

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Friday, 4—St. Charles, B. C.
Saturday, 5—Of the Octave.
Sunday, 6—Twenty-second after Pentecost.
Monday, 7—Of the Octave.
Tuesday, 8—Octave of All Saints.
Wednesday, 9—Dedication of Basilica of St. Saviour's.
Thursday, 10—St. Andrew Avellino, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Metz has fallen at last. On Thursday the 27th ult., Marshal Bazaine capitulated, and thus a force variously estimated at from 150,000 to 170,000 men surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the German army. Want of provisions for further prolonged defence is stated as the cause of this, to France, fresh calamity. We give below the particulars as they have been forwarded to us by cable telegraph:—

New York, Oct. 28.—A correspondent before Metz, on the 26th, telegraphs:—Five days ago, General Coffinieres, commandant of the city and fortress of Metz, informed Marshal Bazaine, commanding the army, that he could supply no more provisions, and that the Marshal's army must shift for itself; thereupon, Bazaine ordered his outposts to cease firing on the Prussian pickets, and tacitly allowed his men to desert in groups of a dozen or two at a time. On the afternoon of the 24th, trustworthy information came from Metz, by a civilian spy, that an outbreak *en masse* would be made during the night toward Gravelotte, as Bazaine's offers to capitulate with the army alone had been repeatedly and contemptuously refused. The outbreak was to be made without hope of saving any organized force, but simply to enable the superfluous mouths to get beyond the German lines and force them to pursue them. By this means it was intended to hold the fortress a little longer with a small garrison; but at seven in the evening Bazaine had succeeded in convincing Coffinieres that the blood shed necessarily attending such an attempt was too dear a price to pay for a few weeks prolongation of resistance. A messenger was then sent to Prince Frederick Charles, intimating the intention of the fortress to capitulate. This was the first proposition ever made, including the fortress and outside army. Accordingly, at midnight, the Prussian troops, which had been massed silently towards Gravelotte, received orders to retire to their camps. Yesterday afternoon, Changarnier, with a plenipotentiary, spent an hour, with the Prince and departed much disturbed, excusing some absent-mindedness of his own, by saying, no wonder the Prince was so severe. By arrangement at this meeting, General Stillele, Col. Von Herzaning, chief of staff and Quartermaster General of the Prince's army, rode to Fescay Chateau, three miles south of Metz, just within the Prussian lines, whither two French commanders, with Humbert, 2nd in command of the fortress, had been brought by the Prussian field-post chaise. The meeting lasted from six to seven in the evening, and resulted only in parting with an agreement that the disputed points were to be re-discussed this noon. Matters were so far advanced, that the second corps received marching orders for Paris yesterday noon, and started early in the evening other troops were concentrated at the nearest attainable points to Metz last night to prevent desertion *en masse*. Bazaine's last means of prolonging negotiations. At two this morning, moving masses covered the roads and fields. No disturbance occurred; none of the troops suspected the truth.

This surrender of course sets free the large force with which Metz has been invested, to carry on its operations either against Paris, or the army said to be forming on the Loire. At Paris affairs have not greatly changed since our last. The Prussians have not got their heavy guns into position, and the threatened bombardment cannot begin for some days. The garrison makes continual sorties, but these have had no decisive results. The city we are told is amply provisioned for two months; and if the Prussians rely upon starving it out, they have before them the prospects of a severe winter campaign. It would of course be folly to attempt to predict the result, but the chances at present do not seem to be in favor of the besieging army.

The internal condition of France is very gloomy. The extreme Red Republicans, and the Socialists are menacing, and the old devil of '93 is again at work. The following extracts from the *Times*' correspondence will throw some light on the situation, political, social and religious; of the more advanced anti-Catholic or Protestant party in France:—

Already sundry protests have appeared in the papers against the constant cry of "reaction" which has become the shibboleth of the extreme "Reds,"

who have had the audacity to propose that all persons suspected of reactionary tendencies should be arrested, as enemies to the Republic—in other words, who are attempting to establish a despotism infinitely more obnoxious to the respectability of the country, and fatal to the best interest of freedom, than that of the Empire. A witty little sheet paper this morning complains:—

"It is incredible how constantly nowadays we are threatened with the bugbear of reaction. Venture in a public meeting to maintain that this famous *levée en masse*, which consists in sending men between the ages of 18 and 60 to be butchered in droves, is a *beset*, since it is impossible to provide arms, ammunition, and provisions for six hundred thousand men—you are denounced as a reactionary. Manifest the smallest doubt in regard to the military and political qualities of Citizen Cluseret—you are called a reactionary. Question the expediency of the election of the officers in the army by the men—you are denounced as reactionary. In fact, fall in any degree to approve the acts of ex-Committee of Public Safety (happily now extinct), and you are instantly denounced as reactionary."

If the sensible and moderate part of the community expect to hold their ground against the terrorism of the roughs, it is only by making a resolute stand now that they can hope to succeed.

The bourgeoisie, having failed at the critical moment to take the initiative, are unable to recover the ground they have lost, and the supreme authority of Lyons at this moment is practically in the hands of the "roughs." Intensely antipathetic to the Middle Class, towards whom, as being rich and prosperous, they entertain the same feelings of jealousy and hostility which induced them to slaughter 80 years ago the aristocracy of France, they look with suspicion upon every capitalist and employer of labour. "*La propriété, c'est le vol*," is the underlying sentiment now as it was then; and the political and social programme of the men who may be said to govern Lyons at this moment is more completely subversive of the existing religious, civil, and economic conditions of society than anything known in the bloody days of 1793. At present the pressure of half a million of Germans occupying the country, and the fact that the working classes are conscious of having the mastery over the bourgeoisie whenever it suits them to use it, keep them quiet; but even if this illusory calm last until peace is made with the enemy, it will only prove to be the lull which precedes the storm. I do not see how France is to escape a Revolution, the pent-up forces of which are gathering strength and intensity by the very necessity of their prolonged repression.

I have before me at this moment a tract called "The Republican Prayer," and which contains three parodies—one of the Lord's Prayer, supposed to be addressed to the Emperor, and beginning, "Our Father who art not in heaven, or ever likely to be," and going on in a strain too blasphemous for me to repeat; another, entitled "The Apostles' Creed;" and a third, "The Confession of Sins." Unfortunately, the cleverness with which a close resemblance is maintained with the original, combined with the utter licentiousness of the ideas which are conveyed, has secured for this disgraceful production an extensive sale.

There is little to report from Rome. The Sovereign Pontiff, whom neither threats can intimidate, nor lying professions of respect and affection cajole, remains still virtually a prisoner, and his City is at the mercy of the thieves and bandits who entered it along with the Piedmontese army of invasion, and whom the correspondent of the *London Standard*, a Protestant paper he it remembered, happily styles the "pioneers of the great pacific invasion;" these "pioneers" consisting of escaped convicts, thieves and prostitutes—all ardent Liberals of course, as for the most part thieves and knaves are. In the words of the writer in the *Standard*:—"Of course, a pretty sprinkling of the followers of callings unmentionable to ears polite, and their respective staffs" swell the ranks of this pacific invading army, and as a necessary consequence Rome is given up to all uncleanness. Obscene prints, obscene pamphlets, are exposed conspicuously for sale, now that the Papal tyranny which repressed these things is removed—in company with Protestant translations of the Bible, evangelical tracts, and Ben D'Israeli's *Lothair*. Mariolatry is suppressed; but the worship of the Syrian Venus, and the lewd rites of Pagan Rome seem about to be resuscitated with more than their ancient pomp. This is what the Revolution, and the Italian Reformation have done for Rome. The following extracts from the Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who he it noticed gives names, and condescends to particulars, will be read with interest. The facts may be denied of course; but to what heights of mendacity the partisans of the Revolution attain may be seen from a letter on our sixth page, which we copy from the *London Times*, and which exposes the infamous falsehoods that have been circulated by the Liberal press with respect to the action of the Roman nobles, and their attitude towards their legitimate Sovereign. Here is then the testimony of an eye-witness to the actual state of Rome:—"Many of the Piedmontese troops it will be seen behaved like Christians, and brave soldiers, but these were a minority in Rome:—

Scarcely had the capitulation been signed on the 26th, than thousands of released convicts from the hulks of Civita Vecchia, Civita Castellana, and Paganico, who had accompanied the invading army appeared in the streets. Returning from the round of the ambulances of Porta Maggiore and Porta Pia with the excellent Comte de Lauriston and two Jesuit novices, our carriage was surrounded by a mob of these respectable patriots, and though all of us wore the cross of Geneva it did not save the two young novices especially from being hissed and threatened by the crowd. One of these, M. d'Euterghan (an ex-Zouave), was recognized and escaped with difficulty. M. de St. Priest and Dr. Vincenti, both attached to the ambulance of Marie Reparatrice, were surrounded on the Piazza Barberina while assisting the wounded, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Later in the afternoon matters became worse still. Private houses were sacked in search for Zouaves supposed to be hidden by their friends. Lieutenant Bach, the hero of Monte Libretti, and Captain de la Hoyd, whose gallantry at Porta Pia had made him conspicuous, were nearly murdered, having gone by authorization of General Cadorna to their own rooms to take away their property; and the scene presented by the entry of the Zouave

prisoners on being marched from Porta Pia to Porta del Popolo was something so ignoble it could only have happened in Italy. So many of the gallant men who were the object of the sectarian fury are among you that you have, no doubt, received more rapid details than I can give; and as Messieurs Koyes O'Clery, Woodward, Lynch, and Vavasour will ere this have reached London, as well as Captain de la Hoyd, you will no doubt receive invaluable details from them from their personal experience, which we trust you will make as public as possible. About three o'clock the Piedmontese troops had taken possession of all the positions occupied by the Pontifical army. I witnessed the entry of a large division of them at Porta Pia, and can bear witness as to the composition of the crowd which went to meet them. It consisted of all the scum of Rome, of an immense number of Jews, and of all the worst class of women dressed in scarves and ribbons of tricolour, and shouting like so many furies of '93. It was with the greatest difficulty we accomplished our sad mission of recovering the body of the young Comte de Giry, not on account of the Bersaglieri, who were, to do them justice, far from discourteous or inhuman, but from the Roman rabble, and the "avocati," and "mercanti di Campagna," who had assumed its leadership. The gentleman who accompanied me (an officer of the ambulance) told me he had never seen such a scene even on the barricades of Paris in 1848, and I can well believe it. The very tricolours of the guillotine would scarcely have insulted the dead as the well-dressed Italian men and women did. At Porta Salara two poor young Zouaves, who had fallen on the walls, were literally cut to pieces, so that there was no chance of our identifying them. The Bersaglieri looked on in disgust, but evidently had no orders to prevent this and other horrors perpetrated by the cowardly people, to whom the Zouaves have been for ten years past as angels of charity and self-devotedness.

The same scenes were renewed on the 21st, 22d, 23rd, and 24th. The ambulance of Marie Reparatrice was threatened, the Irish College was broken into, the Gesu was searched for arms (and so was the French Seminary. Private houses were not respected, and several might be named belonging to the English Catholic residents, which were threatened with mob perquisitions. Never was the presence of coming to "maintain order" so absurdly belied! An invading army, preceded by 10,000 convicts and scum of the population, among whom, in spite of all demials, Ponz di San Martino had left large sums for distribution with the Roman committees of action, is not exactly the force to ensure peace or decency, and what is the worst part of it we are only at the beginning of the disorder, and I cannot sufficiently warn friends at home of coming to Italy this winter. The order maintained during the year here by the Pontifical gendarmerie has disappeared. Outrages, murders, and infractions of the public peace are of hourly occurrence in spite of the presence of 80,000 regular troops, and the acts of cowardly cruelty we have to record and witness are so numerous they would pass all limit of your space. I may mention one which has come under my own notice. M. Alexandre d'Elba, a young Belgian Zouave of an excellent family of Ghent, was ill in the barracks of Santa Marta, near the Roman College, the morning of the engagement, and was unable to leave with his company. The Bersaglieri, finding him there too ill to walk, carried him to the hospital of San Giacomo, but, unhappily, did not take their arms; and being only two, were unable to defend him. They met a mob of escaped convicts with patriotic devices and banners in the Corso, and these wretches, hounded on by the Roman National Committee, composed of well-to-do citizens, attacked the poor Zouave, beat him, ill as he was, burnt him with lighted sticks and cigar ends, and it was with difficulty the two Piedmontese soldiers got him into the hospital, where he now lies with severe small-pox, aggravated by the cowardly ill-treatment he has received, and of which I have the details from the Bersaglieri who brought him there, and who were as indignant as any one could be at the Roman rabble and this cowardly cruelty. On the 22nd, I had occasion to traverse the city while one of the "patriotic" demonstrations was passing, and not wishing to find myself in the middle of it I went to the house of a friend, which was fortunately at hand, and of which the owner was an ex-officer of Roman gendarmerie. Looking through the window at the crowd, who were shouting "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Abasso il Papa!*" he pointed out to me numbers of notorious criminals. One whom I myself know by sight—a workman condemned to penal servitude for life for murdering his wife a few months since—carried the banner, and was loudest in his patriotic cries.

Such are the realities of the present situation—of the progress, order and humanity on which the revolution is said to be based. Every law of nations, every maxim of honour, philanthropy, and order (we put aside charity and decency as out of the question at present), have been deliberately violated and set at naught. A terrible day of reckoning is at hand in Italy, social as well as political, and her utter degradation has never been more fatally apparent than in her acts since the forcible annexation of Rome.

Much anxiety as to the designs of Russia is felt in diplomatic circles. Every thing would seem to indicate that the traditional policy of Russia as towards Turkey will be carried out; and that ere long Constantinople will become the capital of a Pan-Slavonic Empire, so that with the keys of the Dardanelles at her belt, Russia will be mistress of the Mediterranean, and the Isthmus of Suez canal. There is nothing now to prevent her realising her long cherished dream. France is, if not crushed, yet for the season, *hors de combat*. Single-handed, as the Crimean campaign showed, Great Britain is unable to cope with Russia in the East; and should conscientious scruples arise in the breast of the Czar as to the propriety of attacking a neighbor to whom he is bound by treaty engagements, and against whom he has no *casus belli* to urge, he will find a precedent in the late wanton attack of Victor Emmanuel upon the Sovereign Pontiff; and a full justification, in the applause with which the tidings of that outrage have been received by Great Britain, and the entire Protestant world.

There can no longer be any doubts as to the fate of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Cambria*, lately wrecked on the north coast of Ireland. The stern of the vessel has drifted on shore at Islay in Scotland, and some of her boats have been picked up. There is then but one survivor out of the many who were on board of her at the time the disaster occurred.

The latest telegrams up to the time of our going to press, add little to our knowledge of events passing in Europe. An armistice is again spoken of, and hopes of peace are still en-

tained. Typhus fever of a very malignant character is reported to be rife in the ranks of the German army before Paris, and this, if true, will incline the Prussians to listen to terms. The King, it is said, is to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

THAT PLEBISCITE.—"He could set the snare," says Kinglake in his work on the *Crimean War*, and when speaking of Louis Napoleon—"he could set the snare which he called 'universal suffrage.' He knew how to strangle a nation in the night-time with a thing he called a 'plebiscite.'"—C. xiv.

Victor Emmanuel has shewn himself as dexterous in the use of the "snare," and the thing called a "plebiscite," as the fallen Emperor who is now partially expiating his sins against Rome, and the encouragement which in the days of his power, he gave to the spoiler of the dominions of the Holy See. Like Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel can set the snare, and strangle a people with a thing which fools and knaves combine to call a "plebiscite."—Like Louis Napoleon, like all others who have ever dared to raise a hand against the Holy Father, Victor Emmanuel will no doubt in good time reap his reward; we pray God that it be swift, and exemplary.

We know now what a *Plebiscite* means; we know from the shouts of "away with him, down with him and his race," which in France to-day issue from the lips of the self-same men who, but a few short weeks ago, recorded their votes in favor of the Empire, and the Imperial dynasty—what a "*Plebiscite*" is worth; how far it can be relied upon as an index of public feeling, as the deliberate expression of the popular will; and knowing this, we but laugh at the folly, or knavery of those who boast of the working of the "thing called a *Plebiscite*" wherewith Victor Emmanuel has strangled the liberties of the subjects of the Pope, and for a season made himself master of the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff. We do not believe that that *Plebiscite* in any manner represents the feelings and wishes of the people of the Papal States.

In the first place it is in the highest degree improbable that they would willingly exchange their position as subjects of the Pope, for that of the heavily taxed subjects of Victor Emmanuel. In the second place we can scarce believe that any people would willingly exchange a sovereign like Pius IX. for one like Victor Emmanuel. One such instance indeed there is recorded in Holy Writ: where we read how the people having first been wrought upon, under the form of a *Plebiscite* exclaimed "not this man but Barabbas." Now, as is also Victor Emmanuel, Barabbas "was a robber."—And in the third place we remember how, as was testified to in the columns of the *London Times* upon the occasion of the invasion of the Papal Territory, about three years ago—the invaders were received with curses, were assailed with stones and imprecations by the Roman people, who would not so much as give a draught of water to their pretended liberators. How then comes it to pass that so many votes were recorded in 1870 in favor of a revolution which in 1867 was so eagerly, unanimously and spontaneously repudiated?

Rome when the *Plebiscite* was taken was under military rule, and in the hands of Victor Emmanuel's mercenaries, before whom it would have been as imprudent to register an adverse vote, as it would be on an election day in New York to vote in favor of the unpopular candidate. The people of Rome voted under pressure, and with the fear before their eyes of the foreign soldiery, and the roughs, the liberated convicts, and scoundrels whom that soldiery had brought into Rome at their heels. It was not safe for any man to stand up for his legitimate sovereign in that hour of the triumph of the powers of darkness; and under such circumstances it was no very difficult matter to obtain such a vote as was required by the invaders. For months too before, Victor Emmanuel had been intriguing to make his calling and election sure. The sordid and venal he had bought; the timid, though well meaning, were intimidated; and all the roughs, all the criminal classes of Rome, of which that City of course has its share, and which were greatly augmented by the scoundrels who in the nature of things followed close in the wake of the Piedmontese army, cheerfully and spontaneously gave their voices in favor of a ruler so akin to them in tastes and habits as Victor Emmanuel.

Will it last? This is in the hands of God, and we need not despair or be cast down. The barque of Peter has weathered heavier storms than those which now assail her; and the lessons of the past suffice therefore to inspire us with confidence for the future.

What a change the war has made in the language of Protestants respecting Romish nuns and Sisters of Charity! In the piping times of peace there was no epithet too coarse to apply to them. They were the vilest of creatures, "devils" in human form; to whom even the rights of the humblest of citizens were to be

denied. They were to be treated as criminals, to be placed under *surveillance*, and subjected to all the insolence and indignities of Smelling Committees. In a word, the Sister of Charity was looked upon as a sort of social vermin, that every one might every where and at all times take a shot at.

But to-day their services are wanted. No one can, or will do what the reviled Sisters of Charity make it their common business, the affair of their daily lives to do; and struck with surprise at their devotion, their heroism, their supernatural courage amidst scenes calculated to try the nerves of the bravest soldier, the correspondent of the *London Times* cries out:—

"Never were there more devoted admirable women than the Sisters."

But how will it be in the days when peace reigns again? Will it not be as it has been heretofore and will not these "devoted admirable women" still be dealt with by the Protestant Legislature as if they were criminals convicted of the worst of crimes? Will not a Whalley still continue to make them the butt of his obscene jests; and will not a Newdegate, a Murphy, a Gavazzi amidst the loud plaudits of his hearers still revile them as the enemies of the human race? And yet one would think that a little reflection should suffice to convince the instigators of "Smelling Committees," and the concoctors of libels against the Nuns of this—that women who amidst the horrors of the battle field, and the still greater horrors of the military hospital, approve themselves so brave, so devoted as to compel the admiration of the Protestant *Times*, cannot be creatures who in time of peace abandon themselves to self indulgence and wanton living. Yes! it requires discipline and training—strict, long continued, and so severe as to be endurable only from supernatural motives—to convert the tender delicate woman into the Catholic Sister of Charity, for whom death on the battle field, and the agonies of the hospital have no horrors. In a word, if we would have the services of the Sisters in time of war, we must allow them to drill—so to speak—in their own way, and unmolested in time of peace.

THE TORONTO "GLOBE" ON DIVORCE.—Our contemporary bewails, inconsistently enough, the evils to society accruing from those lax notions on the duties and obligations of the marriage state, which Protestantism generated. The *Globe* is so dull as not to perceive that if these duties have not been defined by God Himself; that if He have not once for all determined the conditions which constitute marriage, and distinguish it from concubinage; in a word that, if marriage be but a civil contract, as the majority of Protestants pretend, there is and can be no moral difference betwixt marriage and concubinage. A legal difference there may be; but morally there is none.

And yet the *Globe* is clear-sighted enough to perceive one fact, and honest enough to avow it. It is this:—

"Account for it as one may, the fact is undeniable that the greater the facilities afforded for the dissolution of the Marriage tie, the more immoral the community becomes."—*Toronto Globe*.

Accepting this as the major premiss of our syllogism, we lay down as its minor the following proposition:—

"But the facilities afforded for the dissolution of the Marriage tie are greater in Protestant than in Catholic communities; greater amongst those who in marriage see only a civil contract, than amongst those who maintain it to be a Sacrament, and therefore indissoluble."

Therefore
Perhaps even the *Globe* knows enough of logic to be able to draw the conclusion for himself from these premisses.

ORDINATION.—On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, Monseigneur Guignes administered the sacrament of Holy Orders to several members of the Oblate Congregation. The ceremony took place in the chapel of St. Joseph's College, His Lordship being assisted by Rev. Fathers Ta, baret and Laperse. There were also present Rev. Fathers Bennett and Gladu, O.M.I., together with the Seminarians of the Diocese.

Those raised to the dignity of Priesthood, were D. O'Riordan and C. Phaneuf; to that of Deaconship, A. Daze and I. Duhaime. On the following morning Father Phaneuf said his first mass in the College chapel, and Father O'Riordan in that of the Convent of the Grey Nuns.

The annual retreat of the students of the Seminary, and of those of the College was brought to a close on the morning of the Ordination, when they had the happiness of receiving the holy Eucharist from the hands of their good Bishop.

SHAMROOK.

Ottawa, Oct. 28th, 1870.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR,—There is many a true word spoken in jest, and you were perhaps nearer the truth than you were aware of, when you said that many "profound thinkers and able reasoners of the *Witness* school" were inclined to attribute the earthquake of the 20th ult., to the blighting influences of Popery; and to accept it as a