

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

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CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE assizes in Ireland have not produced anything to justify the loud cry of horror that has rung through the English press. Not only have the accusations been fewer than was expected, but the police reports to the judges have also disappointed Ireland's enemies. Everything tends to the belief that if justice be done to Ireland in the Land Bill, a great amount of discontent will soon disappear.—*London Universe.*

HEAVEN help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad of it; nor that one should be going through the world trying to find the beams to knock and thump against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting, and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinion, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the irresolute and vacillating ten times the trouble to wind and twist and shuffle than honest, manly independence to stand its ground.—*Exchange.*

THE Bishop of Exeter objects to disestablishment, which, after all, is only natural. His reasons, however, for objecting are not cogent, at least to the unangelic-episcopal mind. He affirms that with disestablishment there will depart from the English character depth, sobriety, and steadiness. Not to waste time in examining whether the English character is already blessed with these qualities, it is difficult to see how the fact of leaving Anglicanism to stand alone on its own feet will interfere either with depth, or sobriety, or steadiness in the people of this country. "As a religion," says Cardinal Manning, "Protestantism has ceased to exist." If so, to continue the Establishment is nothing less than a gigantic swindle.—*Universe.*

"If you want to know how the world will get along after you are gone, find a large, smooth mill-pond, and stick a fine, smooth needle into it. Then pull out the needle, and see how much of a hole is left." Such is the sage advice given by one of those quaint American philosophers, who are miscalled humorists, but who have more philosophy in one of their pithy paragraphs than would stock a dozen Concord schools, and leave enough over to fill the cranial vacuum of Joseph Cook. How aptly it fits the case of Mr. Conkling, to-day withdrawn from public life! But yesterday and he was all potent in the proud Empire State, while in the nation he carried on his shapely shoulders, not a whole party perhaps, but Caesar and his fortunes. To-day he carries nothing but his disgrace, and still the machine runs smoothly as ever with a new engineer at the throttle-valve, while the world itself, to quote another solemn humorist, "revolves on the living head and in the body of the Church. Where Peter is there is the Rock on which the Church of Christ is built. He is as strong in the Catacombs as when swaying princes, as strong in prison or in exile as when aided by the temporal arm and ruling of a peaceful people of his own. All history shows this to be true as an historical fact, quite apart from belief in Christ or the teachings of revelation. And such a miracle of spiritual sway is unexampled and unknown out of the Church. If the papacy is the infamous assumption and imposture that its enemies declare it to be, there has surely been ample time to discover, expose and unmask it. The matter then frets not Catholics but non-Catholics, who from the time

gardless and forgetful of any previous agreements and disengagements, set forth their sympathies and prayers for the stricken ruler, we refer them to the Catholic doctrine, which our supreme teacher again places before the world in a most solemn form, but which, otherwise, was familiar to every Catholic child, at least to everyone to whom this unfortunate secular and godless age permits us to teach the Fourth commandment: "Honor thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long in the land."—*Catholic Review.*

"A RESIDENT IN ROME," who corresponds with the *London Times*, has been sojourning and concealing himself in the Pope's private apartments listening to the Holy Father's audible soliloquies, loud dreams, and private consultations with his most confidential advisers. Else how could he ever be able, unless he dreamt or invented it himself, to furnish the following spicy piece of information:

"I have sufficient grounds for believing that had all gone quietly, the Pope would have taken the occasion he desires for terminating his imprisonment, and that the torch-bearing procession was organized by the old zealots in distinct opposition to the representations of the Cardinal Vicar, in the hope of provoking what in fact happened, and so effectually preventing the Pope from passing the doors of the Vatican."—*Philadelphia Standard.*

WE have little doubt that whatever feminine education there is to be had in America or elsewhere, can be found in our convent schools. When returning from Flushing the other day, we met next a keen, observant, and successful business man of New York, whose daughter has been for some years at St. Joseph's. *Ex uno disc omnes* is often a good rule, and the testimony of an intelligent gentleman interested in the progress of his child and frankly enough to conceal nothing that ought to be known, even through charity, may be taken as expressing a volume. Therefore, without disclosing our own approval of what we had seen at the commencement, or in the halls, where specimens of the pupils' art and handiwork were shown, the question was put "what, Mr. Rourke, is your experience of this convent? Has it improved your child?" The answer was most emphatic: "Most certainly it has; it is a good school, and they attend to their business." If our correspondent wants to know whether convent training is valuable from a secular or domestic point of view, let him put a similar question to some parent whose child has been trained in a good convent school. If the testimony is not satisfactory, we shall be surprised, unless, indeed, the pupil is to blame.—*Catholic Review.*

THE future of the papacy troubles greatly the minds of men, especially of men who profess to regard the papacy as an infamous assumption of power over minds and hearts. Strange to say, it troubles Catholics less than any other class of persons. Catholics may feel anxious about the future of the faith in certain regions and countries, in France, for instance, or in Italy just now. But as regards the future of the papacy they have not a shadow of doubt or hesitation. And the reason for this calm confidence is very plain and very sufficient. It is faith in God, in his words, Christ founded the papacy to exist through all time till the end of the world. His word and promise on this score are the plainest and least mistakable possible. He did not attach the office of the papacy to any particular clime, or place or city. He did not say it should abide forever in Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Rome. He simply said it should abide, and He with it in the person of the living head and in the body of the Church. Where Peter is there is the Rock on which the Church of Christ is built. He is as strong in the Catacombs as when swaying princes, as strong in prison or in exile as when aided by the temporal arm and ruling of a peaceful people of his own. All history shows this to be true as an historical fact, quite apart from belief in Christ or the teachings of revelation. And such a miracle of spiritual sway is unexampled and unknown out of the Church. If the papacy is the infamous assumption and imposture that its enemies declare it to be, there has surely been ample time to discover, expose and unmask it. The matter then frets not Catholics but non-Catholics, who from the time

of the pagan persecutions of the early centuries of the Christian era down to the modern persecutions of our own day, have bent their chief energies to the destruction of the Christian Church in its head. And why should they not, why do they not destroy it? Everything is on their side; arms, wealth, power, whatever human nature counts on to effect its purposes. But there is One against them who they forget—God. His everlasting word stands to mock and rebuke their mightiest efforts, and just as they deem their purpose accomplished they witness with dismay the Pope, it may be Pius, it may be Gregory, it may be Leo, speaking to the Catholic world with the recognized voice of the divine Founder of the Church who founded it into perpetuity.—*Catholic Review.*

"Two Churches" is the heading of an account given by a correspondent of a German Protestant paper, the *Deutsche Reichszeitung*, of the state of things at Witten, a small town in Westphalia, where the Catholic Church was, a few years ago, handed over to a small handful of "Old Catholics," so that the Catholics, mostly poor laborers, had to build a new "emergency church" of their own. The correspondent first visited the emergency church, and was surprised to find that, despite the great poverty of the people of the place, everything was in excellent condition, the altar, confessional, pulpit, organ and all being well appointed and kept up as nicely as in any wealthy parish. He then visited the original Catholic Church, which is now occupied by the sectarians, by virtue of one of the accused Falk laws. We translate the visitor's own words:

What a contrast! On entering I am met by a mouldy smell, as in a cellar. I soon found the reason of it. The place is covered all over with green mould, which is so slippery as to make it dangerous for anyone to walk in it. The confessionals and seats are all covered with dust half an inch thick, and in many places the spiders have built large cobwebs. The altars are desolate and devoid of all ornament, and there is no light burning on them. I felt quite chilly in the place.

It is pretty much the same thing in other places where Catholic churches have been handed over to the renegades. They simply run to seed, like the sectarians themselves. Yet this system continues to be patronized by the Prussian Government.—*London Universe.*

We read (not with astonishment, for we are long past that) the following in the daily press:

The United Armenian Society, which has for some time been engaged in the work of gratuitous education in Armenia and Cilicia, proposes to invite the British public to assist them in their work. An influential London committee, comprising many well-known names, is being formed, and a public meeting will shortly be held.

Of course it will. And the "British public" will go to it and will write down their names as members or aggregators, or something or other, and will throw away their money upon this as upon a thousand other speculations of the same character. Ever since the founding of the "Universal Umbrella-Lending Society (Limited)," ever since Charles Dickens' "Morning and Evening Mullin and Crummet Universal Delivery Association," this same "British public" has taken shame, has subscribed money, has believed in rascalism to an extent that ought to surpass human credulity. And now once more this same patient British public is to be asked for money for Armenia, of all places in the world. Why should we interfere between the easy parting of the proverbial fool from his money?—*Universe.*

A writer in the North American Review for August discusses the probable annexation of Canada to the United States. He believes annexation to be the manifest destiny of the Dominion. First, there will be close confederation, then independence, then union with the Great Republic. But we fail to find any evidence in this of the tone of the Canadian newspapers or in the discriminations of the politicians, and we doubt whether there is any large desire for annexation this side of the lakes. The Dominion is cultivating a very handsome public debt; we doubt to what annex it.—*Catholic Columbian.*

It is sometimes wondered why converts so frequently display a more fervent piety than those persons

whose ancestors have been Catholics for generations back. With the gift of faith, it is the same as worldly goods. He who has struggled hard to obtain riches, knows their value and appreciates them, while he who has inherited a fortune from wealthy forefathers, does not understand its value and is frequently reckless with it. A convert prizes the faith that has dawned upon his mind after the clouds of doubt shall have passed away. The Catholic whose faith may have been instilled into his mind and heart by a good mother fails to note any transition from darkness to light, and thus does not value the latter at its true worth.—*Catholic Columbian.*

The following item about the young Dr. Tyng, who it was at one time feared, would be tempted to write a book in defence of the Catholic Church, occurs in the *Baltimore American*:

"The young Dr. Tyng, who lately resigned his pastorate, and is now on his way to fill an important position in connection with one of the great American houses, which is establishing transatlantic connections, made a felicitous master of ceremonies. Dr. Tyng's avowed purpose is to make a fortune. He says he will not preach again until he can do so independently of pecuniary considerations, and in this he has shown an amount of moral heroism which deserves respect and is not usual nowadays."

The desire to make money is very usual nowadays, though it is not customary to regard money-makers as "moral heroes." Jay Gould, or Vanderbilt, if he reads this paragraph, may see himself in a new light. The young Dr. Tyng, possibly finding that the preaching of even sensational sermons did not pay, looked toward life insurance as a means of securing quicker returns. In fact, Dr. Tyng, with a noble frankness extraordinary in his cloth, concluded that he could not serve God and Mammon, and, carrying his "moral heroism" to its utmost limits, he openly went over to Mammon, leaving his parish in the most melodramatic manner, on any member of his congregation who should approach Roman practices. If Mammon is propitious, Dr. Tyng will have gone the way of his hierarchy. He will have found himself "sold." The truth is, that, for a young man, the Protestantism is not what it once was. The really good births are always filled by older men, who seldom die and less often resign. Slippers and pupil cushions are still worked by the young ladies, and doubtless have soothing qualities for the married young minister; but for the unmarried minister there is a very hard road unless he can produce some theological novelty, and this, with Messrs. Beecher and Talmage in the field, is not an easy matter. Dr. Tyng, "the moral hero," who forsakes the pulpit for the life-insurance business, has the courage of his opinions. The pulpit will not miss him, and, if members of other ministries could be induced to follow his example and start lightning rod and book agencies, the weakness of the Protestant ministry would not lend so many subjects for jeers to infidels.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE reports from the assizes in Ireland give the lie to the oft-repeated cry of "terrible crimes in Ireland." Several judges congratulated the people on the peaceful state of the country. At Longford Chief-Justice May had to tell the grand jury that there were but three cases for trial, and the general condition of the county was most satisfactory. Nevertheless, Colonel King-Harman, the foreman, insisted that the judge was wrong, and that there were offences which the police had not reported. It is from Colonel King-Harman's class that Mr. Forster receives his inspiration, and its value may be understood by reading his excellent article in the *Home-Rule agitator* while it suited his purpose; he now wants to make out that crime and outrages reign supreme in Ireland.—*New York Tablet.*

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The very Rev. John McMullen was, on Monday, consecrated Catholic Bishop of the newly created See of Davenport.

One hundred and fifty priests reached Dover from Calais on Tuesday, on their way to visit the shrine of Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury.

A petition to the Pope has been drawn up praying for the establishment of an independent Catholic University, and is now being circulated through the Province to receive signatures.

The Spanish Ambassador at the Vatican has been instructed to convey to the Pope the deep regret of the Spanish Government at the disturbance during the removal of the remains of Pius IX.

A Roman correspondent writes July 6: "Amongst the most recent visitors who have come to lay their offerings before the Pope and manifest their homage to the Church was the 'King of the Sandwich Islands, who is an ardent Catholic.'"

CONVERSION.—On the 25th of last month, Miss Elsie Jardins, of St. Mary's, was received into the church by Rev. Father Colovin. The event took place in the Parkhill Church, of which Rev. Father Corcoran is pastor. We congratulate the young lady on the happy event of entering the one true fold of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* says that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder has received an official letter from Cardinal Simeoni,

with a copy of the Roman decree, announcing that henceforth the Diocese of Nashville is to belong to the Province of Cincinnati instead of that of St. Louis, as heretofore.

On Sunday, June 12th, the entire parish of Cantrellin, in the Bernese Jura, abandoned the schism of the Old Catholics to return to the bosom of the Church. The people having been called upon by the Government to elect an Old Catholic pastor, unanimously voted for the legitimate Catholic pastor, the Very Rev. Joseph Rais, who is thus restored to his flock. The joy of the people is very great.

Though the Cathedral of Canterbury has been wrested from its rightful Catholic owners, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has ceased to be offered up within its walls, the tomb of its Archbishop, martyred seven hundred years ago, is still venerated by the faithful children of the Church. A few weeks ago one hundred and fifty of the French clergy made a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine.

MR. REDPATH IN IRELAND.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. James Redpath to Mr. Sexton, M. P., in reply to an invitation to speak at the Rotunda, at the recent celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence in Dublin:

CLOSTARY, July 2.

My dear sir,—I regret that I cannot accept the invitation to attend the meeting to be held at the Rotunda, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence. I am receiving, daily, from every province in Ireland, as well as from England and Scotland, many and most cordial invitations to make speeches on the Irish Land Question; but neither my health nor my duties will permit me yet to yield to these tempting solicitations. I find that I can no longer depend on a "long lease" of my life; that I have no "fixity of tenure"; that I hold my life, now, as a "career-taker," with only the certainty of being "summarily evicted," under the oldest of all "coercion laws," if I could violate the "Rules of the Estate." I can work for a few hours only, each day. Until therefore, Ireland restores the health that she gave me last Summer, but which I spent again in her service in America I must confine myself to the duty of educating my countrymen, through the Press, in a knowledge of the incredible, the intolerable, and the innumerable wrongs that the peasant and working men of Ireland endure under the rusty and blood-crusted pretext of "enforcing the laws" and "maintaining order,"—iniquities framed into statutes,—and the "peace" that tells of the death of freedom.

As an American citizen I could not find words here enough to express my scorn of the hypocrites who dared to boast of their constitutional freedom, while they arm their barbed-coated Cromwells with the execrable feudal power of the letter *de cachet*,—of the dastards who pride themselves, when in Europe, on the fact, that even their brewers and draymen are so inspired by the love of liberty that they once met with an Austrian General, their guest—Haynau—because he had ordered a woman to be whipped,—and, then, themselves, send out soldiers and armed constables to stab and shoot and trample under the hoofs of the cavalry the peasant women of Ireland; of the apostates who have sold their precious birth-right, as champions of human rights, for such pomes of official potage as the tawdry dignity of the "Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster," or the paltry authority (fit only for a paltry soul to wield), vested in the "Chief Secretary for Ireland," of sending Kilmallick illustrious patriots, the latches of whose shoes he is unworthy to untie. But if I could find words hot enough to express my scorn for them, and if that old-time landlord, Mr. Dives, could get a "ticket-of-leave" to hear me, I think I should make the Rotunda so warm, that he would be forced to prevent him from catching a cold,—to wear an umbrella on his return, to that famous and last resort of absentee landlords, where he is believed by all good Christians to reside. But, such a speech would send me to Kilmallick; and there I could be of no service, as Ireland has need not of martyrs but of vindicators.

But I wish you would say for me, in your speech, that the Irish in America are very proud of the Irish in Ireland—proud of their manly self-control, proud of their spirit of self-sacrifice; proud of their irreproachable courage; proud of their unmovable fidelity to their principles and their leaders. If they will bear in mind and act on the sacred saying—"He that endureth to the end shall be saved," if they will neither grow weary nor abate one jot of heart or hope; if they will neither be goaded into hopeless insurrections nor tempted to accept the stone of an English landlord's bill when they ask for the bread of peasant proprietorship,—then, I know and promise that the Irish in America will continue to pour out uncounted gold to sustain them in their lawful efforts—lawfully to regain the lands that were lawlessly wrested from their ancestors and from themselves.

I wish, my dear Sexton, that you would say for me also that, since I was last in Ireland, I have spoken with many hundreds of Catholic priests in America—from Canada to Louisiana, from Maryland to Nebraska—and I know that they are very proud of the priesthood of Ireland, who have been true to the traditions of their Church here, by sustaining the just demands of their people. Equal, now, to their old and great love for the venerable "Lion" of Tuam is their love for the fearless "Eagle of the Rock of Cashel." They rely with confidence on the priests of Ireland to maintain the good fight for land, and liberty for the people,

even if every civil leader shall be thrust into jail or forced into exile.

Ever yours truly,

JAMES REDPATH.

MR. SEXTON, M. P.

"IRISH EVICTIONS."

In a letter addressed to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, Mr. Redpath gives his ideas of the Land League movement as well as his enquiry into the subject of landlord evictions in Ireland, from which we take following extracts. Of the Land Bill he says—

"The Irish members do not regard the Land Bill as an important concession to the just demands of the people of Ireland. They say that at the best it will benefit a small class only, and that class only of the tenant-farmers who are the least oppressed by the present system, even should it pass the House of Lords without any vital amendments in the interests of the people of the soil. But as the Irish people must submit to the Bill if it became a law, whether they wish to accept or reject it, the Irish members are trying, at every stage of the discussion, to eliminate the more objectionable features of it, and to make it more liberal to the tenant. Mr. Parnell told me that he would probably revisit America after the passage of the Bill, or as soon as it had passed its most important stages."

Mr. Redpath adds on the subject of the Land League in Ireland—

"There have been great changes in Ireland since my last visit here. There are not so many Land League meetings held, and I notice that the tone of the speeches, as a rule, has been greatly modified. Not one of the conspicuous leaders of last Autumn is in the field to-day. Those who are not in Parliament are in prison. But, on the other hand, the spirit of the people, instead of having been subdued, is not only as resolute as then, but even more defiant. There are 1,500 Land League Branches in active operation. Not one has been disbanded. As soon as a local officer is sent to jail, his place is supplied without a moment's delay. There are nearly 400 Ladies Land Leagues in Ireland. There was not one last Autumn. A thousand local leagues, at least, have been established since September. The priests have joined the movement in large numbers since Autumn. Only one high ecclesiastic, the Archbishop of Dublin, has assumed an open attitude of opposition to the League. His authority prevents the priests of his archdiocese from taking any active part in the agitation, but it neither destroys their secret sympathy, nor has it the slightest influence on the people here or elsewhere throughout Ireland. In different parts of Ireland, last Autumn, when the action of the Archbishop of Dublin was spoken of, the common answer that I received, both from priests and people, 'Sure there never has been a patriot Archbishop of Dublin since St. Lawrence O'Toole.' It is a common expression to-day in Dublin, of which St. Lawrence O'Toole is the patron saint. The other prelates—and especially the Archbishop of Cashel—who have taken a conspicuous position in favor of the agitation, have greatly strengthened their hold on the affections of the people. If Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary associates, on their return from their duties in London, should be arrested and sent to Kilmallick Jail, there seems to be little doubt that the hierarchy and priesthood would at once step to the front and boldly continue the agitation in defiance of the drab-coated Cromwell who has sent one member of Parliament and one priest to prison. The imprisonment of an Archbishop and a Bishop or two would be the death-knell of landlordism in Ireland."

EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

"Eviction papers are falling thick and fast in every part of Ireland. With 30,000 soldiers and 12,000 armed constables to drive the peasants from their homes, the landlords are having their revenge, but still—unlike the days of 1849—they fail utterly to subdue the spirit of the people. The Queen of England will be known in Irish history as Victoria the Evictor. Statistics are always repellent; but I will venture to illustrate by a few figures how thoroughly the work of the ruthless Cromwell has been done during the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty. In 1849 there were more than 90,000 persons evicted in Ireland. In 1850 there were over 104,000 cast from their homes into the roadside. In 1859 there were nearly 3,000 persons evicted; in 1864, 6,200; in 1870, over 10,000. The population of Ireland, which was nearly 9,000,000 within the memory of men still young, is now only 5,150,000—less to-day than it was eighty years ago! And yet the Irish landlords and the English Government are not satisfied—and they still insist on inciting the emigration of the Irish by grants of public money! During the first three months of the present year, a Parliamentary paper, just published, shows that in the province of Ulster 838 persons have been evicted, in Leinster, 258 persons; in Connaught, 281 persons, and in Munster, 355 persons. During the three years ending in April last, 7,569 persons in Ireland were thrown out of the cabins that their own hands had built and from the lands that their own labor had reclaimed. In Munster, alone, last year, over 4,000 persons were evicted. This expulsion of the people occurred during and in consequence of three bad seasons, and these persons, thus evicted, for the most part, during the famine of 1879-80, were kept alive by American and Canadian and Australian charity!"—*N. Y. Irish American.*

Sometimes subjects of not absorbing interest may have their attractiveness heightened by the ornamentation of language, as the beauty of the cup enhances that of the wine.