

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Friday last being St. Patrick's day, was celebrated with all the usual honors by the enthusiastic children of St. Patrick. The sun himself seemed to sympathise with us on the occasion; for he thought proper to favor us with a glimpse of summer, during the greater part of the day, although the preceding and succeeding days were extremely cold for the season. From an early hour in the morning, our people were seen hurrying from all parts of the city towards the appointed place of meeting, in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, Place d'Armes. There the different societies formed in procession, and marched to St. Patrick's Church, where a Pontifical High Mass was said by His Lordship the Coadjutor of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. Superior of the Seminary. The sanctuary was filled with the Rev. Clergy and the ecclesiastical students from the College, while the immense nave was crowded, as usual, with the thousands who glory in being the spiritual children of St. Patrick; together with a large number of strangers who will always find their way in on such occasions, to see the sight and hear the music. The latter was even unusually good; one of Mozart's Masses was sung in excellent style by the choir, aided by the exquisite voice, and fine musical taste of Mrs. Unsworth, who came from St. Hyacinthe for the express purpose of assisting at the celebration. The Rev. Mr. Dowd preached what we may call the national sermon; and never, in our opinion, did an Irish audience hear a discourse more perfect in its kind.—It is no easy matter to give anything of freshness, or originality to a St. Patrick's Day sermon; the subject has been, it would seem, exhausted long ago; and it requires a preacher of no common abilities to give it any additional beauty, either of shade, or color; yet this is precisely what the Rev. Mr. Dowd effected. We were all familiar from our earliest childhood with the subject matter of his sermon; we had heard the various phases of St. Patrick's life, and the progress of his mission descanted on in every style of oratory, and viewed in many different lights; but we must confess that the reverend gentleman gave us on this occasion something entirely new.—Not a point was left unnoticed, not a link wanting in the chain, and yet the whole was treated with such brevity and conciseness—there was so much variety, and so much beauty, notwithstanding the Doric simplicity of the style—that no one could possibly find it tedious. There was no studied ornament, no artificial warmth, but there was genuine fervor: the fervor of the Christian and of the patriot, speaking to the hearts of his hearers. "I speak," said he, "in the fullness of my own heart, to yours—already full;" and we are quite sure that every Irish heart present throbbed with joy, and pride, and gratitude as he proceeded to unfold, page by page, the long roll of Ireland's ecclesiastical history, beginning with the apostolical labors of St. Patrick, and passing on through all the changeful career of the Irish Church, the glories of her early years, the sorrows and tribulations of succeeding ages, while God was pleased to test her faith by a series of persecutions "longer," said the reverend gentleman, "than those inflicted on His infant Church by the pagan emperors." But the faithful Church of Ireland came forth from this long-protracted ordeal, bright, and strong, and vigorous as ever, and stands now before the world in renovated beauty. After a glowing eulogium on the fidelity with which the Irish people cherish, and have cherished, the name of Patrick, and the grateful affection which makes our national Apostle "something more than a mere historical personage," the reverend gentleman observed—"Never did an Apostle do more for a nation; but never, on the other hand, was an Apostle so richly repaid by the gratitude of a people. Am I wrong?" said he, "in saying, that you—the children of faithful fathers—have lost none of their fervor, and are still as firmly attached as they were to the Rock of Peter—to the faith brought by Patrick to the Irish shores?" The question was appropriately put; and its answer was the numerous banners ranged around the sanctuary, with the cross conspicuous over all their emblems and adornments—the statue of St. Patrick over the high altar—the thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen, worshippers at that altar—and the stately temple itself dedicated to St. Patrick.

After Mass, the procession was again formed, and moved in perfect order through St. Alexander, Craig, McGill, and St. Paul streets, back to the Place d'Armes, where the vast multitude quietly dispersed.

T. Ryan, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, furnished the congregation with a splendid *pain-benz*, according to the ancient practice, still kept up in Montreal, of "breaking bread" together on solemn occasions.

The collection taken up at Mass was for the poor, and amounted to the sum of £78 13s 6d. In the course of the day £74 17s., were collected, by means of the raffle, for the altar for the chapel of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum; making in all the sum of £153 10s. 6d., contributed by the St. Patrick's congregation for charitable purposes.

In the evening, the "Young Men's St. Patrick's Association" celebrated the day by their annual banquet, at Mr. O'Meara's. About eighty persons sat down to dinner, and spent a happy evening together. The following national and patriotic toasts were proposed, and enthusiastically responded to:—

1. The Day and all who honor it.
2. Pope Pius IX.
3. The Queen and Royal Family.
4. Administrator of the Government.
5. Preacher of the Day.
6. President of the United States.
7. Mayor and Corporation.
8. Our Brethren of St. Patrick's Society.
9. The Sister Societies.
10. Canada, the land of our adoption.
11. Ireland, the land of our birth.

12. The memory of O'Connell.
13. G. Duffy, and the Independent Irish opposition.
14. The Press.
15. The Ladies.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT QUEBEC.

(From the Canadian Colonist of the 18th inst.)
The demonstration of the Sons of Old Ireland yesterday, was of the most satisfactory description in every respect. Throughout the whole of the day previous the transport of sleigh loads of evergreens through the city, designated something more than usual in the way of preparation; and at early morn on St. Patrick's Day, hosts of busy workmen, who needed no spur to incite them to exertion, for theirs was a labor of love, and that love, the love of the green Isle, which Irishmen at home and abroad delight to honor by celebrating the festival of St. Patrick. There is something peculiar and characteristic in the love which Irishmen bear to their country. The Englishman delights to boast of the deeds of the proud nation to which he belongs; the Scotchman thrills at the mention of Bonnie Scotland, and is always ready to extend a helping hand to a brother Scot in adversity; but their love of their country is perfect indifference itself, in comparison to the warm feelings which burn in the breast of the son of poor down-trodden Erin, who loves her, we suppose, the more ardently, because of her misfortunes. As a proof that the land of our birth and of our forefathers is not less dear to the Irishmen of Quebec, and that the separation of years in time, and thousands of miles in distance, has not lessened their esteem for the "dear old sod," the demonstration yesterday was beyond all comparison the most numerous, respectable, and splendid turn out of our countrymen which we have ever seen in this city.

The day was remarkably fine, and though the roads were wet and sloppy, a glorious sun shone out in full blaze, as if to do honor also to St. Patrick. From every window hung green streamlets and flags, for which the Irish inhabitants were much indebted to the kindness of the masters of ships, now in port, who cheerfully lent their vessel's colors to assist in the general decoration. In St. Paul and St. Peter Streets almost every house was decked out with evergreens and flying colors; and Champlain street, from one end to the other, presented the appearance of an avenue through a grove of trees covered over with a gray canopy of varied colors. At several places along the line of march, triumphal arches were erected, most tastefully got up, considering the *impromptu* manner in which they were undertaken. The arches erected at the residences of Mr. Blais, Mr. Jones and Mr. Lane, Mr. Battis and Mr. O'Malley, attracted particular attention.

The procession itself presented a most imposing appearance; and besides the members of the St. Patrick's Society, who mustered in unusually strong force, and who all wore colors of green, there were a large number of Irishmen, not members of the Society, who joined the procession.

The procession started from the City Hall at half-past nine o'clock for St. Patrick's Church, and moved off with "proud banners kissing the morning air," and grim battle-axes and spears, through the streets mentioned in the programme published in our last, to attend Divine service, where High Mass was celebrated, and a most eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Campbell; and when we say that it was equal in power to any of the sermons which Irishmen have been in the habit of hearing on such occasions, even from those eloquent lips now silent in death, we are only expressing the general sentiment of the congregation who had the pleasure of hearing the sermon yesterday. The musical part of the service was much admired, and did great credit to the organist, Mr. Burrage. After the sermon, a collection was taken up, which amounted to the handsome sum of £75, including a donation of £5 from J. K. Boswell, Esq.

After Divine service, the procession proceeded through the principal streets in the Upper Town, saluting, on its way, the St. George's, St. Andrew's and St. Jean-Baptiste Societies. His Excellency the Administrator also received the Society at the Government House. He wore a large bunch of shamrocks in his breast, and another in his plumed hat, and in reply to the address of the President of the Society, Charles Alleyne, Esq., complimented his countrymen in a felicitous manner on the display which they made. The Society was also received by His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, at the Archbishop's Palace, and similarly complimented. The procession then proceeded through Palace Gate, and after passing through St. Paul, St. Peter and Champlain Streets to Cap Blanc, returned, passing through Little Champlain Street, Sous-le-fort Street and Mountain Street, to the residence of the President in Haldimand Street, where the greatest demonstration of Irishmen ever held in Quebec dispersed, with three hearty cheers for Old Ireland, three cheers for the President of the St. Patrick's Society, and three more for the Mayor of Quebec, which called forth a very happy response from the President, who said that if he had the honor of being Mayor of the City, the credit was all due to the Irishmen of Quebec, who placed him in that position.

As to the celebration in the evening, we will have to confine ourselves to the remark, that a large party sat down to dinner at Russell's Hotel, and another large number of Irishmen dined together at the London Coffee House, Lower Town, and that everything went off with the greatest enthusiasm and harmony.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT NEW YORK.

It was feared that some interruption would have been offered to the usual procession upon that day, by the "Know Nothings," or some other of the rascally secret societies composed of the rowdy ruffianism, and the sweepings of the brothels of the city of New York; but these fears have been agreeably dissipated. From the New York journals we learn that everything passed off well, and with the greatest harmony; and that, conscious perhaps of what an infernal threshing they would get if they attempted any of their tricks upon the Sons of St. Patrick, the boys of the secret societies very prudently abstained from any attacks upon, or insult to, the procession. The *N. Y. Herald* has a long account of the festivities, from which we make the following extracts:—

"The morning of Friday, clear and warm, was hailed with great delight by our Irish fellow citizens, who had made extensive preparations for the celebration of the anniversary of the patron saint of their native land. The day was celebrated with more enthusiasm than it had ever before called forth. The American and Irish flags waved from the tops of all our principal buildings. The military and

civic companies of Irish origin joined together in honoring the birthday of Ireland's saint; and the green sashes, the splendid banners, the golden harps, and rich music together made up a show seldom surpassed in our city.

The scene in the Park during the review, was most magnificent. The waving banners and nodding plumes of soldiers shone beautifully above the heads of the immense multitude that crowded the Park from gate to gate. The City Hall steps were jammed with thousands anxious to get a peep at the procession, and were also occupied by the Mayor and a great number of our City Fathers, who reviewed the company, and expressed their gratification for the fine display made."

The day closed with the customary festive meetings of the different charitable, and national associations.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ST. HYACINTHE, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF MADAM AND THE MISSES BREEN.—The Rev. ——— preached a most eloquent and delightful sermon, consistent with the anniversary of our Patron Saint, truly pathetic and touching. The Misses Breen sang admirably, accompanied by the tune of "St. Patrick's Day" on the harp, by Miss Unsworth, the accomplished harpist. Though there are but a few Irish families resident here, yet they did not forget to celebrate the anniversary of their Patron Saint. Though there are a few thousand miles of a boundless sea between them and the Emerald Isle, yet they retain the same affection for the land of their nativity, as though they had been there. When the soul-stirring air of "St. Patrick's Day" was struck up, you could see each Son of the Shamrock, as it were, timing the music, and their countenances assumed that aspect of cheerfulness and vivacity so peculiar to their nation. Much credit ought to be awarded the Misses Breen for the magnificent style in which they decorated the church on the occasion. On one side hung the harp and shamrock, on the other the emblem of St. Patrick, with that style portraying the Saint's day. The French population here seemed to admire the whole scene with intense interest and feeling.—*Correspondent of Transcript.*

The *Minerve* of Tuesday contains an article from the well known *C. de Lavoche Heron*, upon the visit of Mgr. Louis de Goebriand, Bishop of Burlington, to Montreal. Mgr. de Goebriand was consecrated in October last, at New York, by His Excellency the Papal Nuncio, and is seeking means to enable him to provide for the spiritual destitution of the newly erected diocese of Burlington; in which there are already a considerable number of Catholics, chiefly French Canadians, but who, from want of churches, schools and clergy, are exposed to great danger from the mass of heathenism by which they are surrounded, and from the corrupting influences to which, by their contact with the Yankee population, they are continually exposed. The sum of about \$500. from the funds for the "Propagation of the Faith" has been allotted to the Bishop of Burlington, to enable him, to make head against the numerous demands upon him in a diocese in which everything is still to be done; but that sum is small, when compared with the wants of the people. In one district of his diocese, and within a circle of five or six leagues in diameter, his Lordship found two hundred families, who had never seen a priest since they had left their native Canada; it is not easy to describe the joy which the presence of a Catholic Bishop amongst these poor people diffused. In the whole diocese, there are but five priests, and we read of parishes of two hundred miles in circumference, served by one clergyman. The life of a Catholic Priest, in the State of Vermont, is that of a missionary amongst the heathen; in some respects indeed, more laborious and discouraging, for amongst the Protestant masses of the United States, there exists a hatred of, and opposition to, the Church of Christ, which we should look for in vain amongst the savage Indians in the far west. The wants of the diocese of Burlington have then a special claim upon the sympathies of the French Canadians, from amongst whom have gone the small band of faithful Catholics, destined we hope, in God's own time, to leaven the mass of heathenism and corruption by which they are surrounded.

The *Boston Pilot* mentions the offer of a Professor's Chair in the University of Ireland, having been made to Dr. Brownson, by the Rev. President Dr. Newman. This must be very gratifying to the learned Doctor; it is a well deserved homage to his services in the cause of Catholic truth, whilst such a name as that of Dr. Brownson will reflect lustre on the University of which he is about to become a member. The acceptance of Dr. Newman's offer, will not, says the *Boston Pilot*, interrupt the regular appearance of the *Review*. This we are happy to hear; for though we wish all sort of good luck to Ireland's University, we can but ill afford to lose *Brownson's Quarterly*. We trust that we may have the pleasure of seeing the Doctor in Canada once more, before he starts for the Old World; he has many friends who will be glad to see him.

The Government is very active in instituting proceedings against Jno. Maguire, Esq., Inspector of Police at Quebec, on account of alleged neglect of duty during the Garazzi riots; but what is it doing in the case of the Sheriff and his Deputy, against whom the crimes of deliberate Jury-packing and attempted bribery have been fully established? We trust that the Catholic citizens of Quebec are not going to allow this matter to be hushed up; but that, on the contrary, if the Executive will not do its duty by dismissing dishonest and incompetent officers from situations which, to the disgrace of the Canadian Courts of justice, they still hold, the attention of the Legislature will be called to the subject during the approaching session of Parliament. For this purpose it would be well if a petition were drawn up, stating the facts of the case, and praying for an investigation.

AN OLD WOMAN.—We read in the *Quebec Chronicle*, of the death of Margaret Gleeson, who died at Quebec on the 13th inst., aged 110 years.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—The action of Simard v. Jenking, and eight other actions for libel brought by the same plaintiff, against the minority of the Coroner's Jury upon the bodies of the victims of the Garazzi tragedy, have been dismissed; the Court having ruled that the publication, by the minority, of its opinion, was perfectly lawful.

The Council of Stanstead County have unanimously resolved not to grant any Licenses for the sale of ardent spirits. An excellent resolution this; but one—the carrying out of which has always and everywhere, been attended with one trifling inconvenience—viz.,—that, when and where men could not obtain a Licence to sell fermented liquors, they always sold them, in as great quantities as ever, without a Licence. The law can always put down all Licensed Taverns, but it is utterly impotent against unlicensed grog shops, which increase and flourish just in proportion as their rivals, the Licensed Taverns, are put down.

While our best thanks are due to our agents throughout the Provinces for their very zealous and efficient service, we have just cause to complain of the oblivious apathy of many individual subscribers, of whom, or from whom, we have not heard for a (too) long time. We would wish to substitute for this paragraph something more interesting to the majority of our patrons, but when men forget their duty so far as to leave their Newspaper account unsettled, it does become a public duty to remind them of their delinquency. Those for whose benefit we write the above are requested to forgo the needless, and spare us the trouble of addressing them individually.

"HISTORY OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY." By the Rev. Thomas Walsh. D. & J. Sadliers, New York and Montreal.

The author of this valuable history of the branch of the Catholic Church, planted in Ireland by St. Patrick, dedicates the result of his researches "to the descendants, and scattered children of the ever-faithful people of Ireland;" exhorting them to cherish the virtues, and to imitate the constancy of their country's martyrs. The altars of the Irish Church have been overthrown, and her temples laid waste, or, sadder still, desecrated and polluted by heretical rites; but by those ruins, by the sacred memories which still cling to the dismantled monastery, and the ruined chancel, where, in the days of old, an acceptable sacrifice was offered to the Most High, the compiler of these records adjures his fellow-countrymen to cherish that faith which was once delivered to them, by the Apostle of Ireland. This appeal to the children of St. Patrick will not be made in vain.

Sad, yet glorious, is the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland. Sad, in that it is but, for the most part, a record of the fury of the spoiler; glorious in that it contains the records of a heroism and a devotion, unsurpassed in the annals of Christendom; glorious too in the promise which it holds out of a brighter day, when the splendor of the old sanctuaries shall be restored. The Souters, Swaddlers, and Jumpers, must ultimately share the fate of the other "vermin," which, as tradition tells us, St. Patrick banished from Irish soil; then, purified from their polluting presence, the land shall once again rejoice in its ancient title of "The Island of Saints," whilst its people shall once more be gathered together in one fold, under the care of their legitimate Pastors. In England, and Scotland, the Catholic Hierarchy became utterly extinct; so that when it pleased Providence again to assign to England a place amongst Christian and Catholic nations, it was necessary to reconstruct her Hierarchy, as in any other heathen country. But not so with Ireland; there the succession of Catholic Bishops, has never failed. We can trace the occupants of the Chair of St. Jarlath from St. Jarlath in the VI. century, down to John M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, in the middle of the XIX.; whilst, in a Paul Callen, and a Joseph Dixon, we can see the legitimate successors of the venerated founders of the Sees of Dublin and Armagh. The perpetuity of the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland, in spite of Penal laws, persecution, and intrusive usurpers of its titles and revenues, is a standing miracle.

Upon all these points, Dr. Walsh's "History" will be found to contain much curious and useful information; together with biographical notices of the most illustrious of Ireland's Saints, Prelates, and Religious, and many an instructive record of the old monasteries and conventual establishments. It will be seen that this work is of peculiar interest to the Irish Catholic, not only as containing a description of the antiquities of his native land, but as illustrative of the Christian virtues, the charity, zeal and fidelity, of his ancestors. The volume is illustrated with many engravings, is well printed in large type on good paper, and will supply a want that has often been felt by the student of Irish Ecclesiastical Antiquities. We heartily recommend it to the notice of our readers.

Died.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mr. Robert M'Andrew, Dry Goods Merchant, aged 46 years. During his residence in Montreal, Mr. M'Andrew had acquired the respect and esteem of a large circle of acquaintances, who deeply deplore his premature demise. His funeral took place on Sunday last, and was attended by a respectable concourse of his fellow-citizens.

At St. Polycarpe, on the 16th inst., Stephen Duckett, Esq., M. D., aged 25 years. His remains were accompanied to their final resting place by a large concourse of friends and sorrowing relatives. Requiescat in pace.

Communications like the above should be always Pre-postpaid.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Directors of this Institution will be held at the office of the Bank, Great St. James Street, on MONDAY, the THIRD day of APRIL next, at ONE o'clock, when a statement of the affairs of the Bank will be submitted.

By order, JOHN COLLINS, Acqruary.