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"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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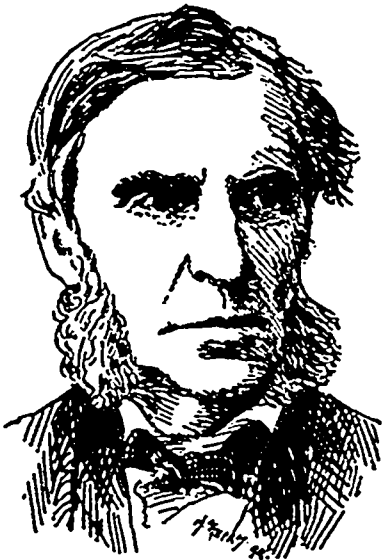
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Death of the Professor of History at Oxford.

Father Tom Burke's Triumph Recalled.

The cable despatches of Saturday last announced the sudden, although not quite unexpected death, of the distinguished literateur, James Anthony Froude. At the time of his demise Mr. Froude held the position of Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford.

No doubt the authorities in Oxford had their own ideas of his fitness for the responsible duties that devolve on the scholar who fills the Chair of



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

History in that far famed University. It seems to us the position must have been secured to him through the powerful influence of political friends, or that it was conferred on him as a solatium of his old age, and a compliment to his brilliant talents as a literary romancer rather than to any merits he earned as a historian. True it is that he devoted a large share of his time to the solution of historical problems and to the correction of opinions universally held on certain events and characters in English history. But in the minds of most men conversant with the controverted points of that history, Mr. Froude's time was all lost or mispent and his corrections left unheeded, except in so far as they became the subject of much severe criticism. One English writer characterised his methods as "the ignorant and mendacious sensationalism of Mr. Froude."

His writings have been, and no doubt shall for long continue to be very popular in England, for the delectation of whose masses they were chiefly composed. His brilliant yet simple style, his imagination, and unsurpassed talent for narration, as the Globe puts it, and his dramatic instinct for character portraiture, will scarcely at any time lose their charm for English readers.

It will unfortunately happen however, that those English, and we may add, many American readers, will remain satisfied with Mr. Froude's one-sided views and be so captivated with the charms of his literary triumphs as to grow careless of facts or dates, and thus incur a loss of knowledge, for which figures of speech and entrancing pages are poor compensation.

It was 1860 that Mr. Froude's great work "the History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada" began to appear in the periodicals and magazines of that time. They were continued until the last volume was issued in 1869. The Globe says, this work "constituted a positive literary sensation. Historical faiths that were firmly fixed in the minds of English people were examined and tested with daring courage; Henry VIII. ceased to be the moral monster that had been his accepted character. Elizabeth's reputation for strength of mind and statecraft became sadly impaired." It might have added that all known history was distorted by the untruthful pen and bigoted mind of the writer.

However pleased and charmed the English people may have been with Mr. Froude's white-washing of such iniquity as Henry VIII., Oliver Cromwell and other celebrities displayed in their misrule and misgovernment of Ireland the world at large will never consent to take this for truth nor to accept falsehood as an element of civilization, nor matter how gaudily decked out it be in the trappings of rounded periods or literary settings.

In 1879 Mr. Froude came to America and lectured before cultured audiences in New York and Philadelphia. His declared object was to justify the conduct of England towards the Irish people. The methods he employed were misrepresentation of Irish history, of Irish character and of the customs and religions of the great majority of the Irish people. He repeated in those lectures what he had already set down in his magazine essays—and made quite a sensation among certain classes of Americans. Probably he would have succeeded in captivating the minds by tickling the ears and charming the fancies of his audience as he had lulled his own countrymen into acceptance of historical untruths of data and past events.

But a greater man than he as a historian and as a literateur was encountered in New York—Rev. Father P. Burke of the Dominican Order who, as Provincial, was visiting his religious brethren in New York City in that same year. A deputation of Irish Catholic gentlemen waited on the distinguished Dominican with a request that he give public lectures in refutation of the many vile slanders and offensive statements heard each night at the lectures of Mr. Froude. After some hesitation Rev. Father Burke consented to lecture each evening in some large hall and take up for examination every dubious or evidently calumnious statement advanced by the polished historian. Never in the history of American polemics was so splendid a victory gained for truth—never was a public lecturer so completely overthrown in battle or so overwhelmingly crushed as the English lecturer who had already gained the ear and the sympathies of large and influential crowds of New York's most wealthy and perhaps most intelligent citizens. Each evening people thronged the Academy of Music to see the far-famed Dominican orator and listen to his Philipics in scathing denunciation of the Englishmen's unfair treatment of Irish history. Rev. Father Burke achieved a triumph in which all lovers of truth the world over shared—but in a special manner, his

fellow countrymen at home and elsewhere whose character he vindicated and whose claims on the sympathies not only of America but of all free nationhoods he fully and eloquently maintained.

One single instance of Mr. Froude's honest dealing in history is quoted by Rev. Father Burke. During the life time of King Henry VIII. such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate the clergy in order to please the King. A prisoner in the tower named Hunn was found one morning hanged by the neck. A coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against a priest who was never once in the tower. The priest happened to be the chancellor of the Bishop of London, who brought the matter before the House of Lords. The King's Attorney took cognizance of the infamous verdict and by solemn decree vindicated the innocence of the accused priest, declaring the twelve jurors to be twelve perjurers. In alluding to this fact of history, Mr. Froude wrote: "The clergy of that time were reduced to so dreadful a state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against the chancellor of the Bishop of London," leaving the readers under the impression that this priest, this chancellor was a monster of iniquity and that the priests of the time were as bad as he.

The only fault Mr. Froude found in Queen Elizabeth's government of Ireland was that "she did not exterminate the entire Celtic race." But where Ireland or the Catholic Church has to be dealt with, Mr. Froude like Mr. Goldwin Smith, seems lost to all sense of honesty, honor and fair-play.

DIDYMOS.

A Story of John Bright.

John Bright went into an agricultural district one day and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving a dog-cart overtook him, and, learning his destination, offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers today?" the parson asked, when Mr. Bright had accepted a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech." "And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right." "Oh, no," said the irate clergyman. "If I had him here, I would feel like shooting him." Before they separated, Mr. Bright had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church the next morning. The theme of the sermon was Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his able sermon. As the rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said, "You have been preaching under a distinguished patronage this morning." "No!" said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; you had John Bright among the congregation. Didn't you notice him in front, in the middle pew?" "Why," said the rector, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog-cart, and called him a rascal and excoriated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a word. I must go and apologize at once."—*W. S. Walsh, in November Lippincott's.*

REASON AND REVELATION.

A Paper by Rev. John S. Vaughan.

AN ANECDOTE.

A story is told of an infant born in the depths of a vast mine in America. In that dark, dismal abode beneath the earth it grew up year after year without ever once being carried to the surface. It was in no way discontented with its lot, because it had never known any other. It played and ran about, and laughed in those subterranean corridors, illuminated by the lurid glimmer cast by a few oil lamps placed here and there, wholly unsuspecting of the roar and bustle of the great world outside. The external world—the towns and cities and the thousand busy hives of human industry were unknown—in fact, it naturally supposed that the interior of the great mine, with the labourers and their wives working all day, was the only world that existed. At last, however, when the child was eight or nine years old, it chanced to find its way to the mouth of the pit. It was at noon in summer, and the sunlight was streaming down in all its golden splendour over hill and valley. The child had never seen anything half so beautiful. For the first time in its brief life it looked out over wide-stretching plains; it contemplated on one side vast forests and wood-covered mountains, and on the other the far-off sea that glowed like molten gold, and stretched itself out till it seemed to blend and lose itself in the sky, now shimmering in the richest tints of red and purple. The astonished child stood like one petrified and riveted to the spot. It seemed bewildered and unable to take in the gorgeous scene. The immensity of space, the undreamed of distances, the gigantic proportions of the earth seemed to overwhelm his mind and oppress his senses. At last, following the promptings of nature, he threw himself down flat on his face and worshipped the author of all this beauty and magnificence.

APPLICATION OF THE ANECDOTE.

In the history of this child we have a beautiful figure of the history of the human race. For thousands of years man lived upon this earth and was satisfied to contemplate its form and nature and to sing its praises. He knew hardly more of the great planetary universe beyond than the child we have spoken of knew of the woods and seas that existed beyond the mine in which he dwelt.

ASTRONOMY IN EARLY DAYS.

To primitive man the earth was practically the whole creation. He never doubted but that it was the very centre of the universe, rooted and established for ever. The sun and moon and stars were but as so many lamps to light it. The earth, according to his ideas, did not move, but stood rigid and fixed while all the great planets and suns danced attendance upon it. Man had no idea of the vastness of the realms of space stretching out upon every side. He could form no conception of the size and magnificence of the heavenly bodies, so that in those days the creation spoke to him with nothing like the eloquence with which it speaks to us now. Indeed, until the science of astronomy had advanced, and enor-