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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871.

NO. 36.

## NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

It was growing toward noon; and, calling Desmond, who was trying to decipher an inscription on an old tomb, they started homeward. They had not gone far when they saw Dennis Byrne coming toward them. Mrs. Halloran instantly apprehended a visit from her cousin, Donald More; but, to her great relief, Dennis informed her that Major O'Grady from Glendariff had come over to spend the day. He was her husband's best friend; and she thought instantly that he had perhaps received later intelligence from him than she had, and quickened her pace.

"I am glad to see you, madam," said the major, meeting her at the door: "upon my soul, I'm delighted to see the roses blooming on your cheeks this fine morning; and Master Desmond, too. Faith, madam, you'll have a grown-up son before you know where you are."

"I am glad to see you, major: you are truly welcome. But allow me to offer you some refreshments," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Thank you heartily for the welcome, but the refreshments I decline, if you please. I breakfasted at a late hour in the valley, and do not wish to spoil my appetite for dinner. When did you hear from Halloran?"

"About two weeks ago."

"And how was he?"

"He had been ill, but was quite recovered, and thinks that but for the nursing and care of Nora Brady he must have died. It's a long story, major, but Nora has laid us all under a heavy debt of gratitude.—God bless her! and the end of it is that John is well and doing well."

"That's fine news altogether. Nora Brady's a noble creature, and deserves just such a husband as that fine fellow Dennis Byrne will make her. In France they would be pensioned by government for their fidelity. I was afraid the little girl's death would be a heavy blow to John."

"It was," said Mrs. Halloran, while her eyes overflowed.

"Well, it's natural, I suppose, for people to grieve; but I don't think it's right. No one could do for that gentle, little lamb what her Father in heaven will do. Just think of her being an angel! Why, by this and that, I think it's glorious,—too glorious a thing to shed tears about." And, by way of illustrating his precept, the major shed tears himself.

"How are our friends around—the old neighborhood?" inquired Mrs. Halloran, after a pause; for she dared trust herself no further on this theme.

"Around Glendariff? Pretty well,—at least all that you are interested about; and those who knew I was coming sent a thousand messages of love and condolence, which you must receive on my credit, dear lady, for I have forgotten them all."

"I am glad to be remembered," said Mrs. Halloran, smiling.

"I forgot them because I had other and more important affairs to think over and talk over when I saw you; and—hang it all, it's no use to be beating around the bush any longer. I came on business which I don't know how to let out for the life of me. I'm the very worst diplomat in the world. I don't know how it will affect you; but tell me, do you ever go off into hysterics, or faintings, or the like? for I tell you plainly, if you should give ever so small a shriek, I should be off like a rocket."

"I believe I have grown too strong in my powers of endurance for any such demonstrations, major. But I feel excessively anxious to hear what this matter is, which you have so strangely precluded."

"Well, it's no more nor less than this: your cousin, Donald More,—hold on, now,—the base scoundrel, is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes. He was thrown from his horse one night, coming from Kildare, and was so injured that he died in a few days."

"Then let all animosities be buried with him. We shall tread lightly over his ashes; and may God forgive him, even as I do!" said Mrs. Halloran, feeling much shocked at the news.

"He sent for me, and I was about declining the invitation,—for I despised the fellow most heartily, and expected no good from him,—when something impelled me to go; and go I did. I saw that he was hastening at a rapid pace to answer to a just Judge for the deeds done in the body: so I softened a little, and spoke to him like a Christian.

"I thank you for coming," he said, in a husky voice, after I had taken my seat by the bedside. "You are the friend of those to whom I wish to make restitution. I mean John Halloran's family. Mary was my first love: I had hoped to win her; but she preferred another, and from that day I lived only for revenge. I hated John Halloran. But time grows short. You all know the events which have transpired within the last year or two, and how my revenge has been attained and grati-

fed. But I am dying, and cannot say all that I wish. A few months ago I saw Mary, and I saw her child, the only thing on earth that I loved, dying. Mary was haughty and agitated, and told me in plain language that I was unwelcome, and that she scorned me too much to receive the slightest favor or kindness from me. It cut deep, sir; it stung me almost to frenzy. But the child turned her angel face toward me, and smiled while she held out her wasted hand to welcome me. And her words were sweet and trusting ones. I have never forgotten that moment. That bright little face has come to me in my dreams, and stood out from the twilight beside me; it has pursued me everywhere, and down in my heart I have heard her whispers stealing, just as they did that day. If I had lived, my cursed pride would have helped me through; but I am dying; and though I don't believe in the fables of Christianity, and am not actuated by any noble moral motive in the act, I wish to be forgotten entirely—to have my memory blotted away from the earth—rather than have the curses of generations spit on my grave for what men consider a criminal injustice. I therefore have left to you, as the best and oldest friend of Mary Halloran and her son, to hold in trust for them until Desmond is of age, the estates of Glendariff, with all lands, properties, and monies appertaining thereto. The documents are all legally drawn up, and we only awaited your coming to sign them. Call Lawyer Dunshane in," he said to a gentleman who was in the room. "A glass of water, major: I am sinking very fast." And, madam, he got so white, and gasped so, that I thought he'd be off before he got the papers signed; but he rallied, and when they all came up, the lawyer, the attorney, and the apothecary, with the papers, he was able to write his name as steadily as he ever did in his life,—then watched us as we signed ours. I said but little, egad: for, altogether, it put me out of breath. I was dumfounded, nonplussed to an entirety. I assure you, and so rejoiced that I was afraid I might say or do something unbecoming the occasion. Then, I declare to you, I thought of the poor wretch's soul for the first time; for he was so calm and deliberate, and talked away so evenly, that I didn't see why I should bother about it, if he didn't.

"Mr. More," I said, "you have done an act which God and man will approve. I thought, sir, the old honorable blood in your veins was only under an eclipse; and I'm glad from my soul, sir, for the sake of the royal and honorable name you bear, that you have wiped this stigma away. But, sir, you will be in a few hours before the face of an almighty and terrible God, who will judge you not as man judges. Let me beseech you, then, to make your peace with Him while you may."

"Do you remember where I was educated, major?" he said, with a ghastly smile of derision. "There, sir, is the apostle of my creed." And I followed the glance of his eye, and saw on the mantel-piece a marble bust of Voltaire, whose sardonic countenance, in which was blended the scorn of Lucifer and the leer of Belial, could only find its likeness in the lowest cell of perdition.

"You jest, Mr. More. I will not believe that you really entertain opinions so unworthy of an immortal soul,—opinions so daring and perilous, in a moment like this."

"Have you been tansured, major? Upon my honor, his reverence over there at Kildare couldn't preach a better sermon. But have done. Like an Epicurean have I lived; and amid roses and wine let me die. Ho! wine—the old Tokay, and the crusted port! fetch it up, quick! Never mind the cobwebs on their necks,—the black brave fellows! Then he began to toss, and writhe, and utter such peals of frantic laughter that I slipped from the room. They told me that at the last, when the terrors and bitterness of death seized him, the most frightful visions haunted him; but at length, exhausted and powerless, he cursed God, and died. Such was the death of an infidel."

"This news is horrible, major," said Mrs. Halloran, who was leaning back, very pale, in her chair. "Oh, the loss of a soul is a most terrible consideration! Poor, miserable Donald! Why did you forsake God and scorn the truth in your early manhood? Dear, sir, I feel much overcome. Will you allow me to retire for a little while?"

"Yes; go, my dear child and lie down; and don't forget that Glendariff is once more yours. And if you should hear Dennis Byrne give a yell, don't be alarmed; for I'm going to step out and tell the news to the rascal."

Dennis didn't exactly yell; he only sprang some four or five feet up in the air, and danced a jig, interspersed with such a variety of remarkable pirouettes, and at short intervals such a hearty huzza, that the old major had much ado to keep himself from falling down with laughter at his antics, in which Ellen and the negro coachman heartily joined, without comprehending in the least what possessed him.—At last he stopped, and wiping the perspiration from his heated face, seized Ellen and kissed her, shook hands with the major, and flew at the grinning negro, whom he sprawled on the grass.

"I believe now, your honor, that the devil's out of me intirely," he said, quietly; "an' I beg your honor's pardon for cutting up such a slindy; but I couldn't help it. There, Mr. Snow, I declare to man I didn't intend the laste harm in the world, only you stood in the way of it, an' caught it. Come into the kitchen, Ellen, an' hear what I've got to tell you: an' bedad, if you don't fly up the chimney I shall be glad. Major O'Grady, be pleased to excuse my neglect, sir; but walk into the drawin'-room and be sated, and have some refreshments."

"No, I thank you, Byrne. I'm going over to the old cloisters for a little while. I shall be ready for dinner when I get back. See that I'm not kept waiting."

The major wished to visit the "little lady's" grave; for he, in common with all who had ever known her, loved the strange, old-timed little one; he wished also to look at that tombstone, made of the finest Italian marble, and carved by a master hand, which had cost almost its weight in gold, and whose history he alone knew, and had sworn to a dying man never to reveal, lest it should be torn away and cast in scorn from the sacred spot where he had planted it.

In a few weeks Mary Halloran and Desmond, with Dennis to protect them, were on their way to Boston, where a fair and beautiful home and loving and friendly hearts awaited their coming. In one of the state-rooms of the ship so carefully guarded that Mrs. Halloran herself kept the key, was a large case, so heavy that it took six stout sailors to lift it in. Dennis Byrne had given out mysterious hints about its containing the old silver, gold, and jewels of the family, and the tars troubled themselves about it, except to say, every now and then, "that it was a wonder to see a lady, who had such piles of gold and silver, look so miserable and pale as Mrs. Halloran did." The captain was in the secret; for the freight of that mysterious case had added one hundred and fifty pounds to the profits of the voyage. It was a shell within a shell. The outer one was of oak, banded with iron; within was another of lead, which contained one of rosewood, which was once a living, breathing, loving child. It was the body of little Gracie, which her father had directed to be brought to him, that it might be laid where he could sometimes go and weep beside it. In the hold of the ship, with their other effects, were the marble head and footstone, carefully packed and stowed away.

Nora Brady's vow was not broken. She accomplished much toward its fulfillment; and God, blessing her earnest endeavor, provided for the rest. Her day-dreams turned to real, substantial things; she saw those she loved, reunited and happy,—which was reward enough she thought. But the most acceptable and beautiful virtue of the human heart, after charity, is gratitude; and it is one which God sees fit, in His divine providence, to reward many times, even on earth. In the course of a year Nora saw another little Gracie lying on Mary Halloran's breast; she saw Dennis set up in a thriving business by Mr. Halloran, who, in the receipt of abundant supplies from Ireland, was enabled to establish him on a capital basis, which gave him an opportunity to develop his resources and capacities for business without embarrassment; and, as the year closed in, Nora became the wife of her long-trying and faithful lover. She drew two hundred dollars, all that was left of Mr. Mallow's gift, and furnished neatly and substantially a small house, where she lived in happiness and comfort,—content with her station, and serving God with a cheerful and willing heart. And, after years had passed away and Nora's children gathered around her, they removed to a larger and handsomer house,—a house which we have been in before, but which, with its modern repairs and elegant improvements, we can scarcely recognize. Mr. Mallow had claimed the promise she made him when she refused to be his wife, not only for himself but for Mrs. Sydney, who, old and infirm, could no longer help herself.—With Nora Byrne they found a safe and happy asylum for their declining days; and it is said that, after applying a portion of his wealth to the establishment of a "poor man's bank," Mr. Mallow intended to divide the rest between Nora's children. Need we say that the bond between the Hallorans and the Byrnes grew stronger with time, and that the troubled days of the past were often spoken of between them with deep emotion? When the anniversary of Gracie's death, or rather her birth into immortal life, came round, it was Mr. Halloran's way to gather Nora's children and his own and take them out to the little grave; and, while they wreathed the tomb and grave with flowers, he would tell them, in tender yet cheerful accents, the brief but beautiful history of her life, and of its holy passing away. Ellen remained at home, and, at Mrs. Halloran's request, was installed as housekeeper at Glendariff to take care of and show the place: for it had become a place of pilgrimage for strangers,—indeed, for all who had heard its history and who dared to go to the verge of treason and do honor to John Halloran. And if you wish to know how Nora prospers, go to the large and sub-

stantial new warehouse on the right hand side of — dock, and ask the portly, prosperous merchant within, how he gets on. You can easily find the place; for over the door is written, in large black letters, Byrne & Co.; and the Co. is good Thomas McGinnis.

Desmond is of age, and has gone to take possession of his estate. There was, at first, a formidable array of objections interposed by the ever-active and argus-eyed government officials regarding the matter, and the affair was carried before the courts, and referred finally to the decision of the Lord Lieutenant, who, being more liberal than his predecessor, and wishing to conciliate the Catholic gentry and people of Ireland, allowed the young heir to enter on the full possession of his estate, its immunities and privileges. While the affair was pending, he was the guest of Major O'Grady, whose beautiful daughter Florence, it is whispered, will, in a year or so, be mistress of Glendariff.

Influential friends at home, who had never ceased to interest themselves to obtain permission for John Halloran to return to Ireland, at length met with a questionable success; but the pardon was so trammelled with conditions which would have embarrassed and annoyed him on all occasions when he might have aided his countrymen, at least by his advice, and which the slightest public interest in passing events would have been construed into treason, that he rejected it with indignation, and besought his friends, as they honored him, never to make another attempt of the kind in his behalf. A good citizen, whose position and influence rank high,—prosperous and honored,—his adopted country feels proud of his virtues and talents, and respects the Faith which he illustrates so nobly in his life.

The widow Blake was not forgotten by our exiles in their prosperity, but received kindly and generous aid from them in her undertakings, which led to substantial comfort,—for which she never ceased to thank God, and always referred to the night Mr. Halloran fell insensible on her steps, as the most fortunate day of her life.

And when, in the quiet twilight hour, John Halloran and his wife often talked, in low, tender tones, over the troubled past, they never failed to refer to Nora Brady's Vow as the cause of their restored happiness.

NOTE.—In alluding to the outbreak of '48, I deem it proper, as nearly all the participants in it are living, to state that John Halloran is a worthy, virtuous, pious man, and the event and its results are only introduced to throw out, in stronger relief, the virtues of Nora Brady's character, who is a real and living person, and only one of a thousand of her class, whose sacrifices for the well-being of friends at home are noble and heroic. Many cases of the kind have come under my own eye,—two in my own family,—which are as deserving of immortality as were the acts of the brave daughter of the exiles of Siberia. A. H. D.

THE END.

## A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

The country assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithing arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, for the purpose of rifling it of arms,—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by the jail, bound with ropes and with buckles to the common cars of the country—some of them were wounded too, a brow, or hand, or clothing giving vivid evidences of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face strongly interested me. It was that of a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye too was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed only to express great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to him—perhaps it quailed or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney whom I knew, accosted me. He was already to conduct, gratis, the defence of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail that moment, to try and collect materials for saving their lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his task: he readily consented, observing that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trials next day, no offer of aid, in their favor, was to be disregarded; so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or not contradicted by most of his band, seemed to argue that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—nay, better still, there was a good

chance of snatching him from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land forever. He had been forced to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never been "out" before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out at the critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells, but of the results of my continued investigations I will not speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favorite client, were placed at the bar of their country; three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young man had been comparatively forbearing during the battle outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right, distinctly deposed that his was the hand which slew one of their fore, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest, with the energy of a man pleading for dear, dear life, in all its array of happy promise, against their evidence: in vain did his fellow prisoners support him: he and they were found guilty in common: but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to hang by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the judge ushered in the last words of the sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget it—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been swaying from side to side, during his sentence: at the soul-shrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy: his hands which had clasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his forehead: his lips parted wildly, and, having almost shouted out—"Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here!" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock—obviously no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of another became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly let down through a trap-door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, "Moya, cushla-ma-chree, Moya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him—my attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court house, on the way to their home, rejecting all entreaties to be led into the jail, and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favorable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the judge would leave our town that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favored man. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage borrowed from the person whose house had been attacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest; but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put on their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dublin, as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must now do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to have an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached,

it was a thing to be done. That if, however, I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been school-fellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me "his poor penitent" was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impaction of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing; his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot; and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavored to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain; and when night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his postchaise; that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock peeling twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the sergeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade a pillars, connected with iron work on either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other.

What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff (whom I knew, and was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room), for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny places all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and assented, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and let them hang himself for his mistake. Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers: one o'clock struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence. And all was silence around us, too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of the sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through the window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst, and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone confused and agonized. In a few minutes the governor came out, bare-headed, and tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his patient followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. My old school-fellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest also, bare-headed, I took my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention, our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken to him kindly in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution, gave him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out

of his enthusiastic vision of heaven. I know not, I cannot even guess; who can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death and eternity. The Governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's "own boy" never even mounted the steps of the execution room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by, as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him "wid the rope itself around his neck, to live a widow for him forever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise was realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

INCIDENTS OF THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

THE MASSACRE IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

We glean from the correspondence of the English papers some facts in the fierce conflict raging in Paris:—

Writing on the 22nd ult., the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"I was breakfasting in the Rue St. Honore, when there was a rush down the street, and a cry that fighting had commenced in the Place Vendome. Repairing to the scene of action I was just in time to witness the end of what must be termed a massacre. An unarmed demonstration similar to that of yesterday had been organized at the new opera; it was proceeding down the Rue de la Paix when it met two insurgents, who were disarmed; these men rushed back to their comrades; the manifestation continued its march, an officer of the line carrying a banner in front of the column. Cries of *Vive l'Ordre! Vive l'Assemblée!* were raised and hats were waved. The tradesmen in the Rue de la Paix had again to close their shutters, but the balconies and windows were crowded. The insurgents threw a line of troops across the entrance to the Place Vendome in the hope of stopping the procession which, however, marched straight on, and drove this line back upon the main body. It was at this moment that a couple of shots were fired into the air, occasioning a partial retreat, but the officer with the flag stood firm, and the unarmed column pushed on, wishing to reach the centre of the Place and parley with the leaders. However, there was a fresh discharge of musketry, fired this time not into the air but into the thick of unarmed citizens, and this discharge, of course, sent the procession to the right about. The distance to cover was fortunately not far, and Rue de la Paix was quickly deserted by all but a few plucky fellows, who foolishly wished to stand their ground; but the insurgents kept up a dropping fire, and soon there was nothing to be seen in front of their muskets but the dead bodies of those who had fallen, and the wounded who were too severely hit to get out of the way. By the side of one corpse there was a dog lying dead. A tall man in black made his appearance, holding aloft a white pocket-handkerchief. A National Guard took a deliberate shot at him, and the bullet struck the wall close to the tall man's head. He retreated, and the dead and the dying were left in the street for nearly an hour. By degrees the inhabitants of the Rue de la Paix took courage, and began to open their doors and peep out; and, as all was quiet, humane persons ventured forth and took the wounded into their houses, and shortly afterward the dead bodies were also removed, and few traces remained of the struggle, beyond a few blood-stains on the pavement and some broken windows."

THE PRIEST AND HIS PROTECTOR.

On Sunday afternoon I saw a priest marched bare-headed to the Hotel de Ville by an escort of armed men, amidst cries of approval, "Shoot down the priests!" "No," said a woman in the crowd near the barricade. "Shoot Generals if you will, but do not shoot religion." "He is not a priest—he is a spy; he has gutters of a National Guard under his cassock. Shoot him! down with him—that is right." Near me was standing a lady, simply but richly dressed, with a taste which is known to French women alone. Her manners, bearing, and delicately chiselled features gave token that she was not one of the howling class by whom she was surrounded. I could observe her dark eyes flash fire as the third for blood was thus proclaimed aloud; her blanched cheek bore proof of the excitement under which she labored. Her indignation, it was evident, would gain the mastery. I trembled for her fate should she give utterance to it. Turning to a National Guard, she asked, "Of what has that priest been guilty?" "He was walking in the Rue Rivoli," replied the National. "What did he want there?" We arrested him and he must give account of his conduct. He will be judged, and, if guilty, shot, like all traitors." "What!" rejoined the lady, "Is that his crime? Is this your vaunted liberty? I thought that you were Republicans, and that all were free. Shame on you! I am an Alsatian. My brothers have fought against the enemy; they would risk their lives to save France—they are not like you Parisians, who yesterday assassinated generals, and to-day would murder priests!" This unexpected rebuke, quietly administered,

told with stunning effect. The National Guard quailed under the steadfast gaze of his gentle antagonist, and slunk away. The crowd within hearing appeared fascinated—not a word was uttered in reply. "Allow me to pass, Messieurs," said the lady; "let me leave this place." Those near her drew back, and she left the spot without being insulted. As for the National Guard, he buried his head in a large zinc pail containing wine, which was kept on the barricade, and from which the courage of the rioters appeared to be periodically replenished. From the odour exhaled from that pail, the unsteady gait and reddened cheeks of the rioters within reach, I labour under the impression that its contents had been doctored to meet the emergency.

A "NATIONAL GUARD" RAID ON AN EMPTY CASH BOX.

Yesterday I was forced to close my letter hurriedly, in consequence of having heard that the National Guards were on the point of marching to Versailles. Two battalions did leave with the expressed intention of visiting that place. They marched out a short distance, and then it is said, lost their way.— They returned, and threatened to make another attack on the seat of government this evening. Their little game will probably be renewed nightly, and the sightseers who collect to witness their departure will continue to pray that they may be "gobbled up" by the gendarmes and troops posted near Sevres, or frightened out of their senses, if they have any left, by some stray Prussian. I find it a curious pastime to ask persons what the insurgents want. I have not come across any National Guard who was able to give a satisfactory answer to my question, but a railway official, who was just called, offered the following solution. To my question, "Do you know what they want?" he replied, "Yes, sir, they want our cash box." Two hundred National Guards visited our station this afternoon. The officer asked for the *chef de gare*. "He is not here at present." "Where is the sub-station-master?" "He also is absent, but I can answer any question you may put. What do you want?" "Well, we want your money-box." "My money-box? I am a poor man; there is nothing in it." "Then we don't want that; we want the railway company's cash-box." "The company's *caisse* had fortunately been removed last Saturday. There is a report that the cash-box of the Hotel de Ville has been pillaged by the insurrectionary committee.— Want of money is a serious obstacle to the onward march of the bloodthirsty. The Central Committee has not funds to continue the payment of the celebrated thirty sous per day.— Many may be found in Paris willing to commit murder at a cheap rate; but none are willing to stain their hands with blood unless they receive a *quid pro quo* in money or in pillage.

RETURN OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM TO BERLIN.

The arrival of the conqueror, and new emperor, at the railway station at Potsdam is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the *London Daily News*:—

"Let us hurry on to the reserved parts of the platform, where all are in uniform or court dresses save your correspondent. Here is staunch old Marshal von Wrangel, in the uniform of a white cuirassier, rather bandy, but good seemingly for another twenty years. Here comes Prince George, the only civilian of the Royal Family, wrapped in a large cloak, with an attendant bearing his helmet of state. He has a chat with the Jager private with one leg, who has got somehow in the forefront. Here too is General Vogel von Falkenstein, grey and grim; and Von Steinmetz, all the way from his Posen governorship. But the list is too long for enumeration. I notice that every pillar of the long station is in a flutter of flags; that on the pillars on either side of the royal passage are blazoned the words Metz and Strasburg, while over the statue of Victory behind are Sedan and Paris. Is it by accident or design that opposite the platform on a siding an ambulance train is halted, from the windows of which pallid faces look out with hollow eyes on the brilliant scene? Its roof is clustered with convalescents, and a little squad of men maimed at Spicheren and Courcelles give Steinmetz a cheer—old *Immer Vorwarts*, as they lovingly style him—and so with gossip and endless kindly salutations the moments of expectancy fleet by.

"Twenty minutes later, at the sound of a shrill distant whistle, out of the waiting-room, stalks Count Bismarck, in full war paint; Wrangel doffs his plumed helmet, a stream of ladies and children follow Bismarck's stalwart form. In three minutes more a near rumble, and the train, bedizened with flags, rolls to the siding. Three carriages pass a flight of steps, and the fourth comes into sight; there rises a mighty cheer, and at the window stands the Emperor William, framed as in a picture. The old man's face is working as the cheers ring in his ears. He is down the steps and kissing the Dowager Queen Elizabeth. What! Will the women of his family mob him, then, as they crowd round him for his kisses, while grandchildren hang about his knees? No wonder that he has to brush his eyes with the back of his hand as he struggles through the women folk before him. In his path stands the white figure of Wrangel, the rays of the setting sun flashing on his snow-white hair. The soldier patriarch raises his hand, and would fain lead off a cheer; but his voice fails him, and the tears roll down his face. His master, not less moved, kissed his servant on either cheek.— The two old soldier-comrades embrace, while one of Steinmetz's wounded fellows heads, from the top of the carriage, a real rousing cheer.— Then the Emperor grasps Bismarck by the hand, and kisses him too. He serves Von Steinmetz in the same manner, notwithstanding the calumnies ament that gallant soldier. He kisses his way right through out of sight into the waiting room, the Empress following him with a look of conscious ownership; and so *adieu* Kaiser William.

"Behind him as he came from the carriage was the younger face, that of his eldest son. I wonder the Princess is not jealous to see all these pretty girls, princesses, grand duchesses, and what not, hugging her husband with effusion." But not she. She has fast hold of his left arm, and she looks about so proudly and gladly, the light of love in every feature. Her back hair had come down and it streamed over her shoulders in beautiful confusion.

"It was comical to see how she gently exulted 'Our Fritz' from the press, when it seemed as if there had been enough of the kissing. But then, the Prince had hairier faces to kiss, and more stalwart forms to embrace ere he reached the haven of the saloon. Von Roon, Blumenthal, all the Versailles well-known faces, follow, and then the women burst into the reserved space, and hugged and kissed the staff men who belonged to them as they came out of the carriages. The scene was like an April day, showers and sunshine, tears and smiles in about equal proportions—all state and ceremony went down before the gush of homely affection.

"The Emperor almost at once passed to his carriage, and drove off unescorted at a trot, followed by carriages containing the Royal Family and the other personages, along Thier Garten, the Brandenburg Gate, and down Unter den Linden to the Palace, amidst immense cheering. As he passed under the arch the Imperial flag was run up on the Palace.— The cheering continued after he had alighted. His Majesty lingered on the threshold, and at length went in; but his subjects were not to be denied, and he had to appear again on the balcony, helmet in hand, and the Empress on his arm. His last appearance was at the window of the corner room, where he showed himself on the declaration of the war, and here he listened to the "*Wacht am Rhein*," sung by the crowd."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A VOICE FOR HOME RULE.—The following article, from the *Morning Advertiser*, is a cheering and remarkable sign of the times:— Lord Derby could see no prospect of pacifying Ireland, which he regarded, from the growing conviction of an incompatibility between Saxon and Celt, as in a hopeless condition of antagonism. These views, perhaps, explain his lordship's intimated resolution to sell his Irish estates, although they are traversed by the unanimous solicitation of his tenants that he should still remain among them. Under this striking and original exposition, however, we cannot help suspecting lies a dawning impression to which the speaker felt he could not give utterance. The real drift of Lord Derby's suggestions seems to us to involve the raising of a doubt whether the concession of some modification of self-government would not be the best solution of the Irish difficulty. There are many reflective men who began to question the policy of the abolition of the Irish Parliament and its advantage to either country. Perhaps the proportion of Protestants to Catholics—of the well-affected to the disaffected—was greater before the Union than it is now. The legislature was indeed corrupt and inefficient, and that was simply because it was filled with English Court favorites and every Papist and every Dissenter was excluded from it—because in fact Ireland was kept out of the Government of Ireland. With all its faults, it did wonders. But if it had really honestly represented the nation, what reason is there to doubt that it would have developed national resources, promoted national interests, and conciliated national confidence? Even as it was, the bond which linked the two countries was stronger than it is now. It is in vain for economical quacks to deny that absenteeism is an evil. To a poor and purely agricultural country like Ireland the sending of its peers and all its leading men from Dublin to London, the obliteration of most of its governmental establishments, was ruin to it economically—still more disastrous to it socially and morally. It is also quite absurd to doubt that Irishmen would know, and would be more honestly inclined justly and wisely to administer their own affairs in a Parliament in their own country, than an alien legislature sitting in London, and more inclined to listen to rich absentees than to native statesmen. For the last seventy years we have been groping our way to a policy which a Parliament of real Irishmen would have adopted a century ago. Our own panacea for all public evils is a free Parliament. Why is it not equally good for Ireland? The Parliament of Scotland was corrupt, servile, and seditious. But it was so simply because the people were not represented, and the members were the mere tools and nominees of the Crown and the great landowners. But does any man of reflection believe it to be for the economical or social advantage of Scotland that her peers, her squires, her leading men, her Government, are drawn away from Edinburgh to that populous imposthume which Cobbett called the "Great Wen"? Does anybody think that five hundred Englishmen sitting in London can manage the domestic affairs and settle the local legislation of Scotland better than Scotchmen deliberating in Edinburgh? The Scotch are Saxons and Protestants. We have reserved to them their own religion, Church Government, and system of law, which has reconciled them to a yoke they have not always endured. But we left the Irish neither their creed, their Church, their law, nor their natural representatives; and the whole tendency of our recent legislation has been, as Mr. Gladstone says, to govern and legislate for Ireland from an Irish point of view. What does that mean but that it is best that the Irish should govern themselves?— Canning exclaimed, "Repeal the Union!— Restore the Heptarchy!" So say we. So said the Americans when they preferred a ruinous and destructive war to the nullification of their federal compact. But every American

state has its own legislature and local Government for the management of its domestic affairs, whilst it sends members to the Senate and Congress at Washington, to vote taxes for the general Government of the whole Republic and to determine all imperial questions. At present our Parliament is overwhelmed with local business, parish jobs, and private bills, which corrupt it, which draw improper members into it, and which render it impossible efficiently to administer affairs of imperial concernment. Where is the danger or disadvantage of relegating parish business—mere provincial matters—to local Parliaments, who best understand them? If the Irish Commons proved unreasonable they would be checked by the Irish peers, and overruled by the royal veto. They would have nothing to do with questions of imperial taxation, of war, of armaments, or, indeed, of any but local administration; and it is not easy to see how, on the subjects of education, of religion, of railroads, of land, of waste lands, drainage, public works, domestic expenditure and revenue, jurisprudence, social disorder, agrarian outrage, they could not administer their own affairs, and develop their own local resources, better than strangers. These are opinions which are thrown out by many well-affected Irishmen, and are, as Lord Derby has said, fast spreading Orangemen and Protestants. They are not in any degree to be confounded with the dreams of those who call for a Repeal of the Union, the elimination of Irish representation from the Imperial Parliament, and whose aim is the separation of the three kingdoms. The two parties are as distinct, and as antagonistic, as the American Federalists and Confederates. In fact, the loyal propose only Federal Parliaments for local affairs and the continuance of the Imperial legislature as it is, with all its functions left intact. We merely open the question. While we do not commit ourselves to any settled convictions on the subject, we think it desirable to strip it of the errors by which alarmists have surrounded it. We do not see that a mere provincial Parliament is likely to give additional force to the irregular disintegrating influences which are chronic in the sister kingdom. There are, on the other hand, many loyal subjects who are of opinion that a local legislature is the real panacea for the discontent, disaffection, and material stagnation of the sister island.

AGRICULTURAL CRIME AND ITS CAUSES.—While an English Ministry is engaged in the congenial task of appointing a Secret Committee with the view of preparing material for coercive legislation in Ireland, and an obsequious Parliament—in which the renege Irish element is not wanting—subsequently endorses the Ministerial request on the mere recommendation of a brand-new Castle official, recently imported from England: the most remarkable document which it has ever been our duty to discuss has been presented to the public by one whose position and character are sufficient vouchers for the facts it contains, and the terrible revelations it discloses. The world has been puzzled why Meath should be an exception to the rest of Ireland in the record of agrarian crime. The world has been shocked at some of the crimes enacted there. All Ireland felt the force of the evil involved in the principle of the Ribbon Association. It was deplored and condemned by all—and by none more strongly than by those to whom the national cause is a heritage of labour and of sacred duty; but none knew the causes which have given rise to the abnormal social state of Meath. None were aware of the terrible trial through which the people had passed—the wild justice of self-preservation inspired—the wild justice of revenge—and the people in their phrenzy forgetting the counsels of prudence and the Christian admonitions of their pastors, banded themselves in unlawful combinations with the object—as they wildly believed—of extorting from fear what justice and law denied them. None can more strongly condemn the principle and practice of agrarian crime than we do. None more deeply deplore the stain which it has left on the national character. But it is only justice to a people remarkable for all the social virtues to expose the causes which have led to the exceptional social relations existing in one or two counties by depicting agrarian crime to its first source, even while deploring its existence and condemning its excesses. Certain proprietors desolated whole districts by batches. Hundreds of individuals were rendered homeless by the plague of a single individual who sold to them was little short of a sentence of death. The sites of houses and villages became multi-guilded till the successive clearances converted whole districts into grass-farms. From 1851 to 1861—that is after the famine had abated, and prosperity had again begun to dawn on the land—there was a decrease of 51,000 in the population of Meath and Westmeath—or over a fifth in ten years; and the good Bishop has good reason for believing that when the census of the next decade will have been published, "it will reveal a still greater ratio of decrease," so that up to 1871 there will have been no cessation of the causes which have led to the commission of agrarian crime in Meath and Westmeath. "A sentence of eviction from the land (in a state of society in which, without the land, it is impossible to support life) is," adds Dr. Nulty, "tantamount to a slow but certain execution." This is precisely how the people felt it, and hence the secret organization of Ribbonism, with all its evil consequences. "It is a very arduous task," says the Bishop, "to reason into patience and resignation a man who once enjoyed affluence in the home in which he was born, and from which he was unjustly expelled; who now sees his wife and children slowly tortured to death by starvation, in spite of all his efforts to save them." "It is a splendid achievement if you persuade him to wipe his eyes and restrain his arm," when he sees "he can retaliate on his oppressor with deadliest effect and with perfect security;" and thus between the tyranny of the landlords and the outraged feelings of the people, has been for years the mission of the priest in Meath.— The injustice of bad landlords first created Ribbonism; their "cleverness and sagacity" directed them to nurture it to serve their own ends. It is strange and startling to be informed on such unquestionable authority as that before us, that "the most cruel and extensive exterminations in the diocesan had been centres of Ribbonism in their respective districts, while carrying their inhuman clearances through," and that "the relations existing between exterminating landlords is the very reverse of unfriendly." Facts, which whatever may have been the origin of Ribbonism, must render its present operation detestable in the eyes of all men. If the recently appointed committee would only devote a portion of its time to tracing out this connection, it would in some measure compensate for the outrage offered to public feeling in its institution, and expose in their true light the real authors and agents of agrarian crime in the districts coming within the scope of its enquiries.— We can merely indicate the original causes of agrarian crime in East and West Meath, and cannot follow Dr. Nulty through the illustrations of its present

operations, or the condemnation which he emphatically pronounced on Ribbism. The days of land-lord inhumanity have passed away—let us hope for ever. Wholesale eviction is now too costly a luxury to permit of its indulgence even by the most unscrupulous of landlords. With the causes which led to crime, the crime itself will pass away when time is given for the social equilibrium to be re-established and this without Commissions of Enquiry or Coercive Legislation. Dr. Nulty has shown that crime committed by the individual under the sanction of law leads to crime in the multitude, and that this social evil does not pass away with the causes which produced it, but remains a social gaugrene poisoning and degrading the whole community. One of the worst evils which the Ribbon societies have inflicted on the people of West Meath is, that they have furnished the hereditary enemies of the people with excuses for interfering with their liberties, and given rise to Peace Preservation Acts, Coercion Acts, and Police Espionage, and made the peaceable and well-disposed in proclaimed districts peculiarly accountable for the outrages committed by those who may be only the minions of the satraps of "authority" in the accomplishment of their sinister designs. If the English authorities want excuses for coercion, these—no doubt offer judiciously magnified—are furnished by the very societies which profess themselves the self-constituted enemies of oppression. While denouncing the cause which has produced a state of society where such associations are possible, it is therefore our bounden duty to equally condemn the evil consequences which the society itself has entailed in the localities where land-lordism has crept and fostered it. But, while thus emphatically condemning an evil result, we must not forget that it is only the fruit of a vicious system, whose manifestations may vary, but are never recurrent. Ribbonism, like all our other social evils, is but the result of mis-government.—Wexford People.

A correspondent at Portadown, writing on March 18, says: Charles Foy, Esq., Canadian Government emigration agent, attended our fair to-day, and held a meeting in the Town Hall for the purpose of giving information about Canada. I believe he was very successful, as after his statements as to the prospects of industrious men and women in Canada several farmers got up and told of large sums of money sent by the emigrants of last year to their friends who, resided in their several localities. Mr. Foy had some thousands of copies of letters from last year's emigrants distributed through the people. I heard an agent of the Montreal Steamship Company say that, in consequence, he had booked 21 passengers, and several persons arranged to call next week and take their passages. Over 300 left this neighbourhood last year for Canada, and it is expected that double the number will leave this year. In a great many instances the money has been sent by last year's emigrants to bring out their friends. One farmer remarked, "I have got eighteen good arguments in favour of Canada." A gardener from this neighbourhood sent eighteen guineas to bring out his brother and family.

THE NATIONAL ASSURANCE.—The state of Ireland has been once again the topic for debate in the House of Lords, and Lord Derby, whose ability and sagacity no man will dispute, has delivered himself on the subject after the true English fashion, speaking with a frankness and a bold fearlessness which command the highest admiration. The first duty of a statesman, like that of a physician, is to discover the cause of the malady, the distressing symptoms of which alarm friends while they threaten the well-being of the patient. This duty Lord Derby has skillfully performed, and, having made his diagnosis as to the chronic and ever recurrent disorders of Ireland, he proceeded on Thursday to proclaim his views as to the true nature of Ireland's malady. "That," says his lordship, "which lies at the bottom of the feeling against England—the desire for a separate nationality—never was stronger or more persistent than it is now in Ireland." Never was there a more accurate diagnosis made, and never were the cause of Ireland and the cause of her recurrent disorganisation more truly or more pitifully expressed. There is, in truth, no feeling against England in the Irish heart which is not traceable to the one potent cause—the inherent, the natural, the just yearnings of a people for self-existence which Providence implanted in all nations and in all peoples. To the rule and violent suppression of the national life of this country may be traced all her evils, all her discontent, all that disregard of "law and order" which from time to time give so much trouble to our neighbours, and render the pacification of the Irish such a puzzle to English statesmen. Sectarian strife and agrarian disorder have their root in the one all-pervading cause—the forcible stamping out of the national life of the Irish people; and we give to Lord Derby the highest medal of praise which a statesman can be awarded for the provision which he has accomplished the first duty of statesman the discovery of the evil which during centuries, has proved such a fertile source of trouble to England, and of calamity to this people. Lord Derby is right.—The continued fever which is but the symptom of the Irish malady, is the unsatisfied desire of national existence. Give back to the Irish people their national life—gratify the one craving desire of the national heart—and that consuming fire which has baled the highest skill and the best intentions of statesmen will "leave her," and she will return to her right mind and develop in her public life and conversation all the virtues which adorn the private life of the Irish race. Is this, however, the remedy which Lord Derby proposes for "the mind diseased," the origin of whose disorder he has so truly diagnosed? Not so. He admits that a *prohibitive* in Ireland would at once restore self-government, and give to her as a nation that right to regulate her own affairs which every parish and "hundred" in England enjoys, and which constitute the basis of the Constitution and the sure bulwark of the throne. The spirit of 1782 yet lives in the Irish heart, says Lord Derby, and neither church reform, nor land legislation, nor any other amelioration, can destroy it. Lord Derby is right again. The desire to be self-governing, which culminated in the declaration of 1782, despite the crushing influences of confiscations and a century of penal laws, is as immortal as the Spirit which breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of man, and hear will of no abatement save in its accomplishment. The latter truth Lord Derby has yet to learn, and whether he be a disciple of the development school now so potential in England, or whether he believe that man came into the world perfect, as he is to-day, the sooner he recognises the persistence—the immortality of the one passion of Ireland, nationality—and the impossibility of satisfying the national heart by anything short of Home Rule, the sooner will he see his way to that general fusion of the two peoples under one Crown and as a united and single-minded Empire, which all good men desire.—Dublin Freeman.

The Dublin Mail affirms, and Lord Eniskillen denies, that the Grand Orange Lodge recently, by a majority of 22 to 18, passed a resolution cancelling the pledge hitherto taken by the members to support the Union. Many Orangemen believe the Mail, and among the members who are named as likely to secede is Colonel Cole, the member for Fernanagh, a brother of Lord Eniskillen.

Insurers wisdom for Mr. Moore.—The effect of Lord Derby's speech, comparing the desire of Irishmen for home government to a desire for the moon, which cannot be gratified, has been what he least desired. He has destroyed any little hankering after a change which some people here might have felt. He has disclosed the cloven foot in good time for the Liberal party. There are people here, good friends of England too, who think local government granted to Ireland would strengthen the Empire instead of

weakening it, and would cement a union between the countries which is under any other state of things impossible. At all events, the subject is one admitting of discussion, and Lord Derby's off-hand manner of treating it will never be submitted to. Lord Derby's speech is a strong argument for Ripon, and has convinced many an Irishman who wavered on the question.

SOCIAL CRIME COMPARED TO A SMALL PORTION OF THE COUNTRY.—In opening the Assizes for the Queen's County, Chief Justice Mouhan congratulated the grand jury on the state of the country. In many places the calendars have been equally light, and there have been several maiden assizes.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PROCESS SERVER.—On Friday last the Rev. H. Crofton, a clergyman of the Diocese of Tuam, proceeded, accompanied by the resident magistrate and a posse of the constabulary, to serve a notice to quit upon one of his tenants, known by the sobriquet of "Captain" Duffy, at a place called Clonabegh, near Tyrrell's Pass, in the notorious Co. Westmeath. Either the reverend gentleman was unable to procure a person with sufficient courage to perform the function, or he humanely resolved to dare the danger himself. It alleged that the Rev. Mr. Crofton was fired at last year when visiting his property; and, it is also said, that the baronous murder in December last of a process server, named Waters, was the result of his having served a notice on this same Duffy for the Rev. Mr. Crofton. Truly 'tis a strange state of society when landlords have to execute the legal processes for themselves.

PERSONS IN THE WEST.—Judge Keogh in his address to the Galway Grand Jury read the following passage from the Report of the Hon. Mr. Burke, the Inspector-General of Prisons. "At the time of my inspection the same boiler was used for cooking potatoes and boiling the dirty clothes; there was no school in the prison, and the only instruction received was that imparted by the Nuns who visited the prisoners; the male prisoner's clothing was in a state of rags, and a tailor who was in jail, instead of being put to mend the clothes, was employed in mat-making." The judge also said he was given to understand that the prisoners in Leitrim goals could open the locks of their cells with their spoons. There cannot be very desperate criminals in that part of the country at all events.

UNWISE ECONOMY.—The officials of the Admiralty have just given great offence to a large section of the community here. A Committee was formed in Dublin for the purpose of collecting seed to enable the farmers in that part of France devastated by the war to avail themselves of the season in time by getting the crop set. The Irish farmers contributed generously, but the committee had not funds for the transport of the seeds placed at their disposal, and they applied to Government for a vessel. After a fortnight's delay they were informed that the Admiralty had no vessel available. This act is looked on as unwise official snobbery, and it is felt that an English Committee would have received a totally different reply. Thus every day, English officials show their utter incapacity to conciliate Ireland, even in small matters.

THE SWEETEST BLOOD OATH.—Although an oath taken by lawless men proves nothing against the rest of society, it cannot be too widely known that Mr. Monk was the victim of a malicious hoax in the oath he produced for the officiation of the House of Commons.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—It is proposed to hold a public conference on the Education question under the auspices of the National Association immediately after Easter.

WORTH KNOWING.—WORKING OF THE NEW COMPENSATION LAW.—A man tired of life may make a tidy little provision for his family by coming over here and getting a friend to shoot him in a suitable locality. An application was made to the Co. Mayo Grand Jury, on behalf of the widow of Humphrey Davis for compensation for his murder, at Foxford. Davis was shot, as alleged, through the window of his bedroom on the 18th of January last. The coroner's jury at the inquest returned a verdict of "Death by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own room." Mrs. Davis claimed £1000 compensation and the Grand Jury granted £500.

There was a singular scene at a recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation. The members were called together to consider a drainage scheme. There were but 22 members present, and two of these went out leaving only exactly enough of members present to form a house. A motion for adjournment was lost on a division by 18 votes to 2. According to the Daily Express, Mr. Tickell then endeavoured to leave the Chamber, so as to leave less than 20 members present, and have the house counted out by Mr. French, but he was forcibly prevented from making his escape by Sir John Barrington, and a very disorderly scene ensued. Sir John Barrington keeping his back against the door, and Mr. Tickell tugging at his coat collar to reescape by the door at the opposite end, and Mr. French then had the house counted out.

HANDSOME DONATION.—Mr. Nicholas Mahon Power D.L. and ex-M.P. for the County of Waterford, has given to the Sisters of Charity, Waterford, £2,000 to build a chapel and school; £500 to the Christian Brothers, Waterford; and £500 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Waterford.

DEATHS, MARCH 22.—Mr. Justice O'Brien opened the Commission for the Cork Assizes on Monday, and congratulated the Grand Jury upon the satisfactory state of the county.—There were only 20 cases for trial, and considering the extent of the county and the number of months which had elapsed since the last Assizes, he thought that did not indicate a very serious extent of crime. He had examined the police returns and spoken to three resident magistrates of experience, and the reports he had received confirmed his opinion as to the tranquillity of the county. There were no agrarian outrages or evidences of combination among the people for illegal purposes, and nothing approaching to a charge of Fenianism had been made, except the discovery of arms in the room of a man who was not aware that they were deposited there, and where he understood, they might have been hidden for years. One of the resident magistrates, whose district extended to the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, had assured him that it was perfectly tranquil. With the exception of cases which were difficult to detect such as threatening letters, there had been no failure in bringing home crime to its perpetrators. The total number of cases returned since last Assizes was 98; but, judging from the sentences inflicted by the Courts before which they were brought, the majority of them did not appear to be of an aggravated nature. There were certainly a great many charges of arson, and presentments had been applied for, but in some instances were rejected, as he supposed, upon the ground that the damage was not malicious. It was to be regretted however, that there were many cases of that crime. Having reached the last town in the circuit, he thought it right to review the state of crime in other counties, and stated that, with the exception of the murder of Mr. Conyer's steward, the condition of the county of Limerick, formerly proverbial for violence, turbulence, and misrule, was a most striking contrast with previous Assizes. The business of the Assizes was terminated in two or three hours. In the counties of Clare and Kerry, although the number of cases exceeded those of former Assizes, there was an absence of murder, outrage, and illegal combinations, except in one case. He hoped such a satisfactory state of things would continue, and that there would be no repetition of the crimes which formerly brought such discredit on those counties.—Mr. Justice Lawson bore similar testimony yesterday

to the peaceful state of the county of Waterford. There were only four custody cases in the calendar, and, including bail cases, there were only nine or ten to be tried. The number of offences committed since last Assizes had been only 27, most of them of a very trifling description. The city also is in a peaceful and orderly state.—Times Cor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS THE POPE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—Our Holy Father thus acknowledges the proofs of devotion lately sent to him from the faithful in England and Scotland:—

"Pi's PP. IX.—Venerable Brother, health and Apostolic benediction.—It has pleased the Divine goodness to chastise us with afflictions by rebellious children of the Church, and to make us, unworthy as we are, partakers in the Passion of our Lord; but it has also seemed good to Him that we should have as companions in our conflict, and consoling in our sorrows, our venerable brethren the prelates of the Catholic world, and also the entire body of such as are faithful to Christ and the Church, who give unceasing and indisputable proofs of their love, devotion, and faith towards us and the Church in these times of trouble. This consolation we have lately received from you, venerable brother, in the letter you addressed to us on the eve of our Lord's Nativity, which was a fresh and luminous evidence of your singular love to ourselves, your profound devotion to this Apostolic See, and your eminent zeal for the Church. We greatly rejoiced, venerable brother, at your expressions, which prove to us how deeply you have at heart the cause of God and of justice, against which is aimed the violence of wicked men; and nothing can be more grateful to us than to see how the faithful of that illustrious nation are animated by an equal zeal. Of their affection towards us we are assured, both by other proofs and by the recent homage of their love and testimony of their faith, which you have made known to us in your letter, as a pledge most acceptable to our heart. Moreover, venerable brother, the declarations and fervent wishes emanating from the very numerous public meeting of the faithful, held in that city, the roll of whose distinguished names we have seen, as well as the protest coming from two thousand of the faithful of educated classes in England and Scotland, and the address subscribed by many hundreds of thousands of the faithful of every class throughout England and Scotland, afford so noble a proof to us of filial affection and zeal towards the Holy See, that the memory of it will never pass from our mind. We earnestly beseech Almighty God mercifully to regard your zeal, venerable brother, with abundant gifts of grace, and to look upon all our forenamed children with all loving kindness; and to confirm and strengthen their goodwill in the love of the Church and of this Apostolic See, and in all justice and zeal. In the midst, therefore, of the great conflict in which we are engaged, and in the bitterness which is heaped upon us by the oppression of the liberty of our Apostolic office, and by the reign of impiety in our city, go on, venerable brother, together with the faithful, constant in fervent prayer to the Divine Majesty, and labouring strenuously in the work of justice and truth. Receive, also, especially in pledge of goodwill with which we embrace you in the Lord, the Apostolical Benediction, which in express token of paternal charity, together with a prayer for all happiness, we lovingly impart to you, and to each and all our forenamed beloved children, whose devotion you have made known to us.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the twenty-eighth day of January, in the year 1871, the twenty-fifth of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

To our venerable brother, HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster.

DEPUTATION TO THE POPE.—A deputation, with an address from the Catholics of Great Britain to the Pope, will start for Rome at the end of next week, and will be introduced to his Holiness by the Duke of Norfolk, The Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Denbigh, Earl of Granard, Lord Howard of Glossop, and Sir George Bowyer will form part of the deputation.

THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE REALIZED.—The Edinburgh Courier reports that two prisoners made a most daring and successful effort to escape from Haddington County Gaol on Sunday. The governor, in the absence of the warden at church, having for some purpose entered their cell, was instantly seized by them, deprived of his keys, and locked up in their room. They walked coolly through the governor's house, sealed the prison wall by means of a short ladder left in the yard, and got off.

AN ANCIENT MITRAILLEUSE.—The following notice is taken verbatim from the Edinburgh Advertiser for December 7, 1764:—"A Scotch shoemaker has contrived an instrument of war, by means of which six persons are to do as much execution as a whole regiment. This instrument, if we may believe the projector, will discharge 4,400 balls in the space of two minutes; is quite portable and easy of carriage; in case of surprise, may be knocked to pieces in less than a moment's space, so as to render it entirely useless to the enemy; and, if recovered again by any change in the field, may be got together in less than a minute and a half, so as to be fit for use as before. In case, also, of any sudden charge by horse or foot during the intervals of loading, 'at the touch of a spring a harvest of bayonets are to arise, with their points directed towards the foe. To this the inventor—who, though a shoemaker, is likewise a military man—has added a system of discipline, relative to use of his machine, perfectly easy and speedily to be learned."

RAILWAY FATALITIES.—Last year was a fatal year on English railways, as well as on French battle-fields. Ninety railway passengers were killed, and 1,094 were injured; and of

those numbers only twenty-four of the killed and ten of the injured owe the calamity to any fault of their own. The railways, therefore, killed sixty-six of their passengers, and wounded 1,084 of them, during a single year. The persons killed or hurt by their own fault vary but slightly in number. But those killed or hurt by causes beyond their own control were in 1866, fifteen killed and 540 injured; in 1867, nineteen killed and 689 injured; in 1868 the numbers were respectively forty and 516; in 1869 they were seventeen and 1,043; and in 1870, sixty-six and 1,084. The number of passengers killed was more than fourfold in 1870 what it was in 1866, and the number injured was doubled. The six great accidents of the year account, of course, for the increase, just as the Abergele calamity accounted for the large figure of the killed in 1868. The number of the injured is, however, far more frightful than that of the slain. When three persons, are, on the average, seriously hurt every day on the railways of the United Kingdom, it is high time, in the interest of the shareholders as well as in the interest of the public, that our railway authorities should do something to make railway travelling safer.—London Daily News.

Under the caption of "Cheating The Devil," the Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus of the present condition of England:—"The devil will not be cheated. Yet just now there seems a strong feeling about that as a nation we shall assuredly find some way of cheating the sordid devil to whom we have sold ourselves. A half-hearted Government; an inefficient executive; national funkiness which is afraid to speak the truth of those in high places; which still keeps to the right side of the divinity which hedges the worship of money; belief in success as the test of merit, and care for personal well-being and conventional appearances in preference to any higher aims of life—all these which we have accepted as our portion and part of the bargain are supposed not to bear their fruit in due season; and we hope that we may find means to cheat the devil when the time of payment comes. It is to be feared we shall have a rude reveille some day; and that when we set out to gather figs from thistles, we shall come home with empty baskets, and bleeding fingers. We suppose there can be little question about it; a spirit of moral effeminacy is rife in England. No one desires war for its own sake. No one prefers a bivouac in the snow, scanty rations, and the hourly chance of mutilation or death, to peace and a pleasant life divided between the bosom of one's family and the serene drawing rooms of proddy women; but when the times are troublous, as they are now there is no safety save in boldly facing them and preparing for the worst. To cry, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace is to prepare the way for bondage. To measure everything by its success is to plunge into a morass of practical atheism where there is no such foothold as abstract virtue or the purity of a cause; and to vilify men who have led the forlorn hope of a nation gallantly if unsuccessfully is to blaspheme all that is best and noblest in human history.

THE VALUE OF UNIVERSAL TRAINING.—Nothing is more observable in the dreary debate on the army than the readiness with which the House turns from the points of national interest to those which at bottom only concord "society." For one sentence uttered on organization, in the true sense, or on the scheme for linking together our three reservoirs of men, or even on the efficiency of the Militia, we have three upon Purchase, promotion, and the interest of the officers. Upon the greatest subject of all, the possibility of making military training compulsory upon all, scarcely anyone, except the Member for Nottingham, has opened his mouth, though the point is directly raised by the clauses enabling Mr. Cardwell in time of emergency to demand military service from all men under thirty-five. It may be that the point is reserved for Committee, or for separate discussion, but it is much more probable that the majority of members are consciously avoiding it, some because they are hopeless of success, more because they dislike the notion, most because they are doubtful of the sentiments of their constituents. That last is the very reason why the question should have been placed in the forefront of the main debate, should have been brought sufficiently home to the people to induce them to express their feelings about it. Nobody yet knows what those feelings are.—People assume, and we dare say with good reason, that Englishmen "would not bear a conscription," but what has that to do with the matter? Nobody is asking them to bear one. The question is not that, but this—are the people of the United Kingdom averse to a law ordaining that every healthy lad shall at eighteen undergo six or twelve months' training to arms in a county camp? If they are averse, and remain so after the proposal has been carefully explained, there is no more to be said until the next great danger comes; but if they are not, and we firmly believe they are, the members are losing the greatest opportunity of civilizing the people of this country ever offered to their hands. We firmly believe that military training for a single year, or even for half-a-year, would elevate the British people more than any other change which could by possibility be introduced by legislation, would be equivalent in all good effects to five years of ordinary education. It would, to begin with, immensely increase their physical power. Twelve months of regular and full diet, perfect sobriety, and moderate work in the open air would increase the weight of ordinary town lads by one-third and of the country lads by one-fifth, would widen their chests, strengthen their muscles, and induce that habit of health which town men find it so difficult to gain and villagers to lose. During that period they would learn to walk, to carry themselves, to obey orders and give orders promptly and quietly, to act in concert, and above all, to rely upon the action of their fellows. Cleanliness, self-respect, and self-re-

straint would become habits with the very lowest, and the first principles of civilisation, order, mutual respect, and the possibility of self-sacrifice would be carried to the bottom of our society, to those classes whom all our efforts have hitherto failed to reach. All classes serving alike, the respect of all for each other must deepen, and as we find in the Volunteers, good feeling taken the place of the suspicious dislike which arises only from ignorance. Every camp would be a school for the practical virtues, and there is no reason whatever why it should not also be a school for education in the ordinary sense. We should have got hold of the people at last, and might as reasonably insist on attendance at the evening classes as at the morning drill. If the system were wisely worked, as it would be, for the father of every lad instructed would be an elector, the lads, so far from losing anything, either in time or money, would go away far stronger, healthier, and abler, as much better fitted for the battle of life as an educated man is better fitted than a boor, yet without the effeminacy of habit which some men fear as a result of universal education. A man does not cart muck the worse because he has been drilled to walk instead of slouching, because he is a man instead of a lout, nor will he work less effectively at a trench because he understands how easily men can under certain rules be made to work together. The moral gain would be something indescribable. There is no reason whatever why such a camp should not be a well-ordered home, in which drunkenness, or unchastity, or insubordination would be as infamous as theft or cruelty now are. "Tom" can be spread in a camp as in a great school, and the wisest part of English philanthropy would concentrate itself on the country camps as its natural field. The gain to the individual would be incalculable, nor would the gain to the State be less. The manhood of the kingdom would not, as in Prussia or France, be wasted in military service; but every man would be competent to defend the country, would understand what soldiership meant, would be in a position to decide whether the professional life would suit him. He would have lived the life himself under its best conditions, and the result would be, we feel certain, such a supply of "recruits" that the whole of our barbarous system might be swept away; the men enlisted as officers are enlisted for as long as they are willing to serve, and dismissal made, as in every other trade, a sufficient penalty for any offence not requiring the intervention of a magistrate. Even as matters stand, the difficulty of getting men is one chiefly of our own creating. Eight shillings a week and "all found," would give us the control of the whole unskilled labor of the kingdom, and cost us less even than that we waste in the departments, would be, in fact, only £2,500,000 a year in wages for every 100,000 men and non-commissioned officers, a sum quite within our means. Imagine terms like those offered among a people who already know all the disagreeable part of a soldier's training, who would need nothing but practice to be solid soldiers! England would be as safe as Prussia and as powerful without a vast standing army, and without any new temptation to go to war. The military chiefs talk very wisely of the necessity for an elastic system; but what elasticity could be equal to that of an army, say of 100,000 men, which could be doubled in a week by the introduction of men individually as well trained, for example two-thirds of the men who followed Wellington at Waterloo, and which, in the event of invasion, could rely on successive draughts from the whole population? We must not forget that if temporary and therefore cheap service in the Army were possible, service for the work in hand, the expenditure on Militia and volunteers would be a waste of force in keeping up unnecessary cadres. A single force, if we could have it with the necessary condition of elasticity, would be infinitely simpler and more efficient. But the cost of all this? Ought not if the six months' term is selected, to be greater than the Estimates voted this year. We cannot enter into the details, but even in England with our extravagant ways, the cost of an army fully equipped and ready for service ought not to exceed £120 a year per man, or six times the amount of wages given to the men themselves. Nothing but mismanagement can bring it above that figure, and that allows £12,000,000 for the Regular Army. The county training schools, on the other hand, needing neither separate departments nor separate scientific services, ought not, on the very highest calculation, one even extravagantly high, to cost more than £20 a head for six months drill. That is to say able administrators intent on thrift, if backed by the people and supported by an etiquette or a law postponing marriage to the mature age of nineteen, would give us a system of defence that would place England beyond menace from the world, that would make us once more a great power, and that would civilize instead of demoralizing the people, for the very money we are now expending in order to accomplish little.—Spectator.

UNITED STATES.

Referring to a report that Gen. Butler would take no appointment from the present Administration, "even if offered him on a silver fork," the Louisville Courier Journal says: "He might not take the appointment but the Administration would do well to keep an eye on the fork." A Springfield, Ill. girl sold her lover to another girl for a black silk dress, and so managed matters that the couple were married within a month after the bargain was made. An Indian chief near Cheyenne boasts that though he is only forty years old, he has taken two hundred scalps and has had the delirium tremens fifteen times! The penalty for selling liquor in Georgia on election days, unlawfully, is fifty dollars. To secure enforcement, the Governor offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the apprehension of offenders. The offenders get themselves hauled up and pay their fifty dollars fine out of the hundred reward, leaving the remaining fifty to be divided among the offenders' friends, the informers.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

APRIL—1871.

- Friday, 21—St. Anselm, B. D.
- Saturday, 22—SS. Soter and Gatus, P. M.
- Sunday, 23—Second after Easter.
- Monday, 24—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa, M.
- Tuesday, 25—St. Mark, Ev.
- Wednesday, 26—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, P. M.
- Thursday, 27—St. Hermenegild, M.

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

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No great progress towards the putting down of the insurrection in Paris, and bringing that City in subjection to the Versailles authorities, has been made during the past week. There has been much fighting, much blood has been shed, many shells have been thrown into Paris, but still the *Reds* hold possession, and seem resolved to fight to the last. One hopeful sign is that the other large cities in France do not seem to be ready to take up arms in behalf of Paris, or of the *Commanue*; and unsupported, Paris must yield, if M. Thiers and his party will but put forth a little energy. Provisions, it is said, are again becoming scarce in the beleaguered City, and we may therefore reasonably hope that before another week is over, the *Red* insurrection will have been played out. The news of the ill-treatment of the Archbishop of Paris has not been confirmed.

The triumphal entry of the German troops into Berlin will, it is expected, take place next month.

The *Gazette* publishes a statement of the proceedings to be adopted by the High Joint Commission at Washington for the settlement of the *Alabama* question, but it does not vouch for its accuracy. The basis of the arrangement is that neutrals shall be held responsible for depredations committed by vessels fitted out and manned in their ports. This does not touch the *Alabama* case—for that vessel was not fitted out in an English port.

Questions of damages are to be submitted to a commission composed of five members—of whom Great Britain, the United States, the Emperor of Brazil, the President of the Republic of Switzerland, and the King of Italy, shall each name one. A strange silence is maintained as to the action to be taken with respect to the Canadian Fisheries.

REFUSING TO KISS THE PROTESTANT BIBLE.

—The Police Magistrate at London, Ont., has been making an exhibition of his ignorance of the law, and his want of good manners. In a suit brought before him, referring to a case of non-registration of marriage the Reverend Father White, a Catholic clergyman, was summoned as a witness. On being sworn, a Protestant copy of the Bible was presented to him; to which the witness objected, and claimed the right, if sworn at all, of being sworn on a book which he recognised as the Bible, or Word of God. The Police Magistrate got very angry with this, and ordered the reverend gentleman to take the oath on the Protestant bible, under penalty of being sent to prison for contempt of court. At the suggestion, however, of a lawyer present, the Police Magistrate referred the matter, to the Crown Attorney, by whom an opinion sustaining the Rev. Mr. White's objections was given in the annexed letter:—

LONDON, ONT., April 6, 1871.

To L. LAWSON, Esq., Police Magistrate, London: DEAR SIR,—I find it laid down in "Taylor on Evidence," 5th edition, vol. 2, page 1206, "that all witnesses ought to be sworn according to the peculiar ceremonies of their own religion, or, in such manner as they deem binding on their consciences. In order to ascertain what form is so binding, the court should inquire of the witness himself, and the proper time for making this inquiry is before he is sworn." There are several cases cited. A Mahomedan is sworn upon the Koran—Morgan's case; a Chinese is sworn by the ceremony of his breaking a saucer previously to the administration of the oath. It is Mitreham. I have no doubt therefore that a Roman Catholic may

object to be sworn on the Protestant version of the Scriptures, and that he should be sworn in such a manner as he deems binding on his conscience, and of this, he himself is the proper judge. I would recommend you in all such cases to note that the witness requires to be sworn in a particular manner, and the reason he assigns for that demand.

Yours truly,

CHARLES HUTCHINSON,  
County Crown Atty.

—London Advertiser, Tuesday April 11th, 1871.

Accordingly the next Court day, a Catholic version of the Bible was produced, on which the witness was sworn, and the case proceeded. We find the following remarks on this affair in one of the local journals, the London Advertiser:—

Some little excitement was created in our Police Court the other day by the Rev. Mr. White, a Catholic clergyman who was in the witness box, refusing to take the required oath on the Protestant version of the Bible; and by Police Magistrate Lawson refusing to let him swear on the Douay version. County-Attorney Hutchinson, who was called on for advice, did not seem to be any better posted on the law in the case than the Magistrate, and so the matter was deferred for four or five days to give him an opportunity to wade through the Statutes. We understand he has since discovered that the law supports Mr. White, and we presume the fact will be duly announced in the court.

But whether or not this be the letter of the law, certainly the spirit of the law, as well as all ideas of justice should lead us to condemn the course of the magistrate. It is an admitted rule in our Courts to respect the religious scruples of a witness in respect to the oath. Some people, like the Quakers, refuse to swear at all, and the law accepts their solemn affirmation. A Jew would not swear on the New Testament though he would on the Old. A Protestant would doubtless be upheld in refusing to swear on the Douay version of the Bible; and we certainly cannot see either law or common sense in trying to make a Catholic swear on the Protestant version, which he considers in some respects false in translation. In the present case, the refusal of the witness to take the oath on the Protestant version would not have put the court to the least inconvenience, as he had a copy of the Douay version with him, which he produced and expressed his willingness to take the oath upon, and give his evidence without delay. It does appear to us that the conduct of the Police Magistrate had a greater tendency to delay the progress of business before the court, as well as bring the Bench into contempt, than to maintain the dignity of the law.

The Rev. Mr. White deserves our thanks for his resistance to the very improper, and illegal pretensions of the Police Magistrate; for though the kissing, or the non-kissing of a book can neither add to, nor detract from, the obligation of an oath, which consists essentially in the solemn invocation of the name of the Most High God, to the truth of what the deponent is about to depose—yet his kissing of the Bible implies that the book contains in his opinion, the Word of God; it is, in short, a sort of confession of faith in its purity and integrity. Now the Catholic does not look upon the Protestant version of the Bible as the pure Word of God, but as merely a corrupted and mutilated version of that Word; and the civil magistrate has therefore no more right to command him, by any outward act of worship, to profess a belief in, or respect for, that book, than he would have to order him to burn incense before an image of *Caesar*. This, too, is the law, which simply prescribes that every man called upon to testify in a Court of Justice, shall be sworn in the manner most binding on his conscience. It is astonishing that a man so ignorant of the law as this London Police Magistrate should be allowed to hold such a very important position; and it affords a melancholy proof that the stock from whence the Justice Shallows of Shakespeare's time proceeded, has its branches in North America in the days of Queen Victoria.

Our readers may remember that about two weeks ago we published a copy of an official document addressed to Mr. Jeroise acting *charge d'affaires* at Rome, containing the protest of several British subjects against the outrages and indignities to which they and others of their fellow-countrymen had been subjected by revolutionary *commitee* at Rome, and the mercenaries of the Piedmontese intrusive government. The *Montreal Gazette* of the 12th inst., reproduces this important document, and appends thereto the following very excellent remarks:—

The signatures attached to this narrative place the authenticity of its statements beyond the region of suspicion. The name of Maziere Braty is of the highest standing, at all events among legal circles, in Ireland, having for many years quite recently been borne by the Lord Chancellor, created a baronet in 1869; while the stamp of the University of Oxford, and of Her Majesty's Indian and regular services vouches *prima facie* for two of his co-signatories. Nor will anybody suspect a Vansittart of Jexley Abbey, nearly related to the late Admiral Vansittart of Woodstock, Ont., as well as to Lord Jexley, of any undue leaning towards sympathy either with the temporal or the spiritual ascendancy of popery. And yet all these gentlemen write to testify to the brutal ferocity of the "patriotic" Roman mob, as well as to the sacrilegious ferocity of the royal troops who desecrated a place of worship by acts of the cruellest and most cowardly barbarity. The millennium promised us by enthusiasts as to be immediately consequent upon the unification of Italy has evidently been indefinitely postponed. Perhaps, however, it only needs the return of Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi from their gallant exploits at Montmartre to bring about the reign of peace and good will so loudly prophesied by their party!—*Montreal Gazette*.

"Neque enim de spinis colligunt ficus, neque de rubo vindemiant uvam." Men do not gather figs from thorns, neither from the bramble bush can they pluck grapes. How then could they expect from a stock so foul, so corrupt as the Revolution, that aught good should spring. Theft and murder, lust and blood, perjury and sacrilege, are not generally deemed favorable to

the development either of the Christian or civic virtues, of liberty or order. How then can any have been so simple as to believe that the iniquitous attack upon Rome, and the momentary triumph of the escaped jail-birds, galley slaves, thieves, rogues, prostitutes, and all the obscene rabble of the Revolution who followed in the wake of the Piedmontese invading army, should have brought with them peace and liberty to that unhappy city? Is not Garibaldi *par excellence* the representative man of the Revolution in Italy? And is he not likewise together with the two blood thirsty cubs, his sons, the incarnation of that foul *Red* spirit in France, which distinguishes itself by murdering brave officers in cold blood, by pillaging churches, imprisoning priests and torturing the dignitaries of the Church? No not by the triumph of the Revolution will the reign of Christ on earth be inaugurated.

BLIGHTING EFFECTS OF POPERY.—*Romatism and Alligators*.—The *Montreal Witness* with his usual acumen detects, and holds up to public execration, the vices of the Romish system, as manifested in the myriads of monkeys that haunt the forests, and of alligators that infest the rivers of the southern part of the Isthmus and Darien through which it is proposed to cut a canal connecting the Atlantic, with the Pacific Ocean. Describing the physical aspect of this country, the *Witness* of the 12th inst. thus points out the pernicious influence of Romatism upon the fauna of the district:—

The general character of the country is favorable, being level and clayey. There is here and there a small town, but very few inhabitants in the country, the greater part of which is covered with the original forest, which is rendered vocal by the screeching of monkeys. The rivers are also well supplied with alligators; and this, by the way, is the condition of a country rich and fertile by nature, which has been for nearly three hundred years under the guidance and control of the Church of Rome, and until comparatively recently that intensely Catholic country, Spain.

A religion which encourages monkeys, and which tolerates alligators in a country rich and fertile by nature, must evidently be the "mystery of iniquity," alluded to in Holy Writ.

As in a measure connected with this subject, we may add that in a recent debate in the Lower House, Sir George Cartier stated that, of the convicts in the Provincial Penitentiary, one fourth only were from the Province of Quebec, the Romish section of the Dominion. Perhaps this comparative scarcity of criminals in Catholic Lower Canada, may to some appear a better illustration of the moral effects of Popery, than even the superabundance of alligators in the rivers of the Isthmus of Darien.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," AND THE PAPAL SYLLABUS.—It is interesting to note how the Protestant press is continually, though unconsciously, doing justice to the Pope by endorsing the condemnations by him pronounced in his much abused *Syllabus*, on the popular errors, and fallacies of the day. For instance in an article which will be found in another column, under the caption, "*Cheating The Devil*," which we copy from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that journal thus alludes to, and denounces the very popular error that "success makes right"—as for instance in the case of the late Piedmontese invasion of the Papal Territory. Quoth the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"To measure everything by its success, is to plunge into a morass of practical atheism, where there is no such foothold as abstract virtue, or the purity of a cause."

What is this but an amplification of the proposition condemned by art. 59 of the *Syllabus* in the following terms?—

"Jus in materiali facto consistit, et omnia humana officia sunt nomen inane, et omnia humana facta juris vim habent."

Right consists in the material fact; all human duties are but an empty name, and all human facts have the force of right.

The *Journal de Quebec* of the 12th inst. informs us that the petition to the Queen, in behalf of the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff, from the Catholics of the Diocese of Quebec, bearing the signatures of 29,011 men from amongst the clergy, the magistracy, the members of the liberal professions, and the leaders in the mercantile world—was to be forwarded that evening to Ottawa for transmission to Her Majesty. The names of the petitioners are ranged in four columns, and the petition is 244 feet in length.

The Catholics of New Brunswick with the Bishop of St. John's at their head are about to petition the local legislature of that Province to accord to them the same rights, and facilities for erecting Separate Schools as are enjoyed by the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec, and by the Catholic minority in U. Canada.

The *Courrier du Canada* of the 10th inst. announces the death of the Reverend Mere Marie Anne Marcelle Mallet, the founder of the Sisters of Charity at Quebec. The deceased was in the 66th year of her age, and for 17 years had held the onerous position of Superior of the Community which she founded and which now numbers eight houses, with one hundred and twenty Sisters.—R.I.P.

On Monday evening, 10th inst., the *Union Catholique* celebrated its 13th anniversary by a public *seance* in the *Salle Academique* of the *Gens*. A splendid lecture on Baalbek, and its environs, was delivered by M. De Bellefeuille, chevalier of the Order of Pius IX.; and the Band of the College, at intervals, executed with much brilliancy several fine pieces of music from *Le Desert*.

On Friday last, a deputation of the congregation of the St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, waited upon Monseigneur the Archbishop, and in the name of their pastor, the Rev. M. M. McGauran, as well as in their own, expressed to His Grace the sentiments of respect and attachment with which they were inspired towards him. The Archbishop expressed himself much gratified by this deputation, to whom, together with the members of the congregation he gave his episcopal benediction.

THE MORMON FAITH.—The *Toronto Globe* is publishing a series of letters under the heading, "*Mr. Punshon's Expedition to the Pacific*." In one of these letters, No. 7, the writer describes his experiences of a Sunday at Utah, and gives the Mormon confession of faith, as he heard it expounded by one of the preachers. Really, with one exception, it does not seem to differ in any important particular from the "confession" of many of the other Protestant sects:—

"After prayer, a substantial-looking man arose leisurely, took off his overcoat, advanced to the rostrum and commenced his harangue. He took no text, but gave a lengthened exposition of the doctrines of the Church of Latter Day Saints established by Joe Smith. He dwelt upon the organization of the church, maintaining that it was the same as that which existed in the primitive church, viz: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c. They recognized two orders in the priesthood—the Melchizedek and the Aaronic. The bishops who attend to the temporal wants of the people, the elders the teachers, the deacons, the seventy, belong to the lower or Aaronic order. To the order of Melchizedek belong the presidency of the church—the prophet, President Brigham Young—and two vice-presidents, the twelve apostles, who are to travel and preach, and the council of the high priests. He maintained that the Lord took away the fulness of the priesthood when he established a law of carnal commandment under Aaron. This continued until Christ's coming. Even John the Baptist had not authority to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, Christ gives this priesthood to the apostles. They had the keys of the kingdom of God. They had power to seal on earth and in heaven. This power the church lost, until it was re-delivered to Joseph Smith by the administration of a holy angel out of heaven in communication with him. The principles of the Mormon Church were four. 1st, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; 2nd, repentance of sins; 3rd, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. They believed in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, and interpretation of tongues. They believed the Bible to be the word of God, and also believed the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

Except that they believe "the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God," which they have as much reason for believing as have those who reject the infallible authority of the Church for believing the Gospel of St. Luke, or the Epistle to the Hebrews to be the Word of God; and that they assign to Joe Smith a higher place as a Reformer, or restorer of the lost truth, than they do to Martin Luther—Protestants of the Mormon denomination differ but little in their faith from other Protestant evangelical sects. This—and this is the one important doctrine or article of faith in which Protestantism essentially consists and has its justification—and this we say is common to the Mormons and all other Protestant sects; to wit. That the Church as originally founded by Jesus Christ failed, lost its original endowments, and became incompetent to do the work assigned to it; and that in consequence it had to be reformed, by men especially raised up by God to restore the lost truths. Whether we look upon Martin Luther or Joe Smith as the reformer and restorer thus raised up, matters little. The principle is the same; and there is just as much reason for accepting Joe as the needed reformer, as there is for assigning that office to an amorous and lusty apostate German monk.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Senate, on the 8th inst., Mr. Christie moved for a return of all criminals who have undergone corporal punishment in the Dominion. He took occasion to denounce flogging criminals as a relic of barbarism which should be expunged from the Statute Book.

Really we do not understand what the honorable gentleman means about flogging being a relic of barbarism. But granted that it be so. So also are the beastly crimes for the prevention of which it is resorted to; and therefore, in this case, the crime and the punishment are most admirably adapted to one another.

But if flogging be a relic of barbarism and should therefore be abolished, so also are all physical punishments; and the argument, if good in the case of the first, is equally good against all other punishments; against the jail, against handcuffs, against black cells, against hard labor, and low diet, against all physical restraints, pains, and penalties whatsoever.—All these were resorted to in what Mr. Christie

stigmatises as "barbaric times," and should therefore be expunged from the Statute Book. Bill Sykes, when convicted of having garrotted and maimed for life his fellow-citizen, or of some nameless outrage upon a little girl, should according to the "maudlin philanthropy" theory of which Mr. Christie is the exponent, be let off with a gentle reprimand from the magistrate; and his better feelings, not his back, his high moral sentiments, not his cuticle, should be appealed to, to deter him from again offending in like manner, or giving free scope to his brute passions.

This, we say it with all due deference to Senatorial wisdom, is what the profane call "gammone." Brutes in the shape of men should be treated like brutes in the shape of dogs when they offend, as the only protection that society has against their brutality. That punishment, no matter whether it be barbaric or not, which most effectually deters criminals from indulging their brutality at the expense of others, is the best punishment that society can inflict upon them. Now always in the criminal classes, the more animal is the predominant element, indeed the only part of their organization which is acutely sensitive, and to which an appeal can be made, with any hopes of success. Of hanging and flogging, above all other punishments, they have an especial dread; and the gallows and the whipping-post are the objects of their especial detestation. Numbers of them are only restrained from actual crime by a wholesome dread of the "villainous" cat-o'-nine-tails, and the scaffold; and to abolish these, though a boon to them, would be to let loose upon society brutes more dangerous, more irreclaimable than mad dogs, or the tigers who haunt Indian jungles.

However most heartily will we rejoice to see these punishments, these relics of barbarism expunged from our Statute Book, provided only that that expunging be preceded by the expunging of those other relics of barbarism, the crimes for the prevention of which punishments are inflicted. Let the criminals begin first this expunging process, and then will it be time for the law makers to follow their example. But so long as relics of barbarism in the shape of certain hideous crimes, are in vogue, so long also should other relics of barbarism in the shape of severe corporal punishment be kept on the Statute Book as a terror to evil doers. Perhaps if Mr. Christie had undergone the barbarous process of garrotting, or if some one near and dear to him had been treated as was the victim of the dirty scoundrel lately flogged, and deservedly flogged at Toronto, his views as to the efficacy of corporal punishment would be considerably modified.

In the Lower House a discussion on the Scott murder came up on the 10th inst., on a motion by Mr. Rymal to the effect that the House regretted that no steps had been taken to bring the agents in that business to justice. Sir George Cartier replied. He said:—

"That every member of this House must deplore the horrible murder of Scott. It had been said in the Province of Ontario that the Province of Quebec sympathized with this murder. There was great excitement undoubtedly in the Province of Quebec, but this arose from the fact that certain journals in Ontario had stated that all the priests and Roman Catholics in the country were sympathizers with the murder. It was an easy matter for the Government, to clear themselves from the accusations contained in the motion. When that Act which was complained of was committed the Government had no jurisdiction in Manitoba, nor did that Province come under the rule of the Dominion until the 15th July, 1870. When the union took place, Manitoba came under an Act which gave to the Government of that country the right to administer its own criminal. This being the case, the Dominion could not interfere. If these men were in the Province, it would be possible for the authorities to arrest them; but it was supposed that the guilty parties were in a foreign country. Now, as the act of murder was committed before the Dominion Government had any jurisdiction in the Province they could not ask for their extradition."

The motion was defeated by a large majority.

Typhus fever is said to have declared itself in a very malignant form at Rimouski. Three residents in the Seminary are reported as having fallen victims to the disease. As it may spread, it is well to bear in mind that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, typhus is caused by bad air, and impure water. People should therefore ventilate their dwellings freely, and constantly look well to the condition of the water which they drink, as it has been shown by recent investigations that typhus is almost always the consequence of using water into which the filth from drains or cess-pools has found its way.

The *Montreal Daily News* of the 14th has an article on the Cemetery question which would be good, but that the writer makes the extraordinary blunder of confounding the *Nubrique*, with the Seminary of St. Sulpice!!! The fact being that these two bodies constitute two essentially distinct and independent Corporations. What in the name of all that is absurd does the writer in the *Daily News* mean by saying that "they owned the old cemetery in mortmain as part of their seigniorial rights in virtue of undisturbed possession." Lord Sydenham in 1840, representing the Crown confirmed their seigniorial rights!!! Is this meant for a joke?





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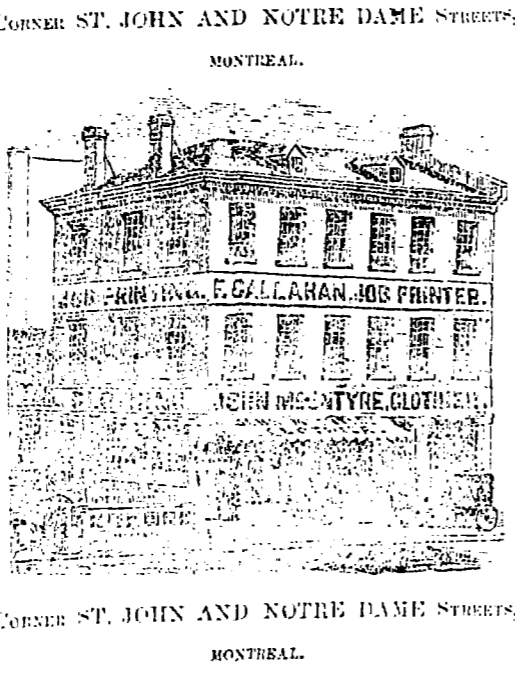
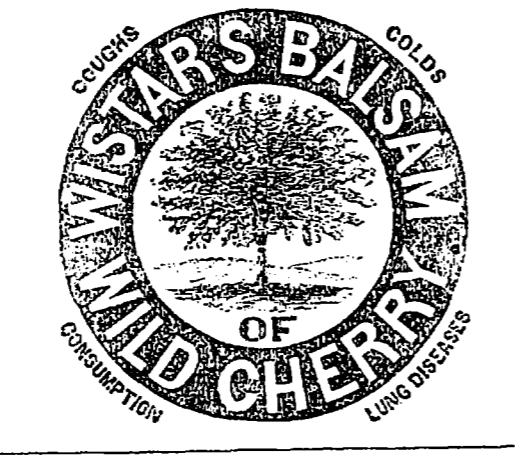
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