

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE PARIS INSURRECTION.—New York, April 3.—The following is a special dated Paris, Monday evening. About four o'clock yesterday afternoon after great preparations the National Insurgents commenced passing out at the Neully gate, in all fifty thousand men, Generals Bergeret, Flourens, and Menotti Garibaldi commanding. It was understood that Fort Valerien would not fire. About 6 o'clock the artillery was all in front and General Bergeret in advance with ten thousand men, when suddenly Valerien opened fire, killing the Commandant. General Bergeret had just got out of his carriage when the vehicle was smashed by a bomb-shell. The wildest scene ensued. The troops tried to retreat; the main body left Bergeret alone with 10,000 men. He tried to fight with field artillery against Fort Valerien, but it was useless. The Communists got into the city, but Bergeret and his men are out off and cannot pass Valerien. The main body escaped with the loss of 100 men, but Bergeret must lose large numbers. Altogether there are 12,000 men killed, wounded, and missing, including Bergeret's force. The Communist troops under arms number 150,000. Tremendous excitement prevails.

The following is now the situation:—Bergeret, with 15,000 men was completely cut off. Thea Flourens was purposely permitted to effect a junction with him, and Flourens and Bergeret, with 35,000 men, must surrender, or fight at the greatest disadvantage.

The Daily News despatch confirms the route of the insurgents, who proved great blistering cowards, and who expected Valerien would fraternize with them.

Thiers has issued a proclamation addressed to the Prefects of Departments, as follows: "On Monday the insurgent masses attacked our forces simultaneously at Nanterre, Reuil, Bougival, Beaulieu, Chillon, and Noisy. Fort Valerien at daybreak began to cannonade the villages of Nanterre, Reuil, and Bougival. They subsequently attacked the Government forces by whom they were repulsed. General Vinoy, with a valry, was by this time in position, threatening to outflank the insurgents, and they fled in complete rout, leaving many of their dead and wounded in the hands of the Government troops."

The following details have been received of the recent battle before Paris.

Gen. Burgert commanded the right wing of the Communists with Flourens in his rear as a support. Gen. Duval commanded the centre and Gen. Eudes the left wing. The left and left centre suffered more heavily in the engagement than the right, but were protected in their retreat by the fire of the forts held by the Communists. The Nation is badly organized, and having but a limited supply were soon out of ammunition. Many tried to return to Paris, but found the gates shut and men posted on the ramparts who threatened to shoot them if they attempted to re-enter the city. The contest at Le Bas Meudon was exceedingly bloody. The firing from the batteries manned by artillerymen from the Versailles army is pronounced fully equal in spirit and effect to that experienced during the German bombardment of Paris.

Prince de Joinville has fled to London. LONDON, April 5.—The Archbishop of Paris has been arrested by the Commune on a charge of conspiracy against the safety of the State.

NEW YORK, April 7.—A special cable telegram from Paris says that the funeral of the killed yesterday was an extraordinary scene. There were three huge hearses with black velvet pall, and each decorated with 16 red flags, containing the dead. Following them were 8,000 National Guards and double that number of citizens. Women were marching in hundreds past and along the boulevards at a solemn pace. Many members of the commune joined the procession as they arrived at Pere la Chaise. Each hearse contained 33 coffins, and 23 other hearses were already in the cemetery filled with dead from the various hospitals. It was an awful scene; one huge grave for all. The bodies were lowered one at a time amidst the shrieks of the women and shouts of the men for vengeance on the assassins of Versailles. Pere la Chaise was one mass of people swaying with passion and screaming "Vive la Republique!" "Vive la Commune!" The losses of the communists create great grief in the city mixed with bitter animosity.

It is apparently the purpose of the commander of the Versailles army to completely invest the capital. The lines are already established on the left bank of the Seine.

Direct communication by telegraph with Paris has ceased. The wires have been cut up by the insurgents. The city is again isolated and all despatches have to be sent from points outside the lines of the national guards.

The World's special, dated Paris 7, says:—The situation is hourly becoming more alarming. The forces of the Commune are growing stronger and bolder. M. Thiers's proposition to treat has inspired the Commune with fresh hopes, and it is believed that they have 100,000 men who will boldly fight the Government troops, retain the conquered positions, and make no advances for peace. To-day a battle is raging in the fields between Chateillon and Vanveris. From the latter place the insurgents maintain an incessant fire from behind the Fort. Crowds of women and children, frantic with grief, are searching each ambulance as it arrives for bodies of their husbands and fathers. The slaughter on both sides yesterday and to-day was fearful. Terror reigns and the prisons are crowded. The churches and houses of the aristocrats are pillaged, and all the priests imprisoned. A great many murders have taken place. On this Good

Friday there were no religious services in Paris. German intervention is the only hope.

A despatch from Paris says that several shells have burst within the walls in Avenue de la Imperatrice.

The Communists are determined to continue the struggle, and have greatly strengthened the fortifications at Montmartre and Batezuaie.

Gen. Clouscret is re-organizing the National Guards.

The party of conciliation are redoubling their efforts.

The Commune decrees the arrest of all persons accused of complicity with Versailles, and a jury of investigation will decide who shall be detained as hostages. Every execution of a National, taken prisoner, or of a civil partisan of the Commune, by the Versailles officers, will be immediately followed by the execution of treble the number of hostages.

Special despatches to the Daily News, report that all the officers and professors of the College of Jesuits in Paris, have been arrested by the Communists.

THE FRENCH MONARCHY.—Louis Veuillot, writing in l'Univers (which now again reaches us regularly from Paris), strenuously opposes the presence of the Orleans Princes in the National Assembly. He says:—"We think that if the Princes insist on their election, the Assembly ought to insist on the execution of the law of exclusion whilst it remains law. A law may be repealed, but ought not to be violated." Arguing that the only King who could really save France must be a legitimate King, he says:—"The Assembly must simply declare the rightful King to be King; not create him; for then the Assembly would itself be King. Such a course would justify conspiracies hereafter, and all subsequent attempts at legitimizing the King would be a failure. Louis Philippe and Napoleon had all that could be imagined or desired in the way of posterior legitimization. There was the national consent, first tacit, then explicit, then reiterated. All would not do. They never derailed, they never were strong enough, to execute justice. The vice of their origin clung to them, and constrained them to conspire against themselves and against France. Nobody was bound to them. They were debtors to conspiracy, and they had to pay in full; and we too have paid, and are paying, and shall have to pay their debt. We know (or shall know) what this Prussian Peace is! The Princes ought not to sit in the Assembly. Whilst there they must be conspirators, whether they mean it or no. Royal personages cannot become Commoners when they please. Why, even the little Gambetta (if there is one), when he grows up, will not be like other men. He can never forget that his father signed Sovereign decrees. The fact is awkward for Democrats; but so it is. The young Garibaldi must be born French general; they cannot help it. Have we not got a little Carnot who was born a deputy in spite of nature? How many more sons of Jove are there; who will never be of the least use in the world, and who will not be able to keep out of high positions? A Bourbon is a Bourbon; that also cannot be helped. A Bourbon is necessarily either the inheritor of a throne or the aspirant to one. In the first character he waits; in the second he conspires, and sound policy bids us beware of him. Henry de Bourbon set an example which his cousins would do well to copy. He keeps aloof, he does not offer himself. He does not canvass for a seat in the Assembly, or try to step into royalty by a back door. If France needs him, France knows where to find him. The Orleans Princes would do well to place themselves once for all under the leadership of their Lord. We do not like the word fusion it has been bandied about far too much of late."

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.—Stretched upon a bed of sickness says the Journal des Debats, during long days and tedious nights, France, with fevered eyes, with burning cheeks, has awaited the verdict of those who are styled men of action. They have spoken—they have prescribed amputation and copious bleeding. Such it is we are now undergoing. The country's blood is flowing and issuing from every pore. We seem hardly to comprehend, to feel, or to be aware of it. We are like sufferers who are made unconscious by chloroform. But when we shall awake from this feverish slumber, when we feel about for our hand, our arm, and find them gone, what an awakening! And yet we must arouse ourselves; the weary pilgrimage of life and labor must be resumed. The present generation will not reap the fruits; they have witnessed too much not to be forever disheartened, and they can say to Fortune, "Nous nous connaissons trop pour nous tromper encore." But the future does not belong to us. If we were to yield to selfish and personal sentiments, we should bequeath to the generations which will succeed us the watchword of "Vengeance." Upon the bed of anguish to which mutilated France is now condemned we should have to pronounce but three words—"Silence, patience!"—the third word we have no right to pronounce. We have not a right to dispose of the blood and lives of those who are to come after us. Our sole duty is to render them capable of thinking and acting for themselves, and to themselves alone will belong the right of one day deciding whether they will seek vengeance for the blood of their fathers. It is enough for us to leave them a dismembered and crippled country, and a debt which will be a heavy burden to their children's children. And who knows? Who can tell whether the bitterly rancorous feelings which now fill even grave and reflecting minds will survive a few years? See what a spectacle Paris presents. As if in extreme irony, an unclouded sun shown upon the violation of our great city. With but a slight variation of the language of the Latin historian, we may say, "Diem sideribus illustrem ad perpetranda-

dam facinus Dei dedere." Within the city every open space is closed—the streets are empty. Paris for a few hours is a desert. But the desire for seeing and moving about is too strong, and all Paris rushes forth as the inhabitants of an anthill. When we look today upon the quays, boulevards, and the great public thoroughfares we recall the English legend of Lady Godiva, in which the feudal lord, upon the intercession of his countess, consented to withdraw a tax upon his citizens provided she would ride naked through the town. She, after a struggle, suffered her pity to overcome her modesty, and consented to make the sacrifice, but sent a herald through the town beseeching all persons to keep within doors and not to look into the street, a behest that was obeyed by all save one despicable creature, whose eyes, the legend says, were blinded before the object of his wicked curiosity came within view; and the tax was abolished. Oh! you Parisians who cannot resist the sun or curiosity who run to gaze at the pointed and glittering helmets of your conquerors as though you had only lost a stage battle, think over this legend. Remind yourselves that it is to ransom one of your fortresses, to purchase peace for all France, that your city undergoes this extreme humiliation. Say to yourselves that it is its body which in its outraged and bleeding nakedness is borne upon a soldier's saddle to be exhibited to your gaze. Open not your eyes, and may those who yield to impious temptation be smitten with blindness, and may their eyes be dried up in their sockets. But alas! We very much fear that our population is always the same, with all its faults and all its good qualities; a population essentially feminine in its character, capable of the utmost weakness, passing from the extreme of difference, and able to die or to surrender with equal facility. We read at this moment the despatch addressed by the Emperor of Germany to the King of Bavaria, in which after the usual expression of thankfulness to Providence, he says, "This closes a glorious but sanguinary war, which was forced upon us by a frivolity quite unparalleled." Let us ponder over this hard saying; let us no longer be a frivolous people.

A family in Detroit have a baby which is the wonder of the neighborhood. It is a month old, about six inches long, weighs one pound and two ounces, and has never cried since it was born.—Some idea can be formed of its diminutive size by the fact that its legs are no larger around than a man's forefinger. If this prodigy of a baby lives to become of age, it will rival Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt in littleness.

Beauty is a great thing, but Learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients even, the Muses counted for two or three times as much as the Graces.

Literary fame is more easily caught than kept. If you do nothing, you are forgotten; and if you write and fail, your former success is thrown in your teeth.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, or to have conquered millions.

A man is healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle. To be fully up with the century, live habitually when young, with those older than yourself, and when old, with those younger.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT EYE CUPS.

SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS, CHRONIC SORE EYES CURED, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated, "sure guaranteed," by the greatest invention of the age, DR. J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT EYE CUPS.

The value of the celebrated and well known Patent Eye Cups for the restoration of Sight, breaks out and blazes in the evidences of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best physicians in their practice. The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Myor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are certainly the greatest invention of the age.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæ Eye Cups: CLAYVILLE, Washington Co., Pa., October 25, 1870.

DR. J. BALL & CO., Gentlemen,—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the ne plus ultra of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia of Near-Sightedness.

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

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

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. Have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of Cups and plan of treatment. Wherever I go with them they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience, anywhere that people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and can safely say that I myself (or rather the Eye Cups) was no mean portion of the attraction of the occasion. I sold and effected sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast, too; no small catch-penny affair, but a superb, No. 1 tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life long.

Yours respectfully, HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

CLEAR CREEK, N.C., Oct. 21, 1870.

DR. J. BALL & CO., Gentlemen,—I have been making experiments with the Patent Eye Cups I received, and found they are just what you represented them to be. As for my own eyes, I am happy to say that I can now read and write without my spectacles. My wife could see to thread her needle after applying

the Patent Eye Cups for the third time to her eyes.

I have made a trial on an eye that had been totally blind for 14 years. The man can now begin to see out of it. The Cups will restore his sight. Your true friend, REV. E. C. WILLIAMS.

JERICHALEM, Davis Co., N. C., Oct. 27, 1870.

DR. J. BALL & CO., Gentlemen,—I have used your Patent Ivory Eye Cups for ten days, and I now write these lines without any spectacles, which I have not done before in fifteen years. It is not worth while for me to say to you that I am thankful, for I hardly feel like the same man. I feel better all over. Yours very respectfully, ELDER S. A. DANIEL.

PARK HILL, Ontario, Canada, March 29, '71.

DR. J. BALL & CO., Gentlemen,—I received yesterday by Express your Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

I have applied the Eye Cups to my own eyes twice and they have wonderfully improved my sight.

I have been using Glasses of 18 inches focus, but this morning they are of no use to me. I can now write this letter and read without them.

I feel delighted for the restoration of my Eye Sight, and I am satisfied the Patent Eye Cups are the right thing, and a perfect success.

I am yours gratefully, REV. A. MARTELL.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight may be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four pages, free by return mail. Write to DR. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States not yet disposed of.

MURRAY & LANSMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—It is not difficult to distinguish the lady of delicate tastes and instinct, from the less refined of her sex, by the quality of the perfume she uses. The fashionable dantes and demoiselles of South and Central America prefer Murray & Lansman's Florida Water to every other colour for the handkerchief and have clung to it for twenty years to the utter neglect of Lubin's extracts and other full-bodied, but by no means refreshing perfumes of Europe. Our own elegants are now ratifying the Spanish verdict on this most flower-like of all floral essences.

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

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If a Man Wants a Bottle of Whisky, let him buy it and take it home like a man and not sneak home with a bottle of "bitters" or "cordial," and pretend that it is medicine. If he wants a tonic that is something better than a temporary stimulant he should get a bottle of Peruvian Syrup, an Iron Tonic, that will vitalize the blood and give durable strength to the system.

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The traveler furnished with Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills, is armed against those diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, common to all climates. The first thing to be done, in case of a bilious attack, is to empty the bowels. Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills do this rapidly, but not rudely. As they cleanse, they soothe and heal. None of the sharp, cutting, spasmodic pains, which accompany the action of mineral cathartics, are ever experienced during their operation. For dyspepsia, piles, liver complaint, sick headache, suppression, vertigo, colic, and heartburn, they are the one thing needful, and no other medicine can supply their place. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

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Our modern courses of living beguets a condition of the body that requires occasional relief. The system becomes encumbered, clogged, and labors in its task. The mind sympathizes with it and both sink, or are depressed together. To restore the vital energies, purge the system—cleanse the blood—take Ayer's Pills.—Chargon (Ky) Free Press.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the World, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Office,

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CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POKE, HAMS, LARD, BEERINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

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