

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1870.

NO. 14

THE HOUSE OF LISBLOOM.

A LEGEND OF Sarsfield.

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

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"With that my uncle passed on—bad seran to him! for if he answered and said the hour was come, Garadh Earla an' all his knights would be back here in the twinklin' of an eye, an' 'tis short work they'd make o' the Sassenachs if they came. On an' on he went, till in the bottom of a green valley he came forrath a grand house; an' his heart leapt with joy when he heard the people inside rattlin' up 'Garry-owen' with a chorus that seemed to shake the rafters.

"Be this stick!" said he, "but they seem to be refreshin' themselves inside anyhow. I'll just step in, an' p'rhaps it's a cead mille faille I'd get to Tir-na-na-Oge from some one!"

"He did so; an' the first person he saw inside was his cousin, Johnnie Hart, who, with a number of his comrades that my uncle knew as old friends, sat around a table o' diamonds stone regalin' themselves on metheglin.

"Wisha! a thousand welcomes to Tir-na-na-Oge, Rody," said his cousin. "Here, take a jorum o' this to refresh yourself, an' then perhaps you'd tell us some news from the worldt above."

"I'll tell you one thing," said my uncle, "after emptying the cup, 'tis a sweet drink sure enough, an' p'rhaps fit for yourselves; but, if you don't give me something stronger to wet my windpipe on this blessed November night, I'll die with the druth. I'd rather have one glass o' Tom Fraher's potheen than a whole gallon of this wake thrash!"

"Well," said his cousin, "we can give you nothing stronger at present, Rody; but haven't you any news?"

"Devil a much," said my uncle, "an' so I'll let it alone till I hear what kind of a country this is to live in; for I want to come and settle here as soon as I can, if it shuits me, which I think it will to a T."

"'Tis a wonderful place," answered Johnnie. "The first place you saw belongs to Garadh Earla, this to us, an' that beyant there to the Fenians of Erin. Come, boys, let us show the place to my cousin, Rody Condon."

"With that they all stood up, an' conducted Rody beyant their own boundary into another part, where he saw all the Fenians of Erin encamped upon a hill; some engaged in wrestlin' matches, and bouts with swords an' all that, and some preparing for the chase of a great stag that kept the forest beneath.

"Where's Cuchullin?" asked Rody.

"There he's over at the edge of the camp leaning on his spear," answered his cousin; "an' there is Curigh MacDaire standin' beside him. They're the best friends now, although in the worldt above they often had a rattlin' fight about the beautiful Blanaid, who lives now over there in that bright palace above the stream."

"Wisha! faith then," said Rody, "'tis little she deserved a palace for lavin' her lawful husband, Curigh, so fly with Cuchullin. If things are carried on in this way, the devil a fut o' me will stay here for one. Haven't ye a single dhrop o' the erathur to wet a poor fellow's whistle after his long journey?"

"Not a taste but metheglin," they all answered.

"Well, that settles the question," said Rody, giving his outanmore a shake. "Dang the bit o' me will ever stay in a country where there isn't a dhrop o' potheen to be had for love or money."

"The word was scarcely out of his mouth when the whirlwind caught him up again, an' he was tossed an' tumbled an' rowled between its roarin' wings out upon the very spot where he had sat down some time before to refresh himself. He felt for his cruiskeen, but found it empty.

"Well," said he, as he stood up an' began to walk home, "the fairies must have played a thrick on me,—bad luck to Traneen Glas, that imp o' perdition! He an' his comrades drank what was in the cruiskeen, but it is a long time till they catch me again on November night."

"An' so that, my lord, is what happened to my uncle," concluded Cus Russid; "but wait till I find out the door into Tir-na-na-Oge, an' once set my eyes on Garadh Earla an' his mighty warriors, if—"

He was not allowed to finish his sentence; for in an instant there was a rush from the trees behind them, and, before they could turn or gain their feet, poor Cus and his companions were seized by a number of men, disarmed and pinioned, and, with horse-cloths thrown over their faces, dragged through the wood despite their struggles, and at length thrown rudely into a confined place like a cavern, where, when they succeeded in shaking the rough cloths from before their eyes, they endeavored to look round, but found themselves in total darkness. Tibbot, who happened to be the last thrust in, put out his hand, as well as he could, to feel for some support, and rested it against what

seemed to him, a wall composed of huge stones placed one upon the other in the manner of those cyclopean structures, some of which are yet found in the country. Through a chink between two of these blocks of stone, a low, sharp voice now grated on his ear, like the hiss of a serpent:—

"Remember Ellie Connell, base Rapparee dog," said the voice in accents that Tibbot knew but too well, "and remember also how you crossed my path when it led to her love. Vengeance is in my hand at last; and, as sure as there is a hell beneath you, you and your companions shall swing from the best branch in the wood before set of sun."

"Try it," answered Tibbot, as he wrenched the cords that bound his arms asunder. Ha! may arms are now free; and when you come for us, you will find us hard to take. Miscreant undertaker! you will pay dearly for this if you come within reach of me, and as I now stand unarmed."

"Heed him not, Tibbot," said O'Hogan, creeping over to his lieutenant, in order to get his arms also unbound. "Gideon Grimes," he continued, as he felt his arms free, "I was often in a worse strait than this, and trust I shall live to pay you back the deep debt I owe you."

"Think of it not," answered Gideon, in a mocking voice through the chink. "Think only that you are in safe custody here; that your niece is safe under lock and key in Lisbloom; that my vengeance is in high train at last, and that you are to be hung this eventide as high as Haman, for I have sent for the ropes that are to settle all debts between us." And with that, they heard his retreating step as though he were issuing from an outer chamber of the structure in which they were confined.

"My lord," said O'Hogan, in a low voice, as he unbound Sarsfield's arms, "I am sorry that this mishap has befallen us, not for my own sake, but for yours. However, yonder ruffian knows you not. If he did, he would have seemed more glad of his prize. Trust to me to find some plan of escape before it comes to the worst."

"We will trust to our arms, and these small bowlders of rock beneath our feet, if it comes to that," returned Sarsfield, smiling grimly in the darkness. "By my faith! an' they come to take us forth, we can at least dash out some of their brains, and then make a rush for our freedom."

During all this, Cus Russid, who had slipped through his noose, like an eel, had been groping about in the interior of their place of endurance. Far in, in what seemed to be an inner chamber of their prison, he had discovered a round hole cut downward through a huge sandstone flag that formed the side of the roof. Through this hole, after a great deal of ingenious screwing, he had at length succeeded in protruding his black head. After looking out between the stems of the ferns that shaded the aperture, he carefully withdrew his head and returned to his companions. He had seen no pleasant sight.

"Captain," he said, as he crept up to where O'Hogan was still standing, "there is a chink in the roof inside there, just large enough for my head. I looked out through it, and saw about twenty men under an oak tree with Black Gideon in their midst, and they settlin' ropes, like hangmen, to four o' the strongest branches overhead. Oh, wirra, wirra! what'll become of us?"

"Ha!" exclaimed O'Hogan, "did you see where their horses were, Cus?"

"Yes, sir," answered Cus; "they were all grazin' in a little hollow at the foot of a small *lios* in the wood."

"Now," rejoined O'Hogan, as if communing with himself, "I begin to recollect where we are. But we can soon settle that question," he continued, as with a sudden start, he drew from his pocket a tinder-box, and struck a light. The blaze of the burning match fell dimly upon the opposite wall, and there showed the half-obliterated figure of a knight carved in the rough stone.

"By the blood of my body, my lord general!" exclaimed the brave Rapparee, the moment his eye fell upon the weird-looking and rude effigy, "but we are more fortunate than I thought. We are in the Gray Knight's Chamber, a place I know well. Black Gideon, when he thrust us in, did not know how many doors open from it, and what a treasure is hid there. Follow me, all; for there is not a moment to be lost." With that he lit another match, and led the way into the inner chamber. Here he pulled away a tall, thin flag that seemed to fit into the side-wall, and discovered the entrance to another chamber. On entering the latter, they found its dry floor strewn with weapons of all kinds from the old matchlocks and battleaxes of Queen Elizabeth's time to the musketoons, half-pikes, and swords used in the days of the second Charles.

"Now, general," said O'Hogan, "choose your weapon. As for me, I will have this sword," and he took up a huge, rusty one that rested against the wall. "You, too, Tibbot. You, Cus, take a short pike, and that dagger lying at your feet. You will mayhap want the

latter in the service you are about to perform. Attend to me, boy. From this place there are two underground passages,—one from this very chamber, that leads to the *lios*, under which you saw the horses grazing,—see! here it is," and he removed a sheaf of pikes from the wall, showing behind a low and narrow passage,—

"the other is from the chamber outside." "I know it, captain," interrupted Cus. "It leads to the other *lios*, in the very thick o' the wood. I went through it twenty times. But I didn't know this one."

"Very well," rejoined O'Hogan. "You are to escape through that passage when Gideon and his men come in for us. You will go through it like a weazel, while we get out through this passage, seize three horses outside, and then ride for our lives. Be sure to make a good noise to draw Gideon and his ruffians after you; and, if one of them should overtake you at the far-off end of the passage, you know the use of half-a-dozen inches of cold steel. Once you reach *Lios na Cummer*, it will be easy for you to escape through the woods. We are going to Glenurra Castle, where you can rejoice us."

"Never fear me, captain," exclaimed Cus Russid. "If one o' them overtakes me afore I reach the *lios* I'll plant this athune his ribs. But, churl an' dhou! I hear them coming.—Give me a couple o' matches, captain. There, that'll do," and he crept out into the second chamber, and replaced the stone against the aperture, thus shutting out his companions from the observation of Gideon and his myrmidons. He now pulled away the slab that covered the main outlet, and let it fall with a loud crash on the stony floor. At the same moment, Gideon and most of his men came to the outer entrance, all with brands of lighted bog-deal in their left hands,—their pistols in the right. Every thing fell out just as O'Hogan had planned. He and Tibbot and Sarsfield gained the open air at length, suddenly fell upon and slew the three men left outside to guard the horses, and were in a moment galloping away with the speed of the wind towards Glenurra Castle. Cus Russid treaded the passage with the agility of a fox, waited at the turn mentioned by O'Hogan, and planting his dagger, as he had promised, between the ribs of the first of his pursuers that came up, gained the wood outside, and soon put several good miles between himself and Black Gideon.

O'Hogan intended to meet at Glenurra Castle young Hugh O'Ryan, another and one of the bravest of his lieutenants. But when at sunset they walked into the hall of that ancient stronghold, they were welcomed to a sad scene. On a huge oaken table, in the midst of the great hall, lay the dead body of poor Hugh, surrounded by his weeping friends. As the three entered, the *caoine*, or death-song, was about to commence; so they sat down, according to custom, upon seats provided for them by one of the domestics, and, without a word, listened to the wild and heart-piercing song.—A beautiful young girl, with her long black hair streaming in wild disorder over her shoulders, stood at the head, and began the lament; in the distressfully plaintive burthen of which she was joined by all the females in the room. The song went on somewhat like the following, slowly and mournfully:—

The woods of Drumlory
Are greenest and fairest,
And flowers in gay glory
Bloom there of the rarest:
They'll deck without number
A red grave and narrow,
Where he'll sleep his last slumber,
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

The cataraun's blooming
Like snow on the marsh,
The autumn is coming,
The summer flowers perish;
And, though love smiles all gladness,
He's left us in sorrow,
To mourn in my madness,
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Sweet love filled forever
His kind words and glances;
Light foot there was never
Like his in the dances,
By forest or fountain,
In goal on the curragh,
Or chase on the mountain,
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

When cannons did rattle,
And trumpets brayed loudly,
In the van of the battle
His long plume waved proudly:
As the bolts from the bowmen,
Or share through the furrow,
He tore through the foemen,
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Alas! when we parted
That morn in the hollow,
Why staid I faint-hearted?
Why ne'er did I follow,
To fight by his side there,
The red battle thorough,
And die when he died there?
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Ah, woe is me! woe is me!
Love cannot wake him;
Woe is me! woe is me!
Grief cannot make him
Quit, to embrace me,
This red couch of sorrow,
Where soon they shall place me
By Hugh of Glenurra!"

"It is Marion Creagh, the betrothed wife of poor Hugh," whispered O'Hogan, as he directed Sarsfield's attention to the young girl who had sung the lament. "But here comes Hugh's father, Owen O'Ryan, to welcome us. God help him! he has a sad welcome on his war-worn face. We shall now learn all about the death of my poor lieutenant."

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH EDMOND OF THE HILL APPEARS UPON THE SCENE, AND CUS RUSSID AGAIN BRINGS NEWS OF ELLIE CONNELL; SHOWING ALSO HOW Sarsfield AND THE RAPPAREE CAPTAINS MARCH TO MEET THEIR FOES AT THE BRIDGE OF TERN.

Owen O'Ryan, the father of the young Rapparee officer who lay stark upon the table, was a man of about fourscore years of age, somewhat low of stature, with a white beard descending upon a chest of unusual prominence, and with a pair of shoulders so broad that they almost seemed to fill up the doorway through which he now issued to welcome O'Hogan and his companions. Age seemed to have little other effect upon the old gentleman than that of thinning his features, and giving a clearer outline to the long aquiline nose that projected between his sharp gray eyes; for his figure was still as brawny and erect as when, nearly fifty years before, he had donned morion and back-and-breast as a captain of horse under the Killenny Confederation. He had been too much accustomed all his life long to scenes of blood and sorrow to be much affected, at least externally, even by the death of his last and youngest son, yet as he grasped O'Hogan's hand with a silent greeting, and glanced at the woful figure upon the table, there was a tear in his eloquent eye, and a twitch upon his wrinkled face, that told the working of the brave but troubled soul within.

"I would," he said, still keeping O'Hogan's hand in his, "that I could give you other greeting than this. But war is always the same. It has long been sapping the foundations of my house, and now it has taken my last son."

"He died the death of a brave man, however, like his brothers before him," said O'Hogan, his heart swelling and his eyes also glistening at sight of the old soldier's trouble.

"Yes," rejoined the latter, "he died at least in harness. This morning at rise of sun he rode forth at the head of the men of Coonagh, to lie in wait for a troop of cavalry who began yesterday pillaging the country, and who then carried their booty last night to the House of Lisbloom."

"It must be the same party that our messenger told us of," said O'Hogan, "I knew they would not go to garrison Black Gideon's house without spilling some blood upon the way, and having a little pillage to keep their hands in practice. But we will settle accounts with them ere long."

"It was for that purpose my son went forth," continued the old man, "and, had he only lived to meet them, they would scarcely have returned to Lisbloom. But, alas! as he crossed the Bridge of Tern, and just caught sight of the English cavalry coming out into plain to commence their day of blood, a single carbine-shot from the wood hard by struck him through the heart, and there he lies." And he pointed sternly to the table. "Yes, there he lies; and there be who say that it was the man you mentioned but just now who fired the shot,—Black Gideon Grimes."

"A curse upon the hand that fired it; it was a base and coward shot," said Tibbot.

"Young man," returned the brawny patriarch of Glenurra, "curse not, for words are idle and worthless in times like this. One good sabre-cut on the crown, or slash across the breast or face, is worth ten thousand words in redressing a wrong."

"In the method you favor," said O'Hogan, "I can safely say Tibbot is not slack."

"I know it," answered the old man, "and he will soon have opportunity enough for practising it; for I've sent for my nephew, Eman na Cnuic,* whom I expect here momentarily with his men. Ha! Marion," he continued, his gray eyes flashing fiercely, as the young girl again commenced clasping her hands and moaning piteously at the head of the table, "your loss will be well avenged ere many days are over."

"We have all an account to settle with the murderous dog whose shot laid poor Hugh low," said O'Hogan; and he related the news brought by Cus Russid, and the adventure that befell them in the chamber of the Gray Knight. He then introduced Sarsfield.

The old soldier of Glenurra cast an admiring glance on the great cavalry general with whose name all Ireland was now ringing, took his hand with a clasp like that of a vice, and gave him a welcome, sad enough indeed, but still cordial, to his castle. While engaged in the conversation that followed, a slight rustle was heard in the room; and, on turning round, they beheld standing silently at the foot of the table, and gazing fixedly at the corpse, a figure that the old chief and the two Rapparee leaders knew well, but which at once struck Sars-

field as one of the most remarkable he had ever seen.

There, erect as a spear-shaft, stood a young man, slightly above middle height, with eyes black and piercing like those of an eagle, and a sun-embrowned face eminently beautiful in its contour and proportions. A bright morion, in the crown-spike of which was stuck a spray of heather with its purple flowers all in bloom, defended his proud head; and from beneath it flowed down a mass of raven-black and shining hair upon a glittering steel corselet, under which in its turn the skirts of a light green coat fell in graceful folds over the manly leg of its wearer. Over the corselet was flung a broad green leathern belt, from which depended a heavy cavalry sabre and a long skoan or dagger, with the hilt of which latter the hand of its owner was playing nervously as he still stood gazing sorrowfully upon the pale face of the corpse. Such was Eman na Cnuic, or Edmond of the Hill, one of the noblest gentlemen and bravest of Rapparee captains that ever drew sword and shook bridle free in the cause of the worthless and weak-minded King James the Second.

At Eman's appearance in the hall, the *caoine*, or death-song, recommenced wilder, more vehemently, and more distressingly sorrowful than before, the women bending over the table with clasped heads and streaming eyes; one of them, in the intervals between each portion of the heart-breaking cry, relating, in a voluble and mournful recitative in her native tongue, the virtues and various gallant actions of the dead youth, dwelling particularly on those done in companionship with his dauntless cousin, Edmond of the Hill. A number of men now filled the hall, each of whom wore a sharp iron spur upon his heel; and whether he carried a light green cap or iron pott* upon his head, having a sprig of blossomed mountain heather waving jauntily in its crown,—a badge by which they were known through the wide country round as followers of their bold captain, Eman; just as the men who acted under the command of Galloping O'Hogan were recognized by their plumes of green waving fern. Several of these immediately joined in the cry; and so contagious did their grief become that Sarsfield was at last glad to retire beyond the immediate sphere of its influence into an inner room of the castle, where, with the aged, but still warlike Owen, with Edmond of the Hill, and the others, he sat consulting on the best and speediest method of settling accounts with Gideon Grimes and the blood-thirsty troopers who now garrisoned the redoubtable stronghold of Lisbloom.

People from all parts of the surrounding country were still crowding into and around the Castle of Glenurra, although it was nearly midnight, when Cus Russid, completely worn out as if from a hard day's work, glided into the room in which Sarsfield and the Rapparee leaders were holding their council of war, and stood before Tibbot Burke.

"Well," said the latter, "I hope you have no worse news to tell us."

"Indeed, then, sir, be my soul! I have,—the Lord pardon me for swearin' before your lordship!" answered Cus, addressing the latter portion of his sentence to Sarsfield.

"What is it, my man?" asked the latter.—"Methinks it cannot prove much worse than every thing happening around us."

"This is it, my lord," answered Cus; "an' you, Captain O'Hogan, an' you, Edmond o' the Hill, an' all o' ye consarned, ought to mind it well. When I stuck my skean into the ribs o' the first man that overtook me under the ground by *Lios na Cummer*, an' then got out into the free air o' the wood, an' put three good glens bethune my carkiss an' the pistol o' Gideon Grimes, says I to myself, 'Be the holy T my coat, an' be the blessed stone of Imly! Cus Russid, but you're no man, but a mane sprissau, if you don't whip off to Lisbloom to see how matters are carryin' on there. I did so, hop at the venture! my lord, an' found that, instead of one throop o' dhragoons an' a cannon, that there were two throops there, and two companies of infantry, together with Black Gideon's men, to defend the house an' pass. I heard all this from one o' the workmen,—a man I know, that came into the wood when I whistled for him,—be the same token, the signal bethune him an' me was the whistle of a hawk questin'. The other throop an' the companies of infantry were sent there to furrige the country,—bad luck to them!"

"I fear me," said Sarsfield, with a grave face, turning to the others, "that it will be now impossible for you to take this strong house, and to come: t your man. Oh! if I had but one troop of my Lucan horse to aid us, we would make short work of them."

"Not altogether impossible, my lord," answered Edmond of the Hill. "Outside in the wood I have two hundred men, half of them foot, and well armed with pike and gun; half of them light horsemen, who will follow me to the death. My uncle Glenurra can bring, at least, fifty mere horse and foot at his back; and O'Hogan can have his men drawn down

"I fear me," said Sarsfield, with a grave face, turning to the others, "that it will be now impossible for you to take this strong house, and to come: t your man. Oh! if I had but one troop of my Lucan horse to aid us, we would make short work of them."

"Not altogether impossible, my lord," answered Edmond of the Hill. "Outside in the wood I have two hundred men, half of them foot, and well armed with pike and gun; half of them light horsemen, who will follow me to the death. My uncle Glenurra can bring, at least, fifty mere horse and foot at his back; and O'Hogan can have his men drawn down

* Pott,—the helmet worn by the common cavalry men of the time.

* Edmond of the Hill.

from the mountains by to-morrow. To-morrow, then, as sure as there are stout hearts in our bosoms, we will wreak vengeance sure and swift upon Black Gideon and his accursed house.

but, with as quick an action, the undertaker slipped from its folds, raised his dagger in air, and struck his antagonist a blow on the chest that sent him staggering a few paces backward with the empty garment in his hand.

high dignity as an intelligent being. Never can Catholic hearts forget how, by defining the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX gave joy to the whole world, and new glory to the Mother of God; how by canonizing so many saints he multiplied for us intercessors in Heaven, and models of holy living on earth; how by celebrating the Centenary of SS Peter and Paul he taught the world that persecution does but end in the triumph of the Church.

Secondly.—In addition to these spiritual weapons it is desirable that the Catholics should unite to protest against the insults which have been heaped on the Vicar of Christ, and against the violation of justice and right on the part of those who have seized on Rome, the common property of the Catholic world.

will of no other; and that they may so reach You, it is only needful that you enjoy the fullness of the Temporal Sovereignty which the wisdom of faithful ages recognized to be God's gift to You. No man shall have the right to keep us from our Father's side; nor shall one nation meddle with that Heavenly Government which equally concerns every nation of the whole Human Race.

IRELAND'S PROTEST.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF IRELAND TO THEIR FLOCKS.

The words we address to you to-day, beloved brethren, come from hearts filled with sorrow and indignation. And how can it be otherwise, since we have to announce to you that our Holy Father, Pius IX, is a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

THE BRITISH ADDRESS TO THE POPE.

We (Tables) publish with pleasure "An Address to the Pope from the Catholic People of Great Britain."

Most HOLY FATHER.—In the moment of your grief it is not possible that Your children should be silent. We throw ourselves at Your feet to join our hearts with Yours, and to offer You a devotion—to which we have been bound by every act of Your glorious Pontificate.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF FRANCE.

The history of France has been for a century the history of Europe, and at a time when that nation is making, with newly raised soldiers, a gallant stand against the immense and well-trained armies of a foreign power, it may be well to see what lessons are to be learnt from a glance at a portion of her annals.

The history of France has been for a century the history of Europe, and at a time when that nation is making, with newly raised soldiers, a gallant stand against the immense and well-trained armies of a foreign power, it may be well to see what lessons are to be learnt from a glance at a portion of her annals.

1770, the heir to the throne of France was married to Mary Antoinette, an Austrian princess of whom the French Revolution has left so beautiful a description...

When Napoleon passed from the scene of his worldly splendor to linger on a few years and to die on a rugged and lonely rock in the distant ocean...

Such has been the past of France for a century, but who shall say what is to be her future? Up to the time of our writing these lines she has not had one important success for many months in the war...

Carrig-Bannow; the Rev. William O'Neill, C.C., Blackwater, to the Curacy of Gorey; the Rev. Robert Sinnott, C.C., Gorey, to replace the Rev. Thomas Buser at Wexford; the Rev. M. O'Connor to the Curacy of Blackwater...

CONVERSION AT BALLINROBE.—On Tuesday, the 18th October, Mrs. Sarah Mary Barrett nee Sands, of Ballinrobe, made a public abjuration of the Protestant religion...

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—During last week the examinations were held for the exhibitions offered to the competition of students at entrance...

OPENING OF THE REPARATION CONVENT.—One of the most consoling and suggestive ceremonies which we have ever witnessed was performed in the chapel attached to the Convent of Reparation, in this town...

SYMPATHY WITH THE HOLY FATHER AT ENNISCORRY.—Ennischorry, true to its traditional characteristics, love for, and loyalty to, the Holy See, initiates a weekly collection for the Pope throughout the parish...

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE CLERK OF THE PEACE IN THE CITY OF CORK.—Mr. Ralph Bull, deputy Clerk of the Peace for the city, was fired at in Patrick-street, by one of three persons...

PROPOSED REFORMATORY FOR DRUNKARDS.—At the last meeting of the North Dublin Board of Guardians the subject of pauperism as the result of intemperance being under discussion, a guardian gave notice of a motion to call on Government to introduce a measure for the erection of reformatories for persons habitually addicted to drunkenness...

BRITISH BRUTALITY.—A deliberate, cruel, and most ruffianly assault has been perpetrated by a gang of English navvies on their Irish and Scotch fellow workmen. It seems that the Midland Railway Company are carrying out some extensive works at Carlisle, and thought it expedient to divide their English, Irish and Scotch laborers into three distinct gangs...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. THE DOCTOR OF FERMS.—His Lordship, the Most Rev. Doctor Furlong, has been pleased to make the following promotions and changes amongst the Clergy in this Diocese.—The Rev. W. F. O'Neill from the Curacy of Carrig-Bannow to be P.P. of Castlebridge, vice the Very Rev. Canon Stafford, P.P., deceased; the Rev. Thomas Buser from the Curacy of Wexford to be P.P. of Newtownbarry; the Rev. John Furlong, C.C., Castlebridge, to the Curacy of Newtownbarry; the Rev. John Hore, C.C., Newtownbarry, to the Curacy of Rathangan; the Rev. Nicholas Hore, C.C., Rathangan, to the Curacy of

turned up and protected the victims from further maltreatment. There are plenty of Englishmen working in this country, and their competition, of course, sometimes tends to lower the wages of their Irish competitor. But we know not where any similar conspiracy against the stranger was hatched on Irish soil...

The Irish Land Act has come into operation, and at the Clonmel Quarter Sessions a claim for compensation for disturbance of tenure has been already made. It was legally barred on the ground of subletting, but the Irish Land Company, the ejectors, liberally agreed to allow seven years' rental to the evicted tenant.

The rains in Ireland have been more constant and copious than has been the case for 20 years. In Louth and Meath many of the fields and cabins are submerged.

A fact is mentioned in the Clonmel Chronicle which proves the comfortable circumstances in which the farmers of that county are now placed. The rate collector had a sum of £4,000 to collect, extending over 30 electoral divisions. He had received the whole amount with the exception of the trifling arrear of £17. Another fact is not less significant. Three days ago the interest in a leasehold farm of 20 acres, held at a rent 30s. per acre, and with an unexpired term of only 16 years to run, was offered to public competition by the owner of the property, Mrs. Michael Green, of Tipperary. The tenant's interest alone brought no less a sum than £300.

The late stormy weather has been followed by melancholy accounts of shipwrecks on various parts of the coast. The ship Sydney, commanded by Captain Hamilton, which left Quebec for Greenock with a cargo of timber, on the 15th September, was driven during the late storm on Glenties Point, county Donegal, where the vessel became a total wreck. All hands, numbering 21, perished, with the exception of two men who, after struggling with the waves for a long time, succeeded in climbing up a cliff sixteen hundred feet high and reaching a house. The vessel was then driven into an indentation in the cliffs. It is feared other casualties have taken place during the storm, as wrecks have been found on various parts of the coast.

THE IRISH AMBULANCE.—The accounts of the reception of the Irish Ambulance in France which we publish in our present number are of a very gratifying character. They show that the gift of Ireland to her suffering sister nation has been received in the spirit in which it was offered—a spirit of sympathy and love. It was received as a token of present affection, a memorial of former services, and a pledge of future friendship. The national instinct of the French people truly appreciated this gift. They did not judge of the Irish Ambulance by its money cost, they did not estimate it by the perfection of its equipments or by the number of men comprising the corps—they valued it by the sentiments, the motives, to which it owed its origin. They rightly regarded it as a token of true sympathy from the heart of Ireland. Thus appreciating the facts, they gave to our countrymen a genial and hearty welcome. The day of their arrival was a gala day in Havre. The officials and the populace alike turned out to do them honour. The soldiers, the National Guard, the sailors from the war-ships in the harbour, were drawn up to receive them and escort them through the town. Military bands played for them the national airs of France and Ireland. Flags and banners waved from the windows of the citizens. Crowds of people assembled to greet them, and to offer them generous hospitality, and rarely has the good old town of Havre heard such ringing cheers as were raised by the united voices of those French and Irishmen. The speeches delivered by the representatives of the French Government and of the Municipality were worthy of the occasion; and those of Mr. P. J. Smyth and Alderman McCann, representing the Dublin Ambulance Committee—or we should more properly say, the Irish nation—were in every way suitable and proper. The effect created on the public mind by those highly interesting proceedings is well shown in the admirable article on the subject published by the Courier de Havre, and copied into another column of this paper. It has been found that of the 250 hospital attendants sent from Dublin with the Ambulance, the services of only forty would be required. Under these circumstances the remaining number were informed that the Government would defray their expenses back to Dublin, if they should choose to return. Some sixty or seventy of them decided to take that course; the others, with a spirit which does them high honor, resolved that as they could not serve France in the Ambulance Corps, they would serve her by joining the ranks of her Army. They shouldered their chasubles accordingly, and marched off for Caen, to enter the Irish Regiment of the Foreign Legion. We hope shortly to receive the names of those brave fellows, whose chivalry and daring deserve to be remembered in Ireland.—The men who have returned were fully entitled to adopt that course after they had found there was no occupation for them in the service in which they had engaged, but the action of those who preferred to remain and give the aid of their brave hearts and stout arms to France is certainly much more in accordance with the feelings and the spirit of the Irish people, and we commend them accordingly far the noble part they have taken. Of those Irish soldiers, as well as of the men whose duty will be the care of the wounded, we hope to hear in due time a good account. Ireland expects to find them giving valiant and loyal service to France; and assuredly in that expectation she will not be disappointed.—Dublin Nation.

WATERFORD, NEW ROSS, AND WEXFORD JUNCTION RAILWAY.—We are greatly pleased to perceive, by an advertisement in another part of our paper, that the enterprise and unwavering perseverance of Mr. Motte have at length culminated in a grand success, and that the northern and midland counties of Ireland have at length been opened up by railway communication, in placing the great fairs of Ireland within reach of Wexford, have been so repeatedly pointed out, that we feel it unnecessary to do more than allude to them. Wednesday will be the opening day with the new line. Probably this day has been selected in order to facilitate the conveyance of passengers to the Ballybar races, as we understand a train will start at 4½ a.m. from Sparrows-Jand on that morning for their accommodation.—Messrs. Edgeworth and Stamford, Traffic Managers are making most earnest exertions to carry out the arrangements satisfactorily.—Wexford People.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE NEAR CORK.—On Friday night a fire broke out in the flour and corn mills of Mr. Shaw, situated in the picturesque little valley known as Kilmaglen, within a few miles of the city, which made a complete wreck of the concerns. Between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock cries of fire were raised by a woman residing near, who had just observed the flames.—There being no fire engine in or near the place, the persons collected could do little or nothing to check the flames, and, in a few hours, the entire roof of the building tumbled in with a most fearful crash that resounded for a considerable distance through the glen. Between two and three o'clock, the fire engine of the Royal Exchange arrived from Cork, but it could not be used. The entire of the machinery was torn from its place, and hurled in a solid mass to the ground floor, much damaged by the fire. Nothing remains but the naked walls.—Cork Constitution.

THE POLITICAL PASSENGERS.—We have often asked ourselves "Will the time ever come when the prison doors will be opened and the Irish prisoners let free?" The invariable answer given by the British Government has been "Not yet," and year after year the grating bolts, the retiring footsteps of the warder, and the monotonous "Not yet" of the Minister, have been the only well-defined sound that fall on the ears of the occupants of the gloomy cells in which the Irish prisoners still drag out an existence which may be called a living death. We ask in sober earnestness has not the time come to fulfil solemn promises of restoring the captives to liberty—the living occupants of the tombs to their friends and their homes. The country is now in that state of torpid quiescence to which the Minister pointed last Session as the "Yet" the advent of which would be signified by unbarring the prison doors. It is time to remind him of his promise and to ask for its fulfilment.—Freeman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

RIGHT REV. DR. ULLATHORNE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL ON THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.—On Sunday the 16th Oct. Dr. Ullathorne, preached at Birmingham on the Roman Council. He said the Council was marked by the freedom of the House of Commons, the august dignity of the House of Lords, with the meekness and patience of episcopal character added. He vindicated the decree of the Council concerning faith as being of the utmost importance; condemning intellectual errors pervading modern society. He contended that Papal infallibility had always been believed in the Church. It was not introduced by the Pope or the Cardinals, but originated among the bishops, who felt that the Gallican notion of councils being superior to the Pope must be for ever put an end to, and that the Pope's hands must be strengthened in his contest with the world. There was no opposition to the definition of infallibility. The so-called opponents really believed the doctrine, and they only objected to the time of declaring it, fearing for weaker members of the Church. The Pope could not declare any new thing, but ascertain from Scripture, tradition, and teachings of all bishops, and then decide what was truth, as a judge did after hearing evidence. He compared the office of the Pope with that of the Queen in giving sanction to acts of Parliament. The Pope was not infallible as a man, but only as a teacher speaking ex cathedra. The dogma had been promulgated by being affixed to certain buildings in Rome, which was all that was required. Dr. Ullathorne promised a pastoral on the whole subject.

BABY FARMING.—It has been resolved to establish a society to be called the "Infant Life Protection Society" on the model of similar societies in France, having for its first object the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the registration and supervision of nurses who receive children of others into their homes, and of the children entrusted to their care.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.—Although no precise date has been announced for the marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise with Lord Lorne, it is understood that the nuptials will probably be celebrated about the first week in February in Windsor Castle. It is expected that Parliament will be asked to present the Princess Louise on her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne with the same dowry as that granted to the Princess Helena on her marriage to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, namely, £30,000, and an annuity of £5,000.—The Observer.

It is thought probable that, in the course of a few weeks, the broad lands of Lorne will be raised into an English duchy, in favor of the Marquis of Lorne, as there are objections to a son-in-law of her Majesty holding a seat in the Lower House of Parliament. England has a Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, a Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and a Duke of Richmond and Lennox, so she shall have also a Duke of Argyll and Lorne. A slightly parallel example of a father and son both sitting in the Upper House under two separate creations, which, however, must ultimately be merged into each other, is to be found in the case of the eldest son of the Duke of Leinster, who, a few months ago, was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Kildare.

GEORGE MOIR, LL.D.—This well known lawyer and literary man died at his house in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, rather suddenly, on Oct. 19. Though he had been complaining for a few days before the unexpected end, he was in the midst of arrangements to move permanently to London; and had resolved, after consultation with his medical adviser, to travel all the way by train, without stopping.

RECLAIMING LAND FROM THE SEA.—The Lincolnshire men still keep fighting the sea and conquering it, as the Dutchmen have done for ages on the shore of the German Ocean. The latest feat has been the inclosure of 1,000 acres of valuable alluvial land in the parishes of Kirton and Frampton, near Boston. The embankment, about four miles in length, has been completed in the short space of six months.

The royal palaces in England have long since been furnished with telegraphic offices, and now the British ministers are having wires laid on to their country seats. Lord Granville, whilst at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Governor of the Cinque Ports, has been within immediate communication with Downing-street; and Mr. Gladstone is having a similar arrangement made at his favourite retreat, Hawarden Castle. This seat is the property of Sir Stephen Glynn, Bart., Mrs. Gladstone's brother; but by a family arrangement it is the Premier's country home. Sir Stephen is neither married nor likely to marry, and his only brother has no sons; and it is supposed that the estate will probably ultimately devolve upon Mr. Gladstone's eldest son.

THE PAPAL TROOPS.—The following letter appeared in the Liverpool Daily Post of 17th Oct.—To the Editor of the Daily Post, Sir.—In your paper of to-day, a paragraph alludes to a letter in the Tablet of the 25th ult., stating that the native Papal troops were faithless to their duty. I was present at the late siege of Rome, and was also with the column which retreated from Viterbo, by Civita Vecchia, to Rome. In this retreat the native troops behaved admirably, and the brave conduct of the dragoons elicited the applause of the Zouaves. The gendarmes preferred joining our retreat to accepting the tempting offers held out by Victor Emmanuel. During the siege of Rome the Papal artillerymen kept up, under a furious fire, a well directed and efficient cannonade. Of the 150 Papal soldiers killed and wounded, most are artillerymen. The dragoons carried the despatches under heavy fire. Lieutenant Picadori, one of our brave and intelligent officers, had his hand knocked off by a cannon shot close to the Scala Santa. Stationed near the St. Sebastian Gate, I was witness of the intrepid conduct of the Capotri (native rifles), and of the artillery. The Sovereign Pontiff, desirous of saving his beloved city from the horrors of a prolonged bombardment, had ordered the hoisting of a flag of truce once a breach was made. The violation of this flag of truce on the part of the Italian army gave rise to various reports of treason; but such is always the cry in troublous times. General Zappi

was admirable for his intrepidity at St. John of Lateran's. The Zouaves also can bear testimony to his conduct. He has added another laurel to those of Pasaro, which he valiantly defended in 1860. Efforts had been made to bribe the native officers and troops, but they were unavailing. It is a duty I owe to my former comrades to pray you to insert these lines. The native Papal troops, and particularly their officers, are those who have most to suffer from past events. We return to our homes; their are invaded by an usurper. Many and many of the native officers are reduced to absolute want. In the Pontifical army the foreign element was about 4,100, of which 3,000 were Zouaves, and in this number a total of a hundred English, Irish, and Scotch—I have the honor to remain, sir, your very humble servant.—HUGH MURRAY (of Kingston, Canada, late sub-lieutenant, No. 3 Company, 4th Battalion Papal Zouaves). Victoria Hotel, Liverpool, 15th Oct., 1870.

ITALY AND ROME.—THE "CAPITULATION."—The following protest has been addressed to the press by some of the returned Papal Zouaves:—The undersigned present their compliments to the editor of the Times, and request that he will give the following protest a place in its columns:—Monday, Oct. 17.

"We, the undersigned, late of the Pontifical Zouaves, having arrived in England from Rome, where we had been performing a service of love and duty in defending our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. from his enemies, desire to take this first opportunity of declaring before the Christian world the bad faith of the Florentine Government.

"By the terms of the convention entered into at the capitulation, the 'honors of war' were accorded to the Pontifical army; and the Florentine Government, moreover, pledged itself to afford every facility to the foreign troops for returning to their respective homes.

"So far from these conditions being observed, we were, as soon as we had laid down our arms, thrust into prison, fed on bread and water for 24 hours, kept under lock and key for six days, and exposed to all the hardships which fall to the lot of ordinary prisoners.

"We think it incumbent on us to make this declaration because we are given to understand, that it is believed in England that the Florentine authorities have behaved as models of courtesy, and have observed all the laws of honor and of war.

(Signed), "CHARLES WOODWARD, "ARTHUR VASSITTARI, "WALTER MAXWELL, "CHARLES LYNCH, "WILEY WATTS RUSSELL, "JOHN G. KENTON, "OSWALD VAVASOUR.

UNITED STATES.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, WILLIAMSBURG.—Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, assisted by Fathers William Weyrick (celebrant), Hauptmann (pastor), Neiderhausen (master of ceremony), Zeller, Kreuzer, Huber, Fuchs, McDonald, Gotzler, Ferle, Nico, Miller, and Mullane, on last Sunday dedicated with appropriate ceremonies the Church of the Annunciation, corner North Fifth street and Seventh street, Williamsburg. Previous to the ceremony the Societies of St. Boniface, of St. Vincent de Paul, and an independent rifle company under the command of Captain Boes, and headed by a full band, paraded the streets, and entering the church participated in the ceremonies. The edifice is of the Romanesque basilica order of architecture, and will have cost when completed about \$50,000.

At St. Albans, Vt., on the 5th inst., the new Church of St. John the Baptist, at Northfield, in that State, was dedicated by the Right Reverend Bishop de Gousbriand, who, on the same occasion, blessed a fine bell, weighing 1,500 pounds. The dedication sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Thomas Lynch, V.G.; and the St. Alban's choir, under the direction of Dr. A. S. Smith, was in attendance.—Pilot.

The new Theological Catholic Seminary in Philadelphia is now finished, and about to be occupied. Bishop Wood has made an appeal to the people in behalf of the new building, the dimensions of which are: centre building, 58 feet 8 inches front, by 95 feet deep; chapel 45 feet 6 inches wide, by 104 feet 6 inches deep; end pavilions, 41 feet 6 inches front, by 64 feet 7 inches deep; whole front, 386 feet 8 inches; whole depth, including laundry building, 288 feet 7 inches. The centre buildings three, and the rest two stories high.

In Jennings county, Ind., two men have bitterly quarrelled for twenty years. One recently died, and, to the general astonishment, bequeathed \$2,000 to the other.

A. P. Crittenden, a San Francisco lawyer, was on the 4th inst. shot through the lungs by Mrs. Laura A. Fair. It was a mere matter of jealousy on her part. His wife and daughter were present when she shot him.

The New Orleans City Council, fearful of disturbances, prohibit all political processions through the streets.

Two young people of Macon, Ga., of whom it was prophesied that their married life would prove one of continued misfortune if united in the light of day, recently, aroused a Magistrate after midnight and had the ceremony performed by lamp-light.

The population of Philadelphia, as ascertained by the complete census returns, numbers 667,179; in 1860 it was 565,629. The increase is 91,550, or sixteen and twelvethundredths per cent.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y. Nov. 10.—The New York Central transfer house and about 200 cars were destroyed by fire last night.

A few days since, after a storm at Long Island, in Boston harbor, there was captured at North Head a veritable sea-serpent, 14 feet in length and 27 inches round in the largest portion of the body. The serpent had evidently had a battle with some large fish, as his head was broken in, and he probably ran into shallow water to elude his pursuers when he was taken. He is covered with scales, has four rows of teeth, and is variegated in color.

An accident of a singular nature, resulting fatally occurred near Connellsville, Penn., on Saturday, the 22nd October, about noon. A coal miner named Smith Buttermore was at work in a bank on the old North Farm, at the place stated, when a quantity of slime or "horseback" came tumbling down, striking him on the neck, and throwing him upon the pick which he held in his hand. The singular part is that the force of the slate falling drove the pick directly to the miner's heart. Strange to say he then dropped over dead. The deceased was quite a young man, and leaves a wife and child.

A little fellow in Mercer, Maine, about sixteen years of age, was left alone one night recently. During the night he was awakened by a noise made by some one entering the house. Springing up he crept to the kitchen, and there saw two men entering one of the windows. The boy seized a loaded musket, took good aim, and blazed away. The window went down suddenly, with a bang. The neighbours were aroused, and on getting a lantern they found drops of blood on the window sill, and traced the course of the flying housebreaker to the woods, by the marks of blood. It is thought that one of the thieves was killed, and carried off to the woods and concealed or buried.

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 663, Craig Street, by
J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country Subscribers, Two Dollars. If the Subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year, then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a half.

The True Witness can be had at the News Depots. Single copies, 5 cts.

To all Subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the Subscription shall be Three Dollars.

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

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Friday, 18—Dedication of the Basilica of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Saturday, 19—St. Elizabeth, W.

Sunday, 20—Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.

Monday, 21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Tuesday, 22—St. Cecilia.

Wednesday, 23—St. Clement, P. M.

Thursday, 24—St. John of the Cross, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

TOURS, Nov. 12.—The government authorities here do not regard the rupture in the negotiations for an armistice as final.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—The North German Gazette referring to the sinking of the German barque Charlotte by the French man-of-war Desaix, says that it was a flagrant violation of international law. Action in the matter will be taken at the proper time. Queen Augusta, yesterday following from King William, yesterday:—"General Von der Tann, yesterday, retired from Orleans to Toury, before superior numbers of the enemy. He fought the French, however, all the way. He has already been reinforced by Gen. Whittich and Prince Ollech. The latter came up from Chartris. The Duke of Mecklenburg will also join his forces to those of Von der Tann to-day."

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Germans have occupied Brancbourg and Etapes. Six thousand German troops are now marching on Montmedy. A renewal of the bombardment of that town is therefore expected. Cheering reports are still received from the Army of the Loire. There are rumours of great advantages gained yesterday. Gen. Von der Tann's army, notwithstanding the fact that he has been reinforced by the entire army from Chartres, is in full retreat.

TOURS, 13.—Minister Gambetta, in his proclamation to the army of the Loire, congratulates the soldiers on their victory of the 9th and 10th. He says:—"Your courageous efforts recall victory to our cause. France owes her first ray of hope to you, and I offer you the public praise and gratitude for your reward. Recovering strength with discipline, you have retaken Orleans, inaugurating a glorious offensive. You are on the road to Paris, which awaits you. Our honour hangs on your loosening the grasp of these barbarians. Redouble your constancy and ardour, and you will overcome your enemies, superiority in cannon with French élan and patriotic fury, so shall the Republic issue victorious from the struggle."

TOURS, Nov. 14.—The Prussians have captured the Isle sur le Doubs and Clerval, in the Department of Doubs, after a brief skirmish. The Mobilis who were in possession of these towns retired to the southward. The Francs-Tireurs have entirely disappeared from that section of the country. Gen. De Paladine is now executing a movement which is designed to outflank Gen. Von der Tann's right. A correspondent of the Herald writes from Douai, on the 12th, that the town, one of the strongest fortifications in France, mounts 300 guns, and the citadel 400 more. Douai is considered the key to the North of France. The inundation of the country commenced yesterday. For four miles there is one broad lake, running to the village of Lambras, which is entirely deserted. Five hundred families have been driven away by the flood. The windows and doors of the houses are walled-up to keep out the water. The scene of the inundation is eleven miles wide, and completely encircles Douai. Over fifty thousand persons will be made homeless when the inundations are completed. In the Departments of the North there are 27 fortresses, defended by over three thousand cannon, the greater part from the fleet. One hundred and fifty officers and soldiers, escaped from

Metz, reached Lille yesterday. An engagement occurred on Saturday between the Garde Mobile and the enemy near Evreux. The French were successful, driving the enemy back with loss.

ARLON, BELGIUM, 13.—Thionville has been bombarded by the Prussians. Fires had broken out there in consequence, and on Saturday the entire town seemed to be burning. The special correspondent of the Tribune at Versailles, on the 13th, telegraphs as follows:—"Trustworthy information represents that Paris supplies will not last exceeding three weeks, and that the Prussians are not likely to bombard the city."

VERSAILLES, Nov. 14.—Gen. Von der Tann, in his official reports to headquarters, announces that in the battle before Orleans on the 9th he lost 42 officers and 667 men killed and wounded. The French admit their loss was two thousand.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—A special telegram to the World from Tours was received to-day, as follows:—"The main body of the Army of the Loire yesterday occupied a position extending along the line of the Chateau d'Un road to St. Peravy, Patay and Chevilly. The total loss of the Germans in the actions of the 7th, 9th and 10th, before Orleans, including 500 sick and wounded abandoned, was 10,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners."

Associated Press cable.—Tours, 14, eve.—Journals announce that the material benefits of the battle at Coulmiers are greater than was at first supposed. Numbers of Germans are now found hiding themselves in the woods and outbuildings. Several cannon have been found that were abandoned during the hasty retreat of the enemy. Many horses have been taken. A French General who neglected to surround the woods as ordered, thus allowing 5,000 Bavarians to escape who were ready to surrender, was dismissed the army. On a superior German officer, who was captured, a map was found indicating the towns to be occupied.—Neither Tours nor Blois was mentioned, but Vierzan, Bourges and others were named as strategical points.

WORKING MEN FOR PARLIAMENT.—It is pretty clear that, until the system of paying members is adopted by the Parliament, there will be but a small chance for working men—that is to say, artizans who have to depend upon their daily labor, for their daily bread. Mr. Olger, a working man, came forward the other day to represent the borough of Southwark, but being unable to produce the sum required by the Sheriff for defraying the primary expenses, he had to retire from the field.

We expect then that soon the proposition to members of for their attendance in the Imperial Parliament will be seriously entertained. The idea is thoroughly democratic, and indeed, to use a Yankee form of speech, must be an integral plank of any real democratic platform.—No matter what the electoral law may be, no matter how low the property qualification required for candidates for Parliamentary honors, so long as their attendance in the Legislature is gratuitous, so long must the class commonly styled "working class" be excluded.

On the other hand the paying members of Parliament, as we may see from its results in every country in which it has been adopted is fraught with most deplorable results. It lowers the moral standard of the legislature, by opening its portals to all sorts of greedy, needy, unscrupulous political adventurers, to knavish pettifoggers and broken down swindlers: bent upon restoring by all means, fair or foul, their desperate fortunes. Sooner or later a legislature whose members are paid must become a corrupt, a venal, and a rowdy legislature.

An honest man a man who has any respect for himself, will never or only in very exceptional circumstances, unless he be independent in pecuniary matters seek for a seat in the Legislature; and just as treacle in the summer time inevitably attracts swarms of buzzing obscene flies, so as inevitably does the prospect of the salary attached to a "seat in the House" attract the venal, the unprincipled, and the political adventurers. And so great is this evil, so debasing to the moral standard of the community, that it would be a gain if the evil system of paying members could be abolished altogether.

Except under peculiar circumstances. If a man were to be compelled against his will to serve a term of four or seven years in the Legislature, he would have a right to demand pecuniary compensation for his time, and services; but not otherwise most certainly not if he of his own free will come forward as a candidate, and courts the support of the constituency.

And if we must have paid members of Parliament, every constituency should pay its own members by a rate, or tariff mutually agreed upon betwixt the representatives and the represented. If any particular constituency wishes to indulge in the luxury of being represented in Parliament by a penniless adventurer, by all means let it have the right to gratify its peculiar taste, but at its own expense, and not at the expense of others who have no such longings,

The several candidates should on the hustings, state their terms, when a kind of Dutch Auction in lieu of an election might be held, which would save much precious time and many long speeches.

But we protest against the monstrous injustice of being made to pay for the cigars, for the "goes" of brandy, and the miscellaneous drinks of legislators in whose election we have had no voice. It is not just that we should be thus mulcted; and the only fair principle to follow in this matter is this—Leave the question of remuneration or salary to be settled betwixt the candidates and those who support them. Let the latter understand that, if the object of their choice cannot give his time gratuitously, they themselves must put their hands into their own pockets, to provide his salary—and not into the pockets of those who do not care to give Mr. Penniless Adventurer a seat in Parliament, and a finger in the Treasury pie. In fine if members are to be paid at all, they should be paid by those, and those only, who put them into the Legislature.

The Montreal Witness invokes a comparison of Catholic with Protestant communities. We gladly accept the challenge; and in return we invite the Witness to ponder well the fact that whilst the Times finds in the moral state of Protestant England A Parallel to heathen China it thus describes the moral aspect of Catholic Ireland:—

"The country was never more tranquil. . . . Crime of all kinds has almost disappeared. The few crimes committed are only such as might be expected in any large community."—Times, October 11th, 1870.

We invite the Witness also to consider the moral state of Protestant England as partially revealed by the hideous disclosures in the "Baby Farming" business, and of Protestant America as revealed by the dying out of the Protestant population in the New England States.

Even the London Times speaks contemptuously of the plebiscite as the "farce of democracy." Things would have gone on just as well without it says the Roman correspondent of the London journal:—

"Plebiscites are not in favor just now: and considering the small esteem in which they are held by political men of our time, things might, perhaps, have got on quite as satisfactorily, and attained the same results without that favorite farce of democracy."

THE LATE CATHOLIC BAZAAR.—A CARD OF THANKS.—The Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's Congregation desire to return their most sincere thanks to the general public for the very liberal patronage extended to the charities which they represented on the occasion of the late Bazaar.

The net result is ascertained and amounts to the very respectable sum of \$3,703.62. This speaks well, and the Ladies of Charity feel that in publishing the simple result of the Bazaar, they pay a higher compliment to the patrons of the charity than could be conveyed in any set form of speech. But they feel that special praise is due to their Protestant fellow-citizens, who in this, as on all previous occasions, have thrown aside all religious and sectional prejudices in their generous Christian sympathy in the cause of the orphan.

Foremost, of course, in this category must be placed the Honorable the Governor General and his estimable lady. It is not often that Bazaars are patronized even by the unofficial presence of the representatives of Royalty, and we feel that this kind and charitable condescension on the part of Lord and Lady Lisgar will, if possible, endear them still more to the people. We have to thank them not merely for the honor of their visit, but also for a very substantial and liberal contribution to the funds of the Bazaar.

To all who have labored in disposing of tickets, or who have by work in any way contributed towards the different tables, we say, you need no public praise. You have labored from higher and holier motives; and we pray that God may bless and reward you, dear Sisters, and may the Father of the widow and the orphan so console and protect you, that the little ones dear to you may never require that charity which you so liberally extend to others.

We would also thank the public Press for the advocacy of our charity, and the prominence given by it to our advertisements; but especially would we mention the TRUE WITNESS and Daily News. These papers have not merely inserted our advertisements gratuitously, but even editorially called the attention of the public to the Bazaar, advocating its interests in the strongest manner. It was a kindness and charity, which we hope the Irish Catholics will know how to appreciate. Nor can we omit our grateful thanks to the St. Bridget's Temperance Band, who enlivened the Bazaar by the cheerful strains of their music.

To all we say, God reward and bless you; and may your contributions, however small, be as the Widow's mite—blessed of God.

Montreal, Nov. 9, 1870.

Romances in our next.

GRAND CATHOLIC BAZAAR OF WINDSOR, ONT.—Last appeal to the public before the Drawing of Prizes which will take place on the 1st of Dec., without fail.

All persons who have been entrusted with the sale of some of the tickets for this laudable work are requested to make a last and supreme effort to sell them and remit the amount of their subscriptions to Rev. J. T. Wagner, P.P., of Windsor, Ont., by the 29th of Nov., at latest. A lithograph of the Pope will be forwarded without delay to all the agents for every ticket sold—as soon as the returns are made. A little more diligence on the part of the persons who have tickets for sale will secure the giving of the extra \$500 prize promised in the first Circular.

In another column our readers will find the Business Card of Messrs. Longmoore and Wilson, Printers. It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that Mr. Longmoore has had, for many years, the superintendence of one of the largest Printing Establishments in Canada.—His knowledge of all the details of the business, his promptness and integrity have gained for him the confidence of all those who have had dealings with him. Mr. Wilson is also very favorably known to the Montreal public as an excellent printer, and trustworthy man of business. We wish the firm of Longmoore & Wilson the success which its members deserve.

The Charlottetown (P.E.I) Herald of the 2nd inst., comes to us in a new dress and presenting a very handsome appearance. It is entering on a new career, and in its first number of the new series it shows unmistakable signs of vigorous editorial management.

ANNIVERSARY MASS OF THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN BRENNAN, OF BELLEVILLE, ONT.

On the 3rd of Nov. last was held the anniversary mass of the Very Rev. Dean Brennan, for forty years pastor of Belleville, Ontario. The Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Davis of Hungerford, the Rev. Fathers Lalor of Picton, Mackey of Tyendinaga, Quirk of Hastings, Brophy of Read, and Brennan, nephew of the deceased, being in the sanctuary. A large and sorrowing congregation filled the church, and testified by their sobs during the celebration to their intense grief at the loss of their late beloved Pastor. The preacher of the day a sincere friend of the Rev. departed took for his text the words of 2 Cor. xi. They are the ministers of Christ; (I speak as one less wise) I am more; in journeying often; in perils of water: in perils of robbers; in perils from my own nation; in perils from the Gentiles; in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in labour and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often. Besides these things which are without; my daily instance the solicitude for all the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalized and I am not on fire? (2 Cor. xi).

It is a pleasing duty my Brethren to recount the virtues of the departed whom we loved—to live over again for a few moments at least in sweet recollection the life we lived together—and calling them back again from the tomb to see them as once we saw them. This duty is mine to-day; and I thank God that e'er the memory of him whom we this day mourn has faded from amongst us, I have had accorded me the sacred privilege of speaking one word of praise—of throwing one small flower into the tomb—of placing one immortal upon the grave of him whom you and I, so deeply loved. He has gone from us to receive his reward, whilst we alas! have been left behind to mourn his loss; but amidst our tears and our sorrows—amidst our regrets and longings we have still the pleasing privilege of recounting his virtues, and lingering over those sweet recollections of him, which from time to time amidst the busy scenes in which we are engaged, burst upon our memories like the glint of the sun thro' the storm rift.

It is well to recount the virtues of the good. For as every crime leaves the impress of its wickedness upon the ago in which it was committed, so the virtues of the good like sweet perfumes leave their fragrance to linger behind them. It is a fact well known to moralists—that the very recital of crime is an incentive to its commission—so extended are the effects of this subtle poison. But as with crime—so thank God! with virtue. We cannot read of virtue, (so great its comeliness), without learning to love it—we cannot breathe the atmosphere, where it has been present without feeling its tonic influence—we cannot think of virtue without becoming more virtuous. Let us therefore in the example of him, whom we this day mourn, learn the virtues which he practised.

Forty years ago your late pastor (his body lays there slumbering after the labors of the day and the heats thereof) entered upon his duty as Pastor of this parish. Young—lithic—of iron frame and sanguine temperament his was just the constitution fitted for the giant task that was before him. ("And there were giants in those days.") By the faculties granted him by his Bishop, he took possession as pastor of all that tract of country lying between Napanee and Colbourne—the waters of Ontario where they lave the shores of the Prince Edward district and—I might say—the North Pole. At least 17 inhabited townships upwards of 2448 square miles of inhabited country fell thus to his charge—an onerous and chafing burden for even his sinewy shoulders.

Let us imagine for a moment the dreadful lonesomeness of this young levite. The nearest Priest from whom to receive encouragement

and consolation amidst his ceaseless cares,—at Kingston on the one hand and at Cobourg on the other—his people for the most part uneducated or too busy with their own affairs in a new country to afford him any society—everything wanting but his unflinching zeal, that goes to make up a Catholic mission—his most indeed have been "the breast of oak and triple brass" sung of (as tho' by inspiration) by the Latin Poet, to be thus able alone and undaunted to launch his skiff upon the stormy straits of a new Canadian mission of those days of our early history.

But alone and undaunted he did set out upon his sacred duty. No storm too severe—no danger could blanch his cheek. Often on urgent sick calls has he ridden over the bay or crossed the River Trent after a one night's frost, his horse requiring the spur at every step it took over the yielding ice. Often at other times has he crossed the River Trent amidst snow and sleet and blinding storm in the darkness of the night upon an extemporised raft of fragile boards,—a broken board to row and steer with. Travelling with him some years ago in the Township of Ashpodel, he pointed out the spot, where overtaken by the night in what was then the forest, he had slept the darkness away upon a log,—his cloak folded round him,—and his curved arm keeping the bridle of his horse, lest it should stray away from him ere the morn.

But his was the manliness and Christian courage that knew how to meet dangers and repel them. When in Madoc the backwoods' savages of civilization out of hatred for the very name of Priest (we have this feeling and these savages yet amongst us) attacked him in his cutter and sought to take his life, he beat them off—though three to one—and left the marks of his loaded hunting whip behind him. One of these same men sent me a request some years ago to come and cure him of the falling sickness which he attributed to the chastisement of God for his sacrilegious conduct on that occasion. His other brothers participants in the crime had long before died violent deaths.

Yes his was indeed a life of dangers and hardships!—his was indeed a life of patient endurance! Oh would that you and I—who are still struggling after him in the path of duty—would that we—when God may call us from our Stewardship may be able to lay at the feet of the Eternal Throna like dangers—like watchings—like hardships as your slumbering Pastor has long ago presented as the earnest of his claims to an eternal Crown.—Well might this new apostle have addressed his heavenly Father on his death bed in those words of my text—They are Ministers (I speak of one less wise) I am more; in journeyings often; in perils of water; in perils of robbers; in perils from the Gentiles; in perils in the wilderness. In labours and painfulness in hunger and thirst—in fastings often.

And what shall I say to you of his "solicitude for the churches." "Who was weak and he was not weak? who was scandalized and he was not on fire?" Tell me you who have grown up under his pastoral care from infancy to manhood, was there ever zeal in God's service as unflagging as his? Who was weak and he was not there to comfort them? who was battling against sin and the thralldom of evil habits and he was not with them to counsel and encourage? And when public sin had scandalized any of God's little ones—when that crime which Christ declares, deserves more than the millstone, threatened to devastate the young and thriving vineyard which had been confided to his charge—when was he not on fire? How often from the steps of this holy altar, when some scandal had arisen to disgrace his flock and to tempt God's little ones away from virtue, who amongst you has not seen his flashing eye and heard his firm clear voice ring out amidst the roof-trees of this church, denouncing the offender and demanding of him to "come forth" and make public reparation for the injury you "have done to God?" To him had been entrusted the seamless garment of Christ's church and woe! to him who sought to inflict upon it the slightest rent whilst under his guardianship. His was no carpet oratory! He sought not mincing terms lest he should be offensive to polished ears. He feared not to loose the gentleman in being the man. To vice and its votaries he ever gave their just and proper names. The public sinner leading others into sin he looked upon as a leper and one plague stricken to be driven out into the wilderness. He loved God's little ones—oh how he loved them!—the pure and clean of heart! and therefore did he seek to guard them as the apple of his eye from aught of contamination or of stain.

But I hear some amongst you, who have experienced his holy anger, exclaim "He was rigid and cross." Oh! holy tribute paid by vice to virtue! Now he was cross. Yes that holy man, who now slumbers from his anxieties and cares, was indeed cross—cross with that anger that sinneth not. With vice and impenitence and negligence in the service of God—and public scandal he was indeed severe. Like his great patron, the Archangel Michael, he could not bear that aught of sin and wickedness or slothfulness should remain one moment to contaminate the pure air of his heaven—as keeper of the Lord's vineyard he could not brook that the foxes should burrow and rear their pestilent oubs amongst the roots of the tender vines. As faithful Shepherd of the one Fold he could not bear unremoved and inactive the ravaging wolves of bad example howling around his flock. He was no hiring!—and because he was no hiring therefore would he have sooner laid down his life, than that one vice should go unchecked—one scandal go unreproved—one sinner go unadmonished. That anger had he that sinneth not. Zeal he had unbounded. Well of him might it be said, "The zeal of thy hours hath eaten me up." He was cross with vice yea! very cross. But with virtue, who ever heard him angry? With repentance who ever heard him severe? You who have knelt at his feet as humble penitents

bewailing your sins and promising amendment, which of you can say that he was ever harsh? You who in sickness have laid balancing between life and death—who have heard him pouring into your ears at that time the sweet consolations of religion,—which of you can affirm that his was aught else but the most tender kindness? With slothfulness with intemperance—with lewdness—with licentiousness he was ever as became his sacred character harsh and uncompromising. With earnestness—with temperance—with modesty—with single mindedness his was ever the meekness of the dove. May God grant thee, Michael Brennan, that long ere this thou hast received thy reward in heaven! for that anger which sinneth not—for that dove like meekness that ever encouraged virtue to persevere.

The life of a Priest is not one to be sought after by those who value the smiles and frowns of this giddy world. "Ye cannot serve two masters—ye cannot serve both God and man." The moment the young levite assumes the sacred character of the Priesthood, that moment he finds himself in antagonism with everything that is base, vile and wicked. "In perils of robbers, in perils from his own nation, in perils from the Gentiles," and so on during life the strife continues. Vice of all shades and colours, of all shapes and dimensions hates the Priesthood. As he moves along on his silent duty to the world, the Priest meets at every step with opposition—nay! he finds that even his very presence is a walking protest against wickedness. How soon is the ribald jest lusted—how sullenly does drunkenness skulk into holes and corners—how silent becomes the curse and blasphemy, whensoever the Priest passes by? These things belong not to his standard—they are serving another master—they know well his livery—hence their antagonism. It matters not whether the wicked "be of his own nation"—of the household of the faith, or of the Gentiles—it matters not whether they be the lowly or the Powers of darkness in high places,—all equally hate the Priesthood. Ask the Secret Societies of the day—those reptiles loving the darkness—ask them what is the object of their organization? and they will tell you (if they speak the truth) that it is the destruction of the Priesthood. Ask the Garibaldians—ask the Mazzinians—ask the Brisini—ask Milani—and they will tell you—the destruction of the Priesthood. Ask the Carbonari of Italy—ask the Freemasons all over the world—ask the Fenians of America—ask that dark society that in a country of perfect religious freedom flaunts its banners to the breeze inscribed with the anomalous motto, "Protestant ascendancy" and "No surrender"—ask all these the object of their dark associations, and they will answer you with bated breath—the destruction of the Priesthood. This is the battle that the Priest has ever to fight, and this is the combat which that holy man fought single handed for forty years, you know how bravely. Vice—whether of his own nation, the household of the faith, or of the Gentiles was ever before him with its Hydra heads, and right bravely did he battle against it. As a young levite—as a tried and weather-beaten veteran—as an aged Colonus, the battle was ever the same—it was an Herculean task—and well it was sustained to the last hour of his life by this Christian Hercules.

How rare is it, how rare even once to find such virtue amongst men? "Those whom ye behold clothed in white garments, those, says St. John, are they who have come out of great tribulation." It was amidst the perils and dangers and watchings of a Missionary life that he rendered himself thus holy. And as in life so in death equally was he full of divine grace. Behold here in a few words all that need be said of your holy Pastor; and it is indeed a worthy epitome of his virtues. There was nothing but was comely in his person—there was nothing but what was pure in his life. This his high position of Priesthood has caused to shine forth afar to the world; and has taught it this important lesson—that there is nothing truly solid, nothing truly great amongst men, but the struggling and battling against sin. The struggle for power—the struggle for dominion—the struggle for renown belongs to the world—the struggle against sin belongs to the Church and the Priesthood. Behold those great kings and generals, who upon the plains of Europe are this day battling for conquest and renown! The world will call them great, and will embalm their name in history for posterity. But what are their lives compared with that of this humble Priest, who now lies slumbering in his silent grave? What is their greatness compared with his? They fight to kill, he fought to save. They fight against needle guns and chassepots and mitrailleurs, against columns of infantry and charging cavalry. He fought against the powers of darkness—against the wiles of the devil—against the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life. They fight for man, he fought for God. Their names will go down to posterity, but will be unheard in heaven—his name will be unremembered of men, but will be sung by angels and by Saints.

I need not remind you, that it is God, who gives to the world good men. 'Twas he who said of old to Abraham "Kings shall go forth from thee." 'Twas he who spake to David "The Lord foretelleth thee; the Lord will make to thee a house." "God," says St. Paul, "who made the world and all things therein and hath made from one, all mankind to dwell upon the whole face of the earth, hath determined their appointed times and the limits of their habitation." He it was then, who sent you this good Pastor who for 40 years, labored by every thought—by every word, by every deed of his life in your service; not indeed to obtain for you the riches of this perishable world, and the comforts of life, but to dispense to you the abundance of God's graces and to secure for you an eternal salvation. Where then could there be effort more nobling? where could there be aim more holy? How beautiful are thy tents O Israel! my soul hath desired and hath fainted in thy halls!

How holy! how delightful to immolate the Sacred Host! To sing its praises in Thy holy tabernacle! How great, how holy to sound forth Thy justice, and to preach, with John, penance unto the remission of sin! How holy, how beautiful to teach the nations—to baptize them in Thy great name—to cure the infirm, and to raise the dead to life in the Sacrament of Penance—to multiply, to instruct, to perfect, and to sanctify Thy servants and Thy handmaids. How great the dignity to be called like Aaron—how tremendous the duty to dispense to the world the body of Christ. "This is my body—take ye and eat—do this in commemoration of me." For forty years obedient to this command of his Saviour did your Pastor offer for you, on your altar, this body and blood of Christ. For forty years did he dispense to you the bread of life—the body of your Lord—not in figure only, but verily and indeed. How great the privilege of the Apostles—to take down the body of their Lord from the Cross! how great the duty of Mary to receive it into her lap! But your good Pastor—for forty years did he take down that body from the Cross in holy Sacrifice of the Mass—for forty years did he daily receive it into his breast. If there is joy in Heaven over one sinner doing penance—if the voice of the Sacrificer shall cleave the sky—how often has that joy been brought to heaven through the ministrations of your good Pastor—how often has his voice pleaded for you before the throne!—Where then a kingship equal to this? Where a greatness that can compare to his? Yes; forty years spent in the service of the Temple—forty years spent in Sacrifice—forty years poured out in God's service—what a splendid offering to be able to present before the Eternal Throne!

So great is the dignity of your late lamented Pastor, that I feel that aught I can say, but detracts from his greatness. Like that mighty flood that rushes from morn to midnight and from midnight until morn down the cataract of Niagara—leaving far behind it all expression of its grandeur—like that great luminary whose light pervades the world and all the universe—surpassing all imagination and appreciated only when it is lost—so the virtues of your Pastor exceed all power of language and are only now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated when they have gone from amongst us. Every thought—every word—every word of his life was for you and yours. Would then that I had words wherewith to speak his praise! would that I had imagination fully to realize his virtues! But they are known well to you! his person and his virtues are printed indelibly upon your mind—the recollection of him photographed by the clear light of his virtues can never be obliterated from your memories. So many years of goodness! so many years of labour! so many years of patient solicitude can never be forgotten by his loving children. Let not then his lessons of virtue ever be forgotten—let not his bright example ever fade from amongst you. Let his life be your bright model. Unsullied purity—the crown of virgins—unbroken temperance—the strictest honesty, unflinching diligence in the service of God—solicitude for the churches unbounded—zeal for God's honor unflinching—these are some of the lessons, which his life should teach. And ere we part after performing this pleasing ceremony of recollection—let us breathe a prayer that as we hope his lot is this day in heaven—ours may be likewise to join him in God's own good time—hereafter.

REV. H. BRETTARCH TO M. BOWELL, ESQ., GRAND MASTER OF THE LOYAL ORANGE LODGE OF UPPER CANADA.

My Dear Grand Master: Hitherto I have addressed you as Editor of the Belleville Intelligencer. To-day I address you under your title of "Grand Master," a title sacred to civility and lofty deeds—sacred to the names of a Tour D'Adam and of a Du Guesclin—sacred to the command of those brave Knights, who, for so many years, stemmed the advance of Paganism power into Europe. May you, Sir, render yourself equally worthy of that great name.

You are doubtless aware, that yesterday the Orangemen, and I think I may say the Orangewomen of Trenton and the surrounding country celebrated the fifth of November by a public procession in this village. You will excuse me if I say, that the scenes I witnessed at that celebration gave me a certain degree of satisfaction; and I think every Catholic has reason to congratulate himself thereon. Hitherto I have looked upon Orangism as a powerful institution—as one capable of grave injury to the Catholic cause—and as destined to destroy at no very distant period those institutions of perfect religion and civil freedom, which are at once the pride and boast of Canada our adopted country. Yesterday dispelled the illusion, and dissipated the forebodings. The public processions that yesterday came in from all parts of the township were so meagre—the display was so farcical, that it is evident that Orangism received its death blow on the streets of Kingston and Belleville, when it insulted England's widowed and thrice admirable (admirable as a virgin—admirable as a married woman—admirable as a widow) Queen in the person of her son the Prince of Wales. Any one studying the personnel of the processions yesterday could not but be struck by this fact,—that there was not in any one of them a single man of any influence or note in this district. Now this fact—for fact I think it is—points to one of two conclusions. Either the Orange Society is not the true exponent of educated Protestant opinion in this country, or educated Protestants are so thoroughly ashamed of it that they dare not publicly proclaim their connection with it by walking in its processions.

We all admire British Institutions, which though not perfect, are sufficiently so to merit our love and admiration. But it is deeply to be regretted that one portion of our community should deem it incumbent on it to express its admiration of those institutions in a manner so offensive to another portion of that same community. It would be hard, I think, to find a parallel, even amongst the most degraded nations of the earth, for those 12th July and 6th November celebrations. It is never either, generous or honourable to insult a conquered foe; and I think we shall search the page of history in vain to find another case where a nation having been conquered has during a lapse of a hundred years been made to witness a biennial celebration of its downfall at the hands of its conquerors. To the average English mind there is something unmanly in striking a fallen foe, and this brandishing of swords—this wearing of blood coloured garments, and this fierce veneration of "To hell with the Pope" remind one too forcibly of the Indian War Dance, with its brandishing of scalp, to have any fascination for the civilised

mind. And there is another feature in these celebrations which renders them even more reprehensible. They are the rejoicings of men at their own national degradation—at their own nation's downfall. For seven centuries Ireland has struggled with Catholic and Protestant England for her own political freedom. Never during the whole of that time has she ceased to assert her right to govern herself. But when under James she was thoroughly conquered and subdued—when England's real and legitimate sovereign was driven out and superseded by an alien in birth and aspirations—then so great the force of religious animosity, that year after year a portion of Ireland's sons—a minority in the nation—deem it their duty to celebrate the downfall of their own nationality by biennial processions in its honor. Hungary and Poland await their lost autonomy; Ireland alone gloms over hers.

Another feature of these processions is their illegality,—winked at it is to be regretted by the powers that be. It is well known as the law of the country that no man shall carry offensive weapons. Every man therefore who yesterday entered the village or paraded its streets with a drawn sword in his hand did so in open violation of the law; and every magistrate who saw it, did so at the peril of his oath to uphold the laws of the country; and every civilian, be he M. P. or Honourable, who count-nanced those drawn swords aided and abetted an infraction of the law of the land.

Yet another feature of these celebrations is the drunkenness and sin, which they engender. Any sane man who witnessed the orgies at Trenton yesterday and throughout the night, could but arrive at this conclusion, that it were more conducive to the Glory of God to forego celebrations which lead to so much drunkenness, blasphemy, and sin; and that Reverend Gentlemen and prominent Temperance men will preach temperance in vain whilst they frequent such assemblies. I have never yet seen that dark place, to which the wicked are condemned by a Just God for all eternity, but Trenton last night was assuredly very near its confines.

But there is yet another feature of these celebrations, which is every well directed mind must render them repulsive; that is their religious aspect. The yells that were heard last night of "To hell with the Pope" and the speeches made foretelling his downfall sufficiently show the religious bias of these assemblies. Thank God, however, that the destruction of the Pope is not in the hands of such a rabble; nor is his eternal salvation at the disposal of their curses. If curses and blasphemies could destroy the Papacy, depend upon it the curses hourly hurled from the bottomless pit of hell against it ever since its establishment by Peter, would long ago have worked its ruin. Curses loud and frequent were of old hurled at our Divine Lord—"Crucify him! Crucify him!"—and the servant is no better than his master. The Papacy has existed for eighteen centuries in spite of the curses of Hell, and depend upon it my dear Grand Master, it is no nearer extinction to-day from the curses of a handful of men heated by religious animosity and whiskey. That there are those who wish its downfall and pray for it, there is little doubt, but the fact of its having existed year after year in spite of these oaths and curses—in spite of these prayers and prophecies—shows that these oaths and curses—these prayers and prophecies are alike powerless against that decree of God, "Behold I am with you all times even to the consummation of the world." No doubt ignorant people feel elated by the fact of the Robber King having occupied Rome—at seeing "the abomination of desolation sitting in high places"—and hope soon to see the Pope driven thence. Nay, there were those there yesterday who declared that he was already banished to China, India or Africa. This their ignorance allowed them to believe. They think that the Papacy is like themselves, a drunken thing of to-day; they cannot look beyond the present hour; they are as ignorant of history as they are of the Ganges. What is Rome to the Popes? It is their property it is true, and to take it from them is as much and more a robbery as it would be to take away the Catholic Church of Belleville from the Catholics of that town. Would Catholicity, think you my dear Grand Master, cease to exist in your town if that Church were destroyed? I think not. Nor will Catholicity cease to exist in the world after Rome has been taken from the Papacy. Five and forty—mark well the number—five and forty Popes have either never set foot in Rome or have been expelled from it, and yet they were as much Popes as Peter. Nay! our present Pope has already once been in exile. Why not a second time? Banish them as you like they have and will ever return. Burn Rome down to ashes, there will still be Popes; Popes over two hundred million of subjects; Popes obeyed as implicitly as was Peter; Popes by the Grace of God and in spite of the curses of your right honourable and loyal Society my dear Grand Master.

With every expression of esteem, I have the honor to remain, Your obedt servt,

H. BRETTARCH, Priest. P. S.—As I have received permission from the Hon. Billie Flint to have my letters published in the Belleville Press, I should have availed myself of this privilege so graciously accorded me were I not afraid that the Loyol Orange Society would ostracize your paper as it has already done the Toronto Telegraph.

IRISH CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The adjourned annual meeting of this Institute was held in the rooms, St. Patrick's Hall, Thursday evening, 10th inst., for the purpose of electing officers to serve during the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected to the office mentioned, viz: President, Mr. F. A. Quinn; First Vice-President, Mr. J. Hatchette; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. J. O'Hara; Treasurer, Mr. M. Donovan; Sec. Secty., Mr. M. J. Quinn; Asst. Sec. Secty., Mr. M. Mullin; Corresponding Secty., Mr. P. C. Shannon; Librarian, Mr. F. J. Keller.

A meeting called by the representatives of the Centre ward in the City Council, to solicit their opinion as to the proposed aid to the Canada Central Railway, was attended by the public generally. A motion passed in favour of a grant of one million dollars.

Laprairie is to celebrate the 200th anniversary of its foundation on the 17th inst.

Fire.—On Friday night, 11 inst., about half-past nine o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive boot and shoe manufactory of Messrs. Ames, Millard & Co. The premises are situated at 23 St. Peter, not far from St. Paul Street. The fire originated in the engine-house. The fire communicated from the woodwork to a "shoot which ran from the engine-house to the main building. The fire roared up the "shoot" like a furnace, and carried the flames to the top storey, where they were first discovered by some men in an adjoining building. The whole brigade were soon on the spot, and, after two hours hard work succeeded in getting the better of the fire, which all the time, was confined to two uppermost flats. About \$25,000 worth of property was destroyed. Mr. Perry and his salvage corps were present (their first time in action) and were instrumental in saving a considerable quantity of stock.—Gazette.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have opened an office in the Parliament Buildings at Quebec. This is deemed a great convenience.

The outposts of the St. Armand and Routes Point are now detached from the port of Montreal and placed under the survey of the port of St. John's, P. Q.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday the 10th inst at

Norman Burch, who was in the habit of driving the daily stage between Lachute and Carillon, was crossing the track of the Laculite Railway at the latter place, the cars came on him before he was aware of their approach, dashed the stage to pieces and ran over the body of the unfortunate driver. Medical aid was summoned, but in vain. He died soon after. This is only one of many accidents, more or less serious, which have occurred at the same place, a large stone building, prevents persons from seeing the approach of the cars at the spot where the accident occurred. Norman Burch was the son of Mr. Alva Burch, hotel-keeper of Lachute.

QUEBEC, Nov. 11.—The snow has again completely disappeared, and the weather to-day was like that in September.

The notorious Bis Bellevue is to be released by order of the Executive Council at Ottawa, on condition that he leave the country. As his term of imprisonment shortly expires, and navigation is about to close, he may not get again the chance he now has of leaving the country.

The trial of the murderers of Henry Trail the guard in the Penitentiary, took place on the 10th inst., at Kingston. The jury, after about forty minutes' deliberation, declared Mann guilty of wilful murder, and Smith of manslaughter.

D. Pierce, who murdered his wife under specially horrible circumstances at Paris, in June last, was found guilty at the Brantford assizes on the 11th inst., and sentenced to be hanged on the 20th of December next. At the Kingston assizes a wife poisoner named Deacon, and Mann, the penitentiary murderer, were sentenced to be hanged on December 14th, the Judge remarking that there was no hope for mercy, though both maintained they were innocent.

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.

In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the *no plus ultra* of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs. Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the AMERICAN ORGAN is superior.

Married.

On Tuesday, 8th inst., at St. Joseph's Chapel, Montreal, by Monsignor, the Bishop of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. F. Morrison, uncle of the bride, and by the Rev. Canon Morcau, Chaplain of the Pontifical Zouaves, Alfred Lacroque, of the Order of St. Louis, to Kate Kinton, daughter of Lady Latontaine by her previous marriage with the late Thomas Kinton, of the Royal Engineers.

At Cornwall, Ontario, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Father Lynch, Parish Priest, Michael Egan, Freight Agent, &c., Grand Trunk Railway, to Elizabeth Agnes, fourth daughter of Daniel Pichan, Esq., of Cornwall.

Died.

At Rawdon, on the 1st inst., James McDonald, aged 42 years, a native of the County Cavan, Ireland.—May his soul rest in peace.

In Petaluma, California, on the 1st October last, aged 37 years, George F. A. Harrington, son of the late Michael Harrington, of Kingston, Ontario.

SPECIAL TO CLERGYMEN.

The Catholic clergy of Canada who may be about purchasing overcoats or other clothing would do well to call on P. E. Brown, No. 9 Chamblizet Square. He is specially patronized by collegiate institutions and clergy in general, to whom a liberal discount is allowed.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

St. Columban, Sept. 21, 1870.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED, for the Parish of Chambly, a FEMALE TEACHER, qualified to teach the French and English languages. Address, A. L. FRECHETTE, Esq., or W. VALLIE.

Chambly, Oct. 4, 1870.

WANTED.

A YOUTH about 15 years old, as Articled Pupil—Apply to W. H. Hobson, Architect, 59 St. Bonaventure Street, (from 1 to 3 p.m.)

TEACHERS WANTED.

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

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DIST. OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JAMES F. KIDNER,

An Insolvent.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under said Act.

Montreal, 10th October, 1870. JAMES F. KIDNER, By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

J. G. KENNEDY & Co.

are now showing their New Fall Goods, and respectfully invite Gentlemen to their large and varied stock of every article suitable for the present season.

PERSONAL SUPERINTENDENCE, combined with a rapid business conducted on cash principles, enable them to quote the low prices at which they are now offering the latest styles of garments.

J. G. KENNEDY & CO., Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and Outfitters, 31, St. Lawrence St.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT EYE CUPS.

SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS, CHRONIC SORE EYES CURED, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. "CURE GUARANTEED" BY THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

DR. J. BALL & CO'S PATENT EYE CUPS.

The value of the celebrated and well known Patent Eye Cups for the restoration of Sight, breaks out, blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Major Ellis of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are certainly the greatest invention of the age. Copy of certificates just received from CLAYVILLE, WASH CO., Pa., Sept. 29, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.:

Gentlemen—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the "no plus ultra" of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life and other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia or Near Sight.

I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases, both of acute and what is called Chronic Inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental and at great expense.

My mother, an old lady of 64 years, an enthusiastic advocate of the "Cups" three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is that her eyes were unusually old and worn, beyond her years to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the New York Tribune without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the Tribune, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can not imagine her pleasure.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquired from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the value of the Cups, and plan of treatment. Wherever I go with them they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience, any where that people can be found. I was at our Fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say, that I myself (or rather the Eye Cups) was no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected future sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb, number one, tip top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be lifelong. Yours truly,

HORACE B. DURANT, M. D. CLAYVILLE, PA., June 6th, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.

DEAR SIRS.—Dr. H. Durant of this town is at present using your Patent Eye-Cups with more success on eyes with impaired vision, and obtaining better results than from any other mode of practice which I have seen, leads me to the conclusion that superior results can be obtained than from any of our ordinary or recognized medical or surgical operations—practiced in Eye Hospitals, or taught in books generally. Please send me your price list and terms to agents. I want a lot of the Eye-Cups to use in my practice. Yours truly,

GEORGE INGLIS, M. D. Readers, these are two certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight can be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See advertisement in another column of this paper. Our pamphlet of 48 pages, containing certificates of cures and giving full description of the Ivory Eye Cups, sent free to any address. AGENTS WANTED. Write to DR. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty street, New York City.

THE BEST PAPER AND THE BEST INDUCEMENTS!

This Quarter's 13 Numbers SENT FREE to all subscribers, before Dec. 25, 1870, for next year's Fifty-Two Numbers of

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED RURAL & FAMILY WEEKLY, FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The Rural, now in its 21st year, is not only the LARGEST, BEST and CHEAPEST, but by far the LARGEST-CIRCULATING JOURNAL OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD! National in Character, Ably Edited, Superbly Illustrated and Printed, it is the

BEST AMERICAN WEEKLY!

It is the STANDARD AUTHORITY on all branches of AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, &c. As a LITERARY and FAMILY PAPER it is a favorite in many of the best families all over the Union, Canada, &c. Indeed, Moore's Rural has no Rival in its Sphere, and is the LARGEST ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL on the Continent—each number containing SIXTEEN FIVE-COLUMN PAGES, (double the size of most papers of its class.) The Rural maintains a high moral standard.

TERMS, INDUCEMENTS, ETC.

TERMS—\$3 a Year of 52 Numbers, and only \$2.50 in Clubs of Ten. Canadian subscribers will send 20 cents extra for postage. This Quarter's 13 Numbers sent FREE, as offered above. Our Club Inducements for 1871 are unprecedented. Specimens, Premium Lists, &c. sent free to all forming Clubs,—and we want a live Club Agent in every Town. Address D. D. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

LONGMOORE & WILSON, PRINTERS,

42 St. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DIST. OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of C. DORWIN & Co.,

Insolvents.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act, as well individually as having been a member of said firm of C. DORWIN & Co. Montreal, 8th October, 1870.

CANFIELD DORWIN. By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

A balloon letter from Paris of the 7th inst., says:—After the election on the 3rd inst., Jules Favre delivered a speech to the meeting, in which he said the Government, which had sworn not to cede an inch of French territory, will remain, whatever may happen, faithful to this engagement.

Everything appears gloomy in Paris; there exists but small hope for the French cause. The rejection of the armistice by Prussia is regarded as a call to arms by the French, and there no longer exists any chance of an early termination of the war, except by the advent of grim death to one of the belligerents. The fall of Toul, Strasbourg and Metz have freed the Prussian armies for service elsewhere. The besiegers have received their heavy guns, and General Moltke is eager to commence the bombardment. Notices have been posted in the butchers shops of Paris stating that the rations for three days have been reduced to a quarter of a pound of meat per head.

Tours, Nov. 10th.—Keraty, having organized the army of the West, is forming a camp in Brittany for another army of one hundred thousand strong.

Lyon is preparing for defence and Toulons is sending forward large numbers of troops fully armed and equipped. Order prevails on both sides and also at Marseilles whose internal dissensions have disappeared.

The news from Orleans is of the most cheering nature. Advice is just received of a series of engagements near there, in all of which the French were successful. The French were pressing forward toward the city, and as their movements tended to surround the enemy, the latter were obliged to evacuate the city. The Prussians lost considerably in killed, wounded and prisoners.

There was great difficulty in obtaining provisions, owing to the constant drain made by the repeated requisitions of the enemy on the people thereabout. The surrounding country is entirely ruined.

The World's special.—London, Nov. 10.—A private despatch received states that the French fleet are bombarding Hamburg.

A despatch from Berne says that Garibaldi had surrendered.

A correspondent writing from Tours 9th says that it is believed that Vonderlann's army consists only of 25,000 men, and that he is preparing to retreat towards Versailles.

The journals of Lille announce that Gen. Bourbaki, who has not resigned, has organized a large force.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The capture of a German barque in the North Sea by a French iron-clad is reported.

A Prefect of War has levied on his department a war contribution of 2,000,000 francs as required by the committee of National Defence.

The Herald's correspondent sends from Cassel on 7th, an account of an interview with Bazaine, in the course of which the Marshal said he was content to leave the justification of his conduct to time. He scorned to answer "that babble" Gambetta. He denied having proclaimed the republic in Metz, and declared that the news of the Emperor's surrender and the flight of the Empress astounded him.

He added: I have sworn loyalty to the Emperor and the Constitution. The Emperor is a prisoner, but the Constitution is in force. Neither I nor my comrades will ever acknowledge any other Government until we previously obtain a discharge from our oath by the Emperor.

To-day's war despatches chronicle important French successes before Paris through the capture of several Prussian camps.

Garibaldi has been again victorious, having routed a force of Germans 5,000 strong.

The latest intelligence from the army of the Loire is that there has been three days continued fighting, without decisive results. The losses of the French are frightful, but the enemy have been driven back ten miles.

A Herald special, dated London, Nov. 10 says:—Our special correspondent telegraphs from Lille on the 9th six p.m.:—The headquarters of Gen. Bourbaki are a little agitated at the intelligence of the Prussian approach. There is continual excitement in the streets and cafes, and the people are all for resistance. Thousands from the country are entering the city in response to the Mayor's proclamation, with droves of cattle and poultry. The military movements are strictly concealed. The Prussians are reported fifty leagues from the city. Organization is proceeding rapidly, and the troops are said to be some of the finest now left in France, and number thirty thousand. Lille has been fortified like Strasbourg, and somewhat resembles that city. All the inhabitants have been ordered to provide themselves with provisions for three months or leave the city.

Rumors are circulating of serious combats yesterday east and west of Orleans, and it is reported fighting continued to-day.

Le Francais has an account of a brilliant affair at Coulmier, whence the Prussians were dislodged with loss.

The German forces which occupied Mont Belliard yesterday numbered six thousand.—The authorities of the town fled.

The blockade of Belfort has been vigorously maintained since the 6th.

The villages of Visclois, Chevremien and Louvenans have been fired to dislodge the Germans.

Tours, Nov. 11.—A despatch from Gen. D'Aurelles de Paladines, commander of the Army of the Loire, dated yesterday, says; we have taken possession of the city of Orleans, after a fight of two days. Our aggregate losses in killed and wounded do not reach 2,000, while those of the enemy are much larger. We have made 1,000 prisoners thus far, and are continually adding to them as we follow up the fleeing

enemy. Among the property captured are two cannon of Prussian model, twenty ambulance waggons, and a great number of vans and provision waggons. The hottest of the fight took place around Coulmier on Wednesday, the 9th. Notwithstanding the bad weather and other unavoidable circumstances, the *elan* displayed by the troops was remarkable. Gen. de Paladines, on occupying the city, issued the following order to the army: The action of yesterday was a glorious one for our army; every position of the enemy was vigorously carried, and the enemy are now retreating. I have informed the Government of your conduct, and am instructed to return to you their thanks for your victory amid the disasters in which France is plunged. Her eyes are upon you, and she counts upon your courage. Let us all make every effort, in order that this hope may not be mistaken.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The following despatch was received to-night by the Standard:

"Tours, Nov. 10.—Orleans has been retaken after a severe fight. The Prussians lost five thousand men."

World's Cable.—LONDON, Nov. 11.—A special despatch from Brussels says that well-informed political circles are impressed with the belief that a new arrangement for arbitration has been effected by four neutral powers. The preliminaries for arranging conditions of peace acceptable alike to France and Prussia have been concluded. The initiative has already been taken by Russia for assembling a congress.

Herald's cable, London, Nov. 11, correspondent writes from Lille, Nov. 10:—In view of the anticipated bombardment military organization here is now complete. 10,000 workmen are now employed on the eastern and western fortifications; an ambulance corps has been organized under the direction of the city physicians; orders have been issued to provision the city for six months. The population consists of 132,000 inhabitants, 30,000 soldiers, and 20,000 persons from the country. The facilities for obtaining supplies is great from the plentifulness of the surrounding country. Six railways run into the city. The fortification are considered the finest inland works in Europe. The ramparts average 35 feet in height on the exterior casemates. The magazines and shell rooms are of solid masonry; there are 500 guns mounted.

BERLIN, Nov. 11.—Deserters from Paris say that Trochu, in order to regain his prestige, is preparing for another grand sortie.

A correspondent of the Times, writing from Berlin yesterday, says that a sharp reply has been returned to Austria in response to her vote offering her mediation, on the ground that Austria, having armed at the beginning of the war, is disqualified now to act as a neutral.

It is generally thought that Prussia will prefer annexation of the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to any guarantee that the neutral powers may see fit to make. Prussia's relations with Austria and Russia are not such as to render any guarantee of theirs acceptable.

There is great distress among the poorer classes of the French, owing to the Government having seized all the money in the savings-banks, together with the property of corporations and communes which, by the French law, were placed in the custody of the State.

LILLE, Nov. 11.—The City Council to-day unanimously passed a resolution that Marshal Bazaine, in telling the army which he traitorously surrendered to the enemy, that the city of Lille and all northern France craved peace at any cost, lied signally, and this body indignantly spurns the lie.

Tours, Nov. 11.—The journals report that the Prussians have lost over 10,000 killed and wounded and 8,000 prisoners in battles around Orleans, and are retreating towards Chartres and Etampes.

A large number of guns thrown away by the enemy have been picked up and distributed among the National Guard at Orleans.

A despatch from Chagny reports a large French force there, well supplied with artillery, and sufficient to resist the advance of the enemy.

Troops from Lyons are marching to meet the Prussians.

Italian volunteers continue to join Garibaldi's command in large numbers.

CUXHAVEN, Nov. 11.—The French fleet is said to have passed here going to the North Sea. The lights and buoys at the mouth of the Elbe have consequently been removed, and all pilots are forbidden to leave the ports.

THE SACK OF ST. DIZIER.—The Journal du Rouen gives the following account of the sacking of St. Dizier:—"The Prussians made a requisition for 500,000frs., and took as hostages to Bar-le-Duc five of the town councillors. The following day a delay of two hours was granted for the payment of the money, the alternative being the threatened destruction of the principal houses in the town. The money not being forthcoming, the pillage of the town commenced, and was continued for an hour and a half, when a tender of 150,000frs. was made and refused. Eventually this sum, subscribed by the chief persons in the town, was accepted; an organized pillage then recommenced, and was kept up from noon until six in the evening, during which time the troops laid their hands upon all valuables within their reach. A shoemaker was condemned and shot for firing upon the Prussian soldiers.

The siege of Paris necessarily proceeds slowly, and offers just now few points of interest. On account of the immense strength of her fortifications, and the extensive area to be occupied by the Prussians, it is altogether doubtful whether a regular siege, such as that of Strasbourg, will ever be attempted. As to the report that a bombardment will be commenced in a few days, that may or may not be true, according to the progress the Prussians have made in locating batteries within range. Thus far we have no news to that effect. General Trochu continues to make sorties in every direction with more or less success. The plan of King William and General von Moltke seems to be to starve

Paris into a capitulation, but, owing to the Army of the Loire, which is about ready for the offensive, this will most likely prove ineffectual.

Before the capitulation of Metz, Bazaine buried a *caisse d'armee*, containing 40,000,000 francs in gold and 10,000,000 in silver. The Germans had received information about the treasure and forced Bazaine to reveal where he buried it. At Sedan, on the eve of the capitulation, the French officers divided among themselves the contents of the army chest.

It appears to be true that three French gentlemen of note have been shot in Paris. One is said to have been the Vicomte de Castelbajac, who was a competitor at Hurlingham in the international pigeon match last June. M. Cartier, a member of the French Jockey Club, was, it is said, another, and the name of the third has not appeared. It is rumored that they were at the head of a small party which was in favor of surrender, and endeavored to communicate with the enemy by balloon. The scheme is said to have been discovered by General Trochu, who condemned the offenders.

Formidable engines of war are said to be in the course of manufacture at Lyons and experiments have been made with a steam mitrailleuse at 1,200 metres, which were, it is said, satisfactory. The inventors say that the range of the machine is 4,000 metres.

M. FAVRE'S CIRCULAR.—The text of M. Favre's recent circular to the representatives of France in foreign countries is published. He says:—"The Chancellor of the North German Confederation, in the course of our interview, mentioned that, in the event of the principle of cession of territory being admitted, the surrender by France of Strasbourg, or Alsace, Metz and a part of Lorraine would be demanded.—The Chancellor makes use of the observation that these conditions may be aggravated by the continuance of the war. This, in fact, he declared to me, and I thank him for mentioning it himself. It is well that France should know how far the ambition of Prussia goes.—She will not stay her course when she has conquered two of our provinces. She will pursue coldly the systematic work of annihilation.—After having solemnly announced to the world through the mouth of her King that the only objects of her ill-will were Napoleon and his soldiers, she abandons herself to the task of destroying the French people. She ravages the soil, burns the villages, and oppresses the inhabitants with requisitions, shoots them when they cannot satisfy her wants, and expends all the resources of science on a war of extermination. France has now no illusions left. The question for her now is, shall she or shall she not exist. In proposing to her peace at the price of those departments which are united to her by close affection she has been offered dishonor. This she has rejected. Death is to be her punishment. Behold her exact position. Vain to tell her that there is no shame in being conquered. Still vainer to say that she must submit to the conditions imposed by defeat.—Vain to add that Prussia has a right to take back the violent and unjust conquests of Louis XIV. Such objections are beside the question. France does not seek for impotent consolation in the too easy explanation of the causes which have brought about her defeat. The very day she regained the control of her own affairs she loyally offered reparation, with this reserve only, that the reparation cannot be in the form of a cession of territory. Why? Is it because of the loss itself? No but because it would be a violation of the justice and equity of which the Chancellor of the North German Confederation seems to hold such little account. She refers us back to the conquests of Louis the Fourteenth. Will he return to the *status quo* by which those were immediately preceded? Will he reduce his master to the dual crown that paid homage to the kings of Europe? If in the transformation which Europe has undergone Prussia has, from an insignificant State, become a powerful monarchy, is it not to conquest that she owes it? But with the two centuries which have favoured this transformation there has taken place a change still deeper and of a higher character than that. Human rights have come out from the abstract regions of philosophy. These rights are every day taking stronger hold on the world, and it is those Prussia tramples under foot when she tries to tear from us two provinces which, as she herself confesses, reject her rule.

DR. RUSSELL'S ESTIMATE OF THE STRENGTH OF PARIS.—In a letter, dated Headquarters, Versailles, October 12, Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the Times, writes, regarding the difficulty of taking Paris:—"I give," he says, "my own opinion *quantum valet*, and that is—Paris is not to be battered or reduced by violent siege processes very readily. The ground is generally unfavourable to parallel and sap, and even to the erection of effective breaching batteries. As far as I know, there are only two violent processes of which regular fortresses can be taken—viz., annihilation by bombardment, which is difficult and tedious, and regular approaches, which, under certain conditions, are not more easy or rapid. Generally speaking, the site of the forts has been well selected. Some, indeed, are at present inaccessible, and some can never be effected except by the full of all the rest. It may be as well to state that there is no truth in the report that the redoubt of Genevilliers is in Prussian hands or that the French have given up the work near Villejuif, or been driven out of it. There are, in fact, several positions which promise to be of serious incident in the siege, not included in the original design of the fortifications. Take any ordinary contoured map and you can see how the ground lies, and how great a range will be required to reach the works, and long ranges in direct and horizontal fire means, *pro tanto*, loss of power: I dare not trust myself to speak of 'ameliorations and improvements' which have been introduced into war making. I do not believe in them. Admit that there is more national aid given to the wounded, and larger philanthropy at work out of the field—contrast

sacks and dragonnades with the present genteel practice of belligerency and see if, in comparison with the progress and enlightenment of the age, war is not still, when the tinsel is off a very homicidal, houseburning, pillaging sort of business, in which it is frightful to be at the wrong side of the ledger.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.—The Spectator protests against the idea of the decadence of France. So far from thinking that France shows signs of martial decadence, we think she shows signs that her people have improved, that they are more ready to fight than they have ever been, much more ready than in 1713 or 1815. Then, as to civil capacity, look to the whole record instead of part of it. Natural leaders, of course, there are none, for senators, deputies, officials, generals, were all Imperialists, and the aristocracy has apparently ducked under, but where but in France could civil chiefs be so rapidly improvised, or so readily obeyed? Here is a Marseillaise lawyer, of Genoese extraction, who drops out of a balloon, remarks that he is going to save France if he can, and from Tours to Marseilles accumulates all authority into his hands. Who is "pronouncing" against Gambetta? The leader has not yet appeared—when did the Man of Destiny turn up in six weeks?—but what other country ever improvised a Government so well out of such materials, built a working machine by such a device as intrusting a dictatorship to the members for the capital? Just imagine the sort of obedience English counties would pay to self-elected Secretaries of States, representing London vestries, and supposed to be of dangerous, though uncertain political tendencies? We do not know all or much that this Government is doing, but we do know that it finds money to go on, that it has fortified Paris, that it has established two centres of government; that it is improvising armies, one of which—the Parisian one—impresses Barou Von Moltke—not a bad judge of such a thing—with evident respect; that it is creating an artillery; that it does somehow carry on the official life of France. How it does it we do not know, for no correspondent so much as alludes to such matters; but it does it somehow, and that in the teeth of gigantic difficulties—such, for example, as the "League of the Fifteen Departments," that is, of a virtual declaration of independence on the part of Southern France. That very declaration shows a power of local action which, badly managed as it is everywhere, is a sign of life, of political vigour and capacity we had scarcely expected in the provinces of France.

THE PROGRESS OF A LUXURY.—For thirty years the fashionable world has been perfumed with Murray and Lanman's Florida Water, and its fame has been spreading as time flew. Having taken precedence of all other toilet odors in the United States, it passed to the Southern Peninsula, and thence to all Spanish America, continental and insular. When California became a State, she demanded it; and then Australia received it. With every civilized community in the Western world its name is a household word, its fragrance and refreshing power a household blessing. And still its reputation extends, and is likely to extend, to wherever an exquisite floral perfume is appreciated.

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

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

HEART DISEASE, WITH GREAT DISTRESS AFTER EATING, ENTIRELY CURED.

Sault au Recollet, C. E., Jan. 2, 1864.

Messrs. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—For six years I have been suffering from disease of the heart and sickness of the stomach, with much distress after eating. I determined to try Bristol's Sarsaparilla, and after the first bottle I experienced great relief, and after using four bottles I found myself entirely cured. I believe it to be my duty to make these facts known, and to say that I had previously been bled several times, by different physicians from the city, as well as from the country, without receiving any perceptible benefit. It is now six months since I used the last bottle of Sarsaparilla, and I have had no return of illness. I have the honor to be, dear sirs, Your obedient servant, THEOPHILE PAQUET.

No. 468 J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardiner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all dealers in medicine.

WHY BRISTOL'S PILLS ARE POPULAR. Because they relieve the bowels, tone the stomach, regulate the liver, and promote the general vigor of the system, without causing pain. Because their action is not followed by increased constipation, and the necessity for larger doses. Because they are a safe cathartic for the weakest, as well as active enough to relax the constipated passages in the strongest. Because they create an appetite and revive the mental energies. Because they never produce tenesmus, but act like a healing balm on the irritated membranes of the stomach and intestines. Because no mineral ingredient pollutes the pure vegetable, anti-bilious, and aperient substances of which they are composed. And because they act in harmony with nature, and without violence. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

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

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

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

A BENEFACTRESS.

Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are sure, that we will teach our "Susy" to say, "A BLESSING ON MRS. WINSLOW," for helping her to survive and escape the gripping, colicking and teething siege. We confirm every word

set forth in the PROSPECTUS. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your "Cordial," "Paregoric," "Drops," "Laudanum," and every other "Narcotic," by which the babe is dragged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her "Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents per Bottle. Sold by all Drug-gists.

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

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

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Reach directly the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. OBTAIN ONLY the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from:—

E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., New York, HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. P. WILLS, New York. Hon. C. A. PHILLIPS, Pres. Mass. Senate, Dr. G. F. BIRLOW, Boston, Prof. EDWARD NORTH, Clinton, N. Y.

SURGEONS in the ARMY, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box.

"Troches," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with fac-simile of the proprietors,

JOHN I. BROWN & SON,

on outside wrapper of box, and private Government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.



RESTORE YOUR SIGHT. SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS.

OLD EYES MADE NEW.

All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.

Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless. The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.

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

- 1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness, or Dimness of Vision, commonly called Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epiphora, Running or Watery Eyes; 5. Sore Eyes, Specially treated with the Eye Cups, Cure Guaranteed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of Inflammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; 9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Myopia, 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 followed, or we will refund the money.

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 refinement, 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 imposition."

Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."

Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.

Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK.

REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age."

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to

Dr. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

For the worst cases of MYOPIA, or NEAR SIGHTEDNESS, use our New Patent Myopic Attachments applied to the IVORY EYE CUPS has proved a certain cure for this disease.

Send for pamphlets and certificates free. Waste no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your nose and disfigure your face.

Employment for all. Agents wanted for the new Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups, just introduced in the market. The success is unparalleled by any other article. All persons out of employment, or those wishing to improve their circumstances, whether gentlemen or ladies, can make a respectable living at this light and easy employment. Hundreds of agents are making from \$5 TO \$20 A DAY. To live agents \$20 a week will be guaranteed. Information furnished on receipt of twenty cents to pay for cost of printing materials and return postage.

Address

Dr. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 967, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

Nov. 18, 1870.

TEACHER WANTED,
To teach French and English. Salary liberal. Address Prepaid.
M. GRACE,
Secretary and Treasurer,
St. Canute, P.Q.

WANTED,
A LADY (aged 40) who has for several years past kept house for Clergymen, is desirous of obtaining a similar situation.
Address "E.L.," True Witness Office.

WANTED,
A Situation as ORGANIST, by a Young Lady who thoroughly understands Vocal and Instrumental Music. Address, stating terms, "A. B.," True Witness Office, Montreal.

TEACHER WANTED.
OWING to the great number of Students who have flocked to MASSON COLLEGE, for the Scholastic Year, another English Teacher is needed. One competent to teach Grammar and Arithmetic will find a situation in this Establishment, by applying as soon as possible to the Superior of Masson College, Terreboune, Province of Quebec.
Masson College, 14th Sept., 1870.

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

F. GREENE,
576, CRAIG STREET,
Near C. P. P. R. Waiting Room,
PRINCIPAL STEAM FITTER AND PLUMBER,
GAS-FITTER, &c.

PUBLIC and private buildings heated by hot water on the latest and decidedly the most economical system yet discovered being also entirely free from danger.

F. O'FARRELL,
CARRIAGE, HOUSE, SIGN AND DECORATIVE
PAINTER,
GLAZIER, PAPER-HANGER, &c., &c.
Corner of
ST. MARGARET AND ST. ANTOINE STREETS
Montreal.

N.B.—Orders respectfully solicited, and executed with promptness.
Montreal, June 25, 1869:

F. CALLAHAN,
JOB PRINTER,
28 ST. JOHN STREET,
CORNER OF NOTRE DAME,
(Over J. McEntyre's Clothing Store.)
MONTREAL.

**SMITH'S
AMERICAN
ORGANS!**
FACILITIES

for the production of Musical Instruments consists of
**Well-chosen Materials,
Labor-saving Machinery,
Musical Knowledge and Experience,
Refined Taste in Decoration,
Division of Manual Labor,
Active Personal Supervision, and
Ample Capital.**
The Messrs. SMITH believe that their FACILITIES ARE UNEQUALLED and that their establishment cannot be surpassed in any of these particulars.

But it is not claimed that the AMERICAN ORGAN is sold at the lowest price,—as the manufacturers have no desire to waste their time upon feeble and characterless instruments, nor to furnish a supply of dissatisfactions, even at the low price of \$50 each. Nothing worthy can be produced for such a sum
BY ANY HOUSE WHATSOEVER.
THE Messrs. SMITH mean to make ONLY the best reed instruments, and they are satisfied that the discriminating public is willing to pay the value of what it gets.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN
is elegant in appearance,—thoroughly constructed,—with powerful and steady bellows,—with exquisitely-voiced reeds,—finely contrasted qualities of tone, and ingenious mechanical contrivances for increase of power and for expression.
This excellence is not the result of chance, but follows their well-devised system, so that each Organ is perfect of its kind; there is no more chance for inferior work than in the Springfield Army.
EVERY INSTRUMENT IS WARRANTED.
* An elegantly Illustrated Circular, containing descriptions and prices, will be sent, post-paid, on application.
Twenty Years Established! 30,000 in use!
GET THE BEST.
S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
BOSTON, MASS.
FOR SALE BY
LAURENT, LAFORCE, & CO.,
225 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, Q.
June 3, 1870.

GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS
TO THE BENEFACTORS OF THE
NEW CHURCH OF ST. ALPHONSUS, OF WINDSOR, IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, CANADA.
To take place in the Town Hall of Windsor, Ont., on Thursday, the 1st day of December, A.D., 1870.
ANY ONE CONTRIBUTING \$1.00 WILL BE CONSIDERED A BENEFACTOR.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL GIFTS.
1 Two large Silver Medallions. The gift of his Holiness Pope Pius IX.
2 A number of most beautiful Steel Engravings [valued at \$300.] The gift of His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.
3 An Oil Painting of St. John the Baptist [valued at \$300.] The gift of the Banker Guerin, President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at Lyons.
4 A Mosaic of Marble [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Marquis de Bonneville, French Ambassador at the Papal Court.
5 An Oil Painting of Pope Pius IX [valued at \$150.] The gift of a Roman Artist.
6 A number of Coloured Steel Engravings, representing the Mosaics of the principal Roman Basilicas [valued at \$100.] The gift of Chevalier de Rossi, the Pope's Antiquarian.
7 An ECCE HOMO [valued at \$100.] The gift of the Rector of the French Church of St. Louis at Rome.
8 The gift of the Royal Family at Naples, comprising several articles of curiosity [valued at \$600].
9 Several small Oil Paintings, presented by several Roman Artists [valued at about \$250].
10 A large Huldreich Bible, magnificently bound [valued at \$30.] The gift of the Right Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Bishop of London, Canada.
11 The gift of the Right Rev. P. A. Pinsonault, D.D., Bishop of Birtula in Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
12 The gift of the Right Rev. Ignace Bourget, D.D., Bishop of Montreal in Canada [valued at \$50].
13 An Alabaster Statue of the Blessed Virgin [valued at \$50.] The gift of Canon Houpert, a member of several learned societies.
14 The gift of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, of Windsor, Ont., [valued at \$80.]
15 A beautiful Arm Chair [valued at \$100.] The gift of Mrs. Wm. G. Hall, of Windsor, Ont.

Besides a large number of other valuable gifts, consisting of Comets, Bracelets of Precious Stones, Coral Necklaces, &c.

BUILDING COMMITTEE OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. ALPHONSUS, WINDSOR, ONT.
Patrick Conway, Merchant.
D. K. Butler, Merchant.
Vital Ouellette, Esq.
Daniel Goyeau, Esq.
Edward Hunnahan, Esq.
Rev. J. H. Wagner, Pastor, of Windsor.
John O'Connor, Member of Parliament, Essex.
Francis Caron, Police Justice, Windsor.
Alexander H. Wagner, Postmaster, Windsor.
Charles E. Casgrain, M. D.
Pierre Langlois, Esq.
John Montreuil, Esq.
James Cotter, Esq.
Alexander Marantette, Esq.
Achille H. Ouellette, Esq.

BANKRUPT SALE.
THE GREAT
BANKRUPT SALE
OF
W. B. BOWIE & CO.'S STOCK,
STILL CONTINUES
AT
3 9 5
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.
P. McLAUGHLIN & CO.
May 13, 1870.

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

CIRCULAR.
MONTREAL, May, 1867.
THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, FISH, 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 Provisionary,
443 Commissioners Street,
Opposite St. Ann's Market.
June 14th, 1869. 12m.

BURNS & MARKUM,
(Successors to Kearney & Bro.)
PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS,
TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS, &c.,
NO. 675, CRAIG STREET, 675,
(Two Doors West of Bleury.)
MONTREAL.
JOBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

G. & J. MOORE,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
OF
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
CATHEDRAL BLOCK,
NO. 239 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.
Cash Paid for Raw Furs.



SEWING MACHINES
THE FIRST PRIZE was awarded to J. D. LAWLOR at the late Provincial Exhibition held in Montreal September 1868, for making the best SINGER SEWING MACHINES manufactured in the Dominion of Canada.

The Subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully begs to announce to his numerous customers and the public in general, that he has always on hand a large and varied assortment of First-Class Sewing Machines, both of his own manufacture, and from the best makers in the United States,—having all the latest improvements and attachments. Among which are—
The Singer Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Howe Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Atina Family and Manufacturing Machines.
The Florence Family "Reversible Feed". A new Family Shuttle Machine with stand, price \$30; also a new Elliptic Family Machine, (with stand complete), \$23; Wax-Thread Machines, A B, and C.
I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have Testimonials from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enable me to sell First Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent. less than any other Manufacturer in the Dominion. I therefore offer better machines and better terms to Agents.
Local Travelling Agents will do well to give this matter their attention.
A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.
Principal Office—365 Notre Dame Street.
Factory—48 Nazareth Street, Montreal.
Branch Offices—23 St. John Street, Quebec, 78 King Street, St. John, N.B.; and 18 Prince Street, Halifax, N.S.
All kinds of Sewing-Machines repaired and improved at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street; and in the Adjusting Rooms over the Office.
J. D. LAWLOR,
365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

**ROYAL
INSURANCE COMPANY.**
FIRE AND LIFE:
Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Advantages to Fire Insurers.
The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this branch:
1st. Security unquestionable.
2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude.
3rd. Every description of property insured at moderate rates.
4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.
The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its life Assurer—
1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership.
2nd. Moderate Premiums.
3rd. Small Charge for Management.
4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.
H. L. ROUTH,
Agent, Montreal.
February 1, 1870 12m.

JOHN CROWE,
BLACK AND WHITE SMITH,
BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER,
AND
GENERAL JOBBER,
No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37,
Montreal.
ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

M. O'GORMAN,
Successor to the late D. O'Gorman,
BOAT BUILDER,
SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON.
An assortment of Skiffs always on hand.
OARS MADE TO ORDER.
SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

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

F. A. QUINN,
ADVOCATE,
No. 49, St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

JONES & TOOMEY,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTERS,
GRAINERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS,
&c.,
No. 118 & 120 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
MONTREAL.
ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

P. McLAUGHLIN & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
No. 395, NOTRE DAME STREET,
Third Door West of St. Peter Street,
MONTREAL.
April, 8, 1870.

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

BRUNO LEDOUX,
CARRIAGE MAKER,
AND
MANUFACTURER OF VEHICLES OF ALL
KINDS,
125 & 127, ST. ANTOINE STREET,
MONTREAL.
At the above establishment will always be found a complete assortment of Vehicles of all kinds. Repairs done on the shortest notice. Encourage Home Industry. Mr. Bruno Ledoux has been awarded several Prizes at the Provincial Exhibition of 1868.

**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. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a
HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
LOWELL, MASS.
PRICE \$1.00.

JUST PUBLISHED.
THE PARADISE OF THE EARTH; or The True Means of Finding Happiness in the Religious State, according to the Rules of the Masters of Spiritual Life. Originally Published with the Approbation of several French Bishops, and many Religious Superiors and Directors. It is full of the choicest selections from Bourdaloue, Massillon, St. Jure, F. Guilloire, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, and others. Translated from the French of L'Abbe Sanson, by the Rev. F. Ignatius Sik.

The object of this Work is to assist in removing a want so much felt in our Religious Houses, arising from so many of our valuable Spiritual Books being written in French and other languages, and so few in ours. Though designed more particularly for those who have consecrated themselves to God in the Religious State, it abounds in useful instruction for such as live in the world.
Cloth bevelled edges.
American price in Greenback.....\$1.25
Montreal " " Gold.....1.00

THE INVITATION HEEDED.—Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity. By James Kent Stone, D.D., late President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges.
Cloth bevelled.
American price in Greenbacks.....\$1.50
Montreal " " Gold.....1.25

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. From the Italian of Scuncio Franco S.J.
From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—It would be difficult, in our opinion, to find another work which unites in the same degree the two qualities of solidity and devotion. It is full ofunction as it is of instruction; and its perusal cannot fail to detach the heart of the reader from material allurements, by enkindling in it the love of our divine Redeemer. It shows the infinite excellence of that Divine Heart, which has put no limits in its love for men; and the unspeakable benefits attending the devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Cloth 18 vo.
American price in Greenbacks.....75 cts.
Montreal " " Gold.....60 "
Cheap Edition, paper bound.....25 "
Nearly ready in a very neat volume of nearly 600 pages, 12o., cloth bevelled.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, in which are narrated her Combats and her Victories in times of Persecution, Heresy and Scandal, and wherein is shown that her Preservation is a Divine Work.
Compiled and translated from the best authors. By Rev. THOMAS NOXTON.
American price in Greenbacks.....\$2.00
Montreal.....1.60
A discount of the above prices to the Rev. Clergy and Trade.
Any of the above Books sent free by Mail on Receipt of price.
Address,
D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.
COMMENCING ON
MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th,
The Subscriber will sell the
ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE
OF
STAPLE & FANCY GOODS,
OF THE LATE FIRM OF
Messrs. DUPRESNE, GREY & CO.,
INSOLVENTS,
And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favor of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements.
The Stock will be sold at the Old Stand,
454 NOTRE DAME STREET,
NEAR MCGILL.
P. McLAUGHLIN,
Manager

OWEN M'GARVEY,
MANUFACTURER
OF EVERY STYLE OF
PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE,
Nos. 7, 9, AND 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(2nd Door from McGill Str.)
Montreal.
Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

GEO. A. CONSTITT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
PERTH, CO. LANARK, ONT.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
[ESTABLISHED IN 1826.]
THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address.
E. A. & C. R. MENEELY,
West Troy, N. Y.

