

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 94

GENTLEMEN,
See our IRISH and SCOTCH
TWEEDS and SERGES—the
nicest patterns and most dur-
able texture ever shown.
Our Cutting and Tailoring is
unequaled in the city.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST, 1880.
Sunday, 1—Eleventh after Pentecost. St. Peter in chains. Dup. 1st Cl.
Monday, 2—St. Stephen, Pope and Martyr.
Tuesday, 3—Invention of St. Stephen, Proto-Martyr.
Wednesday, 4—St. Dominic. Dup.
Thursday, 5—St. Mary, *ad Nativ.*
Friday, 6—Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
Saturday, 7—St. Cajetan.

Written for the Record.

The Plant of the Sacred Heart.

Where are the ten made clean? Where are the nine? Is there one left to return and give God thanks but this stranger?—*Luke 19, v. 18-19.*

Where are the nine? The loving Saviour cried.

When of the ten, but one stood by his side? Have they no thanks to give, no word to say For the great favors granted them this day? Shall none but strangers bless the hand In- vited?

Were not the ten made clean? Where are the nine?

Where are the nine? That loving voice still cries.

As if in wonderment and surprise, Enchained by love, a prisoner here I stay, And patiently await my coming, day by day.

But yet, amidst the crowds e'er hurrying by, How few respond to my Heart's longing cry.

Where are the nine? Where are the nine?

Oh, selfish world! Oh, dull and slow of heart! Cannot my burning love, some glow impart To your cold bosoms? Hearts of ice or stone Had melted long ago—at that sad tone Which seems to say in accents all Divine, Were not the ten made clean? Where are the nine?

Where are the hearts that I can call all Mine? Who, with a childlike trust to me resign Their dearest treasures, all the joys of earth To purchase that one heart of priceless worth, Reserved for generous souls, who, leaving all, Have listened to the Heavenly Bridegroom's call.

My son! My child, I err, give me thy heart! Yet few, like Mary, choose the better part. While millions bow at pleasure's glided shrine, And to her claims their days and nights re- sign.

Forgive me the living water's fount, And making void My death on Calvary's Mount.

E'en ye, My chosen ones, to whom I've given Delights and joys akin to those of Heaven, Grow lax and cold, seeking terrestrial joys As wearied children seek for new-bought toys.

Piercing My heart with thorns of grief un- told, And bartering heaven's gifts for earthly good.

Return! return, oh cold and faithless hearts! Come, taste the sweetness which My love im- parts.

Behold My wounded, pierced and bleeding side, Within this cleft, My doves should e'er abide Mourning with Me o'er sin's fell noisome way.

Yet singing grateful hymns of praise each day.

Ocean of goodness! Heart of Jesus meek Let me be silent, stones themselves will speak In praise of Thy most-fish, boundless love, May we one day in realms of bliss above Sing without ceasing hymns of grateful praise.

To Him whose reign will last for endless days. M.M.M.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

WITHOUT true faith, as on a boisterous sea, man is the sport of every wind and wave, and never knows, until each successive event has determined it, how the next billow will dispose of him. It is both his guide and his security.—*Catholic Columbian.*

The Sultan told the English Minister to Constantinople that he had "fifteen Irelands" in his Asia Minor provinces, and asked the Englishman's sympathy for the difficulty of managing so many and such grave problems. The Minister seems to have missed the point of the Turk's delicate sarcasm.—*Pilot.*

The immersion service at Talmage's Tabernacle is most gorgeous, and the fashionable young ladies of the metropolis are all becoming disciples of Talmage. Among the novelties of the season are announced "water-proof baptismal suits." Why not call them "baptism-proof baptismal suits"? for such they are in truth. Vive Le Humburg!—*St. Louis Watchman.*

The Old Catholic movement in Switzerland is in its last gasp. The triumph of the Catholics at Porrentruy is only an instance of the decadence of the old Catholic schism. At a meeting in Geneva of the old Catholic Synod, Bishop Herzog reported that in the Canton of Bern alone twelve parishes and ten priests were lost during the year. The Swiss Catholics succeeded in electing their own priests and thus securing the appropriation which the government allows. In only two parishes, under the present election laws, were the Old Catholics successful. The old Catholics feel that, like Pere Hyacinthe, they will be left high and dry by the tide which is rapidly receding.—*Brooklyn Review.*

NERO fiddled while while Rome burned. The Irish landlords, the English press, and a hostile English Parliament are denouncing the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland as rebels and malcontents, while the latter are dying of famine and its terrible concomitant, famine fever. It is horrible in the sight of these English-Irish murderers to think that the wretched people of Ireland would not perish quietly and resignedly without making such a fuss before the world. In the famine of '47 thousands perished unheeded and unknown, and their coffinless bodies were flung into nameless graves, and the world was not a bit the wiser of the savage crime. But now it is different. The suffering and wrongs of Ireland are paraded before the world, and public opinion is loud in denunciation of the tyrannical system that has entailed so much misery upon a whole nation and people.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

MR. BRADLAUGH has behaved himself throughout his disturbances like a consistent atheist. He has been violent, illogical, coarse, vituperative and intolerant, as we should expect an atheist to be. He has shown himself to be swayed by little more than the caprice of the moment, and has utterly disowned the rule of any fixed principle. Of course in his own eyes and those of his dupes he is a persecuted saint. The charge of intolerance against all his opponents was raised as a matter of course. The House of Commons is an assembly of bigots because it shows the slightest reluctance to let Bradlaugh do as he likes. It is quite proper that a blatant atheist should not only be admitted to Parliament, but that he, and he only, should have full liberty to take either the oath or the affirmation, whichever he chooses, and if he takes the oath, should be free to take it in any sense and with any limitations and reservations he thinks expedient. This and nothing less is what Bradlaugh claims to do. We shall indeed be surprised if the pluck and spirit of Englishmen will let him do it.—*Liverpool Times.*

The municipality of Nice lately caused the house in which Garibaldi was born to be demolished; its materials were brought by a Frenchman for \$3,000. A large number of English people were present to see the house pulled down, and everyone of them carried away a fragment as a relic.—*New York Sun.*

Had this been the home of a Saint, and if Catholics showed one half this devotion in relieving-gathering, how the silly superstition would be smiled at!—*Buffalo Union.*

By special request of the Protestants of the neighborhood, the Rev. Father Moriarty, of Chatham Village, N. Y., lectured in the Baptist Church at East Chatham on the evening of July 15, the subject being, "What the Catholic Church has done for Civilization." A large audience, composed of Protestants of different denominations, assembled from the surrounding country, and, what was altogether unusual in a church edifice, greeted the lecturer with frequent and warm applause. At the conclusion of the discourse the pastor of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Mr. Ashley, proposed a vote of thanks, which was enthusiastically responded to by the entire assemblage.—*N. Y. Catholic Herald.*

The domestic morals of the new French ambassador must be exceedingly bad since London society asserts that it really cannot visit him. This representative of the French Republic was recently accused in Parliament of burning a convent and other things, but it has only lately come to light that he had done anything that society could not tolerate. The French republic is anxious about opinions, but very liberal about morals, and society ought not to expect morality from the representative of a government "run" by Gambetta. Besides, English society received Mdlle. Bernhardt, whose social status was expressed in Shakespearean English with much force, so favorably, that the French ambassador may be pardoned for imagining that society would receive a man who is "progressive," and who believes that marriage is a Jesuitical institution, as it had received a woman who holds very similar

opinions. The caprices of English society are fearful and wonderful. It is edifying to read of people that cultivate "professional beauties," whose principal aim is to please their Prince, looking askance at the windows of the French Embassy.—*Brooklyn Review.*

The practical question that should come to the mind of every Catholic, when leaving the church, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has just been offered is, "Have I profited by my presence at so august an act of adoration?" "Am I leaving the scene of the Sacrifice more justified than when I came?" We fear there are a number who would be compelled to answer in the negative. They have attended Mass, but with great distraction, with a longing for its end, and with a spirit of resignation to the law of the Church and not with a desire of their soul's sanctification. The fashion of going to church, to see and to be seen, to hear an eloquent sermon or fine operatic singing, is the curse of a Catholic community and leads directly to the coolness that is characteristic of those of little faith. The individual who is not thoughtful of the great ends for which the Mass is offered cannot be said to have fulfilled the obligation of assisting at Mass. To go to Mass because he fears to commit a mortal sin by staying away, is not the proper feeling. He should go to accomplish a positive good to his soul as well, by joining in the Sacrifice and uniting his heart in prayer with Almighty God then and there descending upon the altar. We know it is scarcely of use to speak of carelessness of Catholics in this respect. A special grace of God is required to make them prove worthy of the fruits of the Holy Sacrifice.—*Catholic Columbian.*

How sadly do they mistake the rights of woman, who blindly advocate for her an equality with men in the active duties of life. Their conceptions of woman's dignity are of the grossest order, and instead of elevating their idol they take away from her right to respect by stripping her of all claims to veneration. It is not as the "business man," or as the "chartered libertine" that the influence of woman is felt, but as the gentle being the Almighty Creator designed her. It is by preserving her purity of feeling, her integrity of character, her high-toned impulses, that she can win man to virtue; and it is only by true feminine gentleness,—by being true to her nature; by the sweet charms of softness and modesty that she can subject him to her power. This is woman's nature;—let it be her chief aim to cultivate these graces and respect and honor will be paid her in due proportion. A masculine woman men abhor, and speak to and of her with the same levity which characterizes their relations to those of their own sex, but a good, true woman—one who fills her proper sphere—men always reverence, and even the wicked and dissolute will pay homage to the voiceless influence of her character. Women, who, in their mistaken conceits and fantastic pride, lay aside the true characteristics of their sex, and boldly claim a right to mingle in the turmoil of the busy world, find, when too late, that they have contracted many a stain from the coarse contact that time and other influences will scarcely ever efface. Let women appreciate their own honor and respect, let them consider what a powerful factor they are in the great events of the world's history, and turn with scorn from those that would divert their powers in another direction and rob them of their chief glory. They will be respected as they respect themselves.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE TIMES fears the secession of men like Beecher from the ranks of Protestants may benefit the Catholic Church. "Its definite dogma and unwavering claim to implicit obedience will powerfully appeal," says *The Times*, to those who find the husks of infidelity are unsatisfying. Unless some other and purer church offers authoritative teaching in the place of theological anarchy, Rome will reap the harvests that Beecher and Ingersoll are ignorantly sowing." It is only recently that *The Times* has come to the conclusion that the halter is between the Church and unbelief, and that Protestantism, in its restricted sense, is a failure as a

bulwark against Atheism. Not long ago it ranted against the Scarlet Lady as loudly as the most bigoted Bonapartes, but to-day it admits that it is the only break-water against the encroaching waves of infidelity. A "purer church" which should accept the Bible on the authority of the Church, and yet deny the Church would not offer any claims superior to those of the modern sects. It is not easy to discover where authoritative for this church is come from, if not from that Mother, portions of whose garments each sect wears to-day in a motley fashion. *The Times* had better make up its mind that there is only one Church and that it is farcial to accept the story of the Fall and the Atonement on the testimony of a book which the Church declares to be inspired without admitting that the Church is infallible. Theodore Parker and Mr. Beecher, in helping themselves to those portions of the Scriptures which suit them, are only following the teachings of Protestantism. Private interpretation is the keystone of Protestantism, and the Plymouth Church philosopher is only following out the principle of the Reformation—freedom in belief and license in act. Our Lord and Confessors stand for him on the same plane. The highest attribute that his school is willing to give Our Saviour is His "manliness." Catholics, gazing around them at the wrecks of creeds, have reason to thank Heaven with renewed fervor for safety in the Bark of Peter.—*Brooklyn Review.*

MRS. ELIZA BURT GAMBLE, a Michigan woman of infidel proclivities, writes a letter to the *Sun*, in which she says:

"It is quite evident that the strength of the church is steadily, if not rapidly declining. That the recent disaffection which is so clearly manifest is chiefly confined to women is shown by the fact that a majority of men have long since ceased to exercise care about, or interest in the church; but that many of them give to their support simply because they are pleased with the effect which its influence produces on women. There may be no appreciable change in the size of the weekly congregations in our churches, but the apathy with which the theological dogmas are received, and the lack of zeal which characterizes public worship, are evident sources of alarm to the clergy."

By the church, Mrs. Gamble means the Protestant churches, and her remarks are, in a degree, true. Men have ceased to be Protestants, though some of them still "sit under" certain ministers through habit or because it is a respectable thing to do. Mrs. Gamble's phrase about the logical dogma sounds singular in connection with the entire absence of dogma in the churches. It is true that the "higher education" which Mrs. Gamble lauds, is leading a class of women towards what is called Agnosticism and towards science as spiritual nourishment. Women, as a rule, however, find science as nourishing as Dr. Tanner's sponges and water; and even the harder sex does not crave scientific hypothesis as food for the soul. Women will never be infidels, whatever man may become. Her intuition teaches her that she owes everything to Christianity. The Magnificat of the Blessed Virgin was the triumphant hymn of woman. She was raised by the coming of Christ to her true dignity; and when she forgets that dignity, she will fall again to the level in which Paganism kept her. She will become the slave and the toy of man. Her higher education will not save her. The women of Ancient Greece who attained the pinnacle of the highest education were the heterae. Aspasia, with all her culture, was not as worthy of respect, nor did she receive as much respect, as the poorest Christian woman of to-day. Mrs. Gamble's education must have been sadly neglected in some important points, or she would hardly dare to claim that Christianity degraded woman. It sanctified the marriage tie and protected her from the brutality of the stronger sex more effectually than any civil law could protect her. Protestantism struck a blow at her security by sanctioning divorce; but the halo which is reflected from the Mother of God still surrounds her, and it will take centuries of Agnosticism to dim it. It was reserved for Catholicity to consecrate the chastity of woman as a sacred thing, and yet to proclaim that the soul might be unchaste, while the body was inviolate—that Lucretia was pure, though Tarquin sinned. The new doctrines reverse this, and the old Spartan law, that the crime was in being found out, is likely to be revived by the women of this new cult,

which would deprive their sex of the truest dignity on earth and give them, for the future, the unknowable.—*Brooklyn Review.*

SUFFERING IRELAND.

AID STILL NEEDED—EVICTIONS ON THE INCREASE.

MR. JAMES RUDY, in his letter from Dublin, dated July 9, to the *New York Tribune*, gives the following account of the present state of Ireland:

Since, a week ago, the swift steamer *Hibernia* landed me in Ireland again, I have been reading, night and day, letters from the distressed districts of the West, or holding interviews with gentlemen whose duties have made them familiar with the present state of Ireland. This month, in the annual of Irish famines, has always been known as "hungry July." The gulcholine, in the most terrible days of the French Reign of Terror, was a "gentle shepherd of the plain" when contrasted with the devouring ogre of the Irish famine of 1847. Many parishes show, by their records, that they then lost a thousand souls. A similar history would have been written to-day of this month of July if the heart of an "un-English civilization" had not flung itself between the starving peasantry of Ireland and English conservatism. I am right happy to say that the worst appears to be over, and that the deaths by starvation in Ireland in 1880 will be counted by units, or, at the worst, by scores instead of thousands and hundreds of thousands, as in 1847. The persuasive grant of £200,000 that has been secured by Mr. Parnell's impetuosity in Parliament, even if ungraciously and meagrely administered, will make it unnecessary for any further aid to be sent from America, excepting for the support of evicted tenants. Their needs will be administered to by the National Land League, which has set apart \$50,000.

FOR THAT SPECIAL OBJECT. There is still great distress in the West, although the area of destitution has been contracted. There are still some hundreds of parishes in which death by hunger would rapidly ensue if the beneficent operations of foreigners were withdrawn. But although the funds of the Castle, the Mansion, and the Land League are now quite low, it is believed that the balance in their hands and in the hands of the *Handel Committee* and of the Protestant and Catholic hierarchy will enable the British Government to keep intact the fund of the peasantry until the Government funds can be percolated through the thick layers of red tape on which it will be solemnly deposited.

THE ANNUAL MIGRATION TO ENGLAND. The exodus of the Irish agricultural laborers to England has been, this year, unusually early and passed through Dublin a few days ago, and they are going at the rate of 1,000 a day. Already the advance guard are sending over their wages to their destitute families. It is a noteworthy fact that the railway servants and the shippers, recruited largely from the Irish, are more likely to keep intact the fund of the peasantry until the Government funds can be percolated through the thick layers of red tape on which it will be solemnly deposited.

THE FAMINE FEVER AND ITS CAUSES. The dreadful "famine fever" has broken out in the County Mayo and in isolated instances elsewhere in the West. The "doctors disagree," as usual, as to its name, or, while some say that it is the real "famine fever," others insist that it is only the "plus fever." But as they all agree that by whatever name it may be called it has been brought on by inadequate diet—that is to say, by semi-starvation—I shall not waste my inadequate space to discuss this novel scientific presentation of the ancient pathology of twelfth-century and twelfth-century. The present chief habitat of the famine is Charlestown and Swinford, in the County Mayo. Now the amounts disbursed to the local committees, although large in the aggregate, did not enable them to give more, on an average, than two stones (twenty-eight pounds) of Indian meal a week, not to each family in real distress, but to as many families in acute distress as they could relieve. Twenty-eight pounds of meal had to support a family of from five to ten persons. These families had no milk, no eggs, no potatoes, no bread, no bacon—nothing that they could eat with their Indian meal. In winter, and they could not even do, as some of the poor wretched creatures had done since spring, gather nettles and boil them with the meal. They either had not meal enough to make it into bread, or they don't know how to cook it; so they made it into a thin, unsavory stoup, not solid and strengthening like Scotch porridge, but watery and unsubstantial as porridge gruel. Barefooted, without underclothing, without bedclothes, living in cabins that the rain often entered and the wind swept through cabins with the cold and slippery earth for a floor, is it any wonder that their strong constitutions soon broke down under a diet of gruel? The dreadful disease that destroyed more men in both American armies than bullets and grape shot soon appeared in these cabins, and now the fever is spreading rapidly, for there is not vitality enough left in the frames of the sufferers to resist its attacks. But I shall write to you on this new disaster in my next letter.

Today we have news from the Counties

Clare, Mayo, and Sligo that the potato blight has appeared there. Nobody can tell yet whether it is local or whether this is the first shadow of a coming calamity. It all depends on the weather. If the rains that we have had here in Dublin continue and spread, the greater part of the coming crop will be a total failure. But no such apprehension is generally entertained.

EVICTIONS GOING ON.

The landlords are vigorously at work all over the West in serving processes of ejectment and evicting families. This last season was the third season of bad crops in the West of Ireland. The contributions of the landlords to the relief of Irish distress in these years is tabulated in the official returns just published. They show that in 1877 there were 404 evictions; in 1878 there were 834 evictions; in 1879 there were 1,089 evictions. Only six months of this year have passed, and yet the landlords have already evicted 1,696 families—stricken families!—in the province of Ulster, 532; in Munster, 493; in Leinster, 417; in Connaught, 252. It is worthy of note that evictions have been most numerous where no public opinion has been created against the landlords; that wherever the Land League is strong the landlords have been afraid to turn starving families into the roadside. This fact will be quickly noticed throughout Ireland, and the result will be that the tenantry of Ireland—that is, four-fifths of her people—will soon be consolidated and directed by the leaders of the anti-landlord movement.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A PARTY OF ALTAR BOYS DROWNED IN DETROIT RIVER.

Detroit, Friday, July 23.—Yesterday morning Father Bleyenberg, of Trinity Church, this city, took twenty or twenty-five of his church boys and a few others on the steam yacht *Mamie* for an excursion to Monroe. They went to Monroe, spent the day pleasantly there and returning in the evening were run into by the steamer *Garland*, going down the river with a large excursion party. Fifteen persons on the *Mamie* are known to have been drowned, and eight saved. The *Mamie* was crushed, and sunk with those on board except such as escaped, some of whom escaped through the cabin windows.

FATHER BLEYENBERG'S STATEMENT.

I left the city yesterday morning on the steam yacht *Mamie*, to give my altar boys their annual excursion, going to Monroe. We had on board sixteen boys, four ladies, the captain, engineer and myself, twenty-three in all. Arriving at Monroe we passed the day pleasantly there and returning in the evening were run into by the steamer *Garland*, going down the river with a large excursion party. Fifteen persons on the *Mamie* are known to have been drowned, and eight saved. The *Mamie* was crushed, and sunk with those on board except such as escaped, some of whom escaped through the cabin windows. I remarked to the ladies—"That boat is coming unpleasantly near us." The next instant I saw that there was going to be a collision and cried—"She is going to run into us. Come forward, quickly!" As I spoke I sprang to the bow of the yacht, followed by Miss Duseau. I do not believe it was thirty seconds from the time I first spoke to the time I sprang to the bow of the yacht, for the *Garland* was going very rapidly and came upon us like the wind. When I reached the bow of the yacht Miss Duseau was at my side and we were just in time to get hold of the ropes hanging over the guards of the *Garland*. The next instant I felt a shock, and heard a crash. While Miss Duseau was helped aboard the *Garland* by some men I climbed up the rope to the deck. Instantly I ran across the deck to the other side of the boat expecting to see some of my party struggling in the water. When I got there I saw the sinking wreck of the *Mamie* just disappearing under the bows of the *Fortune*, while I saw four or five persons struggling in the water.

1880.

Frank Nolan, No. 297 Lafayette avenue.

John Howe, son of Peter Howe, of Abbott street.

David Barry, son of David Barry, of Abbott street.

John Danovan, son of Daniel Danovan, of No. 290 Abbott street.

William Cuddy and David Cuddy, sons of Patronal Cuddy, of Fourth street near Grand River avenue.

John Cosgrove, son of Wm. Cosgrove, of Michigan avenue.

James Toomey, son of Daniel Toomey, No. 13 Labrosse street.

John Monaghan, son of the late Joseph Monaghan, of High street west.

John Kelly and Thomas Kelly, sons of John Kelly, National avenue.

Andrew Doran, son of Thomas Doran, of Labrosse street.

Lizzie Murphy and Mary Haden, domestics at Father Bleyenberg's residence.

Mrs. Mary Martin, wife of Fred. Martin, engineer of the *Mamie*.

The boys above named ranged from 11 to 16 years of age, and were bright happy lads chosen for their aptness, grace and manliness to positions of honor in the church of their parents, making the task of notifying the parents of the horrible blow which had befallen them, all the more painful for the clergyman. The duty had to be done, however, and was done by priests who came to Father Bleyenberg's house from all parts of the city. The scenes witnessed by the messengers of the sad news may never be known and cannot possibly be realized.