

## The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1862.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE true position of Garibaldi as towards the Government of Victor Emmanuel still remains an enigma. He continues to collect troops, he openly declares his intention to attack Rome, and apparently defies the King. The latter issues his proclamations, in his name Ratazzi denounces Garibaldi as a rebel, and the Senate passes resolutions of a similar tenor; yet the opinion is nevertheless very general, that the opposition of the Sardinian authorities to the schemes of the filibuster is but simulated, that they heartily wish him success, and are prepared to turn his exploits to their own profit. As for Garibaldi himself, it is announced that he had entered Catania, where he had been well received by the people; and whatever may be the real policy of the Ratazzi Cabinet, it can hardly be expected that it will dare to proceed to extremities with one so popular amongst the revolutionary classes, as is Garibaldi.

The harvest accounts from France are highly satisfactory. The Emperor is said to have declared himself very strongly against Garibaldi, and to have insinuated his suspicions that the Turin authorities were not altogether blameless in the matter. The embarkation of the reinforcements for Mexico had been postponed until the arrival of later intelligence from Vera Cruz.

There has been constant and severe fighting during the past week in the United States; and though nothing decisive of the fate of the war has as yet occurred, the advantages are decidedly with the Confederates. General Jackson has compelled Pope to fall back for the protection of Washington; and instead of threatening Richmond, the Northerners are actually trembling for the fate of their own capital.

The summer campaign, as must now be admitted by the latter, has resulted in a complete failure. Its object was the capture of Richmond. For this purpose General McClellan was sent to the Peninsula where, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, by sword and by disease, he lost the flower of his army; for this purpose too General Pope commenced his celebrated march—and both Pope and McClellan have been hurled back with dreadful slaughter, so that the hostile armies occupy very nearly the same positions to-day—September, 1862—as those which they long occupied in the vicinity of Bull's Run, in the autumn of the preceding year.

To give a detailed account of the late operations in the field, which have led to this ignominious termination of McClellan's and Pope's campaign, from the confused, contradictory, and often evidently cooked telegraphic reports which reach us through Northern channels, is impossible.—General Jackson, it seems, by a series of bold and skilfully executed manœuvres, succeeded in turning Pope's right wing, and thereby cut off his communication with Washington. The latter threw himself with all the force he could muster upon his assailant with the view of separating him from the other bodies of the Confederate army; but Jackson having been greatly reinforced resumed the offensive, and compelled his antagonist to retreat towards Centerville, where Pope hoped to be able to hold his ground until again enabled to assume the initiative, by the arrival of the new levies which are being made in the Northern States.

The losses on both sides during the battles of last week must have been very heavy, for by both were they well contested. General Pope acknowledges to a loss of 8,000 men; and from the extraordinary exertions being made in all the large cities of the North to forward hospital supplies, bandages, lint, and other necessities to the hospitals, it may be inferred that the number of his wounded is enormous. To fill up his depleted ranks the new levies are being hurried forward, but these will serve but little except still further to encumber the hospitals, and on the battle field to create a panic, and to throw their veteran comrades into confusion. The Confederate troops have now had eighteen months' service in the field, and are therefore we may suppose in a high state of discipline and efficiency. To oppose such men, dashed as they are with their recent victories, with raw recruits will be but to invite fresh disaster; and even these raw recruits are not easily to be had, for the people of the North still hang back; and volunteering for targets for Southern riflemen is by no means popular in

the large cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. The long threatened draft, or conscription has been postponed; the Government perhaps being aware that such a high-handed, even if necessary, measure, will elicit strong opposition in many parts of the country.

By our latest received reports from the seat of war, we learn that Pope has again retreated, falling back upon Washington, that General Jackson is advancing on Baltimore, and that Cincinnati is seriously menaced by a Confederate force of 20 to 30,000 men. Maryland is generally believed to be Secession at heart; and it is probable that the appearance of the Southern army will induce its people to throw off the Yankee yoke which long has galled them. As things are progressing at present, we may expect to hear of the South annexing the North, unless the latter avert its fate by a speedy submission to its triumphant and apparently irresistible foe.

The History of the Methodist Missions, and of the Doungs and Sufferings of Methodist Missionaries, if written by one of the missionaries themselves, would make a curious, not to say a funny work. *Punch* has given us "Comic Grammars" and "Comic Histories," all vastly entertaining in their way; but a real, reliable "History" of the Adventures and Perils of Brother Todger would be vastly more "Comic," and mirth-provoking than aught that ever appeared even in the columns of *Punch*, or from the pen of Mrs. Tickletohy.

We say so, not altogether without experience; for it has been our lot occasionally to stumble across the Reports of Methodist Missionaries; and we feel therefore authorized to declare that nowhere is there to be found such an inexhaustible field of fun as in the memoirs or biographies of these white-choked imitators of St. Paul. Not to say it profanely, these documents read like a travesty upon the Acts of the Apostle, or a "Comic Evangel;" and if they are designed for a burlesque upon the Gospel, or conceived with the intention of representing Christianity from a ludicrous point of view, their writers have been most eminently successful.

We have before us at this moment one of these laughter-provoking documents. It appears in the columns of the Toronto *Christian Guardian*, and is entitled "A Mission Tour to Lake Superior, by the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt."—As some of our Catholic readers would perhaps like to know something about a Methodist Missionary, his trials and his patience, his hardships and his consolations, his self-sacrifices and his triumphs, his growth both in grace and in flesh, we will endeavour to gratify them by a few extracts from the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt's own journal.

And first as to the trials which these heroic soldiers of the cross are called upon to undergo in the prosecution of their pious labors. These, if we may judge by the following extract from one of the first paragraphs in our Reverend friend's memoirs, are sufficiently harrowing. Having embarked on the 24th of June last on board the Steamer *Northern Light*, on a long voyage of a month or five weeks duration, the much suffering, but heroically resigned follower of Christ thus describes his position and his feelings:—

"THE SEVEREST PART of a Methodist Missionary's Labors.—Had this been the first time, I might have anticipated much romantic pleasure in coasting the iron-bound coast of the North Shore of Lake Superior, and in catching the delicious trout so abundant in its waters, and in eating them by my camp-fire in some secluded nook in the rocks. Such feelings, however, have all long since passed away, and I find these journeys the severest part of my labors."

Much enduring man, what will he not undergo for the salvation of souls. He is evidently, at first starting, the victim of dyspepsia. His appetite, even for the "delicious trout" of Lake Superior is on the decline; and yet though his stomach fails him, and the evil day has come upon him when he takes no more delight in his victuals—yet is his heart as vigorous as ever.—Good man! heroic soldier of the cross! It is a consolation to your friends to learn that a coasting voyage in a steamer along the shore of Lake Superior is the "severest part of the labor" that you are called upon to undergo in the service of your crucified master.

Our Missionary reflects upon the great perils which, like St. Paul, he is destined to encounter; perils in the deep and a long absence from his home:—

HARROWING REFLECTIONS.—"I must expect to be absent about a month or five weeks. This of itself is no small affair; but exposed as we are on the Lake to so many vicissitudes on account of storms and other things, I find relieved from a great burden when my journey comes to an end."

Nothing daunted however our Missionary starts upon his long and perilous voyage. On one occasion his boat "was tossed like a ship on the waves;" and on another he had "some trouble in making his way through the surf"—all of which things he endured manfully for Christ's sake. Consolations however were occasionally vouchsafed to him; not the same in kind as those which a St. Paul in analogous circumstances experienced, or which a Romish Missionary would look for—but consolations highly appropriate to the Methodist Missionary nevertheless. Under date of 5th July the saintly man writes:—

APOSTOLICAL REMINISCENCES.—After a comfortable

night's rest we are preparing for the services of the Sabbath. I find it is just thirty years to-day since I was married, and how many mercies have I to record for all that time; that the Lord gave me one of the most lovely and best of women for my companion, and that he has spared us to live together for so long a period.

Such language, such thanksgiving does not seem strange from the lips of a Methodist Missionary; but what would even the Protestant reader say, and how would he feel, were he in the Acts of the Apostles, or in one of St. Paul's Epistles, to stumble across such a queer blending of things spiritual and things terrestrial. An uxorious Apostle is in the eyes of Catholics a practical paradox.

Our Methodist Missionary has an eye to business also, and contrives to jumble together the attributes of Barnum, and those of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. He—the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt, and not St. Paul—meets with an Indian, with a dilapidated shirt, long uncombed hair "full of twig-straws, feathers, &c.," and he soliloquizes as follows:—

BARNUM "LOQUITUR."—"I was thinking if I could take him just as he is and exhibit him around the world, that I could make what is called a fortune."

But the spirit of the Missionary revives within his bosom; and remembering that his mission was ostensibly to win souls to Christ, and not to cater for the caravan, he "tries the pious dodge," as the profane or worldlings express it:—

APOSTLE LOQUITUR.—"But he—(the Indian)—is a man and a brother, and the gospel alone can bring him back to true manhood, and his children with him. Here is a real mission-field where the real virtues of Christian heroism are required."

So our Missionary renounced his first thought of showing the savage man round the world, at 25 cents per head for admission—children half-price; and we suppose set to work vigorously to convert him to the faith as it is in, &c.—with what success however we are not informed.—Probably had the neophyte been aware of the first feelings with which his spiritual guide regarded him, he would have offered but a "hard case" for the reverend proselytiser to operate upon in the spiritual line of business.

Several other interesting traits are recorded illustrative of the progress which Gospel truth, as transmitted to the Indians by Methodist Missionaries, is effecting. We make some extracts from our journal.

Having occasion to administer which he calls the "ordinance of baptism"—(the word sacrament is eschewed as savoring of Popery)—the Missionary records the following pleasing instance of genuine piety:—

STEPS OF PROGRESS.—"Religion is evidently making progress among these people, for one old man took out his 'Sunday-go-to-meeting-rest,' and put it on, and others essayed in various ways to improve their appearance for the occasion."

Another symptom of spiritual progress is duly chronicled:—

"The Indians have advanced in religious culture. Their fields have been considerably enlarged, and four new houses are in course of erection, and of a superior description to their first efforts in this line."

But perhaps the most gratifying, as it certainly is the most novel symptom of the spread of a truly Christian spirit amongst the Indians, is the following:—

"After a little chat we had singing and prayers. These people are certainly improving—for the large birch-bark camp was newly covered with a matting of cedar boughs; this is done at least once a week. Another evidence of improvement is, that an old man in the Mission-house, rather than spit on the floor, put down his hat and spat in it."

If spitting in one's own hat be not the sign of a regenerate spirit, and of a new creature in the Lord, there is no reliance to be placed on man. Well may the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt exclaim as he, one by one, enumerates these the seals of his mission:—

"We might not know what Christianity had done for us, unless we had the privilege of contrasting our condition with that of those who have been left to the unaided resources of nature"—(who spit on the floor and not in their own hats).—And this is the mighty achievement of man without the Gospel—his progress is in the direction of the brute, not in that of the angel!"

But how is it that a devoted servant of the Lord like our reverend friend does not still permanently reside with such a hopeful people as his converts appear to be? The answer we must give in the Protestant Apostle's own words, furnishing as they do such an admirable commentary upon the words of his predecessor who preached the Gospel to the Corinthians:—

"Is that is unmarred earth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord—But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."—1st Cor. vii, 32, 33.

The Rev. Mr. Thos. Hurlburt thus describes his condition, and the causes which induced him to abandon his converts, and to resign his Apostolic commission:—

"We had been here three years and had a good society of eighteen living members; a number of whom could read and write their own language; and they were growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when it was evident Mrs. H. could not live more than one year longer in this climate. We had three little ones to bind us together and to bind us to earth. One day she said to me, 'I see plainly I cannot live if we stay here much longer; but if you think by my remaining here and making my grave here, you will be enabled to continue your labours, and so be the means of saving more of these people, I am willing to remain; for if I leave, you must soon follow.' Shall I tell the truth! I hesitated some days on the proposed sacrifice, and did not know but selfishness had something to do with my decision, for I told her I could not make up my mind to such a thing as to remain with the certainty that in a year or so I would be left bereaved with three small children to care for. The trader and his family were going to Canada, and so Mrs. H. accompanied them,

and I remained here until Fall."

What would have been the fortunes of Christianity, if its first preachers had been men of the same mould as are our modern Protestant Missionaries, we leave our readers to judge. Saint Paul however was not such a one as the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt.

In nothing perhaps is the difference betwixt the Christian Apostle and the modern Protestant Missionary more conspicuous, or brought out into more striking relief, than in the accounts which they, severally, give of the effects of their labors upon themselves. St. Paul tells us that his was a career of hardships and sufferings—that so many times he was scourged, so many times beaten with rods—that his days were passed "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often to hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness"—II Cor. xi, 27. This too is the lot of the modern Popish Missionary.

Far otherwise is it with our modern Protestant evangeliser of the Gentiles. He is not such a fool as to stint his belly, when he can get a good dinner; and as to fasting, it is an abomination and a sign of the "Beast." The Rev. Thos. Hurlburt set out on his missionary tour with an enfeebled appetite; even the "delicious trout" of Lake Superior had no charms for him—and yet see the blessings of godliness! As he preached the Gospel to others, he himself waxed fat; and gaining daily, in flesh as well as in grace, the result is thus summed up in one of the concluding paragraphs of his pious and deeply interesting epistle to the *Christian Guardian*:—

"During the latter part of the journey I began to suspect that the journey had improved my health, for my clothes seemed to have shrunk, and I found my flesh much firmer than usual, and my bones much more difficult to feel or find than usual; besides, my appetite was such that I could eat a good part of a trout, and other things in proportion, at 8 p.m., and immediately go to sleep, and hardly wake until morning. I found I could undergo twice the amount of labour I could on starting, with less fatigue. So merely out of curiosity I got on the scales, and, to my great surprise, found I had gained ten pounds in weight in less than a month, the scales showing 184 lbs."

Thirteen stone, two pounds! of which ten pounds had been put on in less than a month, whilst in the service of his crucified Redeemer! Here indeed is a missionary exploit unparalleled in the "Acts of the Apostles." That our corpulent man of God may continue to grow in grace and in bulk, and that he may from time to time be moved to favor the public with the exciting details of his missionary career is what we sincerely wish may be the lot of our Methodist Apostle.

WHAT THE WAR MEANS.—We are told by the abolitionists and their friends that the suppression of slavery is the end of the war now raging in the neighboring Republic; that it is for this end especially, that the people have rushed to arms. This view of the case is presented to the European world in order to enlist its sympathies on behalf of the North.

The *Boston Pilot* whom we willingly accept as a faithful exponent of the views and objects of the Irish section of the Northern army—the section indeed which by its valor in the field has more than once saved the army of McClellan from destruction, gives a very different account of the motives by which the Irish soldiery are inspired. Our contemporary says:—

"For if there is anything which can augment the rebellion of the South, it is the conviction that the army of the North has for its aim the ruin of the main Southern institution. When a people are satisfied that the principal thing they have is, in its destruction, the very ground on which they are warring against, nothing can conquer them. The abolitionists are, therefore, in their representations of the army, downright traitors."

"The abolitionists have expounded many a falsehood; the strongest that can be laid to their charge is that of saying that our army has the overthrow of slavery for its end. If the army entertained that idea they would throw down their arms. This is absolutely true of the Irish troops—the bravest men in the campaign; it is equally true of ninety-nine in the hundred of all our men. This war is, not for the black, but for the integrity of the nation. To expatiate on the reverse, is to misrepresent the President, to increase disunion in the South, and to disaffect the army. Evidently this is hydra-headed treason. Let the President and the army put it down. There is no other remedy."

Whom are we to believe? On the one hand we are assured that the people of the South have rushed to arms mainly with the object of upholding and perpetuating Negro-slavery; and our sympathies with the North are invoked upon the plea that the success of the latter must bring about the extinction of the peculiar domestic institution. On the other hand, the *Boston Pilot* in the name of its Irish fellow citizens, explicitly asserts that the soldiers of the North have no such intention as that ascribed to them by the abolitionists. How then can foreigners sympathise with the Federalists as the friends of negro freedom?

They are fighting for the integrity of the nation,—but what can outer barbarians care for the integrity of the nation? It is upon this plea—the integrity of the Empire—that the British Legislature has always refused to listen even to any proposal for the repeal of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain; and if valid in one case it must be valid in the other. According to the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, it is worthless in both cases.

To us, outsiders, it seems as if the war were

simply a war for national independence on the one hand, and for territory on the other; and that the motives which chiefly actuate the government at Washington, are identical with those which impelled George III., to continue the struggle for the reduction of his revolted Colonies long after all prospects of success had vanished. We can scarcely blame the people of the North for this, for men do not willingly abandon ideas of national greatness; and the idea of national greatness is too generally confounded with that of extent of territory. Russia would not, without a struggle, abandon its hold of Poland; Austria is reluctant to give up Venetia; and Great Britain holds on to Ireland with the energy of despair, because the loss of Ireland would be the disruption of the British Empire. Human nature, as Sam Slick would say, is the same at Washington as at St. Petersburg.

We believe with the *Boston Pilot* that the war is neither for slavery on the one hand, nor for the extirpation of slavery on the other. It is but a natural development of the long standing feud betwixt Republicans and Democrats; it is but the old battle betwixt Terrorists and Girondins transferred to this side of the Atlantic.—But whatever the cause of the war, or its probable issue, it is unjust, as the *Boston Pilot* shows, to accuse those who withhold their sympathies from the North, of sympathising with negro slavery.

That there is a large party, however, in the North whose openly avowed policy it is to make the war subservient to the schemes of the Abolitionists, cannot be doubted, and it is certain that this party is bringing a strong pressure to bear upon the President to compel him to adopt their views. A struggle therefore seems imminent betwixt the adherents of this party on the one hand; and those who on grounds of constitutional policy, as well as of humanity, contend that the President has no moral or legal right to interfere with slavery there, where in virtue of positive State Law it actually exists. The Northerners are themselves ranged in two hostile camps—that of the "Abolitionists" and that of the "Anti-Abolitionists," and will probably ere long come to blows.

The *N. Y. Tribune* also avows that the cry of the North should be "Abolition," and admits "the Union" can never be restored. What says the *Boston Pilot* to the following extract from the *Tribune*:—

"The war has been a failure. We have had a rallying cry. We have held aloft the Constitution, and sworn to restore the integrity of the Union. A noble political aim—indeed, it was an aim, and not a result of some further aim. But we have known all along that Union was impossible under the old conditions; every thinking man sees the gigantic sin that forbids it; yet we have shut our eyes to it, insisting upon a merely political end, and ignoring the great moral responsibilities."

THE END OF CONTROVERSY.—It is useless to prolong the controversy as to the conduct of His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton with reference to the late Sir Allan McNab; for the sole question at issue is so simple, and has been so conclusively answered by a competent and unimpeachable witness that, but for the bad faith of the *Globe* and other journals of a similar stamp, and the natural, almost excusable irritation of the Anglican minister at the loss of one of the most prominent sheep of his fold, there would have been no controversy on the subject at all. The one question at issue in the affair is simply this:—

Did the late Sir Allan McNab, in his last moments, express his desire to be received into the Catholic Church, and request the services, for the carrying out of that desire, of a Catholic priest or bishop?

This question, which is the only one of any, the slightest, consequence in the long controversy which has since been raised, has been answered in the affirmative, and by a competent, unimpeachable witness, Mr. Stuart, brother-in-law of the deceased, and a member of the Anglican communion. He, as we showed in our last, acknowledged to the Rev. Mr. Geddes that he (Mr. Stuart) sent for the Bishop of Hamilton; and that he did so at the urgent request of the dying man, with whose request Mr. Stuart would not have complied had he deemed him intellectually incompetent to form an opinion upon religious subjects.

This we say settles the question, as betwixt the Bishop of Hamilton and his calculators;—and if the latter still persist in their original statements, then attacks fall, not upon Bishop Farrell, but upon Mr. Stuart. If in the proceedings connected with the reception of the late Sir Allan McNab into the Church there was anything discreditable, anything worthy of the epithet "OUTRAGE" applied to those proceedings by the *Globe* and its contemporaries of the Protestant Reform press—Mr. Stuart only is responsible, for he alone was the author of the outrage; because he sent for the Romish Bishop, at the request of the dying man, and by that message gave the former to understand, that the latter desired his spiritual services, and was intellectually competent to receive them.

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—Though still at the Hospital, we are happy that it is in our power to inform our readers that the health of Mgr. Bourget is improving, and that the apprehensions which were entertained last week, have been considerably allayed. Let us all pray God for the speedy restoration of our beloved Bishop.