

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

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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.

WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER.

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1879.

SINCE our last issue Mr. Costigan informally called the attention of the Minister of Justice towards Catholics, and elicited a rather vague reply. We hope, however, that the matter will not be allowed to drop so easily.

DEAR SIR.—My attention has been called by one of my constituents to an article in your paper of the 4th inst., referring to the language used to have been expressed by Vice-Chancellor Blake against Catholics, in which you say that the Catholics of the diocese of London, expected to hear from me on the matter.

The natural result followed. Incapable of the slightest enjoyment themselves they determined to convert this smiling world, in which our lot is cast, into a veritable midnight charnel pit.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE BANKERS.

We once amused ourselves by making from all sorts of sources, a collection of passages in which Protestant writers argued very powerfully in defence of Catholic doctrines or practices; and the only possible inference from the whole was that able men, in their moments of freedom from bigotry, and when laboring to benefit their fellows, think the thoughts and do the acts of the Church; as far, that is, as merely unaided intellect can accomplish such a work.

At all things around madly launches his heels, they ruthlessly trampled under foot.

And just as they hated every manifestation and product of man's love of the beautiful, so they hated the spirit itself, and sought its extinction. Hence their wrath against holidays.

Well Philip is sober again. He sees he made a blunder, and is trying to undo it. We wish him success in his efforts, of course we do; but somehow we have an apprehension, and an examination of the mode he is adopting tends but slightly to allay them.

We happened to be in a train that brought a great crowd of civic holidayists to a large city, and when they arrived half the fun left their faces, and hearts too we fancied, when they found themselves in the midst of a people all too busy to greet them.

by solemn act, that all the frothy declamation against holidays has been, and is, and ought to be declared a huge mistake. "We are not mere machines," they virtually say, "that run as long as they have wood and water. We are men with other capacities, and other needs than constant work can satisfy. Our duties are onerous, the hours long, the responsibility great, and, therefore, if you don't open these doors, and let us out once in a while into the sunshine, we will become as houseworn as the old furniture that ante-dates our charter."

What is this but asking for what the Church has provided from the earliest ages? Her first legislative act, as far as we can judge, was the transfer of the Jewish Sabbath to the first day of the week, and the consecration of this latter to the double purpose of religion and relaxation. Besides, recognizing from the first not a part but the whole of the needs of man, she set apart some days in each season, and after obliging all to spend a portion of them, as was fitting, in practices of religion, left the remainder at each man's disposal, with the one limitation that he must abstain from servile work.

Under this system, so suited to human nature, always and everywhere, not England alone, now so sour and gloomy, but all the world, might have received the epithet of mercy. But an evil day came. The spirit of Puritanism, like a blast from the fierce north, wild as the whirlwind, and parching as the breath of the Sahara, having first dried up the very fountains of rational cheerfulness in the breasts of its victims, next withered and hardened them, till it seemed as if there were neither flesh nor blood left, but only a heap of hard-cutting bones.

As a mule, who a thistle beneath his tall feet, At all things around madly launches his heels, they ruthlessly trampled under foot.

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middle, and face and moustache both handsome, only for a kind of look about them, as if they had been grown in the cellar, we can imagine him, we say, standing at the door of his boarding house, after an early breakfast, looking out upon the world of which he is that day free, to discover what prospect it holds for his dear friend Smith.

Oh, how much better they do these things in Rome, is his involuntary exclamation. There holidays are granted upon a plan that both suits them to the nature of man, and furnishes the opportunity of enjoying them to the full.

THE FIRST PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S AND EDINBURGH.

This important Pastoral Letter bears the date of February, 1879, nearly a year after the institution of the Hierarchy in Scotland. So public a document might not have been well timed when the fact was first presented to the minds of the Scotch people that a Church which had been so long viewed as a fallen and persecuted "denomination," was to be governed once more by Archbishops, Bishops and Synods, both provincial and diocesan.

The Bishops of Scotland have always cherished the idea of establishing missions wherever there was a sufficient number of Catholics to form the nucleus of a congregation. In order to facilitate such good work a society was formed under the patronage of St. Andrew, whose chief duty it was to provide funds for the purpose of assisting new and weak missions.

It is well known that, since the loss of his temporal sovereignty, the Holy Father has been obliged to rely on the contributions of the faithful, in order to meet the heavy expenditure entailed on him by the affairs of the Church. Whatever may be finally the fate of the Pope's temporal state, there is no sign, as yet, that the privation to which he is subjected will speedily cease.

The antiquity, importance and nobility of the City of Glasgow have also been considered, no less than the flourishing state of religion therein of old. The historical reader will remember that the people of that city, when a most deplorable iconoclastic mania prevailed throughout the land, resisted the vandalic Knox and his myrmidons, who came prepared to "purify" and demolish their Church.

"altogether fitting to decree to give to its Bishop the name and insignia of an Archbishop." This is done, however, in such manner, that, until it be otherwise ordained by the present Pope, or his successors, the Archbishop of Glasgow shall be present with the other Bishops in the Provincial Synod of Scotland.

Four objects in particular, the Archbishop earnestly recommends to the attention of his flock. First of all he insists upon the establishment of a diocesan seminary, in order that such youths as have a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, may be properly trained for the important duties of the priesthood.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A one-armed street singer was lately assassinated in Paris, and his body was followed to the grave by 360 beggars.

The storms on the French coast this year have made sad havoc with the oyster nurseries.

While two Russian artillerymen were removing from among the ruins of Sebastopol a bomb, which had lain there for nearly a quarter of a century, it exploded and badly wounded both.

The Empress of Austria, in consequence of the disaster at Szegedin, decided to leave Ireland earlier than expected. Her Majesty is expected to reach the Austrian capital on the 26th inst.

The experiment of lighting the reading room of the British Museum by electricity seems to be perfectly successful. The smallest print was as legible as by daylight. The room is a vast circular apartment.

Besnecon has voted to put an inscription on the house in which Victor Hugo was born 77 years ago, and to give his name to the street which opens opposite to it and is now called the Rue Rondot-Saint Quentin.

A Commander R. N. suggests in a letter to a London paper the use of dogs to hunt Zulus. "We have scarcely come to that yet," is the comment of the Army and Navy Gazette.

From a report lately issued by the municipality of Leipzig we learn that it has 246 printing offices, 294 book stores, and 163 binderies. There has been a great increase in business since 1865. In 1877 the books published were valued at \$7,000,000. Leipzig also does a vast business in furs.

The late Lord Wensleydale, an eminent English Judge, better known as Baron Parker, states in a letter just published that the Lancashire juries were the best in England, that those of Westminster always acted with a prejudice, and that in any nice and doubtful case juries nine times out of ten decide wrong.

A London exchange says that a distinguished professor of chemistry has suggested that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, Glycine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphine.

A sergeant of Zouaves had, at the battle of Orleans, his thigh smashed by a fragment of a shell "Well, my poor fellow," said his captain, who visited him in hospital, "you must find it pretty lonesome work being laid up here." "Oh, no, Captn, not at all," was the reply. "I suffer good deal, and that makes the time slip by."

On the death of the Duke of Wellington the bells of Trim, near Dangan Castle, his father's seat in Ireland, for which, when a young man, Wellington had sat in the Irish Parliament, rang a muffled peal, when the tower, a beautifully toned bell, suddenly broke. It was found by a curious coincidence to have been cast in 1769, the year of the Duke's birth.

Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle writes, said it was unquestioned that the three greatest novelists in the world were Cervantes, Fielding, and La Sage. Macaulay, who was present, said he thought "Don Quixote" the first novel of the world, and "Clarissa Harlowe" the next. He thought it well established that "Gil Blas" is a translation from French novels.

In Manchester, England, has lately been exhibited a copy of the first edition of Newton's "Principia," containing the autograph of Edmund Halley, the astronomer, who gave it to the Abbot Nazari, the editor for several years of a scientific journal in Rome. The book afterward passed into the possession of Dr. Dalton, whose autograph it also bears.

A committee of the British House of Lords is inquiring into street railroads. The representative of 10,000 cabs bitterly denounced the damage done by "tramways" as at present laid. He said the wheels were sometimes wrenched off and the tires constantly injured, and estimated the increased wear and tear to cabs in consequence at from 15 to 20 per cent.

A few years ago, and for aught we know to-day, a placard in the bedrooms of a large hotel at Prague stated that "Guests are requested to communicate to the landlord all complaints arising on their sides." At Pesth to-day in a much treated inn announced "Gentlemen are requested not to flatter the female servants on the stairs, as many dishes have thus been broken."

At Newcastle-under-Lyme a respectable dressed Irishman was recently sent to goal for a month for assault. In his possession were found documents of a treasonable nature. One was a set of rules and regulations for the management of the North of England division of the I.R.B., and referred to the formation of a military organization and secret arming. The papers were ordered to be sent to Mr. Cross.

Mark Twain is in Paris on a short self-granted leave of absence from Germany, where he is "studying"—what, is not known, but probably how to become as dull as the rest of us. He came for the wedding of Frank Millet, the painter and war correspondent. His wedding present was a couple of logs of firewood, prettily bound together with pink and silk, and offered as "the costliest thing I could find in Paris."—The World.

"Let the universal satisfaction at our enemy's recent humiliating defeat by despised opponents stimulate us to exertions which shall hasten our opportunity to strike abroad. A Cateway war with unarrested followers would never have staggered the prestige or curbed the insolence of England. Arm Ireland, and a 'Rork's Drift' nearer home may shake the Empire to its base." This is an extract from one of the documents found on the person of the Irishman recently arrested at Newcastle-under-Lyme.

The following nationalities live under the sceptre of the Czar of Russia: Great Russians, Little Russians, White Russians, Poles, Finns, Estons, Samoyeds, Laplanders, Ostiaks, Tunguz, Kamchadales, Tartars, Bashkirs, Kirguiz, Kalmuks, Tcherkess, Ossetini, Lesguini, Armenians, Lithuanians, Tchuvashis, Ugalezis, Coloshens, Tchubekis, Grusins, Koriakis, Eskimos, Yucaghi, Loparis, Truchmen, Korels, Vaguels, Tchagouris, Tchetchenis, Gypsies, Hebrews and Mennonites. Each of these speaks its own language, which is foreign to all the others.

The returns of the volunteer force in Scotland for the year ending November last have just been issued, and make a notable showing. The equipment establishment is 55,455. The returns show that there were enrolled 46,099, divided amongst them several arms as follows: Rifle volunteers, 35,531; artillery, 9,592; light horse, 247; mounted rifles, 111; engineers, 618. Of the number enrolled 44,343 are classed as efficient. Of the counties, Lanarkshire, including Glasgow, leads the list, with a total of 10,311 enrolled, of which 9,977 are classed as efficient.

The attendant upon the "Red Prince" at the recent great wedding at Windsor was Colonel Von Bocke, an adventurous Prussian officer. He went to the United States during the civil war and fought gallantly for the South, was shot through the left lung and then went to London invalided. He was in London several months, and during his visit wrote an account of his adventures for Blackwood's Magazine, while he was the hero of a colony of Southern ladies in the capital. It is related that Von Bocke, who is six feet two inches high, cut the head of a Union soldier clean from the shoulders with one blow of a huge two-handed sword.

A Welcome.

God bless thee, brother, on this day, No prize—expected glorious ray...

Well, then, welcome! we can never Two old, repeat the words!

LIMECK K LASSIE.

IRISH NEWS.

FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

THE NEW "OBSTRUCTIVE."

Last Monday there was every prospect of a yawning evening and a drowsy night for the London Commons. The Government were to take advantage of the only one of their "new rules" that has been passed to slip the army estimates quickly through.

might revolution of his conversion to "obstruction" was accomplished by his conviction of the urgent necessity that exists for the application of the name of "guards" to some battalion of Irishmen lashed by poverty into the ranks of the British army.

A practice exists in Limeck which would be more "honored in the breach than in the observance." The first Sunday in Lent is their denominated "Chalk Sunday," and, on each annual recurrence of the pay, crowds of idlers, (mostly boys and girls), collect at corners and in the most crowded thoroughfares, and the passers-by are liable to have their dresses smeared with chalk, from the hands of these initiators of Pagan customs.

NOTES OF IRISH HISTORY.

HOW FATHER NICHOLAS SHEEHY WAS MURDERED.

The Rev. Father Nicholas Sheehy was born in the county Tipperary, sometime about the year 1727. His parents were simple and in ordinary circumstances, and notwithstanding the meanness of the country at the time, succeeded in giving their son a sound initiation into the elementary departments of the various sciences.

case he was appointed to the parish of Cloughen, in the county Tipperary. Here he was destined to encounter British troops in the person of the people being rack-rented and oppressed in the direct manner possible.

The eye of the Government being now upon him, he enjoyed no rest or peace of mind during the remaining days of his chequered career. He was immediately expelled a "dangerous" individual, and consequently must, if possible, be banished from the country.

Thus the noble-hearted Father Sheehy died, covered in his blood, and in a manner that met with the manly bearing and noble spirit of a priest and an Irishman. In the dock and on the scaffold his generous nature showed itself; and when the hour had arrived when he was about to enter on the confines of eternity, his heavenly sweetness and tender sympathy for all never for a moment deserted him.

A WOMAN'S WONDERFUL NERVE.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman, and one of the distinguished leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer."

The note was at once written and despatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (for purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to the jeweller, an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position and urged him to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the notice.

The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination.

THE MYSTERIES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

"Come here, my little fellow; can you tell me what a college is?"

"A college is a place where a man can acquire a thorough knowledge of athletic sports, and where he may, if he chooses, lay in a good deal of valuable information about things which never happened."

"Right. How many colleges are there in this country?"

"There are only seven colleges in this country—Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Vassar and Yale."

"What do Columbia men learn?"

"They learn how to row a boat and to jump with poles, besides the complete art of swinging a cane. They also practice horsemanship a good deal, just before they go to Princeton."

"What do they study at Harvard?"

"At Harvard they study Sordene unabridged, with electives in billiards and waltzing."

"Do you know what are the most important branches at Cornell?"

"Pneumatics and Guano, with a post-graduate course in Pneumatics and Guano, with a post-graduate course in Pneumatics and Guano."

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

A Connecticut man recently said, "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

A chieftain never swears when he gets mad, because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply utters his wrathful, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog, and feels better.

The French are acquiring a more stable government every year. Paris alone contained 11,219 horses for food last year.

"Can't something be done," asks a charming little prude, "to civilize those young savages who stare so rudely at a pretty woman?"

A Texas man shot his opponent in a duel, and is now writing a poem about it. It looks as if the wrong man had been shot.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister: "I see the shingles are very sound."

A gang of desperadoes near Yuma have hit upon the righteous way of stealing. They travel in a coach and rob all the highwaymen they meet.

A Boston paper says in an obituary notice, that the deceased had been for several years a bank director, notwithstanding which he died a Christian, and was universally respected.

Vinnie Ream is working on a bust of Custer. Poor Custer! First Sitting Bull scalped him, now Vinnie sculps him. It would be difficult to determine which is the saddest.

First Swell—"Look here, Fred, you shouldn't wear so many big diamonds. It's awful bad form." Second Swell—"Bless your soul, dear boy, they ain't real."—Fanny Folks.

"There are no birds in last year's nest." But when you find in last year's nest a dime, it what a pleasant way It makes you feel all through the day.

We've noticed that the men who are always trying to borrow a chew of tobacco are the men who have bank accounts, and who eventually crawl up to the top rung of the ladder.

The following is posted in front of a grocery store near Harvard Square:—"Wooden pails, six cents each. No one to steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did."

A widow refuses a foppish bore; she is not ready to be married yet, she says. "Madame, I am your servant. I can wait." "O, well, you look as though you did. At what restaurant, pray?"

The meanest man lives in Crawfordsville, Indiana. He stole all the wood his neighbors' wife had saved and split during the day, and then invited her husband over to spend the evening.

"It is an easy thing to sing of spring, When the air is calm and breezy; 'Tis sneezy thing of spring to sing When your own head is wheezy."

"What is wit?" asked a prime minister of a needy genius. "Wit is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

When a rebellious Texan was once asked what answer he would make if the Governor of the State should send his officers to demand his arms, he replied: "I would propose a compromise measure, keep the rifle and give them the contents."

Two little children went to Church alone in Westfield, Mass. They became tired during the long sermon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led his sister up in front of the preacher and said:—"Please, sir, may we go home?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked out.

A Sunday School teacher was telling her scholars the other Sunday about a bad boy who stole a hundred dollars, when she was interrupted by one of her auditors with the query, "And how the dickens did he get such a boldy chance?"

The lawyer is said to be the cleverest joiner—he can place a tenant, expunge a jury, box a witness before the court, chisel a claim, anger the gains, cut his board, and the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and have a whole community.

A small boy in Belfast, whose department at school had always ranked 100 per cent, came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful, been doing just as I have all along only the teacher caught me this time.

The other evening a young man who was paying attention to the daughter of one of our popular citizens, met a servant of the aforesaid family at an evening entertainment, and for the sake of a little amusement saw her home. A few days after he rang at the door of the mansion and was confronted by the mistress. On asking if Miss—was home he was answered in the negative, but was told that the servant girl was in the kitchen.

He went west but six short months ago, a young lawyer full of noble aims and lofty aspirations, and this is what he wrote while on the overland train: "Dear Parents: We are rapidly nearing the Golden State and there, in that land of noble achievements, I will give full sway to my illimitable talents. My fame will resound in clarion notes over the land." He is now making \$2 a week and board washing dishes in a second-class hotel on Market street.

Dean Ramsay relates that the Earl of Lauderdale was alarmingly ill, one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which the medical men declared he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat staid, cried out, "Then send for that preaching man frae Livingston, for father aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the physicians thought the hint worth attending to, and the experiment of "getting a minister till he" succeeded, for sleep came on, and the earl recovered.

Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who died lately at Newport, R. I., was a convert to our Faith. R. I. P.

Right Rev. Bishop Keane last week offered up the prayer in the House of Delegates of Virginia, in full episcopal robes. This was the first time in the history of Virginia that a Catholic priest performed that duty.—Catholic Visitor.

The great law of association is dominant in modern society. It is to the union of capital that we owe all the material glories of this century. We must apply this law in the moral order for the spiritual good of our Brethren, and we shall then have the happiness of seeing wonderful conversions and admirable returns to God. Each one of us must take for our motto to strive to be useful to our neighbor for his eternal salvation; to make it our duty and consolation to pardon him, to pray for him, to offer him a helping hand, in case of need. Union of hearts, association of prayer, fraternity in devotion, will be a lever which will raise the world.—Life of Ven. Elizabeth Mora.

