

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1863.

Correspondents will please excuse any delay in replying to their favors, which will be attended to on the return of the Editor, who has left the city for a few days.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Pope has addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor of Russia, of which the full text has not been published, stating that the evils which have fallen upon the Poles, are to be attributed solely to the want of faith of the Russian Government, which has never kept its treaty promises. He appeals to the humanity of the Emperor, and urges him to restore to the Poles freedom of Religion as the only means to stop the effusion of blood.

It is said that the three Great Powers have sent to Russia an urgent note asking a representative Government for Poland, the immediate cessation of all hostilities, and a general amnesty for the insurgents.

The voting in Paris shows gain for the Opposition, which, it is supposed, will have 25 members in the Legislature. The number of independent candidates has been considerable, and they have expressed their views boldly and been courageously supported by the Press. Seven Bishops and Archbishops of France have published their answer to those consulting them about the election. In this very remarkable document, they insist that it is the duty of all Catholics, lay and clerical, to vote. They refuse to name candidates, and insist that every man should be guided by his free judgment.—They conclude by a most energetic and impressive appeal to all Frenchmen to vote for Religious Liberty at home, and the Temporal Power of the Pope. The Legislative Assembly now being formed, will, in a great measure, contribute to the settlement of the Roman and Italian Questions, which, it is evident, have only been adjourned.

The news from the United States is exciting to the last degree. As we go to press, the Federal Government seems to be in a State of panic. Gold is rising rapidly. The Confederates are reported to be advancing upon the North in three divisions. Their numbers are variously estimated and doubtless exaggerated in the terror. It would appear that while Hooker was engaged in his late reconnaissance en force, Lee moved up the Rappahannock and massed his troops at Culpepper to fall on Hooker's right, an cut him off from Washington. Hooker only discovered the trap at the last moment, and burning his tents and provisions and immense stores, fell back to Fairfax. Lee passed down Thoroughfare Gap, flanking Hooker and cutting off and entire corps. A battle is said to be progressing on the fatal battle ground of Bull's Run. One portion of the enemy has marched into Pennsylvania, has taken Chambersburg and other towns, and was, on the 16th instant, within eighteen miles of the Capital of the State. Business in Philadelphia is suspended. The attempt to get troops from Washington has failed, and the citizens are urged to flock to the rescue. The bridges on the Susquehanna and all the country south of the river, are abandoned to the enemy, as there is no army to check its course.

General Stuart's cavalry are operating extensively on the Shenandoah Valley. Winchester has been invested by the Confederates and General Milroy forced back to Harper's Ferry, with the loss of all his artillery and the best portion of his troops, of whom he reports 2,000 killed and wounded. General Lee is supposed to be advancing with his main army upon Washington City; and the Ohio border is threatened again. The movement seems to be simultaneous along the whole line. The President calls for 100,000 men to volunteer for six months, but the Secretary of State in a later proclamation urges them to come for thirty days, and Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, in great distress cries out that the people do not respond, and that whilst the enemy is menacing the capital, the people are quibbling as to the possible term of service.

In addition to all these misfortunes, it is said that Johnston has succeeded, after all, in re-inforcing the garrison at Vicksburg. Four Fed-

eral generals are known to be killed; but no details are given. Grant's army is probably very badly beaten.

On the whole, the business of conquering the South, does not seem to be going on quite so bravely as the Yankees have striven to make it appear. They seem to be laboring, at present, under the effect of a big scare, and perhaps exaggerate their misfortunes, which is however not the usual practice of our Thrasonical neighbors. The telegraph reports are meagre and confused, and we must wait details before we can pronounce upon the importance of the present movements; but it would appear that a crisis has arrived.

We regret to have to notice that the peace of Canada has been disturbed by an election riot at Ste. Martine, County Chateauguay, in which there has been some loss of life. We abstain from comments until we have reliable details.

THE "EVENING WITNESS" ON THE RAMPAGE.—Our afternoon contemporary the *Montreal Daily Witness*, is a newspaper of the pious "family" stripe. It mingles with full and accurate reports of the markets, a sort of exaggerated Evangelicalism, which it would be impossible to caricature, and side by side with which, the ordinary cant of the Stigginses, Chadbands and Snowleys seems tame.

That our contemporary should whine after his fashion, so long as he finds an audience that like that sort of music and are willing to pay for it, is all well enough; when he allows himself to be betrayed into a snarl, he should, however, be re-proved, and when he is tempted into a manifestation of his nature resulting in a vicious attempt to bite, he should be chastised.

Others will see to the sterner means of repression; for us, it suffices to amuse our readers and ourselves with a brief consideration of some of the more grotesque contortions of the Evangelical organ in its vain efforts to "digest the venom of its spleen."

And very unfortunately for our contemporary, we are called upon here to note, that during the past week it has met with a very serious check in its favorite amusement. The excitement of the recent election betrayed it into an excess for which it is to be feared, or to be hoped, that it may have yet to suffer in its most tender part—the purse. Our neighbor found such light food for its ill-humour as attacking Sunday amusements, and social entertainments, and the recreations and innocent gaiety of childhood, no longer sufficiently satisfying, and overstepping those limits within which the exhibition of spite is safe, ventured to bring against some respectable gentlemen a charge of corruption, which has been met by a very serious notification to retract and apologise or expect the legal consequences of the act. Since which time, our contemporary has abandoned the snarl for the whine, and become more oily Evangelical. It would appear, however, from the significant hints of the morning papers, that it will not so easily escape, and that its present silence will not save it from its fate.

We think this hard upon the *Witness*. For how can our contemporary be expected to make allowance for a delicacy of feeling in others of which it has no idea itself? A professional brawler, we may imagine, would take it very unkind to be met with a rebuff for praising the skill of a fellow-creature in the "crackman's" art, which he himself considers as a calling open to honorable ambition; a Yankee, ex-patiating with delight upon some supposed act of "smartness," would think it cruel to be taken to task for charging another with a swindle; and the *Witness* is now probably shocked to find that there are men,—though doubtless of another sphere than his,—who regard bribery and corruption as serious moral delinquencies, and charges such as it has made upon the successful candidates, as insults and wrongs to be very seriously met.

This is very evidently the true view of the case. The *Witness* in charging corruption upon his opponents, meant to charge them with nothing wrong, according to the *Witness*' code. Indeed, in the very article for which he is threatened with prosecution, he admits that "honest men" (of the Evangelical school, we suppose) may bribe at elections, and only seems to regret that so large an outlay as would have been necessary to ensure success at the polls, would not, under the circumstances, pay. We quote his words: "It will be seen that they bear out our view:—

"Honest men expect to make nothing for themselves or friends by success, and therefore cannot afford to go to any considerable expense in contesting an election."

So much for the recent attempt of our amiable contemporary to bite, which seems to have resulted merely in injury to his teeth.

Of his snarls, as usual, the loudest and most ill-natured have been directed against ourselves, or the religion which, in common with more than two-thirds of our fellow-citizens, we profess; his whining he reserves for his co-religionists; and as, since he finds it profitable, it must either please or amuse them, that is a matter against which we have nothing to urge.

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament on

the Sunday in the Octave of Corpus Christi, exercised our contemporary to an extent really painful to behold. It seemed to have a horrible attraction for him in spite of himself. Long before the day, he had a presentiment of it, and published little venomous paragraphs of blasphemy against the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, days before the Feast, as it were asking in uncontrollable nervous agony:—"What have I to do with Thee? Why comest Thou to torment me before my time?"

But on the day after the Procession, he burst out upon this "annual trespass against the feelings and rights of the Protestant population of Montreal." The bell-ringing, the spreading of branches in the way, the children singing "Hosanna to the Son of David—Blessed is He who cometh in the Name of the Lord"—he had evidently seen and heard it all, and we doubt whether High Priest, Scribe or Pharisee was more moved at our Lord's procession in Jerusalem eighteen centuries ago, than was our modern Evangelical on beholding Him borne in triumph amongst His own people, in this His Catholic city of Ville Marie—in this city, upon which, by its pious founder, the Name of His Most Holy Mother has been called.

"The day is past," says the *Witness*, "for such processions in the public street." Ah, so the world has said and prophesied and hoped ever since that first procession to which we have referred. But the world has been deceived in this. The *Witness* well knows that the day has by no means passed, and that is why these public honors to our Lord in the Sacrament of His love, give him such pain.

As to his arguments to prove the impropriety of the procession, we shall not notice them.—He knows himself that they have no weight. They are a mere irrepresible manifestation of his sufferings, which we pity, but which we cannot consent to abate one tittle of our religious ceremonies to assuage. This is not a Protestant, but a Catholic, town. Out of a population of less than 100,000, over sixty-six thousand are members of the Catholic Church. As in Protestant cities no Catholics think of objecting to the enforced cessation of locomotion on the Puritan Sabbath, the turning of the blessed day of our Lord into a Sabbath after the model of that kept by the Pharisees whom Christ rebuked the funeral tolling of the bells which summon wretched youth to the dreary Sabbath-school, and their well-dressed parents to the well-cushioned pew in the fashionable meeting-house; as no Catholic in such cities objects to Masonic processions, so it is obvious that, in a city of which two-thirds of the inhabitants are Catholics, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament once a year through a portion of three thoroughfares, on a portion of Sunday forenoon, cannot be forgone, because it stirs the bile of that very insignificant portion of the respectable Protestant minority of which the *Daily Witness* is the worthy organ. Those who do not like our ways, need not have chosen this spot to pitch their tents; and even were the case reversed, in a population of mixed religions, it would not be too much to ask, that on one day in the year, a procession so decorous, so orderly, so religious, as that of last Sunday week, should be allowed to pass without exciting any feelings such as those to which our contemporary is unfortunately compelled to yield.

In large Protestant cities, such as San Francisco, a foreign and degraded population,—the Chinese,—not unfrequently occupy the public streets with Pagan processions, in which their hideous idols are borne aloft. We have never heard that any opposition has been made to this. To what then are we to attribute this outcry of Evangelicalism against a Christian procession in a Christian land, purposely conducted in such a way as not to interfere with the business avocations or the pleasure of any of those who do not choose to take a part? Why is it that, whilst the Pagan and Foreign minority in Protestant cities may, without opposition, carry their obscene idols through the streets, in a Catholic town, a small section of the Protestant minority insolently cry out for the abolition of a Christian ceremony consecrated by the time-honored traditions of the place, and by the uniform practice of that portion of the Christian world whose members outnumber far all others who profess the Christian name.

But to enlarge upon this insolence, weakens the force of its audacity. We are well satisfied that the *Witness* speaks only for the small knot of bigots that it represents, partly no doubt with the hope of provoking to acts of indecorum which may lead Catholics to abandon the procession of the *Fete Dieu*, from fear of sacrilegious outrage; and partly moved by a characteristic hatred to the Blessed Sacrament, probably inexplicable to the writer himself, but which the Catholic reader of the Gospel narrative is at no loss to understand.

One other snarl of the *Witness*, and we have done. We wish to finish the work at once.—Under the heading "An Organ of Infidelity Hoaxed," the editor would convey the impression that the recent report of a spiritual *seance* at the White House, published in our columns,

and copied from the *Boston Post*, is a hoax.—The article in question was copied into the *New York World*, and other most respectable journals in the United States, without an intimation that it was other than what it purports to be, a serious statement, of very grave and serious facts. We have not yet seen a line in any paper but the *Witness* throwing any discredit upon it. But that is not the point. Our Evangelical contemporary endeavors to convey the impression that the fact is not that President Lincoln is addicted to Spiritualism, and holds intercourse, or endeavors to hold intercourse, with the dead through the intervention of mediums.—Now, whether the particular report which we reprinted, and which seems to be written in sad earnest, be authentic or not, this one thing is well known—is notorious throughout the Union—and cannot have escaped the editor of a daily journal such as the *Witness*,—that President Lincoln is, and long has been, habitually addicted to these necromantic practices. Even as we write, we take up a copy of the *Providence* (Rhode Island) *Post*, of June 7th, and there we find a letter from Judge Edmonds, the celebrated convert to Spiritualism from the New York Bench, correcting the editor who had mentioned him by name as one of the advisers of the President. The editor prefaces the letter by the following remarks:—

"We cheerfully publish the letter; but, although we admit that the President has enough to bear, we shall not allow him to escape from the known facts in the case. He 'consults the spirits,' as we learn from a source entitled, we think, to implicit confidence; and generally, we believe, through a medium who resides in New York, and is accounted one of the best in the country. Mr. Lincoln's second interview with this medium was well calculated to impress him favorably towards spiritualism. 'I have seen you before,' said the medium, Mr. R.—'Yes,' said the President. 'You were then accompanied by a gentleman who is now dead,' said Mr. R. the medium. 'No,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'he is not dead; he has been sick, but I heard yesterday that he was recovering.' 'He is dead,' persisted the medium; 'he died this morning.' And so, much to Mr. Lincoln's astonishment and grief, it proved true."

In fact, it is as notorious that the President frequents the Spiritualists, as that he tells dirty jokes, eats opium and is a pious member of an Evangelical Church; and when our contemporary endeavors to convey the idea that we have been hoaxed, or are attempting to hoax our readers when we enlarge upon the fact, he does what we should call in others a dishonest thing, but what in him we regard as purely "Evangelical."

In these days of dynastic changes, the eye of the political economist, after scanning "the situation" in Poland and Sicily, will naturally rest with somewhat of anxiety upon Ireland. With Etna and Vesuvius in eruption, it were natural to look for flames from Hecla. And if deep mutterings and smothered thunders be the indications of subterranean revolutions, there have of late been heard enough of strange and ominous sounds from under the very feet of society in Ireland, to indicate that hot fires are being stirred up below the surface. When the Church finds it necessary to denounce *in public*, and with more than her wonted vehemence, any particular evil, rest assured that evil exists in an aggravated form. For in her maternal tenderness, she is not wont to expose, unnecessarily, to the world her children's failings, but with Apostolic charity, taking her child aside, she warns him in her closet; and it is only when he will not listen to her maternal voice, that she denounces him to the world. That secret societies—those accursed banes of public safety—have become rife in Ireland, is evident from the action of her Priesthood in denouncing them so vehemently, and that the wolves have sought to insinuate themselves even into her most sacred shelters, is plain from the necessity for the so prompt suppression of the *Tralee Young Men's Association* by their faithful pastor.

That the British Government may hitherto have felt secure in their hold on Ireland, even whilst inflicting on her that supererogation of all tyrannical exactions—the English Church Establishment—is probable; but the events of the last few weeks in Poland must surely have served to convince the most foolhardy statesmen that there is a limit even to the forbearance and long suffering of the Catholic clergy, and that even that clergy with its almost unbounded influence is impotent to restrain a nation goaded to desperation. Englishmen, in their pride of power, may hitherto have laughed at the idea of Irish rebellion; and the *Times* in its contempt may call them "Cabbage insurrections," with other such "red lettuce phrases;" but let recent events in Poland and America teach them that even the most stupendous and tyrannical powers can avail naught against a people fighting *pro aris et focis*. That a small kingdom like Poland should be able to hold out, if only for a day, against so stupendous a power as Russia, is certainly contrary to the most accepted theories of the age. But theories will not hold against facts, and Poland has solved a problem which it would be well for all tyrannical Governments to study.

But setting aside those motives of prudence, which no Government, however strong, can at all times afford to ignore, it is certainly inexplicable by any of the ordinary laws of mental pathology

that a people who possess so high a regard for liberty as the English, should be able to tolerate in the very centre of their system, such a festering plague spot as the "Church Establishment" in Ireland. Were it an isolated act of petty tyranny, exercised by an obscure governor in a distant dependency of the Crown, that was allowed to go "unwhipt of justice"—were it a small and insignificant portion of the community that suffered some trivial inconvenience—one would not feel surprise; but that in the very heart of a mighty nation, under the very eyes of the people and in spite of the piercing wail of the sufferers, so flagrant an act of barbarous injustice as the Protestant tythe system of Ireland should be exercised upon upwards of three millions of subjects, is a fact not likely to raise the perpetrators in the estimation of the rest of the world. Individual men may become besotted with power and crazed with fanaticism—as Cromwell in Ireland;—nations may become demonic for a period, as France in the Revolution; but that a nation, boasting the slightest pretension to liberal institutions, should tyrannise over its sister nation for upwards of 300 years by so stupendous an exaction, is beyond all conception.

And what renders the affair even the more inexplicable is, that were these things enacted by some Continental Catholic nation against its Protestant subjects, Englishmen would discover their iniquity in a moment;—we should have them denounced by the English Government within twenty-four hours of their perpetration;—they would be cited by the British press as the ordinary fruits of Catholic intolerance, and we should have the British public assembling in monster meetings around some dyspeptic looking mounds in Hyde Park to pass ungrammatical resolutions of condolence with the sufferers. Truly the mote and the beam have been bequeathed us a legacy even to all time.

S.C.R.D.S.

We take it for granted that every sane man now-a-days will acknowledge that emigration is the actual and logical consequences of some one or more co-existing evils; that is to say, that no body of men will systematically leave their homesteads and their hearths, to seek their fortune in some unknown land, unless impelled thereto by some dire, some imperative necessity. The old days of military colonisation, when cities and States were founded by the "coloni," as under the Romans, are long passed away; nor do fabulous accounts of unheard of wealth from some western "el dorado," as under Cortes, any longer tempt men in myriads across the sea.—*Gold-digging* has in our matter-of-fact days become *gold-digging*, and everybody knows that that is altogether too laborous and precarious an occupation to allure any from their homes but those who are already impelled thence by some most dire necessity. It is indeed a sad spectacle, though a noble one withal, to behold the young stripling who has been born and brought up in the old homestead,—whose young heart clings thereto with as many ties and as firm a hold as does the ivy to its roof—whose every thought, whose every recollection is associated with some hill, some valley, or some dell and quiet nook, around that beloved spot—it is a sad but a noble spectacle withal to behold this tender youth obliged to tear himself from home and kindred and beloved companions, to seek his fortune in some unknown, some distant land, and to hear him with half-closed utterance, as he brushes away a tear that troubles unbidden upon his eyelid, whispering words of cheering promise, that those he leaves behind and loves so tenderly shall, ere long, (please God!) follow him to a better land. It is a sad spectacle, inasmuch as it speaks of woes unutterable; but it is noble one withal, in that it shows us a nature too firm to be a slave—too relying to fear any danger. But if the severance of all home ties by an individual be so bad, how sad indeed?—how terrible must be the *exodus* of a nation?

Undoubtedly in no chapter of history, however remote its date, can a parallel be found for this Irish Exodus. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, America—Federal and Confederate—California, Mexico, Brazil, La Plata, Australia, New Zealand—each and all have received their quota from this astonishing anabasis. To an Irishman, it is a noble sight, and one of which he may well be proud, to see his countrymen thus spread over the surface of the habitable globe, and taking part in the deliberations and destinies of all the nations therein. If ancient Rome was justly proud of her warlike legions stationed in the then known world, how much more may this little island exult to see her peaceful legions pursuing the arts of civilisation in every country and in every clime.

But if to Irishmen it is a noble spectacle—to England it is indeed one of the most deep humiliation. For men will logically deduce the existence of some flaw, some innate weakness in the constitution, or some deep design and wickedness in the rulers of that nation wherein, unchecked, a perennial famine drives men in myriads out as exiles into this wide ungracious world. The Lancashire famine, has come to teach Englishmen that the stupidity or cupidity of her cotton Lords