

the building during his examination, which was performed in the amazing short space of a few hours. But time is the grand unraveller of mysteries. On the appearance of the book of Miss Monk, the hoodwinked people of Montreal were so surprised and stupefied at finding that the immaculate purity of the Hotel Dieu had been so disparaged, that they *forgot* to think seriously on the subject—but, understanding that the story had gained almost general belief abroad, they, at last, were led to conjecture that perhaps it was partiality that prevented them from believing it at home. General attention, therefore, in Montreal, was directed towards that edifice—and those residing in its immediate vicinity cast a retrospective glance over what they had seen transacted there, between the time at which the 'Disclosures' were published, and the visit of Col. Stone. The result of this investigation has been lately given on the spot to the Rev. Jas. P. Miller, of New York, who visited that city for the purpose of hearing that the truth was gradually coming to light. The neighbours informed Mr. Miller that about the time it was rumoured that she had exposed the institution, a mysterious pile of planks, twenty-five feet in height, had been placed mysteriously in the yard, which were wonderfully and gradually used in progressing some improvements in the building—for they were neither employed outside nor hauled away.

Whatever may be the fact with regard to Maria Monk's alleged disclosures, those of our people who have read your papers, are satisfied in one point: that Mr. Stone's credibility as a witness has been successfully impeached; that his examination of the Nunnery, was a mere sham; that he was either the dupe of Jesuitical imposture, or that he himself is a fond impostor; that he has been unwillingly or ignorantly befooled; and unless he has had a tangible reward, that he has 'got his labour for his pains.

'My wife, who spent her childhood in Montreal, says, that she and her schoolmates, when walking the street near the Nunnery, often used to wonder if the famous subterra-