

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1878.

NO. 9.

## ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

December, 1878.  
Sunday, 1.—First Sunday of Advent, semi-double Epistle (Roman xiii, 11-14) Gospel (Luke xxi, 25-28).  
Monday, 2.—St. Elizabeth, Virgin and Martyr.  
Tuesday, 3.—St. Francis Xavier, confessor, double Major.  
Wednesday, 4.—A day of fast and abstinence, St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop and Doctor, double.  
Thursday, 5.—Office of the Fieri, St. Sabina Abbd.  
Friday, 6.—A day of fast and abstinence, St. Nicholas, Bishop and confessor.  
Saturday, 7.—St. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor, double.

## ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

St. Peter's Palace, London, Ontario, Nov. 13, 78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of our diocese.

I am yours,

Sincerely in Christ,

JOHN WALSH,  
Bishop of London.

## LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

Diocese of Hamilton, Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Goodrich, called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit; so desirable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive circulation.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

P. F. CRINNON,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

Bro. Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes:—"We like the first numbers of the CATHOLIC RECORD very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario."

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

The CATHOLIC RECORD, published at Ontario, Canada, is making a good start. It has been in the field scarcely two months, yet it shows signs of able journalism. We wish it every success.

London Catholic Visitor.

We are pleased to notice the establishment of a new paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD—at London, Ontario. Walter Locke is the publisher. It is a large well printed sheet, and offered at 82 a year. We wish the RECORD success.

Hamilton Times.

"THE CATHOLIC RECORD."—This is the title of a new religious weekly paper published in London, which was found to be a long felt want in the diocese of Western Ontario. The first number came out on October 4th last, and is an eight page sheet of creditable appearance and much promise. One page is devoted to editorial matter, and able writers have charge of that department. We wish the RECORD a prosperous career.

New York Tablet.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., Canada, comes to us this week. It is a bright, well edited journal, conducted with taste and judgment. It displays in its editorial department much talent, and, if it continues as it has begun, we hesitate not to say that it will be successful. It is, apart from the able manner in which it is edited, Catholic through and through. It has our warmest wishes for its future.

Albion News.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, is on our exchange list. In age, it is but a trifle in advance of the News. It is remarkably well edited, and is evidently under the supervision of an experienced hand. Devoted almost exclusively to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, it is as yet free from narrow minded bigotry, and in this respect may well be patterned after by many denominational journals of Protestantism.

London Free Press.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—The new enterprise of a Catholic organ for the West is one that has been well received by the public to be specially addressed. According to promise, the RECORD made its appearance yesterday, and justifies the promises made in its prospectus, and the expectations of its friends. The original matter exhibits considerable boldness, and the selection appear to be well suited to the occasion.

## A LETTER FROM BISHOP RYAN, OF BUFFALO.

### AN ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY TO ROME.

American College, Via dell'Unita, Rome, Oct. 25th, 1878.

VERY REV. WILLIAM GLEESON:—

REV. DEAR SIR,—At long and at last we have reached Rome, and found here in the American College a peaceful and happy haven after a long and wearisome journey. Most kindly and hospitably received, we find ourselves at home with the good young Rector, Dr. Hostler, and his worthy assistant, Dr. Wall. We are the both of us, Rev. P. Cronin and myself, comfortably domiciled here, and after a few days of rest, I will pay my respects and offer the homage of genuine filial devotion to the Holy Father in behalf of the diocese of Buffalo.

You know, perhaps, already, that we left Rev. P. Moylan at Paris, the physician advising him to go directly to Genoa or some southern clime. I have not since heard of him, and I have just written a letter to Genoa making enquiries concerning him. This reminds me too of our disappointment in receiving no news yet from Buffalo. We expected a large budget of news here in Rome, but I got not a line awaited us; not even a copy of the UNION, to inform us that Rev. F. Kelly was not overwhelmed with his multifarious duties of editor-in-chief, etc. But yes, by the way, we found here at Innsbruck some copies of the College Index, and also a note from Rev. M. Kircher, to which, you may tell him, I will attend, and you may also inform him that I had the pleasure of seeing his good and venerable father at Cologne. Now, you must not expect me to give you an account of our journey or of the celebrated localities through which we passed, on the holy shrine we visited. From Paris to Brussels and the field of Waterloo, thence to Louvain, where in the American College, we were once more at home among kind and dear friends, and where we rested for some days making excursions into neighboring interesting localities. You have heard of Bois d'Haine and Louise Lateau. Well, with the good Rector of the College, Rev. F. Pabst, we started Thursday evening and about dusk we reached that out of the way place, now however world-renowned and visited by strangers of every tongue and nation. I can only say that I carried the most holy sacrament to her Friday morning accompanied by a crowd of pious pilgrims more than enough to fill twice over her little room. After administering to her the B. Sacrament, whilst she in ecstasy turned her hands to God, I uncovered the mortal wounds of her hands to a number of all present and looked myself in wonder and a species of awe, now looking from the open wounds on the back of her hands. At 10 o'clock I returned again, this time with the parish priest alone, and had this time the opportunity of seeing her speaking with her and examining the stigmata, not now bleeding but fresh and open as if a nail had actually pierced her hands. Again at 3 o'clock, P.M., a crowd had assembled at this time, much indeed, to the disgust of several ladies who had come from a long distance. But there were there besides ourselves physicians and distinguished gentlemen, lay and clerical, from different parts of Belgium, France and Germany, and there she lay in ecstatic rapture, insensible to all around her, the blood flowing profusely from her hands. We recited prayers and psalms of the divine office, she seemed to unite with us at times and even raised herself up with a wonderful expression of countenance at certain parts of the same. Physicians present wiped the blood from her hands and examined the same, others dipped handkerchiefs and other articles in the flowing blood. Ropes of the office, she seemed to recite in recognition. Lightly took from my neck my episcopal cross and placed it over her, when she arose immediately to a sitting posture, stretched out her bleeding hands and then gently withdrawing it, she fell back again upon the bed. I sat thus by her bedside and watched the varied expressions that were depicted on her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail.

And so it went, day after day, until we reached Rome. At 3 o'clock, P.M., a crowd had assembled at this time, much indeed, to the disgust of several ladies who had come from a long distance. But there were there besides ourselves physicians and distinguished gentlemen, lay and clerical, from different parts of Belgium, France and Germany, and there she lay in ecstatic rapture, insensible to all around her, the blood flowing profusely from her hands. We recited prayers and psalms of the divine office, she seemed to unite with us at times and even raised herself up with a wonderful expression of countenance at certain parts of the same. Physicians present wiped the blood from her hands and examined the same, others dipped handkerchiefs and other articles in the flowing blood. Ropes of the office, she seemed to recite in recognition. Lightly took from my neck my episcopal cross and placed it over her, when she arose immediately to a sitting posture, stretched out her bleeding hands and then gently withdrawing it, she fell back again upon the bed. I sat thus by her bedside and watched the varied expressions that were depicted on her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail. Her countenance, which I must not now detail.

Who are the ones that get rich? It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind to remain. It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and keep money. In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian endurance. "Circumstances" did not make them rich. The highest moral principle made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle-age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside. If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will be impressed with is the measure of economy with which they started in life, not for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquiry into the cause of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those cases. Circumstances? Why, the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town has become a beggar. The poor, widow, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her the commonest education, is a man of wealth and has become a patron of his native village. This man who possesses and practices virtue makes his circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge—provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.—Schiller.

## ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Many people have a deal of trouble in bringing up children; but it is all unnecessary. There is a way in which a child can be squelched if parents only knew it. If you have a vigorous, athletic, excitableurchin for your son, and the little chap, fresh from some wonderful feat or startling experience, comes racing in through the front door, his face flushed, his eyes blazing and his little heart actually panting with a desire to "tell you all about it," stamp your foot at him and tell him severely that children should be seen and not heard. After a few such receptions he will be sure to make you his confidant. Or if in swinging on the gate he has broken

one of the hinges, and sobbing he comes haltingly in to confess the mishap and his fault, give him a good sound cuffing, or take him up by the collar of his jacket and shake him. If you hit him off his feet and set him down once or twice, it will be apt to make him manly and free to confess his errors to you.

If your boy happens to be a girl, it is still easier to manage. Girls are impressionable, and they take shape very quickly, and they harden into those shapes you have given them beautifully. Girls have little secrets and little foolishnesses, that can so easily be laughed at and modestly, that she be a woman of ordinary common sense, can easily take the course that shall protect her from being "bothered with any of their nonsense."

Ah me! how many boys have been made liars and thieves by parental sternness. How many girls, modest and trustful, have been driven to conceal or to seek unnatural confidence by lack of her sympathy. There are some of us who are men and women now, who remember the days that are gone and our childhood's time; and we remember how little mother and father "understand us." And we have said more than once,—said it to ourselves when alone; said it to others who had had like experience,—what right had they to have children, if they didn't know how to treat them better than they did us? Love us? Certainly they loved us, but what good did that do us? Theirs was not a wise love, and when we needed the wisdom of love we got it not either for our guidance or our comfort. And some of us would be better now ourselves, and have less regret, had our parents been wiser.

Father's provoke not your children to wrath."

## PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE NEGOTIATIONS.

From the Catholic Review.

The cable is busy again with the negotiations between the Vatican and Germany. We ventured some time ago, with the scant material at our disposal, to make certain comments on the nature of the negotiations and their probable issue. Events since seem to justify (much to our regret) what we then said.

We are now told, and the statement seems to be confirmed in part by the *Germania*, the leading Catholic paper in Germany, that the negotiations between Germany and the Vatican cannot succeed unless the Centre party's agitation against the Government is interdicted by ecclesiastical authority. From that the *Northdeutsche Zeitung* infers that the negotiations are not abandoned; that the Vatican still hopes to bring the Centre party in the Reichstag to a less hostile attitude. Prince Bismarck was willing to purchase peace with Rome, if Rome compelled the German Catholic members of Parliament to vote at Prince Bismarck's beck and call, thus virtually securing to the Government a standing majority. Such a boon was, of course, worth a great price, and to secure it the Chancellor was willing to annihilate the laws of "blood and iron," in fact, to annul the laws of the Reichstag. This is just the difficulty that we foresaw. Prince Bismarck was willing to purchase peace with Rome, if Rome compelled the German Catholic members of Parliament to vote at Prince Bismarck's beck and call, thus virtually securing to the Government a standing majority. Such a boon was, of course, worth a great price, and to secure it the Chancellor was willing to annihilate the laws of "blood and iron," in fact, to annul the laws of the Reichstag.

What a revelation have we here! The world sees the meaning of such a proposal. It means, if anything, that all his allegations against the Catholics, on which allegations he justified his anti-Catholic legislation, were false and groundless. He said that the Catholics were conspirators against the unity of Germany; that they were traitors to the Empire who obeyed a foreign power, the Pope; and that for the sake of maintaining peace, order and union in Germany, it was necessary to break up the organization of the Catholic Church, scatter its chief pastors, and deprive the faithful of the ministries of their religion. Well, the Catholics are the same "conspirators" to-day that they were seven years ago; that they have been all through. They have not weakened or altered a jot. They have grown stronger rather; hence their greater value in Prince Bismarck's eyes. If, then, he was right in persecuting them at all, he is right and justified in continuing that persecution. The safety of the Empire demands its continuance now more than ever, since, as we said, the "conspirators" are stronger than ever. But no; for the sake of a parliamentary majority, he is willing, with a stroke of his pen, to erase the penal code that it cost a civil revolution of frame and cry through. Can a confession of false play and injustice be more open and humiliating?

But again, he is apparently striving to bring about and force upon the Catholics the crime of which he accused them; all, however, according to law now. All according to law, because it happens to chime in with Prince Bismarck's pleadings. He who accused Rome of interfering in German politics, actually asks Rome to exercise the consciences of its Catholic subjects to put a seal upon them and hand them over as a blind instrument for good or evil, to his own treacherous keeping. How these wise men, these far-sighted politicians, overreach themselves at times, when they come to deal with matters of open truth and honor! Rome cannot do this thing. It is one guide and monitor in matters of faith and morals. It treats with no political parties. To it Empire or Republic are one. It only cares that right and justice prevail, and that the voice of God dwell in the hearts of men. But for Rome to say "vote this ticket," or "vote that," or "and yourself, vote to follow this leader for such a consideration," is a proposition so preposterous as to carry its own condemnation on its face.

C. B. Blair, a La Porte county farmer, has gathered over two thousand eight hundred bushels of cranberries from his marshes near Michigan City.

## THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

The following remarkable letter was addressed by the Ameer of Afghanistan to the acting Viceroy of India on the death of Lord Mayo: "After expressions of sorrow and affliction, he is known to your friendly heart that I have just been shocked to hear the terrible and mournful tidings of the death of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. By this terrible and unforeseen stroke my heart has been overwhelmed with grief and anguish, for it can scarce occur again in days so out of joint as these that the world will see another so universally beloved and esteemed for his many high and excellent qualities as him who is now in the spirit land. All great and wise men have ever regarded this transitory world as a resting-place for a single night or as an overflying and changing stream, and have never ceased to remind their fellows that they must pass beyond it and leave all behind them. It is, therefore, incumbent on men not to fix their affections on perishable things during the course of their short lives, which are, as it were, a loan to them from above. Naught remains to the friends and survivors of him who is gone from among us but patience and resignation. The unvarying friendship and kindness displayed towards me by him who is now no more has induced me to determine, if the affairs of Afghanistan at the time permitted the step, to accompany his excellency on his return to England, so that I might obtain the gratification of a personal interview with her majesty the queen, and derive pleasure from travelling in the countries of Europe. Before the externally predestined decrees, however, men must bow in silence. A crooked and perverse fate always interferes to prevent the successful attainment by any human being of his most cherished desires. What more can be said or written to express my grief and sorrow? It is my earnest wish that your excellency, wherever you may be, will in future communicate to me accounts of your health, and inform me of your name and titles, that I may be enabled to address my letters correctly."

Judging from the above we fancy the Ameer is a pretty well educated Barbarian.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

One hundred swarms of bees in Blackman, Mich., have yielded this season 25 tons of honey, one swarm making 134 pounds of honey each day.

A Nebraska farmer reports six hundred pounds of bright sugar from one acre of early sorghum. Advises from Bengal to England states that cattle are dying in such numbers there from epidemic diseases that streams are choked with their carcasses.

Mr. Wiley Tinsdale, of Hale county, Alabama, has ordered one thousand English sparrows, which he hopes will prove an effectual cottonworm destroyer.

Cracked or Grease Heel.—This disease was quite prevalent among horses in the west last winter. Dr. Moore commends in the country Gentleman the following treatment:

Place upon the foot a shoe which has heel calks but no toe calks, and thus relieve the parts of tension. Then poultice for two days with greasy poultice if procurable; if not lined mud. Change the poultice twice per day, and spread upon a layer of powdered charcoal. Afterwards use the following ointment twice a day: Powdered golden seal, one ounce; glycine, one ounce; carbolic acid, one ounce; lard, four ounces; mix. If necessary, poultice the parts again in a week's time, and continue the ointment.

Weeks in Fall. Spring weeds stand a chance of being eradicated. There is the planting and the cultivation and the hoeing, which leaves the field so clean at the commencement of the hay season that hardly a weed is in sight. The perill begins just there. Weeds grow apace among the corn and potatoes, and long before harvest many plants mature and scatter their pestilent crop. There is nothing a farmer pays dearer for than the rest that allows them to thrive. These weeds will be right in the way of cultivation the next season and for years to come. They injure the succeeding food crops and the grain and grass crops. It is a nuisance to leave charred amidst oats or barley and a fraud to sell grain with food seed in it. It is a nuisance to have to pull dock out of your windows of hay, and something worse to sell hay with docks in it. Few farmers are awake to the economy honesty of absolutely clean fields. We want to keep up the good fight in the fall months. It will pay.

Air for Plants.—Agriculturists and gardeners do not pay sufficient heed to the necessity of air, it is as necessary to the germination of seeds, as it is to animal life. The seeds, when buried so deeply in the ground as to be cut off from the air will never germinate. The part that atmospheric air performs in the act of germination is the same that it fulfills in the respiration of animals. Air explains, Mr. Figuer acts on the seeds by means of oxygen, and the germinating seed, like the animal, breathes out carbonic acid; but from the instant when, by the progress of germination, the young plant has produced small green leaves the chemical phenomenon is reversed. There are many curious facts in regard to the germination of seed which the world at large do not understand. Plain practical farmers are the hope of the country, but a little scientific truth added to practical knowledge would not, we are tempted to believe, retard the progress of agriculture.

"The Future of Catholic People," by Baron Hauberg, a book hurried by the commendation of Pius IX., will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Hickey & Co., publishers of *The Catholic Library Series of cheap Catholic works*. It is an able examination of the extravagant claims of Protestants concerning the connection between heresy and temporal prosperity, and indicates the important services rendered to human civilization by the Church. It is enriched with notes from Irish, English and American sources. Price, \$1.50.

We learn with regret that George Fredrick von Dylherr, who was a convert to the Faith, died at Rothenburg, Germany, on the 29th of September, after a short illness, during which he had the happiness of receiving the consolations of religion. The deceased was one of the most eminent authors and poets of Catholic Germany. His poems were worthy of the age of Goethe and Schiller, and his prose writings, chiefly Catholic tales, are admired for elegance of style, purity of language, and noble cast of character. Every line that this accomplished writer penned shows him to have been a faithful Catholic.