nor, Patrick Nugent, and Daniel Lee. Being surrounded by two files of police with fixed bayonets, they were removed to covered cars that were in waiting, and conveyed under strong escort to the county prison, a large crowd, principally composed of women and children, following them. The windows along the route were crowded with spectators, and much excitement existed.

The Irish Canadian,

Is printed and published every WEDNESDAY morning, for the Proprietors, by BOYLE & HYNES, at the Office, No. 37 Colborne Street, entrance on Exchange Alley.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance. No subscription taken for less than six months.

CLUB RATES.

4 copies for one year	$8 00
6 " "	12 00
10 " "	16 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Six lines or less	$0 0
Each subsequent insertion	0 13
Above six lines, first insertion, per line	0 08
Each subsequent insertion, "	0 03
Business Cards, six lines or less, per annum	5 00
For six months	3 00

A liberal discount to yearly or half-yearly advertisers.

Advertisements, without written instructions, will be inserted until forbid. Orders to discontinue advertisements must be given in writing.

All letters and communications to be addressed to the Editor of THE IRISH CANADIAN, Toronto, Ontario.

THE IRISH CANADIAN

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 18, 1868.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
IN TORONTO.

THE HIBERNIANS OUT IN FORCE.

A SPLENDID MUSTER.

THE WEATHER PROPITIOUS.

THE PROCESSION.

Route of March—Incidents—Remarks at St. Paul's—Services in the Churches, Presentation, &c., &c.

The Irishmen of Toronto and surrounding country, under the auspices of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, celebrated the Anniversary of the Tutelar Saint of Ireland by a public procession through the principal streets of this city. Fears were entertained that the wretched weather of the preceding day would wet-blanket the turn-out on the 17th, but the elements, rather threatening and foggy in the morning, rolled away to the West, and left behind a clear sky, from which shot out the sun's warmth, to gladden and make cheerful, as it were, the hearts of the rollicking Emeralders.

At seven o'clock, a. m., the green bunting of the Hibernians was run from the windows of their Hall, the Standard of Ireland occupying the central position of the building. This was the signal for a general grouping of the Irish, who clustered around the corner, awaiting the departure of the Society for St. Paul's. Numbers of strangers were in the city, and the sidewalks were alive with our townsfolk, who appeared to be enjoying a holiday. Closing on nine o'clock crowds pressed towards Power street, where Wallace's splendid Brass Band, heading the advance of the Hibernians, soon arrived, and where already had congregated a large percentage of those who were to take part in the day's proceedings. Locomotion was very difficult at this point, and the pathways were thronged much beyond their capacity. As sight-seeing, however, was the main object, this difficulty was not considered as of very much importance.

The procession proper being composed of two sections—East and West—the men of St. Mary's, who had attended Divine service in a body, were looked for at ten. At that hour their banners and flags could be discerned a long distance off; and by-and-by the strains of their excellent Band (Sutton's of Patterson) fell on the expectant ear. At half-past ten they wheeled into line on Power street, and at eleven the whole moved off to the tune of St. Patrick's Day, headed by the grand marshal, Mr. Owen Cosgrove, who was ably assisted by his two aids, Messrs. Thomas Kennedy and Edward Donlon. It was a cheering sight; the banners glinting high aloft; the sons of the Green Isle stepping lightly and in tune, and the evident good humor which was evidenced throughout.

The route of procession lay along King street to Church street; up Church street to Gould street; by way of Gould to Yonge street; down Yonge to Queen street; West on Queen to Bathurst street, south on Bathurst to King street; and thence East as far as Power street again. The streets were heaped with mud from the beginning to the end—so deep that it might appal hearts less resolute; but the processionists waded through the slop with a degree of equanimity not always observable under similar circumstances. The casualties by the way were few and trifling. At the corner of Queen and Simcoe streets the hoarse voice of the Band startled a neighboring steed, with buggy attached, which dashed down Simcoe street at headlong speed, overturning the vehicle in his flight, and making of it a hopeless wreck. Coming down King street a young lad was struck by the wheel of a waggon; but beyond a coating of the plentiful article under foot, the little fellow sustained no injury.

As noticeable in the early part of the day, immense crowds thronged the streets through which the procession passed, which seemed to increase in volume as the centre of the city was approached. By the well-ordered disposition of the Police Force, under command of Sergeant Major Cummins, the different street-crossings were amply protected, so that no inconvenience whatever occurred at these points. In turn, their duty was rendered extremely easy of performance by a very general desire on the part of all to be as agreeable as possible. This excellent spirit prevailed and characterised the entire proceedings, which may with truth be said to have been carried to a close to the utmost satisfaction of those more immediately concerned. Certainly the spectator had no pretext for cavil, as nothing obnoxious to the eye or ear was visible or escaped the lips of those in the procession.

The large number of the fair sex observable on the sidewalks formed a remarkable feature in the day's history. Among the many colors worn by the ladies the green predominated, which took the shape of ribbons, bonnets, streamers, dresses, gloves, &c., &c. Nothing would please them but continual company, and they followed side by side with the sterner portion of the pedestrians to the end of the chapter. Their endurance and patience were worthy of great praise—commendable qualities which should be appreciated at their proper value in these days of women's rights and universal suffrage. We had the pleasure of recognizing among the ladies several old acquaintances, whose well-known features were radiant with unfeigned delight. These gracefully saluted the passing throng, and encouraged it onwards with the waving of their snow-white cambric, and their hearty congratulations and good wishes.

The procession itself was a complete success, comparing favorably, in point of numbers and *personnel*, with the gatherings of previous years. Taking the contingent circumstances into consideration, it more than fulfilled expectation, and was creditable alike—as far as display went—to its participants and to their friends. Much of the bone and sinew of past celebrations is yet discernible, as was clearly proven yesterday. Strong arms and robust forms there were in plenty—the very stuff of which "heroes are made," and which is indispensable to the growth and prosperity of a country. Properly utilized this could not fail to be an element of fruitful industry, whose priceless labor would beget the most beneficent results, which, in turn, would enrich the land, and render more prosperous and practicable its sources of wealth and greatness.

But to return to the procession. After a heavy tramp of something over two hours the wearers of the green safely arrived at the starting-ground. The head of the procession halted opposite the gate of St. Paul's Church, and opened ranks, facing inwards. Thus placed, the rear of the line poured up the centre towards Queen street, the members receiving their "distant relations" with heads uncovered, the Bands playing the national airs. In this way the multitudes converged, till Power street was blocked up from head to foot, and presented an animated appearance witnessed in that quarter only on the the 17th of March. The locality is always selected as the rallying point of national displays, and there also are the out-door honors of the Festival terminated. This it is, apart from its religious character, which endears the old parish to the Irish heart, and makes it doubly attractive by association and recollection.

The audience having taken up position within earshot, the President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, Mr. Patrick Boyle, proceeded to offer a few remarks. Mr. Boyle, who, on coming forward was received very warmly, said:—

Although not yet an old man, he felt some ten years younger since Monday morning. A fortuitous circumstance it was that the 17th did not fall on the 16th this year, as, had such a misfortune happened, there was every probability that their shamrocks would have been well "drowned." It was ordered otherwise, however, the fearful storm and dismal rain of the day before giving place to sunshine and warmth on this, the day of days to the sons of St. Patrick. The events of the past two days strongly reminded him of an aged truism—namely, that the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn; and he thought he detected an analogy between this simple circumstance and the present condition of Ireland. At no period of her history, perhaps, did the clouds of adversity hang so thickly and gloomily over Ireland; yet these, as was the case with Monday's mournful and appalling appearance, may soon pass away, dispelled by the sun of Irish freedom. Once again we are assembled in the hallowed shade of old St. Paul's, whose favored soil is rendered dear and sacred to us all as the birth-place and cradle of Catholicity in Toronto. Here it is where numbers of you lisped the earliest prayer, and yonder repose the ashes of many who, as you are doing to-day, poured forth the homage of their hearts to the memory of Ireland's illustrious and venerated Patron Saint. Here it is, too, that the Hibernians and their countrymen so often mustered in force, and lent a charm to the scene by their stalwart forms and the gay and brilliant trappings of their own immortal green. Alas! some are laid beneath the turf, while others linger in pain on a bed of sickness. Particularly would the speaker mention the name of Mr. Michael Murphy—as honest an Irishman as ever breathed the breath of life—who now lay almost at the point of death. May Heaven, in its infinite mercy spare him yet a little longer to his family and to Ireland. We, whose privilege it is to perpetuate their good name and patriotism, more or less, miss their genial companionship and revivifying presence; but though their places in our ranks are void, in the secluded corners of our hearts there dwells a fond remembrance—a fresh recollection which speaks only of them. To those our early and long-tried friends we waft an enkindled greeting with the kindly sentiments peculiar to this festive occasion. May the cup of their happiness be ever filled to overflowing, unmixed with the multifarious dregs which poison peace and contentment, and may it be yet permitted us to renew the felicitous moments of by-gone days. Having honored the memory of St. Patrick in our own humble way, and given a new proof of unchangeable love and affection for the Island which he baptised and blessed, there is little else in a public way left for us to do to-day. Speech-making at best is but a cheap article, productive in many instances of very unimportant results. We are a wonderful people in carrying this plentiful commodity to perfection; it is admitted on all hands that the Irish excel in this particular gift. But, after all, what has it achieved for Ireland? The good effected so far by it is rather infinitesimal, although some of the most eminent orators have exhausted their logic and rhetoric in behalf of the Fatherland. The Grattans and Floods of the old Irish House of Commons found it ineffectual in stemming and thwarting a so-called "Union," and O'Connell—whom Dr. Moriarty calls—and justly so—the great Kerryman—actually talked himself to death in the vain endeavor for a repeal of this iniquitous instrument. If the most transcendent genius and dazzling eloquence could save the Irish race from prospective extinction, then indeed would Ireland long, long years ago have attained the summit of her ambition, and be now, what once she was, mistress of her own destiny and the arbitress and executrix of her household gods. But, fellow-countrymen, you perceive that Ireland is at the present moment as far—nay further—behind the onward march of progress and prosperity as she was forty or fifty years ago, notwithstanding the matchless declamation of her countless incomparable tribunes, expended—honestly doubtless—in her behalf. Why? Because, as I have observed, metaphor and figure of speech may be launched till doomsday without the possibility of bodily harm or the contingency of a broken bone. Therefore I fancy it is near the time when the Irish people should condense their oratory into a narrower compass and give their ideas the benefit of more studious reflection; in other words, to borrow a leaf from the Scotch primer, wherein they may learn the cunning faculty of thinking twice before speaking once. There are certain cases, however, on which it is a necessity to make some remark. To be silent on such cases would be next to criminal; and it is clearly our duty to pronounce on affairs when they either immediately or remotely affect us. For instance, now, the anomalous condition of our people at home is a fair subject for criticism; and as, thank God, we have have not yet quite forgotten that people, it is competent for us to say that we heartily sympathise with them in their misery, and here enter a solemn protest against a system of government adopted in their regard which John Bright asserts would not be tolerated by any other people under the sun. Six millions of Irishmen, with the aid of 50,000 hireling bayonets, are "legislated" for in London; and it must be admitted that the "wise measures" there enacted please amazingly the parsons, placemen and flunkeys; but seven eighths of the entire population repudiate and loathe this usurpation of the right of self government, and would exchange or expunge it to-morrow for a native Parliament were it not for the ominous clatter of the aforesaid foreign bayonets. And speaking of a native Parliament brings us to the question; Are the Irish people entitled to such a boon? If there be any truth in the oft-repeated statements made by the leading statesmen of England when descanting on the chivalry of the Polish and Cretan patriots, they certainly are. It is a fundamental law with these gentlemen that the majority of the people have the right to choose the form of Government under which they desire to live. They insist on this very proper appreciation of the subject when Poland or Crete is mentioned; but hint at Ireland, and they will tell you that it is absurd and wicked to entertain such a proposition. National independence—or a repeal of the "Union," which practically amounts to the same thing, Ireland can never have while she is connected with England, and it is only true kindness to tell her starving masses so. This is the pith of Lord Stanley's remarks at Bristol, and he ought to be taken as expressing the views of the Cabinet of which he is at present a member. In Canada we are something like three millions of souls. We are blessed with self-government, which gives us the power of enacting our own laws. Suppose Downing street stretched forth its envious hand to clutch from us our dearly purchased liberties; suppose, through force and fraud, the British Government wrung from us the privileges centred at Ottawa—would the people of Canada tamely submit to so foul a wrong? Loyal and all as the people of this Dominion are said to be, the fires of revolt would be instantly lighted from Sandwich to Gaspe, and a red war inaugurated, which would cease only when the usurper had been totally annihilated. If three millions of inhabitants could be justified in entering the lists in this combat for national existence, surely double that number may fairly claim the right to rebel against authority and coercion which are imposed and inflicted by the mailed hand of might. The right, under certain circumstances, is incontrovertible; all that is required is opportunity and success to transform treason into the purest patriotism, and the "rebel" of to-day into the "father of his country" to-morrow. But rebels in Cork, you know, fellow-countrymen, are patriots at Madrid; rebellion in Ireland was the very acme or chivalry among the now defunct cotton lords of the South. Yet it is strange that this dependency, Ireland—the most valuable jewel in the English Crown—is not accorded even the privileges of most insignificant provinces. Australia, British Columbia, the Dominion of Canada—all these are secure in the possession of Responsible Government; but weeping and miserable Ireland alone must be crucified periodically in the London House of Commons. England committed a sad blunder when she contemptuously spurned the warning voice of her best friend, the Liberator. O'Connell pointed out, a quarter of a century since, the fearful abyss which the English Goverment was preparing for itself. He explained to the Government that, by adopting a conciliatory policy towards the Irish, and returning to them the command of the varied sources of their native, undeveloped wealth, with the power of framing their own laws in their own legislative halls, it would forever cement a friendship which could be relied on in the hour of danger. Had England hearkened to this prophetic warning, and dealt generously with her suppliant "sister," she would not now be pestered and besieged with *Alabama* claims; because, with Ireland at her back, she could bid defiance to the world. She chose, as I have remarked, to treat O'Connell and his advice with gratuitous insult and contumely, and what is the result? A new Ireland raised in the American Republic—the Colossus of the West—which may be heard from when England is least anxious to learn the news The speaker exhorted his hearers to bring the day, thus far so auspiciously commenced, to a like happy end, and concluded with that lofty and ennobling sentiment which was faintly echoed as the immortal spirits of the Manchester Martyrs winged their flight to the abode of eternal peace and rest—

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

The delivery of Mr. Boyle's address elicited frequent expressions of approval, and he retired amid the warm plaudits of his hearers. There being no other speaker, the assemblage shortly afterwards retired, leaving St. Paul's to its quiet seclusion, and its inhabitants highly pleased with what they had seen and what they had heard.

SERVICE IN THE CHURCHES.

In all the Catholic Churches Mass was celebrated at early morning, and in the Cathedral High Mass was offered up at half-past nine. During the service Rev. Father Ferguson of St. Basil's preached a most eloquent sermon, which was listened to by a large congregation, and also by his Lordship Bishop Lynch, who has returned to his diocese, we are happy to say, in improved health and appearance, much to the gratification and joy of his faithful flock, by whom the cause of his lordship's absence was deeply and sincerely regretted. We humbly trust that the recent change of air has so restored the good Bishop's health as to warrant us in hoping for a long continuance of the happy and favorable results thereby effected—a hope that is not alone ours, but that of every Catholic within his Lordship's ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

The pupils of St. Paul's school availed themselves of the appropriateness of the occasion to present their worthy Pastor, Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V. G., with a most beautiful Sanctuary Lamp—purchased expressly in Paris—and an address couched in the most affectionate terms. The address was read by Master Daly in St. Paul's Church, where the presentation took place, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and is as follows:—

To the Very Rev. F. P. Rooney V. G., P. P., St. Paul's.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER—We, the pupils of St. Paul's School, kindly greet you to-day on the festival of your great and glorious patron, St. Patrick, and from the depths of our hearts we wish you many joyful returns of the same. We shall never forget that to you, and God, we owe all the blessings we now enjoy in our Parish School—your paternal care has provided kind teaching to watch over us, and to train us up in the way of God and virtue—your continual study is to guide our feeble steps, along the weary yet sweet paths that finally lead to honor and happiness. May our future lives prove worthy of your paternal vigilance and anxiety.

Poor though we be in wordly wealth, we are still rich in affection and gratitude, and, as a mark of our esteem for your unceasing generosity towards us, we present you to-day this lamp, as a small token of our love. Receive it, Very Rev. Father, as such. It is a symbol of that purity and faith that burns in your bosom, and is displayed in your daily actions before our eyes. May its rays shed joy and happiness around you, and may these rays light our path and encourage us to walk uprightly and honestly, thereby imitating your example, until the broad sun of God's glory shall shine upon us for eternity.

Finally, before our Divine Lord, in the Holy of Holies, may it burn like a beacon of hope for the weary traveller, whispering sweet words of consolation to the wounded and bruised heart, beckoning him cheerfully onward towards that heavenly home where we shall meet in joy forevermore. Very Rev. Father, once more we greet you and wish you again many, many returns of our National and your patronial feast.

Signed, THE PUPILS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL, ST. PAUL'S PARISH.

The Vicar General, who was touched with the simplicity and earnestness of the youthful reader, on behalf of himself and his school-mates, as well as with the costly and beautiful Lamp which will henceforth adorn the Sanctuary of St. Paul's, replied at length, thanking his kind young friends for their magnificent present, and assuring them that this would be remembered as one of the happiest episodes of his life. In future years when those now around him grew up to man's estate, and visited the Parish Church, they would always revert with a pardonable pleasure and pride to their offering of to-day—an offering in every respect worthy the sacred services for which it was intended. His Reverence returned many thanks for the kind wishes expressed in his regard, and said it should at all times be his heart-felt wish to forward the best interests of the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, St. Paul's Parish. The scholars, who were accompanied by their zealous tutors, withdrew at the close of Vicar General Rooney's remarks.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' ACADEMY.

This establishment, situated on Nelson street, and presided over by the indefatigable Brother Arnold, Superior, was the scene of a most agreeable entertainment given to the parents and guardians of the pupils attending the Academy. The large examination hall of the institution was converted into a spacious refectory, on whose floor were placed twelve or fourteen tables, which were well stocked with confectionery and sweet-meats, besides other *mercies* of a more substantial character. The hall was tastefully decorated with miniature flags and evergreens, which latter scented balmily of early Spring. Altogether, the preparations made by the Brothers for the reception of their guests were ample and well-arranged. This is uniformly the custom with these unostentatious gentlemen, who never do things by halves, but take time and trouble in perfecting their arrangements. To this energy and foresight may be attributed much of the success which attends their efforts.

Yesterday evening the Brothers fully sustained their well-earned reputation. The viands were choice and plentiful; the music (furnished by the Band of the Academy) was selected with taste and care, and the singing all that could be desired. We have said so much already in praise—and deservedly—of these clever academicians, that we fear it were fulsome to add another word; still we are free to state that the more intimate our acquaintance with the pupils of the Academy, the higher becomes our estimate of their great proficiency talents and ability. After spending a very pleasant evening the company separated at ten o'clock.

ST. PATRICK'S CHUCH.

In this church, Rev. J. M. Laurent, Pastor, held a musical service, which, it is needless to state, was superbly put forth, the Rev. gentleman himself sustaining the more difficult parts. The choir ably supported Father Laurent's educated and refined efforts, which, as usual, thrilled his crowded congregation. Rev. Father O'Donohoe lectured on the same evening in St. Patrick's, which was delivered for the benefit of that church, on which some claims yet remain unsatisfied. The proceeds, we hear, will go a considerable distance in liquidating this debt, thus relieving Father Laurent from pecuniary embarrassment which his parishioners should set about clearing off *in toto*. The affable and amiable Pastor deserves the kindest consideration at the hands of those in whose power it is to assist him. We shall be glad to hear that they do so quickly.

MR. MICHAEL MURPHY.

As we were about going to press the following telegram comes over the wires from Buffalo:—

"TO PATRICK BOYLE, *Irish Canadian:*

"Greeting officers and members of the Hibernian Society, former President begs to be remembered, and proposes a toast: 'Ireland free,' and hopes to see it. M. MURPHY."

Amen! old and valued friend. In return we wish you speedy recovery and a new lease of life on terms somewhat more lenient than those stipulated by the Irish landlord.

LETTERS FROM FAT

MOUNT PARTRY,

MR. PATRICK BOYLE:

MY DEAR MR. BOYLE—Th
brought me your esteemed
covering post office orders
money, or $127 Canadian
amount remitted to you by
and Denis Nunan, of Guelp
mission to me in aid of my p
the day previous I had a li
lent gentlemen announcing
committee's exertions and t
which you have so promptly,

I have only to reiterate m
itude to these gentlemen a
seconded their efforts, with
out the "Dominion"—of w
pathy I have had such g
Prudently managed, their c
go far in alleviating distres

And, not to go beyond
writing all morning before
thus engaged, my directio
turbed except in cases o
urgent parochial duty. W
tea," my mother says to me
you gave the holding to, is
ing expecting a character
"surely a man of his age is
rest of them and emigrate.
he cannot stand that agent
is going to live with hi
Country, and the bailiff en
a character from you wo
"Well, but what of his wif
ter?" "O, poor *Nancey* (th
is called) of course is goi
youngsters are on for Am
and the Henaghans." "G
I, "and is it come to this t
a few years ago I paid £18
among those four evicted
abandoned through the ty
one knows whom or wh
When the late Lord Plun
winter seventy-six creatur
vide all in places here a
among the number. I hav
tells me neither he nor any
"the new agent." In fact
fortunate serfs to—what
rate of £3 an acre for su
their "stripe," *i. e.* equival
by themselves. Last sum
of the mountain—the only
cattle and sheep He proc
November last for the ren
first. He made such as ha
nearly all—and could not g
their bills paying 10 per
money was at 1½. He p
would rather have one Scot
pack of them, and that he
there was not a safe potat
is from this monster that t
ing to Joyce County and t
their fellow-villagers to A

Well, are not the old Mu
lief out of Messrs. O'Neil
tion? Yea, and that they
how many such are arou
landlords! how long, how
delaying its vengeance o
heads! Truly yours,

MOUNT PARTRY,

To MR. P. BOYLE:

MY DEAR SIR—I am just
of yours of the 11th inst
for £4, being the complem
by the good people of Gu
the post-office not include
ed by you to me.

THE IRISH CANADIAN of
lished the amount as obtai
and this I considered to b
of the $127 Canadian cur

I assure you, my dear fr
ible of your very great k
cent compensation you
valuable space to the ad
the oppressed, rack-rente
paying, of course, at ev
compositors for setting u
I feel distressed at your
when I wanted to pay
the paper you, very unfai
accepting a farthing, wis
honorary subscriber." I
generosity in this regard
appreciated by the exile
that they will not allow
rially by your devotion
creed, and country.

"LORD D
Has perpetrated an "*aut*
himself for evermore from
and he is succeeded in t
the royal mind, and as c
helm of state, by the no
tocratic son of the Jewi
D'Israeli has, at length,
life-long ambition. He
ago, a mere adventurer
His first parliamentary e
unpromising description.
that on his rising in t
gossip began to be heard
now and then with a
laugh, or some other exh
contempt for an untitled
But even then his own
hope; and, on one occa
getting an audience, he
dain, and loudly remark
when they must hang o
read somewhere some ye
has come, and he whom
in *soubriquets*, called "