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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 40.

MONA THE VESTAL.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ST. PATRICK.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"He to whom the bards refuse those last offices is deemed accursed, and his spirit wanders in darkness and gloom, through woods, morasses, and fen, where the piping winds blend their lament, and the Banshee's moan in terrific sounds together. For these accursed ones the probation of transmigration of spirits is denied."

"Pardon me, noble Abaris," said Clotaire, reverently. "Thy vocation is indeed enviable. Thy order is indeed the genius of enlightened government,—a mighty magician, who swayeth the minds of men at will. Brute force and brute triumphs are admirable; but those who conquer and subdue without arms are worthy of all honor."

"Our functions do not disqualify us for the highest honors in the gift of the nation," continued Abaris. "The greatest and wisest of Erin's legislators and kings was *Eochaidh*, a bard, whose reign constitutes the most memorable epoch in our history. Being a prince of profound learning, and wishing to unite his reverence for his order with his royal dignities, he assumed the name of OLLAMH FOMULA.† But let us drop these grave matters, and divert ourselves with the scenes below."

"By Pallas! those throngs of mortals, who in every direction are moving toward Tara, with banners of green and gold, which gleam in the sunlight, only a degree brighter than the robes they wear, remind me of the great tournament I once saw at Paris," exclaimed the enthusiastic young noble.

"It is not only a fair pageant," said Abaris, proudly, while his cheeks glowed and his eyes flashed, "but in all the scene you behold evidences of a nation's glory and prosperity. But we linger here too long; let us hasten away to rejoice with Semo, who is even now approaching the south gate of the city."

"Shall we, Ulric of Heidelberg and I, reside with Semo at Tara?" inquired the young count, anxiously.

"Nay, noble stranger: Semo will spend his time between the council-chamber and the temple. Thou and Count Ulric will be the guests of my father, the King of Munster."

"And thyself, Abaris:—we shall not be separated, I hope?"

"I belong to the temple also. My duties will leave me no time for social pleasures," he replied, gravely.

"I shall not be so churlish as to refuse the proffered hospitality of thy house, for I, like all my countrymen, am fond of the courtesies and refinements of life; but—pardon my forwardness—there are no daughters belonging to thy father's household?"

"I have five sisters, sir count, who are called the crown-jewels of Munster, because they are as good as they are fair, and a mother whose maternal virtues are the glory of her family," said the bard, with tender pride. "Of my five sisters two only are at home. One is the consort of the King of Ulster; one—the youngest and loveliest—is a vestal of Nerf; one is lady of honor to the Queen of Laogare. Under the auspices of my mother and the two maidens who remain with her, thou wilt see not only the beautiful maids of Erin, but the customs and manners of our highest classes. Now for a gallop over the plains of Magh-Breagh toward Tara."

When Semo, with his cortege, reached the gates of the city, he was met by a courier from the monarch, who handed him a vellum billet, and informed him that one of the royal chariots with an escort of honor, awaited his pleasure. He opened the note, which contained only a few words, and without a remark entered the chariot, and was driven rapidly off toward the palace of Tara.

In a lofty chamber, whose walls were incrustated with Italian marble and gold,—where the light flowed in through glass windows which were stained in gorgeous dyes,—where chairs and couches of carved oak, inlaid with silver and pearl and covered with the richest stuffs,—where from the slender pillars hung draperies from the looms of Egypt and Ind,—where, under shaded arches, set far back, like sacred things, were heaps of old Etruscan and Phoenician manuscripts,—where stood a table covered with charts, treaties, and Miletian books of law, with implements of writing in gold and silver,—where, in a place of honor, stood a harp studded with jewels,—was the monarch Laogare. He was a tall, majestic-looking personage, who wore his kingly robes with a royal air, and whose countenance indicated intelligence, frankness, and wisdom, with an occasional flash in his eyes which also told of an ardent and impetuous temperament. His usual expression was cheerful, dignified, and unclouded; but when Semo the Arch-Druid entered his cabinet,

his countenance wore a flushed and troubled look. He stepped forward, and, after saluting the aged Druid, led him to a seat beside his own. An attendant entered with refreshments; but Semo—rigid in all the observances of his order—partook only of a thin cake of wheaton bread and a goblet of water, then, turning to the king, awaited in grave silence the opening of the business which had brought him hither with such unusual speed.

"Thou wilt pardon me, venerable Semo," said the monarch, "that, having matters of grave import weighing on my mind,—matters which threaten the ancient institution of Erin with danger,—I have thus hastily sought thy counsel."

"Whatever bodes evil to Erin, O king, bodes it also to me; and whatever threatens her monarch touches the soul of mine honor," said Semo, slowly.

"But this foe aims directly at thy order.—It would overthrow the power of the temple, and crush the dogmas which we inherit from our forefathers and Phoenicians."

A shudder passed over Semo, which shook his robes; but, commanding himself, he replied, in calm, firm tones,—

"I am old and calm! Speak out, royal Laogare; speak out; and if this evil can be remedied by my counsels, they are thine. If they are powerless, let the *Rusga Catha* ring through Tara, and the foes of Erin be swept away by her chiefs, like chaff before the whirlwind."

"Know, then, that one who calleth himself Patricius has landed in Drogheda, where the Boyne falls into the sea, and is preaching his strange doctrines with such fervor that not only the people, but many of the nobles, have been converted to his novel creed. He declares that the religion taught by the Druids is vile and idolatrous, while the God whom he worships is powerful and alone worthy of the homage of mankind."

Just then the door opened, and the arch-priest of Laogare entered, with alarm and trepidation depicted on every feature. Not heeding the presence of Semo, in his impetuous haste, he knelt before Laogare, exclaiming,—

"Royal sir, Sesonon, the Lord of West-Meath, with all his family, has embraced the doctrines of the audacious stranger Patricius, who preaches an atonement through a crucified God, and pours libations in his honor on the heads of all who receive his word."

"Sesonon! sayst thou Sesonon is a traitor to the religion of his fathers? Sesonon, the bravest and most honored of our chiefs? Send hither the Grand Master of the Knights of Tara. But hold! Dabtach! where hath this infidel, this stirrer-up of sedition, concealed himself?" cried the indignant monarch.

"He scorns all concealment, royal Laogare, and is even now encamped at *Firta-Fir-Trec*, on the banks of the Boyne, with his disciples," replied Dabtach.

"Summon the Knights of Tara and the Red Branch to the rescue!" cried the monarch, more than ever enraged. "I will in person lead them out to destroy this man, who beards us on our very throne."

"Monarch," said Semo, rising, "think not that I have traveled from the mouth of the Shannon to Tara without learning something of this man. A native of Gaul, he was in early youth sold by pirates to one Milocho, who appointed him to the care of his herds. After serving his seven years, he returned to the continent, from thence to Rome, where, by his address and great art he secured friends, who advanced his interests and fortunes at Court. He returns to Erin as the ambassador of Celestine, the sovereign of Rome, endowed with munificent gifts and a patent of nobility, which gives him a rank next to emperors. Hence we must be cautious. What we would withhold from the man must be conceded to the ambassador. The vengeance of our outraged and insulted order could and should easily crush the man, were he not invested with the robes of an imperial envoy. Let us wait. He has as yet only seduced men by false doctrines; but should he encroach a hair's breadth beyond the limits of his functions, let the gods be avenged."

"Speak on, venerable Semo: thy words are full of wisdom," said Laogare.

"Two days hence," continued the Arch-Druid, "the Baal-fire will be kindled on the plains of Magh-Breagh. Send a proclamation to Patricius, warning him that all fires must be extinguished, according to the ancient laws, on that day, and no spark kindled except the Baal-fire, from which alone it will be lawful for him, as well as the natives of Erin, to rekindle the blaze on his hearthstone. Then summon him to appear with his credentials, the following day, in the hall of Tara, where, before the assembled power and wisdom of Erin, he can declare his mission."

"Go, Dabtach, with two of the knights of Tara, and courteously give greeting to the stranger Patricius, inform him of our customs, and invite his attendance before the congress of Tara," said Laogare, throwing himself back, with a wearied look, in his chair. Semo, gathering up his robes, glided out, to be present at the rites of the temple, where they were waiting for him, and Dabtach, the bard, with-

drew to fulfill the commands of the monarch.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BAAL-FIRE.

Through the gates of a broad marble court, Abaris, the bard, conducted his guests toward the vestibule of the royal palace of his father, the provincial King of Munster. Here he, in his father's name, welcomed them in courteous and affable terms, after which he spoke a few words of greeting to the numerous attendants, who thronged with reverential affection around him.

"We will now seek my mother and sisters, noble sirs," he said, inviting them, with a graceful gesture, to enter. Passing through an oblong hall, paneled with oak, they entered an apartment in the form of a peristyle, surrounded by slender pillars of polished marble. In the midst of the marble floor, whose inlaid pattern of colored stones vied with the painter's skill, was a fountain, which threw up toward the fretted ceiling two tiny jets of water, which, issuing from the throats of serpents whose scales were of gold, descended again in crystal gems over the mosses and flowers and winged myths which were arranged about the margin of its artificial basin. The products of Ind and Greece, statuary from the sculptors of the Cyclades, vases of silver and porphyry from Egypt, loaded with spices or rich flowers, hangings of silk, mirrors of steel, lamps of gold on pedestals of alabaster, enriched the scene.

The royal matron of Munster, hearing of her son's arrival with two strangers, hastened to welcome them. Indescribably tender and respectful was the demeanor of Abaris toward his mother, while hers to him was full of maternal pride, deference for his bardic character, and a deep, quiet air of love. She was a stately matron, who yet retained the brightness and freshness of youth, chastened by a dignified and graceful demeanor in line keeping with her age and station. She received the two foreign nobles, the friends of her son, the guests of the nation, with a welcome so kind and cheering that it at once placed them on the footing of friends. Won by the elegant grace of Clotaire, and not chilled by the sullen courtesy of Ulric, she went out, and returned with her daughters Eileen and Eva, to whom she made the strangers known with words of commendation, after which she led the way to the eating hall, where a table was ready spread with every delicacy and substantial dish which the culinary art of the day had introduced. Here Ulric of Heidelberg grew unctuous and bland, and convinced Clotaire,—who generally observed his movements, because he mistrusted his character,—by the dexterity with which he disposed of the viands, that his vaunted heroism was all bombast, and his ruling passion gluttony.

Conversation and music whiled the hours away until evening, when they went, with the King of Munster, to pay their court at Tara to the Queen of Laogare, after which they witnessed the midnight procession which opened the Bealtin mysteries. The next morning the mother of Abaris invited them to accompany herself and daughters to the opening of the council of the ladies at the *Grimnan-na-Niengham*, where they were dazzled by the beauty and splendor of the fair members of the council; from thence to the sacred grove, where the Druids and vestals performed solemn ceremonies in view of the people; after which they proceeded, in chariots, to the plains of Magh-Breagh, to witness the games and races of the Athlete.

Thus, in a continual whirl of pleasant novelty two days of the great festival sped by. But amid the pomps and pageants, the splendors and pleasures, of the scene, the thoughts of Clotaire wore one sad hue; his heart was shaded by its first grief; he had loved and lost in the same hour. As lightning sometimes impresses surrounding objects on the flesh of the victim it has stricken, so Mona's image, her wild, tender eyes, her splendid beauty, were indelibly stamped on his memory. In every scene, in sunshine and shadow, it walked with his inner life, and through its medium he saw all exterior things.

"Wilt thou accompany us to the procession of the vestals of Nerf to-night?" asked Eileen.

"By all means," quickly replied Ulric.—"Count Clotaire would rather lose his spurs than the sight of the pageant."

"It is very solemn and beautiful," replied Eileen, not perceiving the covert sneer, "though the vestals are all veiled, and we can only imagine the loveliness and youth they have vowed to Nerf."

"Are those vestals never seen unveiled, Count Clotaire?" urged Ulric, with a malicious sneer.

"It depends entirely on circumstances, I presume, Count Ulric. Thou art aware that there are sometimes imperative circumstances which will not even allow the chastisement of insolence. Inexorable events may also tear off the drapery from the vestal's brow," he replied pointedly.

"Are the vestals of noble birth; or are they chosen from the people?" inquired Ulric, turning to Eileen, to hide his confusion.

\* It must be remembered that Ireland, at this period, was the seat of civilization, learning, luxury, and refinement.

"Some are of noble birth,—a few of royal parentage. Many are the daughters of the people. We have a sister who is a vestal of Nerf Naom."

"A sister! It seems to my rude understanding that there are only three things in Erin to which all pay undivided homage,—religion, learning, and hospitality."

"Yes, we pay homage to these; but they are not, believe me, the only objects of our veneration," she replied, smiling. "But tell me," she continued, as the Count of Bretagne led her sister to the harp; "what is this mystery about the vestal?"

"Only a little amour of the Count of Bretagne's, of which he is ashamed. He managed to see one of the vestals of Munster without her veil, and became desperately enamored of her charms. Unfortunately for him she disappeared, and he has been wearing the cypress ever since," he replied, in a low, sarcastic tone.

An expression of horror shaded Eileen's face as she glanced toward Clotaire, who, all unconscious, stood beside her sister, turning over the music as she played; and, after a few remarks on indifferent subjects, she left the room to seek her mother, to whom she imparted the news she had just heard. Ere long a messenger came with a courteous apology to the two nobles, and a request to the Lady Eva to attend her mother, who was going to the palace of Tara on a visit to the Queen.—Chagrined and disappointed, Ulric cursed his stupidity and the malice which fell so speedily back on himself, while Clotaire, glad to be released, and happy in the prospect of solitude, hurried away to indulge his sadness by watching the vestals and thinking of Mona!

The next day was the grandest of the festival. Thousands and tens of thousands, in holiday attire, came in from hill and valley, from country-side and their homes by the distant sea, and congregated on the plains of Magh-Breagh. Tara emptied its thousands on the plain. From the banks of the Boyne, from the north and south, they still came, with pealing music and waving banners. With the braying of trumpets, the shrill scream of the *piobrach*, the softer notes of harps, and the anthems of human voices, they swept on,—a human ocean,—and surrounded the lofty altar, built of long narrow slabs of white marble, piled together, which towered like an isle of rock-crystal in the midst of the plain. The monarch, attended by his consort and family, the provincial kings and their families and retinues, the nobles and chieftains, in chariots whose adornments were of precious stones and the trappings of whose horses were links of silk, and gold, wound slowly—a splendid cortege—through the multitudes, toward it. There was a temporary throne, covered with cloth of gold, erected near the altar of Baal, on which the royal Laogare, surrounded by his court, took his station, in view of the vast concourse, who made the welkin ring with their shouts of fealty when they saw him standing crowned and robed in splendor, the protector of their own and their country's destinies.

Each individual carried either an unlighted taper of wax, or a torch of resinous wood.—Some of these were carved and twisted in grotesque forms; some were decked with flowers; some were moulded in the shape of birds, from whose peaks the oiled wick hung like a worm, others in the form of serpents, from whose open jaws it protruded like a tongue, while others, more elegant, were in the shape of flowers, the wick spread out in their cups like like delicate stamens. However much these tapers and torches differed, they were all intended for one object, which was to get light from the Baal-fire, to kindle the flame on their darkened hearth-stones.

The city was deserted, and more than a million of human beings were out in the plains of Magh-Breagh,—men of all ranks, ages, and climes,—to witness the solemnity. There was another feeling, besides reverence for the rites of their religion, which increased the interest of all present in the ceremonies. All had heard of Patricius and his doctrinal innovations. His tents on the banks of the Boyne were distinctly visible, and a rumor had gone abroad that he would in some signal manner show his contempt for the Bealtin ceremonies. At last, winding like a solemn current through the dense crowds, the Druids, bards, and brehons, led by the Arch-Druid Semo, moved along, to the sound of rolling anthems and deep-toned symphonies, toward the marble altar; while the human masses, pressed back on either side, like receding waves, made a clear pathway for them, paying them lowly homage as they passed. The Druids, arrayed in their magnificent robes, wrought with gold and blazoned with gems, their flowing locks crowned by the square caps of their order, with grave looks and majestic mien walked together in ranks of two and two.

The bards followed, arrayed in loose white *colthas*, confined about the waist by girdles, their limbs incased in a *truisse* of wet fitting closely and fastened about the ankles with stripes of the exact number of colors peculiar to their order, their beards flowing, and their long thick locks bound with fillets of gold, with their harps hanging pendant before them, and re-

ceived from the people, who believed them to be gifted with the powers of prophecy, a homage but little inferior to that they offered the Druids. After them came the brehons, or historians, clad in the distinctive dress belonging to their rank, and followed by the sacerdotal attendants and scholastics.

Meanwhile, Laogare, elevated by his position in full view of all, was observed to look pale and troubled, and threw more than one anxious glance toward the tents of the stranger, where all was silent and motionless.

Semo, bowed and faltering, assisted by two Druids, who bore between them, on a tray of gold, the fagots, tinder, and implements for kindling the sacred fire, ascended the steps of the altar, and, having reached the broad platform on top, stood with his head and hands uplifted, adoring the bright object of his worship. A hush, like the silence of the dead, fell on the hosts around, who with breathless awe watched his slightest movement. He held in his hand a framed crystal; and, after his assistants had arranged the fagots and tinder, he held it—uttering incantations all the while—so as to intercept the direct rays of the sun, now beaming on the scene in unclouded glory, and concentrate them into a powerful focus. In a few moments a light wreath of white smoke curled upward: it was wafted away, leaving in view a clear high flame of fire, which burned steadily and brightly. When the people saw it, a tremendous shout of exultation rent the air.—A burst of music, the clangor of trumpets, blended with the roar; but suddenly it was hushed: a wild fear and fury seemed to have fallen on all, when they saw Semo, ghastly, and shaking in every limb, with his arm outstretched toward the tents of Patricius, where, blazing fiercely and brightly, a large fire flamed up in the air.

"Behold, O son of Niall," exclaimed Semo, turning to Laogare,—"behold, sons of Heronun and Ir, how the daring stranger defies our sacred law and throws his infidel scorn on our most solemn rites. If those flames are not extinguished and trodden out, I tell thee, O king, that he who kindled it, and his successors, will hold the sovereignty of Erin forever."

"Venerable Semo," cried Laogare, in loud and distinct accents, "the fire thou hast drawn from heaven is sacred. That which hath been kindled by yon stranger is common flame, which imparteth neither curse nor blessing.—From its light the fires of Erin will not be rekindled. Therefore let it burn to ignoble ashes, while we light our torches at the sacred fires of Baal."

The Arch-Druid bowed his head, and another wild shout rolled upon the air, like thunder.

"To-morrow," continued the monarch, "this stranger shall answer for this insult to the representatives of all Erin, who will assemble in the great Hall of Tara, where he must either plead a good cause or suffer the penalty."

Laogare then gathered his robes about him, and, ascending the altar, adored for a moment, then held the point of his scepter, around which a taper of wax was twined, like a serpent, to the Baal-fire. When he withdrew it, and held it up, a small, strong flame was blazing on its point. This was the commencement of lighting up the hearth-stones of the kingdom from the Baal-fire. All who could, ascended and lit their tapers, or flambeaus, on the altar; those who were less fortunate contented themselves with the privilege of borrowing from a neighbor, quite satisfied to know that it all came from the same source; until the whole of that immense throng was supplied with a portion of the sacred fire, which they bore away rejoicing to their respective homes.

Meanwhile, the fire of Patricius burned low,—the white ashes were borne away like seeds on the wind; but it touched the roots of a dark mythology, whose branches it would wither and consume. In its ruddy light the Baal-fire had paled its demon glow; and, although the people knew it not then, it was to them as much a sign of promise as was the pillar of fire in the wilderness to the Israelites.

CHAPTER IX.—PATRICIUS.

There were to be no public processions that night. In the hidden recesses of the temple, before mysterious shrines, the awful and concluding rites of the festival, on which no profane eye might look, were to be celebrated.—But from the turrets and halls of Temora,\* from the palace of Tara, and from the city festive lights blazed out on the night, while the light sounds of music and mirth floated in sweet, wild echoes through the air. The streets, garlanded with flowers and brilliantly illuminated, presented a scene of unequalled gaiety and splendor. Every door was thrown open, and every portal wreathed with evergreens and roses. Ladies attired in silken robes which blazed with jewels, and attended by groups of nobles, princes, and knights, all arrayed in the magnificent and distinctive insignia of their respective orders, thronged the streets, saluting each other with pleasant words of recognition and many a gay jest, as they visited from one house to another, remaining a short time at each, uniting in the dance or

\* The palace of Laogare, the monarch.

† For a full description of the order of bards, see Mooney's very agreeable and instructive "History of Ireland."

† Learned Doctor.

song, exchanging words of cheer and greeting with friends, then sitting away to some other scene of splendor and hospitality. But in all of these gay assemblies might be seen groups of noble and grave men who discussed in low and impassioned tones the events of the day,—the audacious stranger whose tents were pitched on the banks of the Boyne, the prophecy of Semo the Arch-Druid, and all that would probably occur on the morrow, when Patricius, obeying the summons of the monarch, presented himself before the Assembly of the Estates.

Amid all this whirl of hospitality and festivity, the palace of the King of Munster was probably the center of attraction. The beauty of the ladies Eileen and Eva, and the presence of the two foreign nobles, whose adventures and personal appearance rumor had exaggerated into something almost fabulous, attracted there the largest and most splendid company in Tara.

Since the morning, Clotaire of Bretagne had noticed and felt a marked change in the conduct of the royal ladies of Munster toward him; but, unconscious of offense, and stung by the cold courtesy of their manner, and also nettled by the self-complaisant and patronizing air of Ulric the Saxon, who seemed to be in high favor, but who was wise enough to present no tangible point of offence, he withdrew from the brilliant circle to search for silence and solitude. The sight of beauty crowned with roses, the sound of music ringing out the full expression of the heart's poesy, the fairy, whirling, flashing dance, the dazzling lights, the lightsome jest and merry laugh, oppressed him; and, feeling all the sadness and isolation of a stranger in a strange land, although many a bright eye sought him, and many a beautiful face smiled on him to court a word or glance from the dark and noble stranger, he fled from it all, and wandered out beyond the gates of the city, across the plain, toward the river. There all was silent and dark. The pale glimmer of the stars over the scene, the sound of waves as the Boyne swept onward to the sea, added to the solemnity of the hour. Wrapping his toga closely about him, he quickened his pace, and, without an object except solitude, reached the shore of the river. Seeking a sheltered spot, which he soon found beneath a clump of willows whose long, green tresses swept the dark tide below, he paused to rest.

On the opposite shore a glimmer of lights suggested to him, for the first time, thoughts of the stranger from Rome who had that day mocked the power of the Druids and showed his contempt for the superstitions of their old and time-honored creed. And then, in the midst of that gloom and silence, where, free from the din and battle and seductions of life, Nature uttered her oracles, the mind of the young noble, ever open to the inspirations of good, began a new life. His soul, insensibly led by its eternal affinities, soared beyond the material boundaries which the world assigned it, and parted after supernatural strength and wisdom. He reviewed the magnificent pageant of Babel. Again he saw a nation surrounding that lofty altar, which now looked so white and ghastly beneath the stars. He saw the splendor of royalty, the chivalry of nobles, the wisdom and intellect of the age there assembled to pay superstitious reverence to a rite which they held sacred. He saw the Arch-Druid, the sage and virtuous Semo, the dispenser and enthusiastic high priest of the mythology he taught, ascend the sacred pile, while below, breathless and awe-struck, a people waited in expectation for the kindling of that flame which they, in their docile faith, believed came from heaven. Then he remembered the pause, the thrill, the horror which pervaded this grand array of temporal and spiritual majesty, when from the rising ground of *Nirta-Fir-Tiec*, before the tent of PATRICIUS, a bright flame, full of defiance and scorn, shot sky-ward, a sign and warning to all who saw it. Who had done this? A Cyrus or an Alexander, with hosts of legionaries to support and defend the aggression? Had the barbarians from Britain, led on by their Roman masters, poured their wild hordes upon the wave-washed shores of Erin, and marched hither to throw down the gauntlet of war on the plains of Magh-Breagh? It was none of these. Behind those tents lay no army. There were no hosts encamped under the shelter of yonder hills.—Only PATRICIUS was there. A single man! A preacher of novelties and strange doctrines, and a scornful witness of the sacred rites of the religion of the land,—a defiant enemy of the old and cherished faith which their fathers had brought from Phœnicia! The idea arose to sublimity. One man against a host of men! who had come, avowedly not to assuage mere opinions, but to destroy their temples and overthrow their altars.

"Dius Fidius! he is a brave philosopher, this Patricius! He must be either reckless of life, or fully conscious of a power that no human will can withstand. He is, no doubt, the master of great secrets. If he has faith in the superior excellence of his philosophy,—if he has discovered higher and brighter aims for man than those now known,—by the stars! it is godlike to offer himself to be immolated for the truth. If he is an impostor, seeking greed and power and courting success by audacity, there is still something grand and heroic in his daring: Hercules himself dared nothing greater. Shall the lesson be lost on me? Shall I, the descendant of heroes from remote antiquity,—conscious fully of all that I owe to the higher laws of virtue and morality,—with every instinct, I hope, full of good aspirations and truthful energy,—with the pride of a noble race, and the ambition to add a brighter link to the ancestral chain, warming my blood,—shall I sink ignobly down beneath the first storm of my life? Shall I die piping out my griefs because a blight has fallen on my heart? No, O Fate! No, O Mona! Over thy ashes will I raise a worthier fame! Inspired by thee, O lost love, will I consecrate my life to acts of heroic virtue, until, like Patricius, I can stand serene and fearless in the strength of my own power. Ha!" exclaimed the young

noble, suddenly thrown on his guard by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turned quickly, and saw a figure, muffled in a gray cloak of ample dimensions, standing beside him.

"Who art thou, wandering beyond the city gates at this hour?" demanded the stranger.

"I deny thy right to challenge me, sir stranger," replied the noble stripling.

"I am one of the guardians of the honor of Erin, and demand the reason of thy close neighborhood to the tent of the audacious Roman stranger."

"A close neighborhood, truly! Between us flows a broad, brawling river, over which are no bridges and on whose tide I see no curraghs. Dost take me for a bird or a fish?" said Clotaire of Bretagne, with fierce sarcasm.

"I know thee to be a stranger. To-day a stranger insulted the assembled majesty of Erin. I know thee, Count Clotaire of Bretagne!"

"Having no reason to be ashamed of my name, and with a good blade to defend it, I am Clotaire of Bretagne!" exclaimed he, drawing his Damascene blade from its sheath and standing on the defensive. "Stand back, sir stranger: I am armed. Stand back!"

"Forward is my motto, sir count!" said the stranger, throwing off his *fellug*, while he sprang on him with an agile movement, and threw his arms around him in such a close embrace that the Saracen blade was useless. A scuffle ensued, during which the nocturnal assailant acted entirely on the defensive, and engaged his opponent still more by giving vent, several times, to a low, mirthful laugh.

"Think it no discourtesy," he said, when at last, by a successful *coup-de-main*, he held the stripling count at his mercy.—"think it no discourtesy, my pupil, if I have tested thee somewhat roughly—"

"Abaris," exclaimed the young count, dropping his cimeter.—"Abaris, thou hadst need to humble me thus,—to test my capabilities for self-government, of which I have been dreaming like a fool. But why seek me thus, noble Abaris?"

"I sought thee not. Chance led me this way, and, hearing the sound of a voice which I thought I knew, I came hither with a noiseless step, and heard thy dreams, and determined to assure myself that they were not the dreams of an idle boaster. But I have been wishing to speak to thee all day, but could find no opportunity. A message might have been useless. Thou hast an enemy,—a bitter, implacable enemy."

"In Ulric of Heidelberg! I know it," he replied, calmly.

"Yes. Already has he poisoned the hearts of my family against thee by his extravagant and insidious tales about thy adventure with Mona the vestal. But listen: be calm. This Ulric is a dastard; and what punishment couldst thou inflict on such a thing which would be worthy a noble nature like thine? Thou must either beat him like a dog, or murder him; for he has not the courage to fight. For the honor of knighthood, thou wilt not do either; for the mere gratification of the baser impulses of vengeance, thou shalt not be led into crime. Leave him to me,—the craven! I will strip him until his designs are apparent, and expose him to the contempt and ignominy he merits; for in this land of ours treachery to friend or foe is ever visited with a wrath that withers the marrow in the bones,—silent and stern wrath, which makes a leper of its object and drives him from the haunts of his kind."

"He shall unsay this wrong! By Thor! he shall unsay this foul lie!" shouted Clotaire.

"Can a serpent heal the wounds his poisonous fangs have inflicted? Give him—thy contempt. Let him feel that he is powerless to harm thee," said Abaris. "Think not that I have been idle. I sent my father to Semo to hear the truth. Be sure that thy fair fame did not suffer; for Semo regards thee with unusual favor. By this time my mother and sisters know all, and feel pained on account of their coldness toward thee. Thou art already avenged; for this craven knight was a pretender to the hand of my sister Eileen, who will now spurn him; for her high, proud nature would rather mate with an adder than with such baseness. As to Mona, forget her. Such pining grief is unmanly."

"I may not forget Mona. I would not forget her. She is lost to me, in one sense, forever; but the thought of her, like some fair thing thrown amid the stars, will lead me, lure me to build high my aspirations, until the deeds they give birth to are as pure as Mona," exclaimed the young noble, with anguish on every feature.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

The following is an extract from a letter which we have received from one of our correspondents in Paris, dated the 12th of April:—"We never had during all the former sieges such noisy cannonade as we have had all last night and this morning. 'Oncle Balerian,' as the Germans called Mont Valerien, has never ceased thundering. Our house shook throughout once or twice in the night. The Reds do not seem to know what they are doing in the way of defence. One day they dug deep trenches across the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, and the next day they closed them up neatly again. Their drilling in the streets is quite comical even to the most unmilitary observer. They look half dead and are in rags. As a mass they may be said to form quite an inferior race, stunted, fierce, and stupid-looking and sickly. In all this hot weather they all ways go about with a thick coverlet rolled round their body, nobody knows why. They probably were told it was a 'military precaution' in January last. But it is not their appearance, poor devils, that is comical; it is the actual drilling. The officers know nothing, and treat their naked swords as they would walking sticks, dragging them along on the ground and poking at the pavement with the point. I have seen them actually throw their swords down on the ground while they ran to

administer a smart admonition to a man in the ranks. And the captain's or commandant's dress is almost always most eccentric. This Red insurrection will have had one good result: it has done much to appease the hatred towards the Germans. The German-spy fever is over. All respectable people would now prefer the Germans to the Communists. Even these latter see now that what they called savagery in the invader—bombardment, shooting of combatants out of uniform, &c.—is to be found among French soldiers at Versailles, and is, in fact, only war. I had a striking instance of this new feeling towards the Germans in the change—the miracle, I should say—which has been worked in the bosoms of the nuns of the convents of L'Esperance close by, in which I have a relation. For the last week or so the whole convent has been busy making up lay dresses in case the nuns should have to leave the convent and hide. I went there yesterday and showed them how to set about making their bonnets, poor creatures, and gave them an old one as a model. I found that my relative, with a dozen of the youngest nuns, had left by the Nord line, and had gone off to Abbey of Royoumont. They had chosen the Nord because they would soon meet the Prussians there! The Abbess added: "They will be perfectly safe there—there are 300 Prussians lodged in the convent. They are respectful and even pious. Some are Catholics and some are Protestants, Mais tous sont pieux et d'une convenance parfaite."—*Pitt Mall Gazette*.

A curious instance of the terrorism practised at Paris came under my notice (says Mr. S. J. Capper, in a letter to the *Times*) just as I was leaving Versailles. While sitting at a cafe I got into conversation with a soldier-like looking man. He spoke English, and had been a great part of his life in New York, where he was an under-officer in the militia. Two days ago the emissaries of the Commune arrested him at night, told him he must serve, and offered at once to make him a colonel. "I told them I would carefully consider the matter and give them an answer in the morning. In the morning I was at Versailles." This is all very well (the writer adds) for those who escaped; but how dreadful is the fate of the poor wretches who have not been able to escape, and who, against their will, are marched out to try conclusions with the shells of Mont Valerien!

The drollest *morceau* of modern Communism is that the clergy are all being arrested in order that they may be compelled to be ransomed. Each has his price according to his distinctive dignity. The Archbishop of Paris is estimated at £20,000, and the Bishop of Sosa at £8,000. A Vicar-General is considered to be on a financial par with a Bishop, but a distinguished Cure is estimated at half that value. So that the wisdom of the 19th century, as perfected by modern "Communism," points to a return to the feudal features of semi-barbarous warfare.

The *Times*' Correspondent says:—"A good criterion of the feeling of the Ultra Party may be obtained from the following extract from the *Montagne*, a journal of the Socialist Revolution. I have been forced to omit the strongest passages, which blaspheme the Deity and burlesque sacred things:—"

"In 1848, when Monsieur Affre was shot we believed in a Divine mission, and fancied that a Bishop's cope was of greater value than a workman's blouse. Education has made sceptics of us; the Revolution of '71 is atheistic; our Republic wears a bouquet of immortelles in her bosom. We take our dead to their homes and our wives to our hearts without a prayer. Priests! throw aside your frocks, turn up your sleeves, lay your hands upon the plough, for a song to the lark in the morning air is better than a mumbling of Psalms, and an ode to sparkling wine is preferable to a chanting of hymns. Our dogs that used only to growl when a Bishop passed will bite him now, and not a voice will be raised to curse the day which dawns for the sacrifice of the Archbishop of Paris. We owe it to ourselves—we owe it to the world. The Commune has promised us an eye for an eye, and has given us Monsieur Darbois as a hostage. The justice of the tribunals shall commence, said Danton, when the wrath of the people is appeased—and he was right. Darbois! tremble in your cell, for your day is past, your end is close at hand!"

I have only to add that this newspaper is sold in hundreds of numbers about the streets, and the sentiments inculcated will speak for themselves.

I saw the other day an advertisement in the corner of a daily paper announcing that nightly meetings were held at the Salle de la Marcellaise, at which citizens devoted to the good cause were requested to attend, and I resolved to be a "good citizen" for the time being, and to make a pilgrimage thither at the hour named, in spite of the driving rain. I passed three immense barricades in course of construction which loomed across the Rue de Flandre in ominous height and strength, and reached the district of La Villette, where the red hot opinions of the working classes are supposed to find a safety-valve, and argumentative Paris is said to hold its own. The streets were dark and muddy and deserted, and it was not without difficulty that I at length reached the object of my search—a long low room, a kind of crypt belonging to a barn, with great rough beams overhead, and remnants of straw and sacking about the floor. The place was half-lit by a series of petroleum lamps, which rendered the atmosphere dense and murky, and only served to light up the occupants of the benches below: old women for the most part, in white caps and thick woollen shawls, with knots of men in blouses leaning against the dirty walls, murmuring approval or the reverse beneath their moustaches, according to the degree of warmth displayed by the different orators. At the further extremity of the room was a sort of dais with a tribune and a

row of men, some in workmen's clothes, and some in uniform, who intended to address the company in the course of the evening. Some 500 or 600 people formed the audience, and were quiet and well-behaved enough, seemingly oppressed and uncomfortable, not quite convinced, as it appeared, of the justice of the remarks that were made, and lukewarm to the whole affair. Every now and then a soldier clattered in, and, divesting himself of his knapsack and *tente d'abri*, sat down and lit his pipe, which sent out little puffs in emulation of his steaming clothes, while a gaunt woman, perched on a high settle at the door like a Sybil on her tripod, shook her money-box incessantly "for the benefit of the Poor Wounded." When I took my seat the tribune was occupied by a young workman, who held tightly by the rails, swaying his body to and fro, and pouring forth a stream of talk of a more or less inflammatory character:—

"Down with the proprietors!" he cried. "Let us thank Heaven that most of them are gone—having fled like laches before the gathering anger of the people. Let their property be sequestered for the universal good; let their houses be sold and the money divided among the working classes. We are poor and hungry. Shall our wives be forced upon the streets and our brothers driven to robbery for the sake of our starving little ones? No! Let us take possession of the palaces that seem to smile at our woe; let us seize the goods of the masters that are away, and even take their wives and children as hostages in case of further need."

The Communist journals cry out incessantly, "No reconciliation, we must have a victory!"—a beautiful sentiment, no doubt, if it were capable of realization, but we fail to perceive how a short-lived victory could be of permanent use, or why a second siege should not be as lamentable in its results as was the first. The greatest enemies the Commune possesses are contained within its own bosom, in the persons of the rampant delegates who propose seriously a suppression of all journals, and who are at the bottom of the numerous excesses daily perpetrated by the National Guard. Groups of the latter may be seen fully armed, with fixed bayonets, in front of private dwellings, and their presence announces that a perquisition is going on within, which is a term synonymous with robbery or house breaking. A morning paper announces that the appearance of a National Guard uniform at St. Denis is a signal for a swoop on the part of the Prussian authorities, and their dress is rapidly arriving at the production of a similar sensation of horror here. The respectable classes have for the most part been disarmed, and fall within the very comprehensive class of "refractaires," because they refuse to fight in defence of a Government which is absurd, and so the use of the chassepot and the red stripe have come to designate something not always free from suspicion. Several of the private palaces of Paris are occupied by soldiers, while the Bourse and its environs have become the objects of strict military surveillance. Sentries are posted at the corners of the streets which lead into the square, while knots of soldiers may be seen lying on the wide flight of steps, or smoking their pipes beneath the colonnade. Men's houses are no longer their castles, for bands of Nationals force an entrance at will, on pretence of seizing arms or arresting refractory citizens between the ages of 19 and 40. These arrests are seldom effected, for the proposed victims usually receive notice in time and are not forthcoming, or are hidden away in the first dwelling that offers itself, through the goodwill and sympathy of men of every class, whose fate it may equally be to hide to-morrow, and who unite in hating the system of perquisitions and in endeavouring to outwit the baleful nine that have lately been elected to hold us at their mercy.

I have not ceased to repeat since the commencement of this frightful civil war—the question by no means lies in the recognition of Communal rights, however far extended; it includes the intention of a few men of greater audacity than intelligence to submit France and, if they could do so, the whole world, to a political and social reform, of which the elements are taken from Socialist writings and formed into a chaos of puerile and contradictory ideas. There is but one clear and comparatively just idea in their minds—namely, that if their programme could be admitted, they, as masters of Paris, would be masters of France, which they would make the citadel and arsenal of political and social revolution. Listen to their newspapers. They do not conceal the ideas of their party, as the manifestoes of the Commune do; they say plainly, "No more country; long live humanity! Country; a name, an error! Humanity; a fact, a truth! France is dead; long live humanity!" This may be read in a newspaper, well named *La Revolution, Politique et Sociale*. The "Declaration of the French Nation," published the day before yesterday in the *Journal Officiel* of the Commune, did not dare say this. It enveloped this last word of the Revolution in the ambiguities of false and obscure language; but to those who understand how to unravel the truth from all this stuff, no ambiguity is possible; this is the end aimed at, and as I have already shown, the means of ensuring the supremacy of numbers over intelligence, of matter over mind. The Commune protests its desire to maintain the unity of France; it has not the courage to disclose its parriocidal thoughts; but in reality its programme aims at destroying this unity.

And yet to this innoxious programme the "League for the Rights of Paris" has just rallied; it has given its public adhesion to the "manifesto" of the 19th of April, and professes to see in it patriotic and Republican truth. That uneducated men, like the greater number of those enthroned at the Hotel de Ville; that empty heads, or those turned by Socialist doctrines, should sincerely believe that by their system they will regenerate France and the

world, is intelligible, and, to a certain extent, excusable. Vanity has destroyed in them the little sense they had. But that men accustomed to business—merchants, lawyers, doctors, men of property even, like the majority of the League; that men, finally, who call themselves patriots, should adhere to such a programme; that they should not perceive its hollowness and danger, this is far more difficult to understand, and quite impossible to explain. The misfortunes of the times must have seriously affected the minds of these good people if they cannot perceive the gulf which they are helping the Commune to open under their feet. Is it possible that in losing all moral sense the population of Paris—I mean that which calls itself Republican—has lost also all common sense?

NATIONAL COWARDICE.

(From the Spectator.)

The question which General Blumenthal addressed in the early days of the siege of Paris to an equally puzzled English refugee, "Why do the French run away?" is now being asked everywhere throughout the Continent. It is impossible to read the accounts daily transmitted from Paris—accounts of fanatics running away from Mobiles as Mobiles run away from Prussians, of armed respectables unwilling to fire a shot, and armed roughs flying in terror because a few shells fall among their ranks—without asking oneself whether it is or is not possible that a whole people should temporarily decline in the scale of courage, and if so, why? Most men, we suppose, are for different reasons anxious to reject such a supposition, and are half inclined to be angry with the correspondents who in the most cynical way declare that this or that body of men in Paris are actual cowards, men who will not fight when they wish to fight, and know they ought to fight, because they are afraid of death, or physical injury; but it is unwise to reject any theory frequently advanced by many eye-witnesses without examination. Loss of nerve is certainly possible to the individual. It frequently disappears, or is seriously diminished in old age. Many a man who was a bold rider in his youth has given up the pursuit at sixty, from a consciousness that he had "lost his nerve," that everything looked too formidable; and there are many bodily states in which physical courage appears to be temporarily dormant. A sea-sick crew would not be brave. Men attacked by dysentery in the tropics frequently lose their nerve for the time, and it is a theory confirmed by long experience that underfed men will rarely fight well. Indeed there is a belief very prevalent in the world that diet has a direct effect on courage, though the rule according to which diet operates, hardly appears so clear to modern observers as it did to good old Froissart. He believed in beef, but a Spaniard will fight very well upon chestnuts, or a "Tipperary boy" on potatoes and skim-milk. If, then, it is possible for an individual from temporary and physical causes to lose his courage, it cannot be entirely impossible for a nation to do so. It is conceivable at any rate that a nation or a city might have fallen into such a mode of life,—say, for example, through an epidemic of drunkenness, or through a continuous seeking of excitement,—that it no longer retained the nerve to encounter certain forms of danger; that it had become so "strung" that like a woman, it would be brave only so long as the danger was noiseless, of a kind that attacked the mental rather than the physical nerves. Men who have studied the Bengalis, the natives of Peru, and the Japanese, believe firmly that something more than want of motive disciplines them to face Europeans, and especially European artillery; that it is not fear of death, which they do not feel, or of physical pain, which they endure unmoved, but actual physical weakness, as involuntary as fever or hysteria. If forced to do it they would faint, or get "fits," or become insane; and no remedy, except through a change of habits for generations, can be so much as looked for. These races must have been brave once, and have lost their courage as they have changed their colour, in many generations. At present they cannot fight, and when induced to attempt it, a few shells or rifle-bullets make them run away. No cure for them is possible, and there is no more chance of their accomplishing anything in war than there is of average women defeating average men in the contests in the prize-ring.

Some theory of this kind is, we imagine, at the bottom of the incessant statements of English and German correspondents about the cowardice of French Mobiles, of the National Guards, and more especially of the respectable classes, who they say cannot be induced to face rifles at all. The writers think, or wish others to think, that the French people has degenerated till it has become Orientalised, and not only does not fight well now, but never will fight well again; that it must either live as a quiet peaceable people, avoiding all occasion of offence, or be submerged. A similar idea is evidently present in Germany, where they are acting plays in which the point of the fun is said to be the instinctive profligacy of the Frenchmen of all sorts engaged in the piece.—We do not believe a word of it, and shall not, without better evidence than the flight of men who, without discipline, ran away as shamefully as English and Irish mobs invariably do, but with discipline hurled back the Pomeranians at Mars la Tours, till the soldier-king audibly cursed fortune and everybody else. But we cannot deny a possibility that not only in Paris, but in the whole world, the kind of courage required for fighting battles may have in some degree declined, not through any alteration in the tone of men's nerves, but from an alteration in their daily habits of thought. They have become at once too sensible and too sensitive. An extreme dislike of war, on account of the losses, the family disruptions, and the physical sufferings it involves, is expressed even by the Germans, who have never lost a battle or disobeyed an order, a feeling which, though in

many ways noble, has in it some of the spirit of calculation which in other countries may develop too far. There is a low kind of common-sense, a power of asking whether anything would compensate one for a wooden leg, or the loss of an arm, which, if fully developed, would have most, or all, of the results of cowardice. This, a habit of selfish calculation in a mind quite indifferent about abstract ideas, is the root of Chinese cowardice. The individual Chinaman is by no means cowardly. On the contrary, when fairly provoked out of his calculations—as by kidnapping—he is one of the most dangerous beings alive, but he cannot make up his mind that it is worth his while to be shot at, and if hit, die in misery—for Oriental soldiers have neither ambulances nor hospitals—for purely abstract reasons. The Parisian bourgeois thinks if he is wounded his shop will be ruined, and unless compelled to forget that by an idea, or by some imminent danger, or some duty, he is apt to stay at home.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, April 23.—While the country awaits with some anxiety the decision of the Government with respect to the report of the Westworth Committee, and opinions are divided as to the course which ought to be adopted, it is satisfactory to be able to record the continuance of general tranquillity and order. There is scarcely an instance of any crime above the class of the petty offences to be noticed above the class of any quarter. This may partly be accounted for by the present occupation of the people in the labours of the farm and the higher inducements which are everywhere offered for industrial activity, but such considerations are not quite sufficient to explain the striking contrast exhibited between the state of the country now and in former years. This contrast has existed for some time, and there is reason to believe that it is not owing to a merely temporary lull, arising from the reaction of violent excitement or the suspension of criminal disorder by accidental circumstances. The effects must be attributable to other causes than those which lie upon the surface. It may be hoped that as they assume a settled character they indicate the growth of better feelings and habits which it has been the object of the Legislature to cultivate and cherish. To suppose that the agricultural classes, the occupiers and tillers of the soil, for whose benefit such a social revolution has been made, do not fully appreciate the advantages they have gained would be to impute to them a total want not only of gratitude, but of common sense. The steady improvement in the material condition of the country, which is everywhere acknowledged, may be regarded as a sign and omen of success. It is a pity that the return of public confidence and the course of prosperity should be retarded by the existence of a secret confederacy which has set the law at defiance, and spread alarm among the peaceable inhabitants of some districts. It is not to be supposed that the miscreants, believed to be comparatively few in number, who have produced the state of things described by Bishop Nutty have abandoned their designs or broken up their organization, but they appear to have given some respite to the well-disposed, if we may judge from the cessation of outbreaks. It is probable that a salutary fear has been inspired by the threat of special legislation, and it is stated that some of the most active members of the conspiracy have thought prudent to anticipate the possible action of the Government by removing from the localities in which they are too well known. There can be no doubt that the repressive measures which have accompanied the generous concessions of the last two years have effected in almost every part of Ireland the object for which they were intended, but the Ribbon system is entirely beyond their reach, and if any effectual means can be found for destroying its pernicious influence, no real friends of the country will regret their application. Whatever differences of opinion may have been entertained as to the necessity for giving further powers to the Executive before the appointment of the committee, there is reason to apprehend mischievous effects if the pledge given when the committee was nominated be not in some way redeemed. In connection with the subjects suggested by the evidence, and the comments upon them, it is a disagreeable but necessary duty to notice other elements of evil which are to be found at work, and which require to be controlled. There is an under-current of Communism in the popular mind, which recent events have made more active. It is true that there is no political agitation or excitement, and this is partly due to the utter failure of the expectations formed by the masses of the people as to the result of the campaign in France and the attitude of America. Fresh stimulants, however, are supplied from different quarters, and a tempting prize is held out to those who will engage in a new revolutionary enterprise. A manifesto has recently been issued in the form of "an open letter to the Earl of Derby," in which the abolition of rent and the repeal of the Union are broadly advocated. It bears the signature of "Thomas Brown the younger," and purports to have been printed in London, though it is more likely to have been struck off on this side of the Irish Channel. The sentiments are not new, but they have never before been so openly expressed. Here is a specimen of Mr. Brown's teaching:—"My plan, then, is, deal with the Irish landed gentry as the Gladstone Ministry have dealt with the Protestant clergy. Take all their lands, all the lands of Ireland, into the custody and ownership of the Government; give them life annuities, terminable with life, equal to the net rental now received by them; Government to then sell the land to the present occupiers (those who have been three years in occupancy) at a uniform upset price all round, taking payment by 20 equal instalments without interest, spread over 20 years, giving a Parliamentary title, with map on the back of each, when last instalment shall be paid. Sell no more than 50 acres to any person; pass a law declaring rents for lands illegal in Ireland; allow owners to sell their lands; forbid by law any one to hold more than 50 acres. You would in this way extinguish both 'landlords' and 'tenants' in Ireland, except in towns and cities (to be registered), where houses and stores, the creation of men's hands, would be exempt from this law. Also to be excepted those who own a piece of land of 50 acres or under; all over 50 acres held by any one person to be dealt with as aforesaid."—Times Cor.

dom, although only 53 in number, own property to the extent of 321,294 acres, valued at £89,267. This is one of the leading social grievances of Ireland; an alien and absentee proprietary, hostile to the creed and race of the natives, who enforce, through grinding agents, all the rights, but perform few of the duties of landlords. The Canadian Government had for years a land question in Prince Edward's Island, not half so oppressive as the Irish one, which barred all progress, owing to the absentee proprietors. A commission reported to the Crown that these parties should be compelled either to reside on their estates or to sell them to the occupiers at a fair value, the Colonial Government aiding them with loans to purchase; and which has been adopted, thus substituting a peasant proprietary for absentee landlords. The absentee and the waste land questions both especially apply to Donegal. The industrious peasantry that raises more flax than Antrim, or any county save Tyrone and Down; that has live stock worth £2,658,149, and whose annual aggregate agricultural produce is the highest in the province, would, under similar favourable legislation, soon reclaim a large portion of the 491,173 acres of uncultivated land, and spread over the moors and mountains of Tyrone and Down thousands of contented and happy homesteads.

We shall now consider what share is allotted to each of the two classes of the population—native and alien—in the civil administration of the public affairs of the county. The census in 1861 stood thus:—

Table with 3 columns: Persons, Per Cent., and various religious denominations including Catholics, Established Church, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and All other persuasions.

The population, 1st January, 1870, was estimated at 245,133, being the greatest increase since 1861 in Ulster, all the counties in the province having decreased in population with the exception of Donegal, Antrim, and Londonderry. Donegal now ranks above Tyrone, and next after Antrim and Antrim in population. It may also be stated that the emigration from Donegal is the least in Ulster; thus, of 515,219 emigrants from the province between 1st May, 1851 and the close of 1869 only 49,281 were from this county, each of the others having, in proportion to its population, contributed from three to eight times as many emigrants as Donegal.—Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan are the only Ulster counties, and these the most Catholic in the province, that have no city or borough; nor is there another constituency in Ireland, with the exception of the County Mayo and the City of Dublin, having a population of nearly a quarter of a million, with only two representatives, besides Donegal. Fermanagh has three members (the one for Enniskillen included) to a population of 104,768; Antrim has six members to 369,216 people; Dungannon, Downpatrick, Enniskillen, and Coleraine have each one member for from less than 4,000 to 6,236 inhabitants; while, if we proceed southward, we find Carrick, with three members, to 57,139 people; Louth, with four members, to 90,712; Waterford, with five members, to 134,232; Bortarrington, with one seat, to a population of 2,874; Kinsale, with a seat, to 3,859; and Mallow, with a seat, to a population of 4,941 persons. The constituency of Donegal is not, it is true, as numerous as might be expected from its area, valuation, population, or annual agricultural produce. Even in the matter of property and income tax, Donegal pays more than Cavan and Monaghan, and much more than Fermanagh; yet the number of voters in 1868-69 was only 4,596, being the least in any county in Ulster. Donegal pays an amount of county cess but slightly less than Antrim and Down, and similarly as to poor rate.—All these broad facts go, cumulatively, to prove that the number of electors in Donegal is anomalously small, which can be accounted for only by supposing that the valuation is unduly low in the county, as the number of farms, the average extent of arable land in each holding, and the amount and value of produce, exceed those in most of the counties of Ulster. A tenement rated at twelve pounds to the poor entitles to the franchise in the county, while a four pound rating in cities and boroughs gives a claim. It is clear that we require a redistribution of seats, a reduction of the county franchise to at most an £5 rating, and a reverse of the valuation in Ireland. The two members for Donegal have for centuries been of the imported Planter class and creed. Sir Edmund S. Hayes and Mr. Connolly sat for the county for many years.—The latter since 1842—and on the death of the former, in 1860, the Marquis of Hamilton, eldest son of the Duke, succeeded him.—Weekly Examiner.

THE CENSUS.—TALKING WITH THE VOTING PAPERS.—We understand that in a large district in Connaught, where some of the agents of the "Irish Church Mission" are located, the constabulary in taking up the census papers were surprised to find the Catholic population had suddenly become "Protestants." On inquiry it was found that the "Bible Readers," or, as they are popularly termed, "Jumpers," had been very industrious in filling up the census papers for the poor people, who, on learning the fact, were indignant in their complaints to the constabulary. The matter was reported to Mr. Janus, County Inspector, and that very efficient officer forwarded the report to headquarters. If we are correctly informed there will be an inquiry into the matter, and the parties implicated will be prosecuted.—Galway Vindicator.

IRISH SOBERNESS.—A synopsis of the correspondence on this subject in a late issue, the following communication from the resident magistrate for the district around Kinsale, for which we are also indebted to the Cork Examiner, must prove a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the entire tribe of begging-letter impostors, who, under the cloak of religious zeal, prepare veracious "Irish Church" history for the English market:—

"DEAR REV. SIR,—I have received your letter directing my attention to certain published letters of the Rev. Dr. Duncan Craig, Rector of Kinsale, in which, amongst other statements of a similar character, the following appears:—viz.—'I have had to be escorted by thirty police with loaded muskets while endeavouring to visit a dying Protestant fisherman, married to a Romanist wife, in whose house I have been nearly murdered.' As the Rev. Mr. Craig has mentioned my name as the magistrate who commanded the police escort on that occasion, I feel that in justice to the remarkably quiet and peaceable people of Kinsale, I am called upon to yield to your request by stating what really occurred on that occasion. It was a time of the greatest excitement consequent upon a bitterly contested election then taking place at Kinsale, when the Rev. Mr. Craig made an information that he had been violently obstructed by and at the instance of the Catholic wife of a Protestant parishioner in his (Mr. Craig's) endeavour to visit the latter, the man, as it was alleged, being in a 'dying state.' Notwithstanding that the business of the election was quite enough to engross all my time and attention, I nevertheless resolved that, as far as I could prevent it, no such cruel and disgraceful interference between the Rev. Mr. Craig and his 'dying' parishioner should be repeated. I therefore accompanied him forthwith to the sick man's house, directing a small party of police, but not with loaded muskets, to take up position within sight in case I might require their services. We found the entrance door fastened up, and the wife of the sick man, and her alone, in a window overhead, declar-

ing her determination not to allow the Rev. Mr. Craig to enter, asserting that her husband did not require his ministry, &c. At my suggestion Head-Constable Edgeworth went to the back door, which, finding open, he entered the house, followed by the Rev. Mr. Craig, who was then enabled to minister to the spiritual wants of his sick parishioner without any offer of opposition, much less of violence. "I remain, dear Rev. Sir, "Yours truly, "T. D. FITZGERALD, R.M.

"Rev. J. Keleher, P.P., Kinsale."

"LET US HAVE PEACE."—In a case which was tried at the last Londonderry Assizes, Mr. Thomas Mooney, Secretary of the "Apprentice Boys' Association," gave a good deal of evidence with regard to the spirit in which the "Boys" got up their annual celebrations, and also their determination to persevere in them. He said, "The Apprentice Boys claimed nothing for themselves that they were not anxious to see conceded to the Roman Catholics. So far as he was concerned, he would never get up on any anniversary of the Catholics to oppose them, and he believed the Apprentice Boys generally would not oppose them. He had always approved of the suggestion, first made by Mr. Rea, that in the event of the Roman Catholics choosing to celebrate in Derry the two anniversaries of the defeat of the troops of King William before the walls of Limerick, the Apprentice Boys should use all their influence with the Protestants not to annoy any of the celebrants." This suggestion of Mr. Rea, thus approved of by Mr. Mooney, we regard as a radically bad one. We would have the same objection to those suggested Catholic celebrations that we have to the Orange celebrations annually got up by the Apprentice Boys. As commemorations of events in a civil war they would be incompatible with national feeling, they would tend to perpetuate memories of division and strife among Irishmen, they would foster animosities between Catholics and Protestants, and they would inevitably lead to tumults and to bloodshed. It is too bad that those foolish and mischievous Orange celebrations should be carried on year after year, but it would be confusion worse confounded if the Catholics were to commence acting on the same system. There is, however, this to be said for Mr. Rea's suggestion—that the endeavour to carry out the two sets of celebrations would produce such an intolerable amount of disorder, conflict, bloodshed, and murder, that the Government would have no choice but to come down and suppress both with a strong and impartial hand. This would be to bring the evil "to a head" by way of preliminary to the effecting of a complete cure; and, for all we know, it may be with a view to that end that Mr. Rea put forward his suggestion. But how much better would it not be if the so-called Apprentice Boys would have the wisdom, and the grace, and the patriotism, to abandon of their own free will those celebrations, which are the cause of so much anger and strife in the locality, and of such bitterness of feeling throughout the entire country?—Dulna Nation.

The report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the state of Westmeath has been issued, and is as follows:—"There is at present existing within the county of Westmeath and certain adjoining portions of the county of Meath and of King's County an unlawful combination and confederacy of a secret nature, generally known by the name of the Ribbon Society."

"That this Ribbon Society has existed for a considerable length of time, and has within the last three years, as compared with those immediately preceding, increased in power and influence."

"That owing to the prevalence of this society murder and other crimes of the most serious nature have been perpetrated within the district above referred to, and that by reason partly of sympathy with the perpetrators of such crimes, and still more by the terror created by the existence and action of the society, it has been found impossible to obtain evidence on which to bring offenders to justice."

"That such immunity from detection and consequent punishment has had for its result an encouragement to crime, the diffusion of a spirit of lawlessness, and a corresponding decrease of confidence in the power of the law among the peaceable members of the community."

"That this society, originating in a desire on the part of its members to interfere in an unlawful and violent manner in matters relating to the tenure and occupation of land, has extended the sphere of its operations, and more or less prejudicially affects other relations of life."

"That this society has adherents and supporters among the farming classes in the districts, and some sympathizers among a certain class of small traders in the towns, but recruits its ranks chiefly from farm servants and daily labourers; and that these persons are under the control of a few individuals who may be looked upon as the heads of the society, and are alleged to be known as such to the local authorities."

"That the society, besides leading directly to the perpetration of the crimes already mentioned, has infused a feeling of terror into all classes in the district, by reason of which its objects are frequently brought about without any overt act of violence."

"That the Peace Preservation Act, while largely extending the means previously existing for the prevention and detection of crime, and containing for that purpose effective and useful provisions, has not furnished the Executive with all the power necessary to deal with crime of that organized and secret nature which characterizes the district in question."

"That the authorities have endeavored vigorously to carry into effect the existing law, including the Peace Preservation Act; but, owing to the causes referred to, they have rarely been able to make amenable to justice the perpetrators of the crimes, and in no instance any one as a leader or organizer of the Ribbon Society."

From Dublin we have the news that Lord Plunket died on the 19th ultimo at his residence near Bray. He was the third Baron, and is succeeded in the title by Hon. and Rev. William C. Plunket. The deceased nobleman was seventy-seven years of age.

Some notices were posted on the morning of the 13th ult. in the island of Achill, threatening two men with death for talking loud from which another had been evicted.

Information Wanted of John Hopkins; when last heard of (December 5, 1869) was residing in New Brunswick, North America. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his wife, Sarah Hopkins, 174 Creighton's-land, Hilltop, Dundee. (American papers please copy.)

GREAT BRITAIN.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DUNDY.—On the 13th ult. the Mission of Cliefri was said to have been re-established by the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new church in honour of St. Fillan, the patron saint of the district. From time immemorial a Catholic priest had his residence in or about Cliefri; and the ruins of the Old Catholic Chapel, where a late Bishop—Dr. Carruthers—when a young priest, used to officiate, and the house in which he lived, are yet to be seen at Balloch, in the neighbourhood of Drummond Castle. In the year 1746 Dr. Gordon, the last Catholic Bishop who resided in Strathern, died at Thornhill, near Drummond Castle, and his remains lie in the ancient Abbey of Innerpefferay. In the unavoidable absence of Dr. Strain, Bishop of the District, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. Cumming, Pastor of the Mission, assisted by the Rev. A. McDermott and the Rev. J. McGinness

of Dundee. The Very Rev. Father Vaughan, and two Fathers from Kinnoull Monastery, Perth, took part in the ceremony. A considerable concourse of people assembled to witness the proceedings.

The Daily News is informed that in consequence of the great annoyance the ex-Emperor Napoleon sustains from Cockney curiosity, he has determined to leave Chislehurst—strict solitude being recommended for the benefit of his health—and is in treaty for renting Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby, Yorkshire, the seat of the Marquis of Normanby, who is going to Queensland.

It is all very well to make light of the Republican demonstrations which are taking place in England, and to proclaim that they are insignificant, and that we English are not like the French, or any other people. We know as a fact that Republican Clubs, after Mr. Bradlaugh's pattern, that is, infidel and communistic, are being formed in all the large towns in England; that the working classes, Land and Labor Leagues, Trades Unions and other Societies, acting in concert with similar organizations on the Continent, are largely on the increase. Last week we had the declaration of Mr. Auberon Herbert, at Nottingham, which was more than an exhibition of truth—it was a sign of the times. The recent meetings—some of them attended by Members of Parliament—calling for the abolition of the House of Lords and of the Crown; voting for a Republic and the division of property, and declaring that the adoption of their principles would be the only way to avoid "bloodshed"—these are but the expressions by speech of what is taught by the Press and learnt by the people. As sure as the sown seed develops to its proper fruit will these principles of the "modern civilization," with which the Times truly says the Pope is "irreconcilably at issue," bear their bitter fruit. If the people, as we are told, may make whatever laws they please, they may as fast as they please break down in England the remaining old bulwarks, which were set up by the old civilization of the Catholic Church, as they have done in France; act upon Lord Amberley's theory of marriage and population; banish the Deity and set up the Goddess of Reason.

THE NEW "DOCTOR" OF THE CHURCH.—His Holiness Pope Pius IX. has just formally conferred the title of "Doctor of the Church" upon St. Alphonsus Liguori, who died in 1787, and was canonized early in the present century. "There are," says Benedict XIV., "doctors in the Church and doctors of the Church; the former are many; the latter title belongs to few, and these alone the Church addresses and salutes in her Liturgy with the words, 'O Doctor optime, Evange!i Sacerdos, etiam' and allows the Creed to be sung in the Mass of their festivals as in that of Apostles and Evange!ists." Indeed it is said that in the 18th century and more of the Christian era this title has been conferred on only 17 learned writers before St. Alphonsus Liguori. Catholic Opinion says that this act of the Holy See had been solicited by no less than 803 Bishops—that is, by a large majority of the episcopate of all countries, and by 25 generals of religious orders, besides theological faculties and chapters. Nothing could more forcibly prove how widespread has become the influence and how great the reputation for sanctity and learning of St. Alphonsus during the 80 years that have elapsed since his death. It is a remarkable proof of the unity of sentiment which pervades the Episcopate of the British Isles, that every Bishop, without exception, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, signed the petition to the Holy See for the Doctorate of St. Alphonsus. It only remains to add that St. Alphonsus was Bishop of St. Agatha, in the Kingdom of Naples, and the founder of the Redemptorist Order of monks, and of the cloistered nuns of the same name. His religious, spiritual, and casuistical writings amount to several volumes, including a Treatise on Christian Perfection, Meditations on the Eternal Truths; most of these have been translated from the Italian into French, German, and Spanish, and the Redemptorist Fathers in England are busy on an English version of the Saint's collected works.

REPUBLICANISM IN ENGLAND.—The London correspondent of the New York World tells of what he saw and heard at the Hyde Park meeting in favour of republicanism. If his sketch comes anything near the truth, nothing could give us a more vivid idea of the hopelessness of republicanism in Britain. Englishmen are not likely to be attracted by such an exhibition as is described in the following terms:—"On a costermonger's barrow a dirty, illiterate fellow, who for the nonce had donned what he called the cap of a doctor of Divinity, made, along with others, a travesty of a religious service. After reading what he called the 'Lesson of the day'—taken from the first Book of Robinson Crusoe—the mock-preacher shut his eyes, crossed his arms on his breast, and exclaimed, 'Let us say: "Preacher—From all red-hot babblers, who would cause us to burn our fingers, common sense defend us!" "Clerk—Friends of peace and order save us!" "P.—From the tender mercies of such pious Kings as the Prussian bully, Minister of War spare us!" "C.—Spare us we implore thee!" "P.—And oh! ye silk-aproned gentry, play not too much with the rights of Englishmen, or you will be swept from the floor of St. Stephen's and be compelled to earn an honest living."

"C.—Look out for squalls, old shovel hats." "P.—And oh, Billy Gladstone, return to your duty, as you promised the electors of Greenwich and the whole working classes, or prepare to be sent to the imbecile ward of the nearest union."

"C.—Look out, Billy, we are not joking." "P.—And now may a hot joint and a pot of home-brewed grace the tables of all who need it, and all our enemies be vaccinated by Old Nick on both shoulders."

"C.—So be it." Nothing was necessary to complete the sketch, but the added conversation with a policeman. "You gentlemen," said the correspondent, "take this matter very coolly."

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "it isn't worth looking at in any other way. If the Government was to stop this gas it might break out in some worse form."

Of course, it might. England may be going to fall, and all that; but such exhibitions won't overturn her, and won't help to increase the number of her Republicans.

The late Republican Demonstration in Hyde Park, although a partial failure because the working-men did not "assemble in their thousands," according to invitation, was, nevertheless, a good specimen of its kind. It is, perhaps, only natural that the dements of "happy England" should rejoice in the downfall of the French Empire, since Garibaldi, the apostle of liberty, bills them it was "born of lies and corruption," and that they should vainly try to render themselves more grotesque by donning red night-caps in honor of their French "brethren" who are fighting against "the priest-ridden rascals."

They were wisely allowed sufficient rope on which to display their folly to universal ridicule. Forbearance is more in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, by which they are enslaved, than would be subjecting them to the corrective logic of the policeman's truncheon.—Catholic Opinion.

ONE MOAS FICTION.—A paragraph has lately appeared in several journals, giving the description of a casket which it is supposed that the late Duke of Wellington left the Prince Arthur, with directions that it should be opened when his Royal Highness came of age. We have been assured that this story has no foundation whatever, but is the creation of some imaginative brain.—Times.

THE BRITISH EXCURSIONIST.—It is stated that on

Good Friday the police found it necessary to direct the removal of a "grand stand" erected at Chislehurst to enable excursionists at a small charge to witness the Emperor Louis Napoleon proceeding to church. With every respect for excursionists, whose refinement of manners is beyond dispute, we must say that this is going a little too far. Fullen greatness is not a thing to be inspected, by flourishing smallness from the top of a van improvised into a grand stand, and greeted with the popping of ginger-beer bottles. It would have served these people perfectly right if they had all been captured, placed in a large cage, and themselves inspected by the ex-Emperor as specimens of British excursionists. To have his footsteps dogged and all his movements watched by a parcel of inquisitive persons who will not even let him perform his devotions in peace must be extremely painful to one who above all others yearns for rest. His bitterest enemies will, at all events, admit that in the treatment he receives from his admirers his punishment exceeds his offence. "His Majesty wishes for seclusion," remarked a gentleman the other day to an excursionist at Chislehurst, whose paddy neckcloth formed a pleasing contrast to his unwashed face. "Seclusion be damned!" replied the excursionist: "Hoony! wies Lumper!" While this good feeling lasts remonstrance is of course useless, but it is evidently no joke for greatness to fall into the hands of a "large-hearted and generous people" like the British.—Fall Shell Gazette.

Mr. Cardwell told us lately that with voluntary recruiting for the army we must "take what we can get." A deputy Inspector-General, in telling us what we do get, writes:—"I remember asking an old Kaffir War man, 'What is the use of that but as a soldier? Do you suppose you could ever get him to the banks of the Kee?' The reply was, 'Lord! no, sir; we should have him in a round-side ditch long before we got that length.' Such recruits are with difficulty got through their drill. They drink to keep up their strength, they get palpitation of the heart, they are shipped off, say, to the Mediterranean or India, either die like flies or get invalided after a year or so, stay part of another year in hospital, and are then discharged penniless to give the service a bad name for and wide." With an army so composed, discretion is the better part of valour, and "slushy isolation" most commendable as a national policy.

Mr. Miall, member for Bradford, brought up in the House of Commons his long promised bill for the disestablishment of the Church of England. Government opposed the measure, and on a division a majority of 285 damned the resolution.

UNITED STATES.

THE TREATY.—THE VARIOUS PROVISIONS.—WASHINGTON, May 8.—The National Republican of tomorrow will contain the following, which is official:—"The treaty is to be known as the Treaty of Washington for the settlement of the Alabama claims."

A tribunal of arbitration is constituted, to consist of five arbitrators, one appointed by Great Britain, and the other three each by a designated Sovereign State of Europe or America. This tribunal may either award damages in detail or in gross, at its discretion; or it may refer its duty to a Board of Assessors sitting in the United States, who shall report from time to time, with payment to be made accordingly, and in the generous spirit of a power conscientious of its name and of its greatness, and of its capacity to speak as well as to act independently and rightfully at all times.

For adjudication of all other claims against Great Britain or of Great Britain against the United States, from 14th April, 1861, to 30th April, 1867, an ordinary mixed commission is provided, to sit at Washington, with an umpire to be nominated, if necessary, by a designated friendly power. The same great idea of International Commission, through the intervention of friendly powers, and the same spirit of cordial but self-respected amity, pervade the stipulations of the treaty in regard to differences which are purely American. Foremost among them is the question of sea fisheries on the coasts of the British possessions, as to which it is agreed that in addition to the liberty already secured to them by the treaty of 1818 the fishermen of the United States have the liberty to sea fish on the sea coast and shores and in the bays, harbors, and creeks of the Provinces of Quebec, Nova-Scotia and New Brunswick, and the colony of Prince Edward Island, and of the Islands adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore, with permission to land upon such coasts, shores and Islands, and also upon the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish, subject of course in this respect to the local rights of private property; and the same liberty is granted to British subjects on the Eastern sea coasts and shores of the United States north of the 39th parallel of latitude. This liberty is not to include on either side shell-fish, or the salmon and shad fisheries, or other fisheries in rivers and the mouths of rivers.

It is further agreed that fish of all kinds except fish of the inland lakes and their rivers, and except fish preserved in oil, the produce of the fisheries of the United States, or of the Dominion of Canada, or of Prince Edward Island, shall be benighted into each country respectively free of duty. It is asserted by the British Government but not admitted by the United States, that the privileges accorded to citizens of the United States are of greater value than those accorded to the subjects of Great Britain; and to prevent or avoid controversy on this point, it is agreed that a mixed Commission with an umpire to be appointed by a designated friendly power shall determine whether any compensation for such privileges, and if so how much, ought to be paid by the United States.

Next come various questions of navigation and commercial transit, which are disposed of by declaring the navigation of the river St. Lawrence and the rivers Yucal, Porcupine and Stilline forever free and open to the citizens or subjects of both countries, and providing for equal use of the Welland and St. Lawrence and other canals in the Dominion on the one hand, and Lake Michigan and St. Clair Flats Canal on the other, by providing for the free transit of merchandise to and fro as well in the British possessions as in the United States, and abolishing the Provincial export duty on American lumber on the River St. John. All these provisions concerning the fisheries and the commercial transit are of course made contingent upon their being approved by the Congress of the United States, the British Parliament, the Parliament of Canada, and the Legislature of Prince Edwards Island.

Of the pending subjects of controversy between the two governments there remains to be considered the question of the North West boundary. This question having once been reported on by a mixed commission, that for the survey of a line, the United States are not content to refer it to another such commission, nor has it been deemed convenient even though such tribunal be appointed by a friend sovereign power instead of this; it has been agreed by the present treaty to submit the question directly to a neutral power, and the Emperor of Germany has been selected for that purpose.

A fashionable but ignorant lady of St. Louis wanted a costly camel's hair shawl, but her husband got her a cheap imitation article. On examining it, she found the name of the manufacturer on one corner, and wanted to know what that was. "That," said her husband; "oh, that's the name of the camel of whose hair the shawl was made." The wife takes great pride in her shawl, and has no doubt of its genuineness.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1871.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1871.

Friday, 19—St. Peter Celestine, P. C.  
Saturday, 20—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.  
Sunday, 21—Sunday after Ascension.  
Monday, 22—St. Venantius, M.  
Tuesday, 23—Of the Octave.  
Wednesday, 24—B. V. M. Help of Christians.  
Thursday, 25—Octave of Ascension.

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

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Still the old story from Paris. Incessant cannonading, and the slow but steady advance of the Versailles troops upon the doomed City. At any moment we may expect to hear of an assault having been delivered, and of a fearful shedding of blood; but it is not impossible that discouragement may set in amongst the ranks of the Communists, and that the more prudent amongst them, may seek to avert a hopeless hand to hand fight in the streets.

Communist principles are making progress everywhere in Europe. Spain is infected, Belgium is said to be rotten with the disease. We do not therefore anticipate that the fall of Paris will be the fall of the cause; and indeed in the moral order as in the physical, disease when it once gets hold of the system, whether we call it *Communism* or small-pox, must run its allotted course.

The Washington Treaty has been published in full by the *N. Y. Tribune*. The following Rules are therein laid down, and mutually agreed to, with respect to such cases as that of the *Alabama*:

**RULES.**—A neutral Government is bound—*First*: To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace, and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to war-like use. *Secondly*: Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. *Thirdly*: To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.

These rules, except in so far as they may imply censure of the British Government are of little value; for the question will always arise, what is "due diligence?" This in short is the entire question all along at issue betwixt the United States and Great Britain in the *Alabama* case. The British Government contends that it did use all "due" diligence to prevent the *Alabama* from leaving its shores; and that therefore it was not bound to do more than it actually did. This first rule therefore leaves the case, in so far as it may serve as a precedent, precisely where it was a year ago. What "diligence" is "due?" That is the question.

The second rule in like manner provides for nothing. It is not we suppose thereby intended to oblige neutrals to close their ports to belligerents, or to refuse them the ordinary rites of maritime hospitality, such as leave to take in water, or receive provisions. But if it does not imply this, then it has no meaning in the *Alabama* case. The *Alabama* was either a lawful belligerent, or a pirate. If a belligerent, she was by the laws of nations entitled to the same hospitable reception in a British port, as were the armed vessels of the other belligerent, and she could not therefore have been detained. If not a lawful belligerent, then was the *Alabama* a pirate, and liable by the laws of nations, not only to be detained in any neutral port into which she might have put for water or provisions, but liable to be seized on the high seas,

and dealt with as a pirate. Piracy is a crime with which, not only the nation, whose ships have been piratically captured, has the right to deal, but with which every nation is bound to deal. The pirate is the enemy of all nations, of the human race, who may be captured, brought to trial, and hung, by any one into whose hands he may happen to fall. If therefore Great Britain was bound to refuse the ordinary hospitality of her ports to the *Alabama*, she was bound to do much more; she was bound to take possession of her, to try, and on conviction of their having committed acts of hostility on the high seas, to hang her crew and captain.—There was no third course open; for the *Alabama* was either a lawful man of war, the cruiser of a belligerent State, and entitled to be treated as such in all British ports; or she was a pirate, which all British cruisers were therefore bound to search after, hunt down and destroy.

The third rule is worthless for the same reason as is the first—since everything again depends upon the word *due*. "Who is to determine what diligence is *due*?" This however is of less consequence, since from past experience, there can be no one so sanguine or so foolish as to believe, that, were Great Britain involved in war, the United States Government would exert any diligence at all, to prevent the violation of treaty obligations by any body of its citizens whose vote, at the then next coming election, it would be expedient to propitiate.

If the Prussians did not distinguish themselves, or greatly add to their military reputation, by their siege of Paris, it is much the same with the French generals on whom has devolved the task of reducing the rebellious City to subjection to the authorities at Versailles. We do not say that these generals are making no progress: but their advance is very slow. Whether it be owing to the military difficulty, to the material obstacles which the insurgents oppose to the advance of the Versailles troops—or whether it be owing to the political exigencies of the situation, to the moral obstacles in their way, and to the natural repugnance of Thiers to push matters to extremities, thereby risking the destruction of the fair capital of France—the glory of modern civilisation—we cannot tell; all we can make out is, that the attack is not pushed with vigor, and that after a series of desultory combats the relative positions of the contending parties do not as yet seem greatly altered. To be sure the attacking army can make good its losses, and recruit its ranks depleted by shells and mitrailleuses: this the insurgents cannot do, for outside of Paris they have no strong party in France; and therefore the final result is but a question of time, since the assailants of Paris can better afford to lose five thousand men, than the *Reds* can afford to lose one hundred.

Some successes too, though not decisive, have been obtained by the Versailles army during the week. The *Reds* have been worsted on several occasions, and driven from important parts of their line of defence. Moreover, as is usually the case when things go wrong, the *Reds* are fighting amongst themselves, mutually bandying accusations of treachery and venality. Perhaps the policy of allowing them to "stew in their own gravy" may, under such circumstances be the very best that M. Thiers could have adopted. By latest accounts it would appear as if the Free Mason societies were taking an active part in the business; for we read in telegrams under date, 12th inst., that at a meeting of these gentry in the *Cirque National*, it was resolved to confiscate the property of persons absent from Paris, and not returning within eight days. The Commune we are told has made another demand on the Bank of France of Ten millions of francs; the famous column in the Place Vendome, commemorative of so many victories, was to have been destroyed on Monday.

The *London Times* speaks well of the Treaty adopted by the High Joint Commission; it looks upon it as the fruit of mutual concessions—though it would be hard to say where in the concessions of the U. States Government consists; and it finds therein nothing inconsistent with national honor. Perhaps not; but—and this is a question which naturally suggests itself—is it probable that Great Britain would have acceded to such a Treaty, or have made such concessions as are therein involved—if the Confederate States had come out victors from the late contest betwixt North and South? If any can seriously believe that she would have done so, then may they also believe that, in signing the Washington Treaty, Great Britain sacrifices no honor, eats no humble pie.

In the U. States the Treaty is well received. The Senate it is expected will ratify it by the required majority, when it will become an accomplished fact.

From Nova Scotia we learn that the elections were exciting much interest, and that the *Anti's* as they are called, are likely to get a small majority. Their press is very bitter against

the High Commission which, so they contend, has bartered away the Nova Scotia Fisheries. The Colonists in Australia are also much excited by the report of the fitting out of a filibustering expedition in some U. States port; precautionary measures were being taken.

The *Montreal Witness* settles it, to his own satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of Catholics—that it is quite right and proper to tax the latter for the support of non-Catholic schools, whilst it would be a crying injustice to reverse the process, and to tax non-Catholics for the support of Catholic schools. Thus he argues:—

"It cannot be too often shown that assessing Roman Catholics for unsectarian Common schools, is quite a different thing from assessing Protestants for Roman Catholic schools. In the one case, there can be no conscientious objection, for reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, &c., &c., are neither denominational nor atheistical."

Granted that the three *Rs*, reading, writing, and arithmetic, can be taught to children without provoking any allusions to points in controversy betwixt Catholics, and Protestants, how is it if we advance beyond these? and what—we should much like to know—are the contents of the "et cetera et cetera" clause in the *Witness's* educational programme? It is just in these *et ceteras* that the danger lies. For instance:—

It is almost impossible to teach geography without making some allusions to the moral conditions of the people of the country, of which the geography is being taught, as well as to its physical condition. No geography books that we have yet seen, limit themselves to matters of latitude and longitude, bays, capes, and isothermal lines: they all more or less, treat of the moral, as well as of the physical aspects of the country under review; and, if Protestant, they always draw invidious comparisons betwixt Catholic and Protestant countries.

And then the unknown *et ceteras* of the *Witness*! Shall the study of history, either secular or ecclesiastic, be included amongst them? and if so, how is it possible for a Catholic teacher to teach history as seen from a Catholic stand-point, or for a Protestant teacher to teach history as seen from a Protestant stand-point, without intruding upon religious ground, and introducing the so-called "sectarian" element to the notice of the pupils? Would the *Witness* consent to have geography and history—to say nothing of the other "et ceteras" which he includes in the common school course of studies—taught to Protestant children by a Catholic teacher? Would a British father wish his child to draw his first lessons in the history of England from school books drawn up for use in the United States schools? Certainly he would not: much more then would the Catholic father be justified in refusing to allow his child to gather its first knowledge of history from a Protestant teacher.

Go one single step beyond the three *Rs*, and you find yourself, whether you will or no, trenching upon "sectarian" ground. You cannot avoid it; you cannot, for instance, eliminate the so-called sectarian element, either from geography, or history—and how would it be with the other branches comprehended within the very indefinite, but very accommodating, *et cetera* clauses of our contemporary? Now the *Witness* does not propose that the Common schools should be limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic; he expressly includes geography, as one of the branches of a Common school education; and by his string of *et ceteras*, anything and everything that a fanatical anti-Catholic school board might please to graft thereon.

We say nothing of the indirect influence either for or against Catholicity, which a teacher must exercise upon the minds of his pupils. Protestants are so conscious of the existence of this indirect influence, of its power for good or evil, that in advertising for their domestic servants, for a cook, or maid-of-all-work, they often take care to add,—"None but Protestants need apply." We do not blame them for that, thinking as they think of Catholicity, they are careful to avoid exposing their young children to the dangers of contact, even, with Catholics; but we do blame them for not recognizing the validity of the same conscientious scruples, which forbid the Catholic father to entrust, even for a moment, the education of his young child, to a Protestant teacher; even though it may be no more the business of the latter to inculcate a holy horror of Popery, than it is part and parcel of poor Bridget's domestic functions, to insinuate a belief in the Real Presence with the matutinal coffee, or to encourage love and devotion to the Blessed Mother whilst sweeping out the parlor, or arranging the beds. Here then the Catholic parent can take his stand on firm ground. No matter what the laws and regulations of your common schools,—I, as responsible to God, and as a free man, will not confide the education of my child—no, not for one instant—to a Protestant teacher; therefore I object to being taxed for the support of the school over which he presides.

**MEAT INSPECTION.**—The question of the inspection of meat, exposed for sale, has again come up in the City Council; and the appointment of Inspectors is by many insisted upon as an important measure for the preservation of the public health.

The appointment of Inspectors is no doubt a very good step to take, but it is not the only step, nor is it the first step that it is necessary to take if we would really inaugurate an effectual sanitary reform. To appoint Inspectors, before drawing out for their guidance an exhaustive, and stringent code, or set of regulations, would be as useless as it would be to appoint judges, whose function is to administer law, without having first taken the obvious precaution of providing them with a body of laws, or code, to administer; it would be a putting of the cart before the horse.

Before appointing Meat Inspectors we must first determine what constitutes unhealthiness in meat, what renders it unfit for human food, and what are the signs by which that state of unhealthiness may be determined. This having been done, the Inspector's duty will be simple; that of determining a simple matter of fact—to wit, the presence, or the non-presence, of certain conditions. To name Inspectors, and then to leave it to their caprice to say whether meat submitted to their inspection were fit or unfit for human food, would not only be to incur unnecessary expence, but would if possible make matters worse than they are at present.

What is it that makes meat unfit for food? and how is the presence of that disqualifying condition to be determined? Of course every body will admit that meat is unfit for food when in so advanced a stage of decomposition as to be palpably offensive to the organs of smell; but even as to this question of smell there are wide differences of opinion—some contending that the odor of putrid human remains is, if not pleasant, innocuous, and perfectly harmless, even if not actively salubrious. This is a mere matter of opinion, or of taste, which is the same thing; and it will therefore be useless to appoint Inspectors, if they are to have nothing better than their private opinions or tastes, to guide them in the discharge of their functions.

Others will say the flesh of diseased animals is unfit for food. But again, does all disease disqualify for food the flesh of the animal afflicted? If not all, but only certain diseases so disqualify, what are those disqualifying diseases, and how is their presence to be determined? by what outward and visible signs can it be detected?

These are not unimportant questions, and must needs be fully answered before it will be possible to have a satisfactory system of "Meat Inspection." Neither are they questions which can be answered off-hand, as if the answer to them were obvious. There are who contend that diseased meat is not necessarily injurious when taken into the stomach, though its juices, if absorbed directly by the blood-vessels, would be fatal; and they point to the case of snake-poisons, and allege that crotales poison, or the venom of the rattlesnake, so fatal when taken into the veins, is an inert substance when taken into the stomach—a fact that we may be permitted to doubt, however, if it be true, as we have heard it asserted, that *crotales* is used with great success by homoeopathic practitioners in their treatment of the *vomito* in the semi-tropical portions of this Continent.

We have but barely glanced at some few of the questions which naturally present themselves when the question of Meat Inspection is mooted, and which must be answered before any real good effects can be expected from the appointment of Meat Inspectors. We must first draw out for their guidance a code of instructions, so as to leave nothing, or as little as possible, to individual caprice, opinions, or tastes. We want, like Mr. Gradind, "facts," and nothing else.

The Jews, whose sanitary system is so admirable, have such a code, and we perhaps might borrow from it with advantage. They have fixed rules by which their inspector is enabled to determine—constatuer the French would say—the presence of certain conditions which render the flesh of the animal thereunto subjected, unclean, unfit for human food; and they in consequence have an effective system of meat inspection, so effective that the purchaser who purchases meat with the clean ticket attached to his meat, has a certain guarantee that he may eat it without fear of any injurious results to his health.

**THE MOUNTAIN PARK.**—The long-talked of scheme of purchasing the mountain for a park hangs fire. The price asked for the land is enormous; and what with the fencing, road-making, and other contingent expences, the cost to the city, if the proposed scheme be carried out, will be not less than a Million of Dollars; it may well be more.

Whether it would be right to incur such an enormous expence, is a very serious question. Who will be the gainers by the transaction?—

The landowners, of course, will have a fine chance of selling their property at a great profit over the price it cost them, and may be supposed to be in favor of the scheme; but how are the mass of the people, out of whose pockets the purchase money will have to come, interested in the matter? Here is another question to be considered.

For what object is the park wanted? Is it for the benefit of the laboring classes, or for the advantage of the rich? Is it to furnish the latter with an elegant drive, and to give shoddy the means of glorifying itself, by a display of carriages, horses, and servants in livery! that it is proposed to make a park? or is it for the sake of furnishing the poor, the artisans, who through all the long week are shut up in their workshops and factories, with an easily accessible spot to which on Sundays and other holidays they, together with their families, may escape from the stinks and beastliness of a town, to breathe the pure air, and enjoy themselves? If the latter be the object—then, though price should be a secondary question, it is doubtful whether the proposed site is adapted for the end in view. It is not easily accessible to the residents of the Quebec suburbs and of Griffintown, for whom and for whose sake a park is chiefly to be desired.

We suppose the citizens generally will be consulted on the matter, before the final steps are taken; and it will be for them to determine whether it be prudent to incur an expence of One Million Dollars for the sake of making an elegant drive and lounge for the richer members of the City population; for, after all, it will, we fear, be of but little benefit to the poor, and to those who stand most in need of a public park.

**DEPARTURE OF HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC, DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.**—On Saturday, after a sojourn in Montreal of eleven days, and after having visited most of our religious, charitable, and educational institutions, Mgr. Taschereau took steamboat for Quebec. He was driven to the wharf in the carriage of His Honor the Mayor, and was attended by a large concourse of the clergy and citizens, anxious to testify their respect for the illustrious dignitary of the Church whom we have had the honor of receiving.

**SEANCE DRAMATIQUE.**—On Friday evening His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, accompanied by a large body of the clergy, assisted at the representation, by the pupils of St. Mary's College, of the drama of *Polyeucte*. The large Hall was densely crowded, and the numerous audience were highly delighted with the performance. The music was also very good. An Address was presented to the guest of the evening by M. E. Rottot; and at the close of the performance one of the younger pupils made to His Grace the offering of a nosegay, accompanied with a request for a holiday, which was graciously acceded to.

If it be the case—as the *Globe* itself admits that it is—that the respect entertained by any community for the marriage tie, is the surest measure of its morality, what must be the moral state of a people of whom the following can be published with any semblance of truth?—

"It is useless to deny, that, to a large number of people in the States, the venerated idea of the insolubility of the marriage tie is, as they are pleased to term it 'bosh.'"—*Globe*, May 10th.

But what does the *Globe* mean by its twaddling about "the venerated idea of the insolubility of the marriage tie?" Where, by whom is that "idea venerated" except in strictly Catholic communities, and by Papists? Is not the idea scouted, and formally repudiated, by the legislation of every Protestant community on the face of the earth? Are not Divorce Courts, and Divorce Bills passed by the Legislature, solemn national protests against "the idea of the insolubility of the marriage tie?" The people of the U. States may have carried out a little more logically their protest; but they have, in principle, done no more than what has been done by the people of England, and of all other non-Catholic countries. What a farce then, what rank hypocrisy on the part of the *Globe*, for it to prate about "the venerated idea of the insolubility of the marriage tie!" Oh Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Pecksniff, Oh!

The French papers do not appear to be pleased with the terms of the Washington Treaty, in so far as our Canadian interests are concerned therein. The *Journal de Quebec* says:—

"We are entirely and absolutely sacrificed therein to British policy, which at all costs is desirous of peace with the United States. For the United States it is Annexation with all its advantages; for us, sequestration, and ruinous conditions—exclusion from the American market, and enormous tariffs."

The *Evenement* writes in the same spirit—"They have, in short," says *L'Evenement*, "covered up the immense concessions made to the United States with imaginary compensations, the mere semblances of advantages, and shallow fictitious equivalents." The Americans, it argues, have got all they could ask; and we have had to yield at every point, and have had certain illusory advantages accorded to us in order to cover our retreat. "The treaty in itself is altogether an American treaty and may well be called 'the treaty of Washington.'" *L'Evenement* concludes in the following terms:—

The treaty will certainly be ratified by the three powers concerned. By the United States, because they have themselves dictated it, and because from their point of view it could not have been more favorable.

By England, because she has by anticipation decided on granting these concessions, which after all only prepare for and facilitate her retreat after all only prepare for and facilitate her retreat after all only prepare for and facilitate her retreat.

By Canada, because she has not power to have an opinion of her own; and, though she had, would not be justified in employing it to embroil two powers whose least shock would crush her, and who hold in their hands her destinies.

The Canadian of the 10th is equally indignant. It says that, "England has again sacrificed Canadian interests to please the United States. Our rich fisheries, almost the only national wealth which remains to us, have been basely abandoned for ever to the Americans, who will permit us in return to go and fish in their waters, which contain almost no fish."

A long article on this subject concludes in the following terms:—"It is evident, then, that we have been doubly sold, both by England and the United States, who decide upon our most vital interests for their own exclusive profit."

(To the Editor of the True Witness.) SIR.—The Daily News of Saturday last talks to us of a "tacit compact since Confederation was proclaimed," whose terms would be infringed upon were Mr. Cassidy elected as member to the Local Legislature from the West Ward.

When, would I ask, and by whom was this compact entered into? I am an elector of the Ward and a party interested, and yet I never, by myself, or by any one authorized to act or speak for me, was a party to any such compact.

By whom, then, was it made, etc.? Do tell. Yours respectfully, AN ELECTOR. We would tell if we could, but really we know nothing about the matter.

There may have been such a compact, for aught we know to the contrary; but we have yet to learn who were the contracting parties, or who gave them authority to speak in the name of, and to bind the electors of the Ward.

Perhaps, if applied to, the Daily News could throw some light on this mysterious compact: we can throw none. We read in the Minerva of Monday that there has lately been a very heavy fall of snow at Rimouski, Green Island, and Frampton.

that, after all, is the question in which the public at large are chiefly interested. This City and District Savings Bank has been in existence for about a quarter of a century, most of that time under practically the same management that now controls it, and it has been a marvel of successful financial management.

The public to-day have the same guarantee of good management that they had before; and they have the additional security of a proprietary with a heavy personal responsibility attached to it. They have besides the security of the investments required to be made under the Act; that is that all deposits exceeding the \$2,000,000 stock being invested in Dominion stock, realizing only six per cent, they paying depositors five, leaving but one per cent to pay cost of management.

As to deposits within the amount of the subscribed capital, while the Directors are authorized to loan such money, they can only loan upon unquestionable collateral security. Nothing could be more perfect than the security offered to the depositors under the new Act; and if it were possible to add to the full confidence on the part of the public which this institution has always enjoyed, the provisions of this Act should have that effect.

One clause of the act has special interest for the charitable institutions, which in the past have received so liberal donations from the Savings Bank. The Directors are required, within three months after their election to make out a statement of the affairs of the Bank, showing the value of its assets, including the reserve fund, at par; and during the following two years they are to realize such assets at their market value, keeping an account of the proceeds, at the end of which time, the amount ascertained to have been thus realized over and above their nominal value at par, with the reserve fund, is to be invested in Dominion stock, and the interest distributed annually to charitable institutions.

Thus creating a permanent charitable fund. And during the two years that this process of realizing assets is going on, the Directors are to distribute to charitable institutions an amount equal to the average annual amount distributed by them during the last three years. This arrangement will be accepted as an admirable one.—Montreal Gazette, 12th May.

We understand that the interest on this "fund" will produce the handsome sum of about eight thousand dollars (\$8,000) to be annually distributed among our charitable institutions, in perpetuity, for the benefit of the poor of this City.—Ed. T. W.

The Catholic congregation of Pembroke intend soon to erect a large stone or brick church, to cost at least \$20,000. FATAL ACCIDENT.—A verdict of "death by accident" was returned by the Coroner's jury in the case of Edward Butler, laborer, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and who was killed at Point St. Charles on Wednesday afternoon, the 10th inst, by a newly made train which was being shunted off the main line.

The New Brunswick Local Legislature debated last night on the Treaty, and were almost unanimous in condemning it. The session will probably be prolonged till authoritative information is received on the subject.—Gazette, May 12th. A MALICIOUS ATTEMPT.—Some person or persons unknown attempted to set fire to the house of Dr. Baker Edwards, 620 Laganchetiere street, on Sunday night, by setting fire to some chairs in a passage contiguous to the house. A constable was sent to guard the house but nothing further of a suspicious nature was noticed.

GRY OF BOSTON.—A bottle containing a letter, purporting to be from one of the passengers on board this ill-fated steamer, has been picked up at Shelburne. The letter is dated 21st March, 1870, is signed "Thompson," and states that the City of Boston is fast sinking. One of the passengers was Mr. Thompson, merchant of Halifax. If it is another ill-conceived hoax, no words can be strong enough to condemn it. A gentleman from Halifax, to whom the letter is to be submitted, says he can recognize Mr. Thompson's writing.—Herald, 10th inst. THE JAIL.—The man Gainer who was lately struck on the head with a hammer by Patrick Ryan while at work in the jail yard was no better yesterday; his head was much inflamed, and his face was red and swollen. In the afternoon Dr. Beaubien dressed the wound, when a piece of the skull about an inch long came out of the wound. The patient is completely out of his mind, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery. The man Patrick Ryan who committed the assault, seems to be perfectly unaware of the nature of the grave offence he has committed.—Montreal Gazette.

years ago to assert his right to the Canadas and the fisheries, then, as now, a subject of treaty between the United States and Great Britain. By the death of the ninth Earl of Stirling, the earldom fell to his eldest son, now in England. The late Earl, by will, divided his property rights among his five children, two of whom are citizens of the United States, Biozine and Charles L. Alexander. During the late session of the Joint High Commission in this city Charles L. Alexander secured a writ a prot. act upon the Department of State against the consummation of the contemplated treaty, until the rights of himself and family should be fully recognized, and some terms satisfactory to them should be agreed upon.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE.—Among the many swindling operations of the day the patent-right dodge is largely practiced on farmers, and we have heard of several cases in the State within a year. The following note is a copy of one now in use by these sharpers. It will appear at first sight to be perfectly simple, and no person wishing to take an agency for any of the many patents would hesitate to sign it.

One year after date, I promise to pay A. Sharp, or order, Five Hundred and Seventy-five dollars for value received at ten per cent per annum, with interest on the principal, when due its principal at Newburyport, N.H. Witness: JOHN DOE.

Now, having read the above carefully, and supposing it to be all right for ten dollars, just cut it in two between the words "or" and "bearer" in the first line, and you will find that the left-hand piece is a perfect note for \$275. Having induced a farmer to accept an agency, as specified in the original note, and having obtained his signature, the sharper departs. He then cuts off the right hand portion, proceeds to the nearest broker or banker, to whom he offers to sell the note at a discount, on the plea of needing the money. The signer is generally a responsible person, well known to the men of the village, and the note is purchased. When the note falls due it is presented for collection, and as the signatures are indisputable, the horrified farmer is compelled to pay \$275.—Globe.

The spectators at the last term of the Court of Queen's Bench for the District of St. Hyacinthe were witnesses to a curious scene. A person named Bonlet had accused another of stealing the depositions filed in a case to which he was a party, and to establish the charge subpoenaed two countrymen, who falsely made oath that they had witnessed the theft. The price of their villainy had, however, no sooner disappeared than they repented and took back their depositions, whereupon Lebeau, the injured party, had Bonlet arrested for subornation of perjury, and indicted at the Court of Queen's Bench, at which the two perjurers appeared "with tears in their eyes" and humbly confessed their sin. The Court was deeply moved, as well as the spectators, at the pathetic exhibition of the two big men, and after a proper interval avenged the law by sentencing their seducee to a long term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

A Mr. G. Pontbriant recently died at St. Ours, on the River Richelieu, at the patriarchal age of 105 years. He has a brother living at Sorel, who is no less than 108, and is probably the oldest man in Canada. When he was born, George III. sat on the throne, the United States were colonies, and the last French soldier had scarcely returned to France from Canada. He was 13 years old when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776; 49 years old when the War of 1812 broke out; 74 when his countrymen rose in arms, in '37, and 104 when Confederation went into effect. The population of all Canada when he first saw the light did not exceed 80,000 souls; it now exceeds 4,000,000! Upper Canada was a trackless wilderness; the furthest settlement under the British Crown was at Detroit; Ontario now blossoms like the rose, and the time honored old flag has crossed Lake Superior, the Mississippi, the Saskatchewan, and the Columbia and now floats on the waters of the Pacific. We have recently recorded many instances of Canadian longevity in the Gazette, but Mr. Pontbriant's great span with its many incidents far exceeds them all.—Montreal Gazette.

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

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Ingersoll, J. Murdoch, \$2; St. Jean de Neuville, Rev. A. H. Gosselin, \$2; Dundee, D. R. McRae, \$2; Springfield, Texas, M. Derrick, \$2.25; Mountjoy, M. Darragh, \$2; Lonsdale, M. Brennan, \$2; South Hinchinbrook, M. Fallon, \$2; Wolfstown, M. Larkin, \$1; Pendleton, J. Brownrigg, \$2; Port Louis, J. Finn, \$2; St. Basil, Madawaska, N. B., Rev. H. McGuirk, \$12.50; Norwood, T. Shea, \$1; Park Hill, Miss M. Colovin, \$2; Sheenboro, J. Shea, \$2; Deschambault, Z. Bouille, \$1; North Wakefield, Rev. C. Gray, \$2; Manotick, R. Figue, \$2; River Beaudette, D. McGillivray, \$1; Seneca, M. Sweeney, \$2; Port Carling, H. Tobin, \$1; Quebec, J. Enright, \$6; St. Charles, Rev. Mr. Mailleux, \$2.50; Bedford, P. McCalvey, \$2.

Per J. O'Reilly, Hastings.—Norwood, T. N. Healy, \$2. Per D. Walker, Lindsay.—M. Murtha, \$2. Per P. Kyle, Merrickville.—A. Dever, \$1.50; H. McIntyre, \$1.50. Per A. Doyle, Hamilton.—Self, \$2; J. Griffin, \$2. Per H. Stafford, Almonte.—P. Gleeson, \$1. Per Rev. P. Quinn, Richmond Station.—C. Coughlin, \$1. Per J. H. Wilson, Whalen.—D. Heenan, \$2. Per Rev. F. Woods, Huntington.—D. Barrett,

\$1.50; W. Finn, \$1.50; J. McGee, \$1.50; P. Cavanney, \$1.50; J. Savage, \$1.50; M. McDonough, \$1.50; W. Walsh, jr., \$1.50; J. Cavanney, \$1.50; T. Donohue, \$1.50; M. Curran, \$1.50; A. Murphy, \$1.50; J. Hughes, \$1.50; J. Leahy, \$1.50. Per P. Lamping, Kemptville.—M. Derrick, Spencerville, \$2.

Married, At Albany, N.Y., on the 25th of April, by the Very Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, V.G., at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. R. J. Northgraves, to Miss Julia K. Courtney.

Died, At 165, St. Urbain street, on the 12th inst., Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of James Abjohn, and grand-daughter of Francis Clarke, aged 22 years.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. May 15. Flour 47 brl. of 196 lb.—Pollards.....\$3.75 @ \$4.10 Middlings..... 4.75 @ 4.85 Fine..... 5.15 @ 5.25 Superior, No. 2..... 5.50 @ 5.60 Super-fine..... 5.80 @ 5.90 Fancy..... 6.30 @ 6.35

PRICES CURRENT OF LEATHER. MONTREAL, May, 15 1870. Equal's Spanish Sole, No. 1 (b.a.) per lb. 25 to 26 do do No. 2..... 23 to 24 Slaughterer No. 1..... 26 to 28 do No. 2..... 00 to 00 Waxed Upper, light and medium..... 43 to 45 do do heavy..... 40 to 43 Grained do..... 40 to 43 Splits large..... 29 to 36 do small..... 20 to 30 Kips, City Slaughter (whole)..... 50 to 55 do ordinary..... 00 to 00 Cal-Skin (27 to 36 lbs. per dozen)..... 65 to 85 do (18 to 26 lbs. per dozen)..... 60 to 70 Sheep-Skin linings..... 27 to 33 Harness..... 31 to 34 Buffed Cow, per foot..... 14 to 17 Ribbed Cow, do..... 15 to 16 Enamelled Cowdo..... 17 1/2 to 18 1/2 Patent Cow do..... 19 to 19 1/2 Rough..... 27 to 30 English Oak Sole..... 40 to 41 English Kips..... 56 to 66

LECTURE BY JAMES J. CAHAN, (LATE OF IRELAND) IN THE ST. PATRICK'S HALL, ON Tuesday Evening, May, 23, 1871. SUBJECT—"HOME RULE FOR IRELAND." Tickets, 25 cents. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock.

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

WANTED FOR St. Mary's Roman Catholic Separate School, Sarnia, Ont., a FIRST CLASS MALE TEACHER, of good character, to whom a good Salary will be given. Address: REV. R. BEAUSANG, Sarnia, Ont. May 12th, 1871.

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

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, PRACTICAL HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 M'GILL STREET, (NEAR NOTRE DAME), WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been Selected with the GREATEST Care from the BEST Houses in the Trade, and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. Montreal, May 10th, 1871.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y., MANUFACTURE a superior quality of Church, Academy, Fire-Alarm, Factory, China, Tower-Clock, Steamboat, Court-House, Farm and other Bells, of pure copper and tin, mounted in the most approved manner, and fully warranted. Catalogues sent free. Address MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of LEON GIRoux, Insolvent. We, the undersigned CLAUDE MELANCON and LOUIS OLYMPE TURGEON, of the City of Montreal, Merchants, have been appointed Assignees in this matter, instead of L. J. LAJOIE, Esquire. Creditors are requested to file their claims before us, within one month. Montreal, 27th April, 1871. CLAUDE MELANCON, L. O. TURGEON.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Dist. of Montreal. } SUPERIOR COURT. No. 561. JOHN HART, et al, Plaintiffs; vs. STEPHEN MATTHEWS, Defendant.

TAKEN in Execution, and will be sold by public auction, by Authority of Justice, on the 29th day of May, instant, (1871), at the place of business of said defendant, the whole of his goods and chattels, seized by me, in this cause, consisting of Cloths, Towels and other merchandize, and articles of furniture, the whole will be sold for cash to the highest and last bidder. Sale at TEN O'CLOCK, A.M. M. E. MERCIER B.S.C.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1871. CANADA, Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Joliette. In the matter of LOUIS MARSAN and JOSEPH TELLIER de LAFORTUNE, Insolvents.

The undersigned, one of the Insolvents, has deposited at the Clerk's office of this Court, the consent of his Creditors to his discharge, and will, on the twenty-eighth day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, apply to the said Court for the ratification of the discharge thereby effected. JOSEPH TELLIER de LAFORTUNE, By GODIN & DESROCHES, his Attorneys ad litem. Joliette, 5th May, 1871.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. The Office of this Company has been removed to No. 9 St. LAMBERT STREET, between Notre Dame and St. James streets. ALFRED DUMOUCHEL, Secretary.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. Daily Experience confirms the truth of the pithy OLD ADAGE, Honesty the Best Policy. The golden rule claims for itself universal application; and scarcely does it know an exception. By far the best is an HONEST POLICY in all business transactions. Could it be more infused into the COMMERCIAL ELEMENT of the present day, we might soon triumph over the absence of that TRICKERY AND DISSIMULATION which are so deplorably characteristic of this our progressive age, and which militate so much against our TRADING INTERESTS.

J. C. KENNEDY, 31 St. Lawrence Street, In all his transactions, takes this as his Motto, "HONESTY THE BEST POLICY," and from the great success resulting from his efforts to establish a Business on RIGHT PRINCIPLES, the most convincing proof is ever ready to recognize and support HONEST UPRIGHT POLICY, combined with Prices that will stand the test of the FIERCEST COMPETITION!

A Trial will Prove the Fact. BEST RECEIVED EX "PRUSSIAN." A splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, which will be made to measure at our usual LOW CHARGES. All desiring GOOD FITTING Clothing go to J. G. KENNEDY & CO., PRACTICAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS, 31 St. LAWRENCE STREET.

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These periodicals are the medium through which the greatest minds, not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but also of Continental Europe, are constantly brought into more or less intimate communication with the world of readers. History, Biography, Science, Philosophy, Art, Religion, the great political questions of the past and of to-day, are treated in their pages as the learned alone can treat them. No one who would keep pace with the times can afford to do without these periodicals. Of all the monthlies Blackwood holds the foremost place.

TERMS. For any one of the Reviews.....\$4 00 per annum. For any two of the Reviews..... 7 00 " For any three of the Reviews..... 10 00 " For all four of the Reviews..... 12 00 " For Blackwood's Magazine..... 4 00 " For Blackwood and one Review..... 7 00 " For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews..... 10 00 " For Blackwood and three of the Reviews..... 13 00 " For Blackwood and the four Reviews..... 15 00 " Single numbers of a Review, \$1; single numbers of Blackwood, thirty-five cents. Postage two cents a number. Circulars with further particulars maybe had on application. DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

May 10.—A despatch, dated Paris, Tuesday night, says: Last night the insurgents became convinced of the impossibility of holding Issy and began its evacuation by way of Vanvres to escape the fire of the enemy. The cannonade of the enemy became fearful, and caused an explosion in Issy and a great fire in Vanvres. Meanwhile, the insurgents attempted to attack them in the direction of Neuilly, but were mowed down by the Government mitrailleurs. Great slaughter was caused, and the survivors made a rapid retreat. The cannonade of Neuilly is now violent. Gen. Rossel now refuses the dictatorship, and accuses the Commune of weakness. He complains of the cowardice of the troops in Issy, and says that instead of fighting officers they had taking ones.

The Sub Committee of the organization in a proclamation issued to day orders the most relentless measures towards the besiegers. No soldier will be allowed to depart on the slightest degree from his duty and all the troops are forbidden to cease firing upon the Versailles who may attempt to surrender, while fugitives and stragglers are to be saved when caught, or if they are in numerous bodies, are to be fired into mercilessly by cannon and mitrailleurs.

LONDON, May 12.—A Times special from Paris says Col. Brunel has been appointed commandant of Fort Vanvres. A series of batteries had been prepared in the arrondissement of the Pantheon. Pestilence is apprehended in Paris.

A News despatch says the national battalions are thinning rapidly. The resignation of Rossel causes discouragement among the Communists. Delescluse is unable to do much in consequence of ill-health, but in a speech just delivered he expressed confidence in the future freedom of France, and in the success of the Commune.

A Telegraph despatch from Versailles says the insurgents are unable to repair the damage done to their works by the Versailles batteries, and will possibly attempt a defeat of the latter by an attack in strong force.

The Mayor of the town of Issy has been arrested, while on his way to Bordeaux, and imprisoned.

LONDON, May 12.—The Standard of this evening has a despatch asserting that the Communist forces are only 12,000 strong, and that the Versailles army could go into Paris to-day if it would.

PARIS, May 12.—The Communists claim victories, and deny the reports of the successes of the Versailles. Fort Vanvres was retaken by the Communists at the point of the bayonet. There was a desperate engagement around Issy, and the Communists claim to have re-captured the park of Issy. The Versailles are cutting trenches in front of the Maillot Gate, and concentrating their troops in the Bois de Boulogne. There was a short fusillade about Fort Bievre to-day. Victor Scholerer has been arrested.

The Commune has ordered that religious instruction shall cease, and that all crucifixes and Madonnas be removed from the schools.

A commission has been instituted in Paris to examine into the condition of the factories and workshops abandoned by their masters, and to report upon the measures necessary for their re-establishment in working order, under the auspices of the co-operative workmen's societies. A jury is also to be formed whose duty it will be to settle with the masters the terms of cessation of the factories to the workmen's societies, and also the amount of indemnity which is to be paid.

Lu Steele says a vast Bonapartist organization exists throughout France.

ALLEGED PUBLIC ROBBERY.—The Independence Belge states that the French Ambassador in London has informed M. Favre that pictures belonging to the collections of the Louvre have been sent to England and sold here by order of the Commune.

MILITARY GRATITUDE.—Miss Esther Johnstone, a young Jersey lady, died lately at Chalons-sur-Marne, and was interred with full Prussian military honours. Having been attached to an ambulance corps, on the cessation of the late war she resolved to remain with the Prussian sick and wounded, to whom she was most indefatigable in her attention. She made the smallpox patients her special care, and, while attending upon them, was seized with the disease and carried off in a few days. The Prussians resolved to give her the honours of a military funeral, and this was done with all the formalities that usually attend the obsequies of an officer. The Generals and officers at Chalons-sur-Marne accompanied the corpse to its resting-place, together with about 500 of the inhabitants. A monument has been erected by the soldiers to her memory.

THE STATE OF ALGERIA.—The Gaulois says that very disagreeable intelligence has been received from Algeria. "The insurrection in the province of Constantine, which it was thought had been effectually quelled, has again broken out, and with increased force. All the western portion of the province, and some of the tribes in the eastern districts of the province of Algiers, are in full revolt. Admiral Gueydon has sent ample assistance, but it is probable that the Government will immediately despatch reinforcements to our African colony. The fleet at anchor off Villefranche is ready to start at any moment."

SPAIN.

PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.—We expected to find that Protestantism in Spain would result in a signal fiasco. For more than two years it has lived under protection of revolution and pecuniary bribe, but the too credulous victims who embraced it in ignorance have for the most part made their abjuration, and it has no more hope of becoming a "Church"

than of agreeing in common belief. Enormous sums have been expended with a view to fascinate mercenary souls; but, just as in England, "missionary collections" are swept into mysterious treasuries; so, in Spain, the outlay can show no sort of return but imaginary lists of converts. Government is beginning to discover that political intrigue is born of Protestant missions, and its favoring eye is dimmed to further appeals for sympathy.

But there is another enemy to the Church in Spain more potent far than heresy. Freemasons have obtained such wide-spread power that Government is afraid to offend them. The lower quarters of Madrid will soon be as hopelessly Masonic as the higher quarters of Paris, of Belleville and Montmartre. Public conferences are held and advertised, and at these such doctrines as are most "advanced" are openly taught and favored. Attacks are made on every kind of worship, and the dominant "view" is the negation of divine and (therefore) of human right.—Tablet.

ITALY.—PIEDMONT.

LOYALTY OF THE ROMAN NOBILITY.—It is gratifying to hear that Prince Humbert is vexed at the disaffection of the Roman nobility. Exceptions there are; but the majority are true to their Pontiff and their Sovereign.—Speaking last week on this subject, Prince Humbert said: "These Princes and Cardinals keep aloof from ourselves; the day will soon come when we shall be far away, and they will wish to have us." Much importance has been attached to these words. They have been thought to mean that it is the intention at Florence to leave to the Secretaries the Pope and all his adherents. The Romans feel that they are on a mine, and that Mazzini holds the match. Without some special protection, Rome must soon contemplate hideous and fatal scenes. The responsibility will be less with those Piedmontese agents—who are more properly victims of Revolution—than with the European Governments who now urge on the Secretaries. It is a significant fact that Pere Hyacinthe is now living comfortably in Rome. He is the guest of Prince Teano, at the Gaetani Palace. Politics and religion are inseparable at Rome, and so are apostasy and rebellion. The Bien Public, speaking of the miserable state of Rome, and of the absence of visitors from it, observes:—

"Instead of visitors, there are assassins—starving tramps, who thieve and murder, and infuse a terror into the people. Instead of Zouaves, brilliant and generous, there is a garrison of Piedmontese soldiers, and all without money, greedy, insolent, and brutal. Instead of 800 or 900 Bishops, full of charity, there are masters of iron strictness; Ministers who are always on the move to organize establishments for matters of State. One feels, in short, the load of new imposts, and the injuries of a "civilization" not hitherto known, and false; accompanied by an anti-Christian propagandism, and all the scandals of the societies of Free-Thinkers. How should Rome not be sad and desolate?"

Amongst other benefits for which Rome stands indebted to Revolution is the presence of a certain Mr. Hogg, an Anglican minister, who devotes himself to the conversion of priests, with a view to their subsequent nuptials. Mindful of that connubial theology, in which he was sedulously brought up, he preaches marriage as that Christian perfection to which conversion is a step. His right-hand man is one Gennazzi, an apocrite; who appreciates that "glorious liberty" which Mr. Hogg can so eloquently describe. It does not appear that the Roman priests have flocked in crowds to embrace the proffered freedom: indeed not one, up to the end of last week, had been converted into matrimony. But these men run, all day long, about the streets of Rome, distributing their (connubial) tracts; nor has it yet occurred to them—that they are idiots.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH DEPUTATION TO THE POPE.—The following was the Pope's answer to the address read by the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the deputation:—"I am filled with love, with affection, with gratitude, in answering the noble sentiments which you have just expressed in favour of the Holy See, and of the feeble individual whom God has placed upon the throne, in times so difficult, so perverse—times in which so many have arisen against their Lord and against His Church, and in which we are obliged to maintain the cause of Right, Truth, and Justice. I repeat that I feel myself penetrated with gratitude; and the sight of you recalls to my mind one of my great predecessors, who loved you well—who loved England dearly—St. Gregory the Great. I am his successor. I cannot compare myself with him in virtues, in eloquence, in learning; but I in no wise yield to him in my love for you, for your country, for England. I have done all that was possible for me to do, in order to extend, to multiply, to expand the Church in that England which was once the Island of Saints, and until our own times has displayed ["d'aploye"] so much power in the world—in society. I have prayed to St. Gregory to suggest to me the words that I should say to you this morning. There are two things: I pray you to be always united; let your impulse and energy be united with the impulse and energy which is manifested throughout the Catholic world. As at the beginning of the Catholic religion, Credo in unum deum et in unum dominum, so I beseech you to be always united one with the other. I charge you to say this to your Bishops: be united,—the Bishops with you, and you with the Bishops. If any one lags behind, it must be made known, in order that I may suggest to him to re-unite himself to the rest, and to march against the enemies of religion and of the Church. It is not now a political war—a battle against Governments—which we have to wage, but we have even to maintain the rights of Truth, the rights of Religion, the rights which Jesus Christ has given us. Union, then, my dear children, is necessary. Cour-

age is also necessary—the courage to speak up for and defend the rights of the Church—to defend them against her enemies, who make war upon her here in Italy and elsewhere. And this war is not made only against the Pope; there are many who will have nothing more to do with Jesus Christ nor with the blessed Virgin. In such a warfare let us unite all our efforts, and the gates of Hell shall never prevail. I might, my children, say many other things to you; but I will not take up your time. I accompany you with my blessings. I give them to you with all my heart. I have already said that I love England; and I repeat that St. Gregory is my superior in science and in virtue; but as to love for England, I am equal with St. Gregory. May my benedictions be with you throughout your lives; may they remain upon you and your wives and children and your brothers, your lands and your possessions, so that you may live and die in the midst of these blessings. O my God! grant that the Catholic Church may flourish in England; grant that this Church may flourish. Bless all those who are here present; may every mouth here praise Thee and exalt Thee throughout all Eternity! Benedicti Dei Omnipotentis, Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti descendu super vos et maneat semper. Amen." The Duke of Norfolk and the deputation were then presented severally to the Pope by Mgr. Stonor, and each one received from his hands a handsome medal, with his portrait on the obverse. When the presentations were over, the Holy Father, saying with much cheerfulness, "Sergite; Eamus," invited the deputation to accompany and converse with him in his walk through the Loggia Stanza and Gardens of the Vatican.—On re-entering the Vatican he seated himself under his bust at one end of the library, and remarked that the library was his only place of exercise in wet weather, and that "if the Government of Florence take that also away, he supposed that the poor old Pope must not go out walking except when the sun was shining and the heavens were serene."

The inhabitants of the villages round Rome give a much needed lesson of energy and courage to the citizens of the capital. While the Romans of every class illuminated in honor of Victor Emmanuel, and while the Roman Societa degli Interessi Cattolici have actually refused to support the foreign Catholic residents, who were desirous to show some mark of outward honor to the Pope on the 12th of April, the inhabitants of Rocca di Papa, Monte Cassin, and other neighboring parishes prevented the few revolutionaries from illuminating on the 14th, and did so themselves in every house in honor of St. Joseph, parading the village with a flag of the Saints, shouting Viva Pio IX! At Grotta Ferrata on the 25th only three tri-colored flags were displayed, the Basilian Monks having explained to the people the sin of complicity with the Revolution. The Princess Margherita was to have gone there, but heard, in time, how cold a reception was in store for her, and gave up the visit.—Prince Umberto went the same day to Civita Vecchia, where an immense crowd followed him to the station, crying Viva France!—H. R. II. returned to Rome in a violent fit of ill temper, much aggravated, it is said, by seeing the Papal flag still flying on board the "Immaculate Conception," which is moored near the Orenoque. The theatricals in the Quirinal have been suspended, many even among the persons invited to the Quirinal refusing to assist at them, as too revolting to all decency. "Matinees dansantes," however, says the Libertas, are to replace them in the Pontifical Gardens.

A STARTLING TRUTH.—Thousands die annually from neglected coughs and colds, which soon ripen into consumption, or other equally fatal diseases of the lungs; when by the timely use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry their lives could have been preserved to a green old age.

Who that has seen a dangerous disease arrested by an able physician or a good medicine but values both? Be it your family physician to whom you owe so many escapes from aches and ails, or Dr. Ayer's inimitable remedies—his Sarsaparilla that renewed your vitality or Cherry Pectoral that cured a painful cough, or his Ague Cure that expelled the freezing ague and burning fever from your blood.—Who that has been relieved by any of these agencies but feels grateful for them all?—Lancet Times.

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

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP;" Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are imitations. JOHN DONOVAN, Agent for the sale of Dr. J. BALL & CO'S NEW PATENT IMPROVED IVORY EYE-CUPS for restoring the sight, for the Counties of Lotbiniere and Megantic. Leeds, P.Q., May 12th, 1871.

BROTHER ARNOLD'S BAZAAR!

GRAND BAZAAR & DRAWING OF PRIZES,

IN THE

LA SALLE INSTITUTE, TORONTO,

ON

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

28th, 29th and 30th June, and 1st July, 1871,

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

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

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

MORTALITY, FEAST OF ST. AGATHA, 1871.

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

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

- 1st Prize—Especially presented by his Grace the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.
2nd—Presented by Very Rev. J. F. Jamot, V.G.
3rd—Presented by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G.
4th—Presented by Rev. J. M. Laurent, P. P. St. Patrick's Church.
5th—A magnificent Painting of the Virgin and Child, from the original of Carlo Dolci—value \$100.
6th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Patrick, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, U.S.
7th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Hosea, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, Canada.
8th—Marble Statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented by Rev. Bro. Canadian, Director of the Christian Brothers, Baltimore, U.S.
9th—Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ—valued at \$30—presented by the Students of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, N. Y., under the direction of the Christian Brothers.
10th—Presented by Rev. Bro. Tellow, Director of the Catholic Protector, New York.
11th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by Messrs. D. & J. Sudler, New York.
12th—A magnificent Bible—valued at \$30—presented by P. Donahoe, Esq., Boston.
13th—Fine Guitar—valued at \$20—presented by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto.
14th—Pearl Cross, silver case—valued at \$25—presented by J. A. Sudler, Esq., Montreal.
15th—Presented by the Young Irishman's Catholic Benevolent Association.
16th—Ecce Homo, an Oil Painting, presented by the Artist.
17th—An Oil Painting of the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. J. Lynch.
18th—Picture of St. Patrick, worked in wool, presented by the Rev. Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
19th—An Oil Painting, presented by the Rev. Ladies of Loretto, Toronto.
20th—Rich Irish Poplin Dress.
21st—Richly-mounted Chair—valued at \$60—gift of the Pupils of the Christian Brothers' Commercial Academy, Toronto.
22nd—An Eight-day Clock, gift of the Pupils of St. Paul's School, Toronto.
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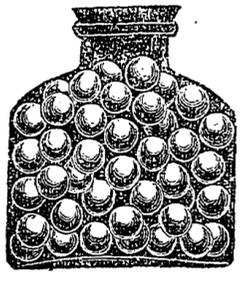
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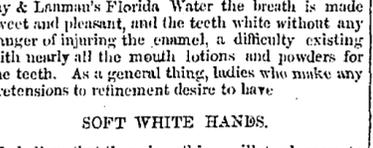
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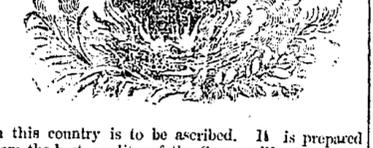
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Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations at 8:00 a.m. Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, and all points West, at 8:00 P. M. Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6 A.M. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate Stations at 4:00 P.M.

Trains for Lachine at 7:00 A.M., 9:30 A.M., 12 Noon, 2:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M. The 2:00 P.M. Train runs through to Province line. GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations at 6:45 A.M. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9:00 A.M. Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 3:45 P. M. Express for Island Pond at 2:00 P.M. Night Express for Portland, Three Rivers, Quebec and Riviere du Loup, at 10:10 P.M. Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains, Baggage checked through.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. Trains will leave Brockville at 4:45 A.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 8:30 A.M. Mail Train at 7:30 A. M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:50 P.M.

Express at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M. LEAVE OTTAWA.

Express at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West. Mail Train at 3:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:15 P.M.

Express 10:30 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 2:15 A.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Night Express going West; arrive at Sand Point at 1:35 and 7:10 P.M. Freight forwarded with despatch. Car-loads go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transhipment.

H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees. PORT HOPE & PETERBORO RAILWAY.

Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 3:00 p.m. and 5:45 a.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Peterboro. Leave PETERBORO daily at 3:30 p.m. and 5:20 a.m. for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope.

PORT HOPE AND LINDSAY RAILWAY. Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 5:45 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. for Millbrook, Bethany, Omamee and Lindsay. Leave LINDSAY daily at 9:35 a.m. and 12:35 p.m. or Omamee, Bethany, Millbrook and Port Hope.

A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent. GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TERM.

Arrive 5:30, 11:00 A.M. 5:30, 9:20 P.M. Depart 7:00, 11:45 A.M. 4:00, 5:30 P.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY—TORONTO TIME. City Hall Station. Arrive 11:10 A.M. 8:10 P.M. Depart 7:45 A.M. 3:45 P.M. Brock Street Station. Arrive 10:55 A.M. 7:55 P.M. Depart 8:00 A.M. 4:00 P.M.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections.

RED SPRUCE GUM has always been held in high estimation by the Natives of Canada, and was at one time in great repute, for Pulmonary Affections. Like a great many of our household remedies, its use was derived from the Indians who had the greatest faith in its virtues.

It has been customary to dissolve the Gum in High Wines and then take it mixed with a little water; but the quantity of High Wines swallowed in order to obtain any appreciable effect, is so large that it entirely destroys the Balsamic and Soothing effects characteristic of the Gum. In the above preparation it is offered, to the appreciation of the public, in the form of a delicious Syrup, with all the properties of the Gum preserved.

Prepared by HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, 144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL. (Established 1859.)

SELECT DAY SCHOOL. Under the direction of the SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, 744 PALACE STREET.

HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 to 11 A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M.

The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$6 extra per quarter.