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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1871.

NO. 43.

MONA THE VESTAL.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ST. PATRICK.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"There was a wild perturbation in the lady's soul. Here, under her roof, in her very presence, noble, heroic beyond aught she had ever dreamed of, suffering scourges and glorying in death—a Christian stood before her!

"And how wilt thou be rewarded by this Christ, after death?" she asked, in a low, choking voice.

"With immortality, O lady; with new and eternal life; with the glorious vision of God, which fleeth those who are ransomed with exhaustless joy. Oh, Death! strong portal of Eternal rest! Oh, sweet Death!" exclaimed Mona, as if forgetful of the lady's presence.

"And how dost thou know this?" asked the Lady Bernice, in the same low tone.

"The great and infinite God—our Father—has himself revealed it, through His Divine Son. Oh, lady, believe! Turn thy soul away from the vain worship of false deities to the true and living God," exclaimed Mona, throwing herself at her feet.

"Maiden, thou hast proved thy faith by a heroism worthy of a better cause. I admit that there is something in it which is sublime and passes my comprehension. At some future time, as a curious study, I will investigate its philosophy. But thou art a Christian. One saw thee to-day, whose sharp eyes recognized thee under thy disguise. He is tarrying at the temple. Perchance thou dost deserve death for thine apostasy, and it may be difficult to protect thee, but I—yes, I will do my utmost to save thee, Mona. Remain thou here. I will speak with Aileen," said the lady, rising from her pillows and twisting her long tresses around a jeweled comb, which confined them to the back of her head.

Aileen was luxuriating in one of her usual fermentations. Her shrill voice rung out in commands and counter-orders, in threats and shrieks, varied by the sharp sound of a strap over the shoulders of some luckless domestic who crossed her path, or the crash of a tin flagon or a broom, which, falling short of its aim or going beyond the head at which it was thrown, fell clattering against the wall or lumbering along the floor. But the entrance of Lady Bernice calmed the storm in a moment. She was an unexpected and rare visitor in those regions where her foster mother had heretofore reigned supreme. Aileen stood aghast. She felt that her coming portended nothing good for her. The lady's stern brow and compressed lips convinced her that her star was no longer in the ascendant.

"My gracious lady," said the subdued virago, "take this chair. If I had known thou wert coming, things would have worn a different look, I trow."

"I wish but a few words with thee, Aileen," she said, standing cold and stern in her marvellous beauty, and waving back with her hand the proffered chair. "Thou mayest be faithful in thy professions,—nay, thou mayest feel for me a sort of love, even,—but thou hast committed a fault which I would not brook from the mother who bore me, if she lived.—Thou hast set thyself up as the avenger of punishments: according to thy will the scourge is to fly on whose shoulders and breast thou pleasest. From this day thy power ceases.—Thou shalt have no one under thee; because thou art a tyrant. Thou shalt have no privileges or immunities beyond the other vassals of Innistore; and, if this does not suit thee, thou canst go away. Where is Panthea the slave?"

"Panthea?" gasped Aileen, pale and trembling, for she knew that inexorable will, or she would have raged and stormed and wept.—"She is up there,—in a small room under the roof."

"Where no air or light can penetrate,—where her pain-racked limbs, and feeble body waste on straw! Tigress, I could tear thee and beat thee, were it not—but I have learned a lesson. Go this moment with some of thy fellow-servants, and bring,—as tenderly as if it were I,—bring Panthea here. Lay her on that bed. First shake up the pillows and turn back the sheets. There! begone!"

"But the children, lady,—the children!" faltered Aileen, almost gasping for breath.

"Shall be removed forthwith to the chamber near my own, where I—I, remember—will superintend their well-being; for I trust thee no longer."

After they left the room, she walked to and fro, while her face glowed and her eyes flashed like the eyes of some fierce and beautiful beast of the desert. A new life was stirring within her; new light was drawing through faculties and attributes but half developed in her nature. She began to feel and understand the pleading of her soul for better and higher things than she had ever known. "A mean Christian shall not outdo me, a princess of royal birth, in generosity," she murmured.

Just then the door opened, and they brought in the sick slave and laid her on Aileen's bed. The lady herself arranged the pillows, and, sending for one of her own fine linen garments, put it on her with her own hand.

"Bring me wine," she said to her wonder-stricken servants. The wine was brought in a silver goblet, and she herself held it to Panthea's lips, who, swallowing a small portion, soon recovered her strength.

"Thou art better now, Panthea," she said, gently.

"May Jesus Christ be thy reward!" whispered the slave.

A deep flush reddened the lady's face, and tears flashed for an instant over the light of her eyes, as she whispered, "Be quiet."

"Aileen," she said, turning to her, "this is no longer thy place. Go into the western chamber, near my own, and make it ready for the little ones and thyself. Panthea, one will be with thee in a little while, who has been thy best friend. Hereafter, thou shalt want nothing."

Aileen, ashamed, enraged, and humbled, could only submit; but she vowed in her inmost heart that the brown girl, as she called Mona, and who she imagined was the cause of her disgrace, should suffer for it. Life without vengeance would be a burthen, she thought, and from that hour, moody and silent, she brooded over plans of revenge. When Mona returned, all was changed. Panthea, breathless and grateful, recounted faithfully all that had occurred.

"See how soon Heaven flies to the succor of its poor children, my Panthea; and, as if to crown my joy, I see Lena, the holy woman, coming up from the park," said Mona, gently.

CHAPTER XII.—THE LOVER.

Panthea was asleep when the fisherman's wife came in. The fatigue she had undergone in being removed from her cell under the eaves combined with the unwonted luxuries of a soft bed and fresh linen, had lulled her into a deep and quiet slumber.

"I am glad to see thee, good Lena," whispered Mona, leading her to a chair.

"I have come up from the shore in great haste to-day," said Lena, with a sorrowful countenance, while she lifted Mona's hand tenderly to her lips. "I have ill tidings for thee, lady. There is a report abroad that the Druids, having learned that thou art living and a Christian, have sworn to get possession of thee once more, that they may wreak a horrible vengeance for what they call thy apostasy. It is said that their spies are everywhere. I thought this was evil enough; but at the very portals of Innistore I heard from Dathy a tale which has curled my blood. Is it true,—lady, is it the thing I have heard this day true?"

"Dathy? Tale? How should I know, good Lena. I, who never leave these apartments?" said Mona, looking down.

"No need, gentle lady, no need to have left these apartments to hear it. Dathy says thou hast been scourged by Aileen—scourged on thy naked shoulders—for the guilt of another," said Lena, almost choked by the effort she made to keep back her tears.

"Trouble not thyself, my Lena, about idle tales. Thy information is not as correct as it might be. As to Aileen,—poor Aileen!—Is she not groping in darkness? How can she see the lures which the evil one spreads along her way? Let us not judge Aileen harshly," said Mona, in a low voice.

"It is true, though, that thou wert scourged?" persisted Lena. "Tell me why, I beseech thee, sweet lady."

"If, on some day in thy life-journey thou shouldst see our divine Lord Jesus, faltering along, lame, sick, sorrowful, mocked, threatened, and treated like a felon, would not thy soul burn within thee to help Him,—to aid Him? Would it not fill thee with joy if thou couldst say, 'Here, dearest Lord, let me take Thy place: thou hast suffered enough: thou art fainting on the way; I am strong: let me lift that rugged burden from thy lacerated shoulders, let mine be the flesh that the scourge falls on?' And suppose He should say, 'Daughter, thy offer is precious and acceptable to me.'—Consider, my Lena. What wouldst thou do?"

"Hast thou had a vision, then?" asked Lena, in a low and agitated voice.

"No! No vision! In yonder suffering one—in Panthea, who, guiltless of offense, and racked with pain, was sentenced to be scourged, I beheld renewed the Passion of Jesus Christ. In her I saw a wounded member of His thorn-crowned head, and, for the love of Him, in this the creature for whom He suffered, I endured the punishment. Aileen—poor Aileen!—was ministering to Him, although she knew it not. Let us find no offense in her," said Mona, humbly.

"May God the mighty Father pity her blindness!" said Lena, weeping; "may her present humiliation prepare her soul to receive the light of Christ! But I must hasten away. I have other tidings to relate. Dathy says that yesterday a German noble who is tarrying at the temple, and who belongs to the schools, saw thee here, and asked him many strange questions concerning thee. He suspects thee to be other than thou seemest. He told Dathy

that, if his suspicions were correct, Semo would raze the foundations of Innistore to search for thee. But, should danger approach, my son Dego, who is under-gardner here, and also a Christian, will convey thee by secret ways back to the cavern on the shore, in which there is a hidden chamber where the sacred vessels are kept. The good Finian himself showed Dego the way of access to it; and there, he says, thou must fly for shelter, and remain until the pursuit and persecution is over."

"Thanks, my Lena! May Heaven be thy eternal reward!" replied Mona, with the far-away look of one who saw beyond the limits of human vision. "But stay one moment, good Lena: I must tell thee one thing. The Lady Bernice knows my secret—"

"Ay," interrupted Lena; "but even she cannot save thee from the Druids."

"No; but she can consent for one who understands the art of healing to come to Panthea. The holy Finian, I have heard, knows the secrets of herbs and medicines. Panthea is a Christian. Once, when she was in danger of death, I baptized her; but she has had no other help. Thou dost understand me?" said Mona.

"Yes. I will bear thy message, and send thee word by my son. Now adieu, my sweet child," said Lena, embracing her tenderly; "adieu! should we never meet again, remember me and mine."

"Thou meanest, if I should get home before thee," said Mona, with a bright smile.—"Well, if I should, forget not, O Lena, that it may be some time ere I shall be in those unclouded realms where those who have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb; and those who have gone up through much tribulation, ever intercede for those who wait in hope. Let, then, thy petitions be earnest and unceasing for my release: then, Lena,—then, my sister, amid that glory ever new, the brightness and splendor whereof fill the inhabitants of that land of life with rapture inexpressible, I shall not forget thee. Farewell, my Lena," she said, kissing the brown cheek of the fisherman's wife. Then they parted.

More than once was Mona summoned to the presence of Bernice of Innistore, who, well versed in books and the subtleties of false doctrines, made use of eloquence, argument, persuasions to shake her faith. But, like a rock, it stood strong and steadfast, the very waves that dashed against it recoiling back on themselves. Calm and gentle and humble, her constancy and faithfulness, the good and unanswerable reasons she gave for the hope she had, the proofs she brought, simple, clear, and strong, of an ETERNAL and ALMIGHTY GOD, not only startled the mind of the haughty woman, but when Mona, sitting at her feet, talked of Jesus Christ and the judgment to come, she trembled, and covered her face with her robe. But she still offered libations to Nerf Naom, and crowned her statue with cassia-leaves and roses; she still went to the temple to consult the Pythoness of the shrine of Nerf and threw spices into the sacred fires; she was still pagan,—as much so as a seed is a seed until its hidden life bursts forth in flower and fruit.

One night, when all were wrapped in deep and silent repose, a sudden clangor burst on the air. The braying of trumpets, the shouts of the men at arms, the shrill outcry of the sentries on the walls, the howling of chained beagles, and the clank of bolts and chains as the portcullis at the entrance to the castle was slowly lifted, mingled together in one confused and terrific din. Mona started up. Her heart bounded and throbbed almost to bursting.—The shadow and bitterness of doom fell darkly around her; the dread, and the weak whispering of nature appalled her. She thought that Semo and the Druids had come to tear her away to suffer in the darkness and mystery of the temple-dungeon, which she had heard was far down beneath the surface of the earth, having an outlet into the sea.

So thought the Lady of Innistore. So thought Dego, the son of Lena.

"Thou must fly, Mona!—thou must fly this moment!" exclaimed the Lady Bernice, rushing in, with only her loose night robes around her, while her countenance wore a look of wild affright. "Kneel not there so calm while the Druids enter Innistore."

There was a single tap on the door. Mona opened it, and found Dego there.

"Lady," he said, "come, thou hast time. I will bear thee to a place of safety."

"Fly, Mona!" exclaimed the Lady Bernice, snatching up a gray woolen mantle and throwing it over the vestal's shoulders. "Already I hear the tramping of their horses, the ringing of their armed heels on the flags of the court—but hark! hark! That cry! As I live, I believe it is my lord Eadhna! They come this way! Nerf Naom!" she cried, flying to a window that overlooked the broad court below, "what do I see? By the torch-light I behold Eadhna,—my lord,—and Abaris, his brother, who holds aloft, instead of a banner, a cross,—who wears on his breast, instead of the harp, a cross,—the Christian symbol.—And—and oh, Nerf Naom! I see on Eadhna's bosom also a cross of gold! And there, near him, rides the young Gaulish count, who also

wears this sign of sorrow and ignominy and shame. Oh, woe!—oh, evil day! why hast thou come to Innistore?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"What troubles thee, dear lady? Dost thou see aught like calamity drawing near to Innistore?" asked Mona, lifting her hand gently to her lips.

"He has returned a Christian!" she shrieked, throwing off Mona's hand,—"a Christian!" then fled back to her apartments.

Mona slept no more that night; with Panthea, who still trembled with alarm, she gave thanks to God that salvation had come to Innistore, and together they prayed that the Lady Bernice might taste of the waters of life as they flowed past.

It was even so. Like the Arcopagite who sought Paul and returned believing in Christ, so the Lord Eadhna had gone to seek his hard brother in the camp of Patricius, to exhaust the eloquence of language,—to urge him by the hopes of his family, by the grief of his mother, the pride of his father, the credit of his house, to abjure these new errors, and once more, as one of the royal bards of Erin, take his place in the council of the nation and at the altar of the temple. Then, if all persuasion and argument should fail, he determined to slay him with his own hand at the very feet of Patricius. But he returned a Christian, accompanied by the bard Abaris and the Count of Bretagne, bringing with him a billet from the holy apostle Patricius to the Bishop Finian, beseeching him to go without delay to give baptism to the household of the Lord Eadhna of Innistore.

Christianity had developed in full splendor the spiritual and intellectual life of Abaris. Like a brilliant-plumaged bird whose wings, limp and powerless, had kept him from soaring up into the sunshine, whose notes, sweet but earth-born and earth-bound, had floated no higher than the cloud-drifts that bounded his vision, he now, healed and full of power, soared, as on eagle pinions, far into the sunbright regions of faith, where he sang of God and Christ in strains of such surpassing harmony that all who heard him paused to listen, entranced, first by the eloquence of his words, then by the promises of faith, which filled their souls, at last, with the treasures of the mystery of Divine Love, and a peace which breathed over them a foretaste of heaven. Like that fair and lovely gem of the Church, Francis Xavier, of a later age, Abaris had found at once the perfection and sanctification which so many toil after through penance and tears, yet so few attain; he had solved at once the difficult science which, even on earth, so elevates the spirit above the flesh that it has rapt visions of God. But Eadhna and Clotaire, more fettered by human ties and more filled with the thoughts and cares of life, followed at a slower pace,—humble neophytes, whose faith, though not less strong, was less developed by supernatural graces; who, while they adored in spirit and in truth the Divine attributes of the Triune God, felt determined, at whatever cost it might be, to fight the good fight and remain steadfast in Christ. The Lady Bernice stood truly between heaven and earth. The eloquence of Abaris melted her proud soul to tears; the persuasions of her husband shook her more than she would show; the gentle arguments of the young count filled her with admiration; while the example and prayers, the humility and sweetness, of Mona, and the patience of Panthea, convinced her that their faith was something more than human,—nay, almost holy; but, when half-persuaded to yield her proud nature to the yoke of Jesus Christ, her human friendships, the censure of the Druids, habits of superstition, veneration for fables, distrust, and the haughty love of power and regal splendor, dragged her back, and lifted high barriers between her heart and the inflowing of divine graces. She was soon the only one of the hundreds who filled the fortress of Innistore, who had asked for baptism.—Abaris was constantly out with the vassals, in the field, in their cabins, in their tents, in their barracks, teaching them day and night, forgetting food and rest in his zeal for their salvation, until old and young, the soldier and the serf, matrons and maids, the aged and little children, thirsted for the waters of life; and again he sought Patricius to beseech him to send a priest to them, for as yet they could find no trace of the Bishop Finian.

"It is strange," said Lord Eadhna, "passing strange, that we have no tidings of Finian. Hast thou ever heard of a Christian called Finian, Bernice?"

She paused,—opened her lips,—a deep flush dyed her cheeks; then she said, "I might deceive thee if I did not scorn a lie. I know not where this Finian is; but two of my household, who were Christians before ye arrived, may tell thee. I have heard the name pass between them."

"Two Christians! And didst thou, sweet wife, protect them?" said Lord Eadhna, tenderly.

"Their God protected them," said she, in a low voice, as she turned away to hide a starting tear.

"Who are these Christians? Where are they, Bernice?" he asked.

"One," she said, slowly, "is Panthea the slave; the other is Mona the vestal!"

"Mona the vestal!" cried he, with an expression of amazement on his face.

"Mona! Does Mona live?" exclaimed Clotaire of Bretagne, who was sitting in an embrasure of a deep window, reading. He threw down the roll of parchment, and, springing forward, knelt on a cushion at the feet of the Lady Bernice, half wild with emotion. "Does Mona live? or is it some other Mona?"

"First tell me, sir count, whence this strange interest in Mona? Where couldst thou have seen Mona? Answer me on thy honor as a knight and thy faith as a Christian. For I have heard strange rumors," she said, with proud reserve.

"Never but once, lady, did my eyes rest on Mona. I rescued her from a savage wolf, which had been driven, infuriate by the dogs, into the sacred grove. I, not knowing that its precincts were sacred, followed him with my spear, and came on him in time to save Mona, toward whom he was springing when my spear cleft his skull. She fell insensible, and for a few brief moments I held her on my bosom and gazed in her face—"

"I am a woman, sir count, and can understand the rest. Thou didst love her."

"Yes. I loved her as thou, lady, mightst love a white dove, or a lamb without blemish. But Lord Eadhna can tell thee how I was suddenly,—how in a brief moment I learned that she being a vestal, my love was utterly hopeless. Then I heard that Mona had fallen into the sea, where I believed she slumbered, until these tidings greet me, that Mona lives and is a Christian! It is wondrous! It is too wild a thing to be true!" he said, striking his forehead.

"Thou hast never seen her, then, since the first time?" asked the lady, calmly.

"I have thought of her as dead! Seen her! No! In the wildest frenzy of hope, I never dreamed of Mona—living," he replied.

"And now that she lives,—that ye are both Christians,—does thy faith forbid a renewal of thy love?"

"No, lady: our faith lays no ban on a love like mine. I would wed Mona."

"Then listen, and learn her history," said the Lady Bernice. And with flashing eyes, a grave brow, and proud but truthful air, she told them all she knew of Mona,—of her being scourged, of her sweetness and patience, and of the meek innocence of her life. Both of those brave and noble men dashed tears from their cheeks as she proceeded. Then she told, without a shade of boasting, how she, by her heroic virtue, had protected and saved her. "I have heard her speak," she continued, "of one Finian,—a holy man; and she may perchance give thee the information thou dost desire concerning him. But tell me, Eadhna, what need have we of Finian?"

"Noble wife, Finian is a Christian priest and bishop,—one who baptizes and administers the divine sacraments of the Church to believers."

"But Abaris—our brother?"

"My brother is only a teacher: he is not yet a priest," he replied.

"And what dost thou want with this priest?" she insisted.

"To baptize my children, and those of my household who believe in Christ."

"My children!" she said, with a bewildered look. "Husband,—children,—household,—all Christians! But I will leave ye now, and this evening ye shall see Mona."

They left the room, and were soon out on the marble terraces of Innistore.

"Shall we fish, or ride? Dost thou prefer a gallop over the moors, or a sail on yon bright blue river?" said Lord Eadhna to his guest.

"I love the wave,—the bounding motion, and the sound of the tide sweeping along," said the young count. "It pleases me sometimes to think that the same billow that bears me up flows on toward my native land,—that perchance my mother looks on it, or touches it with her beautiful fingers, as she wanders on the shore."

CHAPTER XIII.—FOR CHRIST!

The Lady Bernice sought Mona. She found her sitting beside Panthea, singing a sweet Christian lay, while her busy fingers plied the needle on some fine handiwork which required taste and patience. She arose, and, with love and gratitude expressed in every look and movement, she offered the lady a chair. She would have remained standing, but the lady drew a low, cushioned stool beside her, and told her to sit there.

"And how is Panthea to-day?" she inquired, kindly.

"Better, noble lady. May the great God reward thee for thy kindness to a poor slave!" replied Panthea.

"Thou art no longer a slave, Panthea: thou art from this moment free."

"Free, lady! Alas! let me still be thy slave!"

"What! refuse freedom?" exclaimed the lady.

"Pardon, sweet lady, but my bonds are precious to me. Let me still wear them for the love of JESUS CHRIST. It is all I can do for Him, who has bought me with a price that I might inherit eternal life."

"They give life, they give themselves to be scourged, they refuse liberty, the sweetest of all, for Christ," mused the lady. "But it matters little to me, Panthea. I wished to do thee a kindness; but, if thou dost prefer bonds to freedom, thou art still a slave."

"Thanks, lady," said Panthea bowing her head with a smile.

"I hoped to have pleased Panthea with my gift; but the news which I have for thee, Mona, will, I know, fill thee with joy," said the lady, fixing her full black eyes on Mona's face.—"My lord has returned, a Christian; and the bard Abaris, and a young noble from Gaul, are at Innistore, our guests, and both Christians.—All of my household, except Aileen, are Christians also. I stand alone!"

"Salvation is nearer to thee than thou dost dream, O lady," said Mona, with sudden inspiration.

"When I see one die for Christ,—when I see Nerf Naom fall from the height of yonder temple when no storm rages the air or convulsion shakes the earth,—then, Mona, perhaps I may receive this new faith," she said, with a smile of scorn. "But it was not for this that I came. Dost thou know a Christian priest named Finian?"

"I do, lady," replied Mona, after a moment's hesitation.

"Nay! have no fears for him. My lord wishes a letter from Patricius conveyed to him. Dost thou know of a trusty messenger?"

"I know of one who would place it in his hands to-morrow at dawn," she replied.

"Who?"

"Myself," she answered, humbly.

"I will not permit it. The peril is too great. Some one else must be found to do it," said the Lady Bernice.

"I have to see the holy Finian on the morrow." Just then Aileen, who had lingered at the door, crept through the apartment, unseen by any except Panthea, on whom she threw a look of hatred and revenge. She had heard all she wished to hear.

"Dost thou go alone?" asked the lady.

"No, lady. Deigo, the son of Lena, who is under-gardener at Innistore, and is a Christian, will guide and protect me. He will not be home until night, as he has gone some miles up the shore to gather sea-weed for the soil. Hence the necessity that I should be the bearer of the letter from Patricius," said Mona, in her gentle way.

"And for what dost thou venture on so perilous a journey, Mona?"

"Dear lady," said Mona, in her sweet, humble tones, "the Christian priests offer to the great God an unbloody sacrifice, the fruits whereof are the real Presence—the body and blood, the divinity and humanity—of JESUS CHRIST. Under the forms of bread and wine, He, the Divine One, is as truly present as He was on the cross,—as He is in heaven at the right hand of the Father; and under these veils we unworthy mortals receive Him, our food and our guest."

"Receive a God!" exclaimed the lady, with a look of awe.—"a God! I will not believe it. It is profanity!"

"Not profanity, dear lady; for He Himself tells us, in the great Psalter of His word, that unless we eat of His body and drink of His blood we shall not enter eternal life. It is His own free gift to His children, whose sweet privilege it is to receive it," replied Mona.

"This is wonderful! But, Mona, these are delusions. Thou art deceived, poor maiden. But listen. One day a vestal of Nerf Naom was wandering through the sacred grove, when a wild and ferocious wolf sprang on her, and would have torn her piecemeal, but that a young, noble, and handsome knight came to the rescue, and dashed his spear through the skull of the savage beast. The knight saw the vestal, for the wind had blown back her veil; he saw her as she lay senseless on his breast, where he had lifted her, and he loved her. Dost thou understand me, Mona?"

"I do, lady," she replied, raising her clear large eyes calmly to the lady's face.

"It is well. This knight is now a Christian. He is here; and when he heard that thou didst not perish in the sea, but wert living, and also a Christian, he unfolded his buried love, and declared that he would wed thee! What sayest thou now, Mona? Thou wouldst be my equal,—a countess, a powerful and rich lady, and the beloved bride of a noble and generous knight."

"May the great and holy God reward him overmore for saving me from the fangs of the wolf! I remember the day well."

"But he loves thee, Mona! He—this Count of Bretagne—would wed thee!"

"Noble lady," she said, very gently, "I have naught to do with human love: I know it not. I would not wed the greatest monarch the earth knows, even if such a one deigned to seek my hand. I am pledged and plighted in a holy faith to a divine Spouse." And a smile, one of those rare and radiant smiles that sometimes flashed like light from heaven over her face, now lit her countenance.

"Thou art mad!" exclaimed the Lady Bernice, angrily.

"Not mad, most noble lady. I only mean that, instead of being a vestal of Nerf, who is a false Deity, I wish to be a vestal of JESUS CHRIST, who is the true and living God."

"Per Ethis! They count all things as nothing for this same God,—life, love, riches, rank, power, and liberty!" said the Lady Bernice, in a low voice. "It seems noble,—it is heroic, to say the least of it. But, Mona, it is my will for thee to appear this evening before my lord; he wishes to question thee. There-

fore wash the dye from thy flesh, unfold those rich tresses, and at sunset come to my chamber, where I will see thee properly attired for the interview."

"Lady, might I be spared this?" said Mona, distressed and agitated.

"Spared! No! I will it!—I command it!" she said, as she rose, with an imperious air, to leave the room.

"Thou shalt be obeyed," said Mona, meekly; "and may He who has promised to be my help in times of temptation, aid me with strength!"

That evening the Lady Bernice stood waiting alone in her splendid chamber. It was hung round with amber-colored silk and Phœnician mirrors. Luxurious couches, tables made of ivory and silver, filled with vases of crystal and small golden vases containing cosmetics and perfumes, caskets of jewels, and other fine articles of adornment, stood against the walls. Large vases of flowers, an embroidered cage near the window, would have told, in plain language, that this was the favorite retreat of some high-born dame, even had she not been there in her haughty beauty, engaged in the truly feminine task of examining a number of splendid dresses which were strewn over the couch before her. They were of the richest fabric and most costly finish. The last rich tints of sunset streamed through the western window, and fell with a deep glow around her, and brought out the glitter of many a gem in the robes and draperies she handled. Looking first at one, then at another, she laid them down with a dissatisfied air. At last, under a heap which she had not touched, she espied one made of white and silver. With a smile of satisfaction she hastily drew it out, and, selecting a veil to match it, she threw them over her arm, and went toward a mirror which overhung one of the costly tables we have described. The robe was fashioned of white silk, embroidered with foliage of silver and pearls; the veil was of transparent tissue, dotted with silver and bordered with a fringe of seed-pearls.—"This will do," she said, well pleased. "This will just suit her strange and wondrous beauty. Ah! here she is now. Come in, Mona. See what I have selected for thy adornment. Does not this suit a vestal?" she said, laying her hand on the rich robe.

"Noble lady!" she said, shrinking back.

"Mona," was the imperious reply, while those large gleaming eyes were bent full on her, "I am one used to command,—and to obedience in those whom I command. Come hither, then, and let me deck thy matchless beauty as it deserves."

Without another word or gesture of repugnance, she approached, and yielded herself submissively to the lady's humor. It was a new form of suffering; and, breathing the name she loved so well, she stood silent and patient,—silent and patient, like a lamb which is gaily lured with roses and spangled gauzes and gay ribbons, to become a victim in the shambles. So Mona stood while the proud dame of Innistore arrayed her in robes of purity and splendor. With her own hands she braided back the dark, flowing tresses, over which she threw the veil and clasped over it a band of pearls, fastened the jeweled clasps that secured the dress, then stood off to view the effect. Never had she seen anything half so fair; and, lifting her hands, she whispered, "Oh, Ethis! how more than beautiful!" With downcast eyes, Mona stood like a white-robed spirit watching over the dead, so pale, so motionless, so holy was her aspect,—her wondrous beauty half veiled, half disclosed, her hands folded like two lilies on her bosom, and her eyes looking down, darkening her white cheeks with the shadow of their black fringes.

(To be Continued.)

THE FRENCH SIEGE OF PARIS.

(From Times Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, May 14.

Every morning we go through the form of inquiring whether the "Grand Attack" was made last night; but it is merely a matter of form. Whenever it does come it ought to take everybody by surprise, for it is not in human nature to go on expecting the same event for ever with a lively, unflinching faith; and yet it becomes more and more difficult to make out why the attack is not made. It is not easy, perhaps, even by freely discounting, to make much out of the accounts of the French journals. They are, naturally, for the most part violent partisans, and would have their readers believe, either that there is not a weak point in the Versailles harness, or, on the other hand, that constant disputes between the military and civil authorities—to say nothing of party divisions in the National Assembly—make the Government scarcely less weak than the Commune; but the accounts of less prejudiced observers leave little room to doubt that Versailles has for some time been steadily, if slowly, getting stronger; and, as for Paris, nobody can fail to see that its defence has rapidly been getting weaker. If the Versailles authorities only know a tittle of what is going on here they know enough to justify a vigorous, decisive attack. I have just, however, been talking to a gentleman who is constantly passing to and fro between Paris and Versailles, and he expresses the most unmingled astonishment at the ignorance which in one place prevails of what is going on in the other. He found, for instance, a member of the Versailles Government quite taken aback at the notion that there could be any truth in the audacious assertion of the Communist journals, that shells had been thrown as far as the Palais de l'Industrie. One might be tempted to think the surprise feigned, if one could see what the Minister gained by professing ignorance of a fact which it was his business to know. His disbelief in the statements of the Communist journals was doubtless pardonable enough, but the Versailles have other sources of information in abundance at their disposal. They need not even have recourse to the sys-

tem of paid spies, though it was by this system that the Prussians, at any rate, contrived to keep themselves admirably informed of what was going on inside Paris. Paris is not now, as it was then, invested. Communications between it and Versailles are easy and constant. The Government ought to know in two or three hours every important fact that occurs here, and yet they have missed more than one admirable opportunity for striking a well-timed blow. In any case, they cannot be ignorant of the condition, moral and material, of the Communist army, and of its inferiority to their own troops. Unless we are strangely misinformed here, the Versailles soldiers are not only more eager to engage the Communists than they ever were to engage a foreign foe, but they have as a body recovered much of the old temper and discipline which once gave them a deserved reputation as amongst the first soldiers in the world. Foreigners writing from Versailles—to all appearance unbiassed observers—declare that much of the army there is in far better condition than it was when the war with Prussia commenced. This might not, perhaps, be saying very much for its chances of success, if it had again to contend with a Prussian or any other regular army properly organized and well led. But its opponents here are not only citizen-soldiers—new to their work, but many of them with no heart or stomach for it, dragged to the fight by sheer force, and remaining in the ranks only until they can get a safe chance of running away, either back into Paris, or, which they much prefer, to their so-called "enemies" at Versailles. The press-gang system, which is now being carried out in Paris every day with increasing rigour, ought to ruin the steadiest regiment that ever went under fire—far more, therefore, battalions of National Guards, who, whenever they get into the open field, can with great difficulty be kept from throwing themselves on the ground or bolting to cover when they hear the first shell burst anywhere near them.

When Rossel, the ablest officer on the Communist side, wanted and was promised 12,000 men, he could only get 7,000. The press-gang system is accordingly being worked by the Commune with all the energy of despair. Its agents draw a *cardou* round this or that Arrondissement, as if they were hunting wild beasts, carefully scrutinizing the papers of anybody who wants to pass, and then search carefully every house, and drag off every Frenchman they find in it of the fighting age, i.e., between 19 and 40. One cannot go many hundred yards without coming upon some unlucky victim being carried off in this fashion. Unless he has an uncommonly good plea to urge, or a friend at court, he is immediately incorporated, and probably sent off to a Fort as a place from which he will find it hardest to make his escape back to Paris, the city gates being carefully closed whenever a panic begins. Yet a vast number contrive somehow to escape altogether this compulsory service. In the huge hotel of which I am, I believe, the last remaining occupant not on the staff, there were the other day only two men servants, both bound to fight, but neither fighting. Several visits were made in search of one of them by companies of the National Guard, but he used to hide about so cleverly in the rooms of the deserted hotel, knowing every inch of the ground, that there was no taking him. His was certainly a hard case, for, in addition to his distaste for fighting, he had in the Versailles army a brother, whom he had no sort of motive for shooting, and by whom he had no wish to be shot. I was very glad, therefore, to hear that, finding the place at last too hot, he had made his escape from Paris, by what means it would, perhaps, be as well not to say. The other fugitive's hiding-place here is not even suspected, as his battalion belongs to quite another part of the town. He keeps pretty carefully upstairs, however, and by way of discouraging superfluous visits makes a point of shouting out to everybody who comes to call on me that I am not at home, unless my visitor happens to be in uniform, when he is left to shift for himself and find me if he can. My experience is, I fancy, pretty much that of all my neighbours. There is probably not in Paris a big hotel in which two or three runaway warriors are not hidden. Some of them—resembling thus, in more points than one, the swift-footed Achilles—even take to female attire in order to escape discovery. A friend of mine the other day travelled in the train to St. Denis with, as he thought, a very quiet young lady, of most becomingly modest and retiring manners, until, on approaching St. Denis, she horrified him by showing a cigar-case. The horror was exchanged for amusement when the young person stated that he was a man, who had adopted this disguise to get away from his battalion in Paris. Escapes of this kind continue to be of daily occurrence, though, of course, they get more and more difficult, as the desperation of the Communists increases their vigilance. But one is inclined to wonder why in the world so much pains are taken to catch recruits who, when they are caught, are worse than useless for any really practical purpose; who will not only do no fighting themselves, but will do what they can to prevent others from fighting. One would have thought that, especially for the sort of street fighting which the Commune professes to anticipate, 5,000 picked troops, really in earnest, and bent on doing their best, would be worth 50,000 faint-hearted and disgusted Conscripsts. I have heard on pretty good authority that 5,000 is about the number on whom the Commune can really count, and their latest idea is to make Montmartre "the last ditch to die in," as soon as they have bombarded it as much as possible of reactionary Paris. It is, at least, considerable of M. Thiers to have given them the time to fortify it so strongly.

PARIS, May 15.—The Versailles army is at length really beneath our walls, and the "grand coup," which we have been so long expecting,

may fall upon us at any moment. The enemy has steadily encroached, and occupies the ground from Auteuil to Issy within rifle-shot of the ramparts, while the batteries, whose mission it is to protect the advancing works, increase in number almost hourly. On the south-west line there is nothing left to the Federals as a bulwark but the ramparts, behind which a series of impromptu barricades are being built, which will become more and more formidable as day after day passes over us in seemingly unnecessary inaction. The Fort of Vanvres though reported to have fallen into the hands of the Versailles party, still mounts a Federal flag, but it is quite surrounded, and therefore powerless, for neither food nor ammunition can be conveyed within its walls. Last night the regular troops attacked the Federals at midnight between Vanvres and Issy, and, taking them by surprise, produced a panic, which ended in precipitate flight. Vainly the officers attempted to rally their men, who, in spite of threats and promises, rushed like scared sheep into the town by the Versailles gate—some without hats, others without guns or knapsacks, spreading terror and dismay by shouting that the "Prussians of Versailles" were at their heels. From the high ground of the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture the red trousers and white shirt-sleeves of the Lincens can be clearly distinguished with the naked eye as they hurry hither and thither in rows like ants, carrying material for earthworks or digging trenches. The bombardment of the north-west portion of the city has entered into a new phase. While the batteries of Courbevoie continue to pour their daily allowance of iron upon the Portes de Maillet and des Ternes, the guns of Mont Valerien have turned their attention a little further westward, and literally deluge the Porte Dauphine with shells and round shot. The Porte Dauphine is situated at the end of the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, and is the gate through which brilliant crowds of equipages used to defile to the races of Longchamps. It is unprotected by redoubt or barricade, nor has it yet been supplied with a battery to enable it to answer the enemy's fire, and, consequently, will fall an easy prey to the fortress that frowns above. By the changed direction of the fire the hitherto secure Avenues of Eylau and Roi de Rome will share the fate of those which have been already shattered, and will unite in a common wreck that which has been called the American Quarter. As though a sufficient number of dwellings had not been destroyed by shells, the Commune are busily engaged in dismantling and tearing to pieces Monsieur Thiers' hotel in the Place St. Georges. They have carted away its possessions to some unknown hiding-place, preparatory, it is said, to a secret sale, and have already succeeded in taking off the roof and pulling down a portion of the walls of the hotel. A considerable crowd stand watching the performance, and giving vent to different opinions on the subject. "Ah, well," I heard one woman say, "it is a pity not to have left the house standing and to have transformed it into an hospital." Some shake their fists at it, as though it were responsible for the acts of the Assembly; but the greater number shake their heads in mute disapproval. I fancy that the possession of the fine collection of works of art which has lately been removed will serve as an apple of discord among the members of the Commune. Citizen Courbet, Chief Commissioner for Art Collections, wishes to transport everything to the Louvre *en masse*, while other gentlemen of the governing body are anxious to thrust an additional dagger into the heart of M. Thiers, by dispersing his treasures over Europe, knowing, as they do, that he sets more store upon them than upon a dozen houses, which are easily rebuilt. The Thiers Collection is very little known, as no facilities were placed by its owner in the way of visitors; it is, however, of great value, and contains, among other things, a peculiarly rich set of portraits, engraved by Drevet, Edelinek, and others, as well as a celebrated series of bronze statuettes. In 1864 M. Thiers sold a great portion of his library, as well as many of the works of Callot and La Belle, in order to turn his attention to Rembrandt and Vandyke, of whose *van-fortes* he possesses a handsome collection. All these things were carted away in a few hours, like so much lumber, in heavy waggons, from under the flapping curtains of which one could distinguish books and pictures mixed pell-mell with costly japan, china, and boxes and cabinets of jade. I was told that several strangers, who were known to be wealthy, had been offered a chance of picking up sundry costly items, and so I made my way accordingly to the depot in the Rue St. Florentin, where such private possessions as were thought worth keeping together have for the most part been stored. I could obtain no positive information, however, from the sturdy National Guard who has charge of the place. He admitted that the house contained precious things of every kind, and remarked grimly that should "les assassins" come in, they would have the satisfaction of bombarding their own property when they make an attempt to storm the great barricade which occupies the corner of the Rues de Rivoli and St. Florentin. That barricade is the most elaborate work of the kind which has yet been erected in the streets of Paris, having been strengthened with masonry and mortar, and presenting an appearance from behind of a flight of plastered steps. Additional defences are in course of construction behind the balustrade of the Tuileries gardens that skirts the Place de la Concorde. From below there is nothing visible which would lead an enemy to suspect lurking danger, but the public who promenade under the shadow of the horse-chestnuts are enabled to remark the daily advance of a series of important earthworks, excavated below the level of the walk, so as to bring the heads and shoulders of the soldiers who will man these new trenches up to the coping of the low balustrade. Whether the National Guards will fight or not when we come to a street scuffle is a subject of general

surmise. A feeling of discouragement and lassitude is beginning to weigh them down, and many people consider that they only continue to hang together from a dislike to the idea of abandoning their daily pay. A man was haranguing a group of Nationals this morning, and upbraiding them for their drunken habits. "The Republic of '93," he said, "was the revolution of blood, for the patriots of that day had to prove that the blue blood of the nobles did not entitle them to tread beneath their feet their fellow-men. The Republic of 1871 is the revolution of wine, for you held in your hands the white banner of liberty, and you have soaked it in grape-juice till it is red."

The 144th Battalion of the Sedentary National Guards, which had been ordered to proceed yesterday to Ivry, refused to march out of Paris.

Pascal Grousset, in his circular to the great cities of France, says:—"Paris will fight to the last behind her barricades and from house to house."

The Versailles fire has prevented any effective fortification of the Dauphine Gate. The whole of the west and south-west of Paris uninhabitable, a constant shower of bombs and shells falling over that part of the city.

Great damage and great loss of life among the civil population have been occasioned in all directions.

The tricolor is not yet hoisted on Fort Vanvres. The fall of Montrouge is imminent.

MM. Titon and Tridon are dangerously ill. PARIS, May 16.—The Committee of Public Safety has appointed a military commission to replace the existing commission; it is composed of Arnould, Avrial, Johannard, Tridon, and Vartin.

Henri has been appointed Chief of the Staff of the War Ministry, and Mathieu commander of the troops posted between Point du Jour and the Wagram gate.

All mechanics over 40 years of age have been called out to work at the city defences. They will receive 3f. 75c. as daily pay.

The *Vagueur* announces that an understanding has been arrived at between Delescluze and the Central Committee.

Important resolutions are expected to be taken at the sitting of the Commune to-day, and the serious division will be terminated by the dissolution of the Central Committee, or by the absorption of the Committee of Public Safety by the Central Committee.

The Vendome Column is announced to fall at 2 p.m. to day.

VERSAILLES, May 16.—The German troops are concentrating in the direction of Paris.

The head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony have been advanced from Compiegne to Mergency, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Guard has removed from Senlis to Montourenoy.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

To the Right Hon. William Gladstone.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, May 10, 1871.

Sir—It cannot excite surprise that I should address you on the subject of Catholic education, one of the most important that can engage the attention of a Catholic prelate, and on which it has been my lot to address yourself as well as several of your distinguished predecessors, on frequent occasions within the last half century. Although much remains yet to be done to bring the subject to a just and successful issue, it has greatly progressed from the commencement of that period, thanks to the experience which has dissipated the confidence that was placed in the dangerous experiment of mixed education, and the unanimity brought about by that experience among the Catholics of Ireland, in demanding earnestly, perseveringly, and unqualifiedly, the long-withheld right of Catholic education, of which they have been so unjustly and so injuriously deprived.

No further toleration can be allowed to those delusive and insulting experiments by which it has been sought to win the confidence of the Irish people, and to persuade them to acquiesce in alien and anti-national projects of instruction instead of nobly striving for the goal which the historical renown of the Catholic schools of Ireland points out to the present as it does to the past generations. Having in their comparative weakness conquered the various temptations by which their fidelity to their religion has been so terribly tried, they will not now, in the enjoyment of their triumph, stoop to embrace any proselytising scheme which hitherto they so indignantly repudiated. And finding the system of the miscalled National Education false to its professions of fairness and impartiality on the score of religious belief, the Catholics of Ireland cannot be content as long as they are denied the most sacred of all national rights—that of the education of their children in their own creed. It is not to any particular age of the pupil, this right is to be confined; it is to embrace all the gradations of teaching, but more especially the primary schools attended by the youngest, since the more feeble the more need there is of the fostering care of the Catholic Church and of those sacred fences of discipline by which she labors to protect the innocence of her children. It would then be an anomaly to abandon the young and tender to all the dangers of mixed and promiscuous teaching, and to reserve all the safeguards of the Catholic Church for the University alone or the intermediate schools when the faith of the scholars shall have been tainted in the unguarded school-room of a mixed education.—The Church solicitous for the safety of her children at every age, makes no such distinctions, extending her care to all from infancy through every state of life.

It would be greatly conducive to the public interest, if English Statesmen, instead of wasting their talents and the resources of the

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

1871

Friday, 9—Of the Octave.
Saturday, 10—Of the Octave.
Sunday, 11—Second after Pentecost.
Monday, 12—St. John a Baptist, C.
Tuesday, 13—St. Anthony of Padua, C.
Wednesday, 14—St. Basil, B. C.
Thursday, 15—Octave of Corpus Christi.

THE PROCESSION.—On Sunday next within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the usual Procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament will take place. It will gather at the usual hour in front of the Church of Notre Dame, and passing across the Place d'Armes to Craig street, will follow the lines of Sanguinet, Lagachetiere, Visitation, St. Mary, St. Paul, and St. Francois Xavier streets to the place whence it started.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In our last we reported the entry into Paris of the Versailles troops, and the complete collapse of the insurrection. The victors exercised their rights most rigorously, putting to death, without discrimination of sex, all of the insurgents who fell into their hands, and who were evidently guilty of the crime of arson.—Men and women were shot down; and though it is impossible to feel pity for the victims, or to deny that they deserved to die, by every law human and divine, we fear lest the extreme severity of the conquerors excite a sentiment of compassion for the scoundrels of the Commune.

With the collapse of the insurrection the troubles of France do not come to a close.—She has now to organize a Government. Perhaps, as seems likely to be the case, she is about to try and resume her ancient political organisation under a legitimate monarchy.—The Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles the Tenth, is seriously spoken of as the ruler whom the French will call upon; and as he is now more than fifty years of age, and is childless, his death without issue would leave the Orleansist branch in direct line of succession to the throne. This seems the best possible arrangement that can be made; the hereditary principle will be secured; and the restored monarchy will be at once legitimate, and constitutional.

We are not told however, and yet it is very important, under what title, and under what flag, the monarchy is to be reconstituted; whether the chief of the State is to be styled "King of France," or "King of the French?" whether the national flag is to be white, the old *drapeau blanc*, the symbol of legitimate Bourbonism; or the tricolor, the symbol of revolution, the right of insurrection, and elective monarchy? In 1814, when the Bourbons were first restored, they immediately hoisted the old white flag, thereby determining the legitimist and reactionary character of their dynasty, and breaking at once with the revolution, and all its traditions. In 1830 these principles were once more affirmed; and the elected King took as his flag the tricolor, thereby acknowledging that he reigned simply in virtue of the revolution, whose creature he was. It will therefore be of no small importance to determine whether the Comte de Chambord, if recalled, will bring with him the white flag, and consequently the traditions of the old monarchy; or whether by accepting the tricolor, he will identify himself with the revolution and the principles of '89.

M. Thiers is said through the French ambassador at Rome, to have assured the Sovereign Pontiff of the moral support of France against the Piedmontese; but that at the present moment, France is too much exhausted to attempt an armed intervention in behalf of the rights of the Holy See and the Pontifical States. We give below some of the most im-

portant of recent telegrams on the affairs of the Continent of Europe:—

VERSAILLES, June 3.—It is said that a majority of the Assembly favors the proposition for the abrogation of the acts for the banishment of Princes of the house of Bourbon from France, and also proposes to extend the power of Thiers as chief executive for two years.—The streets of Paris have been re-opened for traffic. The barricades have all disappeared, pavements have been repaired, and there is perfect order everywhere. The police are still arresting all suspected parties. Ten Courts-Martial have been established at Cherbourg for the trial of all persons sent there. The *Figaro* estimates the number of men who bore arms in the late insurrection, and who have not been identified or arrested, at 50,000. The Police is in constant danger from violence at their hands. Executions at Versailles are still numerous. Archbishop Darboy was to have been buried on Wednesday. On that day the Assembly would suspend its sessions. The insurgent who commanded the shooting of the Archbishop has been discovered through his own boasting. Another volatile insurgent boasts that the burning of Paris will be considered insignificant when the London Docks with all their wealth are consumed as a grand lesson to the middle classes of Europe. London, Liverpool, and Bristol, will, it is said, be the next scene of secret operations. Papers have been discovered which show that the operations of the Communists were directed from London. An order signed and sealed by the Commune to burn the Hotel de Ville has been discovered. All the Paris journals are discussing the question as to what shall be done with the Orleans Princes. Some appeal to their patriotism, and ask them to resign their seats in the Assembly. Guarden, in *Liberte*, demands the establishment of a liberal republic, after the model of the United States.

Is it to dishonesty, or to thick headed stupidity on the part of the writer, that we are to attribute the signature of "A Roman Catholic" attached to a letter published in the *Montreal Gazette*, wherein the writer "frankly acknowledges" that the late definition of Papal Infallibility has "rather led me to doubt whether there is such a thing in existence as an infallible Church even."

But as there is no middle ground betwixt doubting and disbelieving, so, if the writer of the above doubt whether there be such a thing in existence "as an infallible Church even," he does not believe that there is in existence such a thing; therefore he is a Protestant, not a Roman Catholic, and has no right to sign himself one.

We thank the writer however for this, that in his own person he shows that no one can doubt of Papal Infallibility under the conditions as defined by the General Council of the Vatican, without renouncing the Roman Catholic religion. For if the definitions of the Vatican Council are not to be received as infallibly true, what certitude is there of the truth of the definitions of the Council of Nice? What reason is there for believing the inspiration of the Bible, if the Church which so gives it to us, be herself fallible?

The writer in the *Gazette* has worked himself into a sort of intellectual indigestion, by indulging too freely in second-hand quotations, and by accepting as true all Dr. Dollinger's perversions of ecclesiastical history, and all the latter's bold assertions. It is to this that we must attribute the absolute absence of connection betwixt his premises and his conclusions, and his ignorance or misapprehension of facts. We point out a few of these blemishes:—

It is not true that two General Councils, and several Popes have decided "on the question of Papal Infallibility in a sense contrary to that of the definition on the same subject by the General Council of the Vatican."

It would not follow that, even had Firmilian and St. Cyprian when "engaged in a wrong cause," denied the infallibility of the Pope, under certain conditions, therefore, the Pope under the peculiar conditions prescribed by the Council of the Vatican, was fallible. St. Cyprian was a great and godly man; but at one period of his career he was engaged in a bad cause.

We have never seen the work of the "author" whom the writer in the *Gazette* quotes; but if the extract be correctly given, "our author" has not correctly rendered the words of the passage in the Council of Florence to which he refers. Here is the extract as given in the *Gazette*, and attributed by its correspondent to a work by the Rev. Robert Manning, p. 208:—

Again, our author says: "The Council of Florence, in its definition of the Pope's supremacy, tells us expressly that in the person of St. Peter he has received from Our Lord Jesus Christ full power to feed, rule, and govern the whole Church, in such a manner as is expressed in the acts of Oecumenical Councils and the holy Canons."

To this extract the correspondent of the *Gazette* appends the following comments:— "In direct contradiction to this, the Council of the Vatican teaches that 'definitions of the Roman

Pontiff are irrefragable of themselves, and not in virtue of the consent of the Church.'

"So that Roman Catholics are now in this position; they are bound under anathema by the Council of Florence to submit to the teachings of the Pope so far as they conform to the decrees of general councils; and they are bound under anathema by the Vatican Council to submit to the teaching of the Pope without its being expressed in the acts of Oecumenical Councils."

Now it so happens that betwixt the un-mutilated Decree of the Council of Florence, rightly translated, and the definition of the Council of the Vatican, there is, not only no contradiction, or discrepancy, but the most perfect harmony. The true translation of the passage is this:—

"Full power to feed, rule, and govern the whole Church, as is also expressed—*QUEMADMODUM ETIAM CONTINETUR*—in the Acts of Oecumenical Councils and in the Holy Canons."

The words "in such a manner as is expressed" are a forgery, or corruption of the original text, on which Dr. Dollinger relies.—But on this matter we cannot do better than quote the words of the Vatican, Feb. 19, 1870, wherein the dishonest trick by which so many have been deceived, is exposed; and the original text of the Council of Florence is established in its purity:—

"Canon Cecconi, of the Duomo of Florence, who has just published the first part of his *Studi Storici Sul Concilio di Firenze con documenti inediti*, has addressed a letter to the *Armonia* in which the impetuosity of Dr. Dollinger receives a prompt and salutary correction. There were, originally, the learned Canon observes, five copies of the Decree of Union signed by the Greeks and Latins. Four have been lost. The one still extant is preserved in the *Biblioteca Laurentiana* of Florence. It is written in two columns, and has the original Greek and Latin signatures. It contains the very clause which Dr. Dollinger says, to the great satisfaction of Protestants, and other adversaries of the Church, was fraudulently altered. The clause *QUEMADMODUM ETIAM* in Gothic Oecumenical Conciliorum, et in sacris conciliaribus continetur, is plainly there. And this is not all. Besides the five originals, many copies of this decree were made at the time. Six of these are still preserved at Florence, and Canon Cecconi states, after personal examination, that each of them contains the same words, *Quemadmodum etiam*. The copy in the British Museum, Mr. Foulkes tells us has also the *Quemadmodum etiam*."—*Vat. Feb. 19th, 1870.*

Where then is there any discrepancy betwixt what the Council of Florence taught with regard to the dignity of the Papacy, and what the Council of the Vatican teaches?

Our correspondent of the *Gazette* also quotes from the writings of Cardinal Wiseman to make it appear that that great man, and sincere Papist, did not hold the doctrine of Papal Infallibility:—

I cannot refrain, however, from quoting a few lines from the late Cardinal Wiseman's lectures on the principal doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. It occurs in the 8th lecture on the Supremacy of the Pope. He says: "Not only do we know him," (the Pope) "however exalted, to be as much under the curse of Adam as the meanest of his subjects, but we hold him to be exposed to even greater dangers from his very elevation; we believe him to be subject to every usual cause of offence, and obliged to have recourse to the same precautions, and the same remedies, as other frail men."

Here the writer, as do also so many Protestants, confounds Infallibility with Impeccability. No one pretends that the Popes cannot fall into sin, or that they are not as liable to commit transgressions as are other mortal men. The Fathers of the Council of the Vatican never defined this; but they defined, as it is also defined—*Quemadmodum etiam continetur*—in the other Oecumenical Councils and holy canons—that the Pope as successor of St. Peter, has received from our Lord full power to feed, rule, and govern the whole Church, and has therefore received all that is necessary to enable him to execute that divine commission. Now a ruler, teacher and governor who is fallible, and may therefore lead the Church into error would not be worth having; and unless we look upon Our Lord as a charlatan, mocking us with worthless gifts, we must perforce acknowledge him whom He has commissioned to feed, rule, and govern the whole Church, as infallible in his teachings, when from the Chair of Peter, he addresses the whole Church. This was what the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in substance, taught in all his writings.

* Mr. Foulkes is a Protestant.

Our remarks the other day that a Catholic was one who believed all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, "on all matters connected with the Christian revelation," because she so believes and teaches; and, not because her teachings are in accordance with the assumptions of his intellect, or private judgment—have provoked the subjoined criticism from our intelligent contemporary the *Montreal Witness*:—

"In other words, no one can be a Catholic (i.e. Roman Catholic) without going it blind; without believing and maintaining that black is white, if so instructed; or that the earth is as flat as a pancake, and that the sun goes round it. We do not know if even the Hindoo has such an extinguisher put upon his mental faculties, and should think that all sensible men would rather be counted out from such a system, leaving it to two classes: first, the smart men who profit by it, and second, the soft ones, who like to be led by the nose.

Certainly. No one can be a Catholic (i.e. a Roman Catholic) without believing that, on all matters connected with the Christian Revelation, the Church is infallible; and that therefore all she teaches on that subject—for on matters not in any way connected with the Christian revelation, or "with the Christian scheme of faith and morals," the Church makes

no pretensions to infallibility—is to be accepted unreservedly, by every one who believes her to be infallible, because the one, only medium by Christ Himself appointed for preserving and promulgating the contents of the Revelation by Him brought down from heaven to man. This is the reason, and the only reason, that any Catholic can give for the faith that is in him.

Now in precisely the same way, the Protestant, who is one degree higher than the Rationalist, and who believes anything in the super-natural order, or the order above reason, so believes on the authority of a book for which he claims, the quality of infallibility. "I believe"—so he will reply to any one asking him to give a reason for the faith that is in him—"I believe this doctrine, not because my senses, or my natural reason assure me of its truth; but because, and only because, this book which I believe to be the Word of God, and which I bought at such or such a book-store, attests its truth."

There is therefore just as much abnegation of reason on the part of such a Protestant, as there is on the part of the Papist. Both, "on all matters connected with the Christian revelation," submit their reason unreservedly to an external authority; and the only difference betwixt them is, as to whether a dead book, or a living Church, be the authority, by Christ Himself appointed, to which men are bound, unreservedly, to submit themselves, and their reason. In the nature of things it cannot be otherwise. Revelation deals exclusively with matters which human reason is incompetent of itself to determine; and it is therefore impossible to accept a Revelation, to conceive even of a Revelation, without admitting at the same time, the existence of some authority above reason, to which we are bound unreservedly to submit ourselves, and which must therefore be infallible; for no one can be bound to unreserved submission to that which is fallible.

Whether that infallible authority be the corporate body called the Church of which the Pope is the visible head upon earth; or whether it be the book called the Bible now being revised by the learned in England?—is a question that may be discussed, and is indeed the one only question to be discussed, betwixt Catholics and Protestants; but that if there be a Revelation from God to man, there is somewhere an infallible, because divinely appointed, authority to tell us wherein that Revelation consists, and to which we are therefore, bound to submit ourselves unreservedly, is what no one not an idiot can for a moment doubt. In short we would ask our critic to put to himself this question:—"Why do I believe that God is One in Three distinct Persons? Is it because that to this conclusion I have been led by my natural reason? or is it because I believe that the doctrine is taught in the Bible?" Indeed, in justice to many of the Protestant sects, it must be said, that when they talk about "private judgment" and its legitimate functions in the domain of the Christian revelation, they do not mean that it is competent to sit in judgment upon the teachings of the Bible, or to determine whether these teachings be true, or false, or exaggerated; but that its legitimate function, the sole function to which it is competent, is simply to determine what the Bible teaches; which, when determined, is to be accepted unreservedly, with entire submission of intellect. We ask the *Witness* if this be not what those Protestants who accept revelation mean, when they talk about "private judgment?"

In the same way do Catholics act as towards the Church, which is the only medium they know of, by Christ Himself appointed, for instructing all nations in the truths of revelation. They pretend to no more right to criticise the dogmatic definitions of their Church, than do "orthodox" Protestants to criticise the teachings of the Bible; but Catholics have this advantage over Protestants:—that whereas the former cannot agree as to what the Bible teaches, there is amongst Catholics no difficulty in determining, no difference of opinion as to, what the Church teaches.

For the rest we need only remark in reply to the silly criticisms of the *Witness*, that, as Revelation does not deal with physics, geology, cosmogony, or any of the natural sciences whose facts human reason is competent to deal with; so the Church never interferes therewith, except in so far as to condemn any theories of the naturalists which contradict the facts of revelation. For instance; the Church would condemn as incompatible with revelation the theories of these physicists who argue that man is only an improved or developed ape; and who thereby deny that God Who made the beasts of the field according to their kind, also created man "to His own image, a living soul—*factus est homo in animam viventem*."

THE BITTER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—Very bitter indeed to the poor is the observance of Sunday, as enjoined by law in Great Britain, and other Protestant countries. Of this the Police Courts in London have lately furnished a notable instance.

There is still in existence in England a Statute of the time of Charles II.—(motion for its repeal has been made in the House of Commons)—which was passed against Sunday trading, and, as the preamble asserts, with the object of compelling the attendance of the people on the ministrations of the Church by law Established. Not that we are to credit the dominant party in the dissolute reign of the second Charles with any respect for religion, or desire really to promote religious observances; but just as the Puritans, when in power, put down bull-baiting, not—as Macaulay tells us—because the baiting gave pain to the bear, but because it afforded pleasure to the spectators; so the dominant party after the Restoration sought to compel attendance on the Established Church, not because thereby God was honored, but because thereby Catholics, and Protestant non-conformists, were humiliated, and made to feel themselves an inferior race.

This Statute, though it has been left in comparative obscurity, is still in existence; and availing themselves of this, certain smart members of the army of evangelical informers who assume the role of Protestant ministers, and prefix Reverend to their names, make it a point on Sundays of hunting out the dealers in fruits, lolly-pops, and other commodities of that kind, who on Sundays carry on their illegal traffic in the London streets. These poor creatures, who by means of these small commercial operations contrive sometimes to eke out the price of a Sunday's dinner for themselves and hungry children, are by these informers hailed before the Court on Monday mornings, and fined, or in default of payment, committed to jail as criminals. A case of this kind that lately occurred has excited much attention, and may it is to be hoped prove instrumental in bringing to an end these abominable laws for the Bitter Observance of the Sabbath, or Saw-a-bbath as it is pronounced in Scotland.

A young Irishwoman of irreproachable character, in so far as appears from the newspaper report of the transaction, was brought up the other day with her infant at the breast, before the magistrate, charged by one of these "reverend" informers with the heinous crime of having sold some fruit, or other trifles on Sunday morning, for the sake of making a few pence for the support of herself and baby, contrary to the provisions of the Statute Car. II. Convicted, and sentenced to the House of Correction, the culprit turned the tables cleverly upon the dirty rascal who had been the means of sending her and her little child to jail, by asking—"how it was that she was to be punished for trying to earn an honest penny by a process which injured no one; whilst her accuser was allowed to pursue his dirty avocation of informer on Sunday, and to make his dishonest livelihood, by running down poor women like her?" This is a difficult question to answer. Surely the Sabbath, if Sunday must still be so called, is as much dishonored by the informer who on that day plies his usual trade—that of hunting out the violators of ancient Statutes—as it is by the selling of oranges, ginger beer, and sugar candy, by a few poor women, in the streets.

The rich do not feel these laws. The wealthy have their servants and their own horses and carriages, wherein gorgeously, and in the spirit of a shoddyocracy, they drive about on Sundays whithersoever it listeth them. But alas! for the poor. To them all amusements are forbidden; the very breath of heaven is grudged them on that day; and the purse proud Pharisee who has perhaps been busy cheating his neighbors all the week, and calling it business, holds up his hands in horror at the poor widow woman who dares to sell a few oranges on Sunday. Very Bitter to the poor are Protestant Sabbath observances.

As a specimen of the petty falsehoods which habitually the *Montreal Witness* employs to bring odium and scandal upon Catholic ecclesiastics, we may point out that, to his report of the trial of the two scoundrels who swindled Mr. Woods of this City out of some watches and jewellery on the 21st of April last, and of whom one assumed the name of the Rev. Dr. Saokville, the *Witness* prefixes the caption "*Larceny By Ecclesiastics*;" though he well knew that both the criminals were laymen, and had no connection of any kind with the Catholic Church, or any of her office bearers. The thing is in itself of little importance, and worth noting only to show to what dirty tricks the mean fellow who edits the *Witness* will resort in order to indulge his hatred of Catholicity.

Since, however, one of the two swindlers called himself Captain de Chatillon, it would have been just as truthful to have reported their trial, under the caption of "*Larceny by Military Officers*;" but then this might have brought the *Witness* into a row with some military men jealous of the honor of their cloth, and might have made his back acquainted with a very useful article, and one much needed in his case, vulgarly known as a horsewhip. Now though a most unscrupulous liar as against priests,

and nuns, and non-combatants, the editor of the Witness is very careful not to insult or malign those from whom he has any reason to dread...

WORSE THAN THE ALLIGATORS.—There are worse things even than the alligators with which our erudite and unprejudiced brother of the Montreal Witness reproaches Romanism...

The English census is bringing out some curious particulars of the various "slums" of London, many of which embrace large districts. "Angel Meadow" would seem to be a rather inappropriate name for one of them...

Very Illustrious and Rev. Sir.—A Congregation of the Holy and sovereign Inquisition, held on the 14th August last, having considered the long and troublesome (importante) question relative to the Institut Canadien, has instructed me to communicate what follows:

Yes! We assert that thieves, tramps, and prostitutes, are worse than alligators; and more damning instance of moral neglect on the part of the rulers of the countries where they abound...

ORDINATIONS.—The customary semi-annual ordinations of the Diocese of Ottawa took place on Saturday morning, the 3rd inst., in the St. Joseph's; the Right Rev. E. Guigues was the ordaining Prelate.

Priesthood—Revs. Wm. Sheehy, Diocese of Ottawa; D. Foley, Diocese of Ottawa; E. Marcellia, do; F. Durocher, O.M.I.; P. Leconte, O.M.I.

Subdeacons—Revs. P. Meehan, Diocese of Ottawa; G. Marion, O.M.I.; J. E. Dugast, O.M.I.

Minor Orders—Messrs. J. B. Vaillancourt, Diocese of Ottawa; E. Harnois, O.M.I.; Provost, O.M.I.

Tonsure—Messrs. J. Bouillion, Diocese of Ottawa; J. Hetu, O.M.I.

At the conclusion of this interesting ceremony, His Lordship conferred Confirmation on a large number of boys and girls; having received the Episcopal Benediction all separated inspired with feelings of devotion and respect for the august ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

THE INSTITUT CANADIEN. We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Feron, Undertaker, 23 St. Antoine Street. Mr. Feron has, regardless of expense, placed two magnificent hearses at the disposal of the Catholics of this City...

THE INSTITUT CANADIEN. The Nouvau Monde says.—The Hon. Mr. Desaulles has just received a definitive answer to his insults and calumnies against the Bishop of Montreal. After the decree of the Congregation of the Index, condemning the Annuaire of 1869, and that of the Inquisition condemning the Institut, Mr. Desaulles had the audacity to write to Rome that they did not understand his cause there...

Archbishop of Quebec: Very Illustrious and Rev. Sir.—A Congregation of the Holy and sovereign Inquisition, held on the 14th August last, having considered the long and troublesome (importante) question relative to the Institut Canadien, has instructed me to communicate what follows:

First, the said congregation has decided that after having referred to the Bishops of Montreal and Three Rivers (formerly Anticosti), you signified plainly to Mr. Desaulles that his manner of acting could in no way be approved of. For at that time he appealed to the Holy See upon complaints several times expressed against the ordinances of his own Bishop, declaring himself ready to receive with respect the orders of the Holy See.

In fine, let the said Desaulles understand, that the Holy See is persuaded that the Institut Canadien, as well on account of the subjects discussed there, as of the principles which are expressed in it, principles which deserve entire reprobation, has renounced the original purpose of its foundation.

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS. Friday, June 2. Present His Honour Mr. Judge of Sessions Counsel.

THE PRETENDED PRIEST ROBBERY. Edward De Vesey alias the Rev. Dr. Sackville, alias Bourke, and Joseph Douglas alias Captain De Chantillon, alias Bourke, alias Colbert, were placed in the box on a charge of having, on the 21st April, in the city of Montreal, stolen five watches of the value of \$500, three chains of the value of \$80, and three gold crosses of the value of \$10, the property of Mr. John Wood, watchmaker, Montreal.

The witnesses examined were Mr. Wood, his grandson, Wentworth Wood, Williams, the clerk, Detective Bureau, of Quebec, Mr. Silverstone, pawnbroker, Montreal, Goldstein and Goldman, pawnbrokers, of Quebec, and Detective Bouchard. Mr. Wood, in giving his evidence, read the following letter which he had received from the prisoners:

Mr. Wood: Sir.—It is very painful to a religious person to see you so cast down about a few worldly goods. If you look after your Heavenly possessions with the same anxiety you at present manifest for your earthly ones, I think you must be in a state fit for judgment. However, as I am not your spiritual director, I will say no more, except that, if you still desire to feast your aged eyes upon the missing watches, you had better visit us to-morrow, when the Captain and myself will put you in possession of information that will give you fresh joy.

Although I am not a business man, and the Cap-

tain is more acquainted with the value of a sword than that of a watch, we cannot help coming to the same conclusion concerning you, viz: that you are not a man likely to succeed in any undertaking...

(Signed), F. SACKVILLE DE VESEY, CAPT. DE CHANTILLON.

After the witnesses for the prosecution had been examined, Mr. Lapetot addressed the Court and Jury for the defence, contending that the indictment had been wrongly laid, and that no felony had been proved inasmuch as of his own free will Mr. Wood's grandson had left the watches and chains at the St. Lawrence Hall in the room occupied by the prisoners.

This Honor overruled Mr. Lapetot's objections, when Hon. L. A. Desaulles addressed the Jury, and was followed by the Judge who charged strongly against the prisoners.

The Jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty.—Herald.

NEW BY-LAWS.—We publish below the two by-laws which became law at the meeting of the City Council on Friday night last, so that the public may become as well acquainted with them as possible through the medium of the press:

BY-LAW FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

Sec. 1.—No persons shall hereafter, within the limits of the City of Montreal, fire or discharge any gun, pistol, fowling-piece or other arm loaded in the barrel with gunpowder, or ball, or shot, slug or other destructive material or explosive substance, at or against any insectivorous birds, or against any bird of any kind or description.

Sec. 2.—No person shall hereafter catch, or kill, wound or otherwise injure with any fire-arm, or other weapon, or with sticks or stones, or any other way whatsoever, any insectivorous bird or any bird of any kind or description, found, or being in any place within the limits of the said city nor attempt so to do.

Sec. 3.—No person shall hereafter, within the city limits of the said city, remove, take, or carry away the eggs of insectivorous bird or birds, or any egg or eggs found, or being, or deposited in any such bird's nest, or in any way disturb, or interfere with, any nest used by such birds, or take, remove or carry away from any such nest, the young of any such birds, or disturb or in any way injure the same.

Sec. 4.—Any person offending against any of the provisions of this By-law shall be liable to a fine not exceeding twenty dollars and costs of prosecution, and, in default of the immediate payment of said fine costs, to an imprisonment in the common jail, for a period not exceeding two months, the said imprisonment to cease upon payment of the said fine and costs.

BY-LAW TO PROHIBIT THE LEASING OF BUILDINGS FOR PURPOSES OF PROSTITUTION.

Any proprietor, manufacturer, or green substitution, or other person who shall knowingly lease, sublet, cause or allow to be occupied, any houses, premises or buildings whatsoever within the City of Montreal, to or by persons of ill-fame, for purposes of prostitution, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding Two hundred dollars currency or imprisonment in the Common Jail in the said City of Montreal for a period not exceeding six months, and in default of immediate payment of the penalty and all costs of prosecution (if a penalty instead of imprisonment is by the conviction imposed) the offender shall be imprisoned in said common jail for a period of six months, unless such penalty and all costs shall be sooner paid.—Daily News.

The nominations for the elections in the City of Montreal for the Dominion Parliament are fixed for the 14th inst.

Mr. Robert Harwood has come forward as a candidate for the local representation of Vaudreuil.

A deputation of the electors of Beauharnois waited on Sir George E. Cartier on Friday with the object of requesting him to come forward as the candidate for the County in the Local Assembly.—Sir George accepted and will probably be elected by acclamation.

Mr. Jones has withdrawn from the contest for Richmond and Wolfe, and is succeeded by Mr. Jos. L. Goodhue, of Danville. Mr. Ross will again come forward for Compton and will doubtless be elected by acclamation. Mr. Locke, of St.-Ste.-de-Val, it is said, also be elected by acclamation.

The nominations for the following constituencies will be held on the 9th inst., and polling on the 16th and 17th.—Montmorency, Sherbrooke, Quebec Centre, Quebec East, Quebec West, St. Maurice. Nominations on the 10th, Three Rivers and Terrebonne; 12th, Bagot, Laval, Megantic, Soulanges; 17th, Shefford, 24th, Beauharnois.

Notification has been received by the Dominion Government from the Admiral in command on the North American station, stating that a number of vessels of the Royal Navy have been detached for the protection of the Canadian fisheries, to act in conjunction with the Dominion cruisers. The force is somewhat stronger than that employed last year.

OTTAWA, June 3.—Lady Lisgar and party left this morning en route for England.

THE POPULATION OF MONTREAL.—We thought we were dealing very liberally with figures when we ventured to assert that Montreal contained one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The census returns, however, tells us that we underestimated the growth of the city. There are now one hundred and sixty thousand in the city of Montreal, and of that number there are seventy-five thousand in the Western section. We ought at this rate to send eight members to the Commons and Local.—Daily News.

STREET PAVING.—We are pleased to learn that the Road Committee are moving in the matter of permanent street improvements. They have advertised for tenders to lay the Carbolic "Sectional" wooden pavement in St. James and Notre Dame streets, and Place d'Armes. The represented and apparent advantages of the "Sectional" pavement are such as to justify the Council in its adoption for our principal thoroughfares. From the examination we have given the subject we feel assured that the "Sectional" plan of pavement will commend itself for general adoption. The representatives of the pavement guarantee its integrity for at least ten years, at a trifling cost.—Herald.

MONTREAL DIRECTORY FOR 1871-72.—This invaluable work will be issued in the course of this month. The greatest pains have been taken to secure its correctness, and to make every department full and complete. In addition to the city of Montreal, it will give the names and occupation of the residents in the surrounding villages. Any person having any information to furnish suitable for the work will confer a favor by at once communicating with the publisher, Mr. John Lovell, at his office, 23 and 25 St. Nicholas Street.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CEMETERY.—We are glad to learn that in a very few days the Council will give formal notice of their intention to apply to Court for Expropriation under the law. The necessary plans are in the hands of the City Surveyor and are

newly completed. We mention it now, because an impression has gone abroad, and has been adopted even in the leading article for last Saturday of our excellent contemporary, the Canadian Illustrated News, that both Council and citizens had gone to sleep in the matter. We cannot control the movements, either of the Road Committee in desecrating Cemetery street, or so faithfully sketched in the Illustrated News, or of the parties who are so hastily building on the opposite side; but these parties never high their position, will shortly be compelled to desist. Meanwhile, if, as we trust, the petitioners rate the property at a reasonably low cost, we are sure that it will meet with the law allows, and of the great majority of the citizens. hearty support.—Daily News, 3d ult.

OTTAWA HOTEL, ST. ANNE.—Residents of Montreal meditating a retreat to the country during our summer heats, will find, if they decide upon the pleasant village of St. Anne as their summer residence, clean, quiet and comfortable quarters at the Ottawa Hotel, kept by M. A. Sidore Omnis. This Hotel has lately been enlarged and repaired from top to bottom. The situation, just below the bridge, cannot be surpassed, and the proprietor has constantly on hand beds for the use of his guests. It is but a short distance from the Depot, which can be reached in ten minutes; and it presents every comfort and convenience that the health and pleasure-seeker can desire.

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

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Johns, T. Maguire, \$2; St. Andrews, D. McDonald, \$2.50; Brudenell, J. Coll, \$2; Pictou, D. O'Shea, \$2; Boston, Mass, Miss R. A. Brady, \$2; St. Bartholomew, A. Enault, \$2; Greenville, T. Johnson, \$2; French Village, M. Ling, \$2; Clayton, M. Tierney, \$1; Windsor, Mrs. Beaman, \$2; Trenton, W. Julien, \$5. Per F. Money, Pembroke—Rev. Mr. Boucher, \$2; Head Swishaw, J. Mullin, \$2. Per G. Murphy, Ottawa—Richmond, Rev. Mr. O'Connell, \$2; T. Dooley, \$1; Bell's Corners, C. McKenna, \$2. Per J. McDonald, Alexandria—Self, \$2; Major A. McDonald, \$2. Per Rev. Mr. Millette, East Dunham—M. McCullough, \$2. Per Rev. J. J. MacCarthy, Williamstown—Lancaster, J. Devine, \$5.

Birth.

In this city, on Tuesday, 30th May, Mrs. J. McKeon, of a daughter.

On Sunday morning, 4th inst., at Burside Terrace, 22 University Street, Mrs. James McShane, of a daughter.

Married.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. A. Campion, P. P. of St. Bridget's, at the residence of the bride's father, 15 Kent Street, Augustus, youngest son of J. A. Converse, Esq., to Jane Francis, third daughter of Bernard McEwen, Esq., all of this city.

Died.

On the 29th May, at the residence of her son, Mr. George Smyth, No. 14 Barclay street, Montreal, Mrs. Margaret Bunn, wife of the late Geo. Smyth, Portman, and daughter of the late Robt. Dunne and Margaret Taggart, Ballingarry, county Galway, Ireland.—May be read in papers.

Boston and New York papers please copy.

Dyspepsia is a Hydra-Headed Monster, from which nearly all the ills the human flesh is heir to originate. The Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the protoxide of Iron, is a long-tried and well established remedy for this distressing complaint: it has cured thousands when other remedies have failed.

"CLEANSING THE BLOOD" upon which charlatans have harped so much is not a mere catch-word and delusion. The microscope shows that some diseases exist like parasitic growths upon the globules of the blood, and it is further known that some subtle substances destroy or expel them. These substances have been combined to make Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which does effectually expel the disorders that breed and range in the blood to rot as it were the machinery of life.—Boston (Pa.) Whip.

CIRCULAR.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

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

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

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

June 5. Flour # bbl. of 196 lb.—Pollards... \$3.75 @ \$4.00 Middlings... 4.50 @ 4.60 Fine... 4.85 @ 4.90 Superior, No. 2... 5.20 @ 5.25 Superfine... 5.45 @ 5.70 Fancy... 5.90 @ 6.00

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

June 5, 1871. RETAIL WHOLESALE Flour # 100 lbs... 3 10 to 3 20 Oatmeal, " " 3 00 " 3 10 Indian Meal, (Ohio)... 1 80 " 0 00

GRAIN. Wheat # 56 lbs... 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Barley " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Potatoes " " 1 10 " 1 20 0 10 " 0 00 Oats " " 0 70 " 0 75 0 60 " 0 67 Buckwheat... 0 90 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Indian Corn, (Ohio)... 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Rye, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Flax Seed " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Timothy, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00

MEATS. Beef per lb... 0 8 " 0 15 0 00 " 0 00 Pork, " " 0 12 " 0 13 0 00 " 0 00 Mutton, " " 0 9 " 0 10 0 00 " 0 00 Lamb, per lb... 0 9 " 0 10 0 00 " 0 00 Veal, per lb... 0 10 " 0 15 0 00 " 0 00 Pork, per 100 lbs... 0 00 " 0 05 8 00 " 7 00 Beef, fresh " " 0 00 " 0 09 6 00 " 7 00

MISCELLANEOUS. Potatoes, per bag (new)... 0 70 " 0 75 0 50 " 0 65 Turnips " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 05 " 0 00 Hops, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Woodcock, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Ship, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Clover, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter, fresh, per lb... 0 20 " 0 23 0 00 " 0 00 " salt, " " 0 18 " 0 20 0 00 " 0 00 Cheese, " " 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Cream, per pint... 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Maple Sugar, per lb... 0 10 " 0 11 0 00 " 0 00 Honey, per gal... 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Lard, per lb... 0 15 " 0 18 0 00 " 0 00 Eggs (fresh), per doz... 0 13 " 0 14 0 00 " 0 00 Eggs per doz. by wt... 0 00 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Half-pint per lb... 0 20 " 0 00 0 00 " 0 00 Haddock... 0 00 " 0 07 0 00 " 0 00 Apples, per barrel... 0 00 " 0 00 4 00 " 5 00 Hay... 0 00 " 0 00 8 50 " 12 00 Straw... 0 00 " 0 00 5 00 " 7 00

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER.

MONTREAL, June 2, 1871. CENTS. Hemlock Spanish Sole, No. 1 (h.a.) per lb... 25 to 26 do do No. 2... 23 to 24 Slaughter " No. 1... 20 to 28 do do No. 2... 15 to 20 Waxed Upper, light and medium... 43 to 45 do do heavy... 40 to 43 Gained do... 40 to 43 Spills large... 29 to 36 do small... 20 to 30 Kips, City Slaughter (whole)... 50 to 55 do ordinary... 00 to 00 Calf-Skin (27 to 36 lbs. per dozen)... 65 to 85 do (18 to 26 lbs. per dozen)... 60 to 70 Sheep-Skin (ings)... 27 to 31 Harness... 31 to 34 Bull's Cow, per foot... 14 to 17 Padded Cow do... 15 to 16 Emannelled Cow do... 17 to 18 Patent Cow do... 19 to 19 1/2 Rough... 27 to 29 English Oak Sole... 30 to 34 English Kips... 56 to 66

NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY are requested to meet on the GROUNDS IN FRONT OF THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, on SUNDAY, the 11th inst., immediately after Eight o'clock Mass, to take part in the Procession. (By Order), MICHAEL McREADY, Secy.

WANTED.

FOR the new "Roman Catholic School," Point St. Charles, a FIRST CLASS CATHOLIC TEACHER, to take the Direction of the School as Head Master. Applicants must be experienced in teaching, of good character, and be well recommended. None but competent men need apply. SALARY EQUAL TO \$1,000. Apply, with testimonials and references, BOX 445 P. O., Montreal.

WARNING.

The undersigned hereby cautions the public against giving credit in his name, to any person whomsoever, on any pretext whatsoever. PIERRE COUVRETTE. Montreal, May 3, 1871.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CAN be obtained at prices very convenient to the means of all classes, at the New Store of the subscriber, No. 71 NOTRE DAME STREET. M. B. MORAN.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JOSEPH FERREOL DUBREUIL, heretofore Trader as Proprietor of a Journal and Printer of the Town of Sorol, and actually of the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

THE Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Insolvency Room, in the City and District of Montreal, on Tuesday the Twentieth day of June instant, at Three o'clock P.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. T. SAUVAGEAU, Interim Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1871.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Joliette. In the matter of LOUIS MARSAN and JOSEPH TELLIER de LAFORTUNE, Insolvents.

The undersigned, one of the Insolvents, has deposited at the Clerk's office of this Court, the content of his Creditors to his discharge, and will, on the twenty-eighth day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, apply to the said Court for the ratification of the discharge therof effected. JOSEPH TELLIER de LAFORTUNE, By GODIN & DESROCHERS, his Attorneys ad litem, Joliette, 8th May, 1871.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 1.—The French journals are greatly divided in sentiment as to the future of the country. The Opinion, Bien Public, Politique, Siecle, and Constitutionnel favor the continuance of the Republic.

The Temps, National, and Patrie are very guarded in their comments upon the situation. The Opinion thinks the withdrawal of Thiers would be equivalent to revolution.

The Siecle says Thiers is as energetic against Bonaparte as the Reds.

The Figaro favors monarchy. Marshal McMahon's authorization is required for the opening of the theatres.

The sale of newspapers in the streets is prohibited. The Siecle was seized this morning.

Executions have ceased. The prisoners are now on trial at Versailles.

The barricades in Paris numbered 400.

LONDON, June 1.—Prince Napoleon has written a letter to Favre censuring the men who proclaimed the decheance of the Emperor, and formed the Government of the fourth of September last, and demanding of the existing authorities a plebiscite for the determination of the future of France.

M. THIERS AND THE TREATY OF PEACE.—The final treaty of peace between Germany and France has been signed. The treaties of commerce with German States are abrogated. France and Germany will apply to each other's goods the tariffs in force in dealing with other countries. Germany buys up the railways in the ceded territory for 325,000,000fr., on condition that the German Government obtains possession of the line from Thionville to Luxembourg. In the National Assembly, on Thursday, M. Thiers said that the Preliminaries had been rendered less onerous. He added that all Frenchmen would be restored to France, so that they would be able to fill up the ranks of "the glorious and brave army," which had "again raised the high fame of the French name and the power of France in the eyes of Europe!" This may be M. Thiers' opinion; he should wait until the Reds are entirely put down, and the "glorious and brave army" are in possession of the Capital, before he blows quite such a loud blast on his trumpet.—Tablet.

GEORGES DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.—A despatch from Versailles confirms the melancholy announcement that the pious and venerable Archbishop of Paris was murdered in the Mazas prison on Tuesday night by the Communist assassins. The death of so well known and prominent a prelate cannot fail to excite profound sorrow every where; for M. Darboy was distinguished for his unassuming piety, his kindness of heart and charitableness of disposition as he was eminent as a man of great learning and as one of the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe.

The late Archbishop was born at Faye-Billot in the department of Haute Marne, on the 19th January, 1819. He received a brilliant education at the Seminary of Langres, where he distinguished himself by the manifestation of that ability which subsequently rendered him famous. In 1836 he was ordained a priest and made Vicar of St. Dizier, and subsequently Vicar of Passy. Three years later he was appointed Professor of Philosophy and afterwards of Dogmatic Theology to the Seminary of Langres; but when the seminary was placed in charge of a religious order M. Darboy quitted the diocese and went to Paris, where M. Affre appointed him chaplain of the College of Henri IV., and a later date Honorary Canon of the metropolis. On M. Darboy leaving Paris he placed M. Darboy in charge of the Montour Catholic, but he had not held the position long when he resigned to accept the office of First Chaplain of the College of Henry IV. and Honorary Vicar General, with the duties of Religious Inspector of the Lycees of the diocese. In November, 1854, he accompanied the Archbishop of Paris to Rome, and was presented to the Pope, who conferred upon him the title of Apostolic Protonotary. The object of this journey to Rome was to take part in the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The numerous positions held by Mgr. Darboy naturally gave him considerable influence in Paris; hence the support he gave to Louis Napoleon both before and after the coup d'etat was exceedingly valuable, and was fully appreciated. In 1859, a vacancy occurring, the Emperor named him to the Episcopal See of Nancy, and four years after (1863) he was promoted to the Archiepiscopate. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1860, and was promoted Grand Officer on the 14th of August, 1863.

Monsieur Darboy is well known as the author of numerous religious works, among which are "Les Femmes de la Bible," "L'Introduction a l'imitation de Jesus Christ," "Œuvres de St. Denis l'Arceopagite," "Etennes Pour l'Amour," "Les Sainte Femmes," &c. His writings and sermons are both remarkable for their chaste, elegant style and their devotion to Christianity. Personally the Archbishop was a man of exceptionally pure and stainless character. He was exceedingly popular with all who knew him, and his society was always sought by all classes of persons. It is to be sincerely hoped that he has not been murdered. His death at the hands of the Communists would render blacker than ever the crime of the fanatics of Paris against the ideas of modern civilization.

PROCLAMATION OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.—Versailles, May 13, 1871.—The following manifesto of the Count de Chambord, in the form of a letter to one of his friends, will be read with interest just now:—

Like you, my dear friend, I witness with grief and pain the lamentable fortunes of this hateful civil war, which has so closely followed

the disasters of invasion. I have no need to tell you how completely I sympathize with you in the sad reflections which suggest, and how fully I comprehend your anguish. When the first shell from the enemy burst over Paris I could only think of the grandeur of the city in which I was born. I gave utterance to a cry which has been heard. I could do no more, and now, as then, I am compelled to groan over the horrors of this fratricidal contest.—But be confident. The hazards of this grievous enterprise are not greater than the heroism of our troops. You live, you say, among men of all parties, anxious to know what I wish, what I desire and what I hope. Be good enough to acquaint them with my most cherished thoughts and with all the sentiments which inspire me. Say that I never deceived them, that I never shall deceive them, and that I entreat them in the name of all mankind, the witnesses of our misfortunes, to forget our dissensions, our prejudices and our enmities.—Caution them against the calumnies spread for the purpose of creating a belief that, discouraged by the greatness of our misfortunes and despairing of the future of my country, I have renounced the happiness of saving it. It will be saved whenever it ceases to confound license with liberty. Above all, it will be saved when it ceases to look for security from hap-hazard governments, which, after a few years of fancied safety, leave it in difficulties truly deplorable. Beyond political agitations there is a France which suffers, a France which cannot be destroyed, and which will not be destroyed; for when Providence subjects a nation to such trials it is because great duties are still in reserve for it. Let us confess that the desertion of principle is the real cause of our disasters.

A Christian nation cannot with impunity tear out the venerable pages of its history, break the chain of its traditions, inscribe at the head of its constitution a negation of the rights of God, or banish every religious idea from its laws and its public instruction. Under such circumstances disorder will be the rule. The oscillations will be between anarchy and Caesarism—two forms of Government equally disgraceful, equally characteristic of the decadence of heathen nations, and which will ever be the lot of nations who are forgetful of their duty.

The country was well aware of this when it elected men as enlightened as you as to the wants of the time and penetrated with a sense of the principles which are essential to every society which seeks to maintain itself in honor and in liberty. Hence it is, my dear friend, notwithstanding any remains of prejudice, the good sense of all France longs for a monarchy. It sees its way by the glimmerings of its confagurations. It sees that order is requisite to justice and honesty, and that independently of hereditary monarchy, it has nothing to hope for. Oppose with earnestness the errors and prejudices which too readily find admission into the hearts of the noblest. It is given out that I claim absolute power. Would to God that such a power had not so readily been accorded to those who in troublous times came forward as saviors! Had it been otherwise we should not to-day have been lamenting the misfortunes of the country. You know that what I desire is to labor for the regeneration of the country, to give scope to all its legitimate aspirations—to preside at the head of the whole House of France, over its destinies, and confidently to submit the acts of the government to the careful control of representatives freely elected.

It is asserted that hereditary monarchy is incompatible with the equality of all before the law. I maintain that I do not on this point ignore the lessons of experience and the conditions of the life of a nation. How could I advocate privileges for others—I, who only ask to be allowed to devote every moment of my life to the security and happiness of France, and to share her distress before sharing of her honor? It is asserted that the independence of the Papacy is dear to me, and that I am determined to obtain efficacious guarantees for it.—That is true. The liberty of the Church is the first condition of spiritual peace and of order in the State. To protect the Holy See was ever the honorable duty of our country, and the most indisputable cause of its greatness among nations. Only in the periods of its greatest misfortunes has France abandoned this glorious protectorate.

Rest assured if I am called it will be not only because I represent right, but because I am order, reform—because I am the essential basis of that authority which is required to restore that which has perished, and to govern justly and according to law with the view of remedying the evils of the past and paving the way for the future. I shall be told that I hold the ancient sword of France in my hand, and in my breast the heart of a king and a father which recognizes no party. I am of no party, and I do not desire to return or to reign by means of party. I have no injury to avenge, no enemy to exile, no fortune to retrieve, except that of France. It is in my power to select from every quarter the men who are anxious to associate themselves with the grand undertaking. I only bring back religion, concord and peace. I desire to exercise no dictatorship but that of clemency, because in my hands, and in my hands alone, clemency is still justice. Thus it is, my dear friend, that I despair not of my country, and that I do not shrink from the magnitude of the task.

La parole est a lu France et Pleure a Dieu. HENRI.

MAY 8, 1871. ITALY. PIEDMONT.—CONFERENCE ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—The Correspondence de Geneve has no faith in the reported diplomatic Conference to settle Italian affairs. Who would take part in such a Conference? The two Powers, chiefly though not exclusively interested, are the Pontifical and the Florentine. But never, so long as the present state of things shall last, will the Holy See permit itself to be represented at the same Table with a delegate of Victor Emmanuel. The dignity

of the Holy Father, and common sense, alike repudiate the idea. In the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff, as in those of the Catholic world, and of every loyal spirit, the Florentine Government is the merest band of Brigands; with which no one who has self-respect would permit himself to treat. If the great Powers should invite Italy to take part in such a Conference, it would prove that they consider themselves sufficiently debased to act in concert with her. Imagine M. Thiers accepting, at this moment, a Conference on the Parisian question: on the condition that the Commune should have voice and part, as well as, and as much as, himself. Without recounting the interminable catalogue of Italian infamies—continues the Correspondence de Geneve—take alone the story of the Treaty of Zurich. It was signed by Austria, France, and Piedmont; and it stipulated that this last Power, entering into a "confederation of Italian States, should be bound to respect them. Not only the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the States of the Pope in their integrity, and certain Italian possessions of the House of Austria should be retained as they were, but even the rights of dethroned Princes were to be solemnly reserved. Now Piedmont, after having signed the preliminaries, but without even waiting for the ratification of the Treaty, invaded the Romagna, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena. One year later, it invaded the Marches and Umbria; spite of the presence of French troops in the Pontifical States; and declared war summarily, and without any pretext, on the King of Naples. Even Napoleon recalled his Ambassador from Turin; while the attitude taken by Prussia and Russia expressed energetically their disgust. And yet, but a very little later, all the Powers united to recognize the Italian Kingdom! Then followed the famous Convention of September 15. Now, this Convention guaranteed to the Church the full sovereignty of two-fifths of the States, and ruled that Italy should fix its Capital once for all at Florence." We know the issue. How then can a Conference treat with Florence, on terms of international honour; or even treat for Florence, as though it in turn, would show respect for treaties?—Tablet.

A woman in New York struck her husband on the head with a heavy dinner plate on Wednesday night, and killed him.

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.—The Indians are rapidly becoming civilized. Those who are at present on an official mission to Washington, have purchased, and wear, black silk hats, vulgarly known as stove-pipes. They look remarkable on the chiefs, being in striking conformity with the other portions of their costume, namely Buffalo robes, moccasins, and war paint. The stove-pipe is, however, quite as congruous to war paint, as the adoption by civilized women of the unsightly bunch of hair at the back of the head, worn by the savages of Ashango land.—Montreal Herald.

TRUE HAPPINESS IS TO BE FOUND IN GOD ALONE.—Happiness is that state of perfect contentment which satisfies all the desires of the soul. The desire for happiness is inherent in our nature. There is a void in every human heart, an inexpressible longing after some unattained good. The cause of this is apparent. God has created us for eternal happiness, and therefore, we are ever in pursuit of this great object. If such were not the case, if earthly joys were sufficient to content us, we could not experience all those grand aspirations after something higher, better, and purer than earth can afford. We may participate in all the enjoyments of the world, we may possess wealth, fame, and splendor, we may exhaust the sources of pleasure, and still, the soul's deep thirst will remain unquenched. Earth cannot give what she does not possess, and hence, the disappointed feeling which mingles with all our joys. This very disappointment is a convincing proof of man's superiority over the merely animal creation. His nature is too noble to be satisfied with aught of earth; he aspires after the Infinite, Infinity alone can content him. We have only to consult the history of the world to find examples illustrative of this truth. Ask those who have enjoyed all the advantages of power, those who have attained the summit of earthly greatness: warriors, statesmen, sages, kings, all will answer that there is no human bliss without alloy. For countless centuries man has been in search of happiness, he has sought it in riches, honors, and pleasures; nay, he has gone higher; he has looked for it in love and friendship, and at first sight of those newly found treasures, he has deemed the prize secure, for what seems nobler than love or truer than friendship?—Alas! there came an hour when the golden links of love's chain were severed by the hand of treachery or deceit; the love that was vowed forever was recalled, and the fragile thing was gone. And friendship! the friendship—that was to have been eternal, so firm, so disinterested! Time came when "the friend should bear the friend's infirmities."—The test was too strong; friendship, like love, proved a broken reed. All this while the cry of the soul grew louder, "Happiness! Give me happiness," it shrieked out in its vehement thirst. But all earthly resources were exhausted, man finds it not. Is it, then, a phantom? Or, if a reality, where is it to be found? The secret is this—in God alone! This is the key to the enigma which torments thousands.—Yes, He is the source of happiness. He can satisfy all those deep, mysterious longings, those noble aspirations of our nature. He is the faithful Lover, who will never grow cold, the one great Friend who will never desert us.—Hence we see that in God alone, are we to seek for happiness. It follows from this, that the only way leading to happiness is the practice of virtue, God being the Infinite Sanctity. "How earnestly, then, should we aspire after virtue, all else is vain, and miserable and weak, for the truest words that ever tongue has uttered are those contained in that grand declaration, "Virtue, alone, is happiness below!" —JESSE, in Western Watchman.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sudden changes of climate are sources of Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly, when taken in the early stages of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Lozenges. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "common cold," in its first stage. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected soon attacks the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces coughing, having a direct influence on the affected parts. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine. Sold by all dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents a box.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your

rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

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

BROTHER ARNOLD'S BAZAAR! GRAND BAZAAR & DRAWING OF PRIZES, IN THE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, TORONTO, ON WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 28th, 29th and 30th June, and 1st July, 1871.

To raise funds for liquidating the debt incurred in the purchase of the Building formerly known as the Bank of Upper Canada, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, for an Academy—BROTHER ARNOLD, DIRECTOR.

Being urged by their good ARCHBISHOP, and the many friends of their Institute, to purchase this magnificent structure, for the Glory of God, and the advancement of Education, the Brothers feel confident that as this is their first appeal to the public since their arrival in America, it will be kindly responded to.

The following is taken from the True Witness of February 10, 1871:—

MONTREAL, FEAST OF ST. AGATHA, 1871.

DEAR SIR:—In the present age of the world when Christian education is more than ever necessary to qualify and prepare the rising generation for the mighty struggle that is going on in the whole world over between the Church and the World, God and the Devil, the deepest and holiest sympathies of the Catholic heart are with those heroic orders of men and women who are devoting their lives to the great work of education. Amongst these the Brothers of the Christian Schools hold, as every one knows, a place second to none. For nigh fully two hundred years have they labored heart and soul in carrying out the benign intention of their saintly founder, the Venerable De La Salle in forming the minds and hearts of children according to the teachings of the Gospel. There is scarce a country in the civilized world wherein they are not to be found pursuing their heavenly task; in silence and humility they journey on through the world, shedding light and peace all around them, and casting broadcast on the earth the beneficent seeds of Gospel truth and its sublime morality.

These remarks have been suggested to us by news that has reached us from Toronto, viz:—that the Christian Brothers there have purchased the large building known as the Bank of Upper Canada, which, from its size, will enable them to receive a much more greater number of pupils in that city, hitherto all but exclusively Protestant, but having now a considerable, and still-increasing population. In order to pay at least a portion of the purchase money, Brother Arnold, the active and energetic Director of the De La Salle Institute of Toronto, has inaugurated a Grand Bazaar to be held on the three last days of June and the 1st of July next, the drawing of prizes to be made on the same principle as those of the Art Union. Many friends of Christian education have donated valuable objects for prizes, among which may be enumerated the following:—

- 1st Prize—Especially presented by his Grace the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.
2nd—Presented by Very Rev. F. F. Jamot, V. G.
3rd—Presented by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V. G.
4th—Presented by Rev. J. M. Laurent, P. P., St. Patrick's Church.
5th—A magnificent Painting of the Virgin and Child, from the original of Carlo Dolci—value \$100.
6th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Patrick, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, U.S.A.
7th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Hosea, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, Canada.
8th—Munich Statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented by Rev. Bro. Candidian, Director of the Christian Brothers, Baltimore, U.S.
9th—Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ—valued at \$30—presented by the Students of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, N. Y., under the direction of the Christian Brothers.
10th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Tellow, Director of the Catholic Protectory, New York.
11th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, New York.
12th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by P. Donohoe, Esq., Boston.
13th—Fine Guitar—valued at \$20—presented by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto.
14th—Pearl Cross, silver case—valued at \$25—presented by J. A. Sadlier, Esq., Montreal.
15th—Presented by the Young Irishman's Catholic Benevolent Association.
16th—Ecce Homo, an Oil Painting, presented by the Artist.
17th—An Oil Painting of the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. J. Lynch.
18th—Picture of St. Patrick, worked in wool, presented by the Rev. Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
19th—An Oil Painting, presented by the Rev. Ladies of Loretto, Toronto.
20th—Rich Irish Poplin Dress.
21st—Richly-mounted Chair—valued at \$60—gift of the Pupils of the Christian Brothers' Commercial Academy, Toronto.
22nd—An Eight-day Clock, gift of the Pupils of St. Paul's School, Toronto.
23rd—A Beautiful Clock, in glass case—valued at \$70.
24th—A Circular Table, gift of the Pupils of St. Patrick's School, Toronto.
25th—A Silver Watch and Chain, gift of the Pupils of St. Michael's School, Toronto.
26th—Writing-Desk and Dressing-Case (rose-wood, with pearl bands), gift of the Pupils of St. Mary's School, Toronto.
27th—An Elizabethan Chair, with Gothic back.
28th—Valuable Prize, the gift of Bro. Rogation, Quebec.
29th—Set of Stations of the Cross, with Oxford Frames.
30th—A nice selection of Religious Pictures.
31st—Picture of His Holiness Pope Pius IX.
32nd—A Silver Goblet.
33rd—Musical Bells of Eminent Musicians.
34th—Six Fine Silk Pocket-handkerchiefs.
35th—A Doll, magnificently dressed.
36th—A Silver Pencil-case with Gold Pen.
37th—A Handsome Album.
38th—A beautifully furnished Inkstand.
39th—Japanese Lady's Cabinet, valued at \$20.
40th—Lives of the Popes, 2 vols., richly bound.
41st—Magnificent Picture of the Immaculate Conception.

- 42nd—Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Abbe Orsini.
43rd—Japanese Tea-tray.
44th—A beautiful Chromo—the Ruins of Elgin Cathedral.
45th—Bamboo Cabinet, valued at \$18.
46th—A Collection of Medallions, set in hand-some cases, valued at \$15.
47th—Portrait of Marshal McMahon.
48th—Japanese Lady's Work-box.
49th—A Silver Crucifix.
50th—A Lady's Work Box, valued at \$20.
51st—A Valuable Silk Dress.
52nd—A magnificent Picture of St. Patrick.
53rd—A Pair of Branch Candlesticks.
54th—A Writing-desk.
55th—A Pair of Statues—St. Patrick and St. Bridget.
56th—A collection of Irish Views.
57th—A handsome Inkstand.
58th—A handsome Door Mat.
59th—A General History of the Church.
60th—A Boy's beautiful blue cloth Jacket.
61st—A magnificent Writing Desk, the gift of Rev. Bro. Aphrates, Director of the Christian Brothers, Quebec.
62nd—General History of the Church, 4 vols., by Abbe Darrau—the gift of Rev. Bro. Oran, Director of the Christian Brothers, Kingston.
63rd—A Bible—valued at \$15—the gift of the same.
64th—A magnificent Prayer-book—same donor.
65th—A Silver Ink-stand, the gift of Rev. Bro. Cassian, Quebec.
66th—A magnificent Picture of St. Patrick, worked in silk, the gift of a lady friend, of Montreal.
67th—Pair of Drawings, in frames (Idols of the 67Kings) by Gustave Dore.
68th—Magnificent piece of Needle-work, the gift of a lady friend, of Montreal.
69th—Magnificent Missal, bound in velvet—valued at \$7.
70th—Lady's Cabinet—valued at \$20.
71st—A beautiful Holy-water Font.
72nd—Japanese Bamboo Work-box.
73rd—Lady's Work-box.
74th—Silver Goblet.
75th—A fancy Egg-stand, with glasses.
76th—A large Oil-Painting of St. Vincent de Paul, the gift of St. Patrick's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, Toronto.
77th—A Lady's Jewel-case.
78th—A set of Vases—valued at \$2.
79th—A Silver Goblet.
80th—A French Prayer-book, bound in velvet—valued \$5.
81st—A magnificent copy of Moore's Melodies, bound in green and gold.
82nd—A rich Holy-water Font and Statue of M. B. V.
83rd—Select Speeches of O'Connell, 2 vols.
84th—Two magnificent Pictures—Jesus and Mary.
85th—A Set of Vases, marked "Mary"—valued at \$6.
86th—A Gentleman's Toilet-box, valued at \$20.
87th—A Lady's Toilet-box.
88th—A beautiful Harmonium.
89th—A collection of Japanese Puzzles. To any person securing the entire collection, a prize of \$10 will be given.
90th—A Pearl Cross—valued at \$8.
91st—A Tea Caddy.
92nd—A magnificent Picture of the Crucifixion.
93rd—A magnificent Pinno from the Ware-Rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto, valued at \$300.
94th—Ten large volumes, in library binding, containing all the numbers of "The Catholic World" from its commencement to the present time—the gift of Rev. Bro. Paulian, President of Manhattan College, New York.

Many of the most valuable prizes were presented to Brother Arnold by the pupils of the Christian Schools in Canada and the United States. Altogether the Bazaar will be one of the most important in its results, and interesting in its associations that can be imagined. Every Catholic who can, ought to make it a duty to second this praiseworthy effort, to provide a noble educational establishment for the Catholic boys of Toronto. The Catholic population there is not wealthy, yet from its numbers it requires large schools, and it ought to be the pride and pleasure of Catholics every where to contribute to so admirable an undertaking as that of the good Brothers of Toronto.

I am, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, A FRIEND OF EDUCATION. The Prizes will be on Exhibition, at the De La Salle Institute, a week previous to the opening of the Bazaar.

On the 1st July there will be a Pic-Nic on the Grounds attached to the Institute, and in the Evening a Grand Concert, when Four Brass Bands will be in attendance. As a guarantee that the Drawing of Prizes will be properly and impartially conducted, so as to assure to every ticket a fair and equal chance, the following gentlemen will superintend the Drawing and form the

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

- Hon. F. Smith, Senator; J. Stock, Esq.; P. Hynes, Esq.; J. P. J. Shea, Esq.; J. P. J. O'Donohue, Esq., Barrister; W. J. MacDonell, Esq., French Consul; C. Robertson, Esq.; E. O'Keefe, Esq.; P. Hughes, Esq.; J. D. Merrick, Esq.; T. McCrosson, Esq.; Thos. Walls, Esq.; J. Britton, Esq.; Thos. Wilson, Esq.; L. Coffee, Esq.; F. Rooney, Esq.; J. Mulvey, Esq.; P. Burns, Esq.; B. B. Hughes, Esq.

After the Drawing the winning numbers will be published in the papers, and Lists of winning numbers will be forwarded to any address, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The Prizes can be obtained on production of the winning tickets, either personally or by letter. Persons residing out of Toronto can have their prizes forwarded to any Railway or Express station, if required. Parties wishing to act as Agents for the disposal of Tickets, can obtain them singly or in books, on application.

To every one who takes or disposes of a Book of Ten Tickets a Special (Free) Ticket is presented. The Tickets consists of two parts, the larger of which should be retained by the purchaser, until after the Drawing and produced on the delivery of the Prize, if it should win one; the smaller part called the duplicate should be returned to Bro. Arnold on or before the 29th June, with the purchaser's name and address legibly written thereon. It is particularly requested that the Duplicates be returned as early as possible, before the great pressure of the drawing begins. Agents are requested to account and remit the balance in their hands every two or three weeks.

Parties receiving Tickets will confer a favor by kindly making an effort to dispose of them, or transfer them to others in a better position to do so, and by returning Tickets not disposed of.

TICKETS FOR THE DRAWING ONE DOLLAR EACH.

All communications, remittances, and demands for Tickets, to be sent (postage paid) to BRO. ARNOLD, DIRECTOR OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' ACADEMY, TORONTO, ONTARIO, to whom all Drafts and Post Office orders are to be made payable. Tickets are also for sale in Toronto by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, King street East; A. S. Irving, King-st. West; T. O'Connor, King-st.; P. Doyle, Arcade; C. A. Backus, Toronto-st.; J. Birmingham, Ottawa; M. Fahey, Kingston; Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

GRAND BAZAAR & PRIZE DRAWING
TO COME OFF AT THE
TEMPERANCE HALL
ORILLIA,

ON THE
25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1871
For the purpose of raising funds to Build a New
Catholic Church in the Village of Orillia.

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

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

FOR SALE.
BRAMAH HENS' EGGS, 75 cents per dozen, at
No. 33 MURRAY STREET,
JOHN COX.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COM-
PANY.
The Office of this Company has been removed to
No. 9 St. LAURENT STREET, between Notre Dame and
St. James streets.
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Secretary.

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MANUFACTURER OF
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WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE
FITTINGS,
675 CRAIG STREET
(TWO DOORS WEST OF BLEURY.)
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G. & J. MOORE,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
of
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
CATHEDRAL BLOCK,
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PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE,
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free of charge.
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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.

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[ESTABLISHED IN 1826.]

THE Subscribers manufacture and
have constantly for sale at their old
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Bells for Churches, Academies, Fac-
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Plantations, &c., mounted in the
most approved and substantial man-
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For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions,
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BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER,
AND
GENERAL JOBBER,
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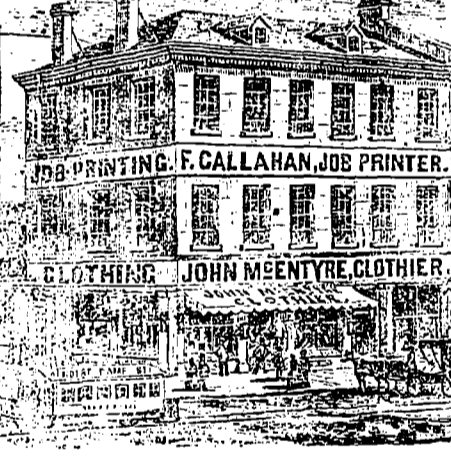
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MAKES THE WEAK STRONG
CAUTION.—All genuine has the name
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New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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CORNER ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STREETS,
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,
such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping
Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma,
and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of
medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply
upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent
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series of years, and among most of the races of
men it has risen higher and higher in their estima-
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of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a re-
liable protector against them. While adapted to
milder forms of disease and to young children, it is
at the same time the most effectual remedy that can
be given for incipient consumption, and the dan-
gerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a pro-
vision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should
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are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all
should be provided with this antidote for them.
Although a settled Consumption is thought in-
curable, still great numbers of cases where the dis-
ease seemed settled, have been completely cured,
and the patient restored to sound health by the
Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery
over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that
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Singers and Public Speakers find great pro-
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For a Cough and Cold, no better remedy can
be had. Take small doses three times a day and
put the feet in warm water at night, until the
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For Influenza, when it affects the throat or
lungs, take the same course.
For Whooping Cough, give small doses three
or four times a day.
For Croup, give large and frequent doses until
the disease is overcome.
No family should be without the Cherry Pec-
toral on hand to protect them, in case of attack,
from the above complaints. Its timely use often
saves the patient a great amount of suffering and
risk, which he would incur by waiting until he
could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses
for the exigencies that arise. Live as dear to you
may be saved by it.
So generally are its virtues known, that we need
not publish certificates of them here, or do more
than assure the public that the best qualities it ever
possessed are strictly maintained.
Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical
and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold
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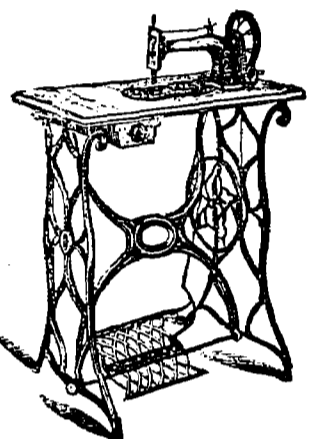
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TWEEDS, CLOTHS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
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He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale
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advantages derived from this course.
In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up
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Gentlemen, leaving their orders, may depend upon good Cloth, a Perfect Fit, Stylish Cut, and
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PUBLIC and private buildings heated by hot water
on the latest and decidedly the most economical
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Ayer's Hair Vigor,
For restoring Gray Hair to
its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which
is at once agreeable,
healthy, and effectual
for preserving the
hair. Faded or gray
hair is soon restored
to its original color
with the gloss and
freshness of youth.
Thin hair is thick-
ened, falling hair checked, and bald-
ness often, though not always, cured
by its use. Nothing can restore the
hair where the follicles are destroyed,
or the glands atrophied and decayed.
But such as remain can be saved for
usefulness by this application. Instead
of fouling the hair with a pasty sedi-
ment, it will keep it clean and vigorous.
Its occasional use will prevent the hair
from turning gray or falling off, and
consequently prevent baldness. Free
from those deleterious substances which
make some preparations dangerous and
injurious to the hair, the Vigor can
only benefit but not harm it. If wanted
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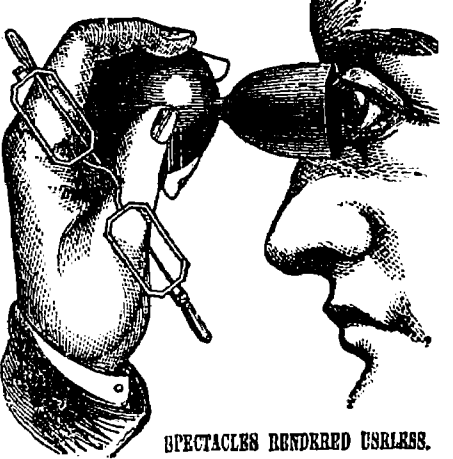
HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable.
Containing neither oil nor dye, it does
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long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy
lustre and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
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PRICE \$1.00.

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

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he is constantly receiving from Lyons, France, large
consignments of church goods, the whole of which
he is instructed to dispose of on a mere commission.
Chasubles, richly embroidered on gold cloth, \$30.
250 do. in Damask of all colors, trimmed with
gold and silk lace, \$15.
Copies in gold cloth, richly trimmed with gold
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Gold and Silver cloths, from \$1.10 per yard.
Coloured Damasks and Moires Antiques.
Muslin and Lace Albs, rich.
Ostensoiriums, Chalices and Ciborium.
Altar Candlesticks and Crucifixes.
Lamps, Holy Water Fonts, &c., &c., &c.
T. LAFRICAIGN,
302 Notre Dame St.,
Montreal, March 31, 1871.

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MICHAEL FERON,
No. 23 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
BEGS to inform the public that he has procured
several new, elegant, and handsomely finished
HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public
at very moderate charges.
M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to
the public.
Montreal, March, 1871.

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.



OLD EYES MADE NEW.
All diseases of the eye successfully treated by
Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups
Read for yourself and restore your sight.
Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless!
The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made
perpetual by the use of the new
Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.
Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists,
students, and divines, have had their sight perman-
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diseases:—
1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-
edness, or Dimness of Vision, commonly called
Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epi-
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Specially treated with the Eye Cups, Cure Guarant-
eed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7.
Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its ap-
pendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of In-
flammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light;
9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Mydriasis, moving specks
or floating bodies before the eye; 11. Amaurosis, or
Obscurity of Vision; 12. Cataracts, Partial Blindness
the loss of sight.
Any one can use the Ivory Eye Cups without the aid
of Doctor or Medicines, so as to receive immediate
beneficial results and never wear spectacles, or if
using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee
a cure in every case where the directions are follow-
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2309 CERTIFICATES OF CURE
From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants;
some of them the most eminent leading professional
and political men and women of education and re-
finement, in our country, may be seen at our office.
Under date of March 29, Hon. Horace Greeley, of
the New York Tribune, writes: "J. Ball, of our
city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is
incapable of intentional deception or imposi-
tion."
Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April
24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this
note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen
days, and this morning perused the entire contents
of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted
Eye."
"Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may
Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using
spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years
old."
Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK,
REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of
Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One
Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.
E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us
Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory
Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am
pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest
Invention of the age."
All persons wishing to see particulars, certificates
of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to
us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of
forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to
DR. J. BALL & CO.,
P. O. Box 957,
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For the worst cases of MYOPIA, or NEAR
SIGHTEDNESS, use our New Patent Myopic At-
tachments applied to the IVORY EYE CUPS has
proved a certain cure for this disease.
Send for pamphlets and certificates free. Waste
no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your
nose and disfigure your face.
Employment for all. Agents wanted for the new
Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups, just introduced in
the market. The success is unparalleled by any
other article. All persons out of employment, or
those wishing to improve their circumstances, wheth-
er gentlemen or ladies, can make a respectable
living at this light and easy employment. Hundreds
of agents are making from \$5 TO \$20 A DAY. To
live agents \$20 a week will be guaranteed. Infor-
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for cost of printing materials and return postage.
Address
DR. J. BALL & CO.,
P. O. Box 987
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York
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DR M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, or VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

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

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

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

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

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

We pledge ourselves to the public, that

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

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

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

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

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P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE. Persons from the Country and other Provinces, will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE, AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED. Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, NO. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, Opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. B. Ferry Montreal, Sept. 30, 1871

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

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