

The Catholic Record

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THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

London, Ont., May 23, 1879. DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its tone and principles; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests.

Yours very sincerely, THOS. COFFEY, Bishop of London.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 3, 1879.

The Portland Catholic Sentinel has been enlarged. This is one of the best of our exchanges. We wish it every prosperity.

The cable announces that serious trouble is brewing in Ireland in consequence of the anti-rent and Nationalist agitation.

The cable brings us news that the Belgian Bishops have instructed the clergy to refuse absolution to the parents of all children frequenting the public schools and to the teachers and pupils of the Normal schools.

Another brave spirit has gone to his reward, after many weeks of heroic labor amongst the afflicted people of Memphis. The telegraph brought us the sad intelligence that on the 26th Father De Reveille had become a victim of the scourge.

MR. JOHN WHITE, M. P., says that the Orange Association is not a political body. It may not be. But it is a society which should be banished from our Dominion as quickly as possible. It has as many good points about it as the Canada thistle.

The birth of a son and heir to the Duke of Norfolk is announced from England. The Duke of Norfolk is perhaps one of the wealthiest noblemen in England. He is remarkable for his thoroughly Catholic spirit, and has spent immense sums of money in furthering the cause of religion.

DEADWOOD, a "city," as it was termed, in Dakota Territory, has been completely destroyed by fire. It seems like a dispensation of Providence, for a more criminal spot, perhaps, did not exist on earth than Deadwood city. The scum of humanity, with a few rare exceptions, were its inhabitants.

The indifference of Catholics in supporting their own publications and the prompt manner in which they pay for sensational and light reading forms a puzzle to us. So says one of our Catholic contemporaries, and so say we also. It exhibits a depraved taste which it is a shame should be so prevalent.

The Brooklyn Eagle's London correspondent reports that Victoria Woodhull and Jennie C. Cladin are shortly to be married to members of the English aristocracy. It would be interesting to have their names. It will most likely be found they have congenial souls—that is, if they have any at all.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP McKINNON, of Antigonish, N. S., died of paralysis, at Antigonish, at four o'clock Friday afternoon, aged sixty-nine. He was consecrated at St. Mary's cathedral by the late Archbishop Walsh, in 1852. He had been declining in health for some time, and in March, 1877, the Pope relieved him of episcopal duty.

A most exemplary man named George Henshaw lives in West Nisour. George has a neighbor named Henry Bray, who is not quite so exemplary. It seems Henry's premises are sorely troubled with rats, and

forgetting it was the Sabbath day, he actually loaded his gun and went out rat shooting. George was horrified and straightway procured a warrant for Henry's arrest. George is evidently one of those men who would hang a cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday.

This is from the cable:—"Three hundred agricultural tenants have arrived in Tipperary, and have refused to pay the full amount of their rent. Disturbance is feared." What does it mean? If they are Tipperary tenants, how comes it that they arrived in Tipperary; and if they are not Tipperary tenants what business have they coming there to refuse paying rents. That cable man needs reorganization badly. He must have sent this along under the influence of a heavy fog.

Jno. WALKER, of Baltimore, Mo., who was abducted to prevent his elopement with Miss McClellan, was released on Thursday morning. Miss McClellan has disappeared, and it is believed that she has met Walker, and that they have been married. She is an orphan worth \$100,000. Artemus Ward has said that a girl worth \$25,000 comes nearer perfection than anything he knows of. But what would our deceased fellow type-setter think of a young lady who possessed \$100,000? All the Yankee "abductors" now-a-days have a happy knack of combining love and greenbacks.

A NEW motor, entirely different from steam, and said to be not one-third so expensive, has been perfected in New York, and is in the hands of a strong company. Mr. Samuel Peters will shortly introduce the new motor to the London public. Miss Fay recently tried to introduce a motor in this city—an invisible motor, having a weakness for tossing pianos around. The whole matter was of course a great humbug, but she succeeded in moving a great number of twenty-five cent pieces from the pockets of a great number of silly people. We hope Mr. Peters' motor will not claim to have any "spiritual" characteristics about it.

BISHOP SWEATMAN, in a letter to the Toronto press, requests that the proposed address from the Evangelical branch of the Episcopal Church be not presented, as it might give rise to further dissensions. We are glad to see that Bishop Sweatman has adopted the course suggested by the Record of last week. The condition of affairs amongst our Episcopalian friends in Toronto is such that those in authority will find it necessary to use the greatest caution in order that unpleasant complications may be avoided. Even an address to the Bishop might now be the means of letting loose the "angry passions" of the "irreconcilable wing" of the establishment.

"CAMP meetings are coming into fashion once more, and we are sorry for it. 'Religion in the woods' and 'Love among the roses' are by them brought into dangerous communion. A young girl of twelve years was outraged and murdered at one of those camp meetings last week. Camp meetings and Sunday picnics should be shunned." The above we take from a St. Louis paper. It bears out the opinion we expressed last week in reference to camp meetings. They not only do no good, but in many cases are productive of much positive harm. Doubtless those reverend gentlemen who inaugurate this camping out business often do so with the very best motives, but it is time they should open their eyes to the fact that the whole thing is a failure.

The Pall Mall Gazette concedes that the complaints of the Irish tenant farmers are mostly genuine; that they are, for the moment, unable to pay rent; that they believe in their right to remain on land in any event. If the general refusal to pay rent is followed by wholesale ejection, this will almost certainly be followed by a series of agrarian murders, and unless the Irish Executive is prepared to support the landlords by measures amounting to less than military occupation of a large part of the country, landlords will have to choose between virtually conceding the tenants' claims and giving a signal for the

outbreak of something hardly distinguishable from civil war. Anti-rent agitation is only one among other symptoms of the general unrest of Ireland. It should be noted that the old statute which prohibited convents in Ireland has been repealed. The Times says the disorganizing effects of Parnell's policy would become really formidable if it should extend all over Ireland.

On Monday morning a man called at the priest's house, Richmond Hill, Leeds, England, and requested to see Father Pinet. He was told that he shortly if he would wait, and a minute or two afterwards Father Pinet came up, to whom the stranger repeated his wish to see him. They passed into the house together, and entered a small waiting-room where the priest enquired the nature of his visitor's errand. The latter replied only by some random mutterings and threats against priests and bishops, in the midst of which he drew from his pocket a pistol or revolver, which exploded in the act. The smoke that followed obscured his view for a moment, but as soon as the atmosphere became clearer, Father Pinet grappled with the would-be assassin, and forced him to the door of the house, whence he ejected him into the street. A bullet was afterwards found in the room.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Manning recently delivered a lecture on "Temperance," in Warrington, England. It is well known that he has for many years been one of the most earnest advocates of the temperance cause in that country. In the course of his remarks he observed that those who generally take this subject in hand have been put down as moonshine water drinkers. After illustrating the necessity for total abstinence, he touched on the question of the Permissive Bill, and said that two-thirds of any community should have the power of closing public houses. Taking the poll of any town as it is usually taken, as five persons to each house, the father, mother, and three children, his Eminence said that he had no doubt that the mother and those three children would go down on their knees and beg for the vote that would close public-houses, and he did not see why one man should tyrannise over four persons. After a long and eloquent address, he concluded by asking all the Catholics of St. Helen's to join the Catholic Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness, and thus become good Christians.

REV. J. PHILIP, pastor of Queen's Avenue Methodist Church of this city, has returned from a trip to the continent, and, like all great men who set out on a European tour, he came back full of impressions, and unbosomed himself to his congregation on Thursday evening. In comparing the habits of the English, German and French people, he makes the usual mistake. He was not favorably impressed with the countries visited, especially Germany and France. Both of these nations, especially the French, are a nation of Sabbath-breakers, the Germans attending their beer gardens, and the French holding their theatres and races on the Lord's Day. This deteriorates much from Paris, which is otherwise a beautiful city. He thinks that Old England is much preferable to the continent in this respect, the rigid keeping of the Sabbath in England both surprising and delighting him. Had he visited the gin shops and beer houses of Old England, perhaps he would detect more crime in that country in one hour than he saw in either Germany or France in a whole day.

How favorable an improvement is being manifest in the moral character of the English people may be inferred from the fact that on the 7th ult. no less than thirteen priests were ordained at Liverpool by his Grace the Bishop of that See, in the presence of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, who preached on the occasion, in the pro-Cathedral. As a further illustration we may be allowed to quote the following from the Catholic Times of the same city:—"Last week the Auxiliary Bishop of Shrewsbury opened a new and mag-

nificent church at Hooton, the gift of Sir John Stanley Errington. The Bishop of Salford laid the foundation of a new church at Walton-le-dale. Yesterday Cardinal Manning opened a new church at Barton-on-Trent, and the Bishop of Leeds laid the foundation-stone of a new church near Sheffield, which his Grace the Duke of Norfolk has undertaken to build at a cost of £7,000. Catholics must be strange mortals if, in the presence of such a week's work, they do not possess grateful hearts."

WESTERN FAIR.

The past week has been an eventful one for London. The holding of the Western Fair is always considered of great importance not alone to the people of the city, but the vast belt of country for some extent east and as far west as the American line is largely interested each year in its success. The Western Fair was inaugurated some years since, and many sections of Ontario have attempted to follow the example, with more or less success, but all, not even excepting Toronto, have to take a secondary place compared with the London show. Each year has shown a marked advancement, and this is largely due to the careful management. Sterling men manipulate its affairs, and every confidence is reposed in them by the farming community and exhibitors generally. It would be well if that meandering elephant which is to be in Hamilton next year would take many useful lessons from the Western Fair. The number of entries this year is 7,345. The number last year was 5,800, while those of 1876 were 8,278 and 1875 8,911. The decrease in the number of entries last year was due to the fact that a considerable amount of pruning was done in the prize list, notably in the case of horses, where inferior horses were entered merely to secure stable room; also that in fruits, where an assortment was exhibited, each particular kind was formerly counted as one. Last year the rule was decided upon that each "assortment" should only count as one entry, thus making quite a decrease apparently. This year the same rule has been observed as last, and still the gratifying fact remains that there is nearly 2,000 more entries than at the previous show.

CHESTER GLASS.

This young gentleman, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, David Glass, Esq., Q. C., is now making a tour of the continent, which will be extended long enough to give him a thorough knowledge of persons and things in the old country. Unlike most of our European tourists, he has evidently set out with the determination to give a fair and impartial opinion of everything and everybody he meets. His letters point out plainly that he has no prejudices—that he has none of that narrowmindedness which makes the letters of the average tourist utterly worthless and unreliable. Mr. Glass has a young, vigorous, well-developed mind, and we feel certain he will at some future time make a name and a fame for himself in the affairs of Canada. We take the following extract from one of his recent letters describing the fine art galleries of the old world:

After having visited the principal picture galleries in England, Ireland and Scotland, I came to the continent with a strong prejudice in favor of modern painters, such as Dore, Millais, Landseer and Maclise, and against the old masters. This was caused by the fact that most of the specimens of ancient art in the British collections, although beautiful in color, are stiff and unnatural in design. The real masterpieces are securely guarded in the continental galleries. At the Antwerp Notre Dame Cathedral I was first awakened to a proper appreciation of the art of former days by seeing Reuben's two celebrated pictures, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross." The natural appearance and intensity of sadness thrown by the prince of Flemish painters into these two pictures is marvellous. Another grand picture by the same artist, and I think his chef d'oeuvre, is "Christ Crucified Between the Two Thieves," in which the figures stand out almost as if alive, and the terrible scene is depicted with rare power. In passing through the Antwerp Museum I witnessed a most remarkable sight. Seated in front of and copying Van Dyck's well-known "Christ on the Cross" was Carolus Felu, a painter of some note in Belgium. He was born without either hands or arms, and does all his painting by holding the brush between the toes of his right foot. He has a particularly pleasant voice and manner. I talked to him for about ten minutes. He is an enthusiast in his art and a devoted idolater and follower of Reubens. Since then I have seen the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Quentin, Massys, Jordaens and Teniers,

and an now thoroughly converted into what it is, I believe, the correct thing to be, an humble admirer of the masterly genius of the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

COMING BACK.

Rev. Dr. Frothingham is pastor of the Independent Liberal Church of New York. We do not know what particular offshoot of the larger branches the Independent Liberal Church happens to be. But in some of the worthy Doctor's statements he does certainly prove himself to be both independent and liberal, and clever withal. He would, we should judge from his language, make a first-class ritualist, and we should not be surprised if some day we should have the pleasure of bidding him welcome into the communion of that church in which soul-trouble brought on by doubt and unbelief is never known. We find in a recent sermon a good many indications of that spirit which in intelligent minds awakens from time to time to a sense of the truth. It is no unfavorable sign to find the Rev. Doctor finding nothing but emptiness in the various forms of Protestantism. Of course it is not surprising that he cannot see the full beauty and unity of Catholic faith, but, however, we trust that since the incapacity of Protestantism to supply the place of the true Church has broken upon his mind, that he will seek after that truth which Jesus Christ has left to comfort the hearts of doubting men. The rev. gentleman made the following remarks:—"The Catholic Church is making immense conquests in England and in America. I do not fear them. I have no apprehensions. I am willing it should make them—all the conquests it lawfully can. Though I disbelieve in its speculative foundations through and through, though the principles upon which it is built are to me little short of detestable, still I can see the prevalence of that stir without a shudder, and I believe that the old-fashioned piety, the piety of affliction, will find refuge in the old Church."

Protestantism is at best a bundle of complicated sects. It is simply a conglomeration of various interpretations of Scripture. It is nothing more than a misrepresented Bible. Protestantism is only three hundred years old. It is a schism, a departure from the old Church, and it owes the savor of its piety, its nobleness, its grandeur, its sincerity, to the ages that lay behind it in the old Church from whence it came."

SOCIALISM.

A meeting was held recently in Cincinnati of Socialists, Free-lovers, Communists, and such like persons who do a vast amount of thinking from which they derive little or no comfort. They try to persuade themselves there exists no hereafter for them, and make up their minds to gain all the comforts and advantages of this world during the few years they live in it. We would be naturally led to enquire, from what source comes this deplorable state of society. Would it be just to blame the system of education? What is coming to pass now in the largest cities of the United States was foreseen many years ago by the Catholic Church authorities. God was practically banished from the schools, and the sad consequence now stares us in the face. In many—alas, too many—families God is now unknown at the fireside. There were those who laughed in derision at the Catholic priest who would dare say aught against the grand public school system, where it was proposed to have everything taught which would make the rising generation of America clever men. But the Catholic priest, like a faithful shepherd, guarded his flock despite the insults and the pecuniary hardships heaped upon him by these unprincipled men. He would have none of your prize schools. Himself and his flock were forced to pay their taxes to them, but they nobly set to work and built schools of their own where the Catholic faith would be implanted in the hearts of children, where their young minds would above all other things be taught to love their maker, and fulfil his holy will. The public schools have given us smart men without a conscience. The aim of the Catholic school is to give us good Christians as well as

good scholars. They have succeeded in both.

The notorious Ingersoll delivered a speech at the meeting above alluded to. He said "we want to begin anew, we want to learn to live for this world. I do not say there is no other. I do not know. I wish there was some world to which men might live forever, growing older and grander as the years roll on. I wish there was a world where we could meet every one that has been lost. I wish there was a world in which those who have bid us 'good night' could once more bid us 'good morning.'" The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph thus hits off this gentleman's utterances:—"Now this is a considerable advance—though not in the 'liberal' sense of that much abused word—and shows that even Mr. Ingersoll would walk in the right way, if only he could be induced to go in the right direction in search of it. In fact our American infidels are mostly only sincere Protestants, whose narrowness of view has prevented them from seeing that in the Catholic church alone is to be found all that a right-thinking genuine 'liberal' can honestly desire to find."

HOME RULE.

Mr. Parnell has, by the course of events, become leader of the Home Rule party. He is a gentleman of birth, and, as a politician, has shown himself possessed of talent and determination. Upon the death of Isaac Butt, whose closing days were embittered by acrimonious assaults akin to those which beclouded the latter years of Grattan and O'Connell, Mr. W. A. Shaw, one of the representatives of the county of Cork, was chosen leader of the party. Mr. Shaw, while a determined Home Ruler, is not an obstructionist, as Mr. Parnell, with some few others, have been termed. The majority of the party, as at present constituted, do not favor the so-called policy of obstruction. Yet, obstruction is popular in Ireland, and those representatives, who now openly condemn or tacitly disapprove the course pursued by Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and O'Donnell must yield to public feeling or bid adieu to Irish Parliamentary representation.

At the general election of 1874 several gentlemen found seats for Irish constituencies, who, while giving half-hearted adhesion to the popular cause, to secure election, were as firmly as ever attached to either one of the two great parties which divide British public opinion. Accordingly, we find that after registering their fidelity to Home Rule to the extent of supporting Mr. Butt's motion for a committee on Irish legislative grievances in 1874, many of them never again troubled themselves about the advancement of the cause they had promised to promote. The movement then began to lose favor with the people. Mr. Butt was severely criticised for an inactivity brought about by the treacherous supineness of a weak and unfaithful following. If Mr. Butt, the ablest Irish Parliamentary since Grattan, were wanting in vigor, he had, at all events, the commanding talent to ensure a respectful hearing for his cause. With thirty-four or fifty trusted adherents, as bellicose as Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and O'Donnell, Mr. Butt, by that moderation always respected in a leader—that eloquence which swayed so many gifted assemblies, and that infinite knowledge of Parliamentary tactics, his leading characteristics—should have done more for the advancement of Irish interests than was ever accomplished since Irish representatives first sat in Westminster. But dissension and jealousy, largely assisted by apathy, soon weakened the fighting power of the party. To add to this painful position another medium of embitterment, two of the most determined antagonists of Home Rule were P. J. Smith and The O'Donoghue, former popular idols. The dissensions of the party became public property. Mr. Butt sank into despondency, sickness, and the grave. Mr. Shaw was at once made leader by the remnant of Home Rulers in the House, but the popular choice fell upon Mr. Parnell, and this gentleman stands to-day the undoubted leader of Irish political agitation. Mr. Shaw, Mr. E. D. Gray, Sir George Bowyer, and others of the party of moderation, gentlemen of