

The True Witness

AND

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BOOKS FOR JUNE.

DEVOTIONS OF THE SACRED HEART. Arranged for each day of the Month of June; to which is added a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.	50
DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By Secondo Franco, S. J. Translated from the Italian.	75
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HISTORY OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY. A Religious of the order of the Visitation of St. Mary; and of the origin of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart by Father Ch. Daniel, S. J., Translated by the Authoress of the "Life of Catherine McAuley".	2 25

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FRIENDSHIP OF THE PERIOD.

HOW A FRIEND IS USED.

I.—AT THE TIME.

Smith is the friend of Jones. While Smith is rich, Jones, on the contrary, by his own fault, is in eminent danger of becoming bankrupt. What could he do? There was but one resource, and he availed himself of it. He wrote a most pathetic letter to Smith begging him if he did not wish to devote his friend to misery, to ruin, perhaps to death, to send by the bearer five thousand dollars which was indispensable to his safety. Jones was upon pins and needles for an hour and a half since his messenger had gone, and had not returned. Suddenly he appears in the distance. Jones runs to him. Joy! Delight! The bearer has the needed five thousand dollars. Jones could not contain himself. "Amelia, my daughter; Sarah, my wife! come here, at once! ah! what a good fellow. Why don't you come! he is a perfect gentleman, the model of models, the pearl of delicacy. Sarah, my wife; Amelia, my daughter! It is like a dream. This sublime, this admirable Smith! He has consented. Look, I have the money, five thousand dollars, my safety is assured. Oh! I'm not afraid that any one should hear me. Come in neighbor Brown. I want you to know what I shall always be proud to speak of. It is Smith, his friend without equal, who lends me five thousand dollars which save my life. Before my family, before you, every body, I take a solemn engagement to consecrate this life to requite the debt of gratitude which I have contracted—not speaking of the money. Smith can demand my blood, that I break stones with my knees; and you are little acquainted with me if I do not do it. On my most sacred word of honor I will do just what I say. Besides, you shall see; you shall see. Smith my savior!"

II.—AFTER SIX MONTHS.

Jones is talking with his wife. "Yes, I have seen Smith; what of it?" "Did you return him the five thousand—?" "Four thousand." "I thought you had always said five." "You are mistaken. At the most, it is a question of figures. When a friend does something for you, there is no need to tax his generosity. I am grateful to him as if he had lent me a million, and, principally because he did it so readily. Only, I must say that I was somewhat surprised to-day when at his office." "Why so?" "Well, to be frank, I thought he would have behaved a little better." "Did he not treat you well?" "Umph?—Well, not exactly. I can't say that he treated me badly. But still, since he was kind enough to assist me six months ago, I ought to know that one does not become rich suddenly; that the money which I paid him would have been very useful to keep. I give you my word that when I took the check out of my pocket-book I was sure he was going to tell me to keep it." "Aha." "Aha, indeed! He lost no time in depositing it in the bank. But what can you expect; it is impossible that every one should be re-

III.—AFTER A YEAR.

Jones is talking with his daughter. "Papa, do you know that to day is my birthday?" "Certainly, and I intend to give a dinner-party." "You have not forgotten our benefactor?" "Who's that? Smith? There's no danger. Besides, if I had forgotten him, you would make me remember him very quickly. In this house I hear nothing but his name." "He was so kind!" "So kind! Oh! would think for a paltry three thousand dollars—"

not do it by halves. However, that does not prevent Smith from having rendered me a great service. After all, though between us, he disappointed me extremely."

IV.—AFTER TWO YEARS.

Jones is talking with the neighbor who was formerly present at his scene of enthusiasm. "And Mr. Smith? What have you done with him, Mr. Jones?" "I? I see him very seldom just now." "Have you quarrelled?" "No, indeed." "I thought not. I was saying to myself, a man who had rendered you such a great service, and about which I saw you so grateful—"

V.—AFTER THREE YEARS.

Jones is at the Board of Brokers. He is talking with the broker after the closing. "Pretty lively day, Mr. Jones." "Rather warm for my stocks." "I should think so with your immense operations. That is not so good for your friend Smith. He must have lost very heavily." "By Jove, so much the worse for him." "Are you not very intimate?" "Intimate! because sometime ago—I forget how long—he lent me an unlucky bank-note of a thousand dollars. He should be satisfied; it was so much money that he could not waste in his stupid speculations. He threw his property to the four winds. I have always foreseen that he would end badly. That's what dissipation brings a man to. It is only a step from his present position to fraudulent transactions to recover what he had lost. Never speak to me of him again. I regret having done him the honor to accept a service from him."

VI.—AFTER TEN YEARS.

Jones, the millionaire, gives a splendid ball. They are talking about different things. "By-the-way," says some one, "I heard to-day the wretched death of a man who used to be quite wealthy. He was called Smith. Did you not formerly know him, Mr. Jones?" "Yes," replied Jones carelessly, "he was a poor devil to whom I lent quite an amount of money which I took good care never to ask for." All who hear him raise their eyes to heaven in admiration.

VII.—MORAL.

Be charitable.

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22nd of May, 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity of its organization, resembles the Prussian landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of St. Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which has made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automatons, strode General L—eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid de-

portment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—during proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of souring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L—eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unutilized by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades killed in the war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiva, from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance and cold and distant manners had imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiva, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade-ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L—eff had passed several times before the front of his battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it exclaiming, "Yourself!"

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immovable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the goodwill of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, "Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet: not a gesture or a cry, or you are a dead man!"

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion:

"Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!"

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquility which distinguishes unshaken resolution, retorted, "We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, Governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him 'General L—eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look for our punishment.'" The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. "These insignia don't become you; the knout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Betsakoff, flogged with rods for being too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sous-officier* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, his cheeks and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repulsed the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia." The sergeant continued with a terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L—eff

shuddered when he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. As for Solowoiva, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lustig*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, rising in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiva still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed, "Here, my little singing bird, this is yours." Pale with terror, the girl recognised the body, as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sank by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L—eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, "Take him to the ovens!"

The general, whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

"To the ovens!" shouted a hundred voices. The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror; his pride was fled, and groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone, "I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the baguettes."

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say that the general and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly this execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jagur carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted at Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the "Butcher of Warsaw."

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*bravo*). The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their moustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the bellfries of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination. Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiva, the adopted daughter of General L—eff was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolnoi.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect.

A colored waiter in Milwaukee, who is careful of his reputation, has sued a paper for libel in charging him with being a member of the Georgia Legislature. Heaven rarely grants to the same man the gift of thinking well, of speaking well, and acting well in all things.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Catholic Church the True Emancipator."

(From the New York Irish American.)

On Tuesday evening, 30th April, Father Burke delivered, in St. Stephen's Church, New York, a lecture on "The Catholic Church the True Emancipator." The lecture was for the benefit of the mission to the colored race, in this country, which the Rev. Dr. Vaughan is engaged in establishing under the special direction and authority of the Supreme Pontiff. The vast church—one of the largest in the city—was filled to its utmost capacity, aisles and galleries being alike crowded.

At 8 o'clock the reverend preacher entered the pulpit, and delivered the following discourse:—

My dear friends: I am come before you this evening to assert a proposition which would require no proof, if all men were of one mind regarding the claims of the Catholic Church to be the Church of Christ. I assert for the Catholic Church that she is the true emancipator of the slave; and I say again, that if men were of one mind touching her claims to be the true Christian Church, this proposition would require no proof; for, any man who believes in the agency of Christ as perpetuated in His Church, must at once conclude that one of the highest and greatest of the duties of that Church, is the duty which her divine Founder, Himself, came to accomplish, viz.: the work of emancipation. He came and found, not this race, or that,—not this class or order of men, or that,—but all mankind, and all races of men, enslaved in the direst form of slavery; a slavery that entered into their very souls; a slavery that not only destroyed their freedom of will, but also clouded, and thereby destroyed, the clearness of their intelligence; a slavery that bound them helpless at the feet of the most cruel of all masters,—for that master was no other than the devil, the prince and ruler of all mankind, the enslaver of the intellect, of the will, and of the soul of man. The prophet of old had foretold of our Divine Lord and Redeemer, that He came to break the chains of man's slavery, to emancipate him, to take him from out that deep and terrible servitude into which he was fallen, and to endow him once more with "the glory of the freedom of the children of God." Therefore He came. Amongst all the other titles that belonged to Him is that pre-eminently of the emancipator of an enslaved and a fallen race. And if His action is to continue in the Church,—if His graces are to flow on through that Church, and His light is to come forth, pure and bright and radiant in the Church which He founded,—all we have to do is to find that Church; and, bound to her brows, we shall find the crown of the emancipator of the human race. That Church we, Catholics, know and believe to be the Mother that has begotten us unto God, through the Gospel.

Now, my friends, how did Christ effect the work of His emancipation? I answer that He emancipated or freed the intelligence of man from the slavery of the intellect, which is error; and that He emancipated the will of man, from the slavery of the will, which is sin. And He carefully defined what manner of freedom He came to found and confer, when He said to a benighted race, whom He had enlightened: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!" And, to a degraded and corrupt race, He said; "I am come that, where sin hath abounded, grace might abound still more;" and, in the abundance of His graces He called us unto the freedom of the children of God.

Behold, then, the elements of emancipation, as found in the actions and in the words of the Son of God, the Redeemer, the Saviour, and the Emancipator. Truth! Truth broadly diffused; truth borne upon the wings of knowledge unto every mind. Not speculation, but truth; not opinion, but knowledge; not study of the truth, but possession of the truth. "There," says the Son of God, "lies the secret of your intellectual freedom." Therefore He lifted up His voice; He sung abroad the banner of his eternal truth; He called all men to hear the sound of His voice, and to rally round the standard of His truth and of His knowledge. And the word which He spoke was borne upon the wings of the angels for all future time, unto the furthest ends of the earth, upon the lips of the preaching and infallible Church which He founded. I say the "preaching Church," which He founded; for "Faith comes by hearing;" and the knowledge which emancipates the intelligence must come by a living voice. But, I add,—as no other knowledge save that of the pure truth as it is in the mind of Jesus Christ, thus delivered by a living voice, can emancipate the intelligence of man, therefore the voice which He commanded to teach the world, must bear the unfailing, and infallible, and unmixing message of the truth of the Lord Jesus Christ! For, if that voice can admit the slightest blending of error—if that voice can falter in the delivery of the truth—or mix up the slightest distortion of error with that truth—it ceases to be the voice