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NEWS OF THE WEEK

By our latest arrivals from Europe, we are told that a general amnesty to political offenders is about to be proclaimed by the Piedmontese Government. This amnesty, however, will not we suppose include the Neapolitan royalists who have been taken in arms fighting for their lawful sovereign, and the national independence of their native land.

There are very contradictory rumors as to the State of Garibaldi's health, some representing his wounds as slight, others as very serious. The conduct of the Rattazzi Ministry in not making better provision for the wounded captive's comforts is severely criticised by the Italian press, and by that portion of it, especially, which most loudly applauds the cruelties perpetrated by the Sardinian invaders of Naples upon the conquered Neapolitans whom the fortune of war delivers into their hands.

The news of Confederate successes had created fresh excitement in Great Britain. A discovery is announced which, if it realises the hopes that are entertained of it, will afford relief to the destitute operatives of Lancashire, by furnishing a substitute for cotton. The name of the article is Jute, which has we believe long been employed in Bengal for the coarsest kinds of fabrics, and it is said that by a peculiar process this article can be made available for the finer textures. There is little of interest in other respects by the last mails. The Queen has formally demanded the Princess of Denmark in marriage for the Prince of Wales, and it is expected that the union will not be long delayed. The death of Dr. Summer is announced. He was a very respectable elderly gentleman, of no very strong or decided religious opinions—and therefore well fitted for the Anglican Episcopacy—who for many years has been in the receipt of the revenues or temporalities of the ancient Archbishopric of Canterbury.

No man who desires to preserve an unuffled temper, or an unclouded intellect reads, or would even desire to read the extraordinary telegrams which twice or thrice a day reach us from the seat of war in the United States. Picking oakum, breaking stones, or turning a crank within the walls of the Penitentiary are light, agreeable, and profitable occupations in comparison with a study of American "war news" as doled out to us through the Northern press. Yet in spite of the gigantic conspiracy against truth which these documents reveal, it is possible to glean from them one or two important facts with reference to late events in Maryland, to wit:—That after a long, and on both sides, a gallantly contested fight, the Confederates have been compelled to recross the Potomac, and to evacuate Maryland, carrying with them, however, all their materiel and leaving only their dead, and a few of their wounded whom it was impossible to remove, in the hands of their enemies. So far, therefore, the Federals may claim a victory; and as it is the first occasion on which they have encountered the Southerners in fair stand up fight, and have not been soundly beaten, the elation of the North is very natural, and very pardonable.— But though McClellan has cleared Maryland of its invaders, nothing has been done towards the repression of what is still ludicrously called the "rebellion." The Northerners have successfully defended Washington, but they have not taken Richmond; and the fact that during the late operations, the Southerners were virtually the assailants, and the Northerners were acting on the defensive, is of deep significance. The report of General Meagher's death is contradicted; he has been wounded indeed, but is we believe, doing well. His death would have been a serious blow to the North. A brave and skill-

ful officer, enjoying the confidence of the Irish who form the flower of the Northern army, his loss would not have been easily repaired.

What he has hitherto failed to accomplish by force of arms, "honest Abe" now hopes to achieve by force of "Proclamations." He has read a kind of "Riot Act" to the insurgent Southerners, bidding them disperse, lay down their arms, and submit to his government; or before the first of January next, under pain of having all their slaves taken from them, and made free. If President Lincoln had it in his power to enforce this edict, the consequences, political and social, would be most important to the future destinies of this Continent. But as unfortunately for him, it can have no effect whatever on the status of the slaves, except there where the country is already under Northern rule, in so far as the unconquered Southerners are concerned it is but a *brutum fulmen*. If he had it in his power to carry out his decree, he would not have been obliged to issue it; and as he has it not in his power to enforce its provisions, except there where there is no need to enforce them, its appearance at the present juncture can but serve to enrage Southern slaveholders to greater fury, and to display to the world the impotence of the North to subdue the South. What makes this Proclamation more ridiculous is this—That it decrees the freedom of those slaves only whose owners are, after the first of January, in arms against the North, and leaves the condition of the slaves of loyal owners untouched. Now if the President has the legal right to free one slave, he has an equal right to free all; and we may be sure that if his Proclamation of Emancipation should, through the ultimate conquest of the South by force of arms, release the slaves of the insurgents from bondage, it will prove a charm equally potent to break the chains of those slaves whose owners are still faithful to the Union cause. This the latter must perceive; and consequently they must now, no matter what their previous political sentiments or proclivities, find themselves deeply interested in the final triumph of the South. The only result that we can anticipate from President Lincoln's Proclamation therefore is this. That whilst in the Border Slave States it will determine all waverers amongst the slave-owners in favor of Secession, in the North it will intensify the already existing bitter feud betwixt the Democrats and the Abolitionists.

The President has also issued another Proclamation, still further curtailing what little of liberty was left to Northern serfs. By this second edict a military dictatorship is established throughout the land; the *Habeas Corpus* Act is suspended; and absolute power is given to "any military authority" or "Court Martial" over the persons and properties of all citizens.— Here are the terms of this astounding document, which, if the people of the North submit to it, will but furnish another proof that democracy and liberty are incompatible:— "All rebels and insurgents their aiders and abettors within the United States—and all persons discouraging enlistments, resisting military militia draft, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by Courts Martial or Military Commission. 2nd. That the writ of Habeas Corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested or who now or hereafter, during the rebellion shall be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison, or other place of confinement, by any military authority or by the sentence of any Court Martial or military commission. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. (Signed,) ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Dated 24th September, 1862. Washington, Sept. 24.

The people who can tamely submit to such tyranny, may howl, yell, and emit much stinking breath at the polls, but they are only fitted to be a nation of slaves.

It is a curious and significant fact that, in reply to an ovation offered to him by the people at Washington on the evening of the 24th inst., the President congratulated his hearers on the victories! of the 14th and 17th of the same month, and added,—"We do not yet know the particulars." Surely if the "particulars" have been so long withheld from the public authorities, it must be because therein there is something which victorious Generals do not care to divulge.

Among minor items we may mention the forcing of the blockade of Mobile by a large heavily armed steamer, with a plentiful supply of arms, and munitions of war for the South. Captain Henry Preble, of the *Onesida*, having announced the fact "with great mortification" to his commanding officer, has been publicly cashiered.

STRIKING WITH AWE.—Of all the many schemes which have been devised for converting us misguided Papists from the errors of our ways, and bringing us to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Lord Palmerston, the most preposterous, not to say ludicrous, is that broached by a speaker at a late meeting of the ministers of the Anglican sect held in Montreal, and dignified by the name of a Provincial Synod. The speaker alluded to was a Rev. Mr. Holland; and his idea was—for like all great men he has his fixed idea—that his brother sectaries should persist in holding their periodic meetings or Synods in Montreal; as that City was the head quarters of

Romanism, and as such meetings would necessarily have an imposing effect upon the minds of the deluded followers of that idolatrous system, and thereby tend to facilitate their conversion to the Government church. In other words, the speaker expected that the august spectacle of an Anglican Synod, meeting by the gracious permission of the Queen, and with the sanction of the First Lord of the Treasury, would strike us with awe, and enforce our submission to the doctrines and discipline of the faith as once by Act of Parliament Established.

The Rev. Mr. Holland must be a very sanguine man. That a riotous mob might be awed, quelled, and dispersed by the exhibition at a window of the upper extremities of a lame and impotent Beadle, clad in the traditional garb of Beadledom, and glorious in a cocked hat, was a reasonable, indeed modest anticipation in comparison with that in which our reverend friend indulges. Mrs. Partington, terrible with her birch broom, might as rationally hope to evict the waves of the angry Atlantic from her back premises into which they have made forcible and illegal entry, as our Anglican Bumble hope to stem the continually advancing tide of Romanism by such puerile agencies as those which he fatuously proposes for that purpose. We would endeavor to undeceive our friend; and most respectfully would we assure him that the only sentiments with which the spectacle of a body calling itself a Branch of the Catholic Church—arrogantly holding its meetings solely in virtue of the sanction of the civil magistrate, can possibly inspire us, are those of gentle wonder, not altogether unmingled with mirthful or good humored contempt. The Church, that is to say the true Church, may for a time be borne down by persecution; but never will she consent to become a party to her own enslavement and her own degradation. And when Catholics see a body of men calling themselves priests and bishops, hugging, nay, glorying in, their chains; making as it were a parade of their abject submission to the civil power in matters ecclesiastical; and acknowledging a mere temporal sovereign as their head upon earth—they are forcibly reminded, not of that Apostolic College which when its members were strictly commanded "not to speak in the name of Jesus," set the edicts of the rulers at defiance; but of those wicked men who through envy delivered Christ into the hands of the heathen governor to be crucified, and whose confession of faith was "We have no King but Cæsar."—St. John, xix, 15. In the eyes of all intelligent Catholics the servile obsequiousness of the Anglican church to the civil power, is of itself a conclusive, incontrovertible proof that it is no member of the Church of Christ, and that it is utterly unworthy of their respect. Another gentleman who took part in the business of the Anglican Synod, and spoke upon the subject, gave a far more accurate view of the feelings with which such a meeting was calculated to inspire Papists, when he observed that "they might as well expect to make an impression upon adamant, as upon the class previously mentioned"—(that is to say, Romanists.

But why all this anxiety on the part of our Anglican fellow-citizens for our conversion?— We have read the report of their meeting as published in the City papers; and whilst we have laughed over the absurdity of the whole affair, and marvelled at the folly of bearded men—who are old enough and big enough to know better—playing at Synods, and enacting a queer kind of burlesque upon the proceedings of the Catholic Church—we have been much surprised at the constant professions of anxiety on their part for the conversion of Papists; whilst no allusion even was made to the at least equally "parlous" condition of other members of non-Anglican bodies—Methodists and Presbyterians, and Unitarians, and Congregationalists, and Baptists—and Lord only knows how many other denominations of schismatics besides—to say nothing of the thousands and tens of thousands of avowed infidels by whom we are surrounded, and who compose a by no means inconsiderable portion, probably the large majority, of our non-Catholic population. If our Anglican fellow-citizens are so devoured by the thirst of proselytism, so deeply impressed with the importance of bringing others within the pale of their own sect, as the utterance of their representatives in Synod would seem to imply, why do they not try their prentice hands upon those whom their own ecclesiastical theories, whom the Church Principles which they profess, brand as outcasts, as schismatics, and as abandoned "to the unconquerable mercies of God?" Why do they waste all their sympathies upon callous and ungrateful French Papists, whilst so many of their own kith and kin, staunch Protestants to boot, are actually perishing of want? Surely the plight of the Papist, who has a regular Ministry, as all Anglicans must admit, who has therefore all the Sacraments, and therefore all the means of Grace by Christ appointed as necessary for salvation, is not worse than that of the Protestant schismatic—of the Methodist, of the Presbyterian, or of the Unitarian,—who has neither a true priesthood, nor valid Sacraments! Why so much care for French Canadian Papists then,

and so little heed for sectaries of your own flesh and blood! The answer is obvious. Error can easily coalesce with error, but is ever most intolerant of truth.

And what is this "truth" whereof Anglicans are so anxious to make us Papists partakers? It can be nothing contained in the Creeds—Apostles, Nicene, or Athanasian—for all these we hold, and in their integrity. Would it not—we say it in all humility—would it not be well for Anglicans to settle amongst themselves what is "truth," before they attempt "to prove the fallacies of the doctrines of Romanism"—as one gentleman politely qualified the faith of the Catholic Church. When we hear of their doctrinal dissensions upon every fundamental dogma of Christianity; when we take up their "Essays and Reviews;" when we remember that these are the work of leading dignitaries of the Anglican church, of Professors in Anglican Universities, and of men whose especial function it is to preside over the education of Anglican Levites;—when we bear in mind too, that the highest tribunal of that sect, when appealed to against the writers of these works, has given in a decision which in substance amounts to this—that though it is not lawful to the Anglican office holder to deny the Christian revelation in general, he is at liberty to deny it in every particular; to impeach in detail both the supernatural, and the natural or historical, credibility of the Christian Scriptures; to deny, not in a lump indeed, but one by one, all the miracles of the Old and New Testament; to call in question the truth of the Incarnation, and the Resurrection, and in a word to reject all mysteries, all prophecy, and all supernaturalism, and still to retain his situation as a teacher of "truth" as held by the Church of England—when we bear in mind all these things, the thought does strike us, that our kind Anglican friends, so nervously alarmed for our salvation, should first of all endeavor to draw up a body of "truth" for themselves, to which all their members would consent to subscribe. At present we know not whose Gospel, whose truth it is that we are called upon to receive; whether we are to believe according to "Essays and Reviews," or according to our sympathetic friends of the Synod. Besides, their very formulas, their very Liturgies and Articles are such a mass of contradictions, such a confused jumble of irreconcilables, that it is impossible to admit one to be true, without, by implication, asserting the other to be a lie.

These things—this servile submission to the civil power, these contradictions and dissensions—do certainly impress the minds of Catholics, but not in a sense favorable to the claims of Anglicanism, and to an extent which no quantity of Government Synods can in any degree obliterate. Other things too, common to Protestant ministers of all sects, deeply impress us, as a practical commentary upon the words of Our Lord—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works." We are impressed, forcibly impressed, by the spectacle of the alacrity with which, in times of sickness, of cholera, of typhus fever, or any other great public calamity, our would-be guides and teachers hurry away from the post of danger, as if conscious that they had no business there. When we shall see Protestant ministers exposing their lives freely as do the Popish priests whom they revile, but whose heroism they dare not even attempt to imitate, then, but not before, will we condescend to take their claims into serious consideration; and when Protestantism shall have furnished the world with one solitary instance of that unselfish devotion and sublime self-sacrifice which daily we witness in our own Sisters of Charity, then, but not before, will its boasts to have Christ for its author cease to provoke our smile of contempt. It is not by what men say, but by what they do, that we judge them. They may utter "as brave words" at the Synod as they please; but if their actions do not therewith correspond; if they are ever foremost to run, or scuttle away—"skeddadle" the Yankees term it—from the post of danger, and to find their appropriate sphere of action, not by the bedside of the fever infected and pestilence stricken, but in their nurseries, and amidst the rustling of the domestic erinoline, their brave words strike vainly on our ears; and we scout their pretensions to sacerdotal honors, as cordially, if not in quite as emphatic language, as Captain Fluellen scouted the pretensions of mine "ancient Pistol."

ROME OR DEATH—A TEXT, AND ITS APPLICATION.

"Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."—St. Matt. xxi, 44. "And the people with acclamation cried out—It is the voice of a God, and not of man." "And forthwith an angel of the Lord struck him, because he had not given the honor to God; and eaten up by worms he expired."—Acts xii, 22, 23. "Garibaldi is on the ground, never again to rise. Whatever events the future may have in store for Italy, Garibaldi's game is played out. He is old, prematurely old, broken in health, worn by fits of excessive activity; still more wasted by fits of involuntary repose. The gout tortures and paralyzes his limbs, sorrow will soon gnaw into his very soul."—Times Correspondent. The Times' correspondent, unconsciously no doubt, furnishes us with a striking commentary upon the words of Our Lord, as reported by St.

Matthew. We need not however insist upon the remarkable accomplishment of a prophecy, which in every succeeding century of the Christian era has received an attestation of its divine origin; but we may be permitted to point out the marvellous coincidence betwixt the fate of the impious Herod and persecutor of the Church, and that of the fallen Garibaldi—who not only raised his arm against the Lord's anointed, but complacently accepted honors due to God alone.

History presents us with few instances of a fall so sudden and so complete as that which has just ingloriously closed the political career of the Italian filibuster. But yesterday, he walked the earth like a king of men, and princes bowed before him. The equal of monarchs, ay! more than their equal, Garibaldi claimed equality with God Himself; and with greedy ears he listened to the blasphemous of his impious followers who hailed him as the "Divine," as the "Saviour, Redeemer, Messiah," and as the "God" of a regenerated Italy—for all these epithets were lavishly applied to him by the Liberals and Protestants of the Peninsula. An apostate priest celebrated the mysteries of the revolutionary deity; choirs, not of virgins indeed, but of prostitutes—meet hierophants of the new worship—composed and sang "canticles in honor of his name, and of his red-shirt; the multitude went before him, shouting Hosannah to their Redeemer; and the magistracy and the municipalities of the different cities vied with one another as to which should approve themselves the most devout to the divine Garibaldi, and the most zealous in asserting his right to religious honors.

Of this obsequiousness, or rather disgusting blasphemy, some amusing instances are supplied by the Italian press—of which we may be permitted to mention one or two:

A revolutionary journal of Florence of date September 10th, 1861—had the following paragraph:—

"Ferdinand P. residing at Santomoro, a man of liberal principles, by way of satisfying his spite against General Garibaldi, gave the name of the illustrious Italian to a donkey, and was frequently observed, as he passed through Cadaglia, striking the beast, and crying 'go on, Garibaldi, you dog; go on you damned Garibaldi.' The sub-prefect of Pistoria as a preventive measure had imprisoned this wretch."

Not only was blasphemy against the sacred name of Garibaldi punished by the civil magistrate, but, as we learn from other journals, the very ground on which he trod was esteemed holy; and relics—very extraordinary relics too—of the Messiah were carefully collected by adoring municipalities, and exposed to the veneration of devout Liberals. Thus we read how by orders of the Sicilian Government—"the bedroom occupied by General Garibaldi in Palermo, shall be preserved for ever in its present state, with the furniture which it now contains,"—and how, under the auspices of Paris, the Minister of the Interior, an inventory of the furniture of said bedroom was carefully prepared, and in the second article of which conspicuously figures, "a chamber-pot of red china."

Such was Garibaldi but a few weeks ago, and such were the honours shown to him,—and to-day there is scarce one to do him reverence. In the words of the *Armonia*—"In less than a month Garibaldi has passed from divine honors to the rank of a rogue;" and even the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, but lately one of the loudest in his praise, and the chief exponent of the Gospel according to Garibaldi, now speaks of the wounded and broken captive as "a squeezed lemon." Well indeed was it said by the wise man of old:—

"Pride goeth before destruction, and the spirit is lifted up before a fall."—Proverbs xvi, 18.

And what renders this fall, this sudden prostration of the enemy of the Church, but the idol of her enemies throughout the world, the more remarkable, and the more consoling to Catholics is—that it has been accomplished without intervention on their part, and by the hands of those who with Garibaldi have sought their destruction. This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes; and this surely should teach us to wait with patience, and to trust in confidence upon the divine promises. One by one the adversaries of the Church are struck down by sudden fate. First Cavour, then Garibaldi;—then—but who shall presume to say who shall furnish the next commentary upon the words of Our Lord with which we have prefaced these remarks! But of this we may be sure with the full assurance of faith; that sooner or later, swift and terrible destruction will befall all those who raise their hands against the Church, and that no weapon forged against her, or against him who sits in the chair of Peter shall prosper.

"Whatever events the future may have in store for Italy"—so the *Times*' correspondent assures us—"Garibaldi's game is played out." He is on the ground never to rise again, and as politically defunct, his epitaph may now be written. Let us then be just even to Garibaldi—and recognise that, with all his faults, he was but a tool in the hands of men compared with whom even Garibaldi appears almost amiable; of men who inspired with all Garibaldi's demoniacal hatred of the Church, were altogether destitute of Garibaldi's courage, and those other animal virtues with which he must be credited. By