

bigotry and low prejudices, they can never raise themselves to the lofty regions wherein the eagle soars. They are thoroughly unacquainted with the wonders devotedness and love can work. But, thank God, the rays of the sun are not sullied by the mire they enlighten, and gold always comes from the crucible purer and more brilliant. They are mercenaries, if you wish, but mercenaries of Heaven; mercenaries like the martyrs who panted not after perishable laurels, but after the immortal crown; for like them they died for justice sake—for the faith, that lively and undying faith St. Patrick planted in their bosoms; mercenaries like that illustrious train of Christian heroes, more worthy of renown than the most distinguished characters of which pagan antiquity can boast. They are truly mercenaries, but mercenaries like the royal prophet who said, "Inclinaui caput meum propter reprobationem." We know, the whole world knows, who are the mercenaries; they are those revolutionary, those unprincipled men, those freebooters, vile hirelings of corrupt governments, who armed the Papal States, to enslave amid a peaceable population the embers of strife and revolution. But, with the Irish Brigade, money was no inducement; whilst standing on the green sod of their tranquil Isle, they heard of the evils that were laying waste the patrimony of Peter, the inheritance of Christ; they heard their eloquent Bishops energetically denouncing the unwarrantable spoliation, they heard their Primate telling "the robber to take away his sacrilegious hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ;" they heard it and were moved; blood began to boil in their manly veins, and a sublime thought to work upon their minds; it was fostered by every southerly breeze which wafted to their shores—the plaintive moans of a voice not unknown. It was the cry of the old man of the Vatican appealing to the Catholic world; of that old man who had not forgotten Ireland in the days of her distress—when famine devastated the land, and thousands and tens of thousands fell victims to the merciless scourge; it was the cry of him who had emptied his scanty treasury to feed their starving brothers. A tear moistened their eye; their hearts swelled with emotion—because Erin is never ungrateful—never, barren when there is question of producing heroes. Such a noble cause could not but enflame noble souls. Like the Mackabees of old, they exclaimed, "Utiqum natus sum?" Was I born to see the desolation of the Eternal City; was I born to witness calmly and tranquilly, like the potentates of Europe, those abominable iniquities? Was I born to stand with folded arms, like the Levites of old, when I see the dagger of the assassin pointed to my father's breast? No, a glorious death is preferable to such an ignominious existence. *Ecce ego, mitte me, Martiamur et nos.* They go forth like chivalrous knights without fear; thoughtless of obstacles and dangers; full of generous enthusiasm; to protect the weak against the strong. Ah! they are, those undaunted heroes, truly worthy of the great cause they have espoused. They went to defend the eternal principles of justice, religion and humanity; those principles which the revolutionary torrent threatens to sweep before it—those principles the dereliction of which would sap up the very foundations of society, consecrate anarchy and place the world on a volcano ever ready to burst forth and make of the earth a mound of ruins. They went to defend that throne, hitherto the support and strength of all the thrones of the Christian world. They were few, but valor made up for numbers. They fought like lions—they fought as Irishmen usually fight. Who ever heard of an Irish coward—the son of an Irish mother, who through fear flinched in the day of trial or deserted his post in the hour of danger? As long as unconquerable valor is honored here below, Ireland shall stand foremost among nations. Plains of Fontenoy bear witness—heroes of Magenta and Tatan speak and tell us whether you blush for those who fought the good fight at Castelfidardo, Ancona, Perugia and Spoleto! No. No. Marathon, Plataea would not, not even the Thermopylae, and why should we? They are the flesh of our flesh, the bone of our bone. They fell, it is true, for success does not always smile upon merit and valor. They fell overwhelmed by numbers, taken by surprise, decimated by an imperial treachery, after a desperate and unparalleled resistance. They fell buried in their triumph. They could not conquer, but they could die. Yield? No. "We hold it for God and the Pope." Surrender? No. Death is the triumph of magnanimous souls. One thing alone is wanting to their glory here below, but I have confidence in the future. I hope that the shades of these noble crusaders will find in generations yet unborn some Tasso to sing their praise. Until then, Castelfidardo preserve the sacred deposit confided to your trust. You owe to those heroes a tribute of gratitude. You wanted the blood of Irishmen to draw you from obscurity. To them you are indebted for a name, a mention on the map of Italy, a place in every generous heart, an immortality which the ruthless hand of time cannot destroy, nor scoffs and calumny obliterate. But why should I appeal to mute witnesses? Sardinas was frank for once in your lives. Render testimony to courage and virtue: it is not a disgrace and what disgrace can you now fear. You have witnessed their valor. You cannot have forgotten it, for you have too bitterly felt it. Have you forgotten the day you sought to cut them off from Ancona? Have you forgotten the prodigies of valor wrought by a handful of men at the command of the chivalrous Lamoriciere, greater in that desperate hour than under the walls of Constantine, or the Barricades of '48. You were stunned and amazed when at the point of the bayonet, they broke your iron lines and carried their way through your dense battalions. You learned there, perhaps for the first time, that an Irishman feels quite at home even at the mouth of the cannon. The heights drenched with your blood and strewn with lifeless bodies, taught you that there are, to use the language of a great prelate, souls whom bullets and grape shot can pierce, but never defeat. But I need no expatiate any longer. You all know the valor of an Irishman, because in your veins flows the

same generous blood that purled the fields of Italy. The echoes of Thermopylae have never grown hoarse with repeating to the long series of generations since gone by the words engraved on the rocks by those glorious defenders of Greece, and so will the rocks, on which stands the citadel of Spoleto remind generations yet unborn of the valor displayed by the chivalrous sons of Erin in defence of the possessions of the Holy Father, long after the barbarians who have despoiled him of his territory are forgotten and thereby cease to be execrated. Hope, my beloved brethren, is strong within me, I firmly believe that only a few years will pass by when the estate of the Holy Father will be restored to him and when those attacks on his temporal sovereignty will cease to be made. Catholics know that all these attacks are directed against the throne only as a means for pulling down the altar with which it has been identified for so many centuries, they cannot despoil. If hope were to disappear from the earth, it should ever be found in the Catholic's heart, as plighted faith and honour should never depart from the bosoms of kings. He casts a glance over nineteen centuries, and from the crib at Bethlehem steeped in the blood of the Holy Innocents up to the present day he sees the little bark tossed add buffeted and lashed by the angry billows still riding fearlessly through the storm, nobly cresting the topmost wave of persecution. He fears not because he knows that the noble craft is freighted with a heavenly burden. He knows in it resides him whom the sea and winds obey. He knows that Jesus is now slumbering as formerly on the sea of Galilee but that he will soon awaken, rebuke the storm, and still the waves. Let us then hope against hope, I mean human hope—in *spem contra spem*. God will soon arise and disperse his enemies. The life and triumph of the wicked is only for a day, but the glory of the Lamb shall live for ever. Traveller if ever you wend your way through those famous fields of battle, over which hovers the bright clouds of undaunted bravery, pause a while, *Sui viator heros cultus*, as you visit those places consecrated to Irish valor. There you will find the name of an O'Reilly, who in his report for got many other renowned soldiers of the Cross whose deeds have rendered himself and them immortal.

Hearken to the solemn voice that comes forth from the citadel: "Go tell Erin that her sons are not degenerate; tell her we sustained the honor of Irish blood as long as a drop remained in our mortal bodies; tell her that at least once in our lives we went from the banquet of Angels swift like eagles, strong like lions; tell our mother we have died for our father, but tell her also not to weep over us, because we have preserved the faith, died in charity, and that an imperishable crown is our reward." Yes it is a consolation for us to think that whilst from the earth arises an universal chorus of praise echoed again and again, hardly marred by a few jarring voices, Heaven bends down to receive them with joy and pomp. Yes, whilst the church, like a tender mother ever solicitous for her children, and fearing when there is nothing to dread, offers up for their deliverance the august sacrifice the all-cleansing and purifying blood of Jesus Christ, amid the funeral ceremonies I sing in my heart, *Hi martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus*. The weeds of mourning which cover our altars cannot screen from my eyes the rays of glory which encircle their brows.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Friday evening last, the Rev. Venant Pilon, one of the Canons, of the Cathedral of this Diocese. The Reverend deceased had been suffering acutely from disease for many months previous to his death, giving an example of patience and Christian fortitude, which edified all who approached him. His mortal remains were consigned to the grave in the chapel of the Asylum of St. Pégas, on Tuesday last, and the prayers of the faithful of this Diocese are requested for the repose of his soul.

BRIEF.—St. John Chrysostom.—J. Sarbeau, £1 5s. not 5s as acknowledged in list of remittances last week.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

(From the Weekly Register, Nov., 17.)

Every man must see that the Whig and Tory papers are impudently absurd in talking of cowardice in connection with the Irish soldiers in the service of the Pope. Irishmen, like Englishmen and others, have their faults, and they have been aggravated by ages of shameful misrule and oppression, but we doubt whether even the audacity of men hired to write falsehoods ever before ventured to charge them with cowardice. Still, when lies are so rife, it may be worth while to put on record a few notorious facts.

We shall not to-day refer at present to the testimonies of the gallant Lamoriciere and other commanders; our object is to answer the one only charge which, in opposition to those testimonies, has ever been brought against these brave men. That charge is that they are alive. They ought to have died it is implied, not to have surrendered. This is a maxim wholly new in Christian warfare. There was, indeed, a notion in the ancient heathen world, that a brave man must either conquer or die. It was embodied in the Spartan laws, yet it was a Spartan who said that the survivor who had done his duty was worthy of as much honour as the man who fell by his side, because "an arrow cannot distinguish a brave man from a coward." A rifle ball distinguishes as little. Much more, by all rules of Christian war, would a handful of Irish soldiers have been justified in surrendering when, being left in charge to put down the revolutionists, they found themselves overwhelmed by an immense regular army. In fact, however (with one exception), the Irish never did surrender at all. A surrender is the act of a commander, not of those under him; and even if it were disgraceful to himself, it would be no disgrace to his men, unless he had been driven to it by their misconduct. The Irish, therefore, had no responsibility at Perugia, at Castelfidardo, or at Ancona, for at all three they were under the command of distinguished foreigners. At Perugia, out of 2,500 men, under the command of General

Schmidt, only 140 were Irish. To these was trusted the post of honour, the charge of the gates. When the General was compelled to retire into the citadel, the little companies left at the different gates fought their way through the masses of the enemy, and only one of them was overpowered. When General Schmidt surrendered, the survivors of the Irish became with him prisoners of war. At Castelfidardo, out of 6,000 men, 105 were Irish. After a bloody day, in which they bore a most honorable part, and received the highest testimony from their commander, 22 were missing. How many of these were killed, we have not as yet accurate information. The survivors were included in the capitulation made, not by any Irish officer, but by Colonel Guttenhoven. At Ancona there were 450 Irish out of 7,000. How they acquitted themselves General Lamoriciere bears witness. For the capitulation which made him and them prisoners of war, he was responsible, not they. It would be a gross calumny to represent us as blaming him or the other commanding officers. Under the circumstances, they were bound, both as soldiers and as Christians, to surrender. But had it been otherwise nothing but hatred to Catholic Ireland would have suggested the transfer of any part of the blame to their Irish soldiers. We have now accounted for the whole Brigade, which originally numbered a little more than eleven hundred, with the exception of three hundred men, under Major O'Reilly. They held a medieval fort, perched on a rock just outside the gate of Spoleto, leading to Perugia and Florence. The walls were very thick, and pierced only by a very few narrow windows; so that its defenders, while they continued inside it, would have been exposed to little danger, but could have given the assailants little annoyance. Round the base of the rock, however, was a wall of the same date as the castle, in which two breaches (one very large, the other smaller) had been made in preparation for new work, which, when the enemy arrived, had not even been commenced. Major O'Reilly had sent to Rome for orders, offering to hold his post to extremity, and even to blow it up rather than surrender, if circumstances made it desirable. By this time, however, the Minister of War had learned that the promised French support was delusive, and that there was no possibility of any successful resistance to the invaders. He therefore replied, "Do your duty, neither more nor less." Accordingly, when summoned to surrender the fort, Major O'Reilly replied, with the utmost politeness, "That he greatly regretted his orders did not allow him to accede to General Brignone's demand." Brave men are little in the habit of making boasts like that attributed to him. "The Irish may die, but never surrender." The Piedmontese had 18,500 men and 20 guns, besides a large number of rifles. Against this force the 300 Irish defended the outer wall for twelve hours. The fort itself was once set on fire by a shell, and extinguished. An attempt to storm the open breach was also repulsed. Major O'Reilly's numbers were so unequal to the defence of the post against odds so enormous that he was obliged to keep all his men in action all day, although the rule is, that two-thirds at least of the garrison of a besieged place should be resting, to relieve the one-third who are fighting. At eight p.m., his men were exhausted with twelve hours of constant fighting. Under these circumstances, Major O'Reilly would have been guilty of a great crime if he had sacrificed the lives of his followers to the vain glory of refusing to surrender a post which it was impossible to hold.

REQUIEM MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S, QUEBEC.—On Monday morning last a solemn High Mass was offered up at St. Patrick's for the repose of the souls of the defenders of the Holy See, slain at the recent battles in Italy. The celebrant was the Very Reverend C. P. Gabeau, Vicar General of this diocese; deacon, the Reverend P. G. Clarke; sub-deacon, the Reverend J. Murphy. An impressive discourse was delivered by the Pastor of St. Patrick's, the Reverend B. McQuarrie, who took for his text the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of the Apocalypse: "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow them." The musical service which was very fine, was conducted by Mrs. Woolsey, organist of the church.—*Quebec Vindicator*.

COLLECTIONS FOR THE POPE.—Collections are being made through the various Roman Catholic Dioceses of Canada for the benefit of the Pope. There has been already raised in the Diocese of Kingston about \$10,000. What progress has been made in Toronto Diocese, we do not know, but Toronto, from all we can learn, is not going to be far behind her sisters. Collections were taken up in St. Michael's Cathedral and the other Roman Catholic churches here on Sunday, and the amount realised could hardly be less than \$1,200. Six hundred dollars was we are informed, contributed by the clergy and people of St. Michael's alone.—*Toronto Leader*, 27th.

We are informed that between \$250 and \$300 have been contributed to the same object in and about Oshawa and the Town of Whitby.—*Oshawa Vindicator*.

A CATHOLIC ON THE "GLOBE".—An amusing answer was returned by a Catholic a few days ago to his landlord, who desired the Tenant to take the *Globe*. It was—"Sir, I rent this house and garden from you, and am, for the time being, proprietor." "Of course," replied the *Globe* man. "While I pay my rent, neither you nor any other man can have control over these premises." "Just so," answered the Clear Grit. "Well, now, see here," rejoined our Irish Catholic friend, "as long as I am Tenant here, and hold absolute control over this house and garden, it will be very dangerous for any man to ask me to subscribe for the *Globe*. I would not let it into the garden much less into my house." "Well, but you may be unreasonably prejudiced against it. I will send you over a copy, and let you see yourself." "Well, Landlord, if you do intend to send it over, I'll give you a piece of advice. Be sure you cover it up completely, so that nothing can be seen; for I tell you, if the dog sees the heading, he'll know it's the *Globe*, and then neither your boy nor your papers will be safe or heard of any more." "Why," replied the Clear Grit, "that's a wise dog—a very wise dog. Where did he come from?" "From Connought in Ireland, sir. Where the very dogs bark at mention of the name of an oppressor of the country." That was enough. The *Globe* man vanished.—*Toronto Mirror*.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On Saturday, the 24th Nov., sometime about nine in the evening, Francois Mathurin, a butcher, was attacked in St. Paul Street and brutally beaten, receiving some severe wounds about the head. Mathurin managed to escape at last from his assailant, and ran towards St. Mary Street, where he entered a tavern and procured some brandy wherewith to wash his wounds. He there mentioned the name of the party who had thus maltreated him, and ultimately proceeded homeward. Since then he has been unwell and complained much of pain in the head, but nevertheless daily attended to his business in the market. He gradually grew worse, however, and died on Friday night. It is stated on good authority that when he entered the tavern, he said there was a policeman looking on when the assault was committed. If so, it is very singular that he did not report it to his superiors. The Coroner will no doubt be notified, and if these facts are established, we hope justice will be meted out to the parties concerned in the case.—*Gazette*.

The Quebec Chronicle says:—Letters have been received in this city announcing the discovery of a vast location of copper in the parish of St. Flavien, county of Lotbiniere. It appears that the specimens which have been obtained are of extraordinary richness. The place is said to be about half a mile in length, and the width varies from fifty to one hundred feet, extending over some ten or twelve lots. It is said that the location in question is likely to become the property of an English mining company, and that the preliminaries have already been arranged.

FEDERATION OF THE COLONIES.—The St. John's (N. B.) Reporter has an article upon the federation of the British North American provinces. Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, it considers good enough to be allied with New Brunswick, but as for Canada they will have none of it. The Reporter says:—Turning our attention to Canada, in this programme of the Colonies, we find much to engage our consideration. There we find a people already far advanced on the pathway of constitutional freedom to national greatness and prosperity, abounding in almost every variety of climate, soil and productions—with inland seas and rivers, the greatest in the world—with forests almost equal to our own, and with agricultural productions second to none in the world, and only wanting an outlet such as ours for exportation, it would at first sight seem as if the question of an alliance with such a country could not admit of doubt enough to induce discussion. Nevertheless, we have done the prudent on our part, of such an alliance at the present period, and we have no hesitation in stating them as the result of our reading and calm consideration.

The Rochester Union, referring to the mysterious fate of Mr. Hogan, M. P. of Hamilton, says:—Two bodies, yet to be identified, have been found upon the shore of Lake Ontario, in this vicinity, within a short time—some last week, the other two weeks before. It is not impossible that one of these may have been the missing member of Parliament, who may have come to his end at Niagara and drifted into Lake Ontario. We understand that the fate of Mr. Hogan was in all probability, a tragic one. He had borrowed \$200 from a friend, and was seen the day after, riding in an open buggy with a well known desperate character, along the road which skirts the Niagara River. He was then about four miles from the wharf. Since that moment he has not been seen or heard of. It is thought that he was first robbed, and his body then tossed over the bank into the ever-whirling waters below.—*London Free Press*.

We [Gazette] have received a copy of the *Nor. Western* published at Fort Garry, dated Sept. 25th. It contains little news, but the following article will be read with interest:—It cannot be denied that, of late, a feeling in favour of the United States has been gaining ground among the inhabitants of this Settlement. Slowly and imperceptibly, but surely it has been growing in extent and depth until now it has become an undeniable feature. Politics are scarcely known here; but so far as they have existed at all, they have commanded three parties—one in favor of annexation to Canada, another for a crown Colony, and a third supporting the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. A fourth is now starting into being is composed of those who admire the American institutions and would as soon see us a territory or State of the Union as a dependency of Great Britain. We are by means surprised that the Red River people should be somewhat Americanised. They are in the immediate neighborhood of Minnesota, whose capital serves as the general emporium for the whole of this North-West country.

A very singular discovery of human remains was made during the last summer near Bathurst, Bay Chaleur. It appears that the Rev. W. B. Armstrong, after returning, wearied from a long journey up the river Tatigouche, threw himself down on a sofa in his room, and fell into a deep sleep, during which he dreamt he was engaged digging money in large quantities at a place called Tinzer Point. So impressed was he with the dream, on awakening, that he repaired to the spot, and after digging for a short time he came to a coffin in which was the remains of a human body, measuring 8 feet 6 inches long, which appeared to have been buried some years ago. When the coffin was opened, the outlines of a huge well proportioned body were seen, but which, when the air came to it, completely wasted away to dust. In the coffin were found several implements of warfare, and in a small earthen vessel, curiously sealed, a piece of parchment on which was some writing in a foreign language. The skeleton was left with Dr. Nicholson, and the manuscript with W. End, Esq. The curious will be anxious to hear from Mr. End what the translation of the writing is; it may possibly give some clue to the identity of the remains.—*Com. Advertiser*.

MONTREAL MARKETS.—Dec. 6.

Flour.—Some activity yesterday, but sales confined principally to local wants, with considerable range in price. A lot of No. 1 Superfine sold for \$5.02; over 400 barrels went at from \$5.10 to \$5.20; a choice lot, f.o.b., brought \$5.15; and a small quantity \$5.25. A lot of 100 bbls. Fine sold for \$4.70; 100 bbls. No. 2 re-ground, \$4.90; another parcel at \$4.70; and 50 bbls. of Fancy, \$5.50. The range for Fancy is \$5.40 to \$5.50; Extra, \$5.10 to \$5.30. We hear of an offer made of No. 1 Superfine at \$5.75 for May delivery, and not taken. Bag Flour.—From \$2.65 to \$2.80. Wheat.—No transactions; going into store as it arrives. Cornmeal.—Dull; only in retail demand. Pork.—Declining; \$18 offered for Mess; \$20 asked; sales of Prime Mess at \$12.50, and Prime at \$11. Beef.—Market inactive. Dressed Hogs.—The present range is \$6 to \$7, and drooping; the latter only for very good. We hear of the following sales:—A lot of 40, two or three days ago, averaging 300 lbs, \$6.50; 50 yesterday, av. 225 lbs, \$6.75 got with difficulty; and a small lot, av. 150 lbs, \$6.25. This morning not more than \$6.50 was offered for a lot of prime carcasses, to arrive, averaging about 275 lbs.

Butter.—Some sales of medium quality Store-packed, in shipping parcels, at 13 to 13½c. We quote 12½ to 13½c for Store-packed, and 14 to 16c for Dairy; inquiry for the latter being in small quantities. Cheese.—The range is from 9c to 11c the latter being the highest figure for choice. Ashes.—Little doing; First Pots, \$5.35; Inferiors \$5.42; Pearls, \$5.40.

The following is an estimate of the number of lives known to be lost on the lakes by the effects of Saturday's gale:—Propeller Decatur 14, propeller Jersey City 17, propeller Cayuga 1, brig F. B. Gardner 1, schooner Wm. Maxwell 1, schooner Tornado 8, schooner Marco Polo 7—total, 66.

Births.

In Montreal, on the 3rd instant at Tara Hall, Upper St. Urbain Street, Mrs. Bernard Devlin, of a daughter.

THE DEATH OF A PATRIARCH.—Our obituary this afternoon contains the notice of the death of certainly the oldest, and one of the most respected of our fellow citizens. We allude, of course, to the demise of Mr. Daniel McGrath—full of years and honors—who had reached the patriarchal age of 110, and lived to see and fondle his great-grand-children. The deceased was full of life and activity until but a very short period before his death. He was fond of conversation, and liked to be talked with—knew everything about the politics and occurrences of the day—and was not slow to contrast passing events with those that occurred when he was young. Some ten weeks ago his bodily strength failed him, and he had to go to bed. There, slowly and quietly—without trouble or pain of any kind—the springs of life ebbed away, and yesterday morning, weakly and quietly surrounded by his sorrowing family and friends, he resigned his soul into the hands of Him who gave it. Mr. McGrath was a native of Tallow, in the county of Waterford, where he was born on the 21st of January, 1751—before Canada was needed to Great Britain—but five years after the battle of Culloden—and while the United States were in a state of revolt and rebellion against the mother country. In 1835, with his wife and family he emigrated to Canada, having been, for upwards of a quarter of a century previous, in the employment of the Duke of Devonshire, on his Irish estate, as what is called a farm mason.—*Montreal Pilot*.

The St. Catharines Journal says the business done by the Welland Railway during the season has been immense, the number of bushels of grain carried by it up to the last month having been 2,781,629 bushels.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.—Such is the repeated testimony of hundreds of persons of all ages with regard to the magic effect of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. When every medicine fails, this seems to possess a perfect charm over the various diseases incident to mankind. Sold by druggists generally.

No Alcohol.—That well known remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and General Debility, the Oxygenated Bitters, which has effected such remarkable cures, contains no alcohol; yet it is not affected by summer's heat, or winter's cold, and retains its astonishing virtues in any climate.

TUITION.

A Middle Aged Man, who taught a National School under the Patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Catholic Bishop, (Archdiocese) wishes to give instruction as Resident Tutor in one or two families; he would be also willing to attend a Seminary, or a few private Families daily. He Teaches the Mathematics and Sciences in all their branches—Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian. A Situation as Book-keeper, or Clerk, would be acceptable to him. He has the most unexceptional Testimonials and References.

Address, Mr. Mark McCreedy, No. 55, Mountain Street, Montreal.
Nov. 23, 1860.

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A large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand.

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EVENING SCHOOL.

A KIRKMAN'S EVENING SCHOOL for Young Men is now OPEN in the Male School attached to the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown. Terms moderate. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock.

SALE BY AUTHORITY OF JUSTICE.

WILL BE SOLD and Adjudget to the highest bidder—

1st—One Land, situated in the Parish of St. Charles Borromeo, near the Village of Industry, containing Two Acres in front, by Twenty-Six Acres in length, joining in front to the River L'Assomption, in rear to Seigneurial line of Lavallée and Lanorail, on one side to Pierre Jéroux Latendresse, and on the other side to François Langlois. 2d—An other Land, situated in the same Parish, containing One Acre and a half in front on the length that there is, to take from the said River, to the said Seigneurial line, joining, on one side, to Joseph Mercille, and on the other side to the line road, depending of the Communauté de biens, which existed between Charles Jéroux Latendresse and the late Ellen Kelly, his wife, at the Church door of Parish of St. Charles Borromeo, the Tenth of December next, at TEN o'clock A.M.

The Conditions of the Sale will be known then or before, in applying to the undersigned Notary in his Office, at the Village of Industry.

Industry, the 20th November, 1860.

L. DESAUNIER, N.P.

INFORMATION is wanted by their mother, of Bridget Sullivan, aged 20 years, and of Patrick Sullivan, aged about 19 years. When heard of last they were in Washington City. Please address to this Office for widow Mary Sullivan.

United States papers will please copy.

WANTED.

A SITUATION, in a first-class School or Academy, by a person who is properly qualified and experienced for taking charge of either. He holds a First-class Diploma; and can instruct in Latin, Greek, French, and English; also, in a Collegiate Course of Mathematics.

Address, "T. T." True Witness Office, Montreal, C.E.

EVENING SCHOOL.

T. MATHEWS' EVENING SCHOOL will OPEN on the FIRST of October, at No. 55, COLBORNE STREET, near Oshboille Square. Terms moderate, payable in advance. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to half-past NINE o'clock.
Sept. 30. 2ms.