

ers of the country, carrying sorrow and grief into many a Canadian home? "Soldiers and volunteers," the Bishop said, "this day do we invoke the blessing of Heaven upon you to keep and strengthen you in arms, and may God bless and preserve you, for it is you who are the true patriots, who, in the performance of acts of heroism done in nobly defending your country's flag, that are deserving of applause, that flag that has been borne gallantly by Irishmen through many a well-fought battle and on many a victorious field, in every quarter of the globe. It is Irishmen whose actions, both in the field and in the council, have helped to make England great and respected in every clime, and whose escutcheon was never tarnished by having in its ranks a recreant or coward." The Bishop concluded after inculcating at some length the moral duties of Catholics towards Protestants, and towards each other, and enjoined peace, harmony and unity in the ranks of the people, at this the hour of their country's trial, and said that when he met a volunteer soldier his heart warmed to him, for he knew what great sacrifices he had made in leaving his home to defend our homes and firesides. The gallantry of the Canadian militia was a matter of history; their valor and their loyalty were undoubted, and deserved not only the praise of man but the sanction of Heaven.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS—LETTER FROM T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

The following letter, in reply to one written by Father Hendricken, of Waterbury, Conn., to Mr. McGee, in behalf of a captured Fenian of that place explains itself:—

Ottawa, Thursday, June 14, 1866.

DEAR FATHER HENDRICKEN,—I am in receipt of your request that I should use my influence to save Terence McDonnell, of Waterbury, now a Fenian prisoner in our hands, from the consequences of his own criminal folly, in lending himself to the late invasion of this country.

There are few things you could ask me to do which I would cheerfully do for "auld lang syne." My recollections of Waterbury, its pastor and its people, are all most pleasing and gratifying. But, my dear old friend, this thing you ask cannot be done. Terence McDonnell, like the rest of his comrades, left his home, his family duties, if he had any, his honest employment, if he followed one, to come several hundreds of miles, to murder our border people—for this Fenian filibustering was murder, not war. What had Canada or Canadians done to deserve such an assault? What had the widow of our brave McEachren done to Terence McDonnell that he and his comrades should leave her with five fatherless little ones to invoke the wrath of Heaven upon the destroyers of her husband? What had our gallant countryman, Ensign Fahay done to them that he should lie crippled for life at their hands? What did our eight young Canadians—the darlings of mothers and sisters and wives—the flower of our College corps—do to deserve their bloody fate in the Fort Erie affair? The person for whom you ask my intercession was one of those who sought out people on our soil, and maimed and slew as many as they could: and those who sent them have exulted in the exploit. They must take, therefore, the consequences of their own act.

I need hardly say to you who have been in Canada, and know how free, how orderly, and how religious this people are, that no spirit of vengeance will direct the trials of the accused. McDonnell and all the Fenians will have every justice done to them, publicly, in the broad light of day, but to whatever punishment the law hands him over, no word of mine can ever be spoken in mitigation, not even, under these circumstances, if he were my own brother.

I grieve that I must deny you; but so it is.

Yours very truly,

T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

Rev. T. F. Hendricken, Waterbury, Conn.