

to you the emotions of the people during its delivery; it certainly touched the Irish heart to its very core and for my own part I never was so affected. Even the reverend speaker himself felt embarrassed; but he has kindly consented to send a copy of it to you for publication. Publish it, Mr. Editor, and it will speak for itself. Begging excuse for this lengthened communication, I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c., P. J. MAHER.

THE SERMON.

"Greater love than this no man hath; that a man lay down his life for his friend."—(John xv., 13.) "For he that will save his life, shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life, for my sake, shall find it."—(Mat. xv., 25.)

Honor to the soldiers of Christ! Honor to the fallen brave! Honor to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade! Songs of praise for the living. Prayers—heartfelt and fervent, often repeated and long continued prayers—for the repose of the dead. May their souls rest in eternal peace! They have laid down their lives in defence of Christ's inheritance—they have shed their blood to save the vineyard of Christ from the polluting tread of the infidel; and, therefore, in losing their lives for His sake, may they find them.

I need not repeat to you, my dear brethren, the history of the Irish Brigade, and the events that led to its formation; how, many years ago, the present Holy Father, on his accession to the Pontifical throne, sought to grant such ameliorations to his subjects as the altered circumstances of the times appeared to require; how the socialistic secret societies of Continental Europe, seeing therein the utter frustration of their dark designs, poured in their emissaries to the Eternal City, to demand so-called reforms, which no wise or good Government could grant, until it became utterly impossible even for the proposed legitimate reforms to be carried out; how, later on, when an Imperial infidel, under the hypocritical guise of the "Eldest Son of the Church," found himself sufficiently strengthened upon the throne of France, he too lent his aid to those secret societies—of which he was already a member, and used them as his tool for his own aggrandisement; how Rome, through French intrigue on the North, and British gold and sympathy and material aid on the South, found herself threatened on all sides. Then it was that, in his hour of need, the brave peasantry of Catholic Ireland heard the Holy Father's indignant protest against the conduct of the Imperial Ruffian, and, at a moment's warning, sent 1000 of her stalwart sons to defend the Faith.

And in very truth it was a precious, a holy offering, and one which the more powerful Catholic nations would do well to imitate. The Irish peasant tore out his heart and gave it to his God. A shake of the hand, a moistened eye, was all the leave-taking with an aged parent or a loving sister, and he trode proudly on his route to Rome. It was an edifying sight to behold those young fellows, hastening across the fertile plains of Continental Europe towards the Eternal City. Their demeanour was that of true Catholic warriors. During the short intervals granted them for repose on their hurried journey, it was not in drinking and carousing and boisterous mirth that they passed their time; but at the foot of some one of the innumerable altars of Catholic Europe's magnificent Cathedrals that they knelt to receive the sacred Body of their Redeemer, or to beg the blessing of God upon their journey. And well it was they did so; for that journey was not without its temptations. In the railway carriage, at their stopping places, everywhere were they beset by insidious emissaries who sought to decoy them from their holy purpose. For raw recruits though they were, they were already dreaded. Even into their own brave ranks, as of old into the sacred college of the Apostles, these traitors had found means to insinuate themselves. But neither promises nor gold, nor misrepresentation, nor scoff, nor sneers, nor threats could shake them from their allegiance to this holy cause. How much their future prowess was already dreaded, long even before they had assumed the soldier's shako, may be seen from the foul attacks of that King of Bigots and Father of Lies, the London Times. And these "raw recruits"—these "miserable fellows," who left Ireland "with scarce a shirt among them," after a short six months' drill, fought and conquered; for who shall dare to deny them the palm of victory, who fought so long and bravely against such fearful odds? They fought, and nobly; and the Catholic world will ever applaud these poor Irish peasants for their noble valour, and bless them for their deeds of daring done for Christ; their will be a place amongst that noblest aristocracy—the Church's martyrs.

And how were their deeds recorded in England? The lightnings of heaven were evoked to flash the lie, that 600 of the Irish Brigade had surrendered without striking a blow. And the London Times, with its rabid bigotry, though it knew in its innermost heart that it was false, hastened to use the short period before the truth should become known, to gloat over and multiply a million-fold the apparent disgrace. But, however English bigotry might believe the lie, or at least hope for its fulfilment, the Irish mother knew that it was false; she knew that she had never given suck to a traitor; she knew that her boy, young though he might be, and better used to handle a spade than a musket, dared not come back to her a traitor or a coward. And so many of these brave sons have fallen, bravely fallen fighting for their God. Honor to their name, and rest eternal to their souls! And Irish hearts have been rendered desolate! Desolate? No! The news has sped along the mountain side to the cabin of the widowed mother below its crest, that her son had fallen. Does she mourn? No. Rising from her seat by the slumbering embers of her turf-fire, and signing herself with the sign of the cross, she looks up to heaven, her face beaming with gratitude to God, who has made her son a Martyr, and herself his mother. Or the news has been brought by eager tongues to some grey-haired father, who had pressed his son upon the good Priest of his parish, and begged him as the last favor he would ask on earth, to send his son to Italy, and offer him to Christ's Vicar for the de-

fence of the faith. "His son was bayoneted at the guns; he died nobly fighting." And does the old man mourn? No. Uncovering his head, and smoothing down his hoary locks, he breathes a prayer of thanksgiving to God, who has given him such a son, and clothed him in his old age with so much honor and so great a blessing. And eager friends are pouring into the cabin of the widowed mother and grey-haired father to congratulate with them upon the blessings they have received, and to envy them their lot; and there is a halo of sanctity thrown around those parents for that they have begotten martyrs. They will sorrow for his body, it is true, that it is buried in the far off land among the strangers, and cannot be brought home to the parish graveyard, where they may go to present their petitions to God as from the grave of a martyr. But they will gather consolation from the fact that their son is buried in holy soil amongst so many other martyrs of God's Holy Church. But for his soul they will not sorrow, for they will feel that he has done that, than which no man may do more—laid down his life not only for his friend, but for his God—that "losing his life for Christ's sake, he shall find it." And these men were "mercenaries." So says the King of Bigots—the London Times. Yes! they were mercenaries, for they sold their lives most dearly. Yes, they were mercenaries, for their wages were from God. They were mercenaries, but not for earthly gold and silver, but for that jewel of great price for which the man in the Gospel sold his all: they sold their lives for the kingdom of heaven. This to the grovelling mind of bigotry must ever appear mercenary, because it is too lofty, too spiritual for their conception. But would that you and I, my brethren, could become such mercenaries; would that they who accuse them thus, had hearts to act so brave a part. But why do I tarry with these accusations made by men whose souls are no more capable of the gallant deeds which Europe has witnessed at the hands of the Irish Brigade, than they are capable of truth and justice when Catholicity is concerned. They cannot conceive them, let alone perform them. Had they fought to pull down religion—had they burnt convents and robbed churches—had they sought to elevate infidelity and unbelief upon the ashes of religion and God's Holy Church—then the Protestant world would have clapped their hands to receive "these brave soldiers;" there would have been garlands of flowers thrown from ladies' hands to strew their path; there would have been applause and poems for them wherever they went; they would be deified as heroes and brave warriors, and subscriptions without end would have been raised to give them a fitting welcome on their return. But, because believing in their consciences that the religion they professed was true—because carrying out that principle when they saw that religion assailed, they were brave enough to resist, because they fought against the inroads of bigotry and even infidelity, therefore they are mercenaries and cowards.—Such is the verdict of British bigotry. But let us wait a while. Bigotry and religious rancour will not always reign supreme; and when these shall die away, then the very men who now condemn them, will assign to this brave Brigade its due place in the foremost ranks of brave and Christian warriors. You have seen, and doubtless admired and loved that royal youth, who but yesterday came amongst us as a pledge from his mother, of England's fostering care of this country. You have looked upon him as the eldest son of the most powerful monarch on earth; but I tell you, noble though he be, I would rather be the humblest private in the ranks of that brave Brigade that opposed so brave a front to the enemies of God at Ancona, Perugia, and Spoleto, than the son of England's Queen. The Irish peasant boy of that Brigade has thrown around him a halo of aristocracy, that the proudest noble of the land—that that Prince himself may envy. There is an Imperial infidel on the Throne of France—there is an Irish peasant's son lying wounded in the hospital of Ancona. The one—the Imperial infidel—is plotting and has plotted under the sacred name of liberty to despoil Italy of her fairest Provinces and to throw over them the blighting curse of French tyranny. Nought is too sacred for his impious hands; no means too vile for their attainment. But the wounded youth, lying helpless on his bed in the Hospital of Ancona, what has he done? Though only a warrior of a day; though more used to the peaceful valleys of his beloved Ireland, than the fortresses and battle-plains of Italy, he has dared to oppose, as much as in him lay, a bold undaunted front to this Imperial robber; he has fought against those guilty men, who have taken the lascivious monk Achilli and the impious blasphemer Garazzi, for their spiritual advisers, and bestowed pensions upon the assassins of Kings; he has fought and poured out his heart's best blood in deadly strife "against the spirit of darkness in high places;" he has lost his life for Christ, and Christ has already declared his reward, in spite of this wicked world's verdict, to the contrary—"he that losing his life for My sake, shall find it."

ther, and imperatively require us to give a substantial proof of our affection to him. It is enough for us to know that our dear and Holy Father is in distress, to cause us to offer him the little assistance in our power. Some noble souls have magnanimously given up their lives in his holy and just cause, and shall not we hasten to give some of our worldly goods for the same end?

The sacrilegious and unjust plundering invasion of the Pontifical territory has been carried on by an excommunicated Royal filibuster and vile mercenary followers, who have everything to gain by war, and nothing to lose, aided and abetted by a false friend, the worthy nephew of the persecutor and betrayer of Popes. He, whilst holding out vain hopes of protection, willfully flattered the Catholic world into the belief that the Patrimony of St. Peter was safe, until the alien banditti of his accomplice had actually got possession of provinces which might have been saved from their sacrilegious grasp had the Catholic Powers suspected the danger.

We hoped that at least Napoleon III. had read history and the fate of sacrilege with profit, and that he would have been restrained from prosecuting his Italian programme, by even a love of perpetuating his name on the French throne in the one slender hope vouchsafed to him by a benign Providence, as an encouragement for his good beginnings. But, alas! ambition—the fatal star of his uncle—has thrown already a dark, lurid glare over the horizon of this deluded and vacillating dynasty.

The deluded Italians are experiencing already that their wild hunt after liberty and fortune is ending in bitter disappointment. Exorbitant taxation and the mob rule of vicious men will soon make them long to be received as servants in their Father's house.

Reverend Pastors will please form Committees to take up Subscriptions, which will be sent to us as soon as possible, together with the names of the donors, that they may be enregistered and sent to Rome.

The Faithful will likewise continue to pray fervently for our Holy Father; and the Rev. Pastors will also continue the prayer Pro Papa at Mass, till otherwise directed, together with the three Paters and Avee after Parochial Mass on Sundays.

This Pastoral shall be read by the Rev. Clergy to their respective Flocks on the first Sunday after its reception.

Given at St. Michael's, on the Octave Day of All Saints, 1860.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE, BISHOP OF TORONTO.

THE PROTESTANT MEETING AT KINGSTON. To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—This meeting, as announced, took place in the City Hall, on Thursday, the 1st instant, and was largely attended by the rough and scurrilous of Protestantism—Tom Robinson included. There were several resolutions passed, and some very rough speeches delivered. The first resolution passed, merely expressed their disapprobation of the course pursued by the Duke of Newcastle, the Governor-General and his Ministers. The next resolution was moved by the Rev. A. Wilson, seconded by Mr. O'Loughlin. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, in moving this resolution, spoke for a very long time; in fact so long that the audience were impatient and weary before he was done. This gentleman is Superintendent of the Protestant Schools of Kingston, and he clearly proved himself, from his language upon this occasion, to be a thorough bigot. He produced a small Catholic Catechism, several other small books, records and papers, and commented for some time on the doctrine they taught; quoting and reading to his enlightened hearers several passages from them. He said he was sorry to say he purchased the Roman Catholic Catechism at a Protestant book-store; was sorry to see so many Catholic noblemen fill high situations about the person of Her Majesty, and in her Government; and he was also sorry to see that Lower Canadian Catholics were stronger in our own Government, and that Lower Canada held sway over Upper and governed her and her Protestant inhabitants; and called on those present to say whether this should be so any longer or not. (Cries of "No, no," and great cheering.) He thought that Catholic Judges should not be in any part of the British dominions; and was sorry to say that the Orangemen had been badly treated by His Grace of Newcastle, the Governor-General, and the Hon. J. A. Macdonald; and hoped, as they held the power in their own hands, to repay the latter gentleman, they would do so. This gentleman's (I might be excused were I to say this denougement, this bigot) whole speech was against Popery, and not on politics, for which the meeting was called. He commenced his speech with a long time, in a Minister style, and a chicken voice, but gradually raised it as he got excited, losing complete control of himself, until it rose to the vulgar roar; showing at once that he was not a gentleman, and that he had a mask thrown over that face, because he was a minister. Several Protestant gentlemen, standing close to where I was, expressed themselves displeased, and felt astonished at the many expressions of vulgarity the reverend speaker made; and well they might. He continued his speech at some length, and did not stop until a gentleman, the editor of the News, stepped up and begged to be excused, and expressed a hope that the gentleman would drop the subject of religion, and proceed with the political part, as that was the object for which the meeting was called. (Here there were loud cries of "Who is he?" "Turn him out!" "Kick him down!") but the gentleman was not knocked down; neither was he put out; nor did the reverend speaker change his subject. In speaking of the Catholicists meeting at the Reginald College here, he said the Prince advised that Catholic, Minister of the Gospel said he could count all that were present on that occasion, and did count them; that there were more than forty of them. The gentleman must have left his spectacles at home, or made a fearful mistake. Reader, do not blame him for wishing to have everything Catholic credited, for by advising the Pope and the priests to give good pay, and prepare for himself his cup.

Mr. O'Loughlin followed, making a very elegant speech, and taking up the precedents of the Prince of Wales from the time of Luther to the present day. This gentleman, in alluding to the Prince of Wales' Regiment, (the 100th) said they were all Protestants. Now, this is not the case, and the speaker well knew it. The 100th is composed of all creeds.

Not wishing to occupy much of your valuable space, I pass by the other speakers, and take up Mr. Campbell.

The Hon. A. Campbell rose to defend the Hon. J. A. Macdonald. He said—"I do not rise to propose a resolution here to-night—I rise to defend an old and tried friend, the Hon. J. A. Macdonald—(cries of "Put him out," followed here, amid groans and hisses)—from the unjust and unnecessary attacks made upon him. (Continued groans and hisses which caused the speaker to stop for several minutes.) That the Hon. J. A. Macdonald is unworthy of the abuse heaped upon him here to-night about the Prince's visit to this city, I can prove to you." ("No, no, prove it, prove it.") The Hon. gentleman again proceeded, and said: "His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Kirkpatrick, and myself proceeded to Brockville as a delegation, and to obtain an interview of the Duke of Newcastle, and try to come to some terms on the Orange procession. Arrived in Brockville, we found the Hon. J. A. Macdonald there, who at once entered upon the subject with us, and obtained an interview of the Duke of Newcastle for us. As soon as the Prince arrived, we went to see the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Macdonald accompanying us, and the Mayor at once laid the subject before His Grace, Mr. Macdonald urging in the strongest terms the pro-

priety of landing." (Hisses and cries of "put him down.")

The notorious Tom Robinson figured largely at this meeting, making several appeals to his fellow rowdies to put the speaker down, causing a good deal of fun in the groaning line. This was carrying out the fourth resolution passed at this meeting in Tom Robinson's style; he latter retired amid the groans and hisses of nearly every man present but one, (the Editor of the News) who stood up in grand style, shaking his stick, and advocating the fourth resolution.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was the next gentleman who addressed the meeting. He said he simply came forward to corroborate the statement of Mr. Campbell; and reproved the audience for refusing to listen to Mr. Campbell, and told them, as British subjects, they should listen to any speaker, and as a British subject, Mr. Campbell had a perfect right to speak his mind and express his opinions of Mr. Macdonald's course. This completely paralyzed our friend Tom Robinson, who, after this cut, kept cool. Mr. Kirkpatrick was groaned and hissed several times, but stood up like a true Briton, determined to be heard.

In conclusion, I must inform you that the Rev. Mr. Wilson read his speech mostly from newspapers, Catholicisms, and books. It was a continued attack of Popery from beginning to end; but instead of making any effect on the audience, (rowdies excepted) it took effect upon himself, for several Protestants left the Hall, disgusted at the dirty language that he used.—Yours, &c.,

ORANGEISM JUDGED BY PROTESTANTS.—An Upper Canadian Protestant writes in the following terms to the editor of the Hamilton Spectator upon the subject of Orangeism in Canada:— (To the Editor of the Spectator.)

London, 29th Oct. 1860.

Sir,—The Orangemen, in a spirit of fanaticism appear determined to do all the injury they can to the country, and to bloody hasten their own downfall. Previous to their unseemly and unskillful conduct, during the visit of the Prince, Protestants generally felt more or less sympathy for the fraternity of Orangeism, but all such feeling is now withdrawn, and that of indignation and disgust prevails, hoping that the order will soon cease to exist as they have discarded their prop of "The Bible and the Crown."

The Bible inculcates Christian feeling and charity to our fellow men, not the part of fanaticism, while the Crown is emblematical of loyalty, and not of disrespect and insult to the Her Majesty.

We have no need—and never had—for the Orange Order in Canada, and as it was simply an importation for the love of "Irish Frelly," or to meet the designs of some political schemer it is astonishing that intelligent Canadians and others, including some clergymen, should be so deluded and fascinated by the orange and scarlet, as to covet the mantle and wear it.

You boast of their 150,000 members in the Province, but it is stated, that under 50,000 is nearer the mark. These Orange madcaps act as if Protestantism was in danger, and that they represented and spoke the sentiments of the Protestants; but how ridiculous, when we know they are only a faction, and at the same time, a faction of the worst and most dangerous character.

Orangeism should be discontinued in every way and shape, as injurious to the peace and welfare of our common country, for immigrants will be deterred from coming to a Province, where violent religious party strife is the order of the day, and which is the most unhappy affliction which can befall any country.

It is some consolation, however, that the professed imbecile order, has refrained from a persecution of our fellow Christians; and taken to the less objectionable calling of political agitation, and they had better be left alone, as they are sure to follow the amiable example of the Kilkenny Cats, and have a fight in the most approved Irish fashion.

Your obedient servant, PROTESTANT.

No changes of importance in the Markets this week.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Governor General has by proclamation, appointed the 6th December for a day of public thanksgiving.

Le Journal de Quebec asserts that Mr. Brown has been sued and confessed judgment for the \$20,000, lent him by Messrs. Edmonston, Allan & Co. That consignment of wood is not forthcoming, it seems.

A Friend in Need.—Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a friend in need. Who has not found it such in curing all diseases of the lungs and throat, coughs colds, and pulmonary affections, and "last, not least Consumption?" There's a vile counterfeit of this Balsam, therefore be sure and buy only that prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, which has the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper.

It you can paint fire with charcoal, light with chalk and make colors live and breathe, then you can with words give a faint idea of the excellence and magic effects of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. Its reputation is of world wide renown; its introduction is received with great favor in foreign lands.

Died. In this city, on the 10th inst., Margaret McDonald, a native of Gengarry, C. W., aged 67 years, and for more than forty years a resident of this city.

At the parish of St. Catherine de Faussambault on the 18th ult., aged 85 years, Mary Bergin, wife of Mr. James O'Leary of that place, and mother of Mr. M. O'Leary, of Quebec.

Every family should be supplied with Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer. Its magic effect in removing pain from all parts of the body, has given it a world wide reputation. No family having once used this medicine would willingly be without it. It is what its name purports, a Pain Killer.

That Distressing Malady, the Dyspepsia, is not a periodical, but a permanent complaint,—producing suffering at all times and under all circumstances.—The only real cure for this disease and its concomitant evils is the world renowned Oxygenated Bitters.



A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place at the St. PATRICK'S HALL on MONDAY EVENING the 19th inst., to discuss the question "Was Curran the greatest Irish Lawyer of his time?" The chair will be taken at EIGHT o'clock precisely. A large attendance is requested. By Order, WM. BOUTH, Rec. Sec. Nov. 15.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF EDWARD M'DERMOTT, a native of L'Acadie, C. E. When last heard from he was supposed to be residing in Rutland County, Vermont U. S. Any information respecting him, will be thankfully received by his father, Peter M'Dermott, L'Acadie.

WHITE EXCELSIOR COAL OIL. THE above is the PUREST OIL in the market, is perfectly colourless, free from smoke and smell, and will give a light equal to the purest gas. —ALSO— BURNING FLUID Of the best quality delivered free within the city limits. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist and Druggist, 94 St. Lawrence Main Street. October 20.

TEACHER WANTED. THE School Commissioners of CHAMBLY are in immediate want of a qualified Teacher of English, for the Academy of the Village of their Parish: A Married man would be preferred. Salary liberal. Address to the undersigned, W. VALLEE, Sec.-Treasurer, Chamblay, C.E., Nov. 1, 1860.

EVENING SCHOOL. A. KEEGAN'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.

TO TEACHERS. WANTED, for an Elementary School, in the Municipality of LACORNE, County of Terrebonne, C.E., a TEACHER, competent to Teach the French and English Languages. For further particulars, application to be made to Mr. JOHN MURRAY, President of School Commissioners, New Glasgow, C.E.; or to the undersigned, WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Sec.-Treasurer to School Commissioners. St. Sophie de Lacolle, Oct. 22, 1860.

ANGUS & LOGAN. Wholesale PAPER & STATIONERY IMPORTERS, No. 206, Saint Paul Street, MONTREAL. A large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand. THOMAS LOGAN, Oct. 19.

BY J. PATTERSON & Co. BUSINESS NOTICE. THE undersigned beg to announce that they have LEASED those Large and Commodious Premises, No. 277 Notre Dame Street (Stephen's Buildings), and directly opposite the "Recollet Church," where they intend carrying on the BUSINESS of AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS. On and after the 15th current they will be ready to receive Consignments of every description of Goods, upon which liberal advances will be made if required. They will also be prepared to attend to all OUT-DOOR SALES entrusted to their management, and will spare no pains to give satisfaction to all who may favour them with their patronage. J. PATTERSON & Co.