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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The Catholic Record.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE dangerous and wicked purposes to which hypnotism may be put by evilly-disposed operators have had a new illustration in Buda-Pesth. A boy at the Public school confessed to his father that he had been taking money from the till in his shop to give to a man who had practiced hypnotism upon him, and had ordered him to get the money for him. A whole class of boys were found to be doing the same thing at the suggestion or command of the same man. They were mediums under his influence. All Christians, especially all Catholics, should carefully avoid the experiment of putting themselves under the power and influence of hypnotizers, mesmerists, biologists, spiritualists and other operators in this mysterious influence, by whatever name these people may call themselves.

THE German Government have prosecuted the editor of the *Kladderadatsch* newspaper for ridiculing the Holy Coat of Treves by means of a cartoon headed "The Gull snaring pilgrims." The furnisher of this piece of Catholic news for the secular press acknowledges that the pilgrims who have visited that city are of good class, his test of which is that "they stay longer and patronize the hotels;" but he insinuates that former pilgrims on a similar mission were different, as he says "Treves is *now* visited by a better class of people, etc." As it was in 1844 that the last visit of pilgrims to the city was made with the same purpose in view, we may safely presume that the correspondent is drawing on his fancy for his reference to former pilgrims. The persons who make visits to Catholic sacred shrines are not of the rowdy class which pours into our cities and towns to sing "Croppies lie down," on the 12th of July, nor even of the class which gathers to have fun at camp meetings and similar assemblages.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, at the request of the Latin-American Bureau of the World's Columbian Exhibition, has requested the Superiors of the various religious orders in Europe and America to have their archives searched for historical records bearing upon the discovery and settlement of America. Every ship which left Spain from the first voyage of Columbus had on board a friar or priest who sent to his Superior voluminous reports of what occurred on the voyage and during his stay in the New World, and very few of these have been published, so that there is little doubt that from these sources much valuable information may be obtained bearing on the history of the discovery; and the occasion of its fourth centenary celebration having awakened much interest in the history of the continent His Eminence has already engaged zealously in the desired work. The Very Reverend E. V. Boursaud, S. J., President of Woodstock College, Maryland, is also working strenuously with the same object in view.

A MOST interesting pilgrimage of English Catholics visited the ancient shrine of our Lady of Boulogne, France, during the latter part of August. Eleven priests accompanied the pilgrims. They were welcomed on landing by the priests of Notre Dame, the English residents and several French religious associations. Father Fletcher, one of the pilgrims, preached an appropriate sermon in which he descanted on the zeal which France had displayed in ages past in the cause of religion, and it had in this respect been of great benefit to England, especially as it was the highway to Rome for English visitors to the Eternal City; and during the revolt of England from the Holy See France had opened her arms to the persecuted exiles and had sent from Douai many a brave priest to work for religion. He said also that the Ritualists of England, who hold that the Anglican Church is a branch of the Church Catholic, had looked to France to recognize them, and had imitated the French ecclesiastical customs. But when they come here they find themselves "cut off from the communion of the faithful equally with the extreme Dissenter. But if they could see this pilgrimage of Catholics, whom they despise, welcomed to the Church and allowed to approach the Holy Communion, the priests also being allowed to say Mass at the same altar as the French priests, they might understand that the true Catholics of England are those in communion with the Holy See." Prayers were also offered at the holy shrine for the conversion of England. The people of Rouen were both surprised and edified by the piety of "*Les Anglais.*"

THE Provincial Government of Chili have given a new proof that they wish to govern in accordance with the will of the people. It is announced that a decree has been issued fixing the date for the elections for the Presidency and Congress. The principle on which the elections are to be held is that of universal suffrage.

HERR CAHENSLY, who was the most prominent of the Luzerne petitioners who asked the Pope to appoint national Bishops throughout the United States, had one audience with the Holy Father, who told him that their plan is not practicable, as there are regular rules for the appointment of Bishops in America. He approves, however, of the appointment, as far as possible, of priests of the race and language of large groups of any particular nationality where such groups occur. This is what is done already, so that the Holy Father's reply indicates that there will be no change in the present arrangement.

MISS VERA AVA, the "wealthy English lady" who made up the cunningly devised story that she was beaten and robbed by the Chicago Jesuits, has been identified. It is now certain, as was before suspected, that she is the Mrs. Dis De Barr who swindled Lawyer Marsh in New York, and who before that was a no-Popery lecturer under another name. Her blood-curdling story has fallen flat, but as the police of Cincinnati and New York are equally unwilling to have anything to do with her, she has been allowed to depart from their custody in peace. When she was told of the suspicion entertained about her that she was Mrs. Dis De Barr, she disclaimed it with combined indignation and energy, but she has been identified by her brother; and so the attempt at blackmailing the Jesuits has turned out to be a fiasco.

SCARCELY a week passes without some alarming despatch being sent by Roman correspondents representing that the health of the Holy Father is in a most precarious state, and in some cases it is added that his death must be looked for soon. Of course at the age which the Holy Father has reached, it is not to be expected that he would have the vigor and sprightliness of a young man, nevertheless the numerous witnesses whose duties bring them constantly into the presence of the Pope state that he is remarkably active, and that he takes the most intelligent interest in all affairs which concern his sublime office, the administration of the Church. He is not at all in the feeble state of health which the newspaper correspondents are accustomed to describe. Of one of the rumors thus circulated, the *Moniteur*, of Rome, said in its issue of 29th ult.: "The Liberal German papers have had the news telegraphed to Rome that the Holy Father's health is very greatly shaken, and that he is not any longer able to attend to the administration of the affairs of the Church. It is needless to say that this news is an absurd and treacherous invention. We can assure these papers that the Sovereign Pontiff is found to be as well, as vigorous in body and mind as he has been during this summer." This should set at rest, once for all, the sensational statements which are constantly being repeated for the purpose of making it appear that a new conflict between the Italian Government and the Church is at hand.

A letter was read in the Catholic churches of Quebec on September, 13 from His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, condemning the visits of Catholics to the pretended curer of diseases, the little girl to whom reference has already been made. His Eminence says it is not only folly, but sin, both on the part of the girl and all who go see her, and urges that such superstitions are exceedingly foolish and wrong.

Editorial Correspondence of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Steaming out from the pier at Pembroke into the bosom of the Lake Allumette, in truth only the right or strong arm of the Ottawa, which folds itself around the island of that name, you cannot help noticing the brownish color of the waves through which the ship is cutting her way. Whatever be the cause of it, whether its color is taken from the extensive debris of fallen forests, or from the mineral, possibly ferrugenous soils through and over which it pushes its way to the St. Lawrence, certain that it is that the waters of the Ottawa are of a very deep brownish color and form a strong and pleasing contrast with the greenish blue of the latter river for many miles after their confluence above Montreal. Above five miles up the lake the left arm of the Ottawa is seen to circle around Allumette Island and separate it from the mainland or township of Chichester, in which the village of Sheen, or Sheenborough, is situated, with its quaint little old-fashioned Catholic church and its appropriate, unassuming, good-natured parish priest, Father Shalloe. On the south side Allumette Island boasts of a thriving village called Chapeau, with its fine, spacious, beautifully constructed new stone church lately erected by the indefatigable pastor, Father Leduc, at a cost of $24,000, of which $21,000 have already been paid the contractors.

Continuing our course up the great stream we pass by several beautiful islets with summer cottages peeping out from the thick shrubberies of cedar and stunted pine trees. On the left, about ten miles from Pembroke, we are shown the rapids of the Petewawa river, which here falls into the Ottawa. Formerly immense rafts were brought down this river and its banks resounded to the turmoil of the Irish raftsmen employed in the pineries, or to the whoop and shout of the French-Canadian voyageurs. Now silence reigns supreme on these desolate shores. The forests have all disappeared and the hardy axe men have moved hundreds of miles further west and north. One boom, however, is still seen on the west side of the the river's mouth. It was worked down stream in sections last winter. It is composed of white pine all squared, and is said to be worth $95,000. Several more islets seem to block the way and buoys are floating for guidance of the steamer through the narrow defiles. A landing-place, Fort William, is now reached; several passengers leave the steamer and others come on board, while Captain McCool, who inhabits a large two storied brick house, the only one visible for miles around, comes down with his family to exchange civilities with Captain Duggan and hosts of friends and acquaintances aboard the steamer "Ottawa."

Again we are off through another archiepelago.

Here the Ottawa loses all the characteristics of a river. It is a wide-spreading, tranquil lake, dotted all over with beautiful, picturesque islands. On both sides, as far as the eye can reach, wooded hills slope down to the water's edge and on the Quebec, or northern shore, the Laurentide mountains, wreathed in mist, complete a picture of landscape grandeur and loveliness that cannot be surpassed for beauty, if equalled, in any part of this continent.

The citizens of Pembroke must be very jealous of the possession and enjoyment of these wooded isles, sparkling waters and lovely scenery. They keep them all to themselves; they never advertise them, or attempt to boom them in any way, as the Thousand Islands, the Lachine Rapids and the Saguenay are boomed year after year.

Hundreds, aye thousands, are searching in directories, and looking over maps at the approach of summer each year, and are undecided whither to escape and where to enjoy cool breezes, delightful scenery and bathing facilities. They would not hesitate a moment did they know anything of the Upper Ottawa and its advantages. Pembroke would gain immensely by such knowledge, and more than one steamer would have to ply daily between its piers and the "Hundred Isles."

On seeking information from those on board the steamer as to the name of this charming locality I was told that so far it has no name, so I venture to name it the "Hundred Isles." I did not count them. I could not see them all. I was told there are between two and three hundred of them; but I fancy the lovely spot could be easily distinguished on the map from all other places of enchantment, by the appellation of Ottawa's Hundred Isles.

Before leaving the archipelago the steamer rounds to the north up a bend of the river called Downie's Bay, whence all exit seems impossible. You are in face of a high wooded bluff that appears to end further navigation. On the left one isle is remarkable for its high land, on which a turret stands similar in shape to the stone erections seen topping the hills in some parts of Ireland. It is called High View Turrent, and was built by Mr. McAlister of Pembroke who owns the island. Emerging, in fine, from the labyrinth of islands, the vessel, hugging the shore, steers very close to a stupendous rock of granite that rises up perpendicularly from the waters edge to a height of five hundred feet, reminding one of Cap Trinite, on the Saguenay, or the cliffs of Moher, on the west of Ireland. It is called "Oiseau Rock," from the quantity of birds of prey that build their nests on the escarpments of its rocky summit. The captain steers his vessel as closely as possible to the rocky shore, so that his passengers on board may have a proper conception of the sublime altitude of "Oiseau Rock," which towers to the skies overhead. It is said that the depth of the river underneath is equal to the height of the granite rock above. However this may be, from Downie's Bay to the rapids of the Joachims, twenty miles above the Ottawa, is styled the "Deep River." And here a magnificent stretch of water one mile wide, unbroken by any rock or islet, gives one the idea of a grand majestic flow of deep waters suggestive of the Ganges or the Amazon, which, if not interrupted and broken by rapids every ten or fifteen miles, would make the Ottawa one of the most useful and most magnificent rivers of America.

Meanwhile, the young lady passengers were enjoying themselves playing from memory popular selections on the piano, or accompanying each other or some gentlemen present in the rendition of some favorite ballads. The married ladies were spreading table cloths, laying out dishes and emptying their baskets of the ample provisions they had laid away for the noontide repast. It was both refreshing and exhilirating to sit down to the well-furnished table laid out on the lower deck, and long enough to accommodate all the members of the excursion party, twenty-five in number. The appetizing appearance of the delicacies furnished, intermingled with fragrant bouquets and fruit stands, the freshening breeze from the river, the pleasant repartees and laughter of the guests, formed, with the distant sounds of music from the main saloon, a most enjoyable scene, one never to be forgotten, and most probably for some on board never to be renewed.

At 2 p. m. we reached the portage or rapids of the Deux Joachims. The first time I heard of this locality, about twenty years ago, some raftsmen of Irish origin were telling of their exploits and dangers in running the slides. The word "Swashins" was several times mentioned. They were rafting on the "Swashins." They ran great risk of their lives, and were hurled from the logs they were guiding into the "Swashins." Later on I listened one day to French-Canadians discussing similar subjects, when "Swashins" was pronounced. After scientific enquiry I discovered that in the early settlement of the Upper Ottawa two brothers were thrown from a canoe and drowned in the turbulent rapids. Their name was Joachim, and as there were two carried off at the same hour, the river at this point was called "the two Joachims," or Les Deux Joachims, the latter name having the French pronunciation of "Jwashoins." No wonder the boys fresh from Ireland would call the place, "Swashins." I heard some people in Pembroke say we were up to the Swishaw, as they call the rock mentioned above the "Wiso Rock," instead of the true word Oiseau, pronounced in good French *Wauso.*

After landing, the excursionists formed themselves into groups, some running up the grassy hills to gather wild flowers and fern; some directing their steps to the grand stone bridge, with its five arches, that spans the arm of the Ottawa, called the Deux Joachims, and under which roll and dash the upheaving waves of the rushing torrent. With a few companions I sought the little Catholic chapel of which the spire and cross could be discerned from the high ground on which we stood, to take a survey of the little village, with its quaint and wild surroundings. As we advanced in the direction of the chapel, suddenly a priest in cassock and broad sash with a large crucifix run through it, appeared, and making a most gracious salute, announced himself as the pastor, Father Nedelec, O. M. I. He resides at the mission of Mattawa, on the C. P. R., and visits the Joachims once a month in the summer season. We were conducted by him to the little chapel—26x48 feet—with a vestry, to which is attached a sleeping-room, with stove and hard bed, a few pictures, and pine board floor. The good Father contrasted these luxuries with the wigwams or bed of snow he lay in last winter on the desolate shores of the Hudson Bay, when the storms, he told us, confined him to the shelter of a rock and hard-tack with snow water for his sole nourishment during six long weeks.

Father Nedelec had men and boys very busy at work moving planks, driving posts and fitting up seats and trestles in the chapel yard. He was making preparations for the annual gathering of Indians, and the mission, which he or some of the Fathers preaches on the 1st and 2nd Sundays of September every year. He expected that at least five hundred Indians would be encamped around the chapel by the following Sunday. They would come from all the distant lakes and rivers, some travelling fifty, some more than a hundred miles, with wives and children, to see the Black Robe and listen to his sweet words of comfort and encouragement, and then to partake of the holy and vivifying sacraments of the Church.

We asked the Father where he took his meals. "Here," he said, "in the vestry; some little Irish boys and French boys will be here in a little while with all the bread and milk I require; some will bring fruit, and some cold meat." "You have some Irish families here?" I suggested. "Oh, certainly; the village is pretty evenly divided between French and Irish. Next Sunday I shall have to preach in three different languages, but the biggest part of my two hours' sermon must be delivered in dialects which my faithful Indians understand best."

There are ten thousand Catholic Indians in the Vicariate, all under the jurisdiction of Bishop Lorraine.

We were still conversing with much interest awakened by the information received when a messenger came to say the steamer's shrill whistle was piping all aboard. With hurried adieus to the saintly missionary Father, and after asking and obtaining his blessing, we made haste for the wharf, when all was ready for departure, where Captain Duggan, watch in hand, was waiting for us inpatiently. He did not swear at us, however, for the reason that he never swears, and for the reason also that he is a good Catholic and expected a little share of the blessings we brought from our short pilgrimage to the house of God in the wilderness.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Maria.

There is nothing like carrying out principles to their logical conclusions. A correspondent of an English Protestant paper has done so in the case of the principle of Protestant condemnation of crucifixes; and says that if a crucifix is an idol, then every representation of Our Lord, including photographs of the works of the old masters—"without exception all papists,"—must be idolatrous too. Having the courage of his convictions, this zealous individual is burning all such pictures that he can procure; and he moreover calls for a league "for the destruction of this idolatry in the land." He will undoubtediy achieve the distinction of being set down as what is colloquially termed a "crank;" but, as a matter of fact, he is not more silly than were and are iconolasts of more pretensions to sanity.

It has often been asserted by anti-Catholics that Cardinal Newman never found in the Church that peace of mind which he had longed for. It is well, therefore, to reiterate his repeated denial. A correspondent of the London *Register* lately sent to that journal portions of a letter addressed by the great Cardinal in 1860 to a friend who had written to him stating certain difficulties in belief. Cardinal Newman declares: "I came into the Church to save my soul, which I considered that I could not do in the Establishment; nor have I (since you make the inquiry) ever had a single doubt for a moment that I have found in Catholicism what I sought there."

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The town of Bradford in Pennsylvania has just received an object lesson in agnosticism. A number of its most aged and respected citizens formed an agnostic circle some years ago under the direction of one Dr. Stuart. It was a theory of this gentleman that when a man became useless to himself and others death was a necessity and suicide lawful. He preached this theory to the circle until a month ago, when he committed suicide. A few days later Frank Davison, a disciple, took poison, but was saved by the stomach pump. Ten days ago Charles Cannon, a member of the circle, ended his life by poison at the age of sixty-eight, and last week Elias Heasley, aged sixty-six, passed away after suffering great agony from the poison he swallowed. These incidents are referred with our respects to Prof. Felix Adler.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH.

The patrons of this institution will be pleased to learn of its continued prosperity. Within the first two weeks of its opening over one hundred and sixty names were on the roll. Of these just one hundred are following the classical course, the others the commercial.

The annual games, which for well nigh twenty years took place on the 9th of October, the feast of the late Superior, Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, will for the future be held on September 27th, the feast of the present Superior, Rev. D. Cushing. As the 27th falls this year on a Sunday the celebration takes place on Monday, the 28th. On that day the students and professors hope to see the usual gathering of the rev. clergy, the invitation, as in the past, being a standing one.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholics of Scotland are making brave efforts to repair the ravages of the past by enlarging the Cathedral of Edinburgh to recall the days when Scotland was notable among notable countries for the splendor of its abbeys and churches.

A large pilgrimage of Poles is visiting Rome during this month. Russian Poles were forbidden under heavy penalties to join with their countrymen on this occasion, so the visitors are from Austrian and Prussian Poland only.

The heir of that illustrious convert, the Marquis of Bute, who is the Earl of Dumfries, commenced his public life recently. The occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of a Catholic church at Cardiff, in which ceremony he acquitted himself most creditably and gracefully.

The French-Canadians of the parish of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Flint Village, Fall River, Mass., are erecting one of the largest and costliest churches in New England. It will be of granite, will cost about $300,000 and will be nearly four years in building. The style is the Corinthian.

Bishop Brondel, of Helena, Montana, has in his diocese six thousand Catholic Indians, who are all well provided with priests, convents, teaching Sisters, churches and schools. They are in a good state of civilization, and have all the comforts of civilized life. They have been brought to this condition by the Catholic missionary priests.

The total property valuation of the Catholic Church in the United States in 1850 was $9,266,558; in 1860 it was $26,774,119; in 1870 it was $60,285,565. That is to say, the aggregate value of the property of the Catholic Church increased about 18 per cent. from 1850 to 1860 and about 128 per cent. from 1860 to 1870. In 1890 the total valuation was $118,381, 516.

Rev. Julius Pickett is a Baptist preacher, and at the same time one of the largest distillers in the State of Georgia. He makes whiskey all the week and preachers sermons on Sunday. The Baptists of his section, however, have awakened to the fact that it does not look well for a preacher to be a distiller. At the meeting of the association it was resolved that all preachers engaged in distilling should choose between the still and the pulpit. The Rev. Pickett announces that he will continue to do both, and defies the brethren.—*Ex.*

The Oneida tribe of Indians were ministered to by Catholic missionaries as early as 1656; but they fell back into their old ways, still retaining, however, a respect for the "black robes." But recently the Sachem and many others of them have been converted again to the faith by Rev. Father Lockmann, of Freedom, Wis., whither the tribe has removed from New York state. The converts are now at work building a church.

Since 1853, when the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in Holland by Pope Pius IX., the Church has progressed rapidly. New churches have been erected to the number of 415, and 134 others have been enlarged or renovated; 134 charitable institutions have been founded, which relieve 14,000 poor persons. The number of Catholics in Holland is now about 1,600,000, being about one-third, or perhaps slightly over a third, of the whole population. In the Catholic schools there are about 165,000 children.

Rev. Father Thomas C. McMahon, who died at Toronto on the 5th of August, has left real estate valued at $2,000 and personalty $20,711. His executors are Archbishop Walsh and M. W. Mills of Toronto. Nearly all the personalty is cash in the bank. Ann Gaffney, of 20 Ruth street, gets the household effects and what cash is in the Dominion Bank, and the rest is divided as follows: House of the Good Shepherd, $4,000; House of Providence, $4,000; General Hospital, $3,000; Home for Incurables, $2,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society, $2,500; Masses for the repose of the soul of the testator, $500. The Sunnyside Orphanage gets the Ruth street property.

A correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* tells of a miraculous cure which was wrought at the Mission Church of Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. Catharine Gartland, of Stoughton, Mass., was afflicted with chronic paralysis, and she related to the *Pilot's* representative the following account of her remarkable recovery: About three years ago she became afflicted with paralysis, which within the last year and a half took a severe form. She was practically helpless, being unable to lift her right arm, or to raise herself when reclining, and only with great difficulty and pain could she walk a short distance with her crutches. Her doctors pronounced her case hopeless, but she determined as a last resort to make a novena at the Mission Church. On her tenth visit during Mass she felt a strange sensation, and began to walk to her pew without crutches. On the conclusion of Mass she left them at the altar of the Blessed Virgin and walked out unaided. Mrs. Gartland related a pleasing incident in connection with her recovery. As she was leaving Stoughton, a friend, a Protestant lady, said to her, she knew she would come back cured as she had such strong faith.