

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Sub-
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 24.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1867.

Friday, 24—Notre Dame de Bonsecours.
Saturday, 25—St. Gregory VII, P. O.
Sunday, 26—Third after Easter. St. Phillip of
Neri, O.
Monday, 27—Rogation. St. M. Mag. de P., V.
Tuesday, 28—Rogation. SS. Olet and M. P., M.
Wednesday, 29—Rogation. SS. Nereus and others,
M. M.
Thursday, 30—Ascension.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Luxembourg question having been set-
tled for the moment, and the impending war be-
tween France and Prussia, or we may say betwixt
the Latin and Teutonic races of Europe, having
been postponed, public interest is naturally con-
centrated upon the Irish State trials, and their
strange developments. Our readers will natu-
rally excuse us, if we go largely into the details.

Messrs. Burke and Doran were the first pris-
oners arraigned: they held high positions in the
Fenian organisation, and had taken a prominent
part in the recent disturbances. But what gave
additional interest to their trial was the fact, that
it was known that the Crown would produce as
witnesses against them, two of their own com-
rades or brothers in arms, also of high standing
in the ranks of Fenianism; but who, to save
themselves, had consented to sacrifice their fellow
conspirators, and their dupes. These two traitors
were Massey and Corydon—of whom in the *Pall
Mall Gazette* we find the following brief bio-
graphical notices:—

In the case of the trials now going on in Dub-
lin for high treason, the government have already
effected one object, which of itself is of quite as
much importance as the conviction of the persons
on their trial. In the persons of two of its
leaders they have dragged the Fenian conspiracy
through the very foulest mud that is it possible to
imagine. Convictions, executions, failures in the
field, even intestine quarrels, and the embezzele-
ment, for the purpose of selfish luxury, of the
funds which were subscribed for purposes of
treason, are all less intolerably shameful than
such an exposure as was made the other day by
the man who calls himself Gen. Massey and by
J. G. Corydon. It is seldom given to any one
to have to accept such a load of iniquity as these
wretched creatures put up with as the price of
their worthless lives. If the Fenians have in
them a single spark of shame, or even any portion
worth mentioning of that sense of honour which
is often so sound a guide in the business of life,
they will avoid for the future any sort of partici-
pation in a conspiracy—the fortunes of which
are under the direction of such inconceivably
paltry and contemptible scoundrels.

Massey, it appears, was born in the County of
Limerick, though with a slight vestige of shame
he tried as far as possible to conceal his family;
and after serving for about a year, when little
more than a boy, in the Crimea, he went to
America, and was there employed in various capac-
ities in the Southern States, being amongst
other things, a colonel in the Texas cavalry, of
which we used to hear so much. The chivalrous
colonel, when peace returned, became a
commercial traveller and entered into the Fenian
conspiracy, where he knew various centres, and,
amongst the rest, Stephens.

In January, Massey came to Ireland, and, after
meeting a number of Fenian centres in London,
had a further meeting in Dublin, whence it ap-
peared that the Fenian army was 14,000 strong,
and had 3,000 weapons. This appears to refer
to Dublin alone, as at Cork he received informa-
tion that the Cork army was 20,000 strong, and
had 15,000 thousand weapons. Massey's scheme
was to collect as large a number of Fenians as
possible at Limerick Junction, where they were
to be put under the command of a General
Fazeley, who had served in America, but as
Massey stepped on to the platform at Limerick
from a railway carriage he was arrested. "The
newspapers," he added, "said that he had
sworn; if he did, he was sorry he ever re-
covered." No one can be surprised at this.—
Being in gaol, Massey appears to have reflected
that he must have been betrayed himself, and his
wife, moreover, urged him to confess; giving
way to the double pressure, he told the story
which we have shortly repeated.

He was perfectly right in believing that he
had been betrayed. A rather more impudent,
though a less important knave than himself had
been beforehand with him. This was one Cory-
don, the second witness for the Crown. How
he was introduced into the conspiracy, what was
his past history, and what particular position he
held in the Brotherhood, are points on which we

have no information; but he, like Massey, was an
American Irishman, and his chief business appears
to have been in connection with the expedition
against Chester, which some of our cotemporaries
will not now perhaps admit to have been
something more than a mere prize fight. The
scheme arranged by a number of American
officers was to take the Castle, send the arms by
train to Holyhead, blowing up the bridges and
tearing up the rails so as to stop the communi-
cation, and then carry the arms over to Ireland
by the mail boats. That the execution of such a
scheme might have caused great confusion and
trouble is sufficiently obvious, but Mr. Corydon
from the very first gave information to the au-
thorities for about £50 or £60. He was at the
same time in the pay of the Fenians. As he
beautifully observed, "he considered it his duty
to the Queen and also to his friends the Fenians
to act in this manner, as the organization in his
opinion was not worth shedding one drop of
for." Like the "creature Dougal" Mr. Cory-
don has gleamings of sense in him.

Such is the history of these two scoundrels,
and surely of all the stories that have lately been
told in a court of justice, it would be difficult to
mention any to match it in baseness.

With such evidence at their command the
Crown had no difficulty in procuring a verdict of
"Guilty" against both the prisoners. Indeed,
of their complicity in the riots, and of their de-
signs to wage war against the British Govern-
ment in Ireland, there could be no doubt, and
therefore no surprise was felt in Court when the
Jury pronounced the fatal word. Then however
commenced a painfully tragic, yet interesting
scene. Called upon to show reason why sen-
tence of death should not be passed upon him,
the prisoner Thomas F. Burke, a fine gentle-
manly looking man, though apparently in delicate
health, stood forward; and in a manly, but re-
spectful manner delivered himself of an address
which will long be remembered, and which
wherever it is perused, will arouse the sym-
pathies of the reader—not perhaps for the cause,
but for the speaker. There was no bravado, no
bluster in his speech: but he spoke like a brave
man—who had bravely fought, and bravely fallen,
in a battle which he believed just. Coming for-
ward to the front of the dock, and standing up as
straight as his wounded leg would permit him to
do, in a clear musical voice, he thus delivered
himself:—

"My Lords—It is not my intention to occupy
much of your time in answering the question why
the sentence of the Court should not now be
passed on me. But I may with your permission,
review a little of the evidence that has been
brought against me. The first evidence I would
speak of, is that of Sub-Inspector Kelly, who had
the conversation with me in Clonmel, in Tipperary.
He states that he asked either, How was my
friend? or, What about my friend Stephens? and
that I made answer and said he was the most idol-
ized man that ever had been or ever would be in
America. Here, standing on the presence of the
Almighty and Ever Living God, I brand that as
being the foulest perjury that man ever gave
utterance to. No such conversation ever oc-
curred. The name of Stephens was not men-
tioned. I shall pass from that and then touch
upon the evidence of Britt. He states that I
assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in
the fort, and that I stood with him in the wagon
or cart. That is also false. I was not in the
fort at the time at all; I was not there when the
bread was being distributed. I came in after-
wards. Both of these assertions have been made
and submitted to the men, in whose hands my life
rested, as evidence made on oath by these men
—made solely and purely for the purpose of giv-
ing my body to an untimely grave. There are
many points, my lords, that have been sworn to
here to prove my complicity in a great many
acts, it has been alleged I took part in. It is
not my desire now, my lords, to give utterance
to one word against the verdict which has been
pronounced upon me. But, fully conscious of
my honor as a man, which has never been im-
pugned—fully conscious that I can go into my
grave with a name and character unswollen—I can
only say this: that these parties, actuated by a
desire either for their own aggrandizement or to
save their paltry, miserable lives, have pandered
to the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice; and
my life shall be the forfeit. Fully convinced and
satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in
connection with the late revolutionary movement
in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that
I would not do again—nothing that would bring
up the blush of shame to mantle my brow; my
conduct and career, both here and in America—
if you like, as a soldier—are before you and even
in this my hour of trial I feel the consciousness
of having lived an honest man; and I will die
proudly, believing that if I have given my life to
give freedom and liberty to the land of my birth,
I have done only that which every Irishman and
every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of
liberty should do. I, my lords, shall scarcely
I feel should not at all—mention the name of
Massey. I feel I should not pollute my lips with
the name of that traitor whose illegitimacy has
been proved here—a man whose name even is not
known, and who, I deny point, blank, ever wore
the star of a colonel in the Confederate army.—
Him I shall let rest. I shall pass him, wishing
him in the words of the poet:

May the grass wither from his feet;
May the woods deny him shelter—earth a home;
The ashes a grave; he saw his light;
And Heaven its God.

Let Massey remember from this day forth he
carries with him, as my learned and eloquent
counsel (Mr. Dowse) has stated, a serpent that
will gnaw his conscience—will carry about with
him in his breast a living hell from which he can
never be separated; I, my lords, have no desire
for the name of the martyr. I seek not the
death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the
Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion
for the land of my birth should be tested on the

scaffold, I am willing there to die in defense of
the right of men to free government—the right
of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of
thralldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an Amer-
ican by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom,
and an enemy to that power that holds my native
land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often
been admitted that the oppressed have a right to
throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English
statesmen, that I deem it unnecessary to advert
to the fact in a British court of justice. Ire-
land's children are not—never were—and never
will be—willing or submissive slaves, and so long
as England's flag covers one inch of soil, just so
long will they believe it to be a Divine right to
conspire, imagine and devise means to hurl from
power, and erect in its stead the Godlike struc-
ture of self-government. Before I go any fur-
ther I have one important duty that I wish to dis-
pose of. To my learned, talented, and eloquent
counsel, I offer that poor gift—the thanks—the
sincere and grateful thanks of an honest man. I
offer him too, in the name of America, the thanks
of the Irish people. I know that I am here with-
out a relative, without a friend in fact—three
thousand miles away from my family. But I
know that I am not forgotten there. The great
and generous Irish heart of America to day feels
for—to-day sympathizes with, and does not for-
get the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—
aye, defiantly—proudly conscious of no wrong—in
defense of American principles—in defense of
liberty. I now, to Mr. Butt, Mr. Dowse, Mr.
O'Loughlin, all my counsel, one of whom was, I
believe, Mr. Curran—and my able solicitor, Mr.
Lawless—I return to them individually and
collectively my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I
shall now, my lords, as no doubt you will suggest
the propriety of, turn my attention to the world
beyond the grave. I shall now look on that
home where sorrows are at an end—where joy is
eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may
yet dawn on this poor down-trodden country.
That is my hope and my prayer; and the last
words I shall utter will be a prayer to God for
forgiveness, and a prayer for poor old Ireland.
Now, my lords, in relation to the other man,
Corydon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps
before I go to Corydon I should say much has
been spoken on that table of Col. Kelley, and of
the meeting held at his quarters or lodgings in
London. I desire to state I never knew where
Colonel Kelly's lodgings were, and I never knew
where he lived in London until I heard the in-
former Massey announce it on the table. I
never attended a meeting at Colonel Kelly's and
the hundred other statements about him that have
been made to your lordships, and, to you gentle-
man of the jury, I now solemnly declare on my
honor as a man—aye, as a dying man—these
statements have been totally unfounded and false
from beginning to end. In relation to the small
paper that was introduced here and brought against
me, as evidence, as having been found on my
person, in connection with that oath I desire to
say that paper was not found on my person, and
I know no person whose name was on that paper.
O'Byrne, of Dublin, or those other persons you
have heard of, I never saw nor met. That paper
has been put in there for some purpose. I can
swear positively that it was not in my handwriting;
I can also swear I never saw it, yet it is used as
evidence against me. Is that justice? Is this
right? Is this manly? I am willing, if I have
transgressed the laws, to suffer the punishment,
but I object to this system of trumping up a case
to take away the life of a human being. True, I
risk no mercy. My present emaciated form
—my constitution somewhat shattered—it is bet-
ter that my life should be brought to an end than
to drag out a miserable existence in the prison
fens of Portland.

Thus it is, my lords, I accept the verdict. Of
course, my acceptance of it is unnecessary; but I
am satisfied with it. And now I shall close.
True it is, there are many feelings that actuate
me at this moment. In fact, these few discon-
nected remarks can give no idea of what I desire
to state to the court. I have ties to bind me
to life and society as strong as any man in this
court. I have a family I love as much as any
man in this court. But I can remember the
blessing received from an aged mother's as I left
her the last time. She spoke as the Spartan
mother did: "Go, my boy; return either with
your shield or upon it." This reconciles me.
This gives me heart. I submit to my doom, and
I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I
hope, too, that inasmuch as He has for seven hun-
dred years preserved Ireland, notwithstanding all
the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a
separate and distinct nationality, I also will assist
her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her
beauty and majesty—the sister of Columbia—the
peer of any nation in the world.

The prisoner here ceased, and stepped back
from the front of the dock, just as calmly as he
had advanced to it; but with perhaps a slight ad-
ditional lustre in his eye and a heightened color.
Throughout, he never hesitated for a word, but
spoke slowly, distinctly and deliberately to the
end. A suppressed murmur of applause and deli-
ght with his eloquent and touching address went
around the court as he stepped back, but it was
of course instantly suppressed by the officials of
the court.

After a pause,
The Chief Justice asked had the prisoner Doran
anything to say.

The prisoner Doran then stood forward, and
said he had not much to say in addition to what
his fellow prisoner and co-patriot had said. He
also was consigned to an early grave. This fate
was brought on him by falsehood—by evidence
given as true. Policeman Sheridan went on that
table, and a smile on his countenance, and swore
he (the prisoner) commanded the riflemen that
night—that in other words he had acted as an
aide-de-camp or subordinate officer under Len-
non. Who Lennon was he (the prisoner) did
not know. That constable also swore he (prisoner)
commanded the surrendering of the bar-
rack at Glencullen in the name of the Irish Re-
public. There were men near the Court House
who could give another account of that, but who
were not brought there to prove his (prisoner's)
innocence. He never spoke good or bad to the

constable that night; never said a word to any-
body, and his meeting with Meyers was merely
an accident—he was a man he never saw or knew
before. He forgave the witness now, as he
hoped God would forgive him. All he would say,
in conclusion, was to return his heartfelt thanks
to the learned counsel, who defended him, and
his solicitor, Mr. Lawless.

The prisoner also stood back, and their lord-
ships then consulted together for a brief period
on the bench amidst the deep silence of the
court. In a minute or two, however, they retired
to the judges' chamber for consultation.

After about twenty minutes' consultation, they
re-turned into court at a quarter to seven, and
resumed their seats on the bench amidst a silence
which was most impressive.

The Lord Chief Justice, after a pause, said:
Thomas Francis Burke, and Patrick Doran,
after a careful and protracted investigation into
your respective cases has been entered on, and
concluded by a jury whose patience to the end
has been universal, you have been found guilty,
and you are called on now to receive the last
sentence of the law for the highest crime
known to the law—that is high treason against
the Queen, your sovereign—

As for you, Thomas Francis Burke, you appear
to us to have been a ringleader in this reason-
able conspiracy. Experienced, as it is proved,
in military affairs, you have brought your knowl-
edge and skill to the furtherance of the conspi-
racy. As I gather from the observations you
have addressed to the court, you admit the cor-
rectness of the verdict that has been found against
you. You have been connected with the move-
ment in Liverpool, and in London, in America,
and in Ireland. You accomplished your purpose,
and I must say you exhibit no hesitation in avow-
ing it and no remorse. You have been head-
centre of the district of Manhattan. You had
been at the planning of the campaign in Ireland.
Your name has been on the list of officers who
were to lead that expedition, and the county of
Tipperary was assigned to your command.

All the indulgence we have in our power to
grant we will, and that is to postpone the day as
long as we can for that awful penalty of the law
that you are doomed to suffer, in order to afford
to each of you time for prayer and repentance,
and for asking mercy of our Maker, and that
Saviour who is Almighty to save. Nothing now
remains for me, then, but to perform the same pain-
ful duty imposed upon me by law, and that duty is
to pronounce the sentence I must upon you. (His
Lordship here assumed the black cap, and pro-
ceeded.) The sentence is, that you and each of
you shall be taken from whence you now stand to
the place from whence you came, and that on
Wednesday, the 25th of May, you be drawn on
a hurdle from that place to the place of execution,
and that there you and each of you shall be
hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that
afterwards your heads be severed from your
bodies, and the bodies of each of you divided into
four quarters, shall be disposed of as her Majesty
or her Executive shall think fit and proper. And
may the Lord have mercy on your souls!

At the conclusion of the sentence, the pris-
oners, who remained calm as before all through
it, turned from the front of the dock and quietly
prepared to leave it in the usual way, in com-
pany with their jailers. Mr. Lawless, their sol-
itor, came up to them before they left, and gave
each of them a hearty squeeze of the hand, which
they returned with warmth. They then left the
dock in charge of the jailers.

Our readers are already aware, that the death
sentence pronounced upon the prisoners has been
commuted to one of imprisonment. We hope
that they may be exposed to no unnecessary in-
dignities, or harsh treatment, for it would be ab-
surd to confound such a man as Burke with
felons, and ordinary malefactors. We believe
that he has erred grievously, both as to the actual
condition of Ireland, and as to the manner in
which the future prosperity of that country may
be best promoted; but we cannot look upon the
man as a criminal, as a fit companion for thieves,
or as worthy of the ordinary felon's doom be-
cause of this error: and we feel convinced that
his manly dignified attitude on his trial—so dif-
ferent from the bluster and rhodomontade often
paraded on similar occasions—as well as his
behavior in the field, which was that of a brave
soldier averse to all wanton effusion of blood—
will plead eloquently in his behalf with a British
public for a mitigation of the penalty of impris-
onment, in so far as is compatible with the duty
which the Government owes to itself, and to its
loyal subjects, whose persons and properties it is
bound to defend.

The other Fenian trials brought to light nothing
new: and even the treachery of such men as
Massey and Corydon ceases to interest. It was
the latter who forwarded to the British Govern-
ment the timely information by means of which
the designed attack on Chester Castle was frus-
trated. The lesson to be learnt from this is:—
that no matter by what means, members of secret
political societies may engage themselves, there
will always be some traitors in their ranks; and
one traitor is sufficient to bring to naught the
best laid plots, and to consign to the dungeons
hundreds of well meaning but impulsive men, who
will not listen either to the voice of reason or of
religion, of prudence or of the Catholic Church.

On Friday evening Mr. Cartier arrived in
Montreal, after several month's absence in Eu-
rope. He was received at the Bonaventure
station, by a number of his personal friends and
political supporters, who presented him with an
address, and escorted him home. Almost all our
Canadian public men having returned to the
country, political business will soon commence in
earnest: and already even in Lower Canada the

notes of preparation for the anticipated electoral
struggle are heard. The new Constitution is
expected to come into operation about the be-
ginning of July.

DIOCESS OF RIMOUSKI.—The installation of
Mgr. Langevin, first Bishop of Rimouski, took
place on the morning of Friday last, 17th inst.,
in the presence of a large assemblage of clergy
and laity.

We have been requested to state that the
Benediction of the foundation, and the laying the
corner stone, of the Hospice St. Vincent de
Paul, Mignonne Street, will take place at 4
P.M. on Sunday next, 26th inst.

The Sisters of the Congregation of the Notre
Dame have just opened a Day School for Young
Ladies on the model of their school in St.
Denis Street, in the St. Antoine Suburbs, near
the corner of Cemetery and St. Antoine Streets.
The services in the cause of higher education
which these Ladies have long rendered to Can-
ada, and to Montreal in particular, are so well
known, and so highly appreciated by the public,
that it would be superogatory to insist upon
them, or to do more than to direct attention to
their advertisement on our fifth page.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN COUNCIL.—We have
felt a sort of reluctance to say anything about
this scheme, lest we should appear as if wishing
to give offence to our separated brethren of the
Anglican denomination, by impertinently inter-
fering with their domestic affairs, in which the
fortunes of the Catholic Church are in no wise
interested. Still there are so many points on
which the Church comes into unavoidable colli-
sion with the sects, that it is impossible that Cat-
holics should feel indifferent to the fortunes and
prospects of Anglicanism—one of the best of the
Protestant sects; or that the movements amongst
our separated brethren should fail to be watched
with prayerful anxiety by those within the fold
of the one true Church. Naturally, therefore,
must the latter wish to know what is the meaning
of a Pan-Anglican Council? Of what, or whom
it is to consist? When, and where, and at whose
summons it is to meet? And above all, what it is
proposed that it shall do, when it shall have
met?—and what binding force or authority, will
its acts or decisions have upon the Protestant
Anglican community?

A circular letter, signed by the Government
Archbishop of Canterbury, gives some answer to
the above questions. From it we gather that
the Council is to be summoned by the aforemen-
tioned State dignitary, who assumes for the
nonce a quasi Patriarchal authority and jurisdic-
tion, not only over the British Islands, and Brit-
ish Colonies, but over Protestants holding to the
form of Episcopal Church Government, and
using, in whole, or in part, the Anglican Liturgy,
in the United States of North America. The
Council will be composed of the so-called
bishops of the Church of England and Ireland as
by law established; and of those of all other
Protestant sects in visible communion there with
throughout the world. These gentlemen will
meet on the 24th of September next at Lam-
beth, and will hold sittings, or *seances*, during
the three following days under the presidency of
the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury; by
whom, and not by the Queen, the Council is
called, or convoked. So far all is simple, and in-
telligible. What these gentlemen will do when
they meet, or what they propose as the practical
result of their gathering is not so clear. We
doubt if they know themselves.

For on this point the circular gives little in-
formation; but rather, like a truly Protestant docu-
ment, it contents itself with defining what the
Council will not do, and is not competent to do:

"Such a meeting would not be competent to make
declarations, or lay down definitions on points of
doctrine."

Of course not; and even if it were to attempt
to do so, no one would heed it, or its decisions
and definitions. It avails well therefore for the
good sense and modesty of the promoters of the
scheme, that they from the first admit their in-
competence to do that which it is the very first
and bounden duty of those to do, to whom God
has really entrusted the Government of His
Church, and to whom Christ has given commis-
sion "to feed His lambs."

Nevertheless, such definitions, and such de-
clarations, could they be had from a body com-
petent to declare and define the truth, are just
what are wanted in the present condition of
Anglicanism—if it be not prepared to make pub-
lic abdication of its pretensions to be a Church
at all. The questions that are at issue in the
bosom of that sect, and on which even amongst
its dignitaries, its clergy and bishops, the most
contradictory opinions obtain, refer to the very
essentials of revealed religion. They are ques-
tions both as to the Inspiration, and the historic
credibility of the writings to which the name of
"Scriptures" *par excellence* is given? as to the
Canon of those Scriptures? as to the author, or
authors of the writings called the Pentateuch

The XXI Article says:—General Councils may
not be gathered together without the commandment
and will of princes.