

Doctor O'Brien, it has come to our knowledge that, being struck by the "used up" appearance of the youthful pages in the Assembly on Thursday night, he suggested that they should be allowed to relieve each other for a couple of hours at a time during the night sittings, which was, we believe, acted on by the speaker. This was one of the last acts of the lamented Bishop of Kingston.

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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 to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,
Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1879.

SOME time ago the late Bishop O'Brien ordered a new platform, or bier, to be used in connection with important funerals. He informed the carpenter that he was not in a hurry, but when the work was done it should be neat and acceptable in other respects. The bier has just been finished and the body of His Lordship was the first to lie upon it.

The announcement is confirmed that a *modus vivendi* has been arranged between the Vatican and Germany, and that the only question of signatures remains to be settled. Roncetti, the new Papal nuncio to Bavaria, who is expected at Kissingen shortly, will hear a draft scheme, the details of which substantially agree with the decision of the Government of Germany which was communicated to the Vatican, with the addition that the May Laws shall not only be suspended, but ultimately revised. Both Germany and the Vatican agree to such a revision.

A DUBLIN dispatch brings the text of a pastoral letter from the Venerable Archbishop of Tuam, denouncing in very rigorous and emphatic language the Irish University Bill as now pending before the House of Commons. The Archbishop declares the measure in its present shape is wholly inadequate to meet the just and long deferred demands of the Irish people, and it would be better for Ireland not to accept this half-won measure, but to wait until the exigencies of some Administration in England compel it to do full justice to the claims of Ireland for free and full education.

THE *Evangelical Messenger* of Cleveland quotes the following approvingly: The simple fact is, Utah can never be saved to civilization, to decency, and virtue, and to fitness as an integral part of the Union, unless Christian schools—day schools taught by Christian teachers with the missionary spirit active in them—shall be planted in all the leading centres of population. To which the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* replies: 'The plain English of the above is, we suppose, that it would be a good thing for Utah if day schools where religious instruction is given were established there. But why should Utah be more favored in this respect than Ohio or any other State? If Christian day schools would tend to promote civilization, decency, and virtue in Utah, does difference in climate make the same noble results follow from un-Christian, 'non-sectarian' infidel schools in Ohio?'

THE Wilkesbarre, Pa., *Daily Times* of a recent date says: "The *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, which, by the way, is a most excellent religious newspaper, sometimes admits into its columns articles from the pen of zealous contributors, who, perhaps, in their holy rapture put forth state-

ments that will hardly bear the test of investigation. In a late number it said that Popery has done nothing for the condition of Ireland, and in withholding education from the people has degraded Ireland." If this statement be true of Ireland, then Popery, as he calls the Catholic religion of the mother country, must be altogether different from Popery in the United States; for we venture the assertion, and challenge contradiction, that there is no class or profession of citizens in this country doing more for the cause of education among the people than these same Catholic clergymen who represent Popery in this country.

THE New York *Catholic Herald*, says:—"Were not apostasy a thing too dreadful to speak of with a light heart, it would be almost entertaining to look at the misfortunes with which these few Old Catholics are overwhelmed who still remain in the original stock. In the University of Bonn there is a Catholic theological faculty which numbers about a hundred students, drafted from all the dioceses of the western provinces of the Kingdom of Prussia. Last session two Old Catholics joined this faculty, but at the end of the year they both returned to the pure Catholic faith, and are both now training for the priesthood in the Episcopal Seminary of Wurzburg. Another Old Catholic has joined the Bonn faculty since, so that the sectarians in that University are now exactly one per cent. of the Roman Catholics. And yet Dollinger said at the beginning of the movement that there was hundreds of priests and millions of the laity ready to join the now moribund sect."

REV. NEWMAN HALL has renewed his suit in the Court of Probate for divorce or separation from his wife. He instituted a similar suit some years ago, which was decided against him. Since then he and his wife have not lived together. He now renews the suit, having obtained, as he alleges, information that will compel the Court to grant his plea. The evidence which he has produced before hearing of this case thus far is of an extremely repulsive and scandalous character, but the friends of the lady insisted that this evidence is fictitious and that its falsity can be proven. A subsequent dispatch says Dr. Hall gave a most revolting account of the alleged guilt of his wife, and made a number of shocking statements respecting her, and then Mrs. Hall went into the witness box and most emphatically denied that she ever had been unfaithful to her husband, and that any of the charges he made against her were true. She then proceeded to bring counter charges against him, and swore he had been guilty of criminal intercourse with a Miss Wyatt. The case continues to excite great interest in Nonconformist circles.

THE IRISH SOCIETY.

From all parts of Canada we have congratulations poured upon the genuine Irishmen who have banded themselves together as "The Irish Benevolent Society," and we gladly say these congratulations are richly deserved. The same good could be accomplished elsewhere if a little exertion were employed, and we fondly hope before long every place of any pretensions in Canada will have its Irish Benevolent Society. All that is necessary is to have a few such men as Messrs. Long, Sippi, Smith, Macmahon, Regan, Boyle, Keary, and others who have worked nobly to keep life in this excellent organization. The Montreal *Post* thus refers to the picnic lately held by the Society:—All honor then be to the men at Port Stanley, to Father Flannery and Messrs. Ballard and Long, and the Irish Society generally, who have taken such a broad and majestic platform on which to stand in the interest of their common nationality. And yet few there are who will accuse the revered and witty Father Flannery of lack in zeal and devotion to the Church of which he is so distinguished a defender, or will charge Mr. Ballard with being a bad Protestant, because on Wednesday they stood side by side at Port Stanley, and enunciated sentiments that should be printed in golden letters and framed and hung up in the house of every Irishman from Samia to Geopce. We sincerely hope that the Society established in London, a Society containing such noble aims and such generous ideas may serve as an example to Irishmen all over, and that before another year rolls over similar associations may spring up in every town, city and village in the country. Let them remember

that the Protestants, Lord Edward and Bagenal Harvey, and the Catholic Father Murphy and Kelly Gillen struggled side by side for Irish freedom in stormy '95, and that to-day the obstructionist, O'Donnell, rises cheerfully after the obstructionist Parnell in the Imperial Parliament to fight the battle of Ireland's legislative independence, though their religions are very different. Surely the snow of Canada does not chill our Irish blood and leave our creed intact.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP O'BRIEN.

The news telegraphed from Quebec on Friday morning last has created the profoundest feeling of grief in every Catholic heart in this Province. That a prelate so unusually revered and venerated, so pre-eminently distinguished by education, talent and amiability, should on the very threshold of a career of high promise, be snatched from his people is felt on all sides to be a loss which, upon first consideration, overwhelms the mind and burdens the heart with sorrow. But our sorrow must give way to submission to the holy will of God, our common Father, whose mercy and goodness knows no term. The pastors of the Church labor for the crown of justice, and that crown God bestows at the time which to him seems meet and available. The career of Bishop O'Brien was one of arduous labor. In the priesthood, placed in charge of one of the most important Catholic congregations in this province, his time, his talents, his whole energy were given to the fulfilment of duty. If ever pastor won the love of his flock Father O'Brien won that of the Catholics of Brockville. His name was revered in every household. His example sufficed to prove the wicked, and always proved a powerful incentive to good; ever at the post of duty, ever ready, nay, anxious for the accomplishment of those noble acts of self-sacrifice which bespeak the true apostolic spirit, Father O'Brien was to be found visiting the sick, solacing the afflicted, pouring the balm of consolation into the wounds of sorrow and misfortune. Ever devoted to the cause of Catholic education, he was to be found day after day in the school room, interrogating, reproving and encouraging. Such a pastor could not fail to be crowned with all blessings and success. The Catholic people of Brockville parted with their pastor when he was called to the episcopacy with feelings of regret softened and assuaged, however, by the reflection that if the close and tender ties which had so long bound them to him were severed, they could still look to him as a father and pastor-in-chief. Confronted upon his elevation to the episcopacy with a debt of \$28,000 upon the Cathedral he at once set to work to remove that burden, and to manifest his earnestness in the work subscribed himself \$3,000. He went about through towns and townships, through hamlets and villages, everywhere appealing with a truly marvellous success to the generosity and self-denial of his people. The success which attended the labors of the devoted prelate won the admiration of all. His name became a household word, and we are safe in saying that he was as much beloved in the other dioceses of the Province as in his own. For everywhere his zeal and generosity were known. Numberless were the occasions upon which he appeared upon platform or in pulpit, the advocate of the fatherless and abandoned. What occasion of ecclesiastical concern in Central Canada was considered complete without his presence and co-operation? For like the ancient patron of poetic genius, he was of religion and charity the glory and chief auxiliary, *deus et presidium*. If Brockville, irrespective of creed and nationality, revered this gifted divine, the venerable city wherein, upon his election to the purple, he took up his residence, loved him no less. What Kingstonian did not look upon Bishop O'Brien, as morning after morning he went about to visit the school room or the abode of poverty and wretchedness, with that filial pride, begotten of respect and affection. The deceased prelate was a man of God's own choosing, a man of the people, a man so trusted by his flock that his influence and example were powerful enough to draw frequent expressions of amazement from those outside the Church. Bishop O'Brien at the time of his death was but four years and four

months in possession of the See of Kingston. But during that brief period he was so successful in his administration of the affairs of the diocese that his successor will have an easy task compared with that which Bishop O'Brien was, upon his call to the episcopate, summoned to accomplish. A grateful people will ever dutifully remember the noble services of Bishop O'Brien. As a Catholic journalist we place our humble wreath upon his bier, drop a silent tear upon his grave, and join with heartfelt emotion in the solemn *Requiescat in Pace.*

THE TRIENNIAL COUNCIL.

The city of Ottawa was on the 23rd ult. honored with the presence of this galaxy of Orange wisdom. The origin, utility and influence of this body, composed of "knights," "sovereigns," "masters," "chaplains," and "delegates" of every degree from unwashed orange to doubtful sky-blue, and of varied notoriety, from the man of Ballykilbeg to the bucolic Parkhill of South Simcoe, are matters of little concern to our readers. This Triennial Council is the legitimate out-growth of an organization characterized in all its workings by results of surpassing monstrosity. Placed in opposition with this fantastical creation of Orangeism, in this its period of senile debilitation, all previous efforts of this system of savage fanaticism and hypocritical audacity dwindle into utter insignificance. "A Triennial Council" forsooth! A gathering in every third year of the vile, venal and frothy representatives of fanatical demagoguism. Society, already afflicted with the lugubrious prayerfulness of bible societies, central and auxiliary; the canting mendacity (relieved by heavenly hopefulness) of the Foreign Missions Associations, and the lurid plaintiveness of the vitiated devotion peculiar to the camp-meeting, has, with a patience truly commendable, submitted to this recent infliction of brutal pharisaism. The arrival of some of the leaders of this latest development of Orange zeal was selected as an opportune moment for a display too ridiculous to be offensive. The brethren from the rural districts assembled in goodly numbers, and one lodge, with a holy enterprise but ill-rewarded, bore aloft what its members called an "Ark of the Covenant," but to which the Philistines of the metropolis applied terms of profane levity that drew shouts of laughter. The Ottawa *Herald* thus speaks of the demonstration:—"The utter absurdity of the Orange demonstration disarms all resentment. The thing was altogether too funny for anybody to take offence. From the she-goat in front to the Ballykilbeg man in rear, the whole affair was supremely ridiculous. Respectable Protestants who looked on it went home hanging their heads for shame, for a more unbecoming, despicable turn out was never made by the Physiogs, or a tenth-rate penny-gaff circus. The roars of laughter which greeted the heroes parading in defiance of the frowns of heaven, and clouds spitting upon them in elemental wrath, indicated the harmlessness of their procession." There was, besides the procession, a grand gathering at the opera house in the evening, to hear the leading exponents of Orangeism. Mr. Johnson, of Ballykilbeg, was of course the orator of the evening. His speech was brief, incoherent and absurd. He spoke of civil and religious liberty, of Orangeism, of solemn vows and of the "Holy Bible." He disclaimed any pretension to infallibility, but at once ascended, so lively was his imagination, the heights of Sinai, whence he snatched the "Book of Books" and perched himself on the walls of Derry. From Derry, by speedy transit, he came to Canada, belauded the memory of John Hillyard Cameron and defended Mr. Bowell from what he considered unfair and ungenerous aspersions. Having succeeded in crowding "William, Prince of Orange," the "Protestant religion," "George Walker," the "Bible" and the "County of Tyrone" into one brief sentence he concluded a speech of ten minutes' duration amid "loud applause." He was followed by two other transatlantic delegates, who were succeeded by a Capt. Evans, of Philadelphia. The gallant Captain Philadelfia surprised at all he

had seen in Canada in connection with Orangeism. He found to his astonishment that the zeal of his Canadian brethren was so intense that one gentleman had at his own expense fed about 300 Orangemen that day." Messrs. Merrick and Parkhill, whose eloquent tongues so often in our legislative halls lash the extravagance of ministers, also favored the gathering with a few select, and we make no doubt, appropriate observations. Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, the *Free Press* tells us, was rather jocose. Jocose! Well, indeed, might the Minister of Customs feel hilarious at the sight of so many hundreds of the ignorant dupes upon whose shoulders he has, with the cunning characteristic of the small mind, raised himself to emolument, if not distinction. Mr. Clemon, of Ottawa, the generous soul who had fed the 300 braves, and Mr. Johnston, of Belleville, also briefly addressed the assemblage. Then terminated, with the usual amount of confusion, a meeting so meaningless as to be absurd, so absurd as to be contemptible, so contemptible as to be repulsive. That Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, a minister of the Crown, should have seen fit to address an assemblage of this character, should not and will not be forgotten at the proper time and place. The great majority of the Orangemen who visited the city of Ottawa on the 23rd comported themselves in a manner truly creditable; but the Montreal contingent of Orange Young Britons, by their brutal offensiveness, very nearly got the benefit of the fight for which they were evidently spoiling. The Catholics of Ottawa deserve marked commendation for their generous forbearance under a great amount of provocation on the part of these ill-nurtured youths. The Council came and went; its mission was, it appears, to strengthen Protestantism. How far that mission was accomplished every intelligent Protestant at the capital must know. If Protestantism is to be strengthened, and its tenets diffused by exhibitions of semi-barbaric ludicrousness, then Orangeism can lay a just claim to the furtherance of these purposes. But in all confidence we ask our fellow-citizens of every creed, class and denomination, have we not had enough of these senseless spectacles in the shape of Orange processions which have been the bane and the disgrace of Ireland, the sole menace to the continued freedom and happiness of Canada.

CHINIQUY.

It appears that Pastor Chiniquy, according to his own statement, has been a great failure in Australia, so far as the real object of his mission—the collection of moneys for the conversion of Roman Catholics in America—is concerned. In his last letter from Sydney the worthy pastor recounts the incidents of four different attempts at assassination at Ballarat (of course mock attempts by sectarists), and then touches on the old subject—the dollars—lamenting the scant support he has received in Australia. He concludes in these words: "Will you send me back covered with shame and confusion for the greatest failure of my life * * * * * or I shall go back to die of a broken heart." Poor man, we are inclined to think he is more concerned about his pocket than about his heart in this matter. He went as good a success in money matters as Widdows. Widdows knows how to conduct a show. Chiniquy does not know anything whatever about stage appointments. Widdows can sing a song, and he has a fund of jokes. No matter how old or how far-fetched they are, still there are people who never heard them before, and who will laugh at and enjoy them, and when they go home, they are inclined to the belief that they had the worth of their money. Chiniquy can't sing, and he scarcely knows what a joke means, poor man. He attempted a joke once, but it was a bad failure. Something about a little pig his mother owned—the only pig, too—being taken by the priest for payment of pastoral dues. The thing was so ridiculous his hearers in our City Hall smiled a charitable smile at the poor man, more in pity for his joke than the circumstance of the pig. We think this is the last one he attempted, and it is well. He seems as awkward at

a joke as the Montreal *Witness* at telling the truth. He will doubtless be soon again in his congenial element in Montreal, when he will probably make a great effort to gain back what he lost by his Australian trip. With the aid of MacVicar *et al*, and the ever-ready *Witness*, he can be advertised, and martyred, and all that kind of thing, and many foolish people will open their hearts and Chiniquy will open his pockets.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.

ARTICLE III.
Festival followed festival at Rome, from the 20th June till the 7th of July, 1867. On the former day was celebrated the grand solemnity of Corpus Christi. The Pope himself bore the Holy Sacrament, kneeling and surrounded by the greater half of the whole Christian Episcopate. It was remarked that he was as calm and collected, in the midst of such a great and imposing multitude, as if he had been in his private oratory. The vast assemblage was also rapt in silent contemplation. Not a sound was heard save the murmur of the fountains. An eye-witness has observed that if any one closed his eyes he could imagine himself in a desert. Next day was celebrated the 21st anniversary of the coronation of Pius IX. He had already said, in reply to an address, read by Cardinal Patrizi, when all the visitors to Rome were assembled, on occasion of the commemoration of his election, 16th June, "modern society is ardent in the pursuit of two things, progress and unity. It fails to reach either, because its motive principles are selfishness and pride. Pride is the worst enemy of progress, and selfishness, by destroying charity, the bond of souls, thereby renders union impossible. Now God himself has established the Sovereign Pontiff in order to direct and enlighten society, to point out evil and indicate the proper remedy. This induced me, some years ago, to publish the Syllabus. I now, in your presence, confirm that solemn act. It is to be, henceforth, the rule of your teaching. We have to contend unceasingly with the enemies who beset us. Placed on the mountain top, like Moses, I lift up my hands to God, in prayer for the final triumph of the Church. I ask of you, my brother bishops, to support my arms for they grow weary. Take courage, the Church must triumph. I leave this hope in your hearts, not as a hope, merely, but as a prophecy."

On the 23rd was consecrated the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, an admirable architectural monument, built originally according to the plans of Michael Angelo and rebuilt by Pius IX. The 24th, on leaving the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the Pope was the object of a more splendid ovation than any, perhaps, that he had as yet received. Kneeling on the vast place, and completely filling it, the multitude which had not been able to enter the Basilica waited for the Pontifical benediction. After the Holy Father had raised his hand and pronounced the words of blessing, the whole people rose, and by a simultaneous movement, and with one voice, cried out: "Long live Pius IX.! Long live the Pontiff King!" Arms and kerchiefs waved amidst a rain of beautiful flowers. The Pope's carriage was detained a considerable time, and he, himself, accustomed as he was to the demonstrations of a devoted people, was moved to tears. His hood was almost taken to pieces, and he was threatened by French ecclesiastics who were close behind His Holiness, and who deposited the fragments as precious relics, in their breviaries. The crowd thronged around the Holy Father, and continued their acclamations as far as the Vatican, a distance of three miles. Every new day gave proof of a like enthusiasm.

Pius IX. was anxious to address words of encouragement to the twenty thousand priests of the Church who had come to Rome. The greatness of their number was a serious hindrance to this laudable purpose. The spacious Consistorial hall was by far too small to contain so many. On the 25th of June, however, they came to the hall, crowding its approaches, the passages, the great staircase and the outer court. The