

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1881.

NO. 168

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments. We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

Written for the Record.
EIGHTY-ONE.

By REV. W. FLANNERY, ST. THOMAS.
Thus flow the years, scarce come when gone,
So soon hath died old "Eighty One!"
And all his cares, and joys and tears
Are numbered with the vanished years—
And yet, the boys who grew up next each,
And full of facts and fads that teach
Lessons of wisdom to all
To King and King, to great and small:
Mid snows and winter's icy blast
Mid storms that howl'd and howl'd last,
And lead the tempo ragged and long—
And still mid all was heard the song
Of Thrush or quail that cheers the day
Or Robin Red-breast's roundelay.

Meanwhile Great Britain's rulers hold debate
To settle questions that long agitate
And sore perplex the wisest of the few
Who dare to give to Ireland what is due
To her long suffering patient patriot, hand
That claims for Erin's children Erin's land—
New laws are framed to bring ruin down
And change to smother the landlord's tyrant
frown,
To give an oppressed race some ray of hope
And courage, with their purse-proud foes to cope.
But 'ere so great a boon to Erin's given
Her tribunes must to dungeons first be driven.
Parnell, the chosen champion of her rights,
The victor in a hundred bloodless fights,
Parnell in chains, yet dares defiance tell
Like a caged lion, to his captors sell—
Now Dillon, Sexton, and four hundred more,
Who raise proud Freedom's flag on Erin's shore.
Who dare to vindicate their country's cause,
Are bound and fettered by coercive laws—
Yet lives the Land League, yet her flag unfurled,
Triumphant waves above this western world.
Columbia holds the standard where unrolled
And sends her love-gifts, sympathy and gold.

But here, what sad and sudden gloom
O'erspread our hearts, in black despair
When age and youth sank to their doom
And vain appeals for pity.
And shouts for aid, for aid,
Along the treacherous river,
Were heard with anxious prayer, said
Oh! who with inspir'd pen or hand,
May paint the dismal horror
Of that sad night—with howl combin'd
To grieve and bid the morrow
Well might two hundred corpses lay
Beneath the pale stars gleaming,
And homes were vacant next day,
And death's knell howl'd and wail'd,
Our priests to their sad work bent low,
Where leek and onion grew,
Our sisters hush'd the wail of woe
O'er death-child's youth and beauty:
Our Bishop too, in accents sad,
And tears of heart-felt pity,
While bidding "God be with you,"
Consoled a weeping city.

Now borne on the summer air,
What cry of desolation,
What funeral dirge, in black despair
Hath plunged a stricken nation?
Garfield's shot! the good, the brave,
His country's pride and glory,
The young and laid in martyr's grave,
His deeds shall live in story.
Now wretched Gauls strain at his hands,
And strive in his blind, mad state,
To wash the blood from his hands
By playing the insensate.

Now may we land the syndicate?
Is sin or drawn the prodigious?
Or try to print the changing views,
Of Tories, Grits, or Reds or Blues.
The last named party's in the lead,
(Up held to keep the beds in check)
One thing is sure: the Great North West,
That bared to hizzard's blast its breast,
A barren, howling wilderness,
Shall hence bring wealth and happiness
To millions starved in other lands,
Or ground by landlord's fierce demands,
Our boundless prairie, in every hand,
The ploughshare passes, seeds are sown,
And growing wealth to each new year
Attends the hardy pioneer.
From smiling lake to Mountain gorge
Is heard the puffing iron-horse,
And crowds with health and vigour blest
Are pressing to the golden West.

Such chequer'd tales Old Eighty-one relates,
But for the ill her bounty compensates.
The sisters, May and June, brought cooling rain,
And crowned July with ample stores of grain
Sweet-scented, nut-brown, black and ruddy
Of new-mown hay, to glad the farmers' eye,
Briske trade and commerce of their fruits are born,
Abundance lifts aloft her plenteous horn,
And industries engage each willing hand
And peace and plenty smile on every land—
To thee, Oh! wise Dispenser, thrond in Heaven,
Eternal praise and grateful thanks be given—
Let all the nations turn to Thee, Oh Lord,
And bless thy Providence, and keep thy
obligant we righteous in thy sight appear
And blessings merit thus from year to year.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The progress made of late years by our separate schools is most gratifying. Inspector Marling's official report places our London Catholic schools in as high a position as any common schools of Ontario, a fact which reflects great credit on all concerned. At the recent semi-annual examination of the Belleville Separate Schools the progress made was indeed most gratifying. The examination was conducted in the presence of Monsignore Farrelly, Mother Eucharis, Superioress of Loreto Convent, Mr. O'Hagan, Principal of the Separate Schools, Alderman Duane, Messrs. Brennan and Trausch, and a goodly number of ladies. Monsignore Farrelly and Mr. O'Hagan were the principal examiners. A very pleasant termination was given to the examination proceedings in the presentation by the pupils to Mr. O'Hagan of a beautiful and richly bound Prayer book. Mr. O'Hagan made a feeling and appropriate reply. This gentleman is about to assume the Head Mastership of the Chatham Separate Schools and doubtless our friends in that town will be pleased at the choice they have made.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.
Those who from habit or ignorance, take their views of affairs of Catholic countries, from the concentrated bigotry of the modern newspaper, are prepared to believe that France is delivered over, body and soul, to the demon. Undoubtedly its infidel rulers are very aggressive and its too patient Catholic patriots forget that, after all, the kingdom of this world resembles the kingdom of heaven in so far, that it suffers a gentle violence, and only the violent or aggressive bear it away. But there is only an outside coating of French infidelity, very offensive, indeed, to the eye, and the ear, and the moral nostrils. At bottom the people are Catholic. Even the individual infidel, in most cases, is at heart Catholic. Scratch him with the fear of death or sickness, and the chances are ninety-nine to one, you will find him howling for the graces he despised when in strength. Apart, however, from this, which is true, perhaps, of every human being that has retained a conscience, it is undoubtedly true that the great Catholic France remains practically intact. Evidence of this comes to us every day. But the average reader cannot see as much of this evidence as Catholic journalists do, living as they must in an atmosphere that is redolent with the fragrance and virtues of the French people. What then, a bright and observant New York merchant can see, even on the surface of French Catholic life, while hurrying through Paris, ought to have great weight with those who remain at home, but who derive their knowledge of Catholic France from the Herald. From such a one there is a most graphic note, presented in another column. Our correspondent, a well-known member of the Xavier Union, gives us evidence that if Paris is France, M. Gambetta and Bert are not Paris. There is here a Christian civilization which opposes the waves of infidelity and corruption, as triumphantly as the butresses of St. Eustace and Notre Dame resist the waves of time; scarred, perhaps, and worn on the surface, but at heart as solid and adamant as when first chiselled by its founders, the Catholic saints and legislators of Christian France, that was foremost as the instrument of God's achievements. *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Even in this hour, He uses them in every land under heaven, and He will not permit their land to be lost to the faith, in their absence.

Baltimore Mirror.
The illustrious Dr. Vaughan has issued an Advent circular to his people of Salford which, like all the productions of that learned and virtuous Bishop, is a sound and weighty document. In it he writes: "There are some modes of raising money, Dear Rev. Father, which it does not become you to put forward or to encourage. Such are balls, dancing in schoolrooms, promiscuous excursions, and other things which tend to evil, and are often the proximate and frequent occasions of sin. (Chr. Conc. Prov. West. v., Dec. x., n. 11.) These are forbidden. As to bazaars and fancy fairs, very great caution and circumspection must be observed, if they are not to fall under ecclesiastical censure and their use for purposes of charity forbidden. They are often the scene of excessive frivolity and vanity, sometimes of unjustifiable extravagance. In the plea of charity, and under the excuse of the occasion, young women press forward in a way little becoming the modesty which should be the chief adornment of their sex. Then, doors opened to the street, with an invitation to all passers by to enter in, and the excitement of late hours and of intoxicating drinks, complete the spectacle of incongruity, with a work of religious charity."
Money, even for charity, may be bought at too dear a price. In Catholic countries, and especially in Rome, charitable bazaars are conducted with more decorum than is sometimes observed in England. They are managed by lay-people of mature years. The personal attractions of youth are not brought forward and exposed at stalls, as a means of attracting purchasers. There is no unbecoming personal pressure upon visitors. The use of intoxicating drinks is unknown. The Bishop then commends "the more excellent way" of almsgiving, that is, directly and simply and solely for the love of the virtue, and of the God who condescends to be honored when the intention of our alms is directed entirely to Himself.

Catholic Columbian.
The great Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, wrote these words only a day or two ago, "It is of the greatest possible importance to the spread of religion," said his Eminence, "that there should be a Catholic press speaking the language of the people, and putting the word of God before them in the mother tongue—not occasionally, but constantly, week after week, and, if it could be done, day after day. If we were more numerous, or perhaps more watchful and enterprising, with our unbounded facilities for printing we might sow truth broadcast over the field in which the enemy has so long sown the tares." A more emphatic or more absolute opinion could not have been formed, and the experience of priests in every country where the non-Catholics are in the majority, confirm it. As the Holy Father declared recently—"A Catholic paper is a perpetual mission." This is true, and it is to realize the ideal of a truly Catholic paper that the Catholic Mirror is striving, and will not desist until the goal of its high ambition is attained.

Liverpool Catholic Times.
HAPPILY for Month, bishop, priests and people are one. On questions of public moment they take counsel together, and never has the smallest cloud of disunion shadowed their counsels. On this occasion they decided, looking at all the circumstances, to ask Mr. Sullivan to retain his seat for the time being. The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty was requested to prefer the request to Mr. Sullivan, and to back it with his episcopal and personal influence. His Lordship was only too glad to undertake so agreeable an office, and although we have not seen the cor-

ment of his intended journey outside the limits of his own diocese, what is Paul Bert going to do about it? There is only one way of keeping him within it, and that is by imprisoning him there. It is to be hoped some bishop will make a test case in his own person and show to France and the world either the absurdity of such a law, or what the Republic in France means by civil and religious freedom.

Boston Pilot.
MR. THOMAS HUGHES'S Rugby Colony of English settlers down in Tennessee is a dead failure. It was started to be run in a high-toned English style; and now the gift-edged settlers are thinking how much a ticket for Minnesota or Nebraska costs. They may get a job there from the Irish farmers who started like poor but industrious men, and are now prosperous farmers.

New York Tablet.
THE Government of England has shown its toleration of the press in Ireland by casting into prison the editors and staff of the United Ireland. Though it has not pretext enough to suppress the paper itself, it has enforced the Coercion Act against it, and as soon as a new editor stepped in to fill up the ranks made vacant by Kilmainham Jail he was pounced upon as a suspect. The managers have struck on a happy expedient. They have placed the paper under the control of ladies, so that the chivalrous knight of the castle will have to arrest them or suppress the paper altogether. It is a novel expedient, and one we feel confident that will prove a success. Since writing the above we learn that the police have raided the office and the paper is likely to be transferred to England. Such is freedom of the press in this enlightened nineteenth century under English rule in Ireland.

Catholic Columbian.
AN individual with Communistic tendencies will argue all day with you as to the teaching of the Bible with reference to land tenure and quote passage after passage, which he interprets to justify the abolition of all private or individual ownership but when it comes to the matter of observing the Ten Commandments or listening to the Church's authority, he does not care about having Scripture quoted under those circumstances.

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thought of; and prayers for the dead are entirely ignored, except, perhaps, by the Ritualists. With regard to the latter part of the Protestant Bishop's letter, it is so gross and untrue, that we need only say, "Oh! Dr. Maglagan! Dr. Maglagan!"

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respondence, we can conceive the spirit which breathed through it. Mr. Sullivan was not proof against persuasion so powerful. He bowed to the desire of bishop, priest, and people; and will continue in the representation till more auspicious times enable the electors to relieve him from the burden.

Buffalo Union.
It is not many weeks since the capital of France was visited by a lady illustrious for the position she held for many years among the proudest of the proud, but far more illustrious for the patient dignity with which she has borne her misfortunes. At this glad Christmas time, there must be few hearts more sad than that of the widowed mother who, not many years ago, was clad in the imperial purple of the Bonapartes. Of the mutability of Fortune, of the after vanity and nothingness of earthly honors, of the desolation that sits too often in high places, where we can find a more eloquent and touching example than in the dethroned Eugenie, once Empress of the French? The London Globe of a recent date has a touching picture of her visit to Fontainebleau, the scene of so many brilliant festivities under the Second Empire. Who can fathom the thoughts of the imperial mourner as she passed, a private tourist, through the halls that had seen her so often lead the rank and fashion of Europe in admiring homage? But when the old servants (left still in charge by the New Republic) recognized the grey-haired stranger lady as their former empress, and when they led her, all in tears, into the room where her son, who fell on an ignoble field in Africa, had often slept, and when the poor mother laid down her weary head on the bed that had been her only child's—oh! what a commentary on the "vanity of vanities" and on the pride of life!

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New York Freeman's Journal.
It is a great mistake to believe that Ireland is a poor country. She has been stunted in her growth, but the vitality and the material are within her. They need development; and this development will give her the rightful place she ought to hold among the nations of the earth. Mr. Gladstone's policy has shown that he is entirely ignorant of the wants of the Irish people. His compromises have thrown Ireland into the deplorable condition in which she is to-day. He provoked the excesses of demagogues, and by the illegal imprisonment of Parnell and his companions invited the Irish people to meet force with force. The Land Bill is good; but it is better—if it were all the most ardent friend of the Irish farmer could desire—it would not give prosperity to the country, Ireland, free, or part of the British Empire, can not become prosperous and remain dependent only on her agricultural resources. Her industries must be revived and built up, and the movement for this end which followed the passage of the Land Bill was another step towards the attainment of repeal; but many steps must be taken before Ireland will be in a position to demand those rights the regaining of which can alone satisfy her people. In the meantime, Ireland is reaping the harvest of Mr. Gladstone's blunders. Coercion has not given the country even a semblance of peace. Demagogues are attempting to persuade Irishmen that there is a division between religion and patriotism. It is consolatory to know, however, that there are a sufficient number of true Irishmen who are deceived neither by Mr. Gladstone's shallow tactics nor the specious protestations of the demagogues. The next general election will be the word of the enigma which can not be solved by orations, demonstrations or threats on this side of the water. The Irish people at home are competent to manage their own affairs; and Mr. Gladstone and his "Liberal" Cabinet will be taught by the strength of Irish votes that, if the power of arms is denied to Irishmen, their persistent moral force is theirs, and they will know how to use it.

Why don't Catholics read? This is a question which has been repeated a thousand times. But many Catholics do read. Drop into the house of any Catholic man, you and you will probably find at least one daily paper and several story-papers. It is a calumny to assert that Catholics do not read. It is true that they do not read Catholic literature, but then, they have no taste for it. There is not enough "spice" and "red-hot" sensation in Catholic books and papers. They get sufficient religion from a hastily-read Mass on Sunday to do them the rest of the week. They even avoid High Mass because of the sermon. Scraps of half-remembered Catechism suffice them. Secular education takes no account of religion. Hundreds of young Catholics learn, in the public schools, to forget their religion on week-days. They take it up for half an hour on Sunday. Then, perhaps, they read in their prayer-books. That is all the Catholic reading they do.

New Cure for Drunkenness.
The Austrians have found a cure for drunkenness. Here it is: A drunkard was placed in Vienna, under the charge of a stolid keeper for a fortnight, during which time everything he approached was impregnated with a flavor of fusel alcohol. His food and drink, the water he washed in and the medicine he took—ay, his very clothes and bed linen were redolent of that one fluid. The first day the patient laughed at this—ate, drank and slugged his shoulders; the second day he ate, but was sick; and so on throughout the weary fortnight. Tears and prayers for relief from his sufferings were unavailing, but when he left he was cured. He lived ten years afterwards, but was never known to touch spirits again.

Alms is the salt that preserves riches from corruption.—Persian Proverb.