

phistry, and glaring mis-statements, and unfounded insinuations" contained in Dr. Ryerson's letters," as would be anything but creditable to the writer." To which the Chief Superintendent of Education retorts with "you're another," and tells the *Christian Guardian* that "it has yet to learn the first lessons of courteous and Christian controversy." Of a truth, these Methodist gentry are first rate judges of one another. It is not the first time that the *Christian Guardian* has been told that he has got to learn the first lesson of "Christian controversy," contained in the divine precept—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The *Minerve* gives the following description of the closing ceremonies of the *Triduum* lately held at the "Providence" Convent in honor of the "Immaculate Conception" of Mary Mother of God:—

"On Sunday 25th ult., the 'Triduum de la Providence,' this great religious solemnity, which, wherever it was celebrated, whether in this Province or elsewhere, has always caused the greatest satisfaction to the legions of faithful who took part in it, terminated with pomp and éclat. Bishop Larocque and Grand Vicar Trudeau officiated, as also the Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. At about 4½ o'clock, P.M., the procession began to move through St. Catherine Street as far as St. Denis Street, and thence through Mignonne Street as far as St. Lawrence Main Street, whence it returned through St. Catherine Street to the starting point. The citizens residing in Mignonne Street had laboured together in order to render the triumph of Mary Immaculate as brilliant as possible. The whole length of the Street displayed a train of numerous carriages, and at intervals, triumphant arches, surmounted with banners and streamers appropriate for the occasion. The whole presented a fine view."

"In the evening a general illumination took place. All the citizens of the Ward rivalled each other to give this festival a becoming grand character. It is impossible for us to cite the names of all who distinguished themselves by the honorable part they took in it. Their number would be too great; but we must not pass over in silence the following names. We will first mention that of W. Coffin, Esq. The house of this worthy citizen, brilliantly illuminated, showed at each of its windows an immense letter composed of transparent stars of different colors. These letters united read as follows: 'Marie pour nous priez!' Next comes the name of Mr. T. Leconte. A curious multitude thronged before his house to see all that this gentleman exhibited. His well arranged decorations were much admired. We shall also mention the names of Messrs. J. B. Castonguay, J. U. Beaudry, and the Convent 'De la Providence.' But we stop, for we should require our entire sheet were we to do full and ample justice to all those who deserve to be mentioned here. The number of those who took part in the procession is estimated at ten thousand. The celebration closed to the satisfaction of all the pious assistants."

His Grace the Archbishop of New York, and the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe are at present in town.

The Bishop of Toronto arrived in town from Newfoundland on Monday. His Lordship is, we regret to say, not in very good health, and remains for the present at the *Hotel Dieu*.

At 3 p.m., yesterday a solemn *Te Deum*, in honor of the glorious victory wherewith it has pleased Almighty God to bless the Allied Arms, was sung in the Parish Church of this City, by his Lordship the Administrator of the Diocese, assisted by their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and St. Hyacinthe.

The Gentlemen of the Seminary have received an important accession to their numbers, in the person of a Priest from Ireland, the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, who will assist to serve the St. Patrick's congregation.

"THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN PHILIP CURRAN, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS IN IRELAND."—By His Son William Henry Curran, with additions and notes. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. Redfield, New York.—J. & D. Sadlier, Montreal.

To Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen in America, these memoirs of one of Ireland's greatest men, and most brilliant orators, will be an acceptable present. In the words of the preface by the Editor, Curran—"was one of the truest patriots, and greatest men ever native of Irish soil; his life is identified with the latest years of nationality"; and his memory should be cherished until the end of time, by every man in whose veins flows one drop of Irish blood.

It is not only an interesting Biography that this work is valuable. The "Life of Curran" is the "History of Ireland" during that dark and stormy period which preceded the extinction of Ireland's nationality; it is the record of the struggles of a handful of honest and high spirited patriots, with unbridled tyranny, and unblushing venality—protesting with their last breath against that monstrous iniquity known in history as the "Union of Great Britain and Ireland," which neither their virtues nor their talents could prevent, but the fatal consequences of which they clearly foresaw, and plainly foretold. Alas! what availed their prophetic vision, their almost inspired utterance, to the venal herd, who having brought their country into the market, were determined to sell her to the highest bidder?

In company with every honest man in Ireland, Curran raised his voice against this unhallowed "Union"; but as he was not in Parliament when the question was agitated and carried, he had no public opportunity to exert his eloquence in the national cause. His fame as an orator must rest upon those wonderful addresses, delivered before the legal tribunals, whose impassioned eloquence on more than one occasion proved more potent on the minds of the juries,

than the gold which the profligate government of the day scattered with no niggard hand amongst its creatures—and than the threats with which it sought to intimidate those whom it could not corrupt. It required no trifling amount of courage—physical as well as moral—in those days of Protestant Ascendancy for a lawyer to undertake the cause of an obnoxious Papist; and on more than one occasion Curran's zeal in behalf of an oppressed client in the Courts of Law, gave such deep offence to the oppressor, that an immediate invitation to mortal combat was the result. In those days a Councillor was obliged to be a man of action as well as of words; pluck was as much a requisite in a lawyer as what on the North of the Tweeds is known as the "gift of the gab"; and unless the young barrister could wing his man neatly at twelve paces, he had little chance of rising at the Irish Bar. Of this we have an example in these memoirs, which, as illustrative of "Protestant Ascendancy" in the XVIII century, we venture to quote:—

"From this, and many other specimens of spirit and ability, Mr. Curran's reputation rapidly increased; but it was not till he had been four or five years at the bar that his powers as an advocate became fully known. His first opportunity of displaying them was in a cause at the Cork Assizes, in which a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Mr. Neale, brought an action against a nobleman of that county (Lord Doneraile), for an assault and battery."

"The circumstances attending this case mark the melancholy condition of the times. They afford a single, but a very striking example of those scenes of local despotism and individual suffering, of which, at this degraded period, Ireland was daily the witness and the victim."

"The nobleman in question had contracted an intimacy with a young woman, whose family resided in the parish of which the plaintiff in this action was the priest. This woman's brother having committed some offence against religion, for which the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese had directed that the censures of the Church should be passed upon him, she solicited Lord Doneraile to interfere, and to exert his influence and authority for the remission of the offender's sentence. His Lordship, without hesitation, undertook to interpose his authority. For this purpose he proceeded, accompanied by one of his relatives, to the house, or rather cabin, of the priest. As soon as he arrived there, disdaining to dismount from his horse, he called in a loud and imperious tone, upon the inhabitant to come forth. The latter happened at that moment to be in the act of prayer; but, hearing the voice, which it would have been perilous to disregard, he discontinued his devotions to attend upon the peer. The minister of religion appeared before him (an affecting spectacle, to a feeling mind, of infirmity and humility), bending under years, his head uncovered, and holding in his hand the book which was now his only source of hope and consolation. His Lordship ordered him to take off the sentence lately passed upon his favorite's brother. The priest, struggling between his temporal fears and the solemn obligations of his Church, could only reply, with respect and humbleness, that he would gladly comply with any injunction of his lordship, but that to do so in the present instance was beyond his power; that he was only a parish priest, and, as such, had no authority to remit an ecclesiastical penalty imposed by his superior; that the Bishop alone could do it. To a second and more angry mandate, a similar answer was returned; upon which the nobleman, forgetting what he owed to his own dignity, the pity and forbearance due to age, and the reverence due to religion, raised his hand against the unoffending old man, who could only escape the blows directed against his person, by tottering back into his habitation, and securing his door against his merciless assailant."

"For this disgraceful outrage, to which the sufferer was exposed because he would not violate the sanctity of his own character, and the ordinances of his Church, for the gratification of a profligate woman, who chanced to be the mistress of a peer, he for some time despaired of obtaining redress. So great was the provincial power of this nobleman, and such the political degradation of the Roman Catholic clergy, that the injured priest found a difficulty in procuring an advocate to plead his cause. At length, several to whom he applied having (according to the general report) declined to be concerned for so unpopular a client, Mr. Curran, justly conceiving that it would be a stain upon his profession if such scenes of lawless violence were allowed to pass without investigation, took a step which many considered as most romantic and imprudent, and only calculated to baffle all his prospects upon his circuit; he tendered his services to the unfriended plaintiff, and, the unexpected offer being gratefully accepted, laid the story of his unmerited wrongs before a jury of his country."

The injured priest obtained a verdict—damages thirty guineas! from a Protestant Jury.

We dare not venture upon any more extracts, strongly as we are tempted to dwell upon such an interesting subject. We have only left ourselves room to tender our thanks to the Editor, Mr. Mackenzie, for the services that he is rendering to the cause of Irish literature, and to give Mr. Redfield credit for the handsome style in which this work is given to the public.

"BICKERTON, OR THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER." A Tale, P. O'Shea, New York.

This is a simple story of the trials and sufferings to which the poor Irish immigrants in the United States are exposed, agreeably told, and interspersed with several amusing sketches of live Yankees. The following, of an evangelical and popular minister, the Rev. Mr. Scroggs, is perfect in its way, and is a fair specimen of our author's style:—

"His first venture in the preaching line was on the side of Universalism. But this though a pleasant religion enough, is by no means a paying one, for somehow people are generally better pleased to hear that their friends and neighbors are in danger of hell-fire, than to be assured of their own salvation; so, after two or three years spent to very little purpose, in a pecuniary sense, he pretended a conversion, and going upon the other tack, as the sailors say, preached certain damnation to all who pretended to differ from his Protestant Popeship, with so much zeal as to earn for himself the euphonious soubriquet of 'Fire and Brim-

stone Scroggs.' This zeal was not without its reward; for, in a short time the Reverend 'Fire and Brimstone' was 'called' from a comparatively poor congregation in the west, to the pastoral charge of Rock Church in Plymouth Place—a grey granite structure of the New England Barn order, upon whose cruet shaped turret was perched a glittering Shanghai, that was for ever turning its tail to the wind—to show the controlling influence of the popular breath even in religion—with a parsonage fit for a prince's dwelling, and a salary of five thousand a year. This 'call,' of course, was from the Lord; but, like the nigger, we are afraid, that if the Lord had 'called' him from Rock Church back to the poor congregation, He would have 'called' a long time before He received an answer."—p. 54.

Brownson's Review, for Oct., has been received. We shall notice the contents in our next. From a glance at the "Table of Contents," this would appear to be a first-rate number.

We have received the Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be published at Prescott, with the title of the *Conservative Messenger*; the first number to be issued on Saturday the 3rd of next month. The *Conservative Messenger* will "oppose all further infusion of the ultra-democratic spirit into the laws of Canada, or their increased assimilation to those of the United States; it will do battle in defence of our Constitutional and Monarchical institutions, withstanding every attempt to sever these Colonies from the Mother Country; and believing that our connexion with the British Crown is the principal guarantee of the continuance of our civil and religious liberties, it will mark every man as an enemy of his country who attempts to sever that tie, and will constantly oppose every tendency to annexation to the United States." Trusting that the *Conservative Messenger* will remain faithful to the principles laid down in its Prospectus, and that it will ever exert its influence to save Canada from the curse of annexation to the neighboring republic, we heartily wish our contemporary—that is to be—God-Speed.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, October 1st, 1855.

DEAR SIR—Having taken a passing glance at the state of religion in New York, as evidenced in churches and schools, let us bid adieu to the Empire City. Acting on the old adage of speaking of people (and I suppose places) as you find them, I must do New York the justice to say that my impressions of it were of the most cheerful and pleasing kind. I found there, wherever I went, many of the characteristic virtues of our race in active operation. That love and respect for the clergy, and that zeal for religion which are ever natural to the Irish people in their normal state, are more prominent in New York than in any city I have seen in America (out of Montreal) and as the poet sings of our own dear Ireland—

"There smiles hospitality hearty and free;"

so free and so hearty that I, for one, shall not soon forget what I saw of the Irish people of New York. Before I quit this subject, I cannot help making some allusion to a question which has excited much angry discussion; why, it is hard to say. It must strike any impartial visitor to New York, Boston, or any other of the great Atlantic cities, that there is an immense surplus population, principally of Irish. These are they who wear away a miserable existence in the gloomy recesses of damp cellars (worse than the fabled dominions of Pluto), or perched in mid-air like the fallen angels of the Irish demonology, are huddled together in small rooms, to the exclusion alike of decency and cleanliness. And yet these are the people who, under other circumstances, might become good and useful citizens. They are of the same flesh and blood—they have the same bone and sinew as those who form the railroads, and hew down the forests, and make the wilderness, if not to blossom as the rose, at least to bear fruit for the sustenance of man. These neglected, forlorn creatures, have amongst them enough of the genius of their race to do good service in the world had they only a better training and another sphere of action. Why not root them out from the garrets and cellars in the filthy purlieus of the city, and send them forth to clear the forests of the West or North, and win for themselves and their children some spot of ground that they may call their own? Surely their brethren in blood and in religion will take pity on these perishing multitudes, and form societies all over the land to provide them with the means of emigration, so that the voice of their blood may not for ever cry out to heaven against them. I speak warmly, because I feel ashamed of the apathy wherewith this subject is regarded—awfully important as it is. The Canadian government some years ago set aside a vast tract of the finest land in Canada—the Ottawa district—for a free grant to emigrants. Now there is an agent appointed for that purpose, an Irish Catholic gentleman named French, and any man who wishes to settle in that region can have 100 acres free, in perpetuity; there is a government road running right through the district. Now, why should not our wealthy Irishmen in Canada, New York, Boston, and the sister cities, avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain "a local habitation and a name" for their poor unfortunate countrymen, who are wallowing around them in thousands, in helpless, hopeless penury? Now or never is the time to make an effort for their redemption. Even as the fervent Christians of the middle ages banded together in societies for the redemption of slaves from Moorish bondage, so let the sons of Ireland everywhere arise, and make an effort to save the souls and bodies of their own people, scattered through the cities of the Union, exposed to all manner of vice and corruption. Let them do this, and they will do well, and Heaven will bless their work and give it a rich reward.

On our way home from New York, we stopped a few hours in Albany, in order to visit the far-famed Cathedral. We also paid a visit to the State-house, and were politely shown through the Senatorial building, mounted to the summit of the Capitol, and were well repaid for the toilsome ascent by a magnificent view of the noble Hudson, the city of Albany and the adjacent country, all spread, as it were, beneath our feet. In the Senate-chamber, there is a full-length portrait of Washington, a very fair representation of the great Virginian in all the imposing dignity of his presidential office. But most of all, I enjoyed my visit to the Cathedral, a glorious specimen of the mediæval architecture, commonly called Go-

thic. The plan of the building is cruciform, with two massive belfry towers (not yet completed), three lofty portal arches, surmounted by a grand portal window. It has also a clerestory, ornamented with rows of handsome windows. On entering the church, you are, as it were, entranced with the exquisite beauty and the harmonious arrangement of all its parts. All is in perfect symmetry—all is ancient, and yet new. From the high altar, flanked with two minor altars on either side, to the organ-loft, and the pulpit, everything has a finished look, everything is grand, and dignified, and beautiful. Even the pews are of black walnut exquisitely carved in the Gothic style of ornament. All the door-work of the church is of the same dark color which contrasts well with the richly-stained windows. I noticed on each of the principal windows the names of the respective parishes throughout the diocese by whom these windows were presented to adorn their Cathedral. And the young diocese of Albany may well be proud of it, for it is a monument to all future ages of the faith and piety of the generation who raised it ad majorem Dei gloriam. If England can boast of her Pugin, Ireland, thank God! can point to her Keely, and say:—"Look at the Cathedral of Albany—the genius of my children—the genius and the faith which erected Murriss and Mellifont and Holy Cross, is not yet extinct." And as for the eminent prelate under whose auspices this magnificent temple was raised, it suffices to say that if no other stone is ever raised to his memory when he quits the earth, the Cathedral which he was instrumental in building will hand his name down to a grateful posterity. It is by far the noblest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture I have seen in America. The cathedral of Buffalo, by the same architect, is also said to be a rare work of genius, but let those who have seen it speak of it—I only speak of what I have seen.

Before I close this letter, I think it my duty to say a few words of the only Irish Catholic paper in the United States—the *American Celt*. I was much pleased to find that its circulation is steadily on the increase, and that its editor enjoys the confidence, and has the cordial support of most of the clergy in and around the Empire City. He has many sincere, steadfast friends amongst their venerable ranks; and, advised by them, he cannot go astray on any fundamental point. Those who love not him or his race may affect to cavil at his exclusive devotion to the Irish, and may hold up their hands in holy horror, because he exposes the hollowness of their professions; but let them be well assured that he is sustained in his position by thousands and thousands of as good Catholics as ever they were or will be. Mr. McGee is not alone—he represents a great principle; and he has with him the hearts of all the best and truest of his countrymen. True, he has not one—no, not one—amongst the American Catholic journals to aid him in his labor of love on behalf of the Irish race; but beyond the Atlantic his voice wakes many an echo in his native land. And here, Mr. Editor, as you yourself know, Mr. McGee's views are rapidly gaining ground. The Irish population of the St. Lawrence cities are, to a man, of his opinion on the emigration question; and your own excellent journal, with the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto and other provincial organs of lesser note, have kindly volunteered to aid him in his struggle for the amelioration of our people's lot. As for others of our journalists who ought to be with us, but are not, let them even go their way and see where it will lead them.

I am, Dear Sir, yours, &c.,

HIBERNICA.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Almshausburg, F. A. Lafferty, 10s; Beaupont, P. O'Brien, Merchant, 15s; Norwood, T. Connors, 6s 3d; Dalhousie Mills, H. McDonald, £1 5s; Goderich, Dr. McDougall £2; St. Hyacinthe, Rev. J. J. Prince, 6s 3d; Granby, P. Hackett, 12s 6d; St. Bridget, Pat. McGee, 6s 3d; Pookmonche, N. B. McRivers, 7s 6d; Port Colom, C. Caroline, 10s; Point Claire, J. Monahan, 6s 3d; Malbaie, E. Angers, 10s; Perth, A. Leslie, Esq., 15s; Black Point, N.B., Jas. Hayes, 15s; St. Hyacinthe, T. Brady, 6s 3d; Jordan, J. W. Keating, 15s; Burlington, U. S. Rev. Mr. Coompan, 6s 3d; Isle aux Noix, C. O'Hara, R.C.R., 6s 3d; Kingston, D. Hallinan, 6s 3d; O. Bedard, 6s 3d; Admaston, T. P. French, 12s 6d; Alexandria, M. McDonald, 10s.

Per Rev. M. Pronk, Oshawa—self 10s; D. Leonard, 12s 6d; E. Dunne, 12s 6d; P. Wall, 12s 6d; D. Della, 12s 6d; J. McMahon, 12s 6d; M. Willoughby, 12s 6d; J. Buckley, 12s 6d; J. Wallace, 12s 6d; Pickering, R. Brennan, 12s 6d; Whitby, E. Hayden, 12s 6d; Duffin's Creek, Mrs. Hodgson, 12s 6d; Victoria Crosses, J. Quinn, 15s.

Per Rev. J. Rossier, Gananoque—self 2s 6d, Upper Brewers Mills, J. Fitzgerald, 12s 6d.

Per Rev. R. Keleher, Ingersoll—H. Gainer, 5s.

Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—J. Connolly, £1 10s; W. Kirwin, £1 2s 6d; J. Foley, 15s; T. Dunn, 15s; M. Carroll, £1; R. Clancy, 7s 6d; J. Rockett, 15s; W. Hannon, 15s; T. O'Brien, 15s; L. Donlon, £1 2s 6d; L. Burgeon, 15s; B. Maguire, St. Sylvester, 12s 9d.

Per M. Heaphy, Kempsville—B. McCall 5s; B. McCabe, 5s; T. Doyle, 5; Burrits Rapids, M. Donahoe, 5s.

A. Grant, Summerstown—self, 12s 6d; D. McRae, 12s 6d.

Per J. Hays, Wilamstown—self 12s 6d; W. Hays, 12s 6d.

Per J. Sullivan, Prescott—Mrs. E. Conway, £1 6s.

TO PRINTERS.

HOE'S WASHINGTON HAND PRESS,

No. 6,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

This Press is in excellent order, and will be sold very cheap, as the Proprietor of this Paper has purchased a Power Press.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the Association will be held on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 9th instant at EIGHT o'clock, in the Room adjoining the Recollet Church.

By Order,

P. J. FOGARTY,

Secretary.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF WILLIAM TYNAN, about 15 years old, who left Quebec about five weeks ago. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his father, William Tynan, Champlain Street, Quebec; or the Rev. Mr. Connolly, Seminary, Montreal.