

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1873.

Friday, 30—St. Hermengild, M. (April 13.) Saturday, 31—Fest. Vigil of Pentecost.

JUNE—1873.

Sunday, 1—Pentecost. Monday, 2—Of the Octave. Tuesday, 3—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 4—Ember Day. Of the Octave. Thursday, 5—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In reading, as it so may happen that they will read in the telegraphic reports of our journals, accounts of Carlist atrocities, and cold blooded murders of prisoners, Canadians will do well to bear in mind that these reports reach them through a bitterly anti-Carlist channel; that the telegraph cable is in the hands of, and is manipulated by men whose prejudices are strong, whose love of truth is weak, and whose object seems to be to convey the impression that the Pope is at the point of death, and that the Carlists are just about to be entirely defeated or "chewed up" as the Yankee vulgate hath it. In this matter we feel as did the Rev. Sidney Smith, who—having listened patiently to a long story how the Bishop of London had been furiously assailed by a mad dog, and how the said dog had been beaten or stoned to death, expiring with blood shot eyes and all the outward and visible signs of canine insanity—contented himself with the remark that "he should like to hear the dog's side of the story." The Carlists no doubt have their side of the story to tell if they could only get a hearing; but this hearing will be denied them so long as the telegrams are transmitted to us by anti-Carlist hands.

En attendant we may form some idea of the ease from those certain facts which do reach us about Carlists; facts certain because they are recorded by the enemies of the Carlists. From these we may gather some data from whence to draw our conclusions as to the truth of the atrocities, and cold-blooded murders attributed to the men now in arms in Spain, for their God, their King, and their Country.

One of these facts refers to the notorious revolutionist Bradlaugh of whose visit to Gambetta, and whose ardent anti-Carlist proclivities we spoke in our last. This man fell into the hands of the Carlist brigands; and these were guilty of the cold-blooded atrocity of releasing him, and of allowing him to continue his projected journey in peace. Were a notorious agent, or partizan of the Carlists, of foreign origin to fall into the hands of the Spanish Revolutionists—the latter would not we suspect be guilty of such atrocious cruelty.

The Times' correspondent in like manner in his letters throws much light on the habits of the Carlist soldiers, or brigands; and the very worst points about them that he can discover, is the condition of their pantaloons, and the often dilapidated aspect of their dress. Being short of money, and experiencing great difficulty in procuring military stores of any kind, the Carlists do it seems levy contributions from those who fall into their hands, and whose hostile designs they have reason to suspect; but whether they deserve the epithets so lavishly bestowed upon them, the reader may judge from the recorded experience of the Times' correspondent, who recently fell into their hands. That they are vily clothed cannot be doubted; but a good heart is not incompatible with a bad pair of breeches, nor is it always prudent to judge of the merits of a cause from the state of the small-clothes of those who espouse it:—

"I was beginning to think the stories about the Carlists were, as usual, mythical, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of them. It was on entering a village called, I think, Escoriaza, in the Province of Guipuzcoa, and we had so recently driven past a detachment of Regulars that I should still have found it difficult to believe that my neighbours really belonged to another army, if some of them had not put the matter beyond all doubt by wearing the close-fitting white cap—the famous badge of the Carlists which, in the Seven Years' War, distinguished them from the red-capped Christians. I could form no notion in what force they were, since only a small party—perhaps less than 20

—were visible in the street, a head now and then peering out from a casement above showed that others were occupying the houses. It was clear that they were in possession of the village, and from the friendly, pleasant way in which they were on the best of terms with the inhabitants. Stranger specimens of the genus soldier I certainly never set eyes on. Nothing could be more curious than the contrast between their firm, soldier-like bearing and their utterly unsoldier-like dress, if the word dress can be applied to the patch-work collection of odds and ends which made some of them look as if they had been "levying contributions" on a scarecrow. One man's nether garment had undergone so many losses and additions that it was impossible to make out which of the multitudinous patterns now embroidering it held undivided sway when it first issued whole from the tailor's hand. A pale stripe, which may originally have been coloured, showed that another man had been once in some sort of uniform, but by the majority not even this faint attempt at military dress was made. I felt little uneasiness about my shirt, for the majority of the men I saw did not look as if they would have any idea of the use to which clean linen could be put, but I expected every moment my socks to be requisitioned, as some of the Carlists were bare-footed with nothing but a thin sole to protect them from the rocks over which they clamber with such marvellous agility. Only about half of them seemed to have guns—old-fashioned muzzle loaders—though one, almost a boy had a revolving rifle, which his older comrades were examining with half envious, half admiring glances as I came up. He could not have been more than 15, but he had other equally juvenile comrades to keep him in countenance, and may, indeed, hope to find many as juvenile foes in the ranks of the Government Volunteers. But, after all, bad dressing does not necessarily make a bad soldier, and in more essential points the Carlists looked admirably cut out for mountain guerrilla work with their sun-bronzed faces, well-knit limbs, and spare, sinewy frames guileless of an ounce of superfluous flesh. They can thrive and fight too, if properly led, upon rations upon which a British soldier would soon get as weak as a girl. Their accoutrements, it must be confessed, do not give them much additional load to carry. For knapsacks some of them had little cloth bags no bigger than a school-boy's satchel."—Times Cor.

With their usual atrocity, the Carlists having exchanged a few words with the hostile Englishman their prisoner, allowed him to proceed on his journey unmolested. He, however, as is not to be wondered at, seeing that he was traversing the seat of the war, again encountered and was again arrested by a Carlist detachment; and hereupon was committed the only act of violence that the Times' correspondent can bring home against the said Carlists. The examination of his luggage and papers to discover whether the Times' correspondent were a spy collecting information for the enemy, led to the discovery of a field glass, an instrument of which the officer in command of the detachment stood in great need. The said officer offered the Times' correspondent 25 francs, about one pound sterling, for it. This the latter refused; whereupon the officer said he must keep the said instrument, but gave its owner a receipt or order on the Carlist treasury for 400 francs in exchange for the much coveted field glass. This is the Times' correspondent's own version of the affair; and really if the courtesy and moderation which the Carlist officer displayed were more generally displayed by combatants, war would be stripped of much of its horrors. We give the version of this one authenticated instance of Carlist atrocity in the words of the sufferer, the Times' correspondent aforesaid:—

"It was at once manifest that the second batch of Carlists did not mean to let us off as easily as the first had done. They were, indeed, quite a different set—rough-looking enough, but better dressed, and, by comparison, picked men. One of them jumped on the step of the carriage, and, addressing me at once in French, which he spoke with fair fluency, commenced a series of questions, apparently to find out whether I was carrying despatches or had 'any commission from the Government.' He said he must search my luggage, but this part of his duty he executed forbearingly enough, as he only opened my hat box, tempted, perhaps, by what may have seemed to him its suspicious shape. I fancy that a British hat box was in that part of the world somewhat of a novelty. The discovery that it contained nothing more anti-Carlist than a black hat disarmed his suspicions, though they were again aroused by the mysterious character of my English passport, which he examined carefully from every point of view, but found equally incomprehensible from all. However, its incomprehensibility, however suspicious, could scarcely be considered sufficient proof of my guilty connexion with the Spanish Government, and he was just, I think, making up his mind to let me continue my journey without detaining or requisitioning me, when, in an evil moment, he caught sight of my field glass, and asked me to lend it to him. The motive of the request, though it was made with all possible politeness, was painfully obvious; but there were half-a-dozen comrades at his elbow, some of them carrying rifles, and so I had nothing for it but at once to hand over the field glass with the best grace I could, trying to look as if I thought only an ordinary loan was meant. It was passed eagerly from one man to the other, and, unluckily for me, they all pronounced it first-class. To cut a sad story short, it was never returned to me, but instead of it I got the following receipt:—

"Aduana de la Provincia de Alaba. Recibo di Don Carlos—por un cateje de cien pesetas—100 pesetas. Campo de Onor (s/c) a 27 di Abril, 1873.—El Jefe Echabarría."

(Translation.)

"Custom-house, in the Province of Alaba. Received of Mr. Charles—, a telescope, worth a hundred pesetas (4l), Camp of Honor, 27th April, 1873.—Chief Echabarría."

A receipt so valuable was naturally stamped. The stamp, in the left-hand corner, was a Royal crown surrounded by an outer inscription, in large letters, "Royal army of King Carlos VII.," and an inner inscription, in smaller letters, "Flying column of Victoria." The gravity and business-like manner in which my debtor made out this important document, in slow school-boy round text, not without a blunder or two, was so irresistibly comical that it was hard to feel much aggrieved. I believe he honestly thought that he was giving me a more than fair equivalent for my glass, not exactly payable at sight, but good as cash when that rapidly-approaching millennium arrives in which "Royal Carlos is to have his ain." It is only fair to him to mention that before he took possession, as a Carlist officer of my glass he offered as a private citizen to give me in cash—not Carlist bonds—25 francs for it. Perhaps it was unbusiness-like of me to reject the offer. It will be very long, I fear, before I get 25 francs cash for my 100 francs bond. But still it struck me as so

cool to try to make me sell a glass with which I did not want to part on any terms, for just one-fourth of what it cost me, that I preferred being robbed or requisitioned outright to being robbed under pretence of a bargain. The robber, if he will allow me so to call him, using the word in its strictly Carlist signification, did not take very kindly to his work, and seemed new to it. He was a very young man, and it was not without considerable confusion, and even some blushes, that when I persisted in refusing 25 francs, he gave me to understand that "as a Carlist," he must in any case have the glass. It seemed quite a relief to him—a load off his conscience—when I consented to accept the 100 francs bond.

Having perused these details of Carlist atrocity we think that the reader will conclude that, although the Carlists may sometimes, and in isolated cases, have been guilty of acts of retaliation upon the men whose chief exploit hitherto have consisted in outrages upon priests, and nuns brutally driven out of their quiet cloisters by a brutal and licentious soldiery, it is not just to condemn the whole party for the acts of a few; and that upon the whole, even by the showing of their enemies, no soldiers have ever carried on war with more moderation, courtesy, and generosity than actually do the maligned Carlists. Let us for instance consider for a moment how a friend of the Southern States passing through one of the Northern States with papers on him from Southern sympathizers in England, would have been treated had he fallen into the hands of the Northerners; we doubt if he would have got off so cheap as did the fellow Bradlaugh from the Carlists.

To say that there is a political crisis in France is not to give news, for there always is a political crisis in France. This time however things are serious, and we may look forward for stirring scenes. In a word, M. Thiers has resigned, and Marshal MacMahon has been named as his successor. The new President is a brave soldier and has we suppose the army on his side; he is also believed to be sincerely attached to the widow of the late Emperor and her son, whose cause he may probably espouse. But as yet it is useless to speculate on what may be the results of this, hitherto, bloodless revolution—for a revolution it is.

The cause of M. Thier's resignation was an adverse vote in the Assembly, on the afternoon of Saturday; the numbers being 362 against 346, leaving M. Thiers in a minority of 16. There was of course great "agitation," as the saying is, when the resignation of the President was announced. The Right insisted upon the immediate nomination of a new President; and finally after a stormy debate, Marshal MacMahon was elected by 390 votes. The new President accepted the charge imposed on him. "He will obey the will of the Assembly," and he pledges his word as an honest man, and as a soldier, to do his utmost to hasten the liberation of French soil from the tread of the stranger, to restore order, protect property, and maintain tranquillity. A large number of republican functionaries under the late dispensation have resigned; but the final arrangements of Marshal MacMahon's Cabinet had not been completed up to the time of our going to press.

The Carlists indignantly repudiate the atrocities, and the slaying of prisoners attributed to them by their enemies, and reported in the telegrams of a hostile press.

It is reported by telegram that the Pope is about to publish sentence of excommunication against all the members of the Piedmontese Cabinet, and others engaged in the spoliation of the Religious Houses.

We are glad to see that in the United States the long prevalent delusion that "hanging was played out" is fast being dispelled. Several scoundrels have suffered on the gallows during the course of the past week; and if, as we hope it may, this wholesome display of a determination to put down crime be continued, the United States may again claim to take their place amongst civilized communities. When a people has thrown off the restraints of religion, its sole remaining plank of salvation is the "scuff-fold."

Saturday, the 24th inst., was duly observed with all loyal demonstrations, as the Birthday of Our Gracious Queen, whom may God long preserve to rule over us.

DEATH OF SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER.—Hopes had been held out to us by late reports from England that the health of this eminent Canadian statesman, was, if not restored, yet so much ameliorated as to justify the expectation of his speedy return to this country, and the resumption of his public duties. These hopes were dashed to the ground on Tuesday, the 20th inst., by the receipt of a telegraphic report to the effect that Sir George had died rather suddenly in London at about six o'clock. He had long been suffering from Bright's disease.

This news caused general sorrow, for men of all parties are agreed that the deceased was one whom the country could not well afford to lose, and that it will be no easy matter to replace him. For the last quarter of a century Sir George E. Cartier has played a most important part in Canadian politics, and indeed his biography would be the history of the country for that period. We give a short sketch of his career,

as published in the several journals of the Province.

Sir George E. Cartier was, it is said, descended from a brother of the famous Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada. Some of the nephews of this celebrated navigator settled in the country, which their uncle first visited, and from one of these the deceased statesman deduced his origin. His grandfather, Jacques Cartier, was a successful merchant, and in the olden times of the Colony represented in the Legislature the County of Vercheres. George Etienne, the grandson of this Jacques Cartier, was born on the 6th of September, 1814, at St. Antoine, in the said county, where the family held property, and had long resided. He went through his course of studies with much credit in the College of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and upon entering life adopted the profession of Law. In 1835 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced to practise in Montreal, where he was soon recognised and employed as a promising young barrister. At that time the political condition of the country was in many respects most deplorable; and the French Canadians were naturally and justly indignant with the manner in which they were treated by the clique which had contrived, although a paltry minority, to secure to itself the monopoly of the government of the country. Young Cartier embraced the national cause with all the ardor of youth; and very soon by his talents, his activity, and high moral character, acquired a high reputation amongst those of his fellow-countrymen who were urging their claims upon the authorities. We need not dwell upon the troubles of 1837. M. Cartier followed the lead of M. Papineau, and was implicated in the insurrection which long continued injustice and bad government at last provoked.

After the suppression of the rebellion, M. Cartier took refuge for a season in the United States; and when he found it safe for him to return to his native land he did so, resuming his old profession, and establishing for himself amongst his compatriots a high reputation for ability and integrity. This reputation procured for him his election as member for Vercheres in 1848, from which year we may date his entry into public life. In politics he embraced the Conservative side, believing that it was his duty to support a government which had at last done justice to his country; and as a Conservative statesman he was for many years the acknowledged political leader of the French Canadians. To say that he often encountered strong opposition is but to say that he met the lot of all men who take an active part in political life. He was ambitious, it is said, but his ambition was the infirmity of many a noble mind. If he loved power, it cannot be pretended that he loved money, or that he loved power for the sake of any personal advantages that it might bring with it. If he was often bitter with his opponents, they also were equally bitter with him, and he was always true to his friends. In private life the deceased was loved by those with whom he was intimate, and was respected by all.

It is perhaps as one of the chief actors in the negotiations, and proceedings which led to the conferring on us by the Imperial Government of our actual political system, that the name of Sir George E. Cartier will be chiefly remembered in the future. This was the great or crowning political act of his life. Our short experience of its merits does not as yet justify us in passing any opinion upon it. It is an experiment, and has not yet been fully tried. Being in the nature of a compromise everything will depend upon the manner in which it is worked; and it is but justice to the memory of one who honestly loved his country, and tried to serve her in troublous times, to admit the fact that his task of conciliating or harmonising the rival pretensions of the Anglo-Protestants and Franco-Canadian Catholics, was most difficult of accomplishment, and one which would have taxed to the uttermost the powers of the greatest statesmen that the world has ever produced. Under these circumstances, we are willing to believe that he procured for Catholic Lower Canada the very best terms that were then possible. We do not even yet know all the difficulties that Sir George E. Cartier had to contend with, and we cannot doubt the excellence of his intentions.

Of course as to his merits as a statesman there were during his life time, there will be after his death, great differences of opinion. As some men in England a generation or two ago swore by Pitt, so others put all their trust in Fox. How then could it have been otherwise in Canada, where party spirit runs very high; and where it is alas! too much the custom to launch the most damaging accusations against our public men. It is pleasant to note, however, that before the corpse of Sir George E. Cartier, the animosities that pursued him whilst living are hushed: The leading organs of both parties are unanimous in recognising the worth of the departed statesman, in doing justice to his abilities, his never-flagging energy, and his unblemished personal integrity.

"Never" says the Montreal Herald in its obituary notice—and in this it but does justice to one to whom as a politician it was always strongly opposed—"never has he been suspected of being a mercenary man * * * and while no one has doubted Sir George's ambition, none have ever accused him of base pecuniary greed."—Herald, 21st. There are not many statesmen in the neighboring Republic or anywhere, on whose tomb-stone such an honorable record—a record sufficient to cover more sins than by his bitterest opponents were ever imputed to Sir George E. Cartier—could justly be placed; and such a record is honorable, both to him of whom it is made, and to him who makes it. Able politicians, clever statesmen, eloquent orators, smart financiers are common enough; they are to be found in abundance at Washington; amongst the Liberals of Europe they are plentiful as blackberries; but how rare anywhere are men who during their existence on earth have had the resources of their country at their disposal, and of whom after death it can be recorded by their political opponents, that they were above the suspicion even of mercenary or base motives! This indeed is a true patent of nobility.

The mortal remains of the deceased will be brought to Canada in one of H. M. ships, the Queen having ordered, by way of evincing her opinion of Sir George, that a man-of-war be charged with this duty. In pursuance of a motion made by Sir John A. Macdonald, a funeral at the public expense has been decreed, and a sum of money appropriated for the erection of a public monument. These marks of respect and gratitude the late Sir George E. Cartier has well earned from his country.

His title, we are sorry to say, dies with him. By his wife, Hortense, daughter of E. D. Fabre, Esq., whom he married in 1846, he had two daughters, but no male issue. The Hon. M. Langevin, it is said, will succeed him as head of the Department of the Militia.

Our Catholic readers will be glad to learn that though his death occurred somewhat suddenly or unexpectedly, Sir George E. Cartier was attended in his last moments by the ministers of religion; and that fortified with the Sacraments of the Church he peacefully breathed his last. May his soul through the mercy of God repose in peace.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.—In reply to a question from Mr. Anglin, Sir John A. Macdonald explained to the House the course of action that it was proposed to adopt with reference to the vote of the 14th inst. upon Mr. Stigan's motion. Sir John A. Macdonald stated that it was the intention of His Excellency the Governor General, in view of the difficulties of the position, to apply for instructions from the Imperial Government; and that it was proposed to make an appropriation from the public funds, of the sum necessary to defray the legal costs of the Appeal from the Catholic minority of New Brunswick to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In spite of the adverse opinions pronounced by the Law Officers of the Crown on the constitutionality of the New Brunswick School Act of 1871, we have not lost hopes that, when the question of constitutionality shall have been brought formally before the great tribunal above mentioned, a decision favorable to the pretensions of the Catholic minority may be rendered. Such a decision would give the said minority permanent relief, which of course cannot be obtained by mere political action. Unless the acts of the New Brunswick Legislature be pronounced ultra vires, it would always be in its power to re-enact them, even should they be vetoed at Ottawa, and the contest might thus be prolonged from generation to generation.

The Dominion Parliament was adjourned on Friday, 23rd inst., by the Governor General, to August 13th.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. XXXV.

"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY." As God's blessings are signs of His love, His punishments are incontestable proofs of His indignation. Consult, then, Christian soul, consult the Sacred Scriptures, and you will find that there is no sin, not even excepting murder or adultery, which have been visited with more severe retribution than this crime of impurity. Why was the city of Sicham destroyed, and its inhabitants put to the sword? For one sin of impurity committed by its king. Why were the sands of the desert reddened with the blood of 24,000 Israelites? Because of their fornications with the daughters of the Moabites.—Why was the whole of Palestine rendered desolate and drowned in tears over the loss of 65,000 of her armed men and the destruction of a whole tribe? For a single insult offered by the Benjamites to a woman. Why did God strike dead Her and Ooam, the sons of Juda? why did he cause the seven husbands of Sara to be stilled by a demon? For this same hateful sin of impurity. Nor is this all—terrible catalogue of merited retribution! Look back to the days of Sodom