

price of good government, and of that protection which every well ordered State owes to its people; and he would leave it to history and living memory to decide whether the price paid by the Irish people—their valor, prowess, and devotion on many a hard-fought field—have not been a too liberal compensation for the commodity furnished to them in the way of protection and government. That they had been true to the Sovereign in the most perilous times, and at the most disastrous cost, was obvious. Why they should have been so, was not so clear; nor was it then the time or the place to inquire. He would give them then with great respect for Her Majesty, as a Sovereign, and an amiable woman—"The Queen."

Song—"God Save the Queen," by Mr. Stevenson.
The Toasts of Napoleon III., and the President of the United States, were next proposed by the Chair, and warmly responded to. After which the President gave in a most touching and appropriate speech the Toast of:—

"Ireland, the Land of our Birth."

Song—"Criskeen Lawn," by Mr. Shannon.

Mr. Joseph McCaffrey, in responding to this toast, said—"I regret that the responsibility of replying to so important and patriotic a sentiment should have fallen to my lot; because I am well aware of my incapacity to do it that justice which it so well merits. The last time that I had the pleasure of addressing you on this night twelve months, I expressed a hope that upon subsequent occasions the same joy, the same harmony, and the same national spirit might be manifested; and in giving expression to that wish, I have not been disappointed; for the display made to-day clearly showed that the spark still lives. And again we have met this evening for the purpose of keeping up the remembrance of old days, and to hear something about 'Ireland, the land of our birth.' At all times, and in all places, patriotic Irishmen love to talk of the place of their nativity; but at no time more so than on the 17th of March. It refreshes our minds and animates our hopes when we bring to our recollections the fond memories of dear old Erin; when we think of her past greatness, and the future glory that awaits her; and though last not least, when we think of her expected resurrection from the tomb of despondency and serfdom in which she has lain so long, but from which, and at no distant day perhaps, she will ascend, so surely as to-morrow's sun shall rise. Yes, Ireland, whose green hill sides are ever bathed with the foaming billows of the Atlantic, whose genial climate cannot be surpassed, and whose fertile soil is capable of supporting double the present population; possessing as she does too the resources of a great nation—will not, I trust, remain long what she is—a petty Province—but will rise to the dignity of a nation. It is this hope, this expectation, that keeps alive in the breasts of our ill-treated countrymen at home that national spirit which, I am rejoiced to say, still lives; and which, notwithstanding the efforts of Ireland's enemies, cannot be extinguished. And our own breasts too, and the breasts of thousands of the descendants of Irishmen on this Continent, who never had had the pleasure of treading the green fields of their fathers, are animated with the same sentiments in this strange land. That spirit of nationality and love of country burns as warmly in our bosoms to-day as it did in our fathers', when they rose as one man, and drove the Northern invaders from their shores. In calling to our remembrance the land of our birth, we do so with a feeling of pride and regret. With pride, when we call to mind the many and noble struggles in which our ancestors were engaged, in order to preserve the independence and nationality of their fatherland; but alas! the former has entirely been destroyed, and along with it the happiness and prosperity of the country; but it must be gratifying to know, that the same sentiments of a nation's love still remain alive. And we look with regret, when we remember the wrongs and the miseries which our forefathers had to endure, and which even, at the present day, our countrymen at home are suffering for love of country, and from bad government. It may justly be asked how is it that a land so bountifully blessed by Providence, could be steeped in such misery and wretchedness?—The climate is healthy and the soil fertile. What then can be the cause? Nature has lavished her favors in abundance upon her. For scenery, Ireland stands pre-eminent;—her lovely valleys, her picturesque plains, her verdant fields, her majestic mountains, her ever flowing streams and rivers—are the admiration of all tourists. Some assign one reason, some another, for Ireland's misery. But the real cause is overlooked—the want of a native Parliament. The English Government does not know the wants of the Irish people; if it did, a remedy could be easily applied; or if it does know them, it is not willing to do justice to the people, or raise them from their present enslaved state. But, in justice to the English people, who are a generous and liberty-loving people, I must say that I believe the fault is not theirs. Give to the Irish people a Parliament of their own—such as we have in Canada—a Parliament that will make laws not for a class, but for the benefit of the whole community; and that charge so often made—that the Irish are a discontented people—would no longer be brought against them; then they would be happy, contented, and prosperous. In conclusion, I will here add that the day may not be far distant when Ireland will be prepared to take her stand among the nations of the earth, and become—

"Great, glorious and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The President next proposed:—

"Canada the Land of our Adoption."

Mr. Quinn responded, saying that Great Britain might boast of wooden walls, and France of great armies; but the peculiar happiness of Canada was that she possessed an industrious, thriving population, with no necessity for those costly means of defence.

The President after saying a few words in eulogy of the Preacher of the day, gave the next Toast:—

"The Preacher of the day, and Catholic Hierarchy and Clergy of Canada."

Mr. Ivers believed that the most intimate feel-

ing of the heart of every man present must respond to that toast. The preacher of the day had exhibited the example of a Christian orator, to whom any Christian, no matter of what Church, might have listened, without offence, but, on the contrary, with pleasure. He trusted that the lesson of union they had heard inculcated would not be lost—union among Irishmen—among fellow-Catholics—among all Christians and among all mankind. For his own part his whole heart was in Ireland. He could adopt no other land; but others considered this as the land of their adoption, and the lesson of the day was, that in this adopted land every good feeling should exist between Irishmen, and all men. If the spirit of the Catholic clergy were generally understood, he was sure that the best sentiments would be felt towards them by all, for they constantly inculcated obedience to the government, and respect even for those who differed from them. But the Catholic must especially regard them with affection, feeling that wherever even his temporal interests were concerned he had their sympathy and aid, and that from them he learned to obey the magistrate; but to obey not as a slave; but as panting for liberty and ever ready to defend it by all constitutional means.

The President proposed—
"The Sister Societies."

Mr. Stevenson replied for the Caledonian Society, expressing regret that the representatives of older Societies were not present; and saying that if the Presidents were unable to attend, he thought they might have found some members of their Societies to take their place. He was not one of those who objected to the observance of days. He thought, on the contrary, that the national spirit, at least so far as it had been carried in Montreal, had done good, and quoted from the Lay of the Minstrel—"Breathes there a man, &c." If there were such a man, he was to have no sympathy from the members of the St. Patrick's Society. Mr. Stevenson concluded by proposing the health of the President.

The President, in returning thanks, called on the Vice-President for a toast.

Mr. Sharpley, (Vice-President,) considering that brevity was the soul of wit, would simply give the toast of the Mayor and Corporation.—He regretted the absence of the Mayor, for, if he had not greatly instructed them, he would, had he been present, by his happy manner certainly have amused them. (Laughter.)

The President said that, speaking of great men, it was usual to drop the additions to their names. This was a mode of signaling their greatness, and he, therefore, simply proposed the next toast in the one word—

"O'Connell."

Mr. Kearney, in speaking to this toast, said it was well known that, at the time when O'Connell came forward, among all the great men whom Ireland boasted, there was not one of sufficient patriotism and liberality to take the stand that he took—to go down to Clare and stand against the Government candidate. When he was returned, he was denied access to Parliament by the Sergeant-at-Arms, by the demand to subscribe to the 39 Articles. He refused; was admitted to the Bar to argue his right; and shortly, by his eloquence, convinced that noble audience of the propriety of doing justice to Ireland. He must say that he believed O'Connell to have been the most generous of all Ireland's patriotic sons, for he had sacrificed his property through life, and at last sacrificed life itself in his country's cause.

The other regular toasts were the Press and the Ladies, which were duly proposed, drank and responded to; the last in a most eloquent speech by Mr. Ivers.

After this came the volunteer toasts of No. 4 and No. 5 Militia Companies, and Smith O'Brien. After which the party broke up.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—Whilst the feelings of enthusiasm (which though never dormant, are always increased by the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint) still warm my bosom, allow me, Sir, to attempt giving a short and imperfect account of our proceedings in Kingston on the 17th of March. The day was beautiful, reminding us in its balmy breeze of the lovely days of May. At an early hour crowds were already collected in the principal streets; nor was it hard to discover what caused their appearance, for every where the eyes rested on the well known and dearly beloved insignia of Irishmen—the Shamrock.

"The green immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock."

At the appointed hour, the procession having formed at the City Hall, wended its way towards the Cathedral, headed by the Volunteer Rifles, under the command of Major and Captain O'Reilly; and well they all looked marching along with measured step, their handsome green plumes waving in the morning breeze. Following them came the children of the Christian Brothers' School, carrying their very nice Banners. Now the eye is dazzled by the Sunburst banner, in which we behold the hero of the day—him whom we honor—the glorious St. Patrick. The Banner of the Cross—that Cross the Christian's most precious treasure, and his consolation midst the afflictions of life—followed; and then the members of St. Patrick's Society. Two splendid Bands of music accompanied the Procession, playing the familiar and heart-stirring tunes of old Ireland. As we entered the Church, St. Patrick's Day burst from the rich tones of the organ. The Altars looked beautiful, dressed in their richest ornaments. Mass was solemnly celebrated by the Very Rev. Mr. MacDonnell, Vicar-General of Kingston, assisted by the Revs. Messrs. Canney and O'Brien. The music during Mass was well executed, and at intervals the melodies of our Father-land fell softly on the ear. His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston delivered the Sermon—a Sermon full of that warm pathetic feeling which cannot but be the echo of a truly Irish heart. After having given a brief sketch of St. Patrick's life and Apostolic labours, he adverted to the sufferings of the Irish exiles; and spoke in glowing terms of the ardent and lively faith which had ever been the glory of our forefathers, as it should be considered as the most precious inheritance they had left to their descendants.

At the close of Divine Service the procession once more formed its ranks, and proceeded through the principal streets to the City Hall. Here the President of the Society delivered a very appropriate and eloquent address, congratulating the members of the Society on the truly national feeling they had that day shown; and after three hearty cheers for our beloved Queen the members of the Society retired to

their houses, delighted with the manner in which Kingston had done honor to the Apostle of the Emerald Isle.

Let Rome vaunt her Caesars, France her long succession of powerful monarchs, England her renowned Generals and astute statesmen. We will rejoice in the memory of our glorious Apostle, the founder of our National Church, and, therefore, the founder of our true and solid glory.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

AN IRISH VOLUNTEER.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PERTH.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Perth, C.W., 18th March, 1859.

DEAR SIR—Having had the pleasure of being present, as one of the guests of the Very Rev. J. H. Mc'Donagh, V.C., at yesterday's celebration of the Anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint by the St. Patrick's Society of Perth; I was so delighted with all I saw and heard, that I resolved on sending you the following notice of the day's proceedings, with the request, however, that if you receive a more faithful account thereof, from any other source, you will at once consign this one to perdition. The rising sun of the 17th inst., ushered in as bright and genial a morning as one could reasonably look for even during the merry month of May. There was nothing to damp, but everything apparently calculated to cheer up the naturally buoyant spirits of the Sons of Erin. And certainly those of them residing in the Town of Perth and its environs, have not yet lost much of their former patriotism, if I might judge by the numbers that assembled here on yesterday to honor the memory of that Saint who first kindled the spark of divine faith in the hearts of our forefathers. At an early hour the members of the St. Patrick's Society marshalled their numbers in the neighborhood of the old Catholic Church, where they were joined by the children of the Perth Catholic Separate School over one hundred in number, and bearing flags, badges and shamrocks as well as their seniors. Here they organized their procession, placing in the van the children headed by the St. Patrick banner, next to them came the Brass Band, followed by the regular members of the Society. In this order they marched, to the soul-stirring strains of national music, in the direction of their beautiful new church. Having arrived at the church door, they were joyously welcomed in by the loud peals of the Organ playing the time-honored air, St. Patrick's Day. The celebration of the Grand Mass was the Rev. Henry Byrne, of Brockville; and we may well believe that it gave an impetus to the devotion of the congregation to hear a native of their own Town, and a true Son of St. Patrick, sing Mass in that soft, rich, and plaintive melodious tone of voice which is peculiar to the Irish race, and is the surest way of reaching to their inmost hearts. The other ministers at the Altar were the Very Rev. Mr. Hay of St. Andrews, as assistant Priest, Rev. J. S. O'Connor of Cornwall, and Rev. J. J. McCarthy of Williamstown, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon, with the Rev. J. V. Foley of Westport as Master of the Ceremonies. After the first Gospel, the Rev. Peter O'Connell of Richmond ascended the pulpit, and having chosen as his text the last two verses of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew, delivered a discourse replete with genuine piety, and devotion to fatherland.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Mass was continued with touching solemnity. Webb's Grand Mass in C, having been well rendered by an efficient choir, with Miss Mary Daly of Cornwall presiding at the Organ, and acquitting herself very creditably indeed. As soon as Mass was over the immense congregation left the church, after a few words of seasonable advice from their venerable Pastor; who earnestly exhorted them to conduct themselves respectfully during the day.—Having organized their procession, they marched through several streets, returning finally in front of the Vicarage to pay their respects to their worthy President; after which they quietly dispersed, and prepared to meet again at 7.30 p.m., in the Separate School Rooms which were tastefully decorated for the occasion, when some eighty persons partook of an excellent dinner, served up in Mr. Hinch's best style. In the absence of their chief President, Very Rev. J. H. Mc'Donagh, who gave a private dinner to his brother clergymen at his own Residence, the two Vice Presidents, M. Stanley, Esq., and S. Foote, Esq., did the honors of the table. Dinner being past, over, the President and his friends entered the room, and remained until after the proposal of the toasts which are given below, and which were handsomely prefaced by the President, and eloquently responded to by the gentlemen called on to do so. In his response to the voluntary toast in honor of the Rev. stranger guests, the Very Rev. Dean Hay was remarkably happy, and to the point. The Very Rev. President had a most difficult duty to discharge in replying to the toast of his health, as the Priest of Perth for the last twenty years, which was respectfully and feelingly proposed by the first Vice President, Michael Stanley, Esq. In a few pithy words the Vicar General admitted the charge brought against him of having effected a vast amount of good in the interests of religion during the period of his sojourn in Perth, but contended that it was entirely attributable to the providence of God, who seconded his weak efforts and brought them to a happy consummation. He concluded by invoking a blessing upon all present, and urging them to repair to their respective homes ere the small hours began,—an advice which I suppose was faithfully observed. I will now close this lengthy notice by giving the number of toasts, with the order in which they were proposed.

"Our Sovereign Pontiff, Pío Nono."
"The Queen."
"The Hierarchy of Ireland and of Canada."
"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."
"Canada, the land of our adoption."
"Thos. D'Arcy M'Gee, M.P.P., a True Irishman, and consistent lover of his Country."
"The Ladies."

Thus did the Irishmen of Perth celebrate St. Patrick's Day in the year 1859; may their shadow never grow less.

Yours truly,

SHAMROCK.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN FRESKOTT.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Frescott, March 21st, 1859.

Mr. Editor—Feeling assured that you take a special delight in giving publicity to whatever is calculated to elevate the character of Irishmen, I therefore, with much pleasure, send you a brief account of our proceedings at Prescott on St. Patrick's Day. The first event worthy of notice, was that the male children of the Catholic Separate School, numbering about one hundred, marched at the last toll of the bell, two deep, from the school house to the Church, presenting a beautiful appearance indeed. They were neat and clean, decorated with green ribbons and shamrocks, and manifested in their countenances the heavenly joy of their souls, at having the pleasure to take part in celebrating the anniversary of their Patron Saint. Next came the St. Patrick's Brass Band, from the Hall, followed by hundreds of true-hearted Irishmen; who came far and near to pay their tribute of honor to the "Day." The Band played many national airs in the Church, in a manner creditable to themselves, and delightful to all who heard them. After Mass the Rev. Father Roche delivered a sermon of an hour and half's duration; in attempting to praise, which words would fail me; I can only state that I never heard such a discourse before, and I left the church exceedingly proud of him; whilst I am sure the Catholics of Prescott feel proud to have such an eloquent orator as their Parish Priest. His Text was, "Behold I have given thee to be the light of the Gentiles, that thou mayest be a salvation even to the furthest part of the earth. Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, his holy One, to the

soul that is despised, to the nation that is abhorred, to the servant of rulers." Isaiah 49, chap. 6, 7, v.—During the remainder of the Day, the Band played through the town, and kept up uninterruptedly the celebration of our national festival, from an early hour until late at night. The Dinner took place at 8 o'clock, and great praise is due to the worthy host (Mr. Northrop) for the taste and skill displayed by him on the occasion. I shall proceed to give you a list of the Toasts drunk on the occasion; whilst as to the responses, I need only tell you, that each and every one of them justly deserves publication.

1. "The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX." Drunk with religious enthusiasm which lasted some time. Band, "The Pope's March."
2. "Her Majesty the Queen." Band, "God Save the Queen."
3. "Prince Albert and Royal Family." Band, "British Quick Step."
4. "The Day we celebrate, and all who honor it." Band, "Patrick's Day."

After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Edward Crichton responded in an eloquent manner.

5. "The Emperor of the French." Band, "Le Parisien."

6. "The President of the United States." Band, "Hail Columbia."

7. "Ireland, the Land of Genius and Hospitality." Band, "Erin is my Home."

Responded to by Mr. Francis Culhane, who certainly did the subject every justice.

Song, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," by Mr. McCarthy.

8. "The Army and Navy." Band, "Rule Britannia."

Responded to by Lieut. Armstrong, No. 1 Company, Prescott Rifles.

Song, "The Red Cross Banner" by Mr. Thompson.

9. "The Poets, Orators, and Statesmen of our Native Land." Band, "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall."

Responded to by Mr. Mangano.

Song, "By Mr. Hugh Gallagher."

10. "The Mayor and Town Council of Prescott." Band, "Quick Step."

The Mayor, B. White, Esq., and E. Mundle, Esq., responded in their usual happy style.

11. "The Land we left and the Land we live in." Band, "The Exile of Erin."

Responded to by Mr. H. Gallagher, in very fluent and rhetorical language.

Song, "Molly Bawn," by Mr. Thompson.

12. "The Memory of O'Connell." Drunk in solemn silence.

13. "The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle." Band, "Sprig of Shillelagh." Responded to by Mr. Brynne in sweet and beautiful language.

Song, by Mr. F. Culhane, "Here we're met like good friends."

14. "The Commercial and Agricultural Interests of Canada." Band, "Speed the Plough." Responded to by Messrs. Gray and Murdoch in an experienced and masterly manner.

15. "The Professions of Canada." Band, "Quick Step."

16. "Our Sister Societies." Band, "Auld Lang Syne." Responded to by Mr. McFarland, in a manner nothing inferior to his fellow-responders.

Song, by D. J. Flynn.

17. "The Ladies, God bless them." Band, "Nora Creina."

18. "Our Guests." Band, "Quick Step."

19. "Our Host." Band, "We won't go home till morning." Our Host, Mr. Northrop, returned thanks with the usual grace of Hosts, on such occasions.

The President having announced that his list was through, called on the Vice-President Mr. J. Disette, when the following volunteer Toasts were given and received with enthusiasm.

"The President (Daniel Conway, Esq.) of St. Patrick's Society." The President returned thanks.

"The Vice-President"—who responded, and delivered an eloquent discourse on behalf of the society over which he presided as such.

"The Rev. E. P. Roche, our respected Pastor"—was proposed by the Vice-President, and received with protracted cheers and one cheer more. Band, "Garryowen."

"The St. Patrick's Brass Band." Responded to by D. H. Bowen, (Band Master,) in appropriate terms; after which the festivities were kept up with songs, &c., till a late hour. I remain yours, &c.,

CATHOLICS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. HYACINTHE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

St. Hyacinthe, March 17, 1859.

DEAR SIR—Your kind attention to all that relates to the interest and advancement of Irishmen, induces me to furnish for insertion in your able conducted, and widely circulated paper a few details of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in this place.

The Irishmen of St. Hyacinthe, animated by that zeal which burns in the breast of every son of Erin, determined in not being behind in paying the tribute of respect to the Saint of their birth. Although few in number, they were still animated by a desire to contribute their mite, and join with their brethren all over the world, in the communion of kindred hearts, assembled on this day to celebrate the Anniversary of their country.

The Cathedral was richly decorated with the emblems of Erin—the Green Banner and Shamrock, hang side by side with the Tricolor and Maple Leaf of Canada, our adopted country.

Grand Mass was celebrated by the Reverend M. Lafrance. His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, and a large number of the Clergy assisting—each wearing the time-honored emblem of Ireland's Patron and Ireland's Faith.

A very able and appropriate sermon was delivered by the Reverend Mr. O'Donnell, P.P. of St. Hyacinthe; and as he recalled to memory the scenes of their childhood, and the recollections of far-distant friends, many a stout heart swelled with emotion beneath the Shamrock of his country.

Our most sincere thanks are due to the Clergy for the ardor shown on this and similar occasions; and also to our Canadian friends for their liberal patronage and kind assistance.

The ladies largely contributed, with their well executed music and sweet voices, to enhance the pleasures of the day.

Hoping that another year we may have something still better—I am, yours truly,

SARSFIELD B. NAGLE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT QUEBEC.—We regret that as yet we have not heard from any of our Quebec friends concerning their celebration of the "Day." The *Vindicator* contains a full report, but unfortunately, did not reach us till we were going to press.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—Please give insertion to the following:—

At the Regular Monthly Meeting of the Cobourg St. Patrick's Society, the following persons were unanimously elected Office-Bearers for the ensuing year:—

Thomas Heenan, Esq.—President.
Joseph Pigeon, Esq.—First Vice-President.
John Keavin, Esq.—2nd Do.
Michael Cunningham—Corresponding Secretary.
Denis Feely—Recording Secretary.
Edward Lawder—Treasurer.
Patrick Keown—Marshal.
John Kewin, Jun.—Deputy Marshal.
Standing Committee—Charles Craig, Daniel Donegan, Edward Farry, James Feely, James Murphy, Peter Mounie, Peter Cummins, Daniel M'Alister, Cornelius Powers, and Michael Curtin.
MONK. CUNNINGHAM, Cor. Sec.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications unavoidably postponed till our next, from want of room.

ST. PATRICK'S EVENING IN TORONTO—PROCESSION OR NO PROCESSION.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, 23rd March, 1859.

SIR—I solicit the favor of being permitted, through the columns of your journal, to make a few remarks upon the extraordinary speech attributed by the *Globe* to Mr. M'Gee, as having been delivered upon the evening of last St. Patrick's Day in Toronto.—And I do so, because I feel that it is an imperative duty to protest against the language used by that gentleman in his uncalculated denunciation of St. Patrick's Day Processions. Here are his words, as I find them reported in the *Globe*, of the 18th instant. Speaking of the Procession, Mr. M'Gee said:—

"But still he [Mr. M'Gee] was happy to be on this platform on such an occasion. In his judgment they had this day taken a wise step in declining the usual procession. [Cheers.] He knew how great a deprivation the loss of their annual walk was to many. He knew the young men especially, who liked to show off their new spring clothes, felt it much. But he would leave it to the reflection of the youngest man hereafter to say; if this method of observing the day; if this method with the statement of the country who honoured us with their presence; if this method of throwing open our doors to any of our fellow-citizens who chose to join in spending two or three hours thus pleasantly was not much more rational, much more reasonable, much more likely to inspire the community with respect for the good sense of the people of the country to which he belonged; than any draggled procession through the muddy thoroughfares of this great city. [Cheers.] He believed these processions had done more to bring ridicule upon the Irish people than ever they brought good."

Now, I ask, are the sentiments here attributed to Mr. M'Gee such as we had a right to expect from a Catholic Irishman upon such an occasion, and in such a position? Or is it possible that Mr. M'Gee has formed so low an estimate of the religious faith of his countrymen as to believe that in their celebration of St. Patrick's Day, they are influenced by no higher or holier motive than a mere desire to exhibit themselves in their "new spring clothes." The "community," said he—[but what community?—"will respect the good sense of the people to whom he" (Mr. M'Gee) "belonged," for abstaining from any such "draggled processions." Again, I ask, is it this, and with such vulgar slang, that a Catholic Irishman should designate a solemn procession, sanctioned by his religion, personally participated in by the Priests of his Church, and exclusively composed of his own countrymen—the people to whom he belongs?

Sir, it is painful to me to be obliged to make these reflections; but they are forced from me by the conviction that silence under the circumstances would be criminal. Nay more, I unhesitatingly assert that the reported speech of Mr. M'Gee, from which I have taken the above extract, is a public insult to every man, priest or layman, here or elsewhere, who ever took part in the annual procession on St. Patrick's Day; and that he should be called upon as publicly to apologise for the shameful misrepresentation of which, in this particular, he apparently has been guilty. How different was the language of the Hon. Mr. Foley, who spoke upon the same occasion. That gentleman, although a Protestant Irishman, did not imitate Mr. M'Gee's example. On the contrary, in the course of a truly eloquent and appropriate speech, he took occasion to rebuke the intolerant spirit displayed by the Orangemen of Toronto. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians, said Mr. Foley, may celebrate their National Festivals, when, as often, and in any manner, they please. But not so the Irish; they, and they only, must abstain from the exercise of this right in Orange Toronto, or prepare to encounter deeds of violence, bloodshed, and perhaps murder. And at whose hands, if not at those of the Orange despots who are now, and ever were, leagued against us?

Shall we then, who despise their menaces, obey their commands, and surrender at their dictation a right, the free exercise of which we hold to be a sacred duty. No, Sir, never, never. Let Orange bigotry manifest itself in any form it pleases, of the Irishmen of Montreal it never, I trust, shall be said that they have, through fear or favor, shrunk from the accustomed celebration of St. Patrick's Day.—Yes! let who will ridicule our mode of celebrating it, we will in this way continue publicly to acknowledge our gratitude to God for the religion he implanted in Ireland through the ministry of St. Patrick; nor shall we at the same time blush to own ourselves humble followers of His faithful servant, our blessed and glorious Apostle. In fine, come what may, here at any rate, the Banner of St. Patrick shall be unfurled; and on the 17th Day of every succeeding March, be seen proudly waving over the heads of the "draggled" processionists, while there is an Irishman left to defend it. In conclusion, permit me again to say that I heartily regret the necessity which has elicited these few observations; and that I sincerely hope Mr. M'Gee will immediately relieve his friends from the painful position in which his speech, as reported in the *Globe*, has placed them, by a frank and public acknowledgment of the grievous error he has so unaccountably committed.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

ANONYMOUS PUBLICATIONS.—Some precious fellow has been at the trouble of sending us one of these documents through the Post; in which the writer amuses himself with heaping invectives upon the head of Mr. Sadlier. In that it is anonymous, it is evidently the production of a mean spirited fellow; and we would not deign to honor it with a passing notice, but that the name of the True Witness is therein most impudently mentioned. We take this opportunity then of assuring the writer—should these lines meet his eye—that the True Witness entertains no feelings save those of contempt for the anonymous slanderer; that it spurns his professions of good will, manifested in such an ungentlemanly and unchristian manner; and that it repudiates his principles, as upon a par with his grammar and orthography. The man who can descend so low as to abuse a rival in such terms as those which the Quebec writer employs against Mr. Sadlier, and who favors us with such an extraordinary specimen of orthography as—"hipocrite"—is beneath the notice of any gentleman; and the only favor that we would ask of him, is, that he would henceforward favor the True Witness with his hostility. His friendship and good will we utterly repudiate. "Haud tibi auxilio, non defensoribus istis."

Birth.

At Sorel, C. E., on the 16th inst., the wife of James Morgan, Esq., Merchant, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 22nd instant, Elizabeth O'Grady, beloved wife of Thomas Dowd, aged 36 years.
In this city, on the 22nd instant, Maria Macdonagh, the beloved wife of Mr. Henry Prince, aged 34 years.

In Montreal, on the 21st instant, after a painful illness of four days, Ann Mary M'Hugh, the beloved wife of W. F. Cronin, Esq., aged 45 years.

In this city on the 23rd inst., Mary Corrigan, relict of the late James Irvine, aged 68 years, a native of the County Fermanagh, Ireland. May her soul rest in peace.

Those who take great pleasure in calling the attention of those who may wish to procure New Garments to Mr. Gareau's Clothing Establishment, No. 271 Notre Dame Street, as being the best and cheapest, and where purchasers may rely on being served with punctuality and uprightness.