

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is nothing worth reporting amongst the items of European intelligence brought to us by last steamer. From the United States, we learn that Vicksburg still gallantly holds out, and that several assaults have been repulsed with great loss to the Federals.

PASTORAL VISIT OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—On Friday next the Bishop of this Diocese, whose health is greatly improved, will commence his pastoral visits, and continue them according to the annexed programme:—

On Friday His Lordship will proceed to St. Regis, from whence, after having administered Confirmation, he will continue his route to St. Anicet, where also he will confirm such candidates as may be ready for that sacrament. His other visits are arranged as follows:—

Table listing parishes and dates for the Bishop's pastoral visits, including Huntingdon, Hinchinbrooke, St. Antoine, etc.

YANKEE DEVIL WORSHIP.—We read in Holy Writ how Saul the King was afraid because of the host of the Philistines, how his heart was troubled, and how, neither by prophets nor yet by Urim, did the Lord answer him when he enquired of God.

To compare Abe Lincoln, the Yankee Sancho Panza, with the anointed King of Israel, may to some appear almost profane, and yet betwixt the two there are some striking points of resemblance which it is well to develop. Like Saul, poor jesting Abe is sore afraid because of the host of the Confederates; like Saul he is abandoned by God, and left to the devices of his own smutty heart; neither from his Cabinet Ministers, nor from the depths of his moral consciousness can he deduce any certain rules whereby to frame his policy; and thus disconsolate, woe-begone, and the obscene jests wherein he took delight, all forgotten, he turns him in his despair to the modern necromancers, to the wizards of the nineteenth century, whom men call "mediums," for advice and assistance in his trouble.

Saul's interview with the medium is narrated

in the Book of Samuel, otherwise called the First Book of Kings, c. 28. The particulars of that of Abe Lincoln are given in the Boston Gazette by an eye witness. From the cave of Endor, to the White House at Washington, the transition seems abrupt; but making allowance for difference of scenery, dresses, local customs, decorations, and the general intelligence of the spirits evoked, there is a striking resemblance betwixt the two. In the White House the grotesque element predominated, whilst at Endor all was grave and solemn. The ghost of Samuel, of "the old man covered with a mantle" struck awe into the souls of Saul and his servants; but the spirits of Franklin, and Washington, and General Knox, whom Mr. Shockle the medium brought up for the special benefit of Mr. Abe Lincoln, seem to have been more provocative of mirth, and of covert insinuations against the intelligence of his Cabinet, than of awe or reverence in the bosom of the modern Sancho Panza.

The vision of the witch of Endor was as of "gods ascending out of the earth;" that of Mr. Shockle must have been a vision of fools, given to twaddling, and the composition of the fustian State papers, such as those in which the soul of Mr. Seward delights.

Thus preparing our readers for the comic element, which if it does not predominate in, certainly qualifies the diableries of the White House, we lay before them an account of the seance as given by the correspondent of the Boston Gazette:—

A few evenings since Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual soiree in the crimson room at the White House, to test the wonderful alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune, as a friend of the medium, to be present, the party consisting of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L., of New York, and Mr. F., of Philadelphia. We took our seats in the circle about 8 o'clock, but the President was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced and the spirits, which had apparently assembled to convince him of the power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the President's absence, by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Welles' beard. He soon returned, but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was very unpropitious. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character—tables were moved and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall was swayed more than a foot, and two candlebras, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Shockle was fully under spiritual influence, and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations that twice during the evening restoratives were applied, for he was much weakened, and though I took no notes, I shall endeavor to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place.

Loud rappings about 9 o'clock were heard directly beneath the President's feet, and Mr. Shockle stated that an Indian desired to communicate.

'Well, sir,' said the President, 'I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren, and it was the only delegation, black, white, or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war.'

The medium then called for pencil and paper, and they were laid upon the table in sight of all. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton, and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has required me to write this, knocks were heard, and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows:—

'Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy-talk, and more action.'

HENRY KNOX.

'That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockle,' said the President. 'Who is the medium to ask who Gen. Knox? I suggested to the medium to ask who Gen. Knox was, and before the words were from my lips the medium spoke in a strange voice: 'The first Secretary of War.'

'Ob, yes, General Knox,' said the President, who, turning to the secretary, said: 'Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your first predecessor.'

Mr. Stanton made no reply.

I should like to ask 'General Knox,' said the President, if it is in the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be put down.

In the same manner as before his message was received:—

'Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself have held frequent consultations upon this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appear well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to sustain the end. Napoleon says concentrate your forces upon one point; Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the South must give up for the want of mechanical ability to compete against Northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army.—Knox?'

'Well,' exclaimed the President, 'opinions differ among the spirits as well as among the sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machine among the celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very much like the talk of my cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Welles?'

'Well, I don't know. I will think the matter over and see what conclusion to arrive at.'

Heavy raps were heard and the alphabet was called out, when 'That's what's the matter' was spelt out.

There was a shout of laughter, and Mr. Welles stroked his beard.

That means, Mr. Welles, said the President, 'that you are apt to be long-winded and think that the nearest way home is the longest way round. Short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to reach the Alabama.'

The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantel-piece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view, the Alabama with all steam up flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed and the Alabama was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort—from which an English flag was waving. The Alabama was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared, 'The English people demanded this of England's

aristocracy.' 'So England is to seize the Alabama finally?' said the President. 'It may be possible; but, Mr. Welles don't let one gubboat or monitor less be built.'

The spirits called for the alphabet, and again 'That's what's the matter,' was spelt out.

I see, I see, said the President. 'Mother England thinks that what is sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander. It may be tit, tat, too, hereafter. But it is not very complimentary to our navy, anyhow.'

'We've done our best, Mr. President,' said Mr. Welles. 'In maturing a plan which, when perfected I think, if it works well, will be a perfect trap for the Alabama.'

Well, Mr. Shockle, remarked the President, 'I have seen strange things and heard rather odd remarks, but nothing which convinces me, except the pictures, that there is anything very heavenly about all this. I should like, if possible, to hear what Judge Douglas says about this war.'

'I'll try to get his spirit,' said Mr. Shockle, but it sometimes happens, as it did to-night in the case of the Indian, that though first impressed by one spirit I yield to another more powerful. If perfect silence is maintained I will see if we cannot induce General Knox to send for Mr. Douglas.'

Three raps were given, signifying assent to the proposition. Perfect silence was maintained, and after an interval of perhaps three minutes Mr. Shockle rose quickly from his chair and stood up behind it, resting his left arm on the back, his right thrust into his bosom. In a voice such as no one could mistake who had ever heard Mr. Douglas, he spoke. I shall not pretend to quote the language. It was eloquent and choice. He urged the President to throw aside all advisers who hesitate about the policy to be pursued, and to listen to the wishes of the people, who would sustain him at all points if his aim was for the restoration of the Union. He said that they were Burrs and Blennerhassetts living, but that they would write before the popular approval which would follow one or two victories, such as he thought must take place ere long. The turning point in this war will be the proper use of these victories—if wicked men in the first hours of success think it time to devote their attention to party, the war will be prolonged, but if victory is followed up by energetic action all will be well.

I believe that, said the President, whether it comes from spirit or human.

Mr. Shockle was much prostrated after this, and at Mrs. Lincoln's request it was thought proper to adjourn the dance, which, if resumed, I shall give you an account of.'

The reader of the above will we think agree that the comic element is very prominent in modern devil-worship; but it would not be logical thence to leap to the conclusion that there is nothing but humbug and imposture in the manifestations of the mediums or modern necromancers. The tendency of the age is to ignore or discredit the supernatural in religion, to refer everything to simply natural causes, and to eliminate both God and the devil from its theology and its philosophy. And yet this tendency is not one whit more intellectual than that which in our conceit we term the folly and superstition of our ancestors. They believed in God, in a personal God, and they believed also in the existence of a personal devil. They moreover believed that as by religion, by faith, by the use of the Sacraments, and holiness of living they could bring themselves into rapport with the one, so also it was possible for them by the abuse of sacred things, by formal renunciation of God and their baptism, to establish a relationship with the other party. Shall we conclude that they who so argued were fools, and mere credulous simpletons?

Certain it is that the belief in the possibility of witchcraft, necromancy and devil-worship has obtained amongst all nations in ancient and modern times. Certain it is, if the Old Testament be historically credible, that supernatural—may we not say *infra-natural*?—communications with evil spirits have actually occurred; the same conclusion may apparently be drawn from Acts xix, thirteenth and following verses, and from the language in which the casting out of the spirit of divination, or pythonical spirit, by St. Paul is mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of the same work; and therefore if we admit the historical credibility of the New Testament, we must also admit that *diablerie* has existed since, as well as before the Christian era. But from *esse* to *posse* the conclusion is legitimate; and we see not therefore how, without impugning the credibility of the Bible, the possibility of diabolical intercourse, necromancy, witchcraft—call it by what name you will—at the present day can be denied.

Whether, however, the spiritual manifestations recorded by the writer in the Boston Gazette be genuine or spurious; whether they are attributable to *legerdemain*, or to *diablerie*, to Mr. Shockle, or to the spirits—the moral value of Mr. Abe Lincoln's act in seeking counsel by such means remains the same. If he who looketh upon a woman to lust after her, has already committed adultery with her in his heart, so he who desires even to hold communication with the spirits of the departed, and employs means to effect that end, is a necromancer at heart, and comes under the ban of the divine law. If the phenomena of Spiritualism be, as some pretend, an imposture, the poor wretch who seeks therein knowledge of the future is none the less a sinner, because he is a fool also, and the victim of a degrading superstition; and if they be real, if they be what by others they are asserted to be, *i.e.*, communications from the world beyond the grave—the attempt to elicit them is devil-worship, and deliberate treason against Almighty God.

In either case, and under either hypothesis, poor Abe Lincoln cuts but a sorry figure.—That to such a man, so morally and intellectually degraded, the government of a mighty nation should be committed is most strongly suggestive of its coming degradation. And we cannot but

augur ill for the future of a people who select as their chief ruler, an obscene jester, whose proper sphere of action would have been found in the Circus, and whom nature in sportive mood evidently moulded for the part of Clown or of Mr. Merryman; and who commit their destinies, their honor, and their fortunes to the keeping of an open practiser of flagitious arts, which reason teaches us to hold in abhorrence, and which revelation most emphatically and explicitly condemns. When we contrast the daily lives of such men as Jackson, and Lee with that of Abe Lincoln and his advisers, we cease to wonder at the success of the former in the field, and the constant humiliations of the Yankees.

We copy the annexed paragraph from the Witness of the 28th ult., who in his turn credits it to another evangelical slanderer known as the Canada Observer:—

SUPERSTITION IN CANADA.—In Ste. Luce, O. E., near Meis, there is a man who has been deranged for seven years. During that period his wife has paid the priest £100, to remove the awful disease under which he is laboring. Hitherto, His Reverence has been unsuccessful. The poor woman is, however, still firmly convinced that he is able to cure her husband, but she supposes, he must himself, first do severe penance. But out of pity for him, as he is far advanced in years, she intends to trouble him no more, but to send her husband to the Asylum at Beauport. As M. le Cure, it appears, could restore his afflicted parishioner to his right mind, if only a little more time were granted him, we suppose he will not act on the principle "no cure, no pay."

The name of the reverend gentleman attacked in this cowardly manner by our evangelical contemporaries, is the Rev. G. Nadeau, to whom we send a copy of our paper in order that he may deal with the slander, and his slanderers, as he shall deem fit. From long and melancholy experience, we know how vain it is to expect honorable treatment for a Romish priest from evangelical Protestants. To lie, to slander, to "stab men in the dark" is the ordinary practice of these gentry, approved of, and ratified by the conventicle; and, as in the case of the late Mr. Turnbull, done to death by the lying tongues of the "Protestant Alliance"—and round whose grave even the Times, the Saturday Review and other Protestant but non-evangelical journals meet to denounce the sneaking tactics, and cowardly malignity of Exeter Hall and the evangelical world—we are aware that it would be the height of folly on the part of a Catholic to expect from the self-dubbed saints anything having the faintest resemblance to fair play, or one spark of honorable feeling. The moment a man adopts the shibboleth of the evangelical sects, and experiences religion, that moment he lays aside the manners, and habits of a gentleman; and acts as if he had full warrant to libel his fellow-citizens who do not adopt his religious views, attend his particular meeting house, and swear by his favorite Boanerges Spurgeon. But as some of our readers may not be acquainted with the sad story of Mr. Turnbull, and as it affords a perfect illustration of the peculiar morality of evangelical Protestantism, we propose to lay it before our readers—premising that the Protestant press is our authority for all our statements.

Mr. Turnbull was a Scotch Catholic gentleman of high literary attainments, whom the Government appointed to an office in the Record Office connected with the arranging of ancient State Papers. Immediately a howl of indignation arose from Exeter Hall, and the Protestant Alliance clamored for his dismissal upon the grounds that he had stolen or destroyed important State documents. The charge was shown to be false, and without even a shadow of foundation.—What matter? The more clearly Mr. Turnbull's innocence was established, the more malignant became the charges brought against him, the louder the clamours for his dismissal. Mr. Turnbull, who was a gentleman of delicate and nervous organisation, and of a most acute sense of honor, writhed under these cruel slanders, and tendered his resignation; an investigation into the condition of the Records triumphantly established his reputation—but even in his retirement the obscene slanders of the Protestant Alliance, headed by a fellow of the name of Bird, pursued him. The innocent but cruelly maligned gentleman's proud spirit yielded to these incessant onslaughts upon his honor; and the finale is thus given by the Saturday Review (Protestant) in an editorial headed—

EXETER HALL, AND A BROKEN HEART.

It may be a question how far, in all that relates to the solid substantial of persecution—we have improved upon the practice of our forefathers. Critics and critics will say that is of the essence of religion that it should persecute. The sword, in some form or other, was announced to be the result of even the Gospel. It is true that its Founder personally required his ardent follower to put up the sword; but the same authority declared, as a matter of fact, that He came not to bring peace upon the earth. This contrast between what ought to be and what was to be, is just as marked now as it has ever been in the history of the Church and the world. And, in some respects, we are even worse than our fathers. There was something almost creditable in the stern audacity which used to burn men for their faith, or their lack of faith. If the State had the right of inflicting temporal punishment for the transgression of human law, much more ought it to vindicate Divine law. An offence against man is nothing to the offence against God. If one who murders the body deserves death, he who corrupts, and poisons, and murders the souls of his fellow men, deserves death still more. There is something in such a vindication, if it only be admitted that God has entrusted the guardianship of His truth to human authority. Given a certain promise, and the right and duty of persecution are inevitable. But in modern society, we hap-

pen to have surrendered the major proposition. We draw the line between human law and religious truth. We proclaim a man's right to all civil privileges, irrespective of his religious convictions. We leave certain things, as we say, between man and his Maker; and we drink the toast of civil and religious liberty all over the world. This is what makes us so much worse than the men who burned Cranmer and Servetus. And it is not only because we add the Corinthian capital of hypocrisy in these days to the strong column of persecution—it is not only because we persecute just as Bishop Bonner or Calvin did—but because the manner of our persecution is worse than the rough old practice. This is, at least, a national vice which increases in wickedness as it loses in grossness. In the mere amount of suffering inflicted upon a victim, the extant British persecutor beats his predecessors in the art of ingeniously tormenting. The Protestant Association has learned something from the practice of the Inquisition itself. First, in the way of inflicting a prolonged agony it has taken more than two years to kill Mr. Turnbull outright. In the case of Servetus, the process was a much shorter and a much less painful one. It was reserved for Mr. Turnbull to protract his sufferings for more than two years.

At length, the Protestant Association has something substantial wherewith to gratify its subscribers. It has at least hunted its last victim to death, and has got him safe dead and buried. Gorged with blood, the foul demon of religious hatred may now go and sleep. The grateful scent of the sacrifice has penetrated the upper halls of Exeter, on which 'Love of the brethren' is written over the portal, and wrath is appeased. The victim, we hope has done his work of propitiation. According to the Protestant Association, Mr. Turnbull, having material for history within his power, must, from the nature of his religion and the necessity of the case, turn his opportunities to good account by falsifying or destroying all documents that tell, or might be supposed to tell, against his co-religionists who lived three centuries ago. With somewhat over-anxious impetuosity, they have made an inquiry as to the facts. Have any of the papers in the Record Office been mutilated or stolen? Mr. Lemon and Mr. Duffus Hardy answer the question by showing that the State papers have suffered by no more serious tampering than what is due to time, neglect, and bad management. So much for the fact whether Mr. Turnbull did or did not mutilate the national annals. But it is the principle announced by the Protestant Association in their original demand for the dismissal of Mr. Turnbull from the Record Office, which suggests serious thought. That principle is, that strong religious convictions must needs issue in a breach of one of the Commandments. In the case of Romanists, forgery and stealing papers is the compensative form which religious zeal takes. This amounts to saying that some sin against your neighbor is the necessary condition of extraordinary religious zeal. We should like to know what form of sin the strong convictions of the Protestant Association take. If Mr. Turnbull cannot, from the necessity of his faith, leave his neighbor's papers alone, is the Secretary of the Society in Exeter Hall impelled by a similar necessity to appropriate his neighbor's wife, his ox or his ass, his spoons or his pocket-handkerchief? If you must break the eighth Commandment because you believe in the Papal supremacy, must you sin against the sixth or seventh precept of the Decalogue because you have sworn to the Thirty-nine Articles or listen to the Stiggins in Rehoboth?

However, the whole thing is far too serious a matter to be merely laughed at. It is now a little more than two years ago that certain Protestant Societies asked the Master of the Rolls to dismiss Mr. Turnbull from an office which was scandalously ill-paid, simply because, being a Romanist, he must of course be in the habit of destroying the papers of the Record Office committed to his charge to catalogue and epitomize. Sir John Romilly did not accede to this infamous demand, and he backed his subordinate, if not with zeal, still with loyalty. While, however, he most certainly did not ask Mr. Turnbull to resign, he had not sufficient influence with his subordinate to compel him to remain in office. Mr. Turnbull resigned his miserable appointment. Lord Palmerston announced that he was not prepared to back the Master of the Rolls had he refused to receive Mr. Turnbull's resignation; and he went on to say that the principle of the Protestant Association was substantially sound, and that, as Roman Catholics, from the nature of their belief, were unfit to be trusted with old correspondence, so henceforth the Record Office ought to be closed against their entrance. For a Liberal Minister, this was a rather strong prescription of a large class of Her Majesty's subjects. It amounted to the announcement that, as between man and man, the Roman Catholics are not to be trusted—they are born rogues, and thieves, and pilferers. Mr. Turnbull, who seems to have been a sensitive and thin-skinned person not only resigned his office which was his first blunder, but brought an action against his slanderers. Here was his second mistake. He ought, in the interests of his own religious profession, of liberalism generally, and of literature in particular, to have defied the Government. He should have thrown on Lord Palmerston the responsibility of dismissing him if he dared, or at any rate, he should not have played into the hands of the Protestant Association. But this blunder of his resignation was nothing to the simplicity which urged him to bring an action for libel against Mr. Bird and his persecutors. This was just what the Protestant Association wanted. The appeal to a Protestant jury at Guildhall was an indiscretion which only Mr. Turnbull could have been guilty of. That the judicial decision in Turnbull versus Bird was very much the opposite of the judicial decision in Campbell versus Spottiswoode, was only natural, reasonable, and right; because, in either case, the popular sentiment was deferred to. In Mr. Turnbull's case, a Chief Justice seemed to lay it down as law that a man may libel another, but, if the libel is not malicious, he is not liable for damages. In the other and parallel case, it is held by another Chief Justice to be law that if a man libels another, even though the libel is not malicious, he is liable for damages. Mr. Turnbull, not being being Dr. Campbell, or a Protestant preacher of any sort, of course did not get a verdict, and so he secured a double triumph to the Protestant Association. By his weakness and sensitiveness, he encouraged Lord Palmerston to lay down the principle that a Roman Catholic, though he be the most honorable of men, is not to be trusted alone in a room with manuscript papers; and, under the influence of the same temper he invited a court of justice to declare that a person of strong religious convictions may not improperly be charged with dishonesty in any case where dishonesty may help his doctrinal opinions, or bring discredit on those of the opposite party. The Protestant Alliance gained in Mr. Turnbull's case, on behalf of their doctrine and practice of persecution, the authority both of the Prime Minister and of the Court of Common Pleas. And, at last, they have completed their work. They have killed Mr. Turnbull. Those two long years of loss, wasting agony have done their work. Mr. Turnbull has died only of a broken heart. His persecutors knew their man. They knew his weak sensitive, winning nature. They knew how to protract his long agony. It took two years to finish him. To deprive him of his bread, to close to him the only avenue to usefulness which the studies of his life had left open, to brand him as a possible and probable forger, and as most likely a thief, by virtue of his conscientious belief—this was all the Protestant Alliance did. Of course, they did not intend to kill the poor man. Members of the Protestant Alliance may be pachydermatous. Insinuations and charges of such little matters as forgery and robbery hardly grade the cuticle of Mr. Bird's friends. Mr. Turnbull's misfortune was that he felt the iron enter into his soul. He showed that he did not like the melting lead poured into his wounds; and he was actually weak enough to die, after being libelled