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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1871.

NO. 29.

NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER I.

"We're men,—as such, should know our rights, and knowing should defend; Who would be free themselves must dare the tyrant's chain to rend; Ah! fruitless is the grief that springs above a nation's fear,— One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a sea of tears."

Songs of the Nation.

A sunset of unusual beauty, and a few bright tints still lingering on the edges of many a drifting cloud, diffused a peculiar and transparent clearness in the atmosphere, and threw out, on the smooth waters of the Suire, successive images of picturesque scenery. Rocks, trees, and overhanging banks, touched here with light and softened there with shadow, with traceries of tangled shrubbery running through it all, were pictured forth with rare and beautiful fidelity: but beyond these fell a sterner gloom, and more solemn shadows, which seemed to chill the very waves in whose calm depths they slumbered like wild and sorrowful dreams in some living human heart. There was a ruin on that shore, a ruin of old, whose gray walls, majestic tower, and mildewed arches had for centuries past stood like a hoary prophet beside those waves, to remind the living of their faded glories, and incite them to a future which should repair the sorrows and losses of the past. And now as the soft twilight slowly gathered around the old Abbey of Holy-Cross-by-the-Suire, it only required a vivid imagination to people that quiet solitude with its by-gone inmates. The swift flitting of bats through its pillared arcades, the sad cry of the bittern brooding in the rank grass below, and the faint rustling of the ivy clinging to the ruined walls, when blended with the long-ago memories and legends haunting the spot, made a language expressive enough for any lover of ideal to work his spells with, and drape cloisters and shrines with their ancient splendors, and crowd those broad aisles once more with saint-like processions or prostrate forms. Erected by the pious and munificence of Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in the year 1169, the magnificence of its architecture made it a fane worthy of the shrine which inclosed a relic of the TRUE CROSS incased in a reliquary of gold and jewels of inestimable value, and presented by Pope Pashal II. to McMorogh the predecessor of Donald. Its magnificent altars, dedicated to the Holy Cross, to St. Mary, and St. Benedict, were famed throughout the land, not only for the splendor which surrounded them, but for the multitude and devotion of the worshippers and pilgrims who continually thronged thither; while the austerity and holiness of the monks who, holding the Cistercian rule, filled its cloisters, rendered it one of the most celebrated and sacred monastic establishments in Ireland. But, like incense exhaled from precious flowers, those souls which through succeeding centuries glorified God in their works of holiness and purity, were now fled; the feet of the spoiler had trampled over the place, and unholy hands had desecrated and ruined the shrines; the earth, rich in the dust of bodies which had consecrated themselves to God, was torn up and scattered, in search of perishable treasures; the magnificence of architecture, the costliness and charm of rare sculptured marbles, the rich and gorgeous stained glass of the windows, were all defaced—broken—ruined. And there it stands at this late day, to tell its own tale of woe, appealing to the Lord of Hosts for justice and vengeance on an iniquitous and oppressive system which for centuries has tortured His Spouse the Church with fetters and disfigured her robes with the rust and tears of oppression.

The moon now risen poured down a flood of light into the broad nave, slanting her silver beams on the long rows of pillars, leaving the aisles in darkness and shadow. The altar of the HOLY CROSS stood out conspicuous and beautiful in the unclouded radiance. One might almost have imagined that the careful old monks had thrown a cloth of gold over it, to protect from dampness and dust its treasures; but no, it was only the cold, bright moonlight, the faithful witness and tender consoler of its silent woes, which still sought to brighten its deep desolation and throw a beauty around its decay. At a little distance were the broken altars of the Virgin Mother and St. Benedict, near which stood the royal tomb of the O'Brien, with its canopy of marble supported by twisted pillars. Here and there the moonbeams lit them up, gleaming on a rare tracery, or silencing over some sculptured arch, touching here a broken shaft, there the defaced image of saint or cherub, or rippling down over the moss-grown graves like the footprints of the angels who watch the dust of those who sleep in the Lord.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a slow footstep, and a man, old and gray, entered the ruin. Arrested by the exquisite and mournful beauty of the scene, he stood a moment, leaning on his staff, to survey it; then, reverently uncovering his head, he knelt, and, folding his

hands over his bosom in the form of a cross, appeared to pray devoutly. We cannot say for what or whom he prayed. It may have been for the repose of those who slept in peace around him; it may have been for some living tempted soul; or it may have been for his country, for troublesome times again threatened it, and well he knew, that aged priest, that one, nor two, nor thousands of victims could close or fill the awful gulf which unsuccessful outbreaks always opened.

Ere long the clatter of horses' hoofs were heard on the bridge which spanned the Suire, and soon issuing from the shadow and galloping along the shore, the horseman urged his steed up towards the ruins, where suddenly halting, he lifted his cap from his head, and, wiping the moisture from his brow, he threw back the thick clustering locks that fell over it.

"Old Holy Cross!" he murmured, "your gray ruins have not been vain teachers, and once more must I visit that tomb and shrine which first awoke my fairest dreams for the regeneration and freedom of this dear land.— It may be the last time I shall ever look on ye, old relics of the days that are gone; but if I fall in this struggle, let me hope, O Heaven! that the blood that shall be poured out like water, in defence of man's holiest rights, may nurture into full strength and maturity the roots of that glorious tree whose leaves shall sweeten the bitter waters of the woes of my country." There was a tone of deep feeling in his voice, and an earnest enthusiasm in every gesture, as he turned in under the arches of the old abbey, which indicated in his nature the elements of heroic courage, and a spirit which would glory in martyrdom.

When he saw the kneeling figure of the priest, he started, then drew back in the shadow of a pillar, where he stood like some gray statue, gazing thoughtfully on the scene. But presently the aged man finished his prayer; he made the sign of the cross on his breast, and, bowing his head reverently for an instant, in honor of the Majesty who once dwelt there, he turned to leave the abbey, when the other stepped forward, and, laying his hand with affectionate freedom on his shoulder, said,—

"Father McCarthy, I did not expect to find you here!"

"John Halloran!" said the priest, starting. "I am glad to meet you. I have had you in my mind this live-long day, and have just come down from Glendariff, where I went to seek you. Ease my heart at once by saying that you have abandoned the wild and ruinous scheme—the hopelest plan that we have spoken of before."

"Father, I am sorry we have met, if the old dispute is to begin,—the old and useless dispute. Shame on the clergy of Ireland, who oppose this daring effort for the freedom of their flocks and their altars, and lend their influence and hand to the oppressor!" exclaimed the young man, angrily.

"Thou, God, knowest how baseless is the charge," said the priest, baring his gray locks, and lifting hands and eyes toward heaven, as if appealing against such unmerited injustice. "Thou knowest how we have stood for long, sorrowful years between the porch and the altar, bowed down with the woes of the land, and leading the people through the wilderness towards the place of promise. But the people sin by disobedience and revolt; they wait not for the harvest, but pluck the unripe fruits and suffer; they wait not God's time and God's holy will, and long bitter years are added to their exile. John Halloran, I am old—more than seventy years have rolled over my head. I have in that time seen much of men, and I have watched, like an eagle from his eyrie, for the day-dawn; but I tell you I see it not yet. These revolts—these volcanic eruptions of a few burning hearts, which at best only leave their ashes to their country—these uncertain, irresponsible insurrections, which never assume the dignity of revolutions, only rivet the chains more firmly, and put off the day of deliverance into the dim and distant future."

"Now, father, what is the use—what is the use of all this? Age and misfortune have cooled your blood and patriotism together, and, near the grave, you have but small care for a future which will roll over your ashes. Oh, my father!" exclaimed John Halloran, with deep pathos, "does not the scene around soften your heart?"

"Of these ruins I will not speak; but of yonder wretched cabins, thrown together from their fragments, and which scarcely afford a miserable shelter for the human beings who occupy them, of the want and desolation which surround them, I must and will speak. Their wretched inmates, possessed of the dignity of immortal souls, are reduced by the system which oppresses them to a level with the beasts. Where is their activity—where their energy? Crushed out of their lives by a knowledge of the utter inadequacy of their labor, and the hopelessness of their condition."

"They have lost almost the noble image of man. Their gaunt, athletic frames are meagre and fleshless—their color livid—their features sharpened—while their countenance express

the habitual influence of strong, deep passions. Where is the quick intelligence, which only flashes out now and then mingled with the lurking slyness of distrust? Where are the thrift, the industry, the plenty, which should be theirs? Ask the tithe-gatherers, the tax-collectors, the drivers, who, like locusts, devour their substance. The very children are want-stricken and badly clad, while the liveliness of their age is disfigured by squalid poverty and drapery of extreme want; they are idle and joyless, and loiter about the cabin-door without an aim, while the father, perchance, has gone to seek employment in the English harvest-fields where his hire is paid with a smile of derision, and he is expected to excite laughter by his blunders, who might well command tears by his wretchedness. And these are your children—these are the miserable ones to whom you would have us deny succor! Is it only in this poor hamlet that such things are seen blotting the face of nature? No, oh my God! over all the land the same dismal spectacle is seen: from every cabin is heard the wail of anguish, and wherever thrift and plenty smile, it is for those foreign leeches who add to our burdens and have no right to a foothold on our soil. And can we rest? Must we rest? Shall we desist? No, rather let us perish!" exclaimed the almost frantic man.

"John Halloran," said the aged priest, whose bowed form trembled with an emotion he could not control, "think you that these things move you and leave me unscathed? I declare solemnly before Heaven that had I a thousand lives, I would lay each life down to be trampled out by separate and distinct tortures, if by the sacrifice this dear land of my birth could be delivered. But I am a powerless old man, who can only pray and plead; and it wrings my very soul to see energies thrown away—worse than wasted—which, at the right time, might work wondrous changes; to know how men whom I honor for their worth and unselfishness will fall in the unequal strife without even the honor of a soldier's grave; and how others, the noble descendants of the McCarthy More, the O'Brien, the O'Donoghue, and the O'Neill, will be hunted like felons to suffer a felon's doom. I know ye all, John Halloran. Some are my own kinsmen, some of my flock, and yet, woe's me, I can neither stay their madness nor arrest their folly."

"Father!" said the young man, suddenly interrupting him, while a bright smile burst over his countenance, "let ten days or over you will sing *Te Deum* in your mountain chapel for the deliverance of Ireland. The moment the first blow is struck, the whole country will fly to arms, and our oppressors, unprepared for the overpowering crisis, will be scattered like chaff on the whirlwind. Brian Boroihme and Malachi the brave will be our rallying-words, and, after a few decisive struggles, our land will be all our own. We shall have once more our own laws, our own parliament, our own rulers. The old names will be honored in the land. The Church will lift her head free and rejoicing; and the great possessions, wrested from the old princely sons of the soil by the virgin Queen Elizabeth, by the Jameses, and by that devil's own psalm-singer, Cromwell, will be restored to their descendants."

"Halloran," interrupted Father McCarthy, "your dream is the one which has haunted me for years; but, alas! it is only the gleam of a meteor, the splendor of a rainbow, which fades while we gaze on it. Would to God your sanguine hopes were based on surer foundation! but, alas! boy, the means of the foes against which you contend are almost omniscient. While you plot, they counterplot; while you scheme, they undermine; and already, by the aid of base informers, the chief leaders of this rebellion are marked, and predestined to ignominy and death. It will only be the reenactment of the tragedy of '98. But I will say no more, except this; and listen well, John Halloran, for I am going to knock roughly against the doors of your heart: and if this consideration which I offer fails, then God help you; I will say no more. Up yonder, at Glendariff, is a meek and loving woman, whose cheeks have become worn and thin with watching, and with the anxieties to which the continual perils of her husband give birth. She sits now beside two weeping children, who divide her love and hopes with their absent father. A few months ago, Glendariff was the abode of happiness and peace; now it is the retreat of fear and sorrow. Who is this mother? who this wife? She belongs to one of the old princely sept of the land. She was the sunshine and flower of her old feudal home, and her hand was destined for a rich and powerful nobleman, her equal in birth. A splendid future was before Mary O'More.— But she spurned it all,—rank, riches, and splendor,—to wed with one whose worth alone was his nobility, and whose riches consisted of the old farm-house and the few acres where his forefathers had toiled generations before him. John Halloran, you know whom I mean!—Have you a right to drag down that high-born, gentle woman into poverty, and, at the best, exile,—to impoverish the children she has

borne you, and fix the name of felon's brood on them?"

"Even that I dare," said John Halloran, in a calm, stern voice; "that—all—everything for the sacred cause of my country. I am one of the people. I glory in having sprung from them, and I, John Halloran, will deliver them, or die. Life—soul—wife—children—and home!" he exclaimed, striking the ruined altar by which he stood with his clinched fist.— "Let me only strike a blow for Ireland, let me be remembered among her deliverers, and I would not barter the title it will give me for an imperial diadem, or the most ancient birthright that the archives of time could bestow. My poor Mary! My sweet, saint-like wife! That was a tender chord for you to crash down so rudely on, my father. May the Blessed Mother of God succor and defend her and her babies," he said, in a low, trembling voice.— "But I must hasten home. You mean well, my father, but you are behind the times. One grasp of the hand, and your blessing, ere I go!" and he threw himself with a simple abandon at the feet of Father McCarthy, adown whose furrowed cheeks warm tears were fast falling.

"My child," he said, in a broken voice, while he laid his hand on the head of the kneeling man, "perchance ye shall never meet again on earth. Our meeting to-night is not one of chance. You are engaged in a perilous enterprise, and, to my certain knowledge will pass a terrible crisis in a few days. Let not, then, this hour go by unimproved, but, at the sacred tribunal of penance, make peace between your soul and God. Here, beneath the solemn heavens above the dust of the holy dead, give me power, by performing sacramental penance with an humble and contrite heart, to absolve you from the guilt of sin, if perchance your conscience is burdened and sore."

The appeal was not in vain. It was enough. Like a child, simple yet strong in his faith, the noble but mistaken man, kneeling by the side of the venerable priest of God, who sat on a broken tomb, poured out in whispered words the sincere and earnest confession of his soul. Thus alone in that old ruin, watched over and guarded by unseen angels, we leave them, and wend our way to Glendariff, the home of John Halloran.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, the moment was sad when my love and I parted:
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Ogge;
As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted:
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Ogge;
Was was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder;
Damp was her hand: no marble was colder;
I felt in my heart I should never more behold her:
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Ogge.

Mary Halloran, whose mind had been unusually disturbed that day by vague apprehensions, grew more and more uneasy as the hours wore on, and wandered out to station herself on the side of what, at Glendariff, was called the "Sunset Hill," to watch for the return of her husband. But the brightness faded from the sky, twilight deepened into gloom, and soon the chilly night and the pale moonlight, which threw grotesque, weird-looking shadows around her, warned her in. "I cannot rest," she murmured, with a deep sigh: "this veiled sorrow pursues me everywhere. Oh, why does not John come? While he is near me, the dread and terror stand aloof; when he is absent, they haunt and scourge me." She lingered a few moments at the door, listening intently for the well-known sound of his horse's hoofs on the gravel. But all was silent; and, turning away with a shudder, she entered the house, and, with slow, heavy steps, went up into the children's room to seek some solace in their smiles and caresses. But the little ones were asleep in their cribs, and, leaning over, her tears fell heavy and fast on the golden curls and fair cheeks of Gracie; but when she gazed down on the fine manly face of her boy Desmond, over whose crimson cheeks dark locks of curling hair had strayed, and saw the laughing brow and firm, well-set lips, her tears ceased, and, folding her hands together, she whispered, "God help thee, boy! thy battles will be strong and bitter with life; they may break, but never bend thee." Then she felt, as she watched the holy calm that overspread their features, and knew how dark and stormy was all before them, a wish, half defined—almost a prayer,—that each little soul, ere day-dawn, could be housed in heaven. She kissed them softly, and, bidding Eileen shade the light from their eyes, went down into the drawing-room, that she might hear the first sound of her husband's footfall when he entered. There was a large oriel window opening down to the lawn,—the only modern addition John Halloran had made to his house when he came of age,—from whence she had always been accustomed, since their marriage, to watch his approach up the road leading to Glendariff. She drew back the heavy curtains, and looked out long and anxiously; but all was lonely and silent, the very shrubs, on which the moonbeams had woven a tissue of silver, being motionless. The heavy drapery fell from the grasp of her slender fingers, and, with an aching heart, she went away, and threw herself with an exhausted air into a low cushioned chair near the fire.

A door opened noiselessly, and a light foot-

step entered. Mrs. Halloran turned her head quickly, hoping it might be her husband.

"Oh, is it you, Nora?" she said, in an agitated tone.

"Yes, ma'am; I came in to see if you would have lights."

"Oh, Nora, I am so uneasy about Mr. Halloran. No—no—no; do not bring in the lights yet," she said, in an agitated tone.

"It's a cup of tea would set you up, ma'am; let me fetch in the tray."

"No, dear; not until Mr. Halloran comes," she replied.

Nora stood a moment looking at the fragile form and pale countenance of Mrs. Halloran, which seemed whiter and more sunken in the fitful fire-light, surrounded as it was by the dark-erimson cushions against which she leaned, and an expression of bitter sorrow flitted over the girl's handsome face, while a tear stole silently down the black fringes of her eyes, and fell unheeded. Then she closed the door very softly, and went back to the kitchen, muttering, "It's no use to deny it, but it's an evil heart would put the mildew and tear on such a delicate flower as that, sure. So much for puttin' new wine in old bottles. Let everybody mate with their equals, high as well as low." Then she gathered up her work and took her seat beside the cheerful fire, with an attempt to look cheerful and unconcerned, and a few efforts to sing blithely, which were sadder than the bitterest tears would have been. The door of the spacious, cheerful kitchen, where Nora reigned supreme, was thrown open, and a broad stream of light flowed out on the sward and shrubbery, setting them all aglow, as if a red sunset were gleaming over Glendariff. The brick floor was sanded in fantastic patterns, and the dressers literally glittered with the well-scoured pewter and copper utensils that covered them. Here and there hung a colored print, neatly framed in carved bog-wood, of the "Annunciation," "St. Agnes," and "St. John the Evangelist," over which were arranged tastefully sprigs of holly and fern. On a little shelf, apart, reposed a handsome prayer-book, and a rosary of coral and silver, her last year's Christmas-gift from Mrs. Halloran, and of which she was specially proud.

Nora was a fine specimen of her class.— Above the middle height, handsome and well formed, everything about her expressed an innate pride of character and a high degree of self-respect. She had been the plaything and playmate of Mrs. Halloran when they were both children at Fald-Brae Abbey; and, as Mary O'More would never study unless Nora Brady had lessons also, Mrs. O'More, to secure her daughter's attention, and also to benefit the girl, of whom she was fond, directed the governess to indulge her daughter's affectionate whim, until she was sent to France to finish her education. Thus commenced the affection between the nobly-born Mary O'More and Nora Brady. Widely separated by rank, yet loving and grateful, they continued to serve each other in their respective spheres until a mutual dependence was established, which developed many a noble and beautiful trait in each.

Nora's service was light enough, and one which she preferred to any other situation at Glendariff, as in it she enjoyed all the benefits of an active life and could contribute very essentially to the comfort of those she served.— Nora's kitchen was her parlor, reception, and sitting-room, and its neatness was a marvel to all who were privileged to enter it; for let it not be supposed that the drudgery and cooking for the people employed at Glendariff were performed here. There was another building, apart from the mansion, where all this was done, and where substantial comfort prevailed; for it was one of the cares of John Halloran's life to attend to the well-being of every living thing connected with him; and he was rewarded by increased prosperity and a cheerful service which was becoming rare and uncertain in the down-trodden country.

Nora's song gradually ceased, and a deep, thoughtful expression settled on her countenance. Occasionally she went to the door and looked anxiously down the path, but returned each time with a disappointed look to her chair. The red in her cheeks grew deeper, and something like a frown gathered on the smooth, white forehead of Nora, as, giving her head a toss, she broke out with,—

"It would be a good thing altogether, I believe, if there wasn't a man to be found; for wherever one is there is trouble, surly.— There's the mistress, now, with her beautiful face growing more like a wraith every day, by rayson of the great uneasiness that's on her in respect to the meanderings of Mister Halloran, and no one to the fore but that Donald Dhu to comfort her, that in place of easing her poor heart, fills it with the afflictions of Job himself, that's got a leer in the bad eyes of him, enough to give a witch. Then, on the back of that, as if it wasn't enough to put a decent girl demoted, here comes that *ommadawn* from Kildare, laying his forge, and the hoofs that wouldn't be amiss if they give him a kick or two, to persuade me, by troth, to marry him, and butthering me up about his new lease and the fine cow. But I won't—if he's got a lease for five hundred years on the old place, and

* Lady Morgan.
† Rebellion of '48.

ten cows, and ten horses, and twenty sheep forewent it. I'll let the born villain into a saicret, before long, that'll make him hop like a lame duck. But whist! It's an odd saying, if them's his feet I hear on the gravel, that talk of the devil (Lord save us!) and he's surely at hand."

"A good-even to you, Nora. I've been watching you all the way up from the gate, and faith it did my heart good to see you looking so happy like, an' the red light shining about you ashore, as it will some better day in glory," said a weary-sounding voice at the door.

"Come in, Dennis Byrne, and don't stand there jabbering at the door-sill to disturb Mrs. Halloran," she replied, without looking up, although she was half tempted to do so, and was ready to burst into tears; for there was something so unusually sad in Dennis Byrne's voice, that she felt at once that something had happened.

"It's a poor welcome you give me, Nora, after a heavy day's work, an' a sore tramp from Kildare," he said, still leaning against the door.

"Come in and rest yourself. No one hinders you," was her ungracious reply.

"You saw the sogers go past to-day?" he said, taking a chair near her.

"It's like enough I'd leave my ironing and plaiting to run down to the road to stare at sogers! I can't afford to lose the time that some does," she replied, with a toss of her head.

"S'pose then, head, they come thundering up here to Glendariff and ordered you at the point of their bayonets to sew a button on every man's coat of 'em?"

"And if they did," she replied, while her eyes flashed, "if they did, I wouldn't. I'd try to make some of 'em wish they'd never h'ard such a thing as a button was invented. But what do you mean, man alive? You look as if you had been dead and buried."

"Oh, nothing very particular, only I've been shoeing horses since ten o'clock this morning, with a cocked pistol aimed at my head, and all I got for my pains was curses and hard knocks. An' I'll tell you, Nora bhan ashore, I h'ard some things said about Glendariff an' Mister Halloran that it would be well enough to make him acquainted with."

"It's mighty strange, Dennis, they should talk out before you?" said Nora, fixing her black eyes with an anxious expression on his.

"Faith, then, it's not so mighty strange, seein' I never let a word of English out of my jaws, but nonplussed 'em with a little Kerry lingo, that set 'em half wild," he said, while a flash of merriment danced over his face.

"Now tell me, Dennis dear, what it all means," said Nora, laying her hand on his shoulder, while tears gathered in her eyes.

"Whist, Nora, ma colleen," he whispered, "there's a rebellion afoot, an' Mister Halloran's one of the chiefs of it. And they're going to station sogers at Glendariff, and set spies on him, and take him up to Dublin if they catch him."

"And what if he's taken?" gasped Nora.

"He'll be hung or transported."

"Oh, Jesus!" exclaimed Nora, with a cry of bitter anguish.

"Hist, Nora ashore! hist! I hear footsteps on the gravel."

"The Holy Virgin grant it may be Mister Halloran!" said Nora. "I expect they'll want lights now, and I'll step in with the candle-labra." The massive silver candelabrum, supporting wax candles, stood in a closet all ready. She hastily took it out, and, lighting the trimmed and oiled wicks, went into the drawing-room with it. She soon returned, and, resuming her seat, while a crimson flush dyed her cheeks, she said, "No, it's not Mister Halloran; it's that bad, black Donald, that'll put some trouble on yet, if he don't keep his dirty hands to himself."

"What's that you're saying, Nora?" asked Dennis Byrne.

"Nothing—nothing. Mind your own business, Dennis, man," said Mister Halloran, supporting wax candles, stood in a closet all ready. She hastily took it out, and, lighting the trimmed and oiled wicks, went into the drawing-room with it. She soon returned, and, resuming her seat, while a crimson flush dyed her cheeks, she said, "No, it's not Mister Halloran; it's that bad, black Donald, that'll put some trouble on yet, if he don't keep his dirty hands to himself."

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"Hum—ahem—and you met him—?"

"In Dublin. We frequented the same circles."

"But—pardon me, my lady cousin, for interrupting you again—a rumor came to me over the water that the beautiful Mary O'More, the last of the lineal descendants of the McCarthy More, was about mating with the Earl of Rathlinn, the wealthiest of our Irish peers."

"Mary O'More had enough of the pride of the princes of Munster left in her not to mate with a man who, if famous for his riches and power, was still more notorious for his vices. She preferred the noble and unsullied hearts she has chosen, who, if he has no rank to boast of, can show an ancestry without stain or reproach, whose virtues he inherits and whose fair name he honors," exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, rousing herself, and speaking proudly.

"Yes," drawled Donald, well named the Black, with an insufferably supercilious air; "yes, I heard he was a clever person. It would be a pity, though—"

"What would be a pity?" she inquired, haughtily.

"It would be a great pity if Halloran should get mixed up in these secret organizations which are on foot. It would be a pity for this fine old property to be involved."

"John Halloran is one who scorns all anticipated pity, being sufficient in his own resources for whatever may befall him. But why should Donald More suggest such things?" she said, with dignity.

"Well," he said, "the times suggest them—not I. Every man ought to be on his guard who has landed interests at stake, and children to inherit them."

Just then a quick step bounded through the hall, and the next moment Mary Halloran lay sobbing on the bosom of her husband.

"Ha, More! I'm glad to see you," he said, supporting his wife in one arm, while he held his hand out to her kinsman.

"Mary, darling, you have moped yourself to death, and are nervous. By-and-by we shall be more together; my business is almost completed. But *supper*, where is supper? Nora! Nora Brady, let us have tea and a cold fowl, and any other nice thing you may have," said Mr. Halloran, calling to Nora in cheerful tones.

"I wonder you are not more careful, Halloran," said Donald More, as John Halloran threw himself on the sofa beside his wife; "outrages are fearfully common—burnings and murders by the score."

"It's the old song, and a convenient and most plausible excuse for new exactions—new oppressions," he replied, carelessly. "I know something about these matters. I know how, insulted and trodden on, exasperated and maddened, my poor countrymen sometimes turn like worms and sting the heels that crush them. Then come the outcry and the death-cry together, and the huge hand of oppression, armed with a thousand scourges, falls heavily far and wide. No, I am not afraid; and once it would have been a marvel to hear one of the McCarthy Mores talk of fear."

"That's very fine—a very fine sentiment; but I suppose the Mores are degenerating with the rest of mankind; besides, you know, I am a lateral branch, and my mother was an Englishwoman, so I'm sworn in from my birth, and all my natural proclivities are for the Union," said Donald More, laughing sarcastically.

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE PARISIANS AND THE HOBBARDMENT.

The correspondent of the Times inside Paris, writing on the 23rd Jan., says:—I stepped into a cabaret to ask a few questions over a "bock" of beer. The place was full, almost crowded, with *ouverts* and their wives, eating and drinking, or talking in knots—a quiet, orderly set; in the centre, under a great skylight, a few billiards playing. Still, the shots followed each other in quick succession with a monotony that was painful, and I could not but reflect how dreadful would be the consequences should a projectile see fit to penetrate that flimsy edifice and explode in our midst. Experience shows of how little use are mere walls of brick and mortar as a protection against shells; for houses are riddled through and through with small round holes, piercing beams and floors from roof to cellar to an extent that is incredible. I ventured to suggest to my hostess that her position was a precarious one—urging her to close her shutters, and take refuge in a safer place. "Que voulez-vous?" she said, with a quiet smile; "my husband will not move, monsieur, and where am I to go? We sleep, myself and the little one, in the cellar below; if we are killed, so much the better, there will be an end to our sufferings." It seemed a courage engendered by despair; and this I fancy to be the true reading of the people's attitude at the present juncture. Standing by her side was a little boy, about ten years of age—a sharp little fellow, who looked out at me wonderingly with large brown eyes. As soon as his shyness wore off he became talkative, displaying all the typical shrewdness of the *gamin de Paris*. He described a scene which had taken place a few hours before in a restaurant here—how a young officer and his wife had been dining in the first-floor *salon* when a shell fell through the house entering by a garret window, and quietly thrumming like a ball out of the front door without bursting, traversing the building through floors and ceilings, and neatly shaving off the top of the young soldier's head in its course. The little boy narrated the episode with sparkling eyes, and, seizing me by the coat-tail, dangled me off with him to go through an elaborate pantomime on the very spot where the sad event occurred. "Here, monsieur, is the table; he was sitting, mark you, thus—with a knife and a fork in either hand, so—when in came the enemy without alarm or sound of trumpet. He never stirred, *mon bon monsieur*, but his head sank low upon his breast, and the blood trickled into his plate." And then the child mimed his wondering eyes and his wide little face to mine, saying, "And, do you know, the lady was taken ill!" The house was a wreck indeed, the shell in the transit having made seven large holes, tearing up the boards and shattering the furniture by mere concussion.

DIARY OF THE "BESIEGED RESIDENT."

PARIS, Feb. 1.

Paris is grave. We have collapsed morally and physically. We are utterly disgusted with ourselves and with everyone else. The reaction is overwhelming. Everyone washes his hands of all that has passed, by reviling everyone except himself. A captain in the navy has really blown out his brains in despair. Many citizens have threatened to do so,

but have been dissuaded by their friends, who tell them that they ought to live for the sake of their country; and this they have consented to do. "Our heroic population is thrilling with grief and indignation," say the newspapers. In point of fact they are doing no such thing. Of course, they are sorry that they have been obliged to yield; but nineteenth-century hearts are not so easily won, and comfort themselves with the thoughts that the Prussians are in forts, indeed, but not in Paris.

The city is perfectly quiet. There are no longer even the usual groups in the streets discussing politics and strategy. The elections hardly attract any notice. Each citizen of Paris has to choose forty-three representatives, and he is in no humour to care who they are, as it is not clear yet whether the Assembly is to be a *Constituante*. M. Dufaure, an ex-Orleanist, is at the head of the principal electoral committee. His rallying cry is France. His theoretical programme is a strong, but moderate, Republicanism; and he intends to include in his list of candidates men of all parties. The Republic is in bad odour, because it has failed to be victorious; the Bonapartists are already active; and neither the Emperor nor his son have a chance as regards Paris. There is a strong feeling in favour of the Orleans family. It is feared, however, that the Count de Paris is not enough of a man. Were the Duc d'Anjou the head of the family, he would be King of the French within a year. Many suggest electing him President. Next to him, M. Thiers has the greatest number of supporters.

The Government of National Defence has almost disappeared from notice. It has become a committee to preside over public order. The world may censure us, they said in a proclamation the other day. It would be impossible, replied the newspapers. Trochu and Gambetta, once the idols of the Parisians, are now the best abused men in France. Trochu (a friend of his told me to-day) deserted by all, makes speeches in the bosom of his family. No more speeches; no more lawyers; is the cry of the journals. And then they spin out phrases of exaggerated Spartaism by the yard, and suggest some lawyer as the rising hope of the country.

To-day I made an excursion into the Forest of Bondy, which up to yesterday was very dangerous ground. Chassepot bullets had a very unpleasant fashion of whizzing through the trees there when one least expected them. Epping Forest never was more free of any such dangerous missiles than Bondy to-day, and the sentinels at hitherto dangerous posts seemed as much at their ease as if they were mounting guard at the King's Palace at Dresden. But I had proceeded only a short way into the forest when I perceived armed Saxons conducting a small body of French troops. When we met I thought there could be no harm in my "inter-viewing" the Frenchmen. Turning my horse's head I found the procession on its way to Cligny, and addressing them I asked whether they were prisoners. All were most anxious to acquaint me with the state of affairs. They told me that there was an Armistice of 21 days, in order that a National Assembly might be convoked, and they believed no one could doubt that Peace would be the result. I interrupted by saying, "Then you are all convinced that Paris can do no more?" There was a unanimous "Certainement, tout est fini!" Continuing their story, they told me that, believing the Armistice made them free to come within the Saxon lines, they had gone so merely to gather vegetables; and one of them, opening his cartouche box, showed me that it was full of roots of some kind. I asked them from what point they had come out, and they told me Neuilly. They had entered within the Saxon lines at Lagny, and had there been arrested. They asked me whether it was not very hard treatment. I explained to them that the outposts had orders to arrest all persons coming within the lines, but I thought they had nothing to fear. The General commanding the Division to which their captors belonged would see that no injustice was done them. We had now arrived at Livry, and one of the Frenchmen told me he had lived in that village up to the time of the investment. "I have never seen it since," he said; "and now I am led into it a prisoner." "Where are they going to take you?" I asked. "To Cligny," answered one of them. "That is close by." I remarked. "Oh, Sir," observed another, "we are all from the neighbourhood. I myself live in Cligny." I learnt further from them that they were all National Guards, and not mobilized. Their uniforms were good, and they appeared to be well nourished; but the fact of their having come out to dig for vegetables within the enemy's lines shows that they must have been in want of food. They asked me whether I had heard that Gambetta had blown his brains out, and Garibaldi had run away.

Two of the officers of Prince Georges Staff, Hauptmann Minkwitz and Ober-Lieutenant Arnim, rode to an outpost to-day and had a conversation with some French officers. Ober-Lieutenant Arnim is the tallest man in the Saxon service. He stands seven feet high at least, and is large in proportion. He belongs to the 1st Lanciers, which regiment wears a uniform of light blue, with silver epaulettes. One of the French officers said to him, "May I ask, Sir, to what branch of the German service you belong?" "I am a Uhlan," replied the Ober-Lieutenant. "My God!" rejoined the French officer, "we have heard much of the Uhlans. Are they all such men as you?" Nothing is more extraordinary than the child-like terror with which the name of "Uhlans" inspires the French; but a Uhlans is nothing more than a Lancer, and from my experience of many of them I can say that, though brave and efficient, they are not at all ferocious warriors.

The highest military honours will probably be conferred upon General von Werder for the very good service he rendered the other day in front of Belfort. To take up the position in which he was to ward off Bismarck's attack he had to march some 80 miles in three days. After relieving this pedestrian feat his 40,000 stood the assault of 140,000 French for another three days. At Hericourt, the key of the position, five German battalions four times received the charge of 23 battalions of the enemy, repulsing them each time. The combat is not only remarkable as an extraordinary military exploit, but also as a specimen of the relative efficiency of the two armies when the Germans are allowed to stand on the defensive. In nearly all the preceding engagements of the campaign the Germans attacked, the French defended. In the present instance the numerical inferiority of the former did not permit of the same tactics. All they could hope to effect was to prevent the enemy from relieving Belfort, and by a shot out pouring into Alsace and impeding the very frontiers of Germany. To accomplish this they chose a strong position on the top and along the slope of a range of hills protected by small rivers in front. In other words, they selected ground as advantageous as the French have held in nearly every previous encounter in the war. The result is known. It was certainly influenced by the Germans being veterans, whereas the French must have consisted mostly of raw recruits, snatched away from their homes only a few weeks ago. Still, making every allowance for this accidental inferiority, the plain truth seems to be that if the French have to dislodge an enemy armed with breechloaders and placed on vantage ground, they find it more difficult to acquire themselves of this critical task than their adversaries, who have solved the problem so often in the past six months. There is a sustained steadiness required for the work, in which the sober Teuton excels the impetuous Gaul. There is no putting down a breechloading battalion at a dash. A force armed with Brown Bess might be got rid of by a sudden charge. One armed with a far and fast shoot-

ing rifle must be determinately attacked over and over again at a terrible loss if it holds vantage ground and consists of calm and fearless men. If this can be regarded as a novel military fact established in this war, it is one of great political significance. The Germans mean to stand on the defensive in the next war against the French, and they will draw the new frontier line with an eye to this end.—Times Cor.

Discipline.—Not from Prussians, but from neutrals and even from Frenchmen, are to be heard numerous stories against the discipline of the army of the Loire. The men do not obey their officers implicitly and what discipline there is comes only from constant fear of the heaviest military punishment, even death itself being not at all uncommon. There is no country whose children become soldiers more readily than France, and M. Gambetta cannot be accused of deficiency in energy or severity when needed. But surely this war has shown that armies cannot be made fit to take the field in a few weeks. Guns may be cast, rifles made or imported, and men drilled quite sufficiently to march and manoeuvre, but solidity cannot be manufactured—it must grow, nor can officers be created in the course of three or four months.

The discipline of the German armies is of a totally different character. The punishments are severe but the real steady principle is the knowledge that the officers know the business of war thoroughly. In punishments, as in other matters connected with the service, much confidence is reposed in officers of junior grades. A Captain can give seven days' solitary confinement on bread and water, even in peace, without bringing the culprit before the commanding officer of the battalion. The Company of 250 men thus learns to look upon the Captain as a great man, and responsibility is brought down to the officer who really knows the men, and who is associated with them in the daily drills and duties. Each man has the right to appeal if he feels aggrieved in any respect, but where intelligence prevails, neither punishments nor appeals are likely to be frequent.

It would be wrong, however, to speak of intelligence and never of morality of the soldier. It is often said in England, "the Prussians profess to have universal military service, but if so, their army would be larger in time of peace, while the men are being trained." But from the total must be deducted all under a certain height, all suffering from such disease as incapacitates them for war, and all who have committed disgraceful actions, such as theft. During the pressure of war some of these, even of the latter category, may be called out, but they are not allowed the honour of being led against the enemy, nor permitted to wear the King's colours on their caps. This is character cultivated together with intelligence, and thus are men taught that the military service of their country is one of the greatest honours which can be conferred on any member of the community.

Another feature of Prussian morality is their love of the family. You will not be quartered long in company with the ordinary Prussian officer before he shows you the photograph of a girl whom he simply says he loves, and will marry when he can. They are proud of having large families, and look to education and energy for the future support of their children, who will wander abroad if they cannot find work at home.—Times Cor.

The confidence expressed by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in their ultimate success is marvellous, and would be admirable were it not based on the most enormous self-deception. This very day the people of Le Mans are talking together of a great defeat sustained before Combe two days ago by the Prussians. It is painful to deceive them, yet what is to be gained by blindness to plain truth? They will not see that their cause is desperate.

Neither will the Prussians see what stores of eternal hatred they are accumulating against themselves by their passion for Provinces entirely indisposed to their rule. I am quartered upon an elderly lady, who comes trembling to me whenever the rough, loud voices of Germans are heard below seeking shelter or food. Madame Perrinelle, whose daughter in England will be glad to hear that her mother suffers no worse fate than to have an English gentleman in her house who respects her grey hairs, is a delicate French lady, nervous and terrified at the rude manhood of these rough, burly Germans. She lives alone, tended only by two servants, and is just one of those people whom one would wish to keep always from as much as a rude breath of wind. But if I speak to her of the necessity for peace she turns the subject abruptly, shewing that she thinks me under the influence of Prussian ideas. A French gentleman with whom I talked to-day said that if the Prussians would but resign their claim to Alsace and Lorraine, France would rest satisfied with the endurance of her children and the heroic resistance of Paris, would let Germany go in peace, and would sheathe her sword without any intention of drawing it again. He added:—

"But if Germany robs us of our territory I will leave all my fortune to my children only on the condition that they swear vengeance against the Prussians, and carry out the legacy which I transmit to them. In ten or 20 years, it matters not how long, France will be strong again, and Germany will have to answer for all she has now done."

The Germans are perfectly alive to this legacy of hatred to be treasured up against them. The military aristocracy which rules in Prussia, educated and trained entirely with a view to success in war, regard peace as hurtful to their interests and likely to destroy the manhood of the nation. "What does it matter if our children have to fight again? That will be their business." You will agree that such a sentiment is worthy of the Middle Ages, but it exists. From a military point of view the Prussian, now the German, organization is terribly efficient, but it affords the facility of carrying the whole nation into war at any moment, when the interests of a class demand it. Even to a soldier the military atmosphere of the Prussian army is oppressive, and it is very doubtful whether the machine lately set going can be stopped as soon as its present work is done.—Times Cor.

MITRAILLEUSE.

To arrive at the true value of the mitrailleuse it is necessary to leave the charm-d circle of Headquarters and ask questions among the men who have to use it. It is also necessary to take into consideration its bad service by the French gunners, who are too hot and thoughtless to make perfect artilleremen. But there is a mass of evidence to prove that the Germans would rather face a large number of infantry than half-a-dozen mitrailleuses. They try to disguise their feelings under the appearance of jocularities, as when they say, "If we are to be killed it matters little whether we are killed very much or not." But I find among the fighting men a general agreement that the mitrailleuse, especially when behind a little cover, is very dangerous. A bold dash against the infantry causes the Chassepot to be fired at random, or even in the air. The mitrailleuse, once hid, shoots steadily, for it has no nerves. I was told yesterday by a General that the Germans will certainly adopt the new weapon in some form or other, after the war, for positions in the field, and I observe that there is more triumph over one mitrailleuse taken from the enemy than over many guns. The instrument is capable of much development, and it should not be mounted on such heavy carriages as those of the French. All the reverses of that strange nation have not yet taken the habit of boasting and exaggeration out of them. The Gatling was destructive enough in the two days' fighting at Chateau, but when French soldiers talked of sweeping whole battalions away they were drawing heavily on their imagination.

What it takes to feed the German army in France

may be inferred from the following:—In the space of twenty-four hours each corps *d'armee* consumes 18,000 loaves, weighing 3 lbs. each; 120 cwt. of bacon, 18 cwt. of salt, 30 cwt. of coffee, 12 cwt. of oats, 3 cwt. of lard, 3,500 quarts of spirits, and 5,000 ounces of orange essence, or some other bitter extract taken with the spirits. To this gigantic figure add 60 cwt. of tobacco, 1,100,000 ordinary cigars, and 50,000 officers' cigars for each ten days. If you multiply these figures by 24, or perhaps 25, you have the sum total of the consumption of a single day, or, as regards tobacco of ten days, of the troops in the field.

After dinner last evening there was produced at Headquarters a massive album, as large as a quarto edition of the Bible, and elaborately bound in embossed leather. In the centre of the cover were the arms of Saxony; on the four corners the insignia of the Iron Cross. The officers stood round the table as the album was opened, and I thought it contained scenes in the war; but on the pictures being exhibited I saw that each was a large-sized photograph, and I was informed that it was the likeness of a Saxon officer killed during present campaign. Portrait after portrait was taken out for a quarter of an hour. It was a sad sight. Most of the originals were very young men when they fell, and had been the comrades of the officers who were now, and more than one of them with wet eyes, gazing on the portraits. I expressed my surprise at the number of these mortuary photographs, and was told that they represented only one-half the officers who had fallen. Another such volume would be filled before the sad series would have been completed up to the present time. Short of seeing the dead bodies of all these victims, nothing could have brought home to one's mind with more painful vividness the widespread mourning which this war must be causing in Germany. Be it remembered that these gentlemen were all commissioned officers in a single Army Corps. What if we had the portraits of all the rank and file killed in this same Corps? What a lesson might be learnt from such a gallery! In this enlightened age we certainly have made great strides in the art of killing.—Times Correspondent.

The Times correspondent with Prince Frederick Charles writes:—Not only in the grand operations, but even in such details as riding and carrying messages and endurance of fatigue, the Prussians are accustomed to do hard work well and cheerfully. The Ninth corps made a march last month which is certainly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, achievement of the kind in history. It has been reiterated from so many quarters that it would be absurd not to believe it. During twenty-four hours of the 16th and 17th of December this corps marched twelve Prussian miles, or about fifty-four English. Twenty-five miles a day for a whole corps—infantry, cavalry and artillery—have been frequently marched, and there is not the slightest sign of wearing out in the army. I repeat that men and horses are in first rate condition. They are so well that they would be positively fit for the daily exercise. No doubt many weak ones have been killed off, but that does not alter the fact that there exists a German army which can undergo all these fatigues and remain stronger than ever; that it is in the highest possible state of discipline, and is led by men of good family, yet not generally rich enough to make any other career than that of arms.

A letter from Perronne in the *Cologne Gazette* says:—The cathedral, with its tower reared like a sieve, the rows of houses converted into heaps of ruins, the town-hall, damaged from top to bottom, presented an appearance with which the most terrible disaster we have seen in the six months' campaign could not in the least compare. Not a house had been spared, not a window was unbroken, furniture and store had, of course, all been dragged out into the street, for the reign of grenades seldom allowed a thought even of extinguishing the flames. The people could only take refuge in the cellars and were forced to sleep there, as the bombardment did not cease at night. While we were standing in the square opposite the town-hall some drunken Mobiles roared about the still smoking ruins, exciting great laughter among the degraded French public. A number of glaziers from the surrounding villages followed the German soldiers into the town, in the expectation of finding plenty of business." Another correspondent states that the commandant, an officer released at Metz on his promise not to serve again in the war, shot himself finding that the place could hold out no longer. He could, of course, have expected no mercy from the enemy. A new commandant had, therefore, to conclude the capitulation. The besiegers found all the shops empty or closed, and their trundling owners exclaimed, "Nis! tabak au tout, du tout, du tout! tout brulé!"

How "THE TIMES" WAS SENT TO PARIS.—Attempts to establish a ready communication between the beleaguered inhabitants of Paris and their relatives and friends beyond the German lines have given rise to many contrivances which are not unlikely to make a new era in the history both of aeronautics and photography. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious device by which the matter of two whole pages of *The Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. This has been accomplished by photography. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris, were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, "The Times," and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic lantern, to a large size and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisements. The success of this experiment gives rise to the hope that the new art of compressing printed matter into a small compass will not stop here. If a page of *The Times* can be compressed into a space little larger than that occupied by a postage stamp, the matter of an octavo volume might be made to cover not more than two of its own pages, and a library could be reduced to the dimensions of the smallest prayer book. What a relief it would be to the learned persons who frequent the Library of the British Museum, if instead of having to make fatiguing journeys from letter A to letter B of the ponderous catalogue of books, they had their many hundred volumes reduced to a space a yard square, over which a microscope could be hurriedly passed. Such suggestions are now occupying the thoughts of photographers.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On January 24, says a correspondent of the *Irishman*, the grave closed over his kind and warm-hearted priest as ever Clara nurtured. The Rev. Michael O'Connor, P. P., Clara Castle, died at the age of sixty-six, after an energetic life spent in the vineyard of Christ. He loved God's poor and his country, and gave striking illustration of it on several occasions. Father O'Connor was as patriotic as he was benevolent. When the bones of M'Manus were brought to Ireland, some patriotic priests in Clara wished to offer a High Mass for him in Ennis, and being refused admittance to the church by an old Government priest, they were invited by Father O'Connor to

Clare Castle where the mournful Cuoin of the Church—mournful as the banshee wail—was heard by his Rock.

DUBLIN, Feb. 1.—The Lord Lieutenant held his first levee for the season yesterday at Dublin Castle. There was a very numerous attendance, representing all departments of the public service, the municipal bodies, the professional classes, and a fair sprinkling of the resident nobility and gentry.

The National journals manifest considerable interest in the proceedings connected with the administration of the Land Act. This is a healthy sign. The practical proofs which have been given in the land courts to the contrary have made it impossible for them to represent that it is a delusion and a sham from which the landlord only can derive benefit.

One of those heartless incidents of the removal of Irish poor from England, which exemplifies the dealing of Blunderbuss in that country with our people, occurred last week, and was brought to light in the Kilkenny Workhouse. Eliza Colleson, who appeared with five small children, and was a widow, had, after her husband's death some three years ago, been in the receipt of outdoor relief, when lately, without notice, she was seized in her own house, where she kept lodgings, and hurried over to Ireland. Here is her story: "Mr. Stubbs, the relieving officer, came to my house, accompanied by three policemen, dragged me out of my house, tore my clothes, and forced me into a cab, and kept me there till the policeman returned for my children and brought them out, and put them also into the cab; we were all driven off to the St. Luke's workhouse and locked up there for the night, and sent on here the next morning."

On January 20, a quasi-sacramental individual, with a bundle of "tracts" passed through Lurgan for the purpose, it was supposed, of "spreading the Gospel" but, towards evening, happening to feel troubled with thirst, this worthy missionary proceeded into a public house, with the object of quenching it, when the eye was placed upon a number of tumblers, which, as a matter of course, were abstracted and made away with.

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cultivated last year. In the number of acres planted there was a deficiency to the extent of 34,350 compared with the year before, but the yield was fully equal, and was, in fact, higher than in any year since 1864. The difference in the weight of the crop is ascribed to variation of the weather rather than of the soil, its productiveness depending very much upon favourable alternations of sunshine and shower.

The Irish members who were entitled to take their seats in the House of Commons on February the 9th, are: Sir Dominic Corrigan, for the city of Dublin, in succession to Sir Arthur Guinness, deceased; Mr. John Martin, for Meath County, in the room of Mr. Corbally, deceased; and Viscount Newry, for Newry, in the place of Mr. Kirk, deceased.

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the misruled Irish people. That these young men would be but too happy to remain in their own country if they could "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows."

Lord Greville, of Clonyn, Castle, Delvin, has given a lease forever, free of a site, together with a subscription of over fifty guineas for a school at Balrath on his estates, Mullingar. The school is now nearly finished and is considered one of the nicest in Westmeath.

Amongst the several hundred valuable prizes to be distributed at the grand bazaar which will be held on the 15th and 16th May next, in aid of the Mater Misericordie Hospital, Dublin, is a portrait from life in oils of Baron O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

A number of persons are mentioned as the probable candidates for the representation of the County of Galway. Among the most prominent are Hon. Gerald Dillon, the Hon. F. French, C. Reddington, George Morris, Captain B. Daly, Captain Nolan, Mr. H. Henry.

A number of shots and stones were fired lately into a passenger carriage in a down train from Dublin when approaching the Danamoo station, near Castlebar. One of the missiles penetrated the window of a first-class compartment, and a lady was wounded about the head and face.

We have reason to believe that the re-embodiment of the Irish Militia will form part of the Ministerial proposals, and such a measure would be the natural and politic complement of our present legislation. We have removed every removable Irish grievance, and we can now appear with a good conscience to Irish loyalty.

GREAT BEAUTY OF IRELAND.—We know of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and that the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in the world such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland.

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578 by the Waterford and Limerick, 913 by the Belfast and Northern Counties, and 2,445 by the Great Southern and Western of Ireland Company. The total authorized capital on Irish railways amounts to £32,828,218, of which £25,113,610 may be raised by shares, and £7,714,608 by loans.

Lord Derby and his Irish Tenants.—Lord Derby, in answer to his Tipperary tenants, has stated that he wishes to dispose of his Irish property from feeling that the interests of an absentee proprietor are not likely to be so well protected as those of a resident landlord.

A VERY SMART THING.—The Freeman's Journal of the 29th ult. brings to light a matter that has just been under the consideration of the Church Commissioners. Two neighboring parishes recently preferred their claims to compensation as curates of the Disestablished Church, and it turned out on investigation that the two gentlemen who were incumbents of adjoining parishes had mutually appointed each other to the curacy of his parish.

SILVER MINES IN IRELAND.—Mr. James Barron, G. S. J., writing to a daily contemporary says: Many years ago Mr. Jukes and I stated that silver would be found on the west side of the hill of the Ballyvorus lead mines. We were "poohpoohed," and no search was made.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—In the House of Commons this evening Sir John Lubbock asked whether the Government had authorized the statement made by Mr. Odo Russell to Count Bismarck, on the 21st November, to the effect that the state of the Eastern Question would compel England to go to war with Russia, with or without allies.

Mr. Gladstone replied that Mr. Odo Russell's arguments were unauthorized, but bore an official character. Mr. Russell had been vested with certain discretion, and no specific instructions had been sent him. His course in this matter was censurable.

Mr. Gladstone made some explanations in regard to the Anglo-American Commission. It was empowered to discuss amicably all differences. Any difficulties arising were to be referred to the Home Government by cable, and instructions would be returned the same way.

Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, introduced the bill for the reorganization of the army, and proceeded to analyze the measure. In the course of his speech he declared that it was established now that the colonies must pay for their own defence.

The John Bull hears that in several London churches, should the royal marriage take place in Lent, there will be a special penitential office at the same hour.

THE PRESBYTERIANS AND THE PREMIER.—We see it announced that the Presbyterians, who are influential in the three kingdoms, and chiefly in Scotland, are expected to make a vigorous attack, by their representatives in Parliament, on Mr. Gladstone for the sentiments expressed in his recent letter to Mr. Dease, which is held to indicate too favorable an attitude of the Government towards the Sovereign Pontiff.

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meaningless frippery about it was done away with. Yet it had a soul of goodness in it. It is surely encouraging to see kindly and appreciative feelings like these making their way in quarters where, above all others, we have been used to meet with nothing but blind and rancorous animosity.—Tribune.

Probably the ruling idea among the opponents of the grant is that the Queen is rich enough to provide for her own family without drawing upon the public taxes for assistance. The simple answer to this notion is that the Queen certainly might be rich enough to do all this if her estates were left in her own hands, and managed with an exclusive view to her personal advantage.

A strange case of cruelty is reported from St. Pancras, London (Glasgow). An Italian couple named Nevello hired a little girl from her parents in Somersetshire, to be trained by them for the ballet.

UNITED STATES.

LET US HAVE AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—We may as well make up our minds to a struggle in this great model Republic on the question of enforcing upon us a Federal Congregational education, under penalties—that is, an established church. An established State school system is an established church; to make it "compulsory" is to impose penalties on your religious sect, reader, or upon ours; and we do hereby distinctly give warning that we shall not only refuse with disdain the Federal legislation which is to be provided for us, but that we shall exert and encourage all liberty-loving citizens to resist and defy it to the uttermost extremity.

SOMEWHAT WOUNDS FROM AN OLD CHURCH WARRIOR.—We cannot refrain from having before our readers the following touching and manly words from the Rev. Maria of Jan. 28th. They are from the first number of a series of articles, now publishing, on the Religious Orders, written by O. A. Brownson.

Dr. Brownson is now an old man, and possessed as he is, of remarkable erudition, gifted with a mind of extraordinary logical and philosophical power, a close observer of passing events, a man of great experience, and a devout Catholic, his words come to us with double weight and unusual force and significance. We advise every Catholic to read the entire article; for apparently times are coming upon us when we shall have to declare in precise and unmistakable accents whether we are for God or for the world—the whole for one, or the whole for the other; for God, and the Church of God, like God, will divide with none.

"I must myself confess, to my shame and deep sorrow, that for four or five years, ending in 1864, I listened with too much respect to these liberal or liberalizing Catholics, whether at home or abroad, though I had previously written against them, and sought to encourage their tendency as far as I could without absolutely departing from Catholic faith and morals. I had been taught better, and my better judgment and my Catholic instincts never went with them; but I was induced to think that I might find in the more fondly cherished tendencies of my non-Catholic countrymen a point d'appui for my arguments in favor of the teaching of the Church, and by making the distances between them and us as short as possible greatly facilitate their conversion. My faith was firm, and my confidence in the Church unshaken, but I yielded to what seemed at the moment to be a wise and desirable policy. All I gained was the distrust of a large portion of the Catholic public, and a suspicion among non-Catholics that I was losing my confidence in Catholicity, and was on the point of turning back to some form of Protestantism or infidelity. But I was not long, through the grace of God, in discovering that the tendency I was encouraging would, if followed to the end, lead me out of the Church, and as soon as that became clear to me I did not hesitate to abandon it, and bear as well as I could the humiliation of having yielded to an un-Catholic and dangerous influence.

The Holy Father, in the Syllabus, that great act of our century, shows that she can make no compromise with the world, and that she meets the errors of an age or nation only by opposing, directly in their face and eyes, the truth that condemns them. She has nothing to accept from the world outside of her. She is Catholic, and Catholic not only because she subsists in all ages and teaches all nations, but because she teaches all truth. All her principles are universal, and every one of her dogmas is based on a universal principle, which has its reason and necessity either in the Creator's own essence or in the constitution of the universe. He has created and governs. There is no truth outside of her not included in the truth she holds and teaches. Outside of her there may be views of truth, theories, opinions, but she holds and teaches the truth itself. Evidently, then, she can form no alliances with anything outside of her, and accept nothing from the world which if true, she has not already in its unity and universality. What modern civilization has that is true and good she holds and cherishes, and what it has that she opposes or refuses to accept, is neither true nor good. So at least every loyal Catholic does and must believe and maintain.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At No. 663, Craig Street, by

J GILLIES,

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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

S. M. FETTERGILL & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. BOWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1871.

Friday, 3—Ember Day. Lance and Nails of Our Lord.
Saturday, 4—Ember Day. St. Casimir, C.
Sunday, 5—Second of Lent.
Monday, 6—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 7—St. Thomas Aquinas, C.
Wednesday, 8—St. John of God.
Thursday, 9—St. Francis, V.

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

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

To our paying subscribers, our best thanks are tendered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Friday the report was that a treaty of peace had been signed at Versailles: France paying a war indemnity of £200,000,000, and ceding to Germany Alsace Lorraine, and Metz. This report was confirmed on Monday.

The Joint High Commission about to meet to arbitrate on the outstanding questions betwixt Great Britain and the United States will, it is said, take into account the damages inflicted on Canada by the raids of citizens of the United States calling themselves Fenians.—There are rumors that our Provincial Parliament is about to be adjourned, on account of the approaching voyage of the Premier to Washington. Lord Lisgar, as we learn from the Montreal Gazette of Saturday, has been appointed to the Lord Lieutenantship of the County of Cavan, whence our contemporary concludes that Canada is about to be deprived of his services. There has been a warm debate in the Legislature at Ottawa on the subject of arbitration betwixt the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

Our latest telegrams, 27th ult., leave us in doubts as to whether the Germans will enter Paris. The excitement in that city is great, and the Reds are ready for an outbreak. The Germans are preparing to return home, but not for two months will they make their triumphant entry into Berlin, the interim being consecrated to the memory of those who have fallen in the war. It is true that the terms of peace agreed to at Versailles have yet to be ratified by the Assembly at Bordeaux, but it is the general opinion that that body will accept the inevitable. As for the Man of Sedan he is left out in the cold; no body seems even to take him into account, and he will probably subside into private life, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," unless it be by the muse of M. Rochefort. What the future of France may be no one can foresee; but civil war and a period of anarchy seem to be in store for the unfortunate country.

The Joint High Commission held its first sitting, but with closed doors at Washington on the 27th. There are who fear that the rights of Canada on the Fishery Question will be tamely bartered away.

After a long protracted gestation, Mrs. Harris of the Montreal Witness has brought forth her reply to the question addressed to her through our columns, as to how Protestants determine—not the "genuineness" not the "authenticity," but the "inspiration" of the several books which compose the New Testament? how for instance they determine the right of the treatise called commonly the Gospel according to St. Luke, to a place in the Canon of Inspired Scripture? Here is our contemporary's reply, and a miserable little handling it is:—(The Italics are our own.)

"THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE.—The 'cutest Roman of them all' undertakes, through the True Witness, to show that there is no proof of the authenticity of the Gospel according to Luke apart from the authority of the Church; and by the same reasoning, he would hang on the same thread the whole canon of Scripture, with the exception of that kind of evidence called internal, which is as strong in the case of Luke as that of any other Book. The Jewish Church is our witness for the Old Testament, and the Christian Church for the New; but the Oriental branches of the Christian Church bear testimony much more valuable than the secondary evidence of the Roman Church, which, we suppose, is that to which the True Witness refers.

"Protestants do not accept the authoritative dictum of any modern body, but the concurrent testimony of the Bible students of all ages."—Witness, 22nd inst.

(1.) The reader will notice how the Witness whisks—as we prophesied that he would do—the question of "inspiration," substituting in lieu thereof a very different thing—the "authenticity" of the Gospel according to St. Luke. As his readers however, do not see the TRUE WITNESS, they will be unaware of this gross piece of dishonesty on the part of their mouth-piece and champion; and will fancy that he has replied to the question addressed to him through the columns of the latter; though the question referred to the "inspiration," not the "authenticity," of the Gospel according to Luke. Now a writing is not necessarily inspired because it is "authentic."

(2.) The Witness is right in his supposition that we "would hang on the same thread"—the authority of an infallible Church, infallible because by Christ Himself appointed to teach all nations—"the whole canon of Scripture."

We accept the Scriptures as the Word of God, that is to say as authoritative in the supernatural order, solely on the authority of the Church. With St. Augustine we say "I would not believe the Gospel, did not the authority of the Church move me thereto."—Cont. Ep. Man. c. 6; the authority of that Church which can show a perpetual succession of Pastors, from St. Peter to whom after His resurrection Our Lord entrusted the feeding of His sheep—ib. c. 5. Without that authority we might indeed admit the "genuineness," and the "authenticity" of the Gospels, that is, their credibility in the natural order, or as historical documents testifying to facts of which the narrators had personal knowledge; but without that authority we should not accept them as "inspired," or as the Word of God.

(3.) What is the internal evidence to which in the case of the Gospel according to St. Luke the Witness alludes? In the proem to his treatise, the writer assigns the motives which induced him to write:—"For as many as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed amongst us * * * it seemed good to me also * * * to write unto thee in order most excellent Theophilus." Certainly from these words it would be difficult to prove that St. Luke was inspired, and moved by the Holy Ghost to write his gospel.

(4.) What are those "Oriental branches of the Christian Church" to which the Witness refers, as bearing much more valuable testimony to the Canon of Scripture than does "the secondary evidence of the Roman Church?" Wherein, we ask, does the Oriental Canon of Scripture differ from that given by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century? from that enumerated by Pope Eugenius IV. in the fifteenth century, and accepted without a word of protest or disclaimer by the Bishops and Fathers of the Greek Church who in the same century assisted at the Council of Florence, and ratified the reunion of the Occidental and Oriental branches? Wherein does the Tridentine Canon of Scripture differ from that given by St. Augustine? * whom we cite, not to prove that the books by him enumerated as Canonical were rightly so esteemed; but simply to prove the historical fact that in the fourth century they were so esteemed, and that therefore the testimony of the Roman Catholic Church of to-day has high antiquity to support it.

As probably on all these points the Witness is profoundly ignorant, we take this opportunity of informing him that the Canon of Scripture of the Greek schismatic church, as set forth by a Synod held at Constantinople in 1642 under the Patriarch Parthenius includes these books which Protestants term "apocryphal;" that

* De Doctrina Christiana, l. 2, c. 13.

the Nestorian and Eutychiean heretics, who renounced the Catholic faith in the fifth century, retain these same books in their Canon, thus bearing valuable testimony to the antiquity of the actual Roman Canon; and that the Canon of Scripture as given by St. Augustine as that of the entire Christian Church of the fourth century, is identical with that set forth by Eugenius IV. in the fifteenth century, and by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth. Why then does the Witness profess to prefer the testimony of the Oriental to that of the Occidental branches of the Church—since that testimony is uniform.

(5.) But the answer, properly speaking, of the Witness to our question—"How do Protestants determine the Canon of the New Testament?" is contained in the following passage:—"The Jewish Church is our witness for the Old Testament, and the Christian Church for the New."

"Protestants do not accept the authoritative dictum of any modern body, but the concurrent testimony of the Bible students of all ages."

And so—as we said would be the case—to determine his Canon of Scripture, the Witness is obliged to fall back upon the testimony of the Christian Church, and the "traditions of men"—the "Bible students of all ages." But is, or was, the Christian Church infallible in the supernatural order? If she be so, if she were so, then is her testimony sufficient to establish other supernatural facts, besides that of the "inspiration" of the Scriptures; if the Christian Church be not infallible in the supernatural order, or if there never existed on earth such an infallible Church or teacher since the death of the last of the Apostles, then the testimony of the Christian Church as to the "inspiration" of Scripture is not worth a straw; and the faith of Protestants, in as much as it is based upon the Scriptures as the "inspired" Word of God, has in last analysis nothing better to rest upon than the testimony of a fallible body. Such testimony is, we admit, sufficient to establish the fact that, at a certain epoch, certain writings were generally believed to be "inspired" writings, or the Word of God; but the question at issue is not as to what was believed by the Christian Church concerning those writings, but as to what they actually were. We can understand the syllogism—

1. The early Christian Church believed certain writings to be inspired.
 2. But the early Christian Church was infallible, i.e. could not err in matters of faith essential to salvation.
 3. Therefore the writings by her believed to be inspired, were really inspired.
- Take away, or omit the middle term of this syllogism, and the conclusion would be an absurdity, or a non sequitur.

As to the "concurrent testimony of the Bible students of all ages,"—apart from the consideration that no such concurrent testimony is to be obtained; that in the past, as in the present age, there have always been Bible students who called in question even the genuineness and authenticity of some of the Scriptures,—as for instance one Luther who rejected the Epistle of St. James—apart we say from this consideration, "the concurrent testimony of these Bible students" is but the tradition of fallible men. And so again it comes to this:—That to establish their Canon of Scripture,—or what practically amounts to the same thing, to establish the "inspiration" of the writings of which that Canon is composed—Protestants must fall back upon the "Christian Church," and the traditions of men!—"the testimony of Bible students;" amongst the most learned of whom the greatest discrepancies of opinion exist, even at the present day, as in the days of Luther, as to the "genuineness" the "authenticity" as well as to the "inspiration" of many of the writings contained in the New Testament! If the "Bible be the religion of Protestants," all we can say is that it rests upon very unstable, not to say rotten foundations.

Some particulars concerning the Right Reverend Mgr. Taschereau the future Archbishop of the Province of Quebec, will no doubt not prove uninteresting to our readers:—

His Lordship belongs to one of our oldest and most distinguished French Canadian families, and one which has furnished many of its members to the Bar, the Bench, and the Legislature. He was born on the 17th of February, 1820, at Beauce and is therefore now fifty-one years of age. Having completed his studies with great success, the young M. Taschereau was promoted to the Priesthood on the 10th of September 1842, having previously received the Tonsure and Minor Orders at Rome.—Soon after his elevation to the Priesthood he was named one of the Professors at the Seminary, and in 1847 was appointed Director, and Prefect of the Studies. After the Provincial Council of Quebec in 1854, the Reverend M. Taschereau was despatched by his ecclesiastical superiors on a mission to Rome, charged with the honorable duty of laying the Decrees of the said Council before the Supreme Pastor of the Church for his approval and ratification: on occasion of this visit the reverend gentleman was raised to the dignity of Doctor of Canon

Law. On his return to his native land the responsible position of Rector of the Laval University was imposed upon him whose functions he discharged for many years. In 1861 the late lamented Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Baillargeon, appointed him one of the Vicars General of the Diocese, in which capacity he accompanied the deceased Prelate to Rome as one of the Theologians at the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican; whose sessions have been interrupted and suspended by the forcible entry into Rome of the Piedmontese, and the consequent captivity of the Pope. Since the death of Mgr. Baillargeon, the Rev. M. Taschereau conjointly with the Very Rev. M. Cazeau has administered the affairs of the Diocese. Our new Archbishop has endeared himself to the Irish population of his Diocese, by his constant care for their interests; a Quebec Protestant paper publishes the following particulars:—

"It is interesting to add that the Archbishop elect was one of the first of that heroic band who went to assist the then chaplain of Grosse Isle—the Rev. Mr. McManus, now Rector of St. Patrick's—in his ministrations to the unfortunate emigrants of 1847; when he contracted the dread typhus, to which he was very near succumbing. His kindness to his fellow Catholics—the Irish—during that period, well calculated as it was to try good men's souls, is a good augur of his impartial government of them as of his own compatriots, in the new and exalted position to which he has been called."

A very important decision with reference to the right of the State to sit in judgment upon the action of the Ecclesiastical Courts has just been given in the United States by the Supreme Court. The facts are these:—

Mr. Cheney is, or rather was, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal denomination; but being of what are called Low Church, or Calvinistic proclivities, he entertained strong objections to pronounce the word "regenerate" which the said Protestant community uses in its form for Baptism of Infants, and enjoins to be used by the minister administering that Sacrament. Mr. Cheney would not comply with this injunction; whereupon he was cited before a synod, or ecclesiastical tribunal composed of ministers of his own denomination, by whom he was condemned and suspended.

Hereupon, as in the Montreal Guibord case, Mr. Cheney carried his grievance before the civil tribunals, urging them to interfere in his behalf, and protect him against the arbitrary condemnation of his Church, which had dismissed him. Hereupon issue was joined; and after lengthy pleadings, judgment has been given against Mr. Cheney on the broad grounds that members of any ecclesiastical society are bound to submit to the laws and discipline of that society; or else they, by their contumacy, forfeit any rights or advantages which, in virtue of their connection with that society they might have had the privilege to claim, and that therefore a civil court has no right to interfere.

This decision covers the whole ground in the Guibord case. The deceased in whose name the action is instituted refused to submit to the known laws of the Catholic Church, and by so doing forfeited all claims to her services after death. The case, as the saying is, lies in a nutshell.

RIVAL REVIVALISTS.—It seems that they have been getting up a Revival down Cape Breton way; we find an account of the outbreak in the Witness of the 23rd ult., copied from a New York paper.

A Rev. Mr. McLeod is the getter-up of the Cape Breton affair it appears, and he it is who describes it. Of Revivals in general, of Revivals got up by other men, he has no great opinion; but his is the genuine article, and no mistake about it. We must confess, however, that we see no difference betwixt the symptoms of Mr. McLeod's Revival, and that of the other gentlemen, his rivals in the same line of business. Mr. McLeod says:—

"I candidly confess I have no great confidence in much of what is called revival work in this country. Many there are, I find, who think they can get up a revival when they please; and so they can, for what they call a revival is altogether the work of man.—They sound a trumpet before them; they raise a little excitement and keep up a little high pressure for the purpose; they hold some meetings for a few weeks, and then the work is done."

The work, however, which from his shop he turns out, is, if we may take his word for it, of a very superior description. Yet, to us, it seems marvellously like that which he depreciates. Here is a description of it, as it broke out in July last:—

"On the Monday after the service was concluded, as a few parting words were spoken, there was an outbreak of feeling in cries for mercy which might be heard at a considerable distance. Several were prostrated and could not leave the place for some time."

A week later the same scene presented itself in another place; the people broke out into screams, and fell off in convulsions; the consequent confusion was "so overpowering that it was impossible to proceed," says Mr. McLeod, who certainly knows, as well as do his rival revivalists, how to blow or "sound his own trumpet;" and so the strange disease characterized by yelling, shrieking, and prostration, goes on the present day; to be succeeded in due time by—Well the annals of other places, especially the North of Ireland, that have been afflicted in like manner, tell us by what.

Mr. McLeod may claim some special glory for his revival, as compared with these got up by other and inferior practitioners; but there is a striking family resemblance, betwixt them all. They are all "one man's barns;" and their strange excitement proceeds from the same source as that from whence flowed the phenomena exhibited at the tomb of the Deacon Paris during the days of Louis XV. The Convulsionnaires of the eighteenth century, and the Revivalists of the nineteenth are both of one stock.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE.—A Soiree in aid of the funds of this most valuable institution was given in the St. Patrick's Hall, on the evening of the 23rd ult., and was largely attended. The proceedings of the evening consisted of several pieces of music brilliantly executed by MM. Leduc and Martel, accompanied by others of our artists of whom the City is justly proud. Addresses in both languages were delivered by Drs. Pelletier and Hingston, in which the condition of the deaf and dumb of former days was strikingly contrasted with their condition in the present.

The most interesting feature of the evening's entertainment was to be found however, in the Addresses delivered, in both languages—for to both equal attention is paid in the Asylum—by the pupils themselves. Many of our readers are not perhaps aware that modern science has discovered the means of teaching those whom we call Deaf-Mutes to articulate, except in very extreme cases—so that they are at once put in communication with the external world. Of this process, which M. Belanger the self-devoted Director of the Mile End Institution has carefully studied in France, Germany and Belgium where for sometime it has been in operation, we propose shortly to speak more at large, as of one of the most interesting discoveries of modern times. The audience at the Soiree had an opportunity of judging of its perfect feasibility, by the two Addresses, one in French, the other in English which were delivered in their presence, as well as by the other exercises which were conducted before them. The subjoined is the text of the English Address:—

Your Lordship, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

We are indeed very happy to see that you pay so much attention to us, poor deaf and dumb. You come to-night to see us speak. Yes! with God, from whom all true good derives, with your liberal gifts and our devoted teachers we are dumb no longer.

We began to learn to speak about October last, that is, since the return of our beloved Principal from the Old Country where he had gone, through your aid, to get the method which makes the deaf hear and the mute speak,—a method which was unknown in this Country.

We are far from speaking correctly yet, but the first words we asked to learn were words of thanks to you, Your Lordship, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Now, please to accept the sentiments of profound gratitude of all the pupils of this Institute.

COLLEGE STE. MARIE.—We had the pleasure of assisting at a very agreeable Musical and Dramatic entertainment, given on the evening of Shrove Tuesday by the pupils of this institution. As usual the arrangements were excellent; the performers elicited much applause; and a large and most respectable audience testified by their reiterated plaudits to the satisfaction which the spectacle afforded them.

We have to acknowledge the receipt as we were going to press of a Mandement from Mgr. the Bishop of Montreal, publishing the Decree which proclaims the Blessed Patriarch St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church. This document shall appear in our next.

WAR CONTRIBUTIONS.—From an article in the London Times it appears that betwixt the years 1792, and 1800, Republican France imposed upon Austria, Prussia, and other German States, War Contributions to the amount of Sixty-seven Millions of pounds sterling; and at that time money was worth much more than it is now. This system of levying War Contributions, or making war support war, was continued by Napoleon during the course of his victorious career, and we are, therefore, not surprised that Germany, having now the upper hand, seeks to retaliate in kind.

TO WHAT THEY HAVE FALLEN.—The N. Y. Freeman powerfully and faithfully describes the degradation of the United States, and the loss of liberty which the policy of the Northern States, and of the Radical party has inflicted upon the once free country:—

"Events have changed things, greatly. We are not, as a people,—we of the United States, what we were when the gallant Frank Pierce was President of the United States. We were then a Federation of Free Republican States. We are, now, a subject of a vulgar plutocracy. Principles, honor, everything except brute power, or tangible influence of men in momentary power, (soon to give way to men still more unscrupulous,) have vanished."

The Rev. M. Godard, lately cure of Notre Dame de Stukely has succeeded the Rev. Mr. Hardy as cure of St. Roch. Mr. Deschamps of St. Hugué, takes the place of Mr. Godard, and Mr. Doray, lately ordained, succeeds to the vicariate of St. Hugue.

The Bulls for the Consecration of Mgr. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec have arrived and the important ceremony will take place, as announced on Sunday the 19th inst. The subjoined is from a Quebec paper:—

This afternoon, at four o'clock, the professors and students of Laval University, the professors and students of the Seminary, the professors and students of the Levis College, and the professors and students of the Normal School presented farewell addresses to the Very Rev. E. A. Taschereau, on his accession to the Archbishopric, the Papal bulls of his appointment having arrived yesterday afternoon. The professors and students above mentioned formed in procession and escorted him to the Archbishop's Palace, of which he has taken possession. The occasion was most affecting, as Mgr. Taschereau during the more than thirty years he has held the position of Superior of the Quebec Seminary, has gained the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact. The election of a gentleman to fill the office of Superior of the Quebec Seminary and Rector of the Laval University, will take place this evening, and the name of the Rev. M. E. Methot is mentioned as likely to be chosen.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.) The Right Revd. Dr. Guigues, Bishop of Ottawa, arrived here from Pakenham on the evening of the 11th inst., on his Pastoral visit. He was accompanied by the Revd. Mr. Casey, Onslow, Revd. Mr. Bouvier, Arnprior, Revd. Mr. Lavin, Pakenham, and Revd. Mr. Agnell, Portage-du-fort. At Burnstown he was met by Revd. Mr. Rougier, P.P., Renfrew, and about one hundred of his Parishioners, making a very handsome and imposing appearance as they drove along at a rapid pace; their horses, sleighs and cutters beautifully arrayed and ornamented. When the procession entered the village the cheerful peals of the church bells contributed to increase the general demonstrations of welcome that greeted His Lordship. The handsome and tastefully arranged decorations in and around the church and Priest's residence gave additional evidence of the high esteem which the Catholics of Renfrew entertain towards their chief Pastor.

In a few minutes after his arrival His Lordship delivered a most impressive and eloquent discourse in French. He was succeeded by Revd. Mr. Casey, who spoke in English at considerable length. Then followed the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at the conclusion of which His Lordship ascended the Throne and was presented by Doctor Lynn on behalf of the Congregation, with the following ADDRESS.

My Lord,—Words cannot express the pleasure we feel in being permitted once again to testify to your Lordship our sincere devotion and respect. We heartily welcome and congratulate you on your safe return from so long and perilous a voyage as that which you have recently accomplished, and which we are certain no earthly considerations could have induced you to undertake. Sincerely and heartily do we congratulate you on the important part you have taken in giving to the Catholic world that which they have so long and earnestly desired—the promulgation of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility. And here, my Lord, we may be permitted to join our humble but firm protest with the millions of our co-religionists throughout Christendom against the spoliation perpetrated upon our Holy Father. Following the reiterated advice of your Lordship we have much pleasure in informing you that the happiest cordiality exists not only amongst the members of this Congregation, but also between us and our neighbors of other nationalities and creeds. And in our constant endeavour to perpetuate these feelings we are but humbly following the advice and example of our most worthy and beloved Priest. In conclusion, my Lord, permit us to express our heart's most earnest prayer that Almighty God may long spare you in perfect health and happiness to direct and govern in the future as you have in the past, your Lordship's dutiful and obedient children in Christ.

That the Rev. Doctor, our pastor, has testified to the Congregation at large, that as assistant Priest, you performed the duties of the sacred ministry faithfully and zealously. In bidding you adieu we beg of you to accept the accompanying purse of \$150, as a slight token of our esteem, and a pledge of our best wishes for your future welfare in your new home. That the Almighty, the bestower of all good, may grant every blessing, is the sincere and earnest prayer of your devoted friends.

Signed on behalf of the Congregation, W. WALSH, A. L. FEILAND, PATRICK RYAN, JAMES KRAMS, THOMAS MURPHY, MICHAEL LEONARD.

REPLY. MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you for the kindly feeling which the words of the address you have honored me with, so well shew that you entertain in my humble behalf. It is most consoling to know, that we leave a fond memory with the people amongst whom, during the last three years, we have dwelt.

The words, which the Rev. Pastor of Perth let fall with regard to me, are a source of great comfort; for under his direction and guidance I labored to help him in the sacred ministry of our Holy Church, and the testimony, which he so generously born to my humble efforts, will encourage me to earn from my superiors, in the mission entrusted to me, the same approval. I sincerely hope that your venerable Pastor, whom I shall ever look up to as an invaluable friend, may long be spared to attend to your spiritual interests. I thank you for your munificent gift, and I pray God to prosper your undertakings. I now bid you adieu, and will ever look back, amongst the arduous duties now become my portion, to the peaceful days spent in the good mission of Perth.

CHARLES MURRAY, Priest.

RATHER COOL. On the retirement of the Hon. Edward Kenny from the Dominion Cabinet, it was generally believed that the vacant seat would be filled by another Irish Catholic. However, our claims were overlooked, and Dr. Tupper, an English Protestant quietly stepped into Mr. Kenny's shoes. Of course this produced great dissatisfaction, and would have stirred up more disagreeable feelings, had not the majority of Irish Catholics believed, that the absence from the Privy Council of one of their number would be only temporary, and that they would soon again be therein represented. But it appears we have been intentionally left out in the cold, and as I can deduce from the following remarks, we must remain as we are.

At a late sitting of the Senate, according to the Free Press report; "Hon. Mr. Ryan asked more questions in relation to the filling up of Mr. Kenny's place in the Government, and thought that it ought to have been filled up with an Irish Catholic."

"Mr. Campbell explained that it was filled up by the appointment of Dr. Tupper, and he regretted that he was not an Irish Roman Catholic." It must have been very hard indeed, for Mr. Campbell to explain that the vacant seat had been filled up by the appointment of Dr. Tupper, but we would wish to know why it has been disposed of. With regard to the hon. gentleman's regret that Dr. Tupper was not an Irish Catholic, I think it is but a poor compensation, and savors a little of ridicule; for it is hardly possible that Mr. Campbell, himself a good Protestant no doubt, could conscientiously lament that a brother of the same type was not a Roman Catholic, and an Irish one at that. If however, that gentleman be sincere, he may rest assured that he cannot regret more than we, this unfortunate mistake, for such it may well be called, since Cabinet ministers are now-a-days selected at random, and their religion and nationality only discovered after they have entered office. Such being the case, we have yet a chance; so let us have patience, and who knows but the next selection may turn out to be a Papist and a Pat, and then of course we will regret that he is not a Protestant blue-nose.

SHARROCK. Ottawa, Feb. 22nd, 1871.

The Winter examination of the pupils of the Convent of Notre Dame, Williamstown, was held in the Hall of the Institution, on Thursday the 23rd ult. The programme occupied five hours, during which the various classes were carefully questioned on the usual branches—French and English—taught in the schools of the illustrious order of the Sisters of the Congregation. We were exceedingly gratified to see the very great importance attached in this house to the study of Arithmetic; the proficiency of some of the children in this branch was quite remarkable.

The music, vocal as well as instrumental, was particularly good. On the whole, it may be said without flattery, it would be difficult to find a school where more care is bestowed upon the pupils, or pupils that do more honor to their teachers. This Academy is now in its sixth year; already it has been enlarged by an addition of fifty feet; and now another wing is required which will be completed before the first of September. Let us hope the public may continue in the future to patronize, as liberally as they have done since its opening, this establishment

which, all who know it, are convinced will compare favorably with any similar institution in Canada.—Com.

OBITUARY. Died, on the 16th ult., at the advanced age of 89 years, Margaret Doyle, relict of the late Miles Duff, a native of the County Wexford, Ireland. The deceased, in company with her husband and family, came to this country in 1820, and were among the first settlers in West Frampton. She was the mother of 16 children, 11 of whom are still living. She has 73 grandchildren, 90 great grandchildren, the greater part of whom attended at her funeral. Her death-bed was surrounded by a great number of weeping friends, by whom she was dearly beloved. She had every consolation that a Christian could desire. She received the last Sacraments only ten minutes before her demise, and had her faculties to the last moment. Our good Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kelly was by her bedside to the last moment; and she breathed her last whilst he was pronouncing those beautiful and consoling words in the Litany of the departing soul: "Depart Christian soul out of this world," &c. She saw fearful times in the year of '98. She once nobly defended her father's life, during the rebellion, from the murderous attack of a ferocious Orangeman, who entered the house at the dawn of day, sword in hand, in order to take his life whilst he lay confined to his bed from wounds he received in the taking of Enniscorthy; and the timid young girl became ferocious as a lioness in defence of her father. She stood, pitch-fork in hand, until the assailant cut the handle in two, when assistance came. Her father, grandfather, with her future husband, and a great number of her relations, all fought together at the battle of Oulart Hill. She had five first cousins, all brothers, of the ancient family of the Maguire's, killed in the same battle, all lying side by side on the battle-field.—R.I.P.—Communicated.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—January 1871. Messrs Dawson Bros., Montreal. We publish the contents of the current number of this valuable periodical, which, however, are in point of interest scarce up to the usual mark.—1. Our National Defences; 2. Modern Whist; 3. Count Bismarck, Prussia, and Pan-Tautonism; 4. The Revenues of India; 5. The Invasion of France; Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland; 7. French Patriotic Songs; 8. Cathedral Life and Cathedral Work; 9. Political Lessons of the War.

BLESSING OF CHURCH BELLS.—The imposing religious ceremony of christening and blessing the parish church bells of St. Colomba of Sillery, was performed yesterday afternoon, before a large congregation. The Rev. Mr. Harkin, P.P., who had issued special printed invitations, had taken the precaution to provide for the accommodation of visiting strangers, and his wishes were most effectually carried out by Mr. Cantillon and Mr. James McInerney. Long before the hour announced for the commencement of the services (half-past two p.m.) not only the pews, but the aisles of the church, were crowded with pious listeners. A very noticeable improvement recently added to the church of this Parish, is the ample and spacious stairway leading to the main entrance. Although not yet quite complete, it was sufficiently advanced to permit of being used yesterday. Prominent in the list of those present, we noticed the Honorable Mr. Justice (Caron and lady). Honorable Mr. Sheriff Allex and lady, who stood as proxy for the absent sponsors: Mr. Chauveau and lady, who stood as proxy for the absent sponsors: Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau and lady (his parents), Mr. R. Allex and lady, who stood as proxy for the absent sponsors: Hon. Mr. Cauchon, P. S., and lady; His Worship the Mayor, Mr. J. Henan, M. P. P.; Mr. E. G. Cannon, N. P.; Mr. A. P. Caron, Mr. Councillor Plais, and many other residents of the city and vicinity. The bells, two in number, were placed immediately behind the communion table, in the centre of the chancel. In size, one is much larger than the other, but both are seemingly fine specimens of workmanship, and are of fine, clear tone. The religious services were conducted by the Very Revd. Vicar Taschereau, D. C. L., Archbishop-elect of this Province, assisted by the Rev. Abbe Audet, of Laval University, and Rev. Mr. Sasseville, P. P., St. Foy. There were also present in the chancel, the Rev. Mr. Laberge, P. P., Lorette; Rev. Mr. Connolly, St. Patrick's; Rev. Mr. Auclair, Quebec, and Rev. Abbe Paquet.

The musical parts of the ceremonies was under the direction of Mr. Gagnon, organist of the French Cathedral, whose efforts were ably supported by a voluntary choir. The sermon was preached by the Revd. Abbe Paquet, who selected an appropriate text from the Psalms of David. He spoke with great earnestness and eloquence, arguing in favor of consecrating every thing relating to the church, and specially dedicated to the service of God. The bells he said, were not the least important in reminding us of our duties as Christians. Its tones announced many of the most important events associated with our lives from the cradle to the grave. At the birth its peals announced to the listener that another soul had been added to Christ's flock. At death its sonorous tones were again heard mournfully proclaiming the sad news. It called together the faithful to join in the worship of God, and was intimately linked with all the services of the church. We regret that want of space prevents our publishing at length, the remarks of the Revd. Preacher. As its conclusion, that part of the ceremony more immediately connected with the blessing of the bells was proceeded with. Two attending clergymen carried a table with the sacred vessels, containing the oils and holy water, to the officiating priest, who blessed them in usual form, and next proceeded to apply them to the bells. The sponsors then advanced to the communion rails, to answer to the formal questions put upon such occasions, after which the ceremony of dressing was performed. At the conclusion of the services, the sponsors, followed by the Congregation and others, struck three blows on each bell. The ceremony was replete with interest and was conducted with becoming reverence and piety by the Congregation. The Rev. Pastor met the visiting clergymen and a number of the visitors, after service, in the Presbytery.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds; And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased

With melting airs, or martial brisk or grave: Some chord in unison with what we hear Is touched within us, and the heart replies How soft the music of those village bells, Falling at intervals upon the ear In cadence sweet.

Weekly Report of the St. Bridget's Refuge, ending Saturday, 25th inst. Males 460, Females 105, Total 565. English 61, Irish 388, Scotch 25, F. Canadians 91.

The members of the St. Patrick's Institute of the city of Quebec have concluded to build a very large St. Patrick's Hall. It is expected that the project will be soon commenced.

MEDICAL.—We see by the Lancet of the 21st January that Dr. McCallum, Professor of Midwifery, McGill College, and Dr. Perrigo, also of this city, have been elected Fellows of the Obstetrical Society London, England.—Herald.

CATS FOR THE CONTROL OFFICE.—A remarkable advertisement appears in a Quebec paper—"Fifty cats are wanted for the Control Department." Must we suppose that the Government store-houses are completely filled with vermin.

CHILD KILLED BY ICE FALLING FROM A ROOF.—On Saturday afternoon a little boy, named James Allan Locke, about three years old, the son of Mr. Piers Locke, 286 St. Urban street, and of the firm of Messrs. Black & Locke, St. Paul street, was seated on a neighbour's steps, when a large mass of ice suddenly slid from the roof, and a portion of the mass struck him on the side of the head, beating the skull completely in, and at the same time smashing the area fence. The little fellow was carried up-stairs to his home, where in about an hour, he expired.

The French press is amazed at the expression of sympathy manifested in the United States, and even in General Grant's last Message, with the successes of Germany. Frenchmen cannot understand the consistency exhibited by an American Republican Government in gloating over the ruin of a European Republican Government at the hand of a European Aristocracy. Frenchmen have much to learn. In the United States men, not measures, make the points of difference between parties, and if Mr. Grant had a constituency of Frenchmen as large as that he has of Germans to appeal to for re-election it is quite possible that his official utterances might be guarded. If he had a constituency of Frenchmen larger than that he has of Germans it is quite certain that his official utterances would have been altogether different.—Mont. Gazette.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. St. Columban, J. Ryan, \$1.45; Waverley, N.S., J. Donohue, \$2; Coraigue, N.B., Rev. A. Goslin, \$1.50; Kingston, N.B., R. McLoughlin, \$2; Botsford, N.J., J. Hennessy, \$2; Alexandria, 24, 3, Lochiel, J. McCormick, \$1; Winchester, J. Barry, \$2; Buckhorn, T. Doey, \$2; Grand Pabos, W. O'Connor, \$1; Asphodol, P. O'Neill, \$8; Shamrock, P. Fitzgerald, \$2; Berthier, J. D. O. McBean, \$2; Three Rivers, E. Barnard, \$2; St. Germain, Rev. J. Tessier, \$5. Per F. Devine, Renfrew—J. Bruiso, \$2. Per J. Nolan, Kingston—J. Hickey, \$2; M. James, \$2; P. Bages, \$4; J. Kelly, \$2. Per J. O'Brien, Inverness—H. McCartney, \$1.25; P. Carey, \$2; J. B. Rousseau, \$1.50; J. Gorman, \$1.50; E. Joyce, \$1.50; M. Minagh, \$1.50; Rev. A. Fudral, \$1.50. Per Rev. H. Millette, Dunham—W. Kerley, \$2.

Died, At Frampton, on the 12th ult., Anne Fitzgerald, wife of James Franklin, aged 73 years.—Requiescat in pace. Died at Shefford, P.Q., on the 23rd and 24th ult., Arthur Edmond, aged three years and three months, and Mary Judith, aged five years and five months, both children to M. H. Kelpyn, Esq., proprietor of the Union Hotel, Warden. At Boulogne, Province of Quebec, on the 7th ultimo, John Oliver Burke, son of Edward Burke and Eliza Davis, (formerly of the Arch-Diocese of Tuam, Co. Galway, Ireland) aged 19 years. May his soul rest in peace.

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

A Clergyman writing to a friend says: "My voyage to Europe is indefinitely postponed. I have discovered the fountain of health, on this side of the Atlantic. Three bottles of the Peruvian Syrup have rescued me from the fangs of the fiend Dyspepsia." Dyspeptics should drink from this fountain.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Flour # bbl. of 106 lb.—Pollards \$4.00 @ \$4.25, Middlings 5.00 @ 5.25, Fine 5.50 @ 6.00, Superior No. 2 5.50 @ 6.00, Superfine 6.00 @ 6.25, Fancy 6.70 @ 6.80, Extra 6.90 @ 7.00, Superior Extra 7.20 @ 7.30, Bag Flour # 100 lb. 2.00 @ 3.10, Oatmeal # bbl. of 200 lb. 5.00 @ 5.00, Wheat # bush. of 60 lbs. U.C. Spring 1.20 @ 1.23, Ashes # 100 lb. First Pots 5.85 @ 5.90, Seconds 5.10 @ 5.15, Thirds 4.00 @ 0.00, First Peas 6.65 @ 0.00, Pork # bbl. of 200 lb.—Mess. 23.00 @ 00.00, Thin Mess 21.00 @ 00.00, Prime 17.00 @ 17.50, Butter # lb. 0.23 @ 0.24, Cheese # lb. 0.12 @ 0.13, Lard # lb. 0.12 @ 0.13, Barley # 48 lb. 0.65 @ 0.67, Pease # 66 lb. 0.92 @ 0.95.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES. Feb. 28, 1870. Flour # 100 lbs. 8 d 0 0 0, Oatmeal " " 0 0 0 0, Indian Meal (Ohio) 11 6 " 11 6. GRAIN. Wheat # 56 lbs. 0 0 " 0 0, Barley " " 3 0 " 3 0, Pease " " 4 3 " 5 0, Oats " " 2 6 " 2 9.

Table with market prices for various goods including Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Lye, Flax Seed, Timothy, Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Butter, Cheese, etc.

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER. MONTREAL, Feb. 28, 1870. Heml'k Spanish Sole, No. 1 (b. a.) per lb. 26 to 26 1/2, do do No. 2 " " 24 to 24 1/2, etc.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY MONTREAL. THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 6th. (By Order) M. O'CONNOR, Rec. Sec.

WANTED BOARD in a respectable Catholic private family for three persons. Two Bed-rooms and Parlor. Address, A. J., True Witness Office. SITUATION WANTED BY a person of long experience in the Tailoring business, capable of conducting a ready-made or custom trade. Country town in Upper Canada preferred. Ability in either department first class. Address "D. M. D." True Witness Office.

PERUVIAN AN IRON TONIC SYRUP. MAKES THE WEAK STRONG. CAUTION.—All genuine has the name "Peruvian Syrup" (not "Peruvian Bark") blown in the glass. A 24-page pamphlet sent free. J. P. DIXON, Proprietor, 38 Dey St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

THE GREAT ENGLISH AND SCOTCH QUARTERLIES AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, REPRINTED IN NEW YORK BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY QUARTERLY. The Edinburgh Review, London Quarterly Review, North British Review, Westminster Review. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. These periodicals are the medium through which the greatest minds, not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but also of Continental Europe, are constantly brought into more or less intimate communication with the world of readers. History, Biography, Science, Philosophy, Art, Religion, the great political questions of the past and of to-day, are treated in their pages as the learned alone can treat them. No one who would keep pace with the times can afford to do without these periodicals. Of all the monthlies Blackwood holds the foremost place. For any one of the Reviews \$4 00 per annum. For any two of the Reviews 7 00 " For any three of the Reviews 10 00 " For all four of the Reviews 13 00 " For Blackwood's Magazine 4 00 " For Blackwood and one Review 7 00 " For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews 10 00 " For Blackwood and three of the Reviews 13 00 " For Blackwood and the four Reviews 15 00 " Single numbers of a Review, \$1; single numbers of Blackwood, thirty-five cents. Postage two cents a number. Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS AFTER THE CAPITULATION.—Hosts of newspaper correspondents and other people who either live or amuse themselves with the misfortunes of others, poured into the fallen city of Paris after its fall, and at last, after five months, the outer world has been able to obtain a glimpse of the condition of its people. By all accounts it is pitiable in the extreme. The population was, at the date of the capitulation, on the very verge of famine, no bread even, or the flour to make it, remained in the city. The utmost misery prevailed, and up to the present nothing is thought of save the necessity of obtaining provisions at any cost. Benevolent people in all parts of Europe are sending stores to the famishing city, and duly appointed commissioners of the French Government are buying up all the provisions attainable. The people were evidently so far reduced that a much longer resistance would have been impossible, but though they have borne so long and so heroically—though the once gay and lovely city has given a Spartan example to the world, its inhabitants had not reached the furthest point of endurance. They were willing to endure more, and they are by no means pleased with the one-sided armistice which, without their knowledge, and without their permission, was concluded by the Government of National Defence.

The cannon have been taken from the ramparts. The soldiers—Line and Mobile—wander about unarmed, with their hands in their pockets, staring at the shop windows. They are very undemonstrative, and more like peaceful villagers than rough troopers. They pass most of their time loitering, their way and trying to find it again; the Mobiles all longing to get back to their home. The officers of the army are very angry at the terms of the capitulation. They say that it would have been more honourable to have surrendered at once, than to remain here in prison only to be taken out of the country if the country consents to Bismarck's terms of peace. Jules Ferry was the other day at Vinoy's headquarters when he was cut by the whole staff. Ducrot has retired into private life. Vinoy hinted to him that he did not consider his position *en règle*, and he took the hint.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The streets were crowded, almost wholly with men in uniform. Civilians were few and far between. Many shops were open, but many also were closed. There is no want of hardware in Paris. You may buy enough and to spare of anything except edibles. Drink is plentiful enough, but except near the gate I saw not a soul drunk. The food shops had nothing to show. There were comfitures and preserves, jellies, &c.; but solid comestibles were conspicuous by their absence. In one shop I saw several large shapes of stuff that looked like lard. When I asked what it was, I found it was horse fat. The bakers' shops were closed; the grating down before the butchers'. And oh, the number of funerals! One, two, three; I met six altogether in the course of my ride. Sad with an exceeding great sadness; such was what I found as regards Paris long before I reached the American Legation; self-respecting, too, in her misery; not blatant; not disposed to collect in jabbering crowds. Each man went his way with chastened face and listless gait.

I spoke with a soldier of the Line. Yes, he had had enough of it. *Servee*. They had nearly killed him, these terrible Prussians, and he was very hungry. When would the gates open for food? Food began to be with me a personal question. I had nearly filled my wallet with newspapers, and only stowed away, for an exigency, a few slices of ham. Did ever the rarest geological or mineralogical specimen make such a sensation as these slices of ham? When I at length reached my quarters the servant woman asked permission to take the meagre plateful out, and show it as a curiosity to their companions; and after the ham was eaten, stray visitors came in, attracted by the tidings, and begged for a look at the unwonted viands.

The Grand Hotel is one huge hospital. Half Paris seems converted into hospitals, if one may judge by the flags. There were more than were needed until the southern bombardment began; and then when the hospitals, ambulances, orphanages, and madhouses on the south side had to be evacuated, there was a squeeze on this side of the water. *Daily News Cor.*

PARIS, Feb. 23.—Information has been received from Versailles that it is determined that a portion of the German army shall march through Paris and then return home.

M. Thiers continues vigorously to oppose this, warning the Germans of the responsibility they will incur.

A placard was posted on Monday in the student's quarters, appealing to the inhabitants to make a last struggle should the Prussians enter the city.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 23.—*Le Moniteur* of Bordeaux announces that the armistice has been prolonged until the 26th inst., at midnight, and denies the report respecting the Prussian demands. It says Bismarck and Thiers maintain absolute silence at present.

Communication by all the railways leading to Paris is re-established.

The Paris *Moniteur* says Trochu has resigned, at the request of Thiers, and returned to private life.

On the restoration of peace a bill will be presented in the French Assembly organizing a provisional army, disbanding the present armies, and proposing a commission to inquire and report the best plan for a definitive reorganization of the entire military establishment.

A financial journal says it is materially impossible for France to pay an indemnity of eight milliards of francs or half that amount.

LONDON, 24.—The Brussels *Nord* says warlock hints at the restoration of the Paris

impost of two hundred millions of francs if any hostile manifestations are made during the passage of the Germans through that city.

A letter from Paris of the 22nd says a conflict is expected should the Germans enter the city.

LONDON, Feb. 24, 4.30 p.m.—The *Standard* has a special from Versailles, which announces that a treaty of peace was signed to-day by M.M. Thiers and Bismarck. Some of the details are yet unarranged, but all will be finally settled to-morrow. France pays to Germany three hundred and twenty millions thalers (£48,000,000 stg.) Alsace and Lorraine, including the cities of Metz and Nancy, are ceded to the Germans.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The evening edition of the *Times* has the following special from Versailles to-day: Bismarck has doubts of the conclusion of peace at this time. France has asked a prolongation of the armistice. Hostilities will be renewed at midnight of the 26th. The guns of the forts have been turned towards Paris. A long conference was held to-day.

The *Journal de Paris* says Bismarck, at the request of Thiers, has ordered a cessation of requisitions upon the inhabitants of all sections and has declared that all contributions levied since the 28th of January will be deducted from the French indemnity.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—This seems a favorable moment to reproduce the following letter written on the 12th of April, 1861, by the late Count Charles de Montalembert to Count Cavour, then delighted with the annexations acquired, and courted the possession of Rome:—

Signor Comte Cavour.—You may be the masters of Rome, as were the barbarians and persecutors from Alaric to Napoleon I., but you can never become its Sovereigns or equal to the Pope. Pius the IX. will perhaps become your prisoner, your victim, but he will never be your accomplice. As a prisoner he will be for you the most cruel impediment, and the most sore punishment. As an exile he will be against you, without having opened his mouth, the most terrible accuser a new-born nation has ever had to encounter on the earth.

The spectacle of this old man, despoiled of a patrimony of fifteen centuries, victim of the blackest treachery, wandering through the world in search of an asylum which will hold him in place of the splendors of the Vatican, in search of a roof under which he can decree with the Seal of the Fisherman laws obeyed amongst all the nations of the earth—this spectacle will raise up against you and your accomplices in the souls of the whole universe a tempest which will engulf you after you have previously covered yourself with dishonor.

Take care that the Italians do not become the Jews of future Christianity. Take care that from the shores of Ireland to those of Australia our children may not learn from their cradles to curse them, and that the tiara may not become for the Faithful like the cross, a symbol not only of sorrow and love, but also an ineffaceable record of Italian cruelty and ingratitude.

Do not delude yourself. You think you will attain the end, but you can never be further from it. You will draw on yourself still more the attention, the affliction, and the indignation of Catholic Christians, that is of the community the most numerous, the bravest, and the most obstinate that exists under the sun. With it you have already entangled yourself; with it and not only with the Pope you will have to treat.

THE QUIRINAL.—The Feast of S. Peter's Chair is too marked an anniversary in the Roman year not to bring an accession of regrets to every Catholic. It was fixed by the Revolution for the entry of Prince Humbert, but it seems that even the Court of Savoy recoiled before such an outrage, and accepted the pretext of the Duchess of Aosta's departure for Spain to delay the arrival of the Prince and Princess till the end of the week. They leave Milan on the morning of the 19th, and will be in Rome on the 20th as far as may be guessed from present arrangements, and from the arrival of immense cases of bronzes, carpets, china, and *bric-a-brac*, which are daily discharged at the Quirinal, including a quantity of Venetian glass chandeliers and mirrors for Princess Margaret's boudoir and ball-room. Once the Hall of Conclave, the chamber where the Holy Ghost inspires the choice of the Vicar of His Church, where Kings and Emperors awaited the decision in breathless silence, and whence issued the fate of the Holy See for an entire Pontificate, it has come to such vile uses at last, and Piedmontese *aides-de-camp*, and "liberal" ladies from Milan and Florence flirt at leisure on its commodious ottomans, and Madame Rattazzi may organize *tableaux-vivants*, and *Folies Dramatiques* to enliven the *Lenten dullness!* It was turned into an ambulance for Mazzini's soldiers, and was anything but a model hospital, if we may trust the letters of Princess Belgiojoso who undertook the superintendence of it, but it was at least spared the shameful degradation of being turned into a ball-room, such as ball-rooms have become in Italy and under the Court of Savoy. The Countess Matilda and even Joanna of Naples would have knelt on the threshold which Margaret of Genoa will cross to the music of *la mazurka*. Had she come six days since her dress would have swept the prostrate scutcheon of the name of Jesus, which has only just been removed from the stairs of the Quirinal, where it was laid till it could be broken up, like its fellows at the Roman College. What may be the "Doom of Sarilege" rests in God's councils, but we know it has never failed to descend on King or Kaiser who braved it with far less of vulgar insult than the house of Savoy has done and is doing.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—The *Nord Deutch Zeitung* says that Bismarck does not follow a personal, but a German policy. He will be the

most unpopular man in Germany if he does not bring the peace negotiations to an issue which the people, after their sacrifices, have a right to expect.

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—Official returns show that during the month of January the French lost 800 pieces of artillery and 350,000 men. Of the latter, Chanzy lost 25,000; Rave, 12,000; Faidherbe, 11,000; Bourbaki, 30,000; the army of Paris, 150,000; and of the army of the east, 80,000 entered Switzerland. The loss of the Germans during the same month was 10,000.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—A letter from Cheisse, in Prussian Silesia, states that French prisoners had been compelled during the cold weather to sleep in the country under small canvas tents, and it appears that the sufferings caused thereby have been intense. It appears from the writer's statement that over 500 of these unfortunate men were recently frozen to death in one night.

RUSSIA.

It must not be imagined that Russia has become indifferent, or even luke-warm to the great crusade of which Prince Gortschakoff has been the "Peter the Hermit." The building of new ironclads, the drilling of recruits in the interior, the exercises and gunnery practice of the sailors at Cronstadt, are going forward as vigorously as ever, but it is abundantly evident that the present wish of the Russian Government is to carry its point, if possible, without fighting. Of late circumstances have appeared to favour this design in a very remarkable way. The exasperation of Turkey has been gradually abating before the skillful policy of General Ignatieff, while the sudden outbreak of the formidable insurrection which is now convulsing Yemen and Assour, threatening to place the Ottoman Empire between two fires in the event of a war with Russia, gives some grounds to the growing expectation of a separate negotiation between the Sultan and the Czar.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The Russian *Invalide* publishes an article on the progress made by the Russian army in the year 1870. The effective force was, it says, increased in that year from 726,000 to 744,000, and special attention was paid to the military education of the troops. The whole of the peace establishment of the army is now armed with breech-loaders, of which a sufficient number are being got ready for the additional troops which would be required in time of war. The artillery now possesses a complete stock of breech-loading 9-pounders, besides a number of batteries of mitrailleurs. The latter have also been furnished to the Guards corps and to the troops in the frontier districts; the troops in the other districts will be provided with mitrailleurs in the course of the present year. Some of these are being made in England. Captain Ordinetz, of the Artillery, has been sent to America to bring over 20,000 revolvers, which had been ordered there for the Russian army. By the new military organization, which has been approved by the Emperor, a yearly levy of 25 per cent. taken from men 21 years of age, is to be made by lot for the army and navy. The period of service is fixed at seven years, but in time of peace the recruits are only to serve so long as may be required to keep up the prescribed peace establishment. Volunteers are permitted to enter the army at 17. Their period of compulsory service is not so long as that of the recruits, and they may, after passing an examination, obtain commissions in the army or the reserve. Substitutes and money exemptions are abolished. The "local" troops, which have hitherto been employed on service at home only, are to be reorganized and to serve as corps of instruction for the recruits, who are to form the reserves of the infantry and artillery. *Poll-Mall Gazette.*

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 21.—In consequence of apprehensions of an epidemic in Europe, the Russian Government has ordered reports to be made by its agents of the sanitary condition of the countries affected by the war. Should reports render it advisable, Russia will propose a sanitary conference.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Government plan for the militia has not transpired, but as far as we can learn it will not include any scheme for compulsory enrolments by ballot, nor any "local conscription," such as that sketched out by Lord Derby a few days since. It will probably deprive the Lords Lieutenant of their prerogative, and will also take from the officer commanding all right to refuse the enlistment into the service of any militiaman who has gone through one year's training.

The *Broad Arrow* says:—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, we regret to hear, still remains confined to his town residence with the gout. Royal has it that it is not improbable that his royal highness will pay a visit to Ireland in the course of the present year. There can hardly be a doubt that the presence of the duke as regent in Dublin would be very gratifying to the Irish nation. At the great meeting of the National Reform Union, lately held in Manchester, Mr. Jacob Bright in moving a resolution, said the last two sessions of Parliament would for a long time be remarkable because of the important measures to which they gave birth. But he undertook to say that the coming session of Parliament might make itself as remarkable as any session that had preceded it, if it should do no other thing than pass the ballot. (Hear, hear.) The ballot would, in time to come, be regarded as the people's charter of electoral freedom. When that change should be made, there would henceforth be no intimidation, no coercion, no enfeebling of the weak to the strong.

PROPERTY IN NEW YORK.—The *New York Tribune* says:—"An extraordinary effect of the misdeed in this city has been to force property-owners into all sorts of combinations for their mutual protection against fraud. These have usually taken the form of associations, and each avenue and almost every quarter of the city has its 'Property-Owners, Protective Association.'

THE AGE OF MANKIND.—Speculating on the average age of mankind, and animals in general, some have expressed surprise that the organism should wear out at all, seeing that the materials of it are so constantly replenished; others, on the contrary,

have wondered that the mechanism should last so long as it ordinarily does. In reference to the former, it has been said that every part of a living animal's body undergoes renewal once in about three months; but this is not strictly correct. Every soft part of the body may, indeed, probably does, come under that process of regeneration in the time specified; gelatine, or the soft portion of the bones, inclusive. The composition of our bodies alters with age, notwithstanding. During life, something goes on comparable with the furring of a ten-kettle or the fouling of a steam-boiler. Hard earthy concretions deposit in the heart, impeding its movements; in the arteries, impairing the elasticity needful to their vital functions. Vainly are the soft portions of our bodies renovated whilst those earthy depositions continue to be formed. The longer we live, the more brittle do we grow. Young children can fall about, rarely breaking their bones, whereas old people often fracture their limbs by the mere exertion of turning in bed. Bearing in mind the fact that as we grow older we become more brittle, this is explained; and, being explained, shall not our wonder rest with those who marvel that life's fire burns so long? Consider what the animal machine has to do to keep itself alive and going; the heart above all. Taking an average on different ages, the human heart may be considered to beat one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours. A human adult may be considered to hold from fifty to sixty pounds of blood; and this has to be kept in continuous motion by the pulsating heart to the very end of life. The mechanical labor is enormous. Were a mechanic to devise a machine of ordinary materials for overcoming the weight of fifty or sixty pounds, as happens to the blood, repairs would be incessant, and the machine would soon wear out.

Success in Life.—Take earnestly hold of life, as if you were to die to-morrow, and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt it early and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and actions are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this internal principle—a principle that can not fail to reward him who resolutely pursues it. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance is unmanly. Every man should strive to be creator instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. He should be conscious of the power in him, and fight his own battles with his own lance. He should feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit a castle of gold. When once this spirit of self-reliance is learned, every man will discover within himself the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his head proudly to meet the noblest among men.

YOUTH. Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset of life in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against the youth who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day—how many of these now boast wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their own boon companions, with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

WATER FOR DRINK.—Wholesome water is no less important than wholesome food. As a necessary drink, and for culinary purposes, water contributes special qualities which are inessential and inevitable. Good water must be described in general terms as that which is fresh, limpid, and without odor. It possesses a taste characterized by freedom from disagreeable qualities; it is neither insipid, sour, salt, nor sweet, and if it is soft, it dissolves soap without a sediment. If hard, the converse of this is the case—a sediment is deposited which is evidence of saline matters. Soft water is more conducive to health for the generality of persons than hard, because it is a better solvent of alimentary materials. But for the same reason it is more likely to hold foreign substances in solution, and the presence of a very small quantity of some minerals—lead for example, or putrescent matter—may escape attention. The habitual use of water containing such substances for a length of time is often followed by the worst of consequences. Indeed, the use of water containing putrescent matters is sometimes speedily followed by the most pernicious consequences.

BENEFICIAL THUNDER.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless, and he all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficial provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and the lovely die, and the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and tends to the surroundings a beauty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

It is strange how sensitive some men are. They will get drunk, rave about the streets, yelling like savages, go home and beat their wives, turn their children out of doors, being so proud of their achievement as to make the neighbors conscious of the fact; pay a fine before a magistrate, and having made themselves as notorious as possible, will slide around to the editor and beg him with tears in their eyes, not to bring disgrace to their families by mentioning that little affair in the paper.

A clergyman taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. After the lessons had finished he had not been able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said the clergyman. "He's away, sir," said the wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he reads the Bible very comfortably, now?" "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

A gentleman having sent his man servant to buy some劣er matches, said to him, when he came back, "I hope, John, these are better than the last, which were good for nothing." "Oh, these are excellent," replied John. "I have tried every one of them."

In times past the *Alleanza Organica* has been considered the *me plus ultra* of read instructions; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs. Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the AMERICAN ORGAN is superior.

MERRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Throughout Spanish America, from Northern Mexico to the Straits of Magellan, this is considered the most exquisite of all aromatic waters. The Spanish ladies not only use it as a perfume, but habitually, in a diluted form as a morning wash for the month. By the way, we would hint to gentlemen, that when used in this way and sprinkled on the clothing, it

will render them presentable after having inhaled the fumes of the strongest Havana. Those of the "bearded sex" who have tender skins will also find it a real luxury after shaving.

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

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

INDIGESTION OR DYSPEPSIA!

The rules for treating this complaint are simple, and apply to all cases. Keep the bowels open, regulate the action of the liver, and the cure is wrought. Now come the anxious questions of the sufferer: How shall this be accomplished? Where is the medicine possessing the necessary searching, strengthening, corrective power over these organs to be found? Dyspeptics, on this subject you have decisive testimony, from our most respectable physicians. Dr. Wells, of thirty-first street, New York city, says: "For eighteen months I have used Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills as an alternative and tonic, and consider them the most reliable medicine we have for dyspepsia, indigestion, and all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels." Dr. L. Mills, of Sixteenth street, New York, Dr. Elias Mott, of Sixteenth street, Brooklyn, and Dr. Parker Nelson, of Court Street, Philadelphia, recommend the Pills with equal earnestness. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood of humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

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CHILLS AND FEVER DEPEND.—Armed with Bristol's Sarsaparilla, persons residing in fever and ague districts may laugh at that prostrating disease. One bottle of this potent vegetable tonic breaks the chills and by persevering in its use, the strength is completely restored, and the system fortified against the malaria which generates the complaint. For thirty years this has been the universal experience in localities infested with intermittent fevers. But the benign effects of the great Life-Preserving Specific are not confined to any class of ailments; its scope is almost as wide as that of Disease itself. Strife of the direct type, flesh-consuming cancer, contractions of the joints, sinews, and muscles, torpidity and congestion of the liver, cough, eruptions, rheumatism, general debility, are subdued with a rapidity and certainty that amazes the most experienced physicians, by its searching, healing, soothing, and invigorating properties. For sale by

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ALASKA.—Where on this globe can we go beyond the omnipresent Yankee? Landing at Sitka, we had walked but a short distance into the town when we reached the northern depot of Dr. Ayer's medicines in full display among the huts, shanties and courts of these boreal tribes. There the familiar, homely names of his Cherry Pectoral, Pills, &c., salute us from the exterior and the interior of a store which shows more business than its neighbors, and proves that these simple but sure remedies are even more necessary to savage life than to ourselves where they visit every fireside. *Correspondent Alaskan Journal.*

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?

As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who, for upwards of thirty years, has untiringly devoted her time and talent as a Female Physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort, and practical knowledge obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for children teething. It operates like magic—giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactor of her race; children certainly do use it and bless her; especially is this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has immortalized her name by this invaluable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits, and write in calling her blessed. No woman has discharged her duty to her suffering little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, mothers—try it now.—*Ladies' Visitor, New York City.*

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TEACHER WANTED.

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

CIRCULAR. MONTREAL, May, 1867. THE Subscriber in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market...

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

WANTED. FOR School Section, No. 10, Lancaster, a MALE TEACHER, holding a first-class certificate, well recommended, engagement to commence immediately or on the first of February next. The applicant to state salary, and apply to the Trustees of School Section, Number Ten, Lancaster, Glennevis Post Office, Ont. January 14th, 1871.

WANTED. FOR the Municipality of St. Sylvester, a school mistress, able to teach the English language chiefly, and also the French, for young beginners, with a diploma for elementary schools. Salary, £25. Direct to Mr. JEAN LESSARD, Sec.-Treas.

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

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

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

CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS, MONTREAL. JOB PRINTING. F. CALLAHAN, JOB PRINTER. LOUVERNE. JOHN MCENTYRE, GLOTHIER.

BANKRUPT SALE. THE GREAT BANKRUPT SALE OF W. B. BOWIE & CO.'S STOCK. STILL CONTINUES AT 395 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. P. McLAUGHLIN & CO. May 13, 1870.

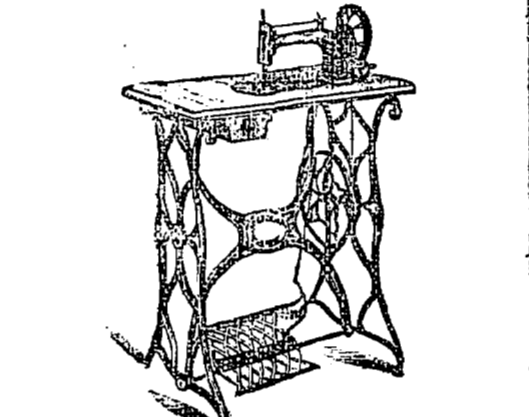
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD. The reputation of this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Invered cases of Scrophulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrophulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrophulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public severely need to be informed of its virtue or uses. Scrophulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unfelt taint of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of exciting or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercular matter is suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcers on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this Sarsaparilla is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this Sarsaparilla, viz: St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, and other eruptions or visible forms of Scrophulous disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Liver Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Neuralgia, and the various Ulcerous affections of the muscular and nervous systems. Syphilis or Venereal and Mercurial Diseases are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. Leucorrhoea or Whites, Uterine Obstructions, and Female Disorders, are cured more soon, relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. Rheumatism, and Gout, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also Liver Complaints, Torpidity, Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and Jaundice, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This Sarsaparilla is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are Languid and Listless, Despondent, Sleepless, and troubled with Nervous Affections or Fits, or the various symptoms symptomatic of Weakness, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



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

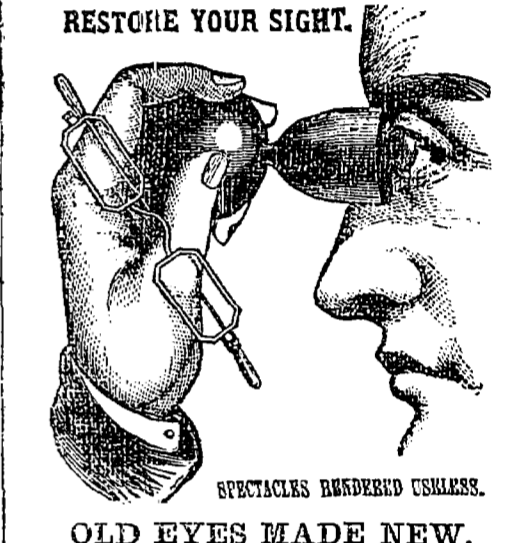
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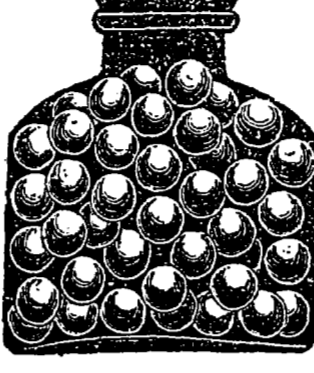
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