

our paper, they have, after all, only succeeded in withdrawing seventeen or eighteen names from the subscription list; and these, it is to be hoped, will soon discover the error they have committed, and hasten to atone for the base ingratitude of which they are undoubtedly guilty. But let us suppose that, instead of doing so, others can still be found so mean as to imitate their example.—What next? Would the suppression of the TRUE WITNESS be regarded as a victory, of which the Irish Catholic could honorably boast? Is there a respectable man in Montreal, or elsewhere, who would not point the finger of scorn at us, and reproach us with foul ingratitude towards our trusty friend, our uncompromising advocate, aye, and as true a man as God ever put life in. Once and for all then, let there be an end to this senseless and humiliating opposition; let petty spleen find vent in some other quarter, and offend dignity exhaust its venom upon a more deserving object. The editor of the TRUE WITNESS is the last man who should be chosen for the sacrifice. Around him every feeling of honor and gratitude command us to rally; unless indeed we are a set of contemptible cowards, afraid to move one step in support of him, who has so long and so courageously, alone and unaided, fought our battles, and who is still fighting them; ever carrying with him into the contest weapons which none but the man of profound learning, and true Catholic faith, knows how to employ.

With these few introductory remarks, the attention of the reader is again directed to the *Tablet's* graceful tribute of respect and admiration for the TRUE WITNESS. As it is peculiarly applicable and interesting at this moment, it will, we have not the least doubt, be accepted by the Catholic reader as a seasonable, generous, but well-merited acknowledgment of the simplicity, piety, and ability of our incorruptible and unpurchaseable friend, the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.—

THE TRUE WITNESS AND ITS EDITOR.

Of all those who labor at the Catholic press in America, we know of none who deserves better at the hands of our entire body than the Editor of the *Montreal True Witness*. For eight years he has battled manfully and steadily against the enemies of Catholicity, knowing no party, receiving little remuneration, yet devoting himself heart and soul to the great work before him. During those eight years of journalism, no man can point out one solitary instance wherein Mr. Clerk truckled to any ministry, or pandered to any prejudice how popular soever it might be. Born and nurtured in the lap of aristocratic affluence—his father, still living, being a Scotch baronet of high standing—Mr. Clerk since his conversion to our holy faith, and especially since the commencement of his career as a Catholic journalist, has lived in a voluntary obscurity that is highly honorable to himself. In an age when the majority of journalists are looked upon as "for sale by auction," and ready to knock themselves down to the highest bidder, when, in fact, that old-fashioned thing called *principle*, is well nigh lost sight of, and that other thing vulgarly known as *self-interest* worshipped in its place, nothing can be more honorable than the manly, straightforward, independent course all along pursued by Mr. Clerk. He has been aptly styled by a brother journalist, "the Lucas of America," and such, in fact, he is. What Frederick Lucas was to England and Ireland, George E. Clerk is to Canada; the fearless, uncompromising, unpurchaseable advocate of the religion he so lovingly embraced, in all its bearings and society. The brilliant and yet profound talents, and the extensive, we might say the universal erudition for which Lucas was distinguished, are also distinctive of the Canadian journalist, and in that scathing sarcasm, founded on intense honesty, which made Lucas the terror of political traders in the British Islands, the Editor of the *True Witness* falls little, if anything, short of him. Having no hankering himself after "the pickings of office," he had no sympathy with those who have, and their political tergiversations, in matters affecting religion, find no mercy at his hands. The trickling, time-serving "liberal Catholic," blowing hot and cold with the same breath, and sacrificing his dignity as a man and a Christian to the "getting an office," or keeping it when got—these are Mr. Clerk's special abhorrence, and he delights in tearing the flimsy veil from their faces and showing them to their co-religionists in all their naked deformity. These are "the Jacks in office" of whom he discourses so pleasantly and so often. But although the mass of his readers are well pleased to see such proper castigation administered, it is not at all to the liking of the persons "flogged," and the consequence is that they consider Mr. Clerk as a very naughty, crossed-grained, unreasonable sort of taskmaster, who would force them to walk in the straight line of public duty, whether it led to their own pecuniary interest or not. It is quite amusing to see the puerile and impotent anger with which they turn on him at times, calling him all sorts of ill names and kicking up such a dust that were enough to blind the eyes of the public if they were not too "wide awake" for that. Having no political intrigues, no public backsliding of any kind wherewith to charge Mr. Clerk, nor yet anything in his private life on which to lay hold, they usually twit him with being a Scotchman and a convert. Two very heinous offences, are they not? yet these are precisely the themes on which all sorts of charges are rung, and that by Catholic editors. Now if Mr. Clerk were a man who had ever manifested any desire to trade on his Catholicity—to raise himself to power or place by his influence as a public journalist, then, indeed, he might be reproached with selfish motives for his change of religion, but as no man will venture to say that he showed any such desire, surely it is no reproach to him that he renounced error and embraced truth. Such taunts are exceeding mean and highly improper coming from a *professing* Catholic. With respect to the other count of the indictment, it is still more absurd. Is Scotland, then, a country that any man need be ashamed of? We rather think Mr. Clerk is not of that opinion. He would most likely tell such writers as those we speak of that he esteem it a high honor to have been born in Scottish ground. And here we would observe, *en passant*, that, although a Scotchman, Mr. Clerk has not one drop in his vein of what these gentlemen have been pleased to style "the lewd blood of the Covenant." His family, and old feudal one of many generations, was ever found on the side of the

Stewarts—they were a race, as we happen to know, of sturdy old cavaliers, who would have shrunk with horror from any alliance with those of the Covenant. So much for the random shot about "the lewd blood of the Covenanters."

In conclusion we would say that there is no one layman in Canada, as we have reason to be convinced, who stands higher in the estimation of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy than George E. Clerk. Nor is the appreciation of his services confined to that venerable body, as we see by the simultaneous effort recently made, in all sections of the province, to sustain his paper when he announced his intention of suspending its publication. We are sorry, then, to see Catholic editors carping at a man like Mr. Clerk who, whether as a public journalist, a citizen, or a Christian, is an ornament to the entire body. If it be true that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," then is such a man as Mr. Clerk deserving of all honor.

The editorial columns of the last number of the *Toronto Freeman* are almost exclusively occupied with a review of the TRUE WITNESS policy; in which the *Freeman* endeavors to make out a case against this paper. As the editor of the TRUE WITNESS is absent, our contemporary is respectfully recommended to keep cool until he returns, when he will, no doubt, be duly acknowledged. In the meantime, the *Freeman* might learn a useful lesson by attentively reading the foregoing article, from the *Tablet*; as it would seem to be specially applicable to his present position.

A SLANDER RETRACTED.—Some four years ago the *Christian Guardian*, the Methodist organ of Upper Canada, introduced to the notice of his readers a work professedly emanating from an "Escaped Nun," with the following gentlemanly and truly Christian observation:—

"Nunneries are in reality the brothels of Romanism."

And this, his thesis, our Methodist cotemporary aforesaid, proceeded to develop and illustrate by means of the above-named work; although others of his Protestant cotemporaries, less zealous for the Holy Protestant Faith, because greater sticklers for the precepts of truth and decency, denounced the work as "wicked in its conception, false in its details, unprincipled and libellous," and as one which "no true Protestant can read without a sense of humiliation."

—*Commercial Advertiser* Montreal.

The obscene book met with a similar reception in other quarters, and from the press of the United States, indeed with the exception of the evangelicals, who landed the book to the skies, and gloated with rapture over its foul details, it was strongly and unreservedly condemned by men of all parties, and all denominations, as a filthy and lascivious "rehash of old anonymous books, badly put together."—*Albany Argus*.

What then will be the feelings of our evangelical friends, what the consternation in our Zion, when we inform them that Miss. Bunkley—now Mrs. J. Andrews—the "ESCAPED NUN" herself, and the reputed author of the book in which the adventures of that interesting run-away were duly set forth—has retracted; and that, according to the following extract from the *Norfolk Herald* (Protestant) that retraction has been made public.

"RECAUTION.—The public recantation of Josephine Andrews (formerly Miss Bunkley) author of the 'The Escaped Nun,' was read in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe."—*Norfolk Herald*, 11th inst.

Mrs. Andrews, we should add, has been again received into the Church, and admitted to Communion.

That the lie is thereby killed, we are not sanguine enough to believe; for a "Protestant Lie," as all experience teaches, is immortal. That it will shortly appear again, slightly altered, with perhaps new names assigned to the principal characters, and the scene laid in some other State of the Union, we have no manner of doubt; just as the exposure of the villainies of Maria Monk was quickly succeeded by the obscenities and slanders of "The Escaped Nun." The demand for falsehood and obscenity for the Protestant Evangelical market is incessant and insatiable; and political economy, if it establishes anything, establishes this—that a demand will always be followed by a supply. Still, will there be found lewd fellows, in black coats and white chokers, to write lewd works for the delectation of the evangelical market; foolish misguided young women to adopt them as their own; and foul-mouthed, unprincipled fellows, like the *Christian Guardian*, to recommend these abominable works to a public naturally credulous, and by their hatred of Catholicity stimulated to a morbid, and abnormal condition of credulity.

In thus attributing the authorship of these obscene works of Protestant fiction, to gentry of the Stiggins tribe, we are but following the example set us by our non-evangelical Protestant cotemporaries. It is now, we believe, pretty generally understood that the romance of Maria Monk was the joint work of a Montreal prostitute, and an evangelical Protestant minister; whilst with reference to the narrative of "The Escaped Nun," the *Albany Argus*, a Protestant journal, spoke, about the time of its appearance, in the following terms:—

"We venture to say, that this book was never written by an inmate of a convent, nor by a woman, nor indeed by a man; but it has been picked up in parts from other books, and badly put together, for the Know-Nothing market here."

Thus, then, has the slander of the "Escaped Nun," been fully refuted; and the authority destroyed text-book, by means of which the *Christian Guardian*, and its worthy, and equally respectable cotemporary and fellow-laborers, Glavazzi, and Mr. George Brown of the *Globe*, sought to make good their favorite thesis, that Sisters of Charity are "she-devils"; and that:—

"Nunneries are in reality the brothels of Romanism."

THE SEVENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE POET MOORE.

(From the Herald.)

At eight o'clock on Saturday evening last, the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association assembled in their Hall, McGill Street, to hear an address from their President, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., on the poet whose anniversary they had met to honor.

The Rev. Mr. O'Brien, the Director of the Association, occupied the chair. Mr. McGee came forward amid applause and said:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, the Council of this Society thought it would not be becoming in us, as the only literary association in this City representing the land of Moore's nativity, to allow this day to pass over without some mark of remembrance. (Applause.) Our Society is too young yet to give such a festival, on this occasion, as we would all wish to see; but we have met to-night partly to fasten the day on the memory of our own members, and partly, though this is the busiest evening of the week, to show cause why, on the recurrence of the anniversary hereafter, the day should be one of congratulation and festivity to this Society, and all literary bodies of the same nature, and why we should have an annual celebration, if the Council recommended it, on the 28th of May. (Applause.) I am not about to inflict upon you any formal address; but, in our intercourse to-night, it is my part to point out one or two reasons, if necessary, why we should celebrate this anniversary, and not only this Society, but all who in common with us claim the Irish name and profess the Catholic faith. The first point I shall take up will be the literary life of Moore. He was born in Dublin, as most of you are aware, on the 28th of May 1780; just 79 years ago. At the age of twenty he became known to the world by his translation of the odes of Anacreon, and very soon after, as the author of a volume of juvenile poems which showed only too clearly the force of the Pagan study he had been pursuing. At the age of 25 he commenced his "Irish Melodies," and when 37 years of age he had written all his serious poetry, including his great oriental poem of "Lallah Rookh." After this period he wrote some spurious and songs, but the poetical half of his life was, necessarily, the first one;—when he left middle age behind him he began to use prose as the ordinary vehicle of communication with the public;—and produced the lives of "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and of "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," and a most successful political history, in "Captain Rock," "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," but above all the "History of Ireland," which considering the greater facilities which now exist for obtaining original documents, is the best of the kind ever written. He also wrote for the general public the "Life of Byron," the "Epicurean," and also miscellaneous articles in the *Edinburgh* and other reviews. His literary life may be said to have commenced in 1800, and to have ended in 1843. In 1845 or '46 his memory began to fail. After surviving all his children, he passed into death in a state of mental eclipse, at his home in Devonshire in 1862, aged 70 years. The reasons why we should hold Moore in remembrance are two or three. The first one is, that in the first half of this century he was the intellectual representative of his race in London, the imperial mart of literature for the whole empire. The first 30 years of this century saw a growth and development of mind in the city of London—the great centre of commerce, book making and book selling—saw an amount of intellect, which probably no country has equalled in poetical ability, in any past time. Among that gifted brotherhood of men—English and Scotch—no man but a man of eminent genius, and of thorough cultivation, and of great industry, could hold his own. It was a hard task with an Irish Catholic, to hold up, against the prejudices then so common, the race from whom he sprang—so it may at once be seen that no man entering that proud city would be able to hold his own with the Southey, the Byrons, the Shelleys and the Coleridges, unless he were a man of great genius, cultivation, and indefatigable industry. But Moore had scholarship equal perhaps to Coleridge; he had an energy of expression and a power over the English language equal to Byron; his industry was only second to that of Scott, and in the power of bringing together the mellow and exquisitely sounding words of the English tongue, he was unrivalled. (Applause.) But it is not simply because he represented the Irish mind and intellect, before the world, that we ought principally to honor Moore; it is because he loved his country devotedly, we ought to respect him most, because he gave to her the generous use of his talents during the greater part of his life. (Applause.) He crossed over to England when the act of the Union was passed he came back to Ireland with the Act of Emancipation. Working out this measure O'Connell stands solitary and alone without a rival; but after him there was no other man to whom the Catholics of Ireland and the British Empire are so much indebted as to Thomas Moore. He stands on equal ground with Sheil, and without any individual comparison I should say that his services were quite equal to those of Sheil.—Where the speeches of O'Connell and Sheil never penetrated, the songs of Moore found their way. Statesmen went home at midnight from the hearty atmosphere of the House of Commons, and found their guests, their wives, or daughters performing the airs of Moore.—These songs had taken possession of the Statesman's home—they had crossed his threshold, and the sweetness of the airs, the sadness of the words, and the latent political meaning embodied, drew his attention to the country which had produced their writer. (Applause.) By virtue of his minstrelsy, Moore entered everywhere in safety, and like Alfred, turned what he knew to the advantage of his country. With harp in hand, Moore entered the penetralia of the English people: one by one he disarmed their prejudices and made the nation ashamed of them, and taught that there was something else in Ireland than poverty and suffering, and enmity, against England. He taught the English people that Ireland had a history which they could not equal, and a music as characteristic and complete in itself as any modern European school could produce. As the faithful minstrel of the English Richard, when the latter was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, sang below the grated windows of the principal European fortresses, "Oh, Richard—oh, mon Roy," and at last effected the release of his master, so did Moore sing at the grated windows of public opinion, the spell of his race and religion, and the spell of his song is alive to-day. (Applause.) Not only has Moore done all this; he has also, in our private intercourse, effected a change which may be noticed. When Thalberg, the great Austrian pianist, was here some time ago, I remember the enthusiasm of French, English and Scotch when he played "The Last Rose of Summer." At that time I said to myself I would never have heard an Irish air applauded or encouraged to-night, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, when played by an Austrian pianist, had it not been for Thomas Moore. (Applause.) When Dr. Mackay was here—with whom I had a very momentary acquaintance—he stated, what he has since affirmed in the *Illustrated London News*, that Moore was not a national poet, in the same sense as Burns. But because Moore found inspiration in different channels, and expressed his thoughts in symbols different from those of Burns, he is not the less national on that account. (Applause.) To my mind, there is not a finer poem in the English tongue than Moore's "Silent, oh Moyle, be the Roar of thy Waters." It carries me back with the race that gave Ireland her history—it comes to my ear untinged and unsoftened by modern contact—it comes with the sound of two thousand years, from the old Druidical forests—it is heard like the roar of a cataract at night. It would require the full power of inspiration to analyse it—it is national, grand, and beautiful. (Applause.) Every one of Moore's songs seem to me to be as national in turn and character of thought, as they are exquisite in melody. Moore should be in all our families, and fathers who have daughters and about to give them

a musical education ought to stipulate, as an essential part of it, that they should be able to reproduce our native airs—instead of searching through foreign books for minor melodies, or sitting at the feet of many masters, mimicking, like mocking birds, whatever they hear, without being able to perform an Irish song. (Applause.) Another reason why we Irish Canadians should prize Moore is this—that though, in the year 1805, he was but six weeks in this country, he gave us two of the most national songs, which, if we are ever to be a nation, we can possess—"The Woodpecker Tapping the Hollow Beech Tree," written at Niagara, and the "Canadian Boat Song," while passing St. Ann's—not in Grifftown—(a laugh)—but on the Ottawa. Under all these circumstances it is our duty, as members of this Society and Canadians, hereafter to celebrate the birthday of Moore in a becoming manner. I hope, therefore, when the next occasion arrives, that we shall all be prepared to share in the festival, and celebrate it in a manner worthy of the Society, worthy of the memory of Moore, and worthy of the position of his countrymen on this soil; and let us all endeavor to act in such a way that the 28th May, 1860, shall not pass over unremembered. (Applause.)

The Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Director of the Society, having complimented the lecturer, that part of the proceedings of the evening came to a close. Several of the members, then recited, in a very creditable manner, some select passages from Moore's Works, and some songs having been sung, the whole terminated.

The Committee of the St. Patrick's Society, will give their annual Pic-Nic on the sixth of July next.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR—I had a visit from a former subscriber to your paper on yesterday; the object of which was to induce me to throw up the TRUE WITNESS. I asked him what reason he could urge in support of a request which appeared to me so unjust, and indeed so extraordinary. His answer was, that you are continually attacking George Brown, and Mr. McGee, and thereby strengthening the hands of the Ministry. "Well," said I, "if this is the charge you bring against the TRUE WITNESS, and the only one, as you admit, I have little hesitation in telling you that this time you are mistaken in your man. What the TRUE WITNESS has written of George Brown, I heartily concur in; and I am only surprised that any respectable man can undertake to solicit further indulgence for him, or in any way to sanction the unprincipled and systematic reviler of the Catholic Church, and all who belong to her. So far as Mr. McGee is concerned, I deny that you or any other person can blame the editor of the TRUE WITNESS for the excellent advice which he has offered to that gentleman. If Mr. McGee does not think proper to follow it, that's his business; but of one thing I am quite certain, that he will not better his position much, by following your example. Surely, said I, the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS has as much right to express his opinions through the columns of his paper, as Mr. McGee has to deliver his on the floor of the Parliament House, or on a public platform. Mr. McGee is the advocate of Representation by Population, and an alliance with George Brown; the TRUE WITNESS condemns both; and this is the cause of all your hostility. Now as a proof that you and all who agree with you are in error, I will simply ask, is there one amongst you who would dare to face a meeting of Catholics to-morrow, and declare yourselves in favor of the Brown alliance, or his pet measure—Representation by Population? Do you not perceive, said I, that by such a suicidal act we would sell Catholic Lower Canada to the Orangemen of the Upper Province, with the certainty that we would receive about the same treatment from them that Catholic Ireland receives from Protestant England since the Union. The fact is, you don't know what you are talking about; but as I see you are about to move off, just let me whisper in your ear this one truth—the man who appears before the public, and has the boldness to state that he has made many sacrifices, and worked hard to return Mr. McGee, would, in order to entitle himself to belief, do well first of all, to explain how it is that his subscription to the McGee fund is unpaid to this day.

Here, Mr. Editor, my friend could not stand it any longer. It was evident he was not prepared for this "poser," and accordingly he made himself scarce.

In conclusion, Sir, I send you the names of two new subscribers; and promise to do all in my power to sustain you in the independent course you are now, as ever, pursuing; and the best way to befriended the TRUE WITNESS is, let every subscriber in arrears pay up, and then look round for others to add to the list, as the expense of collection must make a sad inroad upon the printer's profits.

AN IRISHMAN.

Montreal, 31st May, 1859.

DEATH OF LADY LAFONTAINE.—In this city, on Friday evening, the 27th May, Lady Lafontaine, aged 46 years. The funeral took place on Monday morning, and was largely attended by the Judges, the members of the Bar, and the citizens generally. Lady Lafontaine is deeply regretted by all who knew her, for no one "bore her honors more meekly" than she did, and she was equally loved and respected by her friends. The funeral services were performed at the Catholic Cathedral.—*Pilot*.

JUDICIAL APPOINTMENT.—We understand that the Hon. Mr. Justice Chas. Mondet is to be the fifth Judge of the Court of Appeals.—*Herald*.

A CANADIAN TAKING HONORS AT CAMBRIDGE.—We felt pleasure in noticing the fact that Mr. John Stephenson, son of the late Dr. Stephenson of this city, has obtained a Trinity College Scholarship, at the recent examination in Cambridge.—*Herald*.

IMPROVEMENTS AT OTTAWA.—The *Tribune* says that in almost every nook and corner of the city improvements are rapidly going on, the sound of the hammer and the saw being heard in all directions. Houses are being built of all grades and sizes, from the small slab cabin up to the stately mansion of three or four stories in height, and as varied in their architectural form and structure as the tastes and opinions of their proprietors.

MAN DROWNED.—On Friday last, a man giving his name as Thomas Mulligan, took passage on board the steamer *Niagara* at Charlotte for Toronto. Sometime after leaving the port he was observed by the watchman to be leaning over the promenade deck rail, aft, and subsequently to fall into the water. The alarm was given, and the steamer stopped on its way. A small boat was lowered, but no trace of the unfortunate man was discovered. He was respectfully dressed, and appeared to be between twenty or twenty-five years of age.—*Hamilton Times*.

LIGHTNING-STROCK.—We learn that a man named Dupuis, who was ploughing in the vicinity of the city, to the north, was on Thursday evening last struck by lightning and killed, as was also his horse.

COMMITTED FOR MURDER.—In the course of the examination of the alleged forgery of the will, sufficient evidence has been elicited to warrant W. Matthews, Esq., J. P., the presiding magistrate, in committing the accused William Wallace Robertson, for the murder of his father, who was killed in November, 1854. His mother is also in jail, awaiting, bail on the charge of being concerned in the forgery of the will.—*Brantford Courier*.

STERLING MONEY ORDERS.—The Post office here has received instructions to begin the new system of sterling money orders on the 1st on the 1st instant. Any money order office in Canada may issue money orders on every money order office in Great Britain and Ireland. The orders may be drawn from the amount of 1s. to £5 stg. No order to be issued, for less than 1s. or more than £5 stg. The fees for orders are as follows:—25 cents for any sum under £2 stg., and 50 cents for any sum over £2 and under £5 stg. Thus, an order for £1 stg. would be made out in this way:—The pound, at the par of Exchange (according to the printed instructions) is \$1.80—add 25 cents, and we have \$2.14 for the order, £2 stg., at par \$9.78 at 25 cents, same as in last case, would be \$19.93, the rate being a little cheaper per cent. But for any fraction over £2 stg., 50 cents are added for the order. The new system will be of great convenience to the public. Postmasters are to receive 1 per cent. for their remuneration.—*Gazette*.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the *Montreal Witness* of Wednesday last.

There has been a soaking rain since our last, which has done immense good to vegetation, and the weather is again bright. The accounts from all quarters respecting the appearance of the crops continue favorable. The hay crop in this vicinity will undoubtedly be good.

Flour, &c.—There is great stagnation in the flour trade. Good Upper Canada brands are held at \$7 for Superfine, Fancy \$7.25, and Extra \$7.50, to \$8.50, according to quality; but there are no sales except at retail for consumption. The low grades are not active. The price of oatmeal is nominal, there being no sales of any consequence. Grain is also very dull and very little doing. The only kind of food shipping to Britain is peas, which bring \$1 to \$1.10 per bushel.

Provisions.—Pork is again very dull, and several sales have been made to dealers at the following rates: Mess, \$10; Prime Mess, \$10 to \$10.25; Prime, \$14 to \$14.50. Beef is also dull; Prime Mess may be quoted at \$14 to \$14.50, and Prime at \$9 to \$9.50. Bacon, Shoulders and Hams are very difficult of sale. Lard is 12½ to 13 cents.

Butter is brought in freely by farmers, and fresh in rolls is selling on the market at 10d, and even lower. This brings down the price of packed butter, for which it would be difficult to make a quotation, there being no considerable transactions. Very choice might bring 10d to 11d.

Wool is beginning to come in, and is worth 1s 3d to 1s 9d per lb., for that which is clean and of fair quality. It is likely that the demand from Canadian manufacturers will be quite equal to the supply raised in Canada.

Animals continue to arrive freely, and since our last Pigs have declined about 5 cents, and Poultry about 15 cents. The current prices of to-day are, Pigs \$3, 25; Poultry \$4.50.

The greater part of the vessels which have come to Montreal, have to return to Quebec to load timber or deals. There is in fact nothing for them here but ashes and a few peels, and the rates of freight continue low. Exchange has an upward tendency, but the bank is still selling at 11 per cent. There is rather more demand for money.

DOSEPHUS AND ST. ANN'S MARKETS.—Wheat—None; Oats, 2s. 9d. to 3s. 1d.; Barley—None; Indian Corn—None; Peas, 5s. to 5s. 6d.; Buckwheat and Rye—None of either; Flax Seed, 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d.; Clover and Timothy Seed—None; Country Flour, 20s. to 21s. 3d.; Oatmeal, 18s. 6d. to 19s.; Corn Meal, and Rye Flour—None; Lard, 8d. to 9d.; Butter, Fresh, 9d. to 1s.; Salt, 9d. to 1s. 3d.; Eggs, 7d. to 7½d.; Potatoes, 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. per bag; Sugar, 3d. to 3½d.; Hay, \$5.00 to \$8.25 per 100 bundles; Straw, \$1 to \$1.50.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER is deservedly the most popular family medicine known; no other remedy has been so successful in relieving all kinds of pain. Where other medicines have failed, it has often effected a speedy and complete cure.—Sold by druggists generally.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING the 6th June, at EIGHT O'CLOCK.

By Order,
EDWARD WOODS, Sec. Sec.

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WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION,

THAT large commodious HOUSE, covered with tin, surrounded by a brick wall, containing fifteen apartments, with a large and spacious kitchen; Gas and water in the House—Cellar, and with Brick Stable and Sheds and a large Garden, situated on Wellington Street, Point St. Charles—House and premises have undergone a thorough repair; has been occupied for two years as a Boarding House, by the Grand Trunk Co., for the accommodation of the Company's Clerks. The situation cannot be surpassed.

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