

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### CATHOLIC PRESS.

Freeman's Journal.  
Mr. Foster's base attack on Mr. Parnell, in the British House of Commons on February 22nd, was one of those exhibitions of impotent rage like that which the illustrious chief of the Liberal Party gave when he wrote the infamous Vatican pamphlet. It is an outrage on decency and common-sense to consider Mr. Foster's reckless abuse in any other light. Mr. Parnell, with the exception of his injudicious visit to Paris, and his signing of the "No-Rent" manifesto, has acted, under the most difficult conditions, with exceeding prudence and wisdom. He has made a record which, should he die to-morrow, would make him famous as the one great Irish political leader, who marched on unwaveringly against deadly foes, with cooler dispassion in his own camp. Mr. Foster's charges that Mr. Parnell and the Land League countenanced assassination, are the venal cries of a man maddened by defeat.

Justice Inghram sustained the Mayor's decision not to grant Mr. Salmi Morse a license to make money by blasphemy. Mr. Morse, a Jewish martyr to a burning desire to teach the Christian religion in New York by means of the "Passion Play," declares that he will wander from land to land until justice is obtained. Mr. Salmi Morse is perhaps the wandering Jew. He will wander through many ways before he can induce any Christian people to tolerate a hypocritical, blasphemous burlesque in Passion or in Holy Week. The cant and drivell of this preacher are disgusting. He has hit upon the expedient of giving "dress rehearsals"—and the Herald describes the "Rev." Wannemacher as travestying the sacred speeches of Our Lord before a small audience, and the antics of a coquetish Jewess as His Blessed Mother. Morse's lawyers have decided that Judge Inghram's opinion is not law. But, nevertheless, there will be no "Passion Play" in New York City; and the mercenary blasphemer will make no attempts to evade the law by giving "dress rehearsals" if the police do their duty. It is remarkable that, for all Morse's drivell and self-advertising, he is almost without sympathizers even among the sentimentalists who are always ready to take up a "quarry."

Buffalo Catholic Union.  
The largest man in the British service is Lieut. Sutherland of the Fifty-sixth Regiment. He is six feet four inches high and weighs twenty-six stone.—N. Y. Sun. That British trooper is more than matched by Father Turner, a Kentucky friar, who in the course of a mission at St. John's Church, Lockport, last week, was engaged in fighting the battles of the Church militant. This brave Dominican who so frightened the devil, is only six feet six inches high and three hundred and twenty-five lbs. in weight. Behold the growth of popery in this land of the free where it has room to expand.

Boston Pilot.  
M. JULES SIMON, six years ago the head of a Liberal ministry in France, has just published a remarkable book, "God, Fatherland, Liberty," in which, amongst other startling things, he says—"Let us now ask what we have done in the last three years. We have merely made ruins. We have degraded and debilitated by subjecting them to the mobs, and the mobs by depriving them of their beliefs. Such in true words is our history. . . . At home there is no longer a Government, and abroad there is no longer a France. Our material situation is lost in Egypt, our strength impaired in Algeria, our relations with Rome and London more than jeopardized. . . . The peasant has still beliefs. He has hopes of another life; he has not yet unlearned to pronounce the name of God. If he becomes a Nihilist, we shall have the Commune in the towns, and the Jaegeries outside." To those who have noted the conditions of France within the last three or four years the words of Jules Simon are burdened with bitter truths.

We would not for the world attempt to throw discredit on the assertions of such a dead shot as Dr. Carver; but when he tells a reporter that the Prince of Wales testified to his admiration of the marksman's skill by giving him a magnificent gold watch and a valuable diamond pin, and that the other prince gave him diamonds and the like, and finally, that the crowned heads of Europe in general presented him with \$150,000 worth of valuables, we only wonder at the royal generosity. We dissent however from his statement that "no such honors were ever before bestowed upon an American." It is on record that Artemus Ward's uncle William won the English heart, by the merits of his famous soap, which retailed at two pence a cake, that "they offered him a dual coronet, but he said 'No! Give it to the poor.'" Dr. Carver is a marvellous shot, with rifle or long-bow.

Western Watchman.  
"THERE are 700,000 children in New York State who do not attend Sunday schools," said William A. Duncan at a

meeting held in Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York city, in aid of the New York State Sunday School Association. He said that in Oneida County, out of 25,000 children, 20,000 do not attend Sunday school, and that similar returns come from other counties. In Onondaga County, he said, twelve Protestant churches are closed and rotting, simply because the farms have been bought by Roman Catholics and others, and there are not enough Protestants left to keep the churches alive. A printed report was circulated in the audience which stated that there are 900,000 children and youths, nominally Protestant, not under Sunday school instruction, and that there are children not far from large towns who never hear the name of Jesus.

San Francisco Monitor.  
"Lent—Archbishop Alamy has issued regulations for Lent. The bill of fare is very fine, and the only trouble we have is to get all the good things allowed. We intend to do our best, however, and hope that we shall be excused if we do not eat as much fish, milk, butter, eggs, cheese, etc., as he allows."—P. C. Advocate. Whenever a Methodist preacher attempts to say anything "smart" it sounds as much like wit as the braying of a donkey sounds like music! For the information of Brother Crary, who gets off the above glowing paragraph in the last Advocate, we tell him that the Lenten regulations are not addressed to any but Christians, and experience has taught all ecclesiastical authorities the inutility of trying to get Methodist preachers to fast or abstain from anything "good for the stomach," so Brother Crary can carry out his natural inclination of making a glutton of himself without the least danger of scandalizing anybody!

Catholic Columbian.  
The men and women who are going about preaching prohibition, denouncing the use of liquor as unlawful, and abusing those who drink liquor, would be the first to denounce the Catholic Church for insisting upon belief in certain truths as necessary to salvation. Oh, yes; the Catholic Church is a tyrant, and destroys liberty of thought when it preaches against the prevailing crimes of the day; but when fanatics try to bind up the liberties of people by stringent civil laws, it is all right, of course.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a very kind invitation for ourself (Father Clark) and "ladies," if you please, to the Annual Dinner and Reception of St. Patrick's Society, Chicago, Friday, March 10, 1883, in honor of the anniversary of St. Patrick. We are sorry that ourself and "ladies" are denied the pleasure of attendance, and hope the banquet will not forget that the day is a Friday in Lent and commemorates the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

Western Watchman.  
"ACCURSED," says the Scripture, "is the man who places his confidence in man." The good need not the approval of this world; but the hope of the wicked shall perish. A bad man is a delusion makes him a prey to the deceiver. A conspiracy of evil-disposed men is exposed to betrayal from within, and detection from without; and by its own nature is subject to dissolution. Men who are personal and present interest can be led from the path of rectitude, can be a larger and more certain interest be conducted back again. There never was a conspiracy that did not sooner or later bring its members to infamy. The canker worm of every conspiracy is the informer. Of all the words of human speech there is none that carried with it such a load of loathing as the betrayer, the traitor, the renegade; and all three are expressed in the one word, Informer. Judas Iscariot is the most infamous man that ever stood upon this planet; but he has had partners in infamy in every age of the world. The execution of mankind is summed up in the curse of the Fire-shipper: "May he live forever in sight of Paradise, seeing Heaven and feeling Hell!"

Baltimore Mirror.  
The equanimity of the Protestant mind in Baltimore has been disturbed, and, like a fish out of water, it flapped and floundered around last Sunday in a way that must have caused the uninitiated spectator to smile. The cause of this turbulence was a lecture delivered last Friday evening by Rev. Wm. Kirkus, D. D., pastor of the Episcopal Church of St. Michael and All Angels. In that lecture the Reverend Doctor proved himself an iconoclast to Protestant institutions by attempting to dismantle the Sabbath of its divine origin, and emphatically declaring that "religion includes much more than the observance of the Lord's Day—so much more that by itself, apart from the rest of our religious duties and facts and doctrines on which they are based, the observance of Sunday is not worth considering." Then the naughty Doctor went on to say in effect that a number of the pet ideas of Protestants were all wrong. It was wrong to attempt to deprive a large portion of the community by legislative action from enjoying certain privileges because the minority thought they were wicked. He also administered a pill by intimating that a disintegration of Church and State existed, and that the observance of Sunday was a practice of the Church with which the State had nothing to do. These were sentiments which the most phlegmatic of the sects could not withstand. It was bad enough when, in New York—that city of iniquity—Dr. Newton put the Bible in the pillory and pelleted it with his solemns, but to have an enemy arise from their own hearthstone and endeavor to

upset the pedestals which supported their pet doctrines, it was too bad. Stirring up a hornet's nest was mere fun compared to the whirl and buzz of criticism which his sentiments aroused. Traitor, scourge, iconoclast, and tippler are synonyms for the epithets applied to him; but the Doctor is hardy, and will doubtless bear his chastisement in meekness. In the last issue of the American Literary Churchman, of which Dr. Kirkus is the editor, he says: "Before Church people set about the unconstitutional task of enforcing the due observance of Sunday by the aid of the policeman, it might perhaps be well for them to make some slight effort to mend their own manners. 'Sabbath-keeping' is generally supposed to consist, for practical purposes, in attending church, when the weather is fine, on about three Sunday mornings out of five. Nearly every clergyman in the United States complains that he cannot get an evening congregation. He tries every device—good music, courses of lectures, variety of preachers, and the like—but all in vain. Even in the morning the zeal of the men is a virtue of very unstable equilibrium. They want to be longer in bed, they want a walk or a drive, they visit or receive visitors for a quiet chat and smoke; and, as to church, they send their womankin and children to represent them. Now we do not say that it is wrong, but we suggest that it does not indicate any overpowering enthusiasm. And when these Sunday people, with their obvious anxiety not to be frightened overmuch, vote for Sunday legislation, the wicked world makes grimaces and uses offensive language. When the saints are so tremendously in earnest there really does seem to be some little excuse for the sinners." The Doctor is right. It requires something more than Sunday legislation to make people moral, good and righteous. It needs the influence of a religion that will "hake the sin out of a man," as Father Burke puts it; a religion of authority, armed with a divine commission to teach. State legislation may produce hypocrites—Christians never.

Catholic Herald.  
It betrays a very unchristian spirit when a man is down in the world and well-wicked for being down, that man to gloat with pleasure over the downfall of his neighbor when the latter is subjected to the chastening effects of the rod of affliction. It is unchristian, but very natural, and no small share of heroism is necessary for a man to be down in the world, and kicked for being down, that man to gloat with pleasure over the downfall of his neighbor when the latter is subjected to the chastening effects of the rod of affliction. It is unchristian, but very natural, and no small share of heroism is necessary for a man to be down in the world, and kicked for being down, that man to gloat with pleasure over the downfall of his neighbor when the latter is subjected to the chastening effects of the rod of affliction. It is unchristian, but very natural, and no small share of heroism is necessary for a man to be down in the world, and kicked for being down, that man to gloat with pleasure over the downfall of his neighbor when the latter is subjected to the chastening effects of the rod of affliction.

The Jesuit Schools.  
The *Pull Mail Gazette* says: "Many of the Jesuit Fathers give their tutorial services almost gratuitously as a labor of love, and this enables their schools to employ three or four times as many masters as one finds in the lay academies. The boys committed to their charge are never left alone for a moment. At play as at work the masters are with them, exerting and encouraging them, seeking to draw out and win their confidence, so that the most self-contained and taciturn of lads cannot long conceal his character from their watchful eyes. One of the consequences of this is that parents feel much safer in sending their boys to the Jesuit schools than elsewhere. They know that these boys are really taken care of and compelled to behave themselves with propriety, which is far from being the case at the lycées. A lycéen delights in breaking rules, and seems to glory in contracting bad habits on the sly—smoking, frequenting cafes, reading vile books, etc.—but a Jesuit's pupil is afraid to do any of these things because the spiritual bondage in which he is held by the confessional and by the daily, hourly supervision of his masters would render it impossible that he should hide his fault. If he goes out from Saturday till Monday with some friends he is required on the Tuesday to confess all he did during his holiday; and if, having concealed anything in the confessional, he goes and communicates the same to a comrade, the chances are many to one that the latter will eventually betray him from weakness, if not out of a brotherly concern for the welfare of his soul."

BOOK NOTICES.  
We have before us a copy of Father Lambert's excellent little book, "Notes on Ingersoll," published by the Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo. Father Lambert deals in a clear, vigorous and thorough style with the blasphemous of Ingersollism. His "notes" should be in the hands of every young man in the country. They embody a complete refutation of the errors of unbeliever to-day, and, unfortunately, is so wide-spread on this continent. No longer does it conceal itself from public view, but is published in its preachers and apostles. It counts its votaries by the thousand in every great centre of thought and activity in America. Catholic young men brought into sudden contact with it are often placed at a disadvantage that Father Lambert's work effectually removes. We hope to see this work attain the wide-spread circulation and timely appearance and intimate merits deserve.

We have been much pleased and edified by a recent perusal of Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien's little book, "Mater Amabilis," published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. This work is, as its title page indicates, the verbal hand-book of instruction for the poor and unprotected of our Blessed Lady. The learned Archbishop of Halifax divides his treatise into two parts. In the first, consisting of nine chapters, he gives, very fully and forcibly, the reasons for devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and in the second, consisting of six chapters, discusses the nature and motives of the special devotions practiced by Catholics in regard to the Holy Mother of God. "Mater Amabilis" is a book that should have a place in every Catholic household.

One of the most useful and instructive books it has been our lot for many years to peruse is that entitled "The Judges of the Faith and Godless Schools," written

by Rev. Thomas L. Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., and published by Thomas D. Egan, New York. This work, addressed by the author to Catholic parents, contains a compilation of evidences against secular schools the world over, but especially in the United States. This evidence is drawn from Papal letters, from decrees of Councils, and from personal letters—all placed in excellent order and dealt with by the author in the most succinct manner. This book, while highly useful and instructive to Catholic parents, must prove invaluable to all who write and speak on the all-important subject of Catholic education. We earnestly commend it to all our readers.

What to Eat During Lent  
is a question which every year presents itself to the Catholic housewife, with a regularity as annoying as it is certain. In the hope of answering this, Benziger Bros., 311 Broadway, New York, have issued a Cook-book for Lent, filled to overflowing with plain, practical, and toothsome receipts, by aid of which the most inexperienced, even with meagre materials, can prepare wholesome and palatable food at a moderate cost. The book is the result of many years practical and observing housekeeping by a thoroughly practical woman, and can not but prove a veritable boon to the Catholic housekeeper. It is of convenient size, 16mo, and to be with in reach of all, is published at the low price of 20 cents. Send for a copy!

Why Gambetta Hated the Church.  
The following opinions expressed by M. Gambetta some time previous to his death will throw some light on his motives of animosity against the Church and the clerical party:

"The army is profoundly clerical. I do not speak of the soldiers, but of the officers who were prepared at the Rue des Postes for Saint Cyr and the Polytechnique. As Catholics they are for the principle of authority in civil and political affairs, and are angered at the defeat of the 16th of May. All those who did not graduate at the Rue des Postes are with us, and many of them keep me informed of the intrigues that are kept up on one side by the Orleansist princes and on the other by the Chiselhurst party." Gambetta moreover said: "The Catholic Church can never be the friend of a regime that is not based on authority. It is tenacious, persevering in its modes of action, has esprit de suite, unity of direction, and is the soul of royalist resistance. This is why I preach that 'le Clericalisme est l'ennemi.'"

A remarkable saying of Gambetta is quoted by the Paris correspondent of the [London] Tablet: "When Little died, my friends were indignantly deploring in Gambetta's presence the weakness and treachery which induced the illustrious savant to profess Christianity on his death-bed. 'Who can tell,' remarked Gambetta, lifting his hand and letting it fall on the arm of his chair, 'perhaps Little did right after all. It is a great toss up (pile ou face) that we are on the other side of death.' M. Paul Bert, the 'dog torturer,' frustrated all attempts to afford glory to the effort to the dying statesman, upon whose reflection: 'While he was recruiting his strength and meditating fresh assaults upon the Church, and promising himself victory, the Divine Son of the Carpenter was preparing his coffin.'"—*Pull Mail Gazette*.

The Wearing of the Green.  
A paragraph in the Graphic notes the fact that there will be twenty Irish-born representatives in the next House of Representatives, and only seven German-born representatives, although the German-born population of the United States is considerably the larger.

These Milesians are wiry, nervous, enterprising, active, and to some extent intemperate. Their blood has been kept warm in the fatherland by the necessity of getting the food necessary to live. They do not in most instances shrink from getting rich, but to keep themselves from starving to death. They are sharp-nosed and aggressive. They have fought through generations to live, and the larger ambition, to get honor and to get rich, follows naturally. They have fire in their eyes, and their hands and jaws are capacious, as the result of the continual struggle they have been unable to avoid. There are peoples that would have died out under this long injustice and apprehension. They would at least become submissive, like the transplanted African. They would at least have rested their claims on their breast and have waited until all the rest of the world had forgotten the grinding it had been subjected to had not been for the purpose of dulling so much as brightening and making keener its edge. It is impossible to destroy such a people as this. It comes out of its daily and nightly horror with a brighter face, a more manly spirit, a sharper wit and more waiting ambition. It is marvellous that such a people should not have risen and overpowered its oppressors long before this, regardless of the vast difference in numbers, and that its island should not have grown into green and blossom and fruit for its own and other benefiting every avenue of American civilization. All things considered, they are distancing, in proportion of numbers, not only Germans, but Americans. They can hold more offices and transact their duties more profitably to themselves, and sometimes more profitably to the public, than our slower thinking and slower going citizens. They ought to have a republic all alone to themselves.—N. Y. Daily Graphic.

Sad Effects of Secret Societies.  
Denunciations of secret societies continue to fall from the pulpits and altars in Dublin. Cardinal McCabe was terribly urgent on the subject the other day, when warning the members of a sodality at Harold's Cross against all dealings with any one connected with them. Unfortunately the wretches who do the mischief are far beyond the reach of priests or Bishops. When the man Dowling, charged with shooting constable Cox, lay as it was thought, dying in the hospital in

care of the Sisters of Mercy, they of course brought a priest to his side. "Ah," said Dowling, "you are a priest, are you? You may go away. It's many a day since I had anything to do with the men of your cloth."

### Cardinal Newman at Oxford.

By J. A. Froude.  
Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say witty things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prose he could not be. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. Personal admiration inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who ever heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from secret preachers before the university. News an, taking some Scripture characters for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our excruciations. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the spring of a fountain out of the rock.

### Thomas A Kempis.

Many have seen this name after some sage piece of advice or quaint criticism, and have wondered who he is or was. His name was not Kempis, but Hamerken. He lived in Kempen and as a means of distinguishing him from other Thomases he was called Thomas Kempen. He was born in 1379 and when twenty-one determined to devote himself to the service of God, and so entered a monastery, where he led a secluded life more than ninety years. His character for sanctity and learning stood very high among the people of his own time, but his name has come down to us more on account of his writings, which carry the reader to the soul of a mystic and the heights of a saint. Of these only one now remains famous; it is the celebrated treatise "On the Following (or Imitation) of Christ." The original is now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and next to the original manuscript first belonged to the Monastery of St. Agnes, in which Thomas A Kempis spent his life. Besides being a very rare old book, with an everlasting treasury of good things in it, it has had quite a history.—[Scholar's Companion, Protestant.]

Queen Elizabeth and the Rosary.  
Among the penal laws against Catholics in the time of Queen Elizabeth of England was a prohibition of using or even possessing a Rosary. But thirty years after the established Protestant services the Rosary was still used openly in Wales. The common people said they could read upon their beads as easily as others in their books, and they made such a clinking with them during the service that complaint was made that the minister could hardly be heard for the noise!

And in spite of the penalties, confraternities of the most Holy Rosary flourished secretly throughout England all through the time of persecution, and aided powerfully to foster the heroic spirit of the faithful in setting at naught the rack, the gibbet and the axe. The devil makes the Rosary a special subject of temptations, weariness, contempt, and the like. Persevere in it and it will itself be the chain of your final perseverance.—Father Faber.

### When Will it Come?

At a recent meeting held in Boston to protest against England's banishment of the Irish people, Mr. Thomas Reilly, President of the Charitable Irish Society of that city, in a speech, said: "When the inhabitants of a country quit the country *en masse*, said the late John Stuart Mill, because its government will not make it a place fit for them to live in, the government is judged and condemned." Before the civilized world the English government is judged and condemned, and some day the sentence will be carried out. "Every evil," says Emerson, "has its compensation," and the compensation for this terrible evil of Irish emigration is this—that, in addition to the 5,000,000 at home, England has confronting her more than 25,000,000 scattered throughout the globe, and these millions love the old land all the more fiercely, because of the cruel wrongs and the battles, sieges, fortunes, through which they have passed. It cannot be consoling to England to know that fully 10,000,000 of them are here, free as the air they breathe, loyal and true to the stars and stripes, and always ready to lend a helping hand to dear old Ireland!

### Always Beginning.

St. Francis used to say continually to his brothers: "My brethren, let us begin to love God a little." He felt that he was at the outset of the way of perfection—a mere beginner in the science of God. If we think ourselves to be more, it is because we are less. If we think ourselves more than beginners, it is a sign that we have hardly yet begun. There is no security for perseverance except in always advancing. To stand still is impossible.—Cardinal Manning.

### Adventure With an Octopus.

Nelson Evening Mail.

Mr. H. Vavasour, a well-known settler in Taranaki, was recently a visitor to Flaxbury, in the Marlborough district, and being at the boat harbor determined upon having a bathe in the sea. The water was clear and deep, and after enjoying a swim he was returning to the shore, and had just placed his hands on a ledge of rocks which runs out seawards, and was about to leave the water, when a cold arm was swiftly thrown over his shoulder and the extremity as quickly fixed on to his chest with a grip somewhat resembling that of a cupping glass. Almost simultaneously a second arm encircled his waist and obtained an equally strong hold, and immediately he felt himself being dragged downwards, and then in a desperate plight, for he had no foot hold, and all that he had to oppose to this terrible tugging from the depths of the sea was the comparatively powerless hold which his hand had on the rocks. However, he did not lose his presence of mind, but called out to a shepherd who had been his companion, and who was standing not far off, and he, without a moment's loss of time ran to his assistance, saw at a glance what was the matter, and drawing his sheath-knife stooped down from his ledge of rock and severed first one and then the other of the arms of this horrible monster of the deep, and thus released Mr. H. Vavasour, who in another minute or two must have succumbed. After so narrow an escape most men would have had quite enough of a devil fish for one day at least. But not so Mr. Vavasour. After a few minutes rest he became anxious to know what had become of his late enemy, and peering over the side of the rock, he saw him lying sick and sorry from the loss of two of his arms at the bottom of the sea. Mr. Vavasour is a splendid diver and a strong swimmer, and he, without a moment's hesitation, determined to become the aggressor where he had so nearly been the victim. Having obtained a hook and a rope from the boat station, he with these plunged into the water, cautiously approaching the brute, whose recent experience of cold steel had produced a most depressing effect upon him, and contrived to run the hook in his gelatinous body, and having secured a firm hold he returned to the rock, and with the aid of the shepherd, who had been viewing the proceedings with astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, succeeded in dragging the monster ashore. Satisfied with this having had his revenge, he did not make any minute examination of his vanquished foe, but describes the body as being some four feet across, and the suckers "as big as my hand."