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BOOKS FOR JUNE.

DEVOTIONS OF THE SACRED HEART. Arranged for each day of the Month of June; to which is added a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 50

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By Secondo Franco, S. J. Translated from the Italian. 75

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS and the SACRED HEART OF MARY. Translated from the Italian of Father Lauzi. 60

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ON THE DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN; Translated from the Italian of Silvio Pellico. By R. A. Vain. With selections from Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men. 0 75

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HISTORY OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY. A Religious of the order of the Visitation of St. Mary; and of the origin of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart by Father Ch. Daniel, S. J. Translated by the Authoress of the "Life of Catherine McAuley." D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal. 2 25

COUNT GUSTAVE REYNAUD;

OR,

DANTON'S GRATITUDE PRACTICALLY SOLVED.

—

TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

One cold, wretched, gloomy evening, towards the end of the year 1788, a young man was hurrying through a small forest on the outskirts of the town of Nancy. The wood was thick, but he passed fearlessly on through the deepening gloom. Here and there a gap in the trees brought before the eye the gothic battlements of an ancient castle, four towers of which rose darkly against the sky. This was the ancestral home of the proud old family of De Reynaud.

The traveller was a man of Herculean proportions. He was commonly, almost coarsely dressed, and there was little in either his manner or appearance to attract attention, except perhaps that there was a nameless something in his countenance which, once seen, was not easily forgotten. In the first place, it was deeply scorched by small-pox, and an immense profusion of black hair hung in wild confusion around it. His forehead was broad but low, and his eye was brilliant, keen and restless.

Although at this period the forests of Flanders were infested by bands of robbers, and every day brought with it fresh acts of theft or murder, paralyzing the scared inhabitants of Nancy and Valenciennes, still this man carried no weapon save a huge stick. With a dauntless look and a careless air he was speeding swiftly on his way; when, all at once, he was confronted by a party of men who emerged from behind the trees, and placing themselves deliberately in his path, demanded his money or his life.

Apparently our traveller thought that of the two, he would prefer saving the former, for in a moment, without a symptom of fear, he prepared himself for a determined resistance.—With his back firmly set against a tree, and his stick grasped in his hand, he first kept his assailants at bay; and then, finding they were closing on him, commenced dealing around him a succession of blows with a coolness and skill which proved that he was master of the art of self-defence.

Still, in so unequal a contest—one against many—he had but little chance, and the game was going against him, when suddenly a young man, unmistakably a gentleman, richly clad in the costly costume of the day, and attended by his servant, abruptly appeared upon the scene. At a single glance he seemed to take in the whole case, and drawing his sword, without a moment's hesitation, charged at once upon the gang.

The battle was sharp, but of short duration, for a very few seconds sufficed to convince the robbers that they had met their masters, and a rapid flight ensued. A brief pause, during which the two young men gazed breathlessly at each other, as if to ascertain the amount of damage done to either, was broken by the last comer.

"You are wounded," said he to the man to whose rescue he had so opportunely arrived, "you are severely wounded. You must allow me and my servant to assist you to the house it is close by—and there you shall be properly attended to."

"A thousand thanks," replied the traveller, "but I have not an instant to spare. My wound," he added, whilst he wrung some heavy drops of blood from his forehead, "is a trifle. Not so the service you have rendered me. That

is a debt which I shall never forget. If ever I can repay it, it shall be repaid. Perhaps, before we die, some happy chance may enable me to do for you what you have this day done for me."

"Nay," laughed the young man, "in that hope we cannot quite agree."

"In these times, who knows?" returned the traveller. "But, however, here, where we have met, we must now part. Let me, before I go, know the name of my preserver?"

"Gustave, Count de Reynaud," was the reply, and the traveller gave a sudden start.

"Count de Reynaud?" he repeated, with a quiver on his lip and a scowl on his brow; "a count! an aristocrat! My life saved by an aristocrat! But, bah! what matters? High or low, you are still my preserver and my friend, and, as I said before, if ever the time should come when you may want a helping hand, as I did this day, remember the name of Danton."

CHAPTER II.

Count Gustave de Reynaud walked quietly home as if nothing had happened. His life had been a brief and bright romance. Three years previously he had inherited from his father the castle to which he had just invited his stranger friend, and tired apparently of Paris and its pleasures, he suddenly resigned his place at the court, of which he was the most brilliant member, and devoted himself to a country life upon his princely domain. For a long time the gay companions of his former life could not imagine what inducement had been sufficiently strong to lure him from their society; but at last the secret was discovered and the mystery solved. Gustave de Reynaud, the witty and accomplished favorite of a luxurious court, had proved vulnerable to the charms of a beautiful village girl, and having no one's leave to ask but hers and his own, married and made her Countess de Reynaud.

For two years their happiness had been like a dream or a fairy tale. Surrounded by vassals and tenants, they dispensed around them with a lavish hand every benefit which it was possible to bestow, and their names were never breathed without a blessing.

In the year however of which we are writing, bitter winds had scattered the orchard blossoms, heavy rains had ruined the harvest, the vines had no grapes and the fields no flowers; but the Count and Countess de Reynaud, with unwearied benevolence, heaped upon their people gifts of all kinds to recompense them for their losses, until there was but one feeling amongst them of universal gratitude.

Did I say universal! Alas, there was one exception. Francois Gautier, a farmer on the estate, hated the count and countess with a hatred too deep for words, even if he had dared to utter them, and the cause from which this hatred sprung was one which, like a recent wound, was being continually torn open.

From boyhood this man had loved the beautiful Felicia Binmonet, now Countess de Reynaud; and from girlhood he had been her detestation. When he saw the prize wrested from him by one so immeasurably his superior, love gave place to hatred. Envy, deep and direful, turned every drop of blood in his veins to gall; and day after day, month after month, year after year, he watched with jaundiced eye the happiness of the Count and Countess de Reynaud.

Revenge was what Gautier thirsted for; the unalloyed prosperity of his superiors in rank filled him with rage. Being himself a man whose mind was superior to his station, his position was a constant thorn in his side, and he felt as if it chained him to the ground from which his ambition made him wish to soar.

Unfortunately this was a character exactly suited to the times which were now coming. A revolutionary spirit was growing in France with amazing rapidity. The nobility were marked down as especial objects of vengeance, and the mob were in the ascendant. What a moment of triumph for a man who had a private grievance to avenge!

Here, then, was at last an opening for Gautier to raise himself to power, and, seeing his opportunity, he speedily availed himself of it. The moment the public press announced the disastrous turn the tide of affairs had taken, he declared himself on the side of the revolutionists, and entered heart and soul into their cause. His fortune—if such it could be called—was now made; power, place and authority were now his; and the first use he made of them was to denounce his generous master and benefactor, and sacrifice to the Republic the princely estate on which he had first drawn breath.

When first the blow fell, Count Gustave de Reynaud fondly hoped that the care and consideration he had always had for his people might shelter him from the storm; but he little knew with whom he had to deal. Vain all hope while Francois Gautier wielded the sceptre. With savage delight this monster led the way to the castle, and had not a few grateful hearts warmed towards the unhappy young couple, their very lives might have fallen a sacrifice. As it was flight saved them for the moment.

Disguised, and with money and jewels concealed about them, the count and countess wandered from forest to forest by night and by day, terrified lest they should be discovered. Soon, however, privation and exposure began to tell upon the health of Madame de Reynaud; she was utterly prostrated by terror and fatigue; and they were compelled to seek refuge in a cottage at Nancy. Here, however, despite the courage and kindness of their host, they were at last hunted out, and seized, not the countess, but her husband; and, deaf to all her frantic entreaties, he was torn from her side.

"Save your tears," cried one of these myrmidons, with a laugh of derision; "your turn will come next."

"But what is my crime? Whither would you take me?" asked the count.

"Your crime will be told you by him before whom we are about to take you—the President of the Tribunal of Justice," was the reply.

"And who may he be?" said the victim, with an intonation of scorn which he could not repress.

"Francois Gautier," answered the men, with one voice; and from that moment both Count Gustave and his wife felt that their doom was sealed, and that they could expect no mercy.

CHAPTER III.

The Count de Reynaud's quondam tenant sat in a large arm-chair, his head resting on his hand, and his dark, cadaverous countenance telling the tale of those sanguinary days as plainly as though it had been written there—telling the story of the frightful scenes into which his ambition and his thirst for vengeance had led him. The table before him was covered with documents and papers of all kinds.

"Well, is it all done for to-day?" said he, savagely, as they led away from his presence a prisoner just condemned to death.

"Not quite, citizen-president. Here is a woman who has been running about the passages of the Hotel de Ville all day—"

Before the speaker had time to conclude his sentence, a girl, young and strikingly lovely, rushed into the chamber and stood before Gautier. Her dishevelled hair was streaming over her shoulders, her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and her face was almost livid with grief and terror. Though dressed in the costume of a Flemish peasant, the delicacy of her features, the beauty of her figure, and the grace of her movements, frantic as they were, told that she wore it only as a disguise, and Gautier smiled with malignant triumph as he recognized her.

"Be seated, citoyenne," said he, with a marked tone of insolent irony.

"Sir," began Madame de Reynaud, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes imploringly on his face.

"Call me citizen," he interrupted roughly. "We allow no aristocratic titles in these good old days of equality."

"Alas!" cried the countess, "you must forgive me, for I know not what I say. My ideas are scattered—my brain reels; but, oh, citizen-president—if such is the name by which I should address you—have pity! have mercy! They have arrested my husband; they have taken him prisoner to the Hotel de Ville. Yet he is innocent. I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that he is innocent! Suffer me to ask you what is to be his fate?"

"The fate which traitors and the enemies of the Republic must expect," replied Gautier, laughing derisively.

"But he is neither," cried the countess, in a voice of agony; "he has never lifted a hand against his country, neither has he joined in any conspiracy. Of what can you accuse him, Monsieur Gautier, unless indeed of having overwhelmed you with kindness? Oh, sir! speak and tell me! What is his supposed crime?"

"Crime!" echoed Gautier, furiously. "Is he not an aristocrat?—has he not trodden the people beneath his feet?"

For a moment the countess looked at the accuser in mute astonishment and indignation, and then, in faltering accents, exclaimed—"This accusation from you!"

He cowered beneath her flashing eyes for an instant, but then with an effort recovered himself.

"The gratitude of a private individual," said he, "must never interfere with the duty which a man owes to the public. I am placed here to punish the guilty—"

"And to protect the innocent!" cried Madame de Reynaud. "But, sir, you must be joking—you cannot be serious—or it is some frightful dream! It is impossible that you are about to stain your hands with the blood of a man who has positively been your benefactor! Did he not assist you to marry?—did he not place you in the best farm on his estate and stand godfather to your child? And now—and now—" (tears had choked her words) "a wanderer—an outcast—bereft of all! Oh, sir, if you can save his life, save it!"

"Countess de Reynaud," whispered the president, bending down to her ear, "in days gone by I knelt at your feet as you now do at mine. I implored your pity and your mercy

as you now implore mine! Did you listen to me?—did you grant my prayer? No! The love I sought you gave to him! That injury of blackest dye I now wash out—but only with his blood! Long years have passed since you refused to listen to me, but day and night have I never ceased to thirst for my revenge, and I grasp it in my hand! Is it likely I shall let it go? No!"

The countess gazed wildly at him. She seemed unable to comprehend the magnitude of her misery, yet she stammered out, "Mercy!—mercy!"

"Yes," continued Gautier, in the same low tone; "but mercy costs dear."

"I have money—I have still jewels!" shrieked the countess.

Gautier shook his head and laughed—the laugh of a demon.

"Not enough," said he. "He robbed me, and for that theft—"

"What price?—oh, what price, Gautier?" she asked.

"His blood!" he replied.

"His blood!" echoed Madame de Reynaud, and the next moment she fell senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning thirty soldiers were drawn up in a small court near the Hotel de Ville, specially devoted to executions of this kind. In face of them stood a young man. His countenance betrayed no sort of emotion; except, perhaps, that on his lip there was a curl of scorn; and that, though the expression was calm and determined, a deadly pallor overspread his face. In his hand he was permitted, as a favor, to hold the handkerchief with which they would have bound his eyes.

Now and then his eyes seemed to wander into the distant crowd, as if in search of some loved object which met them not. Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air—a figure came flying across the court—and the haughty countess and nerve with which Count Gustave de Reynaud had been about to meet death, instantly forsook him; he started, trembled visibly, and held out his arms. In a moment his wife rushed into them, and whilst locked in his embrace, would her own frantically round his neck.

But the scene was brief and transient as a flash of lightning. The great window of the Hotel de Ville was thrown up in violence, and Francois Gautier appeared upon the balcony. His eyes glared upon his victim, and at a hurried sign, which he made to the officer on duty, Madame de Reynaud, fainting and half dead, was torn from the arms of her husband, and forcibly dragged from the scene of horror.

Hardly was the space cleared between the soldiers and the prisoner, when a loud murmur was heard, and a post-chaise—the horses covered with foam—bashed into the court, and a man of colossal stature and ferocious countenance, rendered still more so by the mass of black hair which hung round it, sprang from the carriage, and, after gazing intently on the various groups before him, walked up to the officer and ordered him to suspend the execution.

"As for the prisoner," he added, "let him follow me to the Hotel de Ville."

In the hall of the revolutionary tribunal he turned towards Monsieur de Reynaud, and fixing his eyes on him in surprise, inquired what were the circumstances of his arrest and his sentence.

Whilst the count was detailing them, the countenance of the stranger darkened, and his lip trembled with fury. Hardly was the recital finished, than he folded his arms, and striding rapidly across the hall towards Gautier, asked him in a voice of thunder what excuse he had to offer for his conduct.

"My object is the good of the Republic," was the reply.

"The good of the Republic," cried the stranger, "can never be gained by acts of tyrannical cruelty. The death you have prepared for an innocent man shall be your own! Soldiers! I sentence Francois Gautier to be shot. Remove him! and let the sentence be immediately executed."

In a moment the president of the revolutionary tribunal was surrounded and secured. In vain he strove to justify himself—he was not allowed to plead. In vain he implored a respite of at least one hour.

"Not one moment!" was the reply.

When Francois Gautier found that all hope was over, he acted like a madman; he became perfectly infuriated. He raved, he struggled, he foamed at the mouth. He snatched the tricolor cap from his head, and tearing it into pieces, stamped upon it with his feet.

"If this," cried he "is all the gratitude that the friends of liberty receive, may the Republic perish!"

At the same window from which, one short half-hour before, Francois Gautier had hoped to witness the death of his rival, did the stranger now stand, and not until the volley of musketry announced that all was over, did he quit his position. He then turned towards a table by which stood Count Gustave de Reynaud, and after writing a few hasty lines, he

looked up at him with a softened expression of face.

"Citoyen," said he, in a trembling voice, "take this pass. It will ensure the safety of yourself and your wife. Do not leave France—do not mix yourself up in politics; keep free from all party spirit, and you will have nothing to fear. And now, only one word more—do you remember me?"

Monsieur de Reynaud looked bewildered.

"Pardon me," said he, passing his hand over his forehead, "but the events of the last few days seem to have deprived me of my memory. I cannot recollect if we have met before."

"Possibly not," replied the stranger, "for those who bestow favors and blessings forget easily. It is for those who receive them to remember. Count Gustave de Reynaud, I had a debt to pay you, and I have paid it; we are now quits. Should you be asked from whom you obtained that pass, you may feel perhaps that it was from the man whose life you once saved; but you need only answer—" It was from Danton!"

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Confessional.—The Sacrament of Penance."

(From the *N.Y. Metropolitan Record*.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Vory Rev. Father Burke, in St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, on the afternoon of the 5th May, to one of the largest congregations ever assembled in that sacred edifice:—

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS: Amongst the things that were prophesied concerning our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, there was this said of him: that he would be an object of wonder to man. "He shall be called," said the prophet, "The Wonderful," and he came, and, in signs and miracles and many glorious deeds, he excited the wonderment of mankind; but never so much as when they heard from his lips such words as these: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," spoken to the sinner. They were astounded at his wisdom; they were astonished at his miracles; and it was only when he said to the paralytic man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or to the Magdalen, "Arise; go in peace; all is forgiven thee," it was only then that the Pharisees absolutely refused to believe, and they said to each other, "Who can this be?" As it was with our Divine Lord, so it is with the action of his holy church. The world beholds her as Christ, our Lord, established her, in all loveliness and beauty, in majesty, in unity, in truthfulness and in power. Men are obliged to acknowledge all the beautiful things that dwell in the Catholic Church; some reluctantly, others with apparent joy; bear witness to the fair order of mercy and charity in her, and when they see her sitting down in the hospitals and in the orphanages, tending the poor or following the soldier to the battlefield, they fill the world with praise of the wondrous mercy which is so organized in the Catholic Church. When they see eight hundred of our Bishops meeting in Council, and all hearing the word of one man, and before that word bowing down as before the voice of God, they bear willing testimony to the wonderful unity of faith which is in the Church. When they contemplate her priesthood, consecrated to God and devoted to the people, they give loud and joyful testimony to the devotedness which exists in the Catholic Church. But there is one thing that they will not admit, and are perpetually, in regard to that one thing, repeating the old words of the Pharisee: "Who is this that says he can remit sin? How can this be? Who is this man that even forgives, or pretends to forgive, sins?" And so, over and over again, we meet those who say: "We admire the strength of your faith; we admire the poetry of your worship; we admire the wonderful energy of your organization, and we admire your ancient traditions, but don't speak to us about confession," and whenever this confession is abused, they listen to the abuse of it with greedy ears. No man is more popular than he who pretends to unmask the confession; he is honest, he is sincere he is acting up to his convictions. There must be something fearful, something terrible in this presumption of the highest power which the Catholic Church claims to deal with sinners, and to cleanse them from all sin; yet, my friends reflect. Certain it is that the mission for which the eternal Son of God came down from heaven to earth was to take away sin—that where sin abounded, grace might abound still more. Certain it is that it was for sinners he came, and for their sins he died. Now the action of Christ upon sinners and upon sin was either to the total and entire destruction of sin or only to the remedy of sin. Which of these was it? Did his suffering and his death totally and entirely destroy sin? He might have done it. Did he put an end to sin? Alas! no; it was not the design of his wisdom. With "sorrowing voice he himself declared that even when he should have died and gone to the place of his glory, sin should still remain. It is necessary, he said, that scandals should be. If, then, the death and suffering of our Lord and the mission of Christ,