

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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We solicit and shall at all times be pleased to receive contributions on subjects of interest to our readers and Catholics generally, which will be inserted when not in conflict with our own views as to their conformity in this respect.

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, OCT. 25, 1878.

All hail to the Record, the humble name,
Be a niche for it built in the temple of fame;
Let its pages grow brighter, the more it aspires,
To wake up our zeal, and to kindle the fires.
That lay dormant—tho' they burn in our hearts as we roam—

For good and for country, for kindred and home.

Too long were our ears and our lanes at rest;
Too long hung the clouds o'er our beautiful West;
Too long were we voiceless—THE RECORD at last
Shook our flag to the breeze—spread our sails to the blast.

And lifted our Catholic pennon on high,
Defiant of tempest or sea or sky.

The RECORD is Peace—'twas the Saviour who said,
Peace, thou be still, and the storm was laid
As the Church whom it serves, it extends the right hand

Till that is honest and just in our land—
Still militant, ready in every good cause
To stand up for right, to uphold Heaven's laws.

The vigilant sentinel dreads no alarm
That sounds from beneath, where the enemies swarm.
He arouses the guard, he dispels the shock,
That vain would assault his impregnable rock.
So the RECORD in its daily gray age and bold youth,
To close ranks and battle for God and for truth.

Mr. Denis McCarthy is the authorized agent and collector of the CATHOLIC RECORD for London and vicinity, to whom subscriptions and other payments due this office may be made.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a volume of our excellent contemporary *The Harp*. In glancing hurriedly over the pages we noticed some finely executed woodcuts, prominent amongst them being one of our good Bishop.

The *Toronto Tribune* has condescended to notice our appearance in the journalistic arena, and compliments us on being pretty good considering that we are "a little smaller than the *Tribune*." Well, we are just one inch shorter than the *Tribune*, but we are fully as corpulent, and considering we have so many years to grow yet, in all human probability we will attain the height of the *Tribune*. Should we adopt the cross as a motto for our heading it will make us considerably taller, as ours will be straight, not a diminutive leaning tower of Pisa.

The Pastoral of the Bishop of Rochester, which we publish on the third page, arrived too late for insertion in last week's issue. We are happy to be able to publish it this week, and earnestly request our readers to give it a careful perusal. It is a most admirably written document and must strike all who read it with admiration for the Apostolic spirit in which it was conceived, and the brilliant and instructive manner in which it has been given forth.

His Lordship left New York on the 16th inst. for Rome. He leaves, not for recreation, but for the interests of religion, and we humbly pray that his journey may be prosperous.

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

The late Pius IX. of blessed memory, strongly recommended the publication of Catholic newspapers not only as an antidote against the pernicious literature of the day—which says the foundation of virtue, blurs the grace of modesty, and eradicates all sentiment of Christian morality—but also as a means of imparting useful knowledge to Catholic youth.

It is now an admitted fact that, the more pleasing the system of education is made, the greater the avidity to learn becomes. That a person can become complete master of a subject he dislikes, does not seem reasonable. A well-conducted newspaper is an excellent medium for the diffusion of all kinds of profitable information in a pleasing and interesting manner. The perusal of a newspaper is relaxation from study or labor, but what an amount of valuable knowledge can we not gain from it.

The duties of a Catholic newspaper are not merely confined to the dissemination of Catholic doctrine, but also embrace the instruction of the people in everything that tends to elevate their moral and social condition; not merely to sustain theories, but to state facts and maintain them. No Catholic family should be without a good Catholic newspaper.

THE WATERWORKS.

It must be matter for congratulation to those of our citizens who take an interest in the welfare of our city to note from time to time the progress made in the construction of the waterworks. So far everything has gone on smoothly, and we are informed by the Commissioners that we are to have a supply of water sometime in November. This is doing what we may safely say no other town or city in Canada has done in the same length of time; and although London is not built upon a soil that renders excavation difficult, too much praise cannot be given to the gentlemen who took hold of the work and have carried it on so near its completion, and that at no high salary but simply to benefit our city by providing a plentiful supply of pure wholesome water.

We once more call the attention of our readers to the announcement that the Rev. Father Stafford, of Lindsay, is to deliver a lecture in St. Peter's Cathedral, here, on Sunday, 27th inst. It would be superfluous for us to say anything that would pretend to add in any way to the fame of the reverend lecturer, as he is too well and favorably known to all classes of the Dominion, by the amount of good work he has already performed; but we do not deem it out of place here to remind our friends that the object of Father Stafford's visit is a most laudable one—to help to provide for the poor of the city, and carry them through what may be a hard and trying winter to some of them. The object of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, under whose auspices the lecture is to be given, is to hunt out and relieve that class of our poor who are really deserving of aid. As His Lordship Bishop Walsh truly remarked on last Sunday, we have in our midst a number of people who go from door to door looking for assistance who, in fact, are too lazy to do anything else, and who are in no need of help, and whom it is no charity to assist, while there are others who are too modest, too mild and humble to ask aid; and these are the people whom it is our duty to assist. The members of St. Vincent de Paul Society are always on the alert to find out any of the latter and relieve them in such a manner as will do them most good. Father Stafford's reputation as a lecturer on the subject he has chosen—temperance—is so well established that it needs no "pulling." But we can assure our readers that those who attend next Sunday evening will enjoy a rare treat, as well as having the satisfaction of knowing that they have performed a good action by contributing to so noble a work as the relief of our deserving poor.

AMERICAN discoveries, which were formerly heard of with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders ever since the photograph was announced, are noted down, now, seriously. Another of these is just announced that might have been imagined by Edgar Allan Poe, and that ought, in any case, to be utilized by M. Jules Verne in his next book of "Scientific Adventures." According to the account given of it, Mr. Gresham, a practical mechanist, of New York, has hit upon a plan by which a ship may be photographed on the high seas, distant from 100 to 5,000 miles—the photograph giving the name, the latitude and longitude, and the destination, taken from chalk-marks on her deck. Mr. Gresham, it is stated, after a long series of experiments, has found that he can produce an artificial mirage, the principle of which, he declares, is identical the same as that which reflects in the middle of the desert of Sahara the images of lakes and waters a thousand miles away. This artificial mirage, so far as has yet been ascertained, can only, we are sorry to add, be produced by petroleum and asphaltum. All that is necessary, however, is the possession on board a vessel of a few pounds of asphaltum, with a censer to burn it in, and a small battery to heat the wires by which it should be surrounded. By a machine invented by Mr. Gresham, the artificial mirage is produced on tin. The instrument used for photographing the objects seen in the mirage is called by the inventor the "phantasmograph," and it is at present in a very crude form. He anticipates, however, that it will before long be brought to perfection, and that the marine insurance companies, when they realize its value, "will only be too glad to insist that all vessels shall carry the necessary apparatus." They will thus be cognizant of the whereabouts of the vessels upon which they have clear risks. At four o'clock precisely, on a clear afternoon, clouds of carboniferous smoke shall, Mr. Gresham proposes, be sent up from ships at sea, the required information as to names, and so forth, being previously marked in chalk in large letters on their respective decks. Then the photographic instruments are set. One vessel photographs the artificial mirage of another at a distance of perhaps more than 4,000 miles, and on arrival at port the intelligence thus obtained is conveyed to those interested in the matter. Then which, what more could be reasonably wanted?

CANADIAN CITIZENS.

The Montreal *True Witness* of Oct. 16th has an article under the caption of "Irish Catholics," which we consider far better suited to the columns of the other *Witness* of Montreal. The *True Witness* says: "The duty of Irish Catholics in Canada is to become Canadian citizens as soon as possible," and then explains its ideas of Canadian citizenship. "We mean by Canadian citizens men who accept the condition of affairs by which they are surrounded with good grace." Now, we have been always led to believe that the Irish Catholics of Canada are as good Canadian citizens as any other class of people in the Dominion, but it seems the *True Witness* thinks differently. And we are fully persuaded that they accept "the condition of affairs by which they are surrounded" with as good grace as it is possible to conceive of.

Again it says: "Our duty, in our time, is to learn the lessons of citizenship, and not to obtrude elements calculated to place class against class or creed against creed." We would like to know who obtrude the elements of discord? Is it the Irish Catholics? If so, then the *True Witness* must have been accusing another class of Irishmen most wrongfully for a long time. The *True Witness* must be a believer in anomalies when, after saying Irish Catholics should become Canadian citizens, it declares, virtually, that they cannot do so in view of the following fact:

"If the authorities in this country could only learn to treat Irish Catholics as they treat other men—to look at them simply as citizens, irrespective of their religion or their race, then we might rest assured that a day of better understanding would be at hand."

But the following piece of advice is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of Irish Catholic journalism:

"When an immigrant comes to this country he should try and bring all the good, and leave as much as possible of the bad, behind. He should abandon once and for ever the causes of offence, for he has no right to make Canadians suffer from eccentricities or strifes which caused so much ridicule in his native land."

The Irish Catholic—whatever eccentricities he may have—gives no cause for offence except his religion and nationality, and though these may declare him from being recognized as a Canadian citizen they are too precious to abandon.

If some French Catholic journal were to tell the French Canadians that they must abandon all their eccentricities, such as their language, their religion, social customs, etc., we wonder what the French Canadians would think of it. We are surprised that a pretentious Irish Catholic journal should indulge in such clap-trap.

THE ORANGE TRIALS.

Now that the Orange trials are over, and that nobody has been seriously hurt, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks upon the subject.

It will be remembered that the Orangemen were charged with illegally assembling on the 12th of July last, in the city of Montreal. After a great deal of evidence had been taken, and a large amount of legal wrangling gone through with, they were returned for trial.

In the selection of the jury there was an exercise of judicial partiality which we believe to be unprecedented in what is legally termed "British practice." A jury composed entirely of Protestants was empanelled to hear the evidence against those men and to render a verdict accordingly. This we do not object to, it was justice. But we doubt very much if a number of Catholics placed in a similar position in Ontario would be allowed a jury composed entirely of their own co-religionists.

It is reported Judge Ramsay charged the jury to acquit, and they did so. But subsequently the learned gentleman has decided that the Orange order is illegal in Quebec.

And now the climax of the difficulty may be said to have been reached. In Quebec the order is illegal, but who is going to prove whether the order exists in that Province or not? Who can prove that a man is an Orangeman except himself or a brother Orangeman? And it has been clearly demonstrated that neither one nor the other are obliged to criminate themselves. Therefore, the Orange order can exist in defiance of the law, and the members parade the streets of Montreal to their hearts' content, if they are able to fight their way through the serried ranks that may be drawn up to oppose the progress of their peripatetic battalions. Emboldened by the consciousness of being unamenable to the law, and determined to assert what they call their rights, it is safe to predict that the Orangemen will make the next twelfth of July a terrible day for Montreal.

Let us hope, however, that their better sense will prevail, and that the good advice of Earl Dufferin to all Irishmen will be taken to heart by the Orange order.

The Ursulines of Liebanthal, Sillesia, have to close their establishment on the 1st of October, in consequence of a sudden order from the Landrath.

MR. FROUDE CRUSHED.

Mr. Jas. Anthony Froude, not content with perverting history to suit his purpose of vilifying Ireland, has published in the *Nineteenth Century* a series of papers under the title of the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," in which he slanders and vilifies the great martyr—Archbishop of Canterbury. In the current *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Freeman, the famous author of the Norman Conquest of England, and the greatest living European historian, handles Mr. Froude without gloves. Mr. Freeman thus concludes his paper:

Still the narratives of which I speak are not purely fictitious; the main outlines of the real story are there; no amount of correction could make the narratives really good, but a careful improvement in detail might make them fairly trustworthy. Mr. Froude stands alone as the one writer of any importance, of whose writings one can say that on them any process of correction would be thrown away. The evil is inherent, it is inborn. It is not mere coloring; it is not mere mistaken inference; it is not mere mistakes in detail, however gross the carelessness or ignorance which they might imply. It is the substitution, through page after page, of one narrative for another—the substitution of story which bears no likeness to the original story, except that the same actors appear in both. When such narratives as that of Mr. Froude appear under the garb of history, it becomes the duty of those who have really studied the times which he ventures to touch upon in his protest in the name of historic truth, to leave others to protect against Mr. Froude's treatment of the 12th century. I do not profess to have mastered those times in detail from original sources. I have, however, been often led to particular points in those times from various local and special quarters; and when I have been so led I have always found Mr. Froude's treatment of the matter which I had in hand both inadequate and inaccurate. But in the 12th century I feel myself at home, only less at home than if Mr. Froude had come and sought me out in the eleventh. If history means truth, if it means fairness, if it means faithfully reporting what contemporary sources record, and drawing reasonable inferences from their statements, then Mr. Froude is no historian. The "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," whatever it may be, is not a history, because history implies truth, and the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" is not truth, but fiction. It does not record the life of a Chancellor and Archbishop of the twelfth century, but the life of an imaginary being in an imaginary age. It may be a vigorous and telling party pamphlet; it is not a narrative of facts. Mr. Froude is a man of undoubted ability, of undoubted power of writing. If there is any branch of science or learning in which a calm putting forth of statements which are purely arbitrary can be accepted in its stead, in that branch of science or learning Mr. Froude's undoubted ability, his gift of description and narrative, may stand him in good stead. But for the writing of history, while those gifts are precious, other gifts are more precious still, and he should be careful to put them to their proper use. He should be careful to put them to their proper use. He should be careful to put them to their proper use. He should be careful to put them to their proper use.

As an English non-Catholic—better, perhaps, an anti-Catholic—journal has gone to the trouble of compiling an incomplete and unofficial list of the brave men and women who, during the past forty years, have forsaken the paths of wealth and honor, and even family associations, to cast their lot with the persecuted and despised Catholics. This incomplete list would fill about ten columns of our smallest type, and it includes not the poor—whose souls are equally valuable, and who no doubt made in their own humble sphere quite as great sacrifices—but members of the wealthiest and highest ranks, whose conversion startles those who think that it is something to gain a world even at the loss of one's own soul. This paper, the *Whitcomb Review*, in the following extract from its article, endeavors to stumble on the motive of these sacrifices:

It could not well be love of power or of fame that led Dr. Newman to exchange the Oxford that adored him for the Birmingham that knows him not; that tempted Cardinal Manning to step aside from the open path that led easily on to Lambeth Palace and a seat in the Lords; that weighed with a hundred rectors and vicars—such as Oakley and Faber and Bathurst—who left fat livings and certain promotion to labor as obscure parish priests among the ignorant and the poor; that brought the noblest of earth's sons and daughters—with such titles as Norfolk, Argyll, Leeds, Buccleuch, Hamilton, Ripon, Bute, Londonderry, Lothian, Queensberry, Denbigh, Gainsborough, and Herbert—to bow before the lowliest ministers of the lowly; or that led poets like Coventry, Patmore, and Aubrey de Vere to adopt a creed that put them out of harmony with the temper of their time. It was not "love of ecclesiasticism" that made Henry Wilberforce, Edward Walford, Lord Charles Thynne, Mr. Oxenham and a hundred more, leave the ease of souls in the Anglican system to join a Church where, from one cause or another, they could never rise above the level of the laity. It was not love of learning or disinclination to weigh evidence that led men like the author of "The Apologia," and Mr. Alfies, after years of controversy, to change one creed for another. Pecuniary gain could hardly be the ground on which clergy men with wives and families gave up their emoluments to fight against starvation as best they could with strange weapons, which one, at least, to our certain knowledge, wielded so ill that he sought, at last, shelter in a workhouse; and love of money cannot be the conduct-gauge of a company that includes Thomas Henry, who became a priest of the faith rather than a worldling millionaire; and George Lane Fox, that eldest son of Yorkshire's greatest gentleman, the Squire of Beauchamp, of whose enthusiastic zeal and charity his co-religionists are proud to speak.

It was not any want of hereditary Protestant traditions, careful training, and strong family ties that allowed nearly all of the Wilberforces, the descendents of Sir Walter Scott, the Lockharts, Dr. Arnold's eldest son, Father Coleridge (brother of the judge), Miss Stanley (daughter of the Bishop and sister of the Dean), William Palmer (brother of the Chancellor), the Bowings, Miss Gladstone (sister of the ex-Premier), Lady Charles Thynne, Mrs. Pye (both of them daughters of bishops), and many more, to drift away from the old moorings. Nor did they in most cases, scale St. Peter's bark without infinite suspense, heartache, and difficulty. The hot impulse of youth might possibly be urged to explain away the conversion of Ambrose de Lisle when an Eaton boy; and the stagnation of age to account for that of the octogenarian, Sir Boncheir Wrey; but every intervening stage of life is represented in the list. Nor can it be said that this Catholic revival has its origin in a *dilettante* antiquarianism, or in the dreams of book-worms, brought up in a university and unfamiliar with practical life, for some of its most ardent disciples are gathered from the ranks of gay Guardsmen, and many whom soldier and sailor son of England has doffed his uniform to don the cowl of the monk and the cassock of the priest. Men of recognized learning in truth are there, such as Paley, Professor of Classics at Cambridge; Professor Barff, the chemist; Senger, Assistant Professor of Hebrew at Oxford; the legal men, eminent as Sergeant Bellasis, or as Edward Badley, Hope Scott, Mr. Aspinall, and Mr. Bagshawe—Queen's Counsel all four of them; but everything is not grave and weighty where F. C. Burnand is, and Arthur A. Beckett, and Arthur Sketchley—a Protestant curate in the olden time. Nor can "silliness," as Exeter Hall supposes, be laid at the door of the ladies who have elected to become daughters of the Holy Roman Church, Adelaide Procter, the poetess; Elizabeth Thompson, the military painter; Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Gertrude Douglas, author of "Linked Lives," and many more whose names cannot find place on our list, because they are not publicly known, though familiar, indeed, wherever suffering is to be tended and misery consoled, are not exactly "those to whom 'silly women' would seem to be an applicable term. It is evident, therefore, that on none of these grounds can we flatter ourselves that we have discovered a key to the Romanist movement—how pleasant soever that discovery might be to our Protestantism.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the *Toronto Tribune*.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—This is the title of a new weekly journal, published at London, Ont., by Mr. Walter Locke. It is an eight page sheet, somewhat smaller than the *Tribune*, containing five wide columns to the page, and makes a neat typographical appearance. In politics it promises to be independent, while "still it will be a Catholic journal, and its editor, Mr. Walter Locke, is a man of no ordinary political party whether in or out of power." His Lordship, the Bishop of London, has favored Mr. Locke with a commendatory letter, in which, however, he disavows responsibility for its utterances and views, "much less that it should be considered our (the Bishop's) official organ." The *Record* contains some well considered and well written editorial articles, and its selections have evidently been made with care and judgment. We wish our contemporary every success. Thanks.

From the *Age Media*.

We welcome to our sanctum the CATHOLIC RECORD, a new paper published at London, Ont. Mr. Walter Locke is its proprietor. A good Catholic paper has long been a desideratum in western Ontario. We trust the CATHOLIC RECORD, which begins very auspiciously, will fully supply the want.

From the *St. Mary's Journal*.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD is the name of a new paper published in London by Mr. Walter Locke. As its name implies, it will be devoted to the interests of the Catholics of western Ontario, and should receive a liberal support from them.

BLESSING OF A NEW ALTAR.

On Tuesday, the 8th inst., the solemn and imposing ceremony of blessing an altar was performed in the Parish Church of Maidstone.

The new altar is a gift from the married and unmarried gentlemen of the congregation. It is of Gothic structure and looks very handsome. Over the altar is placed a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a gift from Rev. J. Scanlon, a former pastor of the place. Rev. Dean Wagner, of Windsor, blessed the new altar, and preached on the occasion a very eloquent sermon on devotion to the Sacred Heart, in whose honor the new altar was dedicated.

The church of Maidstone is a beautiful structure of Norman-Gothic style, and cost about \$18,000. Its erection reflects great praise upon the untiring zeal and energy of the pastor, Rev. T. J. Onelle, and upon the noble and generous efforts of the good people of the parish, for they have succeeded in erecting a church to the honor and glory of God that will be a lasting monument of their faith and generosity.

On October 1st, four men named respectively Owens, Parker, Boyd, and Achison, who had been drinking together in a public-house in Carriker's lane, left with a horse and cart. At the end of a lane is a bridge crossing a river, and the horse and cart in which the men were seated coming in contact with the wall of the south side, were capsized into the river beneath. Parker was killed, Owens had one of his legs broken; Boyd and the other escaped unhurt.