

of the first Stuart. Though no whit wiser than he was then, yet James was no longer the boon companion of Buckingham—that gay favorite had passed away, and his lively presence was forgotten in the increasing gloom of advancing age. The dull gray eye of the king was considerably more sunken, and the numerous lines intersecting his face had deepened into wrinkles. His short thick hair, too, was grizzled to a grayish hue, but in other respects his person was little changed. True, the green velvet jacket of other days so admirably becoming, had given place to a snuff-colored garment which hung loosely around the bulky form of the wearer; it might be, too, that his step was even heavier and more uncertain than before, yet James was at heart the same—vain, and pedantic, and mean, and hypocritical as he had ever been.

He had evidently not been apprised of Lady Kildare's visit, for he was passing on to an opposite door, when, on seeing her he stopt short. "Why, God be mercy, my Lady Kildare!" he abruptly exclaimed, "do we behold thy veritable self, or merely a ghostly apparition? Assuredly we did hear it opined that our poor court was never again to be graced by the presence of Kildare's noble countess. Death of man! my lady, but we are overjoyed to see you here again, were it but to falsify these rash predictions."

(To be continued.)

DR. CAHILL'S FAREWELL LECTURE.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

As announced, the Rev. Dr. Cahill, at the request of the St. Patrick's congregation, delivered a farewell lecture in the Bonaventure Hall Tuesday evening, 30th ult. He was greeted with loud and repeated cheers, on making his appearance, by a crowded and highly influential audience, and, without any preface, proceeded to speak as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am highly complimented by this repeated mark of your kindness; and an acquaintance with your cheers since the first week of last October has enabled me to set the highest value on the friendship of your city. At the close of my Religious Lecture at St. Patrick's, I believe it to be appropriate to present to you a view of the nature and condition of Religion amongst mankind, and to mark the destiny, if I may so speak, of true faith upon earth.

I am surrounded by so many old friends, as such I may call them, I am thus reminded that this is my farewell lecture, in which we can bid each other a mutual adieu till our next happy meeting. I am sure I have delivered a lecture in Ireland on nearly the same subject; but, like old wine, perhaps it is improved by age and the agitation of my sea-voyage across the Atlantic. My subject is a large one, and must be presented in the strict order of time and circumstances.

In order to understand the case of Religion, it is necessary to go back far into the past history of nations, and study its laws through the past records of the race of men. There is a Magna-Charta published from Heaven by the Supreme Ruler of the world, which is not written on parchment nor published from the judicial seat of earthly majesty, but an imperial law, which may be read in mouldering tombs, crumbled thrones, ruins of cities, withered dynasties, forgotten tongues, and which is promulgated in the silent but eloquent voice of passing generations and the ruling majesty of time. This is the legislation of religion. From its nature it imposes a legal restraint on the passions of men. Natural feelings since the fall of Adam, are opposed to the laws of grace, and are even at variance with the clearest maxims of reason. Humanly speaking, then, religion becomes a difficult profession, since the natural bent must be first overcome, and the strongest emotions of nature resisted and changed in their direction. From this admitted description it is evident that the professors of religion must be men who will adopt the will of God in opposition to nature, and who will be prepared to mortify, to silence, and to pluck out from the heart, any rebellious tendencies, refusing submission to spiritual law. On general principles, therefore, one might expect that individuals, moving in the humble walks of life, subject to trial, accustomed to obedience, and content with many wants, would be the most likely persons chosen by Heaven to take a lead in a position which enforces an entire submission of will and a total subjugation of natural inclinations. Accordingly, we read in the oldest book in the world, that seven such men were selected from the fall of Adam down to the time of Moses; and that these seven patriarchs (as such they are called) have been placed on Earth at stated intervals along the path of time; that, like the revolving stars of the firmament at night they shone over the succeeding races of men in brilliant succession; that when one of these luminaries descended in circling years, and set in the western horizon of time, another luminary appeared in the east of life and rose in the skies, the burning beacon to direct succeeding generations; and thus we have a record, published in the lives of seven men, and spread over twenty-five centuries, demonstrating that humility not pride, obedience not opposition, endurance not gratification, simplicity of life and station, not elevation of rank, not power of position are the main primary elements which the Lord of the Universe, the Almighty Maker of men, selects for the regeneration of his fallen children, and for the restoration of the soul to its glorious and eternal destiny. And when the patriarchs had died, and a new discipline was introduced by the law and the prophets, we see nation after nation rise up against the chosen race of Israel. This was a race taken from the humblest rank of despised shepherds, from the persecuted bondsmen of Egypt, and led by the all ruling Providence through fifteen hundred years of trials, victories, worldly happiness, disasters, freedom, slavery, but still unbroken in kindred, country, and faith, in the midst of scenes of historic vicissitude, which were unknown in any other nation, or age, or people. The wisdom of their Solomon, the piety of their David, had no parallel in the world; while the treasures of their kingdom, and the religion of their temple, surpassed the destiny of the rest of mankind. Yet again the treachery of their leaders, the ingratitude of the people, the apostasy of whole tribes, and the crimes of the entire nation were such as to rise Heaven in vengeance: so that between the killing of the prophets, the idolatry of the wicked, the combination of hostile peoples, ending in the captivity of their race, there is presented to the reader such a varied, yet unperishable destiny, that no one can read the whole record without being convinced that it is a deep lesson of instruction carved by Almighty wisdom on fifteen generations of men, in order to show that the chosen people of Heaven are in this world born in trial, nursed in affliction, matured in persecution, and finishing in their declining years in shedding their blood or in lingering captivity. And when he himself came, in the fullness of ages, to teach the last lesson to men, he selected the deserted cave as the royal couch of his nativity; was rocked in the ox's crib as the couch of the young King of Judea; he took the coarse garments; coat, as the royal robe of the Son of David; he clothed the heights of Heaven up the rude rocks of this world; and in the God-like triumph which he won upon Calvary, he wears the crown of thorns as the mark of his royalty, and as the imperial sign, to be carried for ever through this world by his faithful and lion-hearted followers. And while the law has published with a loud voice from the crimson throne of Calvary has been, and is, and ever shall be, imperishable as the tongue that proclaimed it, yet

we behold men and nations rising and sinking, we see kingdoms and tongues withering and advancing, and, like the furrowed realms of the deep, swelling and depressing.

We are obliged to form new maps of the Christian world, in order to mark the decline or recovery of this law, as it is conveyed through revolving centuries. When we examine the first sacred spot of the Earth on which the footprints of the Messiah were made, we are astounded to learn that in place of walking here over the flowers of Paradise, we are started to meet the emblems of infidelity; and instead of joining the worshippers of a crucified Saviour, we behold throughout all Judea the exact copies of the men who mocked him in the hall of Pilate, flogged him at the pillar, and plunged the spear in his side at the hill of Calvary. The seven churches of Asia Minor are only remembered as facts of past history; Bethlehem is like a small rock above the surface of an ocean of Mahomedanism; Thabor is an elevated mound venerated by the Christian pilgrim in the midst of a desert of infidelity; and the hill of Calvary, which eighteen hundred years ago beheld the mouldering dead of past ages rise from the tomb, which saw the Temple rent, which heard the rocks split, which felt the Earth reel, which saw Hell open and Heaven weep, and which was covered with darkness for three hours, as God the Father covered his face while the Saviour died—even that hill, which should burn like a sun for ever on Earth, is shadowed round by the darkness of Mahomedanism, and the mystic remembrance of Calvary only tolerated in the sight of the Heaven which he propitiated, the kingdom he gained, the victories he won, and the nations and the ages he redeemed. And when we travel in the ships which carried the epistles of St. Paul to Corinth, to Thessalonica, to Philippi, and when we stray through the streets of Ephesus, we are astonished to discover few traces of the cross which Paul preached, and to hear the little children pray in a strange worship, and be ignorant of the message which ten thousand times one hundred thousand angels published, on outstretched wings, over Bethlehem, when at twelve o'clock at night they rent the blue vault of the imperial skies, with one loud acclaiming voice, that he had come. The antiquary in religion, as well as the scholars in history, are equally astounded in passing through the streets of Athens, to learn that the venerable faith of the Apostles, as well as the spotless genius of an ancient liberty, have both disappeared from this land of patriotism and gospel inspiration. Thermopylae is a rude cleft in a hill-pass, and speaks not one word of the three hundred brave who poured out their honoured blood in defence of their country. Marathon is a barren field, and dare not bear witness, under its new masters, to the free born bravery of the heroes that raised the Grecian shields, like a wall of polished steel, before the enemy, and who crimsoned that eternal field with the blood of the invincible Greek, born and bred to conquer or die in defence of the liberties of his country. The public games of the ancient Macedonians are forgotten, the consecrated rivers deserted, the groves abandoned, and public cry for popular liberty unheard: the breathing stone, the speaking canvass, are not seen in the soil, the cradle, the palace of the arts; while the soul of Homer and the tongue of Demosthenes seem to have fled from a territory where eloquence was enchained, where liberty had no home, and where true religion could not find one consecrated spot on which to raise the cross of Christ. Even the ancient Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, what a lesson does she teach, as the burnished crescent rises into the clear blue sky which once saw the cross of Chrysostome lifted so high as to be observed from the Christian turrets of the second Carthage! From Asia, a hurricane has torn its disastrous course across the famed straits of Leandre and swept in its devastating passage a great portion of Southern Europe and all Northern Africa: and church where the Scriptures were stamped with integral sanctity at Carthage, and the city where the cradle of St. Augustine was preserved, have withered and disappeared before the crumbling rage of the infidel tempest which overturned Christianity after the fall of the Roman Empire, and which substituted the elder-born countries of the Gospel, the profligate imposture of the Mahomedan Koran. And when we approach our own shores, and descending along the rapid current of time, draw near the age we live, we behold a new lesson in Christianity set in several countries which surround us. In these kingdoms of Barbary or Asia Minor; but fatal changes have been made, and novelties introduced which have rent his seamless garment into a thousand pieces, and which present the one language and the one Gospel of the Apostles as the contradictory jargon of Babel and the opposition rancour of Pandemonium. We see Switzerland, the old country of the famed Helvetians, once a bright gem in the crown of Peter, take the field in steely armour against the head of the Church, while the followers of Zuinglius, with their leader at their head, died by the side of their apostate captain, fighting against God and the Church. All Germany, that once led the front rank of the army of God against the crescent, has been split up into a thousand fragments of faith; they have by an ingenuity of material philosophy; set up the slender taper of reason against the meridian luminary of faith; and in renegeance for this human folly, Heaven has permitted them to stray from the old brilliant path of their fathers, and a creed worse than pagan polytheism, an absurd faith more degrading than Egyptian idolatry, has blighted the entire German mind, and has precipitated this federal nation into a sensual infidelity and a logic nothingness. I may class into one people the three territories of Sweden, Norway, and Holland, where our Irish saints once preached the Gospel of Saint Patrick, where they founded churches, dedicated them to St. Martin and St. Bridget, and planted the seed in the good soil, which for many a year produced the rich crop of one hundred fold. But the advance of time, and the progress of human licentious opinion, have robbed these nations of the old inheritance; and at present the blackest form of fatal Arianism has discoloured the intellect and steeled the hearts of these once faithful children of the Church, and covered the north of Europe with a cloud of error, which, like a swarm of locusts, has spread wide infection, and devoured the entire living crop of gospel perfection. Alas there is one country still on the map of Europe, which has sunk beneath the shock of the infidelity of the sixteenth century; and that country is—commercial, scientific, invincible England. I need say but little on this painful part of my subject: the ruined abbey, the crumbled churches, the despoiled colleges, the forfeited lands, and the uprooted asylums for the widow and the orphan,—all forcibly, though silently, proclaim what your fathers once were; while the new communion tables, the gilded parliamentary steeples, the strange ministers, and the novel liturgy of the present incumbent, demonstrate that a new rubric, a false altar, strange prayers, a wholesale plunder of the poor, have been substituted for the ancient unity and the faith of Augustine. I have thus, ladies and gentlemen, given a rapid sketch of the ruffled surface of Christian society since the great epoch of Christianity. Many a bitter and painful reflection is presented to the ecclesiastical historian as he glances from age to age, from country to country, along the mysterious path of time; and the deepest carved lesson which is read in this imperishable record, is, the wondrous Providence which reconverts and restores fallen peoples—whilst still thus maintains the old inheritance without spot or blemish, and in the midst of change is not even reduced in its universal dimensions; like the boundless empire of the ocean, it is in one place lashed into fury by the unchained hurricane, and rises into accumulated anger as it struggles to the very skies with the Sovereign tempest; in other places, whole kingdoms of its waters sleep in placid silence, not even lifting a murmuring ripple on its glassy bosom to disturb the whispering zephyr and the glancing sunbeams that play in sportive

union on its liquid breast. But whether it be agitated by storm or reposing in calm, its dimensions are the same; it has been dug into the earth by the Master-Architect of nature, to last for ever; and it shall bid defiance till the end of creation to the changes of time, the revolutions of empires, and the combined terrors of nature. In the midst of these changing scenes of the great Christian belief, we are arrested in our historic observations by the mysterious fact, that our territory, placed in the very heart of the earth, professes the old creed in its entirety which was first promulgated from the Mount Rome which was once the mistress of the world in political power, is now the seat of the boundless empire of Catholicity; the crown of Tiberius had been changed into the tiara, and the successor of the Fisherman sits on the throne of Caesar. Three hundred thousand martyrs are buried at the Colosseum; fifteen millions of martyred hearts lie round the walls of the sacred city; the soil on which Nero ruled, and Caligula sported with human life, is crimsoned deep and wide with the blood of the early saints; and a mighty army of these spirits keep the watch day and night before the gates of this holy city, to guard the bones of the accumulated slain, to protect the altar of St. Peter, to garrison, the central towers of the Church, and to send reinforcements and aid to the distant provinces of Christianity, and to strike to the ground the enemies of God. All nations have put on changes round about this inimitable city; but Rome never! Babylon is a deserted marsh; Nineveh a heap of rubbish; Palmyra presents some shattered columns; Carthage, a small green mound to mark the grave of the departed cities. There has a few broken sphinxes, Memphis some ruined arches to tell the Egyptian greatness of times past. All nations round about St. Peter's chair have grown old, and withered, and died, and their very tombs are scarcely discernible; while Rome flourishes in eternal youth, her armies vigorous, her weapons polished, her strategy invincible, her resources abundant; while the monarch who rules, and the throne on which he sits, are protected by an irresistible law, sovereign as the imperial flow of the tides, and resistless as the revolution of the earth. The present Pope is therefore a link in the long chain of trial and persecution which have ever been the lot of the children of true religion. It is so since the beginning of the world, and it will be the same to the end. It is a peculiar arrangement. It is the conflict between virtue and vice, between faith and infidelity, and in this great battle, the wicked in the end are worsted and lost, while the good win the hard victory and are saved. This has ever been the case from Babylon to Calvary, from Judas to Gavour.

The Pope holds the citadel of the Catholic Church—he has been appointed to the place of supreme command, and in every age, vice, the world and the devil have assailed him. He has more than once fled from the enemy, sought refuge for a while in distant places of security; but he has always carried the keys of Peter in his possession. These were never captured. Nor has the Pastoral staff been ever wrenched from his Shepherd hand. He follows in the immediate footsteps of his Master. Of course his path must be along the rugged walks of life, and the diadem which he wears in hereditary majesty must be the Crown of thorns, bequeathed to him from the hall of Pilate. "The son of man hath not whereon to lay his head" is a truth imperishable, as the sorrowing tongue that uttered it, and hence a Pope amidst the joys and friendships of the world is a Christian impossibility. The bitter draft from the cup of his master must be ever his ancestral privilege of persecution; his lips can never taste the drop of honey of worldly society. His life must be spent in the garden of olives; this is the sacred spot where his tears and prayers must be ever poured out in living sorrows. His life, must, as near as can be, a rehearsal of the whole life of his master. What a mistake it is to represent, the idea of a happy Pope! that he is the cross bound in a wreath of roses! Peter loved by the world is as much an incongruity, an absurdity, as to see Christ, on the Jewish Bench washing Pilate's hands, to clear him from the charge of hypocrisy and Deicide: the same as the Saviour making a compact with Barrabas for protection from the Jewish mob or begging relief from the Executioners who plunged the spear in his side. No! Pius the Ninth knows his place well. On a late occasion when a foreign Ambassador urged on Pius the necessity or the expediency of accepting an annual pension and ending his troubles: the Pope replied, "What! ending my troubles! When can my troubles end? how little those persons, who utter these sentiments know what is a Pope!" Most just remark of the successor of Peter, appointed to share the royalty of the ox's crib, the world's deceit, the martyr's crown. Old Europe would seem to be go blind; and Kings seem to forget the charter of their royalty. As Old Napoleon once said, "Something like a Universal Republic seems to be the end of monarchical tyranny, intrigue and deceit." Crowns are now-a-days going a begging, looking for heads to wear them. And between iron-clad fleets, rifled cannon, patent gunpowder, million armies and universal beggary, it is surprising mankind can endure much longer these Royal whims, cruelty, taxes and deceit.

If Princes rob and expel the oldest King in Europe, what crown can present a legal claim against the plunderer or the assassin. If rapine, violence, sacrilege and expulsion, are now legitimate results of legal Constitutions, what defence can be made by the old Kings against the popular usurpation of all existing dynasties? If the crown of Tiberius, worn by the Fisherman, is to be sold at auction, in the forum, and if a tall chandler from Capra must sit in the Capitol, and if a Cataline be named to rule in the Senate House, the sooner all Kings save their fortunes and their necks from banded extermination the better for old royalty.

There can be no doubt Napoleon III., has gone too far; he has built too high—a little higher and his castle must fall. In order to make friends for his little son, he has made enemies of all Catholic Europe—priests, armies and peoples. In order to add to Sardinia the two crowns of Naples and Rome, he will perhaps never see his one only child reign in the palace of the Louis; and the monarch robber of old Savoy may soon be trampled out by modern license under the burning revenge and sworn hosts of Austria.

I firmly believe that the modern attack on the Pope by kingly rebels, with all their concomitant circumstances, have done more to revolutionize Europe, to banish kings from their ancient rights and thrones, and to deluge nations with infidelity, than all the past conspiracies that subjects and peoples have ever devised or executed against European monarchy. When kings become the models of hypocrisy and plunder, subjects can and will infallibly follow their example. The death of any legitimate crowned head in Europe would perhaps cause a small excitement in his own family or in the neighboring nations; but the death of Napoleon the Third, or of his little son, would break the spell of the Bonapartes in one hour, and restore France and the South of Europe to the *status quo* under Louis Philippe, and the protection of Austria. The peace of Europe thus hangs on a single contingency. An ordinary occurrence, and one which must soon happen, namely, the death of the father or the son, must reduce Sardinia within its former limits, and raise Austria to her ancient pre-eminence. An oak tree cannot grow to perfection in one year, and a new empire cannot assume permanent consolidation within the age of a Revolution carried on in plunder, banishment and sacrilege. This violence might succeed for a longer time, if the army, the Church, the people, and legitimate aspirants were silent or indifferent; but with active watchful descendants of the old dynasty, with a good Catholic people, with a learned, zealous hierarchy, with a clergy smarting under wrong, burning with something like revenge, and with an army faithfully professing the creed of St. Louis and Bossuet, the expulsion of Sardinia from the gates of Rome is only a matter of a narrow space of time. The present darkness in the skies

over Mount-Aventine, beginning to brighten, it is passing away like the cloud of the morning; and the angels came to minister to Christ; after he conquered the temptation of the devil, Pius will soon receive the homage of all the virtuous peoples of Europe, while from the old Capitol of his own St. Peter's he will again lift his triumphant staff over the old faithful million flock, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Napoleon has made a bad move, if he throws the present game out of hands. His only hope was the Catholic people and the Catholic army. An association with England, the old enemy of France, and his identity of policy with the friends of Voltaire and Cavour, is the same as to appoint Blucher as his Commander-in-Chief over his invincible Zouaves, and to march the brave Gauls to battle under the English colors of Waterloo. If Napoleon ever takes Wellington into his camp, or bows his head to Albion, he has decidedly lost his game and his battle, and he would do well to reverse his fortune, and again beg his lodging and his protection, as he did heretofore, at the gates of London. His true game is the protection of the Pope, to maintain at Rome the central balance of European power, to be the friend of persecuted religion and of oppressed justice; and his dynasty would live longer than the blasphemy of Capra and the Ecclesiastical plunder of Savoy. Napoleon should never forget the lines of Lord Byron on his uncle after the battle of Waterloo:—

But yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive;
To-day a nameless thing,
So abject, get alive.

Yet I have always been under the impression that Napoleon is at heart a sincere Catholic; and although appearances and facts have of late told much against him, his policy is sincerely in favor of the Pope; and moreover I believe that he would be glad to fight Waterloo over again, sooner than be compelled to surrender Rome, or abandon Pius the Ninth.

Poor Ireland has ever clung to Peter's central living point of faith. The same blood that flowed through the heart of Peter circulated in the veins of Patrick and his offspring; and there she is on the other side of the Irish channel, next door neighbor of England, with her face to America, the faithful daughter of Rome, the invincible professor of the ancient creed, without a stain upon her name, without treachery in her hierarchy, or dishonor in her priesthood, and having a congregation of Irish followers that, during centuries of national woe, have spurned the bribe of the apostate, despised the terrors of banishment, and met the steel of the tyrant, with a shout of mocking defiance.

Yes, Ireland stands alone on the map of the world for pre-eminently natural virtue and for undying national fidelity. There is no record of any other people which can even bear a remote comparison with the history of Ireland, for her amount of national suffering, for her unbroken resistance through centuries of religious persecution, and for the incredible and successful courage with which she has maintained the liberty of her children and the purity of her creed. The children of Ireland have been ever faithful to their creed and their country. The more Ireland was in distress, the more she wept, the more her fond children sat by her side and consoled her. When obliged to quit her soil, it was with a breaking heart they leave her shores. No nation in ancient or modern history has suffered so much persecution during the past centuries, and yet no people on earth feel so acutely the sad woe of banishment from home. The generous Irish—the noble poor man sends his last penny to his parents, and his aged mother receives every year the fond remittance from their faithful children. The love of their creed, their parents and their country; and when fate places them beyond the Mississippi; and when the sad voice of death reminds them of their final departure, they look upon the day-star, that rises over the green island and their last word is spoken for the liberties of their country, their last sigh for the purity of her Altars. No foreign people can have any just idea of our national condition. Our persecutions and our mis legislation have no parallel in European policy.

Our ancestors were deprived of everything; we had not possessed as much of the soil of our fathers as the space on which our feet could stand. We had no claim on one foot of Irish land, except the graves in which our fathers lay buried in their crimson graves. Seventy thousand men spilled their blood for liberty of conscience. Education was proscribed; it was felony to learn to read; our only books were the tombstones of our kindred; and these were read at night by stealth, in the light of the waning setting moon. Our religion was death by the law; and we met the faithful priest in the deserted glen, in the fastnesses of the mountain; and the lion-hearted flock heard Mass, as the sun rose over the lowering Irish horizon. It was in those caves and at these meetings of terror, with our tried friends, and fellow-sufferers by our sides, that with our hands and our hearts joined, we pledged our lives to be faithful to each other; and to die one thousand deaths sooner than forswear our faith, or betray our liberties. Many a century we bore this bleeding lash—we were weak at home and we had no friend abroad. You have in the country of Canada, two monuments of Irish woes which stand in fatal, racking remembrance of our country's destiny—one is the deep wide grave of forty thousand Irish immigrants at Gross Island, where, in the year 1847, they fell in thousands from the over-crowded berths of bad ships, and the culpably poisoned air of imperfect or no ventilation. They dropped dead in hundreds, the moment they took the first mouthful of pure air. It was a terrible sight—five thousand are buried in one pit. In this sad scene which the stoutest heart could not behold, without a thrill of agony, the Priests were day and night among the dying. Amidst all the scolding and scolding of this crushing disaster, there were found alive amongst the dying brothers, six hundred children. About two hundred little toddling fellows were clasped to the hearts of the dead mothers. The Very Reverend Mr. Gazeau, a Canadian Priest, now the adored Vicar-General of Quebec, took these six hundred children under his God-like care. Many of the little toddling fellows died; they were too young. But he succeeded in nursing and rearing four hundred by his incredible zeal and superhuman labor. Other priests worked in this charitable effort to the very death; but I put forward the name of Mr. Gazeau, as a name for the admiration and veneration of Ireland—and Dr. Cahill, their fond countryman, calls upon the people of his nation to offer a fervent prayer to God for the happiness, the long life, and the holy death of the distinguished Canadian Priest, the Vicar-General of Quebec.

When I was at Quebec, I could take a last melancholy view of this red pit of death at Gross Island. It was the first week of December. The St. Lawrence was much swollen; and my being sick, I could not venture down the river. The second monument of Irish woes is here, in your own city of Montreal. Six thousand immigrants are buried in about half an acre of land. I paid a melancholy visit to this death-pit on last week. It was in the same year, 1847,—and the deaths arose from the same cause.—These two monuments are really the imperishable evidences of English cruelty and mis legislation; and before the God of Justice, on the last accounting day, these and similar crimes against the extermination, the banishment and death of the Irish Catholic race, will meet the just penalty due by the retributive sentence of the Almighty father of the oppressed.

Ladies and gentlemen,—Poor Ireland seems to realize the destiny of the people of God since the beginning—trial, persecution, and an eternal reward. But woe be to the persecutor of this religion, this opponent of the designs of God. I leave you with much gratitude, and shall preserve to my death the happy remembrance of some acts of distinguished kindness from your city.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the Reverend Doctor was again enthusiastically cheered, and had to thank his hearers over and over again before they permitted him to retire. Many of the clergy were present, and a fair sprinkling of ladies.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL LETTER BY THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

JOSEPH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOUR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP, &c.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Armagh.

Dearly beloved Brethren,—From the time when we had the happiness to make known to you the erection in this Diocese of the Confraternity of the St. Peter's Pence, we anxiously looked forward to the day when it would be permitted to us to inform you also, that our Holy Father had vouchsafed to extend to our Confraternity the indulgences and favours previously granted to the Arch-Confraternity in Rome. We rejoice in being able to make this announcement to you; and we declare that in virtue of the gracious concession of the Holy See, the following indulgences may be gained by the members of the Confraternity of the St. Peter's Pence of this Diocese, on the conditions hereafter explained:—1. A plenary indulgence on the day of the admission of any one into the Confraternity, on the condition of devoutly confessing and communicating. 2. A plenary indulgence every year on each of the three festivals; 1. of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, the 18th of January; 2. of SS. Peter and Paul, the 29th of June; 3. of Saint Peter in Chains, the first of August; provided that on these days the members of the Confraternity having confessed and communicated, shall visit devoutly some public church at any time from the first vespers on the day before the festival until sunset of the day of the festival; and shall pray there devoutly for some time, according to the intentions of his Holiness—that is, for concord among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, and the exaltation of Holy Church. 3. The prayers that are to be said by members of the Confraternity every day, are: the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., and Apostles' Creed; and for saying these prayers once a day, the members will gain each day an indulgence of seven years, and as many times forty days; provided they recite them devoutly and with a contrite heart. 4. For every good work done with the intention for which the Sodality is instituted the Holy Father grants three hundred days of indulgence. 5. All these indulgences are applicable by way of suffrage to the faithful departed. 6. To obtain these indulgences one must be admitted into the Confraternity by some one of the Priests of the diocese, after testifying by some outward sign his or her wish to be received into the said Confraternity; and one must also perform the works which the members are expected to perform—these are: 1. The daily recital of the 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary,' 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., and Apostles' Creed. 2. Any good work which the faithful may perform for the purpose of assisting the Holy See in its present difficulties. The words 'good work' are used by His Holiness to signify: 1. A contribution to the St. Peter's Pence, of any amount which the contributors may please to give, and at any interval, weekly, monthly, or yearly. 2. For the poor who are not able to give money, good work will include any other pious work penitential or otherwise, performed with the intention for which the Sodality is instituted. 7. None of the works of the Confraternity or Sodality of the St. Peter's Pence bind under sin. 8. The Sunday within the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul is already a fixed day for receiving the offerings of those who will find it most convenient to give their contributions yearly. 9. The Vincentian Fathers residing in Armagh, have kindly consented to act as general treasurers for the St. Peter's Pence Fund, in the diocese. They will publish, every year, in the local newspapers, the amount contributed in each parish, and forward the money in due time to Rome. Already the contributions to this fund in the diocese, exceed six hundred pounds; which have been remitted to the Holy Father. His Holiness has condescended to signify to us his gratitude for this new proof of regard for his sacred person on the part of his Irish children to whom he sends from his inmost heart, his Apostolic benediction.

As we know that all will love to enter a Confraternity which has for its object the support of our beloved Father Pius IX., in opposition to all his enemies, and which procures for its members, on such easy conditions, an abundance of spiritual treasures; it only remains for us, dearly beloved Brethren, to exhort you not to grow weary in the exercise of those pious works, such as the members of this Sodality are expected to perform. Your liberality in contributing to every good work, according to your means, is so well known, that it is unnecessary for us to speak of it here. May God bless you and return you a hundred-fold for this untiring generosity! Cease not, at the same time, to pray for the intentions of our Holy Father, and to pray fervently, knowing the efficacy of fervent prayer. Let it encourage you to see that the prayers of his faithful children have already done wonders in his defence. His civil power has not yet fallen. Nay, his adversaries are just now informed that the tide of their good fortune, as they would call it, has begun to ebb. No further robbery of the Pope is to be attempted. The prohibition has gone forth from him, before whom the enemies of the Holy See in a neighbouring country, and abroad quail with fear. The sensations produced in those enemies of the Holy Father in the sister island and on the continent by the late manifestation of the will of the monarch to whom we refer, may—if it is allowable to pronounce on analogies in such cases—be compared to the sensations of the tiger on seeing snatched from his jaws, the prey, over which he had already opened his mouth. Let us hope now, that, as the injustice is to proceed no further, the days of restitution also are at hand; and that those States will be given back to the Holy Father, of which he was plundered in a manner unsurpassed for its infamy in the annals of crime. That ruler of a mighty empire, from whom this reparation is expected, is well aware, that by permitting his name to be invoked, and his power unhappily to be used, in inflicting this injury, he has not thereby conciliated the friendship of one man upon earth, whose friendship is worth having, nor mitigated in the slightest degree the hostility towards himself of even one of those enemies of society, by all of whom his name is held in deadliest hatred. Let us hope that he now sees fully the errors of the past, and that having allowed his name to be invoked for the doing of the wrong, he may use the terror of that name to enforce its reparation. Our trust, however, is not in the princes of the world, but in the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, in the great ruler of the universe, who can so easily overrule the designs of men, as to make those very designs which are most hostile to His Church, contribute in the end to its greater good. To him be honour and praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

JOSEPH DIXON, Archbishop of Armagh. Armagh, 1st Dec., 1862.

SYNOD IN THURSDAY.—A Synod of the Prelates of the Province was held in Thurles last week, under the presidency of the Metropolitan of the Province, the Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, to discuss matters of importance.—Limerick Reporter, December 2.

It is with feelings of an ordinary regret that we have to record the death of the Reverend John Green of Armagh.

There is no truth whatever in the report circulated in the Irish Times that James McO'Connell, Esq., is about to retire from the representation of Drogheda.—Dublin Evening Post.