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WALTER LOCKE,

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1879.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail. Care should be taken when making payments to obtain a receipt, and subscribers are hereby cautioned against paying money to any person except our duly authorized agents. Our St. Thomas subscribers should pay money to no person except Mr. John Doyle, Merchant, or ourselves.

Mr. Boone, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

Mr. Dan'l. Fisher is our appointed agent for Stratford.

We beg to caution our subscribers in the neighborhood of Granton against paying any money to one McBride. We have had some queer agents, but our subscribers must be very verdant to imagine that we should trust our business to a man of his reputation. We will not acknowledge any receipts given either by McBride or by any person not having written authority from the publisher of the Record.

OUR PREMIUM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Some of our subscribers have neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them of procuring one of our grand Premium Photographs, by paying up their subscriptions in full on the 1st of January. Had they been aware of the excellence and real value of the pictures, they would not have hesitated about forwarding their subscriptions in due time. We know, however, that many may have been prevented by the force of circumstances, and therefore deem it a duty of ours to extend the time, in order that all those who were first to come forward and assist in establishing the Record, and to whom we owe such a deep debt of gratitude, may have an opportunity of obtaining one of these beautiful pictures. Lest any of our subscribers should be without one, we will extend the time to January 31st, 1879. Remember, then, that all subscribers who pay up their subscriptions in full, on or before the above date, will receive their choice of a Cabinet-Sized Photograph of His Grace Archbishop Lynch, or their Lordships the Bishops of London and Hamilton, mounted on fine card-board, making a picture 8x10 inches, executed in the best style of the art by Edy Bros., London, and value for \$1.00. All those who have paid up their subscriptions will please notify us by postal card, or otherwise, which picture they prefer, and we will forward it without delay. We would request those who can conveniently call at the office, to do so.

In our last issue we published a sermon of the Rev. Father Molphy of Strathroy, in answer to certain objections against the Real Presence, raised by Rev. Mr. Andrews, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in which Father Molphy stated that he declined to have anything to do, whatever, with the associate of a Toronto felon. We made a special remark of this, editorially. We are now informed that the Rev. Mr. Andrews has written a letter to Father Molphy in which he repudiates any connection or association with felons, and especially with the ex-convict Widdows. It affords a pleasure to note that there is at least one Protestant clergyman in Strathroy, whose sense of self-respect or common decency forbade his pandering to vulgar bigotry by coqueting with that abandoned wretch called the ex-Monk. But how is it with the other ministers of Strathroy, who received the ex-convict as a brother clergyman of the same rank?

The chapel of the residence of the Christian Brothers at Auray, France, was lately consumed by fire. It was not possible to remove the Blessed Sacrament. When the ruins at last became accessible, the tabernacle was found carbonized, and the ciborium standing upon an outspread corporal, intact. The covering of the ciborium was partly blackened, but the sacred particles had not undergone the least mutation.

A MELANCHOLY HISTORY AND ITS MORAL.

There was a dog once that took it into his head to examine the nature and movements of a train that was just starting; so, walking alongside at first, and then breaking into a gentle trot, to keep up, he looked at the wheel, smelt the boxing, threw an eye up at the smokestack, and the man in the wood box, and barked at the engineer. This was all very well, and might have ended in a respectable addition to his knowledge, as of mechanical forces in general, so particularly of steam power as applied to locomotion on railways, but for an unfortunate accident.

When the increasing speed of the train had worked him into a pretty rapid run, and into that hilarious mood which springs from vigorous healthful exercise, it so chanced that a cart, driven on a line parallel and close to the track, met him so unexpectedly that he wheeled quickly at right angles to the train, and accompanied this rapid action with a movement which anyone knowing anything of dogs might safely have predicted; he lowered his tail, an innocent, instructive proceeding to be sure, but in this case followed by disastrous consequences. For he happened, evil fate directing, to lower it just in the way of one of the advancing wheels. We need not tell the result. Poor dog, what a sting of pain he felt! What a thrill of torture sped down his spinal column even to the roots of his ears! This was bad enough, but worse followed. Instead of repenting of his absurd curiosity, and lying quietly down till the passing train had left him a clear track to go home upon, he yielded to a paroxysm of mingled pain and shame and animal unreasonableness, plunged wildly at the coaches, smashing his teeth against their smooth, hard sides, missed his footing, and lay there a mangled carcass, but a monument of multi-form instructiveness to all dogs that go near locomotives.

Now this story has been told before, and would not be worth repeating here if it had not a moral. We wonder if any man ever behaved in so foolish a way as this? We think so, and painful as it is to say, it appears quite within the truth that the fatuity and absurdity of the canine are matched by like qualities in a small, very small class of our fellow-citizens. Specimens of the class may be met with here and there all through the country, chiefly in one calling, but distinguished from the gentlemen of their honorable and sacred profession by this, that you never hear of their activity on purely religious questions. They are not leaders, or even prominent actors in the many schemes with which good men seek to reform this bad world, nor are they even very zealous for the inculcation of the set of doctrines on which their particular sect is founded. But let the Catholic Church begin to show herself in their neighborhood, let a new edifice be erected for the worship of God, or a mission given to stir up consciences, forthwith—and it is the reason why we call them "Controvertists"—they are up in arms, or at all events, in wrath, and commence a furious onslaught upon doctrines whereof they know—if we may judge by their writings—as much as the dog did about steam power. And for the very reason that they know nothing of the Catholic argument, their confidence is supreme, and they send out challenges and defiance to all and every one that doesn't take just their little view of the matter, and conduct themselves in a wild, irrational way, that is very painful to witness. Now, mark, we are not opposed to controversy—far from it. The intellect is one of our highest endowments, and under proper conditions there can never be too much exercise of it. Hence properly united attacks upon us and our doctrines, evincing honesty of conviction and utterance, though they may be disagreeable, we should still almost welcome, for they stir us up, and are a hopeful sign of the interest still taken in religion. Nay more, so thoroughly are we convinced that in a free country like this, the Church cannot permanently suffer from any kind of attack, we are not sure but the controvertists may be a blessing in disguise. True, they are entirely wanting in that modesty which is ever expected of serious writers, they lack the charity that should always mark the Christian champion; their object is to serve not religion, but themselves. These are serious reasons why they should abstain from the work of public criticism; still this has to be borne in mind. Even the dog had a right to look at the locomotive; may more, if he had lived he might have published his new views upon the whole question. And the only defense railway men and engineers generally could have made was to leave his crude speculations severely alone or laugh at them. No, it was not the exercise of his right, but the rash, impudent exercise of it that led him to the loss of his tail, and then of his head. It was giving way to his temper, and dashing madly, unreasonably against what he was no match for, that brought about the catastrophe.

So beware gentlemen Controvertists. Nobody denies your right to attack us. But are

you not making yourself ridiculous, a kind of laughing stock to all thinking men, by your ignorance and presumption, and wild words, and ill temper, in a controversy of such vast moment. There may have been fun in looking at the poor tailless canine trying to tear the railway train, and stop the locomotive with his teeth. He might have done it far more easily than you will check the onward movement of the Catholic Church.

And besides, what are you so angry about? The animal's mistake was not in using his own right, as we have admitted, but in forgetting that the train also had its right, and was very likely to enforce it. So, if the queer incoherencies which you call your theology, the fictions and half-facts you dress up as church history, and the alternate torpor and animal excitement you designate religion, do look comical when brought into contrast with the clear precision of the Church's teaching, her intelligent mastery of all the facts of Christianity, and the rational, well-ordered movements of her piety, surely this is not our fault, but your misfortune. Keep out of the way and you will not be offended. The Church of God can no more help her own consistency and beauty and grandeur, and the overshadowing of all shams and counterfeit religions that come near her, than the locomotive can help its speed, and weight and dangerousness. So our parting advice would be, think of our fable. You are already maimed. Flight or a judicious silence alone can save what remains to you.

THE PROTESTANT BISHOPS AND THE AFGHAN WAR.

The Protestant Bishops of England are Peers, and as such have been recording their votes in the House of Lords "for" or "against" the Government policy with regard to the war. Eight Bishops voted for it, two against it. (We say two, because though one only actually voted against it, the Bishop of Manchester, had he not been ill, tells us he would have voted against it.)

This vote of the Bishops is warlike; it may even be politic, but is it episcopal?

As members of the House of Lords, the Bishops are not bound by any ties of duty to any constituency. As spiritual Lords they are not bound by any paramount considerations of duty to their country. They may indeed be Englishmen, but they are bishops first and then Englishmen. Their first duty is to God and then to their king. Wolsey reversed this rule and—fell. Let us see how his spiritual successors in the House of Peers have fulfilled their duty in this respect in their vote for the Afghan war.

We suppose no same man at all conversant with the facts will deny that this Afghan war is a purely aggressive war; a war of expediency, if you like, but still a purely aggressive war. How then do our eight bishops defend their vote for an aggressive war? What plea of justification seven of these eight will enter before the bar of Divine Justice we know not; but the eighth having entered his plea before the bar of public opinion, we are free to discuss them, and with all due deference for lawn sleeves as the embodiment of all that is proper and punctilious, we are bound to declare those pleas as of the flimsiest. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol thus opens his case: "After listening attentively to the statements of those who had been the principal actors in these complicated transactions, I seemed to myself to come clearly to the conclusion that the war was one of necessity, and not of injustice or of concealed designs." So far so good. If the war is one of necessity, that ends the case. "Needs must when a certain verb. Necessity is a jade very much akin to that man's wife who,

"If she would, she would; and there's an end on't. And if she won't, she won't, you may depend on't." But is the Bishop of Bristol's necessity of this kind? We think not; and from the Bishop of Bristol's own shewing, we think not. Dr. Elliott is Bishop of Bristol, and Dr. Elliott's first plea in support of this "needs must when a certain old gentleman drives" is that "our Indian frontier on the side of Afghanistan is insecure." Clearly this is an argument for a Christian Bishop. It may do very well for an un-Christian politician, but sounds rather too worldly wise and too disregardful of Christian morals for a Christian Bishop. If insecurity amounts to a plea of necessity, France ought to leave the Rhine, and Belgium and Holland ought to annex France. Dr. Elliott in that plea was evidently speaking outside his lawn sleeves; as a not over-scrupulous politician rather than as a Christian watchman on the tower. We think we must enter "Not proven" in our magisterial notes on this plea, if Christian morality has to have anything to do with our judgment. Nor is the second plea any better than the first; in fact to any mind (not imbued with the Machiavellian maxim that "good faith, justice, clemency, religion should be ever in the mouth of a ruler; but he must learn not to fear the discredit of any action which he finds necessary to preserve his

power) it will not amount to a plea at all. The Afghan Prince, the good bishop tells us, had declined accepting from us the sort of Embassy which he had accepted from Russia! Surely this is expediency, good Dr., not necessity, and expediency of the flimsiest kind! It is no doubt very humiliating to English self-aggression and gumptionlessness to find that the scurvy Russian whom the great Napoleon said you had only to scratch and you'd find a Tartar, has been treated more courteously than itself by an Afghan Prince, but surely this slight (if slight it be) does not amount in the mind of a Christian bishop to a *casus belli*—an excuse for letting slip the dogs of war, a necessity for the ordering of thousands to go forth to butchery and to be butchered by others, to render homes desolate, wives widows, children orphans, smiling plains deserts, and to fatten vultures with the mangled and rotting flesh of man. No! no! Christian bishop, if Christian bishop you in deed be, if your "voice is still for war," go borrow a crucifix from the first Irish servant girl you meet in your episcopal city of Bristol, throw yourself in your innermost closet at the feet of that crucifix and ask your bleeding Saviour if such was the Christian morality he taught from that cross, to avenge each fancied slight with oceans of human blood. The Bishop's third plea is, that if England had quietly accepted the situation, Russian designs would have been encouraged. This is the strangest plea of all. The poor Amerre must be thrashed *pour encourager les autres*, to deter future crime in others, but then the hanged man must have been proved a murderer, and consequently must have lost all claim to his life. To hang an innocent man in order to deter others from crime is not a very moral proceeding albeit it is so near akin to that of the Afghan Prince, whose territories are violated and whose subjects are massacred by British troops supported in the House of Lords by eight English bishops, in order to strike terror into the Russian breast.

The Bishop's third and fourth plea we must consider in our next.

SACERDOS.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

We published in a previous issue an account of a street episode as reported by the editor of the *St. Thomas Journal*, but refrained from commenting upon it until we saw whether its veracity would be questioned. Not a word of it has been denied or contradicted, therefore we must assume that it is substantially correct. We do not believe in poking our nose into other people's business, but at the same time we consider it to be the duty of every honorable journalist to stand by a member of the profession when he is wrongfully accused and wantonly assailed. The editor of the *Journal* was attacked on the public streets of St. Thomas, in the most unseemly manner, by no less a personage than His Honor Judge Hughes, for no other reason than that of publishing a correspondence reflecting upon a certain action of the Judge's, and defending him editorially against the charge made by the correspondent. The editor of the *Journal* wields an incisive pen, which, perhaps, cuts a little too deeply sometimes, but we can see no justification in the present instance for calling him a "disreputable skunk," "a sneak and a liar," except that such language when uttered by a Judge has not the same *beautiful, classical* English meaning as when used by an ordinary street bully. Nor did we believe that the most reckless character in the county of Elgin would dare to asperse the private character of the gentlemanly editor of the *Journal*. It was reserved for a Judge of the land, however, to do this in the most undignified manner. The Judge has tried his hand at many things, with a view to becoming popular—such as License Commissioner, Temperance Organizer, Church Reformer, and other minor matters not worth mentioning—without much success. But after he has shown such proficiency in the art of that vulgar, personal vituperation so essentially necessary for the maintenance of judicial dignity, the good people of Elgin must feel that they have a Judge that will at least bear favorable comparison with any member of the judiciary west of the Ohio. Socrates said that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for. Evidently the judge has been reading Socrates. But he should go west if he wishes to shine.

—The Republican International is spreading through all the great cities of the sub-pine Kingdom, and it has been discovered, that the International Committee at Perugia has been in direct relation with that of Genoa whence the watch word has been given for a general uprising and armed rebellion within a few months. The Italian ministry is fully aware of the fact, that arms of old pattern (muzzle loaders) are purchased everywhere and sent into Switzerland to be transformed into breechloaders. Viewing this fact, the Government has deemed it prudent to recall the order of suppression, issued against political associations, and charge the police only with a strict surveillance. The truth begins now to dawn upon the Italian Government that the church alone can save the kingdom from the impending ruin, and the king is trying to make friends by attenuating the odious laws passed against her sacred rights.

III. The third principle of the modern code of laws invented by the Revolution, and which also received its death blow at the Berlin Congress, is the so-called principle of nationalities, in virtue of which every nation has a right and ought to constitute itself into a political unity when free to do so. But to lay this down as an absolute principle, and to make it even obligatory, would be a strong and incomprehensible proceeding. It would be the same as to say that all the members of a given family should be bound to live in the same house. They might do it if they chose, and if they were free to do so, and by so doing, did not interfere with anybody else's rights. But to improve it and make it obligatory, regardless of individual rights would be tyranny of the worst kind and injustice beyond crying. And yet this is what the Revolution has been teaching and doing, it is in the name of this principle that Italian unity was brought about, that Germany made war upon Austria, that France was robbed of two of its fairest provinces, that the late

PIUS IX. VINDICATED BY THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

Translated from the "Civiltà Cattolica" for the Catholic Record.

The whole christian world had been shocked, by the forcible introduction into the code of laws by which nations are governed, of a certain number of new fangled principles of justice, which the modern Revolution, with the consent, it may be said of all the European Governments, had recognized and adopted as the basis and groundwork of a new development in the progress and civilization of nations.

The very fact of these principles being called new and modern, ought to have made more suspicous in reference to the theories based upon them.

For any one having the least notion of Philosophy knows, that the very idea of justice is to be eternal and immutable; times may change, but the eternal principles of right and justice remain over the same, so that any newly invented theory that happens to be in contradiction with these, must necessarily be wrong and false. But public opinion, which in our day rules as a sovereign, and imposes its judgments with a tyrant will upon the minds of men, has spoken, and woe to the man that would dare to gainsay its verdict, or utter a word in criticism of the new principles of modern civilization.

The Pope alone dared to lift up his voice in protest and condemnation, and Pius IX. launched forth his famous syllabus against the new code of laws promulgated by the Revolution. But Pius IX. stood alone against the whole world, he was a retrogressionist, a man that was not fit to live in this age of enlightenment and progress.

Who would have thought He would be vindicated so soon; who would have imagined, that the first time the grand council of the European nations would meet, to deliberate on the destinies of the world, they would in a most solemn manner deny and trample on all these so lately boasted principles and theories. And yet this is what they have done as the sequel will most clearly demonstrate.

I. The chief one among the dogmas of the modern code is the "inviolability of accomplished facts."

The ancient code of jurisprudence never even dreamt of such a principle; right was always held in greatest reverence, and never, until bronched by the modern Revolution, did any one think that Right was Right, and justly, therefore, has Pius IX. condemned the principle in the 59th proposition of the syllabus, which reads thus: "Right consists in more material facts, and all the duties of man are an empty name, and all human facts have the force of Right." But the world laughed at the Pope's condemnation, and continued to say that accomplished facts should be respected on an equality with acquired rights. It is thus the Italian liberals maintained their annexations, among others, the annexation of the Papal states to the Italian kingdom. Who can help it now, they would say it is an accomplished fact, and we may as well resign ourselves to it.

However, the Berlin Congress sent the famous principle of accomplished facts to the winds. For what were the accomplished facts that resulted from the late Turco-Russian war? The entire deliverance of Bulgaria from the Turkish dominion, the occupation by Russia, of a greater part of Armenia, and, above all, the famous treaty of San Stefano, which as much as affirmed the annihilation of the Turkish empire. But all these accomplished facts smelt bad in the nostrils of Europe. England stood up first and said that every single point of the treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to the consideration of a council of the nation, before she would consent to recognize these accomplished facts; and she declared moreover her readiness to sustain her view in this matter by force of arms. The other powers wavering and hesitating at first, finally fell in with the English view. The Congress takes place and the result of it is the tearing into shreds of the treaty of San Stefano, the restoring to the Sultan of at least a portion of the conquered provinces, the re-establishing of the autonomy of the Ottoman Empire, the remodelling of the whole geography of Turkey, without caring a straw for accomplished facts. . . . What a defeat this Berlin Congress is for the grandest of modern principles, that, namely, of accomplished fact! Liberals will in future appeal to this their most cherished principle, that, namely, of "non-intervention," with very bad grace.

II. Another great and much lauded principle of the revolution for the purpose of preventing the nations of Europe from interfering with it especially in its sacred religious robberies in Italy.