

The English strove, with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green-hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous track,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won.
And as they rested their wearied arms from slaughter,
We may well imagine them breathing the wish another poet has thus expressed:—

"We pray that Heaven would grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear soil,
Like that of Fontenoy!"

What thoughts were theirs, as they surveyed that field, or knelt—for the spirit of ancient piety had not yet departed—before their cruciform-bilted swords, and improvised their own *Te Deum*!—What thoughts were King George's when the imprecation on the Penal Laws was wrong from him by the tidings of the defeat sustained on the very verge of victory! Aye! the value of the men who, if they had dwelt disarmed in Ireland, willing, or at least silent slaves, would have been despised and despoiled, was now beginning to be felt, even by the House of Brunswick. Though they did not all see it, Fontenoy was fought for Ireland. Their value read by the lights that burned in Notre Dame, and proclaimed by the bells that pealed victory over France—their value was beginning to be felt, and the first lever applied to the Penal fabric has for its fulcrum the field of Fontenoy!

It is utterly impossible for me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to follow up in detail the after-fortunes of the Brigade. They served in India under their countryman Lally, Captain-General of Pondicherry, at Osmego and Fort William Henry, under the Marquis of Montcalm—the hero—one of the heroes of Quebec—in the war of the American Revolution under Rochambeau and Count Dillon, and in the French West Indies.—Their most celebrated officers in the latter ages were Lally, the Brothers Dillon, Jennings, (better known by his French title, Kilmaine), and Daniel O'Connell, the uncle of the Liberator.—Lally's execution—reversed long after through the filial devotion of his son—is justly called "a stain on the judicial character" of Louis XVI. One of the Dillon's was literally torn to pieces by a frantic mob at Lisle; the other died on the steps of the Tuilleries in defence of Marie Antoinette—the remembrance of his devotion drew from her the thrilling exclamation in her darkest hour—"Alas! there are no more Dillons." Kilmaine entered the service of the Republic, and won his highest honors under Bonaparte. Count O'Connell and the majority of the officers and men, "emigrated" with the French Princes—afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X., in 1791. It was to this gallant remnant the Princes presented a banner with this motto—

"1692—1792.
"Semper ubique fides!"

"Always, and everywhere faithful!"—aye! they were. Faithful to the unhappy King they had first sworn to serve; faithful to King Louis, who had adopted them in their exile; faithful to the death like Sarsfield and the Dillons; faithful to their standards, their traditions and their God.—They rose out of the English, and they disappear in the French revolution. Like one of those migratory flocks common in your climate at this season, stretching across a clouded sky, now depressed, now elated, exulting in their strength, or waiting for lost brethren—they stretch across that dismal penal century, pursuing their way seemingly, but not really without a Providential direction. Illustrious men! who can contemplate your glorious brotherhood without emotion? What Irish heart will not throb with pride at the mention of Cremona, of Almanza, of Fontenoy? I invite you, my too indulgent friends, to study for yourselves the history of the Irish Brigade. You will see in their lives better than anywhere else I know, how it was some thousands of gallant men, scattered throughout Europe in the last century, made the Irish name respectable and influential. It is certainly not very safe to insult a man with a sword by his side; but it is not alone this sort of effect—to which I allude—though it is pleasant to see arms in the hands of our friends. Their capacity for command over themselves and others was demonstrated by several of these men as Commandants of Belgrade, Prague, Cadix, Majorca, Grodno, and other frontier posts and citadels of the first consequence; we can count among them Marshals of France, of the Empire and of Russia; Aulic Counsellors at Vienna; General Officers in the Spanish, Sardinian, Bavarian, and Neapolitan services. I hope I do not lay myself open to the charge recently made by an eastern Canadian paper, of claiming every important personage that rises in the world as an Irishman—no, I hope, will ever have the presumption to claim that illustrious Editor as one—still I can not help saying that the ancestors of the O'Dillon Barrets, the Daltons, Shees, the Cavaignacs, and MacMahons of France were Irish exiles; that the O'Sullivan's of Belgium, the O'Donnells of Spain, and the Nugents of Austria are equally Irish. The father of the present Count O'Donnell of Austria was refused admittance to the presence of his uncle, an illustrious Austrian officer, because he could not speak Irish; and the cadet had to return to the Irish convent at Prague to learn the Celtic tongue before his uncle would recognise him. Some may think this was going too far—but is it not on such extremes that national devotion depends? The late Prime Minister of Spain when Governor of Cuba, (as his countryman, Don Alexander O'Reilly, had been before him) maintained a cordial correspondence with the Baltimore O'Donnells, his distant relatives, and always spoke of his Milesian blood. And so with all the rest: they were men too intelligent not to know, and too brave not to vindicate, the true character of their ancestors.

Nor was it by the sword alone they rose.—With the eloquence of their island, (you can knock an orator out of any bush in Ireland), they could hardly fail to be courtiers. The Swiss and the Hessians have bravely served foreign Princes, and have been rewarded in titles and with wealth.

But I am not aware that any fact like this can be told of any other military order of exiles—that in 1809, the portfolios of war were held in five different European Cabinets by five Irishmen—Clark (Duc de Feltre) in France; an O'Donnell, in Spain; a Nugent, in Austria; a Kavanagh, in Bavaria; and Lord Castlereagh (though we don't boast of him) was virtually War Minister of England. In the Memoirs of the Russian Princess, Daschkoff, the friend of Catherine the Great, she speaks of meeting at Berlin or Vienna, as well as I remember, three ambassadors from different Courts, all Irishmen. Quite recently when the Duke of Brabant was betrothed to an Austrian Princess, the proxy for the King of Belgium was the Count O'Sullivan; for the Emperor, Count O'Donnell. The mere *sabreur* does not rise to such trusts and honors as these; nor can men of any exotic race, acquire such dignities, closely contested as they are, and ought to be, by natives, without possessing surpassing claims to them.

My friends, the illustrious generations of whom I speak left the name of Irishmen respected throughout the earth at the close of the last century. The Orators, the Poets, and the Patriots of Ireland, did not all die with that era. We inherit their example and their history. It is true we do not dwell on an equally divided continent, where the sword is the beam of the balance of power. One great American State alone exists in our day. The rest have no foreign, and no continental policy. Our times, thank God, are, at present, peaceful; and long may they continue so! Our prospects, our duties, our dangers, rise out of the political order. We are an industrial army, conquering a continent for generations unborn. Look around you, and ask yourselves if we have advanced Irish character as far in our generation as those of whom I have spoken did in their days? If not, why not? Are the odds against us greater? Hath not "peace its victories no less renowned than war"? Are our relations and children less dear to us than to the men of the camp? I will not attempt to answer these pregnant questions; I leave them to your own private consideration.

My countrymen by birth, I address myself to you. I have chosen this subject to demonstrate before you that our race may be as great in action as they are admittedly in speculation. Their presence of mind, their sustained vigor, when disciplined, may be made quite equal to their natural gifts; the contrary opinion is all an invention of the enemy. It is the worst and subtlest of all the forms of Imperial injustice—this foul conspiracy against the genuine Irish character.

Gentlemen, my countrymen by birth of the Canadian Volunteers, I beg you to accept my grateful thanks for your invitation and your presence here to-night. My heart warms to the color that you wear. It is Nature's own undying uniform with which she clothes her fields and forests, in her seasons of activity and fruition.—It was stained with our Sarsfield's blood, and it glittered on our Grattan's breast. You may well be proud of it, Gentlemen, and I have no doubt the land of your birth, and still more Canada, whom you serve, will have good reason to be proud of it should foreign or domestic danger call you—(which God forbid)—to prove once again as often of old, the valor of "the men who wear the green."

Ladies and Gentlemen, my duties call me elsewhere; but I assure I will ever look back to this night with pleasure, and to my friends in Montreal with feelings of lively gratitude. I now bid you from the depths of my heart—"Good bye!"—and good night!

The prophetic mantle has descended upon the shoulders of the *Toronto Colonist* who, in his character of political seer, divulges to the people of Canada their political future. From whatever source however his inspiration may proceed, we are by no means disposed to underrate the warnings he gives. Here for instance is the vision that our cotemporary of Toronto did see on the "School Question."

Having foretold the meeting of our Legislature in February next, he breaks out in the following strain: "As to the difficulties which may arise about measures, these, we apprehend, will be all easily enough got over; for the Government is of that expansive, or India rubber character, that it can be stretched over any given surface of measures, or contracted to suit any policy, however narrow. We have, for example, the vexed and interminable school question brought up by the Roman Catholic party of Upper Canada with more than ordinary pertinacity. Not only are important extensions of the separate or sectarian principle demanded, but Dr. Ryerson himself is pointed at as a grievance that must be got rid of, or an educational *Marplot* that should be no longer left to disturb the country. Now this question, threatening as it may seem, will, we are certain, be shelved in some way or other. Mr. Cauchon's paper—the *Journal de Quebec*—has already stated, that the Roman Catholics of Upper Canada enjoy greater privileges and immunities than the Protestants of Lower; and the *Catholic Citizen*, which urges the extension of the sectarian principle, supports the very Government whose chief officer, if not whose chief minister, thus puts a wet blanket round the separate school agitation. When papers are guilty of these inconsistencies, it is not difficult to tell what they will do when a ministerial crisis comes on. They will abandon their ground either to keep their implacable enemies out of power, or they will endeavor to gain time for a more vigorous and effective effort to carry out their views in future. Whatever their talk, or whatever their determinations may be at present, we have sufficient experience of their past conduct to satisfy us, that the present Ministry will never go out of office on the separate school question. So long as the Hastings road is a temptation for settlement, and so long as George Brown aims at the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the separate school question may be vigorously written about by Roman Catholic journals: but it will be dropped the moment a real difficulty arises, or the moment its agitation might eventuate in a *Clear Grit* Government. This was the case last session; and it will be the case again. The question will be log-rolled from the beginning to the end of the session, when some negative and time-serving politician will get up and propose that things had better remain as they are; and journalists had better bottle up their thunder for

Alas for the credit of our Catholic press, the severe remarks of the *Toronto Colonist* upon the *Catholic Citizen*, are but too true! By its venality and tergiversation on the "School Question," as exposed in another column, the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto has done more to retard the settlement of that question, and to rivet the chains of "State-Schoolism" upon our necks, than has been done by Mr. G. Brown, and the most rabid Protestant fanatics of the Province.

future use. The schools will therefore be left to take care of themselves; and Dr. Ryerson will enjoy the satisfaction of confidential correspondence with great ministers of state; whilst their chief supporters will abuse him, and Mr. O'Farrell, or some other equally influential member of Parliament, will talk for his allowing preaching in school houses, and palm-singing, instead of singing to the tune of hickory gads and birch brooms, in the colleges for the million."

That this will be the case is certain, if the Catholics of Canada are either foolish enough to allow themselves to be again galled by the *verbiage* of those who make a trade of practising on their credulity—or if they are dishonest enough to prefer their private material interests, to those of the Church, and the spiritual welfare of their descendants. If, however better counsels prevail—as we trust they may—if the Catholics of Canada generally, will but show themselves determined—no matter what the consequences upon the fate of the Ministry—to obtain a full and lasting measure of "Freedom of Education" for themselves and their children, the vision of the *Colonist* will be but a lying vision. All depends on themselves; the issue is in their own hands, and all that is wanted is vigour and singleness of purpose. With these, and exercising them under the control and guidance of the Pastors of the Church, Catholics cannot fail of success.

We do not mean that any important amendments can be made in the existing laws, so as to render them just and acceptable to Catholics. Our present system is an absurd jumble of incongruous principles. Professing to be "Common," it is at the same time "Separate;" and the inevitable result of the attempt to reconcile irreconcilables, and to harmonise two contradictory, has been to produce universal dissatisfaction. Already, thank God, symptoms are not wanting that, in despair of arriving at a satisfactory solution of the "School Question," a large, influential, and daily increasing portion of our Protestant fellow citizens in the Upper Province are prepared to abolish *in toto* our present School laws, and to fall back upon the "Voluntary Principle," in education as in religion; not as the best conceivable system, not indeed as one desirable *per se*, but as the only system possible in Upper Canada, for the support either of Church or School, if the Separate, or "Denominational" system be abolished.

The policy of Catholics should be therefore to encourage, and strengthen the hands of this party. This they can do by obstinately persisting in forcing the discussion of the "School Question" on the Legislature. They must not allow "a wet blanket"—as the *Colonist* calls it—"to be put round the school agitation"; they must not allow the question to drop for one moment; but must keep it as a perpetual thorn in the side of every Ministry, galling and tormenting them, till through sheer disgust at the "interminable" nuisance, they shall be glad to get rid of it upon any terms. In a word, it should be our policy to keep this question so prominently before the Legislature, and to insist upon it with such pertinacity, as to make it the chronic difficulty of every Ministry, and a stumbling block to all legislators of all shades of political opinion. By thus urging it, in season and out of season, and refusing to listen to any terms of compromise, or propositions of postponement, the time of the Legislature will be wasted in endless and angry discussion, the public business of the country will be interrupted, and brought to a standstill—and all parties will be heartily glad to be rid of it, and of us. So will it fare with us, as with the widow in the Gospel, pleading her cause before the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man—yet because we trouble them, they will avenge us of our adversaries, lest by our continual coming we weary them. In fine, so long as our Protestant enemies endeavor to impose upon us their degrading yoke of "State-Schoolism," we must make them pay dear, and precious dear for their whistle.

In opposition to this, the policy of the Cauchon Ministry will be, no doubt, that indicated by our prophetic friend of Upper Canada. To those over whom they have any influence, they will represent the inconvenience of bringing forward so delicate a question, the dangers to which its discussion will expose their tenure of office—and the fearful consequences which would ensue from their abandonment of their quarterly salaries. To all these considerations the true Catholic and independent citizen will be entirely indifferent. The fate of Canada, the welfare of Catholicity, the stability of the Church are not, thank God, dependent upon any Ministry. Christ founded His Church on Peter, not on M. Cauchon; and our trust as Catholics is in Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, not in the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Even should our obstinate persistence in demanding "Freedom of Education" be attended with the dire results prognosticated—what is that to us? As Catholics we have nothing to do with consequences, these are in the hands of God. Our duty—and duty is the only thing about which we have any business to disturb ourselves—our duty is to get rid, in so far as we and our children are concerned, of a system of education pronounced by the highest authority on earth "to be altogether dangerous to faith and morals," and the imposition of which upon us involves a violation of our rights as citizens and free men. This then should be the last words of every Catholic both to M. Cauchon, and George Brown. "We will not—so help us God—we will not, either directly or indirectly, pay one penny for the support, either of a church or of a school, for a system of education or of religion, to which as Catholics we are conscientiously opposed."

The "Seat of Government Question," and the question of "Representation by Population" next pass in review before the inspired eyes of our cotemporary. His opinion is that both these questions will be "buried" or hushed up; and though as to the first, as involving no Catholic interests, we are profoundly indifferent, we do hope that amongst the French Canadian members of the Legislature—some of the *Rougelets* and democratic tendencies of some amongst them—there is still left enough of courage, patriotism and honorable feeling, to induce them to insist upon a Repeal of the Union betwixt the two Provinces, rather than submit to the degradation of Anglo-Saxon as well as Protestant ascendancy; which would be the inevitable result of giving to Upper Canada a greater influence in the Legislature than it already enjoys.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF "GOVERNMENT PAP."

We recommend, as a literary curiosity, the following extracts—the first from the *Catholic Citizen* of June 12th, 1856—and the second also from the same paper of November 6th, 1856—"At an early stage of the debate Mr. Felton moved in amendment to Mr. Brown's resolutions 'that it is expedient to abolish all provisions of the Common School law of Western Canada, which authorise the establishment or maintenance of Separate Schools on conditions less favorable to the Roman Catholic po-

pulation of Western Canada than those granted to the Protestant population of Eastern Canada, by the provisions of the Common School law for that section of the Province; and to establish such provisions for the establishment of Separate Schools as would place the Roman Catholic minority of Western Canada in regard to the Protestant majority, precisely in the same position as that now held by the Protestant minority of Eastern Canada."

"This proposition it seems to us contains nothing very dangerous to the cause of religious education; and yet such is the acumen of the Editor of the *Journal*, that he discovers in it nothing more nor less than a scheme to subvert religion and introduce infidelity into our Schools. . . . Surely our Quebec cotemporary must think us dupes indeed, if he fancy that the Catholics of Western Canada will be gulled by such sheer ignorance, and vile baseness as he has exhibited. We should like to ask him if Mr. Felton's amendment does not contain all that we seek to attain in the matter of separate schools. . . . Mr. Felton's amendment exactly met that demand, and we are sneered at as fools because we received it with favor. Trusting in the good faith of Lower Canadian members, we had a right to expect that they would aid in carrying it through. But in this we were disappointed. The fate of a Ministry hung on the vote, and our rights were offered up as an acceptable holocaust. . . . Mr. Felton's amendment may for certain reasons, be very objectionable to the *Journal*, but nevertheless if passed, it would have set the School question at rest, and been received by our Clergy and people with joy."—*Catholic Citizen*, June 12th, 1856.

On November 6th 1856, the same *Catholic Citizen* "having disposed of Mr. Brown," proceeds to "exhibit:—

"the incapacity or unfaithfulness of those journalists who, assuming to be the only guardian angels of Catholicity, rent their garments with pious indignation, and, on the loss of Mr. Felton's amendment regarding Separate Schools, rushed before the country with a cry on their lips, that the Lower Canadian gentlemen who now form a part of the present Administration were untrue to the interests of the Church, and unworthy the name of Catholic. Then it was, that some of our cotemporaries denounced, in a paroxysm of rage, the wise course pursued by the able Commissioner of Crown Lands," in voting against Mr. Felton's amendment "and his French colleagues. His great ability and unwearied exertion in relation to the North shore Railway and numerous other acts that will distinguish him for many a long year, were all given to the winds. Neither Mr. Lemieux, nor Mr. Cartier, &c. &c., voted for the great panacea, and that was enough. He and those talented men who sustained him on that occasion, were traitors."

Comment upon the above is surely unnecessary. As some explanation however of the marvellous change in the views of our *Toronto* cotemporary, we may mention this—that, whereas on the 12th of June he had not a single government advertisement in his paper, within a few days afterwards, upwards of five columns, or about one-eighth of his whole sheet, were taken up with *Government* advertisements, chiefly from the "Crown Lands" Office, presided over by that "able" man who voted against Mr. Felton's amendment, and for the infamous "Religious Incorporation Bill."

"The 'Religious Incorporation Bill' to wit.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Cobourg, Nov. 22, 1856.

DEAR SIR—Whilst the good people of Montreal were busy in roasting turkeys, and making suitable preparations for the magnificent banquet lately given by them in honor of the tutelary deities of the Grand Trunk—virtuous people in other places were not forgetful of the respect due to the time-honored institutions of their country. Common justice requires that mention should be made occasionally of their patriotic proceedings; at all events, some of them are fairly entitled to claim our attention. I have therefore much pleasure in stating for the information of those who keep the Guy Fawkes festival that the anniversary of Sir Robert Cecil's memorable sham plot was duly celebrated in this town by a torch-light procession on the 6th of this month. Guy, the illustrious old "feller" appeared in his robe of office, standing upon a small platform elevated above the heads of the yawning multitude; who, with every mark of solid devotion, accompanied their demi-god to his funeral pile, and performed his obsequies evidently with the most lively assurance of being honored with his companionship in the Elysian fields, where the Fifth-November heroes, after their mortal career, hope to enjoy their supreme felicity—spending their time in hunting up shadowy forms of wild beasts, in combating with shadowy conspirators; and at night, assembling in the halls of Odin to celebrate their glorious victories, feast and drink their sherry-cobblers and gin-cocktail out of the skulls of their slain enemies. It is also reported that they have secured extensive coal-fields in that district, which will yield them inexhaustible supplies of fossil fuel.

As nine out of ten of those donkeys who perform annually this piece of tom-follery have not the most remote idea of the origin of their great festival, it may not be considered out of place to say a few words respecting that infamous political trick so skillfully played off by Cecil, to prevent the repeal of the bloody enactments passed and mercifully put in force against Catholics in the days of Queen Bess. Well, then, in my juvenile days, our pedagogues used to put into our hands books in the shape of small catechisms, whose title page was—"History of England." In these little volumes an account is given of the "Popish Plot," with every appearance of truth, that such schemes are sanctioned by the Catholic religion; and in one of the books used in our superior schools, particularly in seminaries for the education of young ladies, the following question is asked—"What was the Gunpowder Plot?" Answer—"A scheme of the Roman Catholics to blow up both Houses of Parliament by laying a train of gunpowder under them." So far from that being the case, it has never been proved, and can never be proved that undertakings of this kind are sanctioned by our Church; and the statements given by different writers respecting the "Gunpowder Plot," are so unsatisfactory and confused as to induce many to think that, no such plot ever existed. And I need scarcely remark that it was the calumny of those times to accuse Catholics of desperate plots which had no existence elsewhere, save in the ministerial camp, in which some of the most mischievous characters and political profligates were to be found, and it is positively asserted by some chroniclers that Sir Robert Cecil was the prime instigator of the gunpowder affair. It will appear, according to their epistles, that when the English Messalina, the celebrated Miss Betsy Tudor, was no more, King James of Scotland took possession of the English throne. His Majesty is represented to have been favorably disposed towards his Catholic subjects, and to have made no secret of his intention to remove the cruel oppression under which they were groaning; at any rate, he was no admirer of puritanical hypocrisy at that time.

Sir Robert Cecil being well aware of the King's good intentions, lost no time in devising a scheme of a most damaging character, in order to alienate the King from his Catholic subjects, and to keep up the vile calumnies and malicious charges constantly laid at their door to render them odious in the eyes of the public. Having formed a plan worthy of his wicked genius, he immediately set his emissaries to work for the execution of the various details of it. The perjured hirelings readily suggested the execrable

scheme of their master to a few individuals, generally understood to have been reputed of that body of Christians, whose downfall and complete extirpation from the reformed soil of Great Britain, if possible, was to be accomplished by this Satanic ingenuity. Hence it is evident that there were ten persons in the "Gunpowder Plot." The secret manager, who cleverly prepared the whole plan, and consequently the most guilty, was Sir Robert Cecil, then, Prime Minister and Secretary of State; Francis Tresham, the person who acted a double part, the remaining eight would seem to have been merely deluded tools of the crafty Secretary. We are told that their design was to send the Parliament buildings with the royal family, the Lords and Commons, to the clouds by the explosion of gunpowder! Cecil of course never meant that this awful "bursting" should ever take place; for he himself would have been lifted up to the first heaven, where he was anxious to avoid presenting himself as long as possible. At the commencement of the dark enterprise, the gang sent Thomas Winter, one of their number, to Flanders to bring over a certain worthy friend of Cecil, called Guy Fawkes, to work the mine. On the return of Thomas Winter with Guy, the conspirators, it is said, took possession of a building adjoining the Parliament House, and on the 11th December, 1604, they sunk their mine in the cellar; and having worked within subterranean "diggings," like good fellows, they reached the foundation wall of the senatorial house on Christmas Eve. The wall being nine feet thick, it employed their battering-rams, until Candlemas-day before they got half way through—when Parliament was to be opened in a few days. Sir Robert Cecil seeing that his political scheme could not be carried to the extent he wished, caused Parliament to be prorogued to the 3rd October, then to the 5th November, 1605. He next contrived to have a cellar cleaned, and let under the House of Lords; and caused thirty-six barrels of gunpowder to be procured from Holland, and then to be introduced into this cellar, carefully covered over with faggots to avoid suspicion. The ostensible actors in all this were of course his deluded victims.—Having arranged his combustibles ready to go off upon the shortest notice, he began to exercise his subtle genius to find out the surest way of implicating in the plot the Catholic Lords who had seats in the Upper House at the time. In his profound meditation he saw that their absence on the day of the opening of Parliament would afford strong grounds of suspicion of their being acquainted with the plot; he therefore concocted a letter to be sent to the Catholic peers, pretending to be from a friendly hand, warning their Lordships not to attend the meeting of Parliament; that "God and men had concurred to punish the wickedness of the time; for they shall receive a sudden blow and not see who hurls them"—was the mysterious warning. But Lord Montague, a Catholic peer, having carried one of these notices, to Cecil for his information, the Secretary's iniquitous machination for the destruction of the Catholic peers was defeated; and he did not think it safe to send any more of his ensnaring notices. The object of these notices was to prevent the Catholic members of the Upper House from appearing in their seats in Parliament on the day of its opening—as their absence on that day would have been considered by their insidious enemies as sufficient proof of their lordships being concerned in the conspiracy. Two of them were actually fined for being absent, one in the sum of £10,000, the other £4,000, though there was not a shadow of proof that they had any knowledge of the plot.

The reader may be inclined to ask why Sir Robert Cecil was never indicted for his treasonable practices and deep-dyed crimes. I would state for his information, because Francis Tresham—who acted partly as a spy, and consequently the only person among the arrested, who was capable of proving the guilt of the arch-conspirator—was poisoned in the Tower of London before his trial came on. Had Tresham been allowed to live, and stand his trial in a court of justice, he might have betrayed some of Cecil's secrets, which would have led to the detection and conviction of the right honorable scoundrel who would have been hanged as he richly deserved. But the sudden death of an important witness saved his guilty neck from the block or the gallows.

Hoping that you will be able to make room for the above, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

X.

[From want of space, a portion of our esteemed correspondent's communication unavoidably omitted.—Ed. T. W.]

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

CONSECRATION OF ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.—On Sunday last, the 16th inst., according to previous announcement, the beautiful Church of St. Basil, on Glover Hill, was consecrated by their Lordships the Bishops of Hamilton and London. At the hour of ten o'clock the Church was filled to overflowing by the *clite* of our citizens; and long ere the interesting ceremony commenced, there was not standing room in the body of the building or in the aisles. A collection was taken up on entrance, also another during Mass, both of which realized a handsome donation. *Toronto Mirror*.

NEW CHURCH AT BEAVERTON.—The Beaver is the national animal of Canada, just as the Wolf-dog of Ireland, the Eagle of France, the Bear of Russia, and it is an honor to the inhabitants of this village to have baptized it so nationally. It affords us no small gratification also to be able to announce that Beaver-ton will hereafter have that other emblem of Canadian nationality raised in its midst—the Cross. Funds are now being collected by Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Vroomant, for the erection of a beautiful church, in Beaver-ton for the spiritual convenience of the Catholics of Thorah and Point Mara. Truly Catholicity is springing up along the shores of Lake Simcoe. *Apologies* of Rev. Mr. Walsh, we may remark that he is at present in Toronto, where he will be obliged to remain on account of the precarious state of his health for at least three or four weeks.—16.

Birth.

In this city, on the 24th instant, Mrs. Patrick McGoldrick, of a son.

Married.

At Quebec, on Tuesday morning, at the St. Louis Chapel, by Messire le Grand Vicar Cazeau, Louis Evanhoë Tache, Esq., co-seigneur of Kamouraska, to Therese Catherine, daughter of Honble. Mr. Justice Power, of that city.

Died.

In this city, on Monday the 24th instant, James Francis, second son of Mr. Daniel Lanigan, Notre Dame Street, aged three years and two months.
In this city, on the 26th instant, Johanna, the beloved wife of Mathew Walsh, aged 28 years.
At Quebec, on the 19th instant, aged 20 months, John Rawley, son of Mr. H. P. Wallace, grocer.

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28, St. Nicholas Street.

Montreal, Nov. 20, 1856.