

## The Catholic Record

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## ADVERTISING RATES.

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Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Tuesday morning.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

## THOS. COFFEY.

Publisher and Proprietor.

Subscribers who change their residence will please send us by Post-office, their old as well as New Address, and thus insure the prompt delivery of the paper.

We are in constant receipt of enquiries and requests "to send bills." By consulting the date on your paper both will be answered. The date on your paper shows the time your subscription is paid to.

When a subscriber sends a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat. The printed step on the newspaper each week, as the only way by which a publisher can tell who are subscribers and how much they owe. If this name is taken off it will be seen how very awkward it becomes for the proprietor of a newspaper to keep his business in proper shape. Subscribers who desire to stop taking a paper should in all cases remit the amount of their indebtedness when they make this request.

## LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

LONDON, OCL. MAY 23, 1878.

DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to the subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principles; that it will remain, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency, and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese.

I believe me,  
Yours very sincerely,  
J. WALSH,  
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,  
Office of the "Catholic Record."

## Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1881.

## EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

Whilst the land bill was passing through the various stages of its existence prior to its becoming law, many and loud were the encomiums passed by its friends on its power to ally forever the causes of bitter feeling that had hitherto existed in the minds of the Irish people. After months of weary wrangling on the part of the nation's representatives to wrest even a small measure of justice from the English Parliament for the Irish tenant-farmers, it at length became law. Those who have made a study of that bill have predicted that it will never satisfy the end which its framers had in view. Whether this be the case or not remains to be seen. But, whatever may be the ultimate result, at present there are cropping out from time to time the most shameful acts of oppression on the part of some of the landlords of Ireland, which, it is hard to believe, could be possible in a Christian country. The latest of these outrages comes from the most unexpected quarter. On the west coast of Ireland, between Achill and Slyne heads, are three or four small islands. From Inishtrake, the most impoverished of these, comes the latest wail of sorrow. In the present state of affairs in Ireland, when many of the landlords, who have hitherto been sucking out the very life-blood of the people, see their power about to be checked, it is not wonderful that they would strive to give the last dying kick with as much malice and malignity as possible. But, we question if it is all the history of cruelties performed by pitiless landlords on their oppressed tenants, there can be anything found to equal that which has recently occurred on this desolate island, which may be appropriately called a mountain in the sea. The poor people who inhabit this bleak and dreary home draw their means of living principally from the sea. But, whilst they ply their dangerous calling on the rough waters of the Atlantic, they have also found time to reclaim the wilderness of their mountain home, and to cultivate the apparently barren sides of the sea-girt hill. They, too, felt the oppression of the times, and now when they can no longer pay the rent to a noble (?) and wealthy landlord, they are thrown out on the rugged cliffs of their island, and their homes occupied by bailiffs and constables. This is an outrage on humanity, and one which would not be borne tamely by the natives of any land save Ireland. If such be the effects of the new land law, may God pity and help the poor down-trodden peasants who have been

looking forward to it for relief in their troubles. Certainly, there cannot be a shadow of justice in tearing these poor people from their homes—whatever they have is the result of long weary years of toil, and if they are unable to pay what they have hitherto paid—a yearly rent for their miserable holdings—it is a hard and bitter thing. Whatever harvest their island yields is due to their untiring industry, and that of their fathers, and no landlord under the sun has a right to step in, and by one act sweep away forever what has taken years to procure. The constitution that allows such things can never be bettered by parliamentary tinkering, and nothing less than radical changes in the land law of Ireland will benefit the people, and prevent a repetition of scenes so shocking and cruel as that of the eviction on Inishtrake.

## THE STATE OF PARTIES IN BRITAIN.

The strength of the Gladstone administration is, we believe, generally overestimated on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Gladstone's government is indeed at this moment in command of a respectable Parliamentary majority. But that majority—not more than fifty over the combined forces of the Tory and Home Rule parties—is not of that enduring character which could resist another such strain as the Land Bill debate. The divisions taken during that debate show that without support from his opponents the Premier would frequently have been left in a hopeless minority. Mr. Gladstone has never, even when enjoying the support of large majorities, made himself famous as a Parliamentary strategist. He seems never to take his party into confidence on any of his great measures, and has thereby apparently suffered many a defeat. The liberal party of Great Britain is not like the Conservative party, one solidly welded mass of political strength. It is composed of diverse factions of political thought and action. All the more reason, therefore, that its leader should seek by consultation and other conciliatory means to bring its full and undivided strength to the support of his measures. The Irish party, though numerically inferior to either of the two English parties, is still a powerful body in Parliament, and notwithstanding the injustice it has suffered at the hands of the majority, quite capable of making its influence felt. A dissolution at this moment would bring additional strength to the Home Rule party, and enable it to do much more on behalf of the Irish national cause. The party that has most to fear from an election is the liberal. This dread of an appeal to the people influenced the action of the government on the Land Bill, and may prevent the introduction and passage of measures of domestic reform next session.

## RAILROADING ON SUNDAY.

An English traveler, a Major Trotter, has been giving to the world the history of his travels in Central Asia. This history is replete with many curious things, and amongst others he mentions one that is by no means confined to Asia. He says that whilst journeying in that country he met with a sect who worship the devil whilst believing in the existence of God. The reasoning upon which they ground their practice is a most singular one. There are, they say, two spirits, the one good, the other evil. The good spirit is more powerful than the evil one, but since he can only do good to man, it is not necessary to pay any attention to him. With the evil spirit, however, it is quite different, he being able to do harm. It is the prompting of self-interest to keep on good terms with him. If Mr. Trotter was in search of a sect such as this, he certainly might have spared himself much labor and not a little money by looking around him at home in England, and though he might not find many who are professed worshippers of the devil, yet he would find many who are in reality strong adherents of the devil's cause. Or, if he would prefer to find this state of things outside of his native island, all he would have to do would be to step into one

of the Allan line of steamers, and landing at Quebec any Sunday morning amid the noise and bustle incidental to railway travel and rail-car shunting, it would not require any very great stretch of his imagination to fancy himself dropped suddenly into the midst of a sect not unlike his strange friends of Central Asia. A few years ago, or even a few months ago, many turned up their eyes in horror at seeing railroads operated by Yankee authorities running their trains on Sundays, but now we can boast of it ourselves. Verily wonders will never cease.

## PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The utter failure of the stalwart wing of the Republican party in New York to capture the State convention, should be a warning to the new President that the people are thoroughly in earnest in supporting the policy of moderation inaugurated under the late General Garfield. The time has evidently passed when the Republican masses can be controlled as mere chattels by any party leader however able and powerful. The attempts made from time to time by republican factionists to revive the passions of the late civil war, have ended in complete failure as far as political effect is concerned. The issues of that eventful fratricidal conflict are closed forever, and no citizen having at heart the good of his country should make any attempt to reopen them. President Arthur occupies a very delicate and difficult position as the recognized representative of that small portion of the republican party supposed to be bent on perpetuating the animosities of the late civil war. As far as the President himself is concerned, we must say that from what we can learn, he is too kindly of heart and generous of disposition to tear open the scores of a contest long since ended. But a man in his position is largely governed by circumstances. He has to act on the advice of those who surround him. He may himself have a very just perception of right—but the discharge of executive functions being largely entrusted to others, places him more or less at the mercy of persons not specially anxious to carry out his individual views. The new President will certainly do well to surround himself with his best and most trusted friends. By that means alone can he possibly succeed in making his administration as successful as it is of a certainty ought to be.

## MONSIGNOR FARRELLY.

We learn from our exchanges that the Holy Father has conferred a well-deserved honor on one of the veteran clergy of Canada, in the person of Vicar-General Farrelly, of Kingston. Some few days ago His Lordship Bishop Cleary announced that Father Farrelly had been raised to the dignity of a Roman Prelate, as a mark of appreciation for his many services to the church of Kingston. It is not necessary for us to dwell on the wisdom of such an act. For many years the Right Rev. Father Farrelly has been intimately connected with the administration of the diocese of Kingston, both as Vicar-General and administrator, and in all his career has won the esteem and affection of both priests and people. Ever fervent and zealous in the service of his Master, this new honor is not unworthily conferred, and we extend to the Right Rev. Prelate our hearty felicitations and cordially wish him many years to enjoy his new dignity.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The officers of the German Emigrant Society and the Irish Emigrant Society have applied to the Commissioners of Emigration for permission to establish agencies in Castle Garden, for the purpose of looking after the interests of immigrants from Germany and Ireland.

The people of Scotland are now making a move in regard to the land system existing in that country. The Imperial Parliament will be kept pretty busy for some time to come in considering the demand of the honest people who desire to wipe off the old cobwebs of centuries.

We are told that at the recent Methodist Ecumenical Conference in

London: "In their great hospitality the English hosts have arranged a vinous refreshment for the delegates in a side-room chapel." We are afraid this is only too true. If the report proves to be correct, doubtless there will be many certain lectures administered to the delegates on their return. The excuse will most likely be that the consideration of the Romish question was very hard work, and a little wine was absolutely necessary to restore the equilibrium.

The cable man accounted for the absence of the Archbishop of Cashel from the recent meeting of the Irish Bishops at Maynooth, by saying that he was "on the Continent." It now appears that on his way thither the illustrious Prelate, accompanied by Most Rev. Doctor Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, paid a special visit to, and had a long and highly satisfactory interview with Michael Davitt in Portland prison. The cable man forgot to tell that part of the story.

The Montreal Post directs attention to the fact that the three principal figures in the swearing in of the new President in the early morning in New York City, immediately after the demise of President Garfield, were all of them sons of Irish immigrants. A friend at our elbow remarks: "What a lucky thing for them that their fathers did emigrate, or else President Arthur and Judges Brady and Donohue, instead of to-day holding their present exalted positions, might be huddled amongst Mr. 'Buckshot' Foster's 'Suspects' in Her Majesty's prison, Kilmainham. Such is life!"

## HAMILTON LETTER.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.—FATHER MATHEW COMMEMORATION—A SERIOUS CHARGE.—LATEST FROM THE MOON.—LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.—DUNDAS ITEMS.—IMPROVEMENTS AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH.—RELIGIOUS MATTERS.—NEW AND USEFUL SOCIETY.—SCHOOL NOTES.—HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.—"WOODMAN, SPARE THE TREE"—MISCELLANEOUS.

## IS QUEBEC THE ULTIMA THULE?

THIRTY MILES NORTH OF QUEBEC.

Lake St. Joseph.

## EN ROUTE FOR LAKE ST. JOSEPH.

I once heard the late William Lyon McKenzie, (Peace to his Ashes) say that the city of Quebec was the Ultima Thule—or to give his own words—"the tail-end of civilization." But the vast valley of the Lac St. Jean was not then known as well as it is today, as far as the lake is concerned, and 'tis said, fertile enough to form a Province of itself—and of course the distinguished Radical leader spoke according to his lights. The railway, now being constructed, and which is already graded and ready to be run, will, in a short time, bring the city of St. Raymond, about forty miles from Quebec city, and having a population of 5,000, will develop the country still more. The lake is about 40 miles due north of the city, but the actual length of rail will be about 170 miles. The outlet of the lake is the famous River Saguenay, and a distinguished dignitary of the church spoke to me recently of the capabilities of the surrounding country in the highest terms. But for years and years often heard of the beauty of the lake.

## LAKE ST. JOSEPH.

but had never been able, for one reason or another, to indulge my desire of judging for myself. This desire was, however, so whetted by a group of sketches, accompanied by a graphic pen and ink description which appeared in the Canadian Illustrated News, of the 23rd July, that I determined to spend a day or two of my "holidays" in gratifying it. I was, however, more fortunate than the artist in question, as instead of being obliged to make a long detour, as he had to do, thanks to the facilities offered by the QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOSEPH RAILWAY, I was enabled to reach my destination by a shorter and much more convenient route. Taking advantage of the tri-weekly excursion train which had been running since the previous month, I embarked at about nine o'clock on a Tuesday morning, early in September, on board the cars at the Palais station with a number of others, including two gentlemen and the son of one of them, all three disciples of "Frank Walton," who were bound to the lake. The Q. & L. St. J. R. Co. utilize the track of the Quebec, Montreal and Occidental (or "North Shore") Railway as far as Lorette Junction. Here we branched off in a north-westerly direction, passing through a somewhat thickly settled but uninteresting tract of country till we reached the River Jacques Cartier, over which an iron bridge—said to be one of the best in Canada—has been constructed, and where a saw-mill, the property of Mr. James Connolly, is in operation. Crossing the river the country began to take a more picturesque appearance, and we reached "Morrissey's station" in about an hour and a half after leaving Quebec. Here, owing to the provision of my sporting friends, we found the ever-obliging "Charlie" White, with his "buckboard" ready to take us to the lake, notwithstanding that the Q. & L. St. J. R. Co. is only in course of construction, the track is wonderfully smooth—owing no doubt to the skill of the contractors, Messrs. McClellan and Cameron and Mr. Gibson—the cars are comfortable and cleanly and cheery voice of a "Red Crean" was missing. I found the conductor obliging. Embarked on the "buckboards" aforesaid and my friends' rods, baskets and other necessary accouters being secured, we started. The "buckboard" is just the vehicle for such a road as the one we now had to traverse for about a mile and a half or two miles. The artist before referred to describes it—the buckboard—as "well

no change; as he was a generation ago so he is now—pious, zealous, faithful, and the idol of his people.

While due attention is being given to the improvement of the church property, the spiritual benefit of the congregation, Rev. Frank Feeney, curate to Dean O'Reilly, is an invaluable assistant. He has formed a sodality of young men, called the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and already has made it popular. It is calculated to be beneficial in various ways, religiously and intellectually. Meetings are held regularly and frequently, at which instructions specially adapted for young men are given, and once a month Mass is celebrated particularly for the members. Besides, it is intended to establish a library and reading room as soon as arrangements for these purposes can be matured. Here is ample opportunity for self-improvement, morally and mentally; as it has all the elements necessary to develop these qualities that make men faithful and practical in their religious duties, as well as intelligent and useful members of society at large.

School affairs are also in a very satisfactory condition. Under the active superintendence of Father Feeney, much has been done by way of improvement. The premises have been refitted, apparatus added, and some new features introduced into the internal management. Among the latter is a system of monthly examinations, which have been the means of exciting emulation and a keener interest in study. The Reverend gentleman is also about to introduce entertaining and instructive periodicals for the use of the pupils, with a view of not only furnishing innocent amusement, but also of cultivating tastes for sound healthy literature. The Dundas church is not without its tradition. On the south side of the churchyard stands a majestic linden tree, guarded with age but still rugged and vigorous. Under its spreading branches, nearly a hundred years ago, a Jesuit missionary is said to have once celebrated Mass. All the associations of that distant period have disappeared—the forest, the stream, and the Indian congregation, but the old tree stands there yet and daily witnesses (if anything inanimate can observe) the offering of that same great sacrifice which the sturdy missionary offered at its base before Dundas had its being. CLANCILLIE.

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enough so long as it is not called upon to surmount a height of more than two feet," and I fully agree with him. Oh! what a road! But all our troubles in this direction were more than compensated by the glorious scene that suddenly burst upon our view through a clearance, when we had got about two-thirds over it. The lake was there in all its grandeur! Arrived at "White's" station we found a sturdy throw of his hands, we were made to feel at once that we were "at home." "Charlie" and his amiable wife, and the patriarchal head of this very hospitable farm-house were there, all vying with each other as to who should most contribute to the comfort of the visitors.

After partaking of refreshments, my piscatorial friends got their "gear" in working order, and off they started for the fishing grounds in a safe and comfortable canoe, still under the care and direction of friend Charlie. It will, of course, later on many of my readers be told that they returned in the evening with pretty well filled baskets of fine trout and most delicious bass. As for myself, being of a more rustic turn of mind, I took a stroll along the banks of the lake, now admiring its grandeur—particularly that of the further or modern banks, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of some seventy to a hundred feet, and anon resting myself under the shade of the dense growth of foliage with which it is surrounded, and which was just beginning to show the least tinge of Autumn. The next day—all day—was pretty much a repetition of the preceding one, and on the Thursday my friends after some hours' spent at their favorite amusement, again embarked on the buckboard and starting for home, left me "all alone in my glory." But not lonely, for who could indulge in that feeling in such a lovely spot? Later, I had an opportunity of seeing more of the lake, under the guidance of my genial friend already so often named. I started out. We visited and ascended for a considerable distance, the beautiful albeit somewhat sluggish *Rivière aux pins*, its banks on either side thickly fringed with trees. Returning, we crossed over to and skirted along the shore of the "Upper Lake," occasionally casting a line, but I am sorry to say with indifferent success. It was a beautiful day. The clouds of a mixed purple and scarlet hue were reflected in the waters, seemingly at an illimitable depth, and if that were possible, of a far and away more beautiful color. Of course, this was an optical illusion, but the illusion was none the less grand, and actually was an illusion. The lake is somewhat in shape of a parallelogram; it is about seven miles long and varies in width from a mile to two miles. Its outlet is into the River Jacques Cartier before mentioned, which itself discharges into the St. Lawrence above Quebec. The clouds of a mixed purple and scarlet hue were reflected in the waters, seemingly at an illimitable depth, and if that were possible, of a far and away more beautiful color. Of course, this was an optical illusion, but the illusion was none the less grand, and actually was an illusion. The lake is somewhat in shape of a parallelogram; it is about seven miles long and varies in width from a mile to two miles. Its outlet is into the River Jacques Cartier before mentioned, which itself discharges into the St. Lawrence above Quebec. 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