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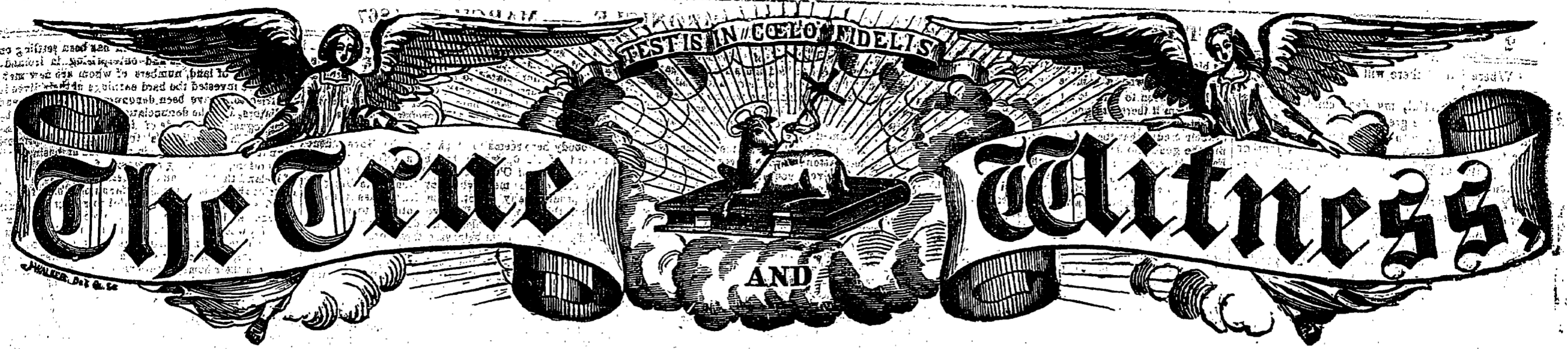
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII.

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No. 33.

ELLEN AHERN; OR, THE POOR COUSIN. CHAPTER I.—FERMANAGH.

On the coast of Ulster, where the ocean tides break with a sullen and terrific sound against the magnificent cliffs and frowning rocks that line the shore, an old feudal castle, looking seaward, stands on a rugged and almost inaccessible eminence. Its ruined battlements and crumbling turrets stand out distinct and dark against the clear sky beyond, and as the wind tosses the dark and flaunting vines which cling about them, to and fro, it requires but little aid of the imagination, to fancy that the pennons of its ancient lords are floating over Fermanagh. This pile, of which only a portion was habitable, was erected in an age when Ireland was governed by her own kings, and when the O'Donnels and the Maguires, who were the lords of Fermanagh, were the most powerful septs in their province. With well-manned battlements and towers, from whence the arrows of unerring arches were ready at a moment's warning to fly from their shafts; surrounded by deep and precipitous ravines, and approached only by a sinuous and narrow defile, it was in those days a magnificent and impregnable fortress, where the Lord of Fermanagh always entrenched himself after his forays, and held wassail with his followers in as much security as an eagle in his Alpine eyrie. This stronghold of the Maguires was the boast of the North; it having defied for more than two centuries all the assaults of foreign and intestine foes. But Saxon treachery at length accomplished that which might, and all the stratagems of war, had failed to do. The noble Maguire, aided by O'Donnell, and other princely chiefs of Donegal, had driven the English out of Ulster, with great rout and slaughter, determined if possible to preserve at least that portion of their fair land from the yoke of the aggressor. For this act the English government outlawed them and set a price on their heads. The sleuth hounds of tyranny were let loose on their track, eager for noble prey. But secure in his crag-bound habitation, the Lord of Fermanagh laughed them to scorn, and amused himself by making his archers shoot headless arrows into the English camp, to which billets couched in the most taunting language were affixed. Wearing out at length, the besiegers withdrew, but in a short time an English officer, attended by only a few followers, made his appearance at the gates of Fermanagh, bearing a white flag significant of truce, and a letter from his government, who offered to withdraw the sentence of outlawry against him, provided he would cease to hold a hostile attitude towards it: and with many sweet and gracious words, concluded by inviting him to Dublin, to ratify the treaty.—Flattered, thrown off his guard, and credulous as noble natures are wont to be, he invited the envoys into the castle, feasted them, and sent them away loaded with presents, with assurances that he would meet them as early as possible in Dublin. Having arranged his affairs, he started with his retinue on his journey south, but when he got beyond the borders of Leinster, he was met by two breathless messengers coming from opposite directions. One was a follower of the O'Donnell, and informed him that his chief and two other northern princes, having been inveigled into the snares of the English, were then lying in chains in Dublin castle. The other was his own foster-father, from the hamlet of Fermanagh, who gave him the still more disastrous intelligence that the English occupied his fortress, and had slaughtered and imprisoned the garrison, who had defended it to the death. The word 'Treachery' burst from his lips, and without waiting to hear any further particulars of the event, he gave the order to return, and with a heart swelling with rage and indignation, retraced the wearisome road he had come by, and like a whirlwind burst on Fermanagh, only to find every pass guarded, and every avenue impregnable. With a grim, black smile, he withdrew quietly, and remained in concealment for a few days with his followers; after which he bade them be ready at midnight to march to Fermanagh. With light and cautious tread they followed his footsteps—not knowing on what wild scene he was bent, but ready to die with him—until he entered a cavern in one of the ravines below the castle, and hearing back a slab of rock, which turned on iron pivots, he led them up through a sinuous, steep, subterranean way, into the very heart of Fermanagh; where, surprised and wild with terror, the English officers and soldiers, aroused from their sleep by the slogan of the Maguires and the clangor of arms, were indiscriminately slaughtered. But from that era the power of the Maguires waned. Unable to resist a power which like an inevitable destiny, encroached daily, more and more on them, they became tributary chiefs, and at length dependants, on the bounty of their oppressors; who had with a perseverance worthy of a better cause hunted them down.

Time rolled its inexorable waves undeviatingly onwards, sweeping away the noble and heroic men of old. One by one, contending to the last for the honor of their beautiful land, and the sacred Altars of their Faith, or pining in English dungeons, into which they had been snared by treachery, they perished; leaving only their untarnished fame and the memory of their noble deeds, to cheer their country, on which the bonds of an accursed slavery had fallen. Slowly, and as if rivetted with adamant, the chains and gyves were fastened about her once free limbs, until she sat a captive before the proud conqueror, even as her Loved Saviour had once sat in the Court of Pilate, clothed in the mockery of power, and derided and scorned by those who sought to crucify Him. And as generation after generation passed away, the old stronghold of Fermanagh began to crumble. The salt storm winds, that forever swept up from the restless sea, claimed of Time a division of the tribute of its decay, and hurled down huge masses of stone from its battlements and turrets, until there remained only enough of its grandeur to attest the history of its fame. On a terrace whose marble steps were broken and defaced, and whose slope was overgrown with flaunting weeds and a matted undergrowth of ivy and other creeping vines, stood an old and bowed man, leaning on his staff, who, although his hair and eyebrows were as white as a mountain fleece, showed by the keen, flashing glance that he cast around him, that the latent fires of a strong and fierce spirit were unsubdued, and ever ready to flash into scorn or wrath, as he might be moved. A gray cotamore hung loosely from his broad shoulders, and his thin legs were encased in woolen stockings and breeches of the same color, which according to a fashion now almost in disuse, met each other at the knee, where they were fastened with small silver buckles. On his left, the terrace overhung a deep and craggy ravine, at the bottom of which dashed a wild mountain torrent, that sent up a rolly reverberating sound as it tumbled over the rocky barriers, which nature had thrown in its way. On the right, a small portion of exhausted land, covered with nettles and farze bushes, with here and there a small plantation of mountain ash and pines, which had sprouted up an age before, between the interstices of the bald limestone rocks, was all that remained of the spot from utter barrenness, while the steep declivities beyond, suggested the idea of inaccessibility to the place. In front, up to the very terraces, which were cut in the rocky hill side, was a rude way of approach which narrowed as it descended, until in some places it was impassible for more than two men abreast, or a single horseman to pass. Through an opening in the rugged scenery a broad, glorious view of the ocean was discernible, and the roar of its waves against the rugged coast sounded a deep, solemn monotone on the ear. The sun was declining, and the sky and billow were iridescent with splendor. Behind him was the ancient ruin: and a scattered heap of stone arches and pillars, overgrown with lichens, and exhibiting traces of exquisite sculpture in their decay, lay where they had fallen fifty years before, in an incongruous pile with fragments of friezes, entablatures and capitals. It was an eyrie scene—the old feudal ruin—the ancient man—the sound of the unseen torrent, and the barrenness and ruin that reigned everywhere! He appeared to be the only living thing there—the guardian genius of the spot, as he stood motionless under the shadow of the gray pile. But presently a low, deep-mouthed growl aroused him from his reverie, and a large brown wolf dog, fierce and strong-limbed, bounded through one of the ruined arches, and lay panting at his feet. 'Aha, Thela! a bouchal dhas!' said the old man, as he stooped to smooth the dog's shaggy coat. 'Thela! Thela! Here, sir! Where are you, Thela?' cried a shrill, clear, and withal, sweet voice. 'She is calling thee, Thela,' said the old man, in his native tongue, with a low chuckle; 'down, sir, down; don't be making a manus (booby) of yourself, and the sunlight of Fermanagh will be here anon. Hist! And as he spoke, a maiden of some eighteen summers old, appeared looking down from an ivy covered battlement overhead. She was flushed with exercise, and radiant in loveliness, which the smell of the mountain heather and the soft salt air from the sea had nurtured into rare perfection. Thela uttered a sharp, quick bark on being discovered, and the maiden after doubling her small white fist, which she shook threateningly, towards him, disappeared; and in a few moments was standing beside the old man who, with an air of once fond and confiding, welcomed her. 'Why art thou plotting treason with Thela, thou knight of the Red Branch? Come, sit here on this broken pediment, which is so overgrown with moss, that it looks like a velvet cushion. I am tired; very tired, cousin Eadhna.' 'What is the wonder?' replied the old man, as he sat down on the place indicated. The balleaghs (mountain road) hereabouts are more fitting for goats and wolf tracks than for Christian feet. See, a sulish, Thela pants like an old starved garan (hack horse). 'He's growing old,' said the girl pressing the dog's head to her side, and smoothing his long shaggy ears with her delicate, tapering hand.—'I will lead him no more such races. No wonder he fled to you for refuge. He knew the appeal would not be vain.' 'And where have ye been? By token of the dampness that's almost droobin (dripping) from your curls, I should say you had been somewhere near the sea.' 'That is just where I have been, cousin Eadhna, and I was so hungry that I stopped at Alice Riordan's house, and got a draught of milk and some of the very nicest strabout that was ever made out of oatmeal. Then I rested at Father McMahon's, and Biddy Colgan, his housekeeper, informed me that he had started at daylight, to go up to a wild and out-of-the-way place among the hills, to persuade some poor fellows, who had been turned out of their houses by a fiend of a middleman, with their wives and children to perish, to be peaceable and not bring the sword among themselves, by committing any outrage on their oppressors. At least that is the meaning of what she told me, and she's in a terrible taking, for she says, 'it's too much to expect from flesh and blood, for them to take all and give none; and the Soggarth (priest) will get hissel' into business yet, meddlin' in such matters. It's no use to be crying peace, peace, when there's no peace; and that's the long and short of it,' added Mrs. Colgan, in which sentiment I heartily join. Then Thela and I went down into the ravine, where I saw a stranger, who was—only think—trying his best to get up to Fermanagh on that side.' And the light-hearted girl laughed merrily at the idea. 'He and the Soggarth must believe in miracles,' said the old man bitterly. 'How so, Sir Eadhna Ahern?' 'Your stranger, a sulish, tried to do that which he could not do without wings; and Father McMahon's gone at the risk of his life to put his comether—and maybe he's right—on a set of miserable wretches who have been starved, scorned and hunted down like wild deer by the low tyrants their landlords have put to reign over them; and exhort to submission men who had better die honestly resisting their wrongs, than live enslaved and degraded, the scorn of their masters and the by-word of their parasites.—Bachal Essu! but it makes my old blood boil to think how tamely we must bear it all.' 'It's an old story, and as sad as old, cousin Eadhna,' said the girl with a sigh; 'we can do nothing but suffer.' 'This very hopelessness is the bitter draught. If we could see deliverance ahead—even remotely—it would be something. If the princes and heroes of old could return, we would suffer, oh, most patiently until their coming, but their sleep is unbroken; neither slogan nor wail can arouse them again,' said the old man sadly. 'They live in their deeds!' said the girl with enthusiasm. 'When the time is ripe, their heroism transfused to this generation, perhaps, will effect the long hoped for deliverance.' 'Och sin?' (who comes) said the old man, as he peered through the gathering shadows, at a gaunt, awkward figure, mounted on a Shetland pony, who approached the terrace slowly and cautiously. 'That—my beloved—is no less a personage than Timothy Fahey, esquire, agent for Lord Hugh Maguire, and tyrant by especial dispensation, of man, woman, and child, in the Barony of Fermanagh. What can bring the creature here, where he comes so seldom, I cannot imagine.—I have a strong mind to set Thela on him.' 'Thela is too noble a dog to hunt carrion,' said the bitter old man. While they were talking the man dismounted at the foot of the terrace, threw the bride over his pony's neck, gave himself a shake as if to get his huge limbs in joint, and came striding on the broken steps with a grim, dark look, to where the old man and girl were sitting. Thela growled and showed his fangs, and but for the presence of the small, white hand on his shoulder, he would have sprung at the unwelcome visitor. 'Is that yourself?' Sir Eadhna; bad luck to your divil of a dog, was his salutation. 'I think, by the powers! that it would only be decent to keep such basties out of the way of gentlemen.' 'What brings you to Fermanagh, Fahey?' said Sir Eadhna, calmly. 'Business, business—not pleasure surely, or by my soul, I'd be disappointed. It'd be like going to a goat's house for wool, bedad! unless I

could turn out the bats, and ghosts, and the like.' 'Name your business.' 'Well, it's this. Here's a few lines that I was directed to read to ye, and bedad, if the letter hadn't come from headquarters, sorra bit would I have scraped my shins, at this late hour, in the break-neck pass of Fermanagh.' 'In old times, Timothy Fahey, when one of your kind came into the presence of a Maguire, it was with bared head and courteous words.—Do you not see Miss Ahern?' 'No offence intended, Miss Ahern, my jewel,' said the agent, with insolent familiarity. 'Still full of your crack-brain, high top airs, Sir Eadhna, knight by tradition and the will of the scrubs of this barony! Bedad! but you've lived here so long, that you begin to think surely that you are one of the old lords of Fermanagh.' 'I am of their blood,' replied the old man proudly, 'and can never forget the immeasurable distance between me and their agent. What is your business here, Fahey?' 'My business is to let you know that Lord Hugh is coming with his mother, the dowager countess of Fermanagh, to visit their estates in Donegal, and this one in particular; and the bed rooms is to be aired, and the furniture uncovered, and everything to be put in first chop order,' replied the agent pompously. 'The young Lord! When do they come?' inquired the old man, steadying his hands on the head of his staff. 'They're on their way up from Dublin, the letter says, and it's more than I can tell, not being a prophet, what day or hour they will arrive. But come when they will, the young lord'll let the barony know he's in it, for they say he raises Tom wherever he is. And I'll tell you what, Mr. Ahern, the tenants think I squeeze them for their rents, but they'll sing another song when my lord comes, by token of his taking the trouble to be after seeing into his own matters. They say he's hard pushed for money, and has put up some of the old acres for sale. An' I heard, moreover, that he's no friend to Papists, and wants to get a colony of Scotch manufacturers settled on the old Abbey lands forment the castle, to weave and spin and weave linen.' This was all said with an air of ill-concealed exultation. 'How did you gain this information, Fahey?' Does Lord Hugh make mention of any such plans in his letter?' asked Sir Eadhna. 'Two of his servants are at the Maguire Arms,' his cook and his wally-de-sbam; fine, sociable fellows, that look like raal gentlemen, and seems to be pretty well posted about my lord's affairs,' replied Fahey. 'Go in, Ellen, a sulish,' said the old man, tenderly, 'it is growing damp.' 'I say, Mr. Ahern, have you got anything stronger than water up here, for my throat feels like a dry sponge, bedad.' 'You know the way to the dining-room, Fahey, go in; you will find some poteen in the liquor case that stands on the buffet,' replied Sir Eadhna, coldly; 'help yourself.' 'It's well a could welcome don't freeze me!' replied the agent with a scowl. 'If my lord don't take some of these airs down, I'm a false prophet—the old beggar,' he muttered as he went in. 'These are all tidings, a lanna vought,' (my poor child) said the old man to Ellen Ahern, who, instead of going in, had come closer to him, and was now leaning on his shoulder; 'bad tidings for thee, and for me also.' 'And why, cousin Eadhna? You have, by the will of the late lord, a residence here as long as you live. The same provision was made for me. I do not think that Fahey's intelligence is reliable, and if it is, they cannot drive us out, whatever else they may do. Let us look on the bright side of things. I think God intended His creatures to do this, for I have read that Hope is one of His fairest and most beloved Angels. I should say, it would brighten us up bravely in our mountain eyrie—their coming,' she said, in a cheering way. 'It will be something very sweet to me, to enjoy the companionship of a female relative; to show her all the wonders of Fermanagh, and learn her to love her old historic home. How can she but be proud of it, with all its grand associations.' 'She is an Englishwoman,' replied the old man, bitterly; 'and her son, who bears the title of the old Lords of Fermanagh, is nothing more than the Ass in the fable, who decked himself in the Lion's skin, if all reports are true. Faugh! it sickens me. Lord of Fermanagh?' 'But how? Is he not a Maguire? Was not his father the last Lord of Fermanagh?' enquired Ellen Ahern, who had never heard her relatives referred to in this bitter tone before. 'Yes, His father—God rest his soul, for a truer and better man never breathed—was the late Lord of Fermanagh; but he is the son of a

second marriage, which he contracted with the handsome daughter of an impoverished and spend-thrift nobleman.' 'Was he the heir?' 'No. The rightful heir, was a son, who was the issue of his first marriage.' 'Did the heir die?' 'They say so—they say so,' replied the old man, scornfully. 'But there were whispers of foul play. I could never learn any particulars, for he died abroad, either in Germany or Spain.' 'Hist! The agent is coming,' whispered Ellen Ahern. And Mr. Fahey made his appearance, and having informed them that he would send Alice Riordan and her daughter up the next morning, to assist in getting things ready at the castle, he took his departure with as little ceremony as he came. CHAPTER II.—THE PORTRAIT GALLERY. All was bustle the next day at Fermanagh.—Every apartment in the habitable part of the castle was turned topsy-turvy. The astonished mice and spiders, who thought they had a life lease of their old corners and hiding places, scampered frantically out of sight or were swept away with the besom of destruction. Clouds of dust rolled like murky fogs slowly out of the windows, and pail after pail of water sluiced the floors, through which Alice Riordan and her stout handsome daughters waded like Naads, mop in hand, singing as they toiled, and only intent on cleaning off the accumulated stans and dirt of years. Hangings were to be put up and carpets to be dusted and put down. Covers were to be removed from the antique furniture, linen was to be aired; the old silver service, that Sir Eadhna Ahern kept in a strong box under his own bed, was to be cleaned; and a general scrubbing and polishing was to be accomplished. There was no place of refuge amidst this uproar for Ellen Ahern, except the Picture Gallery, so called par courtesy, for only a few of the portraits of the departed Lords and Ladies, Bards and Chieftains of Fermanagh were in good preservation; the others being mildewed and tattered from exposure to the damps and the neglect of many years. There was an oriel window at the end of the gallery, which set back in a deep embrasure of the stone wall, from whence the fern-covered hills, that stretched away to the eastward, and their shining quartz peaks, presented a picturesque view to the eye; while a ruined abbey, surrounded by a rich luxuriance of vegetation, lifted its gray arches in the valley, a fitting memorial of the holy and princely dead whose dust reposed there; which suggested many a sad thought, as well as glorious recollections of the 'days that were.' Far beyond this and scarcely discernible through the dense wood which surrounded it, arose the massive ruins of one of the strongholds of 'the O'Donnell,' adding grandeur and solemnity to the scene, by the story its despoiled columns and crumbling battlements told of the past. Here Ellen Ahern loved to muse and dream; and here, her heart full of large and hopeful schemes, used to paint a brilliant future for the land she loved. She now sought shelter here, and with her head bowed over her needlework—some articles of dress she was fashioning—she began to speculate on the character and appearance of her expected relatives. She feared they were cold and proud, and feeling that she was only a poor cousin, she dreaded the supercilious glance and haughty demeanor which, from the knowledge of the world that books had given her, she naturally expected. 'But,' thought she, 'the English are all cold at first, and I won't mind, but endeavor to win on the Countess for the sake of the poor tenants of Fermanagh; and if Lord Hugh Maguire has one spark of humanity in his disposition, I do not fear but that I shall be able to fan it into a blaze. I wonder is he handsome?' He should be, for the males of our race were all noble-looking men! I hope he loves his country; if he does all will go well, for he will respect her sorrows in the persons of the impoverished creatures who, by the sweat of their brow and the waste of their very life-blood, fill his coffers with gold. Oh, I will appeal to all his noble qualities, and implore him by the unsullied name he bears, to become their friend and protector!

Considering, cæta an carbone notandum, (where to be marked with charcoal or chalk), is the new advent at Fermanagh? Eh, Aileen, my child? said a kindly voice beside her, which caused her to start from her reverie. 'Father, McMahon! I will answer your Latin, which I do not understand one word of, in a warmer and more glowing language, cead mille faltha!' ('a hundred thousand welcomes') said Ellen Ahern, dropping her work, while she grasped the good priest's hand. 'When did you get back?' 'Back? Where have I been?' he said, laughing.

ning the police of the danger. The priest boldly said the part he had taken, and that the police were paid for any attack, and that the insurgents...

THE LAND BILL OF LORD NAAS.—We copy from the Freeman the following outline of the provisions of this measure:—

After reciting the various classes of improvements, the bill provides that they shall not extend to anything to be done in pursuance of a contract—e.g., a lease or proposal for a lease—binding the tenant to make similar improvements, or to be made in consideration of an abatement in the rent, or generally any works which have not exclusive reference to an increase in the agricultural value of the farm.

hereafter created and attached to the soil, at the sole expense of the tenant, and which shall not have been erected in pursuance of any contract with the landlord, or under the provisions of the present act, may be removed by the tenant or his representative, during the tenancy, or on its determination by some uncertain event, and without the tenant's default, within three months after the determination, unless the landlord consent to purchase, before removal the tenant is to give notice of his intention to remove within three months.

We ought all by this time to be aware of a fact, which is not the less true because some appearances are the other way—the fact, namely, that no nation in the world is more easily roused to fury by insult or injury than our own, and that none among fairly roused, is more likely so to take, in a quiet business-like way of its own, steps of the most unparalyzing severity against all who attack it.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayress gave their inaugural banquet on the 19th. The Round-robin was specially decorated very tastefully for the occasion. The Lord-Lieutenant, the Marchioness of Abercorn, and the Ladies Hamilton were the chief guests.

LORD DERRY'S LAND BILL.—On Tuesday this measure was brought into the House of Commons by Lord Naas, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who explained its provisions, and it was read a first time.

landlord having a voice in settling the matters relating to building, roadmaking and the erection of fences; and so far as we can understand the measure, we think the provisions we have canvassed should be accepted by Ireland as an instalment.

There has been a great fall of snow on the Island. A number of Fenians have been arrested at Limerick. The prisoners while on their way to the police barracks were cheered by the people.

March 14, noon.—The Fenian troubles are not altogether ended. The Government has just despatched four gunboats to Dublin, and they will be posted at different places in the river Liffey.

It is understood that further important information has been received from the writer of the anonymous letter, which led to the arrest of Captain Moriarty, as arrest that mainly prevented the outbreak from assuming serious proportions.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PHYSICAL FORCE.—At a meeting of the Brantford Branch of the National Reform Union held on the 18th of February, the following letter was read from Mr. John Bright:—

Dear Sir,—I think your resolutions very good.—The course taken by the Government is an insult to the House, and a gross offense to the whole body of reformers in the country. I cannot say what the house will do till after the meeting which is called for Thursday next.

THE GALLANT POLICEMAN AND THE PATRIOT PRIEST.—In the House of Commons on the 18th of February, Mr. Waldron wished to ask the noble lord whether he could confirm the published reports of the gallant conduct of Police Constable Duggan, who was attacked by the rioters while carrying despatches.

LORD NAAS.—The statement which appeared in the Times of this morning with regard to Police Constable Duggan is entirely incorrect. He showed the greatest possible gallantry and devotion to his duty. After being wounded, and after falling from his horse, he then endeavored to struggle on, as best he could in order to perform his duty.

LONDON, March 6.—The case of the United States against the ex-Confederate steamer 'Alexandria,' has been decided by the Admiralty Court in favor of the American Government.

The Anglican Convocation is thus described by the 'Orthodox' Church of England in the Standard in its leading article of Monday:—Convocation, is powerless to act ex proprio motu. It may condemn a man or a book, but it cannot give force to its condemnation.

The PACIFIC OCEAN.—The Times says that at the forthcoming assizes for North and South Lancashire, there will be a Catholic Judge (Mr. Justice Shee), a Catholic High Sheriff, and a Catholic Under-Sheriff. This is the first time such an event ever occurred in the county of Lancaster, or indeed, in any county in England since the Reformation.

In a recent number of the London Tablet we find the following remarks on the ludicrous dissensions existing in the English Church as by law established.

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REP TAP.—There is a story current about the War Office which is characteristic. Even if not quite true, it is very like the truth. Somewhere down in Kent, below Chatham, the line was blocked up beyond the power of the Company's staff or such men as they could procure to clear it.

refused by the servant. He was importunate, and Longfellow was consulted, and admittance again denied. At last the man broke through all obstructions and burst into the poet's study.

Earl Derby moved the second reading of the bill to continue the suspension of habeas corpus in Ireland. Earl Russell gave a cordial assent to the bill, which he considered fully justified by recent events.

Earl Derby gave explanations on the part of the Irish Attorney General, and proposed that the correspondence relative to the paragraph in the American President's Message concerning the Fenian troubles in Canada should be laid before Parliament.

Speaking of the passage of the Confederation Bill in the Lords, and the speeches of Earl Russell and the Marquis of Normanby hinting at the possibility of entire separation from the mother country, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—Heroupon I may as well state frankly that such separation is much desired here, for the obvious reason that it would vastly simplify our relations with the United States.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 21.—The steamer Rappahannock was sold at auction to-day by Mr. Dudley, the American Consul, for the sum of £5,200 sterling.

The repairs on the steamer Great Eastern having been completed she was successfully launched on the 21st Feb. from the gridiron, at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool.

UNITED STATES.

Mr. Raymond, of New York, stated a few days since, in the House of Representatives, that no laboring man could support himself and family with any degree of comfort in the United States at the present, for less than a thousand dollars per annum.

BOOTS GOLD DOLLARS.—How the 'Yankees' Cheat the Negroes.—The Richmond (Va.) Whig talks the following tale, which it uses to 'point the moral' of Yankee shrewdness and overreaching:

A few days since a Richmond darkey named Joseph Robinson, returned to this city from a Northern tour. At Washington he met with a Yankee financier, who had doubtless been engaged in a Wall street banking house, who inquired of him whether he was traveling; and on being informed by the unsophisticated boy that he was journeying toward the capital of the Old Dominion, in order to embrace his brother Hannicut, the following colloquy ensued.

Financier.—How's gold in Richmond. Darkey.—Gold's mighty scarce down dar, sar. Financier.—(putting out thirty-five brass pieces, which by the gaitlight resembled gold dollars)—Well, I'll give you thirty-five dollars in gold for the same amount in greenbacks, and when you get there you can make a ape.

The darkey, thinking every Yankee his friend, took up his proposition, and immediately closed the bargain. Upon arriving in the city, and inspecting the coin by the light of day, he found that he had traded off Uncle Samuel's currency for a lot of larger beer checks, which were of the size of a dollar piece, with the Goddess of Liberty upon the face, who seemed to be suffering from some serious constitutional disturbance, and upon the reverse was the picture of an American Eagle, much thinner than when we last saw the noble bird depicted upon a U. States coin.

Another instance of radical morality has just been brought to light in Alexandria, Va., in which three Massachusetts members of Congress, Almy, Ames, and Hooper, and 'Judge Underwood, appear in an unenviable light. It seems that an estate of a rebel was libelled for confiscation. The judge condemned it and brought it in 'for his wife,' and the immaculate Congressmen came in for an 'honest penny.—But why shouldn't the 'loyal' be permitted to realize something from the sins of 'secess'?

THE MARRIED SOUTH.—The South sits manacled and helpless, and shielded only by her courage and virtue. She is besieged by a rabble, more obscene and violent than that of Gomor, to part with her priceless and unstained honor. Always the high and demonic menaces of those who would betray her are sounding in her ears, and with these are mingled the treacherous promises of pretended friends.

Does any one question the national willingness to bear heavy financial burdens? Does any one doubt the patience of the American people? If there is such a sceptic we wish he would look at the report of the last fiscal year, and then consider some of the projects agitated and likely to be pushed through in the present Congress.

The True Witness CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY...

TERMS: YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year...

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 22. ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR. MARCH-1867. Friday, 22--Of the Holy Shroud. Saturday, 23--Of the Feria.

OFFICE OF THE ROMAN LOAN. At the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co., 11 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF PINE.

ALFRED LAROUCHE, Esq., Agent of the Roman Loan, Montreal, Canada. Dear Sir, I have the honor to inform you that I have received instructions to keep this Loan open...

NEWS OF THE WEEK. The Atlantic Cable has been rather reticent during the past week on the matter of Fenian riots in Ireland; we say riots, because if the accounts transmitted to us by telegraph may be relied upon, the disturbances never attained more formidable proportions than those of mere riots.

Though we were told that the excitement was at an end, the British Government is by no means relaxing any of its precautions. Gunboats have been stationed in the Liffy, and important arrests of Fenian leaders have been made in several parts of the country.

On the Continent of Europe all has been quiet, but trouble is evidently looming up in the East. If Russia persist in her demands upon Turkey another war seems inevitable.

The Bill for the Union of the British North American Provinces is being rapidly carried through the House of Commons. The debates offer nothing very interesting, and throw no new light upon this topic.

On Monday, Mr. D'Israeli brought forward in the House of Commons the Ministerial plan of Reform. Some fears were entertained that the Fenian riots might be renewed in Ireland, and indeed in some of the large cities of England, on the 17th.

In the United States St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in the usual manner. There has been some talk of another filibustering raid upon Canada by the Yankees, our authorities in this country are on the alert, and it is to be hoped that the reports that have been in circulation may be destitute of any solid foundation.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL. Cold and wintry like was the day, but the hearts of the Irishmen spite of wind and weather were warm as ever. Never was there in Montreal a finer and more imposing turn-out of our Irish fellow-citizens than that which took place on Monday last. As we gave a programme of the Procession in our last, it is scarce necessary to say more on this head, than that it was faithfully carried out. At an early hour the different Societies met, and marched in order to the St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. Billaudel, V.G. of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, assisted by the Rev. M.M. O'Brien and McMahon as Deacon and Sub-Deacon respectively.

The speaker applied his text to Ireland and the hundreds of sons of old Erin sitting underneath him. They did well to be proud of their patron saint, for wherever he had set his foot was the Cross preached, and the faith believed in. He had eradicated Paganism from their dear old land. He found a beautiful country in idolatry, but, like Paul of old, he converted and saved them. The reverend speaker entered into a history of the life of Ireland's patron saint, commencing with the time when at the age of sixteen he was carried captive, as was the Hebrew Joseph. This was a great blessing for him and for the country that he came to succour and to save.

The Mass concluded, the Procession reformed and carried out the remainder of the Programme. The order, the fine appearance of the men, and the beauty of the different Banners, and insignia of the various Societies, elicited universal admiration. By about 2 p.m. the Procession returned to the site of the future St. Patrick's Hall, when the next great event of the Day took place, in the laying of the Corner Stone.

The crowd was great, and was composed of citizens of all denominations. Appropriate addresses were delivered by B. Devlin, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, by His Honor the Mayor, and Dr. Hingston. Then the Rev. Father Dowd, the venerated Pastor of St. Patrick's, came forward and having blessed the stone, offered the prescribed prayers, and duly performed all appropriate rites, the stone was pronounced to be laid: and numbers then came forward to deposit their offerings thereon which are devoted to the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and the Night Refuge.

We give below the speeches of B. Devlin, Esq., of the Mayor, of Dr. Hingston, and of the Rev. Father Dowd:—

Mr. B. Devlin, the President of the St. Patrick's Society, who was received with great enthusiasm, said: It had been wisely ordered by the Directors of the Hall that no speeches should be made on the occasion. He could not, however, resist taking advantage of the opportunity now offered him of congratulating the Irish Catholics of Montreal on the magnificent demonstration they had made in honor of their patron Saint. It was a proof of the love—the imperishable attachment, they felt towards the land of their birth. He was rejoiced to see so many thousands of his countrymen assembled around the foundation of Saint Patrick's Hall, which would be a building reflecting credit on them, and an ornament to the city.

His Worship the Mayor, in response to a general demand, advanced and said: Gentlemen, fellow citizens, I have great pleasure in appearing before you to-day, as far as my presence contributes to the success of the celebration in which we, as the representatives of all nationalities, feel concerned to take a part. On this occasion, I feel that I have, by right, very little to say, but I must say that I have been your Mayor for some years.

The Mayor: I have endeavored to do my duty as your representative. I have tried to exhibit this principle: that the Mayor of a city like Montreal should not be swayed either by personal or political considerations. However, these are matters which only concern you, me, and the other citizens on other occasions: in the meantime, it is my duty as your Mayor to emphasize what has been told you on other occasions, namely that the man who respects the injunctions of his church, will never forget the obligations he owes to his country. (Loud Cheers.)

Dr. Hingston, one of the principal Directors of the St. Patrick's Hall Association, said: Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen.—The Directors of the St. Patrick's Hall Association have done me the honor to invite me to address you to-day. Under ordinary circumstances I shrink from public speaking. On the present occasion, however, I feel less diffident, because we are met together in amity and friendship, met together to lay the foundation stone of a large and handsome structure, to be essentially devoted to purposes of peace and charity—to the promotion of literature and art, sociality and commerce—and above all, of loyalty and good will amongst all classes in this community.

It must be a source of the highest gratification to every Irishman—nay, to every order, to every citizen, that an enterprise to remedy a great want in this city, which had, it is true, its inception in natural love and enthusiasm, in an ever fond recollection of a beautiful green beyond the sea, where most of those before me first drew the breath of life—but which few in all probability are destined ever again to see.

Mr. Devlin—Let us give three cheers for Father Dowd. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Rev. Mr. Dowd, in response, said: My dear friends, I succeed three gentlemen who commenced by telling a lie [laughter]. No one was to make a speech, and after listening to three excellent speeches, I do not intend to imitate their example by making an excellent speech, or telling a lie about it [renewed laughter].

The reverend gentleman then took the trowel—a small and exquisitely carved silver one, executed by Mr. Street, Little St. James' street. The blade bore a wreath of small etchings surrounded by a cross. In the interior of the wreath was placed a harp. The following superscription was added:—

Presented to the Rev. Pk. Dowd, by the Directors of St. Patrick's Hall, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, March 18th, 1867.

The following, which was placed in two hermetically sealed glass jars, and enclosed in a leaden box, soldered, were deposited in the crypt in the corner stone.

An engraving of St. Patrick's Hall, in satin, presented by the proprietors of the Herald. Ten of the City Newspapers. A number of periodicals, viz: Canadian Naturalist, containing notes on aboriginal antiquities, by Dr. Dawson; La Revue Canadienne, Medical Journal, Law Journal, L'Echo du Cabinet Paroissial, Journal of Education, Saturday Reader, Sketch of Montreal, Year Book of British North America for 1867, Prospectus of St. Patrick's Hall Association. A number of British and Canadian Coins of the present day.

A brass plate, with the following inscription:— This plate commemorates the laying of the Corner-Stone of the St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, by the Rev. P. Dowd, Obit., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, on the 18th March, 1867, in the 30th year of the Reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The Right Hon. Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, Baron Monck of Ballytrammont, Ireland, Governor-General of British America. Lieutenant General Sir J. Michel, Bart., K.C.B., Commander of the Forces, Administrator of the Government of Canada. Henry Starnes, Esq., Mayor of Montreal.

Messrs. Bernard Devlin, M. P. Ryan, J. W. McDougall, Edward Murphy, W. H. Hingston, M.D.; Messrs. Luke Moore, and O. J. Ousack, J. W. Hopkins, Architect; Hanley and Sheridan, Builders; B. E. Gilbert, Iron Founder, &c. Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise. In the evening took place the Concert at the City Hall, and never was there a greater success. The numbers were so large, that we fear that many were unable to obtain entrance, and the ornaments of the Hall, the music, and all the accessories, were all that the heart of man or woman could desire. The proceedings were inaugurated by an Address from the President of the St. Patrick's Society, B. Devlin, Esq. All in this Address was most gratifying, except the announcement made by the speaker, that this was the last occasion on which he should address his fellow-countrymen as President of the Society.

He said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I have had the honor of addressing you upon several occasions, but I never had the pleasure since I have been in this country to meet so many of my countrywomen: I always put them first—and countrymen as I have to-night. It is a rule of mine not to indulge in long speeches, for I know you came here to listen to good music, and not to bad speaking, particularly from a lawyer. I cannot however permit an opportunity like this to pass away without expressing the pleasure I experience from your enthusiastic attendance upon this celebration of St. Patrick's day. [Cheers.] I am aware that the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's Hall has contributed to induce you to come here this evening, and I trust you will be pleased with the arrangements and the music, which you will have the pleasure of hearing in a few minutes. And although you experienced—particularly the ladies—considerable difficulty in coming up stairs, still I hope you will leave here unmindful of the difficulty you had in making your way into this room. This is the last time you will be called on to appear in this Hall to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. [Cheers.]

When next we meet we will celebrate it in our own Hall, where the ladies can ascend the stairs without difficulty, for the contractors have made most ample arrangements to have the stairways extensive—[laughter]—so that any number of you will be able to ascend the stair with ease. I would revert as an Irishman ought, upon an occasion like this kind, to the land of his birth—old Ireland. Separated as she is from us, she is not still the less dear. I proclaim it from this platform that when the Government of England will give to Ireland the same liberty as we enjoy in Canada, Ireland will, like Canada, be peaceful, prosperous, contented and happy. [Applause.] I would feel that I were untrue to you, and that I were not deserving of the confidence which you have been pleased to repose in me, if I did not avail myself of this opportunity of saying that Irishmen are as loyal as any men when they are generously dealt with. I state this, that if the land of our birth should enjoy the same privileges as we do in Canada—let Ireland be permitted to govern herself, and I'll attempt to say, that whenever England is mentioned she will have Irishmen to stand by her side. If we hear of 'War, and rumours of war, it is simply because our people at home are disturbed. They say, 'Look at Canada; the inhabitants are going to have their Parliament House—their House of Lords and Commons, and we are living at the door of England, and are not allowed to have a government of our own.' I say as an Irishman we only ask of England that she should be permitted to govern ourselves. If we got that, I say a truer or a better people are not to be found on the earth. [Cheers, and 'Bully for Ireland!'] I do not wish to be misrepresented; I was misrepresented before, and I don't want people to leave under the impression we are no true to the country in which we live. [Cries 'not no!'] We have a government here that we can turn out when we like; therefore it is that we grow prosperous and are content,—so kind and so loving to each other in this land of our adoption. That shows the strong desire the men of Ireland have for annexation. We have a long programme, and I have allowed myself to be betrayed into a speech. (A voice, 'Go on!') As this is the last time I shall have the honor to be before you as the President of St. Patrick's Society, I wish here publicly to record my opinions. I am the same man now that I was in 1848. (Cheers.) I desire now, as I desired then, that Ireland would be allowed to legislate for herself. If it was put to a vote we would be supported by every Scotchman and Englishman. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have the happiness of seeing an Irish Parliament assembled in O'Connell Green. (Tremendous waving of hats and cheering.) When that takes place you will hear little of Fenianism or any other idem. I can't choose these few remarks without thanking the Presidents of the different Societies who have honored us with their presence here to-night. I am proud to point to the fact there is no distinction observable amongst us. The Protestant and Catholic recognizes the men as brothers and the women as sisters. This I hope will ever prevail. He who does not do this cannot expect to be looked upon in a kindly spirit himself. As an Irishman I need not say we are as a people bound to be kind to each other; for we are far from our country. We have to establish a home and character for ourselves. We can only do that by retaining the affection of our fellow citizens. I am sure our Canadian fellow citizens will—[interruption.] I heard a Scotchman say recently, 'Give Irishmen fair play as you do to us Scotchmen and Englishmen, and the Scotchman or Englishman will run decidedly quick if they run faster than he can [laughter]. I claim as a humble man that the Irish shall be put on the same footing. Start us all together and let the best man win the race. If you throw the men out of the case and put the Irish women in it—our Scotch and English sisters—let me tell you they would require to have light boots to beat them. I am grateful for the attention you have given me. You will not see much in the newspapers about 'Hear, hear and cheers,' for I am one of those speakers who generally make my observations when I stand before you. I thank each of you for your attendance, and I hope that our countrymen and women when we have occasions of this kind will meet as we do to-night, united by the bonds of friendly union; prepared to extend the hand of friendship to all that deserve our confidence; thus proving ourselves worthy sons and daughters of old Ireland.

The Concert then proceeded. Betwixt the first and second parts—the guests withdrew for refreshments, and on their return the music of the popular Opera the Bohemian Girl was well rendered. At the close His Honor the Mayor again addressed a few words to his friends, and the Day's proceedings terminated in a most satisfactory manner, with cheers for "Old Ireland," for the Women of Ireland, for the President of the St. Patrick's Society, and three hearty roaring cheers for our Queen Victoria.

Along the route of procession, several arches, decorated with evergreens and laurel, were erected across the leading thoroughfares; amongst which we noticed those in Alexander and McCord streets and one in Wellington, erected by we believe, Mr. R. M. Shann, first Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Society.

St. PATRICK'S DAY AT OTTAWA. There was a fine Procession, and the usual religious services appropriate to the Day were duly performed in the Cathedral. In the evening there was a Banquet, at which Mr. R. W. Scott,

M.P. presided, having as his vice-president Mr. Sherrin Powell. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed, and responded to, and every thing passed off in the most excellent manner.

ST. PATRICK'S CELEBRATION IN TORONTO.—In compliance with a request publicly made by His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, the Hibernian Society took to part in the proceedings. High Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral, and the Sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch. His Lordship took occasion to impress upon his audience, that though there are many wrongs in Ireland which called for redress, it was not by an appeal to arms that those wrongs were to be righted. His Lordship observed also with reference to Canada, that it was the happiest and best governed country in the world.

CATHOLIC OR PROTESTANT.—The Church of England, since its origin in the sixteenth century, has always oscillated betwixt Geneva and Rome. Protestant or anti-Catholic in its Articles, it retains much of Catholic doctrine, incompatible, and logically irreconcilable with those Articles, in its Liturgy. Its Creeds are those of the Catholic Church; it has a Hierarchy fashioned after a Catholic model; but if its office bearers speak of it as a branch of the Catholic Church, its laity are equally forward in upholding its Protestantism. For an instant, in the reign of Charles the First, and under the auspices of Laud, it seemed as if the Catholic element in the Establishment were about to assert its supremacy; but the cry of the laity, "Great praise be to God, but little Laud to the devil," soon showed upon how fragile a basis rested the expectations of the seventeenth century high churchmen, and how irresistible, after all, was the Protestant spirit of the Church of England laity. After the Restoration there was a slight reaction in favor of Laudian principles, but the Revolution soon put a stop to this.—Then followed a long era of Latitudinarianism, the triumph of Broad-Churchism, when both Calvinism and Catholic principles were forgotten and laid aside, and the non-jurors alone retained any idea of a Christian Church. But with the revival of a religious spirit in the Establishment towards the beginning of the present century, revived also the old struggle betwixt the Protestantising and Catholicising parties, of which struggle the highest development is now seen in the so-called Ritualistic movement. What will be the fate of this? Will it, like the High Church movement in the days of Laud end in discomfiture? or is it destined to have important and permanent effects upon the Establishment itself?

We think that one thing is certain:—That the men who—whether clerics or laics—have taken part in Ritualism, who have adopted the Catholic view of a Church, and the Sacraments, will never relapse into Low Churchism, or Latitudinarianism. Calvinism is at the roots of the Low Church or evangelical system; and though a man who has imbibed Calvinistic principles in his youth, may retain them, it is morally impossible that he who has once had his eyes opened to the loathsomeness of Calvinism, to its blasphemous character, and its vile libels upon God, should ever again adopt the odious system. The dog may return to its vomit, the sow that has been washed to its wallowing in the mire; but never can he who has once abjured Calvinism or evangelicalism, again defile himself with the unclean thing. Unitarian he may become, or Deist; Atheist or Pantheist; but never a Calvinist, never an Anglican churchman of the low or evangelical type.

Now if the dominant party in the Establishment succeed, as they are endeavoring and seem likely to do, in putting down Ritualism, or in other words, in suppressing all outward manifestations of Catholicising tendencies within the Establishment, they will drive the Ritualists either into the Catholic Church, or into schism. It will be impossible—indeed it is so now—for any consistent men to hold the principles which underlie Ritualism, and to remain a member of the Establishment. Convocation in both branches has spoken out clearly and strongly, condemning the practices of the Ritualists, and the peculiar doctrines of which these practices are the exponents.—It has declared as unequivocally as it is possible for Anglicans to speak; that the tendencies of the Establishment are towards a reunion, not with Rome but with Little Bethel, not with St. Peter's but with the meeting-house, not with Catholics, but with dissenters, not with the Vicar of Christ, but with Mr. Spurgeon. The Church of England as by Law Established is declared to be not Catholic but Protestant; and this declaration proceeds, not from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or any body outside of the said Church, but from its Bishops, its dignitaries, and representatives in Convocation assembled.—This time the High Churchmen can no longer, as in the Gorham case, say that the voice that condemns them is not the full and free voice of their own Church. In honesty, in consistency, but one course then is open to them.—That of shaking the dust from off their shoes, and leaving the Protestant

