

cert at the City Hall, at which His Honor the Mayor, and representatives from the other National Societies of this City assisted. The spacious Hall was literally thronged, and the result must have been most gratifying to the Society, under whose auspices the Concert was given.—The proceedings were inaugurated by the President of the Society, and the music commenced. Mrs. Stevenson was, as she always is, charming; and the other performers, amongst whom we must make honorable mention of Mr. Sedgwick and the Glee Singers of the 16th Regiment, were also greeted with loud applause. Between the first and second parts of the Concert, Mr. Devlin was loudly called for to address the meeting, but excused himself on account of the severe cold under which he labored; he devoted the duty upon Mr. Devany, who came forward and delivered a speech which was well received. At the close of the Concert the assembly was briefly addressed by the Mayor.

After the Concert came the Banquet; and after justice had been done to the "good things," the President proceeded to propose the following toasts, which were received with every mark of enthusiasm:—

"The Day and all who honor it."

Mr. H. J. Clarke responded to this toast in a very able speech; after which the President proposed—

"His Holiness the Pope."—(Cheers.)

Mr. G. E. Clerk, of the *True Witness*, responded.

After the health of the Pope had been drunk, the President proposed that of

"The Queen and Royal Family."—(Applause.)

The next toast on the list was—

"His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French."—(Applause.)

The President stated he had much pleasure in now proposing the health of our distinguished fellow-country man, the

"Governor General of British North America."—(Cheers.)

The next toast was

"The United States as they were, 'Free, Prosperous, and Happy.'"

Mr. Matthew Ryan being called upon to respond, said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—It is hardly fair that, without having given me previous notice, you should now call upon me to respond to this toast, as I am totally unprepared to do so. However, I must say I heartily concur in this toast, and it is my ardent wish that ere long the United States may again be as you have just now well said "Free, Prosperous, and Happy." No country deserves more the sympathy of the Irish race than does the United States; there thousands of Irishmen have found happy homes, and I hope that the nefarious rebellion now going on in the United States would soon be crushed, and that they would once more be as great and as powerful as before the outbreak of their present difficulties.—(Cheers.)

The President stated that he felt sure they would all feel as happy in drinking the following toast as he did in proposing it; without further preface he would give

"Ireland the Land of Our Birth."—(Cheers.)

Mr. P. Devins responded to the toast; after which the President proposed

"Canada the Land of Our Adoption."—(Cheers.)

Mr. Devany having been called upon to respond made a few very pertinent remarks. He showed how Irishmen had in return for the happy homes which they found in Canada, exerted themselves as successfully in advancing Canadian interests. He spoke of the great resources of Canada, and pointed out that by the joint co-operation of the various races who form our population, Canada had a bright future before her: he hoped harmony and good will would always exist between all classes of our people without distinction of creed or race, as it now did, and we were then sure of one day being a great nation.—(Cheers.)

The President stated that he had much pleasure in proposing the next toast on the list, which was

"The Preacher of the Day, and the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Duggan having been requested to respond, delivered a very able and eloquent discourse. He said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—In all that we read of in history concerning laws, governments, and rulers, no where do we find so much order and harmony displayed as in the government of the Catholic Church. It is now nearly 1,000 years since the Divine Ruler laid the foundation of that Church, and through all the vicissitudes of time, through all the tumults of man's passions, through the wreck of Empires and Kingdoms, and overturning of rulers and dynasties, she stands to day the most extensive and widespread institution on earth, numbering as her subjects nearly three hundred millions of the human race. Truly, when we contemplate this wonderful spectacle we are struck with awe; and while looking over history we see Empires, Kingdoms, and Republics succeeding each other in rapid succession, and governments that are implicitly obeyed to day, to-morrow overthrown, and new forms and new legislatures replacing them; we cannot refrain from admiring the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church who have preserved her to this day, the same as she was in the primitive ages of Christianity. It is true her Divine Founder has promised her all ages for her existence, all nations for her subjects, and that He Himself would direct her rulers in the path they should pursue; but yet, must we not admire the fidelity to the Divine inspirations and the consistency in the path which the clergy of the Catholic Church have at all times and in all places manifested, despite the allurement of wealth, the threats of the powerful, the passions of men, despite oppression, persecution and tyranny—in a word, despite the world, the flesh and the devil? The almost omnipotent sword of the Caesars could not vanquish her; the rack, the caldron, and the fagot of a Nero could not deter them from fulfilling their sacred mission; the all-devouring Vandal, Visigoth, and Hun stood astonished and confounded at their constancy; and the bloodthirsty Robespierre, having glutted the Guillotine with their gore, was forced to proclaim the necessity of establishing their supremacy. We know not which to admire most: the piety, the self-denial, or the sublimity of genius, and the almost supernatural intellectual acquisitions of an Ambrose, an Augustine, a Chrysostom, a Leo, a Gregory, a Thomas of Aquin, a Bonavent, a Fenelon, a Bourdaloue, a Massillon, a Francis Xavier, a Francis

de Sales, an Ignatius, a Vincent de Paul, a John of God, a John Baptista de La Salle, etc. Behold glorious Catholic France; to whom is she to-day indebted for her proud title of Eldest Daughter of the Church? To her Bishops and Priests who have preserved her Catholic in spite of aspiring and grasping monarchs and blood-stained revolutionaries. And when, in the last century, infidelity threw her pall over the land of St. Louis, so that the torch of Religion seemed almost extinguished; when the unbridled passions of men, goaded on by the demon, seemed about to subvert the immutable order of things; when the best and most venerable blood of the land flowed to torrents, then did the Clergy of France boldly face the storm—their warning and exhorting voice rang out above the howl of the revolutionary tempest that was sweeping all before it; they never for a moment abandoned the deck of the Church; they cooly clung to her helm; they steered her through the troubled abyss that yearned to engulf her, and when at length the storm subsided she appeared again brilliant and triumphant, steering fearlessly on her destined course, her compass still pointing heavenward. (Applause.) Behold our own loved Erin; look over her history, and see her once the instructress of Europe, and one of the brightest luminaries of the Catholic Church. (Hear, hear.)—Look at her from the days of St. Patrick to the twelfth century, and without exaggeration no country in Europe at that time could boast of a more pious, a more exemplary, or a more learned clergy; and though these pious and illustrious men have passed from earth, yet their works are still visible; have left the land covered with temples and monasteries which, though now in ruins, fill the heart of the Irishman to-day with honest pride and exultation in the glory of his Catholic forefathers, and with the most unbounded veneration for the ancient Hierarchy of the Irish Church. And when tyranny and persecution filled that sacred island with woe and desolation, when the name of Catholic was the brand of the felon, when the same price was set upon the head of a wolf and that of a priest, when the churches were ruthlessly wrecked and altars torn down, then did the Bishops and Priests of Ireland follow their flock to the mountains, glens, and caverns—aye, and under the broad canopy of heaven, and on the rough ledges of the jutting rocks, which served as altars—offered up the Sacred Victim of propitiation, while the neighboring hills and valleys re-echoed with the Hosannas of their congregations. Nor are the Irish Clergy to-day less devoted, or less faithful to their divine mission and to their flock, than were their predecessors. They have still preserved unbroken that chain which has connected Ireland to the Chair of Peter for fourteen hundred years. Faithfully and fearlessly have the Bishops of Ireland done their duty, when but lately wealth and honors were offered them by a rich and powerful government if they would but submit to its control; but they nobly dashed aside the proffered favors, preferring their faded and tattered purple, with the liberty of the Irish Church, to the gorgeous and glittering robes of the sycophant. They have ever been the advocates of the poor, the protectors of the oppressed, and like the great Melale, make the cry of misery and the plaints and murmurs of the victims of injustice and oppression resound in the ears of their taskmasters and in the Councils of their rulers; aye, and their pathetic appeals in behalf of their suffering flock, reaching foreign lands, unlock the treasures of opulence and pour them into the abodes of misery. Nor need we travel to Europe to find a pious and devoted clergy. Behold the faithful and self-sacrificing missionary in America; see him accompanying the immigrants into the lonely wilderness, and no sooner does the curling smoke commence to ascend from their rude habitations, than the spire of the Catholic Church is seen towering above the trees of the forest, and the peal of the church bell is heard, breaking the monotony of the solitude and summoning the hardy children of honest labor to adore their Creator—the Lord of the universe. Already a powerful branch of the Catholic Church has sprung up in the neighboring Republic, and amongst its Episcopacy the Hughes, the Kennicks, the Spaldings, etc., stand conspicuous, for their learning, their virtues, and their indefatigable labors in promoting the interests of Catholicity, the enlightenment of their flock, and the welfare of their country. And here in Canada we have an Episcopacy and a Clergy who need not my humble voice to herald their piety, their self-denial, and their unremitting labors in promoting our spiritual welfare. Which of us has not had experience of their paternal solicitude and their ever watchful care? They stand by our cradle with a benediction, they guide us through life by their salutary instructions and admonitions; and when the hour of dissolution approaches, when the immortal spirit is about to wing its flight from its earthly tenement, in the midst of the most pathetic exhortations and tenderest adieus they bid the soul depart to the bosom of its Creator.

The President said that the following toast would be drunk in deep silence. He would now propose

"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."

The President requested Mr. J. J. Curran to respond. Mr. Curran rose and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—The memory of the lamented O'Connell has just been mentioned, and as a mark of esteem for the illustrious departed, the most solemn silence now reigns around this board, where a moment ago were heard the joyous sounds of cheerful voices. We have toasted with due enthusiasm this great Day, and all who hold it in respect. We have not forgotten Ireland, the land of our forefathers—Canada, the land of our adoption has also been enthusiastically responded to; and we did not omit those who from time to time have extended the hand of benevolence to old Erin in the hour of need. And now, Sir, I think it is highly proper and commendable that we should remember him, who alone, unassisted, by the power sole of his commanding intellect, his overwhelming eloquence, his irresistible sway, did more for Ireland and the Irish people, when most they required succor and assistance, than any other man who figures in history, either in ancient or modern times. (Cheers.) And, Sir, it is not only as a great patriot that O'Connell deserves this small tribute of respect and honor; not only Irishmen, but men of every origin and every creed, should join in honoring that eminent man, whose master-mind was not confined in its exertions to the amelioration of the condition of his own fellow-countrymen, but who labored incessantly for the triumph of the principles of universal philanthropy, which have for their object the happiness of the entire human race. The efforts of his great genius were not confined or narrowed down to the limits of his own native land; but that genius shone forth in all its dazzling brilliancy, and cast its effulgent and beneficent rays to the farthest extremities of the earth. (Cheers.) I feel, Sir, that this is hardly the occasion to make a long speech on the merits of O'Connell, more especially in the presence of gentlemen, many of whom are probably acquainted with the wild and romantic spot where he was born, who have heard the traditional stories of his boyish days, and have had the occasion to study his great political career; everybody knows that he was eminent as an advocate;—as a popular orator, he never yet had an equal;—as a statesman, his judgment was universally respected;—and as a scholar and a gentleman, he ranked amongst those who were pre-eminent. And, Sir, even while amid all the din and turmoil of political life, even when overwhelmed with professional duties, even when at the zenith of his glory and at the meridian of his great career, he never forgot his duty as a Christian—he was a great man, and he was as good as he was great. (Applause.) There was a time when a certain portion

of his fellow-countrymen called into question the merits of O'Connell; but, thank God, that day has long since gone by; and certainly nothing can be more gratifying than the movement which is now on foot to erect to the memory of the great patriot a monument that will perpetuate his name and his glorious deeds. (Cheers.) Let us hope that Irishmen in Canada, who have amassed a little wealth, will not so far forget their duty towards the man who contended so long and so powerfully for the dear old land, where the bones of our forefathers consecrate the soil, as not to contribute their mite towards the erection of a pyramid to the honor and glory of the great O'Connell; from which, let us pray Heaven, ere long he may be able to contemplate the people of his native land in the enjoyment of all the civil and religious rights, for which during his life he struggled and fought so energetically, and with such patriotic zeal. (Cheers.)

The next toast proposed was—

"Our Sister Societies."

Mr. Brown, President of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, responded briefly.

The President then proposed—

"The Mayor and Corporation."—(Cheers.)

His Worship, Mayor Beaudry, responded in a very neat speech. He said that he thanked them very sincerely as well for himself personally as on behalf of the members of the City Corporation whom he had the honor to represent on this occasion. He knew very well this was not a personal compliment, but a compliment paid to the office to which they had been kind enough to elect him; he sincerely hoped that he would be able to discharge his duties to the entire satisfaction of his fellow-citizens. He congratulated the St. Patrick's Society on the grand procession that had taken place in the early part of the day, and stated that he had never witnessed a larger or more respectable gathering. (Cheers.) Having again thanked them for their kind wishes, he resumed his seat amid loud applause.

The President after the applause had subsided stated that he had great pleasure in proposing a toast which was never omitted at any social gathering and he thought deservingly so; he would without further preface propose the health of

"The Ladies." (A voice—"God bless them.")

Mr. McGowan having been unanimously called upon to respond, made a very flattering speech in which he thanked the ladies for their presence and hoped that the good example shown by the St. Patrick's Society in auring the company of the ladies would be faithfully imitated on all future occasions. (Cheers.)

His Worship the Mayor now arose and said that he would not detain them by making a long speech, but he would ask them to fix a temper to the health of Mr. T. McKenna. (Tremendous cheering.)

Mr. McKenna thanked them very sincerely and stated that before resuming his seat he would propose the health of Messrs. Carlisle & McKenney, of the Terrapin; they had furnished them with an excellent dinner, and he hoped they would be successful in Montreal where they had lately opened their new establishment. (Applause.)

After the toasts had been disposed of Wednesday morning being now near at hand, the company dispersed highly gratified with the manner in which they had enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT QUEBEC.—Our friends at Quebec celebrated the DAY with the usual religious observances, but there was no Procession, or public celebration in the streets, such as usually occurs upon the occasion. For this we have heard several reasons assigned; but we do not indicate them, because they may be false, and because we are convinced that the Irish of Quebec were actuated by excellent motives, and by a due consideration of their own circumstances, of which they are the sole competent judges.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT PETERBORO.—This City but for the moderation of the Irish Catholics would have been the theatre of a bloody tragedy on Tuesday the 17th inst. The particulars are thus given by the *Montreal Gazette* of Friday last.

The St. Patrick's Society of Peterboro is, by its Constitution, essentially a Catholic Society, and as such has provoked the hostility of the low Orangemen of the district, who denounce it as a Ribbon Society; though the fact that it is Catholic, and organized in conformity to the laws of a Church which abhors all secret oath-bound societies, is a sufficient refutation of the wicked calumny. The Society having announced its intention of celebrating the Anniversary of its Patron Saint by a public Procession, the low Orangemen of the district entered into a conspiracy to prevent the celebration, by force of arms. They assigned as a reason, their objection to the Banner of the Society, which is described by the writer in the *Montreal Gazette* as having on it "a picture of St. Patrick holding the Cross, with the wolf-dog, and watch tower;" but as having on it "no Crown." The Orangemen as defenders of peace and order, and as the self-elected champions of civil and religious liberty, resolved that the said Banner should be "put down." The result we give in the words of the correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*:—

"This morning about 9 o'clock, the hour at which the procession was announced to start, the lodges from Emily, Orono, Orono and other neighboring townships, to the number of 400 or 500 men, headed by the Deputy Reeve of Emily, and some 40 or 50 of the first of the men carrying guns, the balance armed with skull-crackers, pistols, whiststocks, &c., walked round, and at last came up to the Marshal of the St. Patrick's Society informing him that they would not be allowed to walk and carry those green flags and emblems. After some discussion the St. Patrick's Society yielded, taking off their badges, and so up to the hour at which I write, has ended what many persons feared would have been a most disastrous faction fight. The stores have all their shutters up and business is for the time suspended. I have purposely refrained from offering any opinion upon the matter, and have given you as nearly an impartial account of the affair as is possible. Some persons fear that the day will not yet pass off without bloodshed. It is a sad day for Peterboro in any case."

We shall wait with no little anxiety to see whether any steps will be taken by the Government to vindicate the majesty of the law, outraged by the low Orangemen of the Peterboro district, aided and abetted by the Deputy

Reeve of Emily. In the meantime, we commend the case to our readers—as an apt illustration of the civil and religious liberty which obtains wherever Orange principles are in the ascendancy.

A FALSE CHARGE.—Mr. George Brown is very anxious to repudiate a charge insinuated against him by a government paper at Quebec—to the effect that the Ministry which in concert with Mr. Dorian he was invited to form, agreed to maintain the Separate School principle for Upper Canada, and to make such amendments to the then existing law, as might be necessary to give it effect. To this the *Globe* replies:—

"This whole statement is a gross fabrication. The Brown-Dorian Government never agreed to preserve the Separate School law as it then existed, nor did it consent to make amendments to give it effect."—*Globe*.

In this instance we are prepared to believe the assertions of Mr. Brown. We do not suspect either him or his colleague Mr. Dorian, of having entertained any designs favorable to Freedom of Education; and we are fully convinced that were Catholics to lend their aid to the formation of a Brown-Dorian Ministry, or to bring the Protestant Reform party into power, they would be making a scourge for their own back, which they would well deserve to have ruthlessly applied to them, as the well merited recompense of their treason or their folly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have no knowledge of the communication to which "A Subscriber" from Pembroke refers. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that we do not take "unpaid" letters out of the Post Office; and that we throw all communications not bearing the true name and address of their writers into the stove. We should have been highly pleased to have published the communication of which in his letter of the 16th inst., "A Subscriber" makes mention, and hope to hear from him again.

From Kingston and other places we have received communications, with details of their several celebrations of St. Patrick's Day. These shall appear in our next.

The Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society thankfully acknowledges the receipt of \$4 from His Worship the Mayor, and \$20 from John Lovell, Esq., in aid of the building fund of the Society.

ADDRESSES TO THE REV. PATRICK DOWD.
To the Rev. Patrick Dowd, Director of the Irish Catholic Congregation, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

Rev. Sir—On behalf of the Catholic soldiers of Her Majesty's 16th Battalion 16th Regiment of Foot, I am deputed to present to you, and to respectfully request your acceptance of, the accompanying testimonials (consisting of a Chalice and Ciborium) as a small but sincere mark of affectionate regard and esteem for the inestimable spiritual blessings derived from your exhortations, and affectionate and parental solicitude for our eternal welfare; as well as the innumerable temporal benefits effected by your zealous and successful advocacy of the cause and practice of temperance. For we can with confidence as with pleasure assert that since our arrival here, when placed under your spiritual guidance, now a period of upwards of 12 months, intemperance—that bane of all society but more so of the British soldier—has daily decreased, being now comparatively unknown, even amongst its former most habitual adherents,—a blessing which, under Divine Providence, you have been instrumental in effecting. Wishing you the enjoyment of a long and happy life, I remain, Rev. Sir, your very devoted, humble servant,

P. CARROLL,
Color-Sergeant, 1st Bat. 16th Regt.
Montreal, March 13, 1863.
To which the Reverend gentleman made the following

REPLY.
Color-Sergeant Carroll, and dear friends of 1st Battalion 16th Regt.—You have, in true military style, taken me completely by surprise. The pleasure of this meeting, enhanced by so many circumstances, you succeeded in keeping a dark secret from me. Nor, perhaps, should I regret this, as it forces me to respond to your very great kindness in your own way—by a few honest words, coming fresh from the heart. Catholic men of the 16th I thank you most sincerely for your valuable gift; and believe me I appreciate it, more than I can well express, on other and higher grounds than its intrinsic richness, considerable as that is.

Your beautiful Chalice and Ciborium are to me an assurance that the faith and piety of our dear old country have lost nothing of their strength and tenderness under the soldier's uniform; and that in your hearts they live and flourish despite the difficulties and temptations that beset a soldier's life. My dear friends, your gift was not necessary to convince me of this. I knew it already. I have had the proofs for a long time before my eyes. On this occasion you will permit me to allude to some of those proofs—not to suggest vanity, but to encourage you to persevere. The praise, truth obliges me to bestow, must be shared in by all the Catholic men of the garrison of this city; and if the 16th Regt. comes in for the largest portion, it is because it forms the largest Catholic corps. I need scarcely say that your orderly and fervent attention at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and at religious instruction, has been a subject of edification to the good people of St. Patrick's Church. This, however, might be expected from Catholic soldiers. But what might not be expected, and what forms my greatest consolation, is your attendance, every day, in large numbers, in St. Patrick's; at the pious devotion of the Rosary—I must call it the military Rosary, not only because it is presided over by a soldier—but because it is performed with earnest fervor and devotion peculiar to religious soldiers. In this daily assembly you arm yourselves by prayer, and a renewal of your good resolutions in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, against the perils of your spiritual warfare. This attention to prayer produces its natural and happy fruit in the number of soldiers to be seen every Sunday morning approaching the Holy Communion. These spiritual blessings are very great, and you prepared yourselves to receive and preserve them by first joining our St. Patrick's Temperance Society. You may not be aware, individually, of the number of soldiers who have had the happiness of taking the pledge, in order to exchange the tavern for the church; and disease of every kind, for health, contentment, and rational

enjoyment. Considerably over four hundred have made that happy exchange; and I am delighted to have your assurance that the good fruits are distinctly visible amongst the men of the 16th Regt. Persevere, my dear friends, in your holy resolution to expel for ever from the 16th, intemperance—the monster evil of the soldier—the ruin of his body—the death of his immortal soul.

The credit you are kind enough to give me for the spiritual blessings you enjoy, and value so highly, I can scarcely accept. The duties of an important charge, leave me but little time for your exclusive care. This I regret; for I love to labor for, and with the generous-hearted and docile soldier. If much fruit has come from little labor, it is with the grace of God, because the seed fell upon a rich and generous soil. Let me say in conclusion, that but one circumstance diminishes the pleasure of this occasion; it is that the expense of your rich gift must have weighed too heavily on your small savings. As you do not agree with me in this, I must content myself by valuing your Chalice and Ciborium the more; and whilst I use them at the Altar in the Holy Sacrifice—by remembering more affectionately the Catholic soldiers of the 16th Regiment.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. PATRICK DOWD.
Director of the Irish Catholic Congregation, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

FROM THE CATHOLIC NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 47th REGIMENT.

REVEREND SIR—On behalf of the Catholic Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 47th Regiment, I request your acceptance of the accompanying articles, viz.: An Ostersorium, and three pairs of Candlessticks, as a slight token of appreciation of your unlimited attention to their temporal, and spiritual welfare since their arrival in Montreal.

There still remains a surplus of a few pounds, not expended, which you will also be pleased to accept, and kindly donate to whatever purpose you may deem most expedient.

I remain most respectfully Rev. Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM GILL,
Asst. Sergt. Major, 47th Regiment
Montreal March 17th, 1863.

The Reverend gentleman replied as follows:—
Assistant Sergeant Major Gill, and dear friends—I did not expect that the celebration of our National Feast, already so joyful, would be rendered still more so by this delightful ceremony. I thank the Catholic men of the 47th for their valuable and well selected gift. I thank them again for having chosen this day (St. Patrick's day) for presenting it. I cannot but be a host to understand the excellent feelings that guided you in this. You wished, on the last day of your sojourn, to place your pious offering on the sacred Altar he first raised in our country, as a testimony of your arduous gratitude. You wished, at the same time, in imitation of your fathers in their day, to cheer the heart of your priest with a new joy, by the over kind acknowledgment of such poor services as I have been able to render you. I value your gift much, and am deeply grateful for it. But I value your frank confidence yet more, for it gives me a passage to your generous hearts, and throws them open to the holy influences of the sacred ministry with which I am charged. I will not repeat here how much your address has endeared me, and edited the St. Patrick's congregation. You were included in what I said on this point to another corps but a few days past; and indeed, I have observed, with delight, that the Catholic soldiers of this garrison, without distinction of corps, have always worked together in the most cordial union for the promotion of piety and Temperance.

Catholic men of the 47th, you have a particular place in my early affection, for you were the first who came under my care. I do not forget, either that to you belong the honor and the merit of having given the first impulse to the cause of Temperance amongst the Military. If that movement has produced many blessings, it is owing to your generous example.—When I saw the veterans of the Crimea kneeling down in the dust of our chapel tent on St. Helen's Island, and renouncing for ever the cup of evil, I said at once, the cause will prosper. The brave old 47th have taken up the banner—they are sure to carry it on to victory.

The surplus funds which you kindly wish me to accept, I shall apply to the altar of the B. Virgin in St. Patrick's. Mary will repay your loving gift.—Once more I beg to thank you in the warmest manner, and to assure you that the Catholic Non-Commissioned-Officers and Men of the 47th shall long live in my affectionate and grateful remembrance.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
Montreal, March 24, 1863.

Flour, Patricks, \$2.25 to \$2.75; Middlings, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$4.00; Super, No. 2, \$4.15 to \$4.20; Superfine, \$4.30 to \$4.45; Fancy, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Extra, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.50; Bag Flour, \$2.25 to \$2.40. Good Supers are scarce and in fair demand; ordinary Supers are almost unsalable at about \$4.30 to \$4.50.

Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, about \$4.60 to \$4.80. Wheat Canada Spring, 82c to 93c; U. G. White Winter, nominal, \$1.03 to \$1.05; ex store.

Pots per 60 lbs, 70c to 75c. Ona per 40 lbs, 47c to 50c.

Asbes per 112 lbs, Pots, \$5.80 to \$5.85; Inferior Pots, \$5.85 to \$5.90; Perils nominally \$6.00 to \$6.10.

Butter, per lb. Supplies are very large, and the demand almost exclusively for local consumption; we may quote as before; medium, 11c to 12c; fine 12c to 13c; choice, 14c to 15c.

Eggs per doz, 12c to 13c. Lard per lb barrels 7c to 7 1/2c; in kegs, 7 1/2c to 8c.

Tallow per lb 7 1/2c to 8c; in fair demand. Hams per lb, 5c to 7c; Shoulders, 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c; Bacon, 3c to 5c. For Cut-Meat the demand is exceedingly dull.

Pork per bbl, Mess \$10.00 to \$10.50 for old; \$11 for new, no new in market; Thin Mess, \$9.50 to \$9.00; Arme Mess, new \$8 to \$8.25,—old nominal at \$7; Prime, new, \$7.50 to \$8.

Dried Hogs per 100 lbs, in the market; sales at from \$4 to \$5, according to quality. Seeds—Clover, 5 1/2c to 7c per lb; Timothy, \$1.75 to \$2 per 45 lbs. Potatoes—16c to 25c; no sales.

Don't go to Chateau. If your throat is sore or lungs irritated, don't go to church or to the play without a few of Bryant's Pulmonic Wafers in your pocket. They stop a cough in ten minutes, and cure a sore throat in an hour. 25 cents a box.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Births.

In this city, on the 13th instant, Mrs. P. McGoldrick, of a son.

On the 18th instant, the wife of Mr. W. Ower, printer, of a son.

At Quebec, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, Mrs. D. Noonan of a daughter.

At Hawlow Cove, Point Leri, on 3rd inst., Mrs. G. Bourassa of a daughter.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.