

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEP. 21, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Europa brings us European dates to the 9th inst. First and most important of her tidings is the continued success of Garibaldi's filibustering expedition. Unopposed, or at least without any serious opposition or resistance, he marches from one end of the dominions of the late King of Naples to the other. On the 6th the triumphant filibuster was within 25 miles of Naples, and on the same day the King fled from his capital in a Spanish vessel for Gaeta. Thus far has the game been skilfully played out, whether for the profit of Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel remains yet to be seen.

Rome will be the next point attacked, nor can the success of Italian Jacobinism be deemed assured until Rome has fallen. By Sardinia from the North, and the Neapolitan Jacobins under Garibaldi from the South, the Pope will shortly be assailed, and Lamoriciere, if unaided by Austria, will have a doubtful struggle to maintain against such overwhelming forces brought to bear upon him. Austria may however anticipate the attack that awaits the Venetian Provinces; yet it cannot be doubted that the position of the Sovereign Pontiff is very serious, and that the temporary triumph of Jacobinism over the entire Italian Peninsula, is an event for which Catholics should be prepared. Every dog, says the proverb, has its day, and the star of democracy is for the present in the ascendant.

Of the ultimate destination of the fugitive King of Naples nothing can as yet be positively ascertained. The Times says that he flies to Gaeta only to consider whether he shall direct his course to Madrid or to Vienna. The Queen of Spain had offered him a refuge which probably will be accepted. The Turin papers were loudly denouncing the defensive attitude assumed by the Papal troops under General Lamoriciere, and calling upon the Pope to dismiss the foreigners in his service. To Liberals it seems most monstrous that an independent sovereign should refuse to lay down his arms at their bidding. Austria, it is said, was about to send a body of 35,000 men to Trieste.

From Great Britain we have most cheering news of the harvest prospects—news which will make many a poor man's heart to sing with joy. The high prices of provisions were in consequence rapidly giving way, and a regular panic amongst the speculators may be expected. Enlistment for Garibaldi was progressing actively without any semblance even of opposition from the British Government, which is now the champion of rebellion and democracy.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His Royal Highness left London by rail for Sarnia at 9 A.M. on the morning of the 13th. The weather was all that could be desired, and the distance was performed without any delays. The proceedings at Sarnia are thus chronicled by the press:—

On the arrival at Sarnia the Prince left the cars and walked along a scarlet cloth which covered the platform, to one of the prettiest pavilions he had yet seen. Around this 5,000 people were gathered, and about 200 Indians from the Manitoulin Islands, sat on long straight benches in front; behind them the River St. Clair, and the white houses of Port Huron glittering in the sun, and several crowded steam-boats lying at the wharf. The Mayor presented an address, and the Councilors were severally introduced to the Prince. The Warden then presented the County Council's address, and the County Councilors were also presented to him. The St. Andrew's Society also presented an address, and the President and office-bearers were introduced.

Now commenced one of the most interesting proceedings which had yet taken place. The Indians, real red savages, majestic in mien, faces painted, their heads adorned with hawk's feathers and squirrel's tails, and silver spoons in their noses, moccasins on, and many of them ignorant of English came forward. One of them, a magnificent fellow, named Kanwagash, or the great Bear of the North, advanced to the front, and striking out his right hand, yeld out an Indian address to the Prince, which was translated to him by an Indian interpreter, who, as the red man finished each sentence and folded his arms, gave the meaning of what was said.

The whole harangue was as follows:— Great Brother,—The sky is beautiful. It was the wish of the Great Spirit that we should meet in this place. My heart is glad that the Queen has sent her eldest son to see her Indian subjects. I am happy to see you here this day. I hope the sky will continue to look fine, and give happiness both to the Whites and to the Indians. Great Brother,—When you were a little child, your parents told you that there were such people as Indians in Canada, and now, since you have come to Canada yourself, you see them. I am one of the Ojibbeway chiefs, and represent the tribe here assembled to welcome your Great Brother. You see the Indians who stand around. They have heard that at some future day you will put on the British Crown and sit on the British Throne. It is their earnest desire that you will always remember them.

The Prince replied verbally. He said that he was grateful for the address, that he hoped the sky would always be beautiful, and that he should never forget his red brethren. As each phrase was interpreted to the Indians, they yelled their approbation. Then the name of each was called out by the interpreter, from a list handed by the Governor General, and each one advanced in turn. Some had Buffalo horns upon their heads; some snake skins round their waists; and most of them were feathered on the legs like Bantim cocks.

Almost all had hands round their waists, embroidered with colored grass or porcupine quills. The

chiefs shook hands with the Prince and the Governor, the others bowed; and to each His Royal Highness gave a medal, with the likeness of Her Majesty on one side, and the Royal Arms on the other. The chiefs' medals were as large as the palm of your hand. The other Indians received smaller ones, about the size of half-a-crown. Then the red men brought forward a box and gave it to the Prince. It contained a Tomahawk, Bow and Arrows, Wampum pipes of peace, and other Indian curiosities.

This over, the Prince went through Sarnia, passing under three very fine arches. He was driven in a carriage and four, attended by a cavalcade of gentlemen and ladies on horseback, to Point Edward. Here a splendid lunch was prepared, and the Royal party partook of it. The usual toasts were given with enthusiasm; and the Prince proposed prosperity to the Grand Trunk, which was enthusiastically honored. He then went to the balcony of the Depot, from whence a fine view of St. Clair was obtained, and embarked on the Grand Trunk steamer Michigan, running up the river into Lake Huron, which was studded with sailing craft.

At about 3.30 P.M. the Prince started on his return to London, passing through a long line of Indians who saluted him with a farewell whoop as the trains whirled by. On his arrival in London, the Prince held a Levee at the City Hall, which was numerously attended. In the evening there was a Ball, Illuminations, and everything passed off most pleasantly.

The Prince left London at 10 A.M. on Friday the 14th instant, and passing by Woodstock, where he was enthusiastically received, replied to addresses from different bodies.

At Paris the Royal party changed cars and proceeded to Brantford, from whence the Prince was escorted to the Kerby House by a procession of freemen and Indians. There was much crowding, but no offensive demonstrations, no Orange cries for "annexation." From thence the Prince went on to Danville, thence to Port Colborne and Fort Erie. Here he embarked on board the Clifton, and went up the Chippewa creek, the bands of which were brilliantly lighted up by means of bonfires. On landing, His Royal Highness went to the Pavilion Hotel where he received several Addresses, and then drove to his temporary residence at the house of the late Mr. Zimmerman. It seems that during the course of the day, one of the reporters for the New York Press impudently poked himself into the Prince's carriage, from whence, however, he was quickly kicked out. Another ill-mannered cur tried to introduce himself into the room where a dejeuner had been prepared for the Prince and the members of his suite; and at Fort Erie some others of the same kidney managed, in spite of all precautions, to enter the Prince's boat. It is not mentioned whether the impertinent intruders were kicked overboard, but it cannot be doubted that both kicking and ducking would have done the fellows a world of good.

During the night of the 14th, the Falls were beautifully illuminated, and the Prince and his party enjoyed the sight from the Table Rock. On Saturday the 15th, the Royal Party amused themselves in visiting the Falls and the many objects of interest in their vicinity. Amongst other marvels they were gratified with the sight of Blondin, who performed some of his extraordinary feats to the great amusement of the Prince. His Royal Highness was received everywhere with enthusiasm, and the day passed pleasantly.

On Sunday the Prince drove to Chippewa Church and spent the day in quiet.

The Prince remained in the vicinity of the Falls all Monday the 17th inst., visiting Goat Island, the Suspension Bridge, and the adjacent country. On Tuesday morning His Royal Highness started for Queenston, and on his arrival at once proceeded to a platform erected near the column designed to mark the spot where the gallant Brock fell in the arms of victory.

Close by the platform were the veterans of the war of 1812, numbering about 150. On each side of these old soldiers were companies of militia and numbers of ladies and gentlemen. On a raised platform an address was read by Sir J. B. Robison, the oldest survivor, which is as follows:—

May it please your Royal Highness,—Some of the few survivors of the Militia Volunteer who assisted in defending Canada against the enemy, during the last American war, have assembled from different parts of the Province in the hope that they might be graciously permitted to offer to your Royal Highness the expression of their loyal welcome upon your arrival in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions. In the long period that has elapsed, very many have gone to rest, who, having served in higher ranks than ourselves, took a more conspicuous part in that glorious contest. They would have delighted in the opportunity we now enjoy of beholding in their country a descendant of the just and pious Sovereign in whose cause they and their followers fought, and whom they were from infancy taught to revere, from his many public and private virtues. We feel deeply grateful to Her Majesty, whose concurrence in the wish of her Canadian subjects has conferred upon us the honor of a visit from your Royal Highness; and we rejoice in the thought that what your Royal Highness has seen and will see of this prosperous and happy Province, will enable you to judge how valuable a possession was saved to the British Crown by the successful resistance made in the trying contest in which it was our fortunes to bear a part; and your Royal Highness will then be able also to judge how large a debt the empire owed to the lamented hero Brock, whose gallant and generous heart sunk not in the darkest hour of conflict from the most discouraging odds, and whose example inspired the few with the ability and spirit to do the work of many. We pray that God may bless your Royal Highness with many years of health and happiness, and may lead you by His Providence to walk in the path of our revered and beloved Queen, to whom the world looks up as an illustrious example of all the virtues that can dignify the highest rank, support worthily the responsibility of the most anxious station, and promote the peace, security, and happiness of private life.

REPLY

Gentlemen,—I accept with mixed feelings of pride and pain the address which you have presented on this spot. Proud of the gallant deeds of my countrymen, but pained from the recollection that so many of the noble band have passed away from the scene of the bravery of their youth and of the peaceful avocations of their riper years. I have willingly consented to lay the first stone of this monument. Every nation may without offence to its neighbours, commemorate its heroes' acts, their deeds of arms, and their noble deaths. It is no boast of victory, no revival of past animosities, but a noble tribute to a soldier's fame the more honorable because we readily acknowledge the bravery and chivalry of that people by whose hands he fell. I trust Canada will never want such volunteers as those who fought in the last war, nor her volunteers be without such leaders, but no less, and

most fervently pray that your sons and grand-sons may never be called upon to add other laurels to those which you have so gallantly won. Accept from me, in the Queen's name, my thanks for your expressions of devoted loyalty.

The next part of the ceremony consisted in placing a stone to mark the spot where General Brock fell. Just under the hill, where the monument stands, there is an ancient thorn tree, and in its shade an obelisk six or eight feet high. The top stone was suspended above its destined position, on one side of which was the inscription—"Near this spot Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.O.B., Provisional Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, fell on the 13th of October, 1812, while advancing to repel an invading enemy." On the other side was—"This stone was placed by H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, on the 18th September, 1860." With a trowel which was presented to the Prince, he spread the mortar under the stone, which was then lowered into its position.

The Royal party then drove to the "Zimmerman," and after a rapid run down the river reached Niagara. Here was erected a handsome canopy of evergreens, under which addresses were presented from the Town and County, and replies given.

The "Zimmerman" then steamed into the Lake, passing the American Fort at the mouth of the river, and reached Port Dalhousie, where the Royal party took the cars for St. Catharines. At this place there was a fine array of Volunteer Cavalry and Rifles; also a number of Firemen in uniform, and a large crowd. There were several fine arches. The lumberer's arch being constructed of a number of flour barrels, with the inscription, "our staple productions." The Mayor read an address, and the Prince stayed about an hour in this neat little town.

He then proceeded Westward by the Great Western Railway.

At Grimsby he received and replied to an address.

The scene on the arrival at Hamilton was very exciting. H.R.H. stepped from the cars on to a raised platform covered with scarlet cloth. The Mayor and Council, the Sheriff, members of the Reception Committee and others, stood in a semicircle. Behind them were the ticket holders, and in rear of these was an immense multitude. The Mayor having read the address and received a reply, the Royal party proceeded through the streets to their carriages. Their course up the streets was the finest sight of the kind yet witnessed. The numbers of people on the road, at the windows, and on the roofs, were enormous. Arches very respectable Procession orderly. The scene increased in interest all the way.

On a platform 4,000 school children were collected, and the Prince was so much pleased that he stopped in front, and heard them sing "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and a merry tune with a lively chorus.

They then drove to Mr. Jusons' house, where the Prince and two chief members of his suite were quartered, the others being in Mr. Mc Laren's close by, and the rest in the Royal Hotel.

Wednesday the 19th was passed by the Prince in Hamilton. His first work was a visit to the chief Protestant school, where he received an address, and was conducted by the Principal through the various divisions, where the scholars were all assembled. They sang "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and hurrahed for the Prince of Wales.

He next proceeded to the Royal Hotel to hold a Levee which was numerously attended. Immediately before the general Levee, the Baptist Body presented an address and received a reply, and during the Levee an address was handed in from the Hamilton Association—a scientific body. The Prince then went to the Exhibition grounds.

The exhibition was very successful. The entries were more numerous than at any previous show, and the arrangements gave general satisfaction. The Prince's stay was very short.

He next lunched at the City Hotel, where the chief City Authorities were present.

The next part of the programme was the inauguration of the Water Works, to perform which ceremony the Peerless had been chartered to take the Royal party to the Engine House.

The coachman who drove the Prince's carriage instead of taking them to the wharf, took them to the engine house by land—the consequence was that they arrived too soon, and with great good nature waited for the Peerless until the chairman of the Water Commissioners and other officials should learn of the mistake and come along. They went into the engine house with Mr. Kesler to see the huge machines and otherwise whiled away time for at least half an hour.

Finally the proper parties came, an address was presented, and the Prince again went into the engine room to turn the steam on. The handles by which the throttle valves were to be opened were covered with red velvet; and after turning on one the Prince went to do the same to the other engine. On his going out a jet of water was made to play at least 100 feet high. He then declared the Works inaugurated.

The party then returned on board the Peerless. The Warden and Council of the County were to have met the Prince on his landing with an address, but had no opportunity of doing so.

The Governor General showed considerable vexation, and endeavored to throw the blame on the Water Commissioners.

The Duke and Gen. Bruce explained to the gentlemen how the contrivance had been, and exhibited so much kindness and courtesy that the ruffled temper of the Governor was quite restored.

In the evening the Prince attended the ball in the building especially erected for the purpose, in rear of the American Hotel, which was very handsomely decorated.

THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM PIC-NIC.—This Pic-Nic was organised by the Committee, composed of the leading members of the St. Patrick's and other National Societies, for the benefit of the Orphans, and took place on Thursday afternoon, 13th instant, in the grounds and building erected by the Reception Committee for the grand Ball of the 27th ult. The weather was all that could be desired, and an immense concourse of people of all origins and denominations were present. The arrangements were excellent, and everything was conducted in the best order.

For the lovers of dancing, there were bands of music inside of the building; for the admirers of athletic sports, there were games of leaping, racing, and jumping—amongst which we should notice a "Stilt Race" and a "Potato Race"—on the adjacent grounds; for all there was amusement, and all enjoyed themselves heartily.

At half-past six o'clock, the entertainments were brought to a close with a short but appropriate address from Thos. Ryan, Esq., who, by invitation of the Committee, and as one of the Trustees of the Orphan Asylum, returned thanks to the other Societies for their generous co-operation, and to the citizens generally for their assistance. After this Mr. McGee came forward, and addressed the crowd in his usual happy style, and to the same purport as Mr. Ryan. The party then broke up, well satisfied with their days amusement. The numbers present during the course of the afternoon amounted to several thousands, and the proceeds in aid of the funds of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum amount to the handsome sum of \$700.

It seems that we in our last took too charitable a view of the conduct of the Mayor of Toronto. The Mirror of that City accuses him of deliberate falsehood, in asserting in his letter to the Duke of Newcastle that "the Roman Catholics were quite willing to acquiesce, and did acquiesce," in the substitution of a portrait of the Prince of Orange for that of the Prince of Wales. The Mirror says:—

"Mayor Wilson, in endeavouring to clear himself before the Duke of Newcastle for his miserable conduct in reference to the Orange Arch, was guilty of telling a wilful and deliberate falsehood as follows:—

"That I ought most undoubtedly to have stated the change which was subsequently proposed to be made, and which was afterwards in fact made and although the Roman Catholics were quite willing to acquiesce, and did acquiesce in the alteration."

"Now, the 'alteration' was, placing the image of King William crossing the Boyne on the Arch; and it is utterly untrue that it was ever sanctioned by 'the Roman Catholics.' Mayor Wilson's impudence in telling this lie to the Duke of Newcastle is astonishing."—Toronto Mirror.

After this formal contradiction, it does certainly appear that Mr. Wilson is bound to give the names of those "Roman Catholics who were willing to acquiesce" in a deliberate insult to their religion; and who were foolish enough to interfere in a matter which should have been left to be settled betwixt the Duke of Newcastle and the civic authorities of Toronto. We must confess that we believe that no such acquiescence was expressed, no such impertinent interference attempted. The question—what was fitting or not fitting? in a royal pageant, was a question in which, after the decision of the Duke had been published, no private citizen had any right to interfere, or offer an opinion. The parties interested therein were not Papists on the one hand, and Orangemen on the other, but simply the Duke of Newcastle as the Prince's adviser, and the Mayor of Toronto as representative of the citizens in general. It was not because Orange insignia were offensive to Catholics, but because all party emblems or demonstrations were out of place in a public reception of the Queen's representative, and the heir-apparent to the British throne, that the Duke of Newcastle objected to the preparations of the Orangemen, and insisted upon their discontinuance as the condition, sine qua non, of the Prince's landing; and such being notoriously the case, it would have been a monstrous impertinence, as well as a sneaking concession to the enemies of their religion, for any Catholics to have taken it upon themselves to acquiesce in the retention of any Orange emblems to which the Colonial Secretary had taken exception.—We call therefore upon the Mayor of Toronto—and we hope that our call will be loudly re-echoed by the Catholics of that City—to name the Catholics who expressed their acquiescence in the change of programme with which the Duke of Newcastle was so justly and naturally offended.

And here we may notice an objection that has been urged against the Duke, even by those who admit in the abstract the justice of the principles with regard to party emblems laid down by His Grace. They complain that the Duke was too captious, too lynx-eyed, too willing to note what was offensive; and that having in theory vindicated the principle, he might well for the sake of peace have winked at its occasional infraction.

The answer to this is, that the offensive emblems retained, contrary to the formal promise of the Toronto authorities, on the Orange Arch, were forced upon the notice of the Duke of Newcastle by the Orangemen themselves. A large body of the latter had congregated round their Arch, and as the royal cortege passed beneath, expressed their delight at having entrapped the Prince and his advisers into a quasi-recognition of Orangeism, by yells, cheers, and unearthly screechings. This, coupled with the fact, that no such noisy demonstrations had been made as the other Arches along the line of route were passed, attracted the attention of the royal party, and forced them to see and notice the decorations which, as it was nearly dark, would otherwise have passed unheeded. It was in fact the premature crowing of the Orangemen over their imagined triumph over the scruples of the Duke of Newcastle, and the success of their deliberate breach of faith, that left His Grace no alternative betwixt the course which he actually pursued—that of publicly expressing his disgust at the dirty trick that had been played upon him—or of allowing the Prince, of whose honor he was the appointed guardian, to appear to the world as a double-dealer and as a party to the duplicity of the Toronto Orangemen.—Had it not been for the row which the latter made as the royal party passed beneath their Arch, the fact that thereon was displayed the portrait of the Prince of Orange crossing the Boyne, would have been unsuspected even, by the Duke of Newcastle; but when by their fiendish shouts and yells of exultation they themselves proclaimed the fact to the world, and forced its notice upon their guest by their song of triumph, who can blame the Prince's Mentor for administering a stern rebuke to the treacherous, double-dealing civic official who had entrapped the Prince into a false position?

Of the sentiments of loyalty with which the Toronto Orangemen were animated, we may form a tolerably fair estimate from the assurance given us by the Toronto Colonist—(the Orange organ)—of the 12th inst. Our defunct contemporary tells us—and he speaks with an intimate acquaintance of what had been determined upon in the Orange Council chambers, and under the inspiration of Cameron, Ogle Gowan, and the leaders of the body—that had the Prince and his advisers refused to pass under the Orange Arch after having been entrapped on shore by a deliberate lie:—

"The horses would have been taken from the Royal carriage, and the Prince dragged through the Arch by main force."—Toronto Colonist.

So here we have it upon unexceptionable, because Orange, testimony—upon the testimony of the recognised organ of Cameron, the Orange Grand Master himself—that the low Orange blackguards who do his bidding were prepared to offer personal violence to the son of their Sovereign, to their invited guest, had he

manifested a reluctance to submit to an indignity which they had intended for him.

That Orangemen are essentially disloyal, that Orangeism as it exists in Upper Canada is but "Clear-Gratism" organised, we have always contended; always have we repudiated their pretensions to loyalty and to conservatism. We remember that they are the men who burnt the Parliament House in Montreal a few years ago, and offered personal violence to Her Majesty's representative; we are not surprised therefore that they insult the Prince of Wales, menace the son of their Queen with outrage, and assail his ears with seditious cries for "annexation." We remember their Irish antecedents and their genealogy; that they are the political children of the regicides of the XVII century, the descendants of Cromwellian troopers, and the inheritors of the principles of their rebel fathers. We know too that in Canada, the ranks of Orangeism are mainly recruited from amongst those classes of society which are the most hostile to monarchy and aristocracy in the State, and to episcopacy in the Church—from amongst the most rabid of Protestant dissenters, and the most advanced partisans of Yankee democracy, and European Jacobinism—as their loud clamors for "annexation," as their ardent admiration of Garibaldi, and their loudly expressed approbation of every revolutionary movement, abundantly testify. Far therefore from being surprised at their infamous treatment of the Prince of Wales, we, as loyal subjects, feel very thankful that he has escaped so well from the clutches of the Orange rowdies of Kingston, Toronto, and Upper Canada generally.

CLEAR GRIT CONSISTENCY.—The Clear Grits argue that, as in Canada there is no established Church, no semblance even of any connection betwixt Church and State, the ministers of all religious denominations should be treated alike, and that as before the State all should be on an equal footing. This is the Clear Grit theory; and according to it, it follows that Romish Bishops should, by official personages in Canada, be treated with the same respect and marks of consideration, as are the Bishops of the Anglican church, or the clergy of any other Protestant denomination.

The Clear Grits however complain, and urge as a justification of Orange demonstrations in Upper Canada, that the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, were received by the Prince of Wales, as were the Protestant Bishops and Protestant clergy; that the Prince of Wales visited the Laval University and the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, just as His Royal Highness visited a Protestant University and Protestant educational institutions in Toronto and elsewhere; and that to the Catholic Church and her ministers the same tokens of respect and recognition were given by the Prince and his official advisers, as were by them given to the Bishops of the Anglican church, and the office bearers of other Protestant denominations. The head and front of the Prince's offending is this—"That he admitted to his presence Catholic ecclesiastics, and ecclesiastical bodies, on a footing of perfect equality with Protestant ministers and Protestant bodies corporate generally. This is Clear Grit practice, and we request the reader to contrast it with the Clear Grit theory."

From the discrepancy betwixt the two it is easy to conclude that "religious equality" in the mouth of a Clear Grit means "Protestant Ascendancy;" and that his outcry for impartiality is merely a protest against extending to Catholicity and Catholic educational institutions, the same marks of recognition and respect that Protestants challenge for themselves, and their institutions. How otherwise are we to account for the fact, that the Prince's visit to a Catholic University, and a Catholic seat of education in Lower Canada, is cried out against as an outrage upon Protestantism by the very men who approve of the visits paid by His Royal Highness to a Protestant University, and to Protestant schools in Upper Canada? If all denominations are, as the Globe contends, on a footing of perfect equality in Canada, why should it be more objectionable in the Prince of Wales to visit the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, than to visit a Protestant College at Toronto?

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN THE PAPAL STATES.—So many contradictory reports as to the character and prospects of this body have been circulated, that it is gratifying to find one which bears the stamp of authority. The following is from a Major Howley, formerly an officer in the Tenth Royal Hussars, and now an officer of the Irish Brigade. As the testimony of a gentleman, and of one competent to give an opinion, it will be read with interest, and will serve as an antidote to the malicious forgeries with which the anti-Papal press have of late been filling their columns. Major Howley writes as follows:—

"Spoleto, Pontifical States, Aug. 12. "My Dear — We are now in Spoleto, a town pleasantly situated among the Lower Apennines, and about 75 miles from Rome. We are lodged in the citadel, or castle of the place—a large, gloomy-looking building, situated on a height commanding the town of Spoleto, and distant about half a mile. We are upwards of 800 strong here, and with 450 men at Ancona, will make the total strength of the battalion under Major O'Reilly's command about 1,250 men. The men are for the present dressed like the rest of the pontifical troops—viz, with the red trousers and jacket, and great coat; but the officers are dressed very well in a short double-breasted tunic, with the shamrock buttons, and trousers of green, with a double yellow cloth band cap, the shamrock worked in silver on the front, and a full-dress shako, with the Irish harp in front, surrounded with shamrock leaves. However, we are to have it changed, and the dress for officers and men is to be the Zouave uniform. I shall be very glad of this, for the Zouave uniform is far away the best adapted for fighting. I wish you could see the men, for they are, without exception, the finest body I have seen in any service." "S. Howley."

This letter by no means asserts that of all who left Ireland to take service in the Papal States, none have returned home disappointed; for there are grumblers everywhere; but it is we think conclusive as to the orderly conduct and efficacy of the great majority of the Irish Volunteers.