

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

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All communications should be addressed to the undersigned accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WALTER LOCKE,

PUBLISHER,

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1879.

SINCE our last issue Mr. Costigan informally called the attention of the Minister of Justice to the conduct of Vice-Chancellor Blake towards Catholics, and elicited a rather vague reply. We hope, however, that the matter will not be allowed to drop so easily.

DEAR SIR.—My attention has been called by one of my constituents to an article in your paper of the 4th inst., referring to the language said to have been expressed by Vice-Chancellor Blake against Catholics, in which you say that the Catholics of the diocese of London, expected to hear from me on the matter.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE BANKERS.

We once amused ourselves by making from all sorts of sources, a collection of passages in which Protestant writers argued very powerfully in defence of Catholic doctrines or practices; and the only possible inference from the whole was that able men, in their moments of freedom from bigotry, and when laboring to benefit their fellows, think the thoughts and do the acts of the Church; as far, that is, as merely unaided intellect can accomplish such a work.

by solemn act, that all the frothy declamation against holidays has been, and is, and ought to be declared a huge mistake. "We are not mere machines," they virtually say, "that run as long as they have wood and water. We are men with other capacities, and other needs than constant work can satisfy. Our duties are onerous, the hours long, the responsibility great, and, therefore, if you don't open these doors, and let us out once in a while into the sunshine, we will become as houseworn as the old furniture that ante-dates our charter."

What is this but asking for what the Church has provided from the earliest ages? Her first legislative act, as far as we can judge, was the transfer of the Jewish Sabbath to the first day of the week, and the consecration of this latter to the double purpose of religion and relaxation. Besides, recognizing from the first not a part but the whole of the needs of man, she set apart some days in each season, and after obliging all to spend a portion of them, as was fitting, in practices of religion, left the remainder at each man's disposal, with the one limitation that he must abstain from servile work.

Under this system, so suited to human nature, always and everywhere, not England alone, now so sour and gloomy, but all the world, might have received the epithet of mercy. But an evil day came. The spirit of Puritanism, like a blast from the fierce north, wild as the whirlwind, and parching as the breath of the Sahara, having first dried up the very fountains of rational cheerfulness in the breasts of its victims, next withered and hardened them, till it seemed as if there were neither flesh nor blood left, but only a heap of hard-cutting bones.

The natural result followed. Incapable of the slightest enjoyment themselves they determined to convert this smiling world, in which our lot is cast, into a veritable midnight charnel pit. Sunday itself which they did not remove, they debauched with the noisome slime of their hateful notions, blotting out every ray of light from its face, and thus bringing back, untimely, the gloom of the suppressed Sabbath. All amusements were banned as ungodly, sanctity became synonymous with length and rigidity of feature, and piety was measured by the capacity for groaning.

And just as they hated every manifestation and product of man's love of the beautiful, so they hated the spirit itself, and sought its extinction. Hence their wrath against holidays. These were days of religion indeed, but also sacred to rest and recreation, for man and beast, and the whole world. That was quite enough. They were swept clean away, not even Christmas being allowed to remain, a memorial among a Christian people of the birth of the Redeemer.

Well Philip is sober again. He sees he made a blunder, and is trying to undo it. We wish him success in his efforts, of course we do; but somehow we have an apprehension, and an examination of the mode he is adopting tends but slightly to allay them. These modes are chiefly three, the first a very good one, Dominion Day, and Her Majesty's Birthday. Good, but not enough. Two days in the year are less than a cherry to a hungry man. Next we have the civic holiday expedient, and lastly the bankers' claim, both of which labor under a very serious disadvantage. They are too partial. Man needs not only rest, which might do for a vegetable, but also recreation; and for that, generally, companionship is necessary. And when only a class—a small one maybe—is free this is difficult to procure.

We happened to be in a train that brought a great crowd of civic holidayists to a large city, and when they arrived half the fun left their faces, and hearts too we fancied, when they found themselves in the midst of a people all too busy to greet them. It will be still worse in the case of the poor bankers. Let us suppose their claim conceded by the Legislature and the first Monday of the month arrived, it is not hard to imagine a spruce young clerk, with hair becomingly parted in the

middle, and face and moustache both handsome, only for a kind of look about them, as if they had been grown in the cellar, we can imagine him, we say, standing at the door of his boarding house, after an early breakfast, looking out upon the world of which he is that day free, to discover what prospect it holds for his dear friend Smith. They will off to-out for his enjoyment. Ah! just in time, here together, and grow young and healthy in the relaxation of a day's sport. But alas! Smith, who is a law student, must go to office that day, and has hardly leisure to wish his friend a pleasant time of it. It is the same with Brown, Jones and Robinson. They are all bound to work, and the poor banker clerk must either mix with his own set exclusively or go to the public places with much danger to himself, and at best can have only half the value of his freedom.

Oh, how much better they do these things in Rome, is his involuntary exclamation. These holidays are granted upon a plan that both suits them to the nature of man, and furnishes the opportunity of enjoying them to the full. But—we need go no further. Those who argue against the wisdom of the Church have in the end to eat their own words with sorrow, and humbly petition a human power for a partial grant of that which it possessed in completeness, when God through His Church governed the world.

THE FIRST PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S AND EDINBURGH.

This important Pastoral Letter bears the date of February, 1879, nearly a year after the institution of the Hierarchy in Scotland. So public a document might not have been well timed when the fact was first presented to the minds of the Scotch people that a Church which had been so long viewed as a fallen and persecuted "denomination," was to be governed once more by Archbishops, Bishops and Synods, both provincial and diocesan.

The Bishops of Scotland have always cherished the idea of establishing missions wherever there was a sufficient number of Catholics to form the nucleus of a congregation. In order to facilitate such good work a society was formed under the patronage of St. Andrew, whose chief duty it was to provide funds for the purpose of assisting new and weak missions. There are still many places where missions could be advantageously undertaken, but where the Catholic people are either too poor or too few in number to afford any efficient aid.

It is well known that, since the loss of his temporal sovereignty, the Holy Father has been obliged to rely on the contributions of the faithful, in order to meet the heavy expenditure entailed on him by the affairs of the Church. Whatever may be finally the fate of the Pope's temporal state, there is no sign, as yet, that the privation to which he is subjected will speedily cease. It is, therefore, ordained that throughout the Archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, a yearly collection of Peter's Pence shall be instituted.

The antiquity, importance and nobility of the City of Glasgow have also been considered, no less than the flourishing state of religion therein of old. The historical reader will remember that the people of that city, when a most deplorable iconoclastic mania prevailed throughout the land, resisted the vandalic Knox and his myrmidons, who came prepared to "purify" and demolish their Church. They so preserved one of the finest Gothic edifices of the time, and the Cathedral of Glasgow remains, a magnificent monument of their piety and zeal.

"altogether fitting to decree to give to its Bishop the name and insignia of an Archbishop." This is done, however, in such manner, that, until it be otherwise ordained by the present Pope, or his successors, the Archbishop of Glasgow shall be present with the other Bishops in the Provincial Synod of Scotland. It is almost needless to add that there are not, in connection with the See of Glasgow, any suffragan Bishops, who, together with the Archbishop, could form a Synod.

Four objects in particular, the Archbishop earnestly recommends to the attention of his flock. First of all he insists upon the establishment of a diocesan seminary, in order that such youths as have a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, may be properly trained for the important duties of the priesthood. His eminent predecessor had this object at heart, and was laboring to bring about its accomplishment when too early called away from the labors and cares of this life.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A one-armed street singer was lately assassinated in Paris, and his body was followed to the grave by 300 beggars.

The storms on the French coast this year have made sad havoc with the oyster nurseries.

While two Russian artillerymen were removing from among the ruins of Sebastopol a bomb, which had lain there for nearly a quarter of a century, it exploded and badly wounded both.

The Empress of Austria, in consequence of the disaster at Szegedin, decided to leave Ireland earlier than expected. Her Majesty is expected to reach the Austrian capital on the 26th inst.

The experiment of lighting the reading room of the British Museum by electricity seems to be perfectly successful. The smallest print was as legible as by daylight. The room is a vast circular apartment.

Bosconian has voted to put an inscription on the house in which Victor Hugo was born 77 years ago, and to give his name to the street which opens opposite to it and is now called the Rue Rondot-Saint Quentin.

A Commander R. N. suggests in a letter to a London paper the use of dogs to hunt Zulus. "We have scarcely come to that yet," is the comment of the Army and Navy Gazette.

From a report lately issued by the municipality of Leipzig we learn that it has 246 printing offices, 294 book stores, and 163 binderies. There has been a great increase in business since 1865. In 1877 the books published were valued at \$7,000,000. Leipzig also does a vast business in furs.

The late Lord Wensleydale, an eminent English Judge, better known as Baron Parkes, states in a letter just published that the Lancashire juries were the best in England, that those of Westminster always acted with a prejudice, and that in any nice and doubtful case juries nine times out of ten decide wrong.

A London exchange says that a distinguished professor of chemistry has suggested that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, Glycerine, Peppine, Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphine.

A sergeant of Zouaves had, at the battle of Orleans, his thigh smashed by a fragment of a shell. "Well, my poor fellow," said his captain, who visited him in hospital, "you must find it pretty lonesome work being laid up here." "Oh, no, Captn, not at all," was the reply. "I suffer good deal, and that makes the time slip by."

On the death of the Duke of Wellington the bells of Trim, near Dangan Castle, his father's seat in Ireland, for which, when a young man, Wellington had sat in the Irish Parliament, rang a muffled peal, when the tower, a beautifully toned bell, suddenly broke. It was found by a curious coincidence to have been cast in 1769, the year of the Duke's birth.

Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle writes, said it was unquestioned that the three greatest novelists in the world were Cervantes, Fielding, and Le Sage. Macaulay, who was present, said he thought "Don Quixote" the first novel of the world, and "Clarissa Harlowe" the next. He thought it well established that "Gil Blas" is a translation from French novels.

In Manchester, England, has lately been exhibited a copy of the first edition of Newton's "Principia," containing the autograph of Edmund Halley, the astronomer, who gave it to the Abbot Nazari, the editor for several years of a scientific journal in Rome. The book afterward passed into the possession of Dr. Dalton, whose autograph it also bears.

A committee of the British House of Lords is inquiring into street railroads. The representative of 10,000 cabs bitterly denounced the damage done by "tramways" as at present laid. He said the wheels were sometimes wrenched off and the tires constantly injured, and estimated the increased wear and tear to cabs in consequence at from 15 to 20 per cent.

A few years ago, and for aught we know to-day, a placard in the bedrooms of a large hotel at Prague stated that "Guests are requested to communicate to the landlord all complaints arising on their sides." At Pesth to-day in a much treated inn announced "Gentlemen are requested not to flatter the female servants on the stairs, as many dishes have thus been broken."

At Newcastle-under-Lyme a respectable dressed Irishman was recently sent to goal for a month for assault. In his possession were found documents of a treasonable nature. One was a set of rules and regulations for the management of the North of England division of the I.R.B., and referred to the formation of a military organization and secret arming. The papers were ordered to be sent to Mr. Cross.

Mark Twain is in Paris on a short self-granted leave of absence from Germany, where he is "studying"—what, is not known, but probably how to become as dull as the rest of us. He came for the wedding of Frank Millet, the painter and war correspondent. His wedding present was a couple of logs of firewood, prettily bound together with pink and silk, and offered as "the costliest thing I could find in Paris."—The World.

"Let the universal satisfaction at our enemy's recent humiliating defeat by despised opponents stimulate us to exertions which shall hasten our opportunity to strike again. A Catechism with un-armed followers would never have staggered the prestige or curbed the insolence of England. Arm Ireland, and a 'Rorke's Drift' nearer home may shake the Empire to its base." This is an extract from one of the documents found on the person of the Irishman recently arrested at Newcastle-under-Lyme.

The following nationalities live under the sceptre of the Czar of Russia: Great Russians, Little Russians, White Russians, Poles, Finns, Estons, Samoyeds, Laplanders, Ostiaks, Tunguz, Kamchadals, Tartars, Bashkirs, Kirguiz, Kalmauks, Tcherkessi, Ossetini, Lesguini, Armenians, Lithauer, Tchuvashii, Ugalezi, Coloshen, Tchubukhi, Grusin, Koriaki, Eskimos, Yucaghi, Lopari, Truchmen, Korels, Vaguls, Tchagovichi, Tchetcheni, Gypsies, Hebrews and Mennonites. Each of these speaks its own language, which is foreign to all the others.

The returns of the volunteer force in Scotland for the year ending November last have just been issued, and make a notable showing. The equipment establishment is 55,455. The returns show that there were enrolled 46,099, divided amongst them several arms as follows: Rifle volunteers, 35,531; artillery, 9,592; light horse, 247; mounted rifles, 111; engineers, 618. Of the number enrolled 44,343 are classed as efficient. Of the counties, Lanarkshire, including Glasgow, leads the list, with a total of 10,311 enrolled, of which 9,977 are classed as efficient.

The attendant upon the "Red Prince" at the recent great wedding at Windsor was Colonel Von Bocke, an adventurous Prussian officer. He went to the United States during the civil war and fought gallantly for the South, was shot through the left lung and then went to London invalided. He was in London several months, and during his visit wrote an account of his adventures for "Blackwood's Magazine," while he was the hero of a colony of Southern ladies in the capital. It is related that Von Bocke, who is six feet two inches high, cut the head of a Union soldier clean from the shoulders with one blow of a huge two-handed sword.