a general and absolute destitution. For his protection there is neither Prince nor Government. The two Emperors who but ten years ago placed at his disposal their armies and the forces of their Empires have abandoned him, and indeed one above all others has most efficaciously contributed towards the spoliation of the Pontifical States. He—the Pontiff-King—is without an army, without a guard, without funds, without followers, without protection. But a shred of royalty, of Sovereignty is left to him in a corner of Rome, which has been ostensibly spared in order to delude the world into the belief that he is perfectly free at home. It is in this shadow of a City that stands the Vatican, which is for him but a prison house. It is in front of this Palace that every evening, and at the hour of prayer, hordes of mercenaries, it is added, gather beneath his windows, howling their cries of war and blasphemy—"Death to the Zouaves; death to the priests; death to the Cardinals; death to the Pope."

Stupefied at this desolation which makes his heart bleed, one naturally asks—What will become of the Pope? will he remain in Rome? Can he take shelter anywhere? whether will he go when he leaves the City? Let us again pause to consider the resemblance which thus abandoned the Vicar of Christ bears to Our Lord Jesus; for the Divine Master is denied by His people, condemned by Pontius Pilate, and insulted by Herod; and all this we find in the disciple who declares that this evil time is the hour given to the powers of darkness to work for the overthrow of the Church. Let us not fear however; that hour will be short, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her.

(2.) What then is the position in which the Revolution has placed the City of Rome? Nothing more unjust than the lot which has been forced upon her. Without any Declaration of War, she is besieged. In violation of the rights of nations she is bombarded; without the shadow of a reason, or any pretext of provocation, her walls are battered down; and the

most impudent lies are in circulation to make it appear that she is disloyal.

By the driving from her bosom of the thousands of strangers who brought thither their abundance when they thronged to assist at her great solemnities, she has been reduced to want. She has been shorn of all her splendor by being degraded into being but the capital of Italy, and thus spoiled of her ancient right as Capital of the World. The peace which under her pacific king she enjoyed is troubled, whilst she is abandoned to hordes of barbarians who carry on therein the most hideous brigandage. From being a City of prayer she is changed into a hell, by the murders, the outrages, the pillage which are therein perpetrated with impunity. If we may believe the tidings which reach us from the Eternal City, therein are committed the most abominable atrocities; and the most revolting means are employed to excite evil passions, to corrupt good morals, and to poison the minds of all by the circulation of the most impious and obscene pamphlets.

At the aspect of such desolation may we not apply to Rome what Jeremias inconsolable said of Jerusalem when that City fell a prey to her enemies. "The ways of Sion mourn, because there are none that come to the solemn feast; all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh; her virgins are in affliction, and she is oppressed with bitterness."

(3.) Lastly. In what position is the Christian world placed by the Revolution? In the most disastrous, for it was by the Princes and the people of Christendom that the Patrimony of St. Peter was founded. These well understood that the Supreme Chief of their religion should be independent of all alien rule. Those who seated on a throne, he should be the better able to represent on earth the King of Kings, and to secure for religion the splendor, the privileges and the majesty which become the Queen of the nations. In setting up this temporal Principality they gave to the Sovereign Pontiff means for preserving his perfect liberty in his decrees concerning faith and morals, and in his canonical judgments. They thus at the same time made free the means of communication betwixt all the children of the Church, whether rich or poor, and the common Father of all; and by these means all can obtain justice, and challenge their rights; for by this wise arrangement prepared by Divine Providence, the Supreme Chief of the Church exercises free from control his divine authority, holds the balance even for all, inspires all with a just confidence, and is hampered by no one in his government of the Church.

But this harmony is troubled, this order reversed if the Pope be not independent; what is now taking place at Rome proves this. Already persons coming out of the Vatican have been searched by the soldiers of the new regime, who wished to know if they carried nothing beneath their clothes; on the academies Professors of bad principles have been thrust, in order to corrupt the education of the young; the rights of property are violated in the expulsion of monks and nuns; it is now in contemplation to destroy the churches and other sacred buildings with the view of converting them into theatres. God grant that all these impious projects of the Revolution be brought to naught.—And what will be our state, Dear Brethren, should our communications with the Holy See cease to be free, should Our letters be intercepted and read, or the replies of the Holy Father no longer reach us. Were the powers and dispensations asked for Us stopped upon their road.

In short, what disastrous consequences for religion if the first of Pastors be unable freely to exercise his vigilance over all the churches; if it be rendered impossible for him to confirm his brethren in the faith, and to publish his decrees for the general good of the Church. All would soon be overthrown, and soon would the sacred bonds of unity be broken.

Thus, Dear Brethren, you see that throughout the Catholic world the invasion of Rome by Italian troops is indignantly protested against. At a great meeting held in Belgium the Clergy and the people denounced this invasion in the face of the world, as a usurpation of the rights of nations, as an act most dastardly, as a blow aimed at the divine independence of the sacerdotal order, and the freedom of souls.

And this, too, was well understood by our Zouaves, who so nobly manned the breach, exposed to the fire of the enemy, and ready to shed their blood for the defence of the temporal dominion of the Holy See; this, too, was well understood by their parents when they offered the sacrifice of their children in so good a cause.

For such sacrifices are not made to sustain an imaginary or ill-founded right. It is this that was keenly felt and loudly proclaimed by the Catholic population of our cities and our rural districts who so warmly welcomed the return of our Zouaves as Canada's representatives in the defence of the Holy See. How splendid were these demonstrations! how touching and eloquent were the words that were addressed to them; how full of life and vigor the protestations in favor of the sacred rights of the Holy See! We cease not to bless the Lord, because

we look upon those holy dispositions as a great grace accorded to this country, which we must hope will reap the fruits thereof from generation to generation. Therefore is it that with a heart overflowing with joy We hail all these noble protestations in the name of the Holy Father, and that We felicitate all those who have taken part therein.

In any case however, Dear Brethren, all is not yet over, and there remains to us still some most important duties to perform; for we cannot remain idle or indifferent spectators of the terrible events. In fact in this horrible calamity Divine Providence gives a great lesson to the entire world, from which we must try and draw profit. To all it furnishes the occasion of practising many acts of virtue; we must be faithful. In one word, we must learn to adore, and bless the hand of God when he smites man, so that His justice may be changed into mercy.

(1.) Lessons which in the events of the day, Divine Providence is giving to the world.

Why, asks the Psalmist, have the nations raged, and why have the people imagined a vain thing? The kings of the earth have stood up, and the princes have taken counsel together against the Lord, and His Christ. Let us break their bonds, have they said, and let us cast away their yoke.

In these divine words are beautifully set forth the furious passions of the age. The unheard of efforts of impiety to destroy religion by its vile books, its pestiferous journals, its harangues replete with pride and insolence, are therein faithfully brought to light by the Holy Spirit. Since then all has been foretold, we need be neither surprised nor confounded. But let us see what will be the result.

He who dwelleth in heaven shall laugh His enemies to scorn, and the Lord will have them in derision; then shall He speak to them in His wrath, and overthrow them in His anger. He says to His Christ in giving to Him the nations for His portion: Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Who but can see clearly in these words the events passing before our eyes! Need we a commentary to profit by them? It is impiety that in these evil days darkens the intellect, and ferments in men's hearts. We must then avoid it, to escape so great evils. *Aburgentes impietatem, et secularia desideria, sobrie et juste, et pie vivamus.* Therefore will you, Dear Brethren, be more than ever on your guard against the dangers presented by irreligious discourses, books opposed to faith or morals, and also those journals which, like venomous snakes, insinuate themselves into all ranks of society to seduce and poison them.

2. Virtues we must practice to disarm the divine wrath.

At all times, but especially during great calamities, God, before letting fall from heaven upon earth the scourge of His anger, seeks if He may not find some victims pure enough to appease Him. For our God is so good that He dislikes to punish, and that nothing is so pleasing to Him as to find somewhere devoted souls which by their immolations may disarm His vengeance. He shall find, let us trust, these victims of sweet odor, not only in the sanctuary and in the cloister, but in those holy families as well, in which together with the faith is kept alive the fire of divine charity.

Compassion, Sacrifice, and Prayer are the chief arms employed by those who present themselves before the divine Majesty, to offer to Him gifts and oblations fit to stir the bowels of His mercy.

Compassion.—We find an admirable example of this in those Jews who remained faithful to the law of the Lord, when His terrible arm weighed heavily upon His guilty people, and when in punishment of their crimes which had so long tried His patience, He led them captive to Babylon. Yes, truly, if we but inspire ourselves with feelings of compassion at the sight of the terrible evils which the world to-day presents, we shall have discovered the admirable secret of touching the heart of our God.

Penetrated then with sorrow at the sight of the misfortunes of our father, and the disaster that has fallen on the holy City, let us enter into the sentiments of these Jews inflamed with zeal and ardour, and with them let us cry out: "We sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, shedding torrents of tears as we thought of the evils that had fallen upon Jerusalem, our beloved country." *Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus, cum recordaremur Sion.*

And so since the Capital of the Christian world has fallen by violence under the power of the unjust ravishers of the sacred Patrimony of St. Peter, we have hung our musical instruments on the willows which overhang the graves of the heroes who fell in its defence. *In salicibus in medio ejus suspendimus organa nostra.* "For all pleasures have become wearisome to us since the world is plunged in this depth of woe."

The children of the world call upon us to take part in their profane joy, but with sad accents we reply—how can we sing the song of

gladness in this season of general affliction? May our right hands forget their cunning before we forget the Christian Jerusalem, of which that of the Jews was but the figure: may our tongues cleave to our palates if we forget her. St. obliuio fuerit tui Jerusalem obliuio dextera mea. Adhaeret lingua mea faucibus meis si non meminerit tui.

Remember O Lord in the day of Jerusalem those children of perdition who have sworn to persecute her by their hateful principles, and to overthrow her from top to bottom. Memento Domine, filium Edom in die Jerusalem, qui dicit: cœnimite, cœnimite usque ad fundamentum. Ps. 136.

Thus does compassion feel for all the sorrows of our neighbors, and bring forth sighs and tears which keep alive the emotions of our souls, and feed the tender affections of generous hearts.

Sacrifice. The most efficacious, or rather the sole remedy for the great evils which afflict poor humanity is Sacrifice. To be assured of this it is enough to fix our eyes on Calvary where Jesus is the victim, and offers Himself in sacrifice to repair the disorders of the world. For the same reason His Vicar is to-day immolated by the side of the mountain where St. Peter was sacrificed, and on the brink of the tomb which holds his precious remains. Yes! in the dreadful condition of the world, in these evil days, heaven needs a great and august victim, and finds it in our Venerable Pontiff. This Dear Brethren is why Pius IX., so good, so saintly, so decked with all virtues, after having consecrated to God his long career, and after having rendered to His glorious Mother the highest honor in proclaiming her Immaculate Conception an article of faith, is actually stretched on the sacrificial altar.

And since it is thus, we too, Dear Brethren, will impose on ourselves sacrifices, according to our strength, in union with the sacrifice of Our Lord, and of His Vicar upon earth, in order to appease the wrath of God justly provoked by the sin of the world. We will not enter into details, but will content ourselves with suggesting to you one sacrifice which, though very painful, will surely be of great price in the eyes of God. It is this:—Look upon this season of public calamity as a season of mourning for you and your families; abstain in consequence from balls and pleasure parties which no one allows himself to indulge in when in mourning for a father, or near relation. It might even be desired that in order to take an external engagement not to mix up in worldly gatherings, you would wear only a mourning dress.

To this first sacrifice you may add another which indeed will be its consequence: that of applying to the St. Peter's Peace Funds, the savings made by these privations. What a rich offering might thence be made to the Holy Father without additional burden on ordinary expenses! Now you know well Dear Brethren that our common Father is to-day in absolute destitution of all things—and reduced to the greatest want, as already We have pointed out to you. Let us show by the fruits of our sacrifices that we are all strongly and tenderly united to him! Let us show, that though no longer able to guard his sacred person by our devoted Zouaves, we give him our help as abundantly as possible, so as to provide for, as far as is in our power, his wants and those of the Church.

This useful practice cannot but have the most consoling effects: it will touch the heart of God and induce Him to pardon His people. It will wonderfully edify the world by showing the love which all Catholics bear to their Father, since they assume mourning, and renounce all their pleasures when they see him in affliction: it gives too an easy and abundant method of coming to his aid, and will draw down abundant blessings upon the individuals and on the country which assume such sacrifices. Beatus vir qui intelligit super eorum et pauperem; in die nati liberabit eum Dominus. Ps. 40, 4.

Prayer.—A last mode of bearing aid to our Father in his abandonment and his need, and to our brothers whom a terrible calamity has smitten, is Prayer. But to be efficacious this prayer must be animated by a lively faith, by an unbounded confidence, by a burning charity, and by a deep humility. It must be accompanied by those groanings of the soul which proceed but from the Holy Ghost. Ipse Spiritus postulat pro nobis, gemitibus inenarrabilibus.—Rom. 8, 26.

Striking examples encourage us to urgent prayer in aid of our Father, and of our brother's who suffer such great afflictions.

St. Peter had been cast into prison by King Herod, and no human power could deliver him. The Church was in prayer, and an Angel came down from heaven to break the bonds of the Prince of the Apostles. Oratio autem fiebat sine intermissione ab ecclesia ad Deum pro eo.—Act. 12.

Dear Brethren, let us imitate this example of the early faithful and we shall obtain for our Pontiff what they obtained for the first Pope.

Pius VI. of happy memory was towards the close of the last century dragged from the Pontifical throne, and driven into exile, where he died in defence of the rights of the Holy See.

A few years later his successor the holy Pontiff Pius VII. was robbed of his Estates, and kept a prisoner; and again in these our own days, Pius IX. has been already stripped of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and obliged to reside in a foreign country. You remember Dear Brethren what long and fervent prayers were then offered up by our fathers and by ourselves, and by what wonderful means God was pleased to prove to the world that these prayers were to Him acceptable. Have then full confidence that our humble supplications joined to those of the Church will be granted, and that soon we shall witness the triumph of Holy Church and of her immortal Pontiff succeeding to these days of affliction. Our's then is it, Dear Brethren to pray urgently for the Sovereign Pontiff, and for our Holy Mother the Church, whose groanings are heard to-day throughout the earth. After the solemn protestations in favor of our beloved Pontiff, by the Bishops and Clergy, and by Ourselves at the reception of our Zouaves who have approved themselves so devoted to the good cause, we are about to begin public and solemn exercises for the prosperity of our common father, for the concord of all Christian princes, and for the peace of the entire world. Let us hope that heaven will prove pitiful to our groans, our aims, and our sacrifices. Our God is so full of mercy in favor of all who call upon His holy name, and who put full confidence in His Immaculate Mother, and all the Saints and Angels who reign with Him in glory!

For these reasons, the Holy Name of God invoked, and by the advice of the Canons of our Cathedral, we have ruled, commanded, and ordained, and do rule, command, and ordain as follows:—

1st. There shall be observed in all the churches and chapels of this Diocese a Tridium of prayer to obtain the cessation of the evils which afflict Our Holy Father the Pope, and all the Church. These prayers shall also be offered with the object of obtaining the deliverance of the City of Rome and the Pontifical States, as also the close of the war now raging betwixt two of the greatest Powers in Europe.

2nd. On each of these three days shall be sung High Mass pro pace, in conformity with the rubrics of Votive Masses pro a quiete.

3rd. There shall be on each of these three days, in virtue of an Apostolic Indult of date 16th of July last, a Plenary Indulgence to be gained by all who, having with true contrition confessed their sins and received Communion with devotion, shall pray with fervor in the church wherein the Tridium is held, for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff, and above all that the doctrine of Pontifical Infallibility be everywhere hailed with joy, and firmly held by all the faithful. Moreover, an Indulgence of Three hundred days is attached to attendance at every one of the exercises of the Tridium:

4th. The instructions to be given to the faithful shall have for their main end the explanation of the reasons which support the doctrine of Pontifical Infallibility and the Temporal Power of the Pope.

5th. On each day of the Tridium there shall be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which shall be sung besides the Tantum Ergo, some strophes of the Stabat Mater, as well as the Dominus vobis Secundum &c., with the proper prayers.

6th. Shall be made before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament an act of reparation for all the blasphemies, and outrages on religion and her august Pontiff during these days of trouble and desolation.

7th. From the reception of the present Mandement the prayer, Ad preteritum plerum shall be omitted, and replaced by the prayer pro Congregatione et Familia.

8th. The Forty Hours from the first Sunday of Advent shall be observed with the special intention of obtaining the help of God for all the wants of the present time; and to the same end shall be celebrated the second day's Mass—if the rubric permits—Pro quocumque Necessitate.

9th. For the rest shall be observed all that We have already prescribed or recommended concerning the prayers and exercises for the Holy Council of the Vatican in Our Mandement of December 6th, 1868, joining thereto the intentions expressed in Our presents.

May the Lord deign to bless the dispositions of the present Mandement, so that by the protection of the very holy and immaculate Heart of Mary, and the intercession of all the Saints and Angels, Our Holy Father the Pope may escape the dangers which surround him, and after these evil days may have the consolation of witnessing the glorious triumph of the Church. Dominus conseruet eum, et vivificet eum, et benedictio eius in terra, et non trahat eum in animam inimicorum eius. Ps. 40, 3.

This Mandement shall be read in all churches in which are celebrated the public offices of the Church, and at the Chapter of all the communities, on Sunday, as shall be most convenient.

Given at Montreal the 6th of November, 1870, under our Seal and the countersign of Our Secretary.

† BISHOP OF MONTREAL. (L. S.) By command of His Lordship. T. O. PARE, Canon, Secretary.

We had intended to say a few words on the dishonesty of the Montreal Witness, but this has been so thoroughly done for us by that very excellent paper the Montreal Gazette of the 21st Nov. that we prefer copying the article of our able contemporary. The manner in which he shows up the dishonesty of the Witness is refreshing; and we hope that the latter may be brought to see that the "suppression of the truth" is as infamous a mode of lying as is the deliberate "enunciation of the false." From the perusal of the article in the Witness which the Gazette so well handles, any one would naturally conclude that only "churches and other buildings belonging to the Church of Rome," and none others, were exempt from taxation; no one would suspect that in this matter Catholic, and Protestant, Church property stand on an equal footing as before the law,—and this was the effect which no doubt the writer in the Witness intended to convey. The Montreal Gazette thus deals with the shuffling sinner:—

DISHONEST JOURNALISM.—Our only religious daily contemporary took occasion last Friday, with a recklessness which is deeply painful, to set at infernal defiance the ninth commandment. Not because there can be considered anything remarkable in a mal-

practice which is habitual, do we undertake to admonish our confreres thus publicly, but rather because it seems to us desirable to make occasional example even of ordinary sins of unscrupulous journalism, so that the public whom the false statements are intended to deceive may estimate at its true worthlessness the character of the "chartered libertine" of the press who abuses its privileges for the gratification either of sectarian animosity or of private malice.

Perfectly consistent with this dishonesty is Friday's attack upon the hierarchy of the Church which makes the Witness's bete noir, for, as we shall show in very few words, the particular offence alleged against it is common to every religious body in the country; a fact which the conductors of the Witness must have perfectly well known at the very moment they were at pains to make it appear that their elected enemy was alone amenable to the censure invoked by them for a practice which, whether reprehensible or otherwise, is peculiar to no one religious denomination in Canada.

The Witness says, and knows that it says dishonestly:—

"The churches and other buildings belonging to the Church of Rome in Quebec and other cities in this Province—an enormous aggregate—are exempt from all taxation, municipal and other, although enjoying to the fullest extent all the advantages and privileges secured by expenditure of the assessments levied on others. The only reason for this seems to be the entire subjection in which the people and their legislators are held by this Church, whose influence is felt in every branch of public affairs."

In the above statement there is a palpable effort to convey the impression that the Church of Rome is especially privileged. There is a direct and a fraudulent appeal to sectarian bitterness which could only be effected by an unworthy suppression of the truth, which was suppressed accordingly. It is quite true that the Church of Rome enjoys exemption, as regards ecclesiastical property, from all taxation, municipal and otherwise; but it is true also that every other Christian church is in precisely the same position, and that, as far as the deprecatory exemption goes, all stand on precisely equal footing. The Witness's complaint against the Church of Rome, if it be worth anything at all, tells with precisely the same force against the Churches of England and Scotland. Nay, the latter are even specially favoured, from the fact that in Ontario, where their adherents are in such marked majority, their ministers are specially exempt from income-tax. It is perfectly evident therefore that the reasons assigned by the Witness for the exemption which it challenges are false and untenable.

Owing to the press of matter upon our columns, and the necessity of publishing this week the Mandement of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, we have been compelled to transfer to our sixth page, a report copied from the British Whig of the Banquet given in Kingston to the Messrs. Murray, the lately returned Zouaves. The banquet was a most brilliant affair, and the speeches delivered will repay perusal.

From a similar cause, but with much regret we find ourselves compelled to leave out the addresses presented to the Very Rev. Dean Northgraves of Barrie by the Catholics of Collingwood and Barrie on the occasion of the transfer of his labors to Toronto. The addresses show the high esteem in which the reverend gentleman was held by all who knew him.

THE HERO EXPECTANT.—By the Author of "Raymond's Heroine, Kathleen," &c. Harper Bros., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is an interesting story well told, and free from the much objectionable matter so common in our modern novels. The moral of the story is good, and the characters are well sustained; many of the hits are good, as for instance when the rich old man boasts of his penurious habits of living; adding, with pardonable pride, that on every Sunday of the year he had his hot joint and clean shirt in honor of his Savior, and I should like to know who need do better than that. This is a sound business-like view of religion.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—Oct., 1870.—Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal. The contents are as follows:—Baron Hubner's Sixtus, V.; Cox's Aryan Mythology; Memoirs of a Russian Decabrist; Dr. Newman's Grammar of Assent; Ernst Moritz Arndt; Sir John Lubbock's Prehistoric Times; The Campaign of August, 1870; Earl Stanhope's Reign of Queen Anne; Germany, France, and England.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR,—In the interest of historic truth alone, I crave space in your columns to correct an error which appeared in the report, in your issue of last week, of the truly eloquent and otherwise accurate eulogium pronounced at the Anniversary Service for the late Revd. Michael Brennan in the Catholic Church of Belleville, Ont., on the 3rd instant?

At the period when the late Father Michael Brennan first took charge of the Parish (or Mission, as it was then called) of Belleville, there was no Priest stationed at Cobourg, as your Belleville correspondent implies, nor for several years afterwards; the fact being that the Cobourg Mission, and all the country round about, from the western limits of Belleville Mission, as far west again as the confines of Toronto, and north,—even to the North Pole, as said correspondent remarks, were then under the Pastoral care of the resident Priest of Peterboro', Ont.; which Town was then, as it is now, the most important one between Belleville and Toronto; and where the late Father James Crowley—the first resident Priest—took up his abode in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, (1826.) Verily, those Glengarry people have long memories; as was once before noted in the columns of your obliging Journal!

Yours truly, IAN DUBH! Glengarry, Ont., Nov. 19th, 1870.

BLESSING OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.—On Sunday last St. Patrick's Church was Blessed by his Grace the Archbishop. There were present on the occasion their lordship Bishop Farrell of Hamilton; Bishop Walsh of London; Bishop Horan of Kingston; Bishop Ryan of Buffalo; and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Hamilton, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Walsh. In the evening a lecture was delivered by the Bishop of Rochester, at which a collection was taken up, as also at the morning service, the proceeds of which will be applied to liquidating the debt on the church.—Toronto Irish Canadian 19th.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Hyacinthe, B. W. Moore, \$1; Leeds, J. Donovan, \$2; Monckland, A. Sutherland, \$1; Broad Cove Marsh, N.S., D. McLeod, \$2; Longneuil, Rev. Mr. Thibault, \$2.50; Hamilton, N. J. Power, \$2; Toronto, Rev. G. R. Northgraves, \$8; Nouvelle, Rev. J. J. Auger, \$2; Belleville, O. J. Cameron, \$2; St. Jean Chrystophe, T. Lynch, \$2; Merrickville, J. Roche, \$2; Curran, J. McCrank, \$2; Henryville, Rev. Mr. St. Aubin, \$3; Matine, Rev. L. Roncau, \$7.25; St. Johns, T. E. Johnson, \$2; Melbourne, L. Flynn, 4; St. Patrick's Hill, P. Hebert, \$1.75; West McGillivray, J. Doyle, \$1; Cotown Station, J. P. Hanley, \$2; Beauharnois, Rev. Dr. Clardand, \$1; La Guerre, M. Quinn, \$2; St. Raphael, Rev. Mr. Masterson, \$2. Per Rev. Mr. McCarthy, Williamson—Mrs. D. McDonald, \$6. Per P. P. Lynch, Belleville—M. McMahon, \$3; D. Keefe, \$7.50. Per D. Walker, Lindsay—M. McLaughlin, \$2; J. O'Leary, Downville, \$2. Per J. Darragh, Deseronto—T. Murphy, Huntingdon, \$1.50. Per Rev. D. O'Connell, South Down—J. Leahy, Peterborough, \$2. Per Rev. Mr. Deschamps—C. Purcell, B. Alphonse Rodrigue, \$2. Per W. Barry, Lacolle—E. Dowling, \$3. Per S. Labrosse, St. Eusebe—D. Hoisted, \$1.50; T. Hoisted, \$1.50; A. Leduc, \$1.50; P. Kelly, \$1.50; B. Kelly, \$1.50; W. Brown, Little Rideau, \$1.50. Per Rev. M. McAuley, Stanstead—Self, \$2; Miss Hackett, \$2. Per Rev. J. O'Brien, Brockville—Self, \$2; J. Flood, Cantonville, \$2. Per C. Fraser, Brockville—B. McSweeney, \$4. Per Rev. J. Kelly, Fiampton—Self, \$2; M. Smith, \$2.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Nov. 21, 1870, listing various commodities like Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, Superfine, Fancy, Extra, Superior Extra, Bag Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Ashes, Seconds, Thirds, First Pearls, Pork, Thin Mess, Prime, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Barley, and Pease with their respective prices.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for Nov. 21, 1870, listing various commodities like Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, GRAIN, FOWLS AND GAME, and MEATS with their respective prices.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table listing various commodities like Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Maple Sugar, Honey, Lard, Eggs, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Butter, Cheese, and Straw with their respective prices.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. No. 2464. DAME CAROLINE JONES, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Archibald James Arnott, late Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Rifles, and now of the said City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to ester en justice. Plaintiff. The said ARCHIBALD JAMES ARNOTT, Defendant. The Plaintiff has instituted an action en separation de corps & de biens against the Defendant in this cause on the twelfth day of November, 1870. LAFLAMME, HUNTINGTON & LAFLAMME, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 16th Nov., 1870.

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

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT EYE CUPS.

SEEKERS REMOVED USELESS, CHRONIC SORE EYES (CURED), AND ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. "CURE GUARANTEED" BY THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. DR. J. BALL & CO'S PATENT EYE CUPS. The value of the celebrated and well known Patent Eye Cups for the restoration of Sight, breaks out, blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1000 of our best physicians in their practice. The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Major Ellis of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are certainly the greatest invention of the age. Copy of certificates just received from CLAYSVILLE, WASH. CO., PA., Sept. 29, 1870.

DR. J. BALL & CO.

Gentlemen—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the one plus ultra of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life and other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia or Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases, both of acute and what is called Chronic Inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental and at great expense.

My mother, an old lady of 61 years, an enthusiastic advocate of the "Cups" three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is that her eyes were unusually old and worn, beyond her years to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the New York Tribune without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the Tribune, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can not imagine her pleasure. The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquired from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the value of the Cups, and plan of treatment. Wherever I go with them they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience, any where that people can be found. I was at our Fair last Tuesday, 21st inst., and I can safely say that I myself, (or rather the Eye Cups) was no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected future sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb number one, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be lifelong. Yours truly, HORACE B. DURANT, M. D. CLAYSVILLE, PA., JUNE 6th, 1870.

DR. J. BALL & CO.

DEAR SIR:—Dr. H. Durant of this town is at present using your Patent Eye-Cups with more success on eyes with impaired vision, and obtaining better results than from any other mode of practice which I have seen, leads me to the conclusion that superior results can be obtained than from any of our ordinary or recognized medical or surgical operations—practised in Eye Hospitals, or taught in books generally. Please send me your price list and terms to agents. I want a lot of the Eye-Cups to use in my practice. Yours truly, GEORGE INGLIS, M. D.

Readers, these are two certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the need we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight can be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See advertisement in another column of this paper. Our pamphlet of 18 pages, containing certificates of cures, and giving full description of the Iron Eye-Cups, sent free to any address. AGENTS WANTED. Write to DR. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 157, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR Section No. 1, North River, Municipality of St. Columban, an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER, Salary Liberal. Address immediately. PHILIP KENNEDY, Secretary-Treasr. St. Columban, Sept. 21, 1870.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

WANTED.

A YOUTH about 15 years old, as Articled Pupil Apply to W. H. Holston, Architect, 59 St. Bonaventure Street, (from 1 to 3 p.m.)

TEACHERS WANTED.

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

LONGMOORE & WILSON, PRINTERS, 42 St. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY. CANADA, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Pro. of Quebec, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Dist. of Montreal, } In the matter of ELIE MAYER, an Insolvent, and TANCREDE SAUVAGEAU, Assignee. ON Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act. ELIE MAYER, By L. J. B. NORMANDEAU, His attorney ad litem. Montreal, Nov. 18th, 1870.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

TOURS, Nov. 16.—The French journals treat England's anxiety on the subject of Russia's renunciation of the Paris treaty as a just return for her in reference to the sufferings of her former ally.

Private letters from Versailles say the position of the Germans become extremely critical. The King would return immediately to Berlin, but it was not safe to permit him to depart without a very large escort which could not be spared, as he would be captured or shot by the Franc-tireurs, who are swarming over the country.

ON THE RAMPARTS AT PARIS.—The Nord publishes the following letter, received by balloon from a correspondent, and dated the 15th inst.

"We have been now for a month blockaded, and almost without news from the outside. The time is very long, and provisions begin to decrease. God knows how long it may yet last! Our principal occupation is at this moment the service in the National Guard—a compulsory duty, which is divided as follows:—From seven to nine in the morning, firing practice and bayonet exercise, and duty on the ramparts every five days, without mentioning fatigue duties inside the walls from time to time.

ITALY.

THE VISIT OF THE KING.—It is certain that the King is eager to seize any pretext for postponing his visit to Rome and the transfer of the capital, and the more since the rumour has got about (I do not know if on good authority or not), that the solemn Bull of Excommunication is preparing against the King and all the generals and officers of the invading army.

PIUS IX AND HIS SPOILERS.—Lamarmora, it is said on good authority, has requested an audience of the Holy Father and of Cardinal Antonelli. The reply he received was that, as simple Lamarmora, Cardinal Antonelli (not the Pope) would see him, but as Royal lieutenant never would he obtain an audience either from the Holy Father or from the Cardinal.

but one reply. "Pecunia tua tecum sit in perditione. Thy money perish with thee."

According to the Gazzetta Ufficiale di Roma (a new Piedmontese organ) of the 6th inst., 167,548 citizens were on the list for the recent plebiscite, of whom 135,291 voted Yes. The "Ayes" were 133,681: the "Noes" 1507: 103 votes were null. By this important event "Italy was conducted to completion," according to the speech of Victor Emmanuel (which was certainly not his own composition) in reply to the deputation announcing this result.

The Unita Cattolica sums up the voting, in all the plebiscites by which Italy has been conducted to completion as follows:—The "Ayes" were, at—

Rome..... 133,681 Sicily.....432,059
Venice..... 641,758 Marches.....133,807
Tuscany..... 366,571 Umbria..... 97,640
Emilia..... 426,006
Naples.....1,302,064 Total.....3,532,986

"This total," adds our contemporary, "suggests three questions. (1.) How can 3,500,000 of 'Ayes' bind an Italy of at least 26,000,000? And what of those who voted 'No'? And of those who said neither 'Aye' nor 'No'?"

Language like this may seem exaggerated in form, but in substance it interprets a sound religious sentiment, and the more fully and openly Catholics everywhere show that such a sentiment is theirs, the more effective will their action be in the cause of truth and right.

GERMANY.

A contemporary publishes the following as substantially correct:—"The famine and the misery that have come upon a large portion of the Prussian population is making itself heard mightily at the Government portals. The awful cries of distress which proceed from the starving mouths of thousands of widows and orphans threatens to drown the sounds of the songs of victory on the battle-fields.

PRUSSIA AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The Archbishop of Cologne has addressed a pastoral letter to his flock, from which the following is a passage:—"The whole Catholic world is wounded in its most sacred interests by the violence which has been offered to our Holy Father the Pope. We dare to hope that of all the princes of Europe his Majesty our King is the one who, from his position as well as from his high principled justice, can best go to the aid of the Sovereign Pontiff, and protect him in his present danger.

"Signed, + PAUL, Archbishop of Cologne."

On the evening of Monday, the 14th inst., a great Banquet in honor of Lieut. Murray, of the Pontifical Zouaves, and his brother, M. Alphonse Murray—nephews, we believe, of the Bishop of Kingston—was given at the British American Hotel, Kingston. The Chair was occupied by Jas. O'Reilly, Esq., supported on the right by the guests of the evening, and besides His Lordship Mgr. Horan, there were present the most distinguished Catholic citizens of Kingston, who gladly came forward to do honor to the brave young men lately returned from Rome.

The Health of His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth was here of course the first toast given, and after some remarks from the Chairman, was received and drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen then followed, and it is needless to say was drunk with the extreme heartiness which is always manifested whenever and wherever the honored name of Victoria is mentioned.

Song—Father Murray, "Meeting of the Waters." Mr. O'Reilly then proposed the hierarchy of Canada, coupling with the toast the name of Dr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

His Lordship on rising to respond to the toast was received with the strongest manifestations of applause. He seemed deeply moved at the enthusiasm manifested for him, and thanked those present for the expression of confidence and attachment shown for the Hierarchy.

Why await the final attack of diseases which may prove fatal, when the first onset can be repelled with Bristol's Sarsaparilla Coated Pills, a preparation so genial and balsamic, so searching, yet so invigorating, that while it fights down the complaint, and expels its cause, it also builds up the strength and braces the constitution of the patient.

Chateau Bonaparte, where he was stationed with a portion of his corps. As an evidence of the devotion of the natives of Rome to the cause of the Holy Father, the majority of those who fell at the breach in defence of the city were Roman Soldiers.

In the toast of "Canada Our Home," the Rev. Edward Murray responded in an oration, both eloquent and elaborate.

"The City of Kingston and prosperity to it," was then given and was replied to by Ald. Sullivan in a witty speech which convulsed the table with laughter.

The next toast was "the Very Reverend James Farrelly, Vicar General of the Diocese of Kingston." The chairman regretted much that the Catholics of Kingston were about to lose the services of so zealous and devoted a pastor.

The "Press," responded to by Mr. E. J. Barker, of the British Whig, in appropriate terms. Song by W. Hart, Esq.

The Ladies followed—responded to by Dr. Johnston, who took occasion to pay a tribute to the Sisters of Charity for their heroic devotion in the battle fields that have so gorged the soil of Europe with human gore.

At 11:30 precisely his Lordship rose and retired, when the company departed, all delighted with the happy manner in which the affair terminated.

WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

Why await the final attack of diseases which may prove fatal, when the first onset can be repelled with Bristol's Sarsaparilla Coated Pills, a preparation so genial and balsamic, so searching, yet so invigorating, that while it fights down the complaint, and expels its cause, it also builds up the strength and braces the constitution of the patient.

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Tastes are as various in relation to perfumes as to wines.

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

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

LET THE MORTALS READ.—One word to Dyspeptics: You endure a living martyrdom, and none but those who have known what dyspepsia is can understand what you suffer.

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

AFRICAN WINES.—It is not generally known that Cape Colony produces the most delicious wines grown on the face of the earth.

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CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POOK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SALT BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c. &c.

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

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

D. SHANNON,

And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market, June 14th, 1869.

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

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

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

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