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THE

Canadian Patriot.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.—I hope to utter nothing in the course of these lectures inconsistent with the courtesy of a gentleman, the patience of a scholar, and the candour and charity of a Christian. Any other line of conduct would disagree with the seriousness of my purpose, my consciousness of responsibility, my compassion for those whom I believe to be wrong, my reverence for the truth which I have to defend, my confidence in its power, and my persuasion that its effects would be weakened if my spirit were to misrepresent it. But on the other hand it would be repugnant to my nature, and unaccordant with my moral convictions, to search for gentle words when the strongest expressions are imperatively demanded. If we must sometimes have it so, *give us veracity before blandness*. I would rather perish in the iron gripe of an unpalatable truth, than be dandled and caressed by the velvet paw of deception and falsity. Be not offended with me if I call what I feel compelled to believe is inconsistency—*inconsistency*; falsehood—*falsehood*; hatred—*hatred*; nonsense—*nonsense*; stuff—*stuff*. —*The Logic of Atheism*. Lect. I. Pp. 3, 4. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR.

THINGS NOTABLE IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL AS THEY STRIKE THE EYE OF THE PASSING STRANGER.

Of all the civilized cities of the world that we know, Montreal is perhaps the most difficult to describe. Turn which way we will, we meet with two antagonistic elements. On every hand there are the representatives of the past and the present exhibited to our view. Feudalism and democracy are continuously jostling against each other. In this respect Montreal may be likened to a living man carrying about with him a dead body, which is bound to his back by many cords.

The living man represents the commerce of the city, which bids fair to compete with that of any other community on this continent. The dead carcass which this living man is carrying about with him, represents the Corporation of Montreal. The former moves, and breathes, and has a being. The latter is only the relics of a thing of the past, which has long since lost all vitality. The great trouble is, that the living man cannot extricate himself from this body of death; but so it is. Here is a feudal Corporation overriding the energies of a city of the nineteenth century.

It is everlastingly beginning where other modern cities have long since left off. It

is always commencing to do that which every other city has passed through the process of undoing. It is continually building up, that which other cities have found it necessary to pull down. In these days of free trade, it has monopolized the sale of the people's food to its own shops. In these days of drainage, the absence even of a surface gutter leaves the filth to lodge and stagnate in many of the open streets. Now that science has developed the fact, that accumulations of putrid substances are dangerous to the health and lives of the people, and now that in all other cities the Sanitary laws, under heavy pains and penalties, compel the owners of property to fill up all cesspools, and from day to day to remove all offensive accumulations, the Montreal Corporation has only just passed a By-Law, commanding the owners of property in this city to construct cesspools at the back of every house, for the purpose of conserving these deposits. While the streets of most cities are swept nearly every day in the year, the scavenger is a name unknown in many of those of Montreal. While Macadamising and paving are the order of the day elsewhere, many of the streets of this city represent a continent of mud. While all new streets, laid out in other cities, are compelled to be about double or treble the width of ancient ones,