

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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London, Sat., August 30th, 1890.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ONE of the momentous occurrences of the day is the hostile attitude of the New York Central Railway Company and its employees. It seems that some time since members of the Knights of Labor gave testimony, after having been requested so to do, before a Legislative Committee, in regard to the working of what is known as "Combines," associations of capitalists whose purpose is to compel the public at large to pay the very highest price for everything they buy. The testimony of these men, it is claimed, provoked the ire of the New York Central officials, and it appears as though they had resolved to quietly rid the corporation of all employees who are members of the Knights of Labor. In the discussion of the trouble so far Mr. Powderly's side of the case is by far the strongest. Mr. Webb, third vice president of the road, appears to be the head and front of the movement on the part of the railroad. Haughty, proud and tyrannical is Mr. Webb, and doubtless he is supported and encouraged by men of the same calibre who have so far remained behind the curtains. We hope the outcome of the struggle will serve to convince these autocrats that they do not own the country, and that their most humble employees have rights and liberties that must be protected. The day is gone by when any man, be he titled aristocrat or soulless capitalist, will be accorded the privilege of dealing unfairly with his fellow-man.

THE Committee of the Presbyterian Church in England, which has for its special charge the subject of the Confession of Faith, has decided in favor of amending the ordination formula by substituting the question, "Do you believe in the body of Christ doctrine as set forth in the twenty-four articles of the faith passed by the synod of 1890?" instead of the question now put which requires belief in the Westminster Confession. This virtually abolishes the Westminster Confession as the standard of the Church, and, if the recommendation be adopted by the next General Assembly, as it most probably will be, it will no longer be necessary for Presbyterian ministers to believe, as at present, that the Pope is anti-Christ, or that God has from all eternity doomed some to perdition for sins which they could not avoid committing, inasmuch as they were committed in virtue of God's decree. This is certainly an improvement upon the old doctrine, but what guarantee have we that the new Confession is any more truthful than the old one, which was declared to be the only truth as revealed by God? It is evident that in Presbyterianism the teaching of the Church is merely experimental, as it is to be changed according to the fancies of each succeeding generation.

THE delegates to the Methodist General Conference which is to meet in Montreal have been notified that provision has been made for the billeting of ministers, but that lay delegates must provide for themselves during the two or three weeks during which the Conference is expected to remain in session. The billeting committee explain that they have taken this course because at the last meeting of the conference the lay delegates resolved not to accept billeting, and also because the Montrealers have no wish to billet the laymen. Many of them this year are of opinion, however, that the object of the committee was to discourage laymen from being present at the conference, so that the clerical influence might prevail. It would appear that whether or not this be the purpose of the committee, such will be the result of their action, as many of the delegates feel that they are not able to afford the expense of hotel bills for so long a time. It is even proposed by some who are offended at the distinction thus made that the conference assemble in some other town or city where more hospitality will be shown than Montreal seems willing to extend.

THE Rev. Mr. Bell-Cox, who five years ago was imprisoned for contumacy by persevering in Ritualistic practices which he was prohibited under the Public Worship Regulation Act from practicing, has been finally released by the House of Lords. He was released before under a writ of *habeas corpus*, through a judgment of the Queen's Bench Court; but the Court of Appeal reversed the judgment and committed him back to custody. He appealed to the House of Lords, and the decision of the Queen's Bench has been sustained. The grounds on which his release was ordered were

distinct from the actual merits of the case, nevertheless his triumph is regarded by the Ritualists as a great victory for their cause. This is one of the numerous cases which show how completely the Church of England is a creature of the State. Surely a Church which depends so entirely, for both its doctrine and ritual, upon laws enacted by a national Parliament, of every shade of creed, whether in England or Scotland, Germany or Switzerland, cannot be the Church in which Christ established "some Apostles, and some Prophets, and other some Evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the Unity of Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God . . . henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." (Eph. iv; 11-13).

IT has become almost a certainty that Ireland is on the brink of a famine. Very little has been said on the subject by the London papers, yet so long ago as May and June many parish priests of Cork county gave warning that the potato blight had appeared, and disaster was inevitable. Mr. Michael Davitt had given, from personal observation in many quarters, similar warning, and the news comes now by cable that some deaths have occurred in Clonakilly from eating blighted potatoes, and that many persons are prostrated from the same cause. The pigs are also in many cases injured. It is stated that half the population between Kinsale and Skibereen will be without food—and this is only a sample of what will occur throughout the country. On the Ponsonby estate the farmers are ploughing up all the potatoes, and planting cabbages that they may have some kind of food for winter. We hope to see immediate steps taken through Canada and the United States to afford relief to the sufferers promptly at the first appearance of extensive distress. America has never been behindhand in rendering assistance in Ireland's need, and it should not be behindhand on the present occasion. The Shylock landlords, of course, will not relax their demands during the period of suffering, and it may be expected that the horrors of eviction will keep pace with those of starvation.

THE PRECEDENCE QUESTION.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Manning is reported to be in feeble condition. When ascending the pulpit at Drompton Oratory the other day he tottered in his walk from the weakness of age. The London Times has been for some months attacking the rule of precedence which has been adopted at Court, giving His Eminence his proper rank as a Prince of the Church, and the other day it had an article summing up the matter, and saying that he is really nobody in the eyes of the law, or at least can take no precedence from anything he has become since he ceased to be an archdeacon in the English Church forty years ago. It concludes that "Cardinal Manning has glided quietly into a recognized position to which he has no rightful claim. Personally he may care nothing for it, but he will none the less value it for the sake of his Church and as a quasi-recognition of the ecclesiastical chief who has made him what he now is."

The Times may in its supreme littleness make light of the position of a Prince of the Catholic Church, and from that journal, always anti-Catholic and anti-Irish, and with a reputation smirched and sullied by other transactions no less foul than the Pigott forgeries, nothing less than the above spiteful remarks could be expected, but even the Salisbury Government cannot ignore the position of the Pope as the spiritual sovereign of two hundred and fifty millions of people, and unwilling though the Times may be to acknowledge the very existence of the Catholic Church within British dominion, it cannot undo the fact that she is a powerful factor therein, and her influence cannot be ignored in Ireland, Canada, Australia, far away India, Cape Colony and elsewhere in the British Empire, and even in Protestant England and Scotland. We have recently witnessed the fact that in spite of the penal laws to which the Times appeals in support of its position, that the Government was obliged to send a special plenipotentiary, though under a minor title, to ask the Pope to settle difficulties with which the Government had to deal in its relations with the Catholic people of Malta. The Times may howl with rage, but the stubborn facts will remain to its discomfiture. The position of the

Church and of the Pope does not depend even upon the recognition of the Government of the British Empire. It is recognized by the sovereigns of the world, Protestant, Catholic and Infidel, from the Emperor of Germany, Austria and Russia, to the Turkish Sultan, the King of Sweden, and the Japanese Mikado, all of whom paid their respects to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his jubilee. We may well apply to the Times, and to the penal laws which it would still keep in force, if it had the power, the words of the Royal Prophet:

"Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder, and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them." (ps. ii)

The influence of the head of the Catholic Church is not to be ignored, and the status of a Cardinal is its necessary consequence. It is ridiculous nonsense for the Times to attempt to lower the Cardinalate to the level of an Archdeacon of the English Church. The Dalton McCarthy and ex-Bishop Carman of our own Ontario would do well also to reflect on these facts. A little such reflection might save them the disgrace of rendering themselves ridiculous before the world.

ANONYMOUS SLANDERS.

Dogberry—"They have committed false reports; moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily they are slanderers."—*Much ado about nothing.*

The Mail of the 19th inst gives admission into its columns to a letter from an anonymous correspondent who accuses His Eminence the late Cardinal Newman of sacerdotal "pride and arrogance" because he asserts in the Grammar of Assent that the extinction of the sun in the heavens, and the slow death by starvation of all sentient beings, would be a less evil than the telling of a lie—or in fact than the commission of any sin. This correspondent is clearly not aware of the enormity of sin or moral evil, which consists in an act of willful disobedience to the law of God, and certainly no physical evil can weigh down the scale against the least of sins. But evidently the doctrine that "the end justifies the means" is a more favorite doctrine among Protestants than among Catholics, since the moral sense of this very ultra-Protestant is shocked when a Catholic divine of eminence propounds the doctrine that a good end never justifies the use of unlawful means to attain it. We have no doubt that this very same correspondent has frequently held up his hands in holy horror while denouncing Jesuits for holding the doctrine, which they do not hold, but which he himself practically maintains, that the end sometimes justifies the use of immoral means. Such hypocrisy is to be witnessed every day among those who accuse Catholics of holding immoral doctrines.

But another correspondent, still anonymous, makes an attack upon His Eminence on exactly opposite grounds. He states from pretended personal knowledge of the facts that the Cardinal was frequently an instrument in instructing Protestants in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and that he subsequently received them into her fold. So far, this writer undoubtedly tells the truth; but when he adds that the Cardinal instructed his converts to deceive their friends by telling falsehoods in order to conceal their intentions, it is easy to see that he is drawing entirely on his imagination for his facts. One who, like the Cardinal, teaches openly and earnestly that the telling of a single lie is a greater evil than would be the extinction of the sun from the heavens, is not likely to instruct his pupils that they should keep up a systematic series of lies in order to conceal their intention to embrace the Catholic religion; and Cardinal Newman's character for straightforward honesty of purpose is too firmly established to be blackened by the falsehoods of scribblers who are too cowardly even to give their names while they are maligning him so grossly.

THE STRIKE.

THE strike on the New York Central railway has been the occasion of a series of outrages by Pinkerton detectives which has excited universal indignation throughout the country. As the Railway Superintendent, Mr. Webb, in his communications and interview with Mr. Powderly, refused to institute an arbitration or to discuss the action of the company with regard to the grievances of the men, the Knights of Labor had no alternative but to admit defeat, or to order a general strike on all Vanderbilt railways. It is thought that they will adopt the latter course. The Pinkerton outrages occurred at Albany on Saturday and Sunday, 16th and 17th inst. Crowds of strikers assembled at the street crossings of the railway, and howled as some freight trains passed which were run by non-

union men, and the Pinkerton detectives wantonly fired at different times upon them, wounding several persons, most of them not having any connection with the strikers. In excuse for this conduct the Pinkerton detectives assert that they fired in self defence, but other witnesses state that the crowd had confined themselves to howling and had not even thrown any missiles. It is bad enough when the authorities are compelled to fire upon a crowd of rioters who are really violent, but the Pinkerton men are acting under private and gently only, and it is intolerable that they should act in this impudently and crowd, indiscriminately, even if two or three persons were guilty of throwing some stones, and it does not appear clear that there was even so much provocation given. Six persons were shot and were more or less seriously wounded. Five Pinkerton men have been arrested. The question at issue between the company and the strikers is whether the company shall be free to discharge men simply because they are Knights of Labor. To Mr. Powderly's offer of arbitration, Mr. Webb answered "there is nothing to arbitrate on." He added that those who were dismissed were discharged for sufficient reason.

HOW O'REILLY ESCAPED.

THRILLING ADVENTURES CONTINUED WITH HIS FAREWELL TO ENGLISH TERRITORY.

THE narrative of John Boyle O'Reilly's escape from Australia is worth recalling. The following is a condensation of the dead poet's words:

The man to whom I owe my liberty was a Catholic priest, the Rev. Patrick McCabe, whose parish extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. He was a scholar and gentleman of great attainments, almost always in the saddle riding alone from camp to camp, and sleeping in his blanket under the trees at night.

One day this remarkable man rode to my hut, and we walked together into the bush. I had then made all my plans to escape, and I freely told him my intention.

"It is an excellent way to commit suicide," he said, and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leaned from the saddle and said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long."

He went away, and I waited weeks and months and never heard a word. I was not compelled to work with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores, and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot.

Finally, one day on my way with this report, I came to a plain known as the race course. As I crossed it I heard a coo-coo or bush cry, and saw a man coming toward me. He was a big, handsome fellow, with an axe on his shoulder.

A FRIEND OF FATHER MAC'S.

He came to me with a friendly smile. "My name is Maguire," he said; "I am a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." Seeing my hesitation, he drew a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him.

This was in December, 1868. Some American whalers were expected to touch at Bunbury in February for water. After two months of suspense news came to O'Reilly of the arrival of the bark. Maguire announced that he had arranged with the captain of one of the whalers, the Vigilant, a New Bedford, to cruise for two or three days just outside of Australian waters and take the fugitive on board from a small boat.

On the night of February 13th O'Reilly waited until the warden had visited his hut, put on a pair of freeman's shoes, as the trackers could easily discern the mark of his boot, and he slipped on a regulation convict's boot, and struck into the bush.

About 11 o'clock I came to the old convict station, and lay down behind an old gum tree at the roadside. In half an hour two men rode up, but they passed on. They were farmers, probably, or maybe a patrol of mounted police. Shortly after I heard horses coming at a sharp trot. They halted near me, and I heard "Patrick's Day" whistled clear and low. In an instant I was with them—Maguire and another friend, M.—They had a spare horse, I mounted at once, and without a word we struck into the bush at a gallop. For hours we rode on in silence.

We reached the shore, found a small boat ready for us, and pulled about forty miles along the coast to the point where we expected to meet the New Bedford whaler. No one had thought to bring food or water, and for twenty-four hours or more the sufferings of the party were intense.

At 1 o'clock on the third day we made out the Vigilant, under full sail, steering north. She was steering straight toward us, so we stopped pulling and waited for her. But we were bound to be woefully disappointed.

THE VIGILANT PASSES ON.

When she was within two miles of our boat she fell off several points as if to avoid us. Every one stared in amazement. Maguire kept saying that Capt. Baker had given his word as a man, and he could not believe that he would break it. One of the men stood up in the boat and gave a loud hail that must have been heard on board. No answer. Again he hailed, and we all joined in the shout. No answer. It only seemed that the Vigilant turned a point further from us. At last she came abreast of our boat. She was then about three miles distant. Maguire hoisted a white shirt on the end of an oar, and we faltered again. But the Vigilant passed on and left our boat to its fate.

They landed on the beach and O'Reilly's friends went back to Bunbury, promising

to return in a week, and leaving him hiding in a secluded sand valley close to the shore.

He climbed a tree and caught an opossum, and also captured a few kangaroo rats. These animals supplied him with food. After three days, O'Reilly, still believing that Capt. Baker must be cruising for him somewhere off the coast, resolved to make another attempt to board the whaler.

The rowboat was too heavy for him to pull alone. Six or seven miles further up the beach he found an old dory, half buried in the sand. He dug the dory out, lashed it, made it water-tight, and plugged the cracks with paper bark, and put to sea alone.

Before night I had passed the headland, and was on the Indian Ocean. I knew there was a current going northward. Next morning I gave up pulling and sat down to watch and wait. It was very hot. The sun flamed above, and the reflection from the water was scorching. That day toward noon I saw a sail. It was the Vigilant—there was no other vessel there. She drew near to me, so near that I heard voices on deck. I saw the men aloft on the lookout, but they did not see me—at least Capt. Baker says so. She sailed away again and was out of sight before night. The dew and the cool air refreshed me, and I resolved to pull back to shore and wait for Maguire's return. I pulled all night, off and on, and in the morning saw the sand hills at the headland of Geopraphe Bay.

THE REFUGEE'S COMRADES.

After that second bitter disappointment O'Reilly left his sand valley no more. He slept most of the time for five days, and then Maguire came back with the good news that Father McCabe had arranged for O'Reilly's passage on another New Bedford whaler, the Gazelle, Capt. Gifford. But Maguire also brought an unwelcome travelling companion in the person of a criminal convict, one Martin Bowman, a ticket-of-leave man, and one of the worst characters in the colony. He had discovered my escape, and had threatened to put the police on the track unless he was taken off too.

That night we slept little, some one always keeping an eye on Bowman. We were up at daybreak, and soon after we were silent. We pulled straight out toward the headland, as Capt. Gifford had instructed. By noon we saw the two whale ships coming along with a fine breeze. Toward evening we heard a hail, and somebody shouted my name and cried out, "Come on board!" We were all overjoyed. We pulled along side, and I was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry Hathaway, the third mate. Capt. Gifford made me welcome, and gave me a place in the cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was sent forward among the crew.

Six months afterward, when the Gazelle touched at Roderique, and English Island in the Indian Ocean, the Governor came aboard searching for an "escaped convict from Australia, a black haired man, with a standing with Mr. Husey, the mate, when the Governor made the demand. Mr. Husey said that no such person was on board. The Governor answered that he had information that a man escaped on the Gazelle.

AN UNEXPECTED STRATAGEM.

Mr. Husey feared that they might seize the ship, so he said that a man of that description, who had come on board off the coast of Australia, might be the person. He called Bowman, whom every man on board detested, and he was put in trousers and taken ashore. We knew that that he did not do it then; but he wished to make terms for his own release.

That night the officers of the Gazelle threw overboard the griddlestone with my hat, while I lay hid in the captain's cabin. A cry of "Man overboard!" was raised, a boat was lowered, and the hat picked up. There were on board some English ex-convicts who had shipped in Australia, and these only waited for a chance to get me retaken.

But one of them, utterly deceived by the officers' strategy, declared that he saw me sink where my hat was picked up. When the governor came on board the next day to demand his prisoner the flag fully to him that the man he probably wanted had jumped overboard in the night and was drowned. His policeman went among the crew and learned the same news. Two days later the Gazelle sailed from Roderique and I came on deck, much to the amazement of the crew.

That ended Mr. O'Reilly's adventures. Off the Cape of Good Hope Capt. Gifford handed him 13 sovereigns—all the money he had—and transferred him to the American ship Sappho. This ship took him to Liverpool, where he was provided with a secure hiding place until a passage was secured for him on the Bath ship Bombay, which landed him in Philadelphia on November the 23rd, 1869, nine months after he made his first break for the Australian bush.

FUNERAL OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

New York Herald Bureau, Birmingham, Aug. 19.

A grand Requiem Mass was held at Edgbaston Oratory church to-day, and formed the chief portion of the funeral service over the remains of Cardinal Newman. The church, which is not of large dimensions, was filled with an overflowing congregation, admission being restricted to holders of tickets, hundreds of applications for which had been refused. The coffin was draped with black and yellow, and the Cardinal's effigy lay upon a catafalque erected on a tribune in front of the high altar. The coffin was covered with a pall of violet velvet, and three massive branched candelabra, with yellow wax

candles, were ranged on each side. Upon the top of the coffin rested the Cardinal's tasseled hat, his red beretta being placed on a pedestal below, on which hung the heraldic arms of the deceased, three hearts, with the motto in Latin, "Heart speaketh unto hearts." The body was enclosed in an elm shell, with an outer coffin of polished oak, bearing a simple Latin inscription.

Mass was celebrated by Dr. Hiley, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham. Simple unaccompanied Gregorian music was used, so that all the clergy might take part in it. Of these there were upwards of one hundred present, including no fewer than sixteen Bishops. All wore their pontifical vestments, the other clergy being attired in surplices. Among these present were Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and representatives of the Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, and other Monastic Orders, while the general attendance was a large and aristocratic one.

In the course of the service Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, delivered a short sermon, in which he spoke with much emotion of Dr. Newman's life and character. Five Bishops afterwards pronounced absolution, including the coffin and sprinkling it with holy water. At the conclusion of the Mass the coffin was borne to the hearse by eight laymen, the Gatorians following, bearing tapers in their hands. Only a very limited number of relatives and intimate friends accompanied the hearse to Rednal, where the interment took place in the private cemetery. The Cardinal was buried at his request in the earth near the grave of Father Ambrose St. John. Magnificent wreaths from Baroness Biddell-Coutts and others were placed around. The closing ceremony was brief and simple.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

On the occasion of his transfer from St. Thomas to assume pastoral charge of Port Lambton, the Rev. Father Aylward made the recipient of many marks of esteem. The following address, accompanied with a well filled purse, was presented to him:

To the Rev. J. T. Aylward:

REV. AND DEAR SIR—Your undersigned friends, feeling sincere sorrow at your departure from the city of St. Thomas, regret that the short period of time which elapsed from the time your intended departure was made known till your actual leaving took place rendered it impossible for them to personally meet you and make known to you the earnest and sincere respect in which you are held by the people of the parish of St. Thomas and by your other friends in this city, and to convey to you their feelings of sorrow and regret that you have been called to another field of duty, though much pleased to hear of your promotion to be parish priest of Port Lambton.

You have, since you first came to us, by your earnest and Christian conduct, by your affability and gentleness of character, by your teaching and example, by your zeal and piety and by the many manifestations of self-denial and disinterestedness you have shown while here, won for yourself the respect, admiration and esteem of all with whom you have in any way been associated, and also of all those who have heard of the good you have done. We also desire to say, that although your stay with us has been short, yet it has been prolific of much good, and the examples you and the zealous and worthy pastor of the Church of the Holy Angels here, the Rev. Father Flannery, have shown us of Christian conduct and gentleness, will, we assure you, be cherished long by us. You will always be remembered here with feelings of reverence and friendship for your humility, piety and Christian character.

Not desiring to simply convey to you in words alone our appreciation of your many good qualities, we beg of you in the name of your friends here to accept this most tangible token of the gratitude, reverence, respect and esteem in which you are held by your many friends, and we devoutly pray that the Giver of all good, wherever you are placed, will shower His choicest blessings upon your temporal welfare and on your labor in that sacred work you have undertaken to follow.

St. Thomas, August 14, 1890.

REPLY TO ADDRESS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Your very kind and flattering address, accompanied by so well-filled a purse, afforded me much pleasure. Words indeed are too feeble to express the deep gratitude I owe you, not for this testimonial alone, but for the many favors and kind acts you have ever shown me during my stay in St. Thomas. Believe me, nothing can efface from my memory the souvenir of my St. Thomas friends, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting you and renew in person the thanks I now write.

Again thanking you for your great kindness, in return I promise that ever shall you be thought of by me where remembrance is sweetest—at the altar.

Yours very gratefully in Christ,

JOHN T. AYLWARD.

Port Lambton, Aug. 25th, 1890.

Father Aylward also returns his sincere thanks to the people of Dunwich, who presented him with a purse of \$26 previous to his departure for Quebec. Father Aylward having announced at Mass that he was to go to Port Lambton, the people very generously assembled and in a short while made up a purse of \$26. Mr. James Lynch, accompanied by a few other gentlemen, entered the vestry and a few well-chosen words expressed the feelings and wishes of the Dunwich mission towards this reverend gentleman.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The second capital prize, \$5,000, ticket No. 37,786, drawing 13th August, has been drawn by a gentleman of Folly village, near Truro, Nova Scotia, collected through the Merchants bank of Halifax and paid by La Banque du Peuple.