

ANGELICAN CLERICAL DESTITUTION.—Our readers must not from these words too hastily conclude that the clergymen of the Church of England are in a state of destitution; or figure to themselves a body of distressed preachers in rusty black suits, and with white chokers all awry, and alas! no longer white, thrown out of employment by some great public calamity like that which has fallen upon the operatives in the cotton trade. No! the reverse is the case. It is not the clergy of the Anglican Establishment who are in want; but it is the Establishment itself that is in want of clergy, and is reduced to sore straits, because it can no longer find either gentlemen or scholars to accept office as its ministers.

The heathen condition of a large, perhaps the greater, portion of the Protestant population of England, has long been recognised by all close observers, and admitted by all candid men.—This abandonment of Christianity, this relapse into heathenism, by large and continually increasing masses of the population was attributed to the constant and rapid increase of the latter, and to its having thus far exceeded the utmost limits of Church accommodation. Neither in the churches of the Establishment, nor in the numerous meeting-houses of the other sects, could room be found for the people, of whom great numbers were therefore compelled to abandon the practice of divine worship. According to this hypothesis, all that was required for the reconversion of the Protestants of Great Britain to Christianity was an increase of Church accommodation; though as if to give this theory the lie—the existing Protestant churches were never half filled even during the hours popularly believed to be devoted to divine worship.

But even this theory has been exploded, and cast aside as worthless by the London Times. Granted that the increase of population outstrips the increase of Protestant churches and meeting-houses, still the increase of the latter far outstrips that of the preachers or ministers to officiate therein; and the wealthiest Church in the world, enriched by the spoils of the old Catholic Church, which it supplanted, is at last obliged to make the ignominious, but significant confession, that it is of no use for it to increase its Church accommodation, and to multiply its places of worship, seeing that it can no longer obtain clergymen for its churches, preachers for its pulpits, and Levites for its altars. Men of respectable social standing, of good education, and with the feelings and habits of gentlemen can no longer be persuaded, even by the prospects of the rich prizes in store for them, to accept Orders in the Anglican Church as by Law Established. This striking fact is brought out, and strongly insisted upon by the London Times; and it may well be regarded both by friends and by foes as an infallible symptom of the decadence of Anglicanism.

Year by year the number of candidates for situations as ministers in the Established Church becomes less and less, though the population and the number of places of worship are actually increasing. "It is a positive fact," says the Times, "that in 1862 less than half as many took Orders from the University of Oxford as in 1841, and the decline in the last twenty years has been gradual and tolerably regular. Within the same period the number of those ordained from the University of Cambridge fell from 270 to 178. The returns from Durham and Dublin exhibit the same tendency, though in a less degree, while the 'Liberator' have increased from 48 in 1841 and 88 in 1850 to 146 in 1862. The Bishop of Winchester in his last charge, emphatically points out the lamentable fact that there are fewer candidates, on the whole, than there were twenty years ago, when the country was less populous by millions; that 'the decrease is in an increasing ratio'; and that the deficiency in graduates becomes more and more striking."—Times 8th ult.

This falling off in the supply of clergymen for the Established Church is the more remarkable, because the social and material position of an English clergyman is one of the most enviable conceivable. He is the member of a wealthy and respectable corporation, from whom little except an abstinence from the grosser forms of vice is expected by an indulgent public, or exacted by his superiors. No rigorous asceticism is imposed upon him, and immense latitude in all matters of opinion—for so all Christian dogmas are now-a-days called—is allowed him. He is not expected to fast, to mortify himself, or, indeed, to conform to any of those superstitious and onerous obligations which Popery imposes upon its priests, and which Popish priests cheerfully accept. He may call in question the historical truth of the Bible, and yet remain a Bishop; he may impugn the Incarnation, the Trinity, and every Christian truth, and yet retain his freehold or living. The best of society is always open to him; for whatever his doctrinal errors, he is a gentleman and a scholar. The best of shooting, of fishing, and of flirting in their respective seasons are always at his command. If, as is generally the case, he is a marrying man, he has the pick of the pretty girls; for though the red-coat may have the advantage over the black in the

ball-room, yet when the question assumes the form of "settlements," and a life partnership, the prudent mamma will always favor the suit of the aspiring Levite; and the most unsophisticated of young ladies will yield to the superior attractions of the Ephod, dazzled though for a moment her eyes may have been by the brilliant scarlet tunic, and unrivalled whiskers of her late partner in the polka. For a jolly, easy-going, and most decorous form of existence, commend us to that of a reverend presbyter of the Church of England as by Law Established—No matter what his tastes—whether they be gregariously social, or connubially amorous, whether they be salubrious, or evangelical, literary or venatical, whether tending to the ball-room or to the hunting-field—he can indulge them all, not only with impunity, but without incurring the risk of censure, provided only that he abstain from Romanism, and manifest no Sacramental proclivities. Of all the professions which present themselves to a young man about entering life, there is none so attractive as that of a minister of the Anglican Church; none which holds out the prospects of so many glittering prizes within easy reach, none which carries with it so many material advantages. And yet, in spite of all this, it is a profession from which the educated, the refined, the honorable, and the conscientious amongst the young men of the Universities now shrink with disgust.

The Times after pointing out the phenomenon endeavors to find out its cause. It proposes to the study of its readers the following problem.—How is it that a profession whose advantages may have been exaggerated indeed by the Rev. Sydney Smith—one of its most distinguished members, and who would have been a Bishop but for his wit and love of truth—"has still many advantages over any other career, especially for that large class who are desirous of marrying early"—cannot any longer obtain recruits from the conscientious and educated classes of society? The Times suggests the subjoined solution:—

"The speculative questions that have been stirred within the last twenty years have directly tended to bring about a result which every Churchman must deplore. It is not only that the faith of many has been shaken, but that a still larger number shrink from the responsibility of teaching dogmatically that which others doubt, and from the risk of passing for black sheep among their brethren. We shall not follow Mr. Espin," adds the Times, "into an examination of these scriptures, or suggest the best means of removing them; we do but indicate their widespread prevalence, and their immediate bearing upon the so-called 'clerical destitution.'"—London Times.

Comprehensive, or to speak more correctly, ambiguous, as are the formularies of the Anglican Church, they are all too narrow and dogmatic for men of the present generation, who are troubled with tender consciences. No man ever did—or ever could believe the 39 Articles in their natural sense; and in subscribing them he had to compromise with his love of truth and sense of honor. In so far then that men willing so to compromise with truth are yearly becoming more scarce amongst the higher classes of English society, we see reasons for congratulation, and for hope; for congratulation because therein the barrenness of Protestantism is made manifest; and of hope, because when men begin to think seriously and entertain conscientious scruples on matters of religion, they have already made one very large stride towards Rome.

"A denial can only come from one of those logically constituted minds which can prove beyond doubt, that the Pope of Rome, though maintained in his place only by French bayonets, is the beloved of his people and the admiration of all around." (Vide a Snarl &c. in the Globe.)

That the Pope is still in Rome is no doubt a grave offence in the eyes of a Clear Grit Editor. St. Paul were he there, would be deemed equally in the way. Everything must give place just at present to Piedmontese bayonets and "advanced liberalism." In fact so exceedingly liberal are men grown, that we doubt not, were we all at once to take a liking (for the sake of unity for instance) to the Globe office, we should only have to make known our desire—to find it immediately vacated in our favor. Herein of course the Pope is sadly behind the age. Having received his Patrimony from St. Peter as a sacred trust and to be held in lieu of God, he feels himself bound to preserve that trust, and does not see the necessity of surrendering it to the first ragabond, that calls upon him to do so. The Clear Grit Editor would act differently no doubt. Being exceedingly disinterested in all his proceedings, and above all mundane considerations, he is ready at any moment to give up his type, press, and office to the first comer, and expects from the Pope the same magnanimity. But if the Pope is really the Man of Sin, is it not perhaps expecting too much from him, that he should give up the loaves and fishes without a murmur, just because a debauchee has taken a liking to them. Unity is no doubt a fine enough thing in its way—but so are constituted rights. We see no particular reason (but than we are not an "advanced liberal") why Queen Victoria should not immediately vacate her throne, and betake herself to shirt making or any other genteel employment, just because the man of mystery at the Tuilleries should happen to take it into his head some fine morning that a united Eu would be "the newest thing" in kingdoms, and deemed England necessary therefor. Really people should at least be somewhat consistent. Naples and Sicily do not like the Piedmontese rule one wit better, than the Pope's subjects are supposed to like his; but then that's nothing—the poor Neapolitans must be Piedmontised in

the name of Unity; and the Pope must vacate Rome because a Piedmontese profligate requires a capital. But if this principle of Unity has to be the order of the day, why not push it to its legitimate conclusion, and let us have the Pope as the supreme and sole ruler of the world with Rome as its capital. The Pope has surely as much right to demand this of his neighbors, as his neighbors have to demand Rome from him.

But let the Globe be honest and tell the truth, if only for once and for the novelty of the thing. It is not unity that he desires, but *disunion*—it is not a united Italy that he longs for, but a *disunited* Catholicity; and it is just in exact proportion as he finds his fondest hopes decaying, that he vents his spleen upon the weak old man of the Vatican. But what a magnificent spectacle does that grey haired decrepit old man present at this moment before astonished Europe? In his youth he has battled as a simple priest against sin and wickedness amongst those rugged villages that nestle on the western bosom of the mighty Andes; now toiling over mountain stream and through rocky pass to carry the sweet breath of spiritual consolation to the bed side of some dying mountaineer;—now gathering around him in the valley the ragged children of the poor peasant to turn their young hearts to God, till called by divine appointment from those humble labors to fill the Chair of Peter, he becomes at once the most powerful and most humble monarch of the world. There is a Queen on whose realms the sun never sets, whose armies are invincible, whose navy rules the sea; there is a crafty Emperor on the throne of France—his power the admiration of the world, his craft and cunning the dread of all;—there are monarchs without stint on the ancient thrones of Europe, each singly more than a match for that poor weak old man, whose ruin, much as they each and all desire it, their united force cannot encompass. Not England, with her armies triumphant in India and the Crimea—nor France, with her legions crowned with the banners of Magenta and Solferino—nor Russia with all her barbarian hordes—nor Piedmont with her infant king and brutalised soldiery, dare touch one hair of that old man's head. It may serve the purpose of "advanced liberalism" to scoff at this weak old man, and to describe him as kept upon his throne by French bayonets; but where is there power such as his? for that a-surely is not a weak Government which, by its simple *non possumus* alone, has withstood the united attacks and machinations and intrigues of the whole of Europe. It is but a superficial view (but then your advanced liberalism is by very nature superficial) to regard the Pope as kept on his throne by French bayonets, whilst it is paying a compliment to French prowess, too great even for its acknowledged greatness. That the French Emperor desires the downfall of the Pope as ardently as does English Whig, Canadian Clear-Grit, and Piedmontese infidel (always provided that downfall can be encompassed without his own ruin) is beyond denial. And herein, in fact, is the whole secret of the Pope's unbounded power—that his very existence is necessary to all, even to the Protestant and infidel nations of Europe. Hence the anxiety of England (despite the lying denials of O. B. Russell and that other Russell) to persuade His Holiness to seek refuge under British protection. The Pope in British dominions would make England *thrice* great. The Pope in France would make France *thrice* happy. No! it is English jealousy, rather than French bayonets that keeps the Pope in Rome; and it is the superhuman moral power of the Pope, exercised as it is throughout the world, that creates this English jealousy.

That the Pope should have amongst his subjects, some who would prefer revolution to stable government, is not surely to be wondered at, when we consider, that Rome has ever been the centre of the machinations of Italian Mazzinism, French Communism and English Fast Girlism. When the British legation is degraded into a haunt for religiously crazy old maids and English ladies of utopian politics and doubtful morals,—when the British consulate throws the yoke of its protection over everything that is subversive of the Pope's rule and revolutionary in principle, we must not in the ordinary nature of events expect the Pope's subjects to escape entirely the contagion of such a presence. But even with all these incentives to discontent, we much doubt whether the discontented of the Papal states, would number—all told—one thousandth part of the discontented of some other European nations. The Globe when it makes discontent the standard of the deposition of sovereigns, should remember Ireland and India in its own dominions. Were the Pope left to himself to rule his own subjects without the intermeddling of English snobbery, Exeter Hall bigotry, and European Free Masonry, he would be found to have a far easier task, than has England's stupendous police (civil and military) in Ireland and British India.

S.C.R.D.S.

SEWING MACHINES.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of C. W. Williams & Co's Sewing Machines in another column. We understand that a large number of them have been sold in this city, during the last six months, and as we can learn they give perfect satisfaction. We advise those that are in want of a good Sewing Machine to give the Agent a call.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.—Dawson Bros., Great St. James Street, Montreal.—It is rather early to commence writing such a history, if it be designed for the use of posterity; but the Messrs. Harper are bringing out in monthly numbers a very handsomely executed, and most entertaining narrative of the events which preceded, and have signalled the great civil war now raging. The illustrations are worth the price of each number, 25 cents, and we have portraits of all the leading statesmen of the United States since the Revolution. Altogether the "Pictorial History" is a work well worth preserving, though composed it is true from an exclusively Northern point of view.

☞ The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week show the date to which he has paid up. Thus—"Marcus O'Flaherty, June, '60," shows that he has paid up to June, 1860, and owes his Subscription from that date.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents for the True Witness in their different localities:—

Barrie	C. W. B. Hinds.
Bradford	J. Maguire.
Brantford	Jas. Feeley.
Carronbrook	Peter Nevin.
Keenauville	Geo. P. Hughes.
Newmarket	F. Boland.
Oshawa	E. Dinne.

BELLEVILLE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Election of Officers.—The annual meeting of this Society for the election of officers was held in St. Patrick's Hall, Henderson's Buildings, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., when the following gentlemen were elected for the current year, viz.:—
James Meagher, Jr., Esq. President.
John Finn—1st Vice-President.
James Grant—2nd Vice-President.
P. P. Lynch—Rec. Secretary.
M. J. Grant—Corr. Secy.
Wm. Donovan—Treasurer.
Dr. Johnston—Physician.
Charles Mullin—Grand Marshal.
Rev. John Brennan, C. C. Chaplain.

Committee of Management.—John Donoghue, Thos. W. W., David Holden, Peter Fahy, John Gorman, Bernard McCaffrey, Stephen Wade, John B. Metty, Edward McCaffrey, Simon Sweeney, M. Graham, and Michael Mahon.

M. J. GRANTER, C. C. Secy.

DUNDAS HIBERNIAN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the above Society, held at their rooms, on Thursday evening, 2nd inst., for the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following were duly elected, viz.:—
President—James B. Looney.
Vice President—M. J. Haylow.
Secretary—E. Smith.
Assistant Secretary, J. Hourigan.
Treasurer—Patrick McGovern.
Marshals—Henry Cowles.

Managing Committee.—John Devlin, Michael Griffin, John Conroy, Patrick Cummings, P. J. Breen, L. Taylor, Owen Harrigan, Patrick Cosgrove, and Richard Brown.

LECTURE BY REV. MR. MEAGHER.—A lecture in aid of the distress at present existing in Ireland, was delivered last night in St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Meagher, S.J. The attendance was not as large as was anticipated, but the church was very well filled. The Rev. lecturer, in a few and appropriate remarks, explained the object to which the proceeds of the lecture were to be devoted. He exhorted those who were descendants of the people of this ill-fated nation, to allow their generosity to be equal to the subject, and hoped that all charitably disposed would come forward, and assist to their utmost. A public meeting in aid of the same object will shortly be called. —*Quebec Daily News*, 27th ult.

DROWNED IN THE CURRENT.—A carpenter and a plumber who were engaged at work on St. Helen's Island, while returning in a canoe, on Friday evening, met with an accident which proved fatal to one of the party. Their canoe was upset by a gust of wind, and themselves precipitated into the rapid current which was quite rough from the strong wind. They made for the shore, but the carpenter whose name we learn was Joseph Lynch, was drowned. The other man succeeded in keeping his head above water until reached by a small boat, when he was drawn out of the water almost insensible from cold and exhaustion.—*Id.*

The New York Tribune of Friday last contains the following impudent falsehood:—"The brave young man who ran away to Canada, that they might avoid the draft, will be called upon to pick up 'duds' and return home, to stand their little drafts for the reason that a bill has been introduced into the Canadian Parliament providing for a return to the United States of all deserters from our army, and by the new Conscription law every man whose name is drawn and who fails to appear, is called a deserter, and when caught will be punished as being one." Without that special admiration for deserters and absconding felons which induces the people of the United States to invite the one and resist by all possible means the rendition of the other, Canada extends to political and other refugees, not charged with crimes recognised by the extradition act, the shelter of the British flag. No bill providing for the return of deserters to the United States has been introduced into Parliament; and if it were it would be ignominiously kicked out. —*Commercial Advertiser*.

Federal agents are busily enlisting men in Ireland. The plan adopted is ingenious; a benevolent individual offers free passages to New York for all likely young men; the likely young men for such kindness consents to sign an acknowledgment, in reality promising to pay the bearer five times the cost of the passage. These little evidences of debt are sent out by another agent in the emigrant ship, and when Patrick steps ashore in New York he finds he has a choice between going to jail for debt or enlisting in the Federal service. None but a Yankee would have invented such a neat dodge to avoid the Foreign Enlistment Act, and get recruits at the lowest figure. —*Commercial Advertiser*.

ARRIVAL OF BLACKLEGs.—Within the last week a number of suspicious characters have arrived in the city from the other side, and engaged in peddling bogus jewellery, envelopes and other worthless articles, among the country people who congregate in the market square. These Yankee immigrants are sharper of the worst description, and adopt peddling as a means of concealing their true character. Several simple farmers have been victimized by the rascals, and persons from the country cannot exercise too much caution in their intercourse with persons in the city who are unknown to them.—The swindlers are closely watched by the police, but, like all their tribe, they are shrewd and cautious, and not easy to catch. —*Kingslon News*.

An inquest was held on the 11th instant by Coroner Wilson on the body of William Henderson, aged 12 years, living at Lime Lake, Hungerford. It appeared from testimony adduced at the inquest that Henderson was going to school to one Frederick Abbott; that Abbott punished the boy by shaking and whipping him, and that immediately thereafter the boy was taken ill, complaining of injuries received from the master; that he spit blood, and continued to grow worse until the 7th instant, when death put an end to his sufferings. After careful investigation the jury returned a verdict "That the deceased, Wm. Henderson, came to his death by injuries received at the hands of his school-teacher Frederick Abbott."

LOT'S WIFE FOUND.—Lieutenant Lynch, in his voyage to the Dead Sea, found a huge pillar of salt on the shore, and the Arabs said it was Lot's wife, sure enough. Whether it was or not we cannot say, but this we do know, Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers, costing but 25 cents, will cure coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc., in a very short space of time.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman's Clare & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co.; S. J. Lyman & Co. Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

BLACK vs. WHITE.—A RICH SCENE.—At the Kent Assizes, held at Chatham, on Tuesday last, an amusing scene transpired. We quote from the Planet:—

Upon the case being called Mr. Thomas Russell rose in the jury box and said that one of the jurors chosen was a colored man, and the eleven white men had agreed that they would not sit with him. He said this in behalf of the jury, but out of no contempt for the Court, but simply stated the fact, and begged to be relieved.

Judge Richards—I know no reason why you should not sit in the eyes of the law as jurymen as you have been chosen.

Mr. Russell—We do not think he is intelligent enough to act.

Judge Richards—Now the law says he is, and that is sufficient.

Mr. Russell—Well then, I must respectfully decline to sit as a jurymen with this colored man.

Justice Richards—Well then I shall fine you.

Mr. Russell—And if I do not pay the fine.

Justice Richards—I shall send you down below (to jail).

Mr. Russell—Well, (here Mr. Russell left the jury box).

Justice Richards—Mr. Clerk, what is that man's name leaving the jury box?

Mr. Clerk (Ireland)—Mr. Thomas Russell, my lord.

Justice Richards—Well, then, record a fine of five pounds against Mr. Thomas Russell.

Mr. Sargeant Verrall—standing in his place in the jury box, my lord, I am ill able to pay a fine of five pounds, but really I cannot sit here, but go to the cells. I must leave. (Here Mr. Verrall left the jury box).

Justice Richards—Mr. Clerk, what is the name of that man who is now leaving the jury box?

Mr. Clerk—Mr. Sargeant Verrall, my lord.

Justice Richards—Record a fine of five pounds against him, too. (A pause.) Call some more jurors to fill up the places of those who have left the box.

The Clerk then proceeded to call the names of Mr. Hugh Palmer, of Oxford, and Mr. William McPherson, of Bothwell, who took the vacant seats and were sworn in as jurymen in the room of Mr. Russell and Mr. Verrall, who refused to sit.

The Toronto Leader says that letters received in Quebec from England state that there is great activity displayed in turning out volunteer equipments 800 tunics are daily made to Lancashire, and large shipments are on the way to this country. By the Queen's birthday it is expected that clothing for the whole militia will have been received.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, April 28, 1863.

Flour—Pollards, \$2.25 to \$2.75; Middlings, \$3 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.90 to \$4; Super, No. 2, \$4.20 to \$4.25; Superfine, \$4.35 to \$4.45; Fancy, \$4.55 to \$4.65; Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.95; Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.50; Bag Flour, \$2.40 to \$2.50.

Oatmeal scarce and in demand; per bush of 260 lbs, about \$5 to \$5.15.

Wheat—Canada Spring, 82c to 90c; U. C. White Winter, nominal, \$1.63 to \$1.95; extra, etc.

Pens per 66 lbs, 50c to 55c.

Oats per 40 lbs, 55c to 60c.

Ashe per 112 lbs, Pot, interest was 55.00, to 55.97; Inferior Pot, \$5.00; Peas 5.00 to 5.10.

Butter per lb, medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12c to 13c; choice, 14c to 15c.

Eggs per doz, 12c.

Lard per lb, fair demand at 7c to 8c.

Tallow per lb, 7c to 8c.

Cut Meats per lb, Smoked Hams, 6c to 8c; Canned do, 8c to 10c; Bacon, 3c to 5c; Shoulders 2c to 3c.

Pork per bri, Old Mess \$10.50 to \$11; Thin Mess \$8.50 to \$9; Prime Mess, \$7.50 to \$8, little offering; Prime, \$7 to \$7.50. New Mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50 little offering; Thin Mess \$9.50 to \$10.50; Prime Mess \$8.50 to \$9; Prime, \$7.75 to \$8.25.

Seeds—Clover, 6c to 6c per lb; Timothy, \$1.50 to \$2 per 45 lbs.—*Montreal Witness*.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held in the Society's New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, on MONDAY EVENING next, 4th May.
A full attendance is requested.

WILLIAM H. HODSON,
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RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and parties about to build that he will open his Office in May at

No. 43 St. Bonaventure Street,
where he will continue to prepare Designs for every description of Building at moderate charges. Measurements and valuations promptly attended to: Montreal, 20th April. 21

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April 30.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

50,000 ROLLS,
At 5 cents, 7 cents, 10 cents, 12c, and up to 50 cents per Roll.

WINDOW SHADES IN GREAT VARIETY.

ROBERT MILLER,
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60 St. François Xavier Street,
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April 30. 1m.

NOTICE.

A YOUNG person, capable of Teaching ENGLISH in all its Branches, desires to obtain a Situation in some private Family. Apply at this Office.

April 30.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jan. 17, 1863.