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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 6, 1871.

NO. 21

## THE WHITETHORN TREE.

A LEGEND OF KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

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

### CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Rody," said he, "where is Remy of the Glen and the horsemen?"

"They're below in the ould Castle o' Kileolman, captin; but come on down to 'em, for they're in riglar currywhibles about somethin', an' wanting you badly."

When they had proceeded for some time through the forest, Rody stopped. "There captin, is the ould castle beyant there; an' here is the glin fwhare all the horses are left for me to mind. So come down now, captin, an' let me put your horse wid the rest."

John of the Bridle dismounted, and, guided by Rody, led his horse to a deep hollow in the forest, with bushy precipices all around it; and here, feeding upon heaps of dried grass, stood between forty and fifty horses, accoutred and ready for their owners. Leaving his horse among them to the care of Rody, John proceeded quickly along the forest pathway, until, at length, he stood before the ruined outworks of Kileolman. Here he was met by a short, dark man, who stood as sentinel by the broken gate, and who told him to go in at once, for those inside were impatiently expecting him.

On entering the dilapidated doorway, before him opened an arch-roofed and gloomy apartment, the principal hall of the castle, lit by a great fire of blazing wood; which, as the chimney and windows were all stopped up, filled the whole space inside with a thick cloud of smoke. Around the fire, in various attitudes, talking, laughing, and eating, were congregated about twenty men,—some of the owners of the horses. The fire blazed and crackled, its red flame lighting up the wild visages of the horsemen, and glistening with picturesque effect on the half-polished arms that strewed the floor, or lay against the craggy walls. One young man, turning round, saw John of the Bridle, or the Captain, as they called him; for it was he that always led them on their wild forays.

"Arrah, blur-an-ages! here is the captin himself, at the very time we wanted him," exclaimed the young man. "I bleeve 'twas the Good People themselves that sent him."

"'Twas not, then, Shamus, but the very worst of people that sent me here. But why are ye sitting thus? and what account have ye of the troops that came out from Doneraile?"

"First an' foremost, captin," said Remy of the Glen,—a tall young fellow, the boldest and merriest looking of them all, and who, from the respect paid to his opinions by his comrades, appeared to have the command in the absence of John of the Bridle,— "First an' foremost, we're waiting to know would you come; an' second, we have a plan made out among ourselves that'll maybe settle with them troopers—for they're now coming over the hills back to Doneraile—better than if we met them on the hills; an'—*aur vom!*—'twill give us what we hadn't this many a day,—a little sport. Twenty o' the boys are now lyin' in ambush outside in the wood, an' five or six more are over on the height; an' the very minnit that the troopers get a look at them, they're to run back here, an' never stir out o' this till the Black Captain begins to smoke them out. Dhar Dhia! when we ketch himself and his troopers among these ould thraps o' walls, but I'll soon have a better helmet than this rusty ould grissid on my head at present!"

John of the Bridle was strategist enough to see that this was an excellent plan for settling accounts with the troopers. The only improvement he would suggest was that he should go himself and head the ambuscade. He found the men outside crouched among the thick underwood of the forest, and waiting with impatience for the coming of their enemies. In the meantime those who served for a decoy sat upon the summit of a steep height, looking westward upon a troop of about thirty horsemen, returning from their murdering expedition. Suddenly one of the troopers looked up, and, beholding the wild-looking figures on the summit, pointed them out to his leader, the Black Captain; who, sticking his long spurs into his horse's flanks, dashed towards them, followed by his men. Away rushed the others, making a circuit in order to avoid the hollow where the horses were concealed, and were just in among their comrades when the troopers appeared in front of the castle upon the shore of the lake.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed one of them, as he entered, "we have the bloody murderers caught at last, and by the morthial big soord o' Brian Boru, but they have nate horses!"

All inside now arose, and stood darkly around Remy of the Glen, their arms flashing in the red firelight, and the glow of revenge and hate shining in their wild countenances as they listened for the onset of their enemies. Remy now looked out, and beheld through the shattered outworks the troopers in a cluster by the lake, apparently deliberating on the best method of capturing the fugitives of the castle.

Among them stood Theige the Wolf, like an evil spirit, grinning with glee at the prospect of the exercise he was apparently to have in his darling profession of skibbioch, or hangman.—The Black Captain now gave some orders, at which they all dismounted; and one of them, a low-sized, lank-visaged, but stout man, who went by the euphonious name of Corporal Ebenezer Kick-the-Goat, advanced to the gateway of the castle.

"Come forth," he exclaimed, "ye robbing Amalekites, or ye shall die the death of wolves, whom ye imitate, betaking yourselves to dens and caverns to avoid the path of the just and chosen!"

The answer was a couple of bullets from the inside, one of which stretched him by the gate, wounding him severely; the other breaking the leg of the Black Captain's horse, which stood on the shore in almost a direct line behind him.

"Now, by the soul of Abraham!" said the captain, "they shall die. Follow me, children of Zion, and we'll send their souls from yon unhallowed den to get an eternal taste of the punishments awaiting God's accused."

All now advanced towards the gateway, firing as they went, their shot killing a few inside. The besieged, on their part, were not idle; for, as the troopers came clambering up the gateway, and through the ragged apertures of the outworks, they were saluted by a volley from the doorway which killed several of them, and sent the Black Captain rolling over and over in his death agony almost down to the shore of the lake. Finding their reception a little too hot, the rest retreated behind the shelter of the walls, in order to get time for a little deliberation before they renewed the attack.

"That's my shot," said Remy of the Glen, when he saw the Black Captain rolling down; "an' his helmet an' back-and-breast are mine. Poor Randal Breen, that broke the horse's leg outside, has no claim; for he's shot himself."

The command of the besiegers now devolved upon a gigantic, iron-visaged man, the tallest of the troop, who, as he said himself, had cast away as an unhallowed thing his name of the flesh, but amply recompensed himself by taking the tremendous appellation of Habakuk Burn-the-Gentiles. This changing of names was the universal custom of the Puritans of those days. Burn-the-Gentiles held the rank of sergeant, and was an experienced and courageous soldier. The ambuscade had not yet come out from their hiding-place, and it is necessary to explain the reason. The Black Captain, on pickinget the horses, had left them in care of Cu Allee and the Rev. Hezekiah Shout-the-Word-from-Zion; who, although a preacher of the Word, was perhaps one of the keenest-eyed soldiers of the troop. At the moment of the first attack, the ambuscade, therefore, could not by any possibility come unawares on their enemies. Various methods were now suggested by the troopers for dislodging the besieged, but Burn-the-Gentiles at length proposed one which was universally acceded to.

"Comrades in the chosen path," he said, "the cunning of the Amoritish slaves hath prevailed for the moment. But it shall avail them not. Even as Sampson burned the vineyards, so shall we burn to the death those children of sin in yon accursed house. Depart. Gather ye fern and the dried grass of the forest, and place it even as a burning and suffocating and searhing barrier before the door of the heathen."

This order was obeyed with such alacrity that they soon had a great heap of half-withered boughs, grass, and fern, piled up beside the outer wall. Of this, each took a portion; and, stealing round the corners of the castle, they threw their bundles from them into the doorway, and in a short time had the whole space filled up with combustibles ready for the igniting spark. The heap was now set on fire, and all thronged around,—even the Reverend Hezekiah himself coming up from the horses to be a witness,—and stood in immense satisfaction at the idea of the sport they were to have in the charitable work of roasting half-a-dozen of their fellow-creatures; and so intent were they on the interesting operation, that they never observed the approach of a body of men equalling themselves in number, which, led by John of the Bridle, came slowly but surely to the attack behind them. On came these vengeful men, stealing through the brushwood, like panthers approaching their prey.—Suddenly, with a savage yell, they sprang upon the rear of the terrified troopers; and at the same moment the burning heath was scattered, as by the blast of a tempest, from the doorway, and out rushed Remy of the Glen and his remaining followers. Shot after shot rang around the ancient castle, shout and groan and sabre-clash woke the sullen echoes of the lake; but, after some moments, a few groans, scarcely louder than the murmur of the waves against the shore, fell upon the ear: for all the troopers, except Burn-the-Gentiles, Shout-the-Word-from-Zion, and a few others with equally astounding appellations, met their death in that wild onset. The horse of John of the Bridle, hearing the shots, broke loose from the guardianship of Rody, and darted down to scene of conflict.

John sprang upon his back, and with a few others, who had each appropriated a trooper's horse, galloped away in pursuit of the fugitives, while the remainder of his men rushed after the chargers of the other dead troopers, which were careering in all directions around Lough Ullair. On riding somewhat more than a mile in pursuit of Burn-the-Gentiles, who had turned in a different direction from his comrades, John of the Bridle reined in his horse; for the redoubtable sergeant fled with such reckless rapidity through the forest that it was quite useless to pursue him any farther.

In the mean time, John's men had secured the horses, and brought them in; and were now crowded in front of the castle, dividing the spoils of their fallen enemies. Some of their own comrades had also fallen, their bodies lying side by side with those of the troopers. In the absence of their captain, Remy was necessarily the umpire; and it was amusing to see with what tact and rapidity he managed the affair. Putting aside the horses to be disposed of according to the judgment of John of the Bridle, he first cast away his own old rusty helmet, and arrayed himself in the bright morion and corselet of the Black Captain; then to one of his men he gave a back-and-breast, to another a sword and belt, and to some one else a helmet; and so on till the whole spoil was disposed of in a satisfactory manner.

Whilst engaged in admiring themselves in their new habiliments, they heard a shriek behind them; and, on turning round, beheld Alice O'Brien running towards them, pursued by a tall, dark woman who seemed blind with fury, for she still came on quite unheeding the threatening gestures of Remy and his comrades. Remy ran towards Alice, who fell fainting into his arms; and a few others laid hold on her pursuer, who struggled and kicked and bit in their grasp with all the energy of a demon.—Alice and the woman were still in the apartment described in the beginning of the first chapter, when the castle was suddenly occupied by Remy of the Glen and his companions.—Not knowing who were beneath them, they had remained hidden during the morning. Then came the noise of the fighting, the silence, and the distribution of the spoils; and Alice, hearing her cousin Remy's voice, could bear the suspense no longer; so, darting suddenly out through a ruined window, she clambered down the old broken wall, pursued by the woman, and was thus happily restored to her friends.—The old woman now seemed calmed a little in her fury; but, in all the varieties of abuse that the human tongue is capable of, she commenced to demonstrate to her captors that she was not at all afraid of them or any thing they could do.

"Take the ould bird o' Satan into the castle, an' roast her like a throat, upon the fire," said one of the horsemen.

"Tie her to one o' the horse's tails, the ould banshee, and let him whip, like a thimble-man, through the forest wid her," exclaimed another.

"No," said Remy, "let her go her own ways. We have got plenty of her already."—And, with that, she was liberated; and, leaving Alice and the horseman, with many a curse upon her tongue, she walked off round the lake, and took her way in the direction of Doneraile.

CHAPTER IV.

But oh! one morn I climb a hill,  
To sigh aloud, to weep my fill,  
And there Heaven's mercy sent to me  
My treasure rare, Ben—Erim!

Irish Ballad.

Reining up from the pursuit of Burn-the-Gentiles, John of the Bridle dismounted in a deep hollow of the forest, in order to fasten a strap of his armor which had become loosened in the fray. On sheathing his sword, and while in the act of buckling the strap, he was seized around the body and arms as if in the grasp of a giant, and dashed roughly on his back to the ground. And it was truly a giant; for, on looking up, the young horseman beheld Theige of the Red Cloak standing over him, with an expression of triumphant hate in his massive features, and his spear in his hand, ready to prevent his victim from making any movement of escape. John instinctively moved his hand to where his sword ought to have been; but the belt had been unbuckled when he was grasped first, and sword and dagger thrown to a distance from where he lay. Just at this moment the attention of both was attracted to another object. It was Cu Allee, who had made his escape from the battle, and who now, darting from the thicket, was instantly clinging, like a catamont, to the saddle of John's charger. The horse, not at all relishing this companionship, commenced rearing and dashing wildly up and down the hollow, till at length, by means of an agile spring to one side and a demovolt, he landed his rider in the bottom of a rough, gravelly drain. Up started Cu Allee with a shrill yell of vengeance, and all bleeding from the fall; and, with his long dagger gleaming in his hand, rushed after the horse, which, clearing the thicket at the verge of the hollow, gained the more open part of the forest, and was soon safe from the resentment of his pursuer. Folling Dearg turned again to his prostrate captive.

"Ha, ha!" he almost yelled, with a savage laugh of triumph, "hur is caught at last. Dhar Vurrhia! but it was like a riffinly little dog follin' on the track of a wild wolf. An' a dog's death Shane na Shrad must die for that sore blow in the cave, an' for crossing Theige Folling Dearg in his love." And, so saying, he made John of the Bridle arise and march off in the direction of the Fairy Whitethorn; Folling Dearg keeping close behind, with a short gun ready pointed in his hand; and Cu Allee closer still, his dagger ready to be plunged into the back of their captive, should he make any hostile movement.

During the early part of that day, a burst of gay sunshine had flooded hill and valley; but, as the morning advanced, the sky was overcast by layers of dull, copper-colored clouds, which came moving up from the eastern horizon with the slowness and regularity of a well-disciplined army proceeding to battle. Not a breeze stirred the leaves on the thickets; and a dead and oppressive silence reigned around, which was at length broken by a low, rumbling sound behind the distant mountains. A sudden flash now illuminated the far-off horizon. It was succeeded by others, which, as they came, traversed a wider arch of the heavens, and by thunder, each successive peal waxing louder and more hollow, till the very earth seemed bursting behind the hills. At length, and just as Timothy of the Red Cloak and his ill-favored companion, with their captive, were descending the side of a bare mountain, a bright ball of electric fire burst from the bosom of a black mass of cloud on the summit, and, darting in a zigzag course along the sky, burst, overspreading the whole wide arch with a flood of blinding and intense brilliancy. Then came a dead silence, only broken by the patter of a few heavy rain-drops, which was succeeded by an explosion so loud and hollow that the very rocks seemed tottering from their firm foundations. A black column of falling rain, like a waterspout, now advanced up the eastern heights, and spread and spread till the dark moorland and steep valley were one universal hiss and clatter of falling drops.

Unstayed for a moment by the gloom and loud deluging of the storm, John of the Bridle and his captors proceeded over the bogs till they reached the edge of the deep glen through which the Ounatur, now swelled into a great torrent, rushed downward on the rocks, whirling along its jagged banks with a roar that almost drowned the frequent reverberations of the thunder overhead. Before them the stream was too deep and violent to attempt a passage across; so they proceeded upwards some distance to the junction of its two branches, where its bed was broader, and consequently more shallow. Here they changed their order of march, and began to wade the torrent, Folling Dearg in front of the captive, and Cu Allee close behind, with his long dagger still glittering in his hand. Close above them the two streams rushed into one, forming a black and boiling pool, whose waters, as if eager for more noisy strife, issuing out, foamed and hissed and roared hoarsely around the many fragments of rock that obstructed their way to the narrow and torn channel some distance below. The three were now past the middle of the torrent. A bright blaze of lightning for an instant illuminated the gloomy valley, when, with almost the suddenness of the electric flash, John of the Bridle turned round, snatched his sword-belt from the shoulders of Cu Allee, and dashed headlong downward into the whirling current. That will current, reinforced by some roaring tributary, now rose with fearful suddenness higher and higher, till it became too powerful for mortal strength to contend against; so the disappointed pair, after a few unsuccessful plunges, were fain to scramble to the bank before them, and leave John of the Bridle to the flood, which they supposed would dash him to pieces against the rocks beneath them in the glen. But the sudden swell saved him; for, just as he was about to be shot downward through the narrow channel, he was raised high enough to catch at the naked roots of a giant ash-tree which grew upon the edge of the bank. With a mighty effort he heaved himself upward, and clutched one of these; scrambled higher still, and stood all blinded by the yellow foam upon the bank where they first look for a ford across the torrent. At length he turned round, and shook his sword at the two as they stood beneath the cliffs at the opposite side. For answer to his defiance, a bullet from the musketoon of Folling Dearg whistled across the glen, and struck with a shrill clang upon his breastplate, but, unable to penetrate the good steel, glanced aside, striking off the head of a sappling that grew hard by. Little relishing another visitor like this, John of the Bridle struck upwards through the wood; and, on gaining the open heath, took his way in the direction of the spot where he was made prisoner that morning.

After crossing a high, plashy bog, he began to ascend a stone-strewn hill, on whose summit rose a cairn,—probably an ancient landmark, or some monumental heap, erected long ago over some chief who had fallen in battle among the hills. The rain now began to abate, and, as he stood beside the cairn, had ceased alto-

gether. He sat himself upon a fragment of stone, and looked around. Beneath him, towering over the green forest, lay Kileolman Castle. Between him and the skirts of the forest spread a slanting and rushy moorland, across which a body of horsemen were now advancing, whom, notwithstanding the distance, he instantly knew to be his own comrades. As they drew nearer, he could distinguish that one horse was without a rider, and that a female, seated behind a horseman, came on in the front of the cavalcade. Without waiting to see more, he now set off across the moor as quickly as he could, towards a deep glen at the same time, they soon observed him, and gave a wild and glad shout of recognition; on which, the led horse, breaking away from the rider that held him, dashed down across the glen, and with many a gladsome neigh, came bounding towards the spot where John of the Bridle stood. It was his own steed. After escaping from Cu Allee, he was caught by Rody, in the forest, and brought in with the other horses. But a far more welcome surprise now awaited John. The party had crossed the glen, and were close upon him, when the female sprang lightly from behind Remy of the Glen, and the next moment John of the Bridle was clasping fondly to his breast his long-lost and long-sought love, Alice O'Brien. As the wild horsemen circled round, and surveyed the meeting of the lovers, their rugged countenances lit up with pleasure; and each began to tell with many rough oaths and contradictions, how and where they had rescued Alice.

"Arrah, by the holy staff o' the saint!" exclaimed Remy of the Glen, "but if we're not real fortunate men! There I was this mornin', with a bare breast, an' an ould rusty pot of a helmet; an' here I am now with the black ould Parliament's back-an'-breast, an' a helmet as bright as the flamin' diamond o' Lough Lein. But what is it all to the bringin' back o' my sweet cousin Alice into the arms of our captin, her own true an' dear lover, as she says herself? I'll bet my new helmet against Jack Burke's ould spurs that I'll grind the flags of any floor to smithereens, dancin' at their weddin'!" And, with that, he turned his spurs inward, and, in the excess of his delight, commenced driving his horse in an infinite number of capers and gambadoes around the splashing bog.

"Little you knew, John," said Alice, after they had mutually told the sorrow each felt during the time they were separated, "little you knew, when speaking to Theige of the Red Cloak about restoring me, that it was he and his men bore me away into the hills. They stole upon me that evening at the milking lawn in Glenishoen, and took me first to his hut beside the fairy whitethorn. The black traitor! did he think that I could give my heart to such as he,—a betrayer among his own companions, and to his native country? When he found it all in vain, he took me away to Kileolman, and left me with his sister, to sell me to the Black Captain,—he who, they tell me, lies beyond there by the wall of the castle. But I am rescued; and now, my dearest John, we meet, I hope, to part no more."

Leaving John and Alice to their happy thoughts, it is time to return to Folling Dearg and his sweet-faced companion. They made no attempt to pursue their captive, for the simple reason that it was impossible for them to cross the flood; but, turning upwards along the edge of the glen, they soon reached their hut, opposite the whitethorn. In its outer apartment Theige na Meerval was sitting before them; and, to judge by the expression of his countenance, he seemed in no very elysian humor. They stood silent for some time, the face of each indicating in its own peculiar manner the dark passions aroused by disappointment. Na Meerval was the first to break it:

"Cu Allee's work is over, is it? An' why didn't you bring Shane na Shrad here, as you promised, an' let him take his last swing from the branch of the whitethorn outside? Or maybe he escaped ye. Ha! you said this mornin' that your reviuage was so strong that you could scent Shane na Shrad's footsteps thro' coom an' forest, wherever he went."

"My curse upon this roarin' flood under her us!" exclaimed Folling Dearg, "when we were crossin', and so far that we couldn't get back here agin, it, I may say, took him in its arms, an' tore him from between us, an' threw him safe upon the bank we left. An' he's gone. My black an' heavy an' burnin' curses upon him, night, noon, and mornin'!"

"Yes: Cu Allee's work!" said that worthy: "why didn't you do the work you got for yourself? There is a difference between bringin' a strong man across a floody river, and coming round the colleen you have inside there. I thought ye'd be in love with each other in a minnit. Why didn't you do that work with your sleight-o'-hand?"

"I'll do it yet," answered the little man, in all the energy of vindictive passion; "an' if I can't," continued he, laying his hand upon his dagger, "there's some sleight-o'-hand in this, an' I'll make it help me, an' be my match maker."

"If I'd depended upon my skean, an' not upon Cu Allee's gad," said Folling Dearg,

gother. He sat himself upon a fragment of stone, and looked around. Beneath him, towering over the green forest, lay Kileolman Castle. Between him and the skirts of the forest spread a slanting and rushy moorland, across which a body of horsemen were now advancing, whom, notwithstanding the distance, he instantly knew to be his own comrades. As they drew nearer, he could distinguish that one horse was without a rider, and that a female, seated behind a horseman, came on in the front of the cavalcade. Without waiting to see more, he now set off across the moor as quickly as he could, towards a deep glen at the same time, they soon observed him, and gave a wild and glad shout of recognition; on which, the led horse, breaking away from the rider that held him, dashed down across the glen, and with many a gladsome neigh, came bounding towards the spot where John of the Bridle stood. It was his own steed. After escaping from Cu Allee, he was caught by Rody, in the forest, and brought in with the other horses. But a far more welcome surprise now awaited John. The party had crossed the glen, and were close upon him, when the female sprang lightly from behind Remy of the Glen, and the next moment John of the Bridle was clasping fondly to his breast his long-lost and long-sought love, Alice O'Brien. As the wild horsemen circled round, and surveyed the meeting of the lovers, their rugged countenances lit up with pleasure; and each began to tell with many rough oaths and contradictions, how and where they had rescued Alice.

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"My curse upon this roarin' flood under her us!" exclaimed Folling Dearg, "when we were crossin', and so far that we couldn't get back here agin, it, I may say, took him in its arms, an' tore him from between us, an' threw him safe upon the bank we left. An' he's gone. My black an' heavy an' burnin' curses upon him, night, noon, and mornin'!"

"Yes: Cu Allee's work!" said that worthy: "why didn't you do the work you got for yourself? There is a difference between bringin' a strong man across a floody river, and coming round the colleen you have inside there. I thought ye'd be in love with each other in a minnit. Why didn't you do that work with your sleight-o'-hand?"

"I'll do it yet," answered the little man, in all the energy of vindictive passion; "an' if I can't," continued he, laying his hand upon his dagger, "there's some sleight-o'-hand in this, an' I'll make it help me, an' be my match maker."

"If I'd depended upon my skean, an' not upon Cu Allee's gad," said Folling Dearg,

"my mortal enemy wouldn't be walkin' free across the mountains this blessed hour. But maybe he isn't gone far yet. The flood will soon begin to go down; give us somethin' to ate, an' we'll see what revenge can do to overtake him."

After partaking of some black, coarse bread, and making a few other preparations, they crossed the flood once more, and set out again in pursuit of John of the Bridle.

When something more than an hour had passed, Na Meerval rolled away the large stone with which the door of the inner apartment was fastened, and stood once more in the presence of Ellen Roche.

"Come!" said he sternly, "this is my third an' last time for askin' you. Say you'll have me, love or no love, and your troubles are over."

Ellen had tried every kind of entreaty before. She now determined to brave it out, and meet her fate, if it came to the worst, as fearlessly as she could.

"I said that but once in my life, an' you know to whom: can I say it now to one of the murderers of my betrothed Moran?"

"Your betrothed! He's betrothed to the worms by this, an' what's the use o' thinkin' about him any longer? Think o' the long life that's before you, an' that you must spend it in my company, whether you like it or not.—Think o' the fair journeys an' pleasant days an' fine dresses you'll have when my wife, an' I forget your betrothed for a truer man. I ask again. Say but that you'll have me, an' we'll leave the company of Folling Dearg an' Cu Allee, an' fly to a more peaceful land, where we can live together happy."

"I think," rejoined Ellen, "of the life that was before me, and that you have blasted for ever. I think of him who lies in some bloody nook, with none to pray for him, and none to cover him from the ravens an' the wild wolves of the hills. I think of all this; and, if I live, each day your life will be near the brink, while I am near you. Keep me, then if you dare; an' see how I'll remember the long life before me!"

The Man of Wonders saw that any further picturing of a pleasant life in his company to Ellen was useless. His demeanor now changed with a startling suddenness. As a connected set of machinery with its complicated wheels, when one important spring is put out of order, whirls round, and runs into irretrievable confusion and destruction, so, when one passion is set completely loose, a host of others is aroused to help its madness. And it was so with Na Meerval. His vindictive eyes, and every lineament of his face, seemed lighted up and blazing with the anger of disappointed love, if his could be called love; and the revenge that he knew no mercy was but too truly shown in the iron grasp with which he clutched his dagger, as he drew it to strike at the defenceless bosom of poor Ellen Roche. But, the moment he raised his dagger, he was struck from behind himself, on the head, and with a force that stretched him swooning on the floor.

Accustomed as Na Meerval was to produce wonders the most amazing, he was not at all prepared for the miraculous change of circumstances that presented itself to his view on his recovery. The first thing apparent to his awakening senses was himself, Theige of the Red Cloak, and Theige the Wolf, bound hand and foot, and sitting side by side, with oyster grates, or wishes, round their necks, under the three ominous branches of the fairy whitethorn. Immediately before them stood a short, dark-browed man, who seemed calculating the height of those three branches from the ground and apparently having in his mind's eye a lively picture of three men dangling in the intervening space. Around the tree, in various attitudes beside their horses, were the men of John of the Bridle, who himself, with his lieutenant, Remy of the Glen, stood a small distance outside the group, talking to Alice O'Brien and Ellen Roche. There was a horrible light in the eyes of both his comrades, which told Na Meerval too plainly what was to be their fate and his own.

"Where," exclaimed he, not yet able to collect his thoughts,— "where is my skean gone to, that I had this mornin' so firm in my hand? Ha! did I stab myself, that this blood is flowin' down my back?"

"Go an' ask Remy o' the Glen," answered Folling Dearg; "that's the man that put the blood flowin' down your back, when you should be protectin' yourself, instead o' raisin' your dagger to the breast of a wale girl."

"Ha!" said Na Meerval, now fully awakened, "we're caught in our own thrap at last. My curse upon the two that had strong revenge in their hearts, an' their legs upon the free hills, an' couldn't escape from their worst enemies!"

"Were they free hills," exclaimed Cu Allee, with a wild volubility in his native tongue, "when they waited for us in the thickets, as the wild-cat waits for its prey; and when they sprang upon us, and bound us hand and foot, before we could find our dagger-hilts to defend ourselves? And are they free hills here, when we have the keen, torturing, and destroying gads about our necks, that will send us with strange, piercing pain, and mortal fear and anguish, into the other world?"

"Stop," answered Folling Dearg, with a sullen and ferocious look, "stop your pains and tortments; what is the torture o' death to the tortments I feel at bein' bound this way, an' seein' him beyant there, talkin' to Alice O'Brien? Shane na Shrad," he continued, raising his voice, "I have but small time to live; but, if I had a thousand years, every day, of id would be spent plannin' revenge, till I had served you as I served your lovin' frind, Moran O'Brien. My eternal curse upon the fate—an' may the torrent dry for ever in its bed—that tore you from my grasp!"

John of the Bridle made no reply; but, after saying a few words to the dark-faced man who was calculating the height of the branches, proceeded with Remy of the Glen and the two young maidens up the valley, and left the three Timothys to their doom.

A few days after the death of the three Timothys, there was another merry dance on the green of Fannystown. But it was more of a novelty this time, for there was a bride and bridegroom to lead the measure; John of the Bridle—or Captain John, as he was at last entitled to be called—and Alice O'Brien having been joined heart and hand the same morning by the young priest who attended the cavalry force then occupying Castle na Doon.

Ellen Roche's sorrow was deep and true for her dead lover. But, as months wore on, time began to soften her grief; and she eventually became the bride of Remy of the Glen, John's lieutenant, whose timely blow rescued her from the dagger of the Man of Wonders.

Years upon years had passed away, until the gray fortifications of Kilmolan were level with the grass, and even the forests themselves were now dead upon the hills; but the ancient tree lived on in its solitude of Glenauar, regarded with a strange reverence by the peasantry, and still called by them "the Whitethorn of the three Timothys."

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE GREAT SORTIES.

Head-Quarters of the German Armies, Versailles, Dec. 3.

The Army of Paris has made a grand effort to burst its bonds of iron, and to meet the army of relief from the Loire, which has made two strenuous efforts to reach the defenders of the famineing capital. From other hands you will receive full accounts of what has passed in front of Arseny, now the scene of two battles, and on the north and east of Paris. On this side, and against the Army of the Crown Prince, nothing serious has been attempted, except the sortie on the Bavarians and 6th Corps on the 29th of November, which was principally directed against the latter, with the view of occupying positions which would aid the grand sorties north and east on the following day. The powerful ordnance of the new French works have rendered the main road from Sceaux to Choisy-sur-Seine untenable, and Choisy itself is now in no man's land, so that if the besieged had got down on the Seine they might have interfered with the communications which now exist between the Crown Prince's Army and the Army of the Meuse, and have caused great inconvenience to both. That attempt, if so meant, failed completely, but the fact that the German line has in several places receded, and that villages have been occupied by the French which they could not approach at first, is a tribute to the power of the forts and works which ought to teach a lesson to the advocates of the "living walls" principle of fortifications. I believe that some of the best heads among the Germans were averse from such a close investment of Paris as was made at first. The idea of General von Blumenthal was, if I mistake not, to draw a circle round the city, cutting all the lines of communication at a sufficient distance to be quite free from annoyance by the forts. There are the obvious objections to such a plan that enlarging the *enceinte* would weaken the line of circumvallation and increase the resources of the besieged while it would imply an abandonment of any attack on the city or its defences by aggressive operations—in fact it would be a siege by famine alone. There would be this advantage in it that though the period of surrender to that great General might be deferred, the besiegers would not have been molested except by attacks which must have been made outside the cover of guns of position, in which the consequences of reprisals would be very severe. The columns would be seen and would be met on better terms if they were not in overwhelming force, the only gain being that they could deploy more easily than they can do at present. But popular sentiment in Germany, which Count Bismarck leads, on that point certainly desired the bombardment of Paris if the city did not surrender at once. The Germans desired instant fruition of their victory, and to welcome their conquering armies home at all events in time for Christmas trees laden with tributes from grateful Fatherland. It was necessary, therefore, to seize on sites near enough to command the forts, but of course the forts could also command them. The failure of the 6th Corps to occupy the commanding ridge of Villejuif enabled the French to bulge out the German line there where it is closest to the route which opens communications with the Railway Terminals at Lagny, over the Seine, and the sorties to the north and east had in view, no doubt, an irruption towards the lines of the Meuse Army, whose terminus is at Dammarin, and the repulse of the Wurtembergers between the Seine and Marne, as well as other and larger objects. The German lines being so bulged out in several places it must still be kept in mind that they have not, except at Villejuif where it was problematical if they could have held one, withdrawn from the ground selected for the sites of batteries. If they do not intend to bombard that is of no consequence. But the French, now in better heart, are acting on Todleben's principle of defence, and are pushing out earthworks to meet, or, rather, to attack—those of the Germans.

The gentlemen of Germany who sit at home at ease, and clamour for bombardment, ought to reflect on the vanity of bombardments in general, and on a few matters connected with bombardments in particular. The French and British collected at the siege of Sebastopol an infinitely more powerful train in proportion to the guns of the defence than the Germans have got here as compared with the ordnance of the forts. We all know what happened. Paris is not like Strasburg. But think of this again. In the furious and almost unprecendented cannonade which was opened by the French on the German lines lately, and in which about 8,000 enormous missiles were pitched into the Bavarians alone, the losses—except to the victims—were ludicrous. It is calculated that some 25,000 or 26,000—some say 30,000—shells were thrown, and that not one man was killed for every 1,000 shell. After a long pause of apparent inaction, during which Trochu was no doubt preparing for his great outburst, Paris almost startled the besiegers by this tremendous demonstration. The time leaves little doubt that it was a concerted movement.—Times Special Corr.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A bitterly cold morning was that of this 5th day of December. Though every Frenchman had retired from the plateau between Paris and the villages of Noisy-le-Grand, Brié, Villiers, and Champigny before yesterday afternoon, there was no knowing what might have been done in the night, and accordingly an army had been kept in readiness, and a very considerable force was in the neighbourhood of those villages this morning to march to the front in case of an attempt at another sortie. Soon after daylight I saw many a bivouac. Keeping watch as the poor soldiers had to do was intensely cold work. None of them had sheepskin coats, but every man had a new thick blanket, which he wore in the form of a plaid across his shoulders. They watched all the forenoon, but not a Frenchman had appeared. Champigny and Brié had been evacuated, and the French troops had retreated on Paris, carrying it, it is believed, their eight pontoon bridges back with them. Mount Avron was firing on Noisy, and Charant was letting us hear from it at the other side; but as my accounts of the desperate engagements in this quarter could scarcely be considered complete without some description of the battle-field I

determined to walk among the dead and see the havoc that cannon and chassépot and needle-gun had made there.

From what I witnessed during the battles I knew that Villiers would be the best point at which to enter on my horrible exploration. It is just midway between Brié and Champigny. On approaching the village I found two dead horses and a dead Zouave lying immediately outside. One of the horses was by the roadside the other was in a field. The Zouave lay on his back by the side of a house. Two shells had destroyed all three, and the side of a house also. Villiers itself had been shelled with a vengeance. The bombs had descended everywhere, carrying with them the roofs of houses, entering through stone walls, and scattering destruction all around. But though not many of the dwellings there had entirely escaped, one mansion seemed safe and sound. In the grounds attached to it the shells had ploughed the ground and thrown the earth about on every side. The residence itself is that of a courageous French lady, who has lived in it under all the fire, and now gives shelter to a Saxon officer who was wounded outside. This lady is the sole civilian in the village. She must be the most courageous woman on earth, for not to speak of the battle days, shells are always falling in Villiers. There is a park just at the extreme end of the village on the Paris side. Before and all around it raged the battle on both days—the 30th of November and the 2d of December. The chateau is officers' quarters. How it suffered! There is scarcely a window sash left in one side of it, and to approach it there is no necessity to make use of the entrance gate. The wall is smashed from top to bottom in a dozen places. I entered near the gate and the first sight I saw was ten dead Saxons in a row. Their faces were covered, and three of their comrades watched over them. Passing through the park in the direction of Paris, I walked out through an embankment in the wall, and came upon rising ground. It was one of the hottest parts of the battle-field, and almost the centre of the scene of fighting. Heavens, what a sight! To see the men advancing under fire of the forts, and falling at every step; to see the French and the Saxons amid that horrid din of artillery shooting one another down with chassépot and needle-gun; to hear the "hurrahs" followed by a volley, and as the smoke cleared away to find the lines thinned and living men advancing over the prostrate bodies of dead and dying was horrible, but nothing like so horrible as the sight of this battle-field, with hundreds of dead lying there in the cold air, the sun shining on their ghastly features and stiff forms, while the cannon on Avron and Nogent were thundering with sounds which shook the earth for miles round. One of the first great groups I came upon was composed of 60 French officers. A few Saxons and Wurtembergers lay around them; but the Germans had already removed and laid in their last sleeping-place most of their dead. The centre of the group was formed of a close line of forty-six. You could not have placed a body between any two. They fell shoulder to shoulder just as they had stood to fire. By far the greater number of them were on their backs with their feet to Paris and their heads to Villiers. Alas it was painfully evident that many of them, and of others whom I saw subsequently, had not died instantaneously, but had lived probably many hours without a hand to lend them succour, and in piercing snow and frost. One poor fellow lay on his face. He had two rifle-wounds in his back. He had partly stripped himself, and he died with a hand on each ball-hole. Several had taken off their knapsacks and placed them under their heads, and so piteously had breathed their last breath. Others clenched their water bottles in one hand, but had been unable to remove the cork and died without being able to wet their lips in their last agony. Some, in their sufferings, had borrowed their faces in the thick clay on which they lay, and turned their bloody and earth-stained faces upwards before they expired. Two I saw who had their arms fixed and their fists clenched as if while dying they were engaged in a pugilistic encounter. Only very few were on their sides. These had their knapsacks under their heads. There were men on whose faces beamed the smile of an infant, and whose countenances were like handsome wax work. The expression of others was that of terrible agony. Every feature was contorted; their legs had been convulsively jerked up until their knees stuck into their stomachs, and their finger and thumb nails had been squeezed until they became riveted into the palms of their hands. Behind, before, and at the corners of this line of 45 dead men were others, Saxon and French. One had a frightful wound in the face. He had pulled his hands up into his sleeves to warm them, but his cap had fallen off and the blood clotted on his hair till it was all in bloody mats. Near him was another who had taken a biscuit from his knapsack and the bottle from his side, and had partaken of a little of both. More than one of the slain had died with the hands clasped in prayer; and near one I found a little plaster medallion of the Blessed Virgin. A portion of the edge had been shot off it. The chassépots and needle-guns were still in many a dead man's hand, and lying between his arm and his body. Similar were the sights all over the plateau between Villiers and Brié, and Villiers and Champigny; and among the corpses were knapsacks, helmets, shakoos, bayonets, and many a letter sealed and directed to relatives and friends in Germany and France. Near a cemetery situated on the battle-field itself I saw between 200 and 300 dead French soldiers collected closely together; they had been removed from where they had fallen and collected in that spot for burial. All were Regulars; and a considerable proportion of them were men of at least 25 or 30 years of age. There were dead nearer to Paris than any spot I visited, though the fortifications were much too close to be at all agreeable, and Neuilly-sur-Marne and Fontenay-sous-Bois seemed to be within a few minutes distance on my right and left. I hope there were no wounded. No armistice for the removal of the dead and wounded had been agreed to; but both sides had been removing them by night. So late as last night some of the German wounded were found among the dead and are now in hospital. What must have been their sufferings in snow and frost since the 2nd inst., for they had been lying out day and night since then, if not since the 20th! But I think your readers will have had sufficient of the battle-field with its masses of dead. May one hope it is the last of them? I don't believe any man could see it without most fervently wishing that it may be.

I have only time to add that the French brought over no fewer than 14 batteries in their passage across the Marne, but owing to the inefficiency of their artillery—this, at least, is the reason the Germans assign for it—not nearly that number was brought into active service. The number of Wurtembergers killed and wounded in the two battles is estimated at between 1,300 and 2,000, besides about 50 officers, but it may be more. That of the Saxons is 2,000 men and 70 officers.—Times Corr.

A letter from Dijon, in the *Moniteur* Journal, gives an account of the defeat of the Garibaldians. The writer says:—"At noon on Saturday, the 26th ult., came the news that Garibaldi was on our right flank and contemplated an attack on Dijon. The expectant countenances of the towns-people showed that this intelligence was known to them and was not unfounded. When it was announced, at 4 p.m., that Count Degendel had retired to Talon, a mile and half from Dijon, yielding to superior forces and not allowing himself to be drawn into a fight, and that he was there preventing the enemy's further advance, scarcely two hours were required for bringing the whole Corps under arms. At 7 our regiment, as usual, became outposts. At 6 a.m. on Sunday the brigade at Dijon assembled, the Prussians advancing in front, General Keller being directed to attack the enemy on the north, and Colonel Benz, with the 1st and 3d battalions of the 2d Grenadiers and one battalion of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, on his south flank. After marching 3 1/2 hours over hills and amid pouring rain we heard the thundering of cannon; the enemy was found. Our cavalry debouched from the wood, and found the enemy a few paces in front of them. It was the work of a moment to push forward the artillery and to post two Grenadier companies on the right and two on the left. The next moment, heedless of the rain of bullets, we advanced. In a quarter of an hour the enemy began to give way. We still attacked them in the flank, and our three battalions, who gradually encircled the Prussians, in two hours had given the whole Garibaldian company such a dressing that they ran off in all directions, leaving their knapsacks and muskets, with not inconsiderable loss. At 7 p.m. we returned to Dijon." Another correspondent, describing a skirmish on the 26th ult., states that the infantry sent out to support the fusiliers were assailed by a discordant noise of fifes, trumpets, drums, and cries of "En avant les bataillons! Vive Garibaldi!" The infantry were ordered to let the Garibaldians come within 40 paces. They then fired and speedily repulsed the enemy. At night, after returning to their position at Daix, they suddenly heard the sounding of fifes and trumpets and the singing of the *Mars-Mars*, and an Italian song commencing with "Vive Garibaldi!" The Germans waited in silence till the enemy came within sight, and then fired with deadly effect. The whole band took to flight, throwing away their weapons, while the German hurrah resounded, and the rest of the night passed off quietly. According to this account the Garibaldians have a habit of putting their face on the alert by their music and shouting.

The *London Times* thus describes the behaviour of the Garibaldians in France:—"Between Garibaldi and the priests in Italy there was, of course, internecine animosity; Garibaldi did not conceive that matters could be different in France, and, as among the wildest anarchists in Marseilles he found many who shared his own views, he jumped to the conclusion that the Vosges, and the Jura, and Brittany, and all Mobiles and Free-shooters under arms, were in the same antipathetic mood, or that, if they were not, they could and should be made to become so. We were well aware that hate begets hate, and could not doubt that the Man of Aspromonte and Mentana would be obnoxious to the French Ultramontanes; so that, even had his proceedings been the most irreprehensible, heinous charges, more or less unfounded, could not fail to be brought against him. But unfortunately, his enemies were under no necessity to resort to calumny; for both at Dole and Autun, where he successively had his Head-Quarters, excesses have been committed from which it is not easy altogether to exonerate Garibaldi himself, and for which, at any rate, some of his superior officers will have to be held responsible. Garibaldi and his Lieutenants have been acting as if there were no other law or authority in the district occupied by their troops than their own will and rule. They have been turning the Jesuits and their Colleges out of their premises; they have made arrests of priests and even of civil functionaries; they have held Courts Martial and condemned one priest to death, who was afterwards respected by M. Gambetta; they have stabled themselves and their horses in churches and cathedrals, even where the municipal authorities offered to provide them with other accommodation; and, finally, they have broken into private dwellings, under pretext of domiciliary visits—among others into the Palace of the Bishop of Autun, whose sleeping apartment they invaded with drawn swords, rummaging about in dark holes and corners round the bed and under the bed in which the Pröbate was lying, in quest, as they said, of a Prussian spy; but taking away in the end, not the spy, who did not exist, but the Bishop's watch, and the crozier from his private chapel, with the seal of his bishopric. We would willingly discard such tales as untrue if the statements had only occurred in French newspapers; but we cannot set aside the testimony of some of the Garibaldians themselves, honest English correspondents enthusiastically attached to their leader. With the exception of M. Gambetta and his Marseillais, Garibaldi has only bitter enemies in France, and the bitterest are among those Breton and other provincial Mobiles who constitute the flower of the newly-recruited French armies. Among the earnest and honest peasantry of those rural districts, together with a great deal of sincere piety there is, perhaps, an immense amount of superstition and bigotry; but religious intolerance is scarcely to be cured by political fanaticism, and, at all events, Garibaldi should have considered that he is a stranger in France; that his business there is to fight the Prussians, not to worry the priests; it is true he contends, and very probably believes, that the priests are worse enemies of the people than the Prussians themselves; but he should reflect how easy it is for the priests to turn the tables against him, and paint him blacker than any enemy in the flesh or the spirit; and how naturally the people would trust their own clergy rather than a man of whom they know nothing, except that he looks upon the Apostle Peter as a myth, and upon the Apostle's successor as Antichrist. When Garibaldi, a few days ago, entered Autun, a town hardly known to him even by name—a town with a population of 11,000 souls and no less than nine convents—he addressed the crowds of "ladies and women" as he described them, attracted by curiosity, and warned them to beware of priests and monks, who were their worst foes, and under whose influence their country could never hope to emancipate itself; but he was cut short by a fair one in his audience, who was "very sure the priests were no hindrance to the young men who did their duty to the country, but rather stirred them up with word and example, followed them to the camp, tended them in hospital, harbored them in their cloisters; witness the Jesuit Fathers, who had been lodging and feeding as many as 800 Mobiles for upwards of a month." For it is a fact, of which Garibaldi is not aware, and of which he can form no conception, that in France the Clerical, the Legitimist, and all other reactionary parties are by no means those which show the least zeal in the national cause. FRANCE'S FUTURE.—The recovery of a nation after loss, conquest, pestilence, famine, is not unfrequently recorded in history; but a nation that has fallen to pieces by its internal disorganization does not fall so long—sometimes does not for ages—reassert its place in the world. The eclipse which came upon Greece and upon Italy lasted for centuries, and has not passed away. In later times the glory of Spain departed and has never returned. These considerations must appal one who looks now at prostrate France. Not her present misfortunes only, but the dark days that are before her, excite emotion, the one raising pity the other shutting out hope. France, the fair, the romantic, the brave, the legendary, to sink into a base condition, clinging to her ancient pride and ancient pretension, is sad to contemplate. Yet if what has been any guide to the knowledge of what is to be, France must for many a day, perhaps for many a century, experience the bitterness of humiliation. Of all the great institutions which she owned in her days of renown, not one remains to serve as a rallying-point. So utterly has she failed that her reconstruction cannot be immediate or speedy; it must be the work of generations. Nevertheless, strongly as the analogies may press in a political view, there is a ground of hope for France which was wanting to the fallen countries with which we have compared her. Greece, Italy, Spain, are all peninsulas, on the

skirts of the continent. It required amazing vic to give them their predominance at all, and when their energy disappeared insignificance naturally ensued. Their geographical position, in spite of which they raised themselves, gave them no assistance when they began to fail; it rather served to teach the rest of Europe how well affairs could go on without these excrescences, which belong more to the sea than the land. But her geographical situation must always work powerfully in favour of France. Europe can never go on she is a nation, that her voice shall be entirely unheard in council. It may be that, like the potent sea, her hair may begin to grow again after she has been shaven, and some tokens of her great strength to return. Alas, that like him she should be fatally blind! Indivulgability of race, too, although it rather helped to cut off the declining peninsula of Greece and Spain from communion with Europe, in France's circumstances, increase the chance of resurrection. Except the Gypsies and the Jews, no idiosyncrasy is so marked as that of the Frenchman. He can hardly amalgamate or change. So far, therefore, there is a chance of French nationality being preserved. And as long as she keeps her nationality, France has open to her a way back into the society of European nations. Depending on so many of them, extending into the very heart of the Continent, her condition, her acts, her thoughts must be of importance, and whether they be great or despicable, must command attention. The world cannot leave her to mourn or to rejoice, to wither or to rise, uncaared for. But how she will act, whether she will once more build up a stable Government, retracing her foolish steps, and re-ascending the career of her former ways, or whether she will by even this her bitterest misfortune, she will yet seek to change and to destruction, she will yet that they can heal her,—is a question too hard for any to decide. Thus, though the healing of France must be slow, it may, with wisdom and patience, be sure. If she can forget her vain imaginations, and forsake the follies that have so easily beset her—wild political experiments, lust of territory, overweening pride, indifference to human suffering, and contempt for all humanity that is not French—she may rise from her ashes purified, in her rich mind, and if weak, yet with the weakness of an infant, which contains the germ of manly strength—not the weakness of an imbecile whose strength has gone for ever. We of this generation may yet rejoice to see her flesh coming back to her like the flesh of a little child after her great moral lapse, and may speed her on her way to an Empire, which shall rest on her faith, her honesty, her moderation, her wise government, and on the goodwill of her neighbours, not on their apprehensions. But if France persists in following her delusions, then it is remembered that the same geographical advantage which tends to arrest decay, and will long preserve her the possibility of *renaissance*, will at length insure her overthrow. She cannot remain insignificant, like a far peninsula. Either she must wake up to a sense of better and higher things than she has known before, or she will sink lower and lower towards her doom, and that doom will be discomfiting.—Blackwood's Magazine for December 1870.

A correspondent before Paris tells the following story:—"The German Organization." How many have heard of that lately from all sorts of ill-timed sources, its excellence, its promptitude, how it never breaks down under any strain? Among others, I have borne tribute to its merits; but the most unkindly tribute I have yet heard was excoated from a Briton, who is with the headquarters of France in Saxony. I have the story from the gentleman himself. He had been dining with Prince G. and was on his way to his headquarters along the chémin. On his road, he came upon a provincial wagon, one of those wheels had broken, and the concern was in the mud. Not for long, though. Presently the wagoner produced another wheel in a matter-of-fact way, that seemed to convey that he had an unlimited quantity of extra wheels on top. The new wheel was put on, and the wagon rolled. Our countryman, comparatively a new comer, had heard much of the Prussian organization. Here, to his hand, as if he had ordered a rehearsal, a specimen, far away from a wheelwright, a wagoner suddenly breaks a wheel at midnight, so thorough is the organization, that a new wheel is on and the vehicle under way again in less than ten minutes. Our countryman followed Captain Cuttle's counsel by making a note of this illustration, intending, no doubt, after the manner of a Briton, to write thereunto in the *Times*. Before going into the house, he happened to peep into a shed which had been allocated as the dwelling-house of a gig, in which he had a few days before invested. The wheel of his gig was gone. It was the wheel of his gig he had seen stuck on the provincial wagon. He went to bed trying as he might, to digest the last phrase to his illustration to the "German Organization."

The energetic measures of the engineer corps for the defence of Paris are thus stated by the *London Engineer*.—"The engineers of the bridges and high roads, and the mining engineers, have contributed largely to the work of defence. They directed the earthworks and the constructions for the closing of the gates of Paris, the completion of the ditches and glacis, the establishment of new batteries, and the clearing of the outer military zone. They collected all the timber necessary for the works, often from spots thirty leagues distant from Paris, aided in the duties of St. Denis, and turned the waters of the Ourcq into the ditches of the fortifications, and constructed many of the redoubts. They are now occupied in aiding the completion of the second and inner *enceinte* of the city, of which the circular railroad forms the base. In addition to this, a third *enceinte* is being formed, which, among other things, transforms the place of the Arc de Triomphe into a veritable stronghold, and an almost insurmountable barrier. In eighteen days the corps of the bridges and highroads laid a railway twenty-five miles long all round Paris in the military road; they also built huts for 80,000 Garde Mobiles, and constructed two dams on the Seine, a stockade on the river, and an incombustible dam to arrest any floating fire, besides many other important works, including a large iron-plated magazine for petroleum and ammunition."

AN INCIDENT OF PARIS STREETS.—I saw an old gentleman yesterday who was formerly in a large way of business and lived in good style some few years since. A twist in the wheel of fortune nipped him. Until the war was declared he struggled on and supported himself respectably as a commission agent, but the siege has pressed heavily on him, and all his friends have left. His clothes have been brushed threadbare, his hat still affects to shine feebly and his boots are polished. He looks scrupulously clean and respectable. In course of conversation he told me that he had gone early to the market. A turnip had taken his fancy—it made the price—five sous. "I could not afford the luxury," he said. "There are two of us in the family. I went home without it to breakfast." You may not be aware of it, but I have the bump of curiosity extraordinarily developed, and was unable to resist saying, "What did you have for breakfast?" The old gentleman replied, with hesitation, "Why, this morning we only had four potatoes between us." To-day he breakfasted with me, but it was with much difficulty I made him agree to do so. There is much misery in Paris, but the people bear up bravely, and really appear to delight in making the best of a bad business.

Some France-Tireurs have given the Belgians trouble. It being rumored that they had fired on

Belgian patrol close by the frontier in the wood at... some Belgian troops were hastily despatched...

Another exploit by Frances-Tireurs is related in a German letter. On two Uhlan companies being sent to Nemours...

MODERN PROGRESS.

(From the Saturday Review.)

In the current number of Fraser's Magazine Mr. Froude indulges in some reflections upon Progress, which are interesting in themselves and appropriate to the time in which we are living.

And yet certain qualms intrude themselves upon the minds of all but the most blatant orators. Are we so clear that this mathematical formula for acquiring wisdom, this simple plan of constantly outbidding the last offer will lead to any satisfactory result?

At their meeting on the 3rd ult. the Cork Farmers' Club adopted a resolution in support of the Home Government movement.

The National Teachers' Association of the County of Cork held a meeting on Saturday, Dec. 3, to forward their claims to increased salaries and to superannuation in old age.

death in his cell. The web of his hammock had been run through the ring by which the bed was suspended from a hook in the wall...

MADAME MAC MAHON.—The wife of Marshal McMahon is evidently worthy to be the wife of such a hero. The Lyons papers publish a spirited letter from the Duchess to a friend...

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN TIPPERARY.—Conferences between the Protestant clergy and laity were held in the various districts of Tipperary last week, says the Lanter Independent of the 10th ult.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE VERY REV. DR. PATRICK MURRAY ON THE PAPAL QUESTION.—The Freeman's Journal of the 30th ult. publishes a very eloquent letter from the Very Rev. Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, on this subject.

According to the returns obtained by the enumerators, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ended 30th September last, amounted to 16,919—9,288 males and 7,631 females—being 665 more than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1869.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, M.P.—Some of our Protestant contemporaries have announced that Wm. Johnston, M.P., has been deprived of the position of Grand Master in the Orange Society, for disregard of the orders of his superiors.

subjects. This is regarded here as a confirmation of the truth of the despatch. The Standard and other Conservative newspapers have bitter war-tor articles, calling upon the government either to resign or to declare itself insulted and take the most dignified means for the correction of this outrage upon the British flag.

The first-class Army Reserve of the British army is receiving numerous recruits. It is formed of soldiers who have served their term of enlistment, and voluntarily join for five years, during which time they will receive 4d. a day, and be allowed to reside where they please in the United Kingdom, following their usual avocations.

The most feasible plan of settling the Alabama dispute which occurs to the naval periodical at London, Broad Arrow, is the appointment of a mixed commission of Americans and Englishmen, to sit with full powers to adjust the claims and agree upon the draft of a treaty to that effect.

DUBLIN, Dec. 5.—The Ulster tenants have lost no time in asserting their rights under the Land Act. A rather curious application was made yesterday in the Landlord's Court on the part of 300 tenants on the estate of the Marquis of Waterford in the county of Londonderry.

On the morning of Dec. 9, about 11:40 o'clock, says a telegram to the London Standard, one of the most terrible catastrophes that has ever visited Birmingham took place at the ammunition factory belonging to Messrs. Ludlow, at Witton-lane, Witton.

December 7.—Manifestations of public sympathy with the Pope are still proceeding in the provinces. On Sunday a meeting was held in Athlone to protest against the conduct of Victor Emmanuel, and yesterday there was a similar demonstration in Waterford Cathedral, under the presidency of the Bishop.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The Right Hon. John Bright resigned his position as President of the Board of Trade and his seat in the Gladstone Cabinet to-day.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The Pall Mall Gazette is anxious that Americans should know that England is heartily tired of the Alabama controversy, and is ready to pay any impartial money award, if the adjustment can be confined thereto.

The Fenian convicts were discharged from Portland prison on Friday, Dec. 23rd.

LONDON, December 27.—There is immense excitement in this city consequent on the alarming intelligence that the Prussians have virtually committed an act of belligerency in the sinking of the six English trading vessels in the Seine, for the avowed purpose of obstructing the navigation of the river.

SUCIDE IN CLONMEL JAIL.—A prisoner named Martin Egan, who was awaiting trial at the ensuing Cashel quarter sessions for assault, was found on Friday night (Dec. 2) by one of the wardens strangled to

war in time of peace; moreover has put it to practical use. A Vienna correspondent furnishes from that capital an estimate of the forces of the three powers likely to come into conflict in the East in the event of the failure of the London Congress.

King William of Prussia and his daughter-in-law, the Princess Royal of England, have written to Queen Victoria objecting to the marriage of Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne, to which her Majesty responded that they had better attend to their own affairs entirely.

The regret of President Grant that no settlement of the Alabama claims has yet been concluded is fully shared by the government and people of this country; but no one conversant with the history of this question can accept his view of its present aspect.

The doctrine that a pecuniary claim may be established against our Government for a premature recognition of the Confederate States as a belligerent power, or other alleged breaches of neutrality, apart from the Alabama claims, is of course, arguable, but it is certainly untenable.

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UNITED STATES.

The New York Tribune when it speaks of aristocratic and despotic Russia, sees in that power a colossal whose mandate trembling nations must obey.

A novel action for damages is now in progress in the town of Cavendish, Vermont. A man named Page, while suffering from small-pox, visited the home of a man named Taylor, and stopped some days with him.

Mrs. Yelverton, in a note to the editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, briefly defines her position, which a few of the American papers have somewhat misrepresented. Her case, she states, has been through 18 different trials—the Scotch and Irish benches each declaring in her favor.

Rascality seeks out many inventions. The last trick most novel of all, occurred in a New York jewellery store. A well dressed man asked to see diamonds and other rich jewellery; every now and then during his deliberate examination stepping to the door and crying out "whoa" to an imaginary restive horse, standing in an imaginary buggy.

RESULTS OF CENSUS-MONITOR.—The corrected census returns of New Hampshire show the population to be 317,975. Net loss 8,070 in ten years.

The fact that Mr. Oliver lived in a uniform row of houses in the Fourteenth Ward, says the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, was the reason why he was unfortunate. One moonlight night last week the noise made by the cats on his roof was simply awful.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, INKED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1871.

Friday, 6—EMPHASIS, Obl. Saturday, 7—Of the Octave. Sunday, 8—Sunday within the Octave. Monday, 9—Of the Octave. Tuesday, 10—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 11—Of the Octave. Thursday, 12—Of the Octave.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We wish our friends all the compliments of the season; and take this opportunity of mentioning that Mr. Gillies is about to set out on a collecting tour in the Ottawa District, where we trust that he may be well received.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The bombardment of Paris, or rather of one of the outlying forts, Mount Avron, which forbid approach to the City, has it will be seen actually commenced; and a Prussian despatch, dated from Versailles, 29th ult., announces the abandonment of the Fort by the French, after one day's bombardment. What advantage of position this will confer on the besiegers we are not told; but from the little resistance which Mount Avron offered, we can hardly suppose that it was a post of much importance to the defence of the City. The cold has been severe all over France, and in consequence there has been much suffering amongst the German troops, amongst whom also a very virulent form of ophthalmia is said to have broken out. We are unable to speak with any degree of certainty as to the actual state of the besieged. If their provisions can hold out, they will no doubt be able to prolong their heroic resistance. All depends upon that.

Affairs in Spain appears stormy and bode no quiet reign to King Amadeus. Gen. Prim has been shot at, and wounded, and it is said that an extensive conspiracy, comprising both republicans and Carlists, exists, to drive out the Italian prince, should he ever set his foot in Spain. From Rome there is nothing new to report, but a great flood of the Tiber is said to have caused much damage to property. Though men may laugh, as the first Napoleon laughed, at the Papal Excommunication there can be no doubt that the sentence which Christ's Vicar on earth has just pronounced upon the assailants of the Holy See, and the spoilers of the Estates of the Church is treated as a serious matter in Italy. "We will assume the responsibility before the Great Powers," Solta is reported to have said at a recent Council of Ministers—"That is all very well Signori," replied Victor Emmanuel, who fears the Devil even though he fear not God—"that is all very well, but will any of you assume the responsibility as before the Devil." Another effect of the Excommunication is noticed in the resignation en masse of the officials in the Finance and Treasury departments at Rome. Who lives, will see whether an Excommunication be a jesting matter or no.

By later reports from Spain, we learn that General Prim, one of the prime movers in the revolution which distracts that unhappy country, is dead from the effects of wounds by him received. The Duc D'Aosta will meet with a warm reception at Madrid, and will be lucky if he leave the City alive. The King of Piedmont paid a flying visit to Rome, but left again on the 1st instant. It would seem as if the Prussians were bent upon provoking Great Britain to war. Again they have sunk British ships in the Seine, and Bismarck justifies the act. At the same time Russia is displaying her contempt for Treaty engagements by carrying out her design of placing armed ships on the Black Sea. With all these outrages and insults Great Britain must tamely put up.

The so-called siege of Paris still continues, but no effective bombardment has yet commenced. Hunger may force Gen. Trochu to capitulate, but not till its food be exhausted

will Paris allow an enemy within its wall.—Perhaps before the end of this month the Prussians will be in full retreat, for everything indicates that their attack upon Paris was a blunder.

THE ART OF SHUFFLING.—The Montreal Witness is a thorough adept in this art, so essential to the evangelical journalist. Some troublesome correspondent has, it seems, addressed to him two questions,—questions which though often put to the evangelical world, have never yet been answered. These questions are:—

(1.) How is the Canon of Scripture to be ascertained without an infallible authority?

(2.) And when ascertained, who is to interpret Scripture without the same authority?

Let us see how the Witness evades these questions. To the first, "How is the Canon of Scripture to be ascertained?" he replies:—

"A correspondent asks how the canon of Scripture is to be ascertained, (i. e., whether or not the Apocrypha is part of the Bible) without an infallible authority; and, when ascertained, who is to interpret Scripture without the same authority? We reply, the Jewish nation was the custodian of the Old Testament, and it did not recognise the Apocrypha as a part with the canonical books. The Reformers carefully investigated the question, and rejected the Apocrypha, and it was not until the Council of Trent that the Church of Rome itself declared it canonical."—Witness, Dec. 23th.

His reply to the second question "When the Canon of Scripture is ascertained, who is to interpret Scripture?" is equally straightforward, and intelligible:—

"As for the other branch of the question, the Scripture is given to man not as an enigma, to be solved by some new Odipus, called a Pope, but as a code of laws and instructions, intended to be prayerfully studied and understood by all devout believers, and even to a very great extent by those who are not yet believers, but who are meek and willing to learn."

We do not propose to open up here the question as to the right of, what the Witness calls, the Apocrypha, to a place in the Canon of Scripture; for that is not the question that the Witness was asked; he was asked "how the Canon of Scripture is to be ascertained?"—Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that we can ascertain the Canon of the Old Testament from the testimony of the Jews, still the question remains "How is the Canon of the New Testament to be ascertained?"—

We for the present waive, we say, the question as to the Canon of the so-called Apocrypha; but we reiterate the question "How is the Canon of the Christian Scriptures to be ascertained?" Now this is a question to which no Protestant can return an answer, which does not expressly make an appeal to tradition, or to some authority outside of the Bible; and which does not also imply the existence on earth, at some epoch of the Christian Church, subsequent to the Apostolic age—(since none of the Apostles have left us a Canon of Scripture)—of a body competent to declare with authority what writings were, and what writings were not, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and therefore entitled to a place in the Canon of Scripture. Now such a body must have been infallible, and infallible in the supernatural order. The question whether a person called Luke for instance, wrote a particular work? is a question in the natural order, which natural reason is competent to deal with; just as it is competent to sit in judgment on the question "Was Sir Philip Francis the author of Junius' letters?" But the question—"Was the person called Luke inspired, and supernaturally assisted by the Holy Ghost, in the composition of his Gospel?" is a question which natural reason is utterly incompetent to deal; and in the discussion of which human criticism finds itself altogether at fault. We conclude therefore that none but an infallible authority, and one infallible in the supernatural order, is competent to define the Canon of Scripture—or, in other words, to determine what writings were composed under the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost.

Now what in substance is the nearest approach to an answer to the question—"How is the Canon of Scripture to be ascertained?" that the Protestant can make? He will reply:—

"The Christians of the first centuries, the early Church, accepted such and such books as Canonical; therefore." \* \* \* Well! What then Sir? If these early Christians, if this Church of the first centuries, were not, was not, infallible in the supernatural order, their reading of certain writings in their religious assemblies, their acceptance of those writings as inspired by the Holy Ghost, proves only that they believed them to be inspired—not that the writings actually were inspired.

If we are wrong, if Protestants can, without an appeal to tradition, and to an infallible authority, "ascertain the Canon of Scripture"—we challenge the Witness to convict us of error; and to show us how he ascertained the right of the short biography of Christ commonly known as the "Gospel according to St. Luke," to take a place amongst the inspired writings, or in other words in the Canon of Scripture. We will stick to one work at a time, for every book of the Bible must stand on its own merits.

Should the Witness see fit to reply to this call upon him, we will publish his answer in our columns, if it be not inordinately lengthy.

The concluding portion of his article in reply to his troublesome querist as to how,—the Canon of Scripture having been ascertained,—the one true meaning of Scripture is to be determined from amongst the many contradictory interpretations put upon it by Protestants—as for instance by Trinitarian Protestants, and Unitarian Protestants?—we must postpone for the present.

A TEXT.—A SERMON.—AND ITS APPLICATION.—Our text is taken from the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, eight and following verses (Protestant version):—

"The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence Satan! For the appropriate sermon on this text we are indebted to the columns of the Montreal Witness of the 27th ult.:

"Nearly the whole of the Teutons are Protestant; and there has long been in operation a fixed law by which the Protestant powers have been rising in the world, while those under Papal influence have been on the decline. There are certain great crises in the history of nations and of individuals when on their conduct for a comparatively brief period their whole future turns. This as a rule happens when truth and error are, in the providence of God, presented to them side by side, and they are asked to state which they prefer. France rejected Protestantism and embraced Popery, and she has been starting for her choice ever since. When the so-called 'Invincible Armada' threatened the overthrow of Protestant England, Spain could boast of 43,000,000 inhabitants; she has now only 14,000,000. Heaven has stricken her in her first born as it smote the Egyptians. With the growth of Protestantism in Ireland prosperity is dawning upon that unhappy land; yet within our times Ireland has lost upward of 2,500,000 inhabitants, more than one-third of the whole. Left under the dominion of the Papacy the logical demonstration is that these countries will become, like the deserted Palmyra, Thebes, or Memphis, howling wildernesses, residences for the wolf, the bat, the wolf, and the serpent.

"Looking at Protestant nations, Great Britain had 10,800,000 when the Armada came; she has now 32,000,000 in these islands. Besides this, she has largely peopled America, India, Australia, New Zealand, and other islands of the South. She has centupled her wealth; she has seen her children grow from ten million to ten times ten millions, and has spread the Bible over all the world.

"Look at Prussia. Only a century and a half ago the title of the King of Prussia was first assumed. But Protestant truth was offered to it and accepted, and, amid struggles, it spread. Blessed with a succession of able Electors, and then of Kings equally distinguished, Prussia became a formidable kingdom.

As an application of this Sermon, or in illustration of the moral and material prosperity of Protestant Great Britain, we may be permitted to quote two high Protestant authorities: the first that of Mr. Spurgeon (Evangelical), the other that of the Westminster Reviewer, (Liberal Protestant.) The former's testimony is given as under:—

"The Church of England seems to be eaten through and through with sacramentalism; but Nonconformity appears to me to be almost as badly riddled with philosophical infidelity. Those of whom we thought better things are turning aside one by one from the fundamentals of the faith. At first it was the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment that had to be given up; now it must be the very doctrine of the Fall—first one thing, then another, the whole must go. They treat our doctrines as though they were all to be knocked down at their good pleasure when they choose to amend our theology. Through and through, I believe the very heart of England is honey-combed with a damnable infidelity which dares still to go into the pulpit and call itself Christian."

The Westminster Reviewer, October 1870, p. 114, in like manner bears its witness to the glorious physical, mental, and moral condition of the people of Protestant England:—

"A few facts will go far to explain the degeneracy physical and mental, of our rural population. In the year 1853 the Privy Council directed a medical inquiry to be made into the food of the poorer classes in England; and Mr. Simon, the gentleman appointed to conduct the inquiry, found, on actual examination, a very alarming deficiency. The standard adopted was that obtained from experience during the Lancashire cotton famine, under the influence of which 'starvation diseases,' as they are called, were proved to supervene. This standard, in the case of a man, was 4300 grains of carbon and 200 grains of nitrogen. Now, as regards the agricultural population, it was found that more than a fifth had less than the estimated bare sufficiency of carbonaceous food, and that more than a third had less than the estimated bare sufficiency of nitrogenous food; and that in the three purely agricultural counties, Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Somersetshire, insufficiency of nitrogenous food was the average diet.

So much for the physical condition of the agricultural labourer. His mental condition is no better. It is vain to talk to him of the necessity of life insurance, annuities for old age, or for making a provision for his wife and children. He barely manages to obtain subsistence from day to day, and all his efforts are devoted to that one object. Life with him is a constant 'struggle for existence.' To talk of educating him under such circumstances is absurd. He has neither the time nor the means for indulging in such a luxury as education, and his children are not likely to be any better off than himself in this respect. Bad as is his condition in the present, his future prospects are still worse. The next grade above him is too high for him ever to have a chance of reaching it. He has no ambition because he has no hope. He must drudge on in his own dull way to the dreary end, and that end is the goal or the workhouse.

With the lower stratum of society in such a state of physical and mental degradation, we need not wonder at the prevalence of crime. Physical privation means moral degradation. Insufficiency of food implies deficiency of everything that is necessary to the comfort and decency of domestic life. Can we expect the moral condition of those to be otherwise than low, whose constant care it is to earn a bare subsistence? Unfortunately we are not left to infer that such is the case. We are supplied with an overwhelming mass of evidence on this point which puts the matter beyond dispute. This evidence proves too conclusively that crime and immorality prevail in England to an alarming extent. If

\* Where did our contemporary get his figures? Hallam puts the population of England in the XVI. century at about 4,400,000. See Const. Hist.

we are to believe the official reports that have from time to time been laid before Parliament, if we are to believe the statements of clergymen who have had ample opportunities of ascertaining the condition of the several parishes in which they reside, or of gentlemen well known for their truthfulness and philanthropy, then indeed we cannot resist the conclusion that this country has reached a depth of degradation that is perfectly appalling. An agricultural labourer's cottage sometimes contains three, but often only two rooms, and in a great many cases only one room, which is used as a living and sleeping chamber for the whole family. Sometimes in an ordinary sized room there may be found sleeping in close proximity father and mother and grown up sons and daughters. It is said not to be an uncommon thing even to find young men received as lodgers where only one room is available for the whole family. The consequence of this state of things on the rising generation may be imagined. In some parishes the number of illegitimate children exceeds that of those born in wedlock.

Perhaps this testimony as to the degraded physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the laboring classes in Protestant England, may suggest to some that it would have been well for England if in the sixteenth century she too had replied to the tempter in the words of the Lord in our Text "Vade Satana," and had remained true to the ancient Catholic Faith of her fathers.

\* S. G. O. in a letter to the Times newspaper, says:—"Sad and lengthened experience has convinced me that the producer of bread by the sweat of his brow, for his body's sake and his soul's sake, can be placed in no worse position than he is at home—in merry England, Christian England, England the nurse of industry, the very hotbed of philanthropy. Late, very late experience—knowledge acquired far and near, from those in whom I can put trust—facts of which I am cognizant from sources which defy contradiction—all prove to me that in hundreds of our villages the social condition of man is below that of any country of which I have ever read."

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.—Translated from the French of Henri Lasserre. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

This is a charming work: charming, not only because of the subject with which it deals, but because of the manner in which the writer treats his subject. The book is sparkling with wit, pétillant d'esprit, and at the same time elaborately argumentative. Though we do not pretend that the miracles, or supernatural events therein narrated are to be accepted as of faith, or that the Catholic is bound under pain of sin to admit them, we see not how they can be contested except by arguments which would prove fatal to the miracles recorded in the Gospels. Can a miracle be established by human testimony?—and if so under what conditions? The Christian who believes in the Resurrection of the Lord cannot but give an affirmative answer to the first query, and so also to the second, we say, of the conditions requisite for the credibility of human testimony to a miracle,—not one in the case of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes is wanting. These miracles were done publicly: the witnesses thereunto, of whom many are still living, are well known not only in France, but throughout Europe, and amongst them may be reckoned persons from all ranks in Society. The story of these miracles was published and believed there and then, where and when they are said to have occurred. The facts are attested by eyewitnesses, literate and illiterate, by non-professionals, and by medical men eminent in the profession. The waters of a spring which suddenly gushed forth from a rock previously dry, as in the days of Moses, were subjected to careful chemical analysis by distinguished chemists in France,—amongst others by M. Filhot, Professor of Chemistry at Toulouse and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor: the civil authorities made the most searching investigations, in the hopes of bringing to light imposture somewhere, but failed signally in their attempts; and in a word there is no better natural evidence for the truth of any of the supernatural phenomena connected with the propagation of Christianity, than there is for the truth of the miracles said to have been wrought by the miraculous intervention of the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God at Lourdes. To those who doubt, we say, read the evidence, and then, but not before, pronounce your verdict.

If Protestants and non-Christians reject this evidence it is because it establishes not only the truth of Christianity as a fact in the supernatural order, but because it establishes the truth of that form of Christianity called Romanism, Popery, or Catholicity. All Protestants argue from the premiss of the falsity of this religion, to the falsity of the miracles which attest its truth. With a marvellous inconsistency they will deny the miracle in which God, the Blessed Virgin, and the Angels intervene, but will admit those in which the Devil and his infernal host are the chief actors. Turning tables they will trust, and in spirit-rapping and in Planchette they will place their faith; but the report of a Catholic miracle arouses only their indignant incredulity. The diabolic supernatural they recognise as at work amongst them; the angelic supernatural they hold to be impossible.

The work is very well translated by a Lady of the Holy Cross; the spirit of the original has been admirably preserved, as well as its literal meaning. The price of the book is \$1.60, sent free by mail in Montreal; and \$2 is the New York publishing price.

The terrible war in France has had this good effect, that it has given the Catholic Clergy, the Catholic Sisters of Charity and the Religious generally, opportunity to refute, by their noble heroism, the foul slanders of the Liberal press. The maligned partie pretre it is now seen and admitted, is the first and foremost in the field; wherever there is danger, wherever there are the wounded to be relieved, or the dying man to be administered, there in the post of danger, in the thickest of the fire, cool and unflinching is the priest, the consecrated virgin to be seen, extorting the admiration of their enemies.

The following eulogy upon the Christian Brothers, whom we all know and respect in Canada as the exemplary teachers of the rising generation, but who in France are mainly engaged in carrying aid to the wounded on the battle field—is from the pen of the Special Correspondent of the London Times:—

But the infirmaries themselves seemed to me most creditably free from any tendency to shirk dangerous duty, considering that they have not the excitement of fighting, nor the prospect of crosses, pensions, or promotion to keep their courage up to the mark. As for the Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, who are, as it were, the crack corps—the Old Guard—the veterans, their pluck is prodigious. They were conspicuous in their round flapping hats, white bands, and long black coats, in all parts of the field, ready to confess the dying (?) carry the wounded, bury the dead—in fact, to do any duty required of them, at once the gentlest and bravest of men. I saw one of them pick up an obus, and when a soldier shouted to him to take care, as it was a fresh one and might still explode, would have done, he had the presence of mind to put it slowly on the ground, as coolly as if it had been an egg; and then, turning round to us, who had made a most undignified rush from him, not being, perhaps, quite as well prepared for being blown into fragments heavenwards, he remarked that it "was very dangerous to let these things fall hard, as the concussion might make them explode."

If France is to be saved, it is by men of this stamp, by men inspired with the true spirit of the Christian soldier, that her salvation will be worked out—not by the obscene followers of Garibaldi, and the unclean rabble of the revolution.

As a contrast to the behavior of the Christian Brothers we copy from the correspondence of a Hamburg paper, published in the Montreal Herald of the 2nd inst., some particulars as to the way in which the Garibaldians and their chief comport themselves in action:—

They—the Garibaldians—advanced with theatrical effect. The beating of drums and ringing of bells formed the chief music, and Garibaldi's hymn was also sung. The well-aimed rounds of the Baden-ers soon silenced them, and they retired with considerable loss on finding that we were well prepared to receive them. Night favoured their retreat, and next morning showed that they had suffered much more than we had supposed. The road was strewn for miles with knapsacks and weapons. The finest weapons of precision were lying about—Sniders, Remingtons, Peabodys, &c. According to a captured officer, a Nizzard, Garibaldi commanded in person, and in spite of his gout was an hour on horseback, but when the affair began to go wrong the Staff and the General went off. The inhabitants of Dijon, while the fight was going on near the town, plundered some wagons, and were punished by a fine of £8,000. Six Garibaldians, who had escaped, were discovered in a muddy canal in the town where they had passed the whole day. Amid great merriment they were drawn out.

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh writes to the Scotsman, under date Oct. 27th, pointing out the moral excellencies of D'Israeli's late work Lothair, as an antidote to Popery. The learned Professor with keen eye quickly detects the purport of that work; and nicely appreciating the characteristics of Catholicity and Protestantism respectively, he points out that the best means of counteracting Papal aggression in England, is the calling in the aid of the lusts of the flesh. Sensuality, not logic, is the weapon with which Romanism must be met, and conquered; all other weapons are unavailing against it.

And so the Professor having pointed out how Lothair, the hero of D'Israeli's romance, had almost been made a Catholic of by appeals to his spiritual nature—shows how he was rescued from the peril by potent appeals to his animal nature. He thus analyses, with great accuracy the several results of these two opposite modes of treatment—the spiritual or Catholic process, and the animal or Protestant process:—

"Our hero is submitted to an altogether different treatment in the person of the beautiful Greek girls, who are always singing when they are not laughing, and always laughing when they are not singing.—Than this embodiment of graceful Hellenic sensuousness, and hilarious juvenility of temper, nothing could be more suitable to counteract the effect of the austere and celibate virtues which are the prime theme of Popish eulogy."

Protestant missions to Papists will, if wise, profit by the hint, and will henceforward adopt the philosophy of D'Israeli. Instead of tall-facced, obese "men of God" in rusty black, and dingy white chokers, let them engage a lot of jolly girls always laughing and singing, to go amongst the blinded devotees of the Romish superstition, as the Apostles and Evangelists of the new religion; to preach up the delights of sensuality, to insist on the claims of the flesh, and eloquently to denounce the austere virtues of Popery. Nothing, as Professor Blackie observes, more potent than agencies such as these to counteract the tendencies of Popery.

Under the caption An Unnatural Son, the annexed telegram is going the rounds of the press:—

AN UNNATURAL SON.—NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—A

Washington despatch says that Surratt's re-appearance to public notice has brought out a fact concerning him which has never heretofore been published. It is stated on most responsible authority that when Surratt's mother was on trial here, Judge Advocate Holt consented to release her if the former would give himself up to trial. Surratt was informed of this by friends who were in communication with him; but instead of at once complying, and thereby securing the release of his mother, he immediately absconded leaving her to her fate.

If this story be true, it is as hard upon the Court, which sentenced to death, an innocent woman, and a woman whom—as is now evident by its offer on condition to release her—it knew to be innocent, because it could not lay hands upon a man whom it suspected of being guilty. In the eyes of all honest men the hanging of Mrs. Surratt has always appeared a horrid crime, more atrocious even than the cowardly assassination of President Lincoln; now however we are informed that she was thus brutally and iniquitously dealt with, simply out of spite, and because the man upon whom the Court that murdered her wished to lay its hands—though even now of his having entertained any designs upon the life of Mr. Lincoln there is no proof—had fled beyond its reach. There is no instance of a fouler prostitution of justice to be met with in the records of any European nation, than this of the dastardly murder of Mrs. Surratt—the story printed above, and which reaches us from Yankee sources, be true. Its heading should be not "An Unnatural Son," but "A Dishonest Judge."

Had Surratt given himself he might have been hung himself, but we don't believe he would have saved his mother.

**CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON.**—A very successful entertainment and concert was given by the young ladies, pupils of this institution, on the evening of Tuesday the 27th ult. His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, accompanied by Viscount-General Farrelly, graced the festivities with his presence; and the *British Whig* closes an interesting account of the evening's proceedings with the remark that they bore high testimony to the mental training and educational efficiency of the Convent of Notre Dame.

The same journal also speaks of the Christmas services at St. Mary's Cathedral as "grand and majestic." It speaks highly of the efficiency which the choir has reached under the leadership of the Organist of the Cathedral, Professor Desrochers.

The much vaunted school-system of New England is being somewhat rigidly criticised by the public press. The same extravagance, or rather pecuniary corruption, which pre-eminently characterises all the public institutions of the U. States, taints the administration of the Common Schools; and its results are presented to the world by the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which shows, from a Report of a Committee of the City Council that, whilst "the number of scholars in the public schools has increased about fifty per cent" during the last sixteen years—the advance in the rate per scholar has been from \$8.55 to \$20.34. In incidental expenses the advance has become greater; "the bills which in 1854 came to \$2.75 per scholar, now reaching \$7.52 per scholar." Some things are said to be "cheap and nasty," of State Schoolism it may be said that is costly as well as nasty.

The Toronto *Globe* of the 26th ult. gives a brief analysis of the Report of Prison Inspectors for the year ending October, 1870. Crime, as far as may be judged from the number of commitments, would appear to be rapidly on the increase in U. Canada, and the chief increase would appear to be amongst juveniles under 16 years of age—these having increased "about 10 per cent." Perhaps the explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the Common School system of U. Canada.

"During the time embraced in the Report," says the *Globe*, "that is the year ending 1st of October, 1870, the commitments to the common goals exceeded those of the previous year by 724. Of this excess 641 were men, and 83 women. The total commitments for the year were 6,379. The average number in our goals at one time is between 600 and 700."

The *Globe* gives also some further statistics. "Our criminals for the year," it says, "rank as follows":—Catholics, 2,392; Protestants of all sects, 3,987.

The annexed report which we take from the London *Times*, of a case pending before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, reveals a curious state of morality as existing amongst the Protestant English, resident in India:—

JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL, DEC. 6. (Present—Lord Justice James, Lord Justice Mellish, Sir J. Colvile, and Sir L. Peel.)

IN RE VICTORIA SKINNER. This case, which was before the Committee on Monday, revealed a strange state of affairs at Meerut, in the North-Western Provinces of India, where the same persons lived as Christians and also as Mahomedans.

tion by Helen Skinner, who was also known as Badshmo Begum, the mother of Victoria Skinner, a minor, for special leave to appeal from an order of the High Court. The petition of Mrs. Skinner stated that her husband George Skinner, by whom she had two children, one being Victoria Skinner, was killed at Delhi in the Indian Mutiny, and after his death she continued to live in the "Mahomedan fashion." She had subsequently married one John Thomas Johns, who was formerly a Christian, but became converted to the Mahomedan religion. At the time of the marriage Johns had a wife, whom he had married according to the Christian religion. One of the family of her husband had applied to the Court in India in order that another guardian should be appointed and that the daughter should be removed from her care. The Court had made an order, and the daughter Victoria Skinner had been removed from her charge. The petitioner declared that her daughter was a Mahomedan, and much attached to her, and prayed for special leave to appeal against the decision of the Court in India. Sir Roundell Palmer said the case disclosed some strange facts as to the morality of parties who professed to be Christians, and who lived as Mahomedans.

Their Lordships gave the petitioner special leave to appeal. Sir Roundell Palmer asked for permission that the petitioner should have access to her daughter, as was usual in such matters.

Lord Justice James said an application could be made to the Court below, and when it was known that leave had been given to appeal, they would, no doubt, give directions on the subject. Leave to appeal was accordingly granted.

THE IRISH AS A BUSINESS PEOPLE.

A lecture on the above subject was delivered at the St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, on Thursday evening, 27th ult., by Matthew Ryan, Esq., of Montreal.

The lecturer commenced by observing that the present was a utilitarian age, one in which the cultivation of the useful arts was considered more conducive to the well being of man, intellectually and morally, than that of the fine arts. While he did not agree with the decision which set aside the study of the fine arts, and ignored their value, but would believe rather, that they had been eminently useful, had soothed the savage, and afforded great aid to religion, and that they would thus continue to be of great value to the end of time, it was undeniable that we live in a business age, and that not to be a business people in this day, on this continent, was to be consigned to helpless inferiority. The particular object of his enquiry was, how far were the Irish a business people,—to show, perhaps, that they were not so far behind in that regard as some would have them to be. The Irish writers as far as he had read them, did not record much as to the early commerce of Ireland. They dwell with pride on her learning, and so successful have they been in establishing their country's claim in this respect that the *Edinburgh Review* in its 92nd number says, "it cannot be denied that the Irish were a learned people, while the Saxons were still immersed in darkness and ignorance."

Be this as it may, however, nothing is better established than that, at a later period Ireland carried on an active trade with the Western coast of Spain, and it would be strange indeed if her admirable position for foreign trade was not brought into play. The evidence collected by Parliamentary enquiries as to the advantages of harbors on the western coast of Ireland is quite decisive. "The voyage from America to the West of Ireland, and back again," says Dr. Kane, "could frequently be made in the time that vessels take in clearing the channel from Liverpool, from London, or from Glasgow." Another competent authority speaking of the struggles and loss of life and property attendant upon the navigation of the English channel said: "If Ireland had justice done her she would be the *Entrepot* for those vessels, instead of Liverpool with her sand banks, or London with the dangers of her river, and their cargoes would be safely landed in Cork or Waterford, and the circulation of these cargoes through the Empire from our ports would be most rapid by means of the steam-boats that ply between the two countries." But it is still said the Irish are not a business people, have no natural inclination for trade, and hence the backwardness of their country in times past and in the present time. Ah! the best answer to this is the fact of the marked exertions made by England in times past, and to a certain extent still being made, to prevent the growth of Irish trade. The old opposition in this respect is most fully admitted by such high authorities as Pitt, Huskisson, and Labouchere, by the last named when he was President of the Board of Trade. Pitt spoke so plainly and indignantly on the subject as to attribute the opposition to "a jealousy of Ireland's prosperity"; and the fact of the continued exertions of English statesmen and merchants to repress almost every species of Irish trade justifies the assertion. As far back as 1630 we find Stafford writing from Ireland to the English Privy Council that he had discouraged, and would continue to do so, "a clothing trade," because "it would trench on the clothing of England, and beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they (the Irish) were able to do." In 1673 the principle was more broadly laid down by Sir William Temple. "Regard must be had," he said, "to those points wherein the trade of England comes to interfere with that of Ireland in which case the Irish trade ought to be declined so as to give way to that of England." The civil strife which raged towards the end of the 17th Century much retarded the manufacturing progress of Ireland, yet her efforts, even then, were far from being insignificant, as shown by the historian Barlow. From the time of the Act of Settlement till the revolutionary wars under William III., she increased much in wealth, and so rapidly did she recover from the calamities of the latter period that in 1698 the balance of trade was largely in her favor. It is lamentable to see the spirit in which England met these noble exertions of the feeble country to elevate herself to national dignity, and necessary wealth. The English Lords and Commons, urged on by the Merchants of Bristol, called for the destruction of the woolen trade of Ireland in an address to the King in 1698, and the violator of the Treaty of Limerick

fittingly replied: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the Woolen manufacture of Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture of Ireland and to promote the trade of England."—This desire to promote the linen trade is explained by the facts that whereas wool was the national staple of Ireland, flax, for the manufacture of linen, had generally to be imported from England. But what arrogance did it not argue to prescribe for Ireland what species of manufacture she should cultivate. She required no advice as to the linen trade; she had already promoted it to the proper commercial extent: it was enumerated in the 33rd Henry VIII., as "one of the principle branches of Irish manufacture," and in the 13th of Elizabeth, it was recited that "Irishmen had been exporters of linen for more than 100 years." It might have been allowed after all this experience that Ireland was the best judge as to which branch of manufacture she could most profitably engage in.

"Every civilized country," says Mr. Mill, "is entitled to settle its internal affairs in its own way, and no other country ought to interfere with its discretion because one country, even with the best intention, has no chance of properly understanding the affairs of another." The "intention" of England in establishing the linen trade was finally put beyond all question, when the Act 10th Anne, cap. 19, which imposed a duty of 30 per cent on linens made in foreign parts, was held to apply to Ireland. The learned lecturer next glanced at the long list of English Parliamentary enactments against Irish trade and manufactures, to detail which, would require not a lecture but a special volume. This keen and continued exertion, he said would seem to indicate in Ireland the existence of manufacturing capabilities, and some capacity in her people for trade and commerce. He next met the question so commonly asked, what was the action of the Irish Parliament in view of this aggressive English policy? "It is painful," he replied, "to be obliged to say that this then unfaithful body was generally acquiescent. But the reason was soon told. They were not the Parliament of the nation. They represented the ascendancy party, which was under such obligations to England that they had to yield to her exactions, however severe. But a better and a brighter day soon dawned. Grattan arose!

"Ever glorious Grattan, the best of the good."

His vivifying and purifying eloquence soon procured for his adored country a Parliament worthy of the name, one devoted to her honor and interests.

The victory of 1782 was won: commercial freedom was secured: foreign and colonial markets were opened to Ireland's trade and manufactures; and what a rush of prosperity do we then witness! What an answer to the charge that the Irish were not a business people!

"How stands the case now," says Mr. Pitt, in the House of Commons in 1785,—the trade is infinitely more advantageous to Ireland."

Lord Chancellor Clare said:

"There is not a nation in the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures with the same rapidity in the same period." The *Bankers of Dublin*, the *Dublin guild of merchants*, published evidence in detail to the same effect. But the jealousy of Ireland's prosperity of which Mr. Pitt had complained, was again aroused and finally culminated in the loss to Ireland of her free Parliament, "I hope not for ever," said the speaker most emphatically,—and then what followed? Ah! it is a sad tale to tell what followed. Resolutions and petitions adopted by the Dublin trades at public meetings held in the Corn Exchange Rooms in the years 1841, '42 and '43 tell us something of what followed. Here Mr. Ryan read a series of statements showing how manufacturing employment fell off throughout Ireland consequent upon the Union. One particular is a sample. In Dublin the woolen trade from 1782 to 1794 flourished in all its branches, and continued in a fair way until 1810. The average number of men whom it employed from 1782 to 1810, was about 2,500; average amount of wages £1 10 per week. In 1843 the average number employed was three hundred and fifty (350); average wages, eighteen shillings per week. Mr. Ryan then expressed a strong doubt as to the prosperity of trade in Ireland at present. He was apprehensive that it was still as described by Mr. O'Connell in 1843, viz., "exporting cattle we ought to eat, and importing goods we ought to manure."

Great changes had been effected, no doubt; a more just public opinion was being rapidly formed in England, he granted; but what did he read in the evidence before a Commission appointed in 1865 to enquire into the railway system in Ireland? A Dublin merchant, Mr. Bewby, stated: "I hold in my hand handbills which had been forwarded to me from Castlebar in the West of Ireland of the carriage of sugar from Liverpool to Castlebar, via Dublin at the rate of 20s. per ton; but the Dublin merchant is charged for his sugar carried over the same line 27s. 6d. Thus the English merchant by a combination with the owners of steamers and railway directors is enabled virtually to get his goods free to Dublin, and having got them there to forward them to the country at a much lower rate than the Dublin merchant can from his own city." Several other merchants complained to the same effect. Mr. Barrington, then Lord Mayor of Dublin, said that in consequence of the high railway charges he was obliged to ship his goods to Liverpool and re-ship them again to Irish ports, in order to compete with English rivals, who thus had a great advantage over him. "This," said Mr. Ryan, "looks like history repeating itself," and then reminded the audience of what Sir William Temple had said in 1673. Mr. Ryan next spoke of the tenacity with which under the disadvantages of the past the Irish clung to Ireland, and to what an extent, even, a large proportion of them en-

tered into what is known as business, and prospered. This was shown in the result of the recent sales of Encumbered Estates. It was predicted, perhaps designed, that the purchasers of these properties would be from England and Scotland; but of the first 21 millions of pounds realized not one-seventh came from England and Scotland and two-thirds of the Irish purchasers were Catholics. He next referred to the wonderful vitality shown by the Irish who emigrated to the continent of Europe, quoting Macaulay's grand tribute to the O'Donnells in Spain, the MacMahons in France, the Nugents in Austria, and the O'Dalys in Portugal. He referred also in glowing terms to the success of the race throughout the British Empire, and in the United States of America as business men, scholars, and statesmen. Such are their numbers, and such their importance, in England itself that the historian Alison was alarmed lest they might one day control the institutions of that country. A Governor of Australia writes to the Imperial authorities that the Irish were amongst the most prosperous and most conservative people under his government. In fact the O'Shaughnessy Government, with Gavin Duffy as its commissioner of Crown lands, ruled in Western Australia for years. And now he would mention a fact most creditable to Mr. Duffy, and one which showed that an Irishman could be true to a Government that was true to him. When Mr. Duffy arrived in Australia he found there a Doctor Laing, a Scotchman, who had been long agitating for the separation of that country from England. Knowing Mr. Duffy's antecedents he thought he would secure in him an immediate ally. But Mr. Duffy saw that Australia was not Ireland, but was enjoying the very system of government which he and others had demanded for Ireland, that is, a government responsible to her own people, subject to their direct control; and in one of the ablest papers he ever wrote he so advised Doctor Laing. Mr. Duffy did not deny that England had wronged her own country, had even inflicted suffering upon herself personally, but he would not violate principle by opposing, or attempting to injure her, where her rule was just. Reference was next made to Mr. Maguire's book on "The Irish in America," in which that able writer, and shrewd observer, tracks his fellow countrymen, and their descendants, throughout the British Provinces, and from Maine to Mexico, finding them everywhere, while avoiding too much drink, doing well, often doing wonders. The details in Mr. Maguire's book as to the success of the Irish on this continent to several of which Mr. Ryan referred, are most interesting. One great fact is worthy of special mention. Within a quarter of a century not less than £2,000,000, or supposing there was no depreciation of United States Currency, \$120,000,000 was sent by the Irish in the United States to their kindred in Ireland. The lecture was closed by a well reasoned and instructive essay on Savings Banks in which it was shown what a large interest the Irish on this continent have in those institutions, and how very valuable they are as the strong box of the humble man of moderate means, and provident habit. The lecturer spoke feelingly and eloquently of how well calculated they were to prevent want and suffering, how much they contributed in their effect on the mind to public order, to an anti-revolutionary spirit. Lord Bacon said that the man who had children gave hostages to the law. Most certainly so did the man who had money in the Savings Bank, every deposit there was a hostage to the law. Hence Mr. Ryan in his "political elements" says there is sufficient money in the Savings Banks in England to prevent a revolution. He, the speaker, heartily wished that there was a Savings Bank and a Temperance Society wherever the Irish were, and, trust him, the Irish would then soon be not only an able business people, but a Christian people of the highest type.

Mr. Ryan was, as might be expected, listened to throughout with marked attention.

At the close a vote of thanks was proposed in the handsomest terms by P. A. Edeson, Esq., senr., which was seconded by Moore A. Higgins, Esq., and supported in a brief but highly complimentary address by J. B. L. Fellows, Esq., Barrister.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. FATHER SALMON. St. Gabriel's Church, Point St. Charles, was, on New Year's Day, the scene of a touching ceremony long to be remembered by the good inhabitants of that thriving locality. On that day they testified in a becoming manner the high esteem in which they held their beloved Pastor, the Rev. Father Salmon. An impressive sermon was delivered during Mass, in which the hearers were reminded of the blessings received during the year just past, of the necessity of gratitude, and of the importance of forming good resolutions to be put in practice during the year about to commence.

Occasion was taken to denounce in no measured terms the abuse of strong drinks at this season, and the practice of pressing to imbibe the visitors unwilling to do so. The Mass was immediately followed by Solemn Benediction, at the close of which Messrs. William Wall and J. Lafontaine, approach the altar and read the addresses in English and French, which they had composed for the occasion.

ST. GABRIEL'S FARM, }  
New Year's Day, 1871. }

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE REV. J. J. SALMON.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—We, the members of St. Gabriel's Church, deem it our duty, on the return of this festive season to express un-animously our esteem for your character and our good wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

Tough less than a year in our midst, we have already learned to appreciate your paternal solicitude to provide for our welfare, spiritual and temporal, and your constant exertions to raise the infant church you have founded to a

sphere adequate to the requirements of a steadily increasing community. But a short time ago, and our district was a dreary waste, access to the church comparatively difficult, and now, thanks to your energetic exertions, we view the temple of God from our own doors; the cross, the emblem of our holy faith, looms nobly above our dwellings and throws its benign shadow over the homes of our families; the bell rings out joyously its summons to prayer and praise; at our own altar we participate of the Bread of Life and listen to the glad tidings of salvation which you, Rev. Father, so eloquently announce.

Your zeal and devotedness in the performance of the sacred functions attached to the Priesthood form another and a higher claim to our respect and affection. That whole souled devotedness, so characteristic of the true Catholic Priest, which studies with care the real wants of the people and spares no sacrifice to provide for them, is exhibited by you in a high degree. We have already experienced your readiness to extend a helping hand to the needy, to advise the uncertain, to chide the erring, and to bind up tenderly the bruised heart on the thorny bed of disease or in the cold hut of poverty.

Finally, in you we recognize the true friend, the accomplished man, the devoted priest, in a word, the zealous servant of God and of His Holy Church. When we see you safely anchored in our midst with your abode easy of access the measure of our comfort will be complete.

In conclusion, with grateful hearts, we wish the compliments of the New Year, hoping that its fleeting hours may bring you peace and happiness. That you may long be spared in your career of usefulness, we shall offer up our prayers to God, the Giver of all good, that he may deign to preserve your health and contentment, and vouchsafe you a Happy New Year, and many returns of this joyous season.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,  
Edward McKeon, William Wall,  
Michl. Hennessy, J. McCarthy,  
Wm. Brackin, R. McCarthy,  
Patk. Leahy, M. Healy,  
J. McNeill, J. Healy,  
J. Connors, M. Donohue.

The Rev. Gentleman in a well worded reply thanked them not only for their present testimonial of affection, but also for their kind and generous assistance since his arrival in their midst. A more substantial token of esteem was then presented by E. McKeon, Esq., J.P., in the shape of a course of one hundred dollars, which by this time may be increased one half as the contribution list was opened on Saturday evening only. This flourishing little congregation of St. Gabriel's deserve the highest credit for their sobriety, industry and attention to their religious duties and for the perfect accord of its English and French members of whose language their esteemed Pastor seems to be complete master.

Weekly Report of the St. Bridget's Defiance ending Saturday the 31st ultimo.—Males, 321; Females, 90; English, 19; Irish, 330; Scotch, 14; French Canadian, 34; Total, 414.

DIED IN JAN.—Sraphin Chenette, four score years of age, who it will be remembered was tried in this city last spring for the murder of his grandson, died yesterday in the Montreal Jail, where he was confined as a dangerous but imbecile lunatic.—*Montreal Witness*, 25th ult.

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

Died.

In this city, on the 2nd inst., Robt. Campbell, printer, aged 67 years and 16 days. A native of Dundee, Perthshire, Scotland.  
Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend his funeral on Friday afternoon, at two o'clock, from the residence of his son Dr. F. W. Campbell, No. 10 Phillips Square.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Dec. 30.

Flour 40 lbs. of 196 lb.—Collaris	53.50	60	53.75
Middlings	4.90	60	4.20
Fine	4.70	60	4.85
Superior, No. 2	4.90	60	5.00
Superfine	5.50	60	6.00
Fancy	5.80	60	6.00

WANTED

IMMEDIATELY for the ROMAN CATHOLIC FEMALE SEPARATE SCHOOL of Belleville, a FEMALE HEAD TEACHER. Salary liberal. Application to be made (if by letter, prepaid) to P. P. LYNCH, Secretary.

TEACHERS WANTED.

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

St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., P.Q.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LOUIS MARSANT, and JOSEPH TELLIER dit LA FORTUNE, Traders, of the Town of Joliette, Insolvents.

I, the undersigned, Adolphe Magnan, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, in the Town of Joliette, on Friday, the thirtieth day of January next, at eleven o'clock, A.M., for the public examination of the Insolvents and the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvents are hereby requested to attend. A. MAGNAN, Assignee. Joliette, 13th Dec., 1870.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—A despatch from Havre states that there has been intense excitement in the city consequent upon a battle that has been going on since the 26th in the neighborhood of the city.

BORDEAUX, Dec. 23.—Fallherbe, in a despatch, announces that, owing to the intensely cold weather, he will encamp his troops near Arras, and await the prosecution of a general movement throughout France for the relief of Paris and the deliverance of France.

The weather in Southern France is exceedingly cold.

The Prussians cannonaded St. Calais on the 25th, and then entered the place, where they committed many disorders. Chansy sent a formal protest to the Prussian General, and subsequently issued an order of the day in which he says: "I have warned the Prussians against further prosecution of such horrible actions as they have committed against unarmed places, and people who deserve better treatment from the enemy because of their extreme humanity to the Prussian sick and wounded."

HERALD'S SPECIAL.—HAVRE, Dec. 26.—Since Saturday evening the city has been intensely excited over the first important struggle between the French troops in this Department and the Prussians, which occurred on Saturday morning, at daybreak. After a number of petty engagements and skirmishes with the Uhlans and Saxons, the people became clamorous for a grand sortie. Accordingly, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, a battalion, forming a column of 5,000 men, pressed forward from Honfleur. This force, under command of Col. Miermad, arrived at Chateau Montivert on the 22nd, and there established headquarters, and sent out advanced posts. The troops were in the best state of discipline yet known, and were prepared for a reconnaissance in force by daybreak. The 24th was one of the coldest days this winter; and on Thursday the half-frozen French outposts were driven in by the sudden appearance of Prussian cavalry in large numbers moving on the chateau at a rapid pace. The alarm was sounded, and the troops soon formed in a creditable line, the artillery pushing forward on the right wing. The French behaved well, and were soon prepared to attack. At 7.30 the battle began by an impetuous advance of the Prussian cavalry, 1,500 strong, preceded by a battery of artillery. They were received by the French artillery, who opened with a furious cannonade. It soon became apparent that the French guns were well placed and splendidly worked, but not sufficiently supported. The warm fire created a temporary demoralization among the Germans, whose lines wavered, but kept up their fire. Three advances were made by the Prussians to capture the French batteries, but they were each time compelled to retire. This unsuccessful fight with the French right lasted two hours. Then a large body of Prussian infantry, preceded by a line of cavalry, appeared on the road from the Fecamp, coming to support the enemy. A council of war was held on the battle-field, in which the Germans determined to fall back on Honfleur. The French occupied the height commanding Balbec with artillery. Lower stood the Prussians. To attack the French position it was necessary for them to descend into the plain, then to cross a petty stream, and then ascend the opposite bank about 150 feet. The Prussians hesitated to make the attempt, and at the same time were exposed to a destructive fire from the French; while from their position their own fire was ineffective. Soon however fresh Prussian artillery appeared to the right of the French position, and the fire from their caused the Mobiles to break in confusion. The French force immediately commenced to make a retreat, which movement they performed amid some confusion. The Prussian line made an attempt to follow up their advantage, but the movement was made difficult by the nature of the ground. Nevertheless they captured about two hundred prisoners. This ended the expedition intended to accomplish the occupation of Yvelot, and to capture 1,000 Prussian artillery and infantry known to have been stationed at the point. The Prussian losses are estimated at about 300, killed, the French under 200. Since the fight the Prussian forces have again fallen back.

The Herald's Versailles despatch says there were 100,000 men engaged in the attack, besides gunboats, and upwards of 20 batteries, without counting the guns on the earthworks. The main effort of the French was directed with three divisions and 100 guns on Aulnay and Severan, their right resting on Bondy, and the left on Boligny. There were also movements made at Drancy and Lebourget, where the French had a hot reception from four batteries of guard artillery, stationed in the vicinity, which cut them up terribly. The infantry guards got into action hereabouts, driving the French back into the forts in great disorder. With this exception, the repulse of the sortie was effected by artillery, and this accounts for the small loss of the Germans. Four of the guard's batteries opened fire at 1,400 yards, causing immense damage to the advancing French columns, a few minutes sufficing to make the enemy waver. Their officers endeavoured to keep them together, but they soon broke and fell back entirely discomfited. They had no better fortune in their encounter with the Saxon field batteries, in the endeavour to take Aulnay and Severan. Gunboats were brought to Epinay, whence they kept up an incessant fire on the right of the Prussian guards, with but little effect.

VERSAILLES, Dec. 28.—Mont Avron is silent to-day, but the forts in the neighborhood reply to the fire of the German guns. The Prussians on Monday advanced to and occupied Bapame, 14 miles S.S.E. from Arras.

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The Government organs say that Mont Avron was the first position attacked in order to obtain a stand-point from which to operate against the adjacent outlying forts. The bombardment of Mont Avron may be considered as the introduction to a general shelling of Paris. Its capture will greatly facilitate the operations against the city.

A despatch from Versailles, dated the 23rd, says a scheme to assassinate the King of Prussia, Von Motke, and Bismarck, was discovered here a few days since. A number of strangers arrived in the city on Wednesday, when the gates were closed, and the citizens ordered to remain in their houses on pain of death. The patrols then searched every place, and arrested 200 persons, of whom 70 were armed with guns.

BORDEAUX, Dec. 29.—Advices from Paris state that the new fortifications have been completed by the French beyond Mont Valerien, which throw shells beyond Versailles. That place is therefore considered untenable for the Prussians.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—A correspondent has had an interview at Bordeaux with the Count de Chaudourdy, the Minister and Delegate for Foreign Affairs, whom he describes as a grave and reserved man, but a free talker. In reply to an enquiry of the correspondent, the Minister gave his views in regard to the chances of peace: At present peace seems to be distant. Lamentable as this war is, peace on dishonorable terms would be inadmissible. It would change France to a third-rate power. Prussia made a great mistake in not concluding a peace with France at Ferrieres. The civilized world will condemn her for the refusal to propose terms, which then might have been arranged in a manner that would have been honorable to Prussia, without being humiliating to France. Not only might guarantees against future attacks by France upon Germany have been exacted, but the feelings of hatred and revenge, now sure to prevail in the future, might have been changed to esteem. All that is now impossible. No Ministry, or Constituent Assembly, or Government could for a moment treat for a peace under the conditions now imposed by the Prussian Government. Although there is hardly a man in France but laments the war, yet there is scarcely one willing to allow the Government to give up territory. The rich and poor unite in the opinion that the only thing left is to fight out the war. If in doing so France is financially ruined, there will be less for Prussia to take. The Minister told the correspondent he had great hopes that the Prussians would be driven out of France before long. The present Government, he said, is not fighting with obstinacy nor political motives, but with a fair chance of obtaining an honorable peace. Paris is able to hold out for a considerable time. The whole nation is armed, or arming. Three months ago it was difficult to inspire the people with courage, but now the Government is obliged to restrain and direct, rather than to excite patriotism. We need arms and artillery, it is true, but these are coming in every direction. We have offers of more than we want from England alone. Happily, all the political parties are practically determined to allow the present Government to do their best for the national defence, and have the patience to wait. They do not raise revolutionary cries because events do not move quickly. The Count does not think the defeat of the Army of the Loire has seriously altered the complexion of affairs. It is much lamented, but it is not to be expected that raw troops will prove victorious on all occasions; even the retreat on Orleans, the evacuation of the city and the retreat to Le Mans, were not unmitigated evils. They prove that the new army can hold its own, and retreat as well as advance without demoralization—a fact which had been doubted before. Moreover, the troops of the Army of the Loire gained confidence and invaluable experience. Chaudourdy thinks that England has not raised herself in the scale of nations in her recent action on Continental matters. She is now committing the same mistake that France committed in 1866. In order to have her neighbor chastised, she has allowed herself to be humiliated beyond endurance, and even allowed her territory to be violated. The correspondent enquired: Can England afford war? He replied: There are other means besides drawing the sword by which a great power like England can make her influence felt. Those means she neglected to use and she now finds herself insulted by Russia. She delays the meeting of the proposed Congress only to give Russia time to make her preparations surer in the coming spring; prompt action would have been England's true policy, and, with Austria ready to join her, the moral and material support of England would clear France of the invaders in a fortnight, or show the rest of Europe that there is a limit which the most powerful armies must not pass. Such an alliance would be approved by the civilized world, for it would prove that it was not an alliance of conquest.—At first France was to blame for seeking a quarrel, and making an aggressive war, although the people was not responsible for that; but now Prussia has rejected an honorable and lasting peace, and the sentiment of the world has undergone a change. For France is now struggling for existence. If she is crushed, England will feel the loss more than any country. England cannot dream of the consequences if she should allow France to be exterminated. Russia will then do what she pleases in the East and Prussia in the West. England without a single ally, will cease to belong to the family of European nations, and will be reduced to a third class power. The Count then spoke in terms of deep indignation of the ingratitude of Italy, and intimated that a day of reckoning would surely come for that cowardly nation.—

He closed by stating that the new levies in the South and South-East were proceeding with a success beyond expectation.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec. 28.—Last night, as Gen. Prim was leaving the Cortes, eight shots were fired at his carriage by a band in the streets. Gen. Prim was wounded in three places on the left arm, and on the right hand. No arrests were made.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—Further particulars of the attempt on Prim's life state that his adjutant was shot. The wounds of neither are dangerous. No public disturbance was occasioned, as the authorities took prompt measures to prevent any outbreak, and to arrest the assassins. Great popular indignation is felt at the occurrence.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—Working parties in the opposite headings of Mont Cenis Tunnel are within hearing distance of each other. Greetings were exchanged through the dividing wall of the rock, for the first time, at a quarter past four o'clock Christmas afternoon.

THE ITALIAN CODE AT ROME.—It is difficult to imagine why such haste has been made to substitute a totally new system of legislation—civil, commercial, penal, &c. &c., for that heretofore in use in the Roman States. Without even waiting for the meeting of Parliament, the entire code of the Italian kingdom has, by a stroke of the pen, been imposed upon the unhappy Romans. No care has been taken to enquire into what may be their special needs, no account has been made of traditions and habits of the people, which even conquerors think it wise, if not merciful, to respect in a certain measure in the nations which they have forcibly subdued. Verily no conquered people, not even where Goths and Vandals were the victors, has ever fared so ill in this respect as these "liberated" Romans. The Government of King Victor Emmanuel did not venture to deal thus summarily with Venetia, which still retains her Austrian code, insuperable difficulties having hitherto stood in the way of any change. And not even Naples has been treated so cruelly; for when, thanks to the open attack of Garibaldi and his filibusters, and to the vilest and most treacherous secret plotting on the part of the Sardinian Government, the two Sicilies were annexed in 1860, the code of the Subalpine Kingdom was modified before being introduced in consideration of the great evils which might ensue from its pure and simple application.—But who cares what the Romans may have to endure? Rome is only a thing to be talked of, boasted of, paraded, used as a party watchword. Rome was to be got and kept, no matter how. Bombs first, codes next—and what next? Yes, that is the very thing: what next?

PROFES OF A FREE CHURCH.—1. The Italian Bishops forbidden by the Government to go to Rome, for the canonization. 2. Signor Reali's circular (reservatissimo) to the Judicial Authorities (Aug. 15, 1870) informing them that Bishops and Parish Priests would be liable to bagatelle of a fine of 3000 lire and three years imprisonment for enforcing the constitution on Papal Infallibility. 3. Seizure of the Bishop of Bergamo's Pastoral (Nov.). 4. Seizure of the translation of the Bishop of Mayence's Pastoral in Rome (Nov.). 5. Seizure of the Bishop of Verona's Pastoral in behalf of the Pope (Nov.). 6. Confiscation of all the journals that published the Pope's Encyclical (Nov.). This last act was done in obedience to a formal decision come to at a meeting of the Italian Cabinet. Yet the Italian Government, as well as Mr. Gladstone, profess to desire that the Pope and the Church should be entirely free. 7. The Pope in Rome is less free than any one of his spiritual subjects in England.—He is now subject to the Government in the matter of popular and higher education.

The confiscated number of the *Opinione* of Florence, which is one of the semi-official organs of the Government, contained these memorable words and this powerful argument in favor of the perfect liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff:—"We publish the Encyclical of the Holy Father in order to prove to the *Unita Cattolica* that the Pope is entirely free in his acts, and that his pretended captivity is but a mean parade. It was not necessary to have had this document printed at Geneva. It would have been enough to have given it to any Italian journal, which would have published it at its ease, just as we are doing." Yet, in spite of the argument, the *Opinione*, like all the other papers that published it, was seized.

ROME.—The excommunications pronounced by the Holy Father have set the *Romano* blaspheming in a manner nothing short of Satanic. It invites the Romans to return to the impure Bacchanals and Saturnalia of Pagan Rome, "This is the first carnival of liberty," it says, "do not let us heedlessly allow it to go by, but let us live merrily Pius IX threatens excommunication, and makes the ladies who go to visit him faint with emotion. A reconmunion of pleasure has become necessary; let feasting be proclaimed, and let this inscription be placed over the doors of our ball-rooms and banqueting-halls:—*Hic imperat tripudium*—here frolic reigns." This is not scieristy Latin, it is Horace's Latin, which he wrote between a cup of Falernian wine and an invocation to the goddess of pleasure." It is the language of the licentious unbeliever in all days, as the Scriptures, both Old and New, have recorded:—"Epuitemur et coronemur rosis; cras enim moriemur. Let us eat and crown ourselves with roses; for to-morrow we die."

GERMANY.

Prussia has formally apologized for the sinking of the six British vessels in the Seine. She promises money indemnity, and states that the military commander who authorized the outrage has been dismissed the service by sentence of court martial. The Prussians have lost heavily in battle and from sickness in the North and North-east of France. The villages are encumbered with German wounded.

BERLIN, Dec. 28.—News of the opening of fire on the fortifications of Paris was received here with public rejoicings.

MUNICH, Dec. 28.—The Bavarian Chamber of Deputies has voted in favor of an enlarged South German Bund, to be allied with that of the North German Confederation.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 28.—The Turkish Government has, in a note, urged upon the Powers its objection to the discussion of all questions affecting the Danubian Principalities in the London Conference.

BERLIN, Dec. 27.—Information has been received that the Porte has ordered the Bosphorus and Dardanelles coasts to be protected by torpedo-boats.

UNITED STATES.

One of the most bitter sarcasms of the day is that of Fred Douglas, in his speech at the New England dinner at Washington. His ancestors, he said, came over in the *Mayflower*, too; that as soon as she landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, she sailed for the African coast and brought in a cargo of slaves, and that he was a descendant of the latter load of pilgrims.

CHARGES OF ROBBERY AGAINST NEW YORK LADIES.—Six New York ladies have been accused of robbery at a single store, all of them apparently persons of wealth and respectability. The articles alleged to be stolen are of very trifling value. Some of the ladies were locked up all night in the police cells. One of them, Mrs. Phelps, accused of stealing twenty-two cents worth of candy, is said to be worth some millions of dollars, and is remarkable for her charities. She was defended by the eminent lawyer, Mr. Dudley Field, whose fee is said to be \$1,000 whenever he appears in court; and was discharged in spite of evidence which the Judge said he believed to be truthful, on the ground of her high character. The lady in question had made some purchases, and while they were being packed up, she was accused by one of the shop girls of stealing the candy, and immediately invited, by a detective attached to the place, to go into the office at the back of the store. The candy, according to the evidence of the shop girl, fell from her on her way thither.—The occurrence of so large a number of alleged thefts, all on the same day, and the evident watch and preparation for such occurrences, are remarkable indications of the judgment which is formed of fashionable life in New York, by persons who are well acquainted with it. Macey's store is evidently a great resort of the wealthy ladies of the city; yet the proprietor manifestly expects thefts as matters of daily occurrence.—*Mont. Herald.*

FEVER AND AGUE CURED!

Dr. E. Simms, formerly of the Medical College, Philadelphia, writes to a friend in New York, that Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills are working wonders in that region, in cases of Fever and Ague, and Bilious Remittent Fever. The following extract is from his remarks: "I am not, as you know, much in favor of advertised pills. Most of them are worthless; some dangerous. But Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills are an exception. No better family medicine could be desired. Nor is this all; the antibilious properties of the pills render them a positively invaluable medicine for the bilious remittent and intermittent fevers, so common in this region. I have found them exceedingly efficacious in ague and fever. They are tonic as well as aperient, and may be given, with great benefit, in cases where drastic purgatives would be dangerous." Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be freely used at same time as the pills.

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

THE FOREMOST MEDICINE OF THE AGE.—No public medicine has ever received such praise from the highest quarters as Bristol's Sarsaparilla. In a period of thirty-five years it has been spontaneously approved by more than one thousand of the leading journals, physicians, chemists, and medical writers of the country. Fifteen years ago the entire medical faculty of Buffalo united in a testimonial to its inestimable curative properties as developed in their own practice. Forty eminent practitioners, resident in various parts of the State of New York, followed with a similar emphatic endorsement; and since then five-eighths of the very elite of the profession have, over their own signatures, certified to its merits. Its cures of scrofula, cancer, tumor, and every type of eruptive and ulcerous disease will never be forgotten while the English language is read and spoken. In fact they have been recorded in every modern tongue, and have excited the amazement of the whole civilized world. The reputation of no other medicine, ever advertised or prescribed, rests upon such a basis as this. For sale by

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The test of the genuineness and purity of a floral perfume, is its duration when exposed to the air. The aroma derived from chemical oils soon dies out, and leaves behind it an odor which is anything but agreeable; but that which is obtained by distillation from fresh and odoriferous flowers and blossoms, improves by contact with the air, and lasts a great length of time. Hence Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, the concentrated product of rare Southern flowers gathered in the zenith of their bloom and fragrance, has not only the freshness of an unwithered bouquet, but is indestructible except by the washing of the article moistened with it.

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

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

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry Pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blistered, and which vomited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pills for an affection of the liver; also under which sign his wife should commence to take the Sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows to wear his calves under Taurus, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and soak his feet in Pisces or Aquarius as their condition requires.

Schoolmasters, start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr Ham when you get there.—*Lowell Daily News.* [150.

petition 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.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. C. Z. Weizer, to the *German Reformed Messenger*, at Chambersburg, Penn.:

A BENEFICENT. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are sure, that we will teach our "Sisy" to say, "A BLESSING ON MRS. WINSLOW," for helping her to survive and escape the gripping, cold, locking and teething siege. We continue every word set forth in the PASTORALS. It performs every word what it professes to perform, every part of it, nothing less. Away with your "Cordial," "Paregoric," "Drops," "Laudanum," and every other "Narcotic," by which the babe is drugged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life. We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her "Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Be sure and call for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Having the fac-simile of "CERTS & PERLES" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

A "COUGH," "COLD," OR IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Reach directly the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. OBTAIN only the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from:— E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., New York, HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn, N.Y., N. P. WILLIS, New York, Hon. C. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate, Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston, Prof. EDWARD NORTH, Clinton, N. Y. STRENGTH IN THE ARMY, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. "TROCHES," so called, by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with fac-simile of the proprietors.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, on outside wrapper of box, and private Government stamp attached to each box. This care in putting up the TROCHES is important as a security to the purchaser in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May 1867. THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERBINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SUIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada. Commitments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

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

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JAMES KEOUGH and FRANCIS KEOUGH, of the Town of Joliette, trading under the name and firm of J. & F. KEOUGH, Insolvents. THE Insolvents have made an assignment of their estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet in their place of business at Joliette, on Friday, the sixteenth day of December next, at eleven o'clock A.M., to receive statements of their affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. Joliette, 26th November, 1870. A. MAGNAN, Interim Assignee.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT Dist. of Montreal. No. 2404. DAME CAROLINE JONES, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Archibald James Arnott, late Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Rifles, and now of the said City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to ester en justice. Plaintiff

The said ARCHIBALD JAMES ARNOTT, Defendant. The Plaintiff has instituted an action en separation de corps & de biens against the Defendant in this cause on the twelfth day of November, 1870. LAFLAMME, HUNTINGTON & LAFLAMME, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 16th Nov., 1870.

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.

GEO. T. LEONARD, Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, PETERBOROUGH, Ont. Office: Over Stethem & Co's, George St.



**THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF THE  
**CITY OF MONTREAL.**  
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Abraham O. Lariviere Esq. J. B. Homier, Esq.  
Narcisse Valois, Esq. Naz. Villeneuve, Esq.  
J. E. Mullin, Esq. Ferdinand Perrin, Esq.

The cheapest Insurance Company in this City is undoubtedly THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. The rates of insurance are generally half less than those of other Companies with all desirable security to parties insured. The sole object of this Company is to bring down the cost of insurance on properties to the lowest rate possible for the whole interest of the community. The citizens should therefore encourage liberally this flourishing Company.

Office—No. 2 St. Sacrament Street  
**A. DUMOUCHEL,**  
Secretary.  
Montreal, May 21st, 1870.

**ST MARYS COLLEGE MONTREAL.**  
PROSPECTUS.  
THIS College conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.  
Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department.  
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