Miscellaneous.

ICE WINES,

he. &c. &.

at the *ITALIAN WAREHOUSE*,
SHERRIES, Pale, Very Pale, Brown; finest old 4 Diamond Londland, &c, &c.; superior old alaga Sherry, &c.; Champagne rets, &c., &c.; Hennessy's very , old Highland Whiskies, Dunlinah n's; Booth's London Gin, neva; Temperance Cordials, all c. ☞ *NO WHITE EYE!*

MACEACHEN & CO.

71. 3i

otice!

The fast-sailing Schooner "A. R. McDonald," will sail, as Packet, between Souris and Charlottetown, for the Season, on the open-vigation.

Agents:
. W. LORD, Ch'town,
cDONALD, Souris.
DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.
arch 15, 1871.

'LE WANZER
'ING MACHINE.

Another lot of this
ELEBRATED
ING MACAINE
Just received.

A. B. SMITH.

Impost Office,

Charlottetown, May 17, 1871.

nportation of Flour and other Bread- the Dominion of Canada. Duty will on such articles in all cases where Certificate is not produced to the the same is the growth, as well as icture, of the Dominion of Canada.

:NRY LONGWORTH, Collector.

IN STORE!

cheons MOLASSES; 10 hhds. GAR; 4 casks Scotch WHISKEY; xtra choice CONGOU.

To Arrive,

ELIA ALICE and *MOSELLE*,

Brandy,	Cases Gin,
Raspberry,	Cases Gingerwine,
Whiskey,	Casks Brandy,
Gin,	Puns. Alcohol.

OOL. WOOL.

bscriber has obtained an order for the chip of the season, and will pay the rice in CASH for Washed and Unelivered at his store.

W. D. STEWART.

Queen Street, May 17, 1871. tf.

CURES MADE EASY
BY
Holloway's Ointment.

gs, Ulcerous Sores, Bad Breasts.

cription of wound, sore or ulcer can re ealing properties of this excellent Oint- he worst case readily assumes a heal- rance whenever this medical agent is sound flesh springs up from the bottom und, inflammation of the surrounding rested and a complete and permanent kly follows the use of the Ointment.

les, Fistulas, and Internal Inflammation.

distressing and weakening diseases may ainty be cured by the sufferers them- they will use Holloway's Ointment, ly attend to the printed instructions. be well rubbed upon the neighboring en all obnoxious matter will be remov- oultice of bread and water may some- applied at bed-time with advantage; scrupulous cleanliness must be ob- If those who read this paragraph will under the notice of such of their ac- ces whom it may concern, they will ren- vice that will never be forgotten, as a cure is certain.

ns, Scald Heads, Ringworm and other Skin Diseases.

fomentation with warm water, the ui- ief and speediest cure can be readily ob- all complaints affecting the skin and y the simultaneous use of the Ointment s. But it must be remembered that ll skin diseases indicate the depravity of d and derangement of the liver and sto- onsequently, in many cases, time is re- purify the blood, which will be effect- judicious use of the Pills. The general ill readily be improved, although the may be driven out more freely than be- which should be promoted; persève- necessary. On the appearance of any maladies the Ointment should be well t least three times a day upon the neck er part of the chest, so as to penetrate lands, as salt is forced into meat: this will at once remove inflammation and m. The worst cases will yield to this t by following the printed directions.

hla or King's Evil and Swelling of the Glands.

class of cases may be cured by Hollo- purifying Pills and Ointment, as their action of purifying the blood and ening the system renders them more han any other remedy for all complaints ulous nature. As the blood is impure, , stomach and bowels, being much de- require purifying medicine to bring about a cure.

umatism, Gout and Neuralgia.

ng has the power of reducing inflamma- l subduing pain in these complaints in e degree as Holloway's cooling Oint- d purifying Pills. When used sim- ally they drive all inflammation and de- e from the system, subdue and remove gement of the joints, and leave the sin- l muscles lax and uncontracted. A cure ways be effected, even under the worst tance, if the use of these medicines be persevered in.

e Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

Legs	Corns (Softs)	Rheumatism
s Breasts	Cancers	Scalds
s	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Yaws
ons	Elephantiasis	Skin-diseases
of Mor-	Fistulas	Sore-nipples
tces and	Gout	Sore-throats
nd-files	Glandular	Scurvy
-bay	Swellings	Sore-heads
lains	Lumbago	Tumors
o-foot	Piles	Ulcers
d Hands		Wounds

at the Establishment of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, all respectable Druggists and Dealers lsewhere throughout the civilized world, at owing prices:—1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., , 22s., and 33s. each Pot.

There is a considerable saving by taking ger sizes.

,—Directions for the guidance of patients y disorder affixed to each Pot.

THE HERALD.

NEW SERIES. VOL 1. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1871. NO 35.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
REILLY & Co.,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
At their Office, Prince Street, Ch'town.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD:"

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR JUNE, 1871.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 3d day, 2h. 16m., morn., S. W.
LAST QU'TR, 9th day, 8h. 25m., even., N. E.
NEW MOON, 17th day, 10h. 17m., eve., N.N.W.
FIRST QUARTER, 25th day, 6h. 32m., eve., S.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Thursday	4 17	7 37	3 20	6 53	15 20
2	Friday	17	38	rises	9 47	21
3	Saturday	16	39	8 27	10 42	23
4	Sunday	16	40	9 55	11 33	24
5	Monday	16	41	10 37	even	26
6	Tuesday	15	42	11 25	1 23	27
7	Wednesday	14	42	11 59	2 19	28
8	Thursday	14	43	morn	3 12	29
9	Friday	14	44	0 30	4 5	30
10	Saturday	14	45	0 56	5 0	31
11	Sunday	14	46	1 18	5 54	32
12	Monday	13	46	1 40	6 49	33
13	Tuesday	13	46	2 1	7 39	33
14	Wednesday	13	47	2 23	8 28	34
15	Thursday	13	47	2 50	9 13	34
16	Friday	13	47	sets	9 58	34
17	Saturday	13	48	7 36	10 41	35
18	Sunday	13	49	8 31	11 22	36
19	Monday	13	49	9 21	morn	36
20	Tuesday	13	49	10 2	0 4	36
21	Wednesday	13	50	10 40	0 46	37
22	Thursday	14	50	11 12	1 29	37
23	Friday	14	49	11 40	2 14	36
24	Saturday	15	49	morn	2 57	35
25	Sunday	15	49	0 4	3 42	34
26	Monday	16	49	0 30	4 32	34
27	Tuesday	17	49	0 53	5 24	33
28	Wednesday	17	49	1 19	6 22	32
29	Thursday	17	49	1 49	7 21	32
30	Friday	18	49	2 26	8 24	32

Banking Notices.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND!
(*Corner of Great George and King Streets.*)
HON. DANIEL BRENNAN, President.
WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier.
Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

☞ The P. E. Island having's Bank is in connection with the Treasurer's Office. Days of deposit: Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Union Bank of P. E. Island.
(*North Side Queen Square.*)
CHARLES PALMER, Esquire, President.
JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire, Cashier.
Discount Days—Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Hours Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

Summerside Bank.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esquire.
Cashier—R. McC. STAVART, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business—10 a. m. to 12 p. m., and from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

Farmers' Bank,
Rustico, - - P. E. Island.
President—JUNIOUS DOIRON, Esquire.
Cashier—MARIN J. BLANCHARD, Esquire.
Discount Day—Wednesday in each week.

Business Notices.

RONALD MACDONALD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER,
—AND—
COLLECTING AGENT.
Souris, P. E. I., January 2, 1871. 1y

Card.

JAMES BEAIRSTO, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
MRS. DEWARS'S KING ST.,
Charlottetown, - P. E. I.
May 17, 1871.

HENRY J. CAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
OFFICE IN
North American Hotel,
KENT STREET.
Charlottetown, August 3, 1870. 1y

REMOVAL!
DR. CAFFNEY has removed his Office from Deshriay's Block to North American Hotel, Kent St.
April 5, 1871.—City pa 3m

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

CHAPTER II.

To the Gentlemen of P. E. Island, Greeting:

GENTLEMEN,

TIME and Tide wait for no man, and in order to keep pace with time, we must travel a railroad speed if we expect to posses ourselves of the tide there is in our affairs. Time passes very slow with the youthful mind. But with the middle aged man, how swift! Swifter than a weavers shuttle, we are told. Yes, gentlemen, the world is growing wiser and weaker—weaker in superstition and idolatry—wiser in training up the mind to perfect manhood—keeping all our appetites and passions under subjection—clothing the body with the finest, neatest, and most fashionable productions of the **NEW YORK CLOTHING STORE**, until you become like the lilly of the vally, which neither toils nor spins, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Gentlemen, as

'Broadway'

undertakes to furnish you Suits of Clothes unsurpassed in

STYLES, FITS, and WORKMANSHIP,

I modestly invite you to call and see for yourselves, and, like the Queen of Sheba, you will be led to exclaim the half was not told you of their beauty and durability

STYLES!

MANUFACTURED AS FOLLOWS:—

In English Walking Coats, PRINCE ALBERT, &c.
French Walking Coats, NAPOLEON, &c.
Scotch Walking Coats, MARQUIS OF LORNE, &c.
German Walking Coats, BISMARCK, &c.

And the BROADWAY and FIFTH AVENUE

American Walking Coats,

Business, Frock, surtout, Overs,

and a number of others, too numerous to mention.

BOYS' CLOTHES

in variety and sizes to suit.

Come one, come all. The Rocks must fly from their firm base as soon as I, at the

NEW YORK CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
BROADWAY,
D. H. MACKINNON.

Ch'town, May 31, 1871.

(Continued in the "Examiner.")

FOR SALE
—AT—
LOWER PRICES
THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOOTS & SHOES.

PANAMA HATS,
CANTON HATS,
STRAW HATS,
P. LEAF HATS,
FELT HATS,
PARA HATS,
LINNEN HATS,
HOLLAND HATS,
CAPS.

FRENCH KID BOOTS,
KANGAROO BOOTS,
PEB. GOAT BOOTS,
GLOVE KID BOOTS,
BUTTONED BOOTS,
HIGH CUT BOOTS,
BRONZE BOOTS,
COLORED BOOTS,
CROQUET SLIPPERS.

HATS AND CAPS.

LATEST DESIGNS BRONZE SLIPPERS.

GENTS'
BLACK SILK HATS!
Styles:
MARQUIS OF LORNE,
METZ, PREMIER, &c.

A. B. SMITH.

Ch'town, June 7, 1871.

DEFERRED.

News Items.

COLONIAL.

A four year old child of Mr. Charles H. Goldsmith, of Granville Ferry, Annapolis, N. S., was accidentally drowned on Friday week.

The Roman Catholics of Massachusetts held a great State Temperance Convention, at Boston recently, the Bishop and Clergy patronizing the same.

A cow was run over and split near Falmouth, N. S, a few days since, by the train. The Reporter remarks that her owner will have to buy his milk and butter from a neighbor in the future.

The poor Indians are becoming civilized. Five of the wives of Cut-over-the-top, chief of a Kansas tribe, have applied for divorce.

About 200 navvies, from Cape Breton, arrived at Pictou on Friday last, in one of the P. E. Island steamers, who are engaged to work on the Intercolonial Railroad, between Truro and Amherst.—*Hx. Reporter.*

During the thunder storm on Sunday, the 4th inst., the electric fluid followed the ground pipe into the Telegraph Office at Yarmouth, melted the gas-pipe, and ignited the gas. The streets being full of people, the flame was speedily extinguished.

The Quebec *Chronicle* says the increase in the population of Montreal, from 90,000 in 1861 to 160,000 in 1871, is remarkable, as denoting the rapid growth of the city.—Manufactures and commerce, it is well known, have taken immense strides in Montreal during the decade, and the development is still proceeding.

Mr. John Green, of the General Mining Association's shipping staff, at North Sydney, fell from the bridge to the road on the 12th inst., whilst engaged on the railway track, and sustained such injuries that he died within 24 hours from the time of the sad accident.

The barque *Maggie*, of Maitland, N. S., Capt. McNutt, 33 days from Liverpool, G.B., with salt, for Philadelphia, arrived at Halifax, on the 13th inst., with five cases of small-pox on board when three sailed. On the 24th of May, another man, who was down with the small-pox, died, and was buried at sea. The vessel was placed in quarantine.

OYSTERS.—There are not less than 2000 barrels of oysters deposited on the mud shoals at the mouth of the St. John River, and in different parts of the harbor, for use during the "close" season of summer. These were all brought from Shediac and Prince Edward Island, and cost about $4 per barrel. The largest portion of this quantity is owned by Mr. James D. Turner, and a number of keepers of oyster saloons own the remainder. —*St. John Globe.*

Mr. Samuel King, aged 22, son of S. T. King, Esq., of the firm of S. T. King & Son, was drowned at Mosquitto Cove, in the Parish of Lancaster, between 9 and 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. He was on a single log in the Mill Pond, in the act of bringing it to the slip when he was seen to fall from the log into the water, and before assistance could be afforded he was drowned. —*St. John News.*

A butcher named Dyer Warner, died in Halifax on the 14th inst., in great torture, from the effect of poison communicated to him from a diseased animal which he had slaughtered. He had a cut in his thumb, and through this the poison was communicated to the hand and arm, which became swollen to the size of a bucket, and turned quite purple. The meat was sold, and the papers are now crying out for a meat inspector.

The census returns show that the population of Montreal is larger than was supposed. It is now 160,000. On the other hand the population of Toronto is smaller than the people of that city believed. Some thought it must be 70,000. Nearly every one felt satisfied that it could not be less than 60,000. It is said to be little more than 50,000. For the last three years, Toronto has been making very rapid strides. The value of the buildings commenced this year already is considerably over a million dollars.

WILD FREAKS OF A MONOMANIAC.—An insane person by the name of Benjamin, belonging to King's County, has recently been brought to the Dartmouth Lunatic Asylum. Some days previous to his removal he committed several depredations and was allowed to go at large, a terror to the whole community. He appeared to be afflicted with a sort of religious frenzy, and has a particular spite against the Catholics. It was he who set fire to the R. C. Chapel at Gaspereaux, which was reported in our columns some days ago, and more than once notified his intention of killing the good Pastor of the little flock. The authorities are greatly to blame for allowing this maniac to exercise his liberty as they did.—*Hx. Reporter.*

Yesterday morning, 14th inst., as the train from Halifax was leaving Ellershouse Station for Windsor, a man named Scott, belonging to Boston, who was the worse of liquor, in attempting to get aboard the train when in motion, slipped and fell between the first and second class carriages, the wheels passing over one leg and the foot of the other. No blame can, we understand, be attached to anyone but the unfortunate person himself, who acted contrary to the advice of Conductor Murray, who tried to persuade him from going by his train. He was taken to Windsor and placed in the waiting room, and medical aid summoned, who gave their opinion that amputation was necessary, but refused to give any assistance unless security could be obtained for their services, and quietly walked away. As soon as the authorities of the town were informed of the matter, they very properly had the sufferer conveyed to the Poor House, where every attention was shown him, and all expenses defrayed by the town. His leg had to be taken off, and it is yet doubtful whether or not he will recover.—*Hx. Reporter.*

FRANCE.

We take from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* the following details of the struggle in Paris with the Communists:

Paris is all in flames; the heavens are lit up for miles with columns of glaring fire; cannons, mitrailleuses, and Chassepots are rolling and cracking without intermission throughout the city; and here, on the terrace of Saint-Germain, there come at intervals of two or three minutes, flashes of choking heat, as though the conflagration was taking place in our immediate neighborhood. It is impossible for one who has passed eleven years of his existence in the once beautiful, happy, gay, city—who has been enchanted with its charming walks and gardens, its magnificent museums and monuments—to sit down and write the history of its fall, when everything he possesses in the world is reported to have been swallowed up in the general wreck. During the whole night and day drums have been beating and trumpets sounding, calling the firemen in all the towns around to the assistance of the burning capital. From Rouen, Mantes, Pontoise, Poissy, and St. Germain, trains of organized firemen are rushing off at full gallop to preserve the city from destruction. Will they arrive in time to stop the progress of the flames, caused by petroleum, incendiary bombs, and every species of chemical devilry which are ravaging Paris from one end to the other? At the time I write, ugly, glaring columns of fire are rising in the direction of the wine depot at Bercy, the Magazine d'Abondance, at the Place de Bastille, the barracks of Prince Eugene, and the Magazine Reunis, whilst the town of Saint-Germain is covered with black, half-consumed papers and documents, blown hither from the ruins of the Innisdrills, the Prefecture of Police, the public libraries, mercantile establishments, &c. Prisoners are being escorted towards Versailles in all directions in bodies varying from 150 to 500 and 700 at a time. Amidst these groups of fiendish fanatics, women continue to figure conspicuously, with old men from sixty to seventy years of age, who, together, are said to have been the most active agents in the diabolical work of wholesale destruction. One white-haired villain tottering into the grave confessed to-day to having set fire to ten different quarters of the city, for each of which he received the sum of ten francs! On the person of another was found the modest sum of 150,000 francs in bank notes (£6,000.)!—The proceeds of a robbery effected in a house, the inhabitants which fled, amidst clouds of fire and smoke for their lives. Some 12,000 prisoners are already in the hands of the gendarmes. The vast plain of Satory, where the troops were securely encamped, has been transferred into a depot of the miserable agents of the Commune; and all the prisons of Versailles are crammed to suffocation. Nine prisoners died last night in the cells of the Gendarmery Barracks, and eleven more the night preceding—either from wounds received behind barricades, from fatigue, and drink, &c. Amidst a convoy which passed to-day were some thirty firemen, caught in the act of setting fire to houses, or pouring petroleum on floors or into cellars. One of these, who made an attempt to escape, was almost cut in two by a huzzar of the escort; his body was placed in a cart which followed the lugubrious procession. Scores of fashionably-dressed women (?), and men dressed in women's clothes, were also there; demons taken with pumps filled with petroleum to augment the progress of the fire, instead of water to extinguish it; who were found pouring petroleum into cellars, &c., and offering poisoned brandy to the troops, half dead with fatigue after marching and fighting for forty-eight hours without intermission! and that for the liberation of Paris from the dominion of fire and blood to which it was given up by the murderers and robbers of the Hotel de Ville. The indignation of the people on witnessing these long strings of prisoners finds expression in epithets and menaces of the most sanguinary character, and often the officers are compelled to interfere to preserve the prisoners entrusted to their charge from being torn to pieces.

THE EXECUTION OF THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE JESUIT FATHERS.

A prisoner in La Roquette, M. Everad, Sergeant-Major of the 106th battalion, who was confined since the advent of the Commune, two months ago, gives the following details respecting the execution of the Archbishop and his unfortunate fellow prisoners:—

"At half-past seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the director of the prison, one Lefrancais, a returned convict, ascended the prison at the head of fifty Federals. They occupied the galleries.

"A brigadier went to the cell of Mgr. Darboy and called out his name.

"The prelate replied "present."

"He then passed to the cell of President Bonjean, and afterwards to those of MM. Allard, Deguerry, and others.

"One by one they were taken down stairs into the front yard where a shooting party of Federals was stationed.

"The Archbishop advanced and spoke a few words to his assassins.

"Two of the Federals went on their knees and implored the prelate's pardon. Their comrades pushed them aside, and called them "canting cowards," and heaped fresh insults on the head of the worthy Archbishop.

"The commander of the shooting party got enraged. "You are fiery," cried he to the men, "to shoot and not to pray—to your work." The next second a discharge was heard, and then another discharge, and thus the six prisoners were shot against the wall. They all died bravely. M. Deguerry, the cure of the Madeleine, was at one moment weak, but it must be attributed more to his state of health than to fear. After this tragic execution the bodies of the victims were placed in a railway cart, taken to the cemetery, and thrown into a ditch of the unconsecrated ground. More executions followed the next day.

"The Archbishop died with the serene courage of a Martyr. In answer to the insults of his executioners he said, "Do not profane the word "liberty"; it is to us alone it belongs, for we shall die for "liberty and faith."

On Tuesday the Archbishop and his captives were transferred from the prison of Mazas to that of LaRoquette.

The following is the despatch of General Borel, acquainting the Government with the particulars as far as they have been ascertained:—

"Account of the persons of mark shot by the Commune on Wednesday evening, the 24th of May, and details respecting their execution:—

Monsigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

M. Bonjeau, President in the Cour de Cassation.

The Abbey de Guerry, Cure of the Madeleine.

Ducondry, Jesuit Father.
Clery, a Jesuit father.
Allard, also a Jesuit father.

In all, six victims shot on Wednesday evening. On the night between Friday and Saturday sixteen other persons appear to have been shot. They were:—

M. Benzy, a Jesuit father.
Gaubert, a Jesuit father.
Allivaint, a Jesuit father. Under-Secretary to the Archbishop.
Gard, a seminarist.
Polanchin, a priest.
Seignerry, a seminarist.
Houillen, a missionary.
Perney, a missionary.
Sabatier, curate of Notre Dame de Lorette, and Jecker, an American (*sic.*) (Another despatch calls the latter the Banker Jacquer.)

As for l'Abbe Surat, Grand Vicaire de Paris, it is doubtful whether he has, as one version says, escaped. There are, besides those named, three persons whose names are unknown."

SCENES AT THE EXECUTION.

Justice has already overtaken several of the most atrocious criminals. Raoul Rigault, the Prefect of Police, was taken as he was entering a house at the corner of the Rue Gay Lussac. They brought him out and shot him at his doorway. He died shouting "Vive la Commune," "A bas les assassins." His father was also arrested, but presently let loose, as he was known to have opposed his son's violence. The miscreant editor of the *Pere Duchene* (who lately asked for 500 heads), Cluseret, Billioray, Dombrewskie, Courbet, Vermoul, and many other chiefs have been shot. Piquet, who had mined the whole of the sixth arrondissement, died with defiance on his lips. Some even resisted to the last, like Billioray, the hurdy-gurdy player, one of the most frantic and furious of the Communist chiefs. Yesterday evening I saw a large crowd, and heard longer howlings than usually attend the capture of a fresh squad of prisoners they had caught—Ferre and Langlois, two members of the Commune, and Jules Vales, the editor of the *Cri du Peuple*. The latter resisted and gesticulated. The officer in command drew his sword. Vales called him a "*Lache*," an epithet which no officer can bear. He slashed him down the face, and the men behind fired into him, point blanc. His two Communist colleagues were forced to witness the spectacle, and as they looked at the mangled corpse of their accomplice, they knew that such would be their fate to-morrow.

Days and nights the city has been in flames—it was vain to resist them, as they had been fed with devilish foresight by petroleum and shells, and barrels of gunpowder—tubs of petroleum, and boxes of mitraille were strewed about all the doomed buildings, to prevent, by their frequent and fearful explosions, approaches on the part of the Pompieres. The highways and byeways were infested by well-dressed, frequently, respectable looking girls and women, who appeared to look about them with unconcern, then slipped petroleum and slow matches down the air-holes of the cellars. Presently the flames leaped up and gave the affrighted tenants notice to quit, and then they rushed out, screaming for help from those who had none to give them, for the whole city was in flames. When the Versailles troops marched in they were frequently shot in the legs, and these missiles came from women who had concealed themselves in the cellars, from which they had fired upon their foes, and then set fire to the premises with petroleum. Some escaped under cover of the confusion, but how many hundreds have been captured I could not compute; but I must have seen, in my perambulations, at least 1,000 people shot, and of these one-third were women, many of them beautiful, some young, yet all met their doom undaunted. They are being pulled out from places of concealment every minute, and, when their guilt is clear, the captain orders them into a convenient corner or the fosse of a barricade. You may remember the poor porticoes of what was once the Palais Royale, the gate facing the square, just forward with the pavement. This was improvised for the human shambles. The men and women were ordered to march into the corner, and were then shot down, fearless, defiant. I saw many hundreds summarily executed, and saw only two whose courage failed them, and, at last, they went on their knees and talked of their wives and children. "It is not necessary that they should die," replied the chief of the firing party, and down they dropped.

BURNING OF THE TUILERIES.

At dark I climbed upon the top of the house, and a sight, such, I trust, as I never may see again, met my view—the south-west of Paris was a sheet of flame, and I began to fear that the menaces which we had scoffed at as idle threats, were about to become a terrible reality. From Auteuil to Montrouge the heavens were lit up by a series of conflagrations, which died away in sulphurous smoke, only to burst forth again with a loud report, and spread still farther westward. We were at a loss to conceive what could be on fire. The smoke spread slowly, but surely, and some one announced that the Pantheon had caught fire. We saw light shining through the roof, and presently an immense jet of flame shot straight up into the sky, revealing a form which was at once recognized as the central pavilion of the Tuileries. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the people who had assembled on the roof, at the discovery of the terrible truth, and we gazed fascinated as the flames licked rapidly the mass of buildings, shooting up from time to time in long forked tongues, accompanied by heavy, white clouds of naphtha-smelling smoke.

The dead body of Delescluze was found behind a barricade on the Boulevard Voltaire, amongst 28 other corpses. He was recognized by the gold-fringed ribbon in the button hole of his coat, and the gold-fringed red scarf around his waist, the insignia of the members of the Commune. In his pocket were found letters from Johannard and Vesinier, two of his colleagues in the Commune, saying that all was lost unless reinforcements were sent; also a letter from Maxime Tisboune, Colonel of the 10th Legion, demanding aid, and a note signed "A devoted friend," recommending Delescluze to distrust those around him, particularly Vermonel. The card of a member of the Commune was discovered in a red Russian leather pocket-book, and a gold watch, but no money was found in his pockets, and under his body was discovered a gold headed cane, which was immediately recognized as his property.

The executions now take place at three fixed points—the Champ de Mars, the Parc Monceaux, and near the Hotel de Ville. Batches of as many as fifty and a hundred are shot at a time.

Dead men are lying in all the streets, and stiffened corpses are a common sight at every corner; not only are they seen in the streets, but out of all the little shops near the barricades. The people are dragging the dead bodies of the National Guards, who, wounded in the fighting, crept into some corner to die. Worse still than this, the fury of revenge is in full play. Guards who hid themselves in the houses, at points whence their comrades were driven, were brought out this morning, and shot in the streets. Just now I saw a handsome young fellow, dressed as a gentleman, lying with his hands tied, and his brains blown out, near the Tuileries. Instances of the same kind, without number, could be given, but the people stand looking at the burning city, and have no pity for those to whom the conflagration is due. Bombs whistle constantly over the heads of the crowds that throng the streets, as the men of the Commune, driven to the last standing place in the Hotel de Ville, do their final utmost to spread ruin and desolation in the world they are about to leave. Indeed, the slaughter of National Guards has, since Tuesday, been frightful. On that day the Communists commenced to kill all their prisoners. On this night the conflagrations began. The obstinate battle at the Tuileries compelled the Guards to leave it, and their commander, Bergeret, distributed bundles of hay, sopped with petroleum, in all parts of the building; thus, all portions of the Tuileries were fired simultaneously, and burned through the whole night. At daylight, only the walls remained standing. The buildings on the Rue de Rivoli caught fire. The houses on the Rue Royale, in front of the Madeleine, were wetted with petroleum and fired. The palace of the Legion of Honor, the Ministry of Finance, the Cour des Comptes were all burned on the same night, and the Luxembourg Palace blown up.

On Wednesday morning the fury of the people threatened a new St. Bartholomew, and many men who were killed were known to sympathise with even if