

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Greek, not the Roman, question is now uppermost in the mind of the Great Britain.—Garibaldi and his wounded leg are for the present clean forgotten, and the staunchest of Protestants neglect their good daily exercise of anathematizing the Pope in their anxiety about the successor of King Otho on the Hellenic throne.—There can be no doubt that, in so far as the Greeks themselves are concerned, they have made up their minds on this point, and that Prince Alfred has been duly elected to the vacant throne. But from the tone of the British Press, it is evidently very doubtful whether the honor, or rather the responsibility which this election involves will be accepted by the British Government. It is no light thing to provoke at once the jealousy of two such Powers as France and Russia, neither of whom can be expected to look complacently, or with indifference, upon the prospect of a great augmentation of British political influence in the Mediterranean, and the East; and the Queen herself, who in her private life, and in the management of her children is as exemplary, as in her public life she is distinguished for those qualities which endear her to her subjects, and justly entitle her to their loyalty, can scarcely be supposed to desire for one of her sons, a career that would probably impose upon him, and certainly upon his children, the political obligation of professing a religion which she, as Head of the Church of England, must look upon as idolatrous. Upon the whole therefore we think, that, in spite of his popularity with the Greeks, in spite of their almost unanimous vote in his favor, Prince Alfred will never reign at Athens.

Though the 2d of December passed over quietly at Paris, the French mind is still greatly excited by the rumors of a plot against the Emperor's life, which, so it was bruited abroad, was to be carried into execution on Sunday the 7th instant, upon the occasion of his Imperial Majesty's appearance in public to open the Boulevard du Prince Eugene. All Paris was expected to turn out at the ceremony, from curiosity to see whether the long standing predictions respecting their Emperor were then to meet with their accomplishment.

There is great distress in the manufacturing districts of France, in consequence of the cotton famine; and in the words of the *Times* correspondent, "Paris has also its Lancashire in the department of the Seine Inferieure. The sufferings of the working classes are daily on the increase. The mill-owner, and the merchant have ruin in the distance, but famine now stares the operative in the face."

But in France "famine" amongst the operatives—whose political creed may be thus summed up:—"That it is the chief end of Government to feed, clothe and comfortably house the people—that is to say the working classes"—means barricades, and revolution, and dynastic change. It is not in France, as in England, where, though partial disturbances may of course arise from the misery of the poor, no one dreams of holding the Government responsible; and hence it becomes to Louis Napoleon almost a measure of self-preservation to obtain access to the land of cotton, and thus to stave off the famine, and consequent revolution which, as things now are, seem imminent. The news of the last great victory of the Confederates, and the failure of the Federals at Fredericksburg, when it reaches Europe, will therefore probably determine Louis Napoleon to interfere betwixt the belligerents, by friendly mediation if possible, by force of arms, if necessary. The tenure upon which he holds his precarious dignity is, that there shall be no Lancashire in France, no starving operatives, and therefore no "cotton famine." Frenchmen can bear with a Government which merely deprives them of their personal liberties, which muzzles the press, which suppresses St. Vincent de Paul Societies, and imposes silence upon the Church and her Pastors; but a dynasty beneath which the people suffer from hunger, and operatives daily have famine staring them in the face, they will not long endure.

Confusion—if we may be permitted to express

—is the order of the day at Turin. Troubles many and grievous are, thank God! gathering fast around the government of Victor Emmanuel: the Ratazzi Cabinet is broken up, not however without revelations from all sides of its treacheries and infamies—thus affording another apt illustration of the truth of the old proverb—'aneit rogues falling out.' Strenuously as Ratazzi and his colleagues denied all complicity with Garibaldi in that mad expedition ingloriously terminated at Aspromonte, the facts that Victor Emmanuel and his advisers were cognizant of that movement from its inception, did approve thereof, and did stimulate Garibaldi thereunto—have been publicly established in the Parliament at Turin, and are reluctantly confessed even by the London *Times*—the unblushing apologist for all the atrocities and infamies of the Revolution.—'That this charge has been brought home to Ratazzi,' says the *Times*, 'we can hardly doubt; and if this charge be true, we know that where, save in the records of the Old Bailey, to look for a transaction so infamous, or for treachery so abominable. They—the "King honest-man" and his Cabinet—first encouraged him—Garibaldi—to set on foot the enterprise which ended so sadly"—London *Times*; and then when they discovered that the success of that enterprise would bring them into collision with France, they denounced their tool, and with their own hands sacrificed the unhappy dupe of their dastardly policy. Had these things been asserted by the Catholic press, of the Sardinian Government, they would have been scouted as incredible slanders—disgraceful only to their inventors and circulators; they stand forth now, however, on the page of history, as facts admitted to be true even by the warmest partisans of Victor Emmanuel and his Liberal Government. Of course the people in Italy have been much excited by these astounding revelations of the duplicity of their rulers; and hence the fall of Ratazzi and his Cabinet, whom the "King honest-man" has sacrificed to save himself from popular indignation.—Their successors had not been installed up to the date to which our latest Italian news extends; but, according to the *Times*, Signor Pasolini had been entrusted with, and was attempting the formation of a new Ministry. In spite, however, of these forced concessions, Victor Emmanuel is fast losing his popularity, even in the North of Italy; the people testify their feelings towards him by breaking, and otherwise dishonoring the carved or graven images of the "King honest-man"; and in the places of public resort free expression is given to the sentiments of contempt with which he is now pretty generally regarded by all intelligent Italians.

All was quiet up to latest dates, at Rome.—In the Kingdom of Naples the counter-revolution was daily gaining strength, and the loyalists appear to be bolter and more numerous than ever. No less than 120,000 Sardinian troops—according to General Durando—are actually engaged in consummating the conquest and subjugation of the unhappy Neapolitans, who still bravely continue the unequal struggle for their King, their liberties, and their national independence. The *Times* correspondent, it is true, brands the Neapolitan loyalists and patriots as "brigands;" but in his letter under date 29th ult., he is forced to admit that "brigandage is a hopeless malady" which 120,000 Sardinian practitioners are unable to cure; and that the "brigands" are becoming daily more audacious in their resistance to their alien oppressors. The Civil affairs of the Kingdom under the new administration are as hopeless as are the military; and—again we cite the London *Times*, as an admirable witness against his own friends—"there are, it is to be feared, many who have been lying long in prison" victims of the execrable tyranny of the Sardinian intruders. From North to South of the Peninsula one feeling of disgust with the new order of things obtains amongst all classes of society; and shortly may we expect to see the monstrous bubble of Italian Unity collapse with a terrific explosion, and effluvia.

We have no stirring events in the field to record for the past week. Since its timely flight across the Rappahannock, the army of the Potomac has manifested no inclination to resume the offensive against any enemy so well prepared to give them a warm reception, as are the Confederates on the heights of Fredericksburg. The tone, of the Northern press, from boastful is becoming quite odorous, and the Lincoln Government is the object of almost universal dislike and vituperation. General Burnside has indeed very generously, taken upon himself the undivided responsibility of the late defeat; but it will still be suspected by many that his attack upon the Confederate lines was dictated rather by political than strategic considerations; that in short, it was in obedience to the well understood, and in the case of the dismissal of General McClellan, the strongly expressed wishes of the authorities at Washington, that he so rashly, and as events proved, so uselessly exposed and sacrificed the lives of the soldiers under his command.—Rumors of a change of Ministers, indeed of the resignation of the entire Cabinet, and a complete reconstruction of its personnel have been rife for the past week—but some how or other Mr.

Seward and his colleagues, cling to office, with the tenacity of leeches. We suppose that they find the dealing in and selling of "army contracts," too good a thing to throw away, at all events until such time as their heap of plunder, or what gold diggers term their "pile" shall have attained a satisfactory height.

MARIA MONK REDIVIVA.—We thought and hoped that we had heard the last of this evangelical lady; and that warned by the exposure which in her case was made, Protestant editors and Protestant ministers would for the future be more cautious in their attacks upon the Religious Houses of Montreal. There are however a sort of appetites ever craving after filth, more filth; and, unfortunately, to those depraved appetites there are always at hand, both Protestant editors and Protestant ministers ready to pander.—To this vitiated appetite, to this sordid condescension, must we attribute the numbers of 'Interesting Narratives,' and 'Thrilling Narratives,' with which the evangelical press still teems; and in which are duly set forth, the cruelties practised in 'Romish Nunneries' upon amiable, highly accomplished, but unfortunately deluded 'Protestant Young Ladies'—the 'Horror of the Black Veil,' and 'Extraordinary Escapes' of the 'Young Ladies' aforesaid. One of these 'Narratives,' qualified as 'Interesting,' we find in our evangelical contemporary, the *Montreal Witness*, of Saturday last. As its perusal may possibly provoke a laugh, and as it is certainly a fair specimen of the garbage on which an 'intelligent Protestant public' delights to gorge itself, we reproduce it for the delectation and instruction of our readers:—

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.—Rev. Robert Travis, an aged and superannuated minister of the New York East Conference, called at this office the other day to give us the following narrative:—A cousin of his eleven years ago, when seventeen years old, became a member of his family, and soon after connected herself with the Jane-street, M. E. Church in this city. Five years afterward, through the persuasion of a family with whom she formed an acquaintance, she connected herself with the Catholic Church and deserted him. Although she had a good education she was induced to enter the 'Sacred Heart,' that she might become more accomplished. Here she was treated kindly for seven or eight months, when she was enticed to Montreal on a pleasure trip. At this city she was placed in a convent and persuaded to remain. Becoming dissatisfied, however, she expressed her wish to return to her friends, but was sternly denied permission. When she stated her determination to do so, whether allowed or not, she was informed that she could neither escape nor obtain the means to leave. Anxiety preyed upon her, and she was taken sick and brought near to death. In that condition, when unconscious of what she was doing, she was forced to take the black veil. In February last she wrote a letter to her friends disclosing her feelings and her situation, and confided it to an acquaintance, who promised to post it; but she betrayed her and gave it to the priest. At confession she was rudely charged by the priest with being a Protestant at heart, and in proof of this her intercepted letter was referred to. An altercation ensued, in which she became excited and charged the mother superior to allow her to return to die among her friends, but her solicitations was of no avail. She was narrowly watched, and her clothes and writing materials were kept from her. After having been five years in the convent, one evening, seeing the gate left open to accommodate an ecclesiastic, she disguised herself, inverted her hood, and made her escape, passing the priest as he entered sharply eyeing her. She went to the house of a Baptist minister, who assuring her that his home was not a safe refuge, sent her for safety to the Rev. Mr. Roussey, the superintendent of the Grande Ligne Mission, where Mr. Travis found her in a state of destitution. Before she left this city her priest declared to her that Catholics were allowed to read the Bible; that the assertion of the contrary was a Protestant slander; but when she entered the convent the priest forbade her the use of the Scriptures under pain of excommunication and the damnation of hell. During her stay at the institution she never saw any part of the Bible except the New Testament. The young woman is now with Mr. Travis.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

We were perhaps in error in asserting that Protestant editors and Protestant ministers have not learned 'caution' from the exposure of the 'Maria Monk' slanders which they instigated and circulated. They have, in fact, learned to avoid, not the 'lie,' but that particular form of lie known as the 'lie with a circumstance'; or at all events, they put in as few circumstances as possible, so as to render detection difficult, and exposure an improbable contingency. Thus in the case before us, the fatal error in the 'Maria Monk' case is avoided. The names, both of the interesting female cousin of the 'aged and superannuated Minister of the New York East Conference'—and that of the 'Convent in which she was placed and persuaded to remain,' and in which she was detained a prisoner for nearly 'five years,' and until 'one evening seeing the gate left open to accommodate an ecclesiastic, she disguised herself, inverted her hood,' and so 'made her escape'—are prudently omitted. It was also, on the part of the *Witness*, well to suppress the name of 'a Baptist minister,' in whose house, after having effected her escape in the ingenious manner above described, she took refuge; but who assured her, the 'Escaped Nun,' that 'his house was not a safe refuge'—and who 'sent her for safety to the Rev. Mr. Roussey, the superintendent of the Grande Ligne Mission, where Mr. Travis found her in a state of destitution'; for sceptics and scoffers might feel inclined to ask why 'a Baptist minister,' if he did really entertain doubts as to the safety of the 'Escaped Nun' in his own house, did not put himself in communication with the Police Magistrate?—why the interesting young lady herself did not make the legal authorities acquainted with the particulars of her long illegal imprison-

ment—and why, above all, neither of them called, through the columns of the *Montreal Witness*, the attention of the Protestant public of Canada to this gross outrage upon personal liberty, and invoked its sympathies in behalf of the much suffering victim of Romish cunning, and Romish cruelty?

Yes, as it is, the concoctor of the above precious romance *a la* Maria Monk, has been far too particular, has entered far too minutely into detail. We say nothing of the cunning artifice by which the interesting victim at last managed to effect her escape; nor of the strange process by means of which she, after having all her 'clothes taken from her,' and on the spur of the moment, was enabled so effectually to disguise herself as to deceive the sharp eyes of 'the priest' whom, as she was escaping, she actually passed at the gate of the convent; but we will confine ourselves to this one strange apparent discrepancy, or inconsistency in the above given 'Interesting Narrative.' Like the good fat knight in an emergency, it may be believed that, though clothes she had none, the victim of Romish tyranny may have 'put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so have escaped'; but how are we to account for the fact that, though her ill-treatment, her long years of imprisonment, and marvellous escape, must have been known to at least two persons in Canada—a Baptist minister, and the Rev. M. Roussey, of Grande Ligne—neither of them put themselves in communication either with the Police or with the *Montreal Witness* on the subject; but left the thrilling news to reach us by the circuitous route of New York, and through the instrumentality of 'an aged and superannuated minister of the East Conference'?

We have an hypothesis of our own upon the subject, which is this—If the entire of the above 'Interesting Narrative' be not a pure fabrication—if it have the slightest foundation in fact, it is our faith that the convent in which the cousin of 'an aged and superannuated minister' was forcibly detained for 'five years,' was none other than the establishment under the charge of Mr. McGinn, otherwise known as the common jail;—and that the young lady herself was one of that numerous class who as 'loose, idle and disorderly, are in the habit of figuring in the presence of the Police Magistrate. And as we have not heard of any romantic escape from the jail, as Mr. McGinn generally keeps a tender and most vigilant watch over his numerous boarders, we suspect that the explanation of her flight is simply this—that the term of her sentence having expired, she was dismissed from custody. Young ladies of her class would no doubt find the Grande Ligne Mission a most secure and appropriate refuge, after their discharge from jail.

We throw out the above merely as an hypothesis. If the talented and truth-loving editor of the *Montreal Witness* has any objections to offer to it, we will do our best to give him every satisfaction. Perhaps in his next he will favor us with the name of the 'female cousin,' of the convent and other particulars of his 'Interesting Narrative.'

REVIVALS.—The leading or characteristic features of a Protestant "Revival" have been so often depicted by Protestant hands; and its disastrous results, both morally and intellectually, have been so warmly insisted upon by witnesses against whose competency and impartiality it is impossible to urge even the semblance of a doubt—that it would appear well nigh a work of supererogation to say another word on the subject. All men one would naturally expect, of all denominations, would cordially unite in denouncing the ludicrous exhibitions of fanaticism, blasphemy and imparity to which the title "Revival of Religion" is given by the clique which styles itself "evangelical."

Such, however, is not the case, on this Continent at all events. In Great Britain and Ireland we believe that the recent exposures have completely discredited spasmodic religionism; and that it is there generally understood that convulsions, and hysterics form no part of the religion of Christ, and are not the work of the Spirit of peace, of love, and order. In America, both in the U. States and in Canada, the case is very different; and the professional Revivalist still drives a profitable trade amongst the "intelligent and enlightened" both of New England, and of the neighboring Provinces. It is therefore the duty of every honest man to do what lies in his power to check the progress of the moral pestilence: and above all is it the duty of the Catholic journalist to display in its true colors, the nature and probable consequences of that religious system to which such strenuous efforts are being made to convert the Papists of Lower Canada. We have looked over the names of those who, in Montreal, have figured most prominently in the late attempt to get up a "Revival" in Lower Canada; and we find that, almost without exception, they are the same names as those which figure most prominently upon the subscription lists, and the pages of the *Record*, of the F. C. M. Society. This is an important and significant fact: it is suggestive both of the processes which are employed by the *Swaddlers* for the corruption of the faith and morals of the

French Canadians; and of the excesses into which it is to be feared that the latter would fall, should they submit themselves to the teachings and influences of their Protestant spiritual directors. It is, in short, from the "Revival" and its revolting scenes, that we best learn the natural tendencies of evangelical Protestantism; and it is for this reason, and as a warning against the artifices of the F. C. M. Society, that we publish to-day some Revival statistics, which we venture to hope that some of our esteemed French contemporaries will lend the aid of their columns to circulate amongst their fellow-countrymen. It is for this reason, and in this hope that we to-day return to the subject, and reproduce some additional Protestant testimony as to the nature of that religion which is to be obtained at a "Revival" which is admired and patronized by the leading members of the F. C. M. Society—and which it is the professed object of the latter to impose upon the French Catholic population of Lower Canada.

The evidence which we are about to cite was published some time ago by the *Liverpool Albion*, a Protestant journal; and was elicited in the first instance, by the trial of the Reverend Mr. Gebbie, a Protestant Minister before the established Presbytery of Irvine, Ayrshire, on a charge of encouraging improper practices in the church of Dunlop. Amongst the witnesses examined appeared first, a Mr. Robert Orr, a shoemaker, and a Protestant; he deposed as under:—

"I went to the meeting (the Revival) about seven P.M., and left after twelve o'clock. While I was there, there was a great deal of excitement at the meeting. There was much loud singing of hymns, the congregation not being united—but singing in detached groups different hymns all at the same time; and occasionally Mr. Gebbie giving out a hymn, the congregation joined in. The church was crowded, so much so that some had to leave and go to the Free Church. There was a great deal of uproar, singing, and talk going on during the proceedings, and people jumping up on the tops of seats. I saw a group nearly opposite Mr. Gebbie, joined by the hands in a circle, some of them waving their handkerchiefs, and some their Bibles, singing at the same time loudly a hymn of Richard Weaver's, beginning with, or having a chorus of, 'Only believe, and you shall be saved.' In that group there was one or two of them 'striding' with their feet on the book-boards, i.e., standing with a foot on the bookboard of one pew, and the other foot on the bookboard of another. There were other groups at the same time, where similar scenes were going on. At intervals Mr. Gebbie was going along the passages of the church looking after the people. I was in the gallery, and while sitting there my attention was attracted to a continuous noise of singing from some individual, who also kept his feet going at the same time, and going forward to the front of the gallery to see what this was, I looked over and saw that it was a boy, who was singing loudly 'Christ for me, Christ for me,' dancing the while, and keeping time with his feet to the tune, which was the tune of 'Polly Hopkins.' (Laughter.) He sometimes stopped when he got tired, or seemed to be tired, and he then went down upon his knees and appeared to be praying, getting up and beginning again, singing to the same words and dancing to the same tune.—'Polly Hopkins' isn't a psalm tune—(laughter)—but is a comic song tune. After this I left the gallery, and went for a short time to the Free Church, to which some of the people had gone, and then returned to the Parish Church, where, when I got back, I found that the same scenes were going on. I went not into the gallery, but below, and, in going up the passage, I noticed a short built man in a pew, who appeared to me to have had some drink. Sitting in the seat beside him was 'a brown young laicic or woman,' and occasionally he was putting his arm around her waist, and requested her to sing a hymn, on which the young woman rose and began to sing. This was repeated several times while I was observing him. Sometimes he asked her to sing a hymn, and I also heard him ask her to sing a song. She always complied by singing a hymn. Mr. Gebbie was going about in the church at the time, though I cannot say he was in the passage where this was occurring. The whole scene through the evening appeared to me to be very extraordinary, and not at all like what we would expect to find in a church, though they appeared to be very earnest, and evidently thinking they were doing what was right. When the man was asking the girl to sing a hymn or a song, he kept looking into her face in a very loving manner. (Laughter.) In the course of that evening Mr. Gebbie addressed observations to the people. Once or twice when he wished to speak amid the great commotion, he went into the pulpit or preacher's desk, and, waving his hand, cried 'Whist! thus obtaining silence. He would then give out a hymn. The hymns he read out were Richard Weaver's hymns. In the course of that night I heard Mr. Gebbie, in speaking of salvation, say, that some people offered their salvation at some future time, but that he offered them immediate salvation—He also spoke of salvation being so easily obtainable that any of us might obtain it before we left the church. Mr. Gebbie was talking about our estrangement from God, and the necessity for our returning to him; and he said that we ought to go down on our knees, and so saying he fell down with a crash in the pulpit. He then rose and said that our going on our knees was not sufficient, but that we ought to go out into the churchyard and throw ourselves on our backs, and suiting the action to the word, he threw his arms and his body back in the desk or pulpit till he touched the back of the desk. He said, 'you ought to go to the churchyard, throw yourselves on your backs, and pray to God to forgive you your sins.' In the course of that night I saw and heard Mr. Gebbie clapping his hand loudly. Mr. Gebbie, in talking of those who called in question their proceedings at this meeting, clapped his hands and said he was rejoiced that such things went on. When I was in the gallery I saw an individual led out from one of the groups below, and as the person who was led passed Mr. Gebbie towards the session house, Mr. Gebbie shouted out 'Another soul to Christ, another soul to Christ.'

Another witness examined was a Mr. James Ferguson, farmer: his testimony fully corroborated that of Morris. Being asked, if he remembered attending the "Revival" meeting? and if he could relate any of the proceedings on that occasion? he replied as follows:—

"Yes. I was at a revival meeting, shortly after the 17th October, 1860, and Mr. Gebbie said, 'I saw Christ.' When did he say he so saw Him? I can't say the exact time when, but the impression left on my mind was, that it was some short time before he had been speaking. He said, 'I saw Christ; he let me see his legs. What beautiful legs! what beautiful legs! I wished to see His face; but He held away His face from me, and hid it with His garment. He let me see His side. He let me see the holes in His side.' Mr. Gebbie then stretched out his arm and his open hand, and added, 'He let me put my