

never cease to repeat it—there is but one honest, consistent and profitable course of political action open to Catholics in this Province—and that is to insist upon the full concession of all their demands on the School Question, as a condition sine qua non of their support at the polls, or in the columns of the periodical press; and to treat all who offer any opposition to those demands as their natural and unreclaimable enemies.

The Protestant press is much and sorely exercised by the contumacious conduct of the Marchioness of Queensberry, who has not only "gone and become a Papist" herself; but who, with a disregard for the feelings and prejudices of the evangelical Great Britain which it is terrifying to contemplate, and most mortifying to put on record, has actually taken with her three of her own children, being their only surviving parent, and therefore according to God's holy law, the only one who has any rightful control over them.

The *Bulwark*, a strictly evangelical organ, has a lengthy and bitter article on the subject, in which it sets itself to "improve the occasion" to its readers. The Marchioness was originally, so we are told, a High Church Episcopalian, but seems to have been troubled with doubts as to the security of her position. Still she was a Protestant, and a consistent Protestant; for the *Bulwark* with much indignation goes on to relate in the following language, the several phases of her creed, or rather dubitations, until she found rest and certainty in the bosom of the Catholic Church; where alone certainty is to be obtained, where alone, with unflinching voice, the learned and unlearned alike, can proclaim *Credo*—I believe—and can give a reason for their belief:—

"Thus another victim amongst the higher ranks has been added to the recent triumphs of Rome.—This case is in many respects most instructive. The Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry was, we understand, not long ago, a High Church Episcopalian. She then fell into the hands of the Plymouth Brethren and imbibed their peculiar tenets. Separating herself from all visible churches, she affected to find the true unity of the church in no outward organization. Setting thus at defiance the lessons of the Bible in one important particular, she still professed to be zealous in promoting revivals of religion and social improvement. At Edinburgh she did a good deal in this way, but evidently without being firmly rooted in any fixed principles of Divine truth, and without the blessed influences of the regular ministrations of the sanctuary."

The complaint of the *Bulwark* that, whilst still a Protestant or non-Catholic, the Marchioness refused to ally herself with any existing Protestant ecclesiastical organisation, and declined availing herself of what it unctuously terms "the blessed influences of the regular ministrations of the sanctuary," is exquisitely absurd. The conduct of the convert, whilst as yet only an enquirer after truth, was strictly honest and consistent, and one which, one would think, should approve itself to all intelligent persons. No man-made church, or ecclesiastical organisation of human origin, can have any claims upon any Christian's allegiance; and there is no existing Protestant church, or outward organisation, which by the force of circumstances, is not compelled to admit itself to be the work of man, and of recent origin. What "the blessed influences of the regular ministrations of the sanctuary" may mean in plain English, we are at a loss to understand; but if the fundamental principles of Protestantism be true, we see not, we never saw, why every man, woman and child should not be his, her, or its own minister. The Catholic Church consistently claims the allegiance of all men, because she also claims that her "outward organisation" is coeval with Christianity, and the work of Christ Himself; and to the ministrations of her priests she consistently attributes "blessed influences," because she claims for her priests a divine appointment, and asserts the sacraments which they administer to be the only channels of divine grace.

APPOINTMENTS IN THE DIOCESE OF THREE RIVERS.—Al. M. Chabot, to Ste. Genevieve; J. B. Leclaire, Ste. Brigete; A. Carufel to St. Louis; M. Proulx to St. Titus; C. Goun to St. Janvier; O. Belcour to St. Maurice; H. Richard to St. Celestin; G. Bellevue to St. Leon; C. Rochet to St. Hyppolite; S. Rheault to Three Rivers; P. Quinn to St. Andrew; M. Marchand to Ste. Anne de la Perade.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The *Courrier du Canada* of the 23rd inst., announces the sudden death of the Rev. Grand Vicar Chauvin, of Quebec, who was struck by apoplexy at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and died in a few minutes. The Reverend deceased was 67 years of age, but on account of his failing health had, for some time previous to his death, been under medical treatment.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.—Solemn High Mass was sung in the Parish Church of this City on Thursday last, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. M. Dufresne's admission to the Order of Priesthood. The Church was densely crowded, and in the sanctuary a large body of ecclesiastics, including representatives from all parts of the Province, took part in the imposing ceremony.

The Rev. M. Dufresne was born on the 10th of October 1789, and is consequently in the 74th year of this age. He was ordained Priest on the 18th October 1812; and on the 29th October 1824 was enrolled as a member of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

High Mass was sung by the aged Priest himself, who was assisted by the Rev. Superior of the Seminary, and the Rev. M. M. Portier, and Dagenais. The sermon was preached by the Rev. M. Joseph Aubrey of Ste. Therese, and the subject treated of was "The dignity of the Priest and his vocation."

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.—We are now about to commence the month which the Church has in an especial manner devoted to the souls of her children suffering in Purgatory; and we seize therefore upon the opportunity of recommending to the notice of our readers an appropriate work of devotion "PURGATORY OPENED TO THE PIETY OF THE FAITHFUL." If Catholics at all, we must believe that many of our departed friends and brethren stand in need of, and may be helped by, our prayers; and if practical Catholics we will not fail during the ensuing month to redouble our charitable efforts in behalf of those, who, indebted in some measure to us for their deliverance from the sufferings of Purgatory, will no doubt become powerful advocates in our behalf at the throne of grace, and return ten fold those services which we, members of the Church militant, have been able to render them. This is one aspect of that "Communion of Saints," in which we profess to believe; and he who neglects to pray for the repose of the faithful departed, approves himself deficient in faith as well as in charity.

The little work to which we have called the attention of our readers is offered for sale by Messrs. Sadiers of this city; and another in the French language, translated from the Italian of Francesco Vitali, may be procured at the Book Store of M. M. Fabre and Gravel, 30 St. Vincent Street.

We have been requested to call the attention of the Members St. Patrick's Society to the meeting on Monday evening next. Besides other business of importance to be transacted, Mr. J. J. Curran, B.C.L., will open the literary exercises of the Society by reading an Essay on the subject of "Intellectual Culture."

DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE.—On Friday evening last this distinguished orator delivered his third lecture, taking for his subject "The Social and Political Case of Ireland." The City Concert Hall was densely crowded, and the rapturous and long protracted cheers with which the speaker was greeted when he appeared upon the platform, testified to the high opinion entertained of him by his fellow-countrymen. We are indebted to the *Montreal Herald* for the subjoined report:

On Friday evening Dr. Cahill delivered a lecture in the City Hall on "the Social and Political Case of Ireland." The large hall was densely crowded, not only the sitting, but the standing room being occupied. After eight o'clock the hammering on the floor announced that the audience was becoming impatient, and the Doctor appeared, being conducted to the platform by Mr. Walsh, the President of the St. Patrick's Literary Association. The Doctor was received with shouts of applause, which continued for some moments. At length he succeeded in making himself heard, and he said that he was certain he heard a Tipperary shout as he came on the platform—the sweet Tipperary shout—(Cheers.) He was sorry that he had a disadvantage in addressing them. He was afraid that he would not be able to make himself understood because he had not the Irish accent. (Laughter.) He had a very great subject to deal with—the social and political case of the Irish. It was exceedingly large and very much embarrassed and he would endeavor to bring them through it very coolly, mildly, quietly, and logically. (Applause.) It was generally supposed that Ireland was one of the oldest countries in the world. But this was not so. There were several European nations before the Irish—the Assyrians, and the Babylonians contemporaneous with them. This was about two hundred years before the flood. Then came the Persians and the Egyptians; then the Grecians and the old Roman Empire, and we have Ireland about 700 years before the Christian Era. [A peculiar noise was here heard, as of the squealing of a dog, and the Doctor listening attentively said "I think that is the member for Berksire that I bear."] (Shouts of applause and laughter.) So it would be seen that we are not the oldest nation in the world. We came into existence about 700 years before the Christian Era. Our language and our religion are as old as that. He regretted exceedingly that he could not speak Irish. Every bit of him was Irish but his tongue. (Laughter.) He would repeat a story he told the other night. Two Greek words had been employed to make the term telegraph, and afterwards it was called telegram. But when the telegraph was introduced into the West of Ireland, the people called it *shiel eli ba ha*, or "news upon sticks." (Great laughter.) And a very good name it was too. The Irish language, full of beauty and power, has come down to us from the most venerable antiquity. The number of its words, the extent of its verbs, and the power of combining the words, rendered it almost if not quite equal to the Greek. A great many words could be put together so as to give great force. It was a great language also for scolding in. (Laughter.) Julius Caesar came to England seventy-five years before the birth of our Lord, to conquer it. The Roman Empire was the greatest empire of the world, and they made England a colony. Some people said "what a pity it was that he did not conquer Ireland at the same time." If he had done so he would have given Ire-

land unity, instead of its being torn by dissensions. He would have given Ireland one arm and one heart to meet the foreign invader. Having four kings we were always quarrelling, and generally about love. (Laughter.) From that time we called ourselves a Royal race (laughter), and say that there are no such people in the world as the Irish. (Renewed laughter.) We have the pride of our ancestors from that time to this; but our divisions are proverbial, and make us a prey to the foreign invader. The great power of England lies in its unity. As a great person in England once said to me, "I'm fond of the English, but I hate the English Cabinet." They are the finest people in the world; but we put up a King, and having looked at him for a little while we tore him down again. (Laughter.) So when Caesar conquered England it was a great pity that he did not conquer Ireland. About 495 the Roman Empire fell. It was very nearly falling in 475; but when it fell it was the greatest government in Europe. It had more than half of Europe, and sixty millions of slaves, and had very nearly five hundred millions of subjects. When it fell all the other nations rose up for their independence, and they had too much to do to think of coming to Ireland. The fact was they did not know Ireland. It was then that St. Patrick came to Ireland, and while the other nations were engaged in war, he was talking religion. Any one who entered the monasteries was free from civil service. It was a land of saints and scholars. Other nations were engaged in war, but we became a nation of scholars and a nation of saints. There were so many monks then that they turned to transcribe the Bible, and they sent out a beautiful illuminated Bible every day. There was no printing then, and this was as great a feat as the printing of the *Times* newspaper at the present day. He (the lecturer) went to his Solicitor and asked him what he would charge for transcribing the bible, and after calculating the number of words in the old and new testaments, he said that he could not do it for less than £840. So when the monks turned out a copy every day it was a very great feat. It was not every one who could have a Bible then, but now we could get a copy for half a dollar. So while every other nation was engaged in war, we were engaged in learning, and Ireland sent missionaries all through Europe. (Applause.) And when the other nations ceased to be at war, it was at our altar that they felt the flame of original learning. (Applause.) The sons of Kings were educated in our country in those days. They had to come to our country for their learning and their religion. King Alfred of England studied at Lismore in 902, and the colleges there have some of his poetry, re-copied of course, at the present day. When we were tolerably independent, we began to quarrel. We had only five Kings in this small territory, and one great King over the other four. (Laughter.) Every one was a relation of a King; we were a royal race, and no one was equal or superior to us. (Laughter.) In that day they had a very good idea of painting, sculpture and architecture; and Church music was nearly as perfect then as it is now. The great Poets of the day were educated in Rome. St. Patrick came about this time, and in the 11th Century Ireland was conquered by England. But we must bear in mind that that was not the England of the present day. The English people now are the happiest in the world. He (the lecturer) dared not open his lips about the present England. The Bishop would not let him, and said to him, "If you let your Irish tongue say another word like that, I'll send you back to New York." (Laughter.) "We are all happy and contented Dr. Cahill," said he, "and will you kindly study the thing twice before you speak again." (Renewed laughter.) No one living can believe what it is to be oppressed until the torture is actually felt. In the train of oppression come evils that no one can comprehend. The oppressor will put you to death if he can, and for a nation to be under another nation, and to live at the will of another nation, is the very definition of oppression. And the Irish people were in that position at that time. We had great spirit in those days, but we had no help. We had not a penny in our country, and we had no friend beyond the seas. Order, religion and everything disappeared before the foot of the oppressor. When the English Catholic soldiers entered Ireland no man was allowed to marry an Irish girl, and if any one did so he was to receive fifty lashes. (Oh! and Laughter.) But in Kilkenny there was a regiment of 700 men and 699 of them got the lashes, and the one who did not was called "the dirty man of the regiment." (Cheers and Applause.) That was called the Kilkenny constitution, and it was against the nature of manhood. From that time until 1588, the Irish bore the oppression of England, and maintained their religion and nationality. Elizabeth came to the throne, and reigned for forty-four years. During those forty-four years any one who attempted to teach the alphabet was treated as a felon. Seventy thousand of our fathers were put to death.—[A cry of "Oh!" and laughter.] They should not laugh! He would much rather see them take out their pocket-handkerchiefs and cry. He never took up a history but he found ninety-nine parts of everything against the Irish was false. How did it happen that England became such a great nation? It was because of her unity. The flag of England swept the sea—the navy was invincible. The English flag was like a meteor—it flashed from North to South. And this was all on account of the unity of England. They could write what they liked against us, and we could not say a word in reply. From 1172 to 1731, nearly 600 years, the people of Ireland continued to be libelled. He remembered reading a story by Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welsh writer, who said that in the North of Ireland the plow was tied to the horse's tail [shouts of laughter.] We never got any help from any government in Europe. All our monasteries were thrown down. We had no land. All we had was our churchyards. There we could stand on our headless fathers' graves. And the time to go there was when the moon was setting and it was there that we imbibed the faith we have to this day. (Applause.) We followed the priest to the mass bush and caves in the mountains. There he would meet us at night, and when he blew his whistle we drew near, because he kept us in the faith. There was a time when we had only one Bishop. [A laugh.] His name was McDonald, and he used to go about in sailor's clothes, preaching, and keeping the flock together. Our only property was the churchyards, where the bones of our murdered fathers slept. Our only books were the tombstones, where we swore revenge on our father's death.—(Cheers and applause.) [Here the Doctor said that he was very much obliged to them for shouting so loud, and he was again cheered heartily.] At one time there were thirteen Irishmen to be put to death for not changing their religion. When one of these men was asked if he would change his religion he said that he would not. "Well," they said, "if you don't you shall be put to death." "The sooner the better," said he, "only all that I ask is that my son may not see me die." But they would not grant him this one favor, and they killed him before his son's face. [Groans and cries of "oh! oh!"] If we had been born in that time we would have been very violent people. And they do call us violent; but only think of a man talking about violence before such facts as these. He recollected a time when he would have been glad to have seen some great disaster befall the English. We are violent, and what Irishman could read the history of his country and not feel so? We had no commerce. They brought us down from the mountains to cultivate the land for their own advantage, and we rose from that time. When James came to England he said he would kill no more of these Irish, for there was no use in doing so, as they sprang up again as fast as they were put to death. (Laughter.) He said, "I will change their names," and so he commenced to call them after the trades. He would call one Mr. Mason, and another Mr. Baker. [Laughter.] He would call one Mr. Stone and another Mr. Baster; another Mr. Rivers, another Mr. Banks. Then he called them after the

beasts of the field, as Mr. Hare, and Mr. Fox [laughter], and then after the birds of the air, as Mr. Woodcock [laughter] and Mr. Crow. [Renewed laughter.] Then after the fishes, as Mr. Pike and Mr. Salmon.—(Continued laughter.) And so he called them by all the names in the world except by Irish names. But did they think that a Mrs O'Donnell would call her little fellow a "Woodcock," or that Mrs O'Flaherty would call her's a "Crow"? (More laughter.) So we had the O'Donnells and O'Flahertys and have them still.— This was the most insulting act the government could have thought of. Cromwell came in 1649, and he took all the little property they had acquired away from them. They tell an idea of Cromwell's time. They had a jury, and a poor Irishman was put in the dock and tried for killing a man. Well of course the evidence was very strong, and the man was convicted. But just then the dead man walked into Court. (Laughter.) There was great work then, but everything had to be done in order, and affidavits were prepared to show that this really was the man the other had been tried for killing. At length the Judge sent the jury back to reconsider their verdict. When they returned to Court the Judge asked them for their verdict, and one of them said "Guiltily my lord." How can you say that, said the Judge to the foreman. "Oh," said he, "the man stole a grey mare from me eight years ago, and I would rather leave the verdict as it is." (Great Laughter.) In the time of Cromwell a man was to be hanged. The presiding Judge was certainly the ugliest man that ever lived, and when he asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed, the prisoner asked him where he [the Judge] was going to be buried. "Why," said the Judge, "what good will it do you to know that?" "I would like to know said the man." "I cannot say where I will be buried said the Judge, and he then asked the prisoner what his object was in putting the question. "Why," said the man, "I would like to be buried ten miles from you." This was Cromwell's time. In William's time they took us into the army to fight for them, and the Irish fought the battles of England all over Europe. The flag of victory was never raised on any field where Irish blood was not freely shed. [Great Applause.] Our loyalty was never questioned. Intended to do us justice we were always loyal to the throne, though perhaps not to the man on the throne. As an instance of the devotion of Irishmen, the Lecturer mentioned the case of one poor fellow who was bleeding to death on one of Nelson's ships, and he was catching the blood in his hand as it flowed from his wounds when one went up to him, and the only remark he made, "If this blood was only shed for Ireland I would die happy." [Applause.] In the time of George, we began to lift up our heads. They all remembered the great O'Connell [loud applause], who by superhuman efforts obtained emancipation. But the 40s freedom was swept away, and no one could vote unless he had a lease. The Government feared to allow the people to be educated, and when they found that we sent out men who would advocate our cause, they took away this right also. Then they tried the national system, and sent people to teach us in their own way, but that failed. This was the way the people of Ireland were pressed into the dust. But we still maintained our religion and our nationality. We quarreled about education then, and we quarrel about it yet. They sent the Soupers, who went from house to house to change our faith, and how were they received. One poor man was standing at his door, when three of these nice fellows came up to him. "You have no work," they said. "No," replied the man. "Well," they said, "we will give you work, and food and clothes for your wife and family if you join us, and 10s a week besides." "No," said he, "I will never feed my wife upon perjury, nor clothe my little children upon apostasy and as for myself, I will never drink of your perdition, nor if you offered it in a cup of gold." [Loud applause.] The men were walking away when a neighbor called them and asked them what they would give him. They repeated their offer. "Oh," said he, "there is one thing you forgot." "What is that," they asked. "Goals for eternity," the man replied. [Applause.] He, the lecturer, did not like this kind of talk, but he told them this to show them what a people oppressed by another will say. Then Gregory of Galway came and passed the "quarter acre clause," which enacted that any one who had not a quarter of an acre of land should have their cabins thrown down and seventy out of every hundred cabins were levelled to the ground. You might travel thirteen miles in Clare and not find a house. When they found that they could not conquer us by the Soupers, they tried to exterminate us. We were obliged to emigrate. The poor sickly people were left at home, and the healthy ones were sent out to America. Ireland was called a fine country, but he could not bear to hear it praised, as the land was crimsoned with the blood of the murdered people. [Sensation.] The grass grew upon the graves of millions. Agricultural Societies were established, but the produce exhibited did not belong to the farmers, and did not show the progress of the country. They might as well bring out their wives richly dressed, and exhibit them. He was never able to bear these agricultural societies in Ireland. We had to fly from the country; but he found the Irish well treated in America. When he was in the South a gentleman asked him why the Irish were always howling. This was because the Irish were afflicted with the Church Endowment. The country was taxed for the support of 600,000 men. It was enough to have to pay for what other men eat and drank; but it was an awful thing to pay these men to abuse us year after year. He was asked if they ever bound to have a majority, and then use force; but he answered that he hoped for a change before such a disastrous state of things was brought about. He was glad to learn how happy the people of Canada were. They had a government of their own, and in fact had every advantage they could desire. He had not a word to say against the Government here. He came to praise it. He only wished that the Irish were as happy in Ireland. But for seven hundred years they could not write; for seven hundred years they had no commerce; for seven hundred years they could not hold public situations. But notwithstanding all this they have maintained the purity of their religion, and the love of their country. By moral order all their wrongs would be adjusted; but it could not be done by violence. They must love their country and maintain their religion. They were not able for violence; but moral order would do anything. If the Irish people could make their country happy in the same time as it takes for an oak tree to grow to maturity, he would be content. [Applause.] By adhering to the principle of maintaining the purity of their religion, there was no doubt that they would work out their perfect emancipation, and national prosperity. (Cheers and continued applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, said the Doctor, your superhuman silence this evening has made me happy. I am exceedingly obliged to you. The place in which my next lecture will be delivered will be made known by the newspapers. He then retired amidst thunders of applause, and the vast assemblage began to separate.

On Wednesday evening Dr. Cahill delivered a lecture on Purgatory. It shall appear in our next. The Doctor delivers his next lecture in Bonaventure Hall, on Thursday next. Subject: "The Doctrine of Predestination."

We would direct the attention of the lovers of the fine arts to the atelier of Mr. Troye, 68 Great St. James Street. This artist has some very excellent copies of the Great Masters to dispose of, admirably adapted for the decoration of our sacred edifices.

YANKEE BIGOTRY. To the Editor of the *True Witness*. Sir,—Will you be kind enough to give insertion to the following in your next? I select an extract from the speech of one Updike, delivered in the Rhode Island Legislature, for the purpose of pointing out to Irishmen what they may expect from the bigots of the Northern States, in case they succeed in subjugating the patriots of the South.

"He (Mr. Updike) was against the resolution (for allowing foreigners to have a vote) and for preserving the institutions of the States. It was a piece of arrogant impudence for a *Wild Irishman* to come here from the bogs of Ireland to tell us to alter our Constitution so as to let him vote?"

Such a piece of impertinence, I might say indeed, such an effusion of foul-mouthed ignorance and bigotry, given utterance to in this enlightened nineteenth century, would scarcely be believed were it not published in the public papers. Further comment upon the above is quite unnecessary. The language of Updike speaks for itself. Would this would-be lover of his so-called liberal Constitution have the manliness to tell Thomas Francis Meagher, James Shields, Mulligan and Corcoran, that they were *wild Irishmen*, and that they came from the bogs of Ireland? If he did, I guess, as the Yankees say, he would have to offer an ample apology. How any Irishman can voluntarily fight the battles of such a glorious Constitution, after reading the extract from Updike's celebrated liberal speech, I cannot comprehend. When intolerance prevails to such an extent now in the model Republic, what will it be should the aspirations for freedom be crushed in the South? I would say; let the Yankees fight their own battles, and let the foreigners attend to his own business. Poor despised Paddy will not be so eager I hope, to declare himself a citizen of the great Republic, when he sees the folly of so doing. For Irishmen to expect aid or assistance to free Ireland, from the Northerners,—the bigotted Puritans, the No-Popery lovers, and Irish haters,—is more than I expect, or Irishmen may hope for.

A LOVER OF TRUTH LIBERTY. Montreal, October 20, 1862.

Every citizen who is paying enormous rents, and living in unhealthy and cramped apartments in this city, is advised to read the following notice:—\$13,000 worth of eligible building lots and farms will be distributed among 600 subscribers on the 31st of May. These lots are at Roseville; and Messrs. — have just received a large supply of Bryan's Pulmonic Waters for curing coughs, colds, etc. Only 25 cents a box.

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

Died, in this city, on the 29th October, aged 16 years and 6 months, Edmond Archibald DeLisle, third son of A. M. DeLisle, Esq., Sheriff of Montreal.

DR. CAHILL WILL DELIVER A FIFTH LECTURE, ON THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, NOV. 6. IN THE BONAVENTURE HALL. SUBJECT: PREDESTINATION. AN enquiry into the so-called Doctrine of PREDESTINATION, or—Is it true that God has predestined some souls to be lost, and some souls to be saved, irrespective of their Moral Liberty. Tickets 25 cents each. Lecture to commence at Eight o'clock. By order, T. KONAYNE, Rec. Sec. October 30, 1862.



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, 3rd November. An Essay will be read by Mr. J. J. Curran, on the subject of "Intellectual Culture." The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock (By Order, P. OMBERA, Rec. Sec.)

DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE ON IRELAND. JUST PUBLISHED, IN PAMPHLET FORM, A FULL REPORT Of the above Lectures. WITH A PORTRAIT Of the Rev. gentleman, and a brief Sketch of his Life. For Sale at the Book and News Stores. Price 12 1/2 cents. Copies mailed to any part of the country, by the undersigned, on receipt of 12 1/2 cents in stamps. W. DALTON, News Dealer. Montreal, October 30th, 1862.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR an Elementary Catholic School to Teach FRENCH and ENGLISH. Apply by letter to JOHN HANNA, St. Canute, County of Two Mountains, N.B. October 30.

SACRED PICTURES FROM HUBENS. MR. TROYE invites the public to the above, as well as to his specimens of PORTRAIT PAINTING. He solicits an early visit, at his new and short ROOM, 68 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, Corner of William Street.