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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

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NO. 37.

MONA THE VESTAL.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ST. PATRICK.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER I.

"Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus sighing look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

Moore.

It is a tale of Erin—of Erin in her pride and the glory of her strength,—of the bright dawn of the day-star of her salvation,—of her sages and learning,—of her apostles and martyrs—that we tell. Let us leave the Present, with its fetters and gyves, its tears and lamentations,—let us turn our eyes away from those scenes whose glories, so faded by ruin and devastation, mar the fair face of Nature, and look far away through the dim ages of the Past,—from the twilight and shadow, toward the morning light of a happier day.

A scene full of splendor and repose, which lay like a jeweled crown thrown off by a tired monarch, sparkled and glowed in the sunset.—Stretching away toward the south and west from the beautiful valley, mountains whose sides were covered with a luxuriant growth of white-thorn and fir, and a thick undergrowth of heath, whose purple flowers stirred beneath the south wind like the ripples of a summer sea, lifted their summits to the clouds.—Through a narrow valley, or rather gorge, of the Tore Mountain, whose rocky sides, overgrown by flaunting vines and rich mosses, presented uncouth outlines to the eye, the red and golden light of the setting sun flowed in on a lough* whose gently-ebbing waves were crowned by two isles of matchless beauty. Around their shores, through reeds and willows, the waters, tinted with crimson and sapphire and burnished with gold, broke with a gentle murmur, scattering long lines of foam like circlets of gems on the sands. There was then no lofty Abbey of Innisfallin, no massive towers amid the groves of its sister isle. There was then no stronghold on the crags and rocks beyond; for the clans of the Kennauers and Herberts, at this early period, had not conquered the territory over which they afterward reigned. A low rippling murmur broke on the hushed stillness of the scene, and glancing through a rich growth of arbutus and fern, a bright stream threaded its way from its mountain-tarn, down over rocks and mosses, now flashing in tides of splendor in the sunshine, now lost in shadow, and ever singing in silvery notes, until, obstructed by masses of granite and accelerated in its progress by a steeper declivity, it dashed, a wild and splendid cascade, into the lough below. Here lingered the sunbeams, multiplied by prismatic lights into a thousand glowing shades,—every drop of spray a living gem, every bubble of foam an embodied rainbow,—until it looked as if some spirit of old had, in a moment of poetry, crushed diamonds and pearls and rubies and scattered the precious dust over the foaming waters.

On an overhanging rock a wild deer poised its feet, and looking out of its great soft eyes with timid glances, stooped to drink,—the only sign of life in the whole fair scene. But, suddenly starting, it threw back its head, nerved its slender legs for a perilous leap, and disappeared amid the shadows of the overhanging trees of the cliff beyond. A sound of oars dashing rapidly in the waters of the lough, disturbed the quiet repose, and in another instant a curragh, rowed by a single boatman, shot round Innisfallin's Isle. Two youths of noble aspect, and richly appareled, sat in the stern, and looked with eager curiosity toward the shore. One was slender and graceful, with a complexion of olive, and hair of raven blackness, which was confined under a fillet of gold, that sat like a coronet over his broad, polished forehead. He was arrayed in a silken tunic, and robes of Tyrian purple embroidered with gold. He held in one hand an unstrung bow, richly ornamented, while he shaded his eyes with the other from the slanting sunbeams.—His companion was a perfect contrast in form and feature. Heavily but not ungracefully built, his light flowing hair, his large blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and less aquiline but singularly handsome features, announced his Saxon origin. Suddenly the oarsman paused and left his oars in rest, while the curragh slowly drifted on the tide toward the middle of the lough.

"Lay on thy oars and speed us to yon shore, serf," exclaimed the dark one, with flashing eyes.

"I may not, noble," replied the man, pointing toward a grove, which, gloomy and almost impenetrable, receded from the eastern shore of the lough. Then he bowed his head low upon his breast in an attitude of adoration. The strangers turned their eyes in the direction he indicated, and beheld a long and solemn procession of men crowned with wreaths of oak, and arrayed in white tunics, over which flowed ample robes of splendid and gorgeous dyes, with jeweled clasps, and broderie of gems, which

flushed back the sunlight as brightly as did the spray which spanned the distant waterfall.

They were led by one of tall and noble stature, but bowed with age. His white hair flowed back from a face already paled by the last shadows of life, while over his breast his beard hung like drifts of snow. His eyes, black, piercing, and brilliant, gazed with a rapt and seer-like expression toward the west. He carried, folded on his bosom, something wrapped in a cloth of gold, which he regarded with reverence and awe. In solemn and measured tones they chanted lofty strains, which, blending together in their different parts, formed a wondrous melody, which was wafted in sonorous and mournful cadence across the waters of the lough, and repeated in weird echoes among the glooms and rocky clefts of the mountains.

When at last they came in full view of the setting sun, which through the distant and narrow gorge looked like a deity on an altar of flame, they bowed their heads in adoration, while their white-haired leader stretched out his hands and, with impassioned words and gestures, addressed the object of their worship. And while he stood thus—his rapt countenance still uplifted—the light faded, soft shadows of purple and gold floated over the scene, and in silence the procession returned toward the grove.

"Dius Fidius!" exclaimed the stranger, with enthusiasm: "that was solemn and grand! Dost thou know, Sir Saxon, who those are?"

"The Druids!" replied the young Saxon, while a scornful smile wreathed his handsome mouth: "these are the Druids and bards of Munster, under the Arch-Druid Semo, famed throughout Western Europe for his wisdom and learning."

"He is also much revered in Gaul,—so much so," said the youth, "that my father, the Lord Count of Bretagne, has sent me hither to learn the science of letters under him."

"I wish his fame had been confined to Gaul, then, and not traveled also to Germany; then my father, a palatine of the Empire, and of old Roman blood, would not have sent me hither to learn wisdom from Semo. I wished to study in Rome!"

"Rome!" exclaimed the other, with scorn: "what are the schools of Rome and Greece? They know but little of the lore of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, still less of the Etrurians; and who cares for modern learning?—Not I! So, hearing of the high repute of the Druids and bards of Erin, I have come hither to study jurisprudence and literature."

"Bah!" said the Saxon: "I have no taste for solitude and study. Give me spear and helm, sword and banner, to slay and burn and conquer. Then the arena—the games—for me! I was at Rome once with my father; but even Rome, under the new sect of a Nazarene called Christ, is not as it used to be under Diocletian, Maximinus, and Julian,—when the beasts of the amphitheatre—beasts from the jungles and deserts of Africa and India, fierce, burning, ravenous demons—fought, not with their kind, but with men, in noble and stirring contest. Bah! those emperors of the olden time knew how to find sport for the people!"

"By Prometheus!" said the other, laughing. "We must endeavor to be content in this our exile. This is a fair land,—this island school of Europe; and we can only pray the gods to give us fire from heaven for our brains, while we are chained to the rock."

"I like thy spirit, sir stranger. Thy name?" said the Saxon, as the prow of the curragh shot up on the yielding sands of the shore.

"Clotaire of Bretagne," he replied modestly.

"I am Ulric of Heidelberg," said the other, proudly, as they clasped hands. "Canst thou conduct us to Semo?" he continued, turning to the boatman. "We will reward thee generously."

"I demand no reward, nobles. It is my business to see you safely to your journey's end," replied the man.

"This is a strange land, by Thor!" exclaimed the Saxon, stamping his foot. "We are not beggars; we are nobles, with well-filled purses."

"All that may be; but ye are also guests," replied the man.

"Whose guests? Thine?" asked the Saxon, scornfully.

"The guests of Erin, nobles," was the reply.

"Per Apollo! Of all the countries I have visited, I have found nothing like this. It is a fine place for poor travelers, which we are not," replied Ulric of Heidelberg, standing still. "Here have I journeyed from Tuscar to Gougane-Barra, nor spent a coin. At every resting-place I find an inn and refreshments and servants and guides, and what I care least of all for, volumes and treatises on the arts and sciences, * all at my service; and when, like an honest man, I take my purse from my girdle to pay the reckoning, I am told that one of the

most sacred laws of Erin is the law of hospitality; and that it would cost that man who should transgress it, his life. I am tired of it. I can't believe in such national perfectibility as it assumes. Here," he said, haughtily, while he snatched a heavy purse from the folds of his girdle; "take this gold, or I'll hurl it into the depths of yonder lake."

But the man folded his arms on his breast, and, smiling, replied, "There is no law against that, noble."

"Well, if I cannot break a law, it will be no pleasure to do it: so I'll keep my gold. It must be a rich country, forsooth, where a peasant refuses gold!"

"It is a rich country, sir noble. Throughout the broad land are prosperity and plenty. As to gold, we turn it up with our plowshares when we break the soil," replied the peasant, courteously but proudly.

"And do the peasants of Erin also speak the language of Rome?—or perhaps that art the descendant of some old Roman legionary, who helped to conquer this isle, and speak the language for the love thou has for his father-land," asked Ulric, with less scorn in his tone and manner.

"Know, O noble," replied the man, drawing himself up proudly, "that this soil—this land—has never been polluted by the footsteps of Roman legions. They were driven from the frontiers of Erin, ere they crossed them, by the kings and chiefs of Tara, who swept down with their brave septs, like torrents from the rocks, on their flying cohorts. They conquered the barbarous hordes of Britain,—an ignoble conquest,—but their eagles found no perch and their legions no resting-place on our sacred shores. But pardon me, nobles. I am just what I seem,—a peasant; but, living with wise and learned men, and being the attendant on the teachers of the school, on the *Betagh* land which I helped to cultivate, I—well, I was neither deaf nor blind."

"So, so, Clotaire! This is a strange country, and a most strange people," said Ulric of Heidelberg, "where learning and science are held in such esteem by all classes. But ho, here!" he cried out to the guide, who was leading the way. "Answer me! Is this thy vaunted land filled with priests and bards who do nothing but chant, and sing, and worship the sun and moon? Have ye no warriors?—no armies?—no triumphs?"

"My time is almost spent, nobles; neither does it become one in my station to hold argument with such as you are. Ask Semo; ask the bards: they will tell ye the tale of Erin's glories and Erin's heroes!" replied the man, speeding swiftly toward the grove, whither the two followed at a rapid pace.

CHAPTER II.—THE TEMPLE.

"Where in Pluto's name is our guide?—This gloom is impenetrable; and, to tell thee the truth, Sir Clotaire of Bretagne, I do not think it safe for us, who are strangers and almost unarmed, to venture farther into this dismal wood," said Ulric of Heidelberg to his companion.

"We are as safe here, Sir Saxon, as if the broad sunlight shone upon us. This is one of the sacred groves of which I have heard, in the midst of which is a temple where the Druids perform their mysterious rites, and where the sages instruct youth in the sciences. But let us hail our guide. Ho! ho, there!—Ho!" shouted the young Frank.

"I am here, nobles," said the man, who was only a few steps in advance of them, but who was so concealed by the gloomy shadows of coming night, which crept through the great trees like dark-robed spirits, that they did not see him.

"Per Hercules! I did not know but that the earth had opened and swallowed thee.—This gloom is like Tartarus," said Ulric, while the red blood tingled in his cheeks. Just at that moment strains of choral music swept past them, modulated into a thousand softened echoes and cadences by the sweet south wind, which breathed at intervals through the leafy and silent aisles. They paused, awe-struck and amazed. A louder and more solemn strain of melody—a rolling anthem of adoration—burst through the grove, making the very leaves tremulous with its harmonious vibrations, while here and there, flitting like white fawns through the thickets, were veiled figures, graceful and agile, who sang wild-bird-like songs as they fled along. Then all was silent and motionless.

"Behold!" whispered the guide, pointing upward through an opening in the trees.—"The Vestals are engaged in the rites of Nerf, known in Greece as Athena, but worshiped in Erin as the goddess of Wisdom and purity."

The strangers lifted their eyes, and saw through the open space above them a purple vista stretched far up into the silent depths of heaven, from which the last soft beam of twilight had faded, in the midst of which hung the crescent moon, like a silver bark floating to bright but unknown shores, while the evening star, an opal-crowned spirit, followed,

* All references made in the course of this tale to the customs, habits, and conquests of the ancient Irish, to their religion and its rites, are strictly historic.

guarding its way through the deep,—images of purity and wisdom deified and worshiped in those earlier ages by nations who, dwelling in the shadow of darkness, understood nothing clearly of the existence of a first cause.

"It is a sacred hour," said the man, reverently. "We must approach in silence."

The Saxon looked scornful and impatient. Clotaire threw back his fine head with a light smile, and the group pursued their way. After treading narrow and intricate paths, they made an abrupt turn, and came in full view of a majestic and spacious marble temple, through whose windows of stained glass—stained in Tyrian dyes which far exceeded the imitations of these later ages—floods of crimson, green, purple, and golden light were streaming out on the shadows in such prodigal splendor that the old trees looked as if they were draped with rainbows. Running along the front was a spacious colonnade, supported by light pillars, with carved base and cornice, into which the wide folding doors of the principal entrance opened. Above rose stately arches, splendid sculptures, and lofty turrets, all blending together in one grand architectural harmony.—Walking to and fro the length of the tesselated marble floor of the colonnade was a noble-looking man, clad in flowing garments embroidered and clasped with gems. The fire of youth was in his large blue eyes, and the glow of life's spring-time on his cheeks, while a consciousness of innate superiority lent an imposing dignity to his aspect. His sandaled feet glistened as he walked, the straps of his sandals being wrought with precious stones, and the square cap, which declared his order, sat on his brow like a diadem.

"He is one of the princes of Munster," said their guide, in a low tone of voice, "who, being instructed by the Druids, has become a Bard."

Just then, seeing two strangers approaching, he stepped forward, and, holding out his hand, received them courteously.

"Bear witness, nobles," said the guide, "that I have conducted ye hither without bribe or reward, that I may return. This, noble strangers, is Abaris, prince and Bard of Munster."

"And we," said Clotaire of Bretagne, "are two strangers from Western Europe, who have come hither in the pursuit of knowledge. We have letters to Semo, the sage and Arch-Druid of Erin, from our fathers,—one of whom is a palatine of the great German Empire, the other, myself, a son of the Lord Count of Bretagne. For our guide we can safely say that he has performed the task assigned him in good faith and courtesy."

"It is well. He knows well how sacred are the laws of hospitality. But, noble sirs, while I bid ye welcome, I am sorry to inform ye that Semo is now engaged in the sacred rites of the temple. A number of Druids from other provinces have met him here to consult together in matters of high import; and, it being one of the festivals of *Tinne*, he will not be at liberty to give ye audience until to-morrow," replied the bard, with grave dignity. "But follow me. We have an apartment for strangers, where ye can partake of refreshments and rest, which ye must need after so long a journey."

He conducted them through lofty passages, through spacious halls of marble, where the grained ceilings were fretted with silver and checkered with azure,—where silken draperies swept around sculptured pillars in voluminous and gorgeous folds,—where the arches, which spanned deep niches in the wall, were heavy with carvings of grotesque foliage, and filled with parchment volumes, and rolls of Egyptian and Etrurian manuscripts. In more than one apartment through which they passed, they noticed high and finely-chiseled statues of the elate Nerf, before which, on tripods of silver, burned fires, which were tended by the neophytes of the temple, clad in robes of white and crowned with garlands of ivy. The way seemed intricate and interminable; but, as they went on, they noticed that they were winding around a circular corridor, which appeared to surround an inner temple; for, if afar off yet quite near, and only muffled by the intervention of thick walls, they again heard those wondrous strains of music, while from small loop-holes, high up near the ceiling, sharp rays of light from within streamed across. Silently and reverently the bard conducted his guests along until they reached an arched doorway set deep in the marble wall, which he opened, and ushered them in.

"Here rest, most welcome strangers. Here are refreshments; here are couches; here is a harp; here are books. But pardon my absence. My post of duty is where ye found me. More strangers might arrive,—for men of all nations seek our sages to hear from them lessons of wisdom,—and it would be a gross violation of our rules for me to be absent longer than necessary," said the bard.

"Thanks, noble Abaris, for the time already bestowed on us. There is only one more favor. Be pleased to take with thee our letters of introduction to Semo," said Clotaire of Bretagne, handing him a letter written on vellum and fastened with threads of gold.

"And mine," said Ulric the Saxon, impatient and hungry. Abaris took both, and, bow-

ing his head, folded the letters to his heart, and was gone.

"Now, Clotaire, let us be merry. There are fowls and meats of which I know not the names; here are venison, salads, white bread and wines,—oh, glorious, generous wines! See how they sparkle and dance as the light gleams through them. And, per Bacchus! the service is of gold. This Druid temple is no bad quarters, after all!" exclaimed Ulric of Heidelberg, skipping around the table and inspecting every dish with the greedy eye of a gourmand.

"This is more like the Epicureanism of Greece, than the abstemiousness for which the Druids are celebrated. We only want garlands of roses and music to make us fancy we are in Athens," laughed the young Frank, filling his goblet with sparkling wine. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry."

After satisfying the first cravings of hunger and thirst, he threw himself back on his couch and surveyed the apartment. It was lofty and beautiful. The floor was tessellated with marble of various colors, and spread here and there with soft Persian mats of brilliant dyes.—Couches filled up with soft silken cushions invited repose; and silver lamps, whose flames threw up fragrant odors, hung suspended by links of silver from the ceiling.

"Look! look! Sir Saxon! look!" exclaimed Clotaire, starting up, and laying his hand on his companion's arm, as he was in the act of lifting another goblet, overflowing with wine, to his lips, while he pointed to a luminous sentence which had appeared to start out suddenly in letters of fire on the marble wall.

"THE WISEMAN SAYETH, TOUCH NOT WINE,
BE GOVERNED NOT BY SENSUALITY, BUT
BY THY NOBLE SELF."

"By Apollo! this is sham hospitality!" exclaimed the Saxon noble. "I thought we were invited to partake of these viands and refreshments?"

"I am thankful for the warning," said Clotaire. "I am refreshed, and shall eat and drink no more."

"And I shall drink another goblet of this delicious wine. By Bacchus! there is nothing in all Rhineland like it!" exclaimed Ulric of Heidelberg, drinking another draught. "Now I am so far from sleep that I feel like a young giant. I could fight a dragon, if I could only find one! Come, Sir Clotaire! let us explore beyond this, and not be mowed up like two refractory dandelions on a holiday. These casements open—yes! let us see—on a narrow parapet; a goat could scarcely stand on it; but I shall go and follow it whithersoever it leads me."

"Sir Saxon! thou wouldst not be guilty of this breach of hospitality! What right have we to scale the walls of those who have received us in good faith, or explore their dwellings uninvited?" exclaimed Clotaire, in an indignant tone.

But, heated with wine, and heedless as he was, bold, Ulric stepped forth from the window, out on the parapet, and, with the agility and swiftness of a cat, glided out of sight, while the other, shocked and indignant, turned away, and once more lay down upon his couch. The soft, subdued light, the solitude and perfect stillness around him, soothed his senses, and a deep slumber stole over him. A fair dream opened to his vision; his mother, still in the bloom of a stately beauty, was beside him; his father, in courtly attire, with a coronet on his brow, held out his hand with a proud look of joy toward him; he threw out his arm to clasp his mother, who was the idol of his life,—when, lo! a crash, a jar, aroused him, with a sense of something terrible. He sprang up. The casements had been dashed rudely open, and on the floor, ghastly and trembling, lay Ulric of Heidelberg.

"Ha! hast thou been wounded? hast thou been attacked? What means this, Sir Saxon? Rouse thee, rouse thee, and lie not there trembling like a craven, instead of a true knight," exclaimed the impetuous and noble Frank.

"This is an accursed place! Let us go hence," he replied, through his chattering teeth.

"Explain; but first rise up, and swallow some wine. I thought from thy valiant talk that there was nothing within the space of humanity that could alarm thee," said Clotaire, handing him wine.

"I defy every human power, Sir Frank; but there are terrible ones who belong to another and a blacker world, the princes of the realms of hell, whom I fear," he replied, with white lips.

"Hast thou met one of these?" inquired Clotaire, incredulously.

"Listen. I have known an age of horror since I left thee," said the Saxon, speaking in a low tone. "It was to gratify a foolish whim which seized me at the moment; but the cool night-winds, and the difficulties which beset my progress, exhilarated and excited me: so on I went. Clambering, hanging sometimes by my nails, swinging by boughs, and creeping where a bird could scarcely stand, I got along, until suddenly a steep wall arrested my progress. It was covered with ivy of so old a growth that the branches were like cables. As I could not go on, I vowed to go up; and up I climbed,—

* One of the Killarney lakes.

* Abbe McGeoghegan's "History of Ireland."

up—up,—until a brilliant stream of light, pouring from an opening high up under the eaves, almost blinded me. But my eyes, soon accustomed to the glare, looked through, and could distinguish within and below; and, as sure as thou livest, it was the interior of the accursed Druid temple into which I gazed; and then—

"Hast thou so far forgotten the honor of a noble, Sir Saxon, as to play the spy?" asked Clotaire, with a withering look of scorn.

"Ha! spy!" he exclaimed, touching the hilt of his dagger. "Unsay the word, Sir Clotaire of Bretagne!"

"Let thy own words disprove the charge, Sir Ulrich of Heidelberg. Go on," said the other, coolly.

"That I am no spy, then, be sure. Had I known there was an opening in the wall, had I even known that it was the wall of their temple I was scaling; I had not seen what I did.— But, once up,—hanging by vines at a dizzy height from the ground, my brain fevered with wine, and the spirit of adventure rampant within me—I looked down for a moment; but, Sir Frank it was a moment so full of horror that it is burnt in my brain forever. I saw a throne of gold and gems. It was surrounded by lamps so studded with opals that the light streamed out like sunbeams through them.— White and crimson draperies of tissue covered with stars of precious stones hung around it. On it was seated a terrible ONE of gigantic proportions, draped in cloth of gold. His face was grand and beautiful, but there was a faded glory and a curse in every lineament. Instead of a diadem of gems on his brow, there was a coronal of small white flames. Yes,—as I live,—flames! No jewels ever flickered and twined and writhed as they did. Then he lifted his hand, and I saw a glistening serpent, with eyes of flame, twining around his arm, and from the throat of the serpent issued low, sweet melodies. At the signal, a screen slid back, and Semo, followed by two others, older than himself, came into this awful presence, and, prostrating themselves, touched the pavement with their foreheads, paying him who sat on the throne homage, who uttered words I could not hear. Then there came a crash and sudden darkness, and wild music wailing up on the air, and a sound of lamentation. Half dead with fright, I returned with all the swiftness I could."

"Sir Ulrich of Heidelberg, thou art sufficiently punished for thy levity. Thy head was dizzy with climbing, and, heated with wine, the light blinded and bewildered thee, and thou hast seen—a vision," said Clotaire, laughing.

"It was no vision,—no phantasm!" replied the other, sullenly, while he swallowed another draught of wine. "I only wish I was safely back at Heidelberg; for, believe me, it is little that will be battered into my brains, after what I have seen."

"Let us hope for the best," replied the gay Clotaire. "Lie down and sleep until morning, and, my honor on it, the bright sunshine will disperse these extraordinary phantoms from thy affrighted brain. There are soft pillows and a wide couch. Let us sleep."

"Sleep who can!" muttered Ulrich. "I shall watch. By Pluto! I feel afraid for the first time in my life." But, notwithstanding all, he had scarcely touched the pillows on which he had heavily thrown himself, when his nasal organs announced, in no gentle or musical tones, that he was sleeping profoundly.

CHAPTER III.—SEMO.

"Nobles, day is far up in the hills!" "Pardon, O bard, the sluggishness of weary travelers," exclaimed Clotaire, who, starting from his couch, saw Abaris standing beside him.

"Nay, gentle sir, it is I who should ask pardon, for rousing thee so rudely from sleep. I was loath to do it; but Semo sends ye greeting, and is waiting in the grove without, to give ye audience," replied the bard, courteously.

"Methinks the wines of Erin give one strange dreams, sir bard," yawned the Saxon, stretching his limbs, while he shook off his slumbers.

"Our wines are generous. If used temperately, they invigorate and strengthen; if abused, they take revenge by filling the soul with phantoms from Tartarus," replied Abaris, gravely.

"It was the wine, then," began Ulrich; but, silenced by a sign from Clotaire, he adroitly added, "In Rhineland, one may drink up a vintage without feeling dizzy. But I am ready to accompany thee."

Beneath an old oak-tree, whose roots had forced their way out of the earth in grotesque shapes, and were so covered with rich mosses that they looked as if they were draped with velvet, walked Semo, the Arch-Druid. Grave, solemn, and stately in his bearing, full of the dignity of learning and wisdom, and a rapt enthusiast in the doctrines of a dark mythology, his appearance was imposing in the extreme.

"Welcome, young lords of Heidelberg and Bretagne,—thrice welcome. Come near me; for the cloud of age gathers over my vision, and the voice of mortals is like a far-off echo," he said, extending his hand, which the strangers touched with their lips, as they bowed the knee before him,—an act of reverence which his age and position demanded. "I knew the father of each of ye. I was the guest of the Lord Count of Bretagne, and also of the noble palatine of the Rhine, Count of Heidelberg, when I last journeyed toward the ruins of Tyre and the broken altars of Egypt. Their sons are welcome."

"We are here to learn wisdom in the schools of Erin," replied Clotaire, "and are commended to the auspices of Semo, because his fame as a sage and philosopher is known throughout Europe."

"Ay! so well is Semo known, not only for the wisdom of his age, but for the glorious achievements of his youth, that his name is written in letters of gold on a marble tablet in

the hall of my ancestors at Heidelberg," said Ulrich, with a proud air, while he reverently bowed his head.

"It is ever so," said the old Druid, leaning on his staff. "The *Krug-Catha** sounds sweeter in the ears of impetuous youth than the soft lays of Latona or the rapt strains of Apollo. The helm and shield, the war-horse and braying trumpet, are in his dreams of glory. In the Leabhar-Gabhaltust† he reads the scroll of destiny. But Time, like a torrent flowing down from some cloud-capped hill, sweeps all away together in an inexorable current. Of the Danans, who first peopled this isle, and who were conquered by our forefathers the Phenicians, a brave and fearless nation, what is left? A few broken tombs and ruined temples mark the path of the victorious invaders, while the vanquished lie forgotten beneath the waves of the sea and the sands of the shore. Fame is silent above their ashes.— Their destiny is over. There is only one aim worthy of man,—virtue! TIENNE, from whose glory ages cannot shear one ray, is the governing principle of Wisdom and Perfection, in the pursuit of which, man, enlightened by holy sciences, can only become a pure being, a suitable companion for Deity."

"Tell me, O sage!" said the Saxon youth, eagerly, and perhaps rudely, "has Erin no heroes? no cohorts? no battalions? no chiefs and warlike sons? Is the broad land filled with long-bearded sages and rambling bards?"

"Thy youth, O Saxon, must plead for thy ignorance," replied Semo. "While Erin, which is known throughout the world as the *Sacred Isle*, bows the knee to *Sheanachus*, the old and first cause, while the altars of sacrifice smoke with offerings to TIENNE and NERF, while the Druids in their sequestered temples keep alive the sacred fires of Religion and learning, her heroes, attended by their bards, who record on the deathless pages of Leabhar-Gabhaltust their deeds of valor, perform acts of prowess which would not shame the walls of Troy, nor lay their spears in rest until the proud invader is driven off or the aggressor subdued. Come hither, Abaris, and sing the glories of Tuathal and Fion the Brave," said the old Druid, with kindling eye.

The young bard swept his fingers over the strings of his harp, throwing out a gush of wild, warlike strains on the air. The stirring notes floated like banners over their heads, and the willing echoes sounded like the muffled tramp of hosts marching to battle, while in tones of exquisite clearness and volume, modulated to softness or rising in grandeur, he chanted the deeds of Tuathal, who was not only terrible in war, but wise in council. "The princes and chiefs of Tara assemble. The septs come thronging down from the fastnesses in the hills and their strongholds in the valley. They hear that the proud Roman, arrogant and flushed with conquest, threatens their wave-washed shores with invasion. He has boasted that the Eagle shall perch over the 'Sunburst,'‡ and that this gem of the seas shall be plucked from its possessors, to glitter in the imperial diadem, her heroes and princes be chained to Roman chariots, while her maids and matrons shall be torn from their firesides and sold into slavery. Roused to frenzy, they grasp the spear and buckle on the sword.— Their arrow-points glitter in the sunlight, and every bow is strung. They rush with wild war-cries on the sleeping legions of Imperial Rome, who fly at the onset, leaving rich spoils in the hands of the victors." This was the burden of the song of Abaris, draped in poetry which we cannot imitate, and filled with eloquence so stirring that Ulrich of Heidelberg grasped his dagger, and, with flashing eyes, threw his fine muscular form into an attitude of attack, while Clotaire listened breathless and eager until the bard closed his song with the wild and romantic story of *Fion MacCumhall*.

(To be Continued.)

* War-song.
† Book of Conquests.
‡ The banner of Ireland.

INCIDENTS OF THE PARIS INSURRECTION.

The Times publishes the following from a Parisian correspondent:—

The gentlemen of Belleville and of the prisons lose no time if they know well that the power will not remain long in their hands, and they wish first to satisfy their vengeance—one might also say, to give free scope to their folly. I know of no other word to apply to some—shall I say to the greater number?—of their acts. This morning they arrested a singer, M. Villaret, a tenor at the Opera. What do you think was his crime? He was walking and smoking a cigar in the Place Pigalle. They accused him, like M. Clement Thomas, of taking a plan of the barricades, and would have shot him but for the intervention of some neighbors. M. Jules Favre was right yesterday in asking pardon of God and men for having refused to M. Bismarck the disarmament of the National Guards. Firearms should not be placed in the hands of children of furious madmen, still less in those of idiots. How shall we get out of this chaos in what every one asks. Three means present themselves. Either the better part of the population combined will regain the upper hand, which is easy if properly commanded, if they do not allow themselves to be disarmed, if they agree together and know how to arrange things properly, or else the indignant provinces will rise and precipitate themselves on Paris, with the assistance of any good elements in the army that may be at Versailles; or, lastly, the Germans will carry out their threat, and will occupy Paris after having driven before them with their shells the fugitives from Belleville. I do not hesitate to recognize this last means as the only efficacious one, because it alone can cauterize the wound in which the rabid virus is contained.

The following is an extract from a letter from Paris, dated March 28:—I suppose it has never been your lot, you happy Englishman, to see a barricade erected before your very windows? I am less lucky, and can tell you exactly how the thing is done. At day-break on the 18th inst our quarter, was overrun by the patriots of Batignolles, and from that moment it has been one continuous round of drums beating the "rappel" and trumpets sounding the alarm. This of itself was sufficiently irritating for the quiet inhabitants of a usually very quiet street; but you get used to most things, and even in the occasional firing close at hand there was nothing very startling and it only called forth an angry exclamation, and perhaps an imprecation or two against the passive "atti-

tude" of Government. This state of things remained unaltered until Wednesday the 22nd, but after the lamentable affair of the Place Vendome the patriots of Batignolles got afraid some reprisals might be attempted, and that very evening a barricade was made at the top of the Rue du Turin, cutting it off from the Boulevard de Batignolles. A most black-guardsly looking sergeant of the National Guard came up, escorted by six cut-throats, you would say, judging by their appearance. The sergeant stopped, and said to his followers, "Eventrez moi c'ete rue, un peu leste, et faites moi une barricade que ce soit ca." A lieutenant passing by stopped and asked "Why make a barricade in that place?" The sergeant looked round with a scowl, and said, "we have orders," and then turned his back on the officer, who went away shrugging his shoulders. And our barricade was made "que c'est ca," in stone and earth five feet high and four feet deep, with two embrasures, before which two 7 pounders were pointed, and sentinels were placed to guard this new toy. It is always surrounded by a knot of hideous looking ruffians dressed as National Guards, such men as one only sees during a revolution, as if they remained below ground the remainder of the time. Every day a few stones are added to "the works," and a smaller barricade has been constructed in front of the parent barricade as an outwork. The 7 pounders, too, have been replaced by 24 pounders. Every now and then a detachment of patriots takes one of the cannons out for an "airing." They drag it along the Boulevard for half an hour or so, and then it is restored to its place before the embrasure. At night unsuspecting cabmen drive up our street, when they are stopped by a sentinel who crosses bayonets, and in commanding tones calls out, "On ne passe pas! Au large!" and with praiseworthy prudence the cabmen drive rapidly away. In the daytime every now and then some alarm causes the shops of the neighborhood to be hastily shut up, and the dirty guardians of our liberties are in very bad odour with the shopkeepers, especially with those who have been subjected to "requisitions" and have been paid with red "bons." "Des bons qui sont tres mauvais," as a grocer remarked to me. How is all this to end? It seems difficult it should end without much bloodshed, but then help must come from without. The minority of the armed well thinking men inside Paris is most alarming. At the time I write there is continual drumming going on under my windows, and cannon in the distance, but it may be a salute from a Prussian corps. Our barricade has been made, how will it be pulled down? That is the question. I am but a quarter of a century old, and without mentioning the "coup d'etat" and "sundry emettes," I have seen the latter years of a monarchy, an empire, two republics, and two revolutions.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Temps furnishes a curious sketch of the state of affairs in the French capital. "One sign of the times," it says, "is that game is not to be had and milk is scarce. Butchers' meat will soon be difficult to procure, but potatoes are plentiful and cheap, indeed, in some parts they are given away, a practice which it would be convenient to make general, as gold and silver are becoming scarce. Everything, however, goes on as usual, except the hackney coaches and the railways. The reason assigned for the irregularities of railway trains is because they are stopped, but that is absurd. The cab-drivers give a more intelligible explanation: forage is scarce, and horses also, the latter because most of them have been eaten. But it must be admitted that the coach-drivers are somewhat unreasonably. Their charges are extortionate, and they will not take paper bons. 'Sir,' said I to a coachman the other day, 'those are bons duly marked and stamped by the Commune.' Observe, I said, 'Monsieur,' and not 'Citoyen' which might offend the aristocratic coachman. I soon found that my bons were not bons, as the coachman declined to be paid in what he elegantly termed 'monkey's money,' so I drew out my purse and was about to pay according to the old tariff. 'Citizen,' said the coachman to me in a contemptuous tone, 'do you think the revolution was made for dogs? There is no longer any tariff!' Then, M. le Cochier, how much must I pay you for what in the old time would have cost 5f? 'It is 2f, Citizen, and the pourboire at your discretion, Monsieur!'

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A NOBLEMAN.

At the corner of the Rue Meyerbeer, near the new Opera (says one of the Daily News correspondents) a little scene occurred which forcibly illustrates the horrors of the life we are now leading in Paris. A young National Guard evidently belonging to the quarter, had gathered a small group of neighbors around him. He was trembling in every limb. His face pale and distorted with excitement, he explained to us how a friend of his had been killed yesterday. It was a son of the *Comte de Molinet*, who lives in the house above the celebrated butcher, M. Dural, in the Rue Tronchet. The *Comte de Molinet*, who had joined in the demonstration, threw himself over the dead body of his son, crying that nothing should separate him from his child. He was in consequence taken prisoner by the insurgents. They demanded that he should send for two of his friends to claim him and prove his identity. The young National Guard had just seen these two friends, and it was their story which excited him in so extraordinary a manner. Instead of liberating the *Comte de Molinet*, the insurgents, in the presence of the friends who came to claim him, began to spit in his face; they then tore from his coat the medal of the Legion of Honor, and threw it at him. After this they knocked the old man down; they trampled on him, they kicked his body about. "Now," said the insurgents to the friends of the *Comte*, "you may go away, for he is condemned to death." The unfortunate man had but time to murmur a demand that his body should be decently buried, when he fainted. His wife is anxiously waiting for him at home. She does not know of her husband's danger, nor of her son's death. The young National Guard who told us all this had been to see her, but he had not had courage to tell her more than that her son was wounded.

HOW GUSTAVE FLOURENS DIED.

(Versailles Correspondence of the London Times, April 2.) Many of the insurgents changed their clothes when they found that their retreat had been cut off. Among the rest the aide-de-camp of Gustave Florens, one of their chiefs, did so. In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the gendarmes were searching the village of Chatou, when a shot came from the window of an *auberge*, kept by a man named Ducoq. The gendarmes entered the house, and when they reached the first floor one of them received a bullet in the shoulder at the moment when he was entering one of the rooms. His captain, M. Desmarcet, rushed into the room, found the man who had fired the shot with a revolver in his hand, and instantly cut him down with his sabre. This man was no other than Florens. His aide-de-camp, an Italian named Cipriani, was wounded by a sabre cut and made prisoner. He had assumed civil attire, but Florens himself was in military uniform. His dead body now lies in the Amphitheatre Hospital in this town.

An orator at Montmartre summed up his idea of a republic by saying it was that form of government under which every citizen, whether he worked or not, should receive from the public purse thirty sous a day for himself, fifteen sous for his wife, and five sous for each child. This he considered his right; and for that he would die: and the sooner he did it the better. So profound a political economist must see that thereby he would save his country thirty sous a day.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

Tours, March 30.

I had made an appointment with Captain Renwick, R.A., to drive yesterday morning to the old chateau of Beaumont la Ronce, and accompany the proprietor over some of the communes which had suffered most.

How is it that we in England are taught to believe that respect for ancient families, attachment to the "seigneurs" have died out in France except, perhaps, in remote corners of Brittany and Vendee? All I can say is that during a thirty mile drive we met not a man in blouse who did not touch his cap, or a single village mayor who did not bow with deference as the Marquis passed. Yet this was in Touraine, within 12 miles of Tours, which has always returned a Democratic candidate. "How would ye like to have back a King in France?" I asked the Mayor of St. Laurent. "Very much, Sir," he replied, "if he is strong enough to keep order; all we want is quiet. We are not what is called Legitimists about here, but the great proprietors are, and they would support a King, which in itself would be some guarantee of strength and therefore of tranquillity; but we all fear Paris, and that the King would be soft-hearted enough to be enticed into living there until he was again upset by the mob. We are all more or less ruined and cannot afford another revolution. If a King will come, and be strong enough to deal once for all with the Parisians, we will all become Legitimists the moment after; but in the meantime we have our private opinion that no King will do this, and that it requires something stronger." In this he expressed I believe the universal sentiment of the peasantry. This same Mayor we found with some difficulty, as his own house was empty, the Prussians having made him a prisoner and demolished the domestic possessions of the family because he could not produce within half an hour the number of cows, oxen, sheep, pigs, and other animals required for a day's provision, of a regiment of Uhlans. The old gentleman had not yet got over his captivity and spoke with a dejected air, which rendered the conversation far from cheerful.

GOOD BY TRUCK.—When the envoys of M. de Rothschild paid the war contributions of Paris, 200,000,000 francs, at Versailles, they let a counterfeit 25 thaler bill slip in among the others. The quick eye of a Prussian official at once detected it, and the bill was thrown out. Rothschild's people insisted that it was genuine and must be accepted, otherwise they would return to Paris with all their roles of notes and sacks of coin. With that official exactness which is the glory of Prussian routine, Count Bismarck was at once informed of the misunderstanding. He answered: "Herr Director, accept the bill. I will myself make up the deficit and preserve the counterfeit note as a memento of this great day. A great war about nothing more tangible than a Chateau in Espagne has just been concluded between two great Powers; and I can't afford, just on the heel of it, to turn round and declare war with the house of Rothschild, the Sixth Great European Power, on account of a 25 thaler note."

Citizen Assy is said to have expressed an opinion that the republic is in no danger. Nevertheless, he maintained that all who wish to attack the republic should at once be shot.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

A special correspondent of the London Daily News thus describes the arrival and disbandment of a Landwehr regiment at Berlin:—

This morning Berlin received the first genuine consignment of home-coming warriors in the 1st battalion of the 2nd Guard Landwehr regiment. The battalion went out over 1,000 strong; I do not care to estimate how far beneath that number it mustered as it marched down the Linden this morning. Nearly all the men had bound green wreaths round their helmets. Some had stuck nosebags in the muzzles of their needle-guns; others carried chaplets on their bayonets. Big muscular fellows all of them, of set frames and mature years, hair to the eyes, and clumsy rather of build and gait, but of rare weight and toughness—troops that evidently knew the meaning of fighting, and had good fight in them as a matter of course and quite in the way of business.

After their Kaiser had had a look at them, and they had marched past the palace, the battalion broke into companies, each company taking a different direction to a halting point. I accompanied the 2nd company through the Friedrich Strasse to the top of the Jager Strasse. While it was in the Linden rigorous discipline was the order of the day. But it relaxed somewhat in the Friedrich Strasse, and the people got among their martial fellow-citizens. It made one laugh, though mirth was not the sole emotion, to see the women claim their husbands, throw arms round their necks, and kiss them heartily; while the honest fellows, fair to reciprocate, had still to keep step and not materially lose their dressing. Once the women got possession of the men that belonged to them there was no parting these twain of one flesh, and so the fours became eights in many cases; in yet others an indefinite number, as when the women had babies in their arms and when elder children got a hold of their father somewhere and objected to leave go of him. One woman I saw with two babies, plainly twins. She wanted to hug her husband; but if she did she must drop one of the babies. A comrade, whom no wife claimed and who was, I suppose, a sort of Landwehrman Brother Cherubly, genially relieved her of one baby, which he carried with singular address on his left shoulder. The young one pulled the nosy out of the muzzle of his needle-gun carried on the other shoulder. And so the company struggled on under difficulties, striving to be martial to the last, but visibly embarrassed by family considerations, till they reached the top of the Jager Strasse, where they halted. "Front," was the sergeant's word of command; and with normal intervals and doubled files, how to perform it was rather a puzzle. Somehow a double line did get formed; but the sizing was queer, resulting from the fact that it was partially composed of women, who, clinging fast to their husbands' arms, came "Front" along with them. With the "stand at ease" came unreserved intercourse. Friends trooped around, handshaking was incessant, the hurly Landwehrmen perspired with exuberant joy. The Lieutenant-colonel rode by, waving his kindly adieu to the men who had so staunchly stood by him when he led them to victory; they fell in and carried arms to the bluff old soldier, responding to his "Adieu" with a hearty cheer. Then the captain, who had been transacting a little family recognition on his own account on the pavement, stood out among his men, and they formed a circle about him as he began to speak. Orders as to disposal of arms and accoutrements were given for pay, &c., were the matters with which he had first to deal; then his voice changed, as after a little pause, he addressed his command as "comrades."

"We have been together, men," said he, "through the campaign. I marched you out of Berlin, and now I march you back again. Not all indeed that went out with us have come back with us. God so willed it that some should have fallen in the way, but they died for King and Fatherland. You have done your duty, men, as good Prussians, and so now adieu!" "Adieu" came back from every throat in answer, and with the response the company was disbanded.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is not an island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE LORD BISHOP OF KILLALOE.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of the Most Rev. Nicholas Power, the venerated and beloved Coadjutor Prelate of the diocese of Killaloe. The sad event occurred at his Lordship's residence in Nenagh, on Monday morning, at five o'clock. It is an announcement that will be read throughout Ireland with as much surprise as sorrow. In the diocese in which he had ministered, as priest and prelate for so long a period, his death will be regarded as the saddest of bereavements, and his people will mourn for him with all the bitter grief of children for a father. Amidst the cherished body of the Irish Episcopacy there was not one of them who had fixed himself more firmly in the affections of his charge than the amiable bishop whose demise we record to-day, and every memorial that he leaves behind him is an evidence that he was, in every respect, a great prelate "who in his days hath pleased his God." As we have intimated, his death was comparatively unexpected, and he sank to his "sleep in the Lord" in the peace and quietude of a soul "that had fought the good fight, and persevered unto the end." When the sad intelligence of his decease had spread through Nenagh, sadness was visible on every face, and the feeling amongst the poor was one of desolation and anguish for a departed friend and benefactor. Dr. Power was a native of the diocese of Killaloe, and at the time of his selection by the vote of the clergy of the diocese to the coadjutorship of its see, was the respected pastor of the parish from which the diocese takes its title. He was consecrated bishop on the 25th of June, 1865, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the eloquent Bishop of Kerry, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty. The graceful references to the virtues and endowments of the newly consecrated prelate formed a touching portion of his Lordship's beautiful discourse, and found a ready echo in the hearts of those who heard him. Perhaps the most gratifying testimony to the new prelate of the good wishes that hailed his appointment was afforded in the fact that ten of his venerated brethren in the Episcopacy were present at the solemn and interesting ceremony. Five years and a half were not much of an episcopal career; but in the case of Dr. Power, they were enough to prove him eminently fitted for his lofty dignity, and to secure for him a grateful and a lasting remembrance among the devoted faithful of Killaloe. It is not long since they went out in joy, and with all the symbols of filial gladness, to welcome him to their midst from the labours and anxieties of the Vatican Council. They were proud that their spiritual Father should have been amongst the great and illustrious throng, and that the name of their diocese should have its place in the list of those that had furnished signatories to its decree of Papal Infallibility. They gave him a cordial welcome to his Irish home, and prayed that God would spare him to them for many years to come. It has seemed wise to the merciful Dispenser of all events that it should be otherwise, and we offer our sympathy to the bereaved flock of Killaloe. But, in their affliction, they have the consolation of believing, with as much of certainty as in those things it is permitted to mortals to assume, that he is gone to a better kingdom, and given that charge over many things which, in "the joy of the Lord," is the reward of fidelity over a few.— *Freeman.*

Some of the results of the Government Land Bill, as developed by recent decisions of legal tribunals, are remarkable as showing how little practical relief it is likely to bring to Irish tenant serfs. It has been asserted indeed that it was really intended to only root out the Irish tenants from the soil, and it would seem in working to have that effect. Emigration has not ceased, on the contrary it has even increased of late, and ejection processes are as plentiful as ever. It is no check on the evicting landlord that he is supposed to be compelled to compensate his tenant. He knows better. He is aware that the act allows him so many loopholes to escape that he will have little or nothing to pay, while the tenant may be ruined by law expenses. Let us take a case in point. At the late Quarter Sessions at Boyle, an ejected tenant—one Charles Meehan—sued his landlord for compensation for disturbance, for the reclamation of waste land, and for certain unexhausted improvements. It was admitted that the tenant's labour and capital had nearly doubled the value of the land, notwithstanding which the landlord disputed all the claims for compensation, and the tenant was finally compelled to retain possession at a rent nearly double that which he had previously paid. That is to say, the tenant lays out money and lavishes labour on his little farm, and for having the temerity to do so is fined by the imposition of an increased rent. This, too, under the beneficent provisions of Gladstone's Irish Land Act, which was to "root" Irish tenants in the soil, and make everybody comfortable and prosperous. No doubt Charles Meehan has a very lively sense of the benefits of the measure: he will pay his doubled rent until compelled by poverty to go to swell the ranks of Irish disaffection in the United States; and he will, of course, be particularly grateful to that head centre and protector of Irish landlords—William Ewart Gladstone.

The spread of Republicanism in England has alarmed our watchful and sensitive contemporary the *Mail*, which, we need hardly inform our readers, is the chief organ of indignant disestablished Irish Conservatism, and consequently a deadly foe not only to Republicanism everywhere, but to liberalism in general, and Gladstone's liberalism in particular. It cries out in alarm—whether affected or not we don't pretend to say—"the statesmanship of English Parliamentary leaders in all probability is to be put to a severer test than has been experienced since the days of Chartism," and declares that "Bullaugh is a power in the land." We are not particularly solicitous about the success or failure of English Parliamentary leaders, and shall therefore rather rejoice should they go down before the "test." So also would the *Mail*, we doubt not, particularly if the accession to power of its own pet parliamentary party were to eventuate. But we do wish for the spread of Republican principles, and as we are utterly unimpressed by party, we may be excused if we take the *Mail's* alarm as a genuine expression of its feelings, and regard the evidence it adduces of the spread of Republicanism in England as especially valuable. The spread of Republican feeling in England is, in our opinion, much to be desired, and its dissemination in Ireland would most assuredly not be productive of evil. A new Licensing Bill, which was introduced by the Home Secretary in the English House of Commons on Monday, and which seems framed to please everybody, is, as a natural consequence, certain to please nobody. It won't please the advocates of the Permissive Bill, as it goes but a very short way in their direction; it won't please the people, because it places exceptional restrictions upon their right to obtain drink at certain times, while aristocratic frequenters of clubs and hotels can drink and get drunk when they please, without restriction, or interference; and it will most certainly not please the publicans. Anything tending to check the spread of intemperance is a good thing—even coming from England we should be disposed to welcome it—but we doubt if repressive legislation will have that effect. We have far more confidence that the awakening intelligence of our people, and the moral influence springing from an enthusiastic adoption of their country's cause, will do so. Nothing so purifies and ennobles a man as patriotism, and therefore it is the very best preventative of intemperance. The "Irish Confederation" is already a success, for English organs in England

and Ireland have commenced to abuse its promoters. This was the one thing needed to firmly establish the new movement in the affections of our people, at home and abroad.

Mr. Tennant asks by what means was the Union effected, and he answers his own question—it was effected "by bribery or cajolery for those who would sell their country, and transportation for those who would not."

"Ireland," he says, "can never be united with England, except on the broad ground of independence and equal interest."

"In a National Parliament, in which Irishmen will learn to manage their own affairs—in which national sentiment will find its expression—and in which Irishmen when they differ will be forced to discuss their differences with the consciousness that it is Ireland, and Ireland only, that must arbitrate between them—in the teaching of such a Parliament Irishmen will learn the lessons of national dignity and mutual self-respect, and their natural exuberance of spirit and self-confidence will be held in wholesome check by the consciousness of responsibility."

"If in Ireland murders were committed in the same ratio to population as in England—there should be sixty-nine murders here annually—or two murders annually in every County and five in Dublin city !!!"

"The State of Ireland.—Whenever any unusual crime or outrage is perpetrated in Ireland, the world is speedily made aware of it through the English press; and a Parliamentary inquiry is at once deemed necessary."

"The Franco-Irish Soldiers.—Considerable interest was excited on Friday week by the appearance of several soldiers in the uniform of the Franco-Tireurs who appeared in the streets. The men were war worn, and their costumes showed the effect of the hard service which the Irish contingent to the French army had undergone."

"ESTIMATED INCREASE OF THE POPULATION.—The number of births registered during the quarter ended 31st December last being 34,511, the death 20,715 and the number of emigrants 9,735 (according to returns obtained by the enumerators at the several seaports) an increase of 4,057 would, therefore, appear to have taken place in the population of Ireland during the period."

"We are very far indeed from defending Fenianism, but we as strenuously stand up for the legitimate aspirations of Irish nationality, and we think Englishmen are bound to put themselves at the stand point of their own nationality, in order to be able to form a fair judgment of the sentiments of Irish Nationalists, and to be in a position also to condemn Fenianism on its true merits."

not Englishmen feel that they were deprived of the inalienable rights of their nationality—self-government by their own representatives? With such an arrangement would Englishmen be contented, or would they not on the contrary be changed from the dignified attitude of a people conscious of their independence, into a nation of agitators? Would they ever rest till they had recovered what they would deem their inalienable birthright? Suppose, in addition to these existing grievances, England had at some former period been conquered by Ireland, and that, at different epochs in her history, in vain struggles for her independence, the greater part of the landed proprietors of England had been dispossessed of their estates, and the confiscated property had been handed over to Irish adventurers, or to Englishmen who had taken the side of the conquerors, while the leading nobility and gentry of the country had been forced into exile, to seek their fortune in the armies of France, Germany, Spain, or Russia—would not the rankling sense of injury have burned even to the present day?

"MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TRALEE FARMERS' CLUB.—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the Chairman of the Tralee Farmers' Club in acknowledgment of the vote of that body thanking him and his colleagues for the Land Bill. He states that it will give him great pleasure to bring under the notice of his colleagues the emphatic testimony of the club to the healing effects of the bill, which, from their enumeration of the benefits it has conferred appears to have touched all the principal needs of Ireland with reference to the holding and cultivation of land, and he hopes, as time develops its working they will see more and more reason for satisfaction both in the condition and sentiments of the people."

"A CALCULATION ABOUT MURDER.—According to the verdicts delivered at coroners' inquests, there were 2,495 murders committed in England and Wales during the last ten years. During that time only 247 murderers were convicted."

"On an average there are, therefore, about 250 murders perpetrated every year in England and Wales. Of the murderers only 25—the one-tenth of the murderers—are convicted! For every twenty-five murderers punished, two hundred and twenty-five escape!"

"The population of England and Wales is, in round numbers, 20,000,000. The population of Ireland is, in like manner, 5,750,000. The murders committed in England and Wales are, on an annual average, 249—these English murders are consequently perpetrated at the rate of over twelve per million inhabitants."

"If murders in Ireland were committed in the same ratio to population, how many murders would there have been in Ireland, in one year? The answer is appalling."

"If in Ireland murders were committed in the same ratio to population as in England—there should be sixty-nine murders here annually—or two murders annually in every County and five in Dublin city !!!"

"They say also that criminals escape detection in Ireland. If they escaped at the English rate, out of the sixty-nine supposititious Irish murderers only six should be punished and sixty-three should escape!"

"THE STATE OF IRELAND.—Whenever any unusual crime or outrage is perpetrated in Ireland, the world is speedily made aware of it through the English press; and a Parliamentary inquiry is at once deemed necessary. Although the way in which the Irish people are made aware of their shortcomings is not calculated to conciliate, and although such a nobleman as Lord Derby does not scruple to brand the whole Irish nation as sympathizing with murder, this publicity is after all a benefit, as it gives us an opportunity of shewing to the world the real state of Ireland. We must therefore put a check on our feelings, but go on with as much calmness and perseverance as we can bring to our aid, in our struggle for home Government for Ireland, the only effectual cure for the evils of her condition. We cannot, however, forbear asking, when we are taunted with the state of Westmeath in consequence of the nefarious Ribbon organisation, what would be the result if an enquiry were also made into the state of crime in almost any English county?—feeling confident that even Westmeath in its present disturbed state would compare favorably with most parts of England.—Catholic Times, April 1, 1871."

"THE FRANCO-IRISH SOLDIERS.—Considerable interest was excited on Friday week by the appearance of several soldiers in the uniform of the Franco-Tireurs who appeared in the streets. The men were war worn, and their costumes showed the effect of the hard service which the Irish contingent to the French army had undergone.—Dublin Irishman."

"IRISHMEN AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.—At the examination held recently for second-class assistants in the Excise department some 1,500 young men presented themselves. Of these 80 were placed, of whom 46 were Irishmen. Dublin sent 23, Cork 5, Galway 4, and Belfast 8. London sent 29, and Edinburgh 11. These facts may be contemplated with legitimate satisfaction, and prove that when competition is open Irishmen can hold their own 'against all comers.' But further, we have not only succeeded in taking much more than our proportion, we have also taken the best places. The four gentlemen at the head of the list belong to Dublin, and the fifth to Cork. Mr. Connolly, who has won the post of honor, we have been informed, is a pupil of the Central Model Schools, Marlborough street, Dublin."

"EMIGRATION.—According to the returns obtained by the enumerators, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ended 31st December last, amounted to 9,739—3,354 males and 4,385 females—being 914 less than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1869."

"ABSENCE OF CRIME IN IRELAND.—The proceedings at the present assizes are of a character which should fill the heart of every honest Irishman, whatever his opinions, with happiness and pride. In almost every county the charges of the learned judges who presided were covered in the key of congratulation at the singular immunity enjoyed by the country generally from crime or disturbance of any kind. North and South, East and West, everywhere save in one little spot—where, owing to a remarkable conjuncture of circumstances, the spirit of agrarian disturbances still lingers—crime is almost unknown. In

the great county of Limerick, for instance, after the nine months which elapsed since last assizes the criminal business was disposed of in two hours, and in most of the counties the calendars were almost as light. Such criminals as were for trial were principally poor rogues who had stolen a loaf or a coat, and whose delinquencies were amply expiated by a few months' imprisonment. Exceedingly few persons were charged with crimes of importance, and, thanks to the wise discretion of the Executive, the assizes have passed without giving any work to that dread official the executioner. And while in Ireland we see again something like that golden age of innocence and security of which our poet sung, what is the state of the sister country? Yesterday Mr. Justice Mellor opened the assizes for the rich and flourishing county palatine of Chester, one of the fairest and most affluent districts of England, flowing with milk and honey, studded with prosperous towns, and great mansions, and pleasant villas. A terrible story my lord had for the grand jurors of Chester. Fifty cases stood for trial at the assizes, many of them of the darkest hue of guilt.—Two men were charged with murder, six with disgraceful outrages, many others with brutal acts of violence. And of the fifty wretches waiting their doom only one could read! There is a special Committee to inquire into the state of Westmeath; why is there not one to ascertain why this great English county blossoms every assizes into such a goodly crop of criminality? And yet English senators and English publicists talk of Irish crime and clamor for coercion. Thank God for it, we have no Chester among our Irish counties. The every-day English occurrences of murder for greed and robbery with violence find no place in the high and virtuous hearts of the Irish people. Physician, cure thyself! Let the English people not trouble themselves with Westmeath till they have probed their own social gangrenes, till they have exterminated or civilised that vast mass of ignorance, poverty, and ruffianism, daily increasing in number and in savagery, which form the dregs of English society.—Freeman."

"THE LANDLORD'S RIGHT OF DISTRESS AGAINST COMPANIES WINDING-UP.—A case involving this question has arisen out of the winding-up of the Lundy Granite Company. Mr. Heaven, the owner of the Lundy Island, had leased it to Mr. McKenna who let the Granite company into possession under agreement to which Mr. Heaven was not privy.—The rent not being paid, Mr. Heaven put in a distress upon the company's goods on the Island, and this proceeding was objected to by official liquidator both on the ground that the distress was altogether void against the company property, and that the court ought not to give leave for it under section 87 of the statute. To this view the Master of the Rolls adhered, holding that the consent of the court was essential to the proceeding, and that it ought not to be given, the landlord being merely in the position of other creditors. An undertaking, was however, given by the liquidators not to remove the goods, so as to give the landlord an opportunity of appeal.—Public Opinion."

"MURDER IN COUNTY LONGFORD.—A farmer named Geelan murdered his father on Friday, at Cloonageer, near Newtown-Forbes. The father had been match-making during the day on the son's account, and the latter, it is said, was not satisfied with the proceedings. A quarrel ensued, and Geelan stabbed his father with a knife, from the effects of which he died. Geelan has fled.—Irish Times."

"PETER BARRETT.—Our (Freeman) Athenry correspondent, writing on the 2nd, says:—Amongst the emigrants who left here a few days ago for Ennis; en route for Cork for America, was Peter Barrett, who was charged with attempting the life of Captain Lambert, and who was thrice put upon his trial and acquitted by a Dublin jury."

"The Cork Herald announces the death of "probably the oldest man in the country," Mr. Maurice Ahern, farmer, Five-mile Bridge, near Ballinacree, and about six miles from Cork, at the age of 115. He had lived on that farm for 108 years, and retained all his faculties till within a fortnight of his death."

"ROYAL RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.—We (Irish Times) understand arrangements are at present being entered into for the purchase by Government of Castle-town, Hazehatch, the magnificent seat of Mr. T. Connolly, M.P., as an Irish residence for the Prince of Wales. It is contemplated to take a lease of Castle-town for five years, and at the expiration of that period, if approved of by His Royal Highness, it is intended to purchase Mr. Connolly's interest in the place."

"DIED.—March 27th, at Great Crosby, at the advanced age of 88 years, Mr. John Nugent, friend of the Rev. James Nugent. The numerous friends of the reverend gentleman, who sailed for America some months since on a mission of charity, will sympathise with the grief he will feel when he is made aware of the death of his father, whose probity and private character were held in general respect.—R.I.P."

"AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS, IRELAND.—The tables showing the estimated average produce of the crops in Ireland state that the average under crops in 1870, as compared with 1869, shows that barley increased by 19,574 acres, bere and rye by 614 acres, potatoes by 1,681, turnips by 16,387, mangy-wurzel by 4,270, cabbage by 2,714, and hay by 102,135 acres. Wheat decreased by 20,613 acres, oats by 33,201, and flax by 34,342 acres. The crops which give an increased estimated average produce per acre in 1870 compared with 1869 are—Wheat, 0.3 cwt.; oats, 1.2 cwt.; rye, 0.7 cwt.; potatoes, 0.8 ton; mangy wurzel, 0.2 ton; cabbage, 0.2 ton; flax, 47 stone; and hay, 0.1 ton. The crops which show a decrease in the estimated average acreable yield are—Bere, 0.7 cwt.; and turnips, 0.7 ton. In the estimated total produce of the principal cereal crops there is an increase of 628,456 quarters. In oats the increase is 586,130 quarters. Barley has increased by 81,377, and rye by 3,096 quarters. Wheat has decreased by 41,901, and bere by 186 quarters. In potatoes there is an increase of 846,012 tons; in mangy-wurzel the increase amounts to 58,368 tons. Cabbage has increased by 32,638 tons, flax by 1,202, and hay has increased by 345,737 tons, owing chiefly to a large average. In turnips there is a decrease of 23,270 tons."

"GREAT BRITAIN."

"ENGLISH CRIME.—England of the open Bible is highly moral, for we can only bring five cases of murder as being under public notice last week.—First we may begin with the case of Julia Burrows, aged seventy. She was killed in a drunken quarrel between her son and some one else. Perhaps, being so old, it does not much matter to English society. Then, two months ago, the body of Alice Merley was found in the river Ribble, near Clitheroe, under suspicious circumstances—suspicion pointed to her husband who just this week verified it by drowning himself. Well, then, in Liverpool, jail, Edward Rycroft is imprisoned for having killed William Jones. That makes up three of the list; but on Sunday, in quite the English way, a puddler at Leeds drowned a companion named Frederick Drake, and that gives us another, and then on Friday a baby-farmer, called Frances Rogers, was committed for trial on charges of murder and obtaining money under false pretences. The attempts at murder are not a whit less criminal than the perpetrations of that crime. The wife murder line takes precedence. William Oliver was "up" for having attempted to administer poison to his wife, of course with intent to murder. William escaped by a "fluke." Next to this for its diabolical purpose we may put in record the case of Herbert Smith Cordle and Elizabeth Cordle his wife, who were committed at Worcester for exposing, starving, and cruelly using the illegitimate child of the female prisoner. They used to kick it, cane it, put it under a water pipe and keep it a whole day without food, and strip its entire clothing from its body day and night for a week in an attic with an open window. Who would be a happy English child? To go on with the story: a little boy named Challice, who was employed placing mangel wurzel, was hanged by a chain placed under his left arm and around his chest, and left suspended for several hours screaming with pain. This feat was performed by an English farm laborer, who did not like the way in which the ten-year-old performed his duty. We may leave the murders and attempted murders with the relation of one more. William Peter Vosper Wallis, solicitor, of Portsmouth, has been committed to Winchester jail, and bail refused, for "having attempted to procure abortion." The catwag is long, and we will only observe that this was a very religious week in Britain.—Dublin Irishman."

"The Ritualistic party in the Church of England is stronger than we had thought. It has always been noisy, but it also has the strength of numbers. Nine hundred clergymen have presented a petition to the Convocation of Canterbury, begging to be protected against the decision of the Privy Council in the Mackonochie case. They have declared that it is intolerable that they should be forbidden the privileges of incense and candles and genuflexions. They are half right and half wrong. It is puerile in them to do so much on such toys; and it is an outrage that a state tribunal should be able to meddle with their Church affairs, and should box Miss St. Alban's ears for taking her dolls to meeting.—Independent."

"The Daily News remarks that the law, even in pronouncing sentence on Mr. Voysey, has shown its own inefficacy. He has a week in which to repent. He has only to be dishonest, and the law cannot touch him. He has only to retract and teach the same doctrines under some decent veil of conformity and he may hold his place. It is honest heretics who must not remain in the Church; dishonest heretics may remain and teach. Mr. Voysey, of course, will not retract. He will sacrifice his preferment, not his conscience. But the public will not fail to mark what the alternative is, and that either sacrifice will equally satisfy the law."

"The following resolution is to be moved by Mr. Miall, in the British House of Commons, on the 9th of May next:—"That it is expedient, at the earliest practicable period, to apply the policy of disestablishment, initiated by the Irish Church Act of 1869, to the other churches established by law in the United Kingdom."

"THE JESUIT IS DISGRACED.—Mr. Newdegate is determined to vindicate his claim to the above title, and his efforts to that end were never more successful than when he moved for the appointment of a fresh Convent Committee by the House of Commons.—All the old accusations were to do duty again, and to support them no insinuation was spared. And with what result? To have every accusation emphatically and authoritatively declared groundless, and every insinuation scouted. Mr. Villiers, chairman of the committee appointed last session, told the House that "Mr. Newdegate's facts had been merely assertions and ex-parte statements; and it required all the credit which usually attached to the hon. member to cause any importance to be given judicially to what he had stated." Again, "Mr. Newdegate held a prominent position on the committee, and was regarded as the most remarkable man in it (laughter). He (Mr. Villiers) had been extremely anxious that the hon. member should take the chair; but if he had done so, he could not have had greater discretion than was allowed him in the production of evidence. Great surprise was felt that the hon. member had so few witnesses and evidence of such a meagre kind, considering the large expectations he had raised. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Mr. Pemberton, another member of the committee, stated that "the evidence that was given before the committee was of a very vague and uncertain character. One witness led them to believe that he was going to give them very important evidence; but he explained afterwards that it was only circumstantial evidence that he had heard from other parties, and it was very properly excluded. There was another gentleman who had a grievance. A child of his had been converted to the Roman Catholic religion; and that was all the information that he could give them. There was third gentleman whose wife's brother had left his fortune to a community instead of to this gentleman's wife, and he was very indignant, and he went fully into the history of a trial before the Probate Court that established the will in question." Surely, now, the rabidly Catholic journals have good cause to dub the hon. member for North Warwick—"The Jesuit in disguise." Had he been one of the most adroit members of that much-calumniated order, he could not have better served the cause of Catholic monasticism than by again bringing up his grand charges against convents and monasteries in the House of Commons, and giving the opportunity for their unqualified contradiction by gentlemen of whose Protestantism there can be no doubt. We can afford to thank Mr. Newdegate for the good that has come out of his evil intentions towards us; but we hardly think his anti-Catholic friends will join us in so doing. A few more rebuffs like this last will perhaps, teach that hon. busybody that, if he wishes to escape contempt and ridicule, he had better relinquish to Catholic hands his self-appointed care of Catholic interests and institutions.—Catholic Times."

"The Telegraph thus sums up Mr. Newdegate's mode of proceeding:—"That he has the courage of his convictions in a degree rivaled by no man in the House, we have always known. He will not withdraw a motion, or postpone one at the request of a minister, although the most important bills of the session may stand in the way. He reasons in the simple and conclusive fashion which Thackeray attributes to George III., who argued thus: 'I am a deeply conscientious man; all who do not agree with me must therefore be wicked. As a good king, I am bound to put down wickedness; therefore duty compels me to keep Charles James Fox, the defender of a wicked revolution, out of my Government.' In like manner Mr. Newdegate sees that, because his own motives are pure, those who resist him must be swayed by bad motives, and must, therefore, be inexorably combated in season and out of season. Such was the principle on which he acted, when for a couple of hours he recently prevented the House from debating the Army Bill, by pressing his motion for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the state of English conventual institutions. Last session he obtained a committee for the investigation of the subject, but he believes that the scope of the inquiry was too restricted, and he was dissatisfied with the amount of the evidence obtained, although, as Mr. Fordyce stated, he had summoned sixteen witnesses out of twenty-nine. He took the extraordinary course of separating himself from the other members of the committee, and of proposing, not that it should be reappointed, but that it should be replaced by a second committee vested with greater powers. He offered no reasons save those with which he has made the House painfully well acquainted in the speeches of successive years, and his motion was consequently rejected. The conscientiousness of Mr. Newdegate involves a considerable amount of public inconvenience."

"HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.—THE DIFFICULTIES OF MARRIED LIFE.—Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate let her keep a sharp eye on the cook; nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his home than bad dinners, ill-served; if there is anything that will

make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seemed so angelic when he was a wooing,) is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery-book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and reassured by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature may be allegorically pictured, lightly led by a

FAIR LADY WITH A WEDDING RING

through his palate. Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women would show a little tact, with which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall wind him round your marriage finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they have set their eyes on a thousand times, through sheer stupidity; they know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they willfully pursue it, when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance, (not to be rude,) would act in a more sagacious manner.—Chamber's Journal."

"THE CENSUS now being taken will elicit some valuable information. It is to be regretted that Religion is not to be found among the headings in England as in Ireland. There is a reason for all things. It is feared that if a religious census were taken in England it would establish the fact that England is no longer a Protestant country?"

"An extraordinary chloroform robbery took place at Stamford-hill last Thursday evening. Shortly after five o'clock Mrs. Newell, the wife of an accountant in the City who lives at five Sydney-place, Stamford-hill, on going up to her bedroom was seized on the landing by a man and a youth, forced into a bedroom and a cloth saturated with chloroform applied to her nose and mouth until she became insensible. The cries she uttered during the struggle had, however, alarmed two female friends whom she had left downstairs, and the servants, and two men in the employ of a neighboring builder were called in. The bedroom door, however, was found to be locked on the inside, and the men tried to burst it open but said they could not. They then procured a ladder and placed it against the window, but were afraid to enter. At length Mr. Newell arrived home from the City, immediately mounted the ladder and entered the room by the window, when he found his wife lying insensible on the floor. It was then discovered that the thieves had broken open one of the drawers, stolen a lady's gold chain, three £5 Bank of England notes, and £25 in gold, and had then escaped. It is believed that they made their entrance through the window from the roof, and escaped the same way. It was some time before Mrs. Newell recovered."

"IMPROVING A WEDDING.—Mr. Spurgeon, says the London correspondent of the Daily Advertiser, has celebrated the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise in a characteristic fashion. He has published a book in white and gilt looking like the ordinary wedding present and entitled "The Wedding," the whole being a sermon on the parable of the wedding garment, in which the terrible doctrines of Calvinism are dwelt upon with peculiar gusto. The ancient mariner, who stopped the unwilling guest was a boon companion, compared with Mr. Spurgeon on this occasion."

UNITED STATES.

"THE MEN AND YOUTH OF NEW YORK.—The men who dig our cellars, lay our brick, do our carpenter work, finish and furnish our houses, were nearly all born in Europe, and are regularly recruited from that Continent. It seems to us that fewer Americans by birth are working as mechanics in our city than there were twenty or thirty years ago, and that far fewer of our boys are serving an apprenticeship. But the gravest aspect of our social condition is the multiplicity and rapid increase of youth who have no regular pursuit, or, at least, follow none. They hang about grogshops and billiard-rooms, drinking and smoking, and avowing their purpose to become politicians. Some of them have been set to work at trades, but have thrown down the trowel, the adze, the jack-plane, and deliberately addicted themselves for life to what they consider politics. They are always ready for a horse-race, a game of ball, a target excursion; but they do not average an honest day's work each per month. Of course, they are always needy, and envious of those who are not; and they seldom achieve a new suit of clothes save on the eve of a contested election. In short, they are a bad lot of loafers. Though they expect to live out of the public, not one of these fellows ever suspected that it might be necessary for him to seem honest, moral, and decent in order to succeed in his chosen career. On the contrary, they are universally libertines, gamblers and tipplers, or only fail to be for lack of means. They glory in target excursions; they swell Democratic processions; they begin to vote at sixteen or seventeen years of age, and are veteran repeaters by the time they are twenty. If there be any vice with which one of them is not already familiar, be sure that he is intent on its early acquisition. It was from such a crew that Cutline mustered the forces with which he advanced to sack and devastate Rome.—Tribune."

"HOW A THIEF WAS DETECTED.—The Chicago Post relates a singular story of a post office thief who was detected by chowing plug tobacco. Some time ago a registered letter was forwarded to that city, which ought to have contained five one hundred dollar bills. But when the envelope was opened the money was missing. As is usual in such cases, the matter was placed in the hands of an experienced and skilful gentleman assigned to the duty of bringing criminals to justice, with instructions to make a thorough and rigid examination. The envelope seemed to be intact; but the officer took it, soaked it in water, and carefully removed the portion where the sealing process had been effected. By the assistance of a microscope, he found that small particles of plug tobacco still adhered to the paper, and from this fact became convinced that whoever wet the mullage of the envelope must have used that description of the weed. The officer determined in the first place, to ascertain if any one connected with any of the offices through which the letter had passed used this description of tobacco. Office after office was visited from Chicago to the locality where the letter was first mailed, but in not one of these was there a person who masticated anything but "fine cut." In the last office the postmaster was an old friend of the detective, who was considered to be an upright man. He was loud in his denunciations of the crime. "The Chicago official had not the slightest suspicion in the direction of this honest country postmaster; but he had asked so many persons for 'a chew' that the habit had grown upon him, and, addressing the worthy P.M. by name, he said: 'Will you give me a chew of tobacco?' 'Really,' was the reply, 'I don't think I have any tobacco that you would use. I never use anything but plug.' The conviction was forced upon the officer's mind that his friend was the thief. Acting upon this conviction he arrested the postmaster, and having procured a search-warrant, found the five one hundred dollar bills secured in a duggerotype case, such as were used years ago, carefully folded up behind the picture. The mystery was solved. The postmaster was tried in the United States court in Chicago, convicted, and may now be found at Joliet where he is working out the pena by assessed for his crime."

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

APRIL—1871.
Friday, 28—St. Paul of the Cross, C.
Saturday, 29—St. Peter, M.
Sunday, 30—Third after Easter.

MAY—1871.
Monday, 1—SS. Philip and James, Apost.
Tuesday, 2—St. Athanasius, B. C. D.
Wednesday, 3—Finding of the Holy Cross.
Thursday, 4—St. Monica, W.

CHANGE OF OFFICE.—The office of the TRUE WITNESS has been removed to No. 210, St. James Street.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The political situation in France has not greatly changed since our last. There have been, there are constantly going on, a great number of "decisive" battles which have not resulted in much beyond a great shedding of blood; though on the whole the insurgents, or Reds, seem to have lost ground. Paris is again suffering from lack of provisions; the shells thrown into her have done more damage than did the Prussian fire, if the report be true that the famous *Arch of Triumph* has been destroyed; and on the whole, the appearances at present are that in this war of Paris against France, Paris will have to succumb, and that M. Thiers, the Assembly, and the troops under their command, will put down the insurrection.

This they may do, probably will do; but what will they put up in place of the Federated Communal regime which the insurgents have adopted as their political platform? Putting down is one thing, and putting up another; and though *mitrailleuses*, and shells may be useful in the first named process, they will do but little towards the accomplishment of the other. When he shall have put down the insurrection, the real difficulty of M. Thiers's position will only have commenced. France wants above all things a government, a good strong government, such as shall inspire confidence abroad, by maintaining order at home; and this, we do not think, that M. Thiers is able to give her. In a word, France needs a ruler who, or which can style himself or itself such, "By the Grace of God," and to whom or which obedience will be felt to be a moral duty, and a sacred obligation. Who shall give to France such a government?

Failing this, failing the old legitimate formula, "By the Grace of God," France must resign herself to a government *By the grace of the bayonet*, to a government of brute force; to which the ruled will yield obedience, not from a sense of duty, but as a matter of expediency, and so long only as they are not strong enough to cast it off. The Empire might give them this; but if they want a legitimate government, a government which shall be able to appeal to its rights, as well as its might, and to remind the ruled of their duties, it must seek it, not in a Republic, nor yet in the Orleans family; but in the person of *Henri Cinq*, where alone it is to be found. In short, it seems as if there were but two alternatives open to France. The Empire, *i.e.* the rule of the sword; or *Henri Cinq* By the Grace of God, King of France.

On the 4th of April, a deputation from the Catholics of England, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, had the honor of laying at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, an address of which we will present our readers with a copy in our next. To it were attached the names of the representatives of all the great historic Catholic families of England: and we need not say that it was most graciously received by the illustrious Sovereign, and holy Pontiff, whom it must have abundantly consoled for the daily insults offered to his sacred person by the revolutionary *canaille* of Italy. The affairs of that country are in a most precarious condition. Discontent is rife throughout the several Provinces which by force and fraud have of late years been an-

nexed to Piedmont; and national bankruptcy, which the cruel taxation to which the Italian peoples are subjected is unable to avert, will soon we trust inflict well-merited shame and punishment upon all who have abetted the recent iniquitous revolutions. Day by day the financial condition of the bogus Italian Kingdom is growing worse, and to all appearances the catastrophe cannot much longer be delayed.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.—The first Revolution, that of 1789, may be called the revolt of the *tiers etat* or *bourgeoisie*, against the Throne, the Church, and the Aristocracy; the second Revolution, that of '92 and '93, was the revolt of the *proletariat* against the *bourgeoisie*—and this is the revolution, or revolt, of which the continuation is passing before our eyes.

To understand it, we must understand that, just as the *tiers etat* or *bourgeoisie* prior to 1789, formed an order apart from, and hostile to the aristocracy; so within the bosom of the *tiers etat* there are to-day, two distinct, and hostile orders—the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat*.

"By *bourgeoisie*," says Louis Blanc the most able and the most moderate of French socialistic writers—"I understand the sum of the citizens who, possessed of instruments of labor, and of capital, carry on work with their own resources, and depend upon others only to a limited extent—*dans une certaine mesure*. These are more or less free.

"The people—or *proletaires*—are the sum of the citizens, who, destitute of capital, depend altogether upon others in that which concerns the primary necessities of life. These are free only in name."

Thus we see that, according to the classification of the Socialists—the *bourgeoisie*, or those who have any property of some kind of their own, whether in the form of instruments of labor, or of capital—form no more a portion of the *people*, than did the members of the royal family, or of the *noblesse* under the *ancien regime*; and that the people, the sovereign people, to whom alone belongs the right to govern, and whose will is law, consists exclusively of those who have nothing—neither capital, nor even instruments of labor. This sharp distinction betwixt people and non-people, betwixt the *proletariat* and the *bourgeoisie*—the *have-nothings*—and the *have-somethings* must always be borne in mind, or the language, the acts, and the aspirations of the *Reds* will be altogether unintelligible. If in England, under its *bourgeoisie* regime, the political rights of the pauper, of him who has nothing, are inchoate, or in abeyance, so in France, according to the socialistic theory of which M. Louis Blanc is one of the ablest exponents—the citizen, by the acquisition of property forfeits his political rights, and ceases to belong to the body of the *sovereign people*; to which belongs exclusively the right of governing, and of making laws; whose will, it is sin of the deepest dye to resist. "Death to the rich—death to proprietors" is the *mot d'ordre* of the revolution of 1871, as it was of the revolution of 1793.

It has also another object in view, and it is this which so complicates the position in France at the present moment. In a certain sense, the *Reds* or Jacobins of to-day have adopted the Federative principles of their ancient antagonists, the Girondists. They aim at setting up, in the form of *Communes*, a lot of federated semi-sovereign and independent States, which shall govern France, and keep the rural population—whose members as proprietors of land, are not worthy of being included, amongst the "people"—in subjection to the urban *proletariat*, or non-property holding populations of some nine or ten of the chief cities. The insurrection is thus not only an uprising of the poor against the rich, of what is called labor against capital, but it is also a protest of the urban against the rural, classes, an assertion of the inherent right of the Cities of France to sway the destinies of the entire country.

The rural population of France is still to a considerable extent Catholic, and amenable to moral and religious influences. It may not care much for either branch of the Bourbons, and to the pretensions of the Napoleonic dynasty it may be profoundly indifferent; but it loves order, and would no doubt accept any form of government, Imperial, Orleanist, or Legitimist, which would ensure to it domestic tranquility. But in this very love of order lies its weakness, or inability to cope with its less numerous, but more energetic enemy, the urban *proletariat*. It may be hoped, though it is by no means certain, that the army which is mainly recruited from amongst the rural population, will remain faithful to the class of society from which it springs; but if in the hour of need, the soldiers should turn against the Versailles authorities, it is to be feared that the rural population will have to succumb to that of the Cities.

AN INGENIOUS DODGE.—The Ritualists of England though discomfited by the decision given against them in the Privy Council, are not disheartened or altogether cast down; but are setting their wits to work to discover some means of evading the law as laid down, or rather enacted, by Lord Chelmsford.

At first sight this would seem no easy task. The law is now dead against them; and it is

open to every member of the community to invoke it against the offender. So desperate seemed their position, that at first one would have thought that no alternative was left to them, if they would not submit, but secession from the church as by law established.

Nevertheless the sore pressed Ritualists appear to have found a way of escape, which, if they can but raise the necessary funds, will enable them to indulge their ritualistic tastes, whilst still clinging to the loaves and fishes of the establishment. They do not propose to defy the law, but simply to evade it, or turn it, by a flank movement. The plan of campaign is this:—

Some years ago an Act, known as the "Shaftesbury Act," was carried in the interest of the low church party. By this Act the members of this section of the establishment were released from the obligations of the Law which had till then enjoined upon the minister of the Church of England, the use of the Book of Common Prayer on all occasions; so that he could not even hold a prayer meeting, or preach anywhere, either in barn or in school room, without officiating in the dress prescribed by the rubric, and using the form of prayer enjoined by Act of Parliament. This was felt by many of the low churchmen to be a hardship. Their tastes ran, not in the direction of vestments, and liturgies, but were strongly inclined towards the forms of non-conforming worship,—consisting mainly of long dreary addresses to the Deity, in which that party is instructed how to comport himself, and during the delivery of which the worshippers stand for the most part; and of other long dreary addresses to the congregation, during which they are allowed by custom to sit down. Now the Shaftesbury Act in question gave to these Anglican ministers of non-conforming proclivities, relief by allowing them, outside of the parish church, in any private chapel, school house or other place of meeting, to indulge in such modes of worship as best suited their particular tastes and the tastes of their several audiences.

This law the Ritualists propose to invoke in behalf of their peculiar usages. They propose to erect, by means of private subscriptions, free, or Shaftesbury churches, in which they shall be legally at liberty to conduct worship as they please. They will of course officiate in the old churches, and in the style enjoined by law: that is to say, they will on Sundays and Festivals, therein hurry through the prescribed form of prayer, which will not take long; and three times a year they will, as by law required, celebrate therein their communion service after the pattern delivered by the Privy Council. But these official acts of worship legally discharged, the Rector will be entitled to his salary; and he will be free also to carry on the worship on which his heart is set, and with as close an imitation of Catholic ceremonies as he pleases, within the Shaftesbury church, or meeting house, which it is proposed to erect. There his real, or serious worship will be conducted, and there neither Courts of Arches, nor Privy Council will be able, as the law now stands, to interfere with him. Thus do the Ritualists propose to satisfy the requirements both of their pockets, and of their conscience, to keep on good terms with both God and Mammon. The dodge is an ingenious one, and we shall be curious to see how it succeeds.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, quoted by the *Montreal Witness* of the 20th April, has some remarks upon newspapers, and the causes of their success, and decline. The great secret of the success of most papers on this Continent, says our informant, is to be found in their impurity, and their irreligion; in their pandering to the lusts and the anti-Christian—or anti-Catholic—prejudices of the public:—

"The newspapers of this country, just in proportion as they purify themselves, decrease their circulation, and when a paper becomes positively religious it is almost—certainly to become bankrupt."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

There is we fear only too much truth in what the *Tribune* here asserts. A paper that is neither immoral nor anti-Catholic has but a small chance of success; and an increasing subscription list is *prima facie* evidence of, either general smuttness, or rabid No-Popery-ism. Obscenity is always sure to command popularity; but even obscenity may be dispensed with, and its absence condoned for, by a lavish abuse of Catholics, their priests and their religions.—An anti-Catholic paper, if conducted with an utter disregard of truth, and charity, is almost as good a paying concern as an obscene paper.

It is only the "positively religious" paper that fails in commanding success; and to be "positively" religious, a paper must needs be Catholic. Protestantism is simply the negation of Catholicity: it is not a positive, but a negative religion: and consists essentially not in what it affirms, but in what it denies. Its organs are therefore not "positively" but "negatively" religious papers; and the secret of their success, when they do succeed, lies, not in their affirmation, or defence of those Christian verities which they have retained, and which they hold in common with Catholics—for in any-

thing wherein they agree with, or do not protest against the latter, they are *non-Protestant*; but, in their negation of, and assaults upon truths peculiar to Catholics. It is not the Christianity of these journals which makes them popular, but their anti-Catholicity; not their morality, but their assaults upon that Church which all instinctively feel to be the only sure bulwark of Christian morality. For instance: a Protestant writer will never command popularity on this Continent by denouncing divorce as immoral, and anti-Christian, or by upholding the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie; but in spite of so doing, he may still find favor in the eyes of the public, if he be but constant and bitter in his condemnation of Popish clerical celibacy, and unsparing of his denunciations of Catholic vows of chastity. And the reason is obvious. The Protestant religious paper is felt by all to be impotent towards restraining the ever onward rolling tide of licentiousness, or of restoring the old Catholic idea of the sacramental and indissoluble union of one man with one woman; whilst on the other hand, it is equally obvious to the most superficial observer, that could the Catholic Church and her teaching be entirely discredited in any community, there the only existing obstacle, not only to divorce, but to "Free-Lovism," would have been removed. The evil then to the Protestant cause that a Protestant journal does by its mild objections to divorce, are pardoned to the editor for the great service that he renders to the cause of immorality, licentiousness, and the abominations of "Free-Lovism," by his constant efforts to discredit Catholicity, and the Church which alone is able consistently and effectually to maintain the sanctity of the marriage tie:—Consistently, because she teaches that marriage is more than a civil contract, that it is a sacrament; effectually, because in spite of the assaults of her enemies she still asserts and exercises dominion over the conscience of millions of the world's inhabitants.

There is nothing therefore inconsistent with the fact that many Protestant papers have a large circulation, in the assertion of the *N. Y. Tribune* that "when a paper becomes positively religious it is almost certain to become bankrupt;" whilst on the other hand, it is quite certain that as a general rule* just in proportion as journals purify themselves, purge their columns of their licentious stuff, of their highly spiced tales, their innuendoes, their indecent police reports, and similar matter, they "decrease their circulation."

* There are many honorable exceptions; as in our Montreal secular press,—which is for the most part, pure, high-toned, ably conducted, and deservedly popular.

DISEASED MEAT.—The danger to which the public are constantly exposed from the selling by ignorant or unprincipled dealers of meat, the flesh of diseased animals, was strikingly manifested the other day at Boston; where, as a Coroner's Inquest shows, a butcher named Temple, came by his death from disease by him contracted, by wiping his hands with a towel which had been previously used for washing the inside of a cow that had been dressed for the Boston market. It seems that the cow in question had been one of a drove brought by rail, but had been trampled to death in the train. In spite of this however, and from want of any efficient sanitary supervision, the flesh of this animal, unfit even for dogs, was dressed for human food.

We are, we fear, very unclean feeders; we eat garbage, and thereby we invite many of those foul and terrible diseases, to which, when they visit us, we give the name of "judgments of God." And so they are; they are His judgments upon physical uncleanness, and disregard of the physical laws that He has established, and which cannot be violated with impunity. As Christians we are right in asserting our moral liberty, or emancipation from the laws of meats, and the dietary observances of the Jews; but why run into extremes? We should do well we think, if, from regard to health and cleanliness, we were to take a hint from the Jews, and were to copy, from purely hygienic motives of course, most of their dietary regulations. They have officers to superintend the markets, and to determine—guided by fixed and wise rules, and not by caprice—on the suitability for human food of the meat therein exposed for sale. Why should we not imitate them in this matter? and so prevent the chance, even, of the recurrence of such a horrid disaster as that which is reported from Boston; and of those disgusting cases of *trichinosis*, the reports of which so often meet us in the columns of the public journals.

THE FIRE-INSPECTOR ON CHIGNONS.—Many of our readers, being bachelors, may perhaps be ignorant of the fact that it is the fashion nowadays—and a very ugly and dirty fashion it is—for members of the female persuasion to wear on the back of their heads, false skulls—or things made in form like the posterior lobe of the human skull—covered

over with hair, or else a substance closely resembling hair. These false skulls are called "chignons" by the initiated in such matters; and the stuff with which they are covered outside is very often jute, or Indian hemp, a very inflammable material. It seems also that the manufacture of these false skulls is largely carried on in Montreal, necessitating a large employment of this Indian hemp; and to this very dangerous industry the Fire Inspector calls the attention of the civic authorities; he says:—

"The residue of this (jute) when combed is so inflammable, that, by the least accident, the flames might spread with such rapidity that it would be next to impossible to save the building."

The official therefore recommends that the manufacturing of these hideous and dangerous chignons, or false skulls, be prohibited within the City limits. Those that are covered in, or thatched, with real hair instead of jute, may be less dangerous to the public; but as they are—so we read—often infested with vermin and all kinds of parasites, they are perhaps more dangerous to the wearer, and certainly more disgusting to every one of cleanly habits.

It will not, however, be easy to induce the fair sex to abandon their absurd, ungraceful, dirty, and unhealthy modes of dress, so long as these are what is styled "the fashion."—Whether in this respect they are worse than were their grandmothers before them it is hard to say; and probably in all ages, and in all places, women have been in this respect very much the slaves of custom, and wholly given over to monstrosities of dress. But never can they have sinned more in this respect than they do at the present day. Indeed what with chignons, grecian bands, and other india-rubber or gutta-percha devices for correcting the defects of nature, it would not surprise us to learn that the "girl of the period" had been put down in the Tariff as "manufactured goods," and was liable to custom house charges when crossing the frontier. Her present position should certainly arouse the sympathies of some of our political economists for the "unprotected" female, and might suggest to our Chancellor of the Exchequer the means of increasing the revenue, by a tax upon what the French call *postiche*.

On Sunday last, at High Mass, a Circular Letter from His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal was read from all the pulpits of the Catholic churches of this City, announcing the approaching visit to Montreal of our Metropolitan, His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec.—His Grace is expected on Tuesday next, the 2nd of May, about 6 o'clock in the morning; and his arrival will be proclaimed by the pealing of all the bells in the City and in the suburbs. Our citizens will we are sure vie with one another in doing honor to our illustrious visitor.

The *Kingston British Whig* announces the death, on Tuesday the 18th inst., "of one of the most devoted Sisters of Charity in the House of Providence"—Sister Mary Francis Xavier.

The deceased was the fifth daughter of the late Mr. J. Byrne, of Quebec.

The *Journal des Trois Rivières* announces the death, at the age of 33, of Sister Rochette, in religion Sister Meekilde du St. Sacrament, one of the founders of the establishment of the Sisters of Charity at Three Rivers. The deceased was a native of the parish of Nicolet.

THE ELECTIONS.—Already preparations are being made for the approaching elections for the Local Quebec Legislature. For the West Ward Messrs. Doherty, Cassidy, and Rodden are in the field. The *Daily News* says that Mr. Cartier is to be opposed in the Centre Division, but the name of his rival is not given. Sir G. E. Cartier declines to come forward again for the Eastern Division.

His Honor, Recorder Sexton, has dismissed the action against Mr. Garven, the contractor in the Cemetery nuisance case. Of course the Court had to go by the evidence laid before it; and if there be medical men who really believe, or depose that soil largely impregnated with the decomposed and decomposing remains of human beings, offers a healthy site for the erection of the homes of the living; and that the odor thence issuing when disturbed, in damp weather especially, be rather pleasant and wholesome than otherwise—there is no more to be said about the matter. There is no disputing about tastes. Some men may be so constituted as to like the smell of a typhus fever corpse in a very advanced state of decomposition; others may think that the peculiar aroma of small-pox floating about the kitchen imparts a rather piquant flavor to the soup: and others may delight in a somewhat gamy cholera-morbus odor in their sleeping apartments. We cannot reason such people out of their tastes, and they must therefore, we suppose, be indulged in them; but it is carrying the joke a little too far to tell us, that these ancient and corpse-like

smells are not deleterious; that the bouquet of a coffin is favorable rather than otherwise to health; and that for man to make his dwelling place in the midst of rotteness, uncleanness, and corruption is eminently conducive to his sanitary well-being.

It is asserted that the present Governor General, Lord Lisgar, who is about to start for Europe, will never return to Canada, but that he will be succeeded in his office by some distinguished Canadian statesman.

Small-pox continues its ravages at St. John's, N.B. The probability of a visit from this foul disease should prompt attention to vaccination, which experience has shown to be a very great, if not an absolute, safeguard against its ravages.

ERRATA.—In list of remittance published on the 14th inst., Per P. Lynch, Allumette Island, M. Donnellan, Waltham, was credited with \$2, instead of \$2.50.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC DEVELOPMENTS.—The Right Reverend Father in God of the Anglican Church, Bishop Colenso—so we find it stated in some of our Protestant exchanges—prefaces the recital of the Creed, with the protest, or declaration that he reads it, not because he believes it, but simply as a government official, or an officer of the Queen.

We have much pleasure in yielding our humble tribute of praise to the enterprising conductors of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, a publication which is a credit to the country, and is well worthy of the support of all who can afford the luxury of a well edited, and most instructive weekly journal. The illustrations are very excellent, and that of the late Royal Wedding which we find in the current number, April 22nd, must have cost the proprietors much trouble, and a large outlay of money.—The literary portion of the *Illustrated News* is not less worthy of praise. Its selections are made in good taste; and the original articles are evidently the work of accomplished writers. So conducted—the *Canadian Illustrated News* deserves to be supported.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet filled with well merited eulogiums of Mr. Lovell's great work, *The Dominion Directory*. Of this work it is scarce possible to speak in too flattering terms. The amount of useful information it contains is immense, and its accumulation by the editor must have been attended with hard incessant labor, and great expense. We have in it in short, a complete History of the Dominion; its statistics of all kinds, and valuable information of all sorts for the merchant, the tourist, and the politician. No other work so gigantic, has ever been conceived, much less executed by any publisher within the Dominion. We only trust that Mr. Lovell will be remunerated for his trouble and expense.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—May, 1871.—D. & J. Sadtler & Co., New York and Montreal. Subscription \$4.50 per annum; single copies 45 cents.

The May number of this highly esteemed Catholic serial contains articles on the following subjects:—1. The Church Accredits Herself; 2. Bourdeaux; 3. The "Amen" of the Stones; 4. The House of York, c. iii. and iv.; 5. Our Lady of Guadalupe; 6. Statistics of Protestantism in the United States; 7. On a Great Plagiarist; 8. Mary Benedicta; 9. The Lord Chancellors of Ireland; 10. Gottfried von Strassburg's Great Hymn to the Virgin; 11. A Word to the Independent; 12. Our Lady of Lourdes; 13. The Shamrock Gone West; 14. Sayings of the Fathers of the Desert; 15. Vespers; 16. The Legend of Santa Restituta; 17. A Letter from the President of a College; 18. New Publications.

The following is the substance of Dr. Carpenter's evidence in the nuisance case, arising out of the carting of earth mixed with human remains, from the excavations for building purposes now making in the old Catholic cemetery:—

DR. CARPENTER'S EVIDENCE.
He declined to take the prescribed oath, and with the permission of the Court made a solemn affirmation, and deposed in substance as follows: He had studied matters relating to public health for 30 years; was familiar with the special smells of graveyards; was in England minister of a church in which interments had been made more than a generation previously, yet he had to keep the windows open summer and winter because of the smell. The Queen in Council ordered the church to be closed till complete disinfecting measures had been taken. He had previously given evidence in this Court on the so-called desecration 4 years ago. Only the bones were raked out, and he (with several gentlemen of the Council) saw horrible putrid matter buried again. The land was gravely and porous; and even if dead remains were not found in any particular part, it would still be likely to receive poisonous drainage from the neighborhood. On Sunday, a.m., March 26th, his attention was arrested in Dorchester street by the peculiar grave-yard smell. It was not the gas-meter, which was nearer Metcalfe street. He feared that fresh excavations were being made; but found that the wind was carrying it from Mr. Paton's lots. Large numbers

of persons going to the churches were annoyed by it that day. On Easter Eve he went again, Ald. Alexander having informed him that fresh excavations were making, and that he had ordered the police to interfere. He found it was at the same lots; this time the wind blew the smell towards the church of St. George's. As he walked on the opposite side of St. Francois street, he could perceive the exact places where the stench began and ended. Air, containing poisonous stench, is often carried by currents to considerable distances without being dissipated. The excavation which caused the fresh stench appeared to be between Mr. Paton's buildings and the line of street. The policeman showed him where a coffin lay, only a few inches from the surface, which he had compelled the parties to leave. The stench there was intolerable. A heap of human bones, also a complete coffin were on the ground. On Easter Sunday, large numbers of persons attending St. George's church were annoyed by the smell. The earth was unctuous from human remains; some of the laborers had been obliged to hold their hands in the smoke of the stove, even after washing, before they could eat. Mr. Anderson had informed him that the smell was so bad when they carted the same soil to the part north of Dorchester street, that he was obliged to complain, lest his bakery should suffer. It was still very bad there on Easter eve. It might be seriously damaging to health, even were there no smell; the poisonous germs of many diseases were inodorous. The emanations from decaying human remains were the most deadly of any. *Cross-examined:* Had heard that this earth near Des-Rivieres street had been covered over with a layer of good soil; that would greatly lessen the danger, but not remove it, were basements excavated. Had heard that the city authorities were depositing the same earth on the low streets; thought it equally injurious to public health, who ever did it. He did not know the defendant; but Mr. Paton had been his intimate friend. He would give exactly the same evidence if subpoenaed against the Corporation, or any other person. He would consider it an intolerable nuisance if any such earth were deposited on his own land. He did not say that small-pox would break out if a small-pox corpse was disturbed, or the ship-fever if the trench went near Mr. Paton's lots; the peculiar disease depended on many unknown causes. He would only say that such conduct was inviting disease, and that if any such appeared here was a sufficient cause. There was a difference between roads and houses built on grave-yards, because streets were well covered with metal; while in houses the gases rose from the basements and might kill the infants. It was matter of history that when the plague burial-ground in Bristol was re-opened after nearly half a century, the plague broke out afresh. There was a virulent but isolated outbreak of cholera near Golden Square, London, and H. M. Commissioners could account for it in no other way than that a sewer had been cut through the old plague cemetery, unused for nearly two centuries, and had allowed drainage from it into a well used by the cholera-sufferers. Earth might smell and even feel harmless as in an earth-closet, yet it may have absorbed morbid matter, and may give it out again under altered conditions. The great smell arose from the disturbance of the soil; but even after that had been dissipated, the injurious matters might remain in the earth and be given out at a future time. Should not consider earth legally a nuisance merely because it had lain around a coffin, provided no atom of human matter had been absorbed by it. Dr. Sterry Hunt had stated that a coffin might be hermetically sealed for generations in pure clay under certain conditions; but the whole earth in that part of the old cemetery was porous and highly charged with the most offensive and morbid matter. Fæcal matter when first ejected had a most noisome smell; on being immersed in water or dry earth it lost its smell, but was equally unhealthy if allowed to decompose. So the cemetery earth, on being first disturbed, emitted a most odious stench; but it was still noxious, even after the smell had ceased.

SWINDLING EXTRAORDINARY.—Two persons arrived at the St. Lawrence Hill on the 14th inst., and registered their names as the Rev. Dr. Sackville of New York and Captain de Charleton of the same city. Comfortable rooms were allotted to them, and the captain and the clergyman might have been often seen chatting together with other persons. The reverend doctor was particularly conspicuous as he walked up and down the corridor of the hotel attentively reading what everyone supposed was his prayer book. A day or two after their arrival at the Hall the captain and his reverend friend paid a visit to Mr. Street, Notre Dame street, when the captain requested to see some gold watches, as he wished to buy a good one for presentation to a friend and another for himself. At the same time both informed Mr. Street of their respective vocations, and meanwhile selected two watches and jewellery and diamond pins to the value of about eight or nine hundred dollars. On the conclusion of the selection of the watches and jewellery, the reverend doctor informed Mr. Street that he would very much like to buy a large and handsome gold cross to present on his return home to Bishop McClosky of New York. He had been for a long time looking for an article of this description, but could find none to suit him. Mr. Street said he had not a cross of that size in stock, but that he would make one in a reasonable time. The order was at once given, and the reverend gentleman and friend returned to the hotel. Mr. Street made the cross, and a very beautiful article it is, but owing to some alterations that had been ordered to be made in one of the watches, the package of valuables was not transmitted to the address of the two gentlemen. Yesterday morning, impatient, no doubt, at the loss of golden hours, the Captain went to Mr. Wood, Jeweller, and represented himself as valet to the Rev. Dr. Sackville, and selected five gold watches and a number of chains, amounting in value to nearly nine hundred dollars, which were duly forwarded per Mr. Wood's grandson. The reverend gentleman, on receiving the stock of watches and chains, had the goodness to say that he thought he could select a watch from the number, but as for the chains they would never do, and more, and of a better quality, must be brought to him immediately. The boy, leaving the watches and chains with the "doctor," went back to the store, accompanied by the Captain, for a further supply of jewellery. A pleasant conversation between Mr. Wood and the Captain ensued, and the latter, having been told the address of Mr. Perreault, on whom he said he had a cheque, left the store, promising to call back in half an hour and pay for what the reverend gentleman had selected. Half an hour and more elapsed, when Mr. Wood became nervous, and going to the Hall, Mr. Street discovered that the apartment of his customers was locked up. His suspicions painfully aroused, he visited the Seminary, where he was informed that no one there knew of such a priest as the Rev. Dr. Sackville, and the probabilities were the person assuming such a name was an impostor. This Mr. Wood soon discovered to be true. The Rev. Dr. Sackville was no more a minister than was the Captain a military man. Of course the detectives were at once informed of the occurrence, and Cullen, Murphy, and Lafon set off at once to discover the whereabouts of the swindlers. When last seen they were going in the direction of Longueuil.—*Mont. Gazette, 22nd inst.*

THE FIRST FROM SEA.—The ship *Lake Superior*, of the Canada Shipping Company's Line, arrived in port on Saturday morning. She made the voyage in twenty-eight days. She brings a number of im-

migrants. The flags displayed on her arrival were hoisted three-quarter mast high, a child of one of the immigrants having died on the way up from Quebec. The clipper ship *Albena* has also arrived in port, having been towed up at an unusual pace by the tug *Maynet*.

DISPOSAL OF.—All the emigrants brought out by the ship *Lake Superior* have been disposed of in the neighborhood of Granby.

PRISONERS.—A hundred prisoners from the Kingston Penitentiary are expected to be soon sent down to St. Vincent de Paul, the future Penitentiary for the Province of Quebec. Simultaneously with this all the boys under sixteen will leave the Institution and be brought to the Reformatory in Mignonne street in this city.

The death of Lieut.-Colonel Landry, of Beauport, one of the good old stock who preserved the country manners, and *savoir faire* of the past century, is announced.

The *habitués* say, and they surely ought to know, that the lightning experienced a few days ago prefigures abundant crops and a fine harvest.

MUNICIPAL PROHIBITION.—*Le Pionnier de Sherbrooke* says that the Municipal Councils of Coaticook, Windsor, Hatley, Clifton and North Winslow have passed ordinances prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquor within their bounds during the current year.

EMIGRATION.—The ship "Lake Superior," which arrived here yesterday, brought out 30 families, comprising weavers, shoe-makers, cabinet-makers, printers, and farm hands. Mr. J. J. Daley, the Emigration Agent at this port, to whom they were entrusted, has succeeded in disposing of all of them in and around Granby. As further arrivals are shortly expected, parties in want of help will be serving themselves, besides aiding in a good cause, by applying or addressing their communications to Mr. Daley, 303 Commissioners street.—*Daily News, 22nd inst.*

THE CENSUS.—People for refusing to give information to the Census enumerators are liable to prosecution. Information has been lodged against one man, François Raymond, laborer, residing in Quebec suburbs, and a summons has been issued, and he will be tried next week. He refused to say what his age was, or give any information about the members of his family.

The Montreal *Herald* gives salutary warning to all who travel in the cars:—

RAILWAY ROBBERIES.—There is a kind of railway robbery known as watering stock. On the Great Western Railway of Canada, however, the process is more direct and simple. Thieves get into the train, pick the pockets of the passengers or make off with their satchels and then escape. No less than three large hauls were made this week, one of nearly \$1,800, when the train was near Hamilton, another on the way between the Suspension Bridge and that city; the victim in the latter case being a Frenchman who had fallen asleep. A lady was the third victim from whom a large sum of money was carried off. As the thieves are not likely to restrict their operations to one line of railway, a good look out should be kept for them, and in fact we have already a report of a bold robbery committed on the Grand Trunk Railway near Prescott.—*Montreal Herald.*

A BREAD OF BLACKCARDS.—On Holy Thursday, as Brother Arnold and other members of the Christian Brothers community, were proceeding to St. Mary's Church by way of Queen street, they were, at the intersection of Placé street, assailed with the coarsest and most opprobrious epithets, and actually pelted with mud by the young blackguards who attend the Common School in that locality, and who were just at the moment dismissed by their teacher. Now, those who know anything of the history of the Christian Brothers, during their residence amongst us, will frankly admit that never have they, either indoors or out of doors, given offence to mortal, or by word or act, called forth a reproach or created an inconvenience. They molest no one nor do they interfere with the right of any to walk the streets of Toronto in security. In a well-regulated city this security from insult and violence is guaranteed to all; but it would appear that we are falling back on the evil days when ruffianism roved licentious through our streets and wantonly attacked our religious both male and female, and that in future neither can pass Dr. Ryerson's pet educational hives assured of immunity from scurrility and assault. It is coming, indeed, to a grave consideration when we approach this question of public right, and ask if all peaceably-disposed citizens are not entitled to the full enjoyment of our municipal privileges and guarantees, and if the veil of the nun or the soutane of the Christian Brother disqualifies and deprives the wearer of equality before the law? We call the attention of Mayor Sheard to the latest insult to the Christian Brothers, which is the second since St. Patrick's Day—both having been given by the boys who attend the Common Schools. In the first instance ample and contrite apology was promptly made by the teacher; in the second case, doubtless, an apology will also be tendered; but it is better that there should be no necessity at all for these excuses; and, if the Police but do their duty, there will be none.—*Toronto Irish Canadian.*

The affair of the defaulting Bank agent at Perth has been pretty fully published over the country. One side of the thing has however never been made public; that with regard to Stewart's relations. It was through Mrs. Stewart that the bank were first made aware of her husband's absence, and it was owing to the exertions of his own and his wife's relations that the money was restored. From what has recently transpired, it is quite evident that poor Stewart was quite insane before he went away, and that he had no intention of going a few hours before his departure. On the very night on which he left Perth, he despatched his assistant to Ottawa with \$5,000 in foreign notes, which he would never have done had he intended to commit a fraud; and but two or three days before, without any order to do so, he sent \$20,000 to the Branch of the Bank of Montreal at Brockville.—*Gazette.*

PUBLIC EXAMINATION.—On Tuesday evening an Examination took place in the Hall of the Christian Brothers' School, Clergy street. Admission was by ticket. The Hall was crowded to its full capacity with the parents and friends of the pupils and others interested in the prosperity of these very excellent schools. The Very Rev. Father Kelly, Parish Priest, presided as head of the schools, and there were other reverend and influential gentlemen present. After the opening chorus and a brief address from the chairman, Brother Owen, director of the school, examined the pupils in the different branches of an English Education and in commercial studies, and their answers were given promptly and understandingly. Questions were also asked them at random by others, in their answers to which they were equally correct and sharp. The pupils also cleverly recited a couple of dialogues and sang two or three songs, showing that their musical and histrionic talents are being as successfully developed as their mental capacity. The examination altogether was very creditable to Brother Owen and his equally zealous and untiring assistants, and very pleasant and interesting to the audience.—*British Whig.*

A man named Cowley, late a guard in the Kingston Penitentiary, has been convicted of publishing libellous statements in the *Globe*. He was recommended to mercy on account of his being too ignorant to know that his charges were libellous. Yet the *Globe* published them on his sole authority. They accused the Deputy Warden of the Peniten-

tary of appropriating public property to his own uses.

The London (Ont.) *Free Press* says: "News reaches the city from all quarters of the excellent appearance of the crops of fall wheat in Middlesex and adjacent parts. One correspondent goes so far as to say that he never saw them look so well. So far as indications go, everything is cheering, but it must be borne in mind that wheat has many enemies that too often blight the best of promises."

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

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.
Point Edward, R. Beilly, \$2; Meaford, J. Ward, \$2; St. Amice, P. W. Higgins, \$1; Sullivan, P. Moran, \$1; Niagara, Rev. J. J. Kelly, \$2; Valleyfield, J. McIvor, \$5; Woodstock, N. B., Very Rev. W. J. Foley, \$10; Ormstown, P. Murphy, \$1; Albion, W. Riordan, Jr., \$2; Magog, Major R. B. Johnson, \$2.
Per C. Donevan, Hamilton—J. Bain, \$2; Carlisle, P. Cronan, \$2.
Per A. Lamond, York—Self, \$4.50; P. S. Connan, \$1.50; Indiana, P. Farrell, \$1.50; T. G. Webbe, \$1.50; T. Powers, \$1.50; Mrs. M. A. Lynch, \$1.50.
Per Rev. J. J. MacCarthy, Williamstown—D. J. McDonald, \$5.
Per Rev. Mr. Quinn, Richmond Station—P. Maher, \$2.
Per Rev. A. E. Dufresne, Sherbrooke—Cookshire, Miss H. V. McAfferty, \$2.
Per James Nolan, Kingston—P. Smith, \$2; Railton, P. Carey, \$2; Collin's Bay, J. McKeeney, \$2; Sunbury, J. Kennedy, \$4.

Died.
At Darlington, Wisconsin, on the 4th of March, Rose, the beloved wife of Bernard McCarville, late of St. Alphonse, Lower Canada.—*R.I.P.*
On the 29th of March, at her residence, Lot No. 7, 6th concession of Kenyon, at the advanced age of 105 years, Catherine McDonald, widow of the late Lauchlin Ban McDonald, who applied for Morar, Invernesshire, Scotland, in the year 1825, and Mother of Randal McDonald, the present applicant; she was born in Inverness, Scotland in the year 1766, came to Canada in the year 1783, where she spent the remainder of her life and saw her children to the third and fourth generation.—*R.I.P.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
April 24.

Flour \$ per brl. of 196 lb.—Pollards.....	\$3.75 @ \$4.35
Middlings.....	5.00 @ 5.15
Fine.....	5.50 @ 5.60
Superior, No. 2.....	5.80 @ 5.90
Superfine.....	6.15 @ 6.25
Fancy.....	6.00 @ 6.40
Extra.....	6.75 @ 6.85
Superior Extra.....	7.00 @ 7.25
Bag Flour \$ per 100 lb.....	3.00 @ 3.20
Oatmeal \$ per brl. of 200 lb.....	5.80 @ 6.00
Wheat \$ bush, of 60 lbs. U.C. Spring.....	1.89 @ 1.96
Ashe \$ per 100 lb., First Pots.....	6.10 @ 6.12
Seconds.....	5.20 @ 5.30
Thirds.....	4.50 @ 4.60
First Purls.....	6.00 @ 7.50
Rork \$ per brl. of 200 lb.—Mess.....	21.00 @ 20.00
Thin Mess.....	19.50 @ 20.00
Prime.....	15.00 @ 16.00
Butter \$ per lb.....	0.18 @ 0.19
Cheese \$ per lb.....	0.12 @ 0.13
Lard \$ per lb.....	0.11 @ 0.12
Barley \$ per bush.....	0.65 @ 0.70
Pence \$ per bush.....	0.97 @ 1.00

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.
April 24, 1871.

	RETAIL		WHOLESALE	
	\$	¢	\$	¢
Flour \$ per 100 lbs.....	0	00	0	0
Oatmeal, ".....	0	00	3	15
Indian Meal, (Ohio).....	0	00	2	00

GRAIN.

Wheat \$ per bush.....	0	00	0	00
Barley ".....	0	25	0	00
Pease ".....	1	00	1	20
Oats ".....	0	50	0	00
Buckwheat.....	0	00	0	00
Indian Corn, (Ohio).....	0	00	0	00
Rye.....	0	00	0	00
Flax Seed.....	1	50	1	00
Timothy, ".....	0	00	2	50

MEATS.

Beef, per lb.....	0	8	0	15
Pork, ".....	0	11	0	13
Mutton, ".....	0	9	0	10
Lamb, per lb.....	0	5	0	10
Veal, per lb.....	0	11	0	12
Beef, per 100 lbs.....	0	00	0	00
Pork, fresh.....	0	00	0	09

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes, per bag (new).....	0	50	0	55
Turnips.....	0	00	0	00
Beans.....	0	06	0	00
Woodcock, ".....	0	00	0	00
Snipe.....	0	00	0	00
Plover.....	0	00	0	00

FOWLS AND GAME.

Turkeys, per couple.....	10	0	15	0	0
Do. (young), ".....	8	0	10	0	0
Geese, ".....	3	0	10	0	0
Ducks, ".....	3	0	5	0	0
Do. (wild), ".....	0	0	0	0	0
Fowls, ".....	3	0	3	0	0
Chickens, ".....	3	0	3	0	0

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.
MONTREAL, April 24, 1870

Heavly Spanish Sole, No. 1 (b.a.) per lb.	25	to	26
do do No. 2.....	23	to	24
Slaughter No. 1.....	26	to	28
do do No. 2.....	00	to	00
Waxed Upper, light and medium.....	43	to	45
do do heavy.....	40	to	42
Gmined do.....	40	to	43
Splits large.....	29	to	36
do small.....	20	to	30
Kips, City Slaughter (whole).....	50	to	55
do ordinary.....	00	to	00
Cal-Skin (27 to 36 lbs. per dozen).....	65	to	85
do (18 to 26 lbs. per dozen).....	60	to	70
Sheep-Skin linings.....	27	to	33
Harness.....	30	to	33
Buffed Cow, per foot.....	14	to	17
Pebbled Cow, do.....	15	to	16
Enamelled Cow do.....	17	to	18
Patent Cow do.....	19	to	19
Rough.....	27	to	30
English Oak Sole.....	40	to	44
English Kips.....	56	to	66

GRAND BAZAAR & PRIZE DRAWING,
TO COME OFF AT THE
TEMPERANCE HALL,
ORILLIA,
ON THE
25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1871.
For the purpose of raising funds to Build a New Catholic Church in the Village of Orillia.

- LIST OF PRIZES:**
1. A well-matched carriage Team worth \$250.
 2. An oil painting of the Madonna and Child, \$50.00.
 3. A Satin Dress worth \$30.00.
 4. A set of real Angola Furs, \$20.00.
 5. A Double-cased Silver Watch, \$20.00.
 6. A fat Heifer, \$25.00.
 7. A first-class Ottoman.
 8. A valuable Picture.
 9. 1 set of Furs.
 10. An Embroidered Sofa Cushion.
 11. A Violin and Case.
 12. A Brocade Shawl worth \$15.00.
 13. A case of Brandy worth \$12.00.
 14. A splendid bound Bible.
 15. A Silver Crest Stand.
 16. A German Raised Cushion.
 17. A Wreath of Flowers in gilt frame.
 18. A Shawl.
 19. A Boy's Cloth Coat.
 20. A Child's Dress embroidered.
 21. A Ladies' Work-Box highly finished.
 22. A pair of Seal Sowed Boots.
 23. A valuable Sofa Cushion.
 24. 1 Concertina.
 25. A pair of Men's Boots.
 26. A Violin.
 27. A Winery Dress.
 28. A pair of Embroidered Slippers.
 29. A gilt framed picture of the Chiefs of the German Army.
 30. A History of Ireland.
 31. A large Doll beautifully dressed.
 32. A fat Sheep.
 33. 1 pair of Vases.
 34. A breakfast Shawl.
 35. A splendid Parlor Lamp.
 36. 1 large Album.
 37. A Ladies' Satchel.
 38. 1 Knitted Bodice.
 39. 1 Child's Minerva.
 40. A gilt frame picture of the Chiefs of the French Army.
 41. 1 pair of Vases.
 42. 1 handsome gilt Lamp.
 43. 1 Concertina.
 44. A valuable work of English Literature.
 45. 1 pair of gilt Vases.
 46. 1 dozen linen Collars.
 47. 1 pair of Children's Boots.
 48. 1 pair of Corsets.
 49. 1 large Doll.
 50. A pair of fancy vases.

Tickets for Prize Drawing, 50cts. Each.
A Complimentary Ticket presented to each person disposing of a Book of Ten Tickets. All communications and remittances to be addressed to Rev. K. A. CAMPBELL, Athol, Ont. A list of the winning numbers will be published in the papers.

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

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

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

JOHN CROWE,
BLACK AND WHITE SMITH,
BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER,
AND
GENERAL JOBBER,
No. 37, DONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37,
Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
JOHN MARKUM,
PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER,
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORKER, &c.,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
WOOD AND COAL STOVES,
712 CRAIG STREET,
(Five doors East of St. Patrick's Hall, opposite Alexander Street.)
MONTREAL.

JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
M. O'GORMAN,
Successor to the late D. O'Gorman,
BOAT BUILDER,
SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON.
An assortment of Skiffs always on hand.
OARS MADE TO ORDER.

WILLIAM H. HODSON,
ARCHITECT,
No. 59 St. DONAVENTURE STREET
MONTREAL.
Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges.
Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to.

DANIEL SEXTON,
PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
43 ST JOHN STREET 43,
Between St. James and Notre Dame Streets,

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

A despatch from Versailles says the Prussians have agreed to stop the revictualing of Paris by way of St. Denis.

Bismarck, in a note to the Versailles Government, admits the right of Marshal MacMahon to occupy with fresh troops the ground around Paris made neutral by the stipulations of the preliminary treaty of peace.

NEW YORK, April 20.—A despatch dated Paris, Tuesday night, says in the affair at Asnieres yesterday the 228th battalion of National Guards retreated inside the Porte, crying "all is lost." The people charged the Nationals with cowardice, and a hot fight ensued between the civil and military adherents of the Commune.

An Englishman in a restaurant near the Invalides was grossly insulted for not bearing arms.

LONDON, April 20th.—A despatch to the Telegraph says the Arch of Triumph has been destroyed by the fire of the batteries of the Versailles army.

Reinforcements of twenty thousand men from the army of the Assembly under command of General Ducrot, are expected at Asnieres.

VERSAILLES, April 20th.—A circular issued by M. Thiers announcing the capture of Asnieres, asserts that it is the key to Courtevois, M. Thiers also says the insurgent's losses in the fight at Asnieres were very heavy.

The Times has a despatch from Paris, stating that it is reported in that city that Prussia will intervene in the affairs of France, in case the commune should be victorious over the Versailles government.

Cholera is expected to add shortly to the troubles of the wretched Parisians. Other epidemics of a kindred nature have already appeared.

The indemnity of 500,000,000 francs due from France to Germany on April the 1st, still remains unpaid.

General David, with a body of Garibaldians, has "purified the Pantheon," by driving out the priests, sawing off the arms of the cross over the front portico, and hoisting the red flag on the upright portion of the crown.

A special from Versailles on Tuesday afternoon says forty thousand Government troops are in the wood at St. Cloud, and ten thousand are quartered at Bougival. The Communists are firing on Puteaux, and doing great damage.

A bloody combat has been raging at Neuilly since morning. The Commandant of 261st battalion of Nationals was killed. The Commandant of artillery was denounced and arrested as a traitor.

THE ARREST OF THE PRIESTS IN PARIS.—The men who arrested the Archbishop of Paris threatened with pistols in their hands. During the night his residence was pillaged. The property contained in it, both private and public, church ornaments and plate were thrown into carts *pelemele*. The pillage lasted until six a.m. Monsieur de Sura, the apostolical prothonotary, was arrested on Wednesday.

Menotti Garibaldi has been elected a member of the Commune.

VERSAILLES, April 20.—The Assembly rejected the motion to treat with the Paris insurgents.

President Thiers, in a circular to the Prefect of Departments, announcing the capture of Asnieres, declares that the end of criminal resistance to the Government is fast approaching.

PARIS, April 20.—The Commune have issued a manifesto, saying: Paris, once more laboring and suffering for the regeneration of France, demands local autonomy and encouragement of producers.

The document pronounces a compromise with the Versailles Government impossible, and closes with an appeal to France to disarm the troops now threatening the capital.

We are compelled to believe what we see; yet we can scarcely conceive how the momentary paralysis of the constituted authority should have been sufficient so to undermine the basis of society so at once to turn the most polished

community into an unredeemed Pandemonium. The evil hitherto done in Paris has been, indeed, neither immeasurable nor irreparable; that undefinable restraint which the moral sense even of the worst multitude exercises on individual crime has not yet given way; but the "evil quarter of an hour" is only too sure to come—the moment in which the last bond even of thieves' law is broken, and every wild beast with a human countenance is thrown upon its unbridled instincts.

THE 17 CONSTITUTIONS OF FRANCE.—Three removes they say (in private life) are as bad as a fire; what must 17 Revolutions in 82 years be for a country? What might France now be, if, during those years, she had enjoyed a stable Government instead of being distracted by the 17 great organic upheavals of her political fabric.

ITALY.—The Bavarian Minister at Florence has demanded of the Italian Government all the arrears of pay due to the Bavarian soldiers lately in the Pontifical employ.

UNEASINESS IN ITALY.—Our correspondent writes from Florence:—Most assuredly our rulers do not feel too much at their ease. We

are told that they are in that unquiet state which usually precedes disease; they do not feel well, and not feeling well, do not know what is the matter with them. In short, they are possessed with a vague fear. The official journals vainly repeat every morning that there is nothing to cause fear, inasmuch as no diplomatic despatch or message has been received which need disturb the blissful slumbers of the King and his ministers.

But, you will ask me, what are causes of the general discontent and apprehensions I have told you of? they are the recall of M. d'Armin, above all; the delay in the sending of an ambassador from France; the attitude of the belligerent Powers towards Italy, with regard to the preliminaries of peace; the woeful state of affairs in Spain—so much for external influences.

There is no reason whatever for discouragement, and if anyone doubts it let him read the following article on the "Crusade" from a Parisian correspondent of the Italia Nuova on the movement in France:—"I feel bound to give you a strange piece of news. Secret enrolments are making in Paris. The fact is certain, and till I knew it was so I hesitated to speak of it. Each man receives 1100fr. bounty, of which 400fr. are paid by anticipation. The enrolments are made by an agent of the Austrian Government.

ROME.—In spite of all his troubles, the Pope is reported to be in very excellent health. The applications of Romans of all classes for admission to his audiences are exceedingly numerous. The Count de Roth-Schomberg, a Saxon nobleman has abjured Protestantism at Rome, and received First Communion at the hands of his Holiness.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The day has passed when ingenious advertising could force an inferior article into popularity. The coarse and pungent scents manufactured from cheap oils are now universally rejected, despite of printed indorsements, while this superior perfume and cosmetic, prepared by a responsible house from genuine tropical flowers, and esteemed in South America and Mexico above all other fragrant waters, is winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" throughout the Fashionable World.

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

Over-Exertion, either of body or mind produces debility and disease. The usual remedy is to take some stimulant, the effect of which is the same as giving a tired horse the whip instead of oats.

Terrible disfigurements arise from external diseases and unless the distempered blood which causes them be purged of its poison by the use of Bristol's Sarsaparilla—the most potent of all detergents—the sufferers will not only seek relief for themselves in vain, but will also transmit the disorders as an inheritance to their children.

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

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT EYE CUPS.

SPOTACLES RENDERED 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 and blazes in the evidences of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best physicians in their practice.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæ Eye Cups:

CLAYSVILLE, Washington Co., Pa., } October 29, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.,

Gentlemen—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the *ne plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia of Near-Sightedness.

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 great expense.

My mother, an old lady of 64 years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months ago 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.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. Have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of 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, anywhere that people can be found.

Yours respectfully, HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

CLEAR CREEK, N.C., Oct. 21, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.,

Gentlemen—I have been making experiments with the Patent Eye Cups I received, and found they are just what you represented them to be.

As for my own eyes, I am happy to say that I can now read and write without my spectacles. My wife could see to thread her needle after applying the Patent Eye Cups for the third time to her eyes.

I have made a trial on an eye that had been totally blind for 14 years. The man can now begin to see out of it. The Cups will restore his sight.

Your true friend, REV. E. C. WILLIAMS.

JERUSALEM, Davie Co., N. C., Oct. 27, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.,

Gentlemen—I have used your Patent Ivory Eye Cups for ten days, and I now write those lines without any spectacles, which I have not done before in fifteen years. It is not worth while for me to say to you that I am thankful, for I hardly feel like the same man. I feel better all over.

Yours very respectfully, ELDER S. A. DANIEL.

PARK HILL, Ontario, Canada, March 29, 71.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I received yesterday by Express your Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

I have applied the Eye Cups to my own eyes twice and they have wonderfully improved my sight.

I have been using Glasses of 18 inches focus, but this morning they are of no use to me. I can now write this letter and read without them.

I feel delighted for the restoration of my Eye Sight, and I am satisfied the Patent Eye Cups are the right thing, and a perfect success.

I am yours gratefully, REV. A. MARTELL.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight may be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four pages, free by return mail. Write to DR. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States not yet disposed of.

ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.

The substance of volumes of medical advice may be compressed into a sentence, thus: Keep the digestive organs in a vigorous condition, the bowels regular, and the liver fairly up to its work. But how to do this is the question. Puzzling as it may seem, every man and woman who is acquainted with the virtues of Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills, can answer the query promptly.

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

Our modern courses of living begets a condition of the body that requires occasional relief. The system becomes enfeebled, deranged, clogged and labors in its task. The mind sympathizes with it and both sink, or are depressed together. To restore the vital energies, purge the system—cleanse the blood—take Ayer's Pills.—Glasgow (Ky) Free Press.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

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

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD,

and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief.

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

OBTAIN ONLY "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

"TROCHES," SO-CALLED, SOLD BY THE OUNCE, ARE A POOR IMITATION AND NOTHING LIKE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, WHICH ARE SOLD ONLY IN BOXES WITH FAC-SIMILE OF THE PROPRIETORS,

JOHN I. BROWN & SON.

ON OUTSIDE WRAPPER OF BOX, AND PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP ATTACHED TO EACH BOX.

THIS CARE IN PUTTING UP THE TROCHES IS IMPORTANT AS A SECURITY TO THE PURCHASER IN ORDER TO BE SURE OF OBTAINING THE GENUINE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867

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

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

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

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

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Daily Experience confirms the truth of the pithy OLD ADAGE, Honesty the Best Policy.

The golden rule claims for itself universal application; and scarcely does it know an exception. By far the best is an

HONEST POLICY

in all Business transactions. Could it be more infused into the COMMERCIAL ELEMENT

of the present day, we might soon triumph over the absence of that TRICKERY AND DISSIMULATION

which are so deplorably characteristic of this our progressive age, and which militate so much against our TRADING INTERESTS.

J. G. KENNEDY, 31 St. Lawrence Street,

In all his transactions, takes this as his Motto, "HONESTY THE BEST POLICY," and from the great success resulting from his efforts to establish a Business on

RIGHT PRINCIPLES, the most convincing proof is not wanting that a discerning Public is ever ready to recognize and support

HONEST UPRIGHT POLICY, combined with Prices that will stand the test of the FIERCEST COMPETITION!

A Trial will Prove the Fact.

JUST RECEIVED EX "PRUSSIAN" A splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, which will be made to measure at our usual LOW CHARGES.

All desiring GOOD FITTING Clothing go to J. G. KENNEDY & CO., PRACTICAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS, 31 St. LAWRENCE STREET.

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

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

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

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

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

2ND SECTION.
3rd year.—Business Class.

This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, draughts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.
N.B.—This class forms a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes.

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

3RD AND LAST SECTION.
4th year.—Class of *Polite Literature.*

MATTERS.
1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition;
2nd Contemporary History;
3rd Commercial and historical Geography;
4th Natural History;
5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.);
6th Architecture;
7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy.

MATTERS.
1st Course of moral Philosophy;
2nd Course of civil Law.
3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada.
4th Experiments in natural Philosophy;
5th Chemistry;
6th Practical Geometry.

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

TERMS:
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Day-Scholars 10.00
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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
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HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
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PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE,
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Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

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E. A. & C. R. MENEELY,
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GEO. T. LEONARD,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Office: Over Stethem & Co's, George St

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

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(Successor to Kearney & Bro.)
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER,
TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c.
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS,
675 CRAIG STREET,
(TWO DOORS WEST OF BLUVEY.)
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JOBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

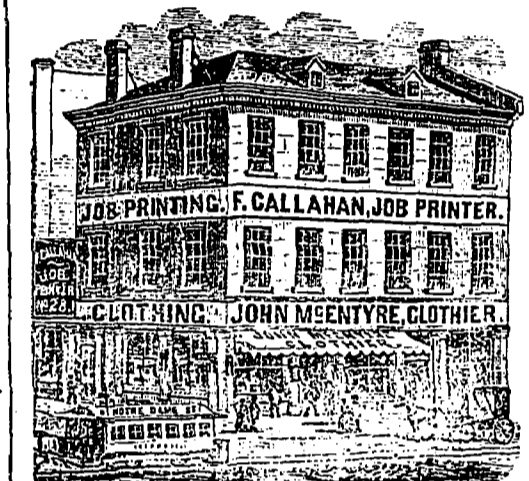
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

For a Cough and Cold, no better remedy can be had. Take small doses three times a day and put the feet in warm water at night, until the disease is broken up.

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

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

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

Prepared by **DR. J. C. AYER & Co.**, Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

LEEDS CLOTH HALL.
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CLOTHIER,
35 St. LAWRENCE MAIN Str.,
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The Subscriber has opened this Establishment with a large and unequalled Stock of

TWEEDS, CLOTHS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
In endless variety, which he now has the pleasure to offer at Wholesale Prices.

He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale Trade, and will import direct from the manufactures in England, giving his Customers the manifest advantages derived from this course.

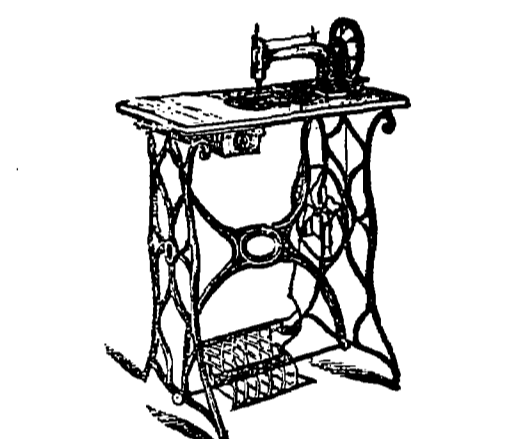
In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up MENS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING for the Spring Trade.

Gentlemen, leaving their orders, may depend upon good Cloth, a Perfect Fit, Stylish Cut, and Prompt Delivery.

L. KENNY (Late Master Tailor to Her Majesty's Royal Engineers) is Superintendent of the Order Department.

Inspection is respectfully invited.

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J. D. LAWLOR,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
The "HOWE," the "ETNA," and the "FLORENCE"
SEWING MACHINES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Lawlor's Family Lock-Stitch.

IN consequence of the rapidly increasing demand for the
GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES,
I have made arrangements with the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY of New York, which enables me to keep constantly in stock
THEIR CELEBRATED FAMILY & MANUFACTURING MACHINES.

the superior qualities of which are unquestionable. Instead of giving ear to what may be claimed about Gold Medals, Paris Exhibitions, &c., intending purchasers would do well to examine for themselves Singer's latest improved Family Sewing Machine with attachments for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Cording, Gathering, Tucking, Quilting, Embroidering, &c.

Lawlor's Patent Family Lock-Stitch is in every respect, and without any exception, the best Sewing Machine sold in the Dominion of Canada at prices varying from \$25 to \$33, and a mere glance at the motions of this Machine, which are based upon the most practical and scientific principles, will substantiate the above assertion to the entire satisfaction of every visitor.

Factory: 48 Nazareth St.; Salesrooms: 365 Notre Dame St., Montreal.
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ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE:
Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Advantages to Fire Insurers

The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this branch:

- 1st. Security unquestionable.
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The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Life Assurer:—

- 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership.
- 2nd. Moderate Premiums.
- 3rd. Small Charge for Management.
- 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
- 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
- 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.

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February 1, 1870.

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GAS-FITTER, &c.

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CARRIAGE MAKER,
AND
MANUFACTURER OF VEHICLES OF ALL KINDS,
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HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,
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ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

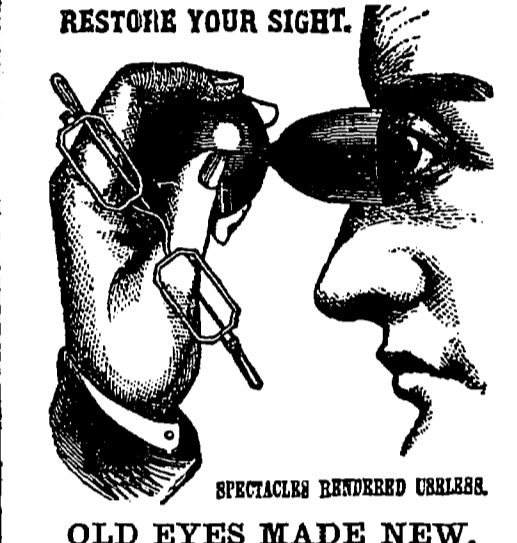
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PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
LOWELL, MASS.
PRICE \$1.00.

CHURCH VESTMENTS,
SACRED VASES, &c., &c.

T. L'AFRICAIN begs leave to inform the gentlemen of the Clergy and Religious Communities that he is constantly receiving from Lyons, France, large consignments of church goods, the whole of which he is instructed to dispose of on a mere commission. Chasubles, richly embroidered on gold cloth, \$30. 250 do. in Damask of all colors, trimmed with gold and silk lace, \$15. Copes in gold cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace and fringe, \$30. Gold and Silver cloths, from \$1.10 per yard. Coloured Damasks and Moires Antiques. Muslin and Lace Albs, rich. Ostensoriums, Chalices and Ciboriums. Altar Candlesticks and Crucifixes. Lamps, Holy Water Fonts, &c., &c., &c.
T. L'AFRICAIN,
302 Notre Dame St.,
Montreal, March 31, 1871.

HEARSE! HEARSE!!
MICHAEL FERON,
No. 23 St. ANTOINE STREET,

BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges.
M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public.
Montreal, March, 1871.



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

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.
Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—

1. Impaired Vision;
2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness;
3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes;
4. Epithemia, or Watery Eyes;
5. Sore Eyes, Specially treated with the Eye-Cups, Cured Guaranteed;
6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve;
7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of Inflammation;
8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light;
9. Over-worked eyes;
10. Mydriasis, or moving specks or floating bodies before the eye;
11. Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision;
12. Cataracts, or Partial Blindness the loss of sight.

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

2369 CERTIFICATES OF CURE
From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants; some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and refinement, in our country, may be seen at our office.

Under date of March 29, 1866, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "J. Ball, of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition."
Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."
Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.

Truly Yours, **PROF. W. MERRICK.**
REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.
E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age."
All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to
Dr. J. BALL & CO.,
P. O. Box 957,
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

For the worst cases of MYOPIA, or NEAR SIGHTEDNESS, use our New Patent Myopic Attachments applied to the IVORY EYE CUPS has proved a certain cure for this disease.
Send for pamphlets and certificates free. Waste no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your nose and disfigure your face.
Employment for all. Agents wanted for the new Patent Improved Ivory Eye-Cups, just introduced in the market. The success is unparalleled by any other article. All persons out of employment, or those wishing to improve their circumstances, whether gentlemen or ladies, can make a respectable living at this light and easy employment. Hundreds of agents are making from \$5 TO \$20 A DAY. To five agents \$20 a week will be guaranteed. Information furnished on receipt of twenty cents to pay for cost of printing materials and return postage.
Address
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P. O. Box 957
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.
Nov. 18 1870.

DR. M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; feciating pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to

RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

P.S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take note that Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge is prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Vermifuge for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

C. F. FRASER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROCKVILLE, ONT. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

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DIRECTORS BENJ. COMTE, Esq., President. Naz. Villeneuve, Esq., Ronald Trudeau, Esq., R. A. R. Hubert, Esq., J. E. Mullin, Esq., Joseph Simard, Esq., J. B. Beaudry, Esq., Ande Lapierre, Esq., J. B. Rolland, Esq. The cheapest Insurance Company in this City is undoubtedly THE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. The rates of insurance are generally half less than those of other Companies with all desirable security to parties insured. The sole object of this Company is to bring down the cost of insurance on properties to the lowest rate possible for the whole interest of the community. This citizens should therefore encourage liberally this flourishing Company. OFFICE—No. 2 St. Sacrament Street A. DUMOUCHEL, Secretary. Montreal, May 21st, 1870.

CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL

P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOLLEZ SQUARE.

Persons from the Country and other Provinces, will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE, AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED. Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, NO. 9, CHABOLLEZ SQUARE, Opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Sept. 30, 1870.

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PRICES REDUCED. THE METROPOLITAN READERS. Compiled by a Member of the Holy Cross. Metropolitan School Books are approved of by the Catholic Board of Education, and used in the Catholic Schools of the Dominion.

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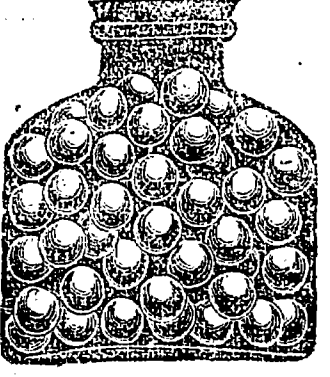
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